

TO THE SPARROW

Little valiant happy bird,
Thou art spurned by most,
But I love thee little chirper,
'Tis no empty boast.

Bold thou art when fair aroused
By the black-plumed robber,
Thou dost often beat him sore,
The proud and haughty mobber.

When the naughty squirrel comes
Down upon thy nest,
Thou dost often make him think,
Discretion is the best.

Thou hast many enemies,
Some thou'dst better shun,
But of friends thou hast still more
Of the last I'm one.

(May, 1911.)