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| **Slowly**Slowly the tide creeps up the sand,Slowly the shadows cross the land.Slowly the cart-horse pulls his mile,Slowly the old man mounts the stile.Slowly the hands move round the clock,Slowly the dew dries on the dock.Slow is the snail - but slowest of allThe green moss spreads on the old brick wall. | **The Snail**At sunset, when the night-dews fall,Out of the ivy on the wallWith horns outstretched and pointed tailComes the grey and noiseless snail.On ivy stems she clambers down,Carrying her house of brown.Safe in the dark, no greedy eyeCan her tender body spy,While she herself, a hungry thief,Searches out the freshest leaf.She travels on as best she canLike a toppling caravan. |
| **Fireworks**They rise like sudden fiery flowersThat burst upon the night,Then fall to earth in burning showersOf crimson, blue and white.Like buds too wonderful to name,Each miracle unfolds,And Catherine-wheels begin to flameLike whirling marigolds.Rockets and roman-candles makeAn orchard of the sky,Where magic trees their petals shakeUpon each gazing eye. | **Twenty-six letters**Twenty-six cards in half a pack;Twenty-six weeks in half a year;Twenty-six letters dressed in blackIn all the words you ever will hear.In 'King', 'Queen', 'Ace', and 'Jack'In 'London', 'lucky', 'lone', and 'lack''January', 'April', 'fortify', 'fix',You'll never find more than twenty-six.Think of the beautiful things you seeOn mountain, riverside, meadow and tree.How many their names are, but how smallThe twenty-six letters that spell them all. |
| **The Castle**Once I built a castle in the sand,With battlements and pointed turret crowned.The tide came up, my mother called me home,And so I left my castle to be drowned.That night I dreamed how in my castle towerThere stood a maid, distracted and forlorn,Who wrung her white hands, praying for the soundOf horse's hooves and the deliverer's horn. | **The Grasses**The grasses nod togetherIn the field where I play,And I can never quite catchWhat they whisper and say.Sometimes their talkSeems friendly and wise,Sometimes they speak of meWith gossip and lies. |
| **The Sea**The sea is a hungry dog,Giant and grey.He rolls on the beach all day.With his clashing teeth and shaggy jawsHour upon hour he gnawsThe rumbling, tumbling stones,And 'Bones, bones, bones, bones!'The giant sea-dog moans,Licking his greasy paws.And when the night wind roarsAnd the moon rocks in the stormy cloud,He bounds to his feet and snuffs and sniffs,Shaking his wet sides over the cliffs,And howls and hollos long and loud.But on quiet days of May or June,When even the grasses on the dunePlay no more their reedy tune,With his head between his pawsHe lies on the sandy shores,So quiet, so quiet, he scarcely snores. | **If Pigs Could Fly**If pigs could fly I'd fly a pigTo foreign countries small and bigTo Italy and SpainTo Austria where cow bells ringTo Germany where people singAnd then come home againI'd see the Ghangis and the NileI'd visit Madagascar's isleAnd Persia and PeruPeople would say they'd never seenSo odd so strange an air machineAs that on which I flewYes everyone would raise a shoutTo see his trotters and his snoutCome floating from the sky.And I would be a famous starIn all the countries near and farIf only pigs could fly |
| **A Mermaid Song**She sits by the sea in the clear, shining air,And the sailors call her Moonlight, Moonlight;They see her smoothing her wavy hairAnd they hear her singing, singing.The sea-shells learn their tunes from herAnd the big fish listen with never a stirTo catch the voice of Moonlight, Moonlight;And I would hark for a year and a yearTo hear her singing, singing. | **What Kind of Music?**What kind of music does Tom like best?Drums and fifes and the trumpets' bray.What kind of music does Jenny like?A whirling waltz-tune sweet and gay.What music pleases Elizabeth?She loves a symphony solemn and grand.What kind of music does Benny like?A roaring, rhythmical ragtime band.But the kind of music that Mary lovesIs any little gay or comical tune,Played on a fiddle or clarinetThat skips like a leafy stream in June. |
| **Run a Little**Run a little this way, Run a little that!Fine new feathers For a fine new hat.A fine new hat For a lady fair-Run around and turn about And jump in the air.Run a little this way, Run a little that!White silk ribbon For a black silk cat.A black silk cat For the Lord Mayor's wife-Run around and turn about And fly for your life! | **Things to Remember**The buttercups in May,The wild rose on the spray,The poppy in the hay,The primrose in the dell,The freckled foxglove bell,The honeysuckle's smellAre things I would rememberWhen cheerless, raw NovemberMakes room for dark December. |
| **Mrs Golightly**Mrs Golightly's goloshes Are roomy and large;Through water she slithers and sloshes, As safe as a barge.When others at home must be stopping, To market she goes,And returns later on with her shopping Tucked into her toes. | **Words**In woods are words.You hear them all,Winsome, witless or wise,When the birds call.In woods are words.If your ears wakeYou hear them, quiet and clear,When the leaves shake.In woods are words.You hear them allBlown by the wet windWhen raindrops fall.In woods are wordsKind or unkind;Birds, leaves and hushing rainBring them to mind. |
| **Bobadil**Far from far Lives BobadilIn a tall house On a tall hill.Out from the high Top window-sillOn a clear night Leans BobadilTo touch the moon, To catch a star,To keep in her tall house Far from far. | **Shiny**Shiny are the chestnut leavesBefore they unfold.The inside of a buttercupIs like polished gold.A pool in the sunshineIs bright too,And a fine silver shillingWhen it is new,But the round, full moon,So clear and white,How brightly she shinesOn a winter night!Slowly she risesHigher and higher,With a cold clear lightLike ice on fire. |

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| **Flowers and Frost**Flowers are yellowAnd flowers are red;Frost is whiteAs an old man's head.Daffodil, foxglove,Rose, sweet pea-Flowers and frostCan never agree.Flowers will witherAnd summer's lostWhen over the mountainComes King Frost. | White are the fieldsWhere King Frost reigns;And the ferns he drawsOn window-panes,White and stiffAre their curling fronds.White are the hedgesAnd stiff are the ponds.So cruel and hardIs winter's King.With his icy breathOn everything.Then up comes the sun;Down fall the showers.Welcome to springAnd her yellow flowers!So sing the birdsOn the budding tree,For frost and flowersCan never agree;And welcome, sunshine,That we may sayThe old cruel KingIs driven away |