The next time at a family gathering, when someone starts singing "Home on the Range," you might surprise the group with the following ditty, or make one up even better:

**Home on the Nest**

*(Sung to, and with apologies to, “Home on the Range”)*

by Steve Carr

Oh, give me a nest  
Where the nutcracker rests,  
Where you see chickadees and the jay;  
Where always is heard  
The sweet song of a bird  
And the skies full of swallows all day.

Chorus

Home, home on the nest  
Where you see chickadees and the jay;  
Where always is heard  
The sweet song of a bird  
And the skies full of swallows all day.

Oh, give me a house  
Where I watch the ruffed grouse  
And the kingfisher down by the stream;  
Where the graceful white swan  
Goes gliding along  
Like a gull in a heavenly dream.

Chorus

At dusk, when it’s still  
Hear the old whip-poor-will;  
And then see the flight of a kite.  
The voice of a crow  
And the small vireo  
Make all of the world seem right.

Chorus

Where the blackbirds and quail,  
The herons, and rail  
Still roam through the fields so free.  
I will always look west  
To my home on the nest,  
Like a tanager up in a tree.

Chorus

The woodpecker drills  
And the hermit thrush trills,  
And the sandpiper looks to return.  
A kinglet flies by,  
A wren’s in the sky,  
And I watch for the flight of a tern.

Chorus

The buzzards fly high  
With hawks in the sky;  
The curlew I love to hear scream;  
The swifts on the wing,  
The eagle as king  
That soar over mountaintops green.

Chorus