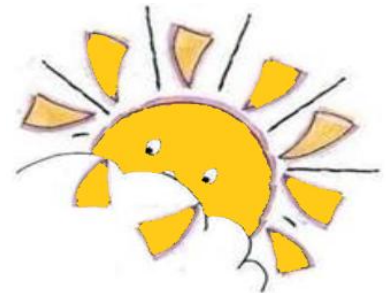
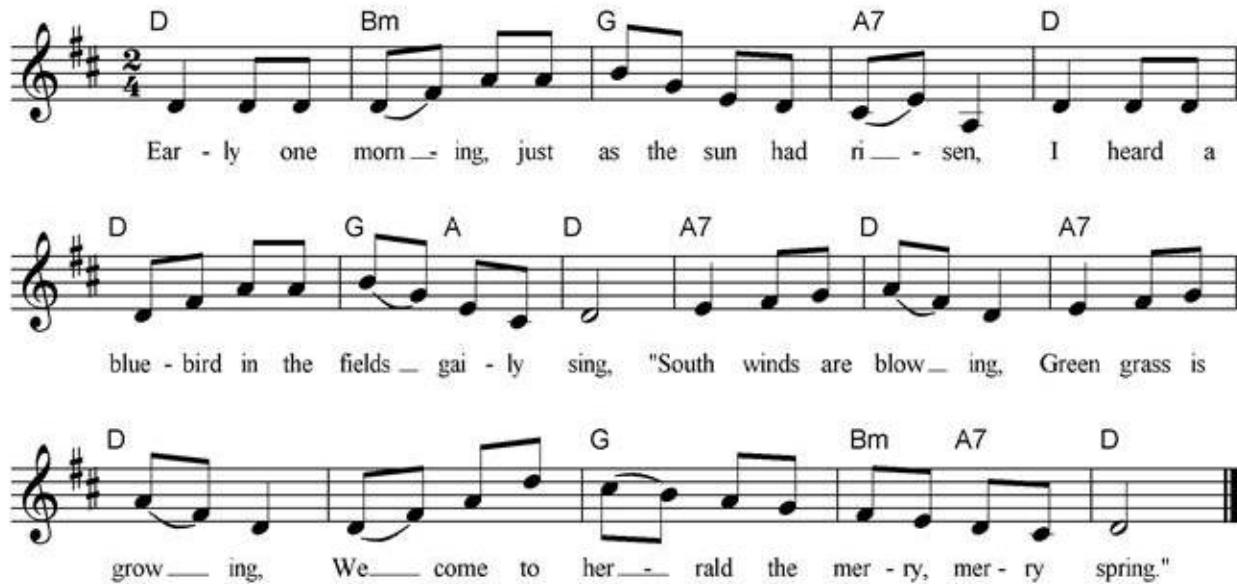


Early one morning

<https://rivgrofsong.uk/>

The tune and the title will be very familiar to those at school in the 1940s to 60s but these seasonal words by Nathan Haskell Dole are not the ones I sang at school in the 1950s but are more suitable for young children. It appears in The Concord series, no 7 "140 Folk tunes" published in 1915 in Boston. 'Bluebirds' could be changed to 'blackbird' a more familiar bird in the U.K.



Early one morning, before the sun has risen
I heard a bluebird in the fields gaily sing:
"South winds are blowing, green grass is growing.
We come to herald the merry, 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."