1. Sing, sweet bird, and chase my sorrow, Let me listen to thy strain: From thy warbling I can borrow That which bids me hope again.
2. Morn and noon, and dewy even, Anxiously for thee I wait; Come, thou chorus of heaven, Cheer a soul disconsolate.

Hover still around my dwelling, There is pleasure where thou art, While thy tale of love thou'ret telling, Say, who can be sad at heart? While thy tale of love thou'ret telling, Say, who can be sad at heart? Sing, sweet bird, Sing, sweet bird, Let me listen to thy strain; notes again, And the harp so long forsaken, Yield its dulcet notes again.

REFRAIN. Lento. tempo.

Sing, sweet bird, Sing, sweet bird, Let me listen to thy strain. Ah! sing, sweet bird, Ah! sing, sweet bird,
Sing, sweet bird, Ah!

Let me listen,

Let me listen to thy strain... Ah!

Sing, Sweet Bird.