Into the warm and well-built house,
  Which our good Pipits made,
She popped down speedily, and soon
  A Cuckoo egg was laid.
And then she travelled off again,
  And left the Pipits' nest;
Amusement was the thing she sought,
  And that she loved the best.
"Tears won't warm eggs," said Mr. P.,
  "And my poor nest is cold;
So I will seek my grieving wife,
  And see if she's consoled."
Now Mrs. Pipit, all alone,
  For food began to pine,
And wondered if her husband would,
  Without her, go and dine;