



SNOW BIRD

Come to the window, brother, come quick,
The stars are falling ever so thick;
Up in the sky they look so bright,
Now they come down, Oh! how white.

Birdie, the stars are not coming down.
Look there on the sleeve of your gown,
That is a snowflake. Isn't it white?
I hope it will snow all through the night.

Then in the morning won't we have fun!
I can hardly wait for morning to come.
You must be a snow bird. Isn't it queer,
The first snow falls on this day of the year?

Birdie's birthday! Just three years ago,
You came to us in just such a snow.
From papa and mamma this much I heard,
"This baby of ours is a real snow bird."