THE ROBIN.

Ballad

BY

ELIZA COOK.

and

STEPHEN GLOVER.

For Guitar
25 cts nett

For Piano
38 cts nett

Philadelphia LEE & WALKER *No. 162 Chesnut St*
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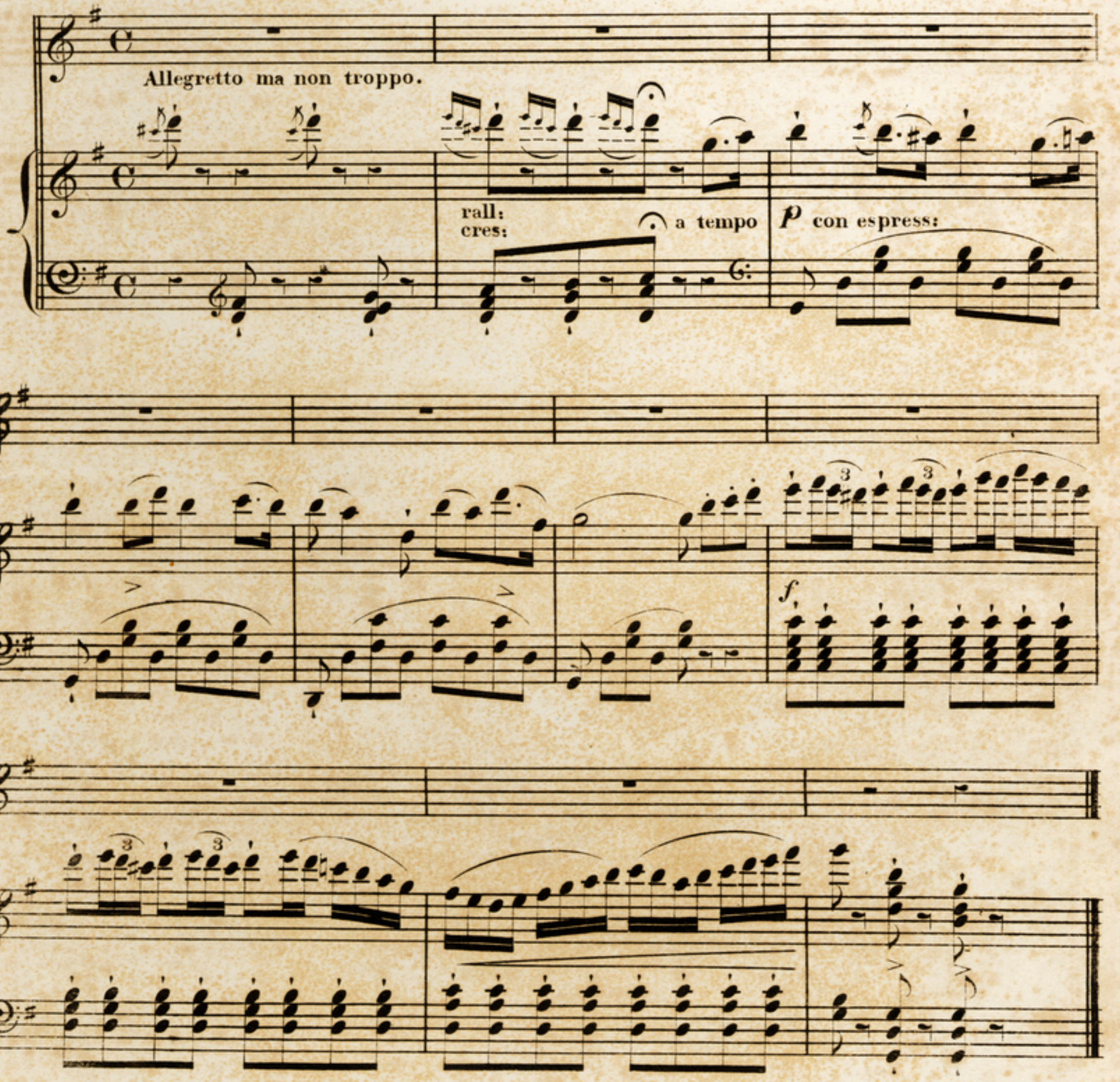
SWEET ROBIN.

Words by

ELIZA COOK.

Music by

STEPHEN GLOVER.



I wish I could wel - come the Spring bonnie bird, With a

SEMPRE STACCATO.

p

carol as joy - ous as thine: Would my heart were as light as thy

wing, bonnie bird, And thine el - o - quent spirit song mine. You

perch on the bud covered spray bonnie bird, O'er the turf where I chance to re-

dim

sf

dim

A TEMPO.

cline; And you chatter and war - ble a - way, bonnie bird, Calling

A TEMPO. *cres*

up all the tales of lang syne. PIU LENTO. DOLCE. Sweet Robin! Sweet

PIU LENTO.

Robin! Sweet, sweet Robin!

A TEMPO.

I heard in my childhood the ballad that told Of the "snow coming down very

fast" And the plaint of the robin all starving and cold, Flunga

spell that will live to the last: How my tiny heart struggled with

sorrow - ful heaves That kept filling my eyes and my breath, When I

dim

sf

dim

A TEMPO

heard of thee spreading the dewy green leaves O'er the little ones lone-ly in

A TEMPO

cres

PIU LENTO. DOLCE.

death, Sweet Robin, Sweet Robin, Sweet, sweet Robin!

PIU LENTO.

A TEMPO.

f

I sung to thee then as thou sing'st to me now, And my strain was as fresh and as

p

wild: Oh! what is the laurel fame twines for the brow To the

wood flowers plucked by the child? I wish I could welcome the

dim

A TEMPO

Spring, bonnie bird, With a carol as joyous as thine: Would my

sf

dim

heart were as light as thy wing bonnie bird, And thy el - o - quent spirit song

cres

PIU LENTO. DOLCE.

mine. Sweet Robin, Sweet Robin, Sweet sweet Robin.

8va

8va

8va

PIU LENTO.

A TEMPO.

8va

f

f