BIRDS OF THE WILDWOOD.

SONG.

Words and Music by GEORGE M. VICKERS.

BIRDS OF THE WILDWOOD.

Andante con espressione.

Sun his gold is shining, Sweet birds, at you and me; I
others still are sleeping The dreamy hours away; A

Walk here in sorrow, My heart beats fast with fear; Oh,
bird now is calling His mate from yonder tree; The

Can I not borrow From you one thought to cheer? Ah—
shadows are falling They mutely speak to me! Ah—

Birds of the Wildwood.