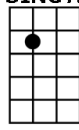
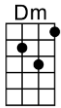


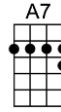
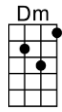
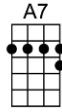
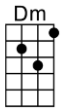
SING A



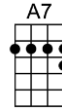
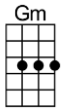
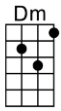
THIS LITTLE BIRD^(BAR)-John D. Loudermilk

4/4 1...2...1234

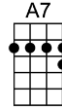
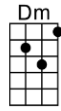
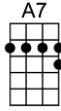
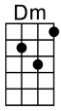
Intro:  (4 measures)



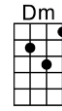
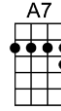
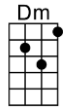
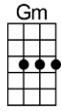
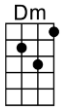
There's a little bird that somebody sends down to the earth, to live on the wind



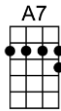
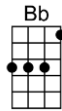
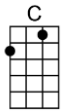
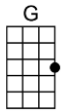
Born on the wind, and he sleeps on the wind, this little bird that somebody sends



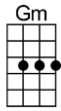
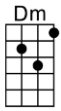
He's light and fragile, and feathered sky blue, so thin and graceful, the sun shines through



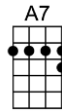
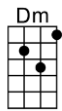
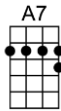
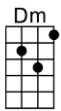
This little bird that lives on the wind, this little bird that somebody sends



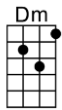
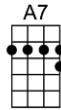
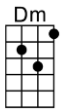
He flies so high up in the sky, out of reach of human eye



And the only time that he touches the ground,



Is when that little bird, is when that little bird,



Is when that little bird dies

