

Rocky Mountain Classical Christian Schools

Speech Meet Official Selections

Second Grade

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Second Grade: Poetry

Adventures of Isabel

Ogden Nash

Isabel met an enormous bear,
Isabel, Isabel, didn't care;
The bear was hungry, the bear was ravenous,
The bear's big mouth was cruel and cavernous.
The bear said, Isabel, glad to meet you,
How do, Isabel, now I'll eat you!
Isabel, Isabel, didn't worry.
Isabel didn't scream or scurry.
She washed her hands and she straightened her
hair up,
Then Isabel quietly ate the bear up.
Once in a night as black as pitch
Isabel met a wicked old witch.
the witch's face was cross and wrinkled,
The witch's gums with teeth were sprinkled.
Ho, ho, Isabel! the old witch crowed,
I'll turn you into an ugly toad!
Isabel, Isabel, didn't worry,
Isabel didn't scream or scurry,
She showed no rage and she showed no rancor,
But she turned the witch into milk and drank her.
Isabel met a hideous giant,

Isabel continued self reliant.
The giant was hairy, the giant was horrid,
He had one eye in the middle of his forehead.
Good morning, Isabel, the giant said,
I'll grind your bones to make my bread.
Isabel, Isabel, didn't worry,
Isabel didn't scream or scurry.
She nibbled the zwieback that she always fed
off,
And when it was gone, she cut the giant's head
off.
Isabel met a troublesome doctor,
He punched and he poked till he really shocked
her.
The doctor's talk was of coughs and chills
And the doctor's satchel bulged with pills.
The doctor said unto Isabel,
Swallow this, it will make you well.
Isabel, Isabel, didn't worry,
Isabel didn't scream or scurry.
She took those pills from the pill concocter,
And Isabel calmly cured the doctor.

After the Party

William Wise

Jonathan Blake
Ate too much cake,
He isn't himself today;
He's tucked up in bed
With a feverish head,
And he doesn't much care to play.

Jonathan Blake
Ate too much cake,
And three kinds of ice cream too—
From latest reports
He's quite out of sorts,
And I'm sure the reports are true.

I'm sorry to state
That he also ate
Six pickles, a pie, and a pear;
In fact I confess
It's a reasonable guess
He ate practically everything there.

Yes, Jonathan Blake
Ate too much cake,
So he's not at his best today;
But there's no need for sorrow—
If you come back tomorrow,
I'm sure he'll be out to play.

Animal Crackers

Christopher Morley

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 animal crackers 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!

At the Garden Gate

David McCord

Who so late
at the garden gate?
Emily, Kate,
and John.
“John,
where have you been?
It’s after six;
Supper is on,
And you’ve been gone
An hour,
John!”
“We’ve been, we’ve been,
We’ve just been over
The field,” said,
John.
(Emily, Kate,
and John.)

Who so late
at the garden gate?
Emily, Kate
and John
“John,
what have you got?”
“A whopping toad
Isn’t he big?
He’s a terrible

Load.
(We found him
A little ways
Up the road,”
said Emily,
Kate,
and John.)

Who so late
at the garden gate?
Emily, Kate,
and John.
“John,
put that thing down!

Do you want to get warts?”
(They all three have ‘em
By last
Reports.)
Still, finding toads

Is the best of
Sports,
Say Emily,
Kate,
and John.

The Balloon

Karla Kuskin

I went to the park
And I bought a balloon.
It sailed through the sky
Like a large orange moon.
It bumped and it fluttered
And swam with the clouds.
Small birds flew around it,
In high chirping crowds.
It bounced and it balanced
And bowed with the breeze.
It skimmed past the leaves
On the tops of the trees.
And then as the day
Started turning tonight
I gave a short jump
And I held the string tight
And home we all sailed
Through the darkening sky,
The orange balloon, the small birds,
And I.

Bedtime

Eleanor Farjeon

Five minutes, five minutes more please!

Let me stay five minutes more!

Can't I just finish the castle

I'm building here on the floor?

Can't I just finish the story

I'm reading here in my book?

Can't I just finish this bead-chain—

It almost is finished, look!

Can't I just finish this game, please!

When a game's once begun

It's a pity never to find out

Whether you've lost or won.

Can't I just stay five minutes?

Well, can't I just stay four?

Three minutes then? two minutes?

Can't I stay one minute more?

Bernard Bartholomew Benjamin Brown

Carolyn Cawthorne

Bernard Bartholomew Benjamin Brown

Was really the dirtiest boy in town.

He'd play in the mud, and splash in the pool,

When starting out each morning for school.

His teacher said, with a sorry frown,

"You certainly are a disgrace to the town.

Bernard Bartholomew Benjamin Brown."

Bernard Bartholomew Benjamin Brown

Was caught, when policemen were searching the town

To find a bad boy. Said they: "Here's the scamp!

He surely looks like a wild little tramp!"

But as he stood trembling, with tears running down,

Said his clean little sister, in dainty pink gown,

"His name is Bernard Bartholomew Benjamin Brown!"

Bernard Bartholomew Benjamin Brown

Is now without spot, from his soles to his crown.

His shoes are polished—his suit is clean

A neater boy could never be seen.

And teacher says now with a smile, looking down:

"When you've grown, you'll be Mayor of the town,

Bernard Bartholomew Benjamin Brown."

Blessing of God's Love

Patricia Emme

Each day I thank the Lord above
For these: The blessings of His love,
The emerald grass beneath my feet,
The scent of roses, soft and sweet.
The coolness of a summer breeze,
The sound of birds in budding trees,
The laughter of a child at play,
The golden sun at dawn of day,
The warmth of spring that fills the air,
The fruitful birth where ground was bare.
The waves that dance upon the sea,
The wonder of what life can be;
The love of friends, the joy of birth,
The miracles of Mother Earth,
The winter, summer, spring, and fall,
I thank the Lord I've shared them all.

Block City

Robert Louis Stevenson

What are you able to build with your blocks?
Castles and palaces, temples and docks.
Rain may keep raining, and others go roam,
But I can be happy and building at home.

Let the sofa be mountains, the carpet be sea,
There I'll establish a city for me:
A kirk and a mill and a palace beside,
And a harbor as well where my vessels may ride.

Great is the palace with pillar and wall,
A sort of a tower on the top of it all,
And steps coming down in an orderly way
To where my toy vessels lie safe in the bay.

This one is sailing and that one is moored:
Hark to the song of the sailors on board!
And see on the steps of my palace, the kings
Coming and going with presents and things!

Books Fall Open

David McCord

Books fall open,
you fall in,
delighted where
you've never been;
hear voices not once
heard before,
reach world on world
through door on door;
find unexpected
keys to things
locked up beyond
imaginings.
What might you be,
perhaps become,
because one book
is somewhere? Some
wise delver into
wisdom, wit,
and wherewithal
has written it.
True books will venture,
dare you out,
whisper secrets,
maybe shout
across the gloom
to you in need,
who hanker for
a book to read.

The Boy Who Never Told a Lie

From The Book of Virtues

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.”

The Brook

Florence Piper Tuttle

I know a little prattling brook
That chatters all the day;
It always is in such a rush,
With never time to stay.
And yet it seems quite friendly like,
A-babbling this and that;
I do believe 'twould like to stay
And have a cozy chat.
Sometimes it seems so very near,
A-coaxing me to play;
But all the time it's running far,
Just miles and miles away.
Do you suppose the time will come
When I shall ever learn
That brooks keep running on and on
And never do return?

Cat

Dorothy Baruch

My cat
Is quiet.
She moves without a sound.
Sometimes she stretches herself curving
On tiptoe.
Sometimes she crouches low
And creeping.
Sometimes she rubs herself against a chair,
And there
With a mew and a mew
And a purrr purrr purrr
She curls up
And goes to sleep.
My cat
Lives through a black hole
Under the house.
So one day I
Crawled after her.
And it was dark
And I sat
And didn't know
Where to go
And then—
Two yellow-white
Round little lights
Came . . . Moving . . . Moving . . . toward me.
And there
With a mew and a mew
And a purrr purrr purrr
My cat
Rubbed, soft, against me.
And I knew
The lights
Were MY CAT'S EYES
In the dark.

Catalogue

Rosalie Moore

Cats sleep fat and walk thin.
Cats, when they sleep, slump;
When they wake, pull in—
And where the plump's been
There's skin. Cats walk thin.

Cats wait in a lump,
Jump in a streak.
Cats when they jump, are sleek
As a grape slipping its skin—
They have technique.
Oh, cats don't creak.
They sneak.

Cats sleep fat.
They spread comfort beneath them
Like a good mat
As if they picked the place
And then sat.
You walk around one
As if he were the City Hall
After that.

When everyone else is just ready to go out,
The cat is just ready to come in.
He's not where he's been.
Cats sleep fast and walk thin.

A Child's Evening Prayer

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

Ere on my bed my limbs I lay,
God grant me grace my prayers to say:
O God! preserve my mother dear
In strength and health for many a year;
And, O! preserve my father too,
And may I pay him reverence due;

And may I my best thoughts employ
To be my parents' hope and joy;
And O! preserve my brothers both
From evil doings and from sloth,

And may we always love each other
Our friends, our father, and our mother:
And still, O Lord, to me impart
An innocent and grateful heart,
That after my great sleep I may
Awake to thy eternal day! Amen

A Child's Thought of God

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

They say that God lives very high!
But if you look above the pines
You cannot see our God. And why?
And if you dig down in the mines
You never see Him in the gold,
Though from Him all that's glory shines.
God is so good, He wears a fold
Of heaven and earth across His face—
Like secrets kept, for love untold.
But still I feel that His embrace
Slides down by thrills, through all things
Through sight and sound of every place:
As if my tender mother laid
On my shut lids her kisses' pressure,
Half-waking me at night and said
"Who kissed you through the dark, dear guesser?"

Circus

Eleanor Farjeon

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.

Come, Little Leaves

George Cooper

“Come, little leaves,” said the wind one day,
“Come o’er the meadows with me and play;
Put on your dresses of red and gold,
For summer is gone and the days grow cold.”

Soon as the leaves heard the wind’s loud call,
Down they came fluttering, one and all;
Over the brown fields they danced and flew,
Singing the glad little songs they knew.

“Cricket, good-by, we’ve been friends so long,
Little brook, sing us your farewell song;
Say you are sorry to see us go;
Ah, you will miss us, right well we know.

“Dear little lambs in your fleecy fold,
Mother will keep you from harm and cold;
Fondly we watched you in vale and glade,
Say, will you dream of our loving shade?”

Dancing and whirling, the little leaves went,
Winter had called them, and they were content;
Soon, fast asleep in their earthy beds,
The snow laid a coverlid over their heads.

The Creation

Cecil Frances Alexander

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 ordered 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 every one.

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!

Daniel Boone

Arthur Guiterman

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 was lord of a thousand vales.
As 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.

A Day

Emily Dickinson

I'll tell you how the sun rose —
A ribbon at a time.
The steeples swam in amethyst,
The news like squirrels ran.

The hills untied their bonnets,
The bobolinks begun.
Then I said softly to myself,
"That must have been the sun!"

But how he set, I know not.
There seemed a purple stile
Which little yellow boys and girls
Were climbing all the while

Till when they reached the other side,
A dominie in gray
Put gently up the evening bars,
And led the flock away.

Easter Wings

George Herbert

Lord, who createdst man in wealth and store,
Though foolishly he lost the same,
Decaying more and more
Till he became
Most poor:
With Thee
O let me rise
As larks, harmoniously,
And sing this Thy victories:
Then shall the fall further the flight in me.
My tender age in sorrow did begin;
And still with sickness and shame
Thou didst so punish sin,
That I became
Most thin.
With Thee
Let me combine,
And feel this day thy victory;
For; if I imp my wing on Thine,
Affliction shall advance the flight in me.

The Elf and the Dormouse

Oliver Herford

Under a toadstool
Crept a wee Elf
Out of the rain
To shelter himself.
Under the toadstool,
Sound asleep,
Sat a big Dormouse
All in a heap.
Trembled the wee Elf,
Frightened, and yet
Fearing to fly away
Lest he get wet.
To the next shelter—
Maybe a mile!
Sudden the wee Elf
Smiled a wee smile.
Tugged till the toadstool
Topped in two.
Holding it over him
Gaily he flew.
Soon he was safe home
Dry as could be.
Soon woke the Dormouse—
“Good gracious me!”
“Where is my toadstool?”
Loud he lamented.
And that’s how umbrellas
First were invented.

The Favorite

Mildred Whitney Stillman

Said the rubber dog with the long straight tail
To the duck with the emerald breast,
“You are very lovely to look upon,
But the baby loves me best.
For she takes my whole head in her mouth,
And I patiently let her chew,
And suck and bite with all her might,
To help her teeth come through.”
Said the emerald duck, “She would never dare
Do such a thing to me,
But she finds me floating in her bath,
And laughs and crows with glee.”
“I’ll tell you what,” said the rubber dog,
“Let us together stand
On the bureau top, and see which one
She first takes in her hand.”
So they took their stand on the bureau top,
And stood there side by side,
The dog held his tail up straight and high,
And the green duck swelled with pride.
Then the baby came on her nurse’s arm,
And their hearts went pit-a-pat,
The baby did not glance at them,
She was hugging the worsted cat!

The Flowers

Robert Louis Stevenson

All the names I know from nurse:
Gardener's garters, Shepherd's purse,
Bachelor's buttons, Lady's smock,
And the Lady Hollyhock.

Fairy places, fairy things,
Fairy woods where the wild bee wings,
Tiny trees for tiny dames--
These must all be fairy names!

Tiny woods below whose boughs
Shady fairies weave a house;
Tiny tree-tops, rose or thyme,
Where the braver fairies climb!

Fair are grown-up people's trees,
But the fairest woods are these;
Where, if I were not so tall,
I should live for good and all.

The Friendly Beasts

An old carol from France

Jesus our brother, kind and good,
Was humbly born 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.

Galoshes

Rhoda Bacmeister

Susie's galoshes
Make splishes and sploshes
And slooshes and sloshes
As Susie steps slowly
Along in the slush.

They stamp and they tramp
On the ice and concrete,
They get stuck in the muck and the mud;
But Susie likes much better to hear

The slippery slush
As it slooshes and sloshes,
And splishes and sploshes,
All around her galoshes!

General Store

Rachel Field

Someday I'm going to have a store
With a tinkly bell hung over the door,
With real glass cases and counters wide
And drawers all spilly with things inside.
There'll be a little of everything;
Bolts of calico; balls of string;
Jars of peppermint; tins of tea;
Pots and kettles and crockery;
Seeds in packets; scissors bright;
Kegs of sugar, brown and white;
Sarsaparilla for picnic lunches,
Bananas and rubber boots in bunches.
I'll fix the window and dust each shelf,
And take the money in all myself.
It will be my store and I will say:
"What can I do for you today?"

The Giggling Gaggling Gaggle of Geese

Jack Prelutsky

The giggling gaggling gaggle of geese,
they keep all the cows and the chickens awake,
they giggle all night giving nobody peace.
The giggling gaggling gaggle of geese.

The giggling gaggling gaggle of geese,
they chased all the ducks and the swans from the lake.
Oh, when will the pranks and the noise ever cease
of the giggling gaggling gaggle of geese!

The giggling gaggling gaggle of geese,
it seems there's no end to the mischief they make,
now they have stolen the sheep's woolen fleece.
The giggling gaggling gaggle of geese.

The giggling gaggling gaggle of geese,
they ate all the cake that the farmer's wife baked.
The mischievous geese are now smug and obese.
The giggling gaggling gaggle of geese.

The giggling gaggling gaggle of geese,
eating that cake was a dreadful mistake.
For when holiday comes they will make a fine feast.
The giggling gaggling gaggle of geese.

The Gingerbread Man

Rowena Bennett

The gingerbread man gave a gingery shout:
“Quick! Open the oven and let me out!”
He stood up straight in his baking pan.
He jumped on the floor and away he ran.
“Catch me,” he called, “if you can, can, can.”
The gingerbread man met a cock and a pig
And a dog that was brown and twice as big
As himself. But he called to them all as he ran,
“You can’t catch a runaway gingerbread man.”
The gingerbread man met a reaper and a sower.
The gingerbread man met a thresher and mower;
But no matter how fast they scampered and ran
They couldn’t catch up with the gingerbread man.
Then he came to a fox and he turned to face him.
He dared Old Reynard to follow and chase him;
But when he stepped under the fox’s nose
Something happened. What do you s’pose?
The fox gave a snap. The fox gave a yawn,
And the gingerbread man was gone, gone, GONE.

Going to Bed

Marchette Chute

I'm always told to hurry up—
Which I'd be glad to do,
If there were not so many things
That need attending to

But first I have to find my towel
Which fell behind the rack
And when a pillow's thrown at me
I have to throw it back.

And then I have to get the things
I need in bed with me
Like marbles and my birthday train
And Pete the chimpanzee.

I have to see my polliwog
Is safely in its pan,
And stand a minute on my head
To be quite sure I can.

I have to bounce upon my bed
To see if it will sink
And then when I am covered up
I find I need a drink.

Good Morning

Muriel Sipe

One day I saw a downy duck,
With feathers on his back;
I said, "Good morning, downy duck,"
And he said, "Quack, quack, quack."

One day I saw a timid mouse,
He was so shy and meek;
I said, "Good morning, timid mouse,"
And he said, "Squeak, squeak, squeak."

One day I saw a curly dog,
I met him with a bow;
I said, "Good morning, curly dog,"
And he said, "Bow-wow-wow."

One day I saw a scarlet bird,
He woke me from my sleep;
I said, "Good morning, scarlet bird,"
And he said, "Cheep, cheep, cheep."

Good Morning

Eleanor Farjeon

Good morning, nurse, good morning, cook,
Good morning, all of you;
Good morning to my picture-book,
And to my window-view,

Good morning to the bird out there
That cannot sing enough,
And to the carpet which my bare
Feet press on, soft and rough.

Good morning to the breakfast smell
That rises from below,
And to the breakfast sound as well
That clatters to and fro.

Good morning, Towzer! Come, let's run,
Jump, shout, and laugh and sing
Good morning to you, every one!
Good morning, everything!

A Good Play

Robert Louis Stevenson

We built a ship upon the stairs,
All made of the back-bedroom chairs,
And filled it full of sofa pillows
To go a-sailing on the billows.

We took a saw and several nails,
And water in the nursery pails;
And Tom said, "Let us also take
An apple and a slice of cake";—
Which was enough for Tom and me
To go a-sailing on, till tea.

We sailed along for days
and days, And had the very best of plays;
But Tom fell out and hurt his knee,
So there was no one left but me.

Grace at Evening

Edgar A. Guest

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.

Habits of the Hippopotamus

Arthur Guiterman

The hippopotamus is strong
And huge of head and broad of bustle;

The limbs on which he rolls along
Are big with hippopotomuscle.

He does not greatly care for sweets
Like ice cream, apple pie, or custard,

But takes to flavor what he eats
A little hippopotomustard.

The hippopotamus is true
To all his principles, and just;

He always tries his best to do
The things one hippopotomust.

He never rides in trucks or trams,
In taxicabs or omnibuses,

And so keeps out of traffic jams
And other hippopotomusses.

Halfway Down

A. A. Milne

Halfway down the stairs

Is a stair

Where I sit.

There isn't any

Other stair

Quite like

It.

I'm not at the bottom

I'm not at the top

So this is the stair

Where

I always

Stop.

Halfway up the stairs

Isn't up,

And isn't down.

It isn't in the nursery,

It isn't in the town.

And all sorts of funny

thoughts

Run round my head:

"It isn't really

Anywhere!

It's somewhere else

Instead!"

Have Good Intentions

Alice Joyce Davidson

We all have good intentions
As we begin a day,
We're thankful for God's teachings
And we want to walk His way
But in our daily struggles,
We sometimes fail to show
The virtues He has taught us
To those we love and know
So, as you start a busy day,
Be sure to schedule, too,
Some time for caring, sharing,
And a thoughtful deed to do...
And all the love that you bestow,
The kindness that you give,
Will return a hundredfold
To bless the days you live.

The Hayloft

Robert Louis Stevenson

THROUGH all the pleasant meadow-side
The grass grew shoulder-high,
Till the shining scythes went far and wide
And cut it down to dry.

These green and sweetly smelling crops
They led in wagons home;
And they piled them here in mountain tops
For mountaineers to roam.

Here is Mount Clear, Mount Rusty-Nail,
Mount Eagle and Mount High;—
The mice that in these mountains dwell,
No happier are than I!

O what a joy to clamber there,
O what a place for play,
With the sweet, the dim, the dusty air.
The happy hills of hay!

Hide and Seek

Mimi Brodsky

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!

How to Write a Letter

Elizabeth Turner

Maria intended a letter to write,
But could not begin as she thought to indite.
So she went to her mother with pencil and slate,
Containing "Dear Sister," and also a date.
"With nothing to say, my dear girl, do not think
Of wasting your time over paper and ink.
But certainly this is an excellent way,
To try with your slate to find something to say.
"I will give you a rule," said her mother, "my dear,
Just think for a moment your sister is here.
And what would you tell her? Consider, and then
Though silent your tongue, you can speak with your pen."

I Want to Know

John Drinkwater

I want to know why when I'm late
For school, they get into a state,
But if invited out to tea
I mustn't ever early be.
Why, if I'm eating nice and slow,
It's "Slow-poke, hurry up, you know!"
But if I'm eating nice and quick
It's "Gobble-gobble, you'll be sick!"
Why, when I'm walking in the street
My clothes must always be complete,
While at the seaside I can call
It right with nothing on at all.
Why I must always go to bed
When other people don't instead,
And why I have to say good-night
Always before I'm ready, quite.

I Wish I Were a Little Star

Edna Hamilton

Last night I dreamed that I had wings
And flew up in the sky,
I couldn't see our house at all
For I was up too high.
I must have gone a hundred miles,
I know I traveled far,
I didn't know just where I was
Until I touched a star!

And then I said, "Little star,
Please tell me where I am."
The little star said, "Don't you know?
You are in a traffic jam.
All little stars pass this way
When they go to their places,
There are hundreds of tiny stars
With bright and shining faces."

Marching, marching, marching
Glad to light the darkened sky,
I wish I were a little star
So I could live up high!

In the Morning

Ralph Cushman

I met God in the morning,
When my day was at its best
And His presence came like sunrise
Like a glory in my breast.

All day long the Presence lingered.
All day long He stayed with me.
And we sailed with perfect calmness
O're a very troubled sea.

Other ships were blown and battered
Other ships were sore distressed.
But the winds that seemed to drive them
Brought to us a peace and rest.
Then I thought of other mornings
With a keen remorse of mind,
When I, too, had loosed the moorings
With the Presence left behind.

So I think I know the secret
Learned from many a troubled way.
You must seek God in the morning
If you want Him through the day.

It Is Raining

Lucy Sprague Mitchell

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!

Jabbering in School

Eleanor Farjeon

Was that me jabbering?
I expect it was.
It's no use complaining
Why and because;
When you've been jabbering
Teacher doesn't try
To take any interest
In because and why.
I might have seen a heron
Flying in the sun,
Or been telling Jeanie
Her pinny was undone,
I might have been noticing
Something dark and dire,
Like lions in the playground,
Or the curtains on fire,
I might have had a stomachache—
Oh, there might have been
Lots of reasons why I
Was jabbering with Jean.
But it's no use explaining
Why and because.
Was that me jabbering?
I expect it was.

A Kitten

Eleanor Farjeon

He's nothing much but fur
And two round eyes of blue,
He has a giant purr
And a midget mew.

He darts and pats the air,
He starts and cocks his ear,
When there is nothing there
For him to see and hear.

He runs around in rings,
But why we cannot tell;
With sideways leaps he springs
At things invisible.

Then halfway through a leap
His startled eyeballs close,
And he drops off to sleep
With one paw on his nose.

The Kitten and the Falling Leaves

William Wordsworth

See the kitten on the wall,
Sporting with the leaves that fall!
Withered leaves, one, two, and three,
From the lofty elder-tree.
Through the calm and frosty air
Of this morning bright and fair,
Eddying round and round they sink
Softly, slowly. One might think,
From the motions that are made,
Every little leaf conveyed
Some small fairy, hither tending,
To this lower world descending.

—But the kitten, how she starts!
Crouches, stretches, paws, and darts!
First at one, and then its fellow.
Just as light, and just as yellow.
There are many now—now—one—
Now they stop and there are none,
What intentness of desire
In her upturned eye of fire!
With a tiger leap halfway,
Now she meets the coming prey.
Lets it go at last, and then
Has it in her power again.

The Lamplighter

Robert Louis Steveson

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 a 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 O! before you hurry by with ladder and with light;
O Leerie, see a little child and nod to him to-night!

The Land of Counterpane

Robert Louis Stevenson

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

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

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

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

The Land of Story Books

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 prowled 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.

The Library

Barbara A. Huff

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.

Make Me a Picture of the Sun

Emily Dickinson

Make me a picture of the sun—
So I can hang it in my room
And make believe I'm getting warm
When others call it "day"!

Draw me a robin on a stem—
So I am hearing him, I'll dream,
And when the orchards stop their tune,
Put my pretense away.

Say if it's really warm at noon,
Whether it's buttercups that "skim,"
Or butterflies that "bloom"?
Then skip the frost upon the lea,
And skip the russet on the tree,
Let's pray those never come!

Marching Song

Robert Louis Stevenson

Bring the comb and play upon it!
Marching, here we come!

Willie cocks his highland bonnet,
Johnnie beats the drum.

Mary Jane commands the party,
Peter leads the rear;

Feet in time, alert and hearty,
Each a Grenadier!

All in the most martial manner
Marching double-quick;

While the napkin like the banner
Waves upon the stick!

Here's enough of fame and pillage,
Great commander Jane!

Now that we've been round the village,
Let's go home again.

Mice in the Hay

Leslie Norris

out of the lamplight
whispering worshipping
the mice in the hay

timid eye pearl-bright
whispering worshipping
whisking quick and away

they were there that night
whispering worshipping
smaller than snowflakes are

quietly made their way
whispering worshipping
close to the manger

yes, they were afraid
whispering worshipping
as the journey was made

from a dark corner
whispering worshipping
scuttling together

But He smiled to see them
whispering worshipping
there in the lamplight

stretched out His hand to them
they saw the baby king
hurried back out of sight
whispering worshipping

Missing

A.A. Milne

Has anybody seen my mouse?
I opened his box for half a minute,
Just to make sure he was really in it,
And while I was looking, he jumped outside!
I tried to catch him, I tried, I tried.
I think he's somewhere about the house.
Has anyone seen my mouse?
Uncle John have you seen my mouse?
Just a small sort of mouse, a dear little brown one,
He came from the country, he wasn't a town one,
So he'll feel lonely in a London street;
Why, what could he possibly find to eat?
He must be somewhere. I'll ask Aunt Rose:
Have you seen a mouse with a woffelly nose?
Oh, somewhere about—
He's just got out ...
Hasn't anybody seen my mouse?

The Monkeys and the Crocodile

Laura E. Richards

Five little monkeys
Swinging from a tree;
Teasing Uncle Crocodile,
Merry as can be.
Swinging high, swinging low,
Swinging left and right,
“Dear Uncle Crocodile,
Come and take a bite!”

Five little monkeys
Swinging in the air;
Heads up, tails up,
Little do they care.
Swinging up, swinging down,
Swinging far and near:
“Poor Uncle Crocodile,
Aren’t you hungry, dear?”

Four little monkeys
Sitting in the tree;
Heads down, tails down,
Dreary as can be.
Weeping loud, weeping low
Crying to each other:
“Wicked Uncle Crocodile,
To gobble up our brother!”

The Moon

Robert Louis Stevenson

The moon has a face like the clock in the hall;
She shines on thieves on the garden wall,
On streets and fields and harbour quays,
And birdies asleep in the forks of the trees.

The squalling cat and the squeaking mouse,
The howling dog by the door of the house,
The bat that lies in bed at noon,
All love to be out by the light of the moon.

But all of the things that belong to the day
Cuddle to sleep to be out of her way;
And flowers and children close their eyes
Till up in the morning the sun shall arise.

The Mouse

Elizabeth Coatsworth

I heard a mouse
Bitterly complaining
In a crack of moonlight
Aslant on the floor—

“Little I ask
And that little is not granted.
There are few crumbs
In this world anymore.

The breadbox is tin
And I cannot get in.

The jam’s in a jar
My teeth cannot mar.

The cheese sits by itself
On the pantry shelf—

All night I run
Searching and seeking,
All night I run
About on the floor,

Moonlight is there
And a bare place for dancing,
But no little feast
Is spread anymore.”

Mrs. Brown

Rose Fyleman

As soon as I'm in bed at night
And snugly settled down,
The little girl I am by day
Goes very suddenly away,
And then I'm Mrs. Brown.

I have a family of six,
And all of them have names,
The girls are Joyce and Nancy Maud,
The boys are Marmaduke and Claude
And Percival and James.

We have a house with twenty rooms
A mile away from town;
I think it's good for girls and boys
To be allowed to make a noise
And so does Mrs. Brown.

We do the most exciting things,
Enough to make you creep;
And on and on and on we go—
I sometimes wonder if I know
When I have gone to sleep.

My Policeman

Rose Fyleman

He is always standing there
At the corner of the square;
He is very big and fine
And his silver buttons shine.

All the carts and taxis do
Everything he tells them to,
And the little errand boys
When they pass him make no noise.

Though I seem so very small
I am not afraid at all;
He and I are friends, you see,
And he always smiles at me.

Once I wasn't very good
Rather near to where he stood,
But he never said a word
Though I'm sure he must have heard.

Nurse has a policeman too
(Hers has brown eyes, mine has blue.)
Hers is sometimes on a horse,
I like mine best of course.

Ornithology

Eleanor Farjeon

What's ornithology? Pray can you tell?
It's hard to pronounce and it's harder to spell—
Yet that's what you're learning whenever you care

To study the Birds of the Earth, Sea, and Air.
There's a long word
To stand for a Bird!

For a Lark or a Sparrow its length is absurd!
Eagles and Ostriches need no apology
If you should label them as ornithology!

But how can it fit
The tiny Tom-Tit?
The Finch.

Wants a word that's no more than an inch!
Yet all the Birds of the East and the West,
Whatever they be, and wherever they nest—

The Vulture—the Hen—
The Flamingo—the Wren—
The Dove—the Canary—
The queer Cassowary

The Thrush on the bough, and the Duck in the pool—
They are all ornithology when you're in School!

Our Snowman

Lucille Chiddix

Our fat snow man
Was a comical sight,
He had two hands,
But he couldn't write.

He had a wide grin,
But he couldn't talk.
He had a tall cane,
But he couldn't walk.

He had four buttons,
But he had no coat.
We tied a big bow
Around his throat.

The sun looked down
On our fat snowman.
Said mother, "I fear
He'll get a bad tan."

By noon the poor fellow
Had tears in his eyes.
By four he was down
To Tom Thumb size.

By the time the moon shone
On the fast melting snow,
He was down to nothing
But his buttons and bow.

A Pop Corn Song

Nancy Byrd Turner

Sing a song of pop corn
When the snowstorms rage;
Fifty little brown men
Put into a cage.
Shake them till they laugh and leap
Crowding to the top;
Watch them burst their little coats
Pop!! Pop!! Pop!!

Sing a song of pop corn
In the firelight;
Fifty little fairies
Robed in fleecy white.
Through the shining wires see
How they skip and prance
To the music of the flames;
Dance!! Dance!! Dance!!

Sing a song of pop corn
Done the frolicking;
Fifty little fairies
Strung upon a string.
Cool and happy, hand in hand,
Sugar-spangled, fair;
Isn't that a necklace fit
For any child to wear?

Portrait by a Neighbor

Edna St. Vincent Millay

Before she has her floor swept
Or her dishes done,
Any day you'll find her
A-sunning in the sun!
It's long after midnight
Her key's in the lock,
And you never see her chimney smoke
Till past ten o'clock!
She digs in her garden
With a shovel and a spoon,
She weeds her lazy lettuce
By the light of the moon.
She walks up the walk
Like a woman in a dream,
She forgets she borrowed butter
And pays you back cream!
Her lawn looks like a meadow,
And if she mows the place
She leaves the clover standing
And the Queen Anne's lace!

Questions at Night

Louis Untermeyer

Why

Is the sky?

What starts the thunder overhead?

Who makes the crashing noise?

Are the angels falling out of bed?

Are they breaking all their toys?

Why does the sun go down so soon?

Why do the night-clouds crawl

Hungrily up to the new-laid moon

And swallow it, shell and all?

If there's a Bear among the stars

As all the people say,

Won't he jump over those Pasture-bars

And drink up the Milky Way?

Does every star that happens to fall

Turn into a fire-fly?

Can't it ever get back to heaven at all?

And why

Is the sky?

Rabbits

Dorothy Baruch

My two white rabbits
Chase each other
With humping, bumping backs,
They go hopping, hopping,
And their long ears
Go flopping, flopping.
And they
Make faces
With their noses
Up and down.
Today
I went inside their fence
To play rabbit with them.
And in one corner
Under a loose bush
I saw something shivering the leaves.
And I pushed
And I looked.
And I found—
There in a hole
In the ground—
Three baby rabbits
Hidden away.
And they
Made faces
With their noses
Up and down.

Rain in the Night

Amelia Josephine Burr

Raining, raining,
All night long;
Sometimes loud, sometimes soft,
Just like a song.

There'll be rivers in the gutters,
And lakes along the street.
It will make a lazy kitten
Wash his little dirty feet.

The roses will wear diamonds
Like kings and queens at court;
But the pansies all get muddy
Because they are so short.

I'll sail my boat tomorrow
In wonderful new places,
But first I'll take my watering-pot
And wash the pansies' faces.

The Rainbow

David McCord

The rainbow arches in the sky,
But in the earth it ends;
But if you ask the reason why,
They'll tell you: "That depends."
It never comes without the rain,
Nor goes without the sun;
But though you try with might and main,
You'll never catch me one.
Perhaps you'll see it once a year,
Perhaps you'll say: "No, twice";
But every time it does appear,
It's very clean and nice.
If I were God, I'd like to win
At sun-and-moon croquet:
I'd drive the rainbow-wickets in
And ask someone to play.

The Reason for the Pelican

John Ciardi

The reason for the pelican
Is difficult to see:
His beak is clearly larger
Than there's any need to be.
It's not to bail a boat with—
He doesn't own a boat.
Yet everywhere he takes himself
He has that beak to tote.
It's not to keep his wife in—
His wife had got one, too.
It's not a scoop for eating soup.
It's not an extra shoe.
It isn't quite for anything.
And yet you realize
It's really quite a splendid beak
In quite a splendid size.

Seal

William Jay Smith

See how he dives
From the rocks with a zoom!
See how he darts
Through his watery room
Past crabs and eels
And green seaweed,
Past fluffs of sandy
Minnow feed!
See how he swims
With a swerve and a twist,
A flip of the flipper,
A flick of the wrist!
Quicksilver quick,
Softer than spray,
Down he plunges
And sweeps away;
Before you can think,
Before you can utter
Words like "Dill pickle"
Or "Apple butter,"
Back up he swims
Past sting-ray and shark,
Out with a zoom,
A whoop, a bark;
Before you can say
Whatever you wish,
He plops at your side
With a mouthful of fish!

The Sermons We See

Edgar A. Guest

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.

The Shepherd Boy Sings

John Bunyan

He that is down needs fear no fall,
He that is low, no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide.
I am content with what I have,
Little be it or much:
And, Lord, contentment still I crave,
Because Thou savest such.
Fullness to such a burden is
That go on pilgrimage:
Here little, and hereafter bliss,
Is best from age to age.

To a Snowflake

Francis Thompson

What heart could have thought you? --
Past our devisal
(O filigree petal!)
Fashioned so purely,
Fragilely, surely,
From what Paradisal
Imagineless metal,
Too costly for cost?
Who hammered you, wrought you,
From argentine vapor? --
"God was my shaper.
Passing surmised,
He hammered, He wrought me,
From curled silver vapor,
To lust of His mind --
Thou could'st not have thought me!
So purely, so palely,
Tinily, surely,
Mightily, frailly,
Insculped and embossed,
With His hammer of wind,
And His graver of frost."

Spring

William Blake

Sound the flute!
Now it's mute!
Bird's delight,
Day and night,
Nightingale,
In the dale,
Lark in sky,--
Merrily,
Merrily merrily, to welcome in the year.

Little boy,
Full of joy;
Little girl,
Sweet and small;
Cock does crow,
So do you;
Merry voice,
Infant noise;
Merrily, merrily, to welcome in the year.

Little lamb,
Here I am;
Come and lick
My white neck;
Let me pull
Your soft wool;
Let me kiss
Your soft face;
Merrily, merrily, to welcome in the year.

Trees

Harry Behn

Trees are the kindest things I know,
They do no harm, 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 burn on Halloween
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.

Slow But Sure

Lillian Beck

A turtle and his forest friends
A-walking went one day;
He poked along serenely
In his own creepy way.
His friends were going the same way
But passed him on the run.
They failed to see the beauty
And missed a lot of fun.
As Mr. Turtle walked along
He gathered news to tell.
The others would not gather much,
And this he knew quite well.
When finally his trip was done
And he had joined the rest,
The stories Mr. Turtle told
Were very much the best.

So Long as There Is Weather

Tamara Kitt

Whether it's cold
or
whether it's hot,
I'd rather
have weather
whether or not
it's just what I'd choose
Summer
or
Spring
or
Winter
or
Fall—
any
weather
is
better
than
no weather
at all.

I really like weather.
I never feel
whiney
when weather is
rainy.
And when it's
sunshiny
I don't feel
complainy.
Weather sends me.
So—
Rain?
Let it SPLASH!
Thunder?
CRRRASH!
Hail?
Clitter-clatter!
What does it
matter—
so long as there's weather!

Something Told the Wild Geese

Rachel Field

Something told the wild geese
It was time to go.
Though the fields lay golden
Something whispered--"Snow."

Leaves were green and stirring,
Berries, luster-glossed,
But beneath warm feathers
Something cautioned – "Frost."

All the sagging orchards
Steamed with amber spice,
But each wild breast stiffened
At remembered ice.

Something told the wild geese
It was time to fly—
Summer sun was on their wings,
Winter in their cry.

Spring

Karla Kuskin

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!

Stopping By Woods On A Snowy Evening

Robert Frost

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.

The Things I Do

Karla Kuskin

I'm very good at climbing
I nearly climbed a tree
But just as I was almost up
I sort of skinned my knee.

I'm wonderful at walking
I almost walked a mile
But when I got around the block
I rested for a while.

I'm excellent at swimming
Though I'm not very old
I almost swam the ocean once
But the water was too cold.

But what I'm really best at
Is skipping down the hall.
I'm very good at skipping.
I'm wonderful at skipping.
I'm marvelous at skipping,
That is unless I fall.

Timothy Boon

Ivy O. Eastwick

Timothy Boon
Bought a balloon
Blue as the sky,
Round as the moon.
“Now I will try
To make it fly
Up to the moon,
Higher than high!”
Timothy said,
Nodding his head.

Timothy Boon
Sent his balloon
Up through the skies,
Up to the moon.
But a strong breeze
Stirred in the trees
Rocked the bright moon,
Tossed the great seas,
And, with its mirth,
Shook the whole earth.

Timothy Boon,
And his balloon,
Caught by the breeze
Flew to the moon;
Up past the trees,
Over the seas,
Up to the moon—
Swift as you please!—
And, oh, I forget,
They have not come down yet!

Tiptoe

Karla Kuskin

Yesterday I skipped all day,
The day before I ran,
Today I'm going to tiptoe
Everywhere I can.

I'll tiptoe down the stairway.
I'll tiptoe through the door.
I'll tiptoe to the living room
And give an awful roar

And my father, who is reading,
Will jump up from his chair
And mumble something silly like
"I don't see you there."

I'll tiptoe to my mother
And give a little cough
And when she spins to see me
Why, I'll softly tiptoe off.

I'll tiptoe through the meadows,
Over hills and yellow sands
And when my toes get tired
Then I'll tiptoe on my hands.

To God, with Love

Alice Joyce Davidson

Dear God,

This is the first time ever that
I've written You a letter ... but I just had
to thank You, now that everything is better.

I came to You a while back so troubled
and distressed, I didn't know what course to
take, what action would be best ... I told You
all my troubles, and I felt Your presence near ...
and as I talked the clouds broke up and seemed
to disappear.

So, thank You, God for listening, for
keeping me from harm, for wiping tears and
holding me within Your loving arms.

To Meet Mr. Lincoln

Eve Merriam

If I lived at the time
That Mr. Lincoln did,
And I met Mr. Lincoln
With his stovepipe lid
And his coalblack cape
And his thundercloud beard,
And worn and sad-eyed
He appeared:
“Don’t worry, Mr. Lincoln,”
I’d reach up and pat his hand,
“We’ve got a fine President
For this land;
And the Union will be saved,
And the slaves will go free;
And you will live forever
In our nation’s memory.”

Tomorrow

Rowena B. Bennett

Tomorrow when the wind is high
I'll build a kite to ride the sky,
Tomorrow, when the wind is high.
Tomorrow when the waters gleam
I'll build a boat to sail the stream,
Tomorrow, when the waters gleam.
Tomorrow when the roads run far
Across the hill, I'll build a car.
I'll build a car with shining wheels
To pass the other automobiles,
Tomorrow, when the roads run far.

Verbs

Eleanor Farjeon

Nouns are the things I see and touch,
My Cake, my Mother, and my Ball;
I like some nouns very much,
Though some I do not like at all.
Verbs are the things I do, and make,
And feel, in one way or another.
Thanks to Verbs, I eat my Cake,
And throw my Ball, and hug my Mother.
Yet Verbs, which make me laugh and play,
Can also make me cry and fall,
And tease my Mother every day,
And spoil my Cake, and lose my Ball!

Very Early

Karla Kuskin

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.

Very Lovely

Rose Fyleman

Wouldn't it be lovely if the rain came down
Till water was quite high over all the town?
If the cabs and buses all were set afloat,
And we had to go to school in a little boat?
Wouldn't it be lovely if it still should pour
And we all went up to live on the second floor?
If we saw the butcher sailing up the hill,
And we took the letters in at the window sill?
It's been raining, raining, all the afternoon;
All these things might happen really very soon.
If we woke tomorrow and found they had begun,
Wouldn't it be glorious? Wouldn't it be fun?

Washing

John Drinkwater

What is all this washing about,
Every day, week in, week out?
From getting up till going to bed,
I'm tired of hearing the same thing said.
Whether I'm dirty or whether I'm not.
Whether the water is cold or hot,
Whether I like it or whether I don't,
Whether I will or whether I won't,
"Have you washed your hands, and washed your face?"
I seem to live in the washing place.

Whenever I go for a walk or ride,
As soon as I put my nose inside
The door again, there's some one there
With a sponge and soap, and a lot they care
If I have something better to do,
"Now wash your face and your fingers, too."

Before a meal is ever begun,
And after ever a meal is done,
It's time to turn on the waterspout.

Please, what is all this washing about?

Weather

Eve Merriam

Dot a dotdot ...dot a dotdot
Spotting the windowpane.
Spack a spack speck ...flick a flack fleck
Freckling the windowpane.

A spatter a scatter ...a wetcat aclatter
A splatter a rumble outside.
Umbrella umbrella umbrella umbrella
Bumbershoot barrel of rain.

Slosh a galosh ...slosh a galosh
Slither and slather a glide
A puddle a jump a puddle a jump
A puddle a jump puddle splosh
A juddle a pump aluddle a dump a
Puddmuddle jump in and slide!

Weathers

Thomas Hardy

This is the weather the cuckoo likes,
And so do I;
When showers betumble the chestnut spikes,
And nestlings fly;
And the little brown nightingale bills his best,
And they sit outside the "Traveller's Rest,"
And maids come forth sprig-muslin dressed.
And citizens dream of the South and West.
And so do I.

This is the weather the shepherd shuns,
And so do I;
When beeches drip in browns and duns,
And thresh and ply.
And hill-hid tides throb, throe on throe,
And meadow rivulets overflow,
And drops on gate-bars hang in a row,
And rooks in families homeward go,
And so do I.

What in the World?

Eve Merriam

What in the world

goes whiskery friskery
meowling and prowling
napping and lapping
at silky milk?

Psst,

What is it?

What in the world

goes leaping and beeping
onto a lily pad onto a log
onto a tree stump or down to the
bog?

Splash, blurp,

Kerchurp!

What in the world

goes gnawing and pawing
scratching and latching
sniffing and squiff-ing
nibbling for tidbits of left-over
cheese?

Please?

What in the world

jumps with a hop and a bump
and a tail that can thump
has pinky pointy ears and a twitchy

nose

looking for anything crunchy that
grows?

A carrotty lettucey cabbagey luncheon
To munch on?

What in the world

climbs chattering pattering swinging from
trees

like a flying trapeze
with a tail that can curl
like the rope cowboys twirl?

Wahoo!

Here's a banana for you!

What in the world

goes stalking and balking
running and sunning
thumping and dumping
lugging and hugging
swinging and singing
wriggling and giggling
sliding and hiding
throwing and knowing and
growing and growing
much too big for
last year's clothes?

What is Blue?

Mary O'Neill

Blue is the color of the sky
Without a cloud
Cool, distant, beautiful
And proud.
Blue is the quiet sea
And the eyes of some people,
And many agree
As they grow older and older
Blue is the scarf
Spring wears on her shoulder.
Blue is twilight,
Shadows on snow,
Blue is feeling
Way down low.
Blue is a heron,
A sapphire ring,
You can smell blue
In many a thing:
Gentian and larkspur
Forget-me-nots, too.
And if you listen
You can hear blue
In wind over water
And wherever flax blooms
And when evening steps into
Lonely rooms.
Cold is blue:
Flame shot from a welding torch
Is, too:
Hot, wild, screaming, blistering Blue —
And on winter mornings
The dawns are blue ...

What Robin Told

George Cooper

How do robins build their nests?

Robin Redbreast told me—

First a wisp of yellow hay

In a pretty round they lay;

Then some shreds of down floss,

Feathers, too, and bits of moss,

Woven with a sweet, sweet song,

This way, that way, and across;

That's what Robin told me.

Where do robins hide their nests?

Robin Redbreast told me—

Up among the leaves so deep,

Where the sunbeams rarely creep,

Long before the winds are cold,

Long before the leaves are gold,

Bright-eyed stars will peep and see

Baby robins—one, two, three;

That's what Robin told me.

When I Heard the Learn'd Astronomer

Walt Whitman

When I heard the learn'd astronomer,
When the proofs, the figures, were ranged in columns before me,
When I was shown the charts and diagrams, to add, divide, and measure them,
When I sitting heard the astronomer where he lectured with much applause in the lecture-room,
How soon unaccountable I became tired and sick,
Till rising and gliding out I wander'd off by myself,
In the mystical moist night-air, and from time to time,
Look'd up in perfect silence at the stars.

When Mother Reads Aloud

Author Unknown

When Mother reads aloud, the past
 Seems real as every day;
I hear the tramp of armies vast,
I see the spears and lances cast,
 I join the trilling fray;
Brave knights and ladies fair and proud
I meet when Mother reads aloud.

When Mother reads aloud, far lands
 Seem very near and true;
I cross the desert's gleaming sands,
Or hunt the jungle's prowling bands,
 Or sail the ocean blue.
Far heights, whose peaks the cold mists shroud,
I scale, when Mother reads aloud.

When Mother reads aloud, I long
 For noble deeds to do —
To help the right, redress the wrong;
It seems so easy to be strong,
 So simple to be true.
Oh, thick and fast the visions crowd
My eyes, when Mother reads aloud.

Will There Really Be a Morning

Emily Dickinson

Will there really be a morning?
Is there such a thing as day?
Could I see it from the mountains
If I were as tall as they?
Has it feet like water lilies?
Has it feathers like a bird?
Is it brought from famous countries
Of which I have never heard?
Oh, some scholar! Oh, some sailor!
Oh, some wise man from the skies!
Please to tell a little pilgrim
Where the place called morning lies!

The Wind

Robert Louis Stevenson

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.

Winter Is Coming

Velda Blumhagen

The busy little squirrels
Are hiding nuts away,
So they'll have food to eat
Upon a winter's day.

The robins and the bluebirds,
And other songbirds too,
Have started for the Southland.
I think they're wise, don't you?

The little frogs and turtles
Are in their soft mud beds.
When Old Man Winter comes along
They'll cover up their heads.

The big brown bear has eaten
As much as he can hold.
Now he'll curl up inside a cave
And sleep when days are cold.

The furry little rabbit
Wears a coat as white as snow.
He changes for the winter,
Just like you and me, you know.

Winter-Time

Robert Louis Stevenson

Late lies the wintry sun a-bed,
A frosty, fiery sleepy-head;
Blinks but an hour or two; and then,
A blood-red orange, sets again.

Before the stars have left the skies,
At morning in the dark I rise;
And shivering in my nakedness,
By the cold candle, bathe and dress.

Close by the jolly fire I sit
To warm my frozen bones a bit;
Or with a reindeer-sled, explore
The colder countries round the door.

When to go out, my nurse doth wrap
Me in my comforter and cap;
The cold wind burns my face, and blows
Its frosty pepper up my nose.

Black are my steps on silver sod;
Thick blows my frosty breath abroad;
And tree and house, and hill and lake,
Are frosted like a wedding cake.

Work

Henry Van Dyke

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.

Second Grade: Bible Memory

Please memorize from one of the following versions:

- King James Version (KJV)
- New American Bible (NAB)
- New American Standard Bible (NASB)
- New King James Version (NKJV)
- New International Version (NIV)
- English Standard Version (ESV)

Scripture passages presented here are from the New King James Version (NKJV) or English Standard Version (ESV).

Acts 1:6–11

Then they gathered around him and asked him, “Lord, are you at this time going to restore the kingdom to Israel?”

He said to them: “It is not for you to know the times or dates the Father has set by his own authority. But you shall receive power when the Holy Spirit has come upon you; and you shall be witnesses to Me in Jerusalem, and in all Judea and Samaria, and to the end of the earth.”

Now when He had spoken these things, while they watched, He was taken up, and a cloud received Him out of their sight. And while they looked steadfastly toward heaven as He went up, behold, two men stood by them in white apparel, who also said, “Men of Galilee, why do you stand gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus, who was taken up from you into heaven, will so come in like manner as you saw Him go into heaven.”

Ephesians 6:10-20

Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord and in the power of His might. Put on the whole armor of God, that you may be able to stand against the [b]wiles of the devil. For we do not wrestle against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this age, against spiritual hosts of wickedness in the heavenly places. Therefore take up the whole armor of God, that you may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand.

Stand therefore, having girded your waist with truth, having put on the breastplate of righteousness, and having shod your feet with the preparation of the gospel of peace; above all, taking the shield of faith with which you will be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked one. And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God; praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, being watchful to this end with all perseverance and supplication for all the saints— and for me, that utterance may be given to me, that I may open my mouth boldly to make known the mystery of the gospel, for which I am an ambassador in chains; that in it I may speak boldly, as I ought to speak.

Isaiah 41:8–13

“But you, Israel, are My servant,
Jacob whom I have chosen,
The descendants of Abraham My friend.
You whom I have taken from the ends of the earth,
And called from its farthest regions,
And said to you,
‘You are My servant,
I have chosen you and have not cast you away:
Fear not, for I am with you;
Be not dismayed, for I am your God.
I will strengthen you,
Yes, I will help you,
I will uphold you with My righteous right hand.’
You shall seek them and not find them—
Those who contended with you.
Those who war against you
Shall be as nothing,
As a nonexistent thing.
For I, the Lord your God, will hold your right hand,
Saying to you, ‘Fear not, I will help you.’

Isaiah 53:1–6

Who has believed our report?
And to whom has the arm of the LORD been revealed?
For He shall grow up before Him as a tender plant,
And as a root out of dry ground.
He has no form or comeliness;
And when we see Him,
There is no beauty that we should desire Him.
He is despised and rejected by men,
A Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.
And we hid, as it were, our faces from Him;
He was despised, and we did not esteem Him.
Surely He has borne our griefs
And carried our sorrows;
Yet we esteemed Him stricken,
Smitten by God, and afflicted.
But He was wounded for our transgressions,
He was bruised for our iniquities;
The chastisement for our peace was upon Him,
And by His stripes we are healed.
All we like sheep have gone astray;
We have turned, every one, to his own way;
And the LORD has laid on Him the iniquity of us all.

James 5:7-12

Therefore be patient, brethren, until the coming of the Lord. See how the farmer waits for the precious fruit of the earth, waiting patiently for it until it receives the early and latter rain. You also be patient. Establish your hearts, for the coming of the Lord is at hand.

Do not grumble against one another, brethren, lest you be condemned. Behold, the Judge is standing at the door! My brethren, take the prophets, who spoke in the name of the Lord, as an example of suffering and patience. Indeed we count them blessed who endure. You have heard of the perseverance of Job and seen the end intended by the Lord—that the Lord is very compassionate and merciful.

But above all, my brethren, do not swear, either by heaven or by earth or with any other oath. But let your “Yes” be “Yes,” and your “No,” “No,” lest you fall into judgment.

1 John 3:16–23

By this we know love, because He laid down His life for us. And we also ought to lay down our lives for the brethren. But whoever has this world's goods, and sees his brother in need, and shuts up his heart from him, how does the love of God abide in him? My little children, let us not love in word or in tongue, but in deed and in truth. And by this we know that we are of the truth, and shall assure our hearts before Him. For if our heart condemns us, God is greater than our heart, and knows all Things. Beloved, if our heart does not condemn us, we have confidence toward God. And whatever we ask we receive from Him, because we keep His commandments and do those things that are pleasing in His sight. And this is His commandment: that we should believe on the name of His Son Jesus Christ and love one another, as He gave us commandment.

Matthew 5:1:12

And seeing the multitudes, He went up on a mountain, and when He was seated His disciples came to Him. Then He opened His mouth and taught them, saying:

“Blessed are the poor in spirit,
For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
Blessed are those who mourn,
For they shall be comforted.
Blessed are the meek,
For they shall inherit the [a]earth.
Blessed are those who hunger and thirst for righteousness,
For they shall be filled.
Blessed are the merciful,
For they shall obtain mercy.
Blessed are the pure in heart,
For they shall see God.
Blessed are the peacemakers,
For they shall be called sons of God.
Blessed are those who are persecuted for righteousness’ sake,
For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are you when they revile and persecute you, and say all kinds of evil against you falsely for My sake. Rejoice and be exceedingly glad, for great is your reward in heaven, for so they persecuted the prophets who were before you.

Matthew 16:13–20

When Jesus came into the region of Caesarea Philippi, He asked His disciples, saying, “Who do men say that I, the Son of Man, am?”

So they said, “Some say John the Baptist, some Elijah, and others Jeremiah or one of the prophets.”

He said to them, “But who do you say that I am?”

Simon Peter answered and said, “You are the Christ, the Son of the living God.”

Jesus answered and said to him, “Blessed are you, Simon Bar-Jonah, for flesh and blood has not revealed this to you, but My Father who is in heaven. And I also say to you that you are Peter, and on this rock I will build My church, and the gates of Hades shall not prevail against it. And I will give you the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and whatever you bind on earth will be bound in heaven, and whatever you loose on earth will be loosed in heaven.”

Then He commanded His disciples that they should tell no one that He was Jesus the Christ.

Matthew 24:36–44

But of that day and hour no one knows, not even the angels of heaven, but My Father only. But as the days of Noah were, so also will the coming of the Son of Man be. For as in the days before the flood, they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day that Noah entered the ark, and did not know until the flood came and took them all away, so also will the coming of the Son of Man be. Then two men will be in the field: one will be taken and the other left. Two women will be grinding at the mill: one will be taken and the other left. Watch therefore, for you do not know what hour your Lord is coming. But know this, that if the master of the house had known what hour the thief would come, he would have watched and not allowed his house to be broken into. Therefore you also be ready, for the Son of Man is coming at an hour you do not expect.

Psalm 1

Blessed is the man
Who walks not in the counsel of the ungodly,
Nor stands in the path of sinners,
Nor sits in the seat of the scornful;
But his delight is in the law of the LORD,
And in His law he meditates day and night.
He shall be like a tree
Planted by the rivers of water,
That brings forth its fruit in its season,
Whose leaf also shall not wither;
And whatever he does shall prosper.
The ungodly are not so,
But are like the chaff which the wind drives away.
Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment,
Nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.
For the LORD knows the way of the righteous,
But the way of the ungodly shall perish.

Psalm 23

The LORD is my shepherd;

I shall not want.

He makes me to lie down in green pastures;

He leads me beside the still waters.

He restores my soul;

He leads me in the paths of righteousness

For His name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,

I will fear no evil;

For You are with me;

Your rod and Your staff, they comfort me.

You prepare a table before me in the presence of my enemies;

You anoint my head with oil;

My cup runs over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me

All the days of my life;

And I will dwell in the house of the LORD Forever.

Psalm 27:1–6

The Lord is my light and my salvation;
Whom shall I fear?
The Lord is the strength of my life;
Of whom shall I be afraid?
When the wicked came against me
To eat up my flesh,
My enemies and foes,
They stumbled and fell.
Though an army may encamp against me,
My heart shall not fear;
Though war may rise against me,
In this I will be confident.
One thing I have desired of the LORD,
That will I seek:
That I may dwell in the house of the LORD
All the days of my life,
To behold the beauty of the LORD,
And to inquire in His temple.
For in the time of trouble
He shall hide me in His pavilion;
In the secret place of His tabernacle
He shall hide me;
He shall set me high upon a rock.
And now my head shall be lifted up above my enemies all
around me;
Therefore I will offer sacrifices of joy in His tabernacle;
I will sing, yes, I will sing praises to the LORD.

Psalm 86:1–13

Bow down Your ear, O Lord, hear me;
For I am poor and needy.
Preserve my life, for I am holy;
You are my God;
Save Your servant who trusts in You!
Be merciful to me, O Lord,
For I cry to You all day long.
Rejoice the soul of Your servant,
For to You, O Lord, I lift up my soul.
For You, Lord, are good, and ready to forgive,
And abundant in mercy to all those who call upon You.

Give ear, O Lord, to my prayer;
And attend to the voice of my supplications.
In the day of my trouble I will call upon You,
For You will answer me.

Among the gods there is none like You, O Lord;
Nor are there any works like Your works.
All nations whom You have made
Shall come and worship before You, O Lord,
And shall glorify Your name.
For You are great, and do wondrous things;
You alone are God.

Teach me Your way, O LORD;
I will walk in Your truth;
Unite my heart to fear Your name.
I will praise You, O Lord my God, with all my heart,
And I will glorify Your name forevermore.
For great is Your mercy toward me,
And You have delivered my soul from the depths of Sheol.

Proverbs 3:1–12

My son, do not forget my law,
But let your heart keep my commands;
For length of days and long life
And peace they will add to you.

Let not mercy and truth forsake you;
Bind them around your neck,
Write them on the tablet of your heart,
And so find favor and high esteem
In the sight of God and man.

Trust in the LORD with all your heart,
And lean not on your own understanding;
In all your ways acknowledge Him,
And He shall direct your paths.

Do not be wise in your own eyes;
Fear the Lord and depart from evil.
It will be health to your flesh,
And strength to your bones.

Honor the Lord with your possessions,
And with the firstfruits of all your increase;
So your barns will be filled with plenty,
And your vats will overflow with new wine.

My son, do not despise the chastening of the Lord,
Nor detest His correction;
For whom the Lord loves He corrects,
Just as a father the son in whom he delights.

From the Jesus Storybook Bible

Sally Lloyd Jones

“They nailed Jesus to the cross.

‘Father, forgive them,’ Jesus gasped. ‘They don’t understand what they’re doing.’

‘You say you’ve come to rescue us!’ people shouted. ‘But you can’t even rescue yourself!’

But they were wrong. Jesus could have rescued himself. A legion of angels would have flown to his side —

if he’d called.

‘If you were really the Son of God, you could just climb down off that cross!’ they said.

And of course they were right. Jesus could have just climbed down. Actually, he could have just said a word

and made it all stop. Like when he healed that little girl. And stilled the storm. And fed 5,000 people.

But Jesus stayed.

You see, they didn’t understand. It wasn’t the nails that kept Jesus there. It was love.

‘Papa?’ Jesus cried, frantically searching the sky. ‘Papa? Where are you? Don’t leave me!’

And for the first time — and the last — when he spoke, nothing happened. Just a horrible, endless silence.

God didn’t answer. He turned away from his Boy.

Tears rolled down Jesus’ face. The face of the One who could wipe away every tear from every eye.”

Luke 2:1-7

In those days a decree went out from Caesar Augustus that all the world should be registered. This was the first registration when Quirinius was governor of Syria. And all went to be registered, each to his own town. And Joseph also went up from Galilee, from the town of Nazareth, to Judea, to the city of David, which is called Bethlehem, because he was of the house and lineage of David, to be registered with Mary, his betrothed, who was with child. And while they were there, the time came for her to give birth. And she gave birth to her firstborn son and wrapped him in swaddling cloths and laid him in a manger, because there was no place for them in the inn.

Romans 5:1-11

“Therefore, since we have been justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Through him we have also obtained access by faith into this grace in which we stand, and we rejoice in hope of the glory of God. Not only that, but we rejoice in our sufferings, knowing that suffering produces endurance, and endurance produces character, and character produces hope, and hope does not put us to shame, because God’s love has been poured into our hearts through the Holy Spirit who has been given to us.”

For when we were still without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly. For scarcely for a righteous man will one die; yet perhaps for a good man someone would even dare to die. But God demonstrates His own love toward us, in that while we were still sinners, Christ died for us. Much more then, having now been justified by His blood, we shall be saved from wrath through Him. For if when we were enemies we were reconciled to God through the death of His Son, much more, having been reconciled, we shall be saved by His life. And not only that, but we also rejoice in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, through whom we have now received the reconciliation.

Colossians 2:1-10

For I want you to know what a great conflict I have for you and those in Laodicea, and for as many as have not seen my face in the flesh, that their hearts may be encouraged, being knit together in love, and attaining to all riches of the full assurance of understanding, to the knowledge of the mystery of God, both of the Father and of Christ, in whom are hidden all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge.

Now this I say lest anyone should deceive you with persuasive words. For though I am absent in the flesh, yet I am with you in spirit, rejoicing to see your good order and the steadfastness of your faith in Christ.

As you therefore have received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk in Him, rooted and built up in Him and established in the faith, as you have been taught, abounding in it with thanksgiving.

Beware lest anyone cheat you through philosophy and empty deceit, according to the tradition of men, according to the basic principles of the world, and not according to Christ. For in Him dwells all the fullness of the Godhead bodily; and you are complete in Him, who is the head of all principality and power.

Isaiah 6:1-8

“In the year that King Uzziah died I saw the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up; and the train of his robe filled the temple. Above him stood the seraphim. Each had six wings: with two he covered his face, and with two he covered his feet, and with two he flew. And one called to another and said:

‘Holy, holy, holy is the LORD of hosts;
the whole earth is full of his glory!’

And the foundations of the thresholds shook at the voice of him who called, and the house was filled with smoke. And I said: ‘Woe is me! For I am lost; for I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips; for my eyes have seen the King, the LORD of hosts!’

Then one of the seraphim flew to me, having in his hand a burning coal that he had taken with tongs from the altar. And he touched my mouth and said: ‘Behold, this has touched your lips; your guilt is taken away, and your sin atoned for.’

And I heard the voice of the Lord saying, ‘Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?’ Then I said, ‘Here I am! Send me.’ “

Psalm 63:1-11

O God, thou art my God; early will I seek thee: my soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is;

To see thy power and thy glory, so as I have seen thee in the sanctuary.

Because thy lovingkindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee.

Thus will I bless thee while I live: I will lift up my hands in thy name.

My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness; and my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips:

When I remember thee upon my bed, and meditate on thee in the night watches.

Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice.

My soul follows hard after thee: thy right hand upholdeth me.

But those that seek my soul, to destroy it, shall go into the lower parts of the earth.

They shall fall by the sword: they shall be a portion for foxes.

Both the king shall rejoice in God; every one that sweareth by him shall glory: but the mouth of them that speak lies shall be stopped.

Psalm 139:1-14

O Lord, you have searched me and known me!

You know when I sit down and when I rise up; you discern my thoughts from afar.

You search out my path and my lying down and are acquainted with all my ways.

Even before a word is on my tongue, behold, O Lord, you know it altogether.

You hem me in, behind and before, and lay your hand upon me.

Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high; I cannot attain it.

Where shall I go from your Spirit? Or where shall I flee from your presence?

If I ascend to heaven, you are there! If I make my bed in the depths, you are there!

If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea,

even there your hand shall lead me, and your right hand shall hold me.

If I say, "Surely the darkness shall cover me, and the light about me be night,"

even the darkness is not dark to you; the night is bright as the day,

for darkness is as light with you.

For you formed my inward parts; you knitted me together in my mother's womb.

I praise you, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made.

Wonderful are your works; my soul knows it very well.

Psalms 67

God be merciful to us and bless us,
And cause His face to shine upon us, Selah
That Your way may be known on earth,
Your salvation among all nations.

Let the peoples praise You, O God;
Let all the peoples praise You.
Oh, let the nations be glad and sing for joy!
For You shall judge the people righteously,
And govern the nations on earth. Selah

Let the peoples praise You, O God;
Let all the peoples praise You.
Then the earth shall yield her increase;
God, our own God, shall bless us.
God shall bless us,
And all the ends of the earth shall fear Him.