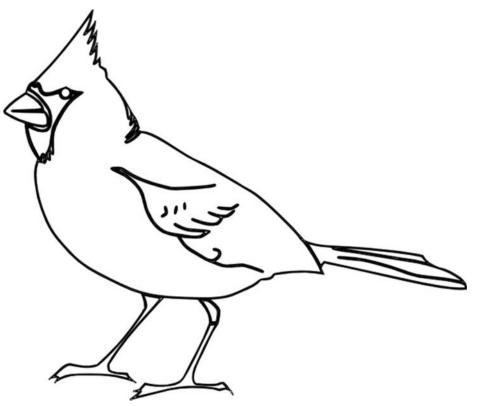
The Red-Bird

by Evaleen Stein

Swept lightly by the south wind The elm-leaves softly stirred, And in their pale green clusters There straightway bloomed a bird!

His glossy feathers glistened With dyes as richly red As any tulip flaming From out the garden bed.

But ah, unlike the tulips, In joyous strain, ere long, This red-bird flower unfolded A heart of golden song!



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