

Feed the Birds

Richard M. Sherman &
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Slowly, with feeling

Voice

Ear-ly each day to the steps of Saint

Piano

p *mp*

8

Paul's The lit-tle old bird wo-man comes. In her own spe-cial way to the peo-ple she

Piano

mp

16

calls, "Come, buy my bags full of crumbs; Come, feed the lit-tle birds,

Piano

mf

23

show them you care And you'll be glad if you do; Their young ones are hun-gry, their

Piano

p

31 *rall.* *a tempo*

nests are so bare; All it takes is tup-pence from you. Feed the birds,

39 *rall.* *a tempo*

tup- pence a bag, Tup- pence, tup- pence, tup- pence a bag. Feed the

46 *Slightly faster*

birds," that's what she cries, While o - ver-head, her birds fill the skies. All a-round the ca-

Slightly faster

54

the-dral the saints and a - pos-tles Look down as she sells her wares. Al-though you can't

62 *rit.*

see it, you know they are smil-ing Eachtime some-one shows that he cares.

69 *Tempo I*

Though her words are sim-ple and few, Lis-ten, lis-ten, she's call-ing to

76

you: "Feed the birds, tup-pence a bag,

81 *rall.*

Tup-pence, tup-pence, tup-pence a bag."