

List To The Thrush - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

LIST TO THE THRUSH.

Copyright, 1886, by T. B Harms & Co.

Written and sung by Wm. J. Scanlan.

I hear the thrush a singing, singing,
I hear the thrush a singing
His merry, merry song;
Listen to his warble, warble, warble.
Listen to his warble the whole day long;
Little do you know the troubles we endure.
Whilst you sing your merry song,
Always sweet and pure;
Ah! that we are like you always blithe and gay,
To cheer our friends though near or far away.

Chorus.

Ah! I hear the thrush a singing, singing, singing,
I hear the thrush a singing his merry, merry song;
Oh, listen to his warble, warble, warble,
Listen to his warble the whole day long.

Oh. flowers will bloom and wither, wither, wither,
Flowers will bloom and wither,
Flowers will fade away;
Youth will lose its color, color, color,
Hearts will knit and sever, love will have its day;
Life is short, so while we live
Joy should be our home,
Where the haunts of loving ones
Should never be dethroned of all that's pure and lovely.
By that which is not true,
So think of those we love and what we do.-Chorus.