

St. Petersburg, Florida  
THE "SUNSHINE CITY"

## My Mourning Bird.

He comes each morn to my window  
And perched high on a Loquat tree  
He begins his beautiful carole  
Bringing joy and comfort to me.

So modest and trim is he coated,  
In his quakerish garb of gray,  
You scarcely can think as you view <sup>him</sup>  
Of the wonderful things he can say.

But at peep of the earliest-dawning  
His glad notes ring out loud & clear,  
In a strain of praise to his maker  
That it: Heavenward lifts you to hear.

Then the notes take a soft-sweet cadence,  
And your thrilled with the melody <sup>sweet</sup>  
As he whistles, <sup>and</sup> trills, <sup>and</sup> warbles,  
His songs so rich, full, and complete.