

# My Singing Bird

Luka Bloom

I have seen the lark soar high at morn  
To sing up in the blue  
I have heard the blackbird pipe it's tune  
The thrush and the linnet too.

But there's none of them can sing so sweet  
My singing bird as you  
My singing bird as you

And I would climb the high, high tree  
And I'd rob the wild bird's nest  
And I'd bring back my singing bird  
To the arms that I love the best.

But there's none of them can sing so sweet  
My singing bird as you  
My singing bird as you