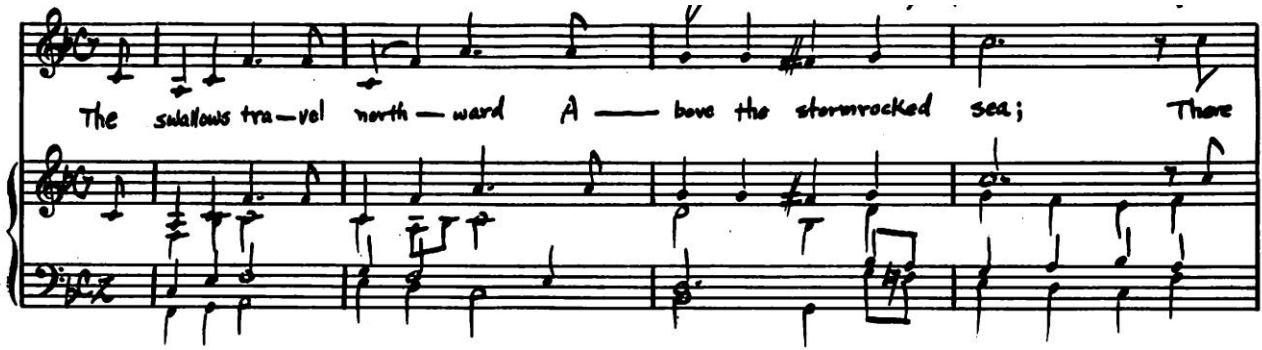


Lyrics England [P071] and Music by William Hermanns



The swallows tra-vel north-ward A — bove the stormrocked sea; There



is no tree, no mea — dow, No flowered cano — py. The



waves mount high and buf — fet their wings with chilling spray; The



clouds let down a cur — tain, The birds pur-sue their way.