

CAMPING DAYS

I was perfectly happy, content as could be,
Till a Baltimore oriole carolled to me,
“Get up, Mrs. Brucks, come on, now, Arise,
There are hundreds of beautiful birds in the skies.”

The air was still chilly, so I lingered a bit
But he whistled and warbled, “Mrs. Brucks, get up quick!”
So I left my warm bed, and outside I went,
Leaving Bill and the children asleep in the tent.

What a lovely surprise he had planned for me,
For a dear little hummingbird sat in a tree;
He twittered and hovered and turned round and round
And called to his mate to come up from the ground.

She joined him there for a second or two
Then back to her well-hidden nest she flew;
A kingbird flew by and a goldfinch and wren
A flicker, some waxwings, a warbler, and then—

From a bush right beside me I distinctly heard “meow”
And a sleek little catbird sat there on a bough.
From a hole in the ground, right next to my feet
Two bright eyes looked out for a nice breakfast treat:

Then a paw came out slowly and swept in some grass
But seeing me there, he disappeared fast.
A chipmunk or two scurried by in the leaves
Then a bird came so close, I scarcely could breathe:

’Twas the hummingbird back with his long slender bill
And his beautiful plumage! It was really a thrill.
Two blackbirds were trying to win as their mate
A sly little female so trim and sedate;

When they hopped up beside her, she quickly moved on,
And paid no attention to the amorous song.
Then a robin sailed by them and lit in a tree
And sang to the suitors, “Cheer up, Look! It’s me!”

Filled with wonder, I watched in the woods all the day
Enjoying God’s beautiful creatures at play,
And I joined with the family for worship and prayer
As the song of the oriole still filled the air.