

Bird-of-the-bush was one that never came
 Within the field, as some were wont to do ;
 Its hunn'd the path of man, and hence the name--
 O that I were a bird to shun it too !

The robins built their nests upon the fence,
 And though we never sought them to molest,
 Our frequent visitations gave offence,
 Too late revealed by the forsaken nest.

We often wondered how they had been taught
 To build such pretty nests of moss and clay ;
 And many an hour in mud and moss we wrought
 In vain, to build as good a nest as they.

And now and then the rôle of brave we play'd,
 With bow and arrow, tomahawk and knife,
 In paint and mimic teggery array'd
 We sallied forth to visionary strife.

We scalped the mossy trees for fallen foes,
 And at our waists the mossy scalps we hung ;
 And with the trophies of our dexterous blows
 Suspended thus, we whooped and danced and
 sung.

Another winter came—another field
 By force of arms was from the forest won ;
 And when another spring the earth revealed,
 The clearing process was again begun.