

**Abraham Lincoln**

**1**

Remember he was poor and country-bred;  
His face was lined; he walked with awkward gait.  
Smart people laughed at him sometimes and said,  
“How can so very plain a man be great?”

Remember he was humble, used to toil.  
Strong arms he had to build a shack, a fence,  
Long legs to tramp the woods, to plow the soil,  
A head chuck full of backwoods common sense.

Remember all he ever had he earned,  
He walked in time through stately White House doors;  
But all he knew of men and life he learned  
In little backwoods cabins, country stores.

Remember that his eyes could light with fun;  
That wisdom, courage, set his name apart;  
But when the rest is duly said and done,  
Remember that men loved him for his heart.

*Mildred Meigs*

I always shout when Grandma comes,  
But Mother says, "Now please be still  
And good and do what Grandma wants."  
And I say, "Yes, I will."

So off we go in Grandma's car.  
"There's a brand new movie quite near by,"  
She says, "that I'd rather like to see."  
And I say, "So would I"

The show has horses and chases and battles;  
We gasp and hold hands the whole way through.  
She smiles and says, "I liked that lots."  
And I say, "I did, too."

"It's made me hungry, though," she says,  
I'd like a malt and tarts with jam.  
By any chance are you hungry, too?"  
And I say, "Yes, I am."

Later at home my Mother says,  
"I hope you were careful to do as bid.  
Did you and Grandma have a good time?"  
And I say, "YES, WE DID!!!"

*Barbara A. Huff*

America was forests,  
America was grain,  
Wheat from dawn to sunset,  
And rainbows trailing rain.

America was beavers,  
Buffalo in seas,  
Corn silk and the johnnycake,  
Songs of scythes and bees.

America was brown men  
With eyes full of the sun,  
But America was schoolmasters,  
Tall one by lonely one.

They heaved oak, carried water,  
Their hands were knuckleboned.  
They piled on loads of syntax,  
Till the small boys groaned.

They taught the girls such manners  
As stiffened them for life,  
But made many a fine speller,  
Good mother and good wife.

They took small wiry children,  
Wild as panther-cats,  
And turned them into reasoning,  
Sunny Democrats.

They caught a nation eager,  
They caught a nation young,  
They taught the nation fairness,  
Thrift, and the golden tongue.

They started at the bottom  
And built up strong and sweet,  
They shaped our minds and morals,  
With switches on the seat!

*Robert P Tristram Coffin*

Animal crackers and cocoa to drink,  
THAT is the finest of suppers, I think:  
When I'm grown up and can have what I please  
I think I shall always insist upon these.  
What do you choose when you're offered a treat?  
When Mother says, "What would you like best to eat?"  
Is it waffles and syrup or cinnamon toast?  
It's cocoa and animals that I love most!

The kitchen's the cosiest place that I know:  
The kettle is singing, the stove is aglow,  
And there in the twilight, how jolly to see  
The cocoa and animals waiting for me.

Daddy and Mother dine later in state  
With Mary to cook for them, Susan to wait:  
But they don't have nearly as much fun as I  
Who eat in the kitchen with nurse standing by;  
And Daddy once said, he would like to be me  
Having cocoa and animals once more for tea!

*Christopher Morley*

Now that they've abolished chrome work  
I'd like to call their attention to home work.  
Here it is only three decades since my scholarship was famous,  
And I'm an ignoramus.  
I cannot think which goes sideways and which goes up and down, a parallel or a meridian,  
Nor do I know the name of him who first translated the Bible into Indian,  
I see him only as an enterprising colonial Gideon.  
I have difficulty with dates,  
To say nothing of the annual rainfall of the Southern Central States.  
Naturally the correct answers are just back of the tip of my tongue,  
But try to explain that to your young.  
I am overwhelmed by their erudite banter,  
I am in no condition to differentiate between Tamerland and Tam O'Shanter.  
I reel, I sway, I am utterly exhausted;  
Should you ask me when Chicago was founded I could only reply I didn't even know it was losted.

*Ogden Nash*

There are lions and roaring tigers, and enormous camels and things,  
There are biffalo-buffalo-bisons, and a great big bear with wings,  
There's a sort of tiny potamus, and tiny nosserus too—  
But I gave buns to the elephant when I went down to the Zoo!

There are badgers and bidgers and bodgers, and a Super- in-tendent's House,  
There are masses of goats, and a Polar, and different kinds of mouse,  
And I think there's a sort of a something which is called a wallaboo—  
But I gave buns to the elephant when I went down to the Zoo!

If you try to talk to the bison, he never quite understands;  
You can't shake hands with a mongo—he doesn't like shaking hands.  
And lions and roaring tigers hate saying, "How do you do?"—  
But I give buns to the elephant when I go down to the Zoo?

*A. A. Milne*

Just a little bit of kindness  
Can go a long, long way,  
Just a little bit of tenderness  
Can brighten up a day.

Just a bit of praise where it's deserved  
Can bring a happy glow,  
Just a hand held out can give some hope  
To someone feeling low.

A forgiving word, a handshake,  
A pat upon the head,  
Can take away a heavy heart  
And bring a smile instead.

Just a little bit of kindness  
Can go a long, long way  
In reflecting the benevolence  
God shows us every day!

*Alice Joyce Davidson*

I know the song that the bluebird is singing,  
Out in the apple tree where he is swinging.  
Brave little fellow! the skies may look dreary—  
Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery.

Hark! how the music leaps out from his throat!  
Hark! was there ever so merry a note?  
Listen awhile and you'll hear what he's saying,  
Up in the apple tree swinging and swaying.

“Dear little blossoms down under the snow,  
You must be weary of winter, I know; Hark,  
while I sing you a message of cheer  
Summer is coming and springtime is here!”

“Little white snowdrops, I pray you arise;  
Bright yellow, crocus, come, open your eyes;  
Sweet little violets, hid from the cold,  
Put on your mantles of purple and gold.  
Daffodils, daffodils! say, do you hear?  
Summer is coming and springtime is here!

*Emily Huntington Miller*

A boy that is truthful and honest  
And faithful and willing to work;  
But we have not a place that we care to disgrace  
With a boy that is ready to shirk.

Wanted—a boy you can tie to,  
A boy that is trusty and true,  
A boy that is good to old people,  
And kind to the little ones too.

A boy that is nice to the home folks,  
And pleasant to sister and brother,  
A boy who will try when things go awry  
To be helpful to father and mother.

These are the boys we depend on—  
Our hope for the future, and then  
Grave problems of state and the world's work await  
Such boys when they grow to be men.

*From The Book of Virtues*

I think I am a Muffin Man. I haven't got a bell,  
 I haven't got the muffin things that muffin people sell.  
 Perhaps I am a Postman. No, I think I am a Tram.  
 I'm feeling rather funny and I don't know what I am

BUT

Round about  
 And round about  
 And round about I go—  
 All round the table,  
 The table in the nursery—  
 Round about  
 And round about  
 And round about I go;  
 I think I am a Traveler escaping from a Bear;  
  
 I think I am an Elephant,  
 Behind another Elephant  
 Behind another Elephant who isn't really there ...

SO

Round about  
 And round about  
 And round about and round about  
 And round about  
 And round about I go.  
  
 I think I am a Ticket Man who's selling tickets—please,  
 I think I am a Doctor who is visiting a Sneeze;  
 Perhaps I'm just a Nanny who is walking with a pram  
 I'm feeling rather funny and I don't know what I am

BUT

Round about  
 And round about  
 And round about I go:  
 All around the table,  
 The table in the nursery—  
 Round about  
 And round about  
 And round about I go:  
 I think I am a Puppy, so I'm hanging out my tongue;  
 I think I am a Camel who  
 Is looking for a Camel who  
 Is looking for a Camel who is looking for its Young...

SO

Round about  
 And round about  
 And round about and round about  
 And round about  
 And round about I go.

Once there was a little boy,  
    With curly hair and pleasant eye—  
A boy who always told the truth,  
    And never, never told a lie.  
And when he trotted off to school,  
    The children all about would cry,  
“There goes the curly-headed boy—  
    The boy that never tells a lie.”  
And everybody loved him so,  
    Because he always told the truth,  
That every day, as he grew up,  
    ‘Twas said, “There goes the honest youth.”  
And when the people that stood near  
    Would turn to ask the reason why,  
The answer would be always this:  
    “Because he never tells a lie.”

*From The Book of Virtues*

My mother she's so good to me, if I was  
good as I could be,

I couldn't be as good—no sir! Can't any  
boy be good as her!

She loves me when I'm glad er sad; she  
loves me when I'm good er bad;

An', what's a funniest thing, she says  
she loves me when she punishes.

I don't like her to punish me. That don't  
hurt, but it hurts to see

Her cryin'. Nen I cry; an' nen we both  
cry and be good again.

She loves me when she cuts an' sews my  
little cloak an' Sund'y clothes;

An' when my Pa comes home to tea, she  
loves him most as much as me.

She laughs an' tells him all I said, an'  
grabs me up an' pats my head;

An' I hug her, an' hug my Pa an' love  
him purt'nigh as much as Ma.

*James Whitcomb Riley*

Sometimes the sky seems miles away  
Sometimes just o'er the hill.  
Why should it always move about,  
Why does it never stand quite still?  
I've just been wond'ring.

What makes the sun go 'cross the sky  
A-smiling down at me?  
Does he sneak back when I'm asleep  
And it's so dark I cannot see?  
I've just been wond'ring.

Why is the moon sometimes so slim  
And then so big and fat?  
Do you suppose he eats enough  
To swell as big and round as that?  
I've just been wond'ring.

What makes the stars keep twinkling  
So happy and so bright?  
Do they know something funny that  
Keeps them laughing all the night?  
I've just been wond'ring.

*Dorothy J Shearer*

The chameleon changes his color;  
    He can look like a tree or a wall;  
He is timid and shy and he hates to be seen,  
So he simply sits down on the grass and grows green,  
    And pretends he is nothing at all.  
I wish I could change my complexion  
    To purple or orange or red:  
I wish I could look like the arm of a chair  
So nobody ever would know I was there  
    When they wanted to put me to bed.  
I wish I could be a chameleon  
    And look like a lily or rose;  
I'd lie on the apples and peaches and pears,  
But not on Aunt Margaret's yellowy chairs—  
    I should have to be careful of those.  
The chameleon's life is confusing;  
    He is used to adventure and pain;  
But if he ever sat on Aunt Maggie's cretonne  
And found what a curious color he'd gone,  
    I don't think he'd do it again.

*A. P. Herbert*

The band blares,  
The naphtha flares,  
The sawdust smells,  
Showmen ring bells,  
And oh! right into the circus ring  
Comes such a lovely, lovely thing,  
A milk-white pony with flying tress,  
And a beautiful lady,  
A beautiful lady,  
A beautiful lady in a pink dress!  
The red-and-white clown  
For joy tumbles down.  
Like a pink rose  
Round she goes  
On her tiptoes  
With the pony under—  
And then, oh, wonder!  
The pony his milk-white tresses droops,  
And the beautiful lady,  
The *beautiful* lady,  
Flies like a bird through the paper hoops!  
The red-and-white clown for joy falls dead,  
Then he waggles his feet and stands on his head,  
And the little boys on the two penny seats  
Scream with laughter and suck their sweets.

*Eleanor Farjeon*

*Parade*

This is the day the circus comes  
With blare of brass, with beating drums,  
And clashing cymbals, and with roar  
Of wild beasts never heard before  
Within town limits. Spick and span  
Will shine each gilded cage and van;  
Cockades at every horse's head  
Will nod, and riders dressed in red  
Or blue trot by. There will be floats  
In shapes like dragons, thrones and boats,  
And clowns on stilts; freaks big and small  
Till leisurely and last of all  
Camels and elephants will pass  
Beneath our elms, along our grass

*The Performing Seal*

Who is so proud  
As not to feel  
A secret awe  
Before a seal  
That keeps such sleek  
And wet repose  
While twirling candles  
On his nose?

*Gunga*

With wrinkled hide and great frayed ears  
Gunga, the elephant, appears.  
Colored like city smoke he goes  
As gingerly on blunted toes  
As if he held the earth in trust  
And feared to hurt the very dust.

*Rachel Field*

In fourteen-hundred-ninety-two  
Columbus sailed away  
To try to reach rich India  
By a much shorter way.

Columbus said, "The world is round."  
But others said, "It's flat—  
If you sail far you might fall off."  
Columbus laughed at that.

And yet he found out that his trip  
Took longer than he planned,  
For it was many, many weeks  
Before they sighted land.

And then they weren't in India  
For when they stepped ashore  
They found no silks or spices—  
But they really found much more.

Yes, there Columbus stood upon  
An unknown continent  
Columbus found America,  
And quite by accident.

*Laraine Eloise Jacobson*

*There's sun on the river and sun on the hill ...*  
You can hear the sea if you stand quite still!  
There's eight new puppies at Roundabout Farm  
And I saw an old sailor with only one arm!

But every one says, "Run along!"  
(Run along, run along!)  
All of them say, "Run along! I'm busy as can be."  
Every one says, "Run along,  
There's a little darling!"  
If I'm a little darling, why don't they run with me?

*There's wind on the river and wind on the hill ...*  
There's dark dead water-wheel, under the mill!  
I saw a fly which had just been drowned—  
And I know where a rabbit goes into the ground!

But every one says, "Run along!"  
(Run along, run along!)  
All of them say, "Yes, dear," and never notice me.  
Every one says, "Run along,  
There's a little darling!"  
If I'm a little darling, why won't they come and see?

*A. A. Milne*

All things bright and beautiful,  
All creatures, great and small,  
All things wise and wonderful,  
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,  
Each little bird that sings,  
He made their glowing colors,  
He made their tiny wings;

The rich man in his castle,  
The poor man at his gate,  
God made them, high or lowly,  
And order'd their estate.

The purple-headed mountain,  
The river running by,  
The sunset and the morning  
That brightens up the sky;  
The cold wind in the winter,

The pleasant summer sun  
The ripe fruits in the garden— He  
made them everyone.

The tall trees in the greenwood,  
The meadows where we play,  
The rushes by the water  
We gather every day;

He gave us eyes to see them,  
And lips that we might tell  
How great is God Almighty  
Who has made all things well!

*Cecil Frances Alexander*

A Crocodile once dropped a line  
To a Fox to invite him to dine;  
    But the Fox wrote to say  
    *He was dining, that day,*  
With a *Birdfriend*, and begged to decline.  
She sent off at once to a Goat.  
“Pray don’t disappoint me,” she wrote;  
    But he answered too late,  
    *He’d forgotten the date,*  
*Having thoughtlessly eaten her note.*  
The Crocodile thought him ill-bred,  
And invited two Rabbits instead;  
    But the Rabbits replied,  
    *They were hopelessly tied*  
*By a previous engagement*, and fled.  
Then she wrote in despair to some Eels,  
And begged them to “drop in” to meals;  
    But the Eels left their cards  
    *With their coldest regards,*  
And took to what went for their heels.  
Cried the Crocodile then, in disgust,  
“My motives they seem to mistrust.  
    Their suspicions are base!  
    Since they don’t know their place,  
I suppose if I *must* starve, I *must*!”

*Oliver Herford*

Daniel Boone at twenty-one  
Came with his tomahawk, knife, and gun  
Home from the French and Indian War  
To North Carolina and the Yadkin shore  
He married his maid with a golden band,  
Built his house and cleared his land;  
But the deep woods claimed their son again  
And he turned his face from the homes of men.  
Over the Blue Ridge, dark and lone,  
The Mountains of Iron, the Hills of Stone,  
Braving the Shawnee's jealous wrath,  
He made his way on the Warrior's Path.  
Alone he trod the shadowed trails;  
But he roved Kentucky, far and near,  
Hunting the buffalo, elk, and deer.  
What joy to see, what joy to win  
So fair a land for his kith and kin,  
Of streams unstained and woods unhewn!  
"Elbow room!" laughed Daniel Boone.

*Arthur Guiterman*

If I were in a fairy tale,  
And it were my good luck  
To have a wish, I'd choose to be  
A lovely snow-white duck.

When she puts off into the pond  
And leaves me on the brink,  
She wags her stumpy tail at me,  
And gives me a saucy wink,

Which says as plain as words can say,  
I'm safe as safe can be,  
Stay there, or you will drown yourself  
The pond was made for me.

She goes a-sailing to and fro,  
Just like a fishing boat,  
And steers and paddles all herself,  
And never wets her coat.

Then in the water, upside down,  
I've often seen her stand  
More neatly than the little boys  
Who do it on the land.

And best of all, her children are  
The ducklings bright as gold,  
Who swim about the pond with her  
And do as they are told.

*E.L.M. King*

Oh! how shall I get it, how shall I get it—  
A nice little new-laid egg?  
My grandmamma told me to run to the barn-yard,  
And see if just one I could beg.

“Mooly-cow, Mooly-cow, down in the meadow,  
Have you any eggs, I pray?”  
The mooly-cow stares as if I were crazy,  
And solemnly stalks away.

“Oh, Doggie, Doggie, perhaps you may have it,  
That nice little egg for me.”  
But Doggie just wags his tail and capers,  
And never an egg has he.

“Now, Dobbin, Dobbin, I’m sure you must have one,  
Hid down in your manger there,”  
But Dobbin lays back his ears and whinnies,  
With “Come and look, if you dare!”

“Piggywig, Piggywig, grunting and squealing,  
Are you crying ‘Fresh eggs for sale’?  
No! Piggy, you’re very cold and unfeeling,  
With that impudent quirk in your tail.”

“You wise old Gobbler, you look so knowing,  
I’m sure you can find me an egg.  
You stupid old thing! just say ‘Gobble-gobble.’  
And balance yourself on one leg.”

Oh! how shall I get it, how shall I get it—  
That little white egg so small?  
I’ve asked every animal here in the barnyard,  
And they won’t give me any at all.

But after I’d hunted until I was tired  
I found—not one egg, but ten!  
And you *never* could guess where they all were hidden—  
Right under our old speckled hen!

*Laura E Richards*

Every time I climb a tree  
Every time I climb a tree  
Every time I climb a tree  
I scrape a leg  
Or skin a knee  
And every time I climb a tree  
I find some ants  
Or dodge a bee  
And get the ants  
All over me.

And every time I climb a tree  
Where have you been?  
They say to me  
But don't they know that I am free  
Every time I climb a tree?  
I like it best to spot a nest  
That has an egg  
Or maybe three.

And then I skin  
The other leg  
But every time I climb a tree  
I see a lot of things to see  
Swallows, rooftops and TV  
And all the fields and farms there be  
Every time I climb a tree.  
Though climbing may be good for ants  
It isn't awfully good for pants  
But still it's pretty good for me  
Every time I climb a tree.

*David Mccord*

Jesus our brother, kind and good,  
Was humbly bom in a stable rude;  
The friendly beasts around Him stood,  
Jesus our brother, kind and good.

“I,” said the donkey, shaggy and brown,  
“I carried His Mother up hill and down;  
I carried her safely to Bethlehem town,  
I,” said the donkey, shaggy and brown.

“I,” said the cow, all white and red,  
“I gave Him my manger for His bed;  
I gave Him my hay to pillow His head.  
I,” said the cow, all white and red.

“I,” said the sheep with the curly horn,  
”I gave Him my wool for a blanket warm.  
He wore my coat on Christmas morn.  
I,”said the sheep with the curly horn.

“I,” said the dove from the rafters high,  
”I cooed Him to sleep so He would not cry,  
I cooed Him to sleep, my mate and I.  
I,” said the dove from the rafters high.

And every beast, by some good spell,  
In the stable dark was glad to tell,  
Of the gift he gave Immanuel.  
The gift he gave Immanuel.

*An old carol from France*

Up into the cherry tree  
Who should climb but little me?  
I held the trunk with both my hands  
And looked abroad on foreign lands.

I saw the next door garden lie,  
Adorned with flowers, before my eye,  
And many pleasant places more  
That I had never seen before.

I saw the dimpling river pass  
And be the sky's blue looking-glass;  
The dusty roads go up and down  
With people trampling in to town.

If I could find a higher tree  
Farther and farther I could see,  
To where the grown-up river slips  
Into the sea among the ships,

To where the roads on either hand  
Lead onward into fairyland,  
Where all the children dine at five,  
And all the playthings come alive.

*Robert Louis Stevenson*

Arithmetic is where numbers fly  
like pigeons in and out of your head.

Arithmetic tells you how many you lose or win  
if you know how many you had  
before you lost or won.

Arithmetic is seven eleven all good children  
go to heaven—or five six bundle of sticks.

Arithmetic is numbers you squeeze from your  
head to your hand to your pencil to  
your paper  
till you get the right answer. . . .

If you have two animal crackers, one good and one bad,  
and you eat one and a striped zebra  
with streaks all over him eats the other,  
how many animal crackers will you have  
if somebody offers you five six seven  
and you say  
No no no and you say Nay nay nay  
And you say Nix nix nix?

If you ask your mother for one fried egg  
for breakfast and she gives you  
two fried eggs and you  
eat both of them, who is better  
in arithmetic  
you or your mother?

*Carl Sandburg*

Friendship is a priceless gift that cannot  
be bought or sold  
But its value is far greater than a  
mountain made of gold.  
For gold is cold and lifeless, it can neither  
see nor hear,  
And in the time of trouble, it is powerless  
to cheer.  
It has no ears to listen, no heart to  
understand.  
It cannot bring you comfort, or reach out  
a helping hand.  
So when you ask God for a gift, be  
thankful if He sends  
Not diamonds, pearls or riches, but the  
love of real true friends.

*Helen Steiner Rice*

Worry about courage  
Worry about cleanliness  
Worry about efficiency  
Worry about horsemanship

Things not to worry about:

Don't worry about popular opinion  
Don't worry about dolls  
Don't worry about the past  
Don't worry about the future  
Don't worry about growing up  
Don't worry about anybody getting ahead of you  
Don't worry about triumph  
Don't worry about failure unless it comes through your own fault  
Don't worry about mosquitoes  
Don't worry about flies  
Don't worry about insects in general  
Don't worry about parents  
Don't worry about boys  
Don't worry about disappointments  
Don't worry about pleasures  
Don't worry about satisfactions

Things to think about:

What am I really aiming at?  
How good am I in comparison to my  
contemporaries in regard to:  
(a) Scholarship  
(b) Do I really understand about  
people and am I able to get along  
with them?  
(c) Am I trying to make my body a  
useful instrument or am I neglecting it?

*From The Book of Virtues*

It's funny how often they say to me, "Jane?  
"Have you been a good girl?"  
"Have you been a good girl?"  
And when they have said it, they say it again,  
"Have you been a good girl?"  
"Have you been a good girl?"

I go to a party, I go out to tea,

I go to an aunt for a week at the sea,

I come back from school or from  
playing a game;

Wherever I come from, it's always the same:

"Well?

Have you been a good girl, Jane?"

It's always the end of the loveliest day:

"Have you been a good girl?"

"Have you been a good girl?"

I went to the Zoo, and they waited to say:

"Have you been a good girl?"

"Have you been a good girl?"

Well, what did they think that I went there to do?

And why should I want to be bad at the Zoo?

And should I be likely to say if I had?

So that's why it's funny of Mummy and Dad,

This asking and asking, in case I was bad,

"Well?

Have you been a good girl, Jane?"

*A. A. Milne*

For all the beauties of the day,  
The innocence of childhood's play,  
For health and strength and laughter sweet,  
Dear Lord, our thanks we now repeat.

For this our daily gift of food  
We offer now our gratitude,  
For all the blessings we have known  
Our debt of gratefulness we own.

Here at the table now we pray,  
Keep us together down the way;  
May this, our family circle, be  
Held fast by love and unity.

Grant, when the shades of night shall fall,  
Sweet be the dreams of one and all;  
And when another day shall break  
Unto Thy service may we wake.

*Edgar A. Guest*

I looked in the house.  
I looked in the yard.  
I looked near the swing.  
I looked very hard.

I called your name  
And peeked near the stair,  
And searched the garage  
I looked everywhere!

So, come out! Come out! Wherever you are—  
I know you can't be very far.  
Come out! Come out! Let's start all over.  
It's no fun finding such a rover.

Aha! I see you! You can't fool me.  
There you are behind the tree.  
Oh, no! Don't say the game is ended.  
I think Hide and Seek is splendid!

*Mimi Brodsky*

I'm hiding, I'm hiding;  
And no one knows where,  
For all they can see is my  
Toes and my hair.

And I just heard my father  
Say to my mother"—  
But, darling, he must be  
Somewhere or other;

Have you looked in the ink well?"  
And Mother said, "Where?"  
"In the INK well," said Father. But  
I was not there.

Then "Wait!" cried my mother  
"I think that I see  
Him under the carpet." But  
It was not me.

"Inside the mirror's  
A pretty good place,"  
Said Father and looked but saw  
Only his face.

"We've hunted," sighed Mother,  
"As hard as we could  
And I AM so afraid that we've  
Lost him for good."

Then I laughed out aloud  
And I wiggled my toes  
And Father said—"Look, Dear  
I wonder if those  
Toes could be Benny's.  
There are ten of them. See?"  
And they *were* so surprised to find  
Out it was me!

*Dorothy Aldis*

“I was bom an American; I live an American; I shall die an American and I intend to perform the duties incumbent upon me in that character to the end of my career. I mean to do this with absolute disregard of personal consequences.”

“What are the personal consequences? What is the individual man, with all the good or evil that may be-tide him in comparison with the good or evil which may befall a great country and in the midst of great transactions which may concern that country’s fate?”

“Let the consequences be what they will, I am careless. No man can suffer too much and no man can fall too soon, if he suffers, or if he fall, in the defense of the liberties and the Constitution of his country.”

*Daniel Webster*

If you were busy being kind,  
Before you knew it, you would find  
You'd soon forget to think 'twas true  
That someone was unkind to you.

If you were busy being glad,  
And cheering people who are sad,  
Although your heart might ache a bit,  
You'd soon forget to notice it.

If you were busy being good,  
And doing just the best you could,  
You'd not have time to blame some man  
Who's doing just the best he can.

If you were busy being right,  
You'd find yourself too busy quite  
To criticize your neighbor long  
Because he's busy being wrong.

*From The Book of Virtues*

The dog is man's best friend.  
He has a tail on one end.  
Up in front he has teeth.  
And four legs underneath.

Dogs like to bark.  
They like it best after dark.  
They not only frighten prowlers away  
But also hold the sandman at bay.

A dog that is indoors  
To be let out implores.  
You let him out and what then?  
He wants back in again.

Dogs display reluctance and wrath  
If you try to give them a bath.  
They bury bones in hideaway  
And half the time they trot sideways.

They cheer up people who are frowning  
And rescue people who are drowning,  
They also track in mud on beds,  
And chew people's clothes to shreds.

Dogs in the country have fun.  
They run and run and run.  
But in the city this species  
Is dragged around on leashes.

Dogs are upright as a steeple  
And much more loyal than people.

*Ogden Nash*

It is raining.

Where would you like to be in the rain?  
Where would you like to be?

I'd like to be on the city street  
Where the rain comes down in a driving sheet,  
Where it wets the houses—roofs and wall—  
The wagons and horses and autos and all.  
That's where I'd like to be in the rain,  
That's where I'd like to be.

It is raining.

Where would you like to be in the rain?  
Where would you like to be?

I'd like to be on a ship at sea,  
Where everything's wet as wet as can be  
And the waves are rolling high,  
Where sailors are pulling the rope and singing,  
And wind's in the rigging and salt spray's singing  
And round us sea gulls cry.  
On a dipping skimming ship at sea—  
That's where I'd like to be in the rain!  
That's where I'd like to be!

*Lucy Sprague Mitchell*

I meant to do my work today,  
But a brown bird sang in the apple tree,  
And a butterfly flitted across the field,  
And all the leaves were calling me.

And the wind went sighing over the land,  
Tossing the grasses to and fro,  
And a rainbow held out its shining hand—  
So what could I do but laugh and go?

*Richard Le Gallienne*

Poor old Jonathan Bing  
Went out in his carriage to visit the King,  
But everyone pointed and said, "Look at that!  
Jonathan Bing has forgotten his hat!"  
(He'd forgotten his hat!)

Poor old Jonathan Bing  
Went home and put on a new hat for the King,  
But up by the palace a soldier said, "Hi!  
You can't see the King: you've forgotten your tie!"  
(He's forgotten his tie!)

Poor old Jonathan Bing  
He put on a *beautiful* tie for the King,  
But when he arrived an Archbishop said, "Ho!  
You can't come to court in pajamas, you know!"

Poor old Jonathan Bing  
Went home and addressed a short note to the King:

If you please will excuse me  
I won't come to tea;  
For home's the best place for  
All people like me!

*Beatrice Curtis Brown*

Little children, never give  
Pain to things that feel and live;  
Let the gentle robin come  
For the crumbs you save at home;  
As his meat you throw along  
He'll repay you with a song.  
Never hurt the timid hare  
Peeping from her green grass lair,  
Let her come and sport and play  
On the lawn at close of day.  
The little lark goes soaring high  
To the bright windows of the sky,  
Singing as if 'twere always spring,  
And fluttering on an untired wing—  
Oh! let him sing his happy song,  
Nor do these gentle creatures wrong.

*From The Book of Virtues*

Little Lamb, who made thee?  
Dost thou know who made thee?  
Gave thee life, and bid thee feed,  
By the stream and o'er the mead;

Gave thee clothing of delight,  
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;  
Gave thee such a tender voice,  
Making all the vales rejoice?  
Little Lamb, who made thee?  
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little Lamb, I'll tell thee,  
Little Lamb, I'll tell thee:

For He calls Himself a Lamb.  
He is meek, and He is mild;  
He became a little child.  
I a child, and thou a lamb,  
We are called by His name.  
Little Lamb, God bless thee!  
Little Lamb, God bless thee!

*William Blake*

My tea is nearly ready and the sun has left the sky;  
It's time to take the window to see Leerie going by;  
For every night at teatime and before you take  
your seat  
With lantern and with ladder he comes posting up  
the street.  
Now Tom would be the driver and Maria go to sea,  
And my Papa's a banker and as rich as he can be;  
But I, when I am stronger and can choose what  
I'm to do,  
O Leerie, I'll go round at night and light the  
lamps with you.  
For we are very lucky, with a lamp before the door,  
And Leerie stops to light it as he lights so many more;  
And oh! before you hurry by with ladder and  
with light,  
O Leerie, see a little child and nod to him tonight!

*Robert Louis Stevenson*

At evening, when the lamp is lit,  
Around the fire my parents sit;  
They sit at home and talk and sing,  
And do not play at anything.

Now, with my little gun, I crawl  
All in the dark along the wall,  
And follow round the forest track  
Away behind the sofa back.

There, in the night, where none can spy,  
All in my hunter's camp I lie,  
And play at books that I have read  
Till it is time to go to bed.

These are the hills, these are the woods,  
These are my starry solitudes;  
And there the river by whose brink  
The roaring lions come to drink.

I see the others far away  
As if in firelit camp they lay,  
And I, like to an Indian scout,  
Around their party prowl about.

So, when my nurse comes in for me,  
Home I return across the sea,  
And go to bed with backward looks  
At my dear Land of Story-Books.

*Robert Louis Stevenson*

It looks like any building  
When you pass it on the street,  
Made of stone and glass and marble,  
Made of iron and concrete.  
But once inside you can ride  
A camel or a train,  
Visit Rome, Siam, or Nome,  
Feel a hurricane,  
Meet a king, learn to sing,  
How to bake a pie,  
Go to sea, plant a tree,  
Find how airplanes fly,  
Train a horse, and of course  
Have all the dogs you'd like,  
See the moon, a sandy dune,  
Or catch a whopping pike.  
Everything that books can bring  
You'll find inside those walls.  
A world is there for you to share  
When adventure calls.

You cannot tell its magic  
By the way the building looks,  
But there's wonderment within it,  
The wonderment of books.

*Barbara A. Huff*

There was a boy of other days,  
A quiet, awkward, earnest lad,  
Who trudged long weary miles to get  
A book on which his heart was set—  
And then no candle had!

He was too poor to buy a lamp  
But very wise in woodmen's ways.  
He gathered seasoned bough and stem,  
And crisping leaf, and kindled them  
Into a ruddy blaze.

Then as he lay full length and read,  
The firelight flickered on his face  
And etched his shadow on the gloom  
And made a picture on the room  
In that most humble place.

The hard years came, the hard years went,  
But gentle, brave and strong of will,  
He met them all. And when today  
We see his pictured face, we say  
"There's light upon it still."

*Nancy Byrd Turner*

I looked into the mirror  
And what did I see —  
A funny little monkey  
Looking back at me.

I looked in the kitchen  
And what do you think—  
I saw a sawn swimming  
In the kitchen sink.

I looked into the icebox  
And what do you know—  
Sitting on the cheese  
Was a coal-black crow.

I looked in the bedroom  
And under the bed—  
I saw a little beetle  
Stark stone dead.

I looked in the bathroom  
And sitting in the tub—  
Was a big polar bear  
And her little bear cub.

I looked in the closet  
And I had to laugh—  
When I saw a long-necked  
Spotty giraffe.

Wherever I looked  
I found something queer—  
A purple balloon  
Or a blue reindeer,

A cat in the cupboard  
A mouse in the tea—  
But I never did find  
What I went out to see.

No, I never did find  
What I set out to see—  
I looked everywhere  
But I never found—me.

*Beatrice Schenk DeRegniers*

Poor little Lucy  
By some mischance,  
Lost her shoe  
As she did dance:  
'Twas not on the  
stairs, Not  
in the hall;  
Not where they sat  
At supper at all.  
She looked in the  
garden, But there  
it was not;  
Henhouse, or  
kennel, Or  
high  
dovecote.  
Dairy and meadow,  
And wild woods through  
Showed not a trace  
Of Lucy's shoe.  
Bird nor bunny  
Nor glimmering moon  
Breathed a whisper  
Of where 'twas gone.  
It was cried and  
cried, Oyez  
and Oyez!  
In French, Dutch,  
Latin, and  
Portuguese.  
Ships the dark seas  
Went plunging through,  
But none brought  
news Of  
Lucy's shoe;  
And still she patter  
In silk and leather,  
O'er snow, sand,  
shingle, In  
every weather;  
Spain, and Africa,  
Hindustan,  
Java, China, and lamped  
Japan; Plain and desert,  
She hops-hops through,  
Pernambuco to gold  
Peru;  
Mountain and forest,  
and river too,  
All the world over for her lost shoe.

I studied my tables over and over,  
and backward and forward too;  
But I couldn't remember six times nine,  
and I didn't know what to do,  
Till my sister told me to play with my  
doll, and not to bother my head.  
"If you call her 'Fifty-four' for a  
while, you'll learn it by hear," she  
said  
So I took my favorite, Mary Ann  
(though I thought 'twas a dreadful shame  
To give such a perfectly lovely child  
such a perfectly horrid name),  
And I called her my dear little "Fifty-four"  
a hundred time, till I knew  
The answer of six times nine as well  
as the answer to two times two.  
Next day Elizabeth Wiggleworth,  
who always acts so proud,  
Said, "Six times nine is fifty-two,"  
and I nearly laughed aloud!  
But I wished I hadn't when teacher said,  
"Now, Dorthothy, tell if you can."  
For I thought of my doll, and 'sakes alive!—  
I answered "Mary Ann!"

*Anna Maria Pratt*

Daddy fixed breakfast.  
He made us each a waffle.  
It looked like gravel pudding.  
It tasted something awful.

“Ha, ha,” he said, “I’ll try again.  
This time I’ll get it right.”  
But what I got was in between  
Bituminous and anthracite.

“A little too well done? Oh well,  
I’ll have to start all over.”  
*That* time what landed on my plate  
Looked like a manhole cover.

I tried to cut it with a fork  
The fork gave off a spark.  
I tried a knife and twisted it  
Into a question mark.

I tried it with a hack-saw.  
I tried it with a torch.  
It didn’t even make a dent.  
It didn’t even scorch.

The next time Dad gets breakfast  
When Mummy’s sleeping late,  
I think I’ll skip the waffles.  
I’d sooner eat the plate!

*John Ciardi*

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 supposed to go.  
He tracks up the house when it's snowing  
Oh, puppy, I love you so.

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.

*Marchette Chute*

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 sometimes he 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 beside 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 lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleep-head,  
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.

*Robert Louis Stevenson*

Folks think I'm such a tiny tot  
That I can't make a speech,  
For someone said to Mamma  
I am too young to teach.

But I can tell a story  
I'm sure you never heard;  
And if you'll only listen,  
I'll tell you every word.

One morning very early  
I heard a whisper low,  
It came from near my bedside,  
This little voice, you know.

"Oh dear, I'm very wretched,  
Is any one more tried?  
For just behold my trouble,  
I'm broken in my side.

I'm tom and bruised and scratched  
And grown so very thin,  
It is indeed a really sad  
Condition I am in."

And then another voice replied  
"I'm sorry you are sad,  
But misery loves company  
And I am just as bad.

I've worked all day from mom till eve,  
Right side by side with you;  
I've suffered woes, until, until—  
My sole's wom through and through.

Then let us creep together, close,  
Our waning life to spend;  
For this is just a solemn fact,  
We are too bad to mend."

Just then I opened my eyes  
To hear such awful news,  
And by my bed I only saw  
My little wom-out shoes.

*Mrs. E. H. Goodfellow*

The Owl and the Pussycat went to sea  
In a beautiful pea-green boat,  
They took some honey, and plenty of money,  
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.  
The owl looked up to the stars above,  
And sang to a small guitar,  
“O lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love,  
What a beautiful Pussy you are,  
You are, You are!  
What a beautiful Pussy you are!”

Pussy said to the Owl, “You elegant fowl!  
How charmingly sweet you sing!  
Let us be married! too long we have tarried:  
But what shall we do for a ring?”  
They sailed away for a year and a day,  
To the land where the bong-tree grows;  
And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood,  
With a ring at the end of his nose,  
His nose, His nose,  
With a ring at the end of his nose.

“Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling  
Your ring?” Said the Piggy, “I will.”  
So they took it away, and were married next day  
By the Turkey who lives on the hill.  
They dined on mince, and slices of quince,  
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;  
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,  
They danced by the light of the moon,  
The moon, The moon,  
They danced by the light of the moon.

*Edward Lear*

Come visit my pancake collection,  
it's unique in the civilized world.  
I have pancakes for every description,  
pancakes flaky and fluffy and curled.

I have pancakes of various sizes,  
pancakes regular, heavy and light,  
underdone pancakes and overdone pancakes,  
and pancakes done perfectly right.

I have pancakes locked up in the closets,  
I have pancakes on hangers and hooks.  
They're in bags and in boxes and bureaus,  
and pressed in the pages of books.

There are pretty ones sewn to the cushions  
and tastefully pinned to the drapes.  
The ceilings are coated with pancakes,  
and the carpets are covered with crepes.

I have pancakes in most of my pockets,  
and concealed in the linings of suits.  
There are tiny ones stuffed in my mittens  
and larger ones packed in my boots.

I see that you've got to be going,  
Won't you let yourselves out by the door?  
It is time that I pour out the batter  
and bake up a few hundred more.

*Jack Prelutsky*

I met a man as I went walking;  
We got talking,  
Man and I.  
“Where are you going to, Man?” I said.  
(I said to the man as he went by)  
“Down to the village to get some bread.  
Will you come with me?” “No, not I.”

I met a horse as I went walking;  
We got talking,  
Horse and I.  
“Where are you going to, Horse, today?”  
(I said to the Horse as he went by)  
“Down to the village to get some hay.  
Will you come with me?” “No, not I”

I met a Woman as I went walking;  
We got talking,  
Woman and I.  
“Where are you going to, Woman, so early?”  
(I said to the Woman as she went by)  
“Down to the village to get some barley.  
Will you come with me?” “No, not I.”

I met some Rabbits as I went walking;  
We got talking,  
Rabbits and I.  
“Where are you going in your brown fur coats?”  
(I said to the Rabbits as they went by)  
“Down to the village to get some oats.  
Will you come with us?” “No, not I”

I met a Puppy as I went walking;  
We got talking,  
Puppy and I.  
“Where are you going this fine day?”  
(I said to the Puppy as he went by)  
“Up in the hills to roll and play.”  
“I’ll come with you, Puppy,” said I.

Hail! Ho!  
Sail! Ho!  
Ahoy! Ahoy! Ahoy!  
Who calls to me,  
So far at sea?  
Only a little boy!

Sail! Ho!  
Hail! Ho!  
The sailor he sails the sea,  
I wish he would capture  
A little sea-horse  
And send him home to me.

I wish, as he sails  
Through the tropical gales,  
He would catch me a sea-bird, too,  
With its silver wings  
And the song it sings,  
And its breast of down and dew!

I wish he would catch me  
A little Mermaid,  
Some island where he lands,  
And her dripping curls,  
And her crown of pearls,  
And the looking-glass in her hands!

Hail! Ho!  
Sail! Ho!  
Sail far o'er the fabulous main!  
And if I were a sailor,  
I'd sail with you,  
Though I never sail back again!

*James Whitcomb Riley*

Underneath the boardwalk, way, way back  
There's a splendid cavern, big and black.  
If you want to get there, you must crawl  
Underneath the posts and steps and all.  
When I've finished paddling, there I go—  
*None of all the other children know!*

There I keep my treasures in a box  
Shells and colored glass, and queer-shaped rocks,  
In a secret hiding-place I've made,  
Hollowed out with clamshells and a spade,  
Marked with yellow pebbles in a row—  
*None of all the other children know!*

It's a place that makes a splendid lair,  
Room for chests and weapons and one chair.  
In the farthest comer, by the stones,  
I shall have a flag with skulls and bones  
And a lamp that casts a lurid glow—  
*None of all the other children know!*

Some time, by and by, when I am grown  
I shall go and live there all alone;  
I shall dig and paddle till it's dark,  
Then go out and man my private bark;  
I shall fill my cave with captive foe—  
*None of all the other children know!*

*Margaret Viddemer*

I'd rather see a sermon than hear one any day,  
I'd rather one should walk with me than merely show the way.  
The eye's a better pupil and more willing than the ear;  
Fine counsel is confusing, but example's always clear;  
And the best of all the preachers are the men who live their creeds,  
For to see the good in action is what everybody needs.  
I can soon learn how to do it if you'll let me see it done.  
I can watch your hands in action, but your tongue too fast may run.  
And the lectures you deliver may be very wise and true;  
But I'd rather get my lesson by observing what you do.  
For I may misunderstand you and the high advice you give,  
But there's no misunderstanding how you act and how you live.

*Edgar A. Guest*

I'm shouting  
I'm singing  
I'm swinging through trees  
I'm winging skyhigh  
With the buzzing black bees.  
I'm the sun  
I'm the moon  
I'm the dew on the rose.  
I'm a rabbit  
Whose habit  
Is twitching his nose.  
I'm lively  
I'm lovely  
I'm kicking my heels.  
I'm crying "Come dance"  
To the freshwater eels.  
I'm racing through meadows  
Without any coat  
I'm a gamboling lamb  
I'm a light leaping goat  
I'm a bud  
I'm a bloom  
I'm a dove on the wing.  
I'm running on rooftops  
And welcoming spring!

*Karla Kuskin*

He ran right out of the woods to me,  
Little and furry and panting with fright;  
I offered a finger just to see—  
And both of his paws held on to it tight.

Was it dogs that had scared him? A crashing limb?  
I waited a while but there wasn't a sign  
Of his mother coming to rescue him,  
So then I decided he was mine.

I lifted him up and he wasn't afraid  
To ride along in the crook of my arm.  
"A very fine place," he thought, "just made  
For keeping me comfortable, safe, and warm."

At home he seemed happy to guzzle his milk  
Out of an eye dropper six times a day.  
We gave him a pillow of damask silk  
On which he very royally lay.

He frisked on the carpets, he whisked up the stairs,  
(Where he played with some soap 'til it made him sneeze.)  
He loved it exploring the tables and chairs,  
And he climbed up the curtains exactly like trees.

We watched his fuzzy gray stomach swell.  
He grew until he could leave a dent  
In the pillow on which he'd slept so well—  
And then ... Oh, then one morning he went.

Perhaps a squirrel around the place  
Adopted him: oh, we're certain it's true  
For once a little looking down face  
Seemed to be saying: "How do you do?"

*Dorothy A Idis*

When the rain comes tumbling down  
In the country or the town,  
All good little girls and boys  
Stay at home and mind their toys.  
Robert thought, "No, when it pours,  
It is better out of doors."  
Rain it *did*, and in a minute  
Bob was in it  
Here you see him, silly fellow,  
Underneath his red umbrella.

What a wind! Oh! how it whistles  
Through the trees and flowers and thistles!  
It had caught his red umbrella;  
Now look at him, silly fellow,  
Up he flies  
To the skies.  
No one heard his screams and cries,  
Through the clouds the rude wind bore him,  
And his hat flew on before him.  
Soon they got to such a height,  
They were nearly out of sight!  
And the hat went up so high,  
That it really touched the sky.

No one ever yet could tell  
Where they stopped or where they fell:  
Only, this one thing is plain,  
Bob was never seen again!

*From the German of Heinrich Hoffman,*

If you have a word of cheer that may  
    light the pathway drear,  
Of a brother pilgrim here, let him know.  
Show him you appreciate what he does  
    and do not wait  
Till the heavy hand of fate lays him low.  
If your heart contains a thought that will  
    brighter make his lot,  
Then, in mercy, hide it not; tell him so.  
Wait not till your friend is dead 'ere your  
    compliments are said;  
For the spirit that has fled, if it know,  
    does not need to speed it on  
Our poor praise; where it has gone,  
    love's eternal, golden dawn is aglow.  
But unto our brother here that poor praise  
    is very dear;  
If you've any word of cheer, tell him so.

*F A. Egerton*

Mary Mcguire's our cook, you know;  
And Bridget McCann, our neighbor,  
Does whatever she finds to do,  
And lives by honest labor;  
And every morning when she comes  
To help about the dairy,  
"A foine day *this!*" says Bridget McCann,  
"It is *that!*" answers Mary.

It may be June, or it may be March  
With sleet and wild winds blowing,  
Whether it's warm and bright, and fair,  
Or whether it's cold and snowing,  
Bridget McCann comes bouncing in  
Her cheeks as red as a cherry,  
And "A foine day *this!*" she always says  
"It is *that!*" answers Mary.

*Florence Boyce Davis*

Three little kittens lost their mittens,  
And they began to cry,  
O mother dear,  
We sadly fear  
That we have lost our mittens.

Lost your mittens!  
You naughty kittens!  
Then you shall have no pie.  
Mew, mew, mew.  
No, you shall have no pie.  
Mew, mew, mew.

Three little kittens found their mittens,  
Found your mittens,  
You little kittens,  
Then you may have some pie.  
Purr, purr, purr.  
Oh, let us have the pie.  
Purr, purr, purr.

The three little kittens put on their mittens,  
And soon ate up their pie.  
O mother dear  
We greatly fear  
That we have soiled our mittens.

Soiled your mitten!  
You naughty kittens!  
Then they began to sigh.  
Mew, mew, mew.

The three little kittens washed their mittens  
And hung them out to dry.  
O mother dear,  
Look here, look here!  
See! We have washed our mittens.

Washed your mittens!  
Oh, you're good kittens.  
But I smell a rat close by.  
Hush! Hush! Mew, mew.  
We smell a rat near by.  
Mew, mew, mew.

Timothy Tim was a very small cat  
Who looked like a tiger the size of a rat.  
There were little black stripes running all over him,  
With just enough white on his feet for a trim  
On Tiger-Cat Tim.

Timothy Tim had a little pink tongue  
That was spoon, comb, and washcloth all made into one.  
He lapped up his milk, washed and combed all his fur,  
And then he sat down in the sunshine to purr.  
Full little Tim!

Timothy Tim had a queer little way  
Of always pretending at things in his play.  
He caught pretend mice in the grass and sand,  
And fought pretend cats when he played with your hand,  
Fierce little Tim!

He drank all his milk, and he grew and grew.  
He ate all his meat and his vegetables too.  
He grew very big and he grew very fat,  
And now he's a lazy old, sleepy old cat,  
Timothy Tim!

*Edith H. Newlin*

Trees are the kindest things I know,  
They do no hann, they simply grow.  
  
And spread a shade for sleepy cows,  
And gather birds among their boughs.  
  
They give us fruit in leaves above,  
And wood to make our houses of,  
  
And leaves to bum on Hallowe'en  
And in the spring new buds of green.  
  
They are the first when day's begun  
To touch the beams of morning sun.  
  
They are the last to hold the light  
When evening changes into night.  
  
And when a moon floats on the sky  
They hum a drowsy lullaby.  
  
Of sleepy children long ago.  
Trees are the kindest things I know.

*Harry Behn*

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*

Little Miss Nothing-to-do  
Is fretful and cross and so blue,  
And the light in her eyes  
Is all dim when she cries  
And her friends, they are few, Oh, so few!

Her dolls, they are nothing but sawdust and clothes,  
Whenever she wants to go skating it snows,  
And everything's criss-cross, the world is askew!  
I wouldn't be Little Miss Nothing-to-do  
Would you?

Little Miss Busy-all-day  
Is cheerful and happy and gay  
And she isn't a shirk  
For she smiles at her work  
And she romps when it comes time for play.

Her dolls, they are princesses, blue-eyed and fair,  
She makes them a throne from a rickety chair,  
And everything happens the jolliest way,  
I'd rather be Little Miss Busy-all-day, Hurray,  
I'd rather be Little Miss Busy-all-day, I say.

*James W. Foley*

I don't travel on planes.  
I travel on trains.  
Once in a while, on trains,  
I see people who travel on planes.  
Every once in a while I'm surrounded  
By people whose planes have been grounded.  
I'm enthralled by their air-minded snobbery,  
Their exclusive hobnobbery.  
They feel that they have to explain  
How they happen to be on a train,  
For even in Drawing Room A  
They seem to feel déclassé  
So they sit with portentous faces  
Clutching their attaché cases.

They grumble and fume about how  
They'd have been in Miami by now.  
By the time that they're passing through Rahway  
They should be in Havana or Norway,  
And they strongly imply that perhaps,  
Since they're late, the world will collapse.  
Sometimes on the train I'm  
By people whose planes have been grounded.  
That's the only trouble with trains;  
When it fogs, when it smogs, when it rains,  
You get people from planes.

*Ogden Nash*

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.

When I wake in the early mist  
The sun has hardly shown  
And everything is still asleep  
And I'm awake alone.  
The stars are faint and flickering.  
The sun is new and shy.  
And all the world sleeps quietly,  
Except the sun and I.  
And then beginning noises start,  
The whirrs and huffs and hums,  
The birds peep out to find a worm,  
The mice squeak out for crumbs,  
The calf moos out to find the cow,  
And taste the morning air  
And everything is wide awake  
And running everywhere.  
The dew has dried,  
The fields are warm,  
The day is loud and bright,  
And I'm the one who woke the sun  
And kissed the stars good night.

*Karla Kuskin*

Little Boy kneels at the foot of the bed,  
Droops on the little hands little gold head,  
Hush! Hush! Whisper who dares!  
Christopher Robin is saying his prayers.

God bless Mummy. I know that's right.  
Wasn't it fun in the bath tonight?  
The cold's so cold and the hot's so hot.  
Oh! God bless Daddy—I quite forgot.

If I open my fingers a little bit more,  
I can see Nanny's dressing gown on the door.  
It's a beautiful blue, but it hasn't a hood.  
Oh! God bless Nanny and make her good.

Mine has a hood, and I lie in bed,  
And pull the hood right over my head,  
And I shut my eyes, and I curl up small,  
And nobody knows that I'm here at all.

Oh! Thank you, God, for a lovely day.  
And what was the other I had to say?  
I said "Bless Daddy," so what can it be?  
Oh! Now I remember it. God bless Me

Little Boy kneels at the foot of the bed,  
Droops on the little hands little gold head.  
Hush! Hush! Whisper who dares!  
Christopher Robin is saying his prayers.

*A. A. Milne*

O who will walk a mile with me  
    Along life's merry way?  
A comrade blithe and full of glee,  
Who dares to laugh out loud and free  
And let his frolic fancy play,  
Like a happy child, through the flowers gay  
That fill the field and fringe the way  
    Where he walks a mile with me.  
And who will walk a mile with me  
    Along life's weary way?  
A friend whose heart has eyes to see  
The stars shine out o'er the darkening lea,  
And the quiet rest at the end o' the day  
A friend who knows, and dares to say,  
The brave, sweet words that cheer the way  
    Where he walks a mile with me.  
With such a comrade, such a friend,  
I fain would walk till journey's end,  
Through summer sunshine, winter rain,  
And then?—Farewell, we shall meet again!

*Henry Van Dyke*

We shall do much in the years to come  
But what have we done today?

We shall give our gold in a princely sum,  
But what did we give today?

We shall lift the heart and dry the tear,  
We shall plant a hope in the place of fear,  
We shall speak the words of love and cheer,  
But what did we speak today?

We shall be so kind in the after while,  
But have we been today?

We shall bring to each lonely life a smile  
But what have we brought today?

We shall give to truth a grander birth,  
And to steadfast faith a deeper worth,  
We shall feed the hungry souls of earth.  
But whom have we fed today?

We shall reap such joys in the by-and-by,  
But what have we sown today?

We shall build us mansions in the sky,  
But what have we built today?

'Tis sweet in the idle dreams to bask;  
But here and now, do we our task?  
Yet, this is the thing our souls must ask,  
What have we done today?

*Nixon Waterman*

What is a teacher? She's so much that's fine,  
A precious companion, a mother part-time;  
She patches up bruises and wipes away tears,  
With a kind understanding, she banishes fears.

A teacher is blessed with a patience so rare,  
A voice soft and gentle, a heart sweet and fair,  
She lends of her knowledge that each child might see  
The reason for learning, and accept graciously.

What is a teacher ... a heartwarming smile,  
A very good listener, so much that's worthwhile.  
A playmate at recess, what pleasant delight,  
A stern referee if someone starts a fight.

A teacher is laughter, she's pleasant and gay  
Yet she disciplines firmly, should a child disobey;  
An adult or a playmate, she has too much to lend.  
What is a teacher? A child's dearest friend.

*Garnett Ann Schultz*

I saw you toss the kites on high  
And blow the birds about the sky;  
And all around I heard you pass,  
Like ladies' skirts across the grass—  
    O wind, a-blowing all day long  
    O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,  
But always you yourself you hid.  
I felt you push, I heard you call,  
I could not see yourself at all  
    O wind, a-blowing all day long,  
    O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,  
O blower, are you young or old?  
Are you a beast of field and tree  
Or just a stronger child than me?  
    O wind, a-blowing all day long,  
    O wind, that sings so loud a song.

*Robert Louis Stevenson*

“I love you, mother,” said little John;  
Then, forgetting work, his cap went on,  
And he was off to the garden swing,  
Leaving his mother the wood to bring.

“I love you, mother,” said rosy Nell;  
“I love you better than tongue can tell;”  
Then she teased and pouted full half the day,  
Till her mother rejoiced when she went to play.

“I love you, mother,” said little Fran;  
“To-day I’ll help you all I can;  
How glad I am that school doesn’t keep!”  
So she rocked the baby till it fell asleep.

Then, stepping softly, she took the broom,  
And swept the floor, and dusted the room;  
Busy and happy all day was she,  
Helpful and cheerful as child could be.

“I love you, mother,” again they said—  
Three little children going to bed;  
How do you think that mother guessed  
Which of them really loved her best?

*Joy Allison*

Let me but do my work from day to day,  
In field or forest, the desk or loom,  
In roaring market-place or tranquil room;  
Let me but find it in my heart to say,  
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,  
“This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;  
Of all who live, I am the one by whom  
This work can best be done in the right way.”

Then shall I see it not too great, nor small.  
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;  
Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours,  
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall  
At eventide, to play and love and rest,  
Because I know for me my work is best.

*Henry Van Dyke*

Christ has no hands but our hands  
To do His work today;

He has no feet but our feet  
To lead men in His way;

He has no tongue but our tongue  
To tell men how He died;

He has no help but our help  
To bring them to His side.

We are the only Bible  
The careless world will read;

We are the sinner's gospel,  
We are the scoffer's creed;

We are the Lord's last message,  
Given in deed and word;

What if the type is crooked?  
What if the print is blurred?

What if our hands are busy  
With other work than His?

What if our feet are walking  
Where sin's allurements is?

What if our tongues are speaking  
Of things His lips would spurn.

How can we hope to help Him  
And hasten His return?

*Annie Johnson Flint*

I watched them tearing a building down,  
A gang of men in a busy town.  
With a ho-heave-ho and a lusty yell  
They swung a beam and the side wall fell.

I said to the foreman,  
“Are these men skilled,  
And the ones you’d hire  
If you had to build?”

He gave a laugh and said, “No, indeed,  
Just common labor is all I need.  
I can easily wreck in a day or two  
What builders have taken a year to do.”

And I thought to myself,  
As I went my way,  
“Which of these roles  
Am I trying to play?”

Am I shaping my life  
To a well-made plan  
Patiently doing the  
Best that I can?

Am I doing my work  
With the utmost care,  
Measuring life  
By the rule and square?

Or am I a wrecker  
Who wrecks the town  
Content with the labor  
Of tearing down?”

*Edgar A. Guest*

The cock is crowing,  
The stream is flowing,  
The small birds twitter,  
The lake doth glitter.

The green field sleeps in the sun:  
The oldest and the youngest  
Are at work with the strongest,  
The cattle are grazing,  
Their heads never raising;

There are forty feeding as one!  
Like an army defeated  
The snow hath retreated.  
And now doth fare ill  
On the top of the bare hill;

The ploughboy is whooping-anon-anon;  
There's joy in the mountains;  
There's life in the fountains;  
Small clouds are sailing,  
Blue sky prevailing;  
The rain is over and gone!

*William Wordsworth*

Yesterday in Oxford Street, oh, what d, you think, my  
dears? I had the most exciting time I've had for years and  
years;  
The buildings looked so straight and tall, the sky was blue between  
And riding on a motor-bus, I saw the fairy queen!

Sitting there upon the rail and bobbing up and down,  
The sun was shining on her wings and on her golden crown;  
And looking at the shops she was, the pretty silks and lace—  
She seemed to think that Oxford Street was quite a lovely  
place.

And once she turned and looked at me, and waved her little hand;  
But I could only stare and stare—oh, would she understand?  
I simply couldn't speak at all, I simply couldn't stir,  
And all the rest of Oxford Street was just a shining blur.

Then suddenly she shook her wings—a bird had fluttered  
by— And down into the street she looked and up into the  
sky;  
And perching on the railing on a tiny fairy  
toe,  
She flashed away so quickly that I hardly saw her go.

I never saw her any more, altho' I looked all day:  
Perhaps she only came to peep, and never meant to  
stay;  
But, oh, my dears, just think of it just think what luck for me,  
That she should come to Oxford Street, and I be there to see!

*Rose Fyleman*