

NATURE STUDY LESSONS

THE REDHEADED WOODPECKER

Ho! little red-capped soldier,
With coat of black and white,
With your merry martial music
All the day you bring delight.
Rat-a-tat! rat-a-tat!
And you rattle your drum in glee,
Rat-a-tat! rat-a-tat!
On the stump of the maple tree.

Ah! grotesque little soldier,
When out in dress parade,
You fill each gay beholder
With mirth, I am afraid.
With your bright cap doffed
And your coat-tail limp
You're awkward as you can be;
Go back and drum your tum-tum-tum
On the trunk of the maple tree.

Ah! little red-capped drummer,
There are prisoners hid from me,
'Way up there, all the summer,
In the hole of the old dead tree.
But I now can hear their bugle calls,
And I hope that soon there'll be
From out the gloomy prison walls,
More drummer boys gay and free,
Rat-a-tat! rat-a-tat!
All drumming the old dead tree.

—Mrs. W. L. Meadows.