

A happiness that's so complete,
With every joy is so replete,
As life down in the country.

At early morn up with the lark,
Heigh-ho ! with the lark
For Chloris early milks the cows,
Chloris, shy and blushing, vows
My love is hut a country spark,
Heigh-ho ! country spark.
There is no joy that's so refined,
There is no joy of any kind,
Like sparking in the country.

To all my city friends I say :
" Heigh-ho ! friends I say,
" When you've gained fortune on the street,
Seek out some sylvan, snug retreat
Where summer birds sing roundelay,
Heigh-ho ! roundelay,
A Milkmaid's love will soothe your heart,
All haunting cares will quick depart,
Down in the country.

Clarinda clapped her little hands and shouted in great glee :
" Dear Prince, divine such life, I would a milkmaid be.
What genius to describe such scenes in words that glow like gold.
Does making love in early morn prevent one's taking cold ?
I blush to own love's warmth I find diminishes with age,
Not yours, my Prince, for pretty girls now I'll engage.
But to return to our mutton, how country that expression,
Do take me in your confidence and make a frank confession,
How can you write so fluently of joys you've not yet tasted,
If what you say is true how many years you've wasted."

The Prince bowed low, and thus replied: " My dear Clarinda,
My heart with love's so often burnt its nothing hut a cinder.