The simple songs are reminiscent of the bouncing ball song of a field sparrow, though neither so mellow nor so melancholy. Recording early morning just 50 miles north of the Mexican border in Texas, I am warned of certain dangers by a gentleman who stops by in a pickup truck.

♫702. In five segments, with fades out and in between the separate recordings, I offer nearly 20 minutes in the singing life of this olive sparrow. His songs aren’t distinctive enough for me to keep track of what he’s up to, but I know, when hearing the difference in the first two songs, that I’d enjoy learning more about him, and about his neighbors. From 16:25 to 17:10, hear a pickup truck drive by, and then back up, stopping at 18:20, the driver silently watching me from across a high fence. Almost a minute later, I choose to break the silence with a “’Morning.” He responds in kind, friendly enough, eventually warning me to “Watch out for wetbacks” before driving off, scaring my sparrow off as well (but not me). April 7, 2013. Chaparral Wildlife Management Area, Artesia Wells, Texas. (18:47)

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