



*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

### Second Grade

<b>Second Grade: Poetry</b>	<b>4</b>
Adventures of Isabel	4
After the Party	5
At the Garden Gate	6
The Balloon	7
Bedtime	8
Bernard Bartholomew Benjamin Brown	9
Blessing of God's Love	10
Books Fall Open	11
The Boy Who Never Told a Lie	12
The Brook	13
Cat	14
Catalogue	15
A Child's Evening Prayer	16
A Child's Thought of God	17
Circus	18
Daniel Boone	19
A Day	20
Easter Wings	21
The Elf and the Dormouse	22
The Favorite	23
The Flowers	24
Galoshes	25
General Store	26
The Giggling Gaggling Gaggles of Geese	27
The Gingerbread Man	28
Going to Bed	29
Good Morning	30
A Good Play	31
Grace at Evening	32
Habits of the Hippopotamus Halfway	33
Down	34
Have Good Intentions	35
The Hayloft	

Hide and Seek	36
How to Write a Letter	37
I Want to Know	38
I Wish I Were a Little Star	39
In the Morning	40
It Is Raining	41
Jabbering in School	42
A Kitten	43
The Kitten and the Falling Leaves	44
The Lamplighter	45
The land of Counterpane	46
The Library	47
Make Me a Picture of the Sun	48
Marching Song	49
Mice in the Hay	50
Missing	51
The Monkeys and the Crocodile	52
The Moon	53
The Mouse	54
Mrs. Brown	55
My Policeman	56
Ornithology	57
Our Snowman	58
Portrait by a Neighbor	59
Questions at Night	60
Rabbits	61
Rain in the Night	62
The Rainbow	63
The Reason for the Pelican	64
Seal	65
The Sermons We See	66
The Shepherd Boy Sings	67
To a Snowflake	68
Spring	69
Slow But Sure	70
So Long as There Is Weather	71
The Things I Do	72
Timothy Boon	73
Tiptoe	74
To God, with Love	75

To Meet Mr. Lincoln	76
Tomorrow	78
Verbs	79
Very Early	80
Very Lovely	81
Weather	82
Weathers	83
What in the World?	84
What Robin Told	85
When I Heard the Learn'd	86
Astronomer Will There Really Be a	87
Morning	88
The Wind	89
Winter Is Coming	90
Winter Time	90
Work	91

# 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.



## 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.

## 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 miew and a miew  
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 miew and a miew  
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.

## 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.

## 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 Gagging Gaggle of Geese

*Jack Prelutsky*

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

The giggling gagging 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 gagging gaggle of geese!

The giggling gagging 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 gagging gaggle of geese.

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

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

*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 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.

## 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.

## 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!

## 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?

## 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 carrot lettuce cabbage 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 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.

## 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.