

By the Green Grove

From Bob Copper's "A Song for Every Season"

One may morning early I chanced for to rove
And strolled through the field by the side of the grove
It was there I did hear the harmless birds sing
And you never heard so sweet (Sop & Alto)
And you never heard so sweet (Ten & Bass)
You never heard so sweet as the birds in the spring

At the end of the grove I sat myself down
And the song of the nightingale echoed all round
Their song was so charming, their notes were so clear
No music no songster (Sop & Alto)
No music no songster (Ten & Bass)
No music no songster can with them compare

All you that come here the small birds to hear
I'll have you pay attention so pray all draw near
And when you're growing old you will have this to say
That you never heard so sweet (Sop & Alto)
That you never heard so sweet (Ten & Bass)
You never heard so sweet as the birds on the spray