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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 all The green moss spreads on the old brick wall. | **The Snail**  At sunset, when the night-dews fall, Out of the ivy on the wall With horns outstretched and pointed tail Comes the grey and noiseless snail.  On ivy stems she clambers down, Carrying her house of brown. Safe in the dark, no greedy eye Can her tender body spy,  While she herself, a hungry thief, Searches out the freshest leaf. She travels on as best she can Like a toppling caravan. |
| **Fireworks**  They rise like sudden fiery flowers That burst upon the night, Then fall to earth in burning showers Of crimson, blue and white.  Like buds too wonderful to name, Each miracle unfolds, And Catherine-wheels begin to flame Like whirling marigolds.  Rockets and roman-candles make An orchard of the sky, Where magic trees their petals shake Upon 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 black In 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 see On mountain, riverside, meadow and tree. How many their names are, but how small The 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 tower There stood a maid, distracted and forlorn, Who wrung her white hands, praying for the sound Of horse's hooves and the deliverer's horn. | **The Grasses**  The grasses nod together In the field where I play, And I can never quite catch What they whisper and say. Sometimes their talk Seems friendly and wise, Sometimes they speak of me With 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 jaws Hour upon hour he gnaws The rumbling, tumbling stones, And 'Bones, bones, bones, bones!' The giant sea-dog moans, Licking his greasy paws.  And when the night wind roars And 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 dune Play no more their reedy tune, With his head between his paws He lies on the sandy shores, So quiet, so quiet, he scarcely snores. | **If Pigs Could Fly**  If pigs could fly I'd fly a pig To foreign countries small and big To Italy and Spain To Austria where cow bells ring To Germany where people sing And then come home again  I'd see the Ghangis and the Nile I'd visit Madagascar's isle And Persia and Peru People would say they'd never seen So odd so strange an air machine As that on which I flew  Yes everyone would raise a shout To see his trotters and his snout Come floating from the sky. And I would be a famous star In all the countries near and far If 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 hair And they hear her singing, singing. The sea-shells learn their tunes from her And the big fish listen with never a stir To catch the voice of Moonlight, Moonlight; And I would hark for a year and a year To 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 loves Is any little gay or comical tune, Played on a fiddle or clarinet That 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 smell  Are things I would remember When cheerless, raw November Makes 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 wake You hear them, quiet and clear, When the leaves shake.  In woods are words. You hear them all Blown by the wet wind When raindrops fall.  In woods are words Kind or unkind; Birds, leaves and hushing rain Bring them to mind. |
| **Bobadil**  Far from far  Lives Bobadil In a tall house  On a tall hill.  Out from the high  Top window-sill On a clear night  Leans Bobadil  To touch the moon,  To catch a star, To keep in her tall house  Far from far. | **Shiny**  Shiny are the chestnut leaves Before they unfold. The inside of a buttercup Is like polished gold. A pool in the sunshine Is bright too, And a fine silver shilling When it is new, But the round, full moon, So clear and white, How brightly she shines On a winter night! Slowly she rises Higher and higher, With a cold clear light Like ice on fire. |

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| **Flowers and Frost**  Flowers are yellow  And flowers are red; Frost is white As an old man's head. Daffodil, foxglove, Rose, sweet pea- Flowers and frost Can never agree. Flowers will wither And summer's lost When over the mountain Comes King Frost. | White are the fields Where King Frost reigns; And the ferns he draws On window-panes, White and stiff Are their curling fronds. White are the hedges And stiff are the ponds. So cruel and hard Is winter's King. With his icy breath On everything.  Then up comes the sun; Down fall the showers. Welcome to spring And her yellow flowers! So sing the birds On the budding tree, For frost and flowers Can never agree; And welcome, sunshine, That we may say The old cruel King Is driven away |