

STING TO ME VICTIM

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SING TO ME NIGHTINGALE

COMPOSED FOR THE

Harmonica Society

by

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GRAZIOSO

PIU

ALLEGRO.



Sing to me nightingale, tune thy clear song,

Let thy rich mel-o-dy e-cho a-long; Free as the riv-u-let

2

in its swift flight, Furl up thy pinion and sing to the night.

Furl up thy pinion and sing to the night.

2

Sing to the myriads journeying high,
Bearing their crystal lamps thro' the clear sky;
Think'st thou they tuneless are, bird of the night!
Thinkst thou they warble not in their clear flight!
Think'st thou &c.

3

Aye, in their silentness, sing they a strain
Echoing heaven-ward, never in vain:
Sweet as the zephyrs' breath rocked in the pine
Sweet is their music, bird, sweeter than thine.
Sweet is &c.

4

Thou took'st thy melody from that sweet band
Sing'st it in numbers that we understand
Still catch their silent song, thoughtful and free
Would I could evermore listen to thee.
Would I could &c.

