

A LITTLE ROBIN SINGS

A little Robin perched on a tree

High up and happy as can be

Singing away so contentedly

The little Robins as safe as can be

The little Robin gets fidgety

Flies away and comes to me

When he gets hungry

He loves to see

Nuts and seeds abundantly

When feed times over

He loves to drink

Then have a bath and a think

Where can I go to preen my Feathers

High up on a branch there's no predators

Safe and sound up from the ground

It will be hard to be found

I'll tuck my Bill under my wing

Rest and listen to the other birds sing

E.B SCOTT

