

# LISTEN TO THE MOCKING BIRD

Septimus Winner (1827-1902) and Richard Milburn

1. I'm dream-ing now of sweet Hal-lie,— my sweet Hal-lie,— my sweet Hal-lie,—  
 2. Ah! well I can yet re-mem-ber,— I re-mem-ber,— I re-mem-ber,—  
 3. When charms of spring a - wak-en,— a - wak-en,— a - wak-en,—

I'm dream-ing now of my Hal-lie,— For the thought of her is one that nev-er  
 Ah! well I can yet re-mem-ber,— When we gath-ered in the cot-ton side by  
 When charms of spring a - wak-en,— And the mock-ing bird is sing-ing on the

dies; She's sleep-ing here in the val-ley,— in the val-ley,— in the val-ley,— She's  
 side; 'Twas in the mild mid-Sep-tem-ber,— in Sep-tem-ber,— in Sep-tem-ber,— 'Twas  
 bough, I feel like one so for-sak-en,— so for-sak-en,— so for-sak-en,— I

sleeping here in the val-ley,— And the mocking bird is singing where she lies.  
 in the mild mid-September, And the mocking bird was singing far and wide. Listen to the  
 feel like one so for-sak-en,— Since my Hal-lie is no long-er with me now.

mocking bird, Listen to the mocking bird, The mocking bird still singing o'er her grave; Listen to the

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mock-ing bird, Listen to the mock-ing bird, Still sing-ing where the weep-ing will-ows wave.