

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 willows wave.