

THE CROWS: A CHILD POEM

What a famous noise there was
In the morning when I rose!
All the air was hoarse with 'Caws,'
And the sky was black with crows.

Hundreds circling round the trees
Swooped down on a last year's nest,
Rose and scattered then like bees,
Swarmed again and could not rest;

Cawing, cawing all the time,
Till it grew to one great voice,
And you could not hear the chime
Of the school-clock for the noise.

Every garden-bush has heard
Through its tiny twigs and shoots,
And the trees have all been stirred
Right down to their very roots.

Buds of green on branch and stem
Glisten in the morning sun,
For the Crows have wakened them,
And they open one by one.

THE CROWS

Last night on the hillside lay
One white patch from Winter's snows ;
Now it's melted clean away
With the cawing of the Crows.

And a primrose, too, has heard,
Peeping out to nod and talk
From the hedge-roots to a bird
Hopping down the garden walk.

What a famous noise it was
To make the very bushes hear,
And birds and flowers and things—because
The merry time of Spring is near !

GABRIEL SETOUN.

