



Little Birdie

**S. W. Straub
(1842-1899)**

Little Birdie

S. W. Straub

Allegro

S
A
T
B

Hark, sweet bird - ie, list a - gain, In your far - off Soth - ern glen;

5
S
A
T
B

'Tis the North - lands wel - come voice, Bids you in her hopes re - joice.

9
S
A
T
B

Spring is com - ing, earth is wak - ing; Na - ture from her slum - bers shak - ing,

Little Birdie

13

S Hastes to don her liv - ing hue, While she's look - ing out for you.

A Hastes to don her liv - ing hue, While she's look - ing out for you.

T 8 Hastes to don her liv - ing hue, While she's look - ing out for you.

B Hastes to don her liv - ing hue, While she's look - ing out for you.

CHORUS

17 *2X pp*

S Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la,

A Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la,

T 8 Tra la la la, Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la,

B Tra la la la, Tra la la, Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la,

21

S Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la.

A Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la.

T 8 Tra la la la, Tra la la, Tra la la, Tra la la.

B Tra la la la, Tra la la, Tra la la, Tra la la.

Little Birdie

VERSE 2

25

S Win - ter winds have droop'd their wing, Soft - er airs their mild - ness bring;

A Win - ter winds have droop'd their wing, Soft - er airs their mild - ness bring;

T Win - ter winds have droop'd their wing, Soft - er airs their mild - ness bring;

B Win - ter winds have droop'd their wing, Soft - er airs their mild - ness bring;

29

S Sunk - en snow - drifts tru - ly say, Where the gen - tle sun - beams play,

A Sunk - en snow - drifts tru - ly say, Where the gen - tle sun - beams play,

T Sunk - en snow - drifts tru - ly say, Where the gen - tle sun - beams play,

B Sunk - en snow - drifts tru - ly say, Where the gen - tle sun - beams play,

33

S Read - y for the Spring's re - turn - ing, All a - wait the warb - ler's com - ing,

A Read - y for the Spring's re - turn - ing, All a - wait the warb - ler's com - ing,

T Read - y for the Spring's re - turn - ing, All a - wait the warb - ler's com - ing,

B Read - y for the Spring's re - turn - ing, All a - wait the warb - ler's com - ing,

Little Birdie

37

S E'en the stream - let rush - ing by Looks for bird - ie in the sky.

A E'en the stream - let rush - ing by Looks for bird - ie in the sky.

T E'en the stream - let rush - ing by Looks for bird - ie in the sky.

B E'en the stream - let rush - ing by Looks for bird - ie in the sky.

VERSE 3

41

S Bulbs be - neath the brown sod spring, Soon their fra - grance forth will bring;

A Bulbs be - neath the brown sod spring, Soon their fra - grance forth will bring;

T Bulbs be - neath the brown sod spring, Soon their fra - grance forth will bring;

B Bulbs be - neath the brown sod spring, Soon their fra - grance forth will bring;

45

S Sweet - est will their o - dors be, Bird - ie when we list to thee.

A Sweet - est will their o - dors be, Bird - ie when we list to thee.

T Sweet - est will their o - dors be, Bird - ie when we list to thee.

B Sweet - est will their o - dors be, Bird - ie when we list to thee.

Little Birdie

49

S
Leaves with - in their fold - ings burst - ing, Like the wings of fair - ies rust - ling,

A
Leaves with - in their fold - ings burst - ing, Like the wings of fair - ies rust - ling,

T
8
Leaves with - in their fold - ings burst - ing, Like the wings of fair - ies rust - ling,

B
Leaves with - in their fold - ings burst - ing, Like the wings of fair - ies rust - ling,

53

S
Call from out their silk - en homes For the mer - ry war - bler's tones.

A
Call from out their silk - en homes For the mer - ry war - bler's tones.

T
8
Call from out their silk - en homes For the mer - ry war - bler's tones.

B
Call from out their silk - en homes For the mer - ry war - bler's tones.

VERSE 4

57

S
Lit - tle May and lit - tle Will, Watch - ing by the win - dow sill,

A
Lit - tle May and lit - tle Will, Watch - ing by the win - dow sill,

T
8
Lit - tle May and lit - tle Will, Watch - ing by the win - dow sill,

B
Lit - tle May and lit - tle Will, Watch - ing by the win - dow sill,

Little Birdie

61

S Won't be - lieve that spring is here Till the mer - ry birds ap - pear.

A Won't be - lieve that spring is here Till the mer - ry birds ap - pear.

T Won't be - lieve that spring is here Till the mer - ry birds ap - pear.

B Won't be - lieve that spring is here Till the mer - ry birds ap - pear.

65

S Come, dear bird - ie, sweet - ly sing - ing, Free - ly cheer and pleas - ure bring - ing,

A Come, dear bird - ie, sweet - ly sing - ing, Free - ly cheer and pleas - ure bring - ing,

T Come, dear bird - ie, sweet - ly sing - ing, Free - ly cheer and pleas - ure bring - ing,

B Come, dear bird - ie, sweet - ly sing - ing, Free - ly cheer and pleas - ure bring - ing,

69

S All things bid a wel - come fair For the song - sters of the air.

A All things bid a wel - come fair For the song - sters of the air.

T All things bid a wel - come fair For the song - sters of the air.

B All things bid a wel - come fair For the song - sters of the air.

Solomon W. Straub (1842-1899) was born in De Kalb County, Indiana, residing much of his career in Woodlawn Park, a Chicago suburb. He made music his life's work; he was active in music education and conducted musical conventions throughout the central Midwest. He authored many singing school books, Sunday School music books, choir and anthem books, and sheet music. He founded "Song Friend," a musical periodical, and owned and operated a music publishing company in Chicago. His sister Maria Straub, who was a poet and wrote many hymn texts, wrote many secular texts used in his songs. Both were active in the temperance movement and wrote works for the movement's use. He died in Chicago, Illinois.

Hark, sweet birdie, list again,
In your far-off Sothern glen;
'Tis the Northlands welcome voice,
Bids you in her hopes rejoice.
Spring is coming, earth is waking;
Nature from her slumbers shaking,
Hastes to don her living hue,
While she's looking out for you.

Winter winds have drooped their wing,
Softer airs their mildness bring;
Sunken snowdrifts truly say,
Where the gentle sunbeams play,
Ready for the Spring's returning,
All await the warbler's coming,
E'en the streamlet rushing by
Looks for birdie in the sky.

Bulbs beneath the brown sod spring,
Soon their fragrance forth will bring;
Sweetest will their odors be,
Birdie when we list to thee.
Leaves within their foldings bursting,
Like the wings of fairies rustling,
Call from out their silken homes
For the merry warbler's tones.

Little May and little Will,
Watching by the window sill,
Won't believe that spring is here
Till the merry birds appear.
Come, dear birdie, sweetly singing,
Freely cheer and pleasure bringing,
All things bid a welcome fair
For the songsters of the air.

Maria Straub (1839-1897)

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