

United We Stand, Divided We Fall

A flock of pigeons flew one fine day,
In search of grains, towards the bay.

"Hey, friends, look! So many grains!"
"Let's gather them all before it rains."

And so they spoke and quickly flew down,
They couldn't notice the trap on the ground.

A hunter had placed a net very cunningly.
He knew that pigeons would come willingly.

As soon as the pigeons landed on the net,
Their feet got stuck, and they started to fret.

They all cooed and tried to break free,
But the net was strong as it could be.

The pigeon queen made a plan to be free,
"Let's fly together on the count of three."

And off they flew into the big blue sky,
The hunter was shocked and started to cry.

They flew to their friends, a colony of mice.
Who cut the net off their feet, all fast and nice.

Remember, whether black or white, small or tall,
United, we shall stand, divided we will fall.

