



Under the Home

First Grade Poetry Printout
Poetry of Fables, Fairies, and Fauna

Learn from the Masters

1. The Frog Who Wished to be as Big as the Ox by Jean de La Fontaine

There was a little Frog
Whose home was in a bog,
And he worried 'cause he wasn't big enough.
He sees an ox and cries
"That's just about my size,
If I stretch myself-Say Sister, see me puff!"

So he blew, blew, blew,
Saying: "Sister, will that do?"
But she shook her head. And then he lost his wits.
For he stretched and puffed again
Till he cracked beneath the strain,
And burst, and flew about in little bits.

2. The Grasshopper and the Ant by Jean de La Fontaine

The Grasshopper, singing
All summer long,
Now found winter stinging,
And ceased in his song.
Not a morsel or crumb in his cupboard-
So he shivered, and ceased in his song.

Miss Ant was his neighbor;
To her he went:
"O, you're rich from labor,
And I've not a cent.
Lend me food, and I vow I'll return it,
Though at present I have not a cent."

The Ant's not a lender,
I must confess
Her heart's far from tender
To one in distress.
So she said: "Pray, how passed you the summer,
That in winter you come to distress?"

"I sang through the summer,"
Grasshopper said.
"But now I am glummer
Because I've no bread."
"So you sang!" sneered the Ant. "That relieves me.
Now it's winter-go dance for your bread!"

3. The Cat and the Fox by Jean de La Fontaine

The Cat and the Fox once took a walk together,
Sharpening their wits with talk about the weather
And as their walking sharpened appetite, too;
They also took some things they had no right to.
Cream, that is so delicious when it thickens,
Pleased the Cat best. The Fox liked little chickens.

With stomachs filled, they presently grew prouder,
And each began to try to talk the louder-
Bragging about his skill, and strength, and cunning.
"Pooh!" said the Fox. "You ought to see me running.
Besides, I have a hundred tricks. You Cat, you!
What can you do when Mr. Dog comes at you?"
"To tell the truth," the Cat said, "though it grieve me
I've but one trick. Yet that's enough-believe me!"

There came a pack of fox-hounds-yelping, baying.
"Pardon me", said the Cat. "I can't be staying.
This is my trick." And up a tree he scurried,
Leaving the Fox below a trifle worried.

In vain he tried his hundred tricks and ruses
(The sort of thing that Mr. Dog confuses)-
Doubling, and seeking one hole, then another-
Smoked out of each until he thought he'd smother.
At last as he once more came out of cover,
Two nimble dogs pounced on him-All was over!

4. The Hen with the Golden Eggs by Jean de La Fontaine

To this lesson in greed,
Pray, little ones, heed:

Each day, we are told,
A most wonderful Hen
Laid an egg made of gold
For this meanest of men.

So greedy was he,
He was not satisfied.
"What is one egg to me?
I want all that' inside!"

He cut off her head,
And began to explore.
But the poor hen was dead.
And could lay eggs no more.

5. The Dog and His Image by Jean de La Fontaine

A foolish Dog, who carried in his jaw
A juicy bone,
Looked down into a stream, and there he saw
Another one,
Splash! In he plunged... The image disappeared-
The meat he had was gone.
Indeed, he nearly sank,
And barely reached the bank.

6. The Acorn and the Pumpkin by Jean de La Fontaine

Once there was a country bumpkin
Who observed a great big pumpkin
To a slender stem attached;
While upon an oak tree nourished,
Little acorns grew and flourished.
"Bah!" said he. "That's badly matched."

"If, despite my humble station,
I'd a hand in this Creation,
Pumpkins on the oaks would be;
And the acorn, light and little,
On this pumpkin stem so brittle
Would be placed by clever Me."

Then, fatigued with so much thought,
He rest beneath the oak tree sought.
He soon in slumber found repose
But, alas! An acorn, falling
On the spot where he lay sprawling,
Hit him-plump!-Upon the nose.

Up he jumped-a wiser bumpkin.
"Gosh!" he said. "Suppose a pumpkin
Came a-fallin' on my face!
After all, if I had made things,
I'll allow that I'm afraid things
Might be somewhat out of place."

7. The Raven and the Fox by Jean de La Fontaine

Mr. Raven was perched upon a limb,
And Reynard the Fox looked up at him;
For the Raven held in his great big beak
A morsel the Fox would go far to seek.

Said the Fox, in admiring tones: "My word!
Sir Raven, you are a handsome bird.
Such feathers! If you would only sing,
The birds of these woods would call you King."

The Raven, who did not see the joke,
Forgot that his voice was just a croak.
He opened his beak, in his foolish pride-
And down fell the morsel the Fox had spied.

"Ha-ha!" said the Fox. "And now you see
You should not listen to flattery.
Vanity, Sir is a horrid vice-
I'm sure the lesson is worth the price."

8. The City Mouse and the Country Mouse and the Ant by Jean de La Fontaine

A City Mouse, with ways polite,
A Country Mouse invited
To sup with him and spend the night.
Said Country Mouse: "De-lighted!"
In truth it proved a royal treat,
With everything that's good to eat.

Alas! When they had just begun
To gobble their dinner,
A knock was heard that made them run.
The City Mouse seemed thinner.
And as they scampered and turned tail,
He saw the Country Mouse grow pale.

The knocking ceased. A false alarm!
The City Mouse grew braver.
"Come back!" he cried. "No, no! The farm,
Where I'll not quake or quaver,
Suits me," replied the Country Mouse.
"You're welcome to your city house."

9. The Lion and the Gnat by Jean de La Fontaine

The Lion once said to the Gnat: "You brat,
Clear out just as quick as you can, now-s'cat!
If you meddle with me
I will not guarantee
That you won't be slammed perfectly flat-
D'ye see?"

Said the Gnat: "Because you're called King-you thing!-
You fancy that you will make me take wing.
Why, an ox weighs much more,
Yet I drive him before
When I get good and ready to sting.
Now, roar!"

Then loudly his trumpet he blew. And-whew!
How fiercely and fast at his foe he flew.
From the tail to the toes
He draws blood as he goes.
Then he starts in to sting and to chew
His nose.

Sir Lion was mad with the pain. In vain
He roared and he foamed and he shook his mane.
All the beasts that were nigh
Fled in fear from his cry.
But the Gnat only stung him again-
In the eye.

He looked and laughed as he saw-Haw, Haw!-
The Lion self-torn by his tooth and claw,
So His Majesty's hide
With his own blood was dyed.
Said the Gnat: "Shall I serve you up raw-
Or fried?"

It's finished. The Lion's loud roar is o'er.
He's bitten and beaten, he's sick and sore.
But a spider's web spread
Trapped the Gnat as he sped
With the news...He will never fight more-
He's dead!

10. The Dove and the Ant by Jean de La Fontaine

An Ant who in a brook would drink
Fell off the bank. He tried
To swim, and felt his courage sink-
This ocean seemed so wide.
But for a dove who flew above
He would have drowned and died.

The friendly Dove within her beak
A bridge of grass-stem bore:
On this the Ant, though worn and weak.
Contrived to reach the shore
Said he: "The tact of this kind act
I'll cherish evermore."
Behold! A barefoot wretch went by
With slingshot in his hand.
Said he: "You'll make a pigeon pie
That will be kind of grand."
He meant to murder the gentle bird-
Who did not understand.

The Ant then stung him on the heel
(So quick to see the sling).
He turned his head, and missed a meal:
The pigeon pie took wing.
And so the Dove lived on to love-
Beloved by everything.

11. The Fox and the Grapes by Jean de La Fontaine

Rosy and ripe, and ready to box,
The grapes hang high o'er the hungry Fox.-
He pricks up his ears, and his eye he cocks.

Ripe and rosy, yet so high!-
He gazes at them with a greedy eye,
And knows he must eat and drink-or die.

When the jump proves to be beyond his power-
"Pooh!" says the Fox. "Let the pigs devour
Fruit of that sort. Those grapes are sour!"

12. The Ass in the Lion's Skin by Jean de La Fontaine

An Ass in The Lion's skin arrayed
Made everybody fear.
And this was queer,
Because he was himself afraid.
Yet everywhere he strayed
The people ran like deer.
Ah, ah! He is betrayed:
No lion has that long and hairy ears.

Old Martin spied the tip; and country folk
Who are not in the secret of the joke,
With open mouths and eyes
Stare at old Martin's prize-
A Lion led to mill, with neck in yoke.

13. The Fox and the Stork by Jean de La Fontaine

Old Father Fox, who was known to be mean,
Invited Dame Stork in to dinner.
There was nothing but soup that could scarcely be seen:-
Soup never was served any thinner.
And the worst of it was, as I'm bound to relate,
Father Fox dished it up on a flat china plate.

Dame Stork, as you know, has a very long beak:
Not a crumb or drop could she gather
Had she pecked at the plate every day in the week.
But as for the Fox-sly old Father:
With his tongue lapping soup at a scandalous rate,
He licked up the last little bit and polished the plate.

Pretty soon Mistress Stork spread a feast of her own;
Father Fox was invited to share it.
He came, and he saw, and he gave a great groan:
The stork had known how to prepare it.
She had meant to get even, and now was her turn:
Father Fox was invited to eat from an urn.

The urn's mouth was small, and it had a long neck;
The food in it smelled most delightful.
Dame Stork, with her beak in, proceeded to peck;
But the Fox found that fasting is frightful.
Home he sneaked. On his way there he felt his ears burn
When he thought of the Stork and her tall, tricky urn.

14. The Monkey and the Cat by Jean de La Fontaine

Jocko the Monkey, Mouser-his chum, the Cat,
Had the same master. Both were sleek and fat,
And mischievous. If anything went wrong,
The neighbors were not blamed. Be sure of that.

Jocko, 'tis said was something of a thief;
Mouser, if truth be told, would just as lief
Much stolen cheese as chase the midnight mouse.
The praise bestowed on either must be brief.

One day these rogues, stretched flat before the fire,
Saw chestnuts roasting. "Ah! Could we conspire
To jerk them out," said Jocko, "from the coals,
We'd smash the shells and have our heart's desire.

"Come, Brother Mouser! This day 'tis your turn
To do some bold and desperate thing to earn
A reputation. You, who are so quick,
Snatch out the nuts before they start to burn.

"Alas! That I, a Monkey, was not made
To play with fire. But you are not afraid."
So Mouser-pleased, like many a cat or man,
With pretty words-sly Jocko's wish obeyed.

Into the fire he put a practiced paw:
Out came a chestnut clinging to his claw-
Another and another. As they dropped
Jocko devoured them, whether roast or raw.

A servant enters. Off the robbers run.
Jocko, you may be sure, enjoyed the fun.
But Mouser's paw is sadly singed-for what?
Just to get nuts for Jocko. He got none.

15. The Hare and the Tortoise by Jean de La Fontaine

Said the Tortoise one day to the Hare:
"I'll run you a race if you dare.
I'll bet you cannot
Arrive at that spot
As quickly as I can get there."

Quoth the Hare: "You are surely insane.
Pray, what has affected your brain?
You seem pretty sick.
Call a doctor in-quick,
And let him prescribe for your pain."

"Never mind," said the Tortoise. "Let's run!
Will you bet me?" "Why, certainly." "Done!"
While the slow Tortoise creeps
Mr. Hare makes four leaps,
And then loafs around in the sun.

It seemed such a one-sided race,
To win was almost a disgrace.
So he frolicked about
Then at last he set out-
As the Tortoise was as nearing the place.

Too late! Though he sped like a dart,
The Tortoise was first. She was smart:
"You can surely run fast,"
She remarked. "Yet you're last.
It is better to get a good start."

16. The Heron Who Was Hard to Please by Jean de La Fontaine

A long-legged Heron, with long neck and beak,
Set out for a stroll by the bank of a creek.
So clear was the water that if you looked sharp
You could see the pike caper around with the carp.
The Heron might quickly have speared enough fish
To make for his dinner a capital dish.
But he was a very particular bird:
His food fixed "just so," at the hours he preferred.
And hence he decided 'twas better to wait,
Since his appetite grew when he supped rather late.
Pretty soon he was hungry, and stalked to the bank.
Where some pondfish were leaping-a fish of low rank.
"Bah, Bah!" said the Bird. "Sup on these? No-not I.
I'm known as a Heron: as such I live high."

Then some gudgeon swam past that were tempting to see,
But the Heron said haughtily: "No-not for me.
For those I'd not bother to open my beak,
If I had to hang 'round come next Friday a week."
Thus bragged the big Bird. But he's bound to confess
That he opened his elegant beak for much less.
Not another fish came. When he found all else fail,
He was happy to happen upon a fat snail.

17. The Raven Who Would Rival the Eagle by Jean de La Fontaine

An Eagle swooped from out the sky,
And carried off a sheep.
A Raven seeing him, said: "I
Could do that too if I should try.
His meal comes mighty cheap."

Of all that well-fed flock was one
As fat as fat could be.
The Raven rose, and lit upon
Her back. She seemed to weigh a ton-
So very fat was she.

And, oh! Her wool was wondrous thick:
It would have made a mat.
The Raven's claws are caught, and stick!
He's played himself a pretty trick-
To fly with one so fat.

"Ba, ba!" "Caw, caw!" cry bird and beast.
The shepherd comes at last:
Sir Raven who would find a feast
Is from the woolly one released,
And in a cage kept fast.

18. The Miller, His Son, and the Ass by Jean de La Fontaine

A Miller and Son once set out for the fair,
To sell a fine ass they had brought up with care;
And the way that they started made everyone stare.

To keep the Ass fresh, so the beast would sell dear
On a pole they slung him. It surely seemed queer:
He looked, with heels up, like some huge chandelier.

One person who passed them cried out in great glee.
"Was there anything ever so silly?" said he.
"Can you guess who the greatest Ass is of those three?"
The Miller at once put the brute on the ground;
And the Ass, who had liked to ride t'other way round,
Complained in language of curious sound.

No matter. The Miller now made his Son ride,
While he followed after or walked alongside.
Then up came three merchants. The eldest one cried;

"Get down there, young fellow! I never did see
Such manners:-a gray-beard walks where you should be.
He should ride, you should follow. Just take that from me!"

"Dear Sirs," quoth the Miller, "I'd see you content."
He climbed to the saddle; on foot the boy went...
Three girls passed. Said one: "Do you see that old Gent?
There he sits, like a bishop. I say it's a shame,
While that boy trudging after seems more than half lame."
"Little girl," said the Miller, "go back whence you came."

Yet this young creature so worked on his mind
That he wanted no woman to call him unkind:
And he said to his Son: "Seat yourself here-behind."

With the Ass bearing double they jogged on again,
And once more met a critic, who said: "It is plain
Only dunces would give their poor donkey such pain.

He will die with their weight: it's a shame and a sin.
For their faithful servant they care not a pin.
They'll have nothing to sell at the fair but his skin."

"Dear me!" said the Miller, "what am I to do?
Must I suit the whole world and the world's father, too?
Yet it must end some time-so I'll see the thing through."

Both Father and Son now decided to walk,
While the Ass marched in front with a strut and a stalk;
Yet the people who passed them continued to talk.

Said one to another: "Look there, if you please,
How they wear out their shoes, while their Ass takes his
ease.

Were there ever, d'ye think, three such asses as these?"
Said the Miller: "You're right. I'm an Ass! It is true.
Too long have I listened to people like you.
But now I am done with the whole kit and crew.

"Let them blame me or praise me, keep silent or yell,
My goings and comings they cannot compel.
I will do as I please!" ...So he did-and did well.

19. The Fairies by William Allingham

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home,
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide-foam;
Some in the reeds
Of the black mountain-lake,
With frogs for their watch-dogs,
All night awake.

High on the hill-top
The old King sits;
He is now so old and gray
He's nigh lost his wits.
With a bridge of white mist
Columbkil he crosses,
On his stately journeys
From Slieveleague to Rosses;
Or going up with music
On cold starry nights,
To sup with the Queen
Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget
For seven years long;
When she came down again
Her friends were all gone.
They took her lightly back,
Between the night and morrow,
They thought that she was fast asleep,
But she was dead with sorrow.
They have kept her ever since
Deep within the lake,
On a bed of flag-leaves,
Watching till she wake.

By the craggy hill-side,
Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn-trees
For pleasure here and there.
Is any man so daring
As dig them up in spite,
He shall find their sharpest thorns
In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

20. The Elf Singing by William Allingham

An Elf sat on a twig,
He was not very big,
He sang a little song,
He did not think it wrong;
But he was on a Wizard's ground,
Who hated all sweet sound.

Elf, Elf,
Take care of yourself!
He's coming behind you,
To seize you and bind you,
And stifle your song.

The Wizard! the Wizard!
He changes his shape
In crawling along,
An ugly old ape,

A poisonous lizard,
A spotted spider,
A wormy glider,
The Wizard! the Wizard!
He's up on the bough,
He'll bite through your gizzard
He's close to you now!

The Elf went on with his song,
It grew more clear and strong,
It lifted him into air,
He floated singing away,
With rainbows in his hair;
While the Wizard-worm from his creep
Made a sudden leap,

Fell down into a hole,
And, ere his magic word he could say,
Was eaten up by a Mole..

21. The Fairy King by William Allingham

High on the hill-top
The old King sits;
He is now so old and gray
He's nigh lost his wits."

The Fairy King was old.
He met the Witch of the Wold.
"Ah ha, King!" quoth she,
"Now thou art old like me."
"Nay, Witch!" quoth he,
"I am not old like thee."

The King took off his crown,
It almost bent him down;
His age was too great
To carry such a weight.
"Give it here!" she said,
And clapt it on her head.

Crown sank to ground;
The Witch no more was found.
Then sweet spring-songs were sung,
The Fairy King grew young,
His crown was made of flowers,
He lived in woods and bowers.

22. Chorus of Fairies by William Allingham

Golden, Golden
Light unfolding,
Busily, merrily, work and play,
In flowery meadows,
And forest shadows,
All the length of a Summer day!
All the length of a Summer day!

Sprightly, lightly,
Sing we rightly,
Moments brightly hurry away;
Fruit-tree blossoms,
And roses' bosoms,-
Clear blue sky of a Summer day!
Dear blue sky of a Summer day!

Springlets, brooklets,
Greeny nooklets,
Hill and Valley, and salt sea-spray,
Comrade rovers,
Fairy lovers,-
All the length of a Summer day
All the livelong Summer day!

23. Robin Redbreast by William Allingham

Goodbye, goodbye to Summer!
For Summer's nearly done;
The garden smiling faintly,
Cool breezes in the sun;
Our Thrushes now are silent,
Our Swallows flown away,-
But Robin's here, in coat of brown,
With ruddy breast-knot gay.
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear!
Robin singing sweetly
In the falling of the year.

Bright yellow, red, and orange,
The leaves come down in hosts;
The trees are Indian Princes,
But soon they'll turn to Ghosts;
The scanty pears and apples
Hang russet on the bough,
It's Autumn, Autumn, Autumn late,
'Twill soon be Winter now.
Robin, Robin Redbreast,

O Robin dear!
And welaway! my Robin,
For pinching times are near.

The fireside for the Cricket,
The wheatstack for the Mouse,
When trembling night-winds whistle
And moan all round the house;
The frosty ways like iron,
The branches plumed with snow,-
Alas! in Winter, dead and dark,
Where can poor Robin go?
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear,
And a crumb of bread for Robin,
His little heart to cheer.

24. Amy Margaret by William Allingham

Amy Margaret's five years old,
Amy Margaret's hair is gold,
Dearer twenty-thousand-fold
Than gold, is Amy Margaret.

"Amy" is friend, is "Margaret"
The pearl for crown or carkanet?
Or peeping daisy, Summer's pet?
Which are you, Amy Margaret?

A friend, a daisy, and a pearl;
A kindly, simple, precious girl,-
Such, howsoe'er the world may twirl,
Be ever,-Amy Margaret!

25. Jingle, Jangle! by William Allingham

Jingle, jangle!
Riot and wrangle!
What shall we do
With people like you?
Here's Jingle!
There's Jangle!
Here's Riot!
There's Wrangle!
Never was seen such a turbulent crew!

You, north must go
To a hut of snow;
You, south, in a trice,
To an island of spice;
You, off to Persia
And sit on a hill,
You, to that chair
And be five minutes' still!

26. Dreaming by William Allingham

A strange little Dream
On a long star-beam
Ran down from the midnight skies,
To curly-hair'd Fred
Asleep in his bed,
With the lids on his merry blue eyes.
Under each lid
The thin Dream slid,
And spread to a picture inside,
A new World there,
Most strange and rare,
Tho' just by our garden-side.

Rivers and Rocks,
And a Treasure-Box,
And Floating in Air without wings,
And the Speaking Beast,
And a Royal Feast,
My chair beside the King's;

A Land of Flowers,
And of lofty Towers
Carved over in marble white
With living Shapes
Of Panthers and Apes
That gambol in ceaseless flight;

And a Cellar small
With its Cave in the Wall
Stretching many a mile underground!
And the Rope from the Moon!-
Fred woke too soon,
For its end could never be found.

27. I Love You, Dear by William Allingham

I love you, Dear, I love you, Dear,
You can't think how I love you, Dear!
Supposing I
Were a Butterfly,
I'd waver around and above you, Dear.

A long way off I spied you, Dear,
No bonnet or hat could hide you, Dear,
If I were a Bird,
Believe my word,
I'd sing every day beside you, Dear.

When you're away I miss you, Dear,
And now you're here I'll kiss you, Dear,
And beg you will take
This flow'r for my sake,
And my love along with this, you Dear!

28. Seasons by William Allingham

In Spring-time, the Forest,
In Summer, the Sea,
In Autumn, the Mountains,
In Winter, -ah me!

How gay, the old branches
A-swarm with new buds,
The primrose and bluebell
Fresh-blown in the woods,
All green things unfolding,
Where merry birds sing!
I love in the Woodlands
To wander in Spring.

What joy, when the Sea-waves,
In mirth and in might,
Spread purple in shadow,
Flash white into light!
The gale fills the sail,
And the gull flies away;
In crimson and gold
Sets the long Summer Day.

O pride! on the Mountains
To leave earth below;
The great slopes of heather,
One broad purple glow;
The loud-roaring torrent
Leaps, bound after bound,
To plains of gold Autumn,
With mist creeping round

Ah, Wind, is it Winter?
Yes, Winter is here;
With snow on the meadow,
And ice on the mere.
The daylight is short,
But the firelight is long;
Our skating's good sport;
Then story and song.

In Spring-time, the Forest,
In Summer, the Sea,
In Autumn, the Mountains,-
And Winter has glee.

29. The Cat and the Dog by William Allingham

There once lived a Man, a Cat, and a Dog,
And the Man built a house with stone and log.
"If you'll help to take care of this house with me,
One indoors, one out, your places must be."
Said both together, "Indoors I'll stay!"
And they argued the matter for half-a-day.

"Come, let us sing for it!" purrs the Cat;
"No!" barks the Dog, "I won't do that."
"Come, let us fight for it!" growls Bow-wow;
"Nay!" says Pussy, "mee-ow, mee-ow!"
"Well, let us race for it!"-said and done.
The course is mark'd out, and away they run.

Puss bounded off; the Dog ran fast;
Quickly was Puss overtaken and pass'd;
But a Beggar who under the hedge did lie
Struck the poor Dog as he gallop'd by
A blow with his staff, and lessen'd his pace
To a limp: so Pussy won the race.

The Beggar went on his way to beg;
Dog was cured of his limping leg;
And Cat keeps the inside of the house,
Watching it well from rat and mouse,
Dog keeps the outside, ever since then,
And always barks at beggar-men.

30. Here and There by William Allingham

Where's Lucy? where's Lucy?
Far, far in the wood,
With wild birds for playmates,
And beechnuts for food?

No, here she is! here she is!
Happy and gay,
With singing and ringing
To join in our lay.

Where's Gerald? where's Gerald?
He's out in the snow;
The stars shining keenly,
The cold wind doth blow.

No, here he is! here he is!
Happy and gay;
With singing and ringing
To join in our lay!

Where's Evey? where's Evey?
She's lost in the fog;
Go seek her, go find her,
With man and with dog.

No, here she is! here she is!
Happy and gay;
With singing and ringing,
To join in our lay!

Where's Henry? where's Henry?
Poor Henry's afloat;
The sea-waves all round him,
High tossing his boat.

No, here he is! here he is!
Happy and gay;
With singing and ringing
To join in our lay!

Where's Charley? where's Charley?
In China dwells he;
He wears a long pig-tail,
Perpetually drinks tea.

No, here he is! here he is!
Happy and gay;
With singing and ringing,

To join in our lay!

Where's Johnny? where's Johnny?
In Nubia, I know;
He has climb'd a tall palm-tree,-
A lion's below.

No, here he is! here he is!
Happy and gay;
With singing and ringing,
To join in our lay!

Where's Mary? where's Mary?
Young Mary's asleep;
And round her white pillow
The little dreams creep.

No, here she is! here she is!
Happy and gay;
With singing and ringing,
To join in our lay!

Where's Bertha? where's Bertha?
She has wings-she can fly!
She has flown to the bright moon-
Look up there and spy!

No, here she is! here she is!
Happy and gay;
With sinking and ringing,
To join in our lay!

31. The Bird by William Allingham

Birdie, Birdie, will you pet?
Summer-time is far away yet,
You'll have silken quilts and a velvet bed,
And a pillow of satin for your head!"

"I'd rather sleep in the ivy wall;
No rain comes through, tho' I hear it fall;
The sun peeps gay at dawn of day,
And I sing, and wing away, away!"

"O Birdie, Birdie, will you pet?
Diamond-stones and amber and jet
We'll string for a necklace fair and fine
To please this pretty bird of mine!"

"O thanks for diamonds, and thanks for jet,
But there is something daintier yet,-
A feather-necklace round and round,
That I wouldn't sell for a thousand pound!"

"O Birdie, Birdie, won't you pet?
We'll buy you a dish of silver fret,
A golden cup and an ivory seat,
And carpets soft beneath your feet!"

"Can running water be drunk from gold?
Can a silver dish the forest hold?
A rocking twig is the finest chair,
And the softest paths lie through the air,-
Good-bye, good-bye to my lady fair!"

32. Wishing by William Allingham

Ring-ting! I wish I were a Primrose,
A bright yellow Primrose blowing in the Spring!
The stooping boughs above me,
The wandering bee to love me,
The fern and moss to creep across,
And the Elm-tree for our king!

Nay-stay! I wish I were an Elm-tree,
A great lofty Elm-tree, with green leaves gay!
The winds would set them dancing,
The sun and moonshine glancing,
The Birds would house among the boughs,
And sweetly sing!

O-no! I wish I were a Robin,
A Robin or a little Wren, everywhere to go;
Through forest, field, or garden,
And ask no leave or pardon,
Till Winter comes with icy thumbs
To ruffle up our wing.

Well-tell! Where should I fly to,
Where go to sleep in the dark wood or dell?
Before a day was over,
Here comes the rover,
For Mother's kiss,-sweeter this
Than any other thing!

33. I Saw a Little Birdie Fly by William Allingham

I saw a little Birdie fly,
Merrily piping came he;
"Whom d'ye sing to, Bird?" said I;
"Sing?-I sing to Amy!"

"Very sweet you sing," I said;
"Then," quoth he, "to pay me,
Give one little crumb of bread,
A little smile from Amy."

"Just," he sings, "one little smile;
O, a frown would slay me!
Thanks, and now I'm gone awhile,-
Fare-you-well, dear Amy!"

34. A Mountain Round by William Allingham

Take hands, merry neighbours, for dancing the round!
Moonlight is fair and delicious the air;
From valley to valley our music shall sound,
And startle the wolf in his lair.
From summits of snow to the forest below,
Let vulture and crow hear the echoes, O-ho! (O-ho!)
While shadow on meadow in dancing the round
Goes whirligig, pair after pair!

35. The Leprachaun or the Fairy Shoemaker by William Allingham

Little Cowboy, what have you heard,
Up on the lonely rath's green mound?
Only the plaintive yellow bird
Sighing in sultry fields around,
Chary, chary, chary, chee-ee!-
Only the grasshopper and the bee?-
"Tip-tap, rip-rap,
Tick-a-tack-too!
Scarlet leather sewn together,
This will make a shoe.
Left, right, pull it tight;
Summer days are warm;
Underground in winter,
Laughing at the storm!"
Lay your ear close to the hill.
Do you not catch the tiny clamour,
Busy click of an Elfin hammer,
Voice of the Leprachaun singing shrill
As he merrily plies his trade?
He's a span
And a quarter in height.
Get him in sight, hold him tight,
And you're a made man!

You watch your cattle the summer day,
Sup on potatoes, sleep in the hay:
How would you like to roll in your carriage,
Look for a Duchess's daughter in marriage?
Seize the Shoemaker-then you may!
"Big boots a-hunting,
Sandals in the hall,
White for a wedding-feast,
Pink for a ball.
This way, that way,
So we make a shoe;
Getting rich every stitch,
Tick-tack-too!"
Nine-and-ninety treasure-crocks
This keen miser-fairy hath,
Hid in mountains, woods, and rocks,
And where the cormorants build;
From times of old
Guarded by him;
Each of them fill'd
Full to the brim
With gold!

I caught him at work one day, myself,
In the castle-ditch where foxglove grows,-
A wrinkled, wizen'd, and bearded Elf,
Spectacles stuck on his pointed nose,
Silver buckles to his hose,
Leather apron-shoe in his lap-
"Rip-rap, tip-tap,
Tack-tack-too!
(A green cricket on my cap!
Away the moth flew!)
Buskins for a fairy prince,
Brogues for his son,-
Pay me well, pay me well,
When the job is done!"
The rogue was mine, beyond a doubt.
I stared at him, he stared at me;
"Servant, Sir!" "Humph!" says he,
And pull'd a snuff-box out.
He took a long pinch, look'd better pleased,
The queer little Leprachaun;
Offer'd the box with a whimsical grace,
Pouf! he flung the dust in my face,
And, while I sneezed,
Was gone!

36. Yes or No? by William Allingham

Yes or No?
Stay or Go?
He never can tell, he never will know!
We must not wait,
We'll all be late,
While Barnaby puzzles his queer little pate!

What do you say?
Off and away!
Make up your mind to go or to stay.
Fix on your plan,
Step out like a man,
And follow your nose as fast as you can!

37. Sleeping by William Allingham

Do all your sleeping at night,
For then niddy-noddy is right;
But awake you must keep,
And it won't do to sleep,
In the middle of broad daylight.

The sun at the end of the day
Takes his mighty great candle away;
A curtain on high
Is drawn over the sky,
And the stars peep thro' if they may.

There's the curtain of night over all,
There's our own window-curtain so small,
And least in their size,
Over Emily's eyes
Her fringed little eyelids will fall.

She kneels at the side of her bed,
And softly her prayers are said;
Now, a kiss, my Dear;
Come, Angels, near,
And keep watch round the little one's bed.

38. A Swing Song by William Allingham

Swing, swing,
Sing, sing,
Here's my throne, and I am a King!
Swing, sing,
Swing, sing,
Farewell earth, for I'm on the wing!

Low, high,
Here I fly,
Like a bird through sunny sky;
Free, free,
Over the lea,
Over the mountain, over the sea!

Up, down,
Up and down,
Which is the way to London Town?
Where, where?
Up in the air,
Close your eyes, and now you are there!

Soon, soon,
Afternoon,
Over the sunset, over the moon;
Far, far,
Over all bar,
Sweeping on from star to star!

No, no,
Low, low,
Sweeping daisies with my toe.
Slow, slow,
To and fro,
-Slow
---slow
-----slow
-----slow.

39. Birds' Names by William Allingham

Of Creatures with Feathers, come let us see
Which have names like you and me.
Hook-nosed Poll, that thinks herself pretty,
Everyone knows, of all birds most witty.

Friendly Daw, in suit of gray,
Ask him his name, and 'Jack!' he'll say.
Pert Philip Sparrow hopping you meet,
"Philip! Philip!"-in garden and street.

Bold Robin Redbreast perches near,
And sings his best in the fall of the year.
Grave Madge Owlet shuns the light,
And shouts "hoo! hoo!" in the woods at night.

Nightingale sweet, that May loves well,
Old Poets have call'd her Philomel,
But Philomelos, he sings best,
While she sits listening in her nest.

Darting Martin!-tell me why
They call you Martin, I know not, I;
Martin the black, under cottage eaves,
Martin the small, in sandy caves.

Merry Willy Wagtail, what runs he takes!
Wherever he stops, his tail he shakes.
Head and tail little Jenny Wren perks,
As in and out of the hedge she jerks.

Brisk Tom Tit, the lover of trees,
Picks-off every fly and grub he sees.
Mag, the cunning chattering Pie,
Builds her home in a tree-top high,-
Mag, you're a terrible thief, O fie!

Tom and Philip and Jenny and Polly,
Madge and Martin and Robin and Willy,
Philomelos and friendly Jack,-
Mag the rogue, half-white, half-black,

Stole an egg from every Bird;
Such an uproar was never heard;
All of them flew upon Mag together,
And pluck'd her naked of every feather.
"You're not a Bird!" they told her then,
"You may go away and live among men!"

40. Down on the Shore by William Allingham

Down on the shore, on the sunny shore!
Where the salt smell cheers the land;
Where the tide moves bright under boundless light,
And the surge on the glittering strand;
Where the children wade in the shallow pools,
Or run from the froth in play;
While the swift little boats with milk-white wings
Are crossing the sapphire bay,
And the ship in full sail, with a fortunate gale
Holds proudly on her way;
Where the nets are spread on the grass to dry,
And asleep, hard by, the fishermen lie,
Under the tent of the warm blue sky,
With the hushing wave on its golden floor
To sing their lullaby.

Down on the shore, on the stormy shore!
Beset by a growling sea,
Whose mad waves leap on the rocky steep
Like wolves up a traveller's tree:
Where the foam flies wide, and an angry blast
Blows the curlew off, with a screech;
Where the brown sea-wrack, torn up by the roots,
Is flung out of fishes' reach;
And the tall ship rolls on the hidden shoals,
And scatters her planks on the beach;
Where slate and straw through the village spin,
And a cottage fronts the fiercest din
With a sailor's wife sitting sad within,
Harkening the wind and the water's roar,
Till at last her tears begin.

41. The Bubble by William Allingham

See, the pretty Planet!
Floating sphere!
Faintest breeze will fan it
Far or near;

World as light as feather;
Moonshine rays,
Rainbow tints, together,
As it plays;

Drooping, sinking, failing,
Nigh to earth,
Mounting, whirling, sailing,
Full of mirth;

Life there, welling, flowing,
Waving round;
Pictures coming, going,
Without sound.

Quick now! be this airy
Globe repell'd!
Never can the fairy
Star be held.

Touch'd-it in a twinkle
Disappears!
Leaving but a sprinkle,
As of tears.

42. Nick Spence by William Allingham

Nick Spence, Nick Spence,
Sold the Cow for sixpence!
When his Master scolded him,
Nicky didn't care.
Put him in the farmyard,
The stableyard, the stackyard,
Send him to the pigsty,
And Johnny to the fair!

43. Ambition by William Allingham

The Sea! as smooth as silk,
And the froth of it like new milk,
And the sky a wonderful blue,
The cliff harebells have it too,
And scatter'd all over the shore
A thousand Children or more!

Suppose we join, one-will'd,
A City of Sand to build,
With a rampart broad and strong
From rock to rock along,
Solid and firm enough
To last till the sea grows rough

And the days turn chilly and short,
The end of our seaside sport,
When we all must bundle and pack
And swift in the train go back,
Big folk and little folk,
To London lamps and smoke?

Let's draw out our plan tonight,
Begin it with morning light.
We'll bring all the Children together
And build in the sweet sunny weather.

What use in a House of Sand?
But a City-that would be grand!
O yes, I am sure it will stand!
And I, who first thought of the thing,
Perhaps they will make me King?

44. The Ball by William Allingham

All men, black, brown, red, yellow, white
Are brethren in their Father's sight.
To do each other good is right,
But not to wrangle, steal, or fight.

A thousand millions, young and old,
Some in the heat, some in the cold,
Upon this Ball of Earth are roll'd
Around the Sun's great flame of gold.

And this great Sun is like indeed
One daisy in a daisied mead;
For God's power doth all thought exceed.
And of us also He takes heed.

45. Riding by William Allingham

His Lordship's Steed
Of a noble breed
Is trotting it fleetly, fleetly,
Her Ladyship's pony,
Sleek and bonny,
Cantering neatly, neatly.

How shall they pass
The Turf-Cadger's Ass,
Creels and all, creels and all?
Man on him bumping,
Shouting and thumping,
Heels and all, heels and all!

Lane is not wide,
A hedge on each side,
The Ass is beginning to bray;
"Now," says my Lord,
With an angry word,
"Fellow, get out of the way!"

"Ha!" says the Cadger,
As bold as a badger,
"This way is my way too!"
Says the Lady mild,
And sweetly smiled,
"My Friend, that's perfectly true."

The Cadger look'd round,
Then jump'd to the ground,
And into the hedge pull'd Neddy.
"O thank you!" says she,
"Ax pardon!" says he,
And touch'd his old hat to the Lady.

His Lordship's Steed
Of a noble breed
Went trotting it fleetly, fleetly,
Her Ladyship's pony,
Sleek and bonny
Cantering neatly, neatly.

The Cadger he rode
As well as he could,
Heels and all, heels and all,
Jolting and bumping,
Shouting and thumping,
Creels and all, creels and all.

46. Tom Cricket by William Allingham

Tom Cricket he sat in his hole in the wall,
Close to the kitchen fire,
Up and down ran the Cockroaches all,
Red coats and black coats, great and small;
"Ho, Tom! our hearts are set on a ball,
And your music we desire!"

Tom sat in his hole, his horns hung out,
He play'd away on his fiddle;
The Cockroaches danced in a rabble rout,
Scrambling and scurrying all about,
Tho' they had their own steps and figures no doubt,
Hands across, and down the middle.

Till, "Stay!" says a Fat One,—"We're no Elves,
To dance all night without stopping!
Now for supper!" They help'd themselves,
For the servants were gone to bed; on shelves
And tables they quested by tens and twelves,
And quick to the floor kept dropping.

As a Cockroach ran by, says Tom Cricket to him,
"Fetch me up a piece of potato,
Good Sir!-to mix in the crowd I'm too slim."
Says Jack Cockroach, "I see you are proud and prim;
To eat alone is merely your whim,-
Which I never will give way to!"

"Come down," says he, "and look out for your share!"
"I won't do that," says Tom Cricket.
And when for another dance they care,
And call upon Tom for a lively air,
They find he has drawn himself back in his lair.
"How shameful," they cry, "How wicked!"

"Let's fill up the mouth of his cave with soot,
Because he's behaved so badly!"
They ran up and down the wall to do't;
But ere half-done-a dreadful salute!
In came the Cook, and the Scullion to boot,
And off they all scampered madly.

47. The Year of Hardships by William Allingham

January,
Bitter, very!
February damp, Sir;
March blows

On April's nose,
May has caught the cramp, Sir;
June,
Without a sun or moon!
July, August,
Many a raw gust;
September, October, November, December
Ten times worse than I ever remember.
No apples, or hay, or honey, or corn;
I'm sure it wasn't a fat year.
Whenever you and I were born,
Good-luck it wasn't in that year!

48. A Riddle by William Allingham

What I say you'll scarce believe,
Yet my words shall not deceive.
I saw what seem'd a little Boy,
With a face of life and joy;
He danced, he ran, he nodded, he smiled,
Just like any other Child;
But could not speak, (how strange was this!)
Or cry, or breathe, nor could I kiss,
To save my life, the cherry red
Of lips, not living and not dead!
He was no picture, statue, doll;
He was not a Child at all;
He was Nothing, as near as could be,
He was as real as you or me.
-There he is: turn and see!

49. The Arrow and the Song by Henry W. Longfellow

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

50. The Babie by Jeremiah Eames Rankin

Nae shoon to hide her tiny taes,
Nae stockin' on her feet;
Her supple ankles white as snaw,
Or early blossoms sweet.

Her simple dress o' sprinkled pink,
Her double, dimplit chin,
Her puckered lips, and baummy mou',
With na ane tooth within.

Her een sae like her mither's een,
Twa gentle, liquid things;
Her face is like an angel's face:
We're glad she has nae wings.

51. Let Dogs Delight to Bark and Bite by Isaac Watts

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature too.

But, children, you should never let
Such angry passions rise;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes.

52. The Owl and the Pussy-Cat Morning by Edward Lear

The Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat;
They took some honey, and plenty of money
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the moon above,
And sang to a small guitar,
"O lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love!
What a beautiful Pussy you are,-
You are,
What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl!
How wonderful sweet you sing!
Oh, let us be married,-too long we have tarried,-
But what shall we do for a ring?"
They sailed away for a year and a day
To the land where the Bong-tree grows,

And there in a wood a piggy-wig stood
With a ring in the end of his nose,-
His nose,
With a ring in the end of his nose.
"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?" Said the piggy, "I will,"
So they took it away, and were married next day
By the turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined upon mince and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon,
And hand in hand on the edge of the sand
They danced by the light of the moon,-
The moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.

53. Little Things by Ebenezer Cobham Brewer

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land.

Thus the little minutes,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

54. Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star

Twinkle, twinkle, little star!
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the glorious sun is set,
When the grass with dew is wet,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle all the night.

In the dark-blue sky you keep,
And often through my curtains peep,
For you never shut your eye,
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark
Guides the traveller in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star!

55. Pippa's Song by Robert Browning

The year's at the spring,
The day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew pearled;

The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven-
All's right with the world!

56. The Days of the Month

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November;
February has twenty-eight alone.
All the rest have thirty-one,
Excepting leap-year-that's the time
When February's days are twenty-nine.

57. Willie Winkie by William Miller

Wee Willie Winkie runs through the town,
Upstairs and downstairs, in his nightgown,
Tapping at the window, crying at the lock,
"Are the weans in their bed?-for it's now ten o'clock."

Hey, Willie Winkie! are you coming in?
The cat's singing gay thrums to the sleeping hen,
The dog's spread on the floor, and don't give a cheep;
But here's a wakeful laddie that will not fall asleep.

Anything but sleep, ye rogue! glowering like the moon,
Rattling in an iron jug with an iron spoon,
Rumbling tumbling round about, crowing like a cock,
Shrieking like a kenna-what-waking sleeping folk.

Hey, Willie Winkie – the wean's in a creel!
Wriggling off a body's knee like a vera eel,
Tugging at the cat's ear, and ravelling all her thrums
Hey, Willie Winkie – see, there he comes!"

Weary is the mother that has a dusty wean,
A wee stumpie stoussie child, who can't run on his own,
That has a battle with sleep before he'll close an eye
But a kiss from off his rosy lips gives strength anew to me.

58. The Boy Who Never Told a Lie by Anonymous

Once there was a little boy,
With curly hair and pleasant eye-
A boy who always told the truth,
And never, never told a lie.

And when he trotted off to school,
The children all about would cry,
"There goes the curly-headed boy-
The boy that never tells a lie."

And everybody loved him so,
Because he always told the truth,
That every day, as he grew up,
'Twas said, "There goes the honest youth."

And when the people that stood near
Would turn to ask the reason why,
The answer would be always this:
"Because he never tells a lie."

59. The Wind and the Moon Select Verses by George MacDonald

Said the Wind to the Moon, "I will blow you out,
You stare
In the air
Like a ghost in a chair,
Always looking what I am about-
I hate to be watched; I'll blow you out."

He flew in a rage-he danced and blew;
But in vain
Was the pain
Of his bursting brain;
For still the broader the Moon-scrap grew,
The broader he swelled his big cheeks and blew.

But the Moon she knew nothing about the affair;
For high
In the sky,
With her one white eye,
Motionless, miles above the air,
She had never heard the great Wind blare.

60. The Flag Goes By Select Verses by Henry Holcomb Bennett

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of color beneath the sky:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

Sign of a nation, great and strong
Toward her people from foreign wrong:
Pride and glory and honor,-all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
And loyal hearts are beating high:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

61. My Old Kentucky Home Select Verses by Stephen Collins Foster

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home;
'Tis summer, the people are gay;
The corn-top's ripe, and the meadow's in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day.

The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy and bright;
By-'n'-by hard times comes a-knocking at the door:-
Then my old Kentucky home, goodnight!

Weep no more, my lady,
O, weep no more today!
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For the old Kentucky home, far away.

62. A Chrysalis by Mary Emily Bradley

Note: This poem addresses the death of a child in the third and fourth verses.

My little Mädchen found one day
A curious something in her play,
That was not fruit, nor flower, nor seed;
It was not anything that grew,
Or crept, or climbed, or swam, or flew;
Had neither legs nor wings, indeed;
An yet she was not sure, she said,
Whether it was alive or dead.

She brought it in her tiny hand
To see if I would understand,
And wondered when I made reply,
"You've found a baby butterfly."
"A butterfly is not like this,"
With doubtful look she answered me.
So then I told her what would be
Someday within the chrysalis:
How, slowly, in the dull brown thing
Now still as death, a spotted wing,
And then another, would unfold,
Till from the empty shell would fly
A pretty creature, by and by,
All radiant in blue and gold.

"And will it, truly?" questioned she-
Her laughing lips and eager eyes
All in a sparkle of surprise-
"And shall your little Mädchen see?"
"She shall!" I said. How could I tell
That ere the worm within its shell
Its gauzy, splendid wings had spread,
My little Mädchen would be dead?

Today the butterfly has flown,-
She was not here to see it fly,-
And sorrowing I wonder why
The empty shell is mine alone.
Perhaps the secret lies in this:
I too had found a chrysalis,
And Death that robbed me of delight
Was but the radiant creature's flight!

63. The Brook by Alfred Tennyson

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeams dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses.

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

64. Woodman, Spare That Tree! by George Pope Morris

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy ax shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea-
And wouldst thou hew it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
Oh, spare that aged oak
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy,
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy
Here, too, my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here;
My father pressed my hand-
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand.

My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild-bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy ax shall harm it not.

65. Cupid Drowned by Leigh Hunt

T'other day as I was twining
Roses, for a crown to dine in,
What, of all things, 'mid the heap,
Should I light on, fast asleep,
But the little desperate elf,
The tiny traitor, Love, himself!
By the wings I picked him up
Like a bee, and in a cup
Of my wine I plunged and sank him,
Then what d'ye think I did?-I drank him.
Faith, I thought him dead. Not he!
There he lives with tenfold glee;
And now this moment with his wings
I feel him tickling my heart-strings.

66. Cupid Stung by Thomas Moore

Cupid once upon a bed
Of roses laid his weary head;
Luckless urchin, not to see
Within the leaves a slumbering bee.
The bee awak'd-with anger wild
The bee awak'd, and stung the child.
Loud and piteous are his cries;
To Venus quick he runs, he flies;
"Oh, Mother! I am wounded through-
I die with pain-in sooth I do!

Stung by some little angry thing,
Some serpent on a tiny wing-
A bee it was-for once, I know,
I heard a rustic call it so."
Thus he spoke, and she the while
Heard him with a soothing smile;
Then said, "My infant, if so much
Thou feel the little wild bee's touch,
How must the heart, ah, Cupid! be,
The hapless heart that's stung by thee!"

67. The Raven v. 1-3 by Edgar Allan Poe

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore-
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door"
'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door-
Only this, and nothing more."

Ah! distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor;
Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow-sorrow for the lost Lenore-
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore-
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me-filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
"Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door-
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door:
This it is, and nothing more."

68. The Raven v. 4-6 by Edgar Allan Poe

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you"-here I opened wide the door;-
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore!"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore!"
Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into my chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a rapping, something louder than before:
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore-
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore.
'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

69. The Raven v. 7-9 by Edgar Allan Poe

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven, of the saintly days of yore;
Not the least obeisance made he, not a minute stopped or stayed he;
But with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door-
Perched above a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door-
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore;
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure, no craven;
Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven, wandering from the nightly shore,
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night's Plutonian shore?"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer, little meaning, little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door-
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door
With such a name as "Nevermore."

70. The Raven v. 10-12 by Edgar Allan Poe

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour;
Nothing further then he uttered, not a feather then he fluttered,
Till I scarcely more than muttered-"Other friends have flown before,
On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled by the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster, till his songs one burden bore-
Till the dirges of his hope this melancholy burden bore-
Of 'Never, nevermore,'"

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust, and door;
Then upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy into fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore-
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

71. The Raven v. 13-15 by Edgar Allan Poe

Thus I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining, that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining, with the lamp-light gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim, whose footfalls twinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee-by these angels He hath sent thee
Respite-respite and nepenthe from my memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh, quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet," said I, "thing of evil-prophet still, if bird or devil!
Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted,
On this home by horror haunted-tell me truly, I implore,
Is there-is there balm in Gilead?-tell me, tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

72. The Raven v. 16-18 by Edgar Allan Poe

Prophet," said I, "thing of evil!-prophet still if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us-by that God we both adore-
Tell this soul, with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aidenn
It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name Lenore!
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name Lenore?"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that our sign of parting, bird or fiend," I shrieked, upstarting-
"Get thee back into the tempest and the night's Plutonian shore;
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken,
Leave my loneliness unbroken-quit the bust above my door,
Take thy beak from out my heart and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting,
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming, throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow, that lies floating on the floor,
Shall be lifted-nevermore!