# Sing, Ye Sweet Birds - song lyrics

## American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

SING, YE SWEET BIRDS.
Copyright, 1893, by Willis Woodward & Co.
Words and Music by K. S. Getchell.

Beautiful birds, ring out your sweet carols;
Murmur, ye zephyrs, through the green trees;
Blossom, ye flow'rets, bathed in bright dew-drops:
Vain are your efforts my sad heart to please;
For the birds sing of love's sweet emotion,
And the soft winds are whisp'ring to me
Of a bright land far, far o'er the ocean.
And all your music brings sorrow to me.

Refrain.
Sing, ye sweet birds; murmur, ye winds,
If ye can waft me over the sea;
Blossom, ye flow'rs, shed your sweet fragrance,
If ye can bring aught but sorrow to me.

Vain are the longings of my deep sorrow,
Vain are the tears which daily I shed,
Vain are the hopes each day of the morrow.
For they at evening lie shattered and dead.
Sad is my heart and lonely the hours,
Bringing no joy or pleasure to me.
Mournfully whispers the breeze, 'mid the flowers.
Of a bright land far away o'er the sea.- Refrain.

THAT WAS ME!
Written and Composed by Charles Osborne.

In a Quarter of London, well known as the Dials,
Two gentlemen once had been out on the tiles;
By that, understand me. I mean on the loose,
Sherbeting up at the "Glue-pot and Goose."
Well, just as they reached that salubrious spot.
Out rushed two fellows who gave them what's what'
So number one masher immediately fled,
And left number two in the gutter half dead-

Chorus.
That was me! that was me!
I was jumped upon And pounded into mince;
When they finished up their joke, oh, I'd a dislocated boko,
And I've never had the same nose since.

When Baldwin was doing his wonderful drops,
A number of thick-headed flippity-flops
Determined to try "parachuting" as well.
And have a flare-up at some aerial hotel;
So upwards they Bailed in a mighty balloon.
And when they got five minutes walk from the moon,
Our gay parachutest descended below,
And then Mr. Baldwin the second let go.

Chorus.
That was me! that was me!
And the distance was a mile and half an Inch;
But I landed such a cropper on a bandy-legged copper,
And I've never seen the same cop since.

To witness the Derby at Epsom, you know,
Some bicycle-riders determined to go;
Of course they concluded to travel by road,
Commencing at eight, from their captain's abode.
Well, three of them started, and all looked serene.
Till a steam-roller cannoned the leader's machine;

The brake of the second one snapped into twain,
And the third lost his balance And fell down a drain.

Chorus.
That was me! that was me!
Even now in Condy's fluid I have to rinse;
It's a marvel how enduring are the miseries of touring.
For I've never been the same road since.

In the greenest of meadows, one fine afternoon,
A swell and a lady were having a spoon;
With the old-fashioned stuff he was filling her head,
And she like a woman believed all he said.
Now a bull had been watching this loving affair,
And, being inquisitive, made for the pair;
So the lady skedaddled, as ditto did he.
But was caught And assisted up into a tree.

Chorus.
That was me! that was me!
My position was as lofty as a prince;
For my hat was vaccinated, and my trousers ventilated,
And I've never worn the same "bags" eince.

The time was the morning, the hour about three.
The place was the village of Sloshton on Sea,
And inside a bedroom, the best to be had,
A man with his boots on was snoring like mad.
He'd been for a sail with some friends on the foam.
And with their assistance had "screwed" his way home;
To try and see life he declared he'd a whim,
And, by jingo, the fleas made it lively for him.

Chorus.
That was me! that was me!
They were there in all varieties and tints;
They were so very nimble, and at every bite they raised a pimple,
That I've never visited the same place since.

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