



# All the Birds Sing

All the birds sing up in the trees.  
Now that Spring is coming.  
Listen, listen what do they say?  
Springtime is the time to be gay.  
All the birds sing up in the trees.  
Now that Spring is coming.

On the ground and in the air.  
See their colors flashing.  
Robin dear with breast of red  
Scratching in the garden bed.  
Redwing calling overhead,  
To and fro they're dashing.