

SUNG BY
MR. CHAUNCEY OLCOTT.

THE BIRDS

CARRIE JACOBS-BOND

POEM FROM
"SONGS OF THE GLENS
OF ANTRIM," BY
MOIRA O'NEILL.

5

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BIRDS.

Words by
MOIRA O'NEILL.

Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

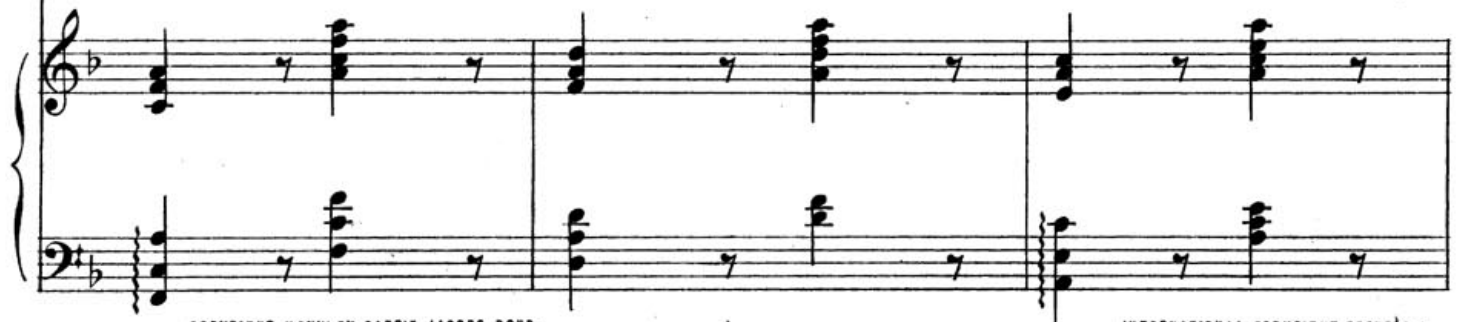
Vivace.



1. Sure may - be ye've heard the storm - thrush Whis - tlin' bould in
2. Sure may - be ye've seen the song - thrush Aft - er an A - pril



March, _____ Be - fore there's a prim - rose peep - in' out, Or a
rain _____ Slip from in un - dher the drip - pin' leaves,





wee bird cone on the larch; _____ Whis-tlin' the sun to come
Wish-ful to sing a - gain; _____ An' low wi' love when he's



out o' the cloud, An' the wind to come o - ver the sea, _____ But for
near the nest, An' loud from the top o' the tree, _____ But for



all he can whis - tle so clear and loud, He's nev - er the bird for
all he can flut - ter the heart in your breast, He's nev - er the bird for



me . _____
me . _____

a tempo.

Più lento ed espressivo.

3. Sure may - be y've heard the red - breast Sing - in' his lone on a

p

thorn, _____ Mind - in' him - self o' the dear days' lost,



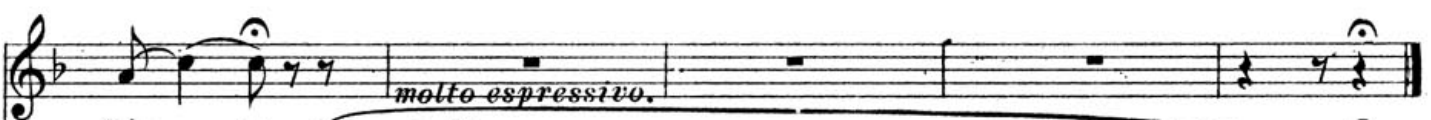
Brave wid his heart for - lorn. The time is in dark No -



vem - ber, An' no spring hopes has he: "Re -



mem - ber," he sings, "re - mem - ber!" Ay, *tho*'s the wee bird — for



me.

a tempo.

p

rall

pp

ppp



TO-DAY

3

Words by
JOHN BENNETT

Music by
CARRIE JACOBS BOND

Moderato

mp

To day, dear heart, but just to day, The sun shine o ver

p

all, The sun is crim-son ing the air, A

mf

long the gar den wall. Then let the dream and dream-er

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A SONG OF THE HILLS

4

Lovingly dedicated to Miss Marcella Craft

Medium

Words and Music by
CARRIE JACOBS BOND

Allegretto

mp

cresc.

dim.

cresc.

All thro' the mist of the dawn-ing, All thro' the moon tain

a tempo

cresc.

mf

space, All thro' the val leys glim-mer,

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LIFE'S GARDEN

3

Medium

CARRIE JACOBS-BOND

Andante con moto

p

cresc.

Out in life's gar-den, where

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A HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW

3

Dedicated to Mabel Sharp Hardien

Medium

Words by
JOHN BENNETT

Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND

Andante

p

rit.

a tempo

A hun-dred years from now, dear, We

mf

shall not care at all; It will not mat-ter

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