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***Afternoon on a Hill***

*by Edna St. Vincent Millay*

I will be the gladdest thing  
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!



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***An ancient pond...***

*by Matsuo Basho*

An ancient pond!  
With a sound from the water  
Of the frog as it plunges in.



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## ***The Canary***

*by Elizabeth Turner*

Mary had a little bird,  
With feathers bright and yellow,  
Slender legs-upon my word,  
He was a pretty fellow!

Sweetest notes he always sung,  
Which much delighted Mary;  
Often where his cage was hung,  
She sat to hear Canary.

Crumbs of bread and dainty seeds  
She carried to him daily,  
Seeking for the early weeds,  
She decked his palace gaily.

This, my little readers, learn,  
And ever practice duly;  
Songs and smiles of love return  
To friends who love you truly.



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## **Clouds**

*Anonymous*

White sheep, white sheep,  
On a blue hill,  
When the wind stops,  
You all stand still.  
When the wind blows,  
You walk away slow.  
White sheep, white sheep,  
Where do you go?



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## ***Dewdrops***

*Myra Viola Wilds*

Watch the dewdrops in the morning,  
Shake their little diamond heads,  
Sparkling, flashing, ever moving,  
From their silent little beds.  
See the grass! Each blade is brightened,  
Roots are strengthened by their stay;  
Like the dewdrops, let us scatter  
Gems of love along the way.

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***The Fieldmouse***

*by Cecil Frances Alexander*

Where the acorn tumbles down,  
Where the ash tree sheds its berry,  
With your fur so soft and brown,  
With your eye so round and merry,  
Scarcely moving the long grass,  
Fieldmouse, I can see you pass.

Little thing, in what dark den,  
Lie you all the winter sleeping?  
Till warm weather comes again,  
Then once more I see you peeping  
Round about the tall tree roots,  
Nibbling at their fallen fruits.

Make your hole where mosses spring,  
Underneath the tall oak's shadow,  
Pretty, quiet harmless thing,  
Play about the sunny meadow.  
Keep away from corn and house,  
None will harm you, little mouse.

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**Fog**

*Carl Sandburg*

The fog comes  
on little cat feet.

It sits looking  
over harbor and city  
on silent haunches  
and then moves on.



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***Magdalen Walks***

*by Oscar Wilde*

The little white clouds are racing over the sky,  
And the fields are strewn with the gold of the flower of March,  
The daffodil breaks under foot, and the tasselled larch  
Sways and swings as the thrush goes hurrying by.

A delicate odour is borne on the wings of the morning breeze,  
The odour of deep wet grass, and of brown new-furrowed earth,  
The birds are singing for joy of the Spring's glad birth,  
Hopping from branch to branch on the rocking trees.

And all the woods are alive with the murmur and sound of Spring,  
And the rose-bud breaks into pink on the climbing briar,  
And the crocus-bed is a quivering moon of fire  
Girdled round with the belt of an amethyst ring.

And the plane to the pine-tree is whispering some tale of love  
Till it rustles with laughter and tosses its mantle of green,  
And the gloom of the wych-elm's hollow is lit with the iris sheen  
Of the burnished rainbow throat and the silver breast of a dove.

See! the lark starts up from his bed in the meadow there,  
Breaking the gossamer threads and the nets of dew,  
And flashing adown the river, a flame of blue!  
The kingfisher flies like an arrow, and wounds the air.





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## ***Songs of Innocence***

*by William Blake*

When the green woods laugh with the voice of joy,  
And the dimpling stream runs laughing by;  
When the air does laugh with our merry wit,  
And the green hill laughs with the noise of it;

When the meadows laugh with lively green,  
And the grasshopper laughs in the merry scene,  
When Mary and Susan and Emily  
With their sweet round mouths sing 'Ha, Ha, He!'

When the painted birds laugh in the shade,  
Where our table with cherries and nuts is spread,  
Come live, and be merry, and join with me,  
To sing the sweet chorus of 'Ha, Ha, He!'



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## ***There Will Come Soft Rains***

*by Sara Teasdale*

There will come soft rains and the smell of the ground,  
And swallows circling with their shimmering sound;

And frogs in the pools, singing at night,  
And wild plum trees in tremulous white,

Robins will wear their feathery fire,  
Whistling their whims on a low fence-wire;

And not one will know of the war, not one  
Will care at last when it is done.

Not one would mind, neither bird nor tree,  
If mankind perished utterly;

And Spring herself, when she woke at dawn,  
Would scarcely know that we were gone.



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***There Was an Old Man with a Beard***

*by Edward Lear*

There was an Old Man with a beard,  
Who said, "It is just as I feared!-  
Two owls and a hen,  
Four larks and a wren,  
Have all built their nests in my beard!"



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***Three little birds in a row***

*by Stephen Crane*

Three little birds in a row  
Sat musing.  
A man passed near that place.  
Then did the little birds nudge each other.

They said, "He thinks he can sing."  
They threw back their heads to laugh.  
With quaint countenances  
They regarded him.  
They were very curious,  
Those three little birds in a row.

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## ***Tumbling***

*Anonymous (circa 1745)*

In jumping and tumbling  
We spend the whole day,  
Till night by arriving  
Has finished our play.

What then? One and all,  
There's no more to be said,  
As we tumbled all day,  
So we tumble to bed.



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## ***What is Pink?***

*by Christina 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!

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***Where Go the Boats?***

*by Robert Louis Stevenson*

Dark brown is the river,  
Golden is the sand.  
It flows along for ever,  
With trees on either hand.

Green leaves a-floating,  
Castles of the foam,  
Boats of mine a-boating-  
Where will all come home?

On goes the river,  
And out past the mill,  
Away down the valley,  
Away down the hill.

Away down the river,  
A hundred miles or more,  
Other little children  
Shall bring my boats ashore.