

## THE MAVIS

Hark how the mavis sweetly chaunts  
His early morning song,  
In yonder tree, so merrily,  
Throughout the whole day long.  
Soon as the light of morn appears,  
He issues forth his lay,  
The ploughboy imitates his song,  
As he bends on his way.

Say why, sweet bird, why do I see  
Thee every morn alone,  
Hast thou not one to join with thee,  
No one to call thy own?  
Perched in that tree, I now can see,  
And in thy song I learn,  
True sentinel thou dost keep watch  
For thy true love's return.