once; "and we have been exceedingly merry," said Robin, "for my father has sung us a sweet song."
"I think," said Dicky, "I should like to learn it."
"Well," replied the mother, "he will teach it you, I dare say; here he comes, ask him." "I am ashamed," said Dicky. "Then you are a silly bird. Never be ashamed but when you commit a fault; asking your father to teach you to sing is not one; and good parents delight to teach their young ones everything that is proper and useful. Whatever so good a father sets you an example of you may safely desire to imitate." Then addressing herself to her mate, who for an instant stopped at the entrance of the nest, that he might not interrupt her instructions, "Am I not right," said she, "in what I have just told them?"
"Perfectly so," replied he; "I shall have pleasure in teaching them all that is in my power; but we must talk of that another time. Who is to feed poor Pecksy?" "Oh, I, I!" answered the mother, and was gone in an instant.

"And so you want to learn to sing, Dicky?" said the father: "well, then, pray listen very attentively; you may learn the notes, though you will not be able to sing till your voice is stronger."

Robin now remarked that the song was very pretty indeed, and expressed his desire to learn it also. "By