

## THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.

*Andante.*

DAVID MALLET.



1. The smil - ing morn, the breath - ing Spring, In - vite the tune - ful



birds to sing, And while they war - ble from each spray, Love



melts the u - ni - ver - sal lay. Let us, A - man - da,



time - ly wise, Like them im - prove the hour that flies, And



sing as sweet and blythe as they A - mang the birks of In - ver - may.

Behold the hills and vales around,  
 With lowing herds and flocks abound ;  
 The wanton kids, and frisking lambs,  
 Gambol and dance about their dams ;  
 The busy bees, with humming noise,  
 And all the reptile-kind rejoice :  
 Let us, like them, rejoicing, stray  
 About the birks of Invermay.

Hark ! how the waters, as they fall,  
 Loudly my love to gladness call ;  
 The wanton waves sport in the beams,  
 And fishes play throughout the streams ;

The circling sun does now advance,  
 And all the planets round him dance ;  
 Let us as jovial be as they,  
 Among the birks of Invermay.

For soon the winter of the year,  
 And age, life's winter, will appear ;  
 At this thy living bloom will fade,  
 As that will strip the verdant shade :  
 Our taste for pleasure then is o'er,  
 The feather'd songsters are no more,  
 And when they droop, and we decay,  
 Adieu the birks of Invermay.