THE
Red Squirrel.

A. Phelps—Greenfield.
THE

RED SQUIRREL.

GREENFIELD:
A. Phelps.
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The pretty red Squirrel lives up in a tree,
A blithe little creature as ever can be:
He dwells in the boughs where the stock dove broods,
Far in the shade of the green summer woods.
His food is the young juicy cones
of the pine,
And the milky beech nut is his
bread and wine.

In the joy of his heart, he frisks
with a bound,
To the topmost twigs, then down
to the ground,
Then up again like a winged
thing,
And from tree to tree with a
vaulting spring;
Then he sits up aloft and looks waggish and queer,
As if he would say, “Ay, follow me here!”
And then he grows pettish and stamps with his foot,
And then independently he cracks his nut.

But small as he is, he knows he may want,
In the bleak winter weather when food is so scant,
So he finds a hole in an old tree’s core,
And there makes his nest, and lays up his store;
Then when cold winter comes, and the trees are bare,
When the white snow is falling and keen is the air,
He heeds it not, as he sits by himself
In his warm little nest, with his nuts on his shelf.
O, wise little squirrel; no wonder that he
In the green summer woods is as blithe as can be.