

## THE BLACK BIRDS.

A band of black birds pulled in to-day,  
All from the sunny south;  
They rode in state upon the winds,  
Each had a private car.  
They came from southern lands so fair,  
From far off sunny south;  
We knew it by the coats they wear  
And by their proud turnout.

A happier band you cannot find  
In all the world around;  
Than a band of black birds from the south,  
That light upon the ground.

And when the spring time comes,  
How well the birds all know,  
Its not the time to sleep; its not the time to rest!  
But early in the morning they start to build their nest.  
And when they find a place that they decide upon  
And think it is the best,  
Away they fly to look for threads  
To tie around their nest.

But first they build the wall;  
And make it very round.  
Sometimes that wall is made of clay,  
That they have carried far away,  
And mixed it with the ground.  
And when four weeks have passed away  
Of rain and sun and showers,  
Out come four little tiny birds  
To pass away the hours.

And when they're four or five weeks old  
And that's not very long,  
Their parents quickly pass that way,  
And not a word they seem to say.