



I Wandered Lonely As A Cloud

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such jocund company:
I gazed – and gazed – but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie,
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

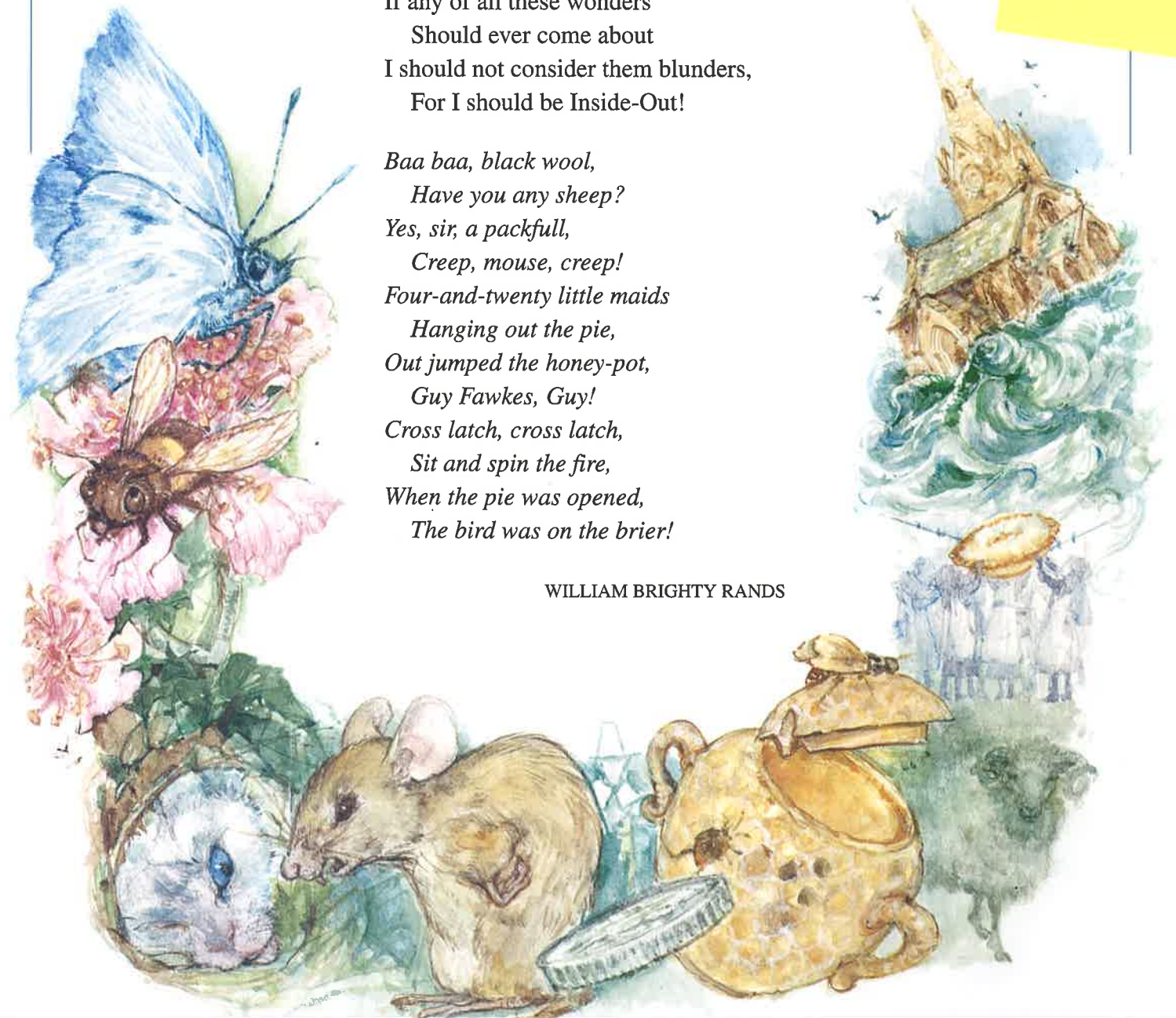
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Topsy-Turvy World

If the butterfly courted the bee,
And the owl the porcupine;
If churches were built in the sea,
And three times one was nine;
If the pony rode his master,
If the buttercups ate the cows,
If the cat had the dire disaster,
To be worried, sir, by the mouse;
If mamma, sir, sold the baby
To a gipsy for half-a-crown;
If a gentleman, sir, was a lady,
The world would be Upside-Down!
If any of all these wonders
Should ever come about
I should not consider them blunders,
For I should be Inside-Out!

*Baa baa, black wool,
Have you any sheep?
Yes, sir, a packfull,
Creep, mouse, creep!
Four-and-twenty little maids
Hanging out the pie,
Out jumped the honey-pot,
Guy Fawkes, Guy!
Cross latch, cross latch,
Sit and spin the fire,
When the pie was opened,
The bird was on the brier!*

WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS





The Fairy Folk

Come, cuddle close in Daddy's coat
Beside the fire so bright,
And hear about the fairy folk
That wander in the night.
For when the stars are shining clear
And all the world is still
They float across the silver moon
From hill to cloudy hill.

Their caps of red, their cloaks of green,
Are hung with silver bells,
And when they're shaken in the wind
Their merry ringing swells.
And, riding on the crimson moth
With black spots on their wings,
They guide them down the purple sky
With golden bridle rings.

They love to visit girls and boys
To see how sweet they sleep,
To stand beside their cosy cots
And at their faces peep.
For in the whole of fairyland
They have no finer sight
Than little children sleeping sound
With faces rosy bright.

On tip-toe crowding round their heads
When bright the moonlight beams,
They whisper little tender words
That fill their minds with dreams;
And when they see a sunny smile,
With lightest finger tips,
They lay a hundred kisses sweet
Upon the ruddy lips.

And then the little spotted moths
Spread out their crimson wings,
And bear away the fairy crowd
With shaking bridle rings.
Come, bairnies, hide in Daddy's coat
Beside the fire so bright –
Perhaps the little folk
Will visit you tonight.

ROBERT BIRD



The World

Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world,
With the wonderful water around you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast –
World, you are beautifully dressed,

The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree,
It walks on the water and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.

You friendly Earth! How far you go,
With the wheat fields that nod and the rivers that flow,
With cities and gardens, and cliffs and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of miles!

Ah! You are so great and I am so small
I tremble to think of you, World, at all.
And yet when I said my prayers today
A whisper inside me seemed to say:
"You are more than the Earth, though you are such a dot;
You can love and think, and the Earth cannot!"

WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS





The Table and the Chair

Said the Table to the Chair,
 "You can hardly be aware
 How I suffer from the heat
 And from chilblains on my feet.
 If we took a little walk,
 We might have a little talk;
 Pray let us take the air,"
 Said the Table to the Chair.

Said the Chair unto the Table,
 "Now you know we are not able:
 How foolishly you talk,
 When you know we cannot walk!"
 Said the Table with a sigh,
 "It can do no harm to try.
 I've as many legs as you;
 Why can't we walk on two?"

So they both went slowly down,
 And walked about the town
 With a cheerful bumpy sound
 As they toddled round and round;
 And everybody cried,
 As they hastened to their side,
 "See, the Table and the Chair
 Have come out to take the air!"

But in going down an alley
 To a castle in the valley,
 They completely lost their way.
 And they wandered all the day
 Till, to see them safely back,
 They paid a Ducky-quack,
 And Beetle and a Mouse,
 Who took them to their house.

Then they whispered to each other,
 "Oh, delightful little brother,
 What a lovely walk we've taken!
 Let us dine on beans and bacon."
 So, the Ducky and the leetle
 Brownny-Mousy and the Beetle
 Dined and danced upon their heads
 Till they toddled to their beds.

The Fountain

Into the sunshine,
 Full of the light,
 Leaping and flashing
 From morn till night!

Into the moonlight,
 Whiter than snow,
 Waving so flower-like
 When the winds blow!

Into the starlight,
 Rushing in spray,
 Happy at midnight,
 Happy by day!

Ever in motion,
 Blithesome and cheery,
 Still climbing heavenward,
 Never awary:

Glad of all weathers,
 Still seeming best,
 Upward or downward,
 Motion thy rest;

Full of a nature
 Nothing can tame,
 Changed every moment,
 Ever the same;

Ceaseless aspiring,
 Ceaseless content,
 Darkness or sunshine
 Thy element;

Glorious fountain!
 Let my heart be
 Fresh, changeful, constant,
 Upward like thee!



What Would You Do?

Oh, what would you do if you had a cow
Who never said: "Moo!" but preferred: "Bow-wow!";
Who played the guitar and lived in a sty,
And put on goloshes to keep her feet dry!

ANONYMOUS



Time to Rise

A birdie with a yellow bill
Hopped upon the window sill,
Cocked his shining eye and said:
"Ain't you shamed, you sleepy head?"

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON



If You Should Meet a Crocodile

If you should meet a crocodile,
Don't take a stick and poke him;
Ignore the welcome in his smile,
Be careful not to stroke him.

For as he sleeps upon the Nile,
He thinner gets and thinner;
And whene'er you meet a crocodile
He's ready for his dinner.

ANONYMOUS

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



The Owl

When cats run home and light has come,
And dew is cold upon the ground,
And the far-off stream is dumb,
And the whirring sails go round,
And the whirring sails go round;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

When merry milkmaids click the latch,
And rarely smells the new-mown hay,
And the cock hath sung beneath the thatch
Twice or thrice his roundelay,
Twice or thrice his roundelay;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON



The Perfect Greyhound

If you would have a good tyke,
Of which there are few like –
He must be headed like a snake,
Necked like a drake,
Backed like a bream,
Sided like a bream,
Tailed like a bat,
And footed like a cat.

ANONYMOUS





The Village Blacksmith

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can;
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge
With measure beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more
How in the grave she lies,
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it close.
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend
For the lesson though hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of Life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

The Pedlar's Caravan

I wish I lived in a caravan,
With a horse to drive, like a pedlar-man!
Where he comes from nobody knows,
Or where he goes to, but on he goes!

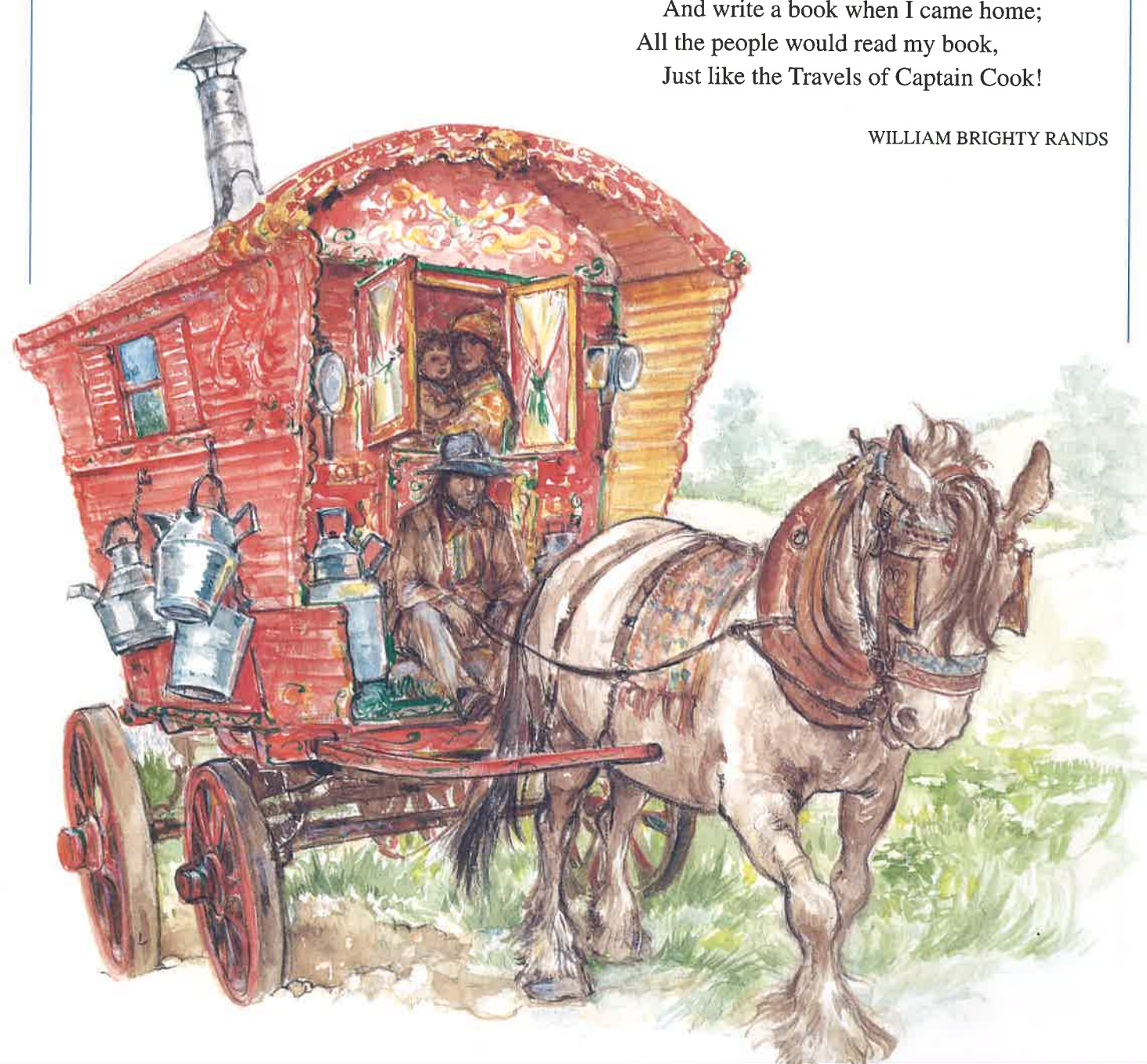
His caravan has windows two,
And a chimney of tin, that the smoke comes through;
He has a wife, with a baby brown,
And they go riding, from town to town.

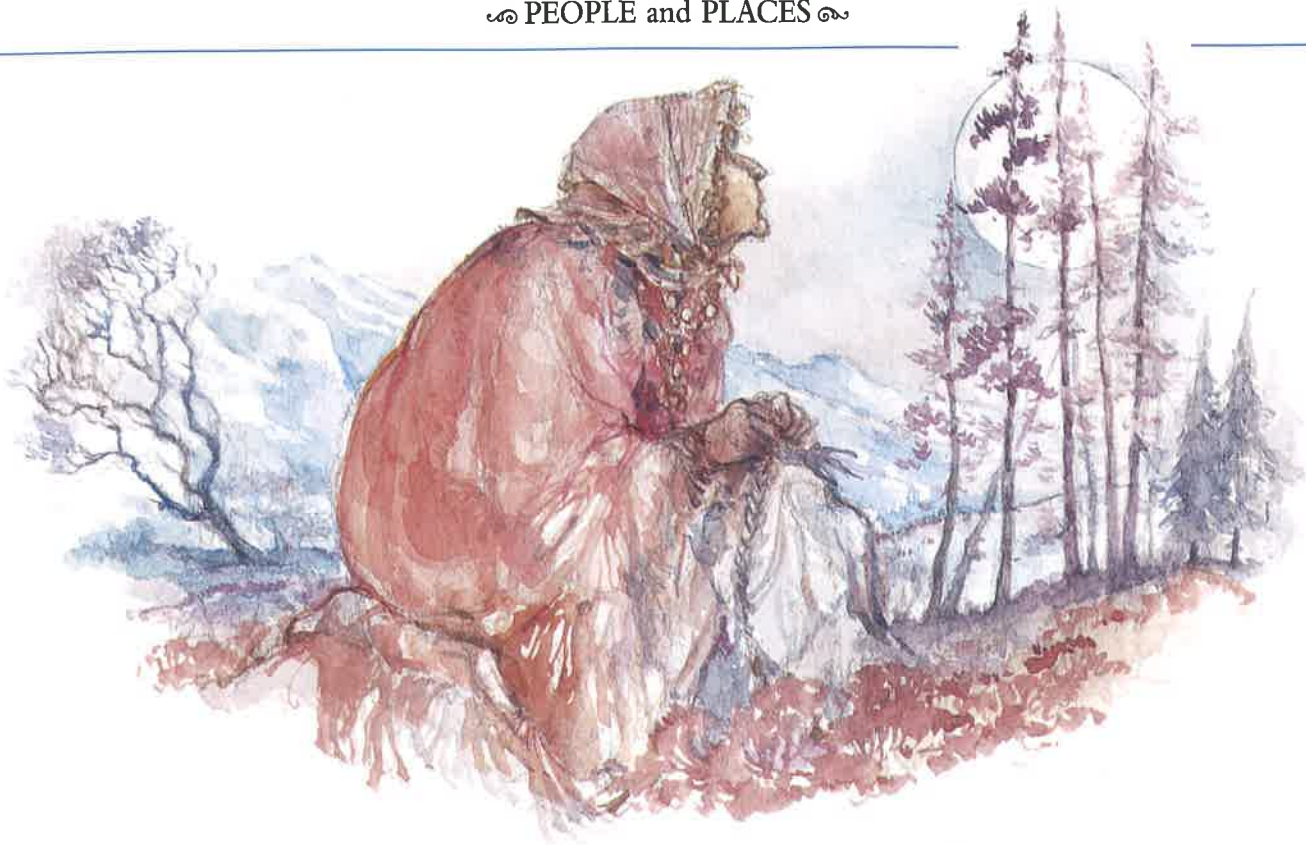
Chairs to mend and delf to sell!
He clashes the basins' like a bell;
Tea-trays, baskets, ranged in order,
Plates with the alphabet round the border!

The roads are brown, and the sea is green,
But his house is just like a bathing machine;
The world is round, and he can ride,
Rumble and splash, to the other side!

With the pedlar-man I should like to roam,
And write a book when I came home;
All the people would read my book,
Just like the Travels of Captain Cook!

WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS





Meg Merrilees

Old Meg she was a Gipsy,
And liv'd upon the moors:
Her bed it was the brown heath turf,
And her house was out of doors.

Her apples were swart blackberries,
Her currants pods o' broom:
Her wine was dew o' the wild white rose,
Her book a churchyard tomb.

Her brothers were the craggy hills,
Her sisters larchen trees –
Alone with her great family
She lived as she did please.

No breakfast had she many a morn,
No dinner many a noon,
And 'stead of supper she would stare
Full hard against the moon.

But every morn of woodbine fresh
She made her garlanding,
And every night the dark glen yew
She wove, and she would sing.

And with her fingers old and brown,
She plaited mats o' rushes,
And gave them to the cottagers
She met among the bushes.

Old Meg was brave as Margaret Queen
And tall as Amazon:
An old red blanket cloak she wore;
A chip hat she had on.
God rest her aged bones somewhere –
She died full long ago!

JOHN KEATS

The Windmill

Behold! A giant am I!
Aloft here in my tower,
With my granite jaws I devour
The maize, and the wheat and the rye,
And grind them into flour.

I look down over the farms;
In the fields of grain I see
The harvest that is to be,
And I fling to the air my arms,
For I know it is all for me.

I hear the sound of flails
Far off, from the threshing-floors
In barns, with their open doors,
And the wind, the wind in my sails,
Louder and louder roars.

I stand here in my place,
With my foot on the rock below,
And whichever way it may blow
I meet it face to face,
As a brave man meets his foe.

And while we wrestle and strive,
My master, the miller, stands
And feeds me with his hands;
For he knows who makes him thrive,
Who makes him lord of lands.



On Sundays I take my rest;
Churchgoing bells begin
Their low, melodious din;
I cross my arms on my breast,
And all is peace within.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

What Bobbie Would Like

I'd like to be a farmer,
 With lots of stacks and mows,
 And fowl and pigs, and carts and gigs,
 And four-and-twenty cows.
 I'd drive them all to market
 On summer mornings fine;
 "Oh, come and buy," I'd stand and cry,
 "Buy, buy, good masters mine!"
 But if they would not buy them
 It would not give me pain.
 I'd simply say: "Fair sirs, good-day!"
 And drive them home again.

I wish I were a farmer,
 With lots of lambs and sheep,
 I'd run and play with them all day
 Until we went to sleep.
 I'd take the wool to market
 On summer mornings fine –
 "Oh, come and buy," I'd stand and cry,
 "Buy, buy, good masters mine!"
 But if they would not buy my wool
 It would not cause me pain,
 I'd come and say: "Dear sheep, good-day,
 Here is your wool again."

And if they could not put it on
 I'd put it on myself;
 And all the rest, when I was dressed,
 I'd lay upon the shelf.
 For when winter days come round,
 And all the world is cold,
 I know full well my wool will sell
 For all its weight in gold.
 And so I'll be a farmer,
 Right happy in my lot,
 And he who cares may buy my wares,
 And other folk need not!

FREDERICK E. WEATHERLY



BRIGHT and BEAUTIFUL



Love Count

One, I love; two, I love;
 Three, I love, I say;
 Four, I love with all my heart;
 Five, I cast away;
 Six, he loves; seven she loves;
 Eight, both love;
 Nine, he comes; ten he tarries;
 Eleven he courts;
 And twelve he marries.

ANONYMOUS



The Months

January brings the snow,
Makes your feet and fingers glow.

February brings the rain,
Thaws the frozen lake again.

March brings breezes sharp and chill,
Shakes the dancing daffodil.

April brings the primrose sweet,
Scatters daisies at our feet.

May brings flocks of pretty lambs,
Sporting round their fleecy dams.

June brings tulips, lilies, roses,
Fills the children's hands with posies.

Hot July brings thunder showers,
Apricots and gilly-flowers.

August brings the sheaves of corn;
Then the harvest home is borne.

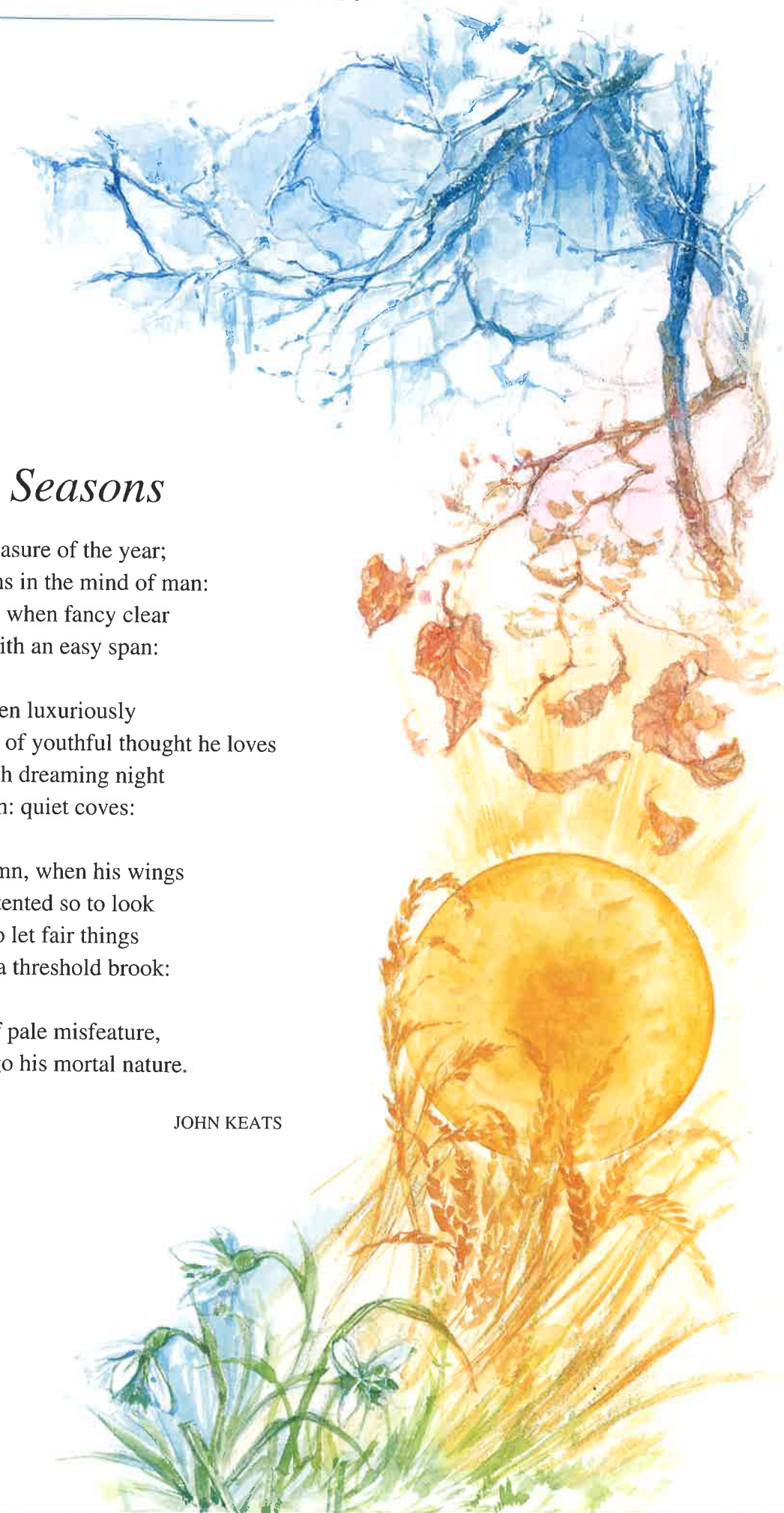
Warm September brings the fruit;
Sportsmen then begin to shoot.

Brown October brings the pheasant,
Then to gather nuts is pleasant.

Dull November brings the blast –
Hark! The leaves are twirling fast.

Cold December brings the sleet,
Blazing fire and Christmas treat.

SARA COLERIDGE



The Human Seasons

Four seasons fill the measure of the year;
There are four seasons in the mind of man:
He has his lusty Spring, when fancy clear
Takes in all beauty with an easy span:

He has his Summer, when luxuriously
Spring's honey'd cud of youthful thought he loves
To ruminat, and by such dreaming night
Is nearest unto heaven: quiet coves:

His soul has in its Autumn, when his wings
He furlth close; contented so to look
On mists in idleness – to let fair things
Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook:

He has his Winter too of pale misfeature,
Or else he would forgo his mortal nature.

JOHN KEATS



Spring

Sound the flute!
 Now it's mute.
 Birds delight
 Day and Night;
 Nightingale
 In the dale,
 Lark in Sky,
 Merrily,

Merrily, Merrily, to welcome in the Year.

Little Boy,
 Full of joy;
 Little Girl,
 Sweet and small;
 Cock does crow,
 So do you;
 Merry voice,
 Infant noise,

Merrily, Merrily, to welcome in the Year.

Little Lamb,
 Here I am;
 Come and lick
 My white neck;
 Let me pull
 Your soft Wool;
 Let me kiss
 Your soft face:

Merrily, Merrily, we welcome in the Year.

WILLIAM BLAKE

Rain In Summer

How beautiful is the rain!

After the dust and heat,
 In the broad and fiery street,
 In the narrow lane,
 How beautiful is the rain!

How it clatters along the roofs,
 Like the tramp of hoofs!
 How it gushes and struggles out
 From the throat of the overflowing spout!

Across the window-pane
 It pours and pours;
 And swift and wide,
 With a muddy tide,
 Like a river down the gutter roars
 The rain, the welcome rain!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW



Fall, Leaves, Fall

Fall, leaves, fall: die, flowers, away;
 Lengthen night and shorten day,
 Every leaf speaks bliss to me
 Fluttering from the autumn tree.

I shall smile when wreaths of snow
 Blossom where the rose should grow;
 I shall sing when night's decay
 Ushers in a drearier day.

EMILY BRONTË

Winter

When icicles hang by the wall,
 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
 And Tom bears logs into the hall,
 And milk comes frozen home in pail;

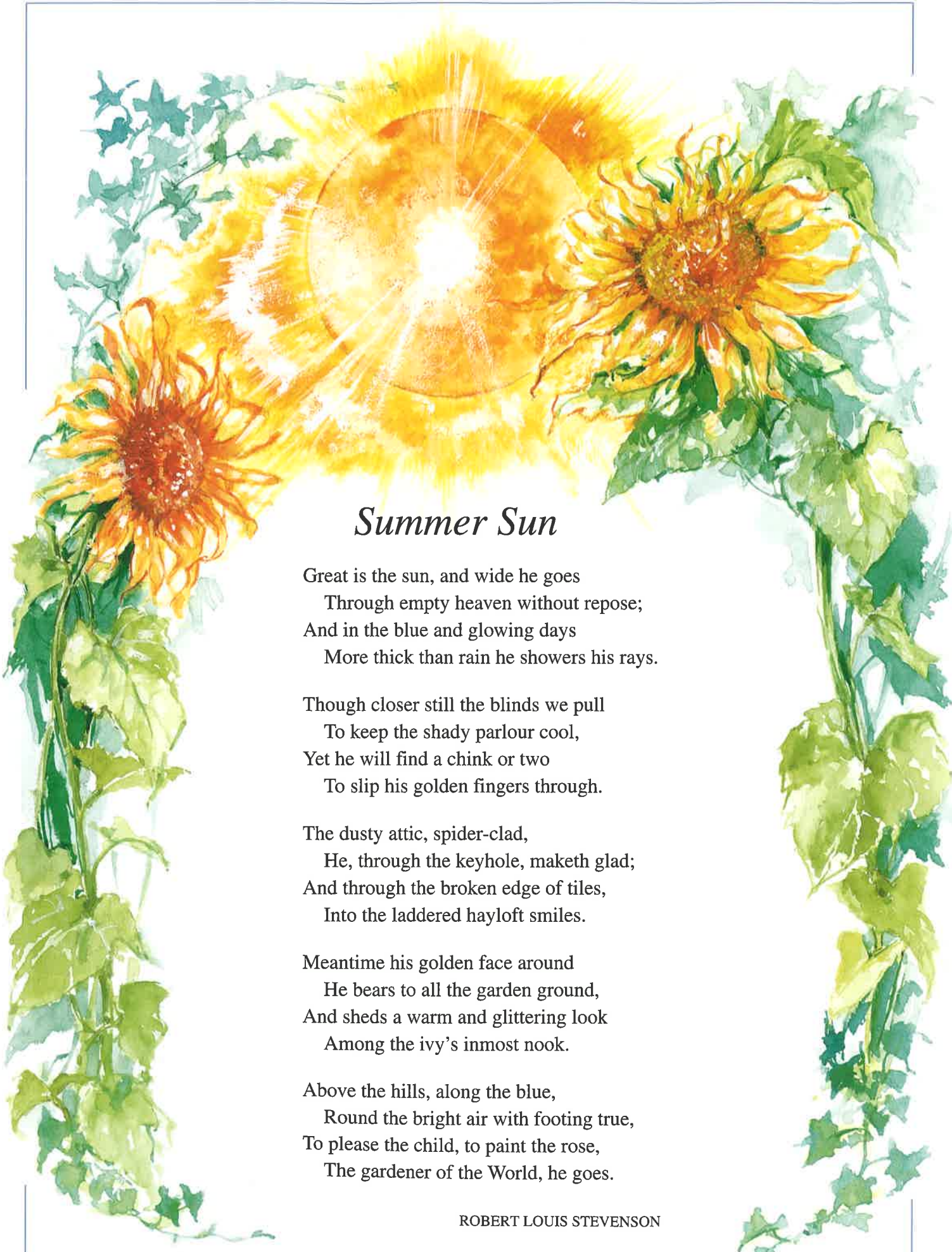
When blood is nipped, and ways be foul,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 Tu-whit, tu-who! A merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,
 And Marian's nose looks red and raw,

When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 Tu-whit, tu-who! A merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE





Summer Sun

Great is the sun, and wide he goes
Through empty heaven without repose;
And in the blue and glowing days
More thick than rain he showers his rays.

Though closer still the blinds we pull
To keep the shady parlour cool,
Yet he will find a chink or two
To slip his golden fingers through.

The dusty attic, spider-clad,
He, through the keyhole, maketh glad;
And through the broken edge of tiles,
Into the laddered hayloft smiles.

Meantime his golden face around
He bears to all the garden ground,
And sheds a warm and glittering look
Among the ivy's inmost nook.

Above the hills, along the blue,
Round the bright air with footing true,
To please the child, to paint the rose,
The gardener of the World, he goes.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON



Little Raindrops

Oh, where do you come from,
You little drops of rain,
Pitter-patter, pitter-patter,
Down the window pane?

They won't let me walk,
They won't let me play,
And they won't let me go
Out of doors at all today.

They put away my playthings,
Because I broke them all,
And then they locked up all my bricks,
And took away my ball.

Tell me, little raindrops,
Is that the way you play,
Pitter-patter, pitter-patter,
All the rainy day?

They say I'm very naughty,
But I've nothing else to do,
But sit here at the window –
I should like to play with you.

The little raindrops cannot speak,
But pitter-patter-pat
Means: "We can play on *this* side –
Why can't you play on *that*?"

ANONYMOUS

The Captain's Daughter

We were crowded in the cabin –
 Not a soul would dare to sleep –
 It was midnight on the waters,
 And a storm was on the deep.

'Tis a fearful thing in winter
 To be shattered by the blast,
 And to hear the rattling trumpet
 Thunder: "Cut away the mast!"

So we shuddered there in silence –
 For the stoutest held his breath –
 While the hungry sea was roaring
 And the breakers talked with death.

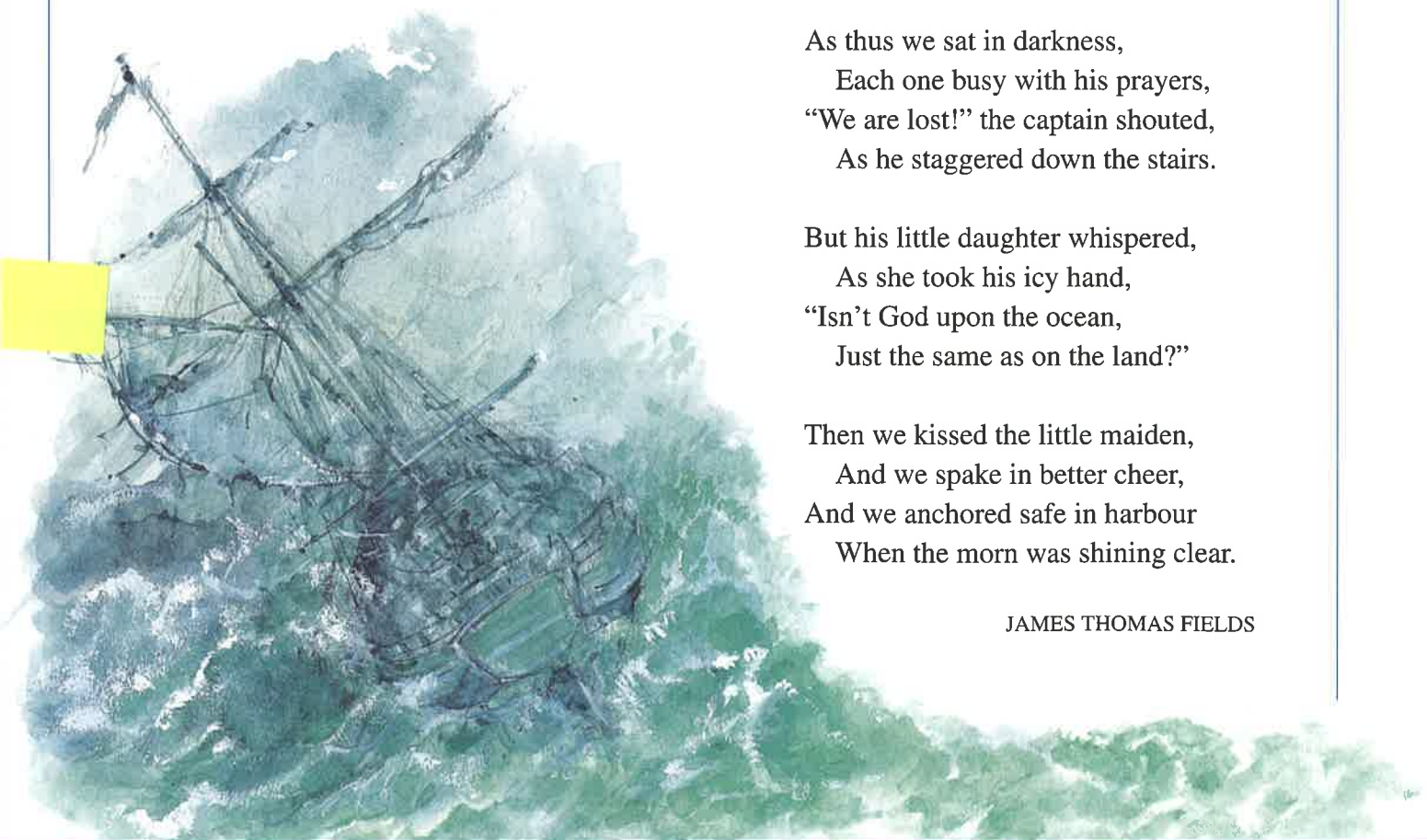


As thus we sat in darkness,
 Each one busy with his prayers,
 "We are lost!" the captain shouted,
 As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered,
 As she took his icy hand,
 "Isn't God upon the ocean,
 Just the same as on the land?"

Then we kissed the little maiden,
 And we spake in better cheer,
 And we anchored safe in harbour
 When the morn was shining clear.

JAMES THOMAS FIELDS



Foreign Lands

Up into the cherry tree
 Who should climb but little me?
 I held the trunk with both my hands
 And looked abroad on foreign lands.

I saw the next-door garden lie,
 Adorned with flowers before my eye,
 And many pleasant places more
 That I had never seen before.

I saw the dimpling river pass
 And be the sky's blue looking-glass;
 The dusty roads go up and down
 With people tramping into town.

If I could find a higher tree
 Farther and farther I should see
 To where the grown-up river slips
 Into the sea among the ships.

To where the roads on either hand
 Lead onward into fairy land,
 Where all the children dine at five,
 And all the playthings come alive.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

