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Nature  
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There's a swish of hurrying wings  
Across the opal sky;  
Some ducks are flying homeward  
To the rushy pool close by.

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The drumming of the partridge  
To hear, I listen and wait  
And clear across the stubble  
Comes the answer of his mate.

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I hear a splash in the water,  
A duck goes flapping by,  
Her wings seem badly crippled  
As if she cannot fly.

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Its only the way of nature  
To lure you from her nest,  
Deep hidden in the willows  
Where her precious blue eggs rest.

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Nature.

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So I step aside to see  
A nest of perfect form,  
All lined with softest down  
To keep those blue eggs warm.

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Then I travel homeward singing  
Of the beauties of the day,  
As across the landscape lingers  
The suns last golden ray.

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