

Binker-what I call him-is a secret of my own,
And Binker is the reason why I feel alone.
Playing in the nursery, sitting on the stair,
Whatever I am busy at, Binker will be there.

Oh, Daddy is clever, he's a clever sort of man,
And Mummy is the best since the world began
And Nanny is Nanny, and I call her Nan
But they can't
See
Binker.

Binker's always talking, 'cos I'm teaching him to speak;
He sometimes likes to do it in a funny sort of squeak,
And he sometimes like to do it in a hoodling sort of roar ...
And I have to do it for him 'cos his throat is rather sore.

Oh, Daddy is clever, he's a clever sort of man,
And Mummy knows all that anybody can,
And Nanny is Nanny, and I call her Nan
But they don't
Know
Binker.

Binker's brave as lions when we're running in the park;
Binker's brave as tigers when we're lying in the dark;
Binker's brave as elephants. He never, never cries ...
Except (like other people) when the soap gets in his eyes.

Oh, Daddy is Daddy, he's a Daddy sort of man,
And Mummy is as Mummy as anybody can,
And Nanny is Nanny, and I call her Nan ...
But they're not
Like
Binker.

Binker isn't greedy, but he does like things to eat,
So I have to say to people when they're giving me a sweet,
Oh, Binker wants a chocolate, so could you give me two?
And then I eat it for him, 'cos his teeth are rather new.

Well, I'm very fond of Daddy, but he hasn't time to play,
And I'm very fond of Mummy, but she sometimes goes away,
And I'm often cross with Nanny when she wants to brush my hair ...
But Binker's always Binker, and is certain to be there.

A Boy And His Stomach**2**

What's the matter with you-ain't I always been your friend?
Ain't I been a pardner to you? All my pennies don't I spend
In gettin' nice things for you? Don't I give you lots of cake?
Say, stummick, what's the matter, that you had to go an' ache?

Why, I loaded you with good things; yesterday I gave you more
Potatoes, squash, an' turkey than you'd ever had before.
I gave you nuts an' candy, pumpkin pie an' chocolate cake,
An' las' night when I got to bed you had to go an' ache.

Say, what's the matter with you-ain't you satisfied at all?
I gave you all you wanted, you was hard jes' like a ball,
An' you couldn't hold another bit of puddin', yet las' night
You ached mos' awful, stummick; that ain't treatin' me jes' right.

Edgar A. Guest

We cannot all be
famous or listed in Who's Who

But every person great or small
has important work to do,

For seldom do we realize
the importance of small deeds,

Or to what degree of greatness
unnoticed kindness leads-

For it's not the big celebrity
in a world of fame and praise,

But it's doing unpretentiously
in undistinguished ways,

The work that God assigned for us,
Unimportant as it seems,

That makes our task outstanding
and brings reality to dreams-

So do not sit and idly wish
for wider newer dimensions,

Where you can put in practice
your many good intentions-

But at the spot God placed you
begin at once to do

Little things to brighten up
the lives surrounding you,

For if everybody brightened up
the spot on which they're standing.

By being more considerate
and a little less demanding,

This dark cold world could very soon
eclipse the Evening Star

If everybody brightened up
the corner where they are.

Helen Steiner Rice

One day we took our lunches,
And all went driving down
To see the big procession
Parading through the town.
The people lined the pavements;
Along the curb they sat:
Some woman with a parasol
Knocked off Eliza's hat.
The boys climbed up the lampposts,
And up the awnings too;
They shouted and they whistled
To everyone they knew.
The people were so noisy,
All talking in the street,
I thought I heard the music,
And heard the big drums beat.

Some boy cried out, "It's coming."
I pushed with all the rest.
It only was a wagon-
"Salvation oil's the best."

Tommy began to whimper-
It was so hot that day;
Till all, upon a sudden,
Began to look one way,

And down the street came something-
All big and gray and slow-.

The elephants and camels
At last it was THE SHOW.

The banners waved and glittered:
Then came the riders gay;
The elephants all swung their trunks,
The band began to play.

And on a golden chariot,
Far, far up, all alone,

There sat a lovely lady
Upon a gilded throne.

Then came the spotted ponies;
They trotted brisk and small,
And one a clown was leading
The littlest of all.

Next was a cage of lions,
And dressed in spangles bright,
There sat a man among them:
Indeed it was a sight!

Another band; and wagons
Still rumbling, rumbling passed,
And then a crowd of little boys,
And then-that was the last.

That night when all were sleeping,
And everything was still,
I heard a circus wagon
Come jolting up the hill.

Another and another
Went rumbling through the night,
And then two elephants passed by,
Close covered out of sight.

When all had passed the tollgate
I jumped back into bed,
But all that night the sound of wheels
Kept rumbling through my head.

Katharine Pyle

I was trying to read the paper,
Reclined on my easy chair,
But my mischievous little five-year-old
Was driving me to despair.
He pulled my ears, and tickled my feet,
And peeked at me with a smile
"Daddy, will you get down on the floor
And play with me for awhile?"
Reluctantly I agreed to play,
And put aside my paper;
Then assumed the form of sway-backed nag,
Who gaily began to caper.
He rode me around the coffee table
A hundred times I think;
Then into his room to get his guns,
To the kitchen for a drink.
Finally I collapsed on the floor
In front of the TV set,
Hoping that we could rest for awhile-
But he wasn't through with me yet.
He tugged my belt, and he pulled my hair,
And laughed at my every groan.
Then bounced on me like a trampoline
And rattled my every bone.
I truly think that my life was spared
When his mommy spoke up and said,
"Put away your toys and kiss your daddy.
It's time now to go to bed."
But quickly soothed were my weary bones,
And my heart was filled with joy;
He said, "Goodnight. I love you, Daddy;
You are my favorite toy!"

George Harris

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd
A host of golden daffodils
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I, at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed-and gazed-but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood;
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

William Wordsworth

Hats off! Along the street there comes
blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,

flash of color beneath the sky: H
ats off! The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.
Hats off! The colors before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea fights and land fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and to save the State;
Weary marches and sinking ships
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and years of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right and law,
Stately honor and reverend awe:

Sign of a nation, great and strong
To ward her people from foreign wrong:
Pride and glory and honor-all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off! Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
And loyal hearts are beating high;
Hats off! The flag is passing by!

Henry H. Bennett

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

Farewell to the Highlands, Farewell to the North,
The birthplace of valor, the country of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove.
The hills of the Highlands forever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high covered with snow;
Farewell to the straths* and green valleys below;
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer,
Chasing the wild deer and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

Robert Burns

*low grasslands along a river valley (a Scottish word)

Harriet Tubman didn't take no stuff
Wasn't scared of nothing neither.
Didn't come in this world to be no slave
And wasn't going to stay one either.

"Farewell!" she sang to her friends one night
She was mighty sad to leave 'em.
But she ran away that dark, hot night
Ran looking for her freedom.

She ran to the woods and she ran through the woods.
With the slave catchers right behind her.
And she kept on going until she got to the woods
Where those mean men couldn't find her.

Nineteen times she went back South
To get three hundred others.
She ran for her freedom nineteen times
To save black sisters and brothers.
Harriet Tubman didn't take no stuff
Wasn't scared of nothing neither.
Didn't come in this world to be no slave
And didn't stay one either.
And didn't stay one either.

Eloise Greenfield

If I were a Pilgrim child,
Dressed in white or gay,
I should catch my turkey wild
For Thanksgiving Day.
I should pick my cranberries
Fresh from out a bog,
And make a table of a stump
And sit upon a log.
An Indian would be my guest
And wear a crimson feather,
And we should clasp our hands and say
Thanksgiving grace together.
But I was born in modern times
And shall not have this joy.
My cranberries will be delivered
By the grocery boy.
My turkey will be served upon
A shining silver platter.
It will not taste as wild game tastes
Though it will be much fatter;
And, oh, of all the guests that come
Not one of them will wear
Moccasins upon his feet
Or feathers in his hair!

Rowena Bennett

The King asked
The Queen, and
The Queen asked
The Dairymaid:
"Could we have some butter for
The Royal slice of bread?"
The Queen asked
The Dairymaid,
The Dairymaid
Said, "Certainly,
I'll go and tell
The cow
Now
Before she goes to bed."

The Dairymaid
She curtsied,
And went and told
The Alderney:
"Don't forget the butter for
The Royal slice of bread."
The Alderney
Said sleepily:
"You'd better tell
His Majesty
That many people nowadays
Like marmalade
Instead."

The Dairymaid
Said, "Fancy!"
And went to
Her Majesty.
She curtsied to the Queen, and

She turned a little red:
“Excuse me,
Your majesty
For taking of
The liberty,
But Marmalade is tasty, if
It’s very
Thickly
Spread.”

The Queen said
“Oh!” And went to His Majesty:
“Talking of the butter for
The Royal slice of bread,
Many people
Think that
Marmalade
Is nicer.
Would you like to try a little
Marmalade
Instead?”
The King said,
”Bother!”
And then he said,
“Oh, deary me!”
The King sobbed, “Oh, deary me!”
And went back to bed.
”Nobody,”
He whimpered,
“Could call me
A fussy man;
I *only* want
A little bit
Of butter for
My bread!”

The Queen said,
"There, there!"
And went to
The Dairymaid.
The Dairymaid
Said "There, There!"
And went to the shed.
The cow said,
"There, there!"
I didn't really
Mean it;
Here's milk for his porringer
And butter for his bread."
The Queen took
The butter
And brought it to
His Majesty;
The King said,
"Butter, eh?"
And bounced out of bed.
"Nobody," he said,
As he slid down
The banisters,
"Nobody,
My darling,
Could call me
A fussy man—

BUT

I do like a little bit of butter
for my bread!"

A. A. Milne

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and staunch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket molds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new
And the soldier was passing fair,
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

“Now, don’t you go till I come,” he said
“And don’t you make any noise!”
So toddling off to his trundle-bed
He dreamed of the pretty toys.
And as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true.

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face.
And they wonder, as waiting these long years through
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue
Since he kissed them and put them there.

Eugene Field

When Jesus was a boy did he
Swing on the gates of Galilee,
Bring home foundling pups and kittens,
Scuff his sandals, lose his mittens,
Weight his pockets with a treasure
Adult eyes can never measure,
Scratch his hands and stub his toes
On rocky hills where cactus grows,
Set stones and quills and bits of thread
On the windowsill beside his bed
So that on waking he could see
All yesterday's bright prophecy?
Did he play tag with the boys next door,
Tease for sweets in the grocery store,
Whittle and smooth a spinning top
In his father's carpenter shop,
Run like wind to sail his kite,
Smile and sigh in his sleep at night,
Laugh with you in long-lost springs
About a thousand small, endearing things?
Is he the one that said that you
Should always dye your dresses blue?
With eyes bright as cinnamon silk,
Red lips ringed with a mist of milk
Did he ... lifting his earthen cup
Say: "Just wait until I grow up"?

Mary O'Neill

I have a little shadow that goes in and out
with me,

And what can be the use of him is more
than I can see.

He is very, very like me from the heels
up to the head;

And I see him jump before me, when I
jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way
he likes to grow-

Not at all like proper children, which is
always very slow;

For he sometimes shoots up taller like an
India-rubber ball,

And he sometimes gets so little that
there's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children
ought to play,

And can only make a fool of me in every
sort of way.

He stays so close behind me, he's a
coward you can see;

I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that
shadow sticks to me!

One morning, very early, before the sun
was up,

I rose and found the shining dew on
every buttercup;

But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant
sleepyhead,

Had stayed at home behind me and was
fast asleep in bed.

Robert Louis Stevenson

When I was but a little chap
My Grandpapa said to me,
“You’ll need to know your manners, son,
When you go out to tea.

“Remove the shells from hard-boiled eggs,
Make sure your hat’s on straight,
Pour lots of honey on your peas
To keep them on the plate.

“Blow daintily upon your tea
To cool it to your taste,
And always pick bones thoroughly,
With due regard for waste.

“Be heedful of your partners’ needs,
Attend their every wish;
When passing jelly, cream or jam,
Make sure they’re in the dish.

“When eating figs or coconuts,
To show you are refined,
Genteely gnaw the centers out
And throw away the rind.

“If you should accidentally gulp
Some coffee while it’s hot,
Just raise the lid politely and
Replace it in the pot.”

Wilbur G Howcroft

One winter night in August
While the larks sang in their eggs,
A barefoot boy with shoes on
Stood kneeling on his legs.

At ninety miles an hour
He slowly strolled to town
And parked atop a tower
That had just fallen down.

He asked a kind old policeman
Who bit small boys in half,
“Officer, have you seen my pet
Invisible giraffe?”

“Why, sure, I haven’t seen him.”
The cop smiled with a sneer.
“He was just here tomorrow
And he rushed right back next year.

“Now, boy, come be arrested
For stealing frozen steam!”
And whipping out his pistol,
He carved some hot ice cream.

Just then a pack of dogfish
Who roam the desert snows
Arrived by unicycle
And shook the policeman’s toes.

They cried, “Congratulations,
Old dear! Surprise, surprise!
You raced the worst, so you came in first
And you didn’t win any prize!”

Then turning to the boyfoot bear,
They yelled, “He’s overheard
What we didn’t say to the officer!
(We never said one word!)

“Too bad, boy, we must turn you
Into a loathsome toad!
Now shut your ears and listen,
We’re going to explode!”

But then, with an awful holler
That didn’t make a peep,
Our ancient boy (age seven)
Woke up and went to sleep.

It was an old, old, old lady
And a boy that was half-past three;
And the way that they played together
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go running and jumping,
And the boy, no more could he,
For he was a thin little fellow,
With a thin little twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight
Out under the maple trees,
And the game that they played I'll tell you
Just as it was told to me.

It was hide-and-go-seek they were playing,
Though you'd never had known it to be
With an old, old, old lady,
And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down
On his one little sound right knee,
And he'd guess where she was hiding,
In guesses One, Two, Three.

"You are in the china closet,"
He would cry and laugh with glee
It wasn't the china closet,
But he still had Two, and Three.

"You are up in papa's big bedroom,
In the chest with the queer old key,"
And she said; "You are warm and warmer
But you're not quite right," said she.

"It can't be the little cupboard
Where mama's things used to be;
So it must be the clothes press, Grandma."
And he found her with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers,
That were wrinkled and white and wee
And she guessed where the boy was hiding,
With a One and a Two and a Three.

And they never had stirred from their places,
Out under the maple tree
This old, old, old, old lady
And the boy with the lame little knee
This dear, dear, dear old lady
And the boy who was half-past three.

"The proper way for a man to pray,"
Said Deacon Lemuel Keyes,
"And the only proper attitude
Is down upon his knees."

"Nay, I should say the way to pray,"
Said Reverend Doctor Wise
"Is standing straight with outstretched arms
And rapt and upturned eyes."

"Oh, no, no, no," said Elder Snow,
"Such posture is too proud.
A man should pray with eyes fast closed
And head contritely bowed."

"It seems to me his hands should be
Austerely clasped in front.
With both thumbs pointing toward the ground,"
Said Reverend Doctor Blunt.

"Las' year I fell in Hodgkin's well
Head first," said Cyrus Brown,

"With both my heels a-stickin' up,
My head a-p'inting down,"

"An' I make a prayer right then an' there
Best prayer I ever said,
The prayinest prayer I ever prayed,
A-standing on my head."

Sam Walter Foss

Relatives are people who
Bring little presents in to you.
They're more like friends who come to call,
Except you've got to learn them all
An' know their names, so you won't miss
When mother asks you: "Now, who's this?"

I've got two grandmas, an' I know
Them both becoz they love me so.
I know my grandpas, when they come
They bring me chocolate bars and gum.
You see how well I'm getting on
I also know my Uncle John.

Although I'm only half-past three,
My daddy says, it's good for me
To know so much. I never miss
The right name when they say: "Who's this?"
It would be awful not to know
Your Aunt Irene and Auntie Flo.

It isn't often I forget.
I don't know all my cousins yet
Or what a cousin is at all,
But daddy says when you are small
It proves that you are very smart
If you know half your folks by heart.

Edgar A. Guest

Everybody, everywhere, seeks happiness
—it's true

But finding it and keeping it
seems difficult to do,

Difficult because we think
that happiness is found

Only in the places where
wealth and fame abound,

And so we go on searching
in "palaces of pleasure"

Seeking recognition
and monetary treasure,

Unaware that happiness
is just a state of mind

Within the reach of everyone
who takes time to be kind—

For in making others happy,
we will be happy, too,

For the happiness you give away
returns to shine on you.

Helen Steiner Rice

Christopher Robin
Had wheezles
And sneezles,
They bundled him
Into
His bed.
They gave him what goes
With a cold in the nose,
And some more for a cold
In the head.
They wondered
If wheezles
Could turn
Into measles,
If sneezles
Would turn
Into mumps;
They examined his chest
For a rash,
And the rest
Of his body for swelling and lumps.

They sent for some doctors
In sneezles
And wheezles
To tell them what out
To be done.
All sorts and conditions
Of famous physicians
Came hurrying round
At a run.
They all made a note
Of the state of his throat,
They asked if he suffered from thirst;
They asked if the sneezles
Came *after* the wheezles,
Or if the first sneeze
Came first.

They said, "If you teazle
A sneeze
Or wheeze,
A measle
May easily grow.
But humor or pleazle
The wheeze
Or sneeze,
The measle
Will certainly go.

They expounded the reazles
For sneezles
And wheezles,

The manner of measles
When new.
They said, "If he freezles
In draughts and in breezles,
The PHTHEEZLES
May even ensue."

Christopher Robin
Got up in the morning,
The sneezles had vanished away.
And the look in his eye
Seemed to say to the sky,
"Now, how to amuse them today?"

A. A. Milne

The woman was old and ragged and gray
And bent with the chill of the winter's day.
The street was wet with a recent snow
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.
She stood at the crossing and waited long
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng
Of human beings who passed her by
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.
Down the street, with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of "school let out,"
Came the boys like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep.
Past the woman so old and gray
Hastened the children on their way.
Nor offered a helping hand to her—
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir
Lest the carriage wheels or the horses's feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.
At last came the merry troop,
The happiest laddie of all the group;
He paused beside her and whispered low,
"I'll help you cross, if you wish to go."
Her aged hand on her strong arm
She placed, and so, without hurt or harm,
He guided the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong.
Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.
"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's aged and poor and slow,
"And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother you understand,
"If ever she's poor and old and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away."
And "somebody's mother" bowed low her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said
Was "God be kind to the noble boy,
Who is somebody's son, and pride and joy!"

Mary Dow Brine

Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark, and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

Robert Frost

Have you ever heard of the Sugar-Plum Tree?
 'Tis a marvel of great renown!

It blooms on the shore of the Lollipop sea
 In the garden of Shut-Eye Town;

The fruit that it bears is so wondrously sweet
 (As those who have tasted it say)

That good little children have only to eat
 Of that fruit to be happy next day.

When you've got to the tree, you would have a hard time
 To capture the fruit which I sing;

The tree is so tall that no person could climb
 To the boughs where the sugar-plums swing!

But up in that tree sits a chocolate cat,
 And a gingerbread dog prowls below—

And this is the way you contrive to get at
 Those sugar-plums tempting you so:

You say but the word to that gingerbread dog
 And he barks with such terrible zest

That the chocolate cat is at once all agog,
 As her swelling proportions attest.

And the chocolate cat goes cavorting around
 From this leafy limb unto that,

And the sugar-plums tumble, of course, to the ground—
 Hurrah for that chocolate cat!

There are marshmallows, gumdrops, and peppermint canes,
 With stripings of scarlet or gold,

And you carry away of the treasure that rains
 As much as your apron can hold!

So come, little child, cuddle closer to me
 In your dainty white nightcap and gown,

And I'll rock you away to that Sugar-Plum Tree
 In the garden of Shut-Eye Town.

Eugene Field

To me trees are the loveliest things,
Their friendly arms always outspread;
Sometimes in them I see bright wings,
A nest, and then a young bird's head.

I love the trees when morning dew
Like prisms hang, or diamonds rare;
I love them in the noontide too;
They shield me from the sun's warm glare.

I love them in the autumn when
They deck themselves in gay attire;
They flaunt their colors proudly then,
And blaze as with a living fire.

I love them when the breezes blow
The dancing, trembling, painted leaves;
I love them when the fleecy snow
Among their branches magic weaves.

When in the mellow moonlight glow,
As sentinels I see them stand,
I hear their voices soft and low;
They tell me tales of fairyland.

Grace Oakes Burton

“Pitter patter!” falls the rain
On the schoolroom window pane.
Such a splashing! such a dashing!
Will it e'er be dry again?
Down the gutter rolls a flood,
And the crossing's deep in mud;
And the puddles! oh, the puddles
Are a sight to stir one's blood!

But let it rain
Tree-toads and frogs
Muskets and pitchforks
Kittens and dogs!
Dash away! splash away!
Who is afraid?
Here we go,
The umbrella brigade!

Pull the boots up the knee!
Tie the hoods on merrily!
Such a hustling! such a jostling!
Out of breath with fun are we,
Clatter, clatter down the street,
Greeting everyone we meet,
With our laughing and our chaffing
Which the laughing drops repeat.

Pitter patter! pitter patter!
Pitter patter! pitter patter!

Laura Richards

Wherever I am, there's always Pooh,
There's always Pooh and Me.
Whatever I do, he wants to do.
"Where are you going today?" says Pooh:
"Well, that's very odd 'cos I was too.
Let's go together," says Pooh, says he.
"Let's go together," says Pooh.

"What's twice eleven?" I said to Pooh.
("Twice what?" said Pooh to Me.)
"I *think* it ought to be twenty-two."
"Just what I think myself," said Pooh,
"It wasn't an easy sum to do,
But that's what it is," said Pooh, said he.
"That's what it is," said Pooh.

"Let's look for dragons," I said to Pooh.
"Yes, let's," said Pooh to Me.
We crossed the river and found a few—
"Yes, those are dragons all right," said Pooh.

"As soon as I saw their beaks I knew.
That's what they are," said Pooh, said he.
"That's what they are," said Pooh.

"Let's frighten the dragons," I said to Pooh.
"That's right," said Pooh to Me.
"I'm not afraid," I said to Pooh.

And I held his paw and I shouted "Shoo!
Silly old dragons!—and off they flew. "
I wasn't afraid," said Pooh, said he.
"I'm *never* afraid with you."

So wherever I am, there's always Pooh,
There's always Pooh and Me.
"What would I do?" I said to Pooh,
"If it wasn't for you," and Pooh said: "True,
It isn't much fun for One, but Two
Can stick together," says Pooh, says he.
"That's how it is," says Pooh.

Down in a green and shady bed,
A modest violet grew;
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head
As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flower,
Its color bright and fair;
It might have graced a rosy bower,
Instead of hiding there.

Yet thus it was content to bloom,
In modest tint arrayed;
And there diffused a sweet perfume,
Within the silent shade.

Then let me to the valley go
This pretty flower to see;
That I may also learn to grow
In sweet humility.

Jane Taylor

(Recitation for a Boy)

So many things were different
When Grandpa was a boy.
He never saw a movie
And he seldom had a toy.

He never soared aloft in planes;
No radio had he;
An auto was unusual,
A downright novelty.

He walked three miles to school each day,
And wrote upon a slate.
And lots of things I daily eat,
Young Grandpa never ate.

Yet he is always telling me
About the "good old days,"
And how he'd not exchange his youth
For all our modern ways.

He's sure he fished with greater luck
Along his special streams;
And hazelnuts were bigger
In Grandpa's day, it seems.

I wonder, when I'm Grandpa's age,
If I will then enjoy
The thought that things were better,
When I was just a boy.

Dorothy Walters

Why does the wind so want to be
Here in my little room with me?
He's all the world to blow about,
But just because I keep him out
He cannot be a moment still,
But frets upon my window-sill.
And sometimes brings a noisy rain
To help him batter at the pane.
He rattles, rattles at the lock
And lifts the latch and stirs the key—
Then waits a moment breathlessly,
And soon, more fiercely than before,
He shakes my little trembling door,
And though "Come in, Come in!" I say,
He neither comes nor goes away.

Barefoot across the chilly floor
I run and open wide the door;
He rushes in and back again
He goes to batter door and pane,
Pleased to have blown my candle out.
He's all the world to blow about,
Why does he want so much to be
Here in my little room with me?

E. Rendall

Have you been at sea on a windy day
When the water's blue
And the sky is too,
And showers of spray
Come sweeping the decks
And the sea is dotted
With little flecks
Of foam, like daisies gay;

When there's salt on your lips,
In your eyes and hair,
And you watch other ships
Go riding there?
Sailors are happy,
And birds fly low
To see how close they can safely go
To the waves as they heave and roll.

Then wheeling, they soar
Mounting up to the sky,
Where billowy clouds
Go floating by!
Oh, there's fun for you
And there's fun for me
At sea
On a windy day!

Winifred Howard

Over the hills we go coasting down,
Then across the lake like a mirror round;
On the smooth white slope we start, from above,
Then down we go as swift as a dove.

Out in the yard right by our gate
The big, white snowman we like to make.
We shape it with snow, white and clean;
With fir moss for a beard
It's just the thing.

A carrot for a nose and apples for eyes,
It makes him look so very wise.

Down on the pond there is everyone

Skating together; oh, what fun!

A figure eight, a tug of war,

There's a bonfire blazing on the shore.

We'll warm our hands before we run;

There's hot chocolate waiting for everyone.

We'll sing together for good cheer;

It's the merriest, happiest time of the year.

Edna Jaques

Do you know the neighbor that lives in your block;
Do you ever take time for a bit of a talk?
Do you know his troubles, his heartaches, his
cares, The battles he's fighting, the burdens he
bears?
Do you greet him with joy or pass him right
by With a questioning look and a quizzical
eye?
Do you bid him "Good morning" and say "How do you
do," Or shrug up as if he was nothing to you?
He may be a chap with a mighty big heart,
And a welcome that grips, if you just do your part.
And I know you'll coax out his sunniest smile,
If you'll stop with this neighbor and visit awhile.

We rush on so fast in these strenuous days,
We're apt to find fault when it's better to
praise. We judge a man's worth by the make
of his car; We're anxious to find what his
politics are.
But somehow it seldom gets under the
hide, The fact that the fellow we're living
beside Is a fellow like us, with a
hankering, too,
For a grip of the hand and a "How do you do!"

With a heart that responds in a welcome
sincere If you'll just stop to fling him a
message of cheer, And I know you'll coax out
his sunniest smile,
If you'll stop with this neighbor and visit awhile.

E. Howard Biggar