



The Hawk

Joylin De Monte

Kids

The Hawk

I am the wanderer of the sky
As I travel distance just in a while while.

My eyes are so sharp on my aim,
I hunt my aim under my range.

I am the master of my own,
Like a guide of my way.

The wind blows me away,
I never give up traveling on my way.

I return home when dusk approaches, and make my bed on thorny branches.

Hunters aim me as I fly,
While I trick them up in the sky.

Yes I am the Hawk traveling here and by ,
Like a guide of the sky.

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