

Birthday Candles

Birthday candles on the cake,
how many candles does it take?

One for baby sister, Nan,
three for little brother, Dan.

Almost seven, just for me,
nine for my dog, Sammy Lee.

We saved a bunch for Mom and Dad,

Grandma needed all we had.

Birthday candles on the cake,
how many candles does it take?

Bird Songs

Oh, there's music
in the forests
and there's music
in the glen
as the birds
are warbling greetings
to the spring
that's come again.
All their piping
is so merry
that the woodlands
seem to ring

with the praises
of the bird songs
for the coming
of the spring.
Join the joyous
woodland chorus
and raise high
your voice in cheer -
join the bird songs
in thanksgiving
for the springtime
of the year.

Tulips

In my flower garden, tulips grow,
straight like soldiers in a row.

Winds cause them to sway,
they brighten up our every day.

The shiny petals like a cup,
drink the rain and sunshine up.

You keep blooming so bright,
you are nature's beautiful sight.

In my garden tulips grow,
straight like soldiers in a row.

OUR TREE HOUSE

My friend and I are way up high
watching the world go by,
up in our tree house.

Way down below on the ground
little people move around,
while we're up in our tree house.

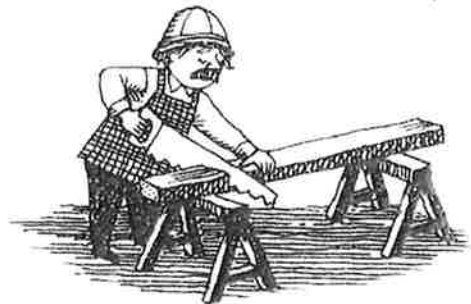
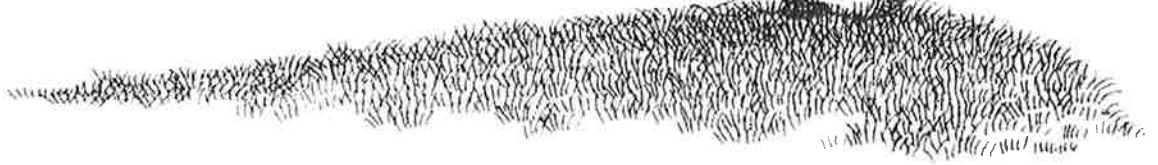
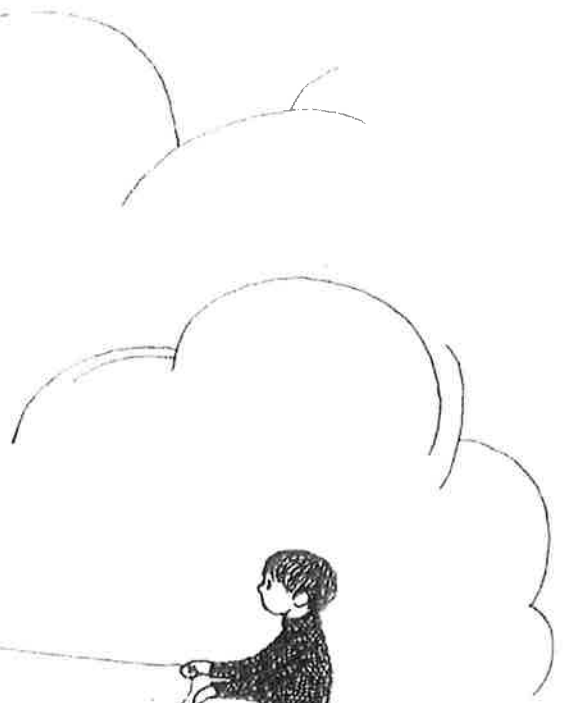
Birds fly above and below us
they are so noisy, making such a fuss,
they think that it's their tree house!

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A KITE

I often sit and wish that I
Could be a kite up in the sky,
And ride upon the breeze and go
Whichever way I chanced to blow.
Then I could look beyond the town,
And see the river winding down,
And follow all the ships that sail
Like me before the merry gale,
Until at last with them I came
To some place with a foreign name.

Frank Dempster Sherman



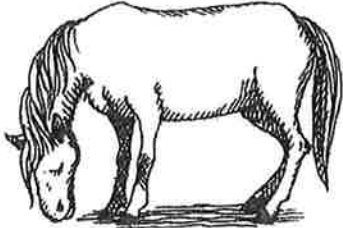
HOW THEY SLEEP



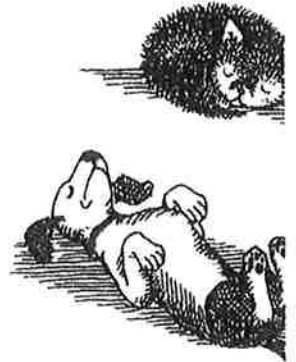
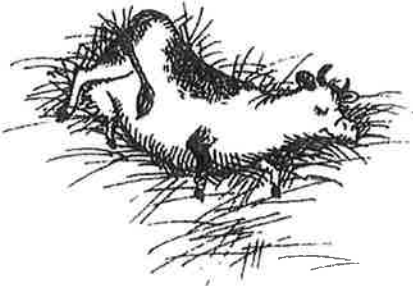
Some things go to sleep in such a funny way:
Little birds stand on one leg and tuck their heads
away;



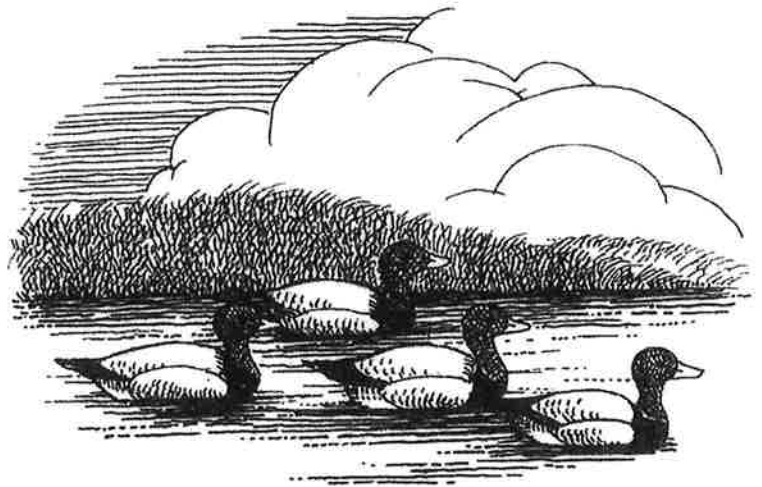
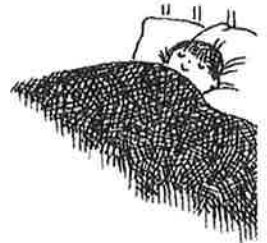
Kittens curl up close in such a funny ball;
Horses hang their sleepy heads and stand still in
a stall;



Sometimes dogs stretch out, or curl up in a heap;
Cows lie down upon their sides when they would
go to sleep.



But little babies dear are snugly tucked in beds,
Warm with blankets, all so soft, and pillows for
their heads.



Seeds



Little brown seeds placed in the ground,
grow with rain and sunshine.

Secretly they seem to grow,
impatiently I wait to see them.

Then one morning they peek through,
life around them is green.

Beautiful flowers we come to know,
were little brown seeds we knew.

CHICKEN SOUP WITH RICE

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JANUARY

In January it's so nice
while slipping on the sliding ice
to sip hot chicken soup with rice.
Sipping once sipping twice
sipping chicken soup with rice.



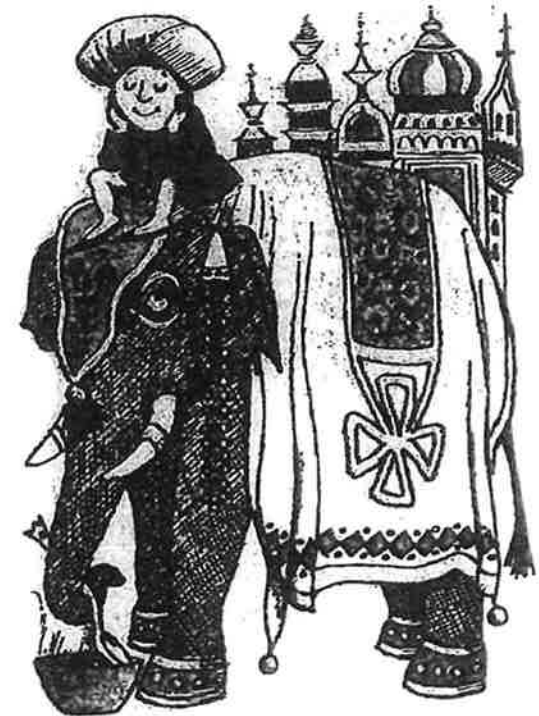
FEBRUARY

In February it will be
my snowman's anniversary
with cake for him and soup for me!
Happy once happy twice
happy chicken soup with rice.

In March the wind blows down the door
and spills my soup upon the floor.
It laps it up and roars for more.
Blowing once blowing twice
blowing chicken soup with rice.

APRIL

In April I will go away
to far off Spain or old Bombay
and dream about hot soup all day.
Oh my oh once oh my oh twice
oh my oh chicken soup with rice.



MAY

In May I truly think it best
to be a robin lightly dressed
concocting soup inside my nest.
Mix it once mix it twice
mix that chicken soup with rice.

JUNE

In June I saw a charming group
of roses all begin to droop.
I pepped them up with chicken soup!
Sprinkle once sprinkle twice
sprinkle chicken soup with rice.



JULY

In July I'll take a peep
into the cool and fishy deep
where chicken soup is selling cheap.
Selling once selling twice
selling chicken soup with rice.

AUGUST

In August it will be so hot
I will become a cooking pot
cooking soup of course. Why not?
Cooking once cooking twice
cooking chicken soup with rice.

SEPTEMBER

In September for a while
I will ride a crocodile
down the chicken soupy Nile.
Paddle once paddle twice
paddle chicken soup with rice.

OCTOBER

In October I'll be host
to witches, goblins, and a ghost.
I'll serve them chicken soup on toast.
Whoopy once whoopy twice
whoopy chicken soup with rice.

NOVEMBER

In November's gusty gale
I will flop my flippy tail
and spout hot soup. I'll be a whale!
Spouting once spouting twice
spouting chicken soup with rice.

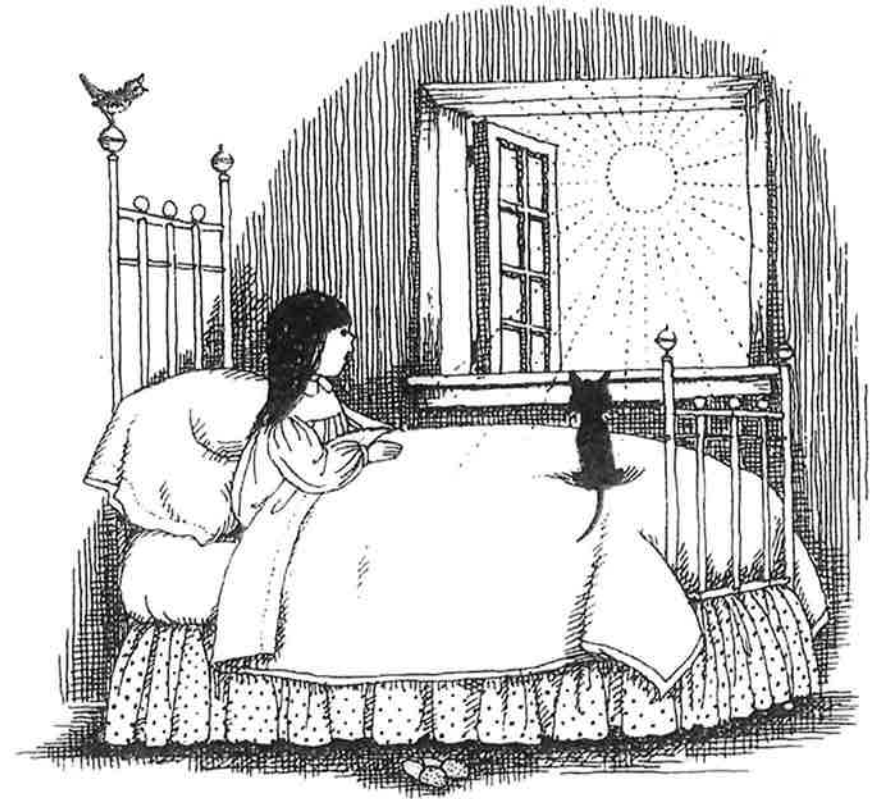
DECEMBER

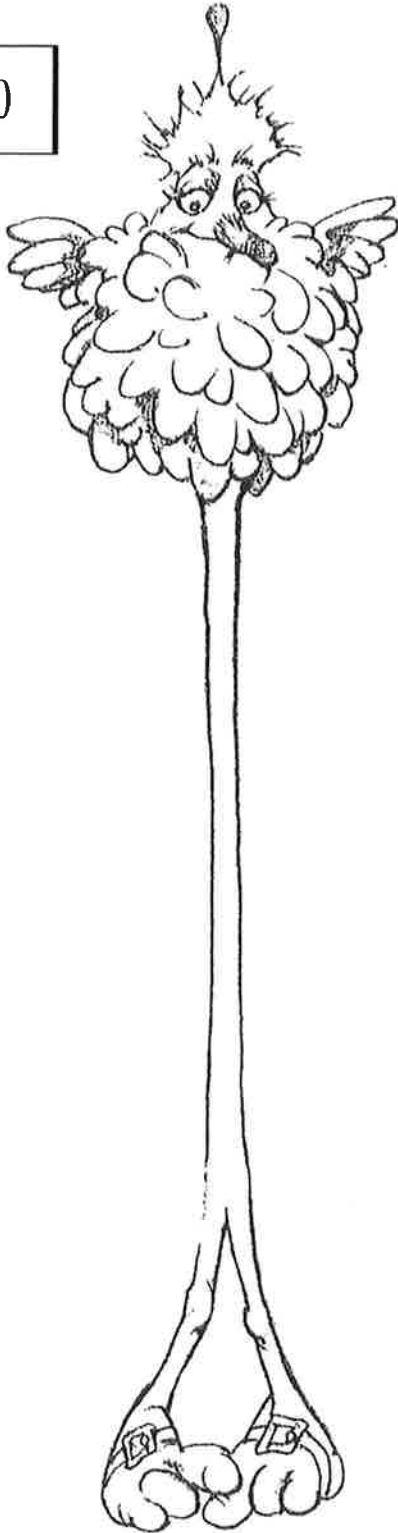
In December I will be
a baubled bangled Christmas tree
with soup bowls draped all over me.
Merry once merry twice
merry chicken soup with rice.

GOOD MORNING,
MERRY SUNSHINE

Good morning, merry sunshine,
How did you wake so soon?
You've scared the little stars away,
And shined away the moon;
I saw you go to sleep last night,
Before I ceased my playing.
How did you get 'way over here,
And where have you been staying?

I never go to sleep, dear;
I just go round to see
My little children of the East
Who rise and watch for me.
I waken all the birds and bees,
And flowers on the way,
And last of all the little child
Who stayed out late to play.





One, two,
Buckle my shoe;

Three, four,
Shut the door;

Five, six,
Pick up sticks;

Seven, eight,
Lay them straight;

Nine, ten,
A good fat hen;

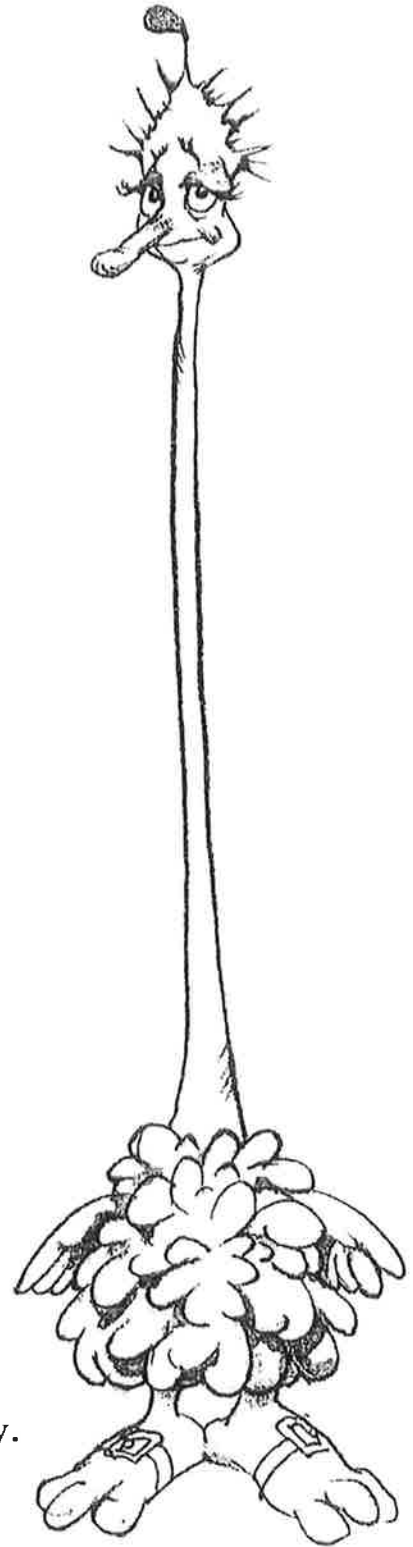
Eleven, twelve,
Who will delve;

Thirteen, fourteen,
Maids a-courting;

Fifteen, sixteen,
Maids a-kissing;

Seventeen, eighteen,
Maids a-waiting;

Nineteen, twenty,
My stomach's empty.



The Diver

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This time I'll do it! Mommy, look!
I promise I won't be a fool —
I'm going to climb on that diving board
And dive right into the pool!

Look, Mom! I'm on the diving board!
This carpet feels terribly rough —
It hurts the tan on the soles of my feet,
But I can take it; I'm tough.

And now I'm jumping up and down
Right by the steps — Mommy, look!
You sure you're looking? Saw me jump?
Now *please*, Mommy, put down that book!

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

Bed in Summer

In winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candlelight.
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 Library

Behind my door, adventures are free,
so open it quietly and come to me.

I am a library and through my door,
are shelves and shelves of books galore.

Books will take you anywhere,
look around for books to take you there.

They take you into the sky and to outer space,
into the ocean, a deep, deep place.

They can take you to white sands,
or to faraway, distant lands.

Read the opened books to see,
what the world can really be!

Sing a Song of Summer!

Summer opened my eyes up wide,
I looked out to see the sky so blue.
I grabbed my cap and rushed outside,
the sun was there to greet me, too.

The butterflies were flying,
meadowlarks kept singing.

Mother animals watched babies trying,
with spindly, wobbly legs winging.

Hold on to summer while you can,
fall will swiftly come along.

Gather treasures in a large pan,
build summer memories for your own song.