

My Singing Bird

Luka Bloom

I have seen the lark soar high at morn
To sing up in the blue
I have heard the blackbird pipe it's tune
The thrush and the linnet too.

But there's none of them can sing so sweet
My singing bird as you
My singing bird as you

And I would climb the high, high tree
And I'd rob the wild bird's nest
And I'd bring back my singing bird
To the arms that I love the best.

But there's none of them can sing so sweet
My singing bird as you
My singing bird as you