

## Robin

Robin sang sweetly  
When the days were bright:  
'Thanks, thanks for summer,'  
He sang with all his might.

Robin sang sweetly,  
In the autumn days,  
'There are fruits for everyone;  
Let all give praise.'

In the cold and wintry weather,  
Still hear his song:  
'Somebody must sing,' said Robin  
'Or winter will seem long.'

When the spring came back again,  
He sang, 'I told you so!  
Keep on singing through the winter  
It will always go.'

Anon.

