

# Nest Eggs

Robert Louis Stevenson

Birds all the sunny day  
Flutter and quarrel  
Here in the arbour-like  
Tent of the laurel.

Younger than we are,  
O children, and frailer,  
Soon in the blue air they'll be,  
Singer and sailor.

Here in the fork  
The brown nest is seated;  
Four little blue eggs  
The mother keeps heated.

We, so much older,  
Taller and stronger,  
We shall look down on the  
Birdies no longer.

While we stand watching her  
Staring like gabies,  
Safe in each egg are the  
Bird's little babies.

They shall go flying  
With musical speeches  
High overhead in the  
Tops of the beeches.

Soon the frail eggs they shall  
Chip, and upspringing  
Make all the April woods  
Merry with singing.

In spite of our wisdom  
And sensible talking,  
We on our feet must go  
Plodding and walking.

