Five O'clock in the Morning.
By Claribel.

The dew lay glitt'ring on the grass,
A mist lay over the brook;
At the earliest beam of the golden sun,
The swallow her nest forsook.
The anowy blooms of the hawthorn tree,
Lay thickly the ground adorning;
The birds were singing in ev'ry bush.
At five o'clock in the morning;
The birds were singing in ev'ry bush.
At five o'clock in the morning.

And Bessie, the milkmaid, merrily sung,
The meadows were fresh and fair;
And the breeze of morning kiss'd her brow,
And play'd with her nut-brown hair.
But oft she turn'd and look'd around,
As if the silence scorning;
'Twas time for the mower to whet his scythe,
At five o'clock in the morning.
'Twas time for the mower to whet his scythe
At five o'clock in the morning.

And over the meadows the mowers came,
And merry their voices rung;
And one among them wended his way
To where the milkmaid sung.
And as he linger'd by her side,
Despite his comrades' warning,
The old, old story was told again,
At five o'clock in the morning;
The old, old story was told again,
At five o'clock in the morning.