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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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## ***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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***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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## ***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.