

Tree Of Birds

Sonny James

In a desert town the desert sunbeam
Down on a small boy laying sick in bed
It burned his fevered brow so much she witched somehow
But the sun was the shade tree instead

I chanced the whippoorwill which throne is windowsill
And overheard the boy's fevered plea
He whippoorwilled a cry to feathered friends near by
And an old time at all they made a tree

A tree of birds, a bird tree
Soon the tree started singing merrily
Chirrup chirrup twee twee
Get on your feet, sweetly sang a tree of bird

When the little boy heard that lovely song
He looked all around and to his surprise
There was a wondrous tree a whinnying singing tree
A tree of birds flying right before his weary eyes

With their little wings they kept cooling things
Till his fever broke and ill may flow away
The boy has tried to tell how birds made him well
But no one believes him to this say

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(A tree of bird)
A tree of bird