

THE CHICKADEE

OR

BLACK-CAPPED TITMOUSE

OR

SNOW-BIRD

A PUBLIC DOMAIN PROJECT

VOLUME I

VERSE

Far distant sounds the hidden chickadee  
Close at my side; far distant sound the leaves. . . .

--James Russell Lowell, *An Indian Summer Reverie*

When the chickadee is peeping  
    In the branches overhead.  
And the bluebird seems to listen  
    To each loving word that's said.

— T. L. Mitchell.

The sharp-hoof'd moose of the north, the cat on the house-sill, the chickadee, the  
prairie-dog.

--Walt Whitman, *A song of myself*

Her path may lie through leafless trees;  
    Her dainty feet may stir  
Soft rustling leaves; the chickadees  
    May all make love to her.

--Horace Parker Chandler

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# TABLE OF CONTENTS

Introduction 5

## SECTION I. The Symbolic Chickadee 7

- Ralph Waldo Emerson. "The Titmouse." May 1862. *Atlantic Monthly* 8  
John T. Trowbridge. "Midwinter." 1869. *The Vagabonds and other poems* 11  
B. Hathaway . "Chickadee." March 1870. *The Western Monthly* 13  
Raymond Tostevin Bond. "Chickadee." 1914. *Wesleyan Verse (2d Ed.)* 15  
Frances H. Green. "The Chickadee's Song". 1852. *The Female Poets of America* 16  
Douglas Malloch. "The Chickadee." 1913. *The Woods* 18  
Ella Gilbert Ives. "To the Chickadee." 1908. *Out-door Music* 19  
Ethelwyn Wetherald. "The Chickadee." 1907. *The Last Robin: Lyrics and Sonnets* 20  
Victor Kutchin. "When the Blizzard..." 1922. *What Birds Have Done with Me* 21  
Anonymous. "The Chickadee." 1900. *Through the Year with Birds and Poets* 22  
Frances Elizabeth Swift. "Chick-a-dee." 1899. *Hearth Songs, and On the Wing* 23  
Claiborne Addison Young. "The Chickadee." 1897. *Way Songs and Wanderings* 24  
Harry J. Shellman. "The Titmice of Newbern." 1895. *Everybody's Book of Short Poems* 25  
Caroline Atherton Mason. "The Chickadee's Song." 1891. *The Lost Ring and Other Poems* 27

## SECTION II. The Lyrical Chickadee 28

- Sidney Dayre. "The Chickadee." 1898. *Poetry of the Seasons* 29  
Hanford Lennox Gordon. "Chickadee." 1910. *Indian Legends & Other Poems* 30  
Alice Crocker Waite. "The Chickadee." 1907. *Bird Echoes: Songs of the Wildwood* 31  
Mary Augusta Mason. "Love-Call of the Chickadee." 1897. *With the Seasons* 32  
Henry W. Austin. "The Chickadee." February 1887. *The Century* 33  
Isaac McLellan. "The Little Chickadee Warbler of the Winter Woods." 1886. *Poems of the Rod and Gun* 34  
Timothy Otis Paine. "Winter Chickadees." 1897. *Selections.* 36  
Samuel Miller Hageman. "The Chickadee." 1887. *Bird-songs Translated into Words* 37  
Isaac Bassett Choate. "Chickadee." 1912. *The Singing Heart* 39  
Stokely S. Fisher. "The Winter Singer." December 1913. *The Boston Cooking-School Magazine of Culinary Science and Domestic Economics* 40  
Hezekiah Butterworth. "The Snowbird." 1903. *The Posy Ring* 41  
Arthur John Lockhart. "Chickadee." 1903. *The Papers of Pastor Felix* 42  
C. C. Lord. "The Chickadee." 1903. *The Granite Monthly: A New Hampshire Magazine* 43  
Gertrude Litchfield. "Leetle Winter Bird." 1911. *Les Enfants: A Book of Verse in French-Canadian Dialect* 44  
Philip Henry Savage. "The Chickadee's Song." 1900. *The Poems of Philip Henry Savage* 45

## SECTION III. Tragic Chickadees 46

- Celia Thaxter. "Tragedy." 1878. *Drift-Weed* 47  
George H. Thornton. "The Chickadee." 1897. *Zenobia and Other Poems* 49  
Charles C. Marble. "The Black-Capped Chickadee." *Through the Year with Birds and Poets* 51  
George Alexander Wheelock. "The Chickadee's Nest." 1905. *Poems* 52

SECTION IV. Children and Chickadees 54

- Meriba Ada Babcock Kelly. "Winter Friends: The Chickadee." 1896. *Short Stories of Our Shy Neighbors* 55
- The A. S. Barnes Company. "Five Little Chickadees." 1922. *The Song Play Book* 56
- Leota Swem & Rowena Sherwood. "Five Little Chickadees." 1908. *A Primer of Nursery Rhymes* 57
- Lilian E. Talbert. "Hi diddle! hi diddle!" 1912. *The Expression Primer* 58
- Bertie "The Chickadee." 1869. *The Nursery* 59
- Marian Douglas. "My Winter Friend." 1872. *Picture Poems for Young Folks.* 60
- Henry Ripley Dorr. "Chickadee." 1880. *St. Nicholas.* 61
- F.C. Woodward. "Song of the Snowbird." 1856. *The Little Speaker, and Juvenile Reader* 62
- Kate Tannatt Woods. "What the Snow-Birds Said." February 1881. *Our Little Ones* 63
- F.S.W. "The Chickadee." 1844. *Merry's Museum* 65
- Eudora May Stone. "The Chickadee." February 1873. *Our Young Folks* 66
- Mrs. M. F. Butts. "Child and Chickadee." 1892. *The Kindergarten Magazine* 67
- George Ade. "Flutter Little Bird." 1911. *Verses and Jingles* 68
- Helen Deane. "Chic-a-dees." 1897. *American Primary Teacher* 69
- Hilda Conkling. "Chickadee." 1920. *Poems by a Little Girl* 70
- Minnie Leona Upton. "The Chickadee." February 1913. *St. Nicholas* 71

SECTION V. Chickadees who are actually People 72

- Thomas Hill. "Chickadee." 1888. *In the Woods, and Elsewhere* 73
- Gus Williams. "Chickadee." 1881. *Fireside Recitations* 74

# Introduction

This book collects poems about chickadees written in the 19th and early 20th centuries. All the poems were discovered through Google Book Search. Only works in the public domain were considered. It is the first of a proposed three volume series of chickadee-related public domain literature. The second volume will collect stories about chickadees; the third volume, chickadee lore.

The present book is divided into five major sections. The first section comprises poems with a dominant symbolic or philosophical thrust (e.g., Emerson's "The Titmouse"). The second section comprises poems lyrical and seasonal. A third, brief, section comprises melodramatic poems about chickadee-related tragedies. The fourth section focuses on works directed toward young readers. The fifth section considers works in which the subject is not really the chickadee at all.

Birds have a long history as subjects for poetry in the English language. Birds provide poets with both form and content. In the case of the chickadee, the bird's call--*Chick-a-dee-dee*--and to a lesser extent its song--*Fee-be-ee*, provide the poet with a variety of rhythmic effects and a multitude of available rhymes [see more on that below]. The chickadee has also acquired a unique symbolic significance: "the cheerful bird of winter." Following Emerson (Burroughs calls the chickadee the most "Emersonian" bird), the chickadee represents the power of the internal spirit against the harshest external circumstance. The chickadee is also a "bridge bird," both ubiquitous and relatively unafraid of humans. It is the first bird many children of the Northeast know by sight and sound and it can be used to introduce children to more general aspects of the natural world.

The poetry included in this volume features, for the most part, the dominant northeastern variety of North American chickadee, the Black-capped Chickadee. Bird nomenclature in the 19th century was unstable, a mix of local lore, official ornithological categorization, and British English precedent. During Emerson's day, the bird was commonly known as the Black-capped Titmouse, linking it to the visually similar Eurasian species. The bird New Englanders now know as the "titmouse"--the Tufted Titmouse--was not a common northern resident in the 19th century. Adding further confusion is the occasional reference to the chickadee as the "snow-bird," a term now more commonly associated with the Junco or Snow Bunting.

As the reader will quickly discover, the poems collected in this volume are not necessarily of a consistently high quality. The moral function of poetry in the 19th century often overshadowed its aesthetic ambition. The choice of chickadee as a subject was probably influenced, in some cases, by rhyming convenience. As a service to the reader, and any future writer of chickadee poetry, I've provided a list below of words

that rhyme with “chickadee.” They are listed in rank order. The number of different poems employing the word as a rhyme is in parentheses; I've listed the poet's name in the case of unique uses.

Tree (19)  
Me (17)  
Be (14)  
See (11)  
Glee (8)  
Free (7)  
He (7)  
We (6)  
Cheerily (3)  
Lea (3)  
Appletree (2)  
Sea (2)  
She (2)  
Alchemy (Hathaway)  
Bee ("PW")  
Daintily (Swift)  
Drapery (Green)  
Gently (Conkling)  
Happily (Fisher)  
Hee-Hee (Hageman)  
Lizzie ("PW")  
Merrily ("PW")  
Minstrelsy (Hathaway)  
Mystery (Hathaway)  
Phe-be (Emerson)  
Plaintively (Paine)  
Plea (Lord)  
Poetry (Fisher)  
Purity (Trowbridge)  
Sleepy (Conkling)  
Thee (Choate)  
Three (Thornton)  
Whee-Hee (Hageman)

# Section I

## The Symbolic Chickadee

# THE TITMOUSE

Ralph Waldo Emerson

You shall not be overbold  
When you deal with arctic cold,  
As late I found my lukewarm blood  
Chilled wading in the snow-choked wood.  
How should I fight? my foeman fine  
Has million arms to one of mine:  
East, west, for aid I looked in vain,  
East, west, north, south, are his domain.  
Miles off, three dangerous miles, is home;  
Must borrow his winds who there would come.  
Up and away for life ! be fleet ! —  
The frost-king ties my fumbling feet,  
Sings in my ears, my hands are stones,  
Curdles the blood to the marble bones,  
Tugs at the heart-strings, numbs the sense,  
And hems in life with narrowing fence.  
Well, in this broad bed lie and sleep,  
The punctual stars will vigil keep,  
Embalmed by purifying cold,  
The winds shall sing their dead-march old,  
The snow is no ignoble shroud,  
The moon thy mourner, and the cloud.

Softly, — but this way fate was pointing,  
'Twas coming fast to such anointing,  
When piped a tiny voice hard by,  
Gay and polite, a cheerful cry,  
Chic-chicadeedee ! saucy note  
Out of sound heart and merry throat,  
As if it said, "Good day, good sir!  
Fine afternoon, old passenger!  
Happy to meet you in these places,  
Where January brings few faces."

This poet, though he live apart,  
Moved by his hospitable heart,  
Sped, when I passed his sylvan fort,  
To do the honors of his court,  
As fits a feathered lord of land  
Flew near, with soft wing grazed my hand,  
Hopped on the bough, then, darting low,  
Prints his small impress on the snow,  
Shows feats of his gymnastic play,  
Head downward, clinging to the spray.

Here was this atom in full breath,  
Hurling defiance at vast death;  
This scrap of valor just for play  
Fronts the north-wind in waistcoat gray,  
As if to shame my weak behavior;  
I greeted loud my little saviour,  
“You pet! what dost here? and what for?  
In these woods, thy small Labrador,  
At this pinch, wee San Salvador!  
What fire burns in that little chest  
So frolic, stout, and self-possesst?  
Henceforth I wear no stripe but thine;  
Ashes and jet all hues outshine.  
Why are not diamonds black and gray,  
To ape thy dare-devil array?  
And I affirm, the spacious North  
Exists to draw thy virtue forth.  
I think no virtue goes with size;  
The reason of all cowardice  
Is, that men are overgrown,  
And, to be valiant, must come down  
To the titmouse dimension.”

Tis good-will makes intelligence,  
And I began to catch the sense  
Of my bird's song: “Live out of doors

In the great woods, on prairie floors.  
I dine in the sun; when he sinks in the sea,  
I too have a hole in a hollow tree;  
And I like less when Summer beats  
With stifling beams on these retreats,  
Than noontide twilights which snow makes  
With tempest of the blinding flakes.  
For well the soul, if stout within,  
Can arm impregnably the skin;  
And polar frost my frame defied,  
Made of the air that blows outside.”

With glad remembrance of my debt,  
I homeward turn; farewell, my pet!  
When here again thy pilgrim comes,  
He shall bring store of seeds and crumbs.  
Doubt not, so long as earth has bread,  
Thou first and foremost shalt be fed;  
The Providence that is most large  
Takes hearts like thine in special charge,  
Helps who for their own need are strong,  
And the sky doats on cheerful song.  
Henceforth I prize thy wiry chant  
O'er all that mass and minster vaunt;  
For men mis-hear thy call in spring,  
As t'would accost some frivolous wing,  
Crying out of the hazel copse, Phe-be!  
And, in winter, Chic-a-dee-dee!  
I think old Caesar must have heard  
In northern Gaul my dauntless bird,  
And, echoed in some frosty wold,  
Borrowed thy battle-numbers bold.  
And I will write our annals new,  
And thank thee for a better clew,  
I, who dreamed not when I came here  
To find the antidote of fear,  
Now hear thee say in Roman key,  
Paeon! Veni, vidi, vici.

# MIDWINTER

John T. Trowbridge

The speckled sky is dim with snow,  
The light flakes falter and fall slow;  
Athwart the hill-top, rapt and pale,  
Silently drops a silvery veil;  
And all the valley is shut in  
By flickering curtains gray and thin.

But cheerily the chickadee  
Singeth to me on fence and tree;  
The snow sails round him as he sings,  
White as the down of angels' wings.

I watch the slow flakes as they fall  
On bank and brier and broken wall;  
Over the orchard, waste and brown,  
All noiselessly they settle down,  
Tipping the apple-boughs, and each  
Light quivering twig of plum and peach.

On turf and curb and bower-roof  
The snow-storm spreads its ivory woof;  
It paves with pearl the garden-walk;  
And lovingly round tattered stalk  
And shivering stem its magic weaves  
A mantle fair as lily-leaves.

The hooded beehive, small and low,  
Stands like a maiden in the snow;  
And the old door-slab is half hid  
Under an alabaster lid.  
All day it snows: the sheeted post  
Gleams in the dimness like a ghost;  
All day the blasted oak has stood  
A muffled wizard of the wood;  
Garland and airy cap adorn  
The sumach and the wayside thorn,

And clustering spangles lodge and shine  
In the dark tresses of the pine.

The ragged bramble, dwarfed and old,  
Shrinks like a beggar in the cold;  
In surplice white the cedar stands,  
And blesses him with priestly hands.

Still cheerily the chickadee  
Singeth to me on fence and tree:  
But in my inmost ear is heard  
The music of a holier bird;  
And heavenly thoughts as soft and white  
As snow-flakes, on my soul alight,  
Clothing with love my lonely heart,  
Healing with peace each bruised part,  
Till all my being seems to be  
Transfigured by their purity.

# CHICKADEE

B. Hathaway

What time the oriole,  
    Through verdured woods by spicy breezes fanned,  
    Pours his full soul,  
Far off in tropic land,  
    In wildest minstrelsy, —  
If not so glad and gay,  
    Here, 'mid December snows, as blithe and free,  
I hear thy gleeful note the livelong day, —  
    My Chickadee!

Is all this storm and gloam  
Of winter vain to chill thy heart of song?  
    Dost never roam,  
With the proud minstrel throng,  
    To climes beyond the sea?  
What secret dost thou hold ?  
    Is in thy breast that wondrous alchemy,  
Transmuting all these leaden skies to gold, —  
    My Chickadee?

Oh, for the subtle art  
To share thy life, unsoiled of strife and din, —  
    A life apart  
We may not enter in, —  
    A realm of mystery!  
Yet, though we may not cross  
    Its hidden bound, we feel it cannot be  
A weary world of ill and pain and loss, —  
    My Chickadee!

Within thine eye so bright  
No shadow lies of care or want or dread;  
    There shines a light,  
More than of summers dead  
    Or summers yet to be, —

Like to the morning glow  
    On Eden hills serene; — say, canst thou see  
The fairer world behind this fading show, —  
    My Chickadee?

    Is thine the vision rare  
To pierce the gloom that hides the heavenly bourne  
    Where all is fair?  
The hidden land we mourn,  
    Unsorrowed, dost thou see?  
Then at thy cheerful stave  
    I marvel not, indeed, nor how it be  
Thy tiny breast can bear a heart so brave, —  
    My Chickadee!

    Oh, what a joyous song  
Above this gloom and darkness would I pour, —  
    How free and strong  
This weary heart would soar, —  
    That Morning Land to see!  
Where blight and storm and frost  
    And grief and pain and parting may not be;  
Where, glorified, do wait our loved and lost, —  
    My Chickadee!

    Sole friend the summer hides,  
That does not flee when summer hours are fled, —  
    That still abides  
When vernal blooms are dead  
    O'er hill and vale and lea, —  
Oh, when the roundelays  
    Of rarer throats are hushed, still keep for me  
Some breath of song to cheer life's darker days, —  
    My Chickadee!

# CHICKADEE

Raymond Tostevin Bond

Chickadee, Chickadee,  
There's a bond 'twixt you and me,  
When the world is cold with snow,  
When the hopes I used to know—  
Scattered like a fallen leaf,  
Fallen like a scattered sheaf,  
Drifted over near and wide  
By the winter's whirling tide—  
When my hopes are turned to sear,  
Naught a friend can give the cheer,  
Naught can lift my steps along  
Like the ringing of your song,  
Chickadee, Chickadee.

Chickadee, Chickadee,  
There's a love 'twixt you and me;  
Doff your little cap of black,  
Whistle low and echo back,  
Ever distant, always near,  
Spirit of the morning clear,  
Elfin spirit of the air,  
Twitting, flitting, everywhere,  
When the world is cold and gray,  
Where the road's a weary way,  
Every hill-top rings again,  
Lifts me on with your refrain,  
Chickadee, Chickadee.

# THE CHICKADEE'S SONG

Frances H. Green

On its downy wing, the snow,  
Hovering, flyeth to and fro—  
And the merry schoolboy's shout,  
Rich with joy, is ringing out:  
So we gather, in our glee,  
To the snow-drifts — Chickadee!

Poets sing in measures bold  
Of the glorious gods of old,  
And the nectar that they quaffed,  
When their jewelled goblets laughed;  
But the snow-cups best love we,  
Gemmed with sunbeams — Chickadee!

They who choose, abroad may go,  
Where the southern waters flow,  
And the flowers are never sere  
In the garland of the year;  
But we love the breezes free  
Of our north-land — Chickadee!

To the cottage-yard we fly,  
With its old trees waving high,  
And the little ones peep out,  
Just to know what we're about;  
For they dearly love to see  
Birds in winter — Chickadee!

Every little feathered form  
Has a nest of mosses warm ;  
There our heavenly Father's eye  
Looketh on us from the sky ;  
And he knoweth where we be —  
And he heareth — Chickadee!

There we sit the whole night long,      16

Dreaming that a spirit-song  
Whispereth in the silent snow ;  
For it has a voice we know,  
And it weaves our drapery,  
Soft as ermine — Chickadee!

All the strong winds, as they fly,  
Rock us with their lullaby —  
Rock us till the shadowy Night  
Spreads her downy wings in flight:  
Then we hasten, fresh and free,  
To the snow-fields — Chickadee!

Where our harvest sparkles bright  
In the pleasant morning light,  
Every little feathery flake  
Will a choice confection make —  
Each globule a nectary be,  
And we 'll drain it — Chickadee!

So we never know a fear  
In this season cold and drear;  
For to us a share will fall  
Of the love that blesseth all;  
And our Father's smile we see  
On the snow-crust — Chickadee!

# THE CHICKADEE\*

Douglas Malloch

There's somethin' 'bout the chickadee  
    Thet's, somehow, awful cheerin';  
Around the shanty door it bums  
An' gethers up the crusts an' crumbs  
    Cook scatters in the clearin'.

It gethers up the crusts an' crumbs  
    An' jest as glad it chatters  
As if it fed on biscuit fine  
All soaked in milk er dipped in wine  
    An' served on silver platters.

My share of life is crusts an' crumbs  
    I find somehow er other;  
An' how I wish that I could be  
Like you are, Mr. Chickadee,  
    My cheerful little brother!

# TO THE CHICKADEE

Ella Gilbert Ives

Thou darling of the year,  
Sweet messenger of cheer,  
    Lone winter bird!  
No chorus of the spring,  
No summer raptures bring  
    So dear a word.

'Tis not thy varied art;  
Few play so small a part  
    As thou, sweet bird;  
But in my inmost heart  
The tender echoes start  
    When thou art heard.

No rival hast thou now,  
Perched on the leafless bough,  
    A tuneful bird.  
The robin's voice is mute,  
And still the thrush's lute,  
    With hope deferred.

A modest, homespun thing,  
Not tireless on the wing,  
    Dear Quaker bird!  
But when thy form I spy  
Against the wintry sky,  
    My soul is stirred:

For this thy voice to me,  
When all are mute but thee,  
    My little bird:  
"Sing when thy sky is gray;  
Sing on thy wintry day  
    A cheering word.

Contented with thy lot,  
Melodious make each spot;  
    Be thou a bird:  
And though thy range be small,  
The humblest of them all,  
    Thou shall be heard."

# THE CHICKADEE

Ethelwyn Wetherald

Stout-hearted bird,  
When thy blithe note I heard  
From out the wind-warped tree—  
*Chick-a-dee-dee!*—  
There came to me  
A sense of triumph, an exultant breath  
Blown in the face of death.  
For what are harsh and bitter circumstances  
When the heart dances,  
And pipes to rattling branch and icy lea,  
*Chick-a-dee-dee!*

Sing loud, sing loud  
Against that leaden cloud,  
That draggeth drearily,  
*Chick-a-dee-dee!*  
Pour out thy free  
Defiance to the sharpest winds that blow  
And still increasing snow.  
By courage, faith and joy art thou attended,  
And most befriended  
By thine own heart that bubbleth cheerily,  
*Chick-a-dee-dee!*

# WHEN THE BLIZZARD FROM THE NORTHLAND

Victor Kutchin

When the blizzard from the Northland  
Holds the world in fierce embrace  
And ten million swirling crystals  
Sting you, blind you, smite your face;  
And your world is not your world,  
Grotesque distortions, bush and tree;  
Above the raging, howling tempest  
Comes a joyous chick-a-dee.  
In the soul there's something hidden,  
That such a message comes to greet;  
Above the rage of human passion  
Comes a whisper strangely sweet;  
A little song from out the tempest,  
Born of hope for you and me,  
There's love eternal in the storm cloud  
When this bird sings chick-a-dee.

## THE CHICKADEE

Anonymous, from *Through the Year with Birds and Poets*

Thou little blackcap, chirping at my door,  
And then saluting with thy gentle song  
Or lonely whistle my attentive ear  
A hearty welcome would I give to thee,  
Thou teacher blest of quietness and peace;  
Sweet minister of love, for hearts awake  
To the rare minstrelsy of field and wood.  
Thou constant friend! I hail thee with delight,  
Who at this season of rude winter's reign,  
When all the cheerful summer birds are fled,  
Dost still remain to cheer the heart of man!  
And though in numbers few thy song is given,  
Two tranquil notes alone thy fullest song,  
Yet scarcely when the joyous year brings back  
The swelling choir of various notes once more,  
Have I found deeper or more welcome strains.  
For when all nature glows with life again,  
When hills and dales put on their vernal gear,  
When gentle wild flowers burst upon our gaze,  
With all the exultation of the year,  
Our souls unequal to the heavenly boon  
Are often overwhelmed, and in the attempt  
To enjoy it all droop listless and confused:  
But in the dearth of these sweet sights and sounds  
This grand display of God's enriching power,  
The trees all bare and nature's russet stole  
Thrown o'er the landscape, dull must be the heart,  
Ingrate to Him who rules the perfect year,  
That is not gladdened by thy gentle song.

# CHICK-A-DEE

Frances Elizabeth Swift

Up and down on the branches bare  
Bob little black-heads, just a pair;  
Pecking their breakfast daintily,  
Wipe their bills with "Chick-a-dee dee, Chickadee."

They are lovers, I think, betrothed in May,  
Back from their wedding trip to-day ;  
They are just as social as birds can be,  
But all I gather is, "Chick-a-dee dee, Chickadee."

Down one goes to the frosty ground,  
With a little silvery, wooing sound ;  
"Come back," its mate calls from the tree,  
And back she flies with a "Chick-a-dee dee, Chickadee."

Haste, little darlings, haste and go !  
The clouds are heavy with coming snow ;  
They look at each other, and then at me;  
But they only answer, "Chick-a-dee dee, Chickadee."

Swiftly the snow is falling down,  
Wrapping the branches bare and brown ;  
But, still they flutter from tree to tree,  
With happy, loving "Chick-a-dee dee, Chickadee."

I thought at last, as they flew away,  
Ah ! God cares e'en for the birds to-day ;  
And why should mortals anxious be?  
There's shelter somewhere for you and me,  
As for chickadee.

# THE CHICKADEE

Claiborne Addison Young

Chickadee, chickadee,  
    Singing your song,  
The day is yours,  
    Be it short or long.  
No toiling, no caring,  
No hoarding, preparing ;  
Defying and daring  
    Whate'er the days give,  
Come rain, or come blowing,  
Come sleet, or come snowing ;  
Unheeding, unknowing,  
    You joyously live.  
A poet who knows it,  
Who lives it and does it,  
    Whose life is one with the song  
    he sings ;  
Your climbing and clinging  
Keeps time to your singing.  
You march to the music  
    Your own pipe rings.

O Grecian, O childhood,  
    Skipping along !  
Brave little hero,  
    With heart so strong !  
No thought for the morrow;  
No trouble you borrow,  
From the days ahead,  
    For the day that is here ;  
But joyously twittering,  
Unheeding Bun's chittering,  
Who hoards to-day,  
    Then watches in fear.  
O wise little teacher !  
O practising preacher !  
The only Christian  
    The years have seen.  
Fly farther, soar higher,  
Brave care-defier ;  
You carry to-day  
    In your beak, I ween.

# THE TITMICE OF NEWBERN

Harry J. Shellman

In sight of the spires of Newbern town,  
Where the guns of Fort Thompson were frowning down,  
    The men in gray,  
    The legends say,  
Threw crumbs to titmice that came that way  
One bright spring morn – new mated bliss  
In the haunts of death. Strange irony this;  
Seeking a place for a young love's neat,  
They choose a cannon as suited best ;  
    Then with a flip,  
    Flip, flippety hip,  
Hoppety, hippety, trippety, trip,  
In the mouth of the implement made to kill  
They built their brooding nest with skill,  
    Before the battle of Newborn.

But so it happed ere the work was done,  
And the bird-home made in the mouth of the gun,  
    The men in blue  
    Came marching through,  
And balls and shells hissed, whistled, and flew ;  
And the men in gray fired the chickadee's gun,  
Which scattered the birds' nest just begun,  
'Mid the fire and smoke, when a solid shot  
Dismounted the cannon. The birds, harmed not,  
    With flutter and skip,  
    And a trip, trip, trip,  
A hippety, hoppety, flippety, flip,  
Had flown with the screech of the first wild shell  
Far into the woods where 'twas safe to dwell  
During the battle of Newbern.

And on that day, so the soldiers say,  
After the blue had succeeded the gray,  
    The birds once more  
    Came as before  
Back to the haunts of those men of war ;  
After the smoke and the carnage and death,  
Almost in the cannon's fiery breath.  
They gathered once more moss, feathers, and hair,  
And went to work their nest to repair,  
    With their hoppety hip,  
    And their busiest skip,

In the now dismantled cannon they'd trip,  
Beneath the mild spring sun in the south,  
Rebuilt their nest in the cannon's mouth,  
    After the battle of Newbern.

These small chickadees they cared not a mite  
Which soldiers were wrong and which were right,  
    The blue or gray.  
    To wrangle and slay in their own rude way;  
They only sought for the ways of peace,  
And waited aside for the noise to cease ;  
Then built in the gun they had used before,  
And showed contempt for the ways of war,  
    With their hippety hip,  
    Flip, flip, flip, flip,  
With their teetering tip and hoppety skip;  
And this is the legend the soldiers tell  
About the titmice, and what befell  
    After the battle of Newbern.

Was this a presage of what would be,  
This home rebuilding by bright chickadee ?  
    For they display  
    The blue and gray  
In the feathery suits they wear every day.  
Was this an auspice of what would come  
After the hush of the rifle and drum,  
When war and its horrors had passed away,  
Commingle as one the blue and the gray,  
    With a hip, hip, hip,  
    And a brotherly grip,  
Joined in to rebuild what the war let slip ?  
Was this a lesson of life to be  
Taught to men by the small chickadee,  
    After the battle of Newbern ?

# THE CHICKADEE'S SONG

Caroline Atherton Mason

In autumn and winter, and far into spring,  
There's a blithe little songster abroad on the wing:  
His note is as chipper as chipper can be;  
'T is the glad little, bright little, brave chickadee.

The sky may be threat'ning, the sky may be fair;  
The bough may be leafy, the bough may be bare;  
He cares not the whisk of a feather, — not he, —  
This bright little, blithe little, brave chickadee!

Soft May, bleak December, — what matter to him ?  
He lights on a snow-wreath, or sways on a limb,  
And pipes his small numbers with resolute glee, —  
This bright little, smart little, brave chickadee.

I wonder if ever the world goes awry  
With him and his household, — if cats, on the sly,  
Invade his small homestead: how sad that would be,  
You dear little, good little, brave chickadee!

But I think, even then, you 'd be out the next day  
With the same cheery song; and to me it would say,  
“I've had lots of trouble, but still, as you see,  
I'm the same little, brisk little, blithe chickadee.

“They may pester me, pillage me, rout me: what then?  
I can pluck up my courage and try it again;  
Who talks of repining or fretting?” says he, —  
This wise little, blithe little, brave chickadee!

## Section II

### The Lyrical Chickadee

# THE CHICKADEE

Sidney Dayre

“Were it not for me,”  
Said a chickadee,  
“Not a single flower on earth would be;  
For under the ground they soundly sleep,  
And never venture an upward peep,  
Till they hear from me,  
Chickadee-dee-dee!

“I tell Jack Frost when 'tis time to go  
And carry away the ice and snow;  
And then I hint to the jolly old sun,  
A little spring work, sir, should be done.  
And he smiles around  
On the frozen ground,  
And I keep up my cheery, cheery sound,  
Till echo declares in glee, in glee;  
Tis he ! 'tis he !  
The chickadee-dee!

“And then I waken the birds of spring —  
Ho, ho ! 'tis time to be on the wing.  
They trill and twitter and soar aloft,  
And I send the winds to whisper soft,  
Down by the little flower-beds,  
Saying, ‘Come show your pretty heads!  
The spring is coming, you see, you see!’  
For so sings he,  
The chickadee-dee !

The sun he smiled; and the early flowers  
Bloomed to brighten the blithesome hours,  
And song birds gathered in bush and tree ;  
But the wind he laughed right merrily,  
As the saucy mite of a snowbird he  
Chirped away, “Do you see, see, see ?  
I did it all!  
Chickadee-dee!”

# CHICKADEE

Hanford Lennox Gordon

Chickadee, chickadee, chickadee-dee!  
That was the song that he sang to me —  
Sang from his perch in the willow tree —  
Chickadee, chickadee, chickadee-dee.  
    My little brown bird,  
    The song that I heard  
Was a happier song than the minstrels sing —  
A carol of joy and a paeon of spring;  
And my heart leaped throbbing and sang with thee  
Chickadee, chickadee, chickadee-dee.

    My birdie looked wise  
    With his little black eyes,  
As he peeked and peered from his perch at me  
With a throbbing throat and a flutter of glee,  
    As if he would say —  
    Sing trouble away.  
Chickadee, chickadee, chickadee-dee.

    Only one note  
    From his silver throat;  
    Only one word  
    From my wise little bird;  
But a sweeter note or a wiser word  
From the tongue of mortal I never have heard,  
Than my little philosopher sang to me  
From his bending perch in the willow tree —  
Chickadee, chickadee, chickadee-dee.

    Come foul or fair,  
    Come trouble and care —  
    No — never a sigh  
    Or a thought of despair!  
For my little bird sings in my heart to me,  
As he sang from his perch in the willow tree —  
Chickadee, chickadee, chickadee-dee:  
Chickadee-dee, chickadee-dee;  
Chickadee, chickadee, chickadee-dee.

# THE CHICKADEE

Alice Crocker Waite

Chick-a-dee, dee, dee!

Chick-a-dee, dee, dee!

A chickadee sang in the leafless tree;  
Deep was the snow, o'er upland and lea,  
And cold the mist drifting in from the sea,  
But from limb to limb, in jubilant glee  
The chickadee sang, in the storm-tossed tree,  
Chick-a-dee, dee, dee!

Chick-a-dee, dee, dee,

Brightening the day for you and me  
By the cheerful song of the chickadee.

# LOVE-CALL OF THE CHICKADEE

Mary Augusta Mason

If I had two wings and a song and feather  
I should certainly fly away  
To him, when he calls in the soft spring weather  
His sweet "Come play!" "Come play!"

Just as soon as the brook goes rushing  
Down the glen like a restless fay,  
Out from his heart the song comes gushing  
To all "This way!" "This way!"

He knows quite well when the buds are swelling,  
And when the robin has come to stay,  
And all good news he is first in telling  
With his "To-day !" "To-day!"

He gave a hint of the glad times coming  
While yet the snows on the hillside lay ;  
Now birds go wooing and bees go humming,  
He sings, "In May!" "In May!"

# THE CHICKADEE

Henry W. Austin

When trees stand mute with bare, protesting arms  
    Against the grayness of November skies,  
    Wherein the menace of a snow-storm lies;  
    When bushes all have lost their mellow charms —  
Save the witch-hazel whose dim stars appear,  
    In quaintest mockery of its fabled powers,  
    Like pallid ghosts of golden summer hours:  
    When winds seem sighing for the dying year;  
When not a bird that mated in the Spring's  
    Elusive Eden dares to linger near,  
    Even to sing farewell, but spreads his wings  
And, aiming South, shoots off with sudden fear  
    Of the cold clouds foreshadowing snows to be —  
    Then long and strong of song is heard the chickadee.

# THE LITTLE CHICKADEE WARBLER OF THE WINTER WOODS

Isaac McLellan

The brown chickadee still chirps on the tree,  
Though it yields scanty wealth of larvae and bee,  
Though its branches are stripp'd of blossom and leaf,  
And shrill blows the wind with a murmur of grief.

Though orchards are bleak and woodlands are bare,  
And the breath of the winter hath frozen the air,  
Though the brook in the meadow is shrunken and low,  
For the blight of the ice hath fetter'd its flow;

Though the river is white with the icicle gleam,  
And the foliage all wither'd on banks of the stream,  
Yet this blithe little bird remains with us still,  
To flit o'er the valley and skim o'er the hill.

Ah, sweet little warbler, why linger so long;  
Why cheer our bleak forests with musical song,  
While far in the South spread tropical groves,  
And perfum'd the breeze perennial roves?

There lie scenes that are fill'd with midsummer light,  
Where flower-spread fields are cheerful and bright,  
Where the roses and lilies bloom all through the year,  
And gardens are bath'd in a rare atmosphere.

There the scented magnolia sheds its perfume,  
And its spiring pyramid whitens with bloom,  
And the insects that live in the grass and the air  
Invite ye a sumptuous banquet to share.

But the chickadee does not care to migrate,  
She is chirping and carolling early and late;  
Her sweet little chatter saluteth the day,  
And trilleth till twilight fades into gray.

The chickadee hath plumage of brown,  
And wears on its head a black little crown.  
Its song is not querulous, but fluty the note  
That in liquid cadences flows from its throat

Mid the foliage of summer it lurks in the woods,  
Where it calls to its mate in the green solitudes,  
But in winter it comes to our orchards to share  
The larvae and seeds, its delicate fare.

Clad in soft downy plumage, the chickadee  
Fears no cold in its nest in the hollow of tree:  
And it comes to the garden to pick up the seed  
The dear little children cast out for its feed.

As you walk in the grove on a calm winter day,  
You may hear his sweet call from hedgerow and spray,  
And with him the nut hatch and creepers abide,  
And downy woodpeckers, all painted and pied.

As you pass, all is still save their tremulous chime,  
Or leap of the squirrels as the branches they climb,  
The dropping of nuts, or flight of the quail,  
Or whir of the partridge in tussock or swale.

O sweet little warbler, may nothing molest  
The six snowy eggs that repose in your nest!  
For the symphonies gentle your fledgelings repeat  
Make the life of boon nature in winter's retreat.

# WINTER CHICKADEES

Timothy Otis Paine

Now the winter chickadee  
Flutters in the appletree,  
On the bole and on the bough,  
On the frosty foggage now,  
While the sun is held with ease  
Right between two sinewy trees.

Now he singeth "chickadee;"  
"Phebe," now, and plaintively;  
Now another sweeter lay  
Few would think his song or say:  
Song or say of nesting time  
When sweet love is in her prime.

# THE CHICKADEE

Samuel Miller Hageman

Drinking the dew drops, upside down  
    Hangs the little Chickadee ;  
With his jet black cap and his light drab gown.  
    In the frosted evergreen tree.  
And what bird in the forest's deep-set frown  
    So blithe and so boon as he,  
As he calls to the cracks of the woodsman's axe,  
    “Chickadee-dee-dee, Chickadee-dee-dee.  
    “Ups and down to me are the same you see;  
    “I'm a funny little, sunny little,  
        “Chickadee,  
        “Peenk, peenk.”

The downy taps on the buttonwood bark:  
    “Are you there little tommy tom tit ?”  
And the small, loose flocks of the horned lark,  
    And the snow buntings round him sit,  
And the linnet and longspur stop to hark  
    To this wonderful little wit,  
As he scatters dull care with the snowflakes there.  
    “Chickadee-dee-dee, Chickadee-dee-dee,  
    “Snow away hee-hee, cheat a day, like me;  
    “I'm a little humble, tickle tumble  
        “Chickadee,  
        “Tseep, tseep.”

The broad wheels clog in the heavy ruts,  
    The chained logs creak on the wain:  
The smoking team at the welting cuts  
    Of the loud lash start with a strain;  
The deep snow drifts with the wind and shuts  
    Up the tracks through the wooded lane.  
Then hark to the wit of the little tomtit:  
    “Chickadee-dee-dee, Chickadee-dee-dee,  
    “Don't you wish you were me in the evergreen tree,  
    “Such a cosy little comfortable”

“Chickadee,  
“Tsip, tsip.”

But at dusk when the shades of evening fall,  
And the distant hills grow dim ;  
And the cold wool muffles each mellow call,  
And the lone owl mopes on the limb.

Tis then comes that sweetest note of all,

The voice of his vesper hymn :

“Chickadee-dee-dee, Chickadee-dee-dee,  
“In the old dead tree, there is none but me.  
“I'm the only little, lonely little  
"“Chickadee,  
“Whee — hee.”

# CHICKADEE

Isaac Bassett Choate

Chick-a-dee,  
Chick-a-dee-dee-dee-dee-dee,  
This bleak December day  
Sings the titmouse light and gay,  
In his close and comely wrap,  
In his black and jaunty cap,  
While the air is full of snow ,  
And the icy flurries blow  
                    Bitter cold ;  
When the ice is on the stream,  
And the sleeping chipmunks dream  
                    Dreams of old ;  
In the woodland all around  
Wailing winds of winter sound,  
Swaying branches snap and creak,  
Pines and hemlocks groan and shriek.  
Music sweet of singing bird,  
Only blithe and gay is heard  
                    Chick-a-dee,  
Chick-a-dee-dee-dee-dee-dee,  
                    Chick-a-dee,  
Chick-a-dee-dee-dee-dee-dee;  
How that cheery, merry note,  
Sounded from a happy throat,  
All this nook among the hills  
With a quickened memory thrills !  
How it's rich and sweet content,  
To the gloom of winter lent,  
                    Gladdens me !  
Not the lonesomeness that's here,  
Not the dying of the year  
                    Saddens thee.  
In the leafy woods of June,  
When the thrushes are in tune,  
When the thickets all are gay  
With the warbler and the jay,  
Pipe for memory again  
This same cheerful winter strain,  
                    Chick-a-dee,  
Chick-a-dee-dee-dee-dee-dee.

# THE WINTER SINGER

Stokely S. Fisher

O cheery comrade of somber days,  
Enlivening winter with summer lays,  
    Jovial chickadee!  
The dull sky dizzy with swirling snow,  
Keen pierces the cold, but your brave notes flow  
    Warmly, happily,  
    Chickadee!

Forgetting the aches of a world grown gray,  
I shut my eyes and dream of the May,  
    Hearing you, chickadee!  
There's a birdsong for every month of the year  
But when others are silent you voice good cheer,  
    Genuine poetry,  
    Chickadee!

The song sparrow sings the whole year through,  
But even he yields, in winter, to you,  
Neighborly chickadee!  
Oh, worth the spring's full chorus of praise,  
Your lyric that lives in the dead, white days!  
    Welcome your winter glee,  
    Chickadee!

# THE SNOWBIRD

Hezekiah Butterworth

In the rosy light trills the gay swallow,  
The thrush, in the roses below;  
The meadow-lark sings in the meadow,  
But the snowbird sings in the snow.

Ah mel

Chickadee!

The snowbird sings in the snow !

The blue martin trills in the gable,  
The wren, in the gourd below;  
In the elm flutes the golden robin,  
But the snowbird sings in the snow,

Ah me!

Chickadee!

The snowbird sings in the snow !

High wheels the gray wing of the osprey,  
The wing of the sparrow drops low;  
In the mist dips the wing of the robin,  
And the snowbird's wing in the snow.

Ah me!

Chickadee!

The snowbird sings in the snow.

I love the high heart of the osprey,  
The meek heart of the thrush below.  
The heart of the lark in the meadow,  
And the snowbird's heart in the snow.

But dearest to me,

Chickadee! Chickadee!

Is that true little heart in the snow.

# CHICKADEE

Arthur John Lockhart

On a spray of the pine-tree,  
On a spray of the pine-tree,  
    In this keenest winter weather,  
With thy mate, blithe chickadee,  
    Thou canst sit and sing together, —  
    Chick-a-dee-dee-dee!

Wildest storm, on bitterest day,  
Can not drive our bird away, —  
    Hardy little forest ranger!  
Here thou sing'st thy favorite lay,  
    Dreaming not of harm or danger; —  
    Chick-a-dee-dee-dee!

Searching for thy food the trees,  
Hung like flyer on trapeze,  
    Then, erect for blithest singing  
Thy scant song, that still can please,  
    Through the wood's cold arcades ringing-  
    Chick-a-dee-dee-dee!

# THE CHICKADEE

C. C. Lord

Just out of doors, beyond the pane,  
    He flits from twig to twig, his air  
A jaunty grace, yet, apt to deign  
    A visit of the morning fair,  
    He calls to me,  
        *Chick-a-dee-dee-dee !*  
And blithe all wintry days is he.

His garb is plain, his sable cap  
    Fits to his skull, and all his mien  
Bespeaks his mind that scorns the lap  
    Of plenty, while full oft, I ween,  
    He laughs at me,  
        *Chick-a-dee-dee-dee !*  
He loves life's care to spurn and flee.

Light little vagrant of the sky,  
    He fears not want nor heeds the cold,  
Yet through his pranks he casts an eye  
    Within betimes — so slight yet bold —  
    And chirps to me,  
        *Chick-a-dee- dee- dee !*  
*Please, sir, a crumb!* and wins his plea.

# LEETLE WINTER BIRD

Gertrude Litchfield

Oh, chicadee-dee!  
Leetle birdie,  
Were 'tis you go  
Wen com' de snow  
An' win' she blow,  
Leetle chicadee-dee?

You don' lef us  
Nor do you fuss  
Wen storm com' down;  
I guess you foun'  
Warm place aroun'  
Somewhere, chicadee-dee!

De God know, too,  
Wen he mak' you  
An' de wedder,  
All togedder,  
To put green fedder  
On de tree, chicadee-dee!

An' dere you stay—  
You know de way  
To do, for keep  
Out of snow heap  
Wen it is deep,  
Leetle chicadee-dee!

But w'en de sun  
Com' out, beeg one,  
You sit an' sing—  
You 'fraid not'ing,—  
An' spread you wing  
For fly, chicadee-dee!

Not to hev you  
All winter long  
For sing de song  
Dat mak' hearts strong?  
Bravo! Chicadee-dee

# THE CHICKADEE'S SONG [TO G.S.]

Philip Henry Savage

Glimpsed now and again in his pine-tree tower,  
A chickadee sang the soft hours away.  
And I could not hear what he had to say,  
    For I was sad,  
        And he was gay.  
    For he was glad,  
        And I had no power  
To hear in my heart what he had to say.

As he sang to the sun and the bright-eyed flowers  
And the golden air, all the world was gray.  
To me all was dead in the dreary day  
    For I was sad  
        And he was gay.  
    And he was glad,  
        As the dull-eyed hours  
Rolloed on to the close of the dreary day.

For the eyes of the one alone with the power  
To brighten and lighten the black-cap's play  
Passed me by and were turned away.  
    So I was sad,  
        Though the bird was gay ;  
    Though he was glad  
        In his pine-tree tower;  
For her eyes passed me by and were turned away.

# SECTION III

## Tragic Chickadees

# TRAGEDY

Celia Thaxter

“You queer little wonderful owlet! you atom so  
fluffy and small!

Half a handful of feathers and two great eyes —  
how came you alive at all ?

And why do you sit here blinking as blind as a  
bat in the light,

With your pale eyes bigger than saucers ? Now  
who ever saw such a sight!

And what ails chickadee, tell me ! what makes  
him flutter and scream

Round and over you where you sit like a tiny  
ghost in a dream ?

I thought him a sensible fellow, quite steady and  
calm and wise,

But only see how he hops and flits, and hear how  
wildly he cries !

“What is the matter, you owlet ? You will not be  
frightened away ! —

Do you mean on that twig of a lilac-bush the  
whole night long to stay?

Are you bewitching my chickadee-dee ? I really  
believe that you are !

I wish you'd go off, you strange brown bird —  
oh, ever and ever so far I

“I fear you are weaving and winding some kind  
of a dreadful charm ;

If I leave poor chickadee-dee with you, I 'm sure  
he will come to harm.

But what can I do ? We can't stay here forever  
together, we three —  
One anxious child, and an owl weird, and a  
frightened chickadee-dee!”

I could not frighten the owl away, and chickadee  
would not come,  
So I just ran off with a heavy heart, and told my  
mother at home ;  
But when my brothers and sisters went the curious  
sight to see,  
The owl was gone, and there lay on the ground  
two feathers of chickadee-dee !

# THE CHICKADEE

George H. Thornton

Once when the cherries were ripe and red  
Two little birdies had just been wed,  
When one to the other so sweetly said:

“Chickadee, chickadee, chickadeedee,  
Never were birds so happy as we,  
Chickadee, chickadee, chickadeedee.”

Work for the birds is pleasure indeed,  
Working and waiting is sure to succeed;  
Joyfully sing and joyfully plead:

“Chickadee, chickadee, chickadeedee,  
Where are the birds as happy as we?  
Chickadee, chickadee, chickadeedee.”

Now they have finished their nest so fine,  
Feathers and cotton and strings of twine,  
All of the fairest and latest design,

“Chickadee, chickadee, chickadeedee,  
Never could Orpheus sing with more glee,  
Chickadee, chickadee, chickadeedee.”

Early each morn they're up with the day  
Tutting and chirping and working away,  
Never forgetting a note of their lay;

“Chickadee, chickadee, chickadeedee,  
Eggs in the nest? Yes: one, two, three,  
Chickadee, chickadee, chickadeedee.”

Day after day she sits on the nest,  
Keeping the eggs well under her breast,  
While he is singing and pluming his crest.

“Chickadee, chickadee, chickadeedee,  
Birds in the nest? Yes: one, two, three,  
Chickadee, chickadee, chickadeedee.”

Week after week continues to bring,  
News of the full fledged birds on the wing,  
Five of them now continue to sing:  
    “Chickadee, chickadee, chickadee,  
    Three on the ground and two in the tree,  
    Chickadee, chickadee, chickadee.”

Soon the cold snow drove the birds as before  
To pick up the crumbs in front of my door;  
Still the sweet notes came forth as of yore,  
    “Chickadee, chickadee, chickadee,  
    Winter or Spring we're happy to be,  
    Chickadee, chickadee, chickadee.”

But, oh, how sad! the news shocked us all;  
A bad, bad boy had fixed a dead fall  
And killed all but one and left it to call:  
    “Chickadee, chickadee, come back to me.  
    For I am alone and left here to be  
    A poor, broken hearted chickadee.”

All through the winter he lingered along,  
Ever in mind of the wicked boy's wrong;  
Now, that he's dead I sing his sweet song:  
    “Chickadee, chickadee, chickadee,  
    Never again will you sing unto me,  
    Chickadee, chickadee, chickadee.”

# THE BLACK-CAPPED CHICKADEE

Charles C. Marble

“Chic-chickadee dee !” I saucily say;  
My heart it is sound, my throat it is gay!  
Every one that I meet I merrily greet  
With a chickadee dee, chickadee dee!  
To cheer and to cherish, on- roadside and street,  
My cap was made jaunty, my note was made sweet.

Chickadeedee, chickadeedee!  
No bird of the winter so merry and free;  
Yet sad is my heart, though my song one of glee,  
For my mate ne'er shall hear my chickadeedee.

I “chickadeedee” in forest and glade,  
“Day, day, day!” to the sweet country maid;  
From autumn to spring-time I utter my song  
Of chickadeedee all the day long!  
The silence of winter my note breaks in twain,  
And I “chickadeedee” in sunshine and rain.

Chickadeedee, chickadeedee!  
No bird of the winter so merry and free;  
Yet sad is my heart, though my song one of glee,  
For my mate ne'er shall hear my chickadeedee.

# THE CHICKADEE'S NEST

George Alexander Wheelock

O Mother, I mean to be married in church,  
And have a nice house of cherry or birch,  
    All under the greenwood trees.  
And I and my birdies will travel next fall,  
    And I shall love them all,  
    My sweet little chickadees.

Yes, she was married in a log-built church,  
And dug a deep hole in the end of a birch,  
    And flew from tree to tree.  
And a little boy saw her darting out,  
    And the chips she scattered about,  
    That busy chickadee-dee.

“Some one will steal her eggs,” he thought,  
“And all her work will go for naught  
    Chickadee's eggs are rare.”  
The birdies saw the boy was near;  
    But never once thought of fear,  
    So busily working there.

A teacher came by, with his botany class,  
And looked in the swamp, and looked in the grass,  
    And looked in the hole in the tree;  
Then cheerily sang a sweet little bird,  
    And every botanist heard  
    The song of the chickadee-dee.

How swiftly our happy days will pass!  
O gone is the boy and the botany class,  
    And gone is the chickadee.  
But sad was the fate that there befell  
    The birds that married so well,  
    And lived in the hollow tree.

Five poor birdies with drooping heads;  
Five little darlings dead in their beds.  
    Some one had broken the tree  
Close down to the nest. All five, we're told,  
    Died of hunger and cold,  
    A sorrowful sight to see

O lone was the bird that married in church,  
And dug so deep in the end of a birch,  
    And lived by the Trotting Park!  
And now she wears a mourning cap,  
    A sweet little mourning cap,  
    And the pines are gloomy and dark.

# SECTION IV

## Children and Chickadees

# WINTER FRIENDS: THE CHICKADEE

Meriba Ada Babcock Kelly

Do you know the little titmouse  
In his brownish-ashen coat,  
With a cap so black and jaunty,  
And a black patch at his throat?

# FIVE LITTLE CHICKADEES

Copyright, 1917, by The A. S. Barnes Company.

1. Five little chickadees,  
Peeping at the door;  
One flew away,  
And then there were four.

Chorus: Chickadee, chickadee,  
Happy and gay;  
Chickadee, chickadee,  
Fly away.

2. Four little chickadees,  
Sitting on a tree ;  
One flew away  
And then there were three.

3. Three little chickadees,  
Looking at you;  
One flew away,  
And then there were two.

4. Two little chickadees,  
Sitting in the sun;  
One flew away,  
And then there was one.

5. One little chickadee,  
Left all alone;  
It flew away,  
And then there were none.

Formation: Single circle, facing centre. Five players crouch in a little group within the circle as "chickadees."

## VERSES.

Lines 1 and 2. Children of the circle stand in place and sing. Lines 3 and 4. A child of the centre group "flies" out to join the circle, and act as leader for the other players during the chorus. He may join the circle anywhere and face right or left. The others are obliged to face the same way. In each succeeding verse this is repeated. In this way the centre group is decreased and the circle increased by one each time.

CHORUS. The players follow the leader around the circle with short, light running steps and a flying movement of the arms. When the chorus is sung the last time, the players may leave the circle formation and follow the leader as a "flock" of birds.

# FIVE LITTLE CHICKADEES

Leota Swem and Rowena Sherwood

What do you think I saw one day ?  
I saw one, two, three, four, five  
little chickadees.  
How pretty they were !  
They were sitting in our tree  
by the door.  
They were sitting in the sun.  
They were singing, " Chick-a-dee-dee, chick-a-dee-dee. "

One chickadee flew away.  
Two chickadees flew away.  
Three chickadees flew away.  
Four chickadees flew away.  
And then one little chickadee  
was left all alone.  
He looked at me.  
Then he said, "Chick-a-dee-dee, chick-a-dee-dee."

And he flew away, too.  
He flew far, far away.  
And I was left alone.

Come back, little chickadee.  
Come back again to me.

Away, birds, away;  
Take a little, leave a little,  
And come again, I pray.

# HI DIDDLE! HI DIDDLE!

Lilian E. Talbert

Hi diddle! hi diddle!  
What do I see?  
A brownie, a brownie,  
Up in a tree!

Chickadee! Chickadee!  
Can't you sleep?  
Mother will come  
If you peep, peep, peep.

Wiggy-waggy, wiggy-waggy;  
Wee, wee, wee.  
Buy a pig, buy a pig,  
One, two, three.

One, two, three pigs.  
One two three chickadees.  
One, two, three brownies.

# THE CHICKADEE

"Bertie"

There is a little bird, children,  
That lights upon a tree,  
And perks his little head, and sings,  
"Chickadee-dee, chickadee-dee!"

In the very coldest winter  
This little bird you'll see,  
Hopping round your door, and singing,  
"Chickadee-dee, chickadee-dee!"

In spring he makes a little nest  
In a hole in an apple-tree;  
And to his brooding mate he sings.  
"Chickadee-dee, chickadee-dee!"

And I hope that all the boys and girls  
This little rhyme who see  
Will dearly love the bird who sings,  
"Chickadee-dee, chickadee-dee!"

And love the God who made him,--  
Who made him gay and free,  
And taught him how to sing his song,  
"Chickadee-dee, chickadee-dee!"

# MY WINTER FRIEND

Marian Douglas

The chickadee, the chickadee!  
A chosen friend of mine is he.  
His head and throat are glossy black;  
He wears a great-coat on his back;  
His breast is light — 'tis almost white;  
His eyes are round, and clear, and bright.

He picks the seeds from withered weeds;  
Upon my table-crumbs he feeds;  
He comes and goes through falling snows;  
The freezing wind around him blows —  
He heeds it not; his heart is gay  
As if it were the breeze of May.

The whole day long he sings one song;  
    Though dark the sky may be;  
And better than all other birds,  
    I love the chickadee.

The bluebird coming in the spring,  
The goldfinch with his yellow wing,  
The humming-bird that feeds on pinks  
And roses, and the bobolinks,  
The robins gay, the sparrows gray —  
They all delight me while they stay.

But when, ah me ! they chance to see  
A red leaf on the maple-tree,  
They all cry, "Oh, we dread the snow!"  
And spread their wings in haste to go;  
And when they all have southward flown,  
The chickadee remains alone.

A bird that stays in winter days,  
    A friend indeed is he;  
So better than all other birds,  
    I love the chickadee.

# CHICKADEE

Henry Ripley Dorr

All the earth is wrapped in snow,  
O'er the hills the cold winds blow,  
Through the valley down below  
    Whirls the blast.

All the mountain brooks are still,  
Not a ripple from the hill,  
For each tiny, murmuring rill  
    Is frozen fast.

    Come with me  
    To the tree  
Where the apples used to hang!  
    Follow me  
    To the tree  
Where the birds of summer sang!  
    There 's a happy fellow there,  
    For the cold he does not care,  
And he always calls to me,  
    “Chickadee, chickadee!”

    He 's a merry little fellow,  
    Neither red nor blue nor yellow,  
For he wears a winter overcoat of gray;  
    And his cheery little voice  
    Makes my happy heart rejoice,  
While he calls the live-long day —  
    Calls to me —  
    “Chickadee!”

From the leafless apple-tree,  
    “Chickadee, chickadee !”  
    Then he hops from bough to twig,  
    Tapping on each tiny sprig.  
Calling happily to me,  
    “Chickadee !”

    He 's a merry little fellow,  
    Neither red nor blue nor yellow,  
He 's the cheery bird of winter,  
    “Chickadee !”

# SONG OF THE SNOW-BIRD

F. C. Woodward

The ground was all covered with snow one day,  
And two little sisters were busy at play,  
When a snow-bird came flitting close by on a tree,  
And merrily singing his chick-a-dee-dee,  
    Chick-a-dee-dee, chick-a-dee-dee,  
And merrily singing his chick-a-dee-dee

He had not been singing that tune very long,  
Ere Emily heard him, so loud was his song;  
“Oh, sister, look out of the window,” said she,  
“Here's a dear little bird singing chick-a-dee-dee.  
    Chick-a-dee-dee, chick-a-dee-dee,  
And merrily singing his chick-a-dee-dee.

“Oh, mother, do get him some stockings and shoes,  
And a nice little frock, and a hat if you choose;  
I wish he'd come into the parlor, and see  
How warm we would make him, poor chick-a-dee-dee.”  
    Chick-a-dee-dee, chick-a-dee-dee,  
And merrily singing his chick-a-dee-dee.

“There is One, my dear child, though I cannot tell who,  
Has clothed me already, and warm enough too.  
Good morning ! Oh, who are so happy as we?”  
And away he went singing his chick-a-dee-dee.  
    Chick-a-dee-dee, chick-a-dee-dee,  
And merrily singing his chick-a-dee-dee.

# WHAT THE SNOW BIRDS SAID

Kate Tannatt Woods

“Cheep, cheep,” said some little snow-birds,  
As the snow came whirling down;  
    “We haven't a nest,  
    Or a place of rest,  
Save this oak-tree bending down.”

“Cheep, cheep,” said little Wee-Wing,  
The smallest bird of all;  
    “I have never a care,  
    In the winter air—  
God cares for great and small.”

“Peep, peep,” said her father, Gray-Breast,  
“You're a thoughtless bird, my dear,  
    We all must eat,  
    And warm our feet,  
When snow and ice are here.”

“Cheep, cheep,” said little Wee-Wing,  
“You are wise and good, I know;  
But think of the fun  
For each little one,  
When we have ice and snow.

“Now I can see, from my perch on the tree,  
The merriest, merriest sight—  
    Boys skating along  
    On the ice so strong—  
Cheep, cheep, how merry and bright!”

“And I see,” said Brownie Snow-bird,  
“A sight that is prettier, far—  
    Five dear little girls,  
    With clustering curls,  
And eyes as bright as a star.”

“And I,” said his brother Bright-Eyes,  
“See a man of ice and snow;  
    He wears a queer hat,  
    His large nose is flat—  
The little boys made him, I know.”

“I see some sleds,” said Mother Brown,  
“All filled with girls and boys;  
    They laugh and sing,  
    Their voices ring,  
And I like the cheerful noise.”

Then the snow-birds all said, “Cheep and chee,  
Hurrah for ice and snow;  
    For the girls and boys,  
    Who drop us crumbs,  
As away to their sport they go!”

“Hurrah for the winter, clear and cold,  
When the dainty snowflakes fall!  
    We will sit and sing,  
    On our oaken swing,  
For God takes care of us all!”

# THE CHICKADEE

“F S. W.”

Dear Sir,--The following lines were written for a little girl who is a subscriber to the Museum. It would be gratifying to her to have them inserted. Yours, F.S.W.

Elizabeth. — Pretty bird, pray come to me,

I've a little name for thee.

Bird. —

No I can't, I am free,

Chickadee dee dee,

I will sing upon this tree,

Every day for you and me;

O how happy I shall be!

Chickadee dee dee.

When the earth from snow is free

And the tender plant you see,

Then you'll hear right merrily,

Chickadee dee dee.

E. —

When the summer months shall flee

And the little busy bee

Stays at home, where will be

Chickadee dee dee ?

B.--

Far away beyond the sea,

Singing in the orange tree,

You will hear so cheerily,

Chickadee dee dee.

Here I am, don't you see,

High upon this cherry tree;

So good-bye, dear Lizze,

Don't forget the chickadee.

(Flies away.)—

Chickadee, chickadee,

I am happy, I am free;

While cheerily and merrily,

Sings the little chickadee.

# THE CHICKADEE

Eudora May Stone, age 12

The birds have all flown to their homes in the south,  
The flowers are withered and dead,  
The feathery snow-flakes come hurrying down,  
And the pleasant south breezes have fled:  
But the brave little chickadee, cheery and bold,  
Stays with us all winter, not minding the cold.

Though the meadow-lark's carol is sweeter by far.  
And the bluebird is gaylier dressed,  
Still of all the sweet songs of all the bright throngs,  
Little chickadee's song is the best.  
For this brave little chickadee, cheery and bold,  
Stays with us all winter, not minding the cold.

When the birds have all flown to their homes in the south,  
And the snow-flakes have earth gently pressed,  
The chickadee comes in the winter to stay,  
And that 's why I like him the best  
Yes, the brave little chickadee, cheery and bold,  
Stays with us all winter, not minding the cold.

# CHILD AND CHICKADEE

Mrs. M. F. Butts, *Booth Bay Harbor, Me*

Up and down on a maple bough  
Swung a chickadee;  
Swung and sung, and he seemed to say--  
“I am happy as I can be.”

A child that clung to her mother's hand  
Came to the maple tree.  
“Without any home, I don't see how  
You can be happy,” said she.

“The earth is my floor, the sky is my roof;  
My bed is the bough of a tree;  
The wind makes my music, the sun keeps me warm,  
That's why I'm happy,” said he.

# FLUTTER, LITTLE BIRD

George Ade

Observe the loving mother bird,  
    Up in the spreading tree,  
Correct with stern but loving word,  
    Her tender chickadee.  
The feathered youngster tries to flap  
    His embryonic wings,  
While mother cheers the little chap,  
    As to the bough he clings.  
He makes a most heroic jump,  
    Alas, it is in vain,  
She says: "Don't mind a little bump,  
    Just try it once again."

Flutter, little bird and keep on trying,  
    By and by you will be flying;  
You can do it, take my word,  
    Keep on fluttering, little bird.

# CHIC-A-DEES

Helen Deane

The little bird sang, "chick-a-dee,"  
And swung upon an old dead tree,  
These words they sung so loud and clear,  
I wish for you a glad New Year.

In storm and wind, in rain and blast,  
These birds thank God for scant repast,  
And sing thro' bleak and cheerless days  
Their songs of love and joy and praise.

And so they sang their "chick-a-dee,"  
And swung upon an old dead tree,  
These words they sung so loud and clear,  
I wish for you a glad New Year.

# CHICKADEE

Hilda Conkling

The chickadee in the appletree  
Talks all the time very gently.  
He makes me sleepy.  
I rock away to the sea-lights.  
Far off I hear him talking  
The way smooth bright pebbles  
Drop into water . . .  
Chick-a-dee-dee-dee . . .

# THE CHICKADEE

Minnie Leona Upton

When the air is filled with snowing,  
And the stormy winds are blowing,  
    And every flower has been hidden long,  
There's a merry little neighbor.  
Comes to cheer us in our labor.  
    With a very merry, cheery, little song.  
    “Chickadee-dee!” says he;  
    “Never mind me!” says he;  
        “Let it snow,  
        Let it blow to and fro,  
        For I know  
With me 't will agree !” says he.

# SECTION V

Chickadees who are actually people

# CHICKADEE

Thomas Hill

The song-sparrow has a joyous note,  
    The brown thrush whistles bold and free;  
But my little singing-bird at home  
    Sings a sweeter song to me.

The catbird, at morn or evening, sings  
    With liquid tones, like gurgling water;  
But sweeter by far, to my fond ear,  
    Is the voice of my little daughter.

Four years and a half since she was born,  
    The black-caps piping cheerily;  
And so, as she came in winter with them,  
    We have called her our Chickadee.

She sings to her dolls, she sings alone,  
    And singing round the house she goes;  
Out-doors or within, her happy heart  
    With a childlike song o'erflows.

Her mother and I, though busy, hear,  
    With mingled pride and pleasure listening;  
And thank the inspiring Giver of song,  
    While a tear in our eye is glistening.

Oh, many a bird of sweetest song  
    I hear when in woods or meads I roam;  
But sweeter by far than all, to me,  
    Is my Chickadee at home.

# CHICKADEE. SERIO-COMIC SONG AND CHORUS.

Gus Williams

While out rustivating last summer I met  
    A sweet little charmer so dear;  
The smile that she gave me I ne'er can forget,  
    It made me feel awfully queer.  
We walked, and we talked, just as all lovers do,  
    Her name she confided to me;  
As it was too long to put down in a song,  
    Why I call her my sweet Chickadee.

CHORUS.

Chickadee, chickadee,  
Sweet little charmer chickadee,  
Chickadee child of the farmer,  
Chickadee, chickadee.  
I would not harm her,  
For there's none in all the world  
Like chickadee to me.

I'd meet her each day at the back kitchen door,  
    While her father was out on the farm;  
I loved her so much I could love her no more,  
    To me she'd a wonderful charm.  
I went to the garden one still summer's night,  
    In hopes there my darling to see,  
When her father's big dog and I had a fight,  
    On account of my sweet chickadee.

CHO.—Chickadee, Chickadee, etc.

At last we were married, and now she's all mine,  
    And I love her more day by day;  
A happier couple you never can find,  
    So lively, so jolly, so gay.  
We'll grow old together, we'll never be sad,  
    And all through the future she'll be,  
The sweet little treasure that makes me so glad,  
    My beautiful, sweet chickadee.

CHO.—Chickadee, Chickadee, etc.

The music of this song is published by  
EVANS & BRO., 50 Bromfield Street,  
Boston, Mass.

Mikumwess had a bad habit of making verses and of saying them to people, often when they did not want at all to hear them. "Listen to this one," said he and he took both of Anne's hands in his and danced her about as he sang:

*I'd rather be a cricket or a movie or a wren,  
Or a woodchuck or a tree,  
I'd rather be a cow or a sheep or a hen  
Than a foolish chickadee.  
Than a chick-a-dee-dee-dee.*

"But I like chickadees," said Anne. "They are cunning little birds, and always so happy." The Mikumwess laughed. "So do I," he whispered. "That's the nicest thing about poetry. You can say just what you don't think."

--John Farrar, "The Edge of Cobbler's Wood"

NEXT IN SERIES

VOLUME II: Chickadee Stories