THE BIRD-MAN

Words by
IDA HAMILTON MUNSELL
Music by
JESSIE W. KENT

Distributed by
Clayton F. Summy Co.
64 East Van Buren Street
Chicago, Ill.

Munsell Pub. Co., Chicago
Allen & Company, Melbourne
Sale Agents for
Australia & New Zealand

COMPLIMENTARY
THE BIRD-MAN

1. The Bird-man's a new kind of creature;
   An up-to-date, grand Superman.
   As brave as they make 'em, and braver,
   For he goes where no one else can.
   He soars, and spins, does a hundred things
   Which we view with bated breath,—
   This Bird man, proud of his silver wings,—
   Who fights daily duels with Death.

CHORUS.
   Ah--------------
   I love all the boys in the Army,
   And those in the Navy's blue,
   I love them East, I love them West,
   I love their Victories too!
   But, Oh my heart beats loudest,
   And my pulses leap most high,
   Whenever I think of the Bird-man,
   The Bird-man, whose home is the sky.

2. The Bird-man who thinks not of danger;
   Prays only the game well to play,—
   And asks for the heart of a stoic,
   As he sails in his ship each day.
   Who sees not that death follows after his prey
   And watches each dizzying spin,
   But looks to the God of his childhood,
   To help him new Victories to win.

CHORUS.

3. His home is the sky, Ah, he loves it!
   Watch him taxi, rise, and away;
   Hark to the roar of the engine,
   Up where massed clouds are at play.
   In Life and in Death—in grim Combat—
   For all these he risks, when up high,
   The Pilot is "game," and a very "good sport,"
   The Bird-man, whose home is the sky.

CHORUS.

4. But now that the war is all over,
   And some of our boys are at home
   The Bird-man can't lie down in clover
   Still trackless sky paths he must roam.
   He crosses the ocean, He fly's o'er the land,
   With the mail from June until May,
   He's a hero, filling his Country's demand,
   A Hero who's with us to stay—

CHORUS.  Ida Hamilton Munsell.
The Bird-man's a new kind of creature; An up-to-date, grand Superman.

He soars and spins, does a hundred death follows after his ship each day. Who sees not that death follows after his

The Bird-man who thinks not of danger;— Prays only the game well to play.

As brave as they make 'em, and braver, For he goes where

And asks for the heart of a stoic, As he sails in his

Copyright 1919, by Ida Hamilton Munsell and Jessie W. Kent.

International Copyright Secured.
things Which we view with ba-ted breath; This Bird-man,
prey And watch-es each diz-zy-ing spin, But looks to the

proud of his sil-ver wings, Who fights dai-ly duels with Death.
God of his child-hood, To help him new vict'ries to win.

REFRAIN.

Ah— I love all the boys in the Arm-y, And those in the

Na- vy's blue. I love them East, I love them

The Bird-Man, 3.
West; I love their Victories too! But, Oh, my heart beats loudest, And my pulses leap most high,

Whenever I think of the Birdman, The Birdman, whose home is the sky. Ah, I sky.

The Bird-Man. 3.