

A little bird sitting up in a tree
 Just as happy, as happy could be,
 When all of a sudden I looked over-
 head
 And saw that the poor little bird was
 dead.

The reason of his death, I know not
 why,
 But I do know that it made me cry.
 I picked him up, and pressed him to
 my breast

For I knew the little birdie needed
 some rest.

I dug a little grave, upon the hill,
 Where everything was very still.
 And there in the cold, cold ground
 I laid my little birdie down.
 Night soon came, and I went to bed,
 And I dreamed that I, too was dead.
 In heaven I saw this little bird
 And his sweet voice I once more
 heard.

ROSCOE FARABEE

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