# CHIRPS FOR THE CHICKS

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Chirps for the Chicks by M. E. Winchester

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#### M. E. WINCHESTER

# CHIRPS FOR THE CHICKS



### CHIRPS FOR THE CHICKS

BY

M. E. WINCHESTER AUTHOR OF 'A NEST OF SPAKROWS'



SEELEY, JACKSON, & HALLIDAY, 54, FLEET STREET LONDON. MDCCCLXXXII

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280.0.751.

TO MY GODCHILD,

EVELYN A. S. GEM,

AND TO MY NEPHEWS,

CHARLES STEWART WHATHAM,

AND

ROWLAND ROYLE WHATHAM,

THESE CHIRPS ARE AFFECTIONATELY

Bedicated.

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#### CHIRPS FOR THE CHICKS.

### WHAT THE BLACKBIRD DID WITH THE NOSE,

Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye,
Four-and-twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie.
When the pie was opened,
The birds began to sing;
Now, wasn't that a dainty dish
To set before a king?

The king was in the counting-house, Counting out his money, The queen was in the parlour, Eating bread and honey; The maid was in the garden, Hanging out the clothes, There came a little blackbird And pecked off her nose.

The maiden shrieked, and quickly rushed
All sobbing to the king,
And said: 'Oh, please, your majesty,
Here's a pretty thing:
While I was in the garden,
Hanging out the clothes,
A naughty little blackbird came
And took away my nose.'

The king replied: 'Go quickly, search,
And let the knave be caught;
'Tis plain he can't behave himself,
And must be better taught.
And when you've caught and bound him
Then bring him here to me,
And I will sit and think of what
His punishment shall be.'

They quickly caught the wicked bird,
And brought him to the king;
His little feet were pinioned with
A tiny silver ring.
The king said, 'Mister Blackbird,
For taking off this nose,
You have a very good excuse
To offer, I suppose?'

The Blackbird said: 'I'm one of those
The maid put in the pie;
If maids make pies of blackbirds,
Now, please to tell me why
The blackbirds can't make pies of maids?'
'Oh, shocking!' cried the king,
'You naughty little Blackbird, that
Is quite another thing!'

And here the maiden sadly wept:
'What will become of me!
A husband I shall never get,
An old maid I must be