



Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

<http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks>



This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.

THREE LITTLE NEST-E



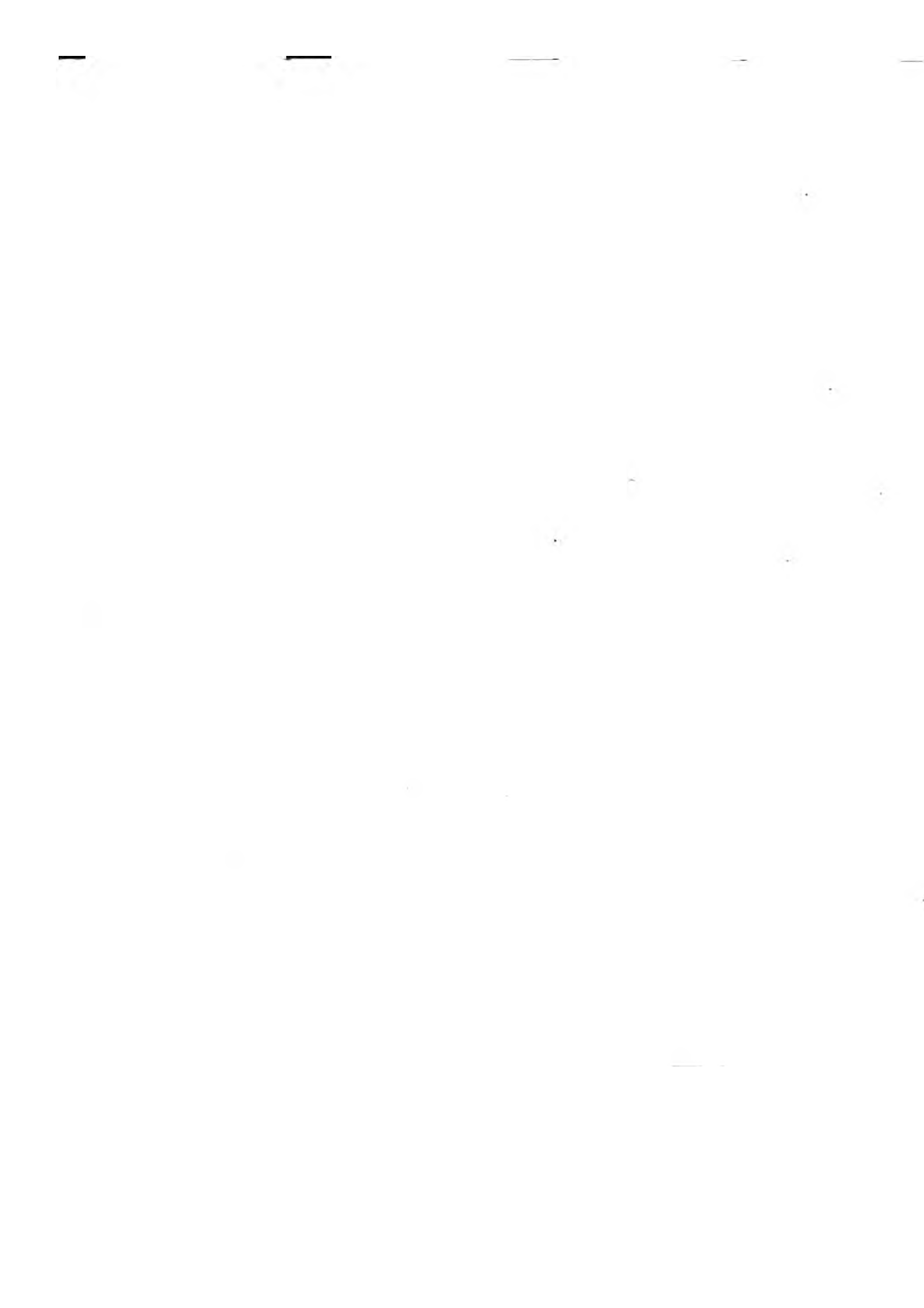
Depicted
by
R: André:

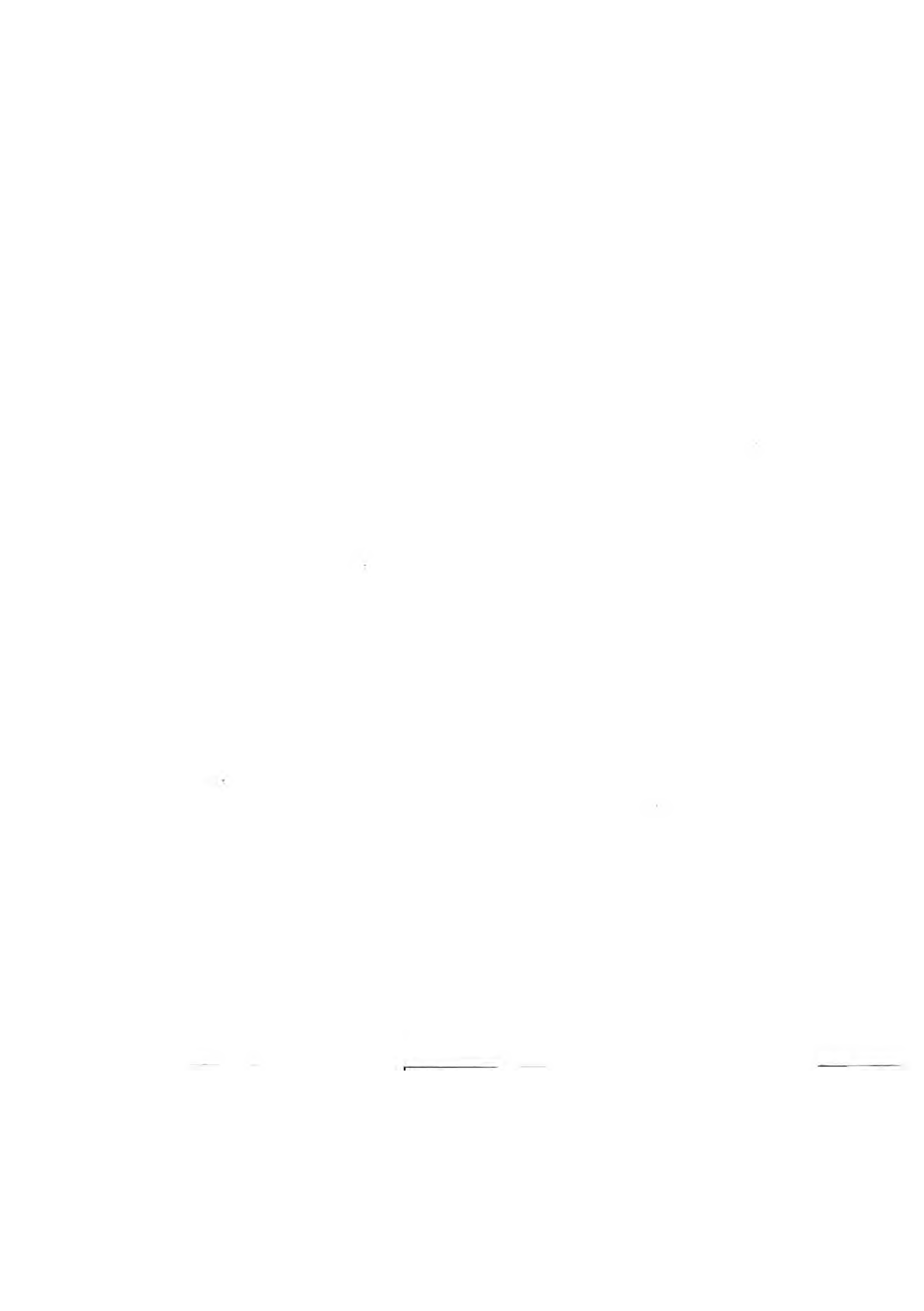
Written by
Juliana: Horatia: Ewing:



252. d. 48.



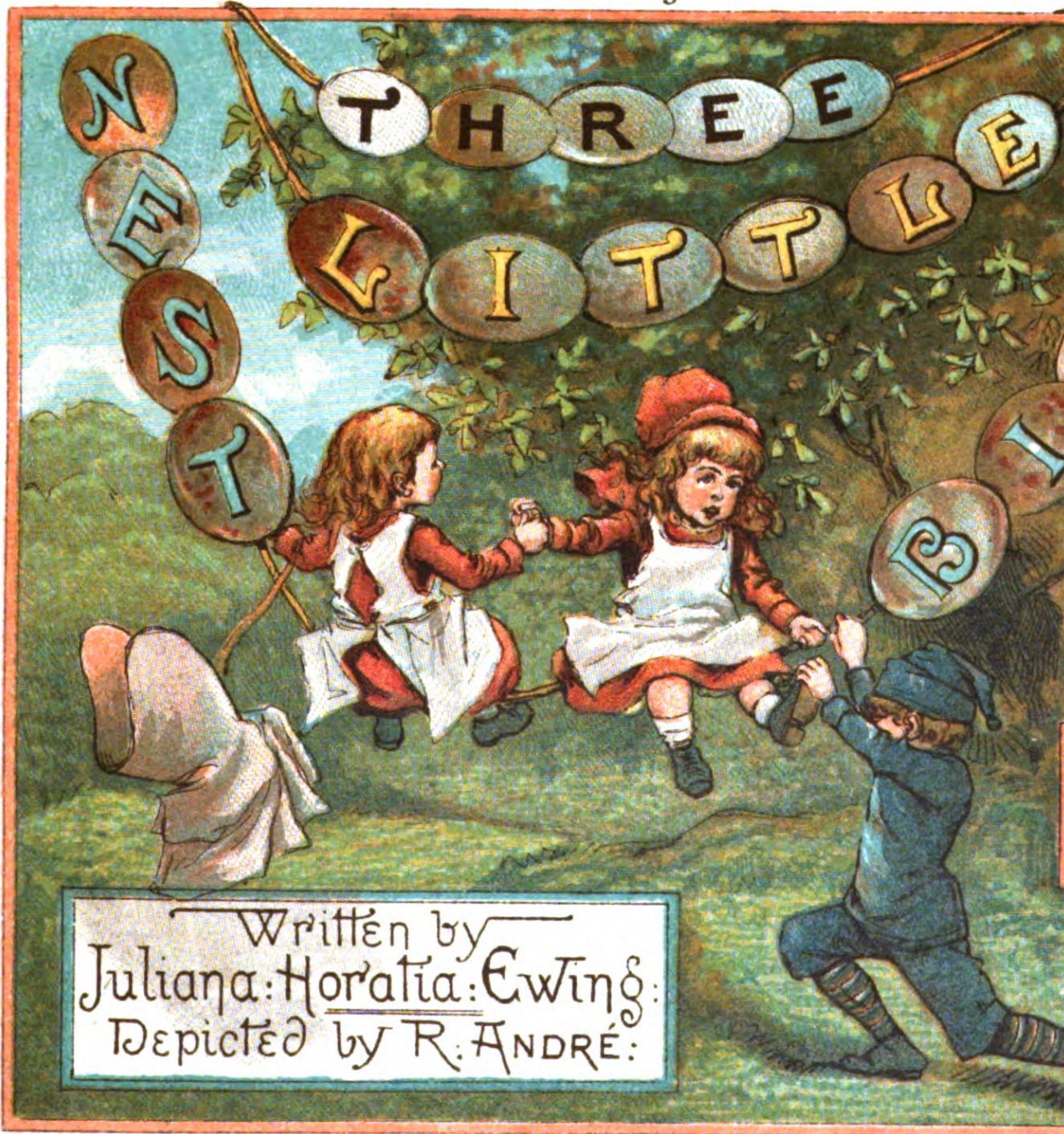






250 2.10.11 2/6





Written by
Juliana: Horatia: Ewing:
Depicted by R. ANDRÉ:





Three Little
Nest Birds

We meant to be very kind,
But if ever we find

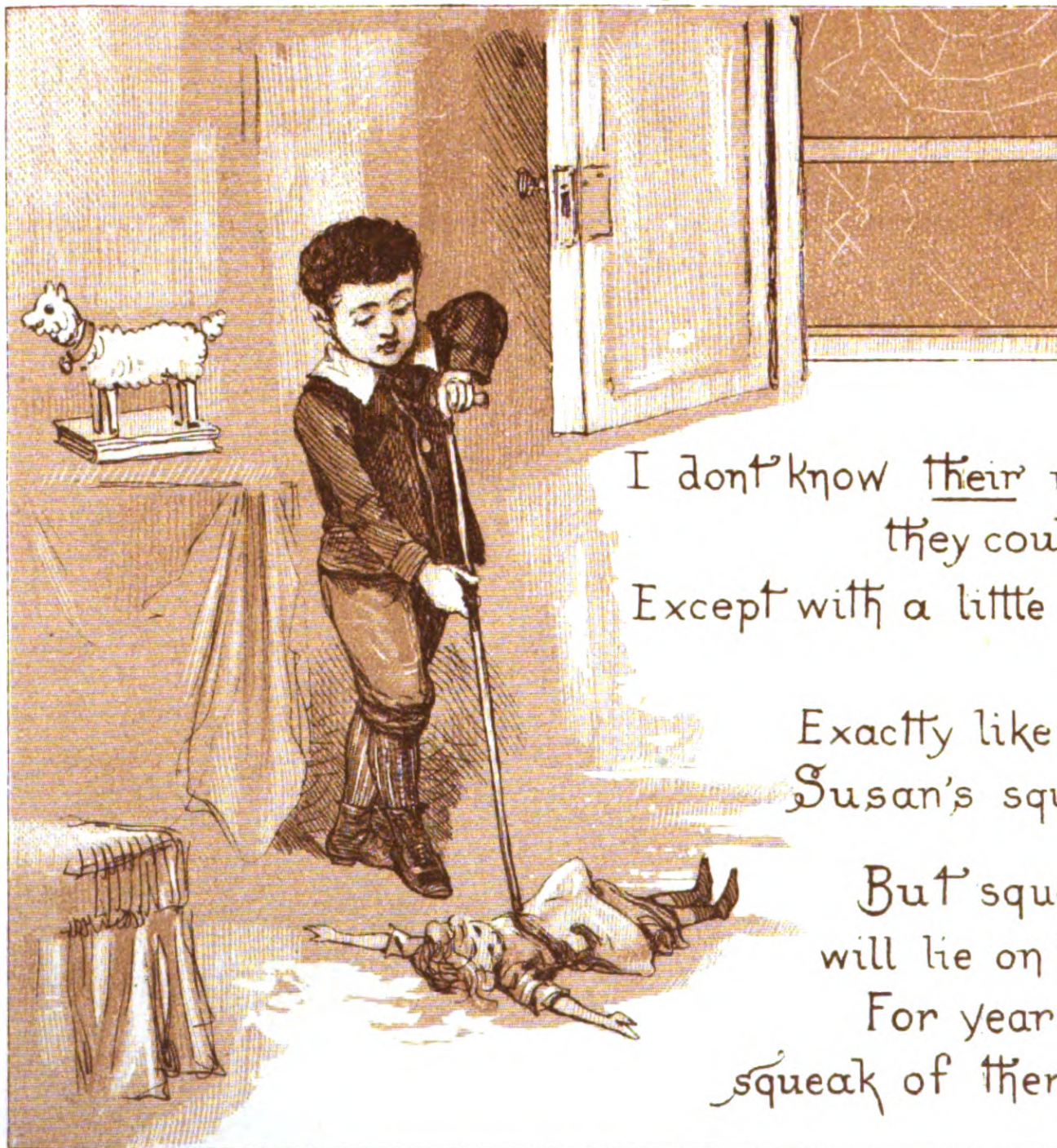
Another soft, grey-green, moss-coated, feathered nest in a

We have taken a pledge —
Susan, Jemmy, and I — with remorseful tears, at this
That if there are eggs or little birds in it —
Robin or wren, thrush, chaffinch or linnet —
We'll leave them there
To their mother's care





And three of them —

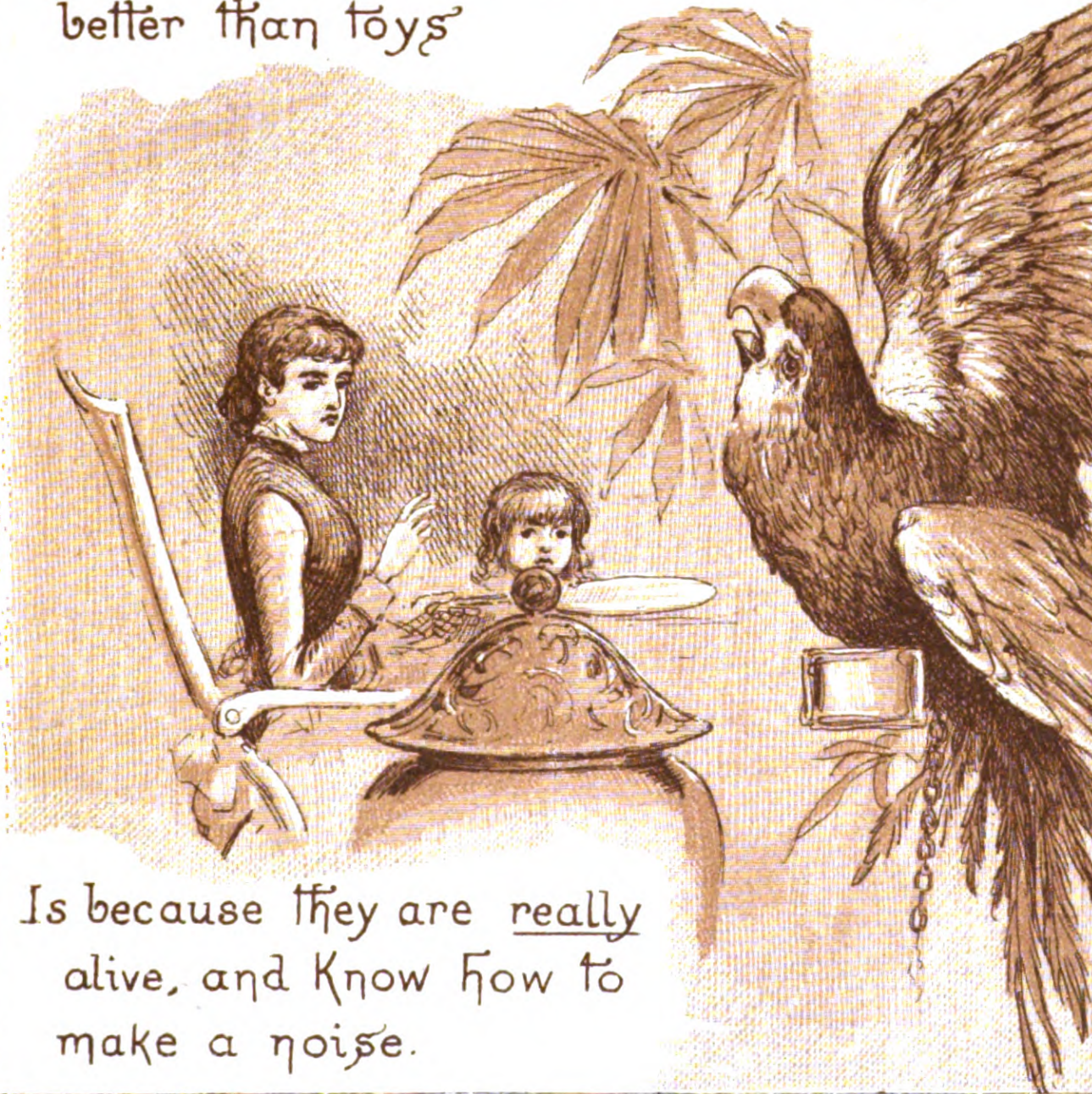


I don't know their
 they cou
 Except with a little

Exactly like
 Susan's squ

But squ
 will lie on
 For year
 squeak of ther

The reason we like little birds so much
better than toys



Is because they are really
alive, and know how to
make a noise.



were three of us and three of t
Kate, that is I, and Susan, an



Our mother was busy making a pie,



And theirs, we think, was up in the sky;



But for all Susan,
Jemmy, or I can tell,
She may have been getting
their dinner as well.



They were
themselves
were w
In a nest
by the w



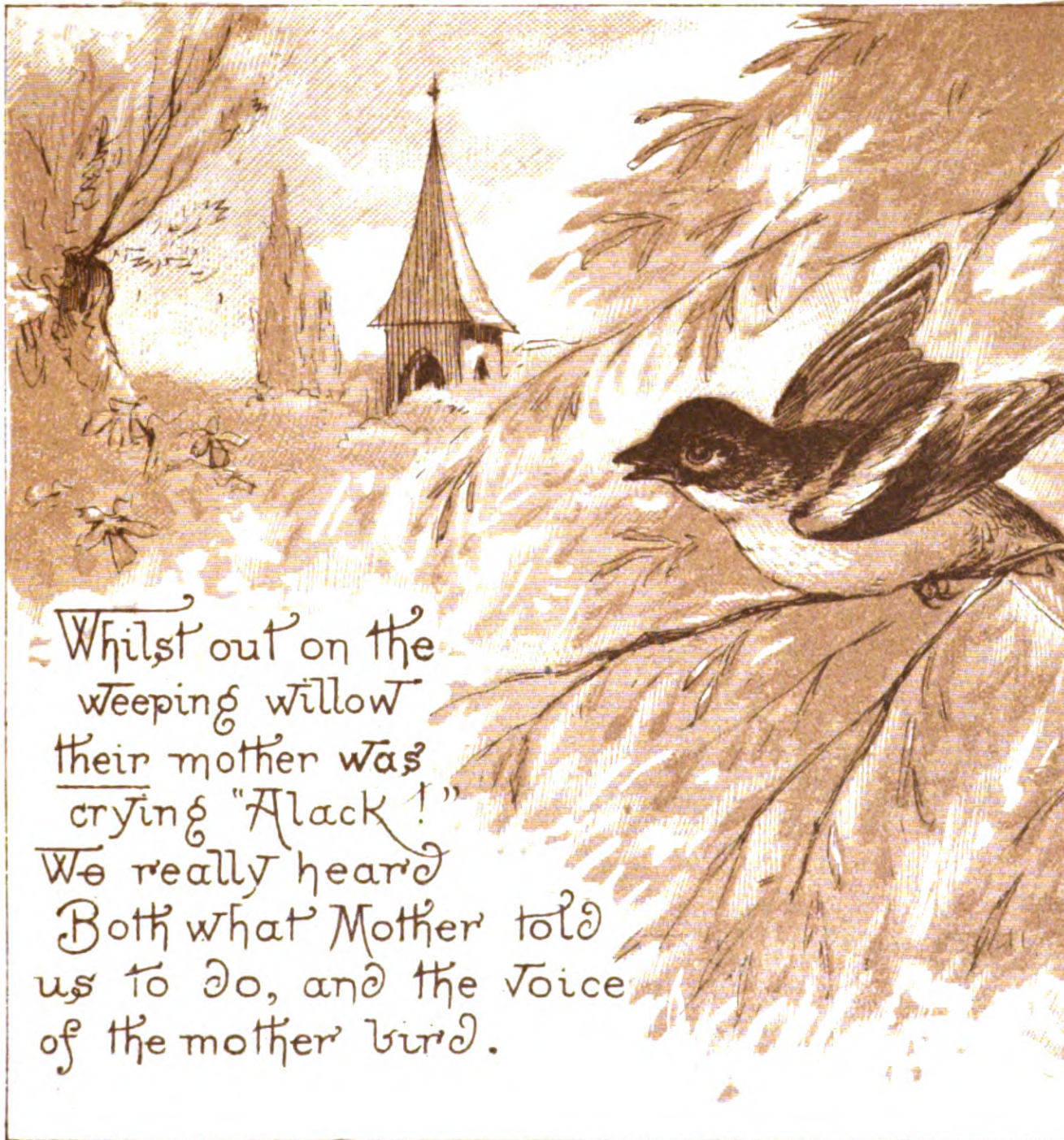
And when we caught sight of three red little fl
-tufted, hazel-eyed, open mouthed, pink-throate
we all shouted for glee. ~~~~~



The v
really
was' t

then
to

told
then



Whilst out on the
weeping willow
their mother was
crying "Alack!"
We really heard
Both what Mother told
us to do, and the voice
of the mother bird.



But we three—
that is Susan and I and Jem—
thought we knew better than
either of them;
And in spite of our mothers' command
and the poor bird's cry,



We de
to bring up
litte nestlin
on the sly.

We ec

It did seem such e

Susan fed her's on milk and bread,





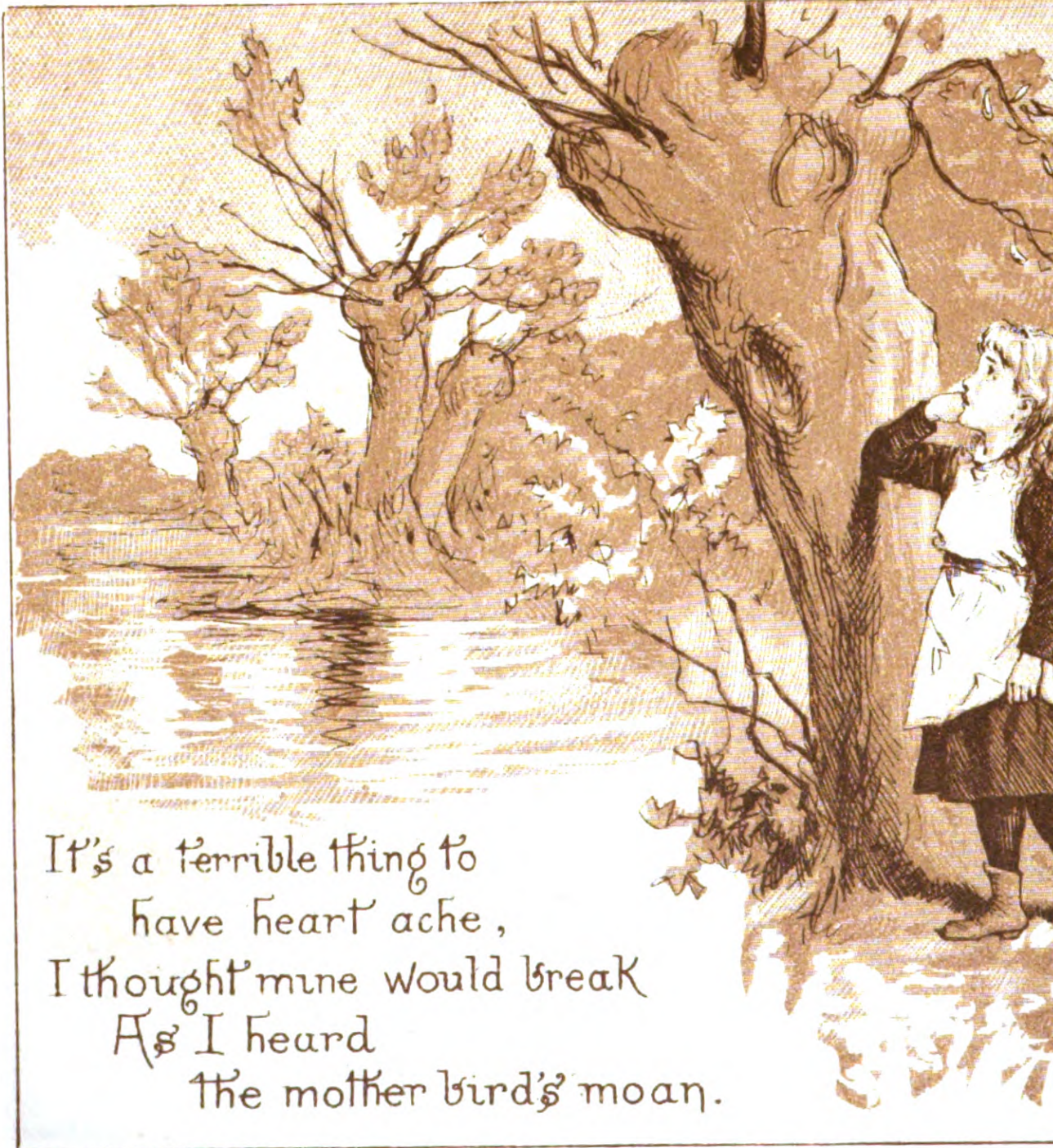
Jem got wriggling worms for his instead.



I gave mine meat,
For, you know, I thought, "Poor darling pet!
Why shouldn't it have roast beef to eat?"



But, O dear! O dear! O dear! How we cry
When, in spite of milk and bread and worms
roast beef, the little birds' died! ~~~

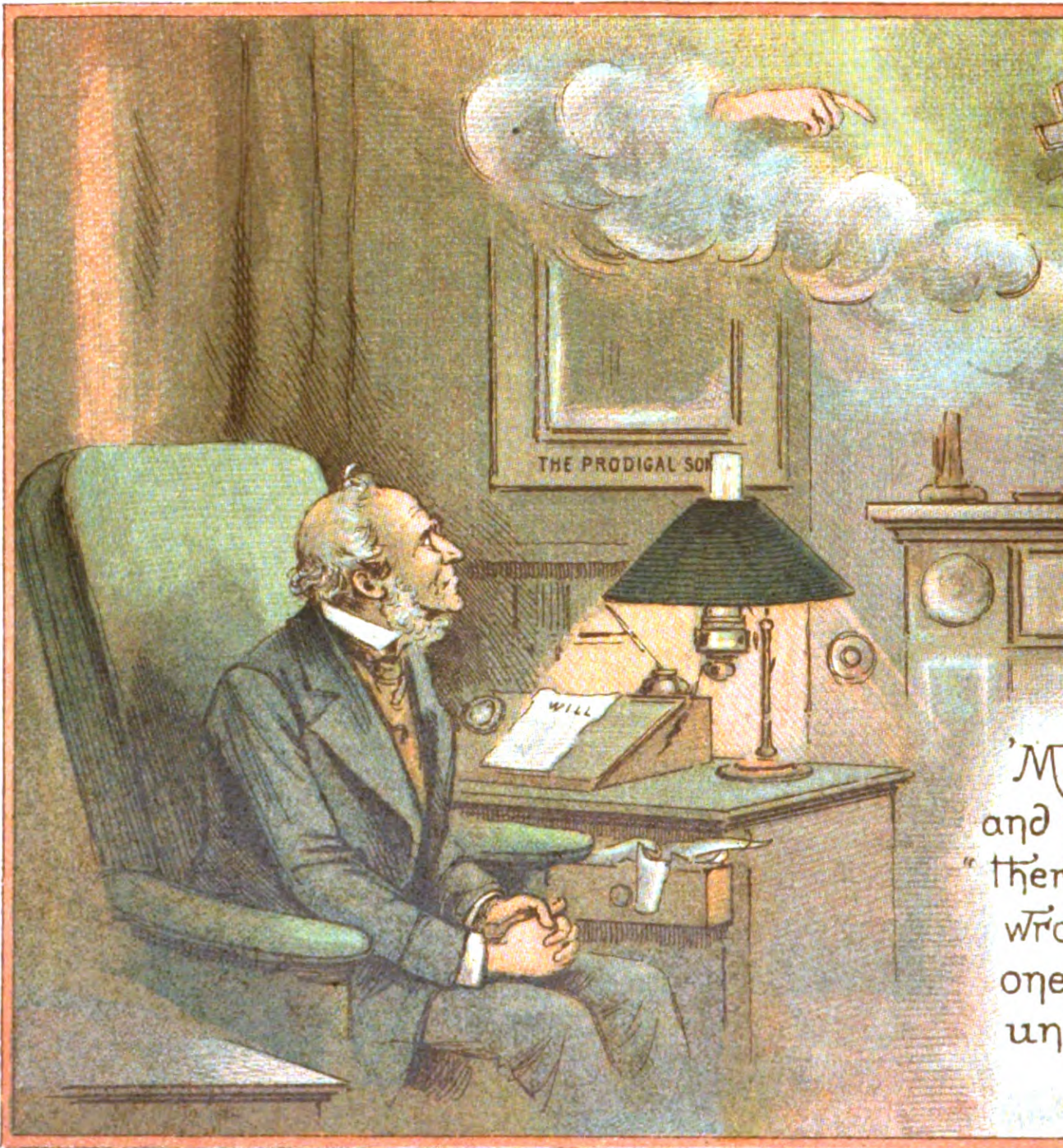


It's a terrible thing to
have heart ache,
I thought mine would break
As I heard
the mother bird's moan.

And looked at the grey-green, moss-coat
-lined nest she had taken such pains to



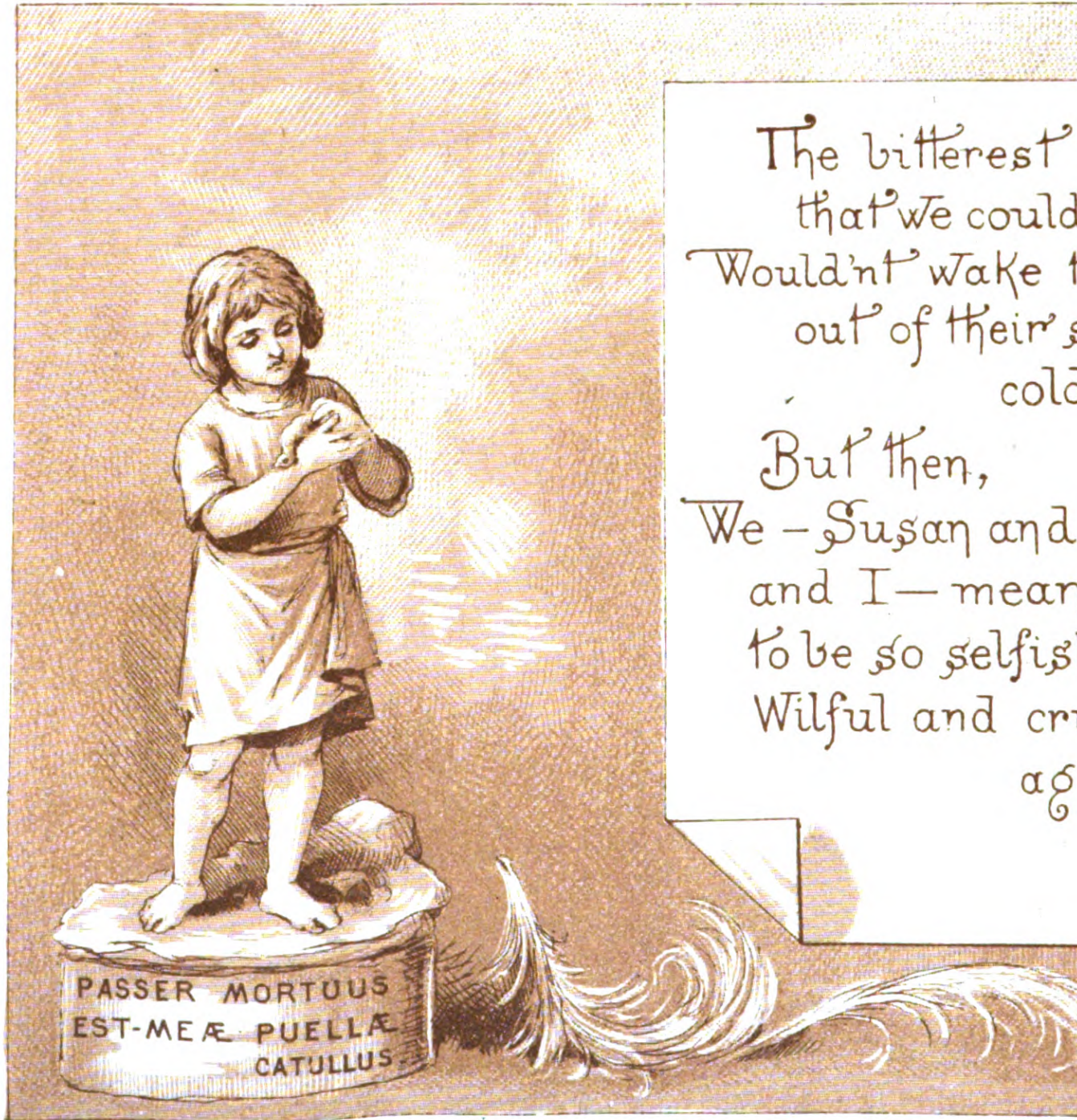
And her three little children dead, and
as stone.



'M
and
"then
who
one
un



And nothing that we could do or say
Would bring life back to the birds that day



The bitterest
that we could
Wouldn't wake t
out of their s
colō

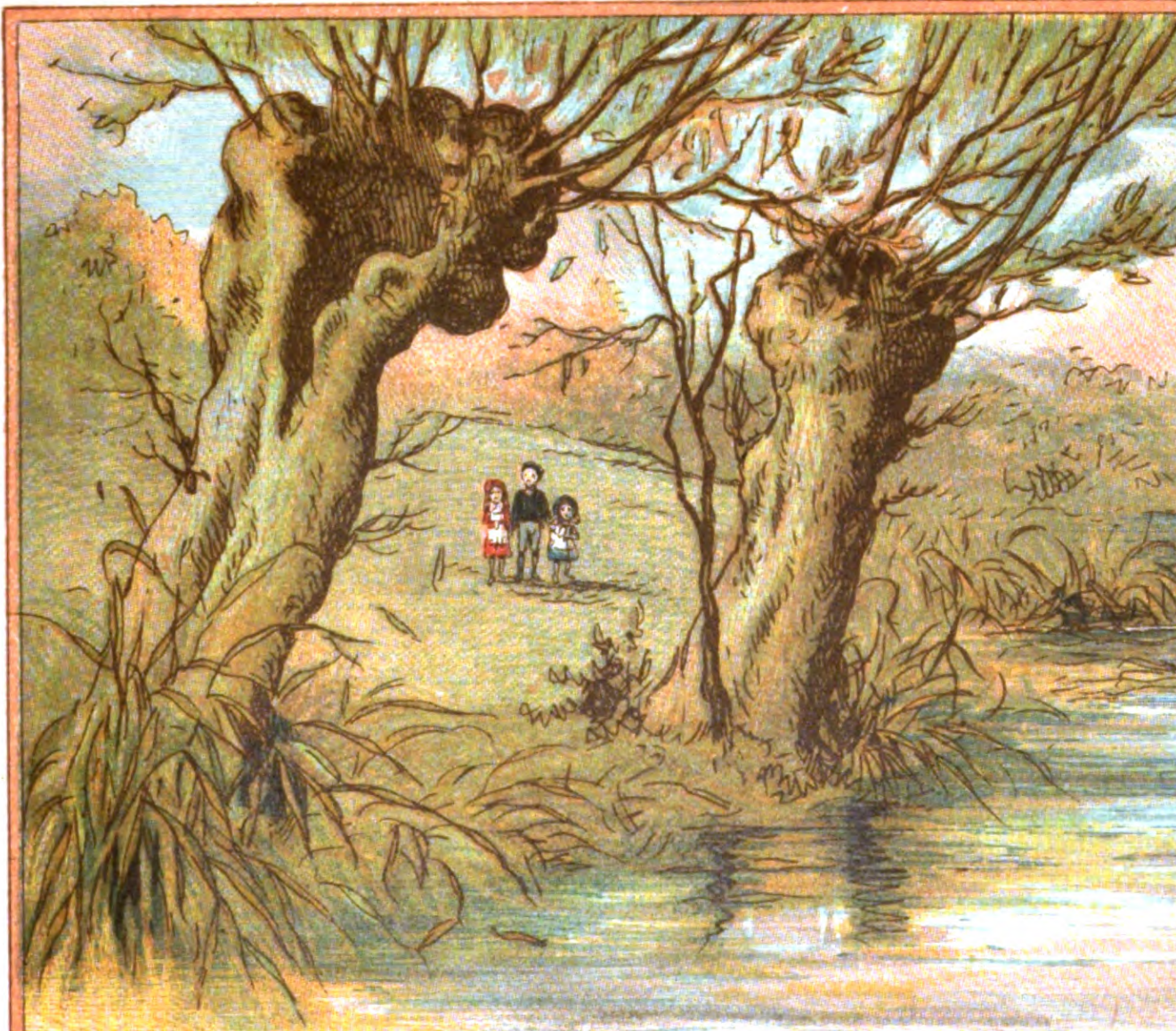
But then,
We - Susan and
and I - mean
to be so selfish
Wilful and cr
ag



And w



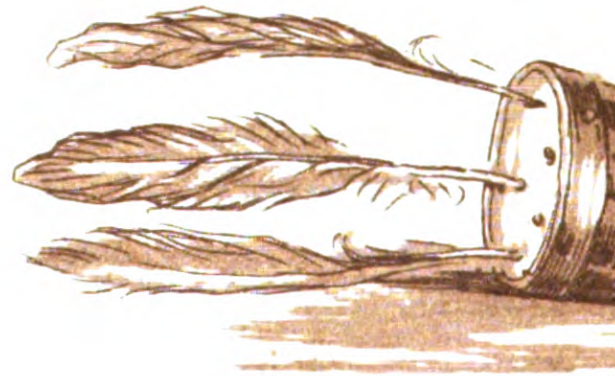
have buried those other three
In a soft, green, moss-covered, flower-lined
at the foot of the willow tree.

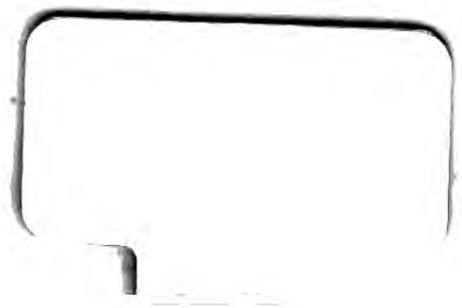


And all the leaves which its branches shed
We think are tears because they are dead



The End:





Verse Books for Children by J.
Illustrated in Colours by R. Anderson



Price—One Shilling each
Published by Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge
New York: F. & J. B. Vound & Co.