
Con Grazia.

There's a sleek thrush sits in the apple tree. When it

blooms all over with ros—y snow. And hark how he o—pens his

heart to me. Till its in—most hopes and de—sires I know.
Blow

mossy.

For the thrush will fly.

When the

bloom, the bloom must go.

A tempo, me.

dim.

Meno mosso.

Poco rit.

loved him well.

And his heart was open and sang to mine.

And it

Con dolore.
pains me more than I choose to tell. That he cares no more if I

laugh or pine. Friend of

Can the music fade out of

love, of love like thine.

There's a

Tempo primo.

Delicato.

Triste e dolce.

Lento.
sleek thrush sits in the apple tree.

con abbandono.

Blow wind blow

a tempo.

Impe luoso.

dim. rit.