

I am looking for something to weave
into it.

Of this bright, yellow silk I must have
just a bit.

My nest is to hang, with the breezes
to swing.

I shall sit on the elm tree and gayly
I'll sing.

Mother bird and the little ones sweetly
shall sleep,

While I, o'er my dear ones,
a close watch will keep.

Just watch for my nest, as you pass
the elm tree.

The soft, yellow silk you surely
will see.

Then you'll know it is mine, though
you may not see me.