

1

MY FAIRY

I'd like to tame a fairy,
 To keep it on a shelf,
 To see it wash its little face,
 And dress its little self.
 I'd teach it pretty manners,
 It always should say "Please,"
 And then, you know, I'd make it sew,
 And curtsy with its knees!



EXTREMES

A little boy once played so loud
 That the thunder, up in a thundercloud,
 Said, "Since *I* can't be heard, why, then,
 I'll never, never thunder again!"



And a little girl once kept so still
 That she heard a fly on the window
 Whisper and say to a ladybird,
 "She's the stillest child I ever heard."



James Whitcomb



2

DON'T GIVE UP

If you've tried and have not won,
 Never stop for crying;
 All that's great and good is done
 Just by patient trying.

If by easy work you beat,
 Who the more will prize you?
 Gaining victory from defeat,
 That's the test that tries you.

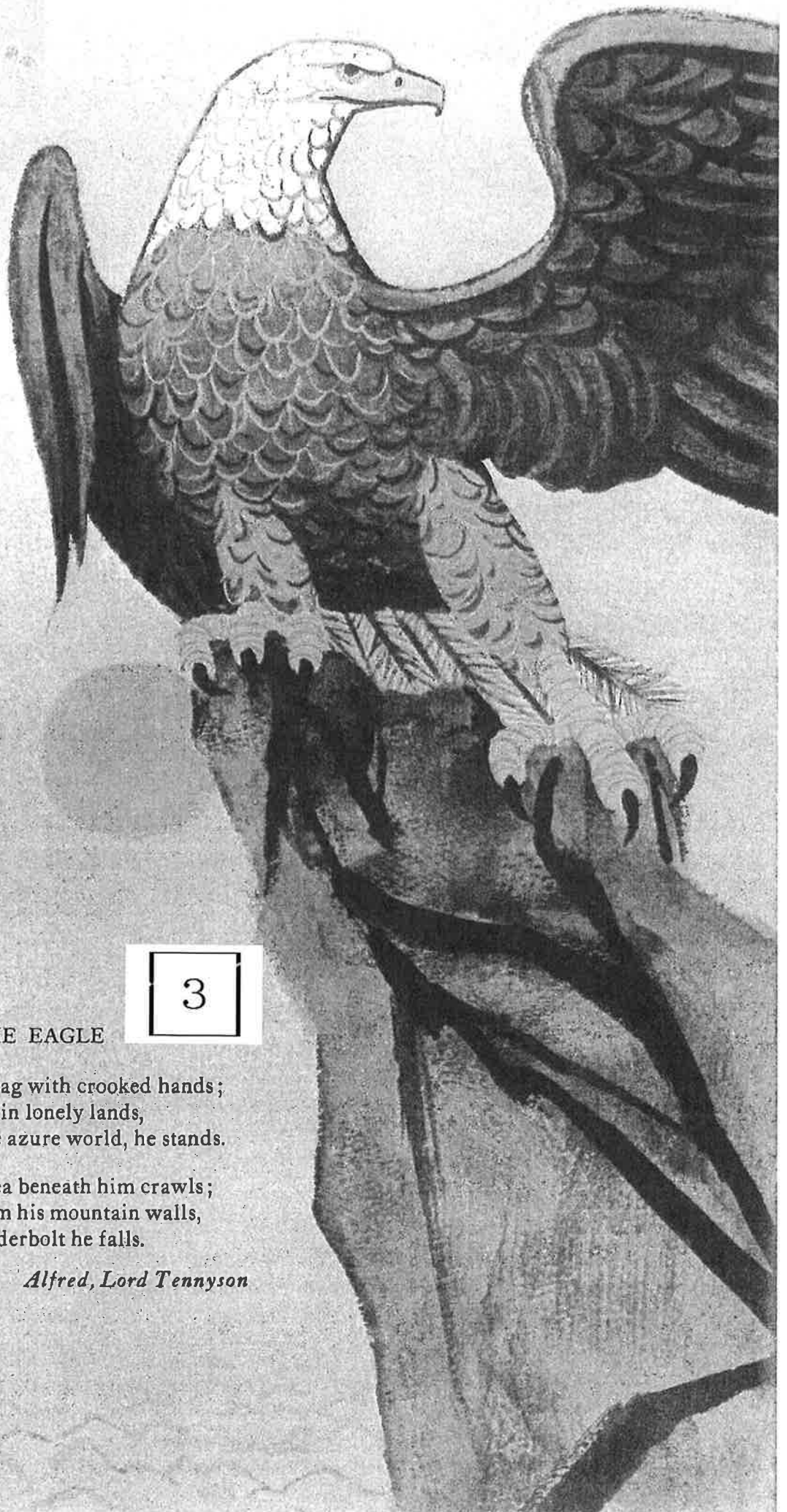
Phoebe Cary

THE PANCAKE

Mix a pancake,
 Stir a pancake,
 Pop it in the pan;
 Fry the pancake,
 Toss the pancake —
 Catch it if you can!

Christina Rossetti





3

THE EAGLE

He clasps the crag with crooked hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ringed with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

WHO HAS SEEN THE WIND?

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.

Christina Rossetti

4

THE FRIENDLY COW

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.

Robert Louis Stevenson

LITTLE WIND

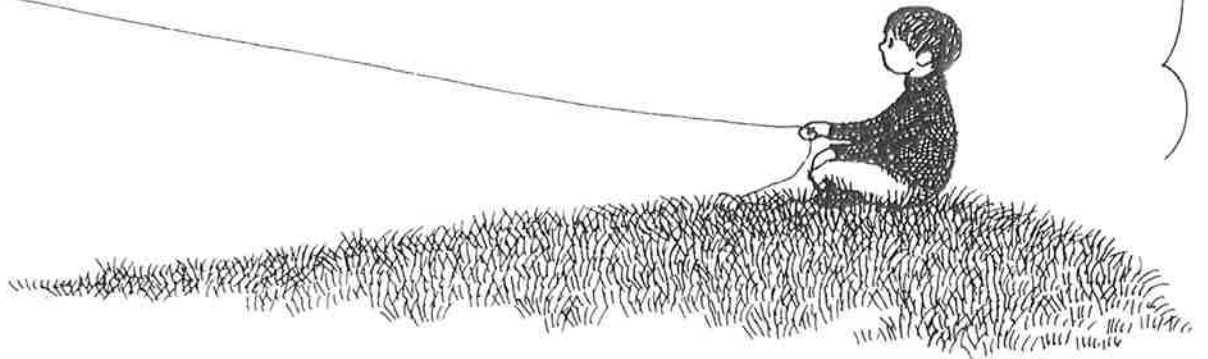
Little wind, blow on the hilltop;
Little wind, blow on the plain,
Little wind, blow up the sunshine,
Little wind, blow off the rain.



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



PEDIGREE

The pedigree of honey
 Does not concern the bee;
 A clover, any time, to him
 Is aristocracy.

Emily Dickinson



MY VALENTINE

I will make you brooches and toys for your delight
 Of bird song at morning and starshine at night.
 I will make a palace fit for you and me,
 Of green days in forests
 And blue days at sea.

Robert Louis Stevenson

CARPENTERS

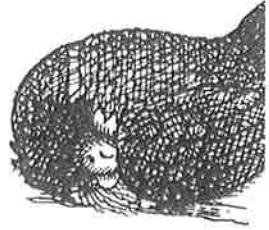
Saw, saw, saw away,
 Saw the boards and saw the timbers.
 Saw, saw, saw away,
 We will build a house today.



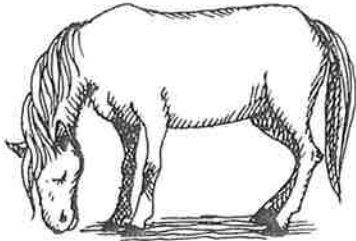
HOW THEY SLEEP



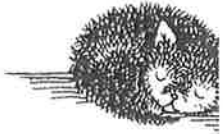
Some things go to sleep in such a funny way :
Little birds stand on one leg and tuck their heads
away ;



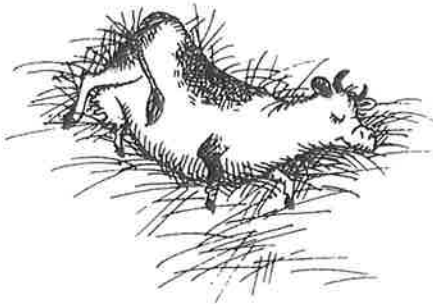
Chickens do the same, standing on their perch ;
Little mice lie soft and still, as if they were in
church ;



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.

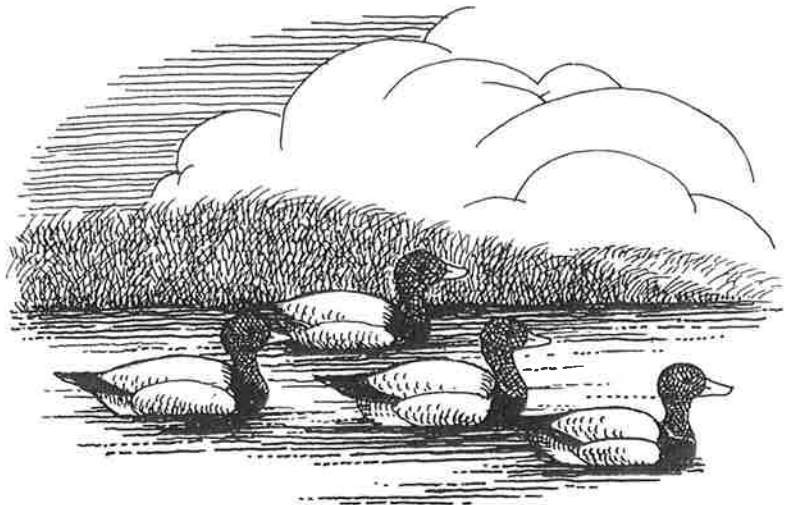
Bird and beast and babe — I wonder which of all
Dream the dearest dreams that down from
dreamland fall !



FOUR DUCKS ON A POND

Four ducks on a pond,
A grass bank beyond,
A blue sky of spring,
White clouds on the wing ;
What a little thing
To remember for years —
To remember with tears !

William Allingham



SUSAN BLUE

Oh, Susan Blue,
How do you do?
Please may I go for a walk with you?
Where shall we go?
Oh, I know —
Down in the meadow where the cowslips
grow !

Kate Greenaway





WHAT IS PINK? A ROSE IS PINK

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 thro'.
What is white? A swan is white
Sailing in the light.
What is yellow? A pear is 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!

Christina Rossetti

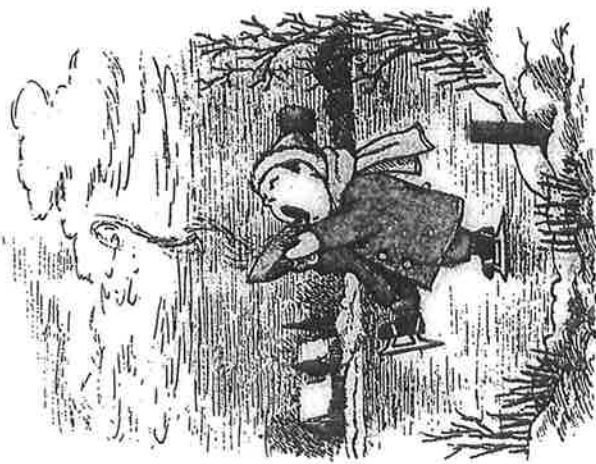


CHICKEN SOUP WITH RICE

8-1

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.



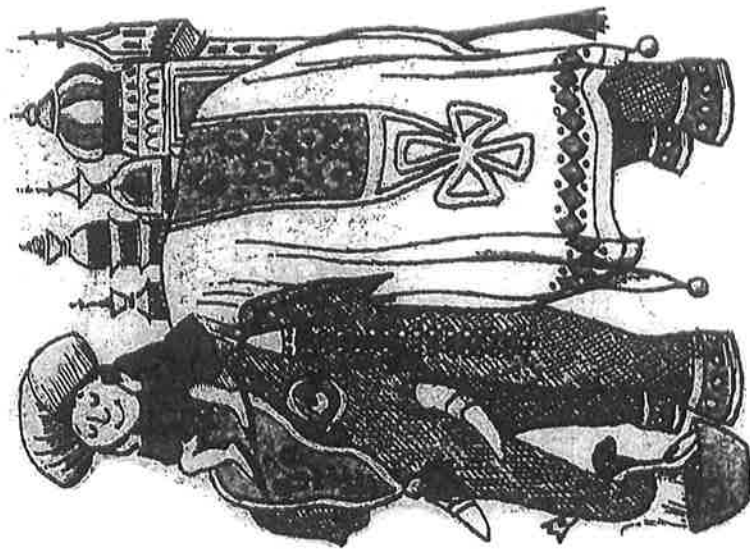
FEBRUARY

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.

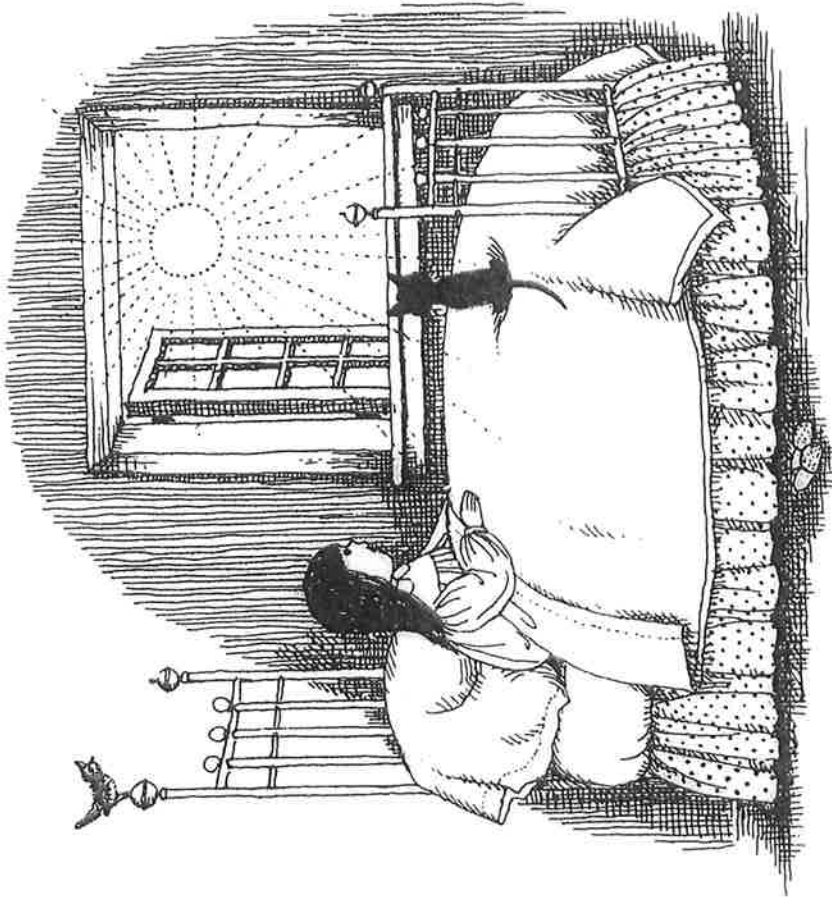
DECEMBER

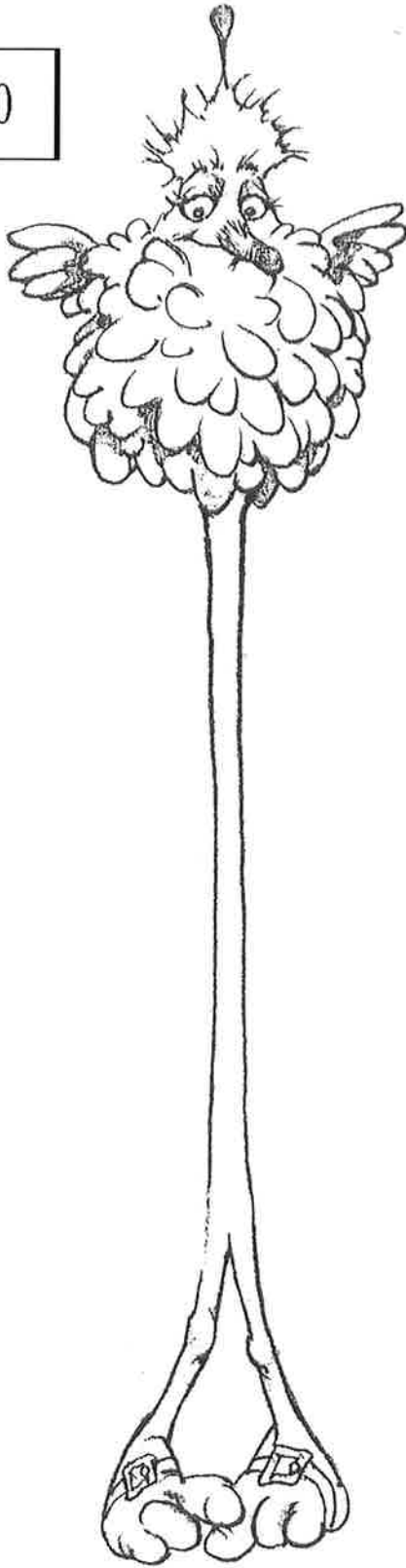
In December I will be
a baubled bangled Christmas tree
with soup bowls draped all over me.
Merry once merry twice
merry chicken soup with rice.

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;

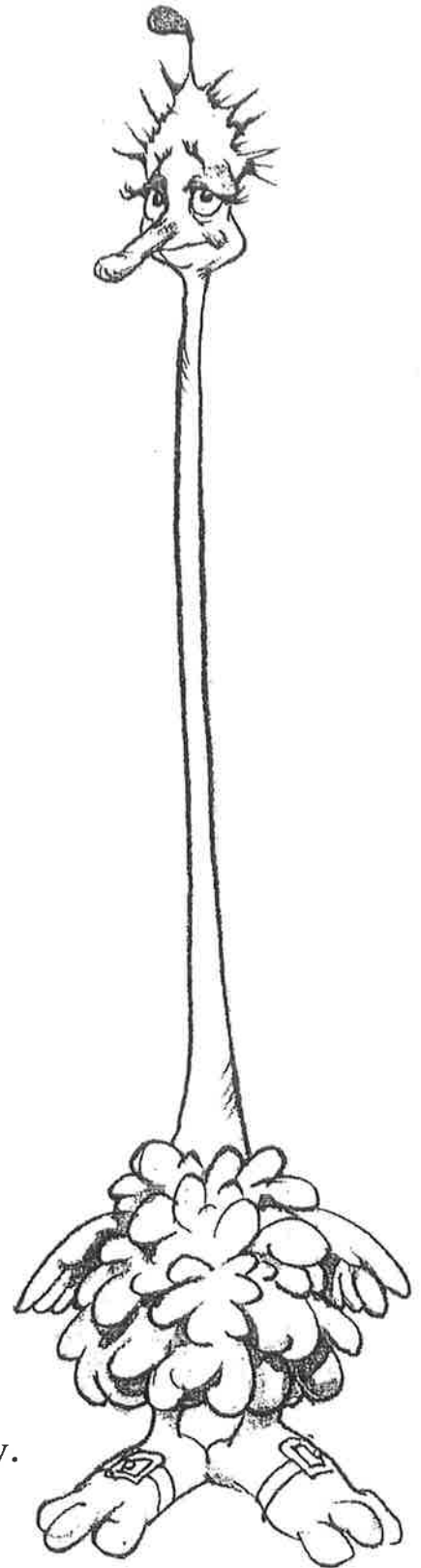
Eleven, twelve,
Who will delve;

Thirteen, fourteen,
Maids a-courting;

Fifteen, sixteen,
Maids a-kissing;

Seventeen, eighteen,
Maids a-waiting;

Nineteen, twenty,
My stomach's empty.



The Diver

11

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?