ONCE a little lady dressed in black and red
Tucked her little children safely in their bed,
A green leaf curling over was all the roof they had,
But the softly singing breezes and the sunshine
made them glad.

OFF flew the little mother through the pleasant summer
air;
She never thought of danger, nor felt a single care.
But in a pretty garden, where grew a red red rose
The little lady lighted to nestle and repose;

Out tripped a merry maiden along the garden gay,
The red red rose to gather, to the little dame's dismay.
The merry maid laughed softly she was so full of glee
Held up her dimpled finger, and clear and loud called
she:

"Lady bird, lady bird fly away home!
Your house is on fire and your children will burn!"

Off flew the little mother, in terror wild and dread
Across the hill and glassy glade and field of clover red.

Her little wings were aching, her anxious spirit drooped,
When at the tiny portal, in breathless fear she stooped,
There lay her little children, all snugly tucked in bed,
Yes, safe and sound and sleeping, with the green leaf over head!

December 10.

December 11.

Arthur N. Thomas

December 12.

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