

A POEM FOR THIS MONTH

BEAUTIFUL BIRDS

Birds! Birds! You beautiful things
 With your earth-treading feet and your cloud-
 cleaving wings;
 Where shall man wander, and where shall he
 dwell,
 Beautiful birds; that you come not as well?
 You have nests on the mountain all rugged
 and stark,
 You have nests in the forest all tangled
 and dark.
 You hide in the tall grass, you lurk in the
 brake,
 You dive in the rushes that shadow the lake;
 You skim where the stream parts the forest-
 decked land,
 You dance where the foam sweeps the desolate
 strand.
 Beautiful birds! You come thickly around,
 When the flow'r's on the branch or the
 fruit's to be found;
 You come when the torrents flush river
 beds out,
 You come when the grasses are dry all
 about.
 Beautiful birds! We enjoy the glad croon
 Of the warblers that sing a sweet holiday tune;
 We've memories fond of many a day
 Made happy by hearing the singing bird's lay.

—Selected

