



Open House

Aileen Fisher

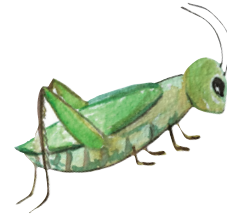
If I were a tree
I'd want to see
A bird with a song
On a branch of me.

I'd want a quick
Little squirrel to run
Up and down
And around, for fun.

I'd want the cub
Of a bear to call,
And a porcupine, big,
And a tree toad, small.

I'd want a katydid
Out of sight
On one of my leaves
To sing at night.

And down by my roots
I'd want a mouse
With six little mouselings
In her house.



Grasshopper Green

Unknown

Grasshopper Green is a comical chap;
He lives on the best of fare,
Bright little trousers, jacket and cap,
These are his summer wear.
Out in the meadow he loves to go,
Playing away in the sun;
It's hopperty, skipperty, high and low,
Summer's the time for fun.

Grasshopper Green has a quaint little house;
It's under the hedge so gay.
Grandmother Spider, as still as a mouse,
Watches him over the way.
Gladly he's calling the children, I know,
Out in the beautiful sun;
It's hopperty, skipperty, high and low,
Summer's the time for fun.

Out in the Fields

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

The little cares that fretted me,
I lost them yesterday
Among the fields above the sea,
Among the winds at play,
Among the lowing of the herds,
The rustling of the trees;
Among the singing of the birds,
The humming of the bees.

The foolish fears of what might happen—
I cast them all away
Among the clover-scented grass,
Among the new-mown hay;
Among the husking of the corn,
Where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are born—
Out in the fields with God.



The Birds' Bath

Evaleen Stein

In our garden we have made
Such a pretty little pool,
Lined with pebbles neatly laid,
Filled with water clean and cool.

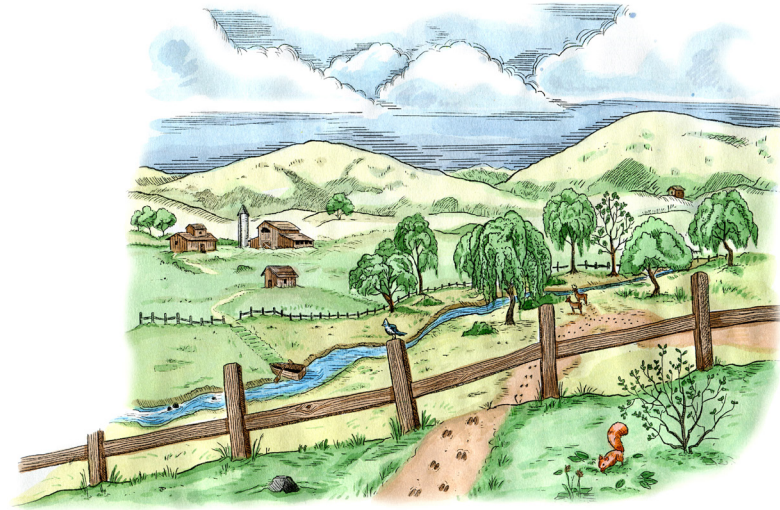
When the sun shines warm and high
Robins cluster round its brink,
Never one comes flying by
But will flutter down to drink.

Then they splash and splash and splash,
Spattering little showers bright
All around, till off they flash
Singing sweetly their delight.

I Sat by the Sea

Ivy O. Eastwick

I sat by the sea . . .
It called and cried,
It spluttered and splashed
On the harbor side.
It rocked and rolled,
It rose and fell,
It tossed up sponge
And weed and shell . . .
I took them all three
Home, my dears,
With the spray in my eyes,
And the sound in my ears.



The Willow Princesses

Rose Fyleman

The tall princesses in the willow tree
They move their lazy, lovely heads about,
They wave their arms, their hair goes streaming out,
Their rustling dresses shimmer like the sea.

But presently they cease to sway and swing
And stand quite still, and whisper gentle words,
Quietly calling to the little birds
To perch upon their pretty hands and sing.

Who Loves the Trees Best?

Alice May Douglas

Who loves the trees best?
"I," said the Spring;
"Their leaves so beautiful
To them I bring."

Who loves the trees best?
"I," Summer said;
"I give them blossoms,
White, yellow, red."

Who loves the trees best?
"I," said the Fall;
"I give luscious fruits,
Bright tints to all."

Who loves the trees best?
"I love them best,"
Harsh Winter answered;
"I give them rest."



The Woodpecker

Elizabeth Madox Roberts

The woodpecker pecked out a little round hole
And made him a house in the telephone pole.
One day when I watched he poked out his head,
And he had on a hood and a collar of red.

When the streams of rain pour out of the sky,
And the sparkles of lightning go flashing by,
And the big, big wheels of thunder roll,
He can snuggle back in the telephone pole.



Four Ducks on a Pond

William Allingham

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.



How the Flowers Grow

Gabriel Setoun

This is how the flowers grow.
I have watched them and I know:

First, above the ground is seen
A tiny blade of purest green,
Reaching up and peeping forth
East and west, and south and north.

Then the sunbeams find their way
To the sleeping bud and say,
"We are children of the sun
Sent to wake thee, little one."

And the leaflet opening wide
Shows the tiny bud inside,
Peeping with half-opened eye
On the bright and sunny sky.

Breezes from the west and south
Lay their kisses on its mouth;
Till the petals all are grown,
And the bud's a flower blown.

This Is My Father's World

Maltbie D. Babcock

This is my Father's world.
And to my listening ears
All nature sings, and round me rings
The music of the spheres.

This is my Father's world.
I rest me in the thought
Of rocks and trees, of skies and seas;
His hand the wonders wrought.

This is my Father's world.
The birds their carols raise,
The morning light, the lily white,
Declare their Maker's praise.

This is my Father's world.
He shines in all that's fair;
In the rustling grass I hear Him pass,
He speaks to me everywhere.



Great, Wide, Beautiful, Wonderful World

William Brighty Rands

Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful World!
With the wonderful water round 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 do 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!"



Yellow

Ivy O. Eastwick

Sing a song of yellow!
Yellow is the bee,
Golden, dusty fellow,
Pollened to the knee.
Yellow is the honey
Of every pretty flower,
And yellow, yellow, yellow
Is the honeysuckle bower.

The Use of Flowers

Mary Botham Howitt

God might have bade the earth to bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak tree and the cedar tree,
Without a flower at all.

We might have had enough, enough
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine, and toil,
And yet have had no flowers.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
All dyed with rainbow light,
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Upspringing day and night—

Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness
Where no man passes by?

Our outward life requires them not—
Then wherefore had they birth?—
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth;

To comfort man—to whisper hope
When'er his faith is dim,
For who so careth for the flowers



Tiny Things

Marie Kreischer

I saw some tiny, little things,
Some hummingbirds with gauzy wings.
I heard some wondrous tiny things,
I heard a bird sing to me
A tiny lifting melody.



White Little Cloud

James Henry Fillmore

What are you doing, white little cloud,
Up in the heavens, sailing so proud?
Helping my brothers, here in the blue,
Hide the hot sunshine, Baby, from you.

Where are you going, flying so slow?
White cloud so lazy, I'd like to know.
Gathering raindrops out of the air,
For the poor flowers dying down there.

Who Has Seen the Wind?

Christina G. Rossetti

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.

If Ever I See

Lydia Maria Child

If ever I see,
On bush or tree,
Young birds in their pretty nest,
I must not in play,
Steal the birds away,
To grieve their mother's breast.

My mother, I know,
Would sorrow so,
Should I be stolen away;
So I'll speak to the birds
In my softest words,
Nor hurt them in my play.

And when they can fly
In the bright blue sky,
They'll warble a song to me;
And then if I'm sad
It will make me glad
To think they are happy and free.

The Beech Tree

Rose Fyleman

I'd like to have a garden
With a beech tree on the lawn;
The little birds that lived there
Would wake me up at dawn.

And in the summer weather
When all the leaves were green,
I'd sit beneath the beech boughs
And see the sky between.



Little Talk

Aileen Fisher

Don't you think it's probable
That beetles, bugs, and bees
Talk about a lot of things—
You know, such things as these:

The kind of weather where they live
In jungles tall with grass
And earthquakes in their villages
Whenever people pass!

Of course, we'll never know if bugs
Talk very much at all,
Because our ears are far too big
For talk that is so small.

The Wind Came Running

Ivy O. Eastwick

The Wind came running
over the sand,
It caught and held me
by the hand.

It curled and whirled
and danced with me
Down to the edge
of the dashing sea.

We danced together,
the Wind and I,
To the cry of a gull
and a wild sea cry.