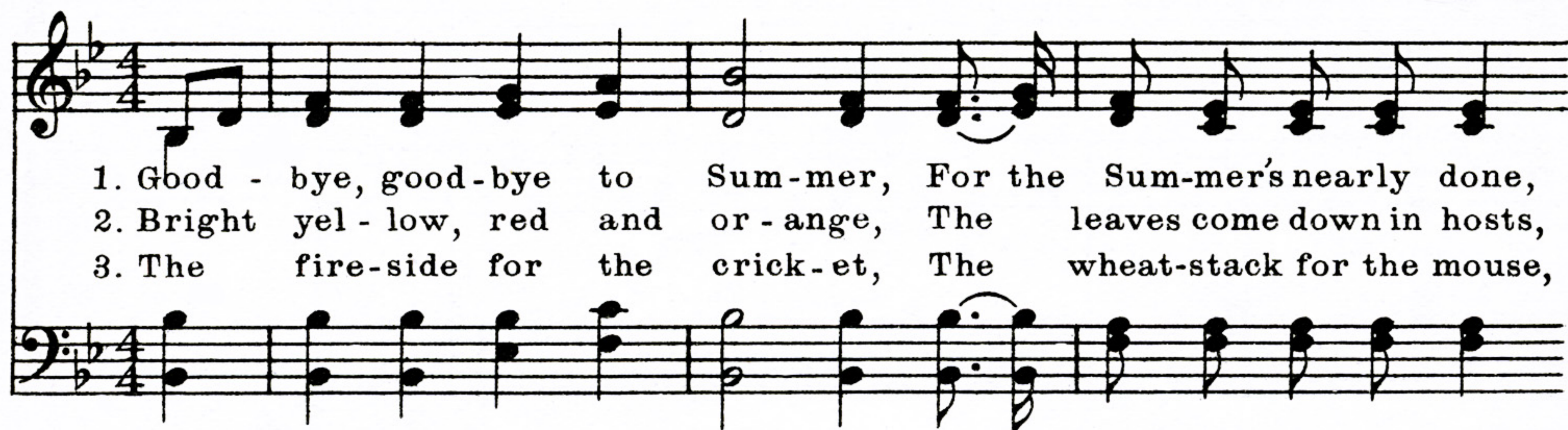


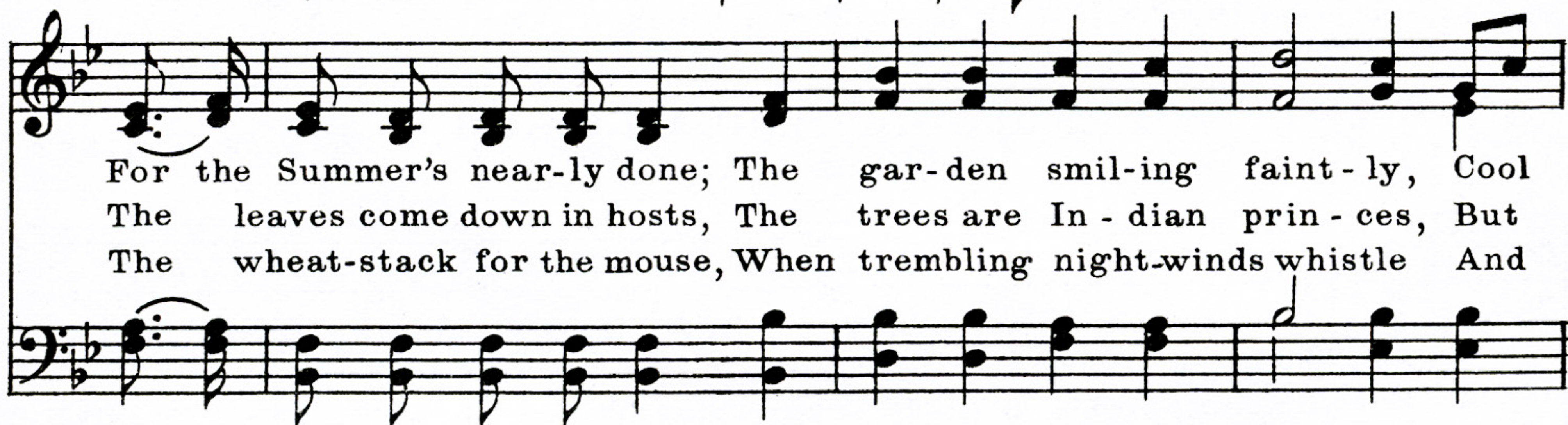
## Robin Redbreast

ALLINGHAM

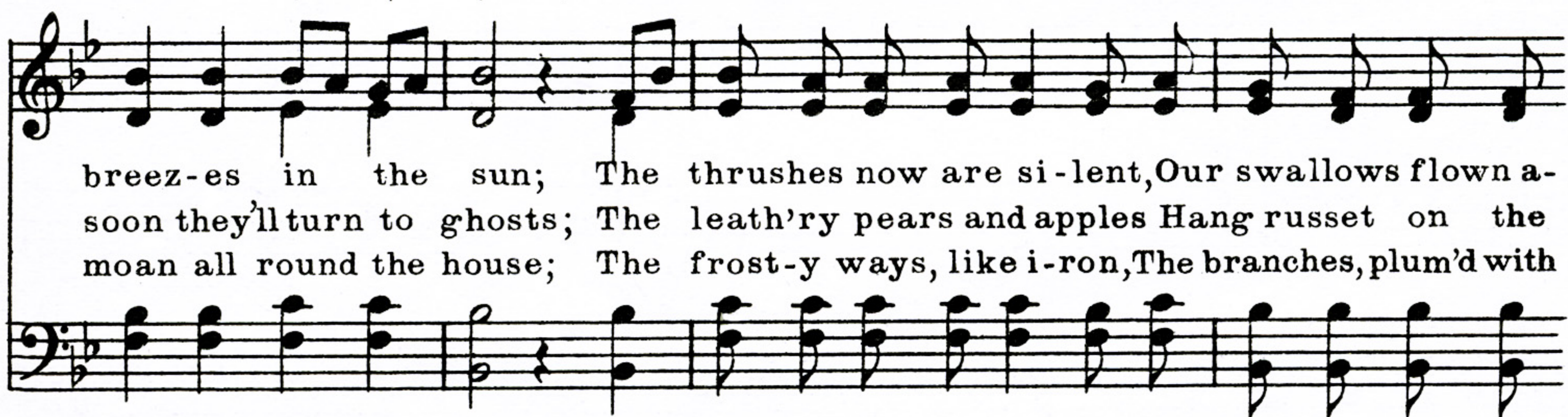
FRIEDRICH KÜCKEN



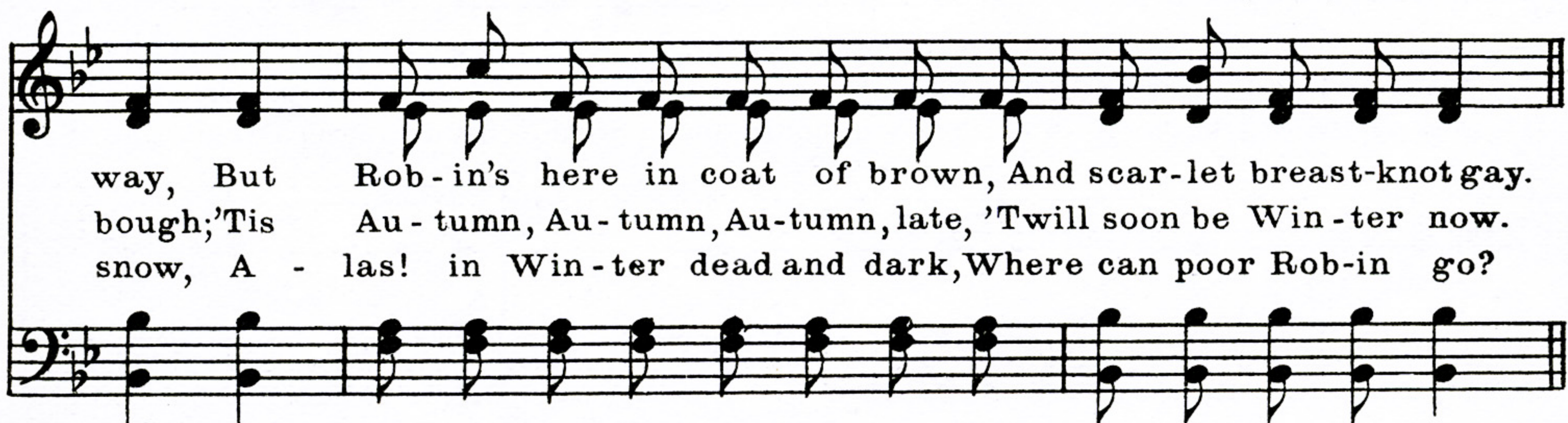
1. Good - bye, good-bye to Sum-mer, For the Sum-mer's nearly done,  
 2. Bright yel - low, red and or - ange, The leaves come down in hosts,  
 3. The fire-side for the crick-et, The wheat-stack for the mouse,



For the Summer's near-ly done; The gar-den smil-ing faint-ly, Cool  
 The leaves come down in hosts, The trees are In - dian prin - ces, But  
 The wheat-stack for the mouse, When trembling night-winds whistle And



breez-es in the sun; The thrushes now are si-lent, Our swallows flown a-  
 soon they'll turn to ghosts; The leath'ry pears and apples Hang russet on the  
 moan all round the house; The frost-y ways, like i-ron, The branches, plum'd with



way, But Rob-in's here in coat of brown, And scar-let breast-knot gay.  
 bough; 'Tis Au-tumn, Au-tumn, Au-tumn, late, 'Twill soon be Win-ter now.  
 snow, A - las! in Win-ter dead and dark, Where can poor Rob-in go?

## CHORUS



O Rob-in, Rob-in Red-breast, O Rob-in, Rob-in dear, O



Rob-in sings so sweet - ly in the fall-ing of the year.