

## A Bed In The Leaves

1

My yard is full of leaves today,  
Brown and yellow and red.  
I think I'll rake them in a pile  
Higher than my head.

Then I'll pretend it is my bed.  
I'll jump in very quick,  
And pile the leaves up over me  
For covers soft and thick.

I'll just lie there so nice and warm  
And look up at the sky,  
And watch more leaves float down for me.  
To rake up by and by.

*Marian Kennedy*

## A Little Bird

2

“What do you have for breakfast?”  
I asked a little bird,  
“Orange juice and cereal?”  
He didn’t say a word  
He merely ate a flower seed  
And something from a limb  
Which might, I guess, be cereal  
And orange juice—for him!

*Aileen Fisher*

**The Animal Store****3**

If I had a hundred dollars to spend,  
Or maybe a little more,  
I'd hurry as fast as my legs would go  
Straight to the animal store.  
I wouldn't say, "How much for this or that?"  
"What kind of dog is he?"  
I'd buy as many as rolled an eye,  
Or wagged a tail at me!  
I'd take the hound with the drooping ears  
That sits by himself alone;  
Cockers and Cairns and wobbly pups  
For to be my very own.  
I might buy a parrot all red and green,  
And the monkey I saw before.  
If I had a hundred dollars to spend,  
Or maybe a little more.

*Rachel Field*

## Animals to Love

4

Animals furry.  
Animals fuzzy.  
Cats that are purry,  
Bees that are buzzy.

Animals slim,  
Animals slippery.  
Birds that are trim.  
Fish that are flippery.

Animals humpy.  
Animals cuddly  
Camels so bumpy  
Ducks that are puddly.

Some are the pets  
To come when I call.  
Others are just  
To love and that's all!

*Eunice D. Breilid*

## **Animals, Too**

**5**

Animals have feelings, too;  
They need love, just as people do.  
Animals have only cries  
And wagging tails and hopeful eyes  
To say they're hungry, hurt, or scared,  
Or how they wish that someone cared.  
Helping animals sick or sad  
Makes you and me feel strong and glad.

*Margaret E. Singleton*

## April Rain Song

6

Let the rain kiss you.  
Let the rain beat upon your head with silver liquid drops.  
Let the rain sing you a lullaby.  
The rain makes still pools on the sidewalk.  
The rain makes running pools in the gutter.  
The rain plays a little sleep-song on our roof at night.  
And I love the rain.

*Langston Hughes*

## Be Even Tempered Bed In Summer

7

Before you lose your temper  
Take a breath and count to ten,  
And silently ask God to help you  
Gain control again...

And have a pardon handy  
For the errors others make,  
Offer love and understanding,  
And banish hate and ache ...

Be even tempered always,  
Be loving and forgiving,  
And you will be rewarded  
With peace and joyful living!

*Alice Joyce Davidson*

## Bed In Summer

8

In winter I get up at night  
And dress by yellow candle light.  
In summer quite the other way,  
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see  
The birds still hopping on the tree,  
Or hear the grown-up people's feet  
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,  
When all the sky is clear and blue,  
And I should like so much to play,  
To have to go to bed by day?

*Robert Louis Stevenson*

The steamboat is a slowpoke,  
    You simply cannot rush him.

The sailboat will not move at all  
    Without a wind to push him;

But the speedboat, with his sharp red nose,  
    Is quite a different kind;

He tosses high the spray and leaves  
    The other boats behind.

*Rowan Bastin Bennett*

## Catch A Little Rhyme

10

Once upon a time  
I caught a little rhyme.  
  
I set it on the floor  
but it ran right out the door.  
  
I chased it on my bicycle  
but it melted to an icicle.  
  
I scooped it up in my hat  
but it turned into a cat.  
  
I caught it by the tail  
but it stretched into a whale.  
  
I followed it in a boat  
but it changed into a goat.  
  
When I fed it tin and paper  
it became a tall skyscraper.  
  
Then it grew into a kite  
and flew far out of sight.

*Eve Merriam*

**Chums****11**

He sits and begs, he gives a paw,  
He is, as you can see,  
The finest dog you ever saw,  
And he belongs to me.

He follows everywhere I go  
And even when I swim.  
I laugh because he thinks, you know,  
That I belong to him.

But still no matter what we do  
We never have a fuss;  
And so I guess it must be true  
That we belong to us.

*Arthur Guiterman*

**The Cow****12**

The cow stands in the big green field,  
She stands there all the day.  
I wonder what she thinks about  
While chewing on the hay?

Perhaps about the ice-cream cone?  
Perhaps about a ball?  
I wonder what she thinks about,  
Or if she thinks at all!

I guess I'll never know, because  
The cow can't talk, you see.  
And if she can, she never, never,  
Never talks to me!

*Albert B. Southwick*

The crocus had slept in his little round house  
So soundly the whole winter through;  
There came a tap-tapping,  
‘Twas Spring at the door:  
“Up! Up! we are waiting for you!”  
The crocus peeped out from his little brown house  
And nodded his gay little head;  
“Good morning, Miss Snowdrop  
And how do you do  
This fine, chilly morning?” he said.

*Sarah J Day*

**The Dark****14**

The dark is warm  
As the touch of fur.  
The dark is soft  
As a kitten's purr.  
It wraps me snug  
In velvet wings  
With comfortable  
Munnurings.

The dark says, "Sleep,  
My small one, rest  
Like a baby wren  
In its tree-house nest."  
It watches me  
With loving looks  
And brings me dreams  
Like storybooks.

*Ethel Jacobson*

**Doll's Song****15**

Matilda Jane, you never look  
At any toy or picture book;  
I show you pretty things in vain—  
You must be blind, Matilda Jane.

I ask you riddles, tell you tales,  
But all our conversation fails;  
You never answer me again—  
I fear you're dumb, Matilda Jane!

Matilda, darling, when I call,  
You never seem to hear at all;  
I shout with all my might and main  
But you're so deaf, Matilda Jane!

Matilda Jane, you needn't mind:  
For though you're deaf and dumb and blind,  
There's someone loves you, it is plain—  
And that is me, Matilda Jane!

*Lewis Carroll*

**Don't Ever Cross A Crocodile****16**

Don't ever cross a crocodile,  
However few his faults.

Don't ever dare  
A dancing bear  
To teach you how to waltz.

Don't ever poke a rattlesnake  
Who's sleeping in the sun  
And say the poke  
Was just a joke  
And really all in fun.

Don't ever lure a lion close  
With gifts of steak and suet.  
Though lion-looks  
Are nice in books  
Don't ever, ever do it.

*Kaye Starbird*

**Enjoy Work****17**

A mother rocks a cradle  
With a smile on her face ...  
An astronaut hums softly  
As he charts his way in space ...  
A surgeon heaves a thankful sigh  
Another life is saved ...  
A construction worker chuckles  
As he drives on roads he paved ...  
God gives a special task to do  
To each and every one  
And blesses us with special joy  
Each time a job's well done!

*Alice Joyce Davidson*

**Forgive Others****18**

God gave a tough assignment  
For all of us to do—  
To pray for all those who hurt us,  
And to love our enemies, too ...  
So, when other people wrong you,  
Instead of striking back,  
Say a little prayer for them  
For qualities they lack ...  
Ask the Lord to give them  
An extra portion of  
Insight and compassion—  
And to bless them with His love.

*Alice Joyce Davidson*

## Funny The Way Different Cars Start

19

Funny the way  
Different cars start.  
Some with a chunk and jerk,  
Some with a cough and a puff of smoke  
Out of the back,  
Some with only a little click—with  
hardly any noise.

Funny the way  
Different cars run.  
Some rattle and bang,  
Some whirrr,  
Some knock and knock.  
Some purr  
And hummm  
Smoothly on with hardly any noise.

*Dorothy Baruch*

**Furry Bear****20**

If I were a bear,  
    And a big bear too,  
  
I shouldn't much care  
    If it froze or snow;  
  
I shouldn't much mind  
    If it snowed or friz—  
  
I'd be all fur-lined  
    With a coat like his!  
  
For I'd have fur boots and a brown fur wrap,  
And brown fur knickers and a big fur cap.  
  
I'd have a fur muffle-ruff to cover my jaws,  
And brown fur mittens on my big brown paws.  
With a big brown furry-down up to my head,  
I'd sleep all the winter in a big fur bed.

*A. A. Milne*

**Grandfather Frog****21**

Fat green frog sits by the pond,  
Big frog, bull frog, grandfather frog.  
Croak—croak—croak  
Shuts his eyes, opens his eyes,  
Waiting for  
A little fat fly.  
Croak,croak.  
I go walking down by the pond,  
I want to see the big green frog.  
I want to stare right into his eyes.  
Rolling, winking, funny old eyes.  
But oh! he hears me coming by.  
Croak—croak—  
SPLASH!

*Louise Seaman Bechtal*

**Grown Up**

22

I'm growing up, my mother says—  
Today she said I'd grown;  
The reason why is this: Now I  
Can do things all alone.

And though I'm glad that I don't need  
Someone to brush my hair  
And wash my hands and face and button  
Buttons everywhere.

Although I'm very glad indeed  
To help myself instead,  
I hope that I won't have to try  
To tuck myself in bed.

*Dorothy Aldis*

**I Keep Three Wishes Ready****23**

I keep three wishes ready,  
Lest I should chance to meet,  
Any day a fairy  
Coming down the street.

I'd hate to have to stammer,  
Or have to think them out,  
For it's very hard to think things up  
When a fairy is about.

And I'd hate to lose my wishes,  
For fairies fly away,  
And perhaps I'd never have a chance  
On any other day.

So I keep three wishes ready,  
Lest I should chance to meet,  
Any day a fairy  
Coming down the street.

*Annette Wynne*

## The Ice-Cream Man

24

When summer's in the city,  
And brims a blaze of heat,  
The Ice-Cream Man with his little cart  
Goes trundling down the street.

Beneath his round umbrella,  
Oh, what a joyful sight,  
To see him fill the cones with mounds  
Of cooling brown or white:

Vanilla, chocolate, strawberry,  
Or chilly things to drink  
From bottles full of frosty-fizz,  
Green, orange, white, or pink.

His cart might be a flower bed  
Of roses and sweet peas,  
The way the children cluster round  
As thick as honeybees.

*Rachel Field*

## If I Can Stop One Heart From Breaking

25

If I can stop one heart from breaking,  
I shall not live in vain;  
If I can ease one life the aching,  
Or cool one pain,  
Or help one fainting robin  
Unto his nest again,  
I shall not live in vain.

*Emily Dickinson*

**In Harmony With Nature****26**

There are wonders all around us  
To see, to touch, to hear—  
God's handiwork surrounds us  
And reminds us He is near . . .  
So every time you smell a flower,  
Or see a starlit sky,  
Or hear a cricket chirping,  
Or feel a breeze blow by,  
Or witness all the splendor  
A changing season brings,  
You've touched the hand of God above—  
The Creator of all things

*Alice Joyce Davidson*

## **I Think When I Read That Sweet Story Of Old**

**27**

I think when I read that sweet story of old,  
When Jesus was here among men,  
How He called little children as lambs to His fold,  
I should like to have been with them then.  
I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,  
That His arm had been thrown around me,  
And that I might have seen His kind look when  
    He said,  
“Let the little ones come unto me.”

*Jemima Luke*

**The Land Of Counterpane**

When I was sick and lay a-bed,  
I had two pillows at my head,  
And all my toys beside me lay  
To keep me happy all the day.

And sometimes for an hour or so  
I watched my leaden soldiers go,  
With different uniforms and drills,  
Among the bed-clothes, through the hills;

And sometimes sent my ships in fleets  
All up and down among the sheets;  
Or brought my trees and houses out,  
And planted cities all about.

I was the giant great and still  
That sits upon the pillow-hill,  
And sees before him, dale and plain,  
The pleasant land of counterpane.

*Robert Louis Stevenson*

## Little Snail

29

I saw a little snail  
Come down the garden walk,  
He wagged his head this way ...  
    that way ...  
Like a clown in a circus.  
He looked from side to side  
As though he were from a different  
    country,  
I have always said he carries his house  
    on his back ...  
Today in the rain  
I saw that it was his umbrella.

*Hilda Conkling*

Don't you think it's probable  
that beetles, bugs and bees  
talk about a lot of things—  
you know, such things as these:

The kind of weather where they live  
in jungles tall with grass  
and earthquakes in their villages  
whenever people pass!

Of course, we'll never know if bugs  
talk very much at all,  
because our ears are far too big  
for talk that is so small.

*Aileen Fisher*

## Little Things

31

Little drops of water,  
    Little grains of sand,  
Make the mighty ocean,  
    And the pleasant land.  
Thus the little minutes,  
    Humble though they be,  
Make the mighty ages,  
    Of eternity.

*Ebenezer Cobham Brewer*

## Little Turtle

32

There was a little turtle.  
He lived in a box.  
He swam in a puddle.  
He climbed on the rocks.

He snapped at a mosquito.  
He snapped at a flea.  
He snapped at a minnow.  
And he snapped at me.

He caught the mosquito.  
He caught the flea.  
He caught the minnow.  
But he didn't catch me.

*Rachel Lindsay*

**Mothers Always Know****33**

The thing that really puzzles me  
Is how much Mothers know.  
Mine seems to know ahead of time  
When it will rain or blow.

She knows just what will fix a bump  
On elbow, shin, or knee,  
And scratches that I get sometimes  
When falling from a tree.

But this is one time she'll be fooled.  
It's nearly Mother's Day  
And still she doesn't know I have  
Her present hid away.

*Jocinna C. Miller*

## Mrs. Peck-Pigeon

34

Mrs. Peck-Pigeon  
Is picking for bread  
Bob-bob-bob  
Goes her little round head.  
Tame as a pussy-cat  
In the street,  
Step-step-step  
Go her little red feet.  
With her little red feet  
And her little round head,  
Mrs. Peck-Pigeon  
Goes picking for bread.

*Eleanor Farjeon*

**My Dog****35**

His nose is short and scrubby;  
His ears hang rather low;  
And he always brings the stick back,  
No matter how far you throw.  
He gets spanked rather often  
For things he shouldn't do,  
Like lying on beds, and barking,  
And eating up shoes when they're new.  
He always wants to be going  
Where he isn't suppose to go.  
He tracks up the house when it's snowing—  
Oh puppy, I love you so.

*Marchette Chute*

**My Favorite Word****36**

There is one word—  
My favorite—  
The very, very best.  
It isn't No or Maybe,  
It's Yes, Yes, Yes, Yes, YES!

"Yes, yes, you may," and  
"Yes, of course," and  
"Yes, please help yourself."  
And when I want a piece of cake,  
"Why, yes. It's on the shelf."

Some candy? "Yes."  
A cookie? "Yes."  
A movie? "Yes, we'll go."

I love it when they say my word:  
Yes, Yes, YES! (Not No.)

*Lucia and James L. Hymes, Jr.*

My mother sends our neighbors things  
On fancy little plates.

One day she sent them custard pie  
And they sent back stuffed dates.

And once she sent them angel food  
And they returned ice cream;

Another time for purple plums  
They gave us devil's dream.

She always keeps enough for us  
No matter what she sends.

Our goodies seem much better  
When we share them with our friends.

And even if they didn't, why,  
It's surely lots of fun,

'Cause that way we get two desserts  
Instead of only one!

*Violet A. Storey*

The summer is over,  
The trees are all bare,  
There is mist in the garden  
And frost in the air.  
The meadows are empty  
And gathered the sheaves—  
But isn't it lovely  
Kicking up leaves!

John from the garden  
Has taken the chairs;  
It's dark in the evening  
And cold on the stairs.  
Winter is coming  
And everyone grieves—  
But isn't it lovely  
Kicking up leaves!

*Rose Fyleman*

## On Eating Porridge Made Of Peas Recipe

39

Peas porridge hot,  
Peas porridge—hold!  
Who eats peas porridge?  
Who is so bold?

I know I never munch  
Peas porridge for my lunch,  
and, as for dinner,  
Peas porridge is no winner.

Peas porridge ice cold,  
Peas porridge tepid,  
Who eats peas porridge?  
Who could be so stupid?

Peas porridge nine days old—ugh!  
I think I'd prefer to eat a rug.

*Louis Phillips*

What is poetry? Who knows?  
Not a rose, but the scent of the rose;  
Not the sky, but the light in the sky;  
Not the fly, but the gleam of the fly;  
Not the sea, but the sound of the sea;  
Not myself, but what makes me  
See, hear, and feel something that prose  
Cannot: and what it is, who knows?

*Eleanor Farjeon*

**Recipe****41**

I can make a sandwich.  
I can really cook.  
I made up this recipe  
that should be in a book:  
Take a jar of peanut butter,  
Give it a spread,  
until you have covered  
a half a loaf, of bread.  
Pickles and pineapple,  
strawberry jam  
salami and bologna  
and a half a pound of ham—  
Pour some catsup on it.  
Mix the mustard well.  
Will it taste delicious?  
Only you can tell.

*Walter . Maughan*

## Schoolroom Clock

42

There's a neat little clock  
In the schoolroom it stands,  
And it points to the time  
With its two little hands.

And may we, like the clock,  
Keep a face clean and bright,  
With hands ever ready  
To do what is right.

*Mother Goose*

**The Secrets Of Our Garden**

You think its only a garden,  
    With roses along the wall;  
I'll tell you the truth about it—  
    It isn't a garden at all  
It's really Robin Hood's forest,  
    And over by the big tree  
Is the very place where fat Friar Tuck  
    Fought with the Miller of Dee.  
And back of the barn is a cavem  
    Where Rob Roy really hid;  
On the other side is a treasure chest  
    That belonged to Captain Kidd.  
That isn't the pond that you see there,  
    It's an ocean deep and wide,  
Where six-masted ships are waiting  
    To sail on the rising tide.  
Of course it looks like a garden  
    It's all so sunny and clear—  
You'd be surprised if you really knew  
    The things that have happened here!

*Rupert Sargent Holland*

## Set A Good Example

44

“Do as I say, not as I do”—  
What a foolish point of view!  
To make a point to those you teach,  
You must practice what you preach ...  
Set good examples day by day,  
And then sincerely you can say—  
“Do as I say and as I do”  
To everyone who follows you!

*Alice Joyce Davidson*

**The Skylark****45**

The earth was green, the sky was blue:  
I saw and heard one sunny morn  
A skylark hang between the two,  
A singing speck above the corn:

A stage below, in gay accord,  
White butterflies danced on the wing,  
And still the singing skylark soared,  
And silent sank, and soared to sing.

The cornfield stretched a tender green  
To right and left beside my walks;  
I knew he had a nest unseen  
Somewhere among the million stalks.

And as I paused to hear his song,  
While swift the sunny moments slid.  
Perhaps his mate sat listening long,  
And listened longer than I did.

*Christina Rossetti*

**The Snowbird****46**

When all the ground with snow is white,  
The merry snowbird comes,  
And hops about with great delight  
To find the scattered crumbs.  
How glad he seems to get to eat  
A piece of cake or bread!  
He wears no shoes upon his feet,  
Nor hat upon his head.  
But happiest is he, I know,  
Because no cage with bars  
Keeps him from walking on the snow  
And printing it with stars.

*Frank Dempster Sherman*

**Someone****47**

Someone came knocking,  
At my wee, small door;  
Someone came knocking,  
I'm sure—sure—sure;  
I listened, I opened,  
I looked to left and right,  
But nought there was a-stirring  
In the still dark night;  
Only the busy beetle  
Tap-tapping in the wall;  
Only from the forest  
The screechowl's call,  
Only the cricket whistling  
While the dewdrops fall,  
So I know not who came knocking,  
At all, at all, at all.

*Walter de la Mare*

## Something Told The Wild Geese

48

Something told the wild geese  
It was time to go.  
Though the fields lay golden  
Something whispered, "Snow."  
Leaves were green and stirring  
Berries, luster-glossed  
But beneath warm feathers  
Something cautioned, "Frost."  
All the sagging orchards  
Steamed with amber spice.  
But each wild breast stiffeend  
At remembered ice.  
Something told the wild geese,  
It was time to fly—  
Summer sun was on their wings,  
Winter in their cry

*Rachel Field*

## Spread God's Word

Sometimes  
I want to shout  
with glee—  
“Hey everybody,  
Look at me—  
I found God!”

I found Him  
in the warmth of friendship  
in the joy of giving  
I found Him in loving  
in laughing—  
in living!

I found God

And you can find Him, too—

Just open up your heart

And God will come  
to YOU!

Alice Joyce Davidson

**Spring Morning****50**

Where am I going? I don't quite know.  
Down to the stream where the king-cups grow,  
Up on the hill where the pine trees blow,  
Anywhere, anywhere, I don't know.

Where am I going? The clouds sail by,  
Little ones, baby ones, over the sky.  
Where am I going? The shadows pass,  
Little ones, baby ones, over the grass.

If you were a cloud and sailed up there,  
You'd sail on water as blue as the air,  
And you'd see me here in the fields and say:  
"Doesn't the sky look green today?"

*A. A. Milne*

## Spring Prayer

51

For flowers that bloom about our feet;  
For tender grass, so fresh, so sweet;  
For song of bird, and hum of bee;  
For all things fair we hear or see,  
Father in heaven, we thank Thee!

For blue of stream and blue of sky,  
For pleasant shade of branches high;  
For fragrant air and cooling breeze;  
For beauty of the blooming trees,  
Father in heaven, we thank Thee!

*Ralph W Emerson*

## Star Faithful

52

Let us with a joyful mind,  
Praise the Lord, for He is kind,  
For His mercies shall endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

*John Milton*

**The Steam Shovel****53**

The steam digger  
Is much bigger  
Than the biggest beast I know.  
He snorts and roars  
Like the dinosaurs  
That lived long years ago.

He crouches low  
On his tractor paws  
And scoops the dirt up  
With his jaws.  
Then swings his long  
Stiff neck around  
And spits it out  
Upon the ground ...

Oh, the steam digger  
Is much bigger  
Than the biggest beast I know.  
It snorts and roar  
Like the dinosaurs  
That lived long years ago.

*Rowena Bennett*

**The Swing****54**

How do you like to go up in a swing,  
Up in the air so blue?

Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing  
Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,  
Till I can see so wide,

Rivers and trees and cattle and all  
Over the countryside—

Till I look down on the garden green,  
Down on the roof so brown—

Up in the air I go flying again,  
Up in the air and down!

*Robert Louis Stevenson*

## Thank God For Little Things

55

Thank You, God, for little things  
that often come our way—

The things we take for granted  
but don't mention when we pray—

The unexpected courtesy,  
the thoughtful, kindly deed—

A hand reached out to help us  
in the time of sudden need—

Oh make us more aware, dear God,  
of little daily graces

That come to us with "Sweet Surprise"  
from never-dreamed-of places.

*Helen Steiner Rice*

## Thanks, Dear Jesus

56

THANKS dear Jesus for dying for me,  
THANKS for your all on Calvary's tree,  
THANKS for your payment to set me free,  
THANKS for letting me ransomed be.

THANKS for the tomb that could not contain  
My Lord and my Savior wherein He had lain,  
THANKS for your resurrection, for ascending  
on high,

THANKS for your promise to return by and by.  
THANKS for your love because it never fails,  
THANKS for your grace, it always prevails,  
THANKS for the Holy Spirit, He keeps me  
from sin;

THANKS be to Him who lives within.

*Ed Brandt*

In summertime our garden walk  
Is like a summer street;  
So many bugs run up and down  
With tiny little feet.

The ants are shiny taxicabs,  
Oh, my! They go so fast!  
Here comes a caterpillar bus  
Who slowly travels past.

I'm very sure that bugs must have  
Some very special vision;  
For I have never, never seen  
A bugmobile collision!

*Jane Lear Talley*

**Trees****58**

I think that I shall never see  
A poem lovely as a tree.  
  
A tree whose hungry mouth is prest  
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;  
  
A tree that looks at God all day,  
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;  
  
A tree that may in summer wear  
A nest of robins in her hair;  
  
Upon whose bosom snow has lain;  
Who intimately lives with rain.  
  
Poems are made by fools like me,  
But only God can make a tree.

*Joyce Kilmer*

**Tummyache****59**

Father said that maybe  
it was too much candy.

Mother said more likely  
it was gooseberry jam.

Father said that maybe  
with the sweet things handy

I forgot my gravy  
and vegetables and ham.

Mother said that prob'ly  
I had been too gob'ly.

Father nodded "probably"  
and so did Gram.

But I said "Certainly,  
it **COULDN'T** have been candy.  
It must have been the gravy  
and vegetables  
and ham."

*Aileen Fisher*

**Walking****60**

When Daddy  
Walks  
With Jean and me,  
We have a  
Lot of fun  
Cause we can't  
Walk as fast  
As he,  
Unless we  
Skip and  
Run

I stretch,  
And stretch  
My legs so far,  
I nearly slip  
And fall—  
But how  
Does Daddy  
Take such steps?  
He doesn't stretch  
At all!

*Grace Ellen Glaubitz*

**What Does The Little Birdie Say****61**

What does the little birdie say,  
In her nest at peep of day?  
"Let me fly," says little birdie,  
"Mother, let me fly away."

"Birdie, rest a little longer,  
Till the little wings are stronger."  
So she rests a little longer,  
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,  
In her bed at peep of day?  
Baby says, like little birdie,  
"Let me rise and fly away."

"Baby, sleep a little longer,  
Till the little limbs are stronger."  
If she sleeps a little longer,  
Baby, too, shall fly away.

*Alfred Tennyson*

**What Is It?****62**

Tall ears,  
Twinkly nose,  
Tiny tail,  
And—hop, he goes!

What is he—  
Can you guess?  
I feed him carrots  
And watercress.

His ears are long,  
His tail is small—  
And he doesn't make any  
Noise at all!

Tall ears,  
Twinkly nose,  
Tiny tail,  
And—hop, he goes!

*Mcirie Louise Allen*

**What Is Pink?****63**

What is pink? A rose is pink  
By the fountain's brink.  
What is red? A poppy's red  
In its barley bed.  
What is blue? The sky is blue  
Where the clouds float through  
What is white? A swan is white  
Sailing in the light.  
What is yellow? Pears are yellow,  
Rich and ripe and mellow.  
What is green? The grass is green  
With small flowers between.  
What is violet? Clouds are violet  
In the summer twilight.  
What is orange? Why, an orange,  
Just an orange!

*Christina Rossetti*

**Wind On The Hill****64**

No one can tell me,  
    Nobody knows,  
Where the wind comes from,  
    Where the wind goes.  
It's flying from somewhere  
    As fast as it can  
I couldn't keep up with it,  
    Not if I ran.  
But if I stopped holding  
    The string of my kite,  
It would blow with the wind  
    For a day and a night.  
And then when I found it,  
    Wherever it blew,  
I should know that the wind  
    Had been going there too.  
So then I could tell them  
    Where the wind goes ...  
But where the wind comes from  
    Nobody knows.

*A. A. Milne*

**Wind Song****65**

When the wind blows  
the quiet things speak.  
Some whisper, some clang,  
Some creak.

Grasses swish.  
Treetops sigh.  
Flags slap  
and snap at the sky.  
Wires on poles  
whistle and hum.  
Ash cans roll.  
Windows drum.

When the wind goes—  
suddenly  
then,  
the quiet things  
are quiet again.

*Lilian Moore*

**Windy Nights**

Whenever the moon and stars are set,  
Whenever the wind is high,  
All night long in the dark and wet,  
A man goes riding by.  
Late in the night when the fires are out,  
Why does he gallop and gallop about?

Whenever the trees are crying aloud,  
And ships are tossed at sea,  
By, on the highway, low and loud,  
By at the gallop goes he.  
By at the gallop he goes, and then  
By he comes back at the gallop again.

*Robert Louis Stevenson*

## Who Has Seen The Wind?

67

Who has seen the wind?  
Neither I nor you.  
But when the leaves hang trembling,  
The wind is passing through.

Who has seen the wind?  
Neither you nor I.  
But when the trees bow down their heads,  
The wind is passing by.

*Christina Rosetti*

## The Woodpecker

68

The woodpecker pecked out a little round hole  
And made him a house in the telephone pole.  
One day when I watched he poked out his head,  
And he had on a hood and a collar of red.

When the streams of rain pour out of the sky,  
And the sparkles of lightning go flashing by,  
And the big, big wheels of thunder roll,  
He can snuggle back in the telephone pole.

*Elizabeth Madox Roberts*

**The Worm****69**

When the earth is tuned in  
spring The worms are fat as  
anything.

And birds come flying all around  
To eat the worms right off the ground.

They like worms just as much as  
I Like bread and milk and apple  
pie.

And once, when I was very  
young, I put a worm right on  
my tongue.

I didn't like the taste a bit,  
And so I didn't swallow it.

But oh, it makes my Mother squirm  
Because she thinks I ate the worm!

*Ralph Bergengren*