The Brown Pipit

There's a merry brown *pipit* sitting up
    in the tree,
He's singing to me! He's singing to me!
And what does he say, little girl, little
    boy?
"Oh, the world's running over with joy!
  Don't you hear? don't you see?
  Hush! Look! In my tree.
I'm as happy as happy can be!"

And the brown *pipit* keeps singing,
"A nest do you see,
And five eggs hid by me in the mango
    tree?
Don't meddle! don't touch! little girl,
    little boy,
Or the world will lose some of its joy!
  Now I'm glad! now I'm free
  And I always shall be,
If you never bring sorrow to me."

So the merry brown *pipit* sings away in
    the tree,
To you and to me, to you and to me;
And he sings all the day, little girl, little
    boy,
"Oh, the world's running over with joy:
  But long it won't be,
  Don't you know? don't you see?
Unless we are as good as can be!"

—Adapted from Lucy Larcom