



*Rocky Mountain Classical
Christian Schools Speech Meet
Official Selections*

RMCSS speech and Bible selection requirements

Bible Selections

Students may choose a Bible passage of a suitable length according to the guidelines below. It is the responsibility of the student to **print off a copy** of the Bible passage in the **English Standard Version (ESV)** to turn in to their teacher.

Speech

Speech Meet selections have been expanded for **grades 2-10** to include a variety of speeches. A list of approved speeches is found below. You may also, of course, request an outside speech. It is up to you, the student, to choose an excerpt of the speech that is long enough for your grade level. Once you have chosen an excerpt, it is your responsibility to **print off** that excerpt to turn in to your teacher.

Requirement and Guidelines

Grade	Minimum Word Count of Speech Excerpt	Minimum Verse Count for Bible Passages	Minimum Lines for Poetry Selections
1st	<i>No speech selections for first grade</i>	5-10 verses	10-20 lines
2nd	100 or more	8-15 verses	15-25 lines
3rd	100 or more	10-15 verses	15-25 lines
4th	200 or more	12-18 verses	20-30 lines
5th	350 or more	14-20 verses	25-35 lines
6th	350 or more	16-22 verses	30-40 lines
7th	450 or more	18-24 verses	35-45 lines
8th	450 or more	20-26 verses	40-50 lines
9th-12th	550 or more	22-28 verses	45-55 lines

Speech possibilities

Political Speeches

Alexander the Great's victory speech, found [here](#)

Pericles' Funeral Oration from Thucydides, found [here](#)

Demosthenes - The Third Philippic, found [here](#)

Queen Elizabeth I, The Spanish Armada speech, found [here](#)

Winston Churchill, We Shall Fight on the Beaches, found [here](#)

William Wilberforce, Abolition Speech

American

Live your Life, Chief Tecumseh

Citizenship in the Republic, Teddy Roosevelt (Man in the Arena), found [here](#)

Reagan's Farewell Address to the American People

John F Kennedy, Inaugural Address

Martin Luther King Jr., I Have a Dream

Lincoln, The Gettysburg Address

Washington's Farewell Address 1796, found [here](#)

Patrick Henry, Give me Liberty or Give me Death

Theodore Roosevelt, Strength and Decency

Shakespeare:

Hamlet, "To be or not to be"

Macbeth, "Tomorrow, tomorrow, and tomorrow"

Julius Caesar, Marc Antony's speech "Friends, Romans, Countrymen"

As You Like It, Jaques, "The Seven Ages of Man"

Epics:

- Homer's *Iliad*, Book I, lines 1-50
- Homer's *Iliad*, Book VI, lines 462-520
- Homer's *Iliad*, Book VI, lines 556-600
- Homer's *Iliad*, Book XVIII, lines 91-150
- Homer's *Iliad*, Book XXII, lines 157-199
- Homer's *Iliad*, Book XXII, lines 270-320
- Homer's *Iliad*, Book XXIV, lines 893-944
- Homer's *Odyssey*, Book XIII, lines 324-373
- Homer's *Odyssey*, Book XIV, lines 1-53
- Homer's *Odyssey*, Book XXIV, lines 1-48
- Homer's *Odyssey*, Book XXIV, lines 241-293
- *Paradise Lost* by John Milton, lines 1-75

Rocky Mountain Classical Christian Schools

Speech Meet Official Selections

First Grade

First Grade: Poetry	4
Animal Crackers	4
The Animal Store	5
Animals to Love	6
Animals, Too	7
April Rain Song	8
At The Zoo	9
A Bed in the Leaves	10
A Bird	11
Be Even Tempered	12
Bed in Summer	13
Block City	14
Boats	15
The Cat	16
Catch a Little Rhyme	17
Catherine	18
A Chant of Darkness	19
A Child's Prayer	20
Chocolate Cake	21
Christ in the Camp	22
Chums	23
Come, Little Leaves	24
Counting-Out Rhyme	25
The Cow	26
The Creation	27
Crocus	28
The Dark	29
Doll's Song	30
Don't Ever Cross a Crocodile	31
The Egg	32
Eletelephony	33
Enjoy Work	34
The Friendly Beasts	35
Forgive Others	36

Funny the Way Different Cars Start	37
Furry Bear	38
The Giggling Gagging Gaggles of Geese	39
Goodnight Moon	40
Grandfather Frog	41
Grown Up	42
Hiding	43
I Keep Three Wishes Ready	44
The Ice Cream Man	45
If I Were a Pilgrim Child	46
In Harmony with Nature	47
In The Garden	48
The Invisible Playmate	49
The Jolly Woodchuck	50
The Lamplighter	51
The Land of Counterpane	52
The Land of Story Books	53
Leisure	54
A Little Bird I Am	55
The Lamb	56
Little Snail	57
Little Talk	58
Little Turtle	59
The Little Whistler	60
The Lost Doll	61
Louder Than a Clap of Thunder	62
Marching Song	63
Mothers Always Know	64
The Mountain and the Squirrel	65
Mrs. Peck-Pigeon	66
My Books and I	67
My Dog	68
My Favorite Word	69
My Visitors	70
The North Wind Doth Blow	71
Neighborly	72
October	73
Old Glory	74
On Eating Porridge Made of Peas	75
Opossum	76
Out in the Fields with God	77

The Owl	78
A Pop Corn Song	79
Rain in Summer	80
The Rain Song	81
Recipe	82
The Secrets of Our Garden	83
The Seed Shop	84
The Skylark	85
A Sledding Song	86
A Smile	87
The Snail	88
The Snowbird	89
Someone	90
Something Told the Wild Geese	91
Song of the Train	92
Spaghetti	93
Spread God's Word	94
Spring	95
Spring Morning	96
Spring Prayer	97
The Squirrel	98
The Steam Shovel	99
Stopping By Woods On A Snowy Evening	100
The Swing	101
Taking Turns	102
Thank God for Little Things	103
Thanks, Dear Jesus	104
The Three Little Kittens	105
Traffic	106
Trees	107
Try, Try Again	108
Tummyache	109
Walking	110
Washing	111
We Thank Thee	112
What Does the Little Birdie Say	113
What is Blue?	114
What Is Pink?	115
When Mother Reads Aloud	116
Where Go the Boats?	117
Who Knows a Mountain?	118

Wind on the Hill	119
Wind Song	120
Windy Nights	121
The Worm	122

First Grade: Poetry

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 coziest 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!

The Animal Store

Rachel Field

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

Animals to Love

by Eunice D. Breilid

Animals to Love

Animals furry.

Animals fuzzy.

Cats that are purry,

Bees that are buzzy.

Animals slim,

Animals slippery.

Birds that are trim.

Fish that are flippery.

Animals humpy.

Animals cuddly

Camels so bumpy

Ducks that are puddly.

Some are the pets

To come when I call.

Others are just

To love and that's all!

Animals, Too

Margaret E. Singleton

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

April Rain Song

Langston Hughes

Let the rain kiss you.

Let the rain beat upon your head with silver liquid drops.

Let the rain sing you a lullaby.

The rain makes still pools on the sidewalk.

The rain makes running pools in the gutter.

The rain plays a little sleep-song on our roof at night.

And I love the rain.

At The Zoo

A.A. Milne

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 a tiny potamus,
and a 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 mingo -
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 Bed in the Leaves

Marian Kennedy

My yard is full of leaves today,
Brown and yellow and red.
I think I'll rake them in a pile
Higher than my head.
Then I'll pretend it is my bed.
I'll jump in very quick,
And pile the leaves up over me
For covers soft and thick.
I'll just lie there so nice and warm
And look up at the sky,
And watch more leaves float down for me.
To rake up by and by.

A Bird

Emily Dickinson

A bird came down the walk,
He did not know I saw;
He bit an angleworm in halves
And ate the fellow, raw.
And then he drank a dew
From a convenient grass,
And then hopped sidewise to the wall
To let a beetle pass.

Be Even Tempered

Alice Joyce Davidson

Before you lose your temper
Take a breath and count to ten,
And silently ask God to help you
Gain control again...
And have a pardon handy
For the errors others make,
Offer love and understanding,
And banish hate and ache ...
Be even tempered always,
Be loving and forgiving,
And you will be rewarded
With peace and joyful living!

Bed in Summer

Robert Louis Stevenson

In winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candle-light.
In summer quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.
I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me in the street.
And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?

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!

Boats

Rowan Bastin Bennett

The steamboat is a slowpoke,
You simply cannot rush him.
The sailboat will not move at all
Without a wind to push him;
But the speedboat, with his sharp red nose,
Is quite a different kind;
He tosses high the spray and leaves
The other boats behind.

The Cat

Ogden Nash

You get a wife, you get a house,
Eventually you get a mouse.
You get some words regarding mice,
You get a kitty in a trice.

By two a.m. or thereabouts,
The mouse is in, the cat is out.
It dawns upon you, in your cot,
The mouse is silent, the cat is not.

Instead of kitty, says your spouse,
You should have got another mouse.

Catch a Little Rhyme

Eve Merriam

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

Catherine

Karla Kuskin

Catherine said, "I think I'll bake
A most delicious chocolate cake."
She took some mud and mixed it up
While adding water from a cup
And then some weeds and nuts and bark
And special gravel from the park
A thistle and a dash of sand.
She beat out all the lumps by hand.
And on the top she wrote "To You"
The way she says the bakers do
And then she signed it "Fondly C."
And gave the whole of it to me.
I thanked her but I wouldn't dream
Of eating cake without ice cream.

A Chant of Darkness

Helen Keller

Once in regions void of light I wandered;
In blank darkness I stumbled,
And fear led me by the hand;
My feet pressed earthward,
Afraid of pitfalls.
By many shapeless terrors of the night affrighted,
To the wakeful day
I held out beseeching arms.

Then came Love, bearing in her hand
The torch that is the light unto my feet,
And softly spoke Love: "Hast thou
Entered into the treasures of darkness?
Hast thou entered into the treasures of the night?
Search out thy blindness. It holdeth
Riches past computing.

A Child's Prayer

M. Bentham Edwards

God make my life a little light,
Within the world to glow—
A tiny flame that burneth bright,
Wherever I may go.

God make my life a little flower,
That bringeth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although its place be small.

God make my life a little song,
That comforteth the sad,
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the singer glad.

Chocolate Cake

Jack Prelutsky

I am lying in the darkness
with a smile upon my face,
as I'm thinking of my stomach,
which has got an empty space,
and that corner of the kitchen
with the piece of chocolate cake
I have got to get my hands on
for my empty stomach's sake.

When my parents both are sleeping
(I can tell by Father's snore),
I will sneak out of my bedroom,
I will tiptoe past their door,
I will slip into the kitchen
without any noise or light,
and if I'm really careful,
I will have that cake tonight.

Christ in the Camp

J. William Jones

“As we were about to leave his tent,
Mr. Lacy said: ‘I think it right that I should say to you, general,
that the chaplains of this army have a deep interest in your welfare,
and that some of the most fervent prayers we offer are in your behalf.’
The old hero’s face flushed, tears started in his eyes,
and he replied, with choked utterance and deep emotion:
‘Please thank them for that, sir — I warmly appreciate it.
And I can only say that I am nothing but a poor sinner,
trusting in Christ alone for salvation,
and need all of the prayers they can offer for me.’”

Chums

Arthur Guiterman

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.

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.

Counting-Out Rhyme

Edna St. Vincent Millay

Silver bark of beech, and sallow
Bark of yellow birch and yellow
Twig of willow.

Stripe of green in moosewood maple,
Colour seen in leaf of apple,
Bark of popple.

Wood of popple pale as moonbeam,
Wood of oak for yoke and barn-beam,
Wood of hornbeam.

Silver bark of beech, and hollow
Stem of elder, tall and yellow
Twig of willow.

The Cow

Albert B. Southwick

The cow stands in the big green field,
She stands there all the day.
I wonder what she thinks about
While chewing on the hay?
Perhaps about the ice-cream cone?
Perhaps about a ball?
I wonder what she thinks about,
Or if she thinks at all!
I guess I'll never know, because
The cow can't talk, you see.
And if she can, she never, never,
Never talks to me!

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!

Crocus

Sarah J. Day

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

The Dark

Ethel Jacobson

The dark is warm
As the touch of fur.
The dark is soft
As a kitten's purr.
It wraps me snug
In velvet wings
With comfortable
Murmurings.
The dark says, "Sleep,
My small one, rest
Like a baby wren
In its tree-house nest."
It watches me
With loving looks
And brings me dreams
Like storybooks.

Doll's Song

Lewis Carroll

Matilda Jane, you never look
At any toy or picture book;
I show you pretty things in vain—
You must be blind, Matilda Jane.
I ask you riddles, tell you tales,
But all our conversation fails;
You never answer me again—
I fear you're dumb, Matilda Jane!
Matilda, darling, when I call,
You never seem to hear at all;
I shout with all my might and main
But you're so deaf, Matilda Jane!
Matilda Jane, you needn't mind:
For though you're deaf and dumb and blind,
There's some one loves you, it is plain—
And that is me, Matilda Jane!

Don't Ever Cross a Crocodile

Kaye Starbird

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

Don't ever dare

A dancing bear

To teach you how to waltz.

Don't ever poke a rattlesnake

Who's sleeping in the sun

And say the poke

Was just a joke

And really all in fun.

Don't ever lure a lion close

With gifts of steak and suet.

Though lion-looks

Are nice in books

Don't ever, ever do it.

The Egg

Jack Prelutsky

If you listen very carefully,
you'll hear the chicken hatching.
At first there scarcely was a sound,
but now a steady scratching;
and now the egg begins to crack,
the scratching starts to quicken,
as anxiously we all await the exit of the chicken.

And now a head emerges from the darkness of the egg,
and now a bit of fluff appears,
and now a tiny leg,
and now the chicken's out at last,
he's shaking himself loose.
But, wait a minute, that's no chicken ...
goodness, it's a goose.

Eletelephony

Laura E. Richards

Once there was an elephant,
Who tried to use the telephant—
No! No! I mean an elephone
Who tried to use the telephone
(Dear me! I am not certain quite
That even now I've got it right.)

Howe'er it was, he got his trunk
Entangled in the telephunk;
The more he tried to get it free,
The louder buzzed the telephee—
(I fear I'd better drop the song
Of elephop and telephong.)

Enjoy Work

Alice Joyce Davidson

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

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.

Forgive Others

Alice Joyce Davidson

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

Funny the Way Different Cars Start

Dorothy Baruch

Funny the way
Different cars start.
Some with a chunk and jerk,
Some with a cough and a puff of smoke
Out of the back,

Some with only a little click—with
hardly any noise.

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

Furry Bear

A. A. Milne

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

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.

Goodnight Moon

Margaret Wise Brown

In the great green room there was a telephone and a red balloon
and a picture of the cow jumping over the moon
And there were three little bears sitting on chairs
and two little kittens and a pair of mittens
And a little toy house, and a young mouse
and a comb and a brush, and a bowl full of mush
And a quiet old lady who was whispering, "Hush"

Goodnight room, goodnight moon.
Goodnight cow jumping over the moon.
Goodnight light and the red balloon
Goodnight bears and goodnight chairs
Goodnight kittens and goodnight mittens
Goodnight clocks and goodnight socks
Goodnight house and goodnight mouse
Goodnight comb and goodnight brush
Goodnight nobody, goodnight mush.
And goodnight to the old lady whispering, "Hush"
Goodnight stars, goodnight air.
Goodnight noises everywhere.

Grandfather Frog

Louise Seaman Bechtal

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

Grown Up

Dorothy Aldis

I'm growing up, my mother says—
Today she said I'd grown;
The reason why is this: Now I
Can do things all alone.
And though I'm glad that I don't need
Someone to brush my hair
And wash my hands and face and button
Buttons everywhere.
Although I'm very glad indeed
To help myself instead,
I hope that I won't have to try
To tuck myself in bed.

Hiding

Dorothy Aldis

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 inkwell?”
And Mother said, “Where?”
“In the inkwell,” 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

I Keep Three Wishes Ready

Annette Wynne

I keep three wishes ready,
Lest I should chance to meet,
Any day a fairy
Coming down the street.
I'd hate to have to stammer,
Or have to think them out,
For it's very hard to think things up
When a fairy is about.
And I'd hate to lose my wishes,
For fairies fly away,
And perhaps I'd never have a chance
On any other day.
So I keep three wishes ready,
Lest I should chance to meet,
Any day a fairy
Coming down the street.

The Ice Cream Man

Rachel Field

When summer's in the city,
And bricks a blaze of heat,
The Ice-Cream Man with his little cart
Goes trundling down the street.
Beneath his round umbrella,
Oh, what a joyful sight,
To see him fill the cones with mounds
Of cooling brown or white:
Vanilla, chocolate, strawberry,
Or chilly things to drink
From bottles full of frosty-fizz,
Green, orange, white, or pink.
His cart might be a flower bed
Of roses and sweet peas,
The way the children cluster round
As thick as honeybees.

If I Were a Pilgrim Child

Rowena Bennett

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

In Harmony with Nature

Alice Joyce Davidson

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

In The Garden

Emily Dickinson

A bird came down the walk:
He did not know I saw;
He bit an angle-worm in halves
And ate the fellow, raw.

And then he drank a dew
From a convenient grass,
And then hopped sidewise to the wall
To let a beetle pass.

He glanced with rapid eyes
That hurried all abroad, --
They looked like frightened beads, I thought;
He stirred his velvet head

Like one in danger; cautious,
I offered him a crumb,
And he unrolled his feathers
And rowed him softer home

Than oars divide the ocean,
Too silver for a seam,
Or butterflies, off banks of noon,
Leap, splashless, as they swim.

The Invisible Playmate

Margaret Widdemer

When the other children go,
 Though there's no one seems to see
And there's no one seems to know,
 Fanny comes and plays with me.

She has yellow curly hair
 And her dress is always blue,
And she always plays quite fair
 Everything I tell her to.

People say she isn't there —
 They step over her at play
And they sit down in her chair
 In the very rudest way.

It is queer they cannot know
 When she's there for me to see!
When the other children go
 Fanny comes and plays with me.

The Jolly Woodchuck

Marion Edey and Dorothy Grider

The woodchuck's very very fat
But doesn't care a pin for that.

When nights are long and the snow is deep.
Down in his hole he lies asleep.

Under the earth is a warm little room
The drowsy woodchuck calls his home.

Rolls of fat and fur surround him,
With all his children curled around him,

Snout to snout and tail to tail.
He never awakes in the wildest gale;

When icicles snap and the north wind blows
He snores in his sleep and rubs his nose.

The Lamplighter

Robert Louis Stevenson

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!

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.

Leisure

William Henry Davies

What is this life if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.

No time to stand beneath the boughs
And stare as long as sheep or cows.

No time to see, when woods we pass,
Where squirrels hide their nuts in grass.

No time to see, in broad daylight,
Streams full of stars, like stars at night.

No time to turn at Beauty's glance,
And watch her feet, how they can dance.

No time to wait till her mouth can
Enrich that smile her eyes began.

A poor life this if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.

A Little Bird I Am

Louisa May Alcott

'A little bird I am,
Shut from the fields of air,
And in my cage I sit and sing
To Him who placed me there:
Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Because, my God, it pleases Thee!

'Naught have I else to do;
I sing the whole day long;
And He whom most I love to please
Doth listen to my song,
He caught and bound my wandering wing,
But still He bends to hear me sing.'

The Lamb

William Blake

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 wooly 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!
He is called by thy name,
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.

Little Snail

Hilda Conkling

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

Little Talk

Aileen Fisher

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

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

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

Little Turtle

Nicholas Vachel Lindsay

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

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

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

The Little Whistler

Frances Frost

My mother whistled softly,
My father whistled bravely,
My brother whistled merrily,
And I tried all day long!
I blew my breath inwards,
I blew my breath outwards,
But all you heard was breath blowing
And not a bit of song!

But today I heard a bluebird,
A happy, young and new bird,
Whistling in the apple tree,
He'd just discovered how!
Then quick I blew my breath in,
And happy I blew my breath out,
And sudden I blew three wild notes—
And I can whistle now!

The Lost Doll

Charles Kinglsey

I once had a sweet little doll, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world;
Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,
And her hair was so charmingly curled;
But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
As I played on the heath one day,
And I cried for her more than a week, dears,
But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,
As I played on the heath one day;
Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,
And her paint is all washed away,
And her arm trodden off by the cows, dears,
And her hair not the least bit curled;
Yet for old time's sake, she is still, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world.

Louder Than a Clap of Thunder

Jack Prelutsky

Louder than a clap of thunder,

louder than an eagle screams,

louder than a dragon blunders,

or a dozen football teams,

louder than a four alarmer,

or a rushing waterfall,

louder than a knight in armor

jumping from a ten-foot wall.

Louder than an earthquake rumbles,

louder than a tidal wave,

louder than an ogre grumbles

as he stumbles through his cave,

louder than stampeding cattle,

louder than a cannon roars,

louder than a giant's rattle,

that's how loud my father SNORES!

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.

Mothers Always Know

Jocinna C. Miller

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

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

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

The Mountain and the Squirrel

Ralph Waldo Emerson

The mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel
And the former called the latter "Little prig"
But replied,
"You are doubtless very big;
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together
To make up a year,
And a sphere.
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half as sly.
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track.
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put,
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut."

Mrs. Peck-Pigeon

Eleanor Farjeon

Mrs. Peck-Pigeon

Is picking for bread

Bob-bob-bob

Goes her little round head.

Tame as a pussy-cat

In the street,

Step-step-step

Go her little red feet.

With her little red feet

And her little round head,

Mrs. Peck-Pigeon

Goes picking for bread.

My Books and I

Florence Piper Tuttle

My books and I the whole day through
Find many, many things to do;
We travel anywhere we please.
On dragonflies and bumblebees.

We visit pirates in their den;
We sail the seas and back again.
With Indians, lying all around,
We spread our blankets on the ground.

At night, the fairies on the green
Ask me to be their Fairy Queen
The most exciting time of day
Is when my books and I just play.

My Dog

Marchette Chute

His nose is short and scrubby;
His ears hang rather low;

And he always brings the stick back,
No matter how far you throw.

He gets spanked rather often
For things he shouldn't do,

Like lying on beds, and barking,
And eating up shoes when they're new.

He always wants to be going
Where he isn't suppose to go.

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

My Favorite Word

Lucia and James L. Hymes, Jr.

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

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

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

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

My Visitors

Ethel H. Chesterfield

I built a little house,
With a red front door;
Someone came knocking,
One, two, three, four!
I hurried up to open it,
And what did I see?
Two squirrels and a dormouse
Had come to visit me!

Their eyes were very wistful,
As they peered inside my house;
I stood aside to let them in,
The squirrels and the dormouse;
They curled up on the hearth rug
To warm their little feet;
I gave them buns and banbury cakes
And apple tarts to eat.

And when I rose next morning,
Before the early dawn,
They'd gone, but on my doorstep
Were hazelnuts and corn.

The North Wind Doth Blow

Author Unknown

The north wind doth blow
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor robin do then, poor thing?
 He'll sit in a barn,
 And keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing, poor thing!
The north wind doth blow
And we shall have snow,
And what will the dormouse do then, poor thing?
 Roll'd up like a ball,
 In his nest snug and small,
He'll sleep till warm weather comes in, poor thing!
The north wind doth blow
And we shall have snow,
And what will the children do then, poor things?
 When lessons are done,
 They must skip, jump, and run
Until they have made themselves warm, poor things!

Neighborly

Violet A. Storey

My mother sends our neighbors things
On fancy little plates.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

October

Rose Fyleman

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

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

Old Glory

Alonzo Newton Benn

I love each shining star because
 It tells a wondrous story;
I love each stripe in our dear flag,
 The flag we call Old Glory!
I love its field of azure blue,
 Each star that twinkles there;
I love its red and snowy white
 To me it all is fair.
I love to see it float on high
 Above each tower and steeple;
I love to doff my hat to it
 The flag of a free people.
I love Old Glory more each day,
 The banner of our nation;
America, our native land
 A land of God's creation!

On Eating Porridge Made of Peas

Louis Phillips

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

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

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

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

Opossum

William Jay Smith

Have you ever in your life seen a

Possum play possum?

Have you ever in your life seen a

Possum play dead?

When a Possum is trapped and can't get away

He turns up his toes and lays down his head,

Bats both his eyes and rolls over dead.

But then when you leave him and run off to play,

The Possum that really was just playing possum

Gets up in a flash and scurries away.

Out in the Fields with God

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

The little cares that fretted me
I lost them yesterday
Among the fields, above the sea,
Among the winds at play,
Among the lowing of the herds,
The rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds,
The humming of the bees.

The foolish fears of what might happen,
I cast them all away,
Among the clover-scented grass,
Among the new-mown hay,
Among the husking of the corn,
Where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are born--
Out in the fields with God.

The Owl

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

When cats run home and light is come,
And dew is cold upon the ground,
And the far-off stream is dumb,
And the whirring sail goes round,
And the whirring sail goes round;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.
When merry milkmaids click the latch,
And rarely smells the new-mown hay,
And the cock hath sung beneath the thatch
Twice or thrice his roundelay,
Twice or thrice his roundelay;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

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?

Rain in Summer

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

How beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain!
How it clatters along the roofs,
Like the tramp of hoofs!

How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout!
Across the window pane
It pours and pours;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain!

The Rain Song

Robert Loveman

It is not raining rain for me,
It's raining daffodils
In every dimpled drop I see
Wild flowers on the hills.

The clouds of gray engulf the day
And overwhelm the town;
It is not raining rain to me
It's raining roses down.

It is not raining rain to me,
But fields of clover bloom,
Where any buccaneering bee
May find a bed and room.

A health unto the happy,
A fig for him who frets!
It is not raining rain to me,
It's raining violets.

Recipe

Walter Maughan

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

The Secrets of Our Garden

Rupert Sargent Holland

You think it's only a garden,
With roses along the wall;

I'll tell you the truth about it—
It isn't a garden at all

It's really Robin Hood's forest,
And over by the big tree

Is the very place where fat Friar Tuck
Fought with the Miller of Dee.

And back of the barn is a cavern
Where Rob Roy really hid;

On the other side is a treasure chest
That belonged to Captain Kidd.

That isn't the pond that you see there,
It's an ocean deep and wide,

Where six-masted ships are waiting
To sail on the rising tide.

Of course it looks like a garden
It's all so sunny and clear—

You'd be surprised if you really knew
The things that have happened here!

The Seed Shop

Muriel Stuart

Here in a quiet and dusty room they lie,
Faded as crumbled stone or shifting sand,
Forlorn as ashes, shriveled, scentless, dry -
Meadows and gardens running through my hand.

In this brown husk a dale of hawthorn dreams;
A cedar in this narrow cell is thrust
That will drink deeply of a century's streams;
These lilies shall make summer on my dust.

Here in their safe and simple house of death,
Sealed in their shells, a million roses leap;
Here I can blow a garden with my breath,
And in my hand a forest lies asleep.

The Skylark

Christina Rossetti

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

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

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

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

A Sledding Song

Norman C. Schlichter

Sing a song of winter,
Of frosty clouds in air!
Sing a song of snowflakes
Falling everywhere.

Sing a song of winter!
Sing a song of sleds!
Sing a song of tumbling
Over heels and heads.

Up and down a hillside
When the moon is bright,
Sledding is a tiptop
Wintertime delight.

A Smile

Author Unknown

A smile costs nothing but gives much—
It takes but a moment, but the memory of
it usually lasts forever.
None are so rich that can get along
without it—
And none are so poor but that can be
made rich by it.
It enriches those who receive
Without making poor those who give—
It creates sunshine in the home,
Fosters goodwill in business
And is the best antidote for trouble—
And yet it cannot be begged, borrowed or
stolen, for it is of no value
Unless it is freely given away.
Some people are too busy to give you a smile—
Give them one of yours—
For the good Lord knows, that no one
needs a smile so badly
As he or she who has no more smiles left to give.

The Snail

Charles Lamb

The frugal snail, with forecast of repose,
Carries his house with him where'er he goes;
Peeps out — and if there comes a shower of rain,
Retreats to his small domicile again,
Touch but a tip of him, a horn — 'tis well —
He curls up in his sanctuary shell,
He's his own landlord, his own tenant; stay
Long as he will, he dreads no Quarter Day.
Himself he boards and lodges; both invites
And feasts himself; sleeps with himself o' nights.
He spares the upholsterer trouble to procure
Chattels; himself is his own furniture,
And his sole riches. Whereso'er he roam —
Knock when you will — he's sure to be at home.

The Snowbird

Frank Dempster Sherman

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

Someone

Walter de la Mare

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

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.

Song of the Train

David McCord

Clickety-clack,
Wheels on the track,
This is the way
They begin the attack:
Clickety-clack,
Clickety-clack,
Clickety, clackety,
Clickety
Clack.

Clickety-clack,
Over the crack
Faster and faster
The song of the track:
Clickety-clack,
Clickety-clack,
Clickety, clackety,
Clackety,
Clack.

Riding in front,
Riding in back,
Everyone hears
The song of the track:
Clickety-clack,
Clickety-clack,
Clickety, clickety,
Clackety,
Clack.

Spaghetti

Shel Silverstein

Spaghetti, spaghetti, all over the place,
Up to my elbows - up to my face,
Over the carpet and under the chairs,
Into the hammock and wound round the stairs,
Filling the bathtub and covering the desk,
Making the sofa a mad mushy mess.

The party is ruined, I'm terribly worried,
The guests have all left (unless they're all buried).
I told them, "Bring presents." I said, "Throw confetti."
I guess they heard wrong
'Cause they all threw spaghetti.

Spread God's Word

Alice Joyce Davidson

Sometimes

I want to shout

with glee—

“Hey everybody,

Look at me—

I found God!”

I found Him

in the warmth of friendship

in the joy of giving

I found Him in loving

in laughing—

in living!

I found God

And you can find Him, too—

Just open up your heart

And God will come

to YOU!

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.

Spring Morning

A. A. Milne

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

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

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

Spring Prayer

Ralph Waldo Emerson

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

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

The Squirrel

Author Unknown

Whisky, frisky,
Hippity hop,
Up he goes
To the treetop!

Whirly, twirly,
Round and round,
Down he scampers
To the ground.

Furly, curly,
What a tail!
Tall as a feather,
Broad as a sail!

Where's his supper?
In the shell,
Snappity, Crackity,
Out it fell.

The Steam Shovel

Rowena Bennett

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

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

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

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 Swing

Robert Louis Stevenson

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

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

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

Rivers and trees and cattle and all
Over the countryside—

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

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

Taking Turns

Brad Bagert

Summer sunshine, summer heat
Summer sandals on my feet.

Autumn, Autumn - turning cool.
Time for me to go to school.

Winter, Winter — ice and snow,
Bundle up from head to toe.

Springtime showers, warm and clean
Everything I see is green.

Every year, it's only fair,
All the seasons have to share,
All the seasons have to learn
That every season takes a turn.

Thank God for Little Things

Helen Steiner Rice

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

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

The unexpected courtesy,
the thoughtful, kindly deed—

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

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

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

Thanks, Dear Jesus

Ed Brandt

THANKS dear Jesus for dying for me,
THANKS for your all on Calvary's tree,
THANKS for your payment to set me free,
THANKS for letting me ransomed be.
THANKS for the tomb that could not contain
My Lord and my Savior wherein He had lain,
THANKS for your resurrection, for ascending on high,
THANKS for your promise to return by and by.
THANKS for your love because it never fails,
THANKS for your grace, it always prevails,
THANKS for the Holy Spirit, He keeps me from sin;
THANKS be to Him who lives within.

The Three Little Kittens

Eliza Lee Follen

Three little kittens lost their mittens;
And they began to cry,
 “Oh, mother dear,
 We very much fear
That we have lost our mittens.”
 “Lost your mittens!
 You naughty kittens!
Then you shall have no pie!”
 “Mee-ow, mee-ow,
 mee-ow.”
“No, you shall have no pie.”
 “Mee-ow, mee-ow,
 mee-ow.”

The three little kittens found their mittens;
And they began to cry,
 “Oh, mother dear,
 See here, see here!
See, we have found our mittens!”
 “Put on your mittens,
 You silly kittens,
And you may have some pie.”
 “Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r,
Oh, let us have the pie!
 Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r.”

Traffic

Jane Lear Talley

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

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

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

Trees

Joyce Kilmer

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

Try, Try Again

T. H. Palmer

'Tis a lesson you should heed,
If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try again;

Then your courage should appear,
For if you will persevere,
You will conquer, never fear
Try, try again;

Once or twice, though you should fail,
If you would at last prevail,
Try, try again;

If we strive, 'tis no disgrace
Though we do not win the race;
What should you do in the case?
Try, try again

If you find your task is hard,
Time will bring you your reward,
Try, try again

All that other folks can do,
Why, with patience, should not you?
Only keep this rule in view:
Try, try again.

Tummyache

Aileen Fisher

Father said that maybe
it was too much candy.

Mother said more likely
it was gooseberry jam.

Father said that maybe
with the sweet things handy

I forgot my gravy
and vegetables and ham.

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

Father nodded "probably"
and so did Gram.

But I said "Certainly,
it COULDN'T have been candy.

It must have been the gravy
and vegetables
and ham."

Walking

Grace Ellen Glaubitz

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

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

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?

We Thank Thee

For mother-love and father-care,
For brothers strong and sisters fair,
For love at home and here each day,
For guidance lest we go astray,
 Father in Heaven, we thank Thee.

For this new morning with its light,
For rest and shelter of the night,
For health and food, for love and friends,
For ev'rything His goodness sends,
 Father in Heaven, we thank Thee.

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

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

What Does the Little Birdie Say

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

What does the little birdie say,

In her nest at peep of day?

“Let me fly,” says little birdie,

“Mother, let me fly away.”

“Birdie, rest a little longer,

Till the little wings are stronger.”

So she rests a little longer,

Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,

In her bed at peep of day?

Baby says, like little birdie,

“Let me rise and fly away.”

“Baby, sleep a little longer,

Till the little limbs are stronger.”

If she sleeps a little longer,

Baby, too, shall fly away.

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 Is Pink?

Christina Rossetti

What is pink? A rose is pink
By the fountain's brink.

What is red? A poppy's red
In its barley bed.

What is blue? The sky is blue
Where the clouds float through

What is white? A swan is white
Sailing in the light.

What is yellow? Pears are yellow,
Rich and ripe and mellow.

What is green? The grass is green
With small flowers between.

What is violet? Clouds are violet
In the summer twilight.

What is orange? Why, an orange,
Just an orange!

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 thrilling 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.

Where Go the Boats?

Robert Louis Stevenson

Dark brown is the river,
 Golden is the sand.
It flows along forever,
 With trees on either hand.

Green leaves a-floating,
 Castles of the foam,
Boats of mine a-boating-
 Where will all come home?

On goes the river
 And out past the mill,
Away down the valley
 Away down the hill.

Away down the river,
 A hundred miles or more,
Other little children
 Shall bring my boats ashore.

Who Knows a Mountain?

Ethel Romig Fuller

Who knows a mountain?

One who has gone

To worship its beauty

In the dawn;

One who has slept

On its breast at night;

One who has measured

His strength to its height;

One who has followed

Its longest trail.

And laughed in the face

Of its fiercest gale;

One who has scaled its peaks,

And has trod

Its cloud-swept summits

Alone with God.

Wind on the Hill

A. A. Milne

No one can tell me,
Nobody knows,

Where the wind comes from,
Where the wind goes.

It's flying from somewhere
As fast as it can

I couldn't keep up with it,
Not if I ran.

But if I stopped holding
The string of my kite,

It would blow with the wind
For a day and a night.

And then when I found it,
Wherever it blew,

I should know that the wind
Had been going there too.

So then I could tell them
Where the wind goes ...

But where the wind comes from
Nobody knows.

Wind Song

Lilian Moore

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

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

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

Windy Nights

Robert Louis Stevenson

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

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

The Worm

Ralph Bergengren

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

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

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

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

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

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