

For the Month

A MONTH OF BIRDS

American Robin:

From the elm-tree's topmost bough,
Hark! the robin's early song!
Telling one and all that now
Merry spring-time hastes along,
Welcome tidings dost thou bring,
Little harbinger of Spring!

Robin's come!

—William C. Caldwell, 'Robin's Come'

Bluebird:

Bluebird! on yon leafless tree,
Dost thou carol thus to me,
"Spring is coming! Spring is here!"
Say'st thou so, my birdie dear?
What is that, in misty shroud,
Stealing from the darkened cloud?
Lo! the snow-flakes' gathering mound
Settles o'er the whiten'd ground;
Yet thou singest, blithe and clear,
"Spring is coming! Spring is here!"

—Lydia Sigourney,
'The Early Bluebird'

Catbird:

Delicate and downy throat,
Shaped for pure, melodious note,—
Silvery wings of softest gray,—
Bright eyes dancing every way,—
Graceful outline,—motion free,—
Types of perfect harmony!
Unto whom two notes are given,
One of earth and one of heaven;
Were it not a shameful tale
If the earth-note should prevail?

—Anonymous
'The Catbird'

Baltimore Oriole:

At some glad moment was it nature's
choice
To dower a scrap of sunset with a
voice?
Or did some orange tulip, flaked
with black,
In some forgotten garden, ages back,
Yearning toward Heaven until its
wish was heard,
Desire unspeakably to be a bird?

—Edgar Fawcett,
'To an Oriole'

Bobolink:

When Nature had made all her birds,
With no more cares to think on,
She gave a rippling laugh, and out
There flew a Bobolinkon.

—C. P. Cranch,
'The Bobolinks.'

Yellow Warbler:

Yellowbird, where did you learn that
song,
Perched on the trellis where grape-
vines clamber,
In and out fluttering all day long,
With your golden breast bedrop-
ping amber?

—Celia Thaxter,
'The Yellow Warbler'

Song Thrush:

"Summer is coming! Summer is com-
ing!

I know it, I know it, I know it.
Light again, leaf again, life again,
love again!"

Yes, my wild little poet.

—Alfred Tennyson,
'The Thristle'

Song Sparrow:

For still

The February sunshine steeps your
boughs
And tints the buds and swells the
leaves within;
While the song-sparrow, warbling
from her perch,
Tells you that spring is near.

—William Cullen Bryant,
'Among the Trees'

Field Sparrow:

One syllable, clear and soft,
As a raindrop's silvery patter,
Or a tinkling fairy-bell, heard aloft
In the midst of the merry chatter
Of robin and linnet and wren and
jay—

One syllable, oft repeated!
He has but a word to say,
And of that he will not be cheated.

—Celia Thaxter,
'The Field Sparrow'