

LONDON MUSICAL.

NOT A SPARROW FALLETH.

FRANZ ABT.
W. S. PASSMORE.

1. Not a sparrow falleth, but its God doth know, Just as when His mandate lays a monarch low;
2. For the God that planted in thy breast a soul, On His sacred tables doth thy name enroll;

Not a leaf - let wav - eth, but its God doth see, Think not, then, oh! trembler, God
Cheer thine heart, then trembler, nev - er faith - less be, He that marks the sparrow Will

for - get - teth thee! Far more precious, sure - ly, than the birds that fly, Is a Father's
re - mem - ber

im - age to a Fa - ther's eye; E'en thine hairs are numbered, Trust Him full and free;

Cast thy care before Him, He will care for thee! thee! Will re - member thee!

THE CUCKOO.

GERMAN.

1. Cuck-oo, cuck-oo, wel-come thy song! Cuck-oo, cuck-oo, welcome thy song;
2. Cuck-oo, cuck-oo, war - ble a - way, Cuck-oo, cuck-oo, war-ble a - way;
3. Cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cease not thy song, Cuck-oo, cuck-oo, cease not thy song;

Win - ter is go - ing, Soft breezes blow - ing, Spring-time, spring-time, soon will be here.
Bring the sweet flowers, Sunshine and show - ers, Spring-time, spring-time, do not de - Jay.
When thou art roaming, Bright days are coming, Spring-time, spring-time, hasten - long.