

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Birds in the Spring

Birds in the Spring
(The Copper Family)

One May morning I chanced for to roam,
And strolled through the fields by the side of the grove.
It was there I did hear the harmless birds sing
And you never heard so sweet as the birds in the spring.

At the end of the grove I sat myself down
And the song of the nightingale echoed all round.
Their song was so charming, their notes were so clear,
No music, no songster can with them compare.

All you that come here, the small birds to hear,
I'll have you pay attention, so pray all draw near.
And, when you're growing old, you will have this to say,
That you never heard so sweet as the birds on the spray.

JY