

# 9n Key of C Blackbirds and Thrushes

English

(Psaltery)

1. As I was a - walk - ing for my re - cre - a tion, A  
 2. The black - birds and thrush - es sang in the green bush - es, The  
 3. Her cheeks blushed like ros - es, her arms full of po - sies, She  
 4. When Jim - my re - turned with his heart full of burn - ing, He

down by the gar - dens I si - lent - ly strayed. I \_\_\_\_\_  
 wood - doves and larks seemed to mourn for this maid. And the  
 strayed in the mead - ows and, weep - ing, she said, "My \_\_\_\_\_  
 found his dear Nan - cy all dead in her grave. He \_\_\_\_\_

heard a fair maid mak - ing great la - men - ta - tion, Cry - ing,  
 song that she sang was con - cern - ing her lov - er: "O \_\_\_\_\_  
 heart it is ach - ing, my poor heart is break - ing, For \_\_\_\_\_  
 cried, "I'm for sak - en, my poor heart is break - ing: O \_\_\_\_\_

"Jim - my will be slain in the wars, I'm a - - fraid."  
 "Jim - my will be slain in the wars, I'm a - - fraid."  
 "Jim - my will be slain in the wars, I'm a - - fraid."  
 As would that I nev - er had left this fair maid!"