

ALL THINGS BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL

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 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 EVERY ONE.

HE GAVE US EYES TO SEE THEM,
AND LIPS THAT WE MIGHT TELL,
HOW GREAT IS GOD ALMIGHTY,
WHO HAS MADE ALL THINGS WELL.

-- *CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER*

THE MONTHS --SARA COLERIDGE

JANUARY BRINGS THE SNOW,
MAKES OUR FEET AND FINGERS GLOW.

FEBRUARY BRINGS THE RAIN,
THAWS THE FROZEN LAKE AGAIN.

MARCH BRINGS BREEZES LOUD AND SHRILL,
STIRS THE DANCING DAFFODIL.

APRIL BRINGS THE PRIMROSE SWEET,
SCATTERS DAISIES AT OUR FEET.

MAY BRINGS FLOCKS OF PRETTY LAMBS,
SKIPPING BY THEIR FLEECY DAMS.

JUNE BRINGS TULIPS, LILIES, ROSES,
FILLS THE CHILDREN'S HANDS WITH POSIES.

HOT JULY BRINGS COOLING SHOWERS,
APRICOTS AND GILLYFLOWERS.

AUGUST BRINGS THE SHEAVES OF CORN,
THEN THE HARVEST HOMES IS BORN.

WARM SEPTEMBER BRINGS THE FRUIT,
SPORTSMEN THEN BEGIN TO SHOUT.

FRESH OCTOBER BRINGS THE PHEASANT,
THEN TO GATHER NUTS IS PLEASANT.

DULL NOVEMBER BRINGS THE BLAST,
THEN THE LEAVES ARE WHIRLING FAST.

CHILL DECEMBER BRINGS THE SLEET,
BLAZING FIRE, AND CHRISTMAS TREAT.

DAYLIGHT SAVINGS TIME

IN SPRING WHEN MAPLE BUDS ARE RED,
WE TURN THE CLOCK AN HOUR AHEAD;
WHICH MEANS, EACH APRIL THAT ARRIVES,
WE LOSE AN HOUR OUT OF OUR LIVES.

WHO CARES? WHEN AUTUMN BIRDS IN FLOCKS
FLY SOUTHWARD, BACK WE TURN THE CLOCKS,
AND SO REGAIN A LOVELY THING—
THAT MISSING HOUR
WE LOST LAST SPRING.

--PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

HURT NO LIVING THING

HURT NO LIVING THING;
LADYBIRD, NOR BUTTERFLY,
NOR MOTH WITH DUSTY WING,
NOR CRICKET CHIRPING CHEERILY,
NOR GRASSHOPPER SO LIGHT OF LEAP,
NOR DANCING GNAT, NOR BEETLE FAT,
NOR HARMLESS WORMS THAT CREEP.

--CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

TABLE MANNERS

THE GOOPS THEY LICK THEIR FINGERS,
AND THE GOOPS THEY LICK THEIR KNIVES;
THEY SPILL THEIR BROTH ON THE TABLECLOTH—
OH, THEY LEAD DISGUSTING LIVES!
THE GOOPS THEY TALK WHILE EATING,
AND LOUD AND FAST THEY CHEW;
AND THAT IS WHY I'M GLAD THAT I
AM NOT A GOOP---ARE YOU?

--GELETT BURGESS

JUST ME

NOBODY SEES WHAT I CAN SEE,
FOR BACK OF MY EYES THERE IS ONLY ME.
AND NOBODY KNOWS HOW MY THOUGHTS BEGIN,
FOR THERE'S ONLY MYSELF INSIDE MY SKIN.
ISN'T IT STRANGE HOW EVERYONE OWNS
JUST ENOUGH SKIN TO COVER HIS BONES?
MY FATHER'S WOULD BE TOO BIG TO FIT—
I'D BE ALL WRINKLED INSIDE OF IT.
AND MY BABY BROTHER'S IS MUCH TOO SMALL—
IT JUST WOULDN'T COVER ME UP AT ALL.
BUT I FEEL JUST RIGHT IN THE SKIN I WEAR,
AND THERE'S NOBODY LIKE ME ANYWHERE.

--MARGARET HILLERT

EVERY TIME I CLIMB A TREE

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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 GOO FOR ANTS
IT ISN'T AWFULLY GOOD FOR PANTS
BUT STILL IT'S PRETTY GOOD FOR ME
EVERY TIME I CLIMB A TREE

---DAVID McCORD

DREAMS

HOLD FAST TO DREAMS
FOR IF DREAMS DIE
LIFE IS A BROKEN-WINGED BIRD
THAT CANNOT FLY.
HOLD FAST TO DREAMS
FOR WHEN DREAMS GO
LIFE IS A BARREN FIELD
FROZEN WITH SNOW.

--LANGSTON HUGHES

THANKSGIVING

THANK YOU
FOR ALL MY HANDS CAN HOLD—
APPLES RED,
AND MELONS GOLD,
YELLOW CORN
BOTH RIPE AND SWEET,
PEAS AND BEANS
SO GOOD TO EAT!

THANK YOU
FOR ALL MY EYES CAN SEE—
LOVELY SUNLIGHT,
FIELD AND TREE,
WHITE CLOUD-BOATS
IN SEA-DEEP SKY,

SOARING BIRD
AND BUTTERFLY.

THANK YOU
FOR ALL MY EARS CAN HEAR—
BIRDS' SONG ECHOING
FAR AND NEAR,
SONGS OF LITTLE
STREAM, BIG SEA,
CRICKET, BULLFROG,
DUCK AND BEE!

--- IVY O. EASTWICK

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.

---ANONYMOUS

TREES

THE OAK IS CALLED THE KING OF TREES;
THE ASPEN QUIVERS IN THE BREEZE;
THE POPLAR GROWS UP STRAIGHT AND TALL;
THE PEAR TREE SPREADS ALONG THE WALL;
THE SYCAMORE GIVES PLEASANT SHADE;
THE WILLOW DROOPS IN WATERY GLADE;
THE FIR TREE USEFUL TIMBER GIVES;
THE BEECH AMID THE FOREST LIVES.

---SARA COLERIDGE

DON'T GIVE UP

IF YOU'VE EVER 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

IF I CAN STOP

IF I CAN STOP ONE HEART FROM BREAKING,
I SHALL NOT LIVE IN VAIN;
IF I CAN EASE ONE LIFE THE ACHING'
OR COOL ONE PAIN,
OR HELP ONE FAINTING ROBIN
UNTO HIS NEST AGAIN,
I SHALL NOT LIVE IN VAIN.

--EMILY DICKINSON

LITTLE THINGS

LITTLE DROPS OF WATER,
LITTLE GRAINS OF SAND,
MAKE THE MIGHTY OCEAN
AND THE PLEASANT LAND.

THUS THE LITTLE MINUTES,
HUMBLE THOUGH THEY BE,
MAKE THE MIGHTY AGES
OF ETERNITY.

--EBENEZER COBHAM BREWER

THE DAYS OF THE MONTH

THIRTY DAYS HATH SEPTEMBER,
APRIL, JUNE AND NOVEMBER;
FEBRUARY HAS TWENTY-EIGHT ALONE.
ALL THE REST HAVE THRITY-ONE,
EXCEPTING LEAP-YEAR--THAT'S THE TIME
WHEN FEBRUARY'S DAYS ARE TWENTY-NINE.

--OLD SONG

LOVE BETWEEN BROTHERS AND SISTERS

WHATEVER BRAWLS DISTURB THE STREET,
THERE SHOULD BE PEACE AT HOME;
WHERE SISTERS DWELL AND BROTHERS MEET,
QUARRELS SHOULD NEVER COME.

BIRDS IN THEIR LITTLE NESTS AGREE;
AND TIS A SHAMEFUL SIGHT,
WHEN CHILDREN OF ONE FAMILY
FALL OUT AND CHIDE AND FIGHT.

--ISAAC WATTS