

# “HYMN”

BY

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The little bird sits in the nest and sings  
A shy, soft song to the morning light;  
And it flutters a little and prunes its wings.  
The song is halting and poor and brief,  
And the fluttering wings scarce stir a leaf;  
But the note is a prelude to sweeter things,  
And the busy bill and the flutter slight  
Are proving the wings for a bolder flight!