



High Diver

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The gannet is a mighty flyer
On that we are all agreed
No ocean bird soars any higher
While it searches for a feed.

It roams across our southern waters
And whenever it spots its prey
It barely gives a moment's thought as
It folds its long wings away

And plunges down, at a breakneck speed,
That doomed fish is in its sight!
Then after it's met its hungry need,
Soars anew, to our delight.

