IN BLUEBIRD LAND

Lyric by
W. R. WILLIAMS

Music by
ALBERT E. SHORT

Valse Andante

Although today the clouds are grey, Dreary the skies of
Sometimes we sigh and wonder why, Many a lonely

p a tempo

blue; Somewhere there's a land, I understand; Where
day, Not one little bird is seen or heard To
all of our dreams, it seems, come true; There where love's in com-
charm all our fears and tears a-way; Come where we'll un-der-

mand In beau-ti-ful Blue-bird Land.
stand In beau-ti-ful Blue-bird Land.

Chorus

Blue-birds, "Don't you hear them call?" Call-ing to

you and me Where the gold-en sun -

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shine Fills ev'ry heart with love's ec-sta-cy? For Blue-
birds call to hap-pi-ness Tell-ing the same old sto-
ry. Night shades are fall-ing, Blue-birds are call-ing, Call-ing to
colla voce

Blue-bird Land.

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