1

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,
“l hope you were careful to do as bid.
Did you and Grandma have a good time?”
And I say, “YES, WE DID!!!”

2

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!

3

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!

4

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.
5

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 amongo—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!

6

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!”

7

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.

8

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.

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.”

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!
12

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.

14

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!

15

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,

Scarce moving the long grass,
Fieldmouse, I can see you pass.
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.
16
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.

17
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.

18
The Good Little Girl
*A. A. Milne*

It’s funny how often they say to me, “Jane?”
“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?”

19
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?

When the stars throw 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?
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.
23

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!

24

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.

25

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.

26

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. j
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
Smells very sweet;
On her head sunshine,
Rain at her feet.

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.”

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.
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 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.

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.
34

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.

Just then I opened my eyes
To hear such awful news,
And by my bed I only saw
My little worn-out shoes.

35

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.

36

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! j

37

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!
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 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.
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.
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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?

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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?”