

**THE BOY
AND THE BIRDS**

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The Boy and the Birds by Emily Taylor & Thomas Landseer

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EMILY TAYLOR & THOMAS LANDSEER

**THE BOY
AND THE BIRDS**



LONG-TAILED TIT.

THE
BOY AND THE BIRDS.

BY
EMILY TAYLOR.

WITH DESIGNS BY THOMAS LANDSEER.

I shall not ask Jean Jacques Rousseau
If birds confabulate, or no ;
'T is clear that they were always able
To hold discourse, at least, in fable
And even the child, who knows no better
Than to interpret by the letter
A story of a cock and bull,
Must have a most uncommon skull.

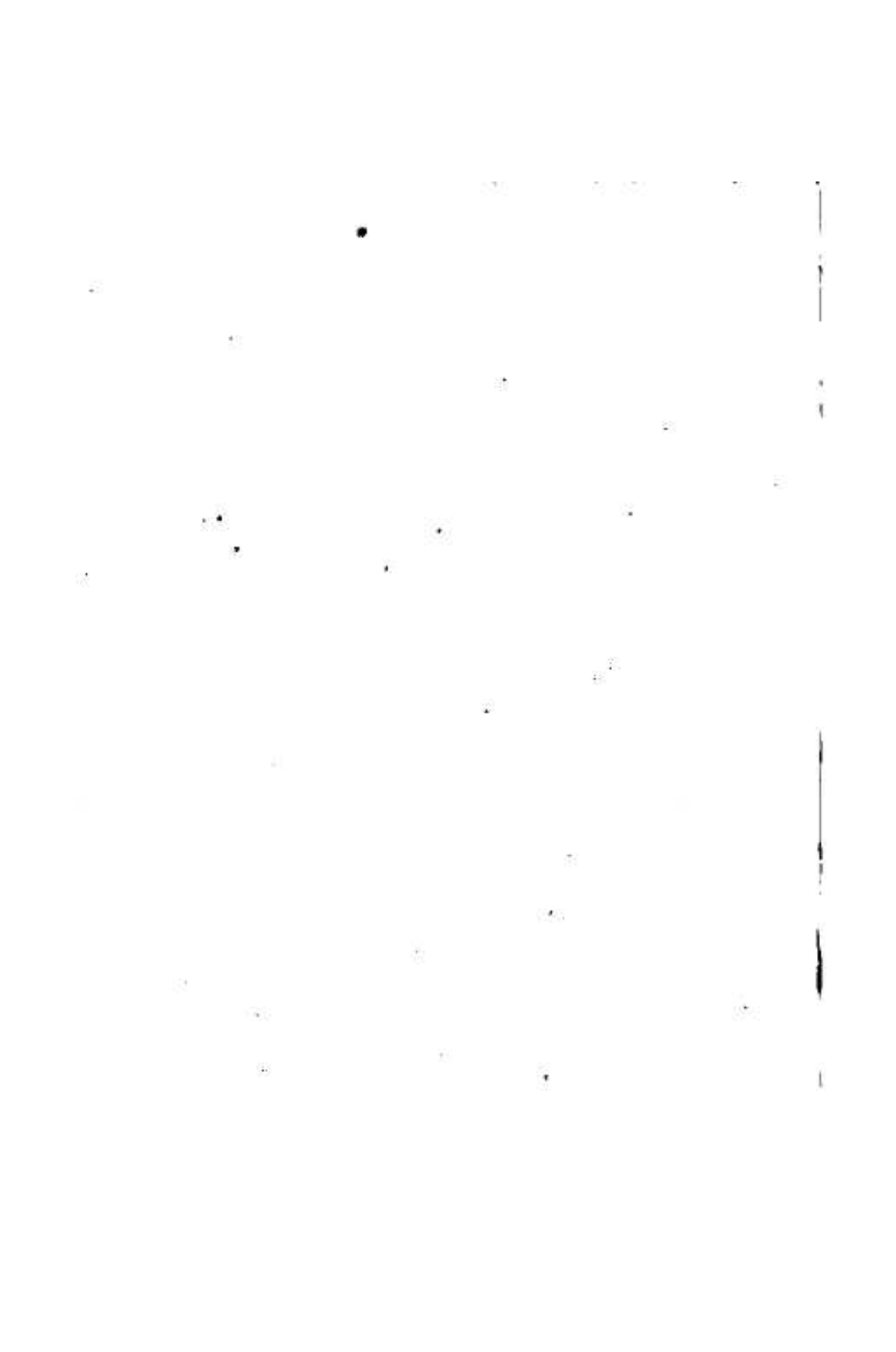
COWPER.

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1837.

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“IN one of my late visits to a friend in the country, I found the youngest son, a fine boy of eight or nine years of age, who usually resides in town for his education, just returning from a ramble through the neighboring woods and fields, where he had collected a large and handsome bunch of wild flowers, of a great many different colors; and, presenting them to his mother, said, with much animation in his countenance, ‘Look, my dear mamma, what beautiful flowers I have found growing in our place! Why all the woods are full of them!—red, orange, blue, almost every color. Oh, I could gather you a whole parcel of them, much handsomer than these; all growing in our own woods! Shall I, mamma? shall I go and bring you more?’

“The good woman received the bunch of flowers with a smile, and the little fellow went off to execute his delightful commission.

"The similarity of this little boy's enthusiasm to my own struck me; and the reader will need no explanations of mine to make the application. Should my country receive with the same gracious indulgence the specimens which I here humbly present her—should she express a desire for me to 'go and bring her more,' the highest wishes of my ambition will be gratified; for, in the language of my little friend, 'the whole woods are full of them,' and I can collect hundreds more, 'much handsomer than these.'"—ALEXANDER WILSON.—PREFACE TO THE AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGY.

THE SKY-LARK.

"Where the gray clouds their parting make,
There in the dawn am I;
The early sun has seen me take
Gaily my flight on high.
Who does not love the cheerful lark,
Whose song is still of joy?
Merrily singing, up he goes:
Good bye, dull earth, good bye."

AIR OF THE WIND.

BOY. You merry, merry creature—you elegant creature! twining up to the sky, more like a curling wreath of smoke, or the mist from a mountain stream, than any thing else; where did you learn that beautiful, airy flight of yours, and that yet more beautiful song?

LARK. *Where?*—in the fresh fields, where I was born; where my father sang before me, and my brothers learned to sing. My song came I know not how,