

## THE LARKY

A lightning from the slumber sky  
The larky to the limb  
Flew light, held tight to twig apply  
To dry and rest within.

The tree well shook her riddle friend  
And rapped him stiff a leaf  
But cling he clung the while to mend  
His bird nesting sheaf.

“Gum on seat, my berry pie,”  
The tree bed to the lark  
To tempt him bother. By and by  
The bird weld to the mark.

“Your shaky whims of moss and wood  
Do tempt my temper test.  
Yet I’m beware of falling good,”  
Replied him stood his nest.

The tree well shook and shook fast  
But cling the birdy still.  
A heavy hardy harp he hast,  
A sturdy breast of will.

The wind good no more help her hinder  
Stubborn little gent.  
But just as then the wind unpinned her  
Off he flew, he went.