

The Birds Were Singing of You

David Stephens

Last night the pale moon was shining.
Last night when all was still,
I was wandering alone in sadness
Out among the woodland hills.I heard the birds a'singing
Out among the trees and view.
And all the birds, my darling,
Were singing, were singing of you.Were singing, were singing of you (my love).
Were singing, were singing of you.
And all the birds, my darling,
Were singing, were singing of you.I think of you in the daytime.
I dream of you by night.
I wake and I wish you were here, love.
And tears are clouding my sight.Those flowers that slumber so sweetly.
The stars above the blue.
Oh, heaven itself, my darling.
Is thinking of you.Is thinking, is thinking of you (my love).
Thinking, is thinking of you.
Heaven itself, my darling,
Is thinking, is thinking of you.I opened my window so gently,
Looked out on the dreamy view.
The whole wide world, my darling,
Was sighing, was sighing for you.Was sighing, was sighing for you (my love)
Sighing, was sighing for you.
The whole wide world, my darling,
Was sighing, was sighing for you.

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