

Words by  
Edmund Gosse.

There's a sleek thrush sits in the apple tree.

*Allegretto.*

There's a sleek thrush sits in the apple tree When it

blooms all over with rosy snow, And hark how he opens his heart to me. Till its

in - most hopes and de - sires I know! Blow, wind blow. For the

thrush will fly when the bloom, the bloom must go - - -

friend I had, and I loved him well. And his heart was open and sang to mine. And it

pains me more than I choose to tell. That he cares no more if I laugh or pine:

Friend of mine. Can the music fade out of love, of love like

thing .....

Adelaide.  
23-4-09.  
C.B.C.