

# Bird Poems & Songs



## Birds Fly High

*Sung to "Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star"*

Birds fly high and bees fly low,  
Caterpillars crawl and river flow,  
Cats meow and cows go 'moo'.  
Puppies bark and babies 'coo'.  
So many things to see and hear,  
I use my eyes and I use my ears.



## Birds Fly High

Behold the duck.  
It does not cluck.  
A cluck it lacks. It quacks.  
It is specially fond  
Of a puddle or pond.  
When it dines or sups,  
It bottoms ups.  
Ogden Nash



## The Duck

## Humming Birds

I think it is a funny thing  
That some birds whistle, others sing.  
That Warbler warbles in his throat,  
The Sparrow only knows one note;  
But he is better off than some,  
For Humming Birds can only hum.



## Humming Birds

Cut out rectangles. Stack together (smallest to largest) with cover on top and staple.

## Six Little Ducks

Six little ducks that I once knew,  
Fat ones, skinny ones, fair ones, too;  
But the one little duck with the feather  
on his back, He led the others with a  
quack, quack, quack.

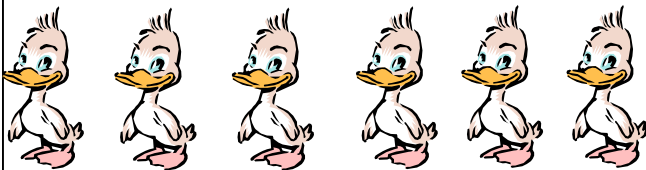
Quack, quack, quack, quack, quack, quack  
He led the others with a quack, quack,  
quack.

Down to the river they would go,  
Wibble, wobble, wibble, wobble, to and fro;  
But the one little duck with the feather  
on his back, He led the others with a  
quack, quack, quack.

Quack, quack, quack, quack, quack, quack.  
He led the others with a quack, quack,  
quack.

Back from the river they would come,  
Wibble, wobble, wibble, wobble, ho, hum, hum;  
But the one little duck with the feather  
on his back, He led the others with a  
quack, quack, quack.

Quack, quack, quack, quack, quack, quack.  
He led the others with a quack, quack,  
quack.



## Six Little Ducks

## Woodpecker

Woodpecker is rubber-necked  
But has a nose of steel.  
He bangs his head against the wall  
And cannot even feel.  
When Woodpecker's jack-hammer  
head  
Starts up its dreadful din  
Knocking the dead bough double dead  
How do his eyes stay in?  
Pity the poor dead oak that cries  
In terrors and in pains.  
But pity more Woodpecker's eyes  
And bouncing rubber brains.  
By Ted Hughes

## Woodpecker

Little darling of the snow,  
Careless how the winds may blow,  
Happy as a bird can be,  
Singing, oh, so cheerily,  
Chickadee-dee! Chickadee-dee!

When the skies are cold and gray,  
When he trills his happiest lay,  
Through the clouds he seems to see  
Hidden things to you and me.  
Chickadee-dee! chickadee-dee!

Very likely little birds  
Have their thoughts too deep for  
word,  
But we know, and all agree,  
That the world would dreary be  
Without birds, dear chickadee!



## The Chickadee-Dee