

## THE BLACK COCK,

WRITTEN FOR A WELCH AIR, CALLED "THE NOTE OF THE BLACK COCK."

Good Morrow to thy sable beak,  
And glossy plumage, dark and sleek,  
Thy crimson moon and azure eye,  
Cock of the heath, so wildly shy !  
I see thee, slily cowering, through  
That wiry web of silver dew,  
That twinkles in the morning air,  
Like casement of my lady fair.

A maid there is in yonder tower,  
Who, peeping from her early bower,  
Half shews, like thee, with simple wile,  
Her braided hair and morning smile.

The rarest things with wayward will,  
Beneath the covert hide them still :  
The rarest things to light of day  
Look shortly forth, and shrink away.

## THE COCK,

THE NOTE OF THE BLACK COCK."

One fleeting moment of delight,  
I sunned me in her cheering sight ;  
And short, I ween, the term will be,  
That I shall parley hold with thee.  
Through Snowdon's mist red beams the day ;  
The climbing herdboy chaunts his lay ;  
The gnat-flies dance their sunny ring ;  
Thou art already on the wing.

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