

Friends

By Abbie Farwell Brown

How good to lie a little while
And look up through the tree!
The Sky is like a kind big smile
Bent sweetly over me.

The Sunshine flickers through the lace
Of leaves above my head,
And kisses me upon the face
Like Mother, before bed.

The Wind comes stealing o'er the grass
To whisper pretty things;
And though I cannot see him pass,
I feel his careful wings.

So many gentle Friends are near
Whom one can scarcely see,
A child should never feel a fear,
Wherever he may be.



The Fisherman

By Abbie Farwell Brown

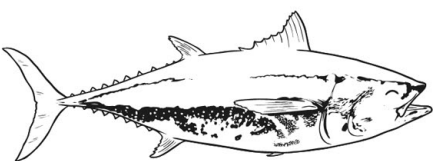
The fisherman goes out at dawn
When every one's abed,
And from the bottom of the sea
Draws up his daily bread.

His life is strange; half on the shore
And half upon the sea -
Not quite a fish, and yet not quite
The same as you and me.

The fisherman has curious eyes;
They make you feel so queer,
As if they had seen many things
Of wonder and of fear.

They're like the sea on foggy days, -
Not gray, nor yet quite blue;
They're like the wondrous tales he tells -
Not quite - yet maybe - true.

He knows so much of boats and tides,
Of winds and clouds and sky!
But when I tell of city things,
He sniffs and shuts one eye!



My Shadow

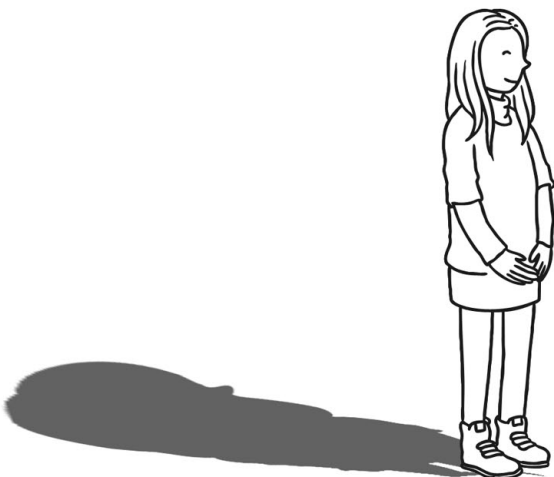
By Robert Louis Stevenson

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 he sometimes 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 my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.



The Wind

By Christina Rossetti

Who has seen the wind?
Neither I nor you;
But when the leaves hang trembling,
The wind is passing through.

Who has seen the wind?
Neither you nor I;
But when the trees bow down their heads,
The wind is passing by.



The Star

By Jane Taylor

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the blazing sun is gone,
When he nothing shines upon,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

Then the traveller in the dark,
Thanks you for your tiny spark,
He could not see which way to go,
If you did not twinkle so.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
And often through my curtains peep,
For you never shut your eye,
Till the sun is in the sky.

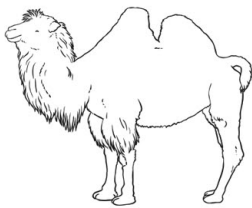
As your bright and tiny spark,
Lights the traveller in the dark-
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.



At the Zoo

By William Makepeace Thackeray

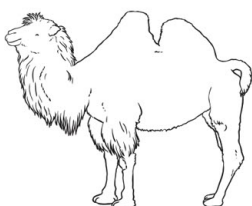
First I saw the white bear, then I saw the black;
Then I saw the camel with a hump upon his back;
Then I saw the grey wolf, with mutton in his maw;
Then I saw the wombat waddle in the straw;
Then I saw the elephant a-waving of his trunk;
Then I saw the monkeys-mercy, how unpleasantly they smelt!



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An Alphabet

By Edward Lear

A was once an apple pie,
Pidy
Widy
Tidy
Pidy
Nice insidy
Apple Pie!

E was once a little eel,
Eely
Weely
Peely
Eely
Twirly, Tweedy
Little Eel!

B was once a little bear,
Beary!
Wary!
Hairy!
Beary!
Taky cary!
Little Bear!

F was once a little fish,
Fishy
Wishy
Squishy
Fishy
In a Dishy
Little Fish!

C was once a little cake,
Caky
Baky
Maky
Caky
Taky Caky,
Little Cake!

G was once a little goose,
Goosy
Moosy
Boosy
Goosey
Waddly-woosy
Little Goose!

D was once a little doll,
Dolly
Molly
Polly
Nolly
Nursy Dolly
Little Doll!

H was once a little hen,
Henny
Chenny
Tenny
Henny
Eggsy-any
Little Hen?

An Alphabet

By Edward Lear

I was once a bottle of ink,
Inky
Dinky
Thinky
Inky
Black Minky
Bottle of Ink!

M was once a little mouse,
Mousey
Bousey
Sousy
Mousy
In the Housy
Little Mouse!

J was once a jar of jam,
Jammy
Mammy
Clammy
Jammy
Sweety-Swammy
Jar of Jam!

N was once a little needle,
Needly
Tweedly
Threedly
Needly
Wisky-wheedly
Little Needle!

K was once a little kite,
Kity
Whity
Flighty
Kity
Out of sighty-
Little Kite!

O was once a little owl,
Owly
Prowly
Howly
Owly
Brownly fowly
Little Owl!

L was once a little lark,
Larky!
Marky!
Harky!
Larky!
In the Parky,
Little Lark!

P was once a little pump,
Pumpy
Slumpy
Flumpy
Pumpy
Dumpy, Thumpy
Little Pump!

An Alphabet

By Edward Lear

Q was once a little quail,
Quaily
Faily
Daily
Quaily
Stumpy-taily
Little Quail!

U was once a little urn,
Urny
Burny
Turny
Urny
Bubbly-burny
Little Urn!

R was once a little rose,
Rosy
Posy
Nosy
Rosy
Bows-y - grows-y
Little Rose!

V was once a little vine,
Viny
Winy
Twiny
Viny
Twisty-twiny
Little Vine!

S was once a little shrimp,
Shrimpy
Nimpy
Flimpy
Shrimpy
Jumpy-jimpy
Little Shrimp!

W was once a whale,
Whaly
Scaly
Shaly
Whaly
Tumbly-taily
Mighty Whale!

T was once a little thrush,
Thrushy!
Hushy!
Bushy!
Thrushy!
Flitty-Flushy
Little Thrush!

X was once a great king
Xerxes,
Xerxy
Perxy
Turxy
Xerxy
Linxy Lurxy
Great King Xerxes!

An Alphabet

By Edward Lear

Y was once a little yew,
Yewdy
Fewdy
Crudy
Yewdy
Growdy, grewdy,
Little Yew!

Z was once a piece of zinc,
Tinky
Winky
Blinky
Tinky
Tinkly Minky
Piece of Zinc!

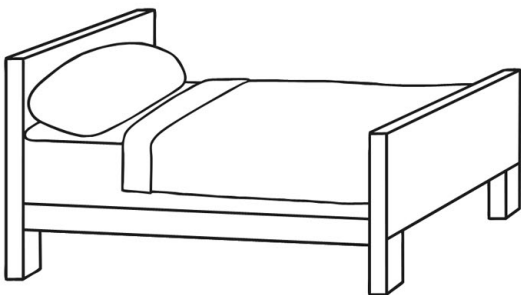
Bed in Summer

By Robert Louis Stevenson

In winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candle-light.
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?



The Caterpillar

By Christina Rossetti

Brown and furry
Caterpillar in a hurry,
Take your walk
To the shady leaf, or stalk,
Or what not,
Which may be the chosen spot.
No toad spy you,
Hovering bird of prey pass by you;
Spin and die,
To live again a butterfly.



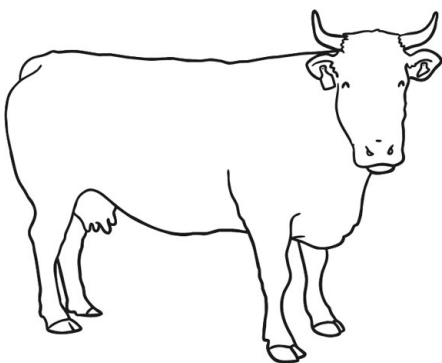
The Cow

By Robert Louis Stevenson

The friendly cow, all red and white,
I love with all my heart:
She gives me cream with all her might,
To eat with apple tart.

She wanders lowing here and there,
And yet she cannot stray,
All in the pleasant open air,
The pleasant light of day;

And blown by all the winds that pass
And wet with all the showers,
She walks among the meadow grass
And eats the meadow flowers.



What Is Pink?

By Christina Rossetti

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

