

The Convict And The Bird - song lyrics

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THE CONVICT AND THE BIRD.

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Words and Music by Paul Dresser.

A convict sat in a prison cell,
Doom'd all the days of his life;
And his thoughts went out to the ones he loved,
To his home, his babe and wife;
A songster lit on his window sill,
And the poor soul's heart was stirred,
For he seemed to sing of the days gone by,
To the convict sang the bird.
He seemed to sing of the sunshine,
He seemed to sing of the clouds,
He seemed to sing of prosperity,
And of poverty's somber shrouds;
He seemed to sing of freedom
In the sky near the sun's bright ray,
And as it brought to his eyes the tears,
The bird it new away.

Chorus.

Come to me each day
Come to me, I pray;
Thou messenger of freedom, come to me;
Let me hear each note
That bubbles from thy throat.
The convict like the bird would fain be free.

The bird he came to sing his song
At dusk on a Summer's day,
And the poor thing chirped in loneliness,
For no convict heard his lay;
He sang his notes so plaintively,
Too sad for tongue to tell,
And at early morn the faithful bird
Lay dead in the convict's cell.
He sang no more of the sunshine,
He sang no more of the clouds,
He sang no more of prosperity,
Nor of poverty's somber shrouds;
He sang no more of freedom
In the sky near the sun's bright ray,
And as he finished his song,
The faithful bird it passed away.

Chorus.

He came no more, they say,
He came no more each day,
The messenger of freedom none could see;
Silent was the cell,
As if by magic spell,
The convict like the bird again was free.