Feed The Birds (Tuppence A Bag)

Words and Music by
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Slowly, with feeling

VERSE

Ear-ly each day to the steps of Saint Paul's
The lit-tle old

bird wom-an comes.

In her own spe-cial way to the

peo-ple she calls, "Come, buy my bags full of crumbs;"
Come feed the little birds, show them you care
And you'll be glad if you do;
Their young ones are hungry, their nests are so bare;
All it takes is tuppence from you.

CHORUS
Feed the birds, tuppence a bag, Tuppence,
tup-pence, tup-pence a bag.
Feed the birds. (If only chorus is sung) the

that's what she cries, While o- ver-head, her birds fill the
bird wom-an
skies. All a-round the ca- the-dral the saints and a- pos-tles Look

down as she sells her wares. Al- though you can't
see it, you know they are smiling Each time some-one shows that he
cares. Though her words are sim-ple and few,

Listen, listen, she's calling to you: "Feed the birds,
tup-pence a bag, Tup-pence, tup-pence, tup-pence a bag."