

# My singing bird

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*An Irish folk song that was very popular in the 1960s.*

*The melody is from a Munster folk tune and the words by an Irish poet, Edith Wheeler.*

I have seen the lark soar high at morn  
Heard its song up in the blue. I have  
heard the black-bird pipe its tune,  
And the thrush and the lin-net too. But there's  
none of them can sing so sweet my  
sing-ing bird as you, Aah—  
aah - aah - aah - aah aah - aah - aah, My  
sing-ing bird as you.



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Heard its song up in the blue.  
I have heard the blackbird pipe its tune,  
And the thrush and the linnnet too.  
But there's none of them can sing so sweet  
My singing bird as you,  
Aah-aah-aah-aah, aah-aah-aah-aah,  
My singing bird as you.

If I could lure my singing bird  
From its own cozy nest,  
If I could catch my singing bird,  
I would warm it on my breast.  
For there's none of them can sing so sweet...

