



## Least Tern

We met the guide at the dock at daylight  
Ready for a day of fishing delight  
We raced on the bay at the break of day  
Glad that the wind had decided to lay.

We fished the shoreline of upper Trinity,  
But we hadn't filled our chest with plenty,  
The day was running long and hotter  
When the guide pointed out toward open water

Now fishermen have been known to look  
For clues of where to throw their hook,  
And birds circling over a particular spot,  
Is often a promise of fishing that's hot.

We fired up the engine and raced to the site,  
All anglers ready to catch the bite,  
But the guide held a hand up, looking grim,  
Saying "Boys, say a prayer and sing a hymn".

Before us the terns were plunging and diving,  
We took many casts but there was no high-fiving,  
The least tern was feeding but not on shrimp,  
Leaving our lines wet and limp.

Our guide stood up tall on the side of the boat,  
And he sounded out with a sour note,  
"You little buggars are liars, liars,  
Why do you gang up and against me conspire?"

Unperturbed the tern flew off toward the land,

Heading directly for its nest on the sand,  
Where it joined its mate in raising the young,  
Which is lots of hard work and little fun.

The tern's nest is right next to the beach  
Where it often fails to stay out of reach  
Of the party-searching cars of city brats  
Or the marauding ventures of feral cats.

When the chick emerges, it's a great moment,  
For the tern's numbers are below their quotient  
And while our coastal terns aren't endangered  
We all should ensure that we maintain this bird.

So welcome to Earth Church  
Pull yourself up a pew  
Say a prayer that least terns  
Will raise a chick for you.