

Poetry: Grade 3

Index	1, 2
Abraham Lincoln	3
Afternoon with Grandmother	4
Anger	5
Ant Hills	6
At the Zoo	7
Be Kind	8
The Bluebird	9
A Boy's Mother	10
The Boy We Want	11
A Boy Wonders	12
Busy	13, 14
A Child's Prayer	15
Circus	16
The Creation	17
Daniel Boone	18
The Egg	19
Every Time I Climb a Tree	20
The Fieldmouse	21
The Friendly Beasts	22
From Casa Guidi Windows	23
The Gift of Friendship	24
The Good Little Girl	25
Grace at Evening	26
Hide and Seek	27
Hiding	28
How to Reach the Sun . . . on a Piece of Paper	29
If You Were	30
Jonathan Bing	31
Kindness to Animals	32
The Land of Storybooks	33
The Library	34
Lily White Lily	35
Lincoln	36
The Lost Shoe	37
Lullaby	38
Mice in the Hay	39
A Mortifying Mistake	40
My Dog	41
My Shadow	42
My Speech	43
The Owl	44
The Secret Cavern	45
Sermons We See	46
Something Told the Wild Geese	47
Spring	48
The Story of Flying Robert	49
Three Words of Strength	50
Tiger-Cat Tim	51
To a Snowflake	52

Trees	53
Try, Try Again	54
Two Little Maids	55
The Tyger	56
Us Two	57
Vespers	58
What Have We Done Today?	59
The Wind	60
Which Loved Best	61
Work	62
A Wrecker or a Builder	63
Written in March	64

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!!!" ❀

Anger

Charles and Mary Lamb

Anger in its time and place
May assume a kind of grace.
It must have some reason in it,
And not last beyond a minute.

If to further lengths it go,
It does into malice grow.
'Tis the difference that we see
'Twixt the serpent and the bee.

If the latter you provoke,
It inflicts a hasty stroke,
Puts you to some little pain,
But it never stings again.

Close in tufted bush or brake
Lurks the poison-swell'd snake
Nursing up his cherished wrath;
In the purlieus of his path,

In the cold, or in the warm,
Mean him good, or mean him harm,
Whosoever fate may bring you,
The vile snake will always sting you. ❁

Ant Hills*Marian Douglas*

In their small, queer houses,
Each one with a round.
Even-open doorway
leading under ground,
Living in my flower-bed,
Near my balsam plants,
Are, at least, a dozen
Families of ants.
Very neat and quiet
Working folks are they,
Cleaning house all summer
From the first of May.
In and out their doorways,
Up and down they go!
Bits of earth and gravel
Bringing from below;
Carrying the sand grains
From their rooms away,
Cleaning, cleaning, cleaning,
Every sunny day.
Labor is a blessing;
But I really can't
Think it would be pleasant
To grow up an ant,
And be always busy,
Cleaning house each day,
All the pleasant summer
From the first of May! ❀

At the Zoo

A. A. Milne

There are lions and roaring tigers, and enormous camels and things,
There are biffalo-buffalo-bisons, and a great big bear with wings,
There's a sort of tiny potamus, and tiny nosserus too—
But I gave buns to the elephant when I went down to the Zoo!

There are badgers and bidgers and bodgers, and a Super-in-tendent's House,
There are masses of goats, and a Polar, and different kinds of mouse,
And I think there's a sort of a something which is called a wallaboo—
But I gave buns to the elephant when I went down to the Zoo!

If you try to talk to the bison, he never quite understands;
You can't shake hands with a mongo—he doesn't like shaking hands.
And lions and roaring tigers hate saying, "How do you do?"—
But I give buns to the elephant when I go down to the Zoo! ❁

Be Kind

Alice Joyce Davidson

Just a little bit of kindness
Can go a long, long way,
Just a little bit of tenderness
Can brighten up a day.

Just a bit of praise where it's deserved
Can bring a happy glow,
Just a hand held out can give some hope
To someone feeling low.

A forgiving word, a handshake,
A pat upon the head,
Can take away a heavy heart
And bring a smile instead.

Just a little bit of kindness
Can go a long, long way
In reflecting the benevolence
God shows us every day! ✨

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'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 and 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. ❀

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. ❁

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. ✨

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. ❁

A Child's Prayer

From The Children's Book of Virtues

Lord, teach a little child to pray,
And then accept my prayer;
For thou canst hear the words I say,
For thou art everywhere.

A little sparrow cannot fall
Unnoticed, Lord, by thee;
And though I am so young and small,
Thou dost take care of me.

Teach me to do the thing that's right,
And when I sin, forgive;
And make it still my chief delight
To serve thee while I live. ❀

Circus*Eleanor Farjeon*

The band blares,
The naphtha flares,
The sawdust smells,
Showmen ring bells,
And oh! right into the circus ring
Comes such a lovely, lovely thing,
A milk-white pony with flying tress,
And a beautiful lady,
A beautiful lady,
A beautiful lady in a pink dress!
The red-and-white clown
For joy tumbles down.
Like a pink rose
Round she goes
On her tiptoes
With the pony under—
And then, oh, wonder!
The pony his milk-white tresses droops,
And the beautiful lady,
The beautiful lady,
Flies like a bird through the paper hoops!
The red-and-white clown for joy falls dead,
Then he waggles his feet and stands on his head,
And the little boys on the two penny seats
Scream with laughter and suck their sweets. ✱

The Creation

Cecil Frances Alexander

All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures, great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings;

The rich man in his castle,
The poor man at his gate,
God made them, high or lowly,
And order'd their estate.

The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset and the morning
That brightens up the sky;

The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun
The ripe fruits in the garden—
He made them everyone.

The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water
We gather every day;

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty
Who has made all things well! ❀

Daniel Boone*Arthur Guiterman*

Daniel Boone at twenty-one
Came with his tomahawk, knife, and gun
Home from the French and Indian War
To North Carolina and the Yadkin shore
He married his maid with a golden band,
Built his house and cleared his land;
But the deep woods claimed their son again
And he turned his face from the homes of men.
Over the Blue Ridge, dark and lone,
The Mountains of Iron, the Hills of Stone,
Braving the Shawnee's jealous wrath,
He made his way on the Warrior's Path.
Alone he trod the shadowed trails;
But he was lord of a thousand vales.
As he roved Kentucky, far and near,
Hunting the buffalo, elk, and deer.
What joy to see, what joy to win
So fair a land for his kith and kin,
Of streams unstained and woods unhewn!
"Elbow room!" laughed Daniel Boone. ❀

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! *

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 Fieldmouse*Cecil Frances Alexander*

Where the acorn tumbles down,
Where the ash tree sheds its berry,
With your fur so soft and brown,
With your eye so round and merry,

Scarcely moving the long grass,
Fieldmouse, I can see you pass.
Little thing, in what dark den,
Lie you all the winter sleeping?

Till warm weather comes again,
Then once more I see you peeping
Round about the tall tree roots,
Nibbling at their fallen fruits.

Fieldmouse, fieldmouse, do not go,
Where the farmer stacks his treasure,
Find the nut that falls below,
Eat the acorn at your pleasure,

But you must not steal the grain
He has stacked with so much pain.
Make your hole where mosses spring,
Underneath the tall oak's shadow,

Pretty, quiet harmless thing,
Play about the sunny meadow.
Keep away from corn and house,
None will harm you, little mouse. ❀

The Friendly Beasts

An old carol from France

Jesus our brother, kind and good,
Was humbly born in a stable rude;
The friendly beasts around Him stood,
Jesus our brother, kind and good.

"I," said the donkey, shaggy and brown,
"I carried His Mother up hill and down;
I carried her safely to Bethlehem town,
I," said the donkey, shaggy and brown.

"I," said the cow, all white and red,
"I gave Him my manger for His bed;
I gave Him my hay to pillow His head.
I," said the cow, all white and red.

"I," said the sheep with the curly horn,
"I gave Him my wool for a blanket warm.
He wore my coat on Christmas morn.
I," said the sheep with the curly horn.

"I," said the dove from the rafters high,
"I cooed Him to sleep so He would not cry,
I cooed Him to sleep, my mate and I.
I," said the dove from the rafters high.

And every beast, by some good spell,
In the stable dark was glad to tell,
Of the gift he gave Immanuel.
The gift he gave Immanuel. ❀

From Casa Guidi Windows*Elizabeth Barrett Browning*

I heard last night a little child go singing
 'Neath Casa Guidi windows, by the church,
O bella libertà, O bella!—stringing
 The same words still on notes he went in search
So high for, you concluded the upspringing
 Of such a nimble bird to sky from perch
Must leave the whole bush in a tremble green,
 And that the heart of Italy must beat,
While such a voice had leave to rise serene
 'Twixt church and palace of a Florence street;
A little child, too, who not long had been
 By mother's finger steadied on his feet,
And still *O bella libertà* he sang. ❀

The Gift of Friendship

Helen Steiner Rice

Friendship is a priceless gift that cannot
be bought or sold
But its value is far greater than a
mountain made of gold.
For gold is cold and lifeless, it can neither
see nor hear,
And in the time of trouble, it is powerless
to cheer.
It has no ears to listen, no heart to
understand.
It cannot bring you comfort, or reach out
a helping hand.
So when you ask God for a gift, be
thankful if He sends
Not diamonds, pearls or riches, but the
love of real true friends. ❀

The Good Little Girl

A. A. Milne

It's funny how often they say to me, "Jane?"

"Have you been a good girl?"

"Have you been a good girl?"

And when they have said it, they say it again,

"Have you been a good girl?"

"Have you been a good girl?"

I go to a party, I go out to tea,

I go to an aunt for a week at the sea,

I come back from school or from

playing a game;

Wherever I come from, it's always the same:

"Well?

Have you been a good girl, Jane?"

It's always the end of the loveliest day:

"Have you been a good girl?"

"Have you been a good girl?"

I went to the Zoo, and they waited to say:

"Have you been a good girl?"

"Have you been a good girl?"

Well, what did they think that I went there to do?

And why should I want to be bad at the Zoo?

And should I be likely to say if I had?

So that's why it's funny of Mummy and Dad,

This asking and asking, in case I was bad,

"Well?

Have you been a good girl, Jane?" ❀

Grace at Evening*Edgar A. Guest*

For all the beauties of the day,
The innocence of childhood's play,
For health and strength and laughter sweet,
Dear Lord, our thanks we now repeat.

For this our daily gift of food
We offer now our gratitude,
For all the blessings we have known
Our debt of gratefulness we own.

Here at the table now we pray,
Keep us together down the way;
May this, our family circle, be
Held fast by love and unity.

Grant, when the shades of night shall fall,
Sweet be the dreams of one and all;
And when another day shall break
Unto Thy service may we wake. ❀

Hide and Seek*Mimi Brodsky*

I looked in the house.
I looked in the yard.
I looked near the swing.
I looked very hard.

I called your name
And peeked near the stair,
And searched the garage
I looked everywhere!

So, come out! Come out! Wherever you are—
I know you can't be very far.
Come out! Come out! Let's start all over.
It's no fun finding such a rover.

Aha! I see you! You can't fool me.
There you are behind the tree.
Oh, no! Don't say the game is ended.
I think Hide and Seek is splendid! *

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! ❀

How to Reach the Sun . . . on a Piece of Paper

Allan Ahlberg

Take a sheet of paper
and fold it,
and fold it again,
and again, and again.
By the 6th fold
it is 1 centimetre thick.

By the 11th fold
it will be 32 centimetres thick,
and by the 15th fold
—5 metres.

At the 20th fold
it measures 160 metres.
At the 24th fold
—2.5 kilometres
and by fold 30
is 160 kilometres high.

At the 35th fold
—5000 kilometres.
At the 43rd fold
it will reach to the moon.

And by fold 52
will stretch from here
to the sun!
Take a sheet of paper.
Go on.

Try it! ❁

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. ❁

Jonathan Bing*Beatrice Curtis Brown*

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! ❀

Kindness to Animals*From The Book of Virtues*

Little children, never give
Pain to things that feel and live;
Let the gentle robin come
For the crumbs you save at home;
As his meat you throw along
He'll repay you with a song.
Never hurt the timid hare
Peeping from her green grass lair,
Let her come and sport and play
On the lawn at close of day.
The little lark goes soaring high
To the bright windows of the sky,
Singing as if 'twere always spring,
And fluttering on an untired wing—
Oh! let him sing his happy song,
Nor do these gentle creatures wrong. ❀

The Land of Storybooks

Robert Louis Stevenson

At evening, when the lamp is lit,
Around the fire my parents sit;
They sit at home and talk and sing,
And do not play at anything.

Now, with my little gun, I crawl
All in the dark along the wall,
And follow round the forest track
Away behind the sofa back.

There, in the night, where none can spy,
All in my hunter's camp I lie,
And play at books that I have read
Till it is time to go to bed.

These are the hills, these are the woods,
These are my starry solitudes;
And there the river by whose brink
The roaring lions come to drink.

I see the others far away
As if in firelit camp they lay,
And I, like to an Indian scout,
Around their party prowl about.

So, when my nurse comes in for me,
Home I return across the sea,
And go to bed with backward looks
At my dear Land of Story-Books. ❀

The Library

Barbara A. Huff

It looks like any building
When you pass it on the street,
Made of stone and glass and marble,
Made of iron and concrete.
But once inside you can ride
A camel or a train,
Visit Rome, Siam, or Nome,
Feel a hurricane,
Meet a king, learn to sing,
How to bake a pie,
Go to sea, plant a tree,
Find how airplanes fly,
Train a horse, and of course
Have all the dogs you'd like,
See the moon, a sandy dune,
Or catch a whopping pike.
Everything that books can bring
You'll find inside those walls.
A world is there for you to share
When adventure calls.

You cannot tell its magic
By the way the building looks,
But there's wonderment within it,
The wonderment of books. ✱

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." ❀

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,
 O yez and O yez!
 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. ❀

Lullaby*Louisa May Alcott*

Now the day is done,
Now the shepherd sun
Drives his white flocks from the sky;
Now the flowers rest
On their mother's breast,
Hushed by her low lullaby.

Now the glowworms glance,
Now the fireflies dance,
Under fern-boughs green and high;
And the western breeze
To the forest trees
Chants a tuneful lullaby.

Now 'mid shadows deep
Falls blessed sleep,
Like dew from the summer sky;
And the whole earth dreams,
In the moon's soft beams,
While night breathes a lullaby.

Now, birdlings, rest,
In your wind-rocked nest,
Unscared by the owl's shrill cry;
For with folded wings
Little Brier swings,
And singeth your lullaby. ❀

Mice in the Hay*Leslie Norris*

out of the lamplight
whispering worshipping
the mice in the hay

timid eye pearl-bright
whispering worshipping
whisking quick and away

they were there that night
whispering worshipping
smaller than snowflakes are

quietly made their way
whispering worshipping
close to the manger

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

from a dark corner
whispering worshipping
scuttling together

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

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

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!" ❀

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 Shadow*Robert Louis Stevenson*

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow—
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;
For sometimes he shoots up taller like an India-rubber ball
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.
He stays so close beside me, he's a coward you can see;
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to me!

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
But lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed. ❀

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. ❀

The Owl*Alfred Tennyson*

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

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 Sermons We See*Edgar A. Guest*

I'd rather see a sermon than hear one any day,
I'd rather one should walk with me than merely show the way.
The eye's a better pupil and more willing than the ear;
Fine counsel is confusing, but example's always clear;
And the best of all the preachers are the men who live their creeds,
For to see the good in action is what everybody needs.
I can soon learn how to do it if you'll let me see it done.
I can watch your hands in action, but your tongue too fast may run.
And the lectures you deliver may be very wise and true;
But I'd rather get my lesson by observing what you do.
For I may misunderstand you and the high advice you give,
But there's no misunderstanding how you act and how you live. ❀

Something Told the Wild Geese*Rachel Field*

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

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

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

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

Spring*Karla Kuskin*

I'm shouting
I'm singing
I'm swinging through trees
I'm winging sky high
With the buzzing black bees.
I'm the sun
I'm the moon
I'm the dew on the rose.
I'm a rabbit
Whose habit
Is twitching his nose.
I'm lively
I'm lovely
I'm kicking my heels.
I'm crying "Come dance"
To the freshwater eels.
I'm racing through meadows
Without any coat
I'm a gamboling lamb
I'm a light leaping goat
I'm a bud
I'm a bloom
I'm a dove on the wing.
I'm running on rooftops
And welcoming spring! ❁

The Story of Flying Robert

From the German of 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! ❄

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. ❁

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! ❀

To a Snowflake*Francis Thompson*

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

Trees*Harry Behn*

Trees are the kindest things I know,
They do no harm, they simply grow.

And spread a shade for sleepy cows,
And gather birds among their boughs.

They give us fruit in leaves above,
And wood to make our houses of,

And leaves to burn on Halloween
And in the spring new buds of green.

They are the first when day's begun
To touch the beams of morning sun.

They are the last to hold the light
When evening changes into night.

And when a moon floats on the sky
They hum a drowsy lullaby.

Of sleepy children long ago.
Trees are the kindest things I know. ❁

Try, Try Again*T. H. Palmer*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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? *

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. ✱

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. ❀

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 hungry 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? ❀

The Wind*Robert Louis Stevenson*

I saw you toss the kites on high

And blow the birds about the sky;

And all around I heard you pass,

Like ladies' skirts across the grass—

O wind, a-blowing all day long

O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,

But always you yourself you hid.

I felt you push, I heard you call,

I could not see yourself at all

O wind, a-blowing all day long,

O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,

O blower, are you young or old?

Are you a beast of field and tree

Or just a stronger child than me?

O wind, a-blowing all day long,

O wind, that sings so loud a song. ❀

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? ❀

Work*Henry Van Dyke*

Let me but do my work from day to day,
In field or forest, the desk or loom,
In roaring market-place or tranquil room;
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,
"This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;
Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done in the right way."

Then shall I see it not too great, nor small.
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;
Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours,
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall
At eventide, to play and love and rest,
Because I know for me my work is best. ❀

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! ❁