



Sea-sand and Sorrow
by Christina G. Rossetti

- 9/19/14

What are heavy? Sea-sand and sorrow:
What are brief? Today and tomorrow:
What are frail ? Spring blossoms and youth:
What are deep ? The ocean and truth.



Middle of the Night
by Anonymous

- 4/17/15

One bright day in the middle of the night,
Two dead boys got up to fight.
Back to back they faced each other,
drew their swords and shot each other.

A deaf policeman heard the noise
and came and shot, the two dead boys.
And if you don't believe this lie is true,
go ask the blind man, he saw it too.



November
by Alice Cary

- 11/7/14, 11/14/14

The leaves are fading and falling,
The winds are rough and wild,
The birds have ceased their calling,
But let me tell you, my child,

Though day by day, as it closes,
Doth darker and colder grow,
The roots of the bright red roses
Will keep alive in the snow.

And when the Winter is over,
The boughs will get new leaves,
The quail come back to the clover,
And the swallow back to the eaves.

The robin will wear on his bosom
A vest that is bright and new,

And the loveliest way-side blossom
Will shine with the sun and dew.

The leaves to-day are whirling,
The brooks are dry and dumb,
But let me tell you, my darling,
The Spring will be sure to come.

There must be rough, cold weather,
And winds and rains so wild;
Not all good things together
Come to us here, my child.

So, when some dear joy loses
Its beauteous summer glow,
Think how the roots of the roses
Are kept alive in the snow.



Bed in Summer

- 9/12/14

by Robert Louis Stevenson

In winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candle-light.
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 Arrow and the Song”

- 10/31/14

by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;

For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.



Don't Give Up

- 3/13/15

by Alice Cary

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

Though young birds, in flying, fall,
 Still their wings grow stronger;
And the next time they can keep
 Up a little longer.

Though the sturdy oak has known
 Many a blast that bowed her,
She has risen again, and grown
 Loftier and prouder.

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



Betty Botter's Butter

- 1/30/15, 2/6/15

Betty Botter bought a bit of butter
but the bit of butter Betty bought was bitter
so Betty Botter bought a better bit of butter
and the batter was better.



White Fields

- 12/5/14

by James Stephens

In the winter time we go
Walking in the fields of snow;
Where there is no grass at all;
Where the top of every wall,
Every fence and every tree,
Is as white, as white can be.

Pointing out the way we came,
Everyone of them the same--
All across the fields there be
Prints in silver filigree;
And our mothers always know,
By our footprints in the snow,
Where the children go.



Apple Rhyme

- 9/26/14

by M. Nightingale

Apples ripe and apples red.
Grow they high above my head.
Alack-a-day! for I am small
And apple-trees are mostly tall;

Dreary-me! But what is sadder.
Nobody can find a ladder.
Call a pixy, green or brown.
And bid him throw the apples down.
Pixy, throw them down as quick
Or quicker than my hands could pick!

One, two, three and now another.

Each one bigger than the other.
Pixies green and pixies brown.
Throw the big red apples down.



Little Things

- 10/24/14

by Ebenezer Cobham Brewer

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.



The Rainbow

- 5/22/15

by Christina G. Rossetti

Boats sail on the rivers,
And ships sail on the seas;
But clouds that sail across the sky
Are prettier than these.

There are bridges on the rivers,
As pretty as you please;
But the bow that bridges heaven,
And overtops the trees,
And builds a road from earth to sky,
Is prettier far than these.



Eletelephony

- 10/17/14

by Laura Richards

Once there was an elephant,
Who tried to use the telephant-
No! No! I mean an elephone
Who tried to use the telephone-

(Dear me! I am not certain quite
That even now I've got it right.)

Howe'er it was, he got his trunk
Entangled in the telephunk;
The more he tried to get it free,
The louder buzzed the telephee-
(I fear I'd better drop the song
Of elephop and telephong!)



The Land of Nod
by Robert Louis Stevenson

- 11/21/14

From breakfast on through all the day
At home among my friends I stay,
But every night I go abroad
Afar into the Land of Nod.

All by myself I have to go,
With none to tell me what to do—
All alone beside the streams
And up the mountain-side of dreams.

The strangest things are there for me,
Both things to eat and things to see,
And many frightening sights abroad
Till morning in the Land of Nod.

Try as I like to find the way,
I never can get back by day,
Nor can remember plain and clear
The curious music that I hear.



A Flea and a Fly in a Flue

- 1/9/15

A flea and a fly in a flue:
Said the fly, "Oh, what should we do?"
Said the flea, "Let us fly!"
Said the fly, "Let us flee!"
So they flew through a flaw in the flue.

**Violet**

- 5/01/15

by Jane Taylor

Down in a green and shady bed
A modest violet grew;
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,
As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flower,
No colours bright and fair;
It might have graced a rosy bower,
Instead of hiding there.

Yet there it was content to bloom,
In modest tints arrayed;
And there diffused its sweet perfume,
Within the silent shade.

Then let me to the valley go,
This pretty flower to see;
That I may also learn to grow
In sweet humility.

**Mr. Nobody**

- 3/6/15

by Anonymous

I know a funny little man,
As quiet as a mouse,
Who does the mischief that is done
In everybody's house!
There's no one ever sees his face,
And yet we all agree
That every plate we break was cracked
By Mr. Nobody.

'Tis he who always tears out books,
Who leaves the door ajar,
He pulls the buttons from our shirts,

And scatters pins afar;
That squeaking door will always squeak,
For prithee, don't you see,
We leave the oiling to be done
By Mr. Nobody.

The finger marks upon the door
By none of us are made;
We never leave the blinds unclosed,
To let the curtains fade.
The ink we never spill; the boots
That lying round you see
Are not our boots,—they all belong
To Mr. Nobody.



Baker's Reply to the Needle Salesman - 1/16/15

I need not your needles,
They're needless to me,
For kneading of needles,
Were needless, you see;
But did my neat trousers
But need to be kneed,
I then should have need
Of your needles indeed.



The Flint

- 4/2/15

by Christina G. Rossetti

An emerald is as green as grass;
A ruby red as blood;
A sapphire as blue as heaven;
A flint lies in the mud.

A diamond is a brilliant stone,
To catch the world's desire;
An opal is a fiery spark;
But a flint holds fire.



True Royalty

- 3/20/15

by Rudyard Kipling

There was never a Queen like Balkis,
From here to the wide world's end;
But Balkis talked to a butterfly
As you would talk to a friend.

There was never a King like Solomon,
Not since the world began;
But Solomon talked to a butterfly
As a man would talk to a man.

She was Queen of Sabaea—
And he was Asia's Lord—
But they both of 'em talked to butterflies
When they took their walks abroad.



Tooting Tutor

- 1/23/15

A tutor who tooted the flute
Tried to tutor two tooters to toot
Said the two to the tutor,
“Is it tougher to toot
Or to tutor two tooters to toot?”



Lucy

- 3/27/15

by William Wordsworth

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove;
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone
Half-hidden from the eye!
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me!



Obedience

- 4/10/15

by Phoebe Cary

If you're told to do a thing,
And mean to do it really;
Never let it be by halves;
Do it fully, freely!

Do not make a poor excuse,
Waiting, weak, unsteady;
All obedience worth the name,
Must be prompt and ready.



Little Raindrops

- 5/08/15, 5/15/15

by Jane Euphemia Browne

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,
And 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 pitter pat"
Means, "We can play on this side,
Why can't you play on that?"



Happy Ending?

- 5/29/15

by Shel Silverstein

There are no happy endings.
Endings are the saddest part,
So just give me a happy middle
And a very happy start.



A Pin Has a Head

- 10/03/14, 10/10/14

by Christian G. Rossetti

A pin has a head, but has no hair;
A clock has a face but no mouth there;
Needles have eyes, but they cannot see;
A fly has a trunk without lock or key;

A timepiece may lose, but cannot win;
A cornfield dimples without a chin;
A hill has no leg, but has a foot;
A wine-glass a stem, but not a root;

A watch has hands, but no thumb or finger;
A boot has a tongue, but is no singer;
Rivers run, though they have no feet;
A saw has teeth, but it does not eat;

Ash-trees have keys, yet never a lock;
And baby crows, without being a cock.



A Christmas Carol

- 12/12/14

by G.K.Chesterton

The Christ-child lay on Mary's lap,
His hair was like a light.
(O weary, weary were the world,
But here is all aright.)

The Christ-child lay on Mary's breast,
His hair was like a star.
(O stern and cunning are the kings,
But here the true hearts are.)

The Christ-child lay on Mary's heart,
His hair was like a fire.
(O weary, weary is the world,
But here the world's desire.)

The Christ-child stood at Mary's knee,
His hair was like a crown.
And all the flowers looked up at Him,
And all the stars looked down.



Cradle Song

- 12/19/14

by William Blake

Sleep, sleep, beauty bright,
Dreaming in the joys of night;
Sleep, sleep; in thy sleep
Little sorrows sit and weep.

Sweet babe, in thy face
Soft desires I can trace,
Secret joys and secret smiles,
Little pretty infant wiles.

As thy softest limbs I feel,
Smiles as of the morning steal
O'er thy cheek, and o'er thy breast
Where thy little heart doth rest.

O the cunning wiles that creep
In thy little heart asleep!
When thy little heart doth wake,
Then the dreadful night shall break.



Mr. See and Mr. Soar

- 2/13/15, 2/27/15

Mr. See owned a saw.
And Mr. Soar owned a seesaw.
Now See's saw sawed Soar's seesaw
Before Soar saw See,
Which made Soar sore.
Had Soar seen See's saw
Before See sawed Soar's seesaw,
See's saw would not have sawed
Soar's seesaw.
So See's saw sawed Soar's seesaw.
But it was sad to see Soar so sore
Just because See's saw sawed
Soar's seesaw!