

# This is a document

## Heading

Text goes here.

Here is some more text.

Only one page.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,  
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,  
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven,  
Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from the Nightly shore—  
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!"

Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

Edgar Allan Poe.

For aught that I could ever read,  
Could ever hear by tale or history,  
The course of true love never did run smooth.

Brief as the lightning in the collied night;  
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and Earth,  
And ere a man hath power to say "Behold!"  
The jaws of darkness do devour it up.  
So quick bright things come to confusion.

Collied - Colly

transitive verb

*dial chiefly British*

: to blacken with or as if with soot

**Colly means grimy or sooty, like a chimney sweep. The colly birds in this case are simply blackbirds. Yes, blackbirds. Once again, the true love is stuck with another lousy gift. However, the blackbirds in this case are not the same blackbirds that many folks around here complain about. Even this song is not suggesting giving someone a pile of grackles or Red-winged Blackbirds for Christmas. These colly birds are European blackbirds, which are not really blackbirds. They are thrushes. Confused? Now you know why no one has ever tried to explain this before. Thanks for making me be the one who has to do it.**

<http://www.birdwatchersgeneralstore.com/TwelveDays.htm>