



*Rocky Mountain Classical  
Christian Schools Speech Meet  
Official Selections*

## RMCCS speech and Bible selection requirements

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### *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.

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### 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

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### 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

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## Abraham Lincoln

### *Mildred Meigs*

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

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

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

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

## Afternoon with Grandmother

*Barbara A. Huff*

I always shout when Grandma comes,  
But Mother says, "Now please be still  
And good and do what Grandma wants."  
And I say, "Yes, I will."  
So off we go in Grandma's car.  
"There's a brand new movie quite near by,"  
She says, "that I'd rather like to see."  
And I say, "So would I."  
The show has horses and chases and battles;  
We gasp and hold hands the whole way through.  
She smiles and says, "I liked that lots."  
And I say, "I did, too."  
"It's made me hungry, though," she says,  
I'd like a malt and tarts with jam.  
By any chance are you hungry, too?"  
And I say, "Yes, I am."  
Later at home my Mother says,  
"I hope you were careful to do as bid.  
Did you and Grandma have a good time?"  
And I say, "YES, WE DID!!!"

## America Was Schoolmasters

*Robert P. Tristram Coffin*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## The American Flag

*Anonymous*

There's a flag that floats above us,  
Wrought in red and white and blue—  
A spangled flag of stars and stripes  
Protecting me and you.

Sacrifices helped to make it  
As men fought the long months through,  
Nights of marching—days of fighting—  
For the red and white and blue.

There is beauty in that emblem,  
There is courage in it, too;  
There is loyalty—there's valor—  
In the red and white and blue.

In that flag which floats, unconquered  
Over land and sea,  
There's equality and freedom—  
There is true democracy.

There is glory in that emblem,  
Wrought in red and white and blue.  
It's the stars and stripes forever  
Guarding me and guarding you!

## And Did Those Feet

*William Blake*

And did those feet in ancient time  
Walk upon England's mountains green:  
And was the holy Lamb of God,  
On England's pleasant pastures seen!

And did the Countenance Divine,  
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?  
And was Jerusalem builded here,  
Among these dark Satanic Mills?

Bring me my Bow of burning gold:  
Bring me my arrows of desire:  
Bring me my Spear: O clouds unfold!  
Bring me my Chariot of fire!

I will not cease from Mental Fight,  
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand:  
Till we have built Jerusalem,  
In England's green & pleasant Land.

# April

*Ted Robinson*

So here we are in April, in showy, blowy April,  
In frowsy, blowsy April, the rowdy, dowdy time;  
In soppy, sloppy April, in wheezy, breezy April,  
In ringing, stinging April, with a singing, swinging rhyme!

The smiling sun of April on the violets is focal,  
The sudden showers of April seek the dandelions out;  
The tender airs of April make the local yokel vocal,  
And he raises rustic ditties with a most melodious shout.

So here we are in April, in tipsy, gypsy April,  
In showery, flowery April, the twinkly, sprinkly days;  
In tingly, jingly April, in highly wily April,  
In mighty, flighty April with its highy-tighty ways!

The duck is fond of April, and the clucking chickabiddy  
And other barnyard creatures have a try at caroling;  
There's something in the air to turn a stiddy kiddy giddy,  
And even I am forced to raise my croaking voice and sing.

## Ask Daddy, He Won't Know

*Ogden Nash*

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

## The Bluebird

*Emily Huntington Miller*

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

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

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

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

## A Boy and His Stomach

*Edgar A. Guest*

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

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

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

## A Boy's Mother

*James Whitcomb Riley*

My mother she's so good to me,  
If I was good as I could be,  
I couldn't be as good—no, sir!—  
Can't any boy be good as her!

She loves me when I'm glad er sad;  
She loves me when I'm good er bad;  
An', what's a funniest thing, she says  
She loves me when she punishes.

I don't like her to punish me.—  
That don't hurt,—but it hurts to see  
Her cryin'.—Nen I cry; an' nen  
We both cry an' be good again.

She loves me when she cuts an' sews  
My little cloak an' Sund'y clothes;  
An' when my Pa comes home to tea,  
She loves him most as much as me.

She laughs an' tells him all I said,  
An' grabs me up an' pats my head;  
An' I hug her, an' hug my Pa  
An' love him purt' nigh as much as Ma.

## A Boy Wonders

*Dorothy J. Shearer*

Sometimes the sky seems miles away  
Sometimes just o'er the hill.  
Why should it always move about,  
Why does it never stand quite still?  
I've just been wond'ring.  
What makes the sun go 'cross the sky  
A-smiling down at me?  
Does he sneak back when I'm asleep  
And it's so dark I cannot see?  
I've just been wond'ring.  
Why is the moon sometimes so slim  
And then so big and fat?  
Do you suppose he eats enough  
To swell as big and round as that?  
I've just been wond'ring.  
What makes the stars keep twinkling  
So happy and so bright?  
Do they know something funny that  
Keeps them laughing all the night?  
I've just been wond'ring.

## The Boy We Want

*from The Book of Virtues*

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

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

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

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

## Busy

*A. A. Milne*

I think I am a Muffin Man. I haven't got a  
bell,  
I haven't got the muffin things that muffin  
people sell.  
Perhaps I am a Postman. No, I think I am a  
Tram.  
I'm feeling rather funny and I don't know  
what  
I am  
BUT  
Round about  
And round about  
And round about I go—  
All round the table,  
The table in the nursery—  
Round about  
And round about  
And round about I go;  
I think I am a Traveler escaping from a Bear;  
I think I am an Elephant,  
Behind another Elephant  
Behind another Elephant who isn't really  
there ...  
SO  
Round about  
And round about  
And round about and round about  
And round about  
And round about I go.  
I think I am a Ticket Man who's selling

tickets—please,  
I think I am a Doctor who is visiting a  
Sneeze;  
Perhaps I'm just a Nanny who is walking  
with  
a pram  
I'm feeling rather funny and I don't know  
what  
I am  
BUT  
Round about  
And round about  
And round about I go:  
All around the table,  
The table in the nursery—  
Round about  
And round about  
And round about I go:  
I think I am a Puppy, so I'm hanging out my  
tongue;  
I think I am a Camel who  
Is looking for a Camel who  
Is looking for a Camel who is looking for its  
Young ...  
SO  
And round about  
And round about and round about  
And round about  
And round about I go.

## The Chameleon

*A. P. Herbert*

The chameleon changes his color;  
He can look like a tree or a wall;  
He is timid and shy and he hates to be seen,

So he simply sits down on the grass and grows green,  
And pretends he is nothing at all.  
I wish I could change my complexion  
To purple or orange or red:  
I wish I could look like the arm of a chair

So nobody ever would know I was there  
When they wanted to put me to bed.  
I wish I could be a chameleon  
And look like a lily or rose;  
I'd lie on the apples and peaches and pears,

But not on Aunt Margaret's yellowy chairs—  
I should have to be careful of those.  
The chameleon's life is confusing;  
He is used to adventure and pain;  
But if he ever sat on Aunt Maggie's cretonne

And found what a curious color he'd gone,  
I don't think he'd do it again.

## A Circus Garland Parade

*Rachel Field*

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

### *The Performing Seal*

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

### *Gunga*

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

## Columbus

*Laraine Eloise Jacobson*

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

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

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

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

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

## Come Out with Me

A. A. Milne

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

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

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

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

## The Donkey

*G.K. Chesterton*

When fishes flew and forests walked  
And figs grew upon thorn,  
Some moment when the moon was blood  
Then surely I was born.

With monstrous head and sickening cry  
And ears like errant wings,  
The devil's walking parody  
On all four-footed things.

The tattered outlaw of the earth,  
Of ancient crooked will;  
Starve, scourge, deride me: I am dumb,  
I keep my secret still.

Fools! For I also had my hour;  
One far fierce hour and sweet:  
There was a shout about my ears,  
And palms before my feet.

## The Duck

*E. L. M. King*

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

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

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

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

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

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

## The Duel

*Eugene Field*

THE GINGHAM dog and the calico cat  
Side by side on the table sat;  
'T was half-past twelve, and (what do you  
think!)  
Nor one nor t' other had slept a wink!  
The old Dutch clock and the Chinese plate  
  
Appeared to know as sure as fate  
There was going to be a terrible spat.  
*(I was n't there; I simply state  
What was told to me by the Chinese plate!)*

The gingham dog went "bow-wow-wow!"  
And the calico cat replied "mee-ow!"  
The air was littered, an hour or so,  
With bits of gingham and calico,  
While the old Dutch clock in the  
chimney-place  
Up with its hands before its face,  
For it always dreaded a family row!  
*(Never mind: I 'm only telling you  
What the old Dutch clock declares is true!)*

The Chinese plate looked very blue,  
And wailed, "Oh, dear! what shall we do!"  
  
But the gingham dog and the calico cat  
Wallowed this way and tumbled that,  
Employing every tooth and claw  
In the awfulest way you ever saw—  
And, oh! how the gingham and calico flew  
*(Don't fancy I exaggerate—  
I got my news from the Chinese plate!)*

Next morning where the two had sat  
They found no trace of dog or cat;  
And some folks think unto this day  
That burglars stole that pair away!  
But the truth about the cat and pup  
Is this: they ate each other up!  
Now what do you really think of that!  
*(The old Dutch clock it told me so,  
And that is how I came to know.)*

## The Egg

*Laura E. Richards*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Evening (In Words of One Syllable)

*Thomas Miller*

The day is past, the sun is set,  
And the white stars are in the sky;  
While the long grass with dew is wet,  
And through the air the bats now fly.  
The lambs have now lain down to sleep,  
The birds have long since sought their nests;  
The air is still; and dark, and deep  
On the hill side the old wood rests.  
Yet of the dark I have no fear,  
But feel as safe as when 'tis light;  
For I know God is with me there,  
And He will guard me through the night.  
For God is by me when I pray,  
And when I close mine eyes to sleep,  
I know that He will with me stay,  
And will all night watch by me keep.  
For He who rules the stars and sea,  
Who makes the grass and trees to grow.  
Will look on a poor child like me,  
When on my knees I to Him bow.  
He holds all things in His right hand,  
The rich, the poor, the great, the small;  
When we sleep, or sit, or stand,  
He is with us, for He loves us all.

## Every Time I Climb a Tree

*David McCord*

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

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

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

## 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.

## Foreign Lands

*Robert Louis Stevenson*

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

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

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

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

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

## F. Scott Fitzgerald to His Daughter

*from The Book of Virtues*

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

Things not to worry about:

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

Things to think about:

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

## 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 ink well?”  
And Mother said, “Where?”  
“In the INK well,” said Father. But  
I was not there.

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

“Inside the mirror’s  
A pretty good place,”  
Said Father and looked but saw  
Only his face.

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

Then I laughed out aloud  
And I wiggled my toes  
And Father said— “Look, Dear  
I wonder if those

Toes could be Benny’s.  
There are ten of them. See?”  
And they were so surprised to find  
Out it was me!

## Home-thoughts from Abroad

*Robert Browning*

Oh, to be in England  
Now that April's there,  
And whoever wakes in England  
Sees, some morning, unaware,  
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf  
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,  
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough  
In England—now!

And after April, when May follows,  
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows!  
Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge  
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover  
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—  
That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,  
Lest you should think he never could recapture  
The first fine careless rapture!  
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,  
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew  
The buttercups, the little children's dower  
—Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

# I Am an American

*Daniel Webster*

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

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

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

## I Know Something Good About You

*Author Unknown*

Wouldn't this world be better  
If the folks we meet would say—  
"I know something good about you!"  
And treat us just that way?  
Wouldn't it be fine and dandy  
If each handclasp, fond and true,  
Carried with it this assurance"—  
"I know something good about you!"  
Wouldn't life be lots more happy  
If the good that's in us all  
Were the only thing about us  
That folks bothered to recall?  
Wouldn't life be lots more happy  
If we praised the good we see?  
For there's such a lot of goodness  
In the worst of you and me!  
Wouldn't it be nice to practice  
That fine way of thinking, too?  
You know something good about me;  
I know something good about you.

## I Looked in the Mirror

*Beatrice Schenk DeRegniers*

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

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

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

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

I looked in the bathroom  
And sitting in the tub—

Was a big polar bear  
And her little bear cub.

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

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

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

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

## If You Were

*from The Book of Virtues*

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

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

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

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

## In Desert Places

*Sister Mary Madeleva*

God has a way of making flowers grow.  
He is both daring and direct about it.  
If you know half the flowers that I know,  
You do not doubt it.

He chooses some gray rock, austere and high,  
For garden-plot, trafficks with sun and weather;  
Then lifts an Indian paintbrush to the sky,  
Half flame, half feather.

In desert places it is quite the same;  
He delves at petal-plans, divinely, surely.  
Until a bud too shy to have a name  
Blossoms demurely.

He dares to sow the waste, to plow the rock.  
Though Eden knew His beauty and His power,  
He could not plant it in a yucca stalk,  
A cactus flower.

## In Time of Silver Rain

*Langston Hughes*

In time of silver rain  
The earth  
Puts forth new life again,  
Green grasses grow  
And flowers lift their heads,  
And over all the plain  
The wonder spreads  
Of life,  
Of life,  
Of life!

In time of silver rain  
The butterflies  
Lift silken wings  
To catch a rainbow cry,  
and trees put forth  
New leaves to sing  
In joy beneath the sky  
As down the roadway  
Passing boys and girls  
Go singing, too,  
In time of silver rain  
When spring  
And life  
Are new.

## An Introduction to Dogs

*Ogden Nash*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Jonathan Bing

*Beatrice Curtis Brown*

Jonathan Bing

Poor old Jonathan Bing

Went out in his carriage to visit the King,

But everyone pointed and said, "Look at that!

Jonathan Bing has forgotten his hat!"

(He'd forgotten his hat!)

Poor old Jonathan Bing

Went home and put on a new hat for the King,

But up by the palace a soldier said, "Hi!

You can't see the King: you've forgotten your tie!"

(He's forgotten his tie!)

Poor old Jonathan Bing

He put on a beautiful tie for the King,

But when he arrived an Archbishop said, "Ho!

You can't come to court in pajamas, you know!"

Poor old Jonathan Bing

Went home and addressed a short note to the King:

If you please will excuse me

I won't come to tea;

For home's the best place for

All people like me!

## 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.

## Little Boy Blue

*Eugene Field*

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

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

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

## Little White Lily

*George MacDonald*

Little White Lily  
Sat by a stone,  
Drooping and waiting  
Till the sun shone.

Little White Lily  
Sunshine has fed;  
Little White Lily  
Is lifting her head.

Little White Lily  
Said: "It is good  
Little White Lily's  
Clothing and food."  
Little White Lily  
Dressed like a bride!  
Shining with whiteness,  
And crownèd beside!

Little White Lily  
Drooping with pain,  
Waiting and waiting  
For the wet rain.

Little White Lily  
Holdeth her cup;  
Rain is fast falling  
And filling it up.

Little White Lily  
Said: "Good again,  
When I am thirsty  
To have the nice rain.  
Now I am stronger,  
Now I am cool;  
Heat cannot burn me,  
My veins are so full."

Little White Lily  
Smells very sweet;  
On her head sunshine,  
Rain at her feet.  
Thanks to the sunshine,  
Thanks to the rain,  
Little White Lily  
Is happy again.

## Lincoln

*Nancy Byrd Turner*

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

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

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

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

## Lincoln's Story

*Author Unknown*

When Lincoln was a little boy,  
He was very, very poor,  
His home, a rude hut of logs,  
With no window, or a door.

Beside the open fireplace  
In winter evenings cold,  
He worked out his arithmetic  
On a shovel, with charcoal.

He studied all the time he could  
His books were old and few,  
He read them all so many times  
He knew them through and through.

Kind to the aged and the poor,  
A cheerful word for all,  
He learned to be both wise and good;  
Loved by the children small.

When people learned that he was wise,  
Honest and kind and true—  
They made our Lincoln President—  
As it was right to do.

## The Lost Shoe

*Walter de la Mare*

Poor little Lucy  
By some mischance,  
Lost her shoe  
As she did dance:  
'Twas not on the stairs,  
Not in the hall;  
Not where they sat  
At supper at all.  
She looked in the garden,  
But there it was not;  
Henhouse, or kennel,  
Or high dovecote.  
Dairy and meadow,  
And wild woods through  
Showed not a trace  
Of Lucy's shoe.  
Bird nor bunny  
Nor glimmering moon  
Breathed a whisper  
Of where 'twas gone.  
It was cried and cried,

Oyez and Oyez!  
In French, Dutch, Latin,  
And Portuguese.  
Ships the dark seas  
Went plunging through,  
But none brought news  
Of Lucy's shoe;  
And still she patter  
In silk and leather,  
O'er snow, sand, shingle,  
In every weather;  
Spain, and Africa,  
Hindustan,  
Java, China, and lamped Japan;  
Plain and desert,  
She hops-hops through,  
Pernambuco to gold Peru;  
Mountain and forest,  
And river too,  
All the world over  
For her lost shoe.

## 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.

## Mary

*Mary O'Neill*

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

## A Mortifying Mistake

*Anna Maria Pratt*

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

## Mr. Nobody

*Author Unknown*

I know a funny little man,  
    As quiet as a mouse,  
Who does the mischief that is done  
    In everybody's house!  
There's no one ever sees his face,  
    And yet we all agree  
That every plate we break was cracked  
    By Mr. Nobody.  
'Tis he who always tears our books,  
    Who leaves the door ajar,  
He pulls the buttons from our shirts,  
    And scatters pins afar;  
That squeaking door will always squeak,  
    For, prithee, don't you see,  
We leave the oiling to be done  
    By Mr. Nobody.  
The finger marks upon the door  
    By none of us are made;  
We never leave the blinds unclosed,  
    To let the curtains fade.  
The ink we never spill; the boots  
    That lying round you see  
Are not our boots—they all belong  
    To Mr. Nobody.

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

He sits and begs, he gives a paw,  
He is, as you can see,  
The finest dog you ever saw,  
And he belongs to me.

He follows everywhere I go  
And even when I swim.  
I laugh because he thinks, you know,  
That I belong to him.

But still no matter what we do  
We never have a fuss;  
And so I guess it must be true  
That we belong to us.

## My Heart's in the Highlands

*Robert Burns*

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

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

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

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

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

## My Speech

*Mrs. E. H. Goodfellow*

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

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

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

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

I'm torn and bruised and scratched  
And grown so very thin,

It is indeed a really sad  
Condition I am in."

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

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

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

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

## Once by the Ocean

*Robert Frost*

The shattered water made a misty din.  
Great waves looked over others coming in,  
And thought of doing something to the shore  
That water never did to land before.

The clouds were low and hairy in the skies,  
Like locks blown forward in the gleam of eyes.  
You could not tell, and yet it looked as if  
The shore was lucky in being backed by cliff,

The cliff in being backed by continent;  
It looked as if a night of dark intent  
Was coming, and not only a night, an age.  
Someone had better be prepared for rage.

There would be more than ocean-water broken  
Before God's last Put out the light was spoken.

## The Pancake Collector

*Jack Prelutsky*

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Puppy and I

*A. A. Milne*

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

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

I met a Woman as I went walking;  
We got talking,  
Woman and I.  
“Where are you going to, Woman, so  
early?”

(I said to the Woman as she went by)  
“Down to the village to get some barley.  
Will you come with me?” “No, not I.”

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

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

## A Sea-Song from the Shore

*James Whitcomb Riley*

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

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

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

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

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

# The Secret of Happiness

*Helen Steiner Rice*

Everybody, everywhere, seeks happiness

—it's true

But finding it and keeping it

seems difficult to do,

Difficult because we think

that happiness is found

Only in the places where

wealth and fame abound,

And so we go on searching

in "palaces of pleasure"

Seeking recognition

and monetary treasure,

Unaware that happiness

is just a state of mind

Within the reach of everyone

who takes time to be kind—

For in making others happy,

we will be happy, too,

For the happiness you give away

returns to shine on you.

## The Snake

*Emily Dickinson*

A narrow fellow in the grass  
Occasionally rides;  
You may have met him, — did you not,  
His notice sudden is.

The grass divides as with a comb,  
A spotted shaft is seen;  
And then it closes at your feet  
And opens further on.

He likes a boggy acre,  
A floor too cool for corn.  
Yet when a child, and barefoot,  
I more than once, at morn,

Have passed, I thought, a whip-lash  
Unbraiding in the sun, —  
When, stooping to secure it,  
It wrinkled, and was gone.

Several of nature's people  
I know, and they know me;  
I feel for them a transport  
Of cordiality;

But never met this fellow,  
Attended or alone,  
Without a tighter breathing,  
And zero at the bone.

## The Secret Cavern

*Margaret Viddemer*

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

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

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

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

# The Story of the Baby Squirrel

*Dorothy A. Idis*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# The Story of Flying Robert

*Heinrich Hoffman*

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

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

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

## Tell Him So

*F. A. Egerton*

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

## Three Words of Strength

*Friedrich Von Schiller*

There are three lessons I would write—  
Three words, as with a burning pen,  
In tracing of eternal light,  
Upon the heart of men.

Have hope! though clouds environ round,  
And gladness hides her face in scorn,  
Put thou the shadow from thy brow,  
No night but hath its morn.

Have faith! where'er thy bark is driven—  
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth---  
Know this: God rules the hosts of heaven,  
The inhabitants of earth.

Have love! not love alone for one,  
But man as man thy brother call,  
And scatter, like the circling sun,  
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul,  
Hope, faith, and love; and thou shalt find  
Strength when life's surges rudest roll,  
Light when thou else wert blind.

## Three Little Kittens

*Eliza Cook*

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

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

Three little kittens found their mittens,

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

The three little kittens put on their mittens,

And soon ate up their pie.  
O mother dear  
We greatly fear  
That we have soiled our mittens.

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

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

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

## Tiger-Cat Tim

*Edith H. Newlin*

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

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

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

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

## Trees

*Grace Oakes Burton*

To me trees are the loveliest things,  
    Their friendly arms always outspread;  
Sometimes in them I see bright wings,  
    A nest, and then a young bird's head.  
I love the trees when morning dew  
    Like prisms hang, or diamonds rare;  
I love them in the noontide too;  
    They shield me from the sun's warm glare.  
I love them in the autumn when  
    They deck themselves in gay attire;  
They flaunt their colors proudly then,  
    And blaze as with a living fire.  
I love them when the breezes blow  
    The dancing, trembling, painted leaves;  
I love them when the fleecy snow  
    Among their branches magic weaves.  
When in the mellow moonlight glow,  
    As sentinels I see them stand,  
I hear their voices soft and low;  
    They tell me tales of fairyland.

## Two Little Maids

*James W. Foley*

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

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

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

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

# The Tyger

*William Blake*

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright  
In the forests of the night  
What immortal hand or eye  
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies  
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?  
On what wings dare he aspire?  
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And What shoulder, and what art,  
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?  
And when thy heart began to beat,  
What dread hand? and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?  
In what furnace was thy brain?  
What the anvil? what dread grasp  
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,  
And watered heaven with their tears,  
Did he smile his work to see?  
Did he who made the lamb make thee?

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright  
In the forests of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

## The Unwinged Ones

*Ogden Nash*

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

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

## Vespers

*A. A. Milne*

Little Boy kneels at the foot of the bed,  
Droops on the little hands little gold head,  
Hush! Hush! Whisper who dares!

Christopher Robin is saying his prayers.  
God bless Mummy. I know that's right.  
Wasn't it fun in the bath tonight?

The cold's so cold and the hot's so hot.  
Oh! God bless Daddy—I quite forgot.  
If I open my fingers a little bit more,  
I can see Nanny's dressing gown on the door.

It's a beautiful blue, but it hasn't a hood.  
Oh! God bless Nanny and make her good.  
Mine has a hood, and I lie in bed,  
And pull the hood right over my head,  
And I shut my eyes, and I curl up small,  
And nobody knows that I'm here at all.

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

Oh! Now I remember it. God bless Me.  
Little Boy kneels at the foot of the bed,  
Droops on the little hands little gold head.

Hush! Hush! Whisper who dares!  
Christopher Robin is saying his prayers.

## The Violet

*Jane Taylor*

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

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

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

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

## The Wayfaring Song

*Henry Van Dyke*

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

## What Have We Done Today?

*Nixon Waterman*

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

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

We shall lift the heart and dry the tear,

We shall plant a hope in the place of fear,

We shall speak the words of love and cheer,  
But what did we speak today?

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

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

We shall give to truth a grander birth,

And to steadfast faith a deeper worth,

We shall feed the hungering souls of earth.  
But whom have we fed today?

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

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

'Tis sweet in the idle dreams to bask;  
But here and now, do we our task?

Yet, this is the thing our souls must ask,  
What have we done today?

## What Is a Teacher?

*Garnett Ann Schultz*

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

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

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

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

## Which Loved Best

*Joy Allison*

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

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

"I love you, mother," said little Fran;  
"Today I'll help you all I can;  
How glad I am that school doesn't keep!"  
So she rocked the baby till it fell asleep.

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

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

## A Windy Day

*Winifred Howard*

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

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

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

## Winter Fun

*Edna Jaques*

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

Out in the yard right by our gate  
The big, white snowman we like to make.  
We shape it with snow, white and clean;  
With fir moss for a beard  
It's just the thing.  
A carrot for a nose and apples for eyes,  
It makes him look so very wise.  
Down on the pond there is everyone  
Skating together; oh, what fun!  
A figure eight, a tug of war,  
There's a bonfire blazing on the shore.

We'll warm our hands before we run;  
There's hot chocolate waiting for everyone.  
We'll sing together for good cheer;  
It's the merriest, happiest time of the year.

## 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.

## The World's Bible

*Annie Johnson Flint*

Christ has no hands but our hands  
    To do His work today;  
He has no feet but our feet  
    To lead men in His way;  
He has no tongue but our tongue  
    To tell men how He died;  
He has no help but our help  
    To bring them to His side.  
We are the only Bible  
    The careless world will read;  
We are the sinner's gospel,  
    We are the scoffer's creed;  
We are the Lord's last message,  
    Given in deed and word;  
What if the type is crooked?  
    What if the print is blurred?  
What if our hands are busy  
    With other work than His?  
What if our feet are walking  
    Where sin's allurements is?  
What if our tongues are speaking  
    Of things His lips would spurn.  
How can we hope to help Him  
    And hasten His return?

## A Wrecker or a Builder

*Edgar A. Guest*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Written in March

*William Wordsworth*

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

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

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

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

## Yesterday in Oxford Street

*Rose Fyleman*

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

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

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

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

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