

The Caterpillar**Christina G Rossetti**

Brown and furry
Caterpillar in a hurry;
Take your walk
To the shady leaf, or stalk.
May no toad spy you,
May the little birds pass by you,
Spin and die,
To live again a butterfly.

Mix a Pancake**Christina G Rossetti**

Mix a pancake,
Stir a pancake,
Pop it in the pan.

Fry a pancake,
Toss a pancake,
Catch it if you can.

Work**Anonymous**

Work while you work,
Play while you play;
This is the way
To be happy each day.
All that you do,
Do with your might;
Things done by halves,
Are never done right.

Hearts Are Like Doors**Anonymous**

Hearts, like doors, open with ease,
To very, very little keys,
And don't forget that two of these
Are "Thank you, sir" and "If you please!"

Days of the Week**Mother Goose Rhyme**

Monday's child is fair of face,
Tuesday's child is full of grace;
Wednesday's child is ever so sweet,
Thursday's child is tidy and neat;
Friday's child is prone to a giggle,
Saturday's child is easy to tickle;
But the child that is born on restful Sunday
Is happy and cheerful, and loves to play.

The Months**Anonymous**

Thirty days hath September,
April, June and November;
All the rest have thirty one,
Except for February alone,
Which has four and twenty four
Till leap year gives it one day more.

Mr. Nobody**Anonymous**

I know a funny little man,
As quiet as a mouse,
Who does the mischief that is done
In everybody's house!
There's no one ever sees his face,

And yet we all agree
That every plate we break was cracked
By Mr. Nobody.

'Tis he who always tears out books,
Who leaves the door ajar,
He pulls the buttons from our shirts,
And scatters pins afar;
That squeaking door will always squeak,
For prithee, don't you see,
We leave the oiling to be done
By Mr. Nobody.

The finger marks upon the door
By none of us are made;
We never leave the blinds unclosed,
To let the curtains fade.
The ink we never spill; the boots
That lying round you see
Are not our boots,—they all belong
To Mr. Nobody.

The Goops**Gelett Burgess**

The Goops they lick their fingers,
And the goops they lick their knives,
They spill their broth on the tablecloth —
Oh, they lead disgusting lives!

The Goops they talk while eating,
And loud and fast they chew,
And that is why I'm glad that I
Am not a Goop — are you?

The Little Bird
Mother Goose Rhyme

Once I saw a little bird
Come hop, hop, hop;
So I cried, "Little bird,
Will you stop, stop, stop?"
And was going to the window
To say "How you do you?"
But he shook his little tail,
And far away he flew.

All Things Beautiful
Cecil Alexander

All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings.

The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset, and the morning,
That brightens up the sky;

The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one.

The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water,
We gather everyday;

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell,
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.

My Shadow
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 things 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.

The Swing
Robert Louis Stevenson

How do you like to go up in a swing,
Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,
Till I can see so wide,
River and trees and cattle and all
Over the countryside--

Till I look down on the garden green,
Down on the roof so brown--
Up in the air I go flying again,
Up in the air and down!

The Purple Cow

Gelett Burgess

I never saw a Purple Cow,
I never hope to see one,
But I can tell you, anyhow,
I'd rather see than be one!

Be Glad Your Nose is on Your Face

Jack Prelutsky

Be glad your nose is on your face,
Not pasted on some other place,
For if it were where it is not,
You might dislike your nose a lot.

Imagine if your precious nose
Were sandwiched in between your toes,
That clearly would not be a treat,
For you'd be forced to smell your feet.

Your nose would be a source of dread
Were it attached atop your head,
It soon would drive you to despair,
Forever tickled by your hair.

Within your ear, your nose would be
An absolute catastrophe,

For when you were obliged to sneeze,
Your brain would rattle from the breeze.

Your nose, instead, through thick and thin,
Remains between your eyes and chin,
Not pasted on some other place--
Be glad your nose is on your face!

Last Night I Dreamed of Chickens

Jack Prelutsky

Last night I dreamed of chickens,
There were chickens everywhere,
They were standing on my stomach,
They were nesting in my hair,
They were pecking at my pillow,
They were hopping on my head,
They were ruffling up their feathers
As they raced about my bed.

They were on the chairs and tables,
They were on the chandeliers,
They were roosting in the corners,
They were clucking in my ears,
There were chickens, chickens, chickens
For as far as I could see...
When I woke today, I noticed

There were eggs on top of me.

The Eight Parts of Speech Poem

Anonymous

Every name is called a noun
As field and fountain, street and town;

In place of noun the pronoun stands,
As he and she can clap their hands;

The adjective describes a thing,
As magic wand or bridal ring;

The verb means action, something done –
To read and write, to jump and run;

How things are done the adverbs tell,
As quickly, slowly, badly, well;

The preposition shows relation,
As in the street or at the station;

Conjunctions join, in many ways,
Sentences, words, or phrase and phrase;

The interjection cries out, Hark!
I need an exclamation mark.