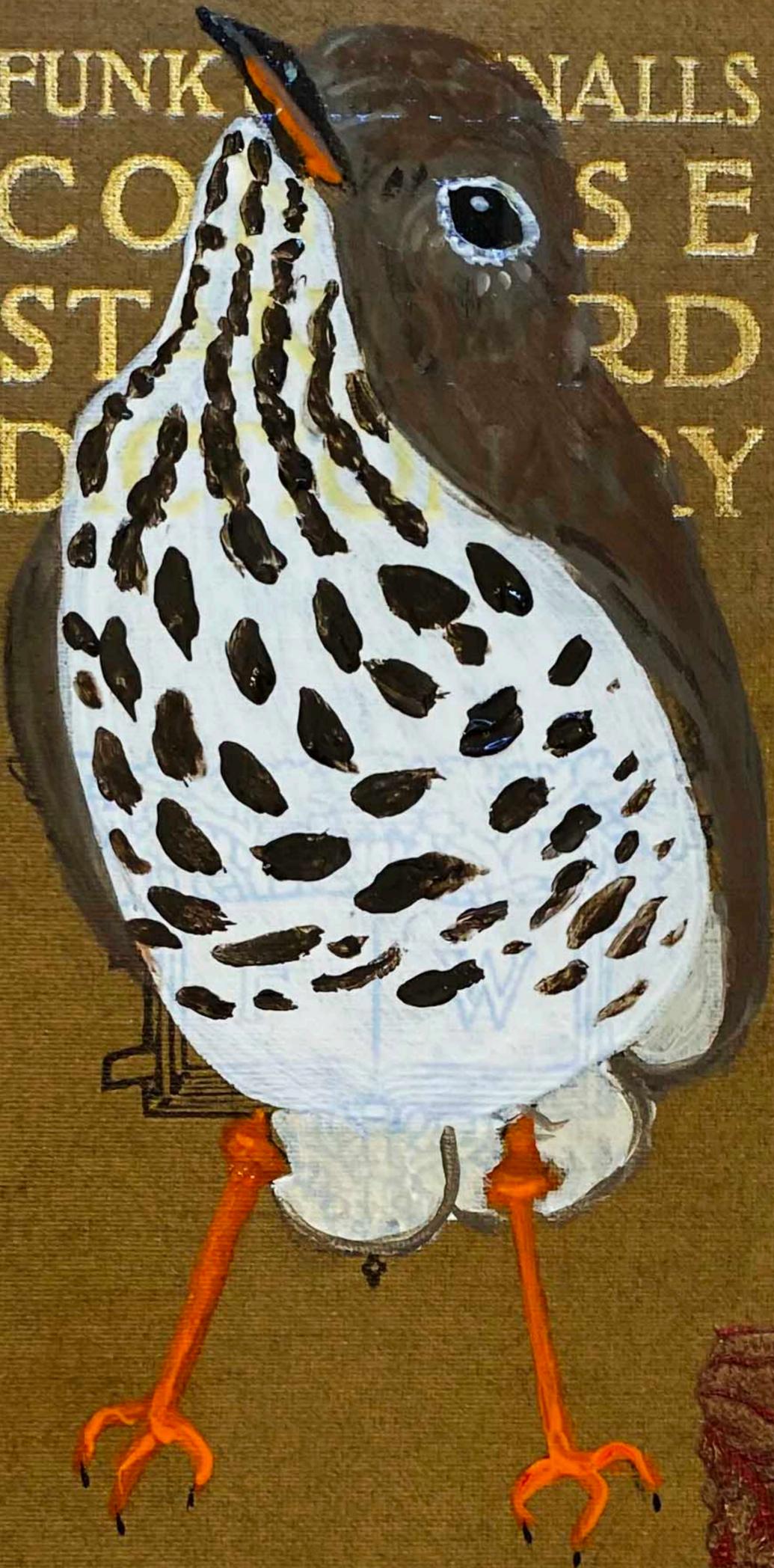


FUNK & WAGNALLS
CONDENSED
STANDARD
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Hermit Thrush

The hermit thrush – a bird of the forest,
A bird that to many is greatly cherished
For its lovely song that brings a smile,
Delivered with passion and with style.

The hermit thrush forages on forest floor,
A task that can quickly become a chore,
But to help the search its leg quivers,
And by shaking the leaves, its food's delivered.

So I asked this thrush, "Why a hermit today?"
And he said that he wasn't always this way,
That he used to hang with the rest of the crowd,
Playing around - being brash and loud.

And then one day the hawk appeared,
And the rest of the gang laughed and jeered,
And the hawk descended and grabbed one up,
Disbanding the group, causing a gulp.

"I learned to be wary of the larger population,
I found my own way without stipulation,
I keep to myself and sing in the forest,
And I've learned the way of the nonconformist."

And I asked if it doesn't get lonesome out there,
Away from the crowd, filled with despair,
"Despair does not even enter my thinking,
I am good with my life, I am not sinking."

We often think that a hermit has a problem,
An unhappy person, someone solemn,
But they've learned to live life on their own,
And not needing us – well – son of a gun.

Earth Church has a choir with a hermit soloist,
We don't have to socialize – I am no egotist,
I can exist with those with remove,
Far be it for me not to approve.

So welcome to Earth Church,
Pull yourself up a pew,
Say a prayer that the Hermit
Will sing for you.