

Early one morning

Hakka Muggies

Early one morning,
Before the sun had risen,
I heard a bluebird
In the fields gayly sing,
"South winds are blowing,
Green grass is growing,
We come to herald the merry Spring."

One Autumn afternoon,
Just as the sun was setting,
I heard a bluebird
On a tree pipe a song,
"Farewell! we're going;
Cold winds are blowing;
But we'll be back when the days grow long."