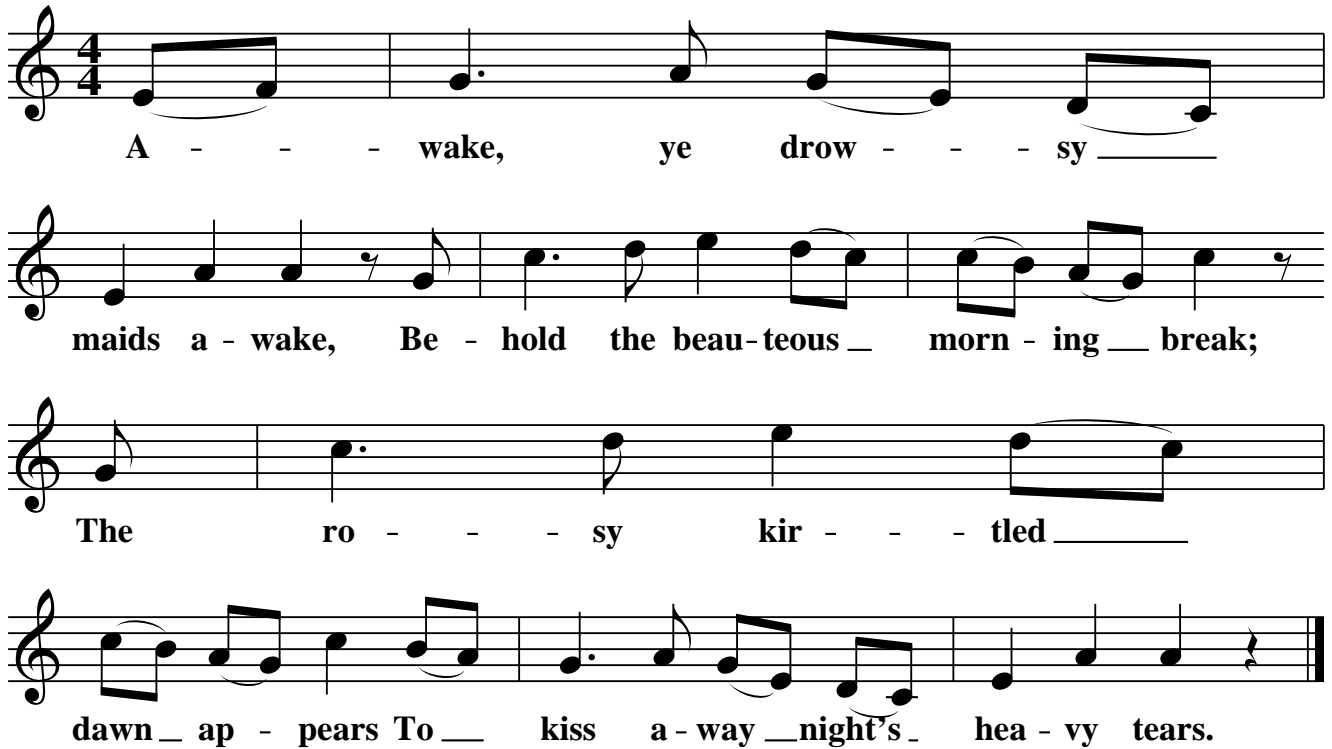


The Morning Break



A - - - wake, ye drow - - - sy
maids a - wake, Be - hold the beau-teous morn - ing break;
The ro - - - sy kir - - - tled
dawn ap - pears To kiss a - way night's hea - vy tears.

Awake, ye drowsy maids, awake,
Behold the beausteous morning break;
The rosy kirtled dawn appears
To kiss away night's heavy tears.

The lark is thrilling in the height,
A voice and not a speck in sight,
The blackbirds brooding o'er their nests,
Instruct their young from tuneful breasts.

Already Roger with his crook
Attends his flock at yonder brook,
And blushing Betty at his side,
For sure by June will be his bride.

Already lowing in the stall
The cows from you attention call;
Ope, ope, ye maids, your honest eyes,
The stars viel theirs in paling skies.

Ye wretched sluggards in your beds,
With parched throats and aching heads,
What rapture and fresh charms ye miss
Who lose the sun's arising kiss.

Awake, ye drowsy maids, awake,
The cobwebs from your fancies shake;
We lads without, our feet in dew,
Are calling, with the cows, for you.