THE SPARROWS.

EMILIE POUlSSON. C.C. ROESKE.

1. "Lit-tle brown spar-rows, Fly-ing a-round, Up in the tree-tops,
2. "Here is some wa-ter, Spark-ling and clear; Come, lit-tle spar-rows,
3. All the brown spar-rows Flut-ter a-way, Chirp-ing and sing-ing,

Down on the ground, Come to my win-dow, Dear spar-rows come!
Drink with-out fear. If you are tired, Here is a nest;
"We can-not stay; For in the tree-tops, 'Mong the gray boughs,
THE SPARROWS.

See! I will give you Man - y a crumb."
Would - n't you like to Come here and rest?"
There is the spar - rows' Snug lit - tle house."

2 THE SPARROWS.