

## MASQUERADING CHICKADEE

Edith M. Thomas

I came to the woods in the dead of the year,  
I saw the wing'd sprite thro' the green-brier peeping:  
"Darling of Winter, you've nothing to fear,  
Though the branches are bare and the cold earth is sleeping!"  
With a dee, dee, dee! the sprite seemed to say,  
"I'm friends with the Maytime as well as December,  
And I'll meet you here on a fair-weather day;  
Here, in the green-brier thicket, — remember!"  
I came to the woods in the spring of the year,  
And I followed a voice that was most entreating:  
Phebe! Phebe! (and yet more near),  
Phebe! Phebe! it kept repeating!  
I gave up the search, when, not far away,  
I saw the wing'd sprite thro' the green-brier peeping,  
With a Phebe! Phebe! that seemed to say,  
"I told you so! and my promise I'm keeping."  
"You'll know me again, when you meet me here,  
Whether you come in December or Maytime:  
I've a dee, dee, dee! for the Winter's ear,  
And a Phebe! Phebe! for Spring and Playtime!"



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