

ONE MORNING, OH ! SO EARLY.

One morning, oh ! so early, my belovèd, my belovèd,
All the birds were singing blithely, as if never they would
cease ;

'Twas a thrush sang in my garden, " Hear the story, hear
the story ! "

And the lark sang, " Give us glory ! "

And the dove said, " Give us peace ! "

Then I listened, oh ! so early, my belovèd, my belovèd,
To that murmur from the woodland of the dove, my dear,
the dove ;

When the nightingale came after, " Give us fame to sweeten
duty ! "

When the wren sang, " Give us beauty ! "

She made answer, " Give us love ! "