

BIRDS IN SUMMER.

"The time of the singing of birds
is come."

How pleasant the life of a
bird must be,
When no danger is near and
they no enemy see ;
No guard to be kept on the
little home away up in the
tree,
Wherein lives four little
babies just as snug as
they can be ;
But oh ! see naughty pussy
cat is climbing up near,
To make her breakfast on
those four little babies, I
fear ;
But I guess the papa and
mamma birds, with uncle
and aunt, will be
Well able to protect their
four little babies away up
in the tree.

Now they have left their
nests in the forest bough,
Those homes of delight they
need not now ;
And the young and the old
they wander out,
And traverse the green world
round about ;
And hark ! at the top of this
leafy hall,
How one to the other they
lovingly call ;
"Come up, come up !" they
seem to say,
"Where the topmost twigs
in the breezes sway !"

How pleasant the life of a
bird must be,
Flitting about in each leafy
tree ;
In the leafy trees, so broad
and tall.
Like a green and beautiful
palace-hall,
With its airy chambers,
light and boon,
That open to sun and stars
and moon,
That open unto the bright
blue sky,
And the frolicsome winds as
they wander by.

"Come up, come up, for
the world is fair,
Where the merry leaves
dance in the summer air !"
And the birds below give
back the cry,
"We come, we come,
to the branches high !"
How pleasant the life of a
bird must be,
Flitting about in a leafy tree
And away through the air
what joy to go,
And to look on the bright
green earth below.

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Skinning about on the breezy sea,
Cresting the billows like silvery foam
Then wheeling away to its cliff-built home !
What joy it must be to sail, upborne
By a strong free wind, through the rosy morn,
To meet the young sun face to face,
And pierce like a shaft a boundless space !

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Wherever it listeth, there to flee ;
To go, when a joyful fancy calls,

Dashing adown 'mong the waterfalls,
Then wheeling about with its mates at play,
Above and below, and among the spray,
Hither and thither, with screams as wild
As the laughing mirth of a rosy child.

What joy it must be, like a living breeze,
To flutter about 'mong the flowering trees ;
Lightly to soar, and to see beneath
The wastes of the blossoming purple heath,
And the yellow furze, like fields of gold,
On mountain tops, on the billowy sea,

On the leafy stem of the forest tree,
How pleasant the life of a bird must be !

Pluck wins ! It always wins. Though days
be slow
And nights be dark 'twixt days that come
and go,
Still pluck will win. Its average is sure,
He gains the prize who can the most endure,
Who faces issues, he who never shirks,
Who waits and watches, and always works.

