

## Don't Kill the Birds

1. Don't kill the lit - tle birds, That sing on bush and tree,  
 2. Don't kill the lit - tle birds, Their plu - mage wings the air,  
 3. Still, like the wi - dow's cruse, There's al - ways plen - ty left;  
 4. Don't kill the lit - tle birds, That sing on bush and tree,

All thro' the sum - mer days, Their sweet - est mel - o - dy.  
 Their trill at ear - ly morn Makes mu - sic ev - 'ry - where,  
 How sad a world were this, Of lit - tle birds be - reft!  
 All thro' the sum - mer days, Their sweet - est mel - o - dy,

Don't shoot the lit - tle birds! The earth is God's es - tate,  
 What tho' the cher - ries fall Half eat - en from the stem?  
 Think of the good they do In all the or - chards round;  
 In this great world of ours, If we can trust His Word,

And He pro - vi - deth food For small as well as great.  
 And ber - ries dis - ap - pear, In gar - den, field and glen?  
 No hurt - ful in - sects thrive Where ro - bins most a - bound.  
 There's food e - nough for all; —Don't kill a sin - gle bird!