Whenever I Hear the Song of a Bird
SAB

Clara W. McMaster

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arr by Linda Pratt
When ever I hear the song of a bird, or

When ever I feel the

look at the blue, blue sky, When ever I feel the

When ever I hear the

When ever I feel the

rain on my face, or the wind as it rushes by, When -
ev-er I touch a vel-vet rose or walk by our lil-ac
tree, I'm glad that I live in this beau-ti-ful world Heav'n-ly
Father cre-at-ed for me.
all men He gave me my eyes that
slightly slower and soft
He might see the color of butterfly wings.

gave me my ears that I might hear the magical sound of things.

He gave me my life, my mind, my heart: I
thank him reverently. For all his creations, of

which I'm a part. Yes, I know Heavenly Father loves me.
He gave me my eyes that I might see the color of butterfly wings. He gave me my ears that
I might hear the magical sound of things. He gave me my life, my mind, my heart: I thank him reverently for all his creations, of which I'm a part. Yes, I
know Heav'n ly Fa-ther loves me. Yes, I know Heav'n ly Fa-ther loves me.