

# From the Archives

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Webmaster

December 2, 2018

During this, our 50th Anniversary year, we are delighted to reprint articles from our archives. We hope you enjoy revisiting this timely poem, written by current board member Chris Pfaff and first published in the December 2001 Dipper.

## **‘Twas the Week before Christmas Bird Count**

’Twas the week before Christmas,  
And all through the land  
Birders were stirring,  
Binoculars in hand.

The weather was cold,  
The moon was still bright  
When the birders set out,  
in the last edge of night.

They scanned the horizon,  
and peered all around,  
And listened with hope,  
for that first faint bird sound.

When what to their wondering eyes  
should appear,  
But a rustle of feathers,  
in the treetops quite near.

And there over yonder,  
in the midst of the creek  
bobbed an intrepid dipper  
With a bug in his beak.

And then in a twinkling,  
they saw in the sky  
a flock of pine grosbeaks,  
swoop and fly by.



Male Pine Grosbeak, Photo by Marilyn Rhodes

Birds in the bushes,  
birds in the trees,  
They all were counted,  
in ones, twos and threes.

In meadows, in forests  
and down by the streams,  
The birders all scattered  
in pairs or in teams.

They spoke not a word,  
but kept at their work  
With hardly a twitch  
And nary a jerk.

And later that day  
The birders did rally  
To eat, drink, and laugh  
And assemble their tally.

Then they rose to their feet  
with a yawn or a whistle  
And dispersed to their cars  
like the down of a thistle.

They were heard to exclaim  
as they drove out of sight  
**Happy Christmas All Birders  
and To All Birds a Good Night !!**