

Bird Children

A Reading A-Z Poetry Book
Word Count: 323



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POETRY

Bird Children



Written by Elizabeth Gordon • Illustrated by M.T. Ross

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The images and text in this book were first published in 1912 in a larger collection called *Bird Children: The Little Playmates of the Flower Children*.



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Canary-bird said to his mother:

“Is that bird in the tree my brother?”

Mama Canary said: “Oh, no!

He’s just a cousin—wild, you know.”



Baltimore Oriole, pretty thing,
Builds his nest of bits of string;
He's sociable and likes to stay
Where people live and children play.



Meadowlark has a flute-like voice,
Sings a song that's very choice;
Builds his nest low, near the ground,
With woven grasses arched around.



Said Father Goose: "I think I'll take
A stroll this morning to the lake."
Mother Goose said: "Then I'll go, too,
And maybe take a swim with you."



In shallow water Mallard Duck
At fishing sometimes tries his luck;
At other times he thinks it's nice
To nibble at the sweet wild rice.



Eagle has piercing yellow eyes,
He's very strong and very wise;
He's king and master over all
The other birds, both great and small.



Great Blue Heron likes to fly,
And so he builds his house up high,
Way in the tops of tallest trees
Where he lives, happy as you please.



Cardinal Bird wears vivid red,
He's very amiable, 'tis said;
He likes fresh fruits and seeds to eat
And has a song that's very sweet.



Friendly little Chickadee
Is just as cunning as can be;
Upon your windowsill he'll come
And thank you kindly for a crumb.



Ivory-billed Woodpecker said: "Dear me!
They're cutting down my family tree;
Where can I live, I'd like to know,
If men will spoil the forest so?"



Black, solemn-looking Mr. Crow
Steals the good farmer's corn, you know;
If you ask why he breaks the laws,
He answers, wisely, "Caws, caws, caws."



Said Nightingale: "It's not my way
To practice singing in the day,
But wait till all the rest are through
And I will gladly sing for you."



Said Penguin, pensively, one day:
"Come, fishie dear, come out and play,"
But fishie answered, in a fright:
"I've heard about your appetite."