PRETTY PICTURES
OF
PRETTY BIRDS
LONDON.
SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING
CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE.
77, GREAT QUEEN ST.

GARDEN-WARBLER.
BLACK-CAP.
ROBIN.
WHITE-THROAT.
PIED WAGTAIL.
NIGHTINGALE.
WHEAT-EAR.
GREY WAGTAIL.

W. DICKES

BLACK-CAP, GARDEN-WARBLER, ROBIN, NIGHTINGALE, WHITE-THROAT, WHEAT-EAR, PIED WAGTAIL, GREY WAGTAIL.

BLACK-CAP and GARDEN-WARBLER here are singing both together,
I hardly know which sings the best through all the Summer weather;
But who will sing in wintry days, hunger and cold to know?
One friend is left, whose sweet voice sounds amid the frost and snow,
A friend with scarlet waistcoat on, the ROBIN, need I say?
Take care he does not sing in vain, but feed him every day.
That bird that hops from twig to twig, babbling his rapid note,
In France they call him Babillarde, we call him the WHITE-THROAT.
All through the merry month of May the NIGHTINGALE keeps singing;
All night, when other warblers sleep, I hear his sweet notes ringing.
The WHEAT-EAR loves the commons wild or the bare sea-side rocks;
When Autumn comes they wing their way to Southern lands in flocks.
PIED WAGTAIL, perched on floating weed, a boatman bold you'd make;
GREY WAGTAIL, with that yellow breast, your name seems a mistake.

CHAFFINCH.
TREE-SPARROW.
GOLDFINCH.
YELLOW-HAMMER.
SPARROW.
SNOW-BUNTING.
CORN-BUNTING.

SPARROW, TREE-SPARROW, CHAFFINCH, GOLDFINCH, YELLOW-HAMMER, CORN-BUNTING, SNOW-BUNTING.

Bold SPARROW,—everywhere I hear that merry chirp of thine,
Bright eye—short beak—I 'll throw some crumbs,—now sidle up and dine.

To snatch a tiny share I see TREE-SPARROW flutter down,
A ring of white around his neck, his head a chesnut brown.

CHAFFINCH, with warble short and sweet in early days of Spring,
Thy nest of wool, and hair, and moss—feathers and lichens twined across,
Might nurse the birdies' king!

On thistle seeds the GOLDFINCH feeds—no looking-glass he knows,
Yet his black poll, and collar white, and crimson face, and feathers bright,
Look better than our clothes!

With its bright golden head and breast the YELLOW-HAMMER flies
From bush to bush along the hedge, then upward see it rise.

Who comes to steal the farmer's corn from out his well-stored yard,
But the CORN-BUNTING? for he thinks a few grains may be spared.

When frost and snow are on the ground, see the SNOW-BUNTING come,
And when the sunny Spring returns, he seeks a colder home.

HOUSE MARTIN.
SWALLOW.
SWIFT.
SAND MARTIN.
BULLFINCH.
GREENFINCH.
LESSER RED-POLE.
LINNET.
MEALY LINNET.
CROSS-BILL.

SAND MARTIN, HOUSE MARTIN, SWALLOW, SWIFT, LINNET, MEALY LINNET, GREENFINCH, BULLFINCH, CROSS-BILL, LESSER RED-POLE.

SAND MARTIN likes to build in sand, in those small holes so round;
While underneath your cottage eaves HOUSE MARTIN's nest is found.
Like lightning darting through the air, I see the SWALLOWS fly,
With long forked tail and open beak, while gnats by millions die.
The SWIFT is stronger on the wing, but cannot stand, they say;
Its nest it makes of bits caught up upon its airv way,
Binding them with a kind of gum it carries in its mouth·
All these are birds of passage, going from us to the South.
Brown LINNET never goes away—he has a pleasant song;
The MEALY LINNET seldom comes, and does not stay here long.
The GREENFINCH by his coat is known, and humdrum melody;
The BULLFINCH learns to whistle tunes while in captivity.
The CROSS-BILL likes the fir cones much: a handsome bird is he.
The LESSER RED-POLE hangs on twigs, and twitters merrily.

GREATER TIT, BLUE TIT, LONG-TAILED TIT, COLE TIT, RED-START, STONE-CHAT, SKY-LARK, WOOD-LARK.

If you've a garden, I am sure you've very often seen
Some pretty birds, with cheeks quite white, and feathers blue and green,
Clinging to branches of the trees, and picking all they find,
Now these are Tits—the GREATER TIT, the biggest of his kind,
Not larger than a Sparrow though; the BLUE TIT, fond of meat—
I've hung small pieces in the trees to give "Tom Tit" a treat;
The LONG-TAILED TIT, a tiny bird, who seldom flies alone,
And builds a long-shaped, curious nest, most firmly fastened on.
The COLE TIT lives in woods, or makes in holes of walls its nest;
The RED-START, when he's building, likes a garden pot the best;
A snow-flake on his poll he bears, his tail a brilliant red;
The STONE-CHAT wears a velvet cap, quite black, upon his head.
SKY-LARK and WOOD-LARK, happy birds! spend half the Summer days
In soaring up to cloudless skies, and singing hymns of praise.

GREATER TIT.
LONG-TAILED TIT.
BLUE-TIT.
COLE TIT.
REDSTART.
WOOD-LARK.
STONE-CHAT.
TIT LARK.
SKY-LARK.

W. DICKES

THRUSH, MISSEL-THRUSH, FIELDFARE, REDWING, RING-OUSEL, WATER-OUSEL, BLACKBIRD.

Brown back and speckled breast are here, and hark! that joyous song,
First in the Spring—right well I know, these to the THRUSH belong.
The MISSEL-THRUSH is very like, larger and wilder, though;
He gets his name from feeding on the pretty misletoe.
The FIELDFARE in October comes—a bird of passage he;
And bringing with him flocks of friends, for he loves company.
October brings the REDWING too, though seldom does he sing;
He's like the Thrush, and gets his name from his red under-wing.
RING-OUSEL, let me find you out—black, with a gorget white,
Much like the Blackbird in your ways, but not so merry quite.
The WATER-OUSEL spends his life where running waters flow,
But guards from wet his well-built nest and eggs as white as snow.
The BLACKBIRD's glossy coat you know all other birds among:
He eats your cherries now and then, but pays you with his song.

THRUSH.
MISSEL-THRUSH.
FIELDFARE.
REDWING.
WATER-OUSEL.
BLACKBIRD.
RING-OUSEL.

WREN, GOLDEN-CRESTED WREN, WILLOW-WREN, WOOD-WREN, CHIFFCHAFF, HEDGE-WARBLER, SEDGE-WARBLER.

Here is the shrill-tongued little WREN, a bird as wise as small;
It builds a pretty snug round nest, just like a parlour ball.
The fir-tree-loving GOLDEN-CREST, though tiny, yet is bold;
The king of all the birds is he—crowned with a crest of gold.
A larger bird, the WILLOW-WREN, builds in the bright hay season:
The "Hay-bird" it is often called, and now you know the reason.
The WOOD-WREN, called in French "Tuite"—that's what it seems to say;
The CHIFFCHAFF, calling its own name in Summer all the day;
HEDGE-WARBLER, whose blue glossy eggs the ploughboy shows with pride;
SEDGE-WARBLER, flitting singing on, close by the water side;
Oh! had I time, about these birds how much I have to say!
And if you like this book, I'll try to write some more one day:
Meantime, whene'er you take a walk, observe each bird that flies,
And never stroll through fields and lanes as if you had no eyes.

WILLOW-WREN.
TREE-SPARROW.
GOLDEN-CRESTED WREN.
CHIFFCHAFF.
WOOD-WREN.
WREN.
SEDGE-WARBLER.

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