



Chick-A-Dee-Dee

Chester G. Allen
(1838-1878)

Chick-A-Dee-Dee

Chester G. Allen

S The sum - mer has gone, the birds have flown, You think lit - tle chick - a - dee

A The sum - mer has gone, the birds have flown, You think lit - tle chick - a - dee

T The sum - mer has gone, the birds have flown, You think lit - tle chick - a - dee

B The sum - mer has gone, the birds have flown, You think lit - tle chick - a - dee

5
S all a - lone, Tho' nev - er a blos - som or leaf I see, Yet

A all a - lone, Tho' nev - er a blos - som or leaf I see, Yet

T all a - lone, Tho' nev - er a blos - som or leaf I see, Yet

B all a - lone, Tho' nev - er a blos - som or leaf I see, Yet

8
S hap - py I sing chick - a - dee - dee - dee. Chick - a - dee - dee - dee, chick - a -

A hap - py I sing chick - a - dee - dee - dee. Chick - a - dee - dee - dee, chick - a -

T hap - py I sing chick - a - dee - dee - dee. Chick - a - dee - dee,

B hap - py I sing chick - a - dee - dee - dee. Chick - a - dee - dee - dee, chick - a -

Chick-A-Dee-Dee

11

S
de - dee - dee, Yet hap - py I sing chick - a - dee - dee - dee.

A
de - dee - dee, Yet hap - py I sing chick - a - dee - dee - dee.

T
8 chick - a - dee - dee, Yet hap - py I sing chick - a - dee - dee - dee.

B
de - dee - dee, Yet hap - py I sing chick - a - dee - dee - dee.

14

S
I said to the wren good - bye, good - bye, She thought I would fol - low— O!

A
I said to the wren good - bye, good - bye, She thought I would fol - low— O!

T
8 I said to the wren good - bye, good - bye, She thought I would fol - low— O!

B
I said to the wren good - bye, good - bye, She thought I would fol - low— O!

18

S
no, not I, Old win - ter has ev - er a smile for me, And

A
no, not I, Old win - ter has ev - er a smile for me, And

T
8 no, not I, Old win - ter has ev - er a smile for me, And

B
no, not I, Old win - ter has ev - er a smile for me, And

Chick-A-Dee-Dee

21

S hap - py I sing chick-a - dee - dee - dee. Chick - a - dee - dee - dee, chick - a -

A hap - py I sing chick-a - dee - dee - dee. Chick - a - dee - dee - dee, chick - a -

T 8 hap - py I sing chick-a - dee - dee - dee. Chick - a - dee - dee,

B hap - py I sing chick-a - dee - dee - dee. Chick - a - dee - dee - dee, chick - a -

24

S dee - dee - dee, Yet hap - py I sing chick - a - dee - dee - dee.

A dee - dee - dee, Yet hap - py I sing chick - a - dee - dee - dee.

T 8 chick - a - dee - dee, Yet hap - py I sing chick - a - dee - dee - dee.

B dee - dee - dee, Yet hap - py I sing chick - a - dee - dee - dee.

S Ah, what do I care for wind and storm, I hide in my co - vert so

A Ah, what do I care for wind and storm, I hide in my co - vert so

T 8 Ah, what do I care for wind and storm, I hide in my co - vert so

B Ah, what do I care for wind and storm, I hide in my co - vert so

Chick-A-Dee-Dee

30

S snug and warm, I cov - er my head with my wing, you see, And

A snug and warm, I cov - er my head with my wing, you see, And

T snug and warm, I cov - er my head with my wing, you see, And

B snug and warm, I cov - er my head with my wing, you see, And

33

S wake with the morn, chick-a - dee - dee - dee. Chick - a - dee - dee - dee, chick - a -

A wake with the morn, chick-a - dee - dee - dee. Chick - a - dee - dee - dee, chick - a -

T wake with the morn, chick-a - dee - dee - dee. Chick - a - dee - dee,

B wake with the morn, chick-a - dee - dee - dee. Chick - a - dee - dee - dee, chick - a -

36

S dee - dee - dee, Yet hap - py I sing chick - a - dee - dee - dee.

A dee - dee - dee, Yet hap - py I sing chick - a - dee - dee - dee.

T chick - a - dee - dee, Yet hap - py I sing chick - a - dee - dee - dee.

B dee - dee - dee, Yet hap - py I sing chick - a - dee - dee - dee.

Chick-A-Dee-Dee

S The child - ren are glad to hear me sing, And ea - ger I watch for the

A The child - ren are glad to hear me sing, And ea - ger I watch for the

T The child - ren are glad to hear me sing, And ea - ger I watch for the

B The child - ren are glad to hear me sing, And ea - ger I watch for the

⁴²S crumbs they bring, Ah, wel - come the down - y white snow to me, I

A crumbs they bring, Ah, wel - come the down - y white snow to me, I

T crumbs they bring, Ah, wel - come the down - y white snow to me, I

B crumbs they bring, Ah, wel - come the down - y white snow to me, I

⁴⁵S trill as it falls, chick-a - dee - dee - dee. Chick - a - dee - dee - dee, chick - a -

A trill as it falls, chick-a - dee - dee - dee. Chick - a - dee - dee - dee, chick - a -

T trill as it falls, chick-a - dee - dee - dee. Chick - a - dee - dee,

B trill as it falls, chick-a - dee - dee - dee. Chick - a - dee - dee - dee, chick - a -

Chick-A-Dee-Dee

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S
dee - dee - dee, Yet hap - py I sing chick - a - dee - dee - dee.

A
dee - dee - dee, Yet hap - py I sing chick - a - dee - dee - dee.

T
chick - a - dee - dee, Yet hap - py I sing chick - a - dee - dee - dee.

B
dee - dee - dee, Yet hap - py I sing chick - a - dee - dee - dee.

Biglow & Main
(1875)

Chester G. Allen (1838-1878) was born in Westford, New York. He taught music in the public schools of Cleveland, Ohio, and Cooperstown, New York. He was editor the *New York Musical Gazette*, edited and compiled collections of music for schools and churches, co-authored a volume on voice culture, and composed many hymns and songs. His most well-known song is the tune he composed for Fanny Crosby's words "Praise Him, praise Him— Jesus, our blessed Redeemer." His wife was Cornelia E. Doubleday of Cooperstown, New York, who was the niece of the legendary Abner Doubleday. He died in Cooperstown.

The summer has gone, the birds have flown,
You think little chickadee all alone,
Tho' never a blossom or leaf I see,
Yet happy I sing chick-a-dee-dee-dee.

I said to the wren goodbye, goodbye,
She thought I would follow— O! no, not I,
Old winter has ever a smile for me,
And happy I sing chick-a-dee-dee-dee.

Ah, what do I care for wind and storm,
I hide in my covert so snug and warm,
I cover my head with my wing, you see,
And wake with the morn, chick-a-dee-dee-dee.

The children are glad to hear me sing,
And eager I watch for the crumbs they bring,
Ah, welcome the downy white snow to me,
I trill as it falls, chick-a-dee-dee-dee.

Fanny J. Crosby (1820-1915)

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