

1. What is Pink?

By Christian Rossetti

What is pink? A rose is pink
By the fountain's brink.

What is red? A poppy's red
In its barley bed.

What is blue? The sky is blue
Where the clouds float through.

What is white? A swan is white
Sailing in the light.

What is yellow? Pears are yellow,
Rich and ripe and mellow.

What is green? The grass is green,
With small flowers between.

What is violet? Clouds are violet
In the summer twilight.

What is orange? Why, an orange,
Just an orange!

2. Dentist and the Crocodile

By Roald Dahl

The crocodile, with cunning smile, sat in the dentist' s chair. He said, "Right here and everywhere my teeth require repair." The dentist' s face was turning white. He quivered, quaked and shook. He muttered, "I suppose I' m going to have to take a look."

"I want you" , Crocodile declared, "to do the back ones first. The molars at the very back are easily the worst."

He opened wide his massive jaws. It was a fearsome sight— At least three hundred pointed teeth, all sharp and shining white. The dentist kept himself well clear. He stood two yards away. He chose the longest probe he had to search out the decay.

"I said to do the back ones first!" the Crocodile called out.

"You' re much too far away, dear sir, to see what you' re about. To do the back ones properly you' ve got to put your head Deep down inside my great big mouth," the grinning Crocky said. The poor old dentist wrung his hands and, weeping in despair, He cried, "No no! I see them all extremely well from here!"

Just then, in burst a lady, in her hands a golden chain. She cried, "Oh Croc, you naughty boy, you' re playing tricks again!"

"Watch out!" the dentist shrieked and started climbing up the wall.

"He' s after me! He' s after you! He' s going to eat us all!"

"Don' t be a twit," the lady said, and flashed a gorgeous smile.

"He' s harmless. He' s my little pet, my lovely crocodile."

3. A Bird came down the Walk
By Emily Dickinson

A Bird came down the Walk—
He did not know I saw—
He bit an Anglemorm in halves
And ate the fellow, raw,

And then he drank a Dew
From a convenient Grass—
And then hopped sidewise to the Wall
To let a Beetle pass—

He glanced with rapid eyes
That hurried all around—
They looked like frightened Beads, I thought—
He stirred his Velvet Head

Like one in danger, Cautious,
I offered him a Crumb
And he unrolled his feathers
And rowed him softer home—

Than Oars divide the Ocean,
Too silver for a seam—
Or Butterflies, off Banks of Noon
Leap, plashless as they swim.

4. Afternoon on a Hill
By Edna St. Vincent Millay

Under the sun!
I will touch a hundred flowers
And not pick one.

I will look at cliffs and clouds
With quiet eyes,
Watch the wind bow down the grass,
And the grass rise.

And when lights begin to show
Up from the town,
I will mark which must be mine,
And then start down!

5. A Wise Old Owl

By Edward Hersey Richards

A wise old owl lived in an oak;
The more he saw the less he spoke;
The less he spoke the more he heard:
Why can' t we all be like that bird?

There' s a Neat Little Clock
Traditional Mother Goose

There' s a neat little clock—
In the schoolroom it stands—
And it points to the time
With its two little hands.

And may we, like the clock,
Keep a face clean and bright,
With hands ever ready
To do what is right.

6. The Fisherman

By Abbie Farwell Brown

The fisherman goes out at dawn
When every one's abed,
And from the bottom of the sea
Draws up his daily bread.

His life is strange; half on the shore
And half upon the sea --
Not quite a fish, and yet not quite
The same as you and me.

The fisherman has curious eyes;
They make you feel so queer,
As if they had seen many things
Of wonder and of fear.

They're like the sea on foggy days, --
Not gray, nor yet quite blue;
They're like the wondrous tales he tells
Not quite -- yet maybe -- true.

He knows so much of boats and tides,
Of winds and clouds and sky!
But when I tell of city things,
He sniffs and shuts one eye!

7. My Shadow

By 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 he sometimes 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 my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.

8. Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening
By Robert Frost

Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village, though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

9. Every Time I Climb a Tree

By 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.

10. Where Did You Come From, Baby Dear?

By George MacDonald

Where did you come from, baby dear?
Out of the everywhere into here.

Where did you get your eyes so blue?
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and spin?
Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear?
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high?
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm white rose?
I saw something better than anyone knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss?
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get this pearly ear?
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?
Love made itself into hooks and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling things?
From the same box as the cherubs' wings.

How did they all just come to be you?
God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?
God thought about you, and so I am here.

11. Life Doesn' t Frighten Me

By Maya Angelou

Shadows on the wall
Noises down the hall
Life doesn' t frighten me at all

Bad dogs barking loud
Big ghosts in a cloud
Life doesn' t frighten me at all

Mean old Mother Goose
Lions on the loose
They don' t frighten me at all

Dragons breathing flame
On my counterpane
That doesn' t frighten me at all.

I go boo
Make them shoo
I make fun
Way they run
I won' t cry
So they fly
I just smile
They go wild

Life doesn' t frighten me at all.

Tough guys fight
All alone at night
Life doesn' t frighten me at all.

Panthers in the park
Strangers in the dark
No, they don' t frighten me at all.

That new classroom where
Boys all pull my hair

(Kissy little girls
With their hair in curls)
They don't frighten me at all.

Don't show me frogs and snakes
And listen for my scream,
If I'm afraid at all
It's only in my dreams.

I've got a magic charm
That I keep up my sleeve
I can walk the ocean floor
And never have to breathe.

Life doesn't frighten me at all
Not at all
Not at all.

Life doesn't frighten me at all.

12. THE LAMB by William Black
Little lamb, who made thee?
Does thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life, and bid thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little lamb, who made thee?
Does thou know who made thee?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee;
Little lamb, I'll tell thee:
He is called by thy name,
For He calls Himself a Lamb.
He is meek, and He is mild,
He became a little child.
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are called by His name.
Little lamb, God bless thee!
Little lamb, God bless thee!

13. My Heart Leaps UP

By William Wordsworth

My heart leaps up when I behold

 A rainbow in the sky:

So was it when my life began;

So is it now I am a man;

So be it when I shall grow old,

 Or let me die!

The Child is father of the Man;

And I could wish my days to be

Bound each to each by natural piety.

14. Answer to a Child's Question

By Samuel Taylor Coleridge

Do you ask what the birds say? The Sparrow, the Dove,
The Linnet and Thrush say, "I love and I love!"
In the winter they' re silent—the wind is so strong;
What it says, I don' t know, but it sings a loud song.
But green leaves, and blossoms, and sunny warm weather,
And singing, and loving—all come back together.
But the Lark is so brimful of gladness and love,
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,
That he sings, and he sings; and for ever sings he—
"I love my Love, and my Love loves me!"

15. Two Little Kittens
Anonymous (circa 1880)

Two little kittens, one stormy night,
Began to quarrel, and then to fight;
One had a mouse, the other had none,
And that's the way the quarrel begun.

"I'll have that mouse," said the biggest cat;
"You'll have that mouse? We'll see about that!"
"I will have that mouse," said the eldest son;
"You shan't have the mouse," said the little one.

I told you before 'twas a stormy night
When these two little kittens began to fight;
The old woman seized her sweeping broom,
And swept the two kittens right out of the room.

The ground was covered with frost and snow,
And the two little kittens had nowhere to go;
So they laid them down on the mat at the door,
While the old woman finished sweeping the floor.

Then they crept in, as quiet as mice,
All wet with the snow, and cold as ice,
For they found it was better, that stormy night,
To lie down and sleep than to quarrel and fight.