
BIRDS OF PEASEMARSH

hills and rocks, where few birds came and went, a group of men had gathered in a sheltered nook. They were men who had staked their little all and lost. The shadow of despair was over them. They had no heart to face the world. Then, suddenly, there poured forth from the tree tops above them a bird's song, sweet, rich and joyous, a song they had last heard in the gardens of their homes, a song that was blended with every memory of their childhood and every aspiration of their youth, and as they listened it came to them that all the better things of life were left to them. That glorious song that had come so unaccountably in the moment of their need, gave them back their own.

Shelley calls the Skylark an embodied joy, whose song is,

"Better than all measures of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures that in books are
found."

Our own Bobolink has one peculiarity of the English Skylark, it sings while it flies. Often when walking through the meadow the song of the Bobolink, like silver bells, comes down