

A sweet little robin

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An old song for Spring.

There are several versions (lyrics and melodies) of this song, the most well-known is by Burl Ives. Find out more at: [Mudcat](#). The tune below comes from [‘Ozark Folk Songs’](#) collected and edited by Vance Randolph. The lyrics are mostly from [‘Book about birds’](#) 1850 by Rufus Merrill.

There came to my win - dow one morn - ing in Spring, A sweet lit - tle rob - in, she
came there to sing. The song that she sang it was sweet - er by far Than —
e - ver was heard on a flute or gui - tar. Tra la la la la, Tra
la la la la, Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la la.

There came to my window one morning in Spring,
A sweet little robin, she came there to sing.
And the song that she sang, it was sweeter by far
Than ever was heard on a flute or guitar.
Chorus Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la,
Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la la.

She raised her light wings to soar far away;
Then resting a moment, seemed sweetly to say:
"Oh happy, how happy the world seems to be,
Awake, dearest child, and be happy with me."

The sweet bird then mounted upon a light wing;
And flew to a treetop, and there did she sing:
I listened delighted, and hoped she would stay;
And come to my window, at dawn of the day.