

## 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."