

Little Weaver Bird

[Molly Drake](#)

Little weaver bird, sitting sadly in the tree,
take my good advice and forget your misery.
Your tears are all in vain and regret can be absurd.
Little weaver bird, get weaving. The year is going by, and the season's getting on,
don't you think it's time to build yourself a home?
She blinked her brilliant eye, I don't even think she heard.
Little weaver bird, get weaving. Your children will arrive, and expect a downy bed,
for everything alive needs a place to lay its head.
She looked at me and sighed, but she never said a word.
Little weaver bird, get weaving.
Oh, I can sympathize with a heart that is distressed,
but every bird who's wise will build herself a nest.
She looked at me and sighed, then a miracle occurred:
the little weaver bird got weaving.

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