



*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

Fourth Grade

Fourth Grade: Poetry	2
Arithmetic	2
Binker	3
Brighten the Corner Where You Are	4
A Child's Hymn	5
The Concord Hymn	6
Clock-O'-Clay*	7
Crossing the Bar	8
Daddy's Reward	9
Daffodils	10
The Circus Parade	11
The Flag Goes By	12
Gentle Jesus, Meek and Mild	13
Good Night and Good Morning	14
Harriet Tubman	15
Home-thoughts from Abroad	16
Hymn	17
I Wandered Lonely As a Cloud	18
The King's Breakfast	19
The Lake Isle of Innisfree	20
The Lizard	21
My Cat Jeffrey	22
My Wise Old Grandpapa	23
The Nap Taker	24
A Night With A Wolf	25
October	26
Old Ironsides	27
On the Grasshopper and Cricket	28
	29

One, Two, Three	30
One Winter Night in August	31
Only a Little Thing	32
Ozymandias	33
The Pearl	34
The Potter	35
The Pup	36
The Prayer of Cyrus Brown	37
The Rough Little Rascal	38
Sea Fever	39
The Sheep	40
She Walks in Beauty	41
Sneezles	42
Somebody's Mother	43
The Sugar-Plum Tree	44
Song of Life	45
There Are Gains for All Our Losses	46
The Tide Rises, the Tide Falls	47
Too Many Daves	48
	49
When Grandpa Was a Boy	50
Woodman, Spare That Tree!	51
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod	52
Us Two	54
Yesterday in Oxford Street	55
Your Neighbor	56

Fourth Grade: Poetry

Arithmetic

Carl Sandburg

Arithmetic is where numbers fly like pigeons in and out of your head.
Arithmetic tells you how many you lose or win if you know how many
you had before you lost or won.

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

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

Arithmetic is where the answer is right and everything is nice
and you can look out of the window and see the blue sky--
or the answer is wrong and you have to start all over and
try again and see how it comes out this time.

If you take a number and double it and double it again and then
double it a few more times, the number gets bigger and bigger
and goes higher and higher and only arithmetic can tell you
what the number is when you decide to quit doubling.

Arithmetic is where you have to multiply--and you carry
the multiplication table in your head and hope you won't lose it.

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

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

Binker

A. A. Milne

Binker—what I call him—is a secret of my own,
And Binker is the reason why I never feel alone.
Playing in the nursery, sitting on the stair,
Whatever I am busy at, Binker will be there.

Oh, Daddy is clever, he's a clever sort of man,
And Mummy is the best since the world began
And Nanny is Nanny, and I call her Nan
But they can't See Binker.

Binker's always talking, 'cos I'm teaching him to speak;
He sometimes likes to do it in a funny sort of squeak,
And he sometimes like to do it in a hoodling sort of roar ...
And I have to do it for him 'cos his throat is rather sore.

Oh, Daddy is clever, he's a clever sort of man,
And Mummy knows all that anybody can,
And Nanny is Nanny, and I call her Nan
But they don't Know Binker.

Binker's brave as lions when we're running in the park;
Binker's brave as tigers when we're lying in the dark;
Binker's brave as elephants. He never, never cries ...
Except (like other people) when the soap gets in his eyes.

Oh, Daddy is Daddy, he's a Daddy sort of man,
And Mummy is as Mummy as anybody can,
And Nanny is Nanny, and I call her Nan ...
But they're not Like Binker.

Binker isn't greedy, but he does like things to eat,
So I have to say to people when they're giving me a sweet,
Oh, Binker wants a chocolate, so could you give me two?
And then I eat it for him, 'cos his teeth are rather new.
Well, I'm very fond of Daddy, but he hasn't time to play,
And I'm very fond of Mummy, but she sometimes goes away,
And I'm often cross with Nanny when she wants to brush my hair ...
But Binker's always Binker, and is certain to be there.

Brighten the Corner Where You Are

Helen Steiner Rice

We cannot all be
famous or listed in Who's Who
But every person great or small
has important work to do,
For seldom do we realize
the importance of small deeds,
Or to what degree of greatness
unnoticed kindness leads—
For it's not the big celebrity
in a world of fame and praise,
But it's doing unpretentiously
in undistinguished ways,
The work that God assigned for us,
Unimportant as it seems,
That makes our task outstanding
and brings reality to dreams—
So do not sit and idly wish
for wider newer dimensions,
Where you can put in practice
your many good intentions—
But at the spot God placed you
begin at once to do
Little things to brighten up
the lives surrounding you,
For if everybody brightened up
the spot on which they're standing.
By being more considerate
and a little less demanding,
This dark cold world could very soon
eclipse the Evening Star
If everybody brightened up
the corner where they are.

A Child's Hymn

Charles Dickens

Hear my prayer, O heavenly Father,
Ere I lay me down to sleep;
Bid Thy angels, pure and holy,
Round my bed their vigil keep.

My sins are heavy, but Thy mercy
Far outweighs them, every one;
Down before Thy cross I cast them,
Trusting in Thy help alone.

Keep me through this night of peril
Underneath its boundless shade;
Take me to Thy rest, I pray Thee,
When my pilgrimage is made.

None shall measure out Thy patience
By the span of human thought;
None shall bound the tender mercies
Which Thy Holy Son has bought.

Pardon all my past transgressions,
Give me strength for days to come;
Guide and guard me with Thy blessing
Till Thy angels bid me home.

The Concord Hymn

Ralph Waldo Emerson

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled.
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set today a votive stone,
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

Clock-O'-Clay*

John Clare

In the cowslip pips I lie,
Hidden from the buzzing fly,
While green grass beneath me lies,
Pearled with dew like fishes' eyes,
Here I lie, a clock-o'-clay,
Waiting for the time o' day.

While grassy forests quakes surprise,
And the wild wind sobs and sighs,
My gold home rocks as like to fall,
On its pillars green and tall;
When the pattering rain drives by
Clock-o'-clay keeps warm and dry.

Day by day and night by night,
All the week I hide from sight;
In the cowslip pips I lie,
In rain and dew still warm and dry;
Day and night and night and day,
Red, black-spotted clock-o'-clay.

My home shakes in wind and showers,
Pale green pillar topped with flowers,
Bending at the wild wind's breath,
Till I touch the grass beneath;
Here I live, lone clock-o'-clay,
Watching for the time of day

*(a clock o' clay is a ladybug)

Crossing the Bar

Alfred Tennyson

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have cross'd the bar.

Daddy's Reward

George Harris

I was trying to read the paper,
 Reclined on my easy chair,
But my mischievous little five-year-old
 Was driving me to despair.
He pulled my ears, and tickled my feet,
 And peeked at me with a smile
“Daddy, will you get down on the floor
 And play with me for awhile?”
Reluctantly I agreed to play,
 And put aside my paper;
Then assumed the form of sway-backed nag,
 Who gaily began to caper.
He rode me around the coffee table
 A hundred times I think;
Then into his room to get his guns,
 To the kitchen for a drink.
Finally I collapsed on the floor
 In front of the TV set,
Hoping that we could rest for awhile—But
 he wasn't through with me yet.
He tugged my belt, and he pulled my hair,
 And laughed at my every groan.
Then bounced on me like a trampoline
 And rattled my every bone.
I truly think that my life was spared
 When his mommy spoke up and said,
“Put away your toys and kiss your daddy.
 It's time now to go to bed.”
But quickly soothed were my weary bones,
 And my heart was filled with joy;
He said, “Goodnight. I love you, Daddy;
 You are my favorite toy!”

Daffodils

William Wordsworth

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd
A host of golden daffodils
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I, at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood;
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

The Circus Parade

Katharine Pyle

One day we took our lunches,
And all went driving down
To see the big procession
Parading through the town.
The people lined the pavements;
Along the curb they sat:
Some woman with a parasol
Knocked off Eliza's hat.
The boys climbed up the lampposts,
And up the awnings too;
They shouted and they whistled
To everyone they knew.
The people were so noisy,
All talking in the street,
I thought I heard the music,
And heard the big drums beat.
Some boy cried out, "It's coming."
I pushed with all the rest.
It only was a wagon—
"Salvation oil's the best."
Tommy began to whimper—It
was so hot that day;
Till all, upon a sudden,
Began to look one way,
And down the street came something—All
big and gray and slow—
The elephants and camels
At last it was THE SHOW.
The banners waved and glittered:
Then came the riders gay;

The elephants all swung their trunks,
The band began to play.
And on a golden chariot,
Far, far up, all alone,
There sat a lovely lady
Upon a gilded throne.
Then came the spotted ponies;
They trotted brisk and small,
And one a clown was leading
The littlest of all.
Next was a cage of lions,
And dressed in spangles bright,
There sat a man among them:
Indeed it was a sight!
Another band; and wagons
Still rumbling, rumbling passed,
And then a crowd of little boys,
And then—that was the last.
That night when all were sleeping,
And everything was still,
I heard a circus wagon
Come jolting up the hill.
Another and another
Went rumbling through the night,
And then two elephants passed by,
Close covered out of sight.
When all had passed the tollgate
I jumped back into bed,
But all that night the sound of wheels
Kept rumbling through my head.

The Flag Goes By

Henry H. Bennett

Hats off! Along the street there comes
blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
flash of color beneath the sky:
Hats off! The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.
Hats off! The colors before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea fights and land fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and to save the State;
Weary marches and sinking ships
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and years of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right and law,
Stately honor and reverend awe:

Sign of a nation, great and strong
To ward her people from foreign wrong:
Pride and glory and honor-all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off! Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
And loyal hearts are beating high;
Hats off! The flag is passing by!

Gentle Jesus, Meek and Mild

Charles Wesley

Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

Fain I would to Thee be brought,
Dearest God, forbid it not;
Give me, dearest God, a place
In the Kingdom of Thy grace.

Put Thy hands upon my head,
Let me in Thine arms be stayed,
Let me lean upon Thy breast,
Lull me, lull me, Lord to rest.

Hold me fast in Thine embrace,
Let me see Thy smiling face,
Give me, Lord, Thy blessings give,
Pray for me, and I shall live.

Lamb of God, I look to Thee,
Thou shalt my example be;
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild,
Thou wast once a little child.

Fain I would be as Thou art,
Give me Thy obedient heart;
Thou art pitiful and kind,
Let me have Thy loving mind.

Let me, above all, fulfil
God my heavenly Father's will,
Never His good Spirit grieve;
Only to His glory live.

Thou didst live to God alone,
Thou didst never seek Thine own,
Thou Thyself didst never please:
God was all Thy happiness.

Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am;
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art,
Live Thyself within my heart.

I shall then show forth Thy praise,
Serve Thee all my happy days;
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the Holy Child, in me.

Good Night and Good Morning

Richard Monckton Milnes, Lord Houghton

A fair little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see;
Then smoothed her work, and folded it right,
And said, "Dear work, good night! good night!"
Such a number of rooks came over her head,
Crying, "Caw! Caw!" on their way to bed;
She said, as she watched their curious flight,
"Little black things, good night! good night!"
The horses neighed, and the oxen lowed,
The sheep's "Bleat! bleat!" came over the road;
All seeming to say, with a quiet delight,
"Good little girl, good night! good night!"
She did not say to the sun, "Good night!"
Though she saw him there like a ball of light,
For she knew he had God's time to keep
All over the world, and never could sleep.
The tall pink foxglove bowed his head,
The violets curtsied and went to bed;
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said on her knees her favourite prayer.
And while on her pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more till again it was day;
And all things said to the beautiful sun,
"Good morning! good morning! our work is begun!"

Harriet Tubman

Eloise Greenfield

Harriet Tubman didn't take no stuff
Wasn't scared of nothing neither.
Didn't come in this world to be no slave
And wasn't going to stay one either.

"Farewell!" she sang to her friends one night
She was mighty sad to leave 'em.
But she ran away that dark, hot night
Ran looking for her freedom.

She ran to the woods and she ran through the woods.
With the slave catchers right behind her.
And she kept on going until she got to the woods
Where those mean men couldn't find her.

Nineteen times she went back South
To get three hundred others.
She ran for her freedom nineteen times
To save black sisters and brothers.

Harriet Tubman didn't take no stuff
Wasn't scared of nothing neither.
Didn't come in this world to be no slave
And didn't stay one either.
And didn't stay one either.

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!

Hymn

Saint Thomas Aquinas

Sing, my tongue, the Savior's glory,
Of His flesh the mystery sing,
Of the blood, all price exceeding,
Shed by our immortal king,
Destined, for the world's redemption,
From a noble womb to spring.

Of a pure and spotless virgin,
Born for us, His love to show,
He, as man, with man conversing,
Stayed, the seeds of truth to sow;
Then He closed in wondrous fashion,
This His life on earth below.

On the night of that last supper,
Seated with His chosen band,
He, the paschal victim eating,
First fulfills the law's command;
Then as food to all His brethren
Gives Himself with His own hand.

Christ, the Word made flesh, by speaking,
Earthly bread to flesh He turns;
Wine becomes His blood so precious—
Unconceived in human terms!
Hearts sincere perceive this marvel;
Faith its lessons quickly learns.

Down in adoration falling,
This great sacrament we hail;
Over ancient forms of worship
Newer rites of grace prevail;
Faith tells us that Christ is present
When our human senses fail.

To the everlasting Father,
And the Son who made us free,
And the Spirit, God proceeding,
From them each eternally,
Be salvation, honor, blessing,
Might and endless majesty.

I Wandered Lonely As a Cloud

William Wordsworth

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd
A host of golden daffodils
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I, at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood;
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

The King's Breakfast

A. A. Milne

The King asked
The Queen, and
The Queen asked
The Dairymaid:
"Could we have some
butter
for
The Royal slice of bread?"
The Queen asked
The Dairymaid,
The Dairymaid
Said, "Certainly,
I'll go and tell
The cow
Now
Before she goes to bed."
The Dairymaid
She curtsied,
And went and told
The Alderney:
"Don't forget the butter for
The Royal slice of bread."
The Alderney
Said sleepily:
"You'd better tell
His Majesty
That many people
nowadays
Like marmalade
Instead."
The Dairymaid
Said, "Fancy!"
And went to
Her Majesty.
She curtsied to the Queen,

and
She turned a little red:
"Excuse me,
Your majesty
For taking of
The liberty,
But Marmalade is tasty, if
It's very
Thickly
Spread."
The Queen said
"Oh!" And went to His
Majesty:
"Talking of the butter for
The Royal slice of bread,
Many people
Think that
Marmalade
Is nicer.
Would you like to try a little
Marmalade
Instead?"
The King said,
"Bother!"
And then he said,
"Oh, deary me!"
The King sobbed, "Oh,
deary
me!"
And went back to bed.
"Nobody,"
He whimpered,
"Could call me
A fussy man;
I only want

A little bit
Of butter for
My bread!"
The Queen said,
"There, there!"
And went to
The Dairymaid.
The Dairymaid
Said "There, There!"
And went to the shed.
The cow said,
"There, there!"
I didn't really
Mean it;
Here's milk for his
porringer
And butter for his bread."
The Queen took
The butter
And brought it to
His Majesty;
The King said,
"Butter, eh?"
And bounced out of bed.
"Nobody," he said,
As he slid down
The banisters,
"Nobody,
My darling,
Could call me
A fussy man—
BUT
I do like a little bit of butter
for my bread!"

The Lake Isle of Innisfree

William Butler Yeats

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;
Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

The Lizard

Lydia Pender

There on the sun-hot stone
Why do you wait, alone
And still, so still?
Neck arched, head high, tense and alert, but still,
Still as the stone?
Still is your delicate head,
Like the head of an arrow;
Still is your delicate throat,
Rounded and narrow;
Still is your delicate back,
Patterned in silver and black,
And bright with the burnished sheen that the gum-tips share.
Even your delicate feet
Are still, still as the heat,
With a stillness alive, and awake, and intensely aware.
Why do I catch my breath,
Held by your spell?
Listening, waiting - for what?
Will you not tell?
More alive in your quiet than ever the locust can be,
Shrilling his clamorous song from shimmering tree;
More alive in your motionless grace, as the slow minutes die,
Than the scurrying ants that go hurrying busily by.
I know, if my shadow but fall by your feet on the stone,
In the wink of an eye,
Let me try –
Ah!
He's gone!

My Cat Geoffrey

Christopher Smart

For I will consider my Cat Jeffry.
For he is the servant of the Living God duly and daily serving him.
For at the first glance of the glory of God in the East he worships in his way.
For this is done by wreathing his body seven times round with elegant quickness.
For then he leaps up to catch the musk, which is the blessing of God upon his prayer.
For he rolls upon prank to work it in.
For having done duty and received blessing he begins to consider himself.
For this he performs in ten degrees.
For first he looks upon his forepaws to see if they are clean.
For secondly he kicks up behind to clear away there.
For thirdly he works it upon stretch with the forepaws extended.
For fourthly he sharpens his paws by wood.
For fifthly he washes himself.
For sixthly he rolls upon wash.
For seventhly he fleas himself, that he may not be interrupted upon the beat.
For eighthly he rubs himself against a post.
For ninthly he looks up for his instructions.
For tenthly he goes in quest of food.
For having considered God and himself he will consider his neighbor.
For if he meets another cat he will kiss her in kindness.
For when he takes his prey he plays with it to give it a chance.
For one mouse in seven escapes by his dallying.
For when his day's work is done his business more properly begins.
For he keeps the Lord's watch in the night against the adversary.
For he counteracts the powers of darkness by his electrical skin and glaring eyes.
For he counteracts the Devil, who is death, by brisking about the life.
For in his morning orisons he loves the sun and the sun loves him.
For he is of the tribe of Tiger.
For the Cherub Cat is a term of the Angel Tiger.
For he has the subtlety and hissing of a serpent, which in goodness he suppresses.
For he will not do destruction, if he is well-fed, neither will he spit without provocation.
For he purrs in thankfulness, when God tells him he's a good Cat.

My Wise Old Grandpapa

Wilbur G. Howcroft

When I was but a little chap
My Grandpapa said to me,
“You’ll need to know your manners, son,
When you go out to tea.

“Remove the shells from hard-boiled eggs,
Make sure your hat’s on straight,
Pour lots of honey on your peas
To keep them on the plate.

“Blow daintily upon your tea
To cool it to your taste,
And always pick bones thoroughly,
With due regard for waste.

“Be heedful of your partners’ needs,
Attend their every wish;
When passing jelly, cream or jam,
Make sure they’re in the dish.

“When eating figs or coconuts,
To show you are refined,
Genteely gnaw the centers out
And throw away the rind.

“If you should accidentally gulp
Some coffee while it’s hot,
Just raise the lid politely and
Replace it in the pot.”

The Nap Taker

Shel Silverstein

No -- I did not take a nap --
The nap -- took -- me
Off the bed and out the window
Far beyond the sea,
To a land where sleepy heads
Read only comic books
And lock their naps in iron safes
So that they can't get took.

And soon as I came to that land,
I also came to grief.
The people pointed at me, shouting,
"Where's the nap, you thief?"
They took me to the courthouse.
The judge put on his cap.
He said, "My child, you are on trial
For taking someone's nap.

"Yes, all you selfish children,
You think just of yourselves
And don't care if the nap you take
Belongs to someone else.
It happens that the nap you took
Without a thought or care
Belongs to Bonnie Bowlingbrook,
Who's sittin' cryin' there.

"She hasn't slept in quite some time--
Just see her eyelids flap.
She's tired drowsy -- cranky too,
'Cause guess who took her nap?"
The jury cried, "You're guilty, yes,

You're guilty as can be,
But just return the nap took
And we might set you free."

"I did not take that nap," I cried,
"I give my solemn vow,
And if I took it by mistake
I do not have it now."
"Oh fiddle-fudge," cried out the judge,
Your record looks quite sour.
Last night I see you stole a kiss,
Last week you took a shower,

"You beat your eggs, you've whipped your
cream,
At work you punched the clock,
You've even killed an hour or two,
We've heard you darn your socks,
We know you shot a basketball,
You've stolen second base,
And we can see you're guilty
From the sleep that's on your face.

"Go lie down on your blanket now
And cry your guilty tears.
I sentence you to one long nap
For ninety million years.
And when the other children see
This nap that never ends,
No child will ever dare to take
Somebody's nap again."

A Night With A Wolf

Bayard Taylor

High on the lonely mountain
Where the wild men watched and waited;
Wolves in the forest, and bears in the bush,
And I on my path belated.

The rain and the night together
Came down, and the wind came after,
Bending the props of the pine tree roof
And snapping many a rafter.

I crept along in the darkness,
Stunned and bruised and blinded;
Crept to a fir with thick-set boughs,
And a sheltering rock behind it.

There, from the blowing and raining,
Crouching I sought to hide me;
Something rustled, two green eyes shone,
And a wolf lay down beside me.

His wet fur pressed against me;
Each of us warmed the other;
Each of us felt in the stormy dark
That beast and man were brother.

And when the falling forest
No longer crashed in warning,
Each of us went from our hiding place
Forth in the wild wet morning.

October

Edgar A. Guest

Days are gettin' shorter an' the air a keener snap;
Apples now are droppin' into Mother Nature's lap;
The mist at dusk is risin' over valley, marsh an' fen
An' it's just as plain as sunshine, winter's comin' on again.
The turkeys now are struttin' round the old farmhouse once more;
They are done with all their nestin', and their hatchin' days are o'er;
Now the farmer's cuttin' fodder for the silo towerin' high
An' he's frettin' an' complainin' 'cause the corn's a bit too dry.
But the air is mighty peaceful an' the scene is good to see,
An' there's somethin' in October that stirs deep inside o' me;
An' I just can't help believin' in a God above us when
Everything is ripe for harvest an' the frost is back again.

Old Ironsides

Oliver Wendell Holmes

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;—
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood
And waves were white below.
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

O, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

On the Grasshopper and Cricket

John Keats

The Poetry of earth is never dead:

When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead;
That is the Grasshopper's—he takes the lead
In summer luxury,—he has never done
With his delights; for when tired out with fun
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.

The poetry of earth is ceasing never:

On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,
The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

One, Two, Three

Harry C. Bunner

It was an old, old, old lady
And a boy that was half-past three;
And the way that they played together
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go running and jumping,
And the boy, no more could he,
For he was a thin little fellow,
With a thin little twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight
Out under the maple trees,
And the game that they played I'll tell you
Just as it was told to me.

It was hide-and-go-seek they were playing,
Though you'd never had known it to be
With an old, old, old lady,
And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down
On his one little sound right knee,
And he'd guess where she was hiding,
In guesses One, Two, Three.

"You are in the china closet,"

He would cry and laugh with glee
It wasn't the china closet,
But he still had Two, and Three.

"You are up in papa's big bedroom,
In the chest with the queer old key,"
And she said; "You are warm and warmer
But you're not quite right," said she.

"It can't be the little cupboard
Where mama's things used to be;
So it must be the clothes press, Grandma."
And he found her with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers,
That were wrinkled and white and wee
And she guessed where the boy was hiding,
With a One and a Two and a Three.

And they never had stirred from their places,
Out under the maple tree
This old, old, old, old lady
And the boy with the lame little knee
This dear, dear, dear old lady
And the boy who was half-past three.

One Winter Night in August

X. J. Kennedy

One winter night in August
While the larks sang in their eggs,
A barefoot boy with shoes on
Stood kneeling on his legs.
At ninety miles an hour
He slowly strolled to town
And parked atop a tower
That had just fallen down.
He asked a kind old policeman
Who bit small boys in half,
“Officer, have you seen my pet
Invisible giraffe?”
“Why, sure, I haven’t seen him.”
The cop smiled with a sneer.
“He was just here tomorrow
And he rushed right back next year.”
“Now, boy, come be arrested
For stealing frozen steam!”
And whipping out his pistol,
He carved some hot ice cream.

Just then a pack of dogfish
Who roam the desert snows
Arrived by unicycle
And shook the policeman’s toes.
They cried, “Congratulations,
Old dear! Surprise, surprise!
You raced the worst, so you came in first
And you didn’t win any prize!”
Then turning to the boyfoot bear,
They yelled, “He’s overheard
What we didn’t say to the officer!
(We never said one word!)
“Too bad, boy, we must turn you
Into a loathsome toad!
Now shut your ears and listen,
We’re going to explode!”
But then, with an awful holler
That didn’t make a peep,
Our ancient boy (age seven)
Woke up and went to sleep.

Only a Little Thing

M. P. Handy

It was only a tiny seed,
 Carelessly brushed aside;
But it grew in time to a noxious weed,
 And spread its poison wide.
It was only a little leak,
 So small you might hardly see;
But the rising waters found the break,
 And wrecked the great levee.
It was only a single spark,
 Dropped by a passing train;
But the dead leaves caught, and swift and dark
 Was its work on wood and plain.
It was only a thoughtless word,
 Scarce meant to be unkind;
But it pierced as a dart to the heart that heard,
 And left it sting behind.
It may seem a trifle at most,
 The thing that we do or say;
And yet it may be that at fearful cost
 We may wish it undone someday.

Ozymandias

Percy Bysshe Shelley

I met a traveller from an antique land
Who said: `Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed.
And on the pedestal these words appear –
"My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away.'

The Pearl

Ernestine Cobern Beyer

Among the fish that swim and swish beneath the stormy sea
There lived a little oyster, and most melancholy, he!
Inside his clammy cloister, weeping sadly was the oyster.
And this made him even moister than an oyster ought to be!

His brother-fish said "Pooh and pish. He isn't worth a pin!"
"Poor fish" they often called him with a patronizing grin.
And it has to be admitted that the teasing title fitted,
For the oyster, humble-witted, didn't own a single "fin!"

In sad distress he would, I guess, have lived his life in vain
If something had not happened, to the oyster's happy gain:
One morning, something nicked him. Some gritty sand had pricked him!
To wall it up, its victim built a pearl around the pain!

Thus did he do what we can, too, if we but have the wit:
He turned bad luck to good-and yet his shell remained a fit.
He'd say, when he was feted, that his pearl was overrated;
"Shucks!" he often shyly stated; "It just took a little grit!"

The Potter

Norman P. Woodruff

Today as I watched the potter
He molded a beautiful vase.
As he picked up the clay to shape it,
Each particle fell into place.
It seemed as if he crushed it and pressed it
Every flaw had dissolved in his hands;
And soon he had fashioned a vessel,
Exactly as first he had planned.

Then I saw him open an oven
And the vessel was placed in the heat.
The surface began to harden;
To glisten and shine as a sheet.
So often we're placed in the furnace,
We're tried and crushed to pure gold.
As a potter turns out his vessel,
So our lives are shaped I am told.

Now I thought as I saw him in action,
How God molds our lives every day,
How He irons out all our defects
And works every blemish away.
Then I prayed, "Oh, may I be pliant,
That I may be easily bent,
That I may fit into the pattern,
Of the mission for which I am sent."

The Pup

Edgar A. Guest

He tore the curtains yesterday,
 And scratched the paper on the wall;
Ma's boots, too, have gone astray—
 She says she left them in the hall;
He tugged the tablecloth and broke
 A fancy saucer and a cup;
Though Bud and I think it a joke
 Ma scolds a lot about the pup.
The sofa pillows are a sight,
 The rugs are looking somewhat frayed,
And there is ruin, left and right
 That little Boston bull has made.
He slept on Buddy's counterpane—
 Ma found him there when she woke up.
I think it needless to explain
 She scolds a lot about the pup.
And yet he comes and licks her hand
 And sometimes climbs into her lap
And there, Bud lets me understand,
 He very often takes his nap.
And Bud and I have learned to know
 She wouldn't give the rascal up:
She's really fond of him, although
 she scolds a lot about the pup.

The Prayer of Cyrus Brown

Sam Walter Foss

“The proper way for a man to pray,”
Said Deacon Lemuel Keyes,
“And the only proper attitude
Is down upon his knees.”
“Nay, I should say the way to pray,”
Said Reverend Doctor Wise
“Is standing straight with outstretched arms
And rapt and upturned eyes.”
“Oh, no, no, no,” said Elder Snow,
“Such posture is too proud.
A man should pray with eyes fast closed
And head contritely bowed.”
“It seems to me his hands should be
Austerely clasped in front.
With both thumbs pointing toward the ground,”
Said Reverend Doctor Blunt.
“Las’year I fell in Hodgkin’s well
Head first,” said Cyrus Brown,
“With both my heels a-stickin’ up,
My head a-p’inting down,”
“An’ I make a prayer right then an’ there
Best prayer I ever said,
The prayingest prayer I ever prayed,
A-standing on my head.”

The Rough Little Rascal

Edgar A. Guest

A smudge on his nose and a smear on his cheek
And knees that might not have been washed in a week;
A bump on his forehead, a scar on his lip,
A relic of many a tumble and trip:
A rough little, tough little rascal, but sweet,
Is he that each evening I'm eager to meet.

A brow that is beady with jewels of sweat;
A face that's as black as a visage can get;
A suit that at noon was a garment of white,
Now one that his mother declares is a fright:
A fun-loving, sun-loving rascal, and fine,
Is he that comes placing his black fist in mine.

A crop of brown hair that is tousled and tossed;
A waist from which two of the buttons are lost;
A smile that shines out through the dirt and the grime,
And eyes that are flashing delight all the time:
All these are the joys that I'm eager to meet
And look for the moment I get to my street.

Sea Fever

John Masefield

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by;
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face, and a grey dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

The Sheep

Ann and Jane Taylor

"Lazy sheep, pray tell me why
In the pleasant fields you lie,
Eating grass, and daisies white,
From the morning till the night?

Everything can something do,
But what kind of use are you?"
"Nay, my little master, nay,
Do not serve me so, I pray;

Don't you see the wool that grows
On my back, to make you clothes?
Cold, and very cold, you'd be
If you had not wool from me.

True, it seems a pleasant thing,
To nip the daisies in the spring;
But many chilly nights I pass
On the cold and dewy grass,

Or pick a scanty dinner, where
All the common's brown and bare.
Then the farmer comes at last,
When the merry spring is past,

And cuts my woolly coat away,
To warm you in the winter's day:
Little master, this is why
In the pleasant fields I lie."

She Walks in Beauty

George Gordon, Lord Byron

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes;
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impaired the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express,
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!

Sneezles

A. A. Milne

Christopher Robin
Had wheezles
And sneezles,
They bundled him
Into
His bed.
They gave him what goes
With a cold in the nose,
And some more for a cold
In the head.
They wondered
If wheezles
Could turn
Into measles,
If sneezles
Would turn
Into mumps;
They examined his chest
For a rash,
And the rest
Of his body for swelling and lumps.
They sent for some doctors
In sneezles
And wheezles
To tell them what ought
To be done.
All sorts and conditions
Of famous physicians
Came hurrying round
At a run.
They all made a note

Of the state of his throat,
They asked if he suffered from thirst;
They asked if the sneezles
Came after the wheezles,
Or if the first sneeze
Came first.
They said, "If you teazle
A sneeze
Or wheeze,
A measles
May easily grow.
But humor or pleazle
The wheeze
Or sneeze,
The measles
Will certainly go.
They expounded the reazles
For sneezles
And wheezles,
The manner of measles
When new.
They said, "If he freezles
In draughts and in breezles,
The PHTHEEZLES
May even ensue."
Christopher Robin
Got up in the morning,
The sneezles had vanished away.
And the look in his eye
Seemed to say to the sky,
"Now, how to amuse them today?"

Somebody's Mother

Mary Dow Brine

The woman was old and ragged and gray
And bent with the chill of the winter's day.

The street was wet with a recent snow
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.

She stood at the crossing and waited long
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng

Of human beings who passed her by
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street, with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of "school let out,"

Came the boys like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep.

Past the woman so old and gray
Hastened the children on their way.

Nor offered a helping hand to her—
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir

Lest the carriage wheels or the horses's feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery
street.

At last came the merry troop,
The happiest laddie of all the group;

He paused beside her and whispered low,
"I'll help you cross, if you wish to go."

Her aged hand on his strong arm
She placed, and so, without hurt or harm,

He guided the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong.

Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's aged and poor and slow,

"And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother you understand,

"If ever she's poor and old and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away."

And "somebody's mother" bowed low her
head

In her home that night, and the prayer she
said

Was "God be kind to the noble boy,
Who is somebody's son, and pride and joy!"

The Sugar-Plum Tree

Eugene Field

Have you ever heard of the Sugar-Plum Tree?

'Tis a marvel of great renown!

It blooms on the shore of the Lollipop sea

In the garden of Shut-Eye Town;

The fruit that it bears is so wondrously sweet

(As those who have tasted it say)

That good little children have only to eat

Of that fruit to be happy next day.

When you've got to the tree, you would have a hard time

To capture the fruit which I sing;

The tree is so tall that no person could climb

To the boughs where the sugar-plums swing!

But up in that tree sits a chocolate cat,

And a gingerbread dog prowls below—

And this is the way you contrive to get at

Those sugar-plums tempting you so:

You say but the word to that gingerbread dog

And he barks with such terrible zest

That the chocolate cat is at once all agog,

As her swelling proportions attest.

And the chocolate cat goes cavorting around

From this leafy limb unto that,

And the sugar-plums tumble, of course, to the ground—

Hurrah for that chocolate cat!

There are marshmallows, gumdrops, and peppermint canes,

With stripings of scarlet or gold,

And you carry away of the treasure that rains

As much as your apron can hold!

So come, little child, cuddle closer to me

In your dainty white nightcap and gown,

And I'll rock you away to that Sugar-Plum Tree

In the garden of Shut-Eye Town.

Song of Life

Charles Mackay

A traveller on a dusty road
Strewed acorns on the lea;
And one took root and sprouted up,
And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening-time,
To breathe its early vows;
And Age was pleased, in heights of noon,
To bask beneath its boughs.
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
The birds sweet music bore—
It stood a glory in its place,
A blessing evermore.
A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well
Where weary men might turn.
He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle on the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that Toil might drink.
He passed again; and lo! the well,
By summer never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parchéd tongues,
And saved a life beside.
A nameless man, amid the crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied from the heart,
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath,
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last.

There Are Gains for All Our Losses

Richard Henry Stoddard

There are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pain:
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.

We are stronger, and are better,
Under manhood's sterner reign:
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed youth, with flying feet,
And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain:
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth and in the air,
But it never comes again!

The Tide Rises, the Tide Falls

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

The tide rises, the tide falls,
The twilight darkens, the curlew calls;
Along the sea-sands damp and brown
The traveller hastens toward the town,
 And the tide rises, the tide falls.

Darkness settles on roofs and walls,
But the sea, the sea in the darkness calls;
The little waves, with their soft, white hands,
Efface the footprints in the sands,
 And the tide rises, the tide falls.

The morning breaks; the steeds in their stalls
Stamp and neigh, as the hostler calls;
The day returns, but nevermore
Returns the traveller to the shore,
 And the tide rises, the tide falls.

Too Many Daves

Dr. Seuss

Did I ever tell you that Mrs. McCave
Had twenty-three sons and she named them all Dave?
Well, she did. And that wasn't a smart thing to do.
You see, when she wants one and calls out "Yoo-Hoo!
Come into the house, Dave!" she doesn't get one.
All twenty-three Daves of hers come on the run!
This makes things quite difficult at the McCaves'
As you can imagine, with so many Daves.
And often she wishes that, when they were born,
She had named one of them Bodkin Van Horn
And one of them Hoos-Foos. And one of them Snimm.
And one of them Hot-Shot. And one Sunny Jim.
And one of them Shadrack. And one of them Blinkey.

And one of them Stuffy. And one of them Stinkey.
Another one Putt-Putt. Another one Moon Face.
Another one Marvin O'Gravel Balloon Face.
And one of them Ziggy. And one Soggy Muff.
One Buffalo Bill. And one Biffalo Buff.
And one of them Sneepy. And one Weepy Weed.
And one Paris Garters. And one Harris Tweed.
And one of them Sir Michael Carmichael Zutt
And one of them Oliver Boliver Butt
And one of them Zanzibar Buck-Buck McFate. . .
But she didn't do it. And now it's too late.

When Grandpa Was a Boy

Dorothy Walters

So many things were different
When Grandpa was a boy.
He never saw a movie
And he seldom had a toy.

He never soared aloft in planes;
No radio had he;
An auto was unusual,
A downright novelty.

He walked three miles to school each day,
And wrote upon a slate.
And lots of things I daily eat,
Young Grandpa never ate.

Yet he is always telling me
About the "good old days,"
And how he'd not exchange his youth
For all our modern ways.

He's sure he fished with greater luck
Along his special streams;
And hazelnuts were bigger
In Grandpa's day, it seems.

I wonder, when I'm Grandpa's age,
If I will then enjoy
The thought that things were better,
When I was just a boy.

Woodman, Spare That Tree!

George Pope Morris

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.

'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy ax shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea—
And wouldst thou hew it down?

Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
Oh, spare that aged oak
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy,
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy
Here, too, my sisters played.

My mother kissed me here;
My father pressed my hand—
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand.

My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild-bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.

Old tree! the storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy ax shall harm it not.

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod

Eugene Field

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night

Sailed off in a wooden shoe--
Sailed on a river of crystal light,
Into a sea of dew.

"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"

The old moon asked of the three.

"We have come to fish for the herring fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we!"

Said Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew.

The little stars were the herring fish
That lived in that beautiful sea--

"Now cast your nets wherever you wish--
Never afeard are we!"

So cried the stars to the fishermen three:

Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw

To the stars in the twinkling foam---
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home;

'T was all so pretty a sail it seemed
As if it could not be,

And some folks thought 't was a dream they 'd dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea---

But I shall name you the fishermen three:

Wynken,
Blynken,

And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed.
So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock in the misty sea,
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

Us Two

A. A. Milne

Wherever I am, there's always Pooh,
There's always Pooh and Me.
Whatever I do, he wants to do.
"Where are you going today?" says
Pooh:
"Well, that's very odd 'cos I was too.
Let's go together," says Pooh, says he.
"Let's go together," says Pooh.

"What's twice eleven?" I said to Pooh.
(*"Twice what?"* said Pooh to Me.)
"I think it ought to be twenty-two."
"Just what I think myself," said Pooh,
"It wasn't an easy sum to do,
But that's what it is," said Pooh, said he.
"That's what it is," said Pooh.

"Let's look for dragons," I said to Pooh.
"Yes, let's," said Pooh to Me.
We crossed the river and found a few
"Yes, those are dragons all right," said
Pooh.
"As soon as I saw their beaks I knew.

That's what they are," said Pooh, said
he.

"That's what they are," said Pooh.

"Let's frighten the dragons," I said to
Pooh.

"That's right," said Pooh to Me.

"I'm not afraid," I said to Pooh.

And I held his paw and I shouted "Shoo!
Silly old dragons!" and off they flew.

"I wasn't afraid," said Pooh, said he.

"I'm never afraid with you."

So wherever I am, there's always Pooh,
There's always Pooh and Me.

"What would I do?" I said to Pooh,

"If it wasn't for you," and Pooh said:

"True,

It isn't much fun for One, but Two

Can stick together," says Pooh, says he.

"That's how it is," says Pooh.

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!

Your Neighbor

E. Howard Biggar

Do you know the neighbor that lives in your block;
Do you ever take time for a bit of a talk?
Do you know his troubles, his heartaches, his cares,
The battles he's fighting, the burdens he bears?
Do you greet him with joy or pass him right by
With a questioning look and a quizzical eye?
Do you bid him "Good morning" and say "How do you do,"
Or shrug up as if he was nothing to you?
He may be a chap with a mighty big heart,
And a welcome that grips, if you just do your part.
And I know you'll coax out his sunniest smile,
If you'll stop with this neighbor and visit awhile.

We rush on so fast in these strenuous days,
We're apt to find fault when it's better to praise.
We judge a man's worth by the make of his car;
We're anxious to find what his politics are.
But somehow it seldom gets under the hide,
The fact that the fellow we're living beside
Is a fellow like us, with a hankering, too,
For a grip of the hand and a "How do you do!"

With a heart that responds in a welcome sincere
If you'll just stop to fling him a message of cheer,
And I know you'll coax out his sunniest smile,
If you'll stop with this neighbor and visit awhile.