



Read a Poem to a Child!

September 23rd – September 28th, 2019

Poetry Compilation for Readers

with selections from

[The John MacKay Shaw Childhood in Poetry Collection](#)

of Florida State University Libraries Special Collections and Archives



This booklet is dedicated to

John MacKay Shaw,

Cathmar Prange

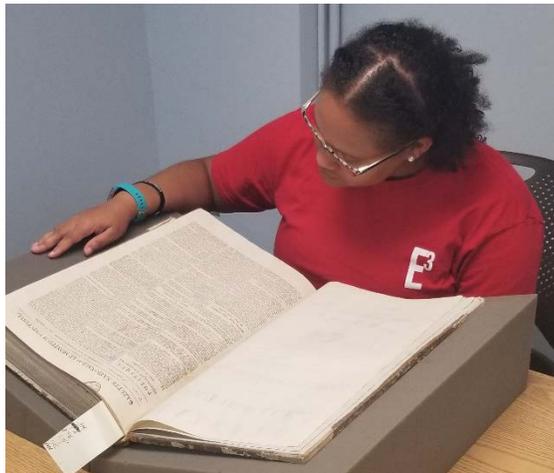
&

Cosmos Mason Rothenberg

Dear Poetry Lover,

Thank you for agreeing to read a poem to a child this week, September 23rd through September 28th, as part of 100 Thousand Poets for Change's "Read a Poem to a Child" initiative. The mission is simple: expose as many children as possible to the medium of poetry. To help you on your way, I have compiled forty-five selections around nine topics from The John MacKay Shaw Childhood in Poetry Collection, housed in Florida State University Libraries Special Collections & Archives.

FSU Libraries' Special Collections & Archives stewards the University's more unique items, rare books and archival materials that help researchers and students of all ages understand the world from different perspectives. The John MacKay Shaw Childhood in Poetry Collection, with over 30,000 volumes, began with one man's simple desire to read poetry to his children. John MacKay Shaw, former AT&T executive, began collecting books of poetry for his children in the 1920s and wrote a number of poems for their education and entertainment. "It is my hope," Shaw wrote, "that the presence of a special collection of this nature and magnitude in the midst of a society of scholars may make some contribution, however small, to restoring poetry to its proper place among the arts, and the arts themselves to their proper place in the social scheme."



A student in the Special Collections Classroom

The collection resides in Special Collections and Archives in Florida State University's Strozier Library, and all are welcome to visit these beautiful books in person.

One poem in this compilation is not found in the Shaw Collection; it is by FSU Libraries' Poet-in-Residence Michael Rothenberg. Together with his partner Terri Carrion, Michael co-founded 100 Thousand Poets for Change, which promotes peace, justice, and sustainability through poetry readings that occur around the world each year. Last year, Michael and Terri brought us this new initiative, asking people around the globe to stop and take a moment to share poetry with children in the week leading up to the worldwide 100 Thousand Poets for Change events.



Read A Poem to a Child 2018

FSU Libraries and 100 Thousand Poets for Change encourage you to read, recite, and sing the poems that you love, or find a new one in this compilation. Thank you for participating in Read a Poem to a Child.

Happy reading!

Rachel Duke
Rare Books Librarian
Special Collections & Archives, Florida State University Libraries

A Note from the Founders of "Read a Poem to a Child" Initiative:

Poetry has the power to capture the imagination and embrace every aspect of human experience. It is a song, an oration, an elegy, and an entreaty. It reflects and aids understanding. It informs and conveys knowledge. It is solace, a best friend, a companion in peaceful, celebratory and troubled hours. In each of the categories that are set out in this booklet generously provided by FSU Libraries, you will find poetry that touches the many strings of the heart and mind. And surely, this booklet is only an introduction, a beginning, a gateway, a portal, not only to the exquisite Shaw Childhood in Poetry Collection, but to the fabulous world of poetry, and specifically poetry that belongs to children.

We hope the reader, adults, teachers, parents, and friends, will find themselves awakened by this great exchange of poetry with children. That important bonds can be built between reader and listener. It is our intent to introduce children to the beauty and joy of poetry, and facilitate a transaction between reader and listener that will not only improve literacy, but offer new and magical ways to speak and learn, and navigate the complexities of life.

The poems in this anthology read aloud convey the famous melodies, rhythms and rhymes, the subtle motion of feelings and humor, the timbre and touch of the physical voice. They are meant to be a celebration, and Read a Poem to a Child is honored to be a part of this celebration.

Thank you for joining us for this important initiative. Gratitude to The FSU Libraries and Reading Is Fundamental for caring about children, and honoring poetry as a key to literacy. We hope Read a Poem to a Child will become a tradition, that we will never forget what wonders abound in poetry. We are grateful that 100 Thousand Poets for Change has the opportunity to honor the child in this way.

Michael Rothenberg and Terri Carrion

Co-founders of 100 Thousand Poets for Change and Read a Poem to a Child Initiative.

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FAMILY

"Nancy Hanks" by Harriet Monroe **From *The Mothers of the World* (1937)**

Prairie child,
 Brief as dew,
What winds of wonder
 Nourished you?

Rolling plains
 Of billowy green;
Far horizons,
 Blue, serene;

Lofty skies
 The slow clouds climb,
Where burning stars
 Beat out the time:

These, and the dreams
 Of fathers bold ---
Baffled longings,
 Hopes untold ---

Gate to you
 A heart of fire,
Love like deep waters,
 Brave desire.

Ah, when youth's rapture
 Went out in pain,
And all seemed over,
 Was all in vain?

O soul obscure,
 Whose wings life bound,
And soft death folded
 Under the ground.

Wilding lady,
 Still and true,
Who gave us Lincoln
 And never knew:

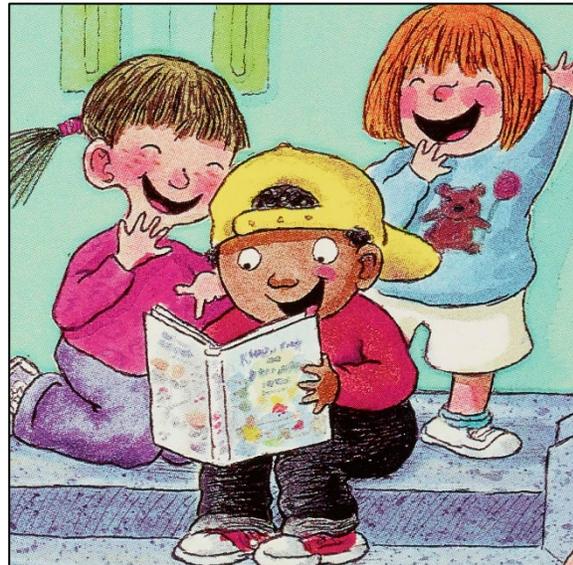
To you at last
 Our praise, our tears,
Love and a song
 Through the nation's years.

Mother of Lincoln,
 Our tears, our praise;
A battle-flag
 And the victor's bays!

**“My Mother Says I’m Sickening” by Jack Prelutsky
From *Kids Pick the Funniest Poems* (1991)**

Selected by Bruce Lansky and Illustrated by Stephen Carter

My mother says I’m sickening,
my mother says I’m crude,
she says this when she sees me
playing Ping-Pong with my food,
she doesn’t seem to like it
when I slurp my bowl of stew,
and now she’s got a list of things
she says I mustn’t do ---



DO NOT CATAPULT THE CARROTS!
DO NOT JUGGLE GOBS OF FAT!
DO NOT DROP THE MASHED POTATOES
ON THE GERBIL OR THE CAT!
NEVER PUNCH THE PUMPKIN PUDDING!
NEVER TUNNEL THROUGH THE BREAD!
PUT NO PEAS INTO YOUR POCKET!
PLACE NO NOODLES ON YOUR HEAD!
DO NOT SQUEEZE THE STEAMED ZUCCHINI!!
DO NOT MAKE THE MELON OOZE!
NEVER STUFF VANILLA YOGURT
IN YOUR LITTLE SISTER’S SHOES!
DRAW NO FACES IN THE KETCHUP!
MAKE NO LITTLE GRAVY POOLS!

I wish my mother wouldn’t make
so many useless rules.

“Extremely Naughty Children” by Elizabeth Godley
From *Beastly Boys and Ghastly Girls* (1964)

Collected by William Cole and Illustrated by Tomi Ungerer

By far
The naughtiest
Children
I know
Are Jasper
Geranium
James
And Jo.

They live
In a house
On the Hill
Of Kidd,
And what
In the world
Do you think
They did?

They asked
Their Uncles
And Aunts
To tea,
And shouted
In loud,
Rude voices
“We

Are tired
Of scoldings
And sendings
To bed;
Now
The grown-ups
Shall be
Punished instead.”

They said:
“Auntie Em,
You didn’t
Say ‘Thank you!’ ”
They said:
“Uncle Robert,
We’re going
To spank you!”

They pulled
The beard
Of Sir Henry
Dorner
And put him
To stand
In disgrace
In the corner.

They scolded
Aunt B.
They punished
Aunt Jane;
They slapped
Aunt Louisa
Again
And again.

They said
“Naughty boy!”
To their
Uncle
Fred,
And boxed
His ears
And sent him
To bed.

Do you think
Aunts Em
And Loo
And B.,
And Sir
Henry Dorner
(K.C.B.)*

And the elderly
Uncles
And kind
Aunt Jane
Will go
To tea
With the children
Again?

*Knight Commander of the Bath



**“Good Morning” by Langston Hughes
From *My Black Me* (1974)**

Edited by Arnold Adoff, illustration by Felix J. Morales-Plaza

Good morning, daddy!
I was born here, he said,
watched Harlem grow
until colored folk spread
from river to river
across the middle of Manhattan
out of Penn Station
dark tenth of a nation,
planes from Puerto Rico,
and holds of boats, chico,
up from Cuba Haiti Jamaica,
in buses marked New York
from Georgia Florida Louisiana
to Harlem Brooklyn the Bronx
but most of all to Harlem
dusky sash across Manhattan
I've seen them come dark
wondering
wide-eyed
dreaming
out of Penn Station ---
but the trains are late.
The gates are open ---
but there're bars
At each gate.

What happens
to a dream deferred?

Daddy, ain't you heard?



"The Light of Home" by Sarah Hale
from *The Home Affections by the Poets* (1858)
Selected and edited by Charles MacKay

My boy, thou wilt dream the world is fair,
 And thy spirit will sigh to roam,
And thou must go, but never when there
 Forget the light of Home.

Though pleasure may smile with a ray more bright,
 It dazzles to lead astray;
Like the meteor's flash 'twill deepen the night,
 When thou treadest the lonely way.

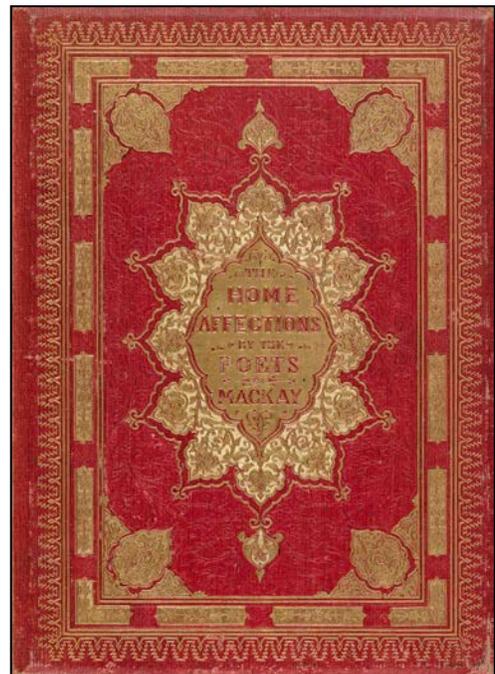
But the hearth of Home has a constant flame,
 And pure as vestal fire;
'Twill burn, 't will burn for ever the same,
 For nature feeds the pyre.

The sea of ambition is tempest-tost,
 And thy hopes may vanish like foam;
But when sails are shivered, and rudder lost,
 Then look to the light of Home:---

And then like a star through the midnight cloud,
 Thou shalt see the beacon bright,
For never, till shining on thy shroud,
 Can be quenched its holy light.

The sun of fame? --- 'twill gild the name,
 But the heart ne'er felt its ray;
And fashion's smiles that rich ones claim,
 Are but beams of a wintry day.

And how cold and dim these beams must be,
 Should life's wretched wanderer come!
But my boy, when the world is dark to thee,
 Then turn to the light of Home.

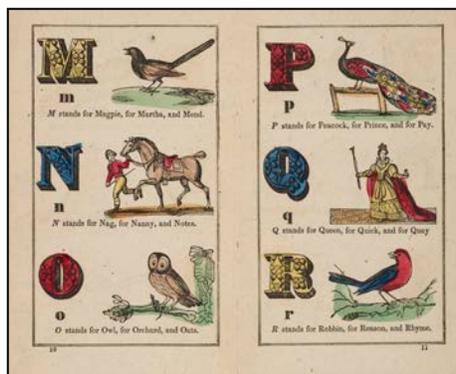
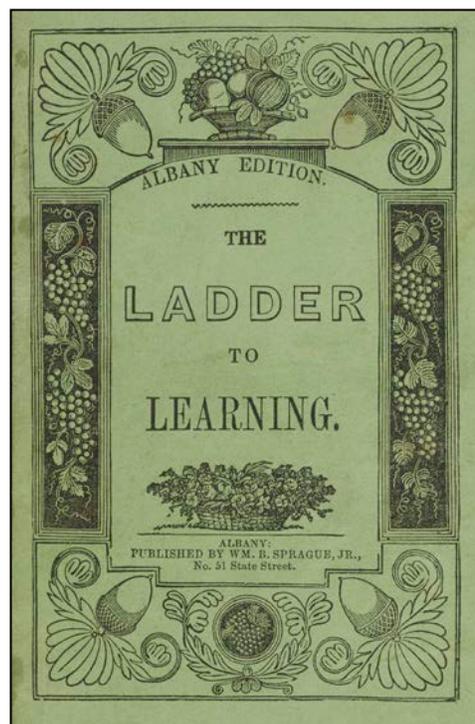


LEARNING

“The Ladder to Learning” (1851-52?)

By Miss Lovechild

A stands for Ape, for Arthur, and Air.
B stands for Bullock, for Bird, and for Bear.
C stands for Cat, for Charles, and for cry.
D stands for Dog, for Daniel, and Dry.
E stands for Eagle, for Edward, and Eel.
F stands for Fish, for Francis, and Feel.
G stands for Goat, for Great, and for Good.
H stands for Hog, for Harry, and Hood.
J stands for Judge, for Jack, and for Jill.
K stands for King, for Kate, and for Kill.
L stands for Lion, for Lawyer, and Land.
M stands for Magpie, for Martha, and Mend.
N stands for Nag, for Nanny, and Notes.
O stands for Owl, for Orchard, and Oats.
P stands for Peacock, for Prince, and for Pay.
Q stands for Queen, for Quick, and for Quay.
R stands for Robbin, for Reason, and Rhyme.
S stands for Squirrel, for Sweet and Sublime.
T stands for Top, for Tea, and for Towel.
V stands for Vine, for Virtue, and Vowel.
W stands for Whale, for Waggon, and Wing.
X stands for Xerxes, the great Persian King.
Y stands for Yew Tree, for Youth, and for Yellow.
Z stands for Zany, a foolish Young Fellow.



**“Harriet Tubman” by Eloise Greenfield
From *Pass It On* (1993)**

Selected by Wade Hudson and Illustrated by Floyd Cooper

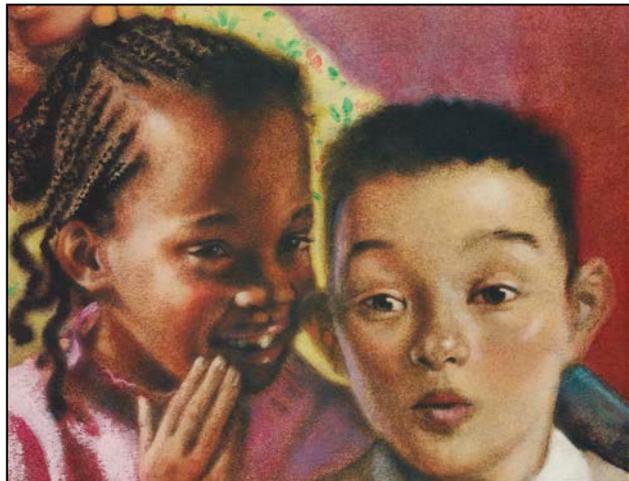
Harriet Tubman didn't take no stuff
Wasn't scared of nothing neither
Didn't come in this world to be no slave
And wasn't going to stay one either

“Farewell!” she sang to her friends one night
She was mighty sad to leave 'em
But she ran away that dark, hot night
Ran looking for her freedom

She ran to the woods and she ran through the woods
With the slave catchers right behind her
And she kept on going till she got to the North
Where those mean men couldn't find her

Nineteen times she went back South
To get three hundred others
She ran for her freedom nineteen times
To save Black sisters and brothers
Harriet Tubman didn't take no stuff
Wasn't scared of nothing neither
Didn't come in this world to be no slave
And didn't stay one either

And didn't stay one either



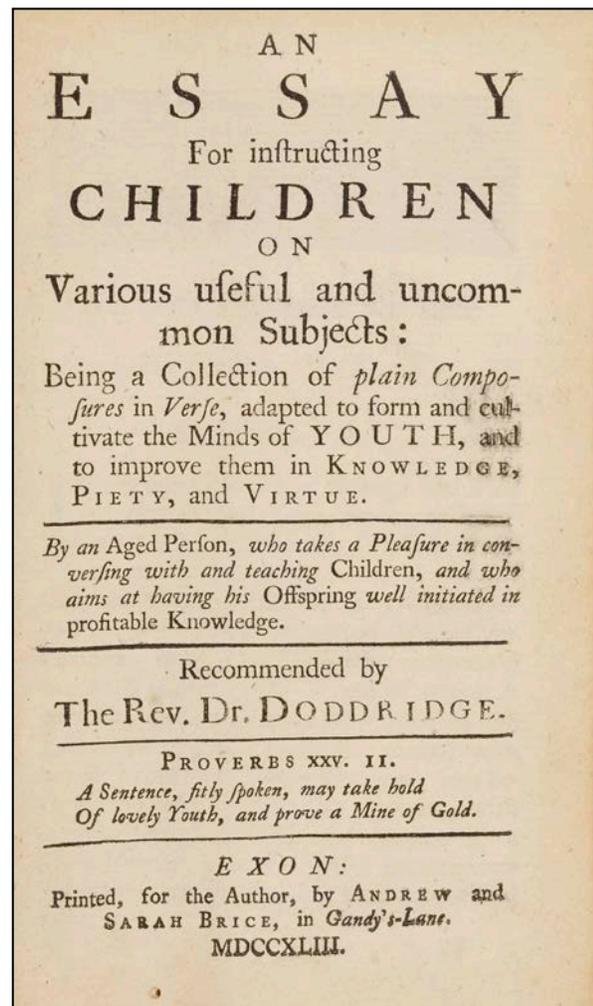
**“Short Instructions to Direct a Young Scholar” by unknown author
From *An Essay for Instructing Children* (1743)**

*Sape rogare, Rogata tenere, Retenta docere;
Haec Tria Discipulum facient superare Magistrum.*

Learn what you're taught, ask Questions oft'.
Retain in Mind what Skill you've gain'd.

Then teach your Brother, or any other.
These Methods mount to rich Account.

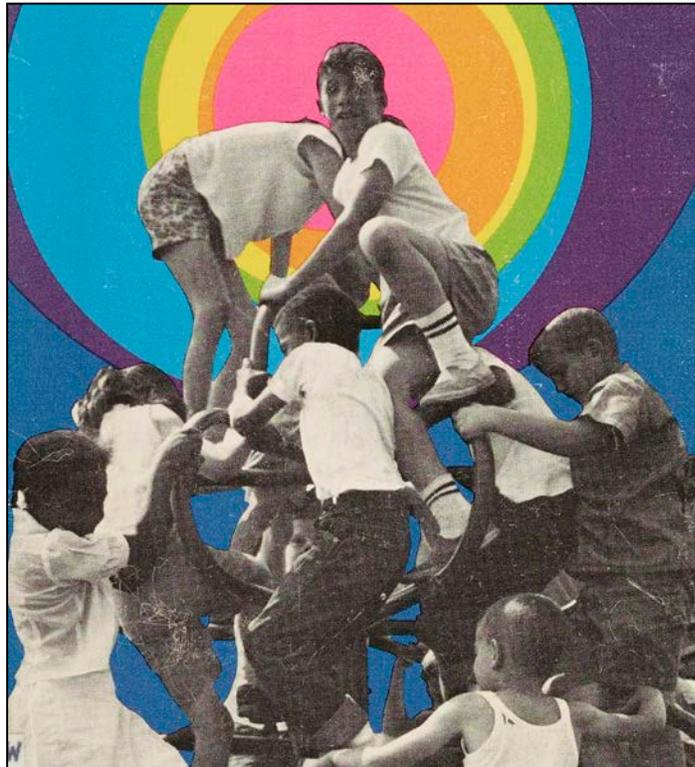
Scholars grow wise by Exercise.
Thus they'll outdo their Teachers too.



“The Math Battle” by Stephen Silberman, Grade 6
From *Young Voices* (1971)

Collected by Charles E. Schaefer and Kathleen C. Mellor

Cubes are swirling through my head,
 π 's attack me in my bed.
I dream of numbers in my sleep,
How much to carry? How much to keep?
Circles everywhere, radii too
In my brain – a number zoo!
There's some numbers, here comes more,
Fight me in a daily war.

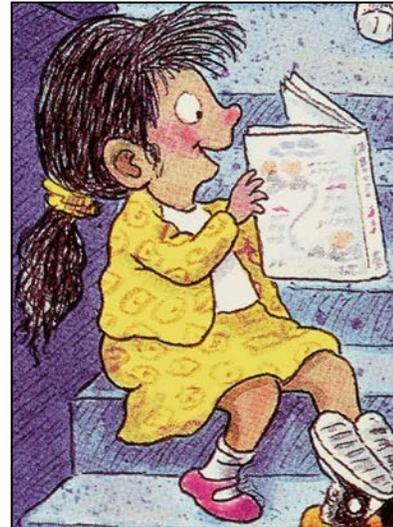


"Sick" by Shel Silverstein

From *Kids Pick the Funniest Poems* (1991)

Selected by Bruce Lansky and Illustrated by Stephen Carpenter

"I cannot go to school today,"
Said little Peggy Ann McKay.
"I have the measles and the mumps,
A gash, a rash and purple bumps.
My mouth is wet, my throat is dry,
I'm going blind in my right eye.
My tonsils are as big as rocks,
I've counted sixteen chicken pox
And there's one more --- that's seventeen,
And don't you think my face looks green?
My leg is cut, my eyes are blue ---
It might be instamatic flu.
I cough and sneeze and gasp and choke,
I'm sure that my left leg is broke ---
My hip hurts when I move my chin,
My belly button's caving in,
My back is wrenched, my ankle's sprained,
My 'pendix pains each time it rains.
My nose is cold, my toes are numb,
I have a sliver in my thumb.
My neck is stiff, my voice is weak,
I hardly whisper when I speak.
My tongue is filling up my mouth,
I think my hair is falling out.
My elbow's bent, my spine ain't straight,
My temperature is one-o-eight.
My brain is shrunk, I cannot hear,
There is a hole inside my ear.
I have a hangnail, and my heart is --- what?
What's that? What's that you say?
You say today is. . . Saturday?
G'bye, I'm going out to play!"



FANTASY

"Jabberwocky" by Lewis Carroll

From *Through the Looking Glass, and What Alice Found There* (1872)

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

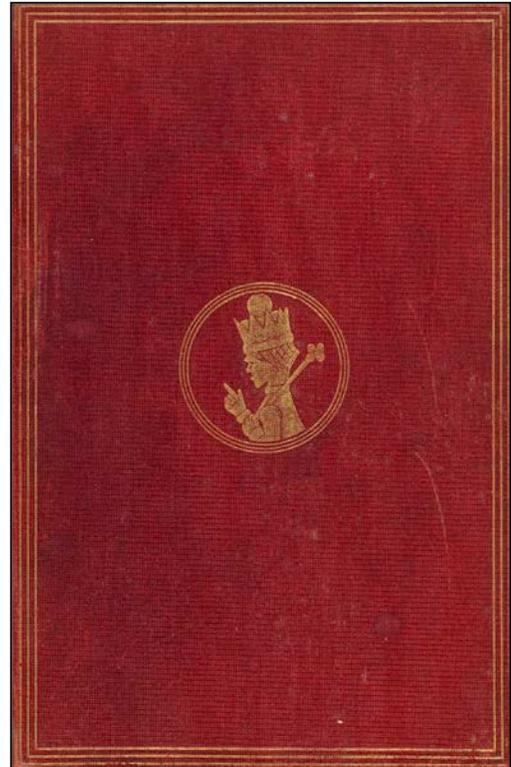
"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand;
Long time the manxome foe he sought—
So rested he by the Tumtum tree
And stood awhile in thought.

And, as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.

"And hast thou slain the
Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish
boy!
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"
He chortled in his joy.



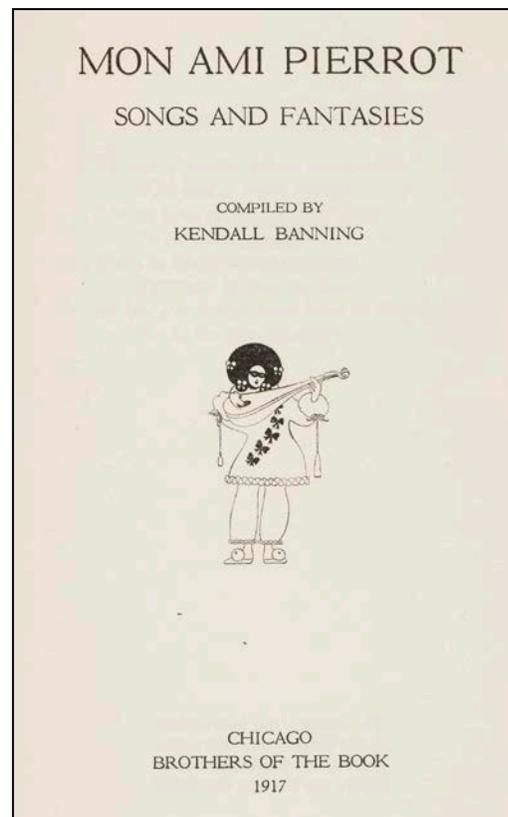
'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

“Pierrot” by Sara Teasdale
From *Mon ami Pierrot: Songs and Fantasies* (1917)
Compiled by Kendall Banning

Pierrot stands in the garden,
 Beneath the waning moon,
And on his lute he fashions
 A little silver tune.

Pierrot plays in the garden,
 He thinks he plays to me.
But I am quite forgotten,
 Under the cherry tree.

Pierrot plays in the garden,
 And all the roses know,
That Pierrot loves his music,
 But I,---I love Pierrot.



**Excerpt from *What Every Young Wizard Should Know* (1963)
Written and Illustrated by Cal Roy**

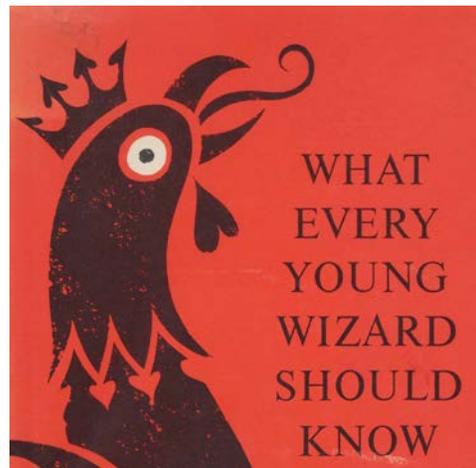
In olden times
Men spoke in rhymes
And did everything quite slow;
But every man, woman, and child knew then
What every young wizard should know –

What every young wizard should know and more –
Such as magic spells and things,
So they had at the tips of their tongues the words
That can make you fly without wings.

In modern times
Such useful rhymes
Are forgotten by all but a few;
But every man, woman, and child today
Could do what a wizard can do –

Could do what a wizard can do and more –
Such as telling when storms are due,
Or taming a dragon or naming a beast
That you don't often find in a zoo.

So Fingal the Fat
In the sorcerers hat
Will teach you a rhyme or so
That every man, woman, and child can learn
And every young wizard should know.



"Six O'Clock" by Howard Pyle
From *The Wonder Clock* (1887)

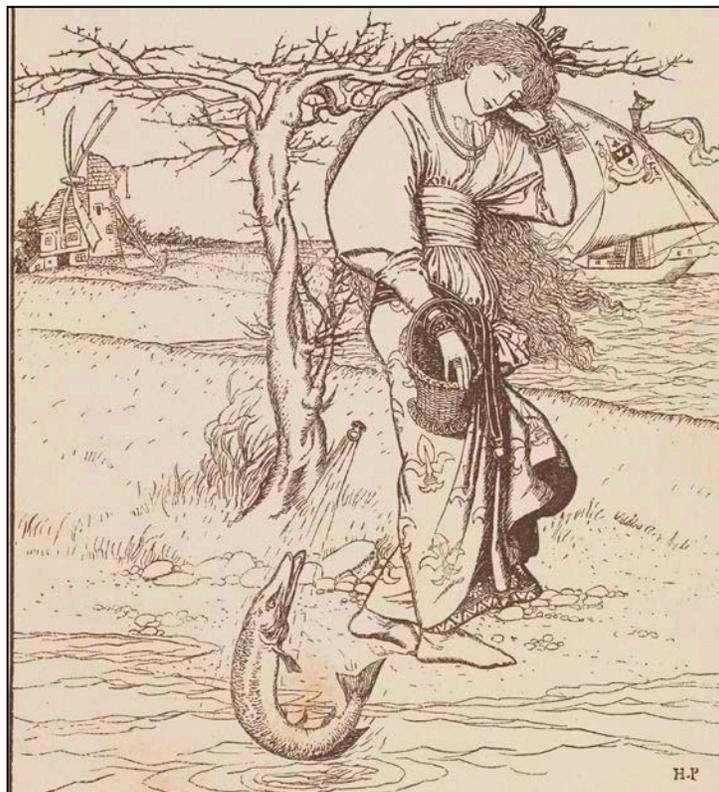
The *Door* is open,
The *Dew* is bright;
Forgotten now
Is the lonesome *Night*,
And the *Starling* whistles,
" *All is right.*"



The *House-wife* moves
With her brisklest tread
The *Chairs* are set,
And the *Table* spread
With *Honey* and *Eggs*
And *Cream* and *Bread.*



(Sun and Moon symbols appear alongside stanzas in original text.)

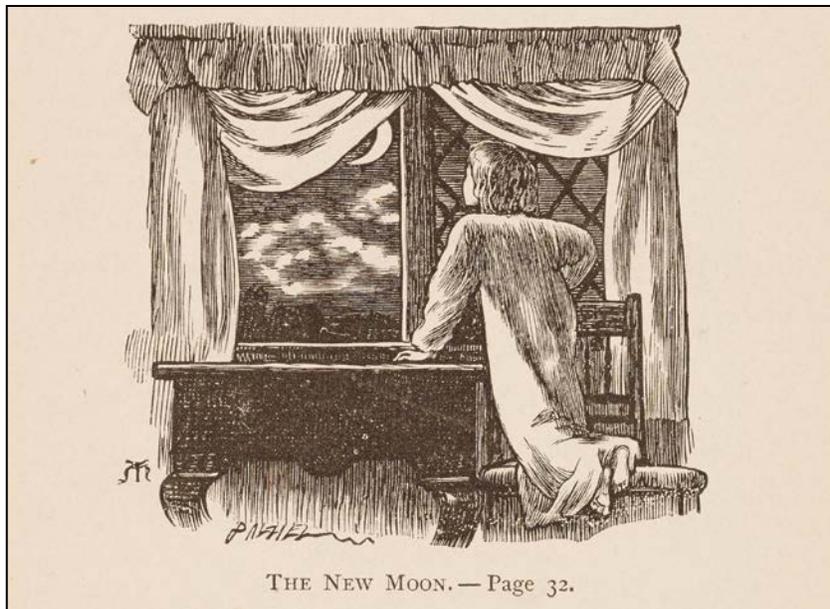


**"The New Moon" by Mrs. Follen
From *Posies for Children* (1882)**

Dear mother, how pretty
The moon looks to-night!
She was never so cunning before;
The two little horns
Are so sharp and so bright,
I hope she'll not grow any more.

If I were up there,
With you and my friends,
I'd rock in it nicely, you'd see;
I'd sit in the middle
And hold by both ends;
O, what a bright cradle 'twould be!

I would call to the stars
To keep out of the way,
Lest we should rock over their toes;
And then I would rock
Till the dawn of the day,
And see where the pretty moon goes.



THE NEW MOON. — Page 32.

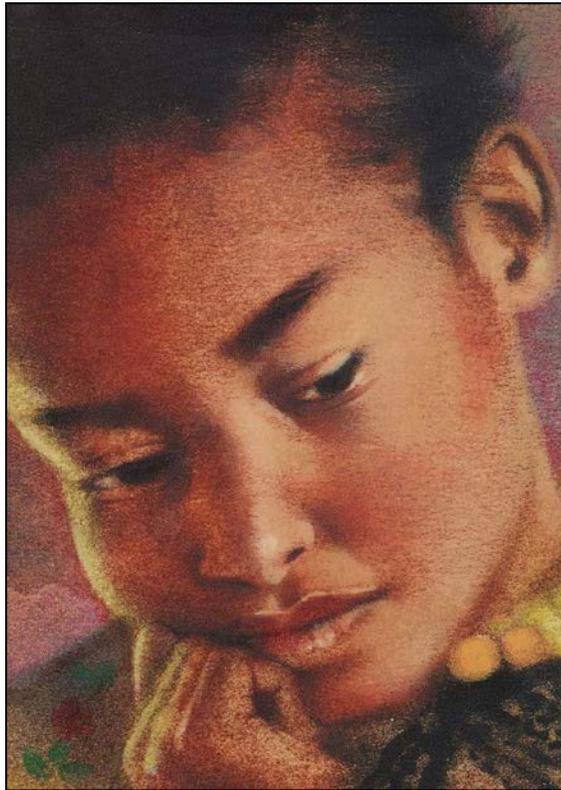
NATURE

“Dream Variation” by Langston Hughes
From *Pass It On* (1993)

Selected by Wade Hudson and Illustrated by Floyd Cooper

To fling my arms wide
In some place of the sun,
To whirl and to dance
Till the white day is done.
Then rest at cool evening
Beneath a tall tree
While night comes on gently,
 Dark like me ---
That is my dream!

To fling my arms wide
In the face of the sun,
Dance! Whirl! Whirl!
Till the quick day is done.
Rest at pale evening . . .
A tall, slim tree . . .
Night coming tenderly
 Black like me.



“Morning Meadows” by E. C. Messer
From *Sun Prints in Sky Tints* (1893)
Selected and Designed by Irene E. Jerome

The dew is on the grass,
The bee is in the clover;
The merry bird, the bobolink,
He sings and hovers over.

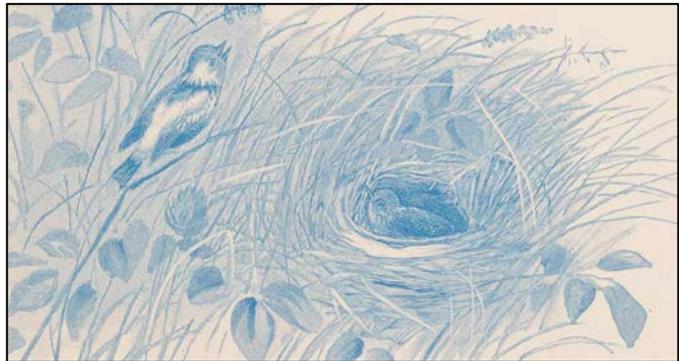
The mowers swing and sway,
They sway and swing together,
Across the meadow’s shimmering green,
In the sweet summer weather.
About the wooded hills
The morning mists are clinging;
And in the swaths the mowers pause
And set their scythes a-ringing.

The dew is on the grass,
The bumble-bees are humming,
Across the fields, O bobolink,
The swinging scythes are coming!

Beneath the blades and blooms,
Your quiet mate still presses
Her sober breast against her nest,
In shaded green recesses.

Cry out, O bobolink,
There’s that which bodes disaster;
Laugh out, O jocund bobolink,
The scythes are swinging past her.

The dew is on the grass,
The bees are in the clover,
The merry bird, the bobolink,
He sings and hovers over— Bobolink!

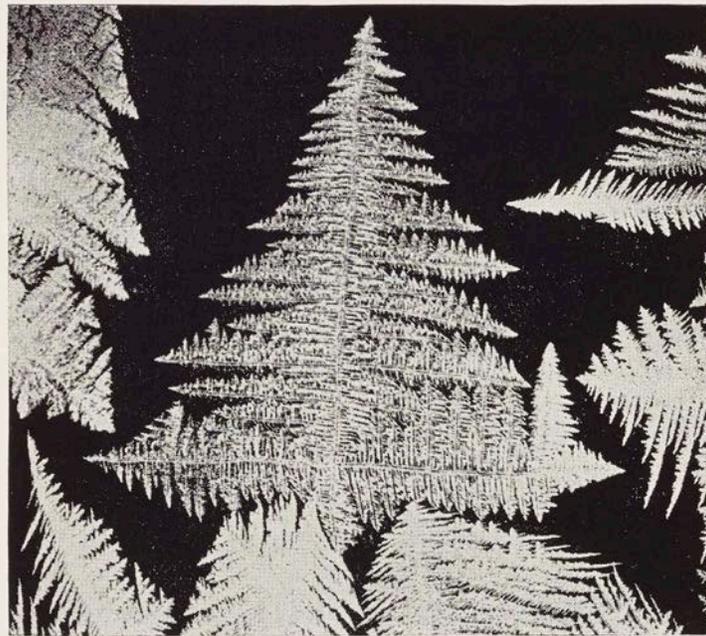


"I said it in the meadow path" by Lucy Larcom
From *Winter Crystals and other Marvels* (1929)

Compiled by Jane Dudley and Illustrations by Wilson A. Bentley

I said it in the meadow path
I say it on the mountain stairs,
The best things any mortal hath,
Are those which every mortal shares.

The air we breathe, the sky, the breeze,
The light without us and within;
Life with its unlocked treasures,
God's riches --- are for all to win.



A Christmas Tree for the Polar Fairies.

"The Waking" by Theodore Roethke
From *Room for Me and a Mountain Lion* (1974)
Selections and Photographs by Nancy Larrick

I strolled across
An open field;
The sun was out;
Heat was happy.

This way! This way!
The wren's throat shimmered,
Either to other,
The blossoms sang.

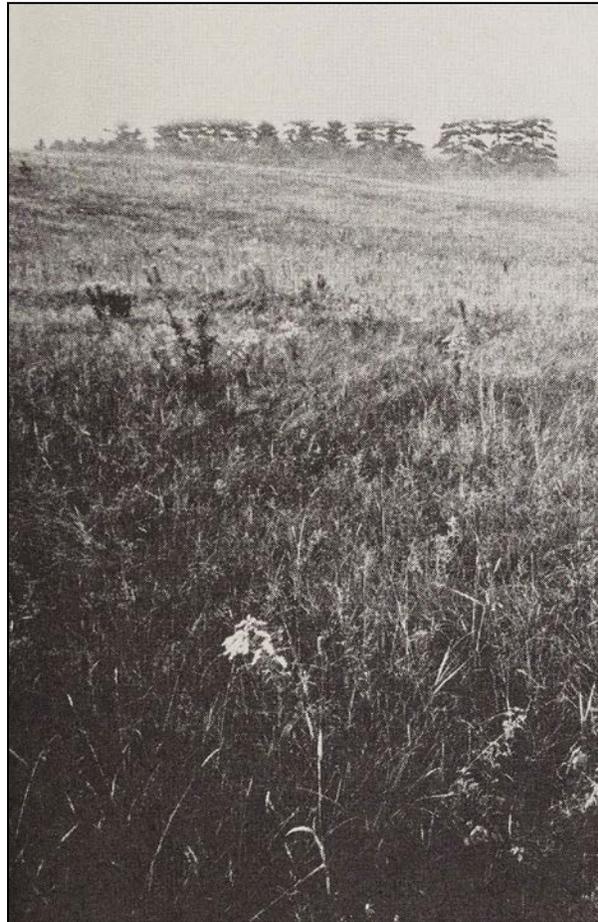
The stones sang,
The little ones did,
And flowers jumped
Like small goats.

A ragged fringe
Of daisies waved;
I wasn't alone
In a grove of apples.

Far in the wood
A nestling sighed;
The dew loosened
Its morning smells.

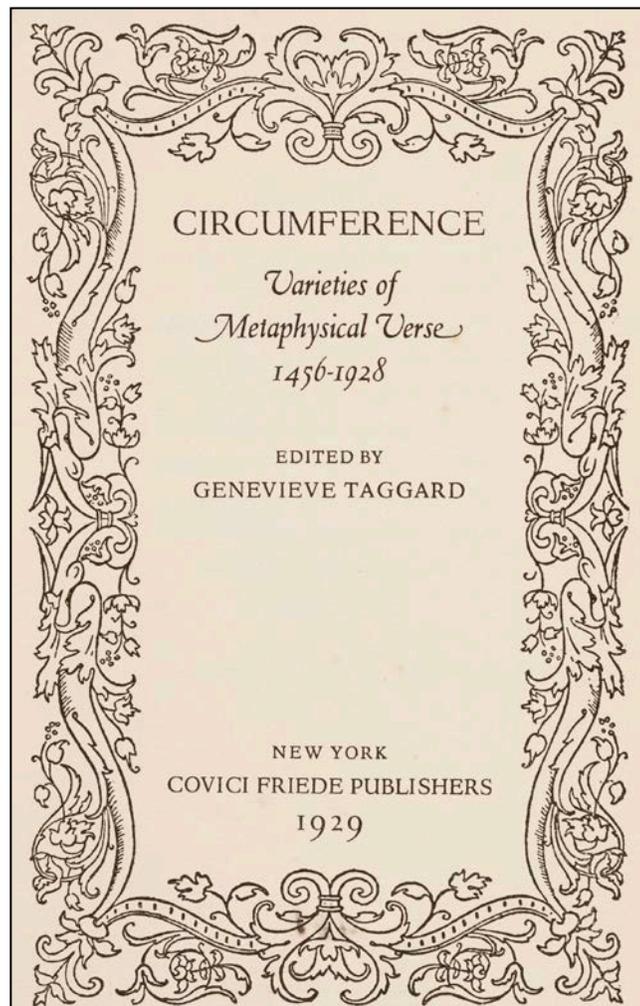
I came where the river
Ran over stones:
My ears knew
An early joy.

And all the waters
Of all the streams
Sang in my veins
That summer day.



“The World Is Too Much with Us” by William Wordsworth
From *Circumference: Varieties of Metaphysical Verse* (1929)
Edited by Genevieve Taggard

The World is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon,
The winds that will be howling at all hours
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers,
For this, for every thing, we are out of tune;
It moves us not. –Great God! I’d rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,--
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathéd horn.



WHIMSY

"Two People" By E. V. Rieu

From *Beastly Boys and Ghastly Girls* (1964)

Collected by William Cole and Illustrated by Tomi Ungerer

Two people live in Rosamund,
And one is very nice;
The other is devoted
To every kind of vice—

To walking where the puddles are,
And eating far too quick,
And saying words she shouldn't know,
And wanting spoons to lick.

Two people live in Rosamund,
And one (I say it twice)
Is very nice *and* very good:
The other's only nice.



"Just Imagine" by Lorraine Adel, Grade 5
From *Young Voices* (1971)

Collected by Charles E. Schaefer and Kathleen C. Mellor

A dictionary is a man who tells about words,
Airplanes are big, metal kinds of birds.
A penguin is a fancy little man who wears a fancy suit,
A kitten with one odd paw is wearing a fur boot.
Trees are wooden monsters with color-changing hair,
A cloud is the top of a person you don't know is there.
A light bulb is an eyeball staring at the floor,
A doorknob is an animal living on a door.

If you believe in these silly things, please
Call me up. My number is three dings.

**Excerpt from *The Cat in the Hat Comes Back* (1958)
Written and Illustrated by Dr. Seuss**

"To take spots off THIS bed
Will be hard," said the cat.
"I can't do it alone,"
Said the Cat in the Hat.

"It is good I have someone
To help me," he said.
"Right here in my hat
On the top of my head!
It is good that I have him
Here with me today.
He helps me a lot.
This is Little Cat A."

And then Little Cat A
Took the hat off HIS head.
"It is good I have some one
To help ME," he said.
"This is Little Cat B.
And I keep him about,
And when I need help
Then I let him come out."

And then B said,
"I think we need Little Cat C.
That spot is too much
For the A cat and me.
But now, have no fear!
We will clean it away!
The three of us! Little Cats B, C and
A!"

"Come on! Take it away!"
Yelled Little Cat A.

"I will hit that old spot
With this broom! Do you see?
It comes off the old bed!
It goes on the T.V."

And then Little Cat B
Cleaned up the T.V.
He cleaned it with milk,
Put the spot in a pan!
And then C blew it out
Of the house with a fan!

"But look where it went!"
I said. "Look where it blew!
You blew the mess
Out of the house. That is true.
But now you made Snow Spots!
You can't let THEM stay!"

"Let us think about that now,"
Said C, B and A.
"With some help, we can do it!"
Said Little Cat C.
Then POP! On his head
We saw Little Cat D!
Then, POP! POP! POP!
Little Cats E, F and G!

"We will clean up that snow
If it takes us all day!
If it takes us all night,
We will clean it away!"
Said Little Cats G, F, E, D, C, B, A.

“Laughing-Song” by William Blake
From *Posies for Children* (1882)
Selected by Mrs. Anna C. Lowell

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;

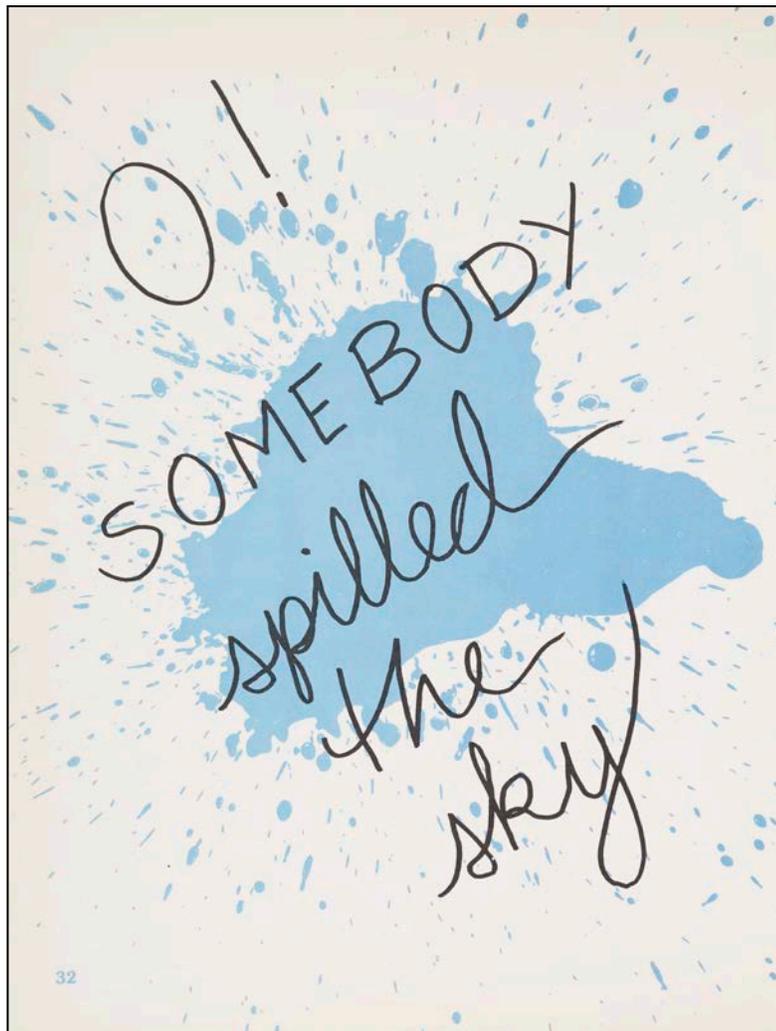
When the meadows laugh with lively green,
And the grasshopper laughs in the merry scene;
When Mary and Susan and Emily,
With their sweet, round mouths, sing, “Ha, ha, he!”

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!”



“Where” by Ruth Krauss
From *Somebody Spilled the Sky* (1976)
Illustrated by Eleanor Hazard

Where does that river come from
It comes from the mountain
Where does the mountain come from
It comes out of the world
Where does the world come from
It comes from the sun
Where does that sun come from
It comes from
It comes



FRIENDSHIP

One is Good But Two Are Better (1956)

Written and Illustrated by Louis Slobodkin

One is good, but two are better,
You need two people for a letter.
You can write it,
And you can read it,
But use a stamp; a letter will need it.

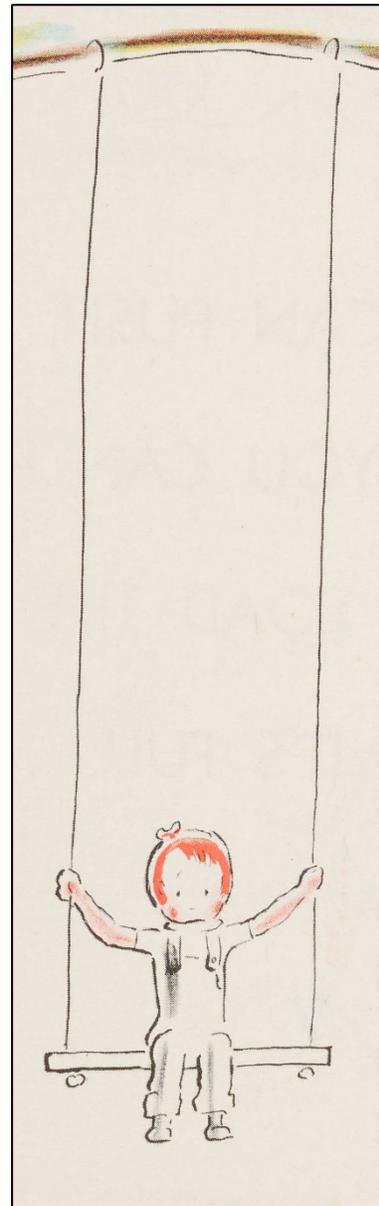
One pulling a wagon is not enough,
You need two when the road is rough.
You can push,
And you can pull,
Now load the wagon until it's full.

One can swing alone in the sun,
But you need two to have more fun.
You can sing,
And you can swing
High as the sky or anything.

One in a boat, playing down at the shore,
Can't go very far with only one oar,
But if there are two,
Two oars and two friends,
You can row 'round the world before the day ends.

One playing store, selling beans and rice,
Needs someone to buy; that makes it nice.
You can sell
And you can buy,
Then you can wrap and you can tie.

One with a ball needs one with a bat;
Baseball is better played like that.



You can bat,
And you can throw,
Hit the ball and away you go.

One can run, or one can lag,
But you need two for playing tag.
You can run,
And you can chase;
When you are caught, then run a race.

One may hide, or one may peek,
But you need two for hide-and-seek.
You can hide,
And you can look,
Then all sit down and share a book.

Yes, one is good, but when there are more,
Say two or three or more than four,
You all can sing,
And you all can play,
And you all can have a wonderful day.



"Us Two" by A. A. Milne From *Now We Are Six* (1927)

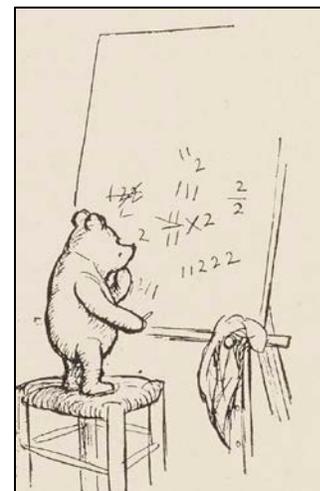
Wherever I am, there's always Pooh,
There's always Pooh and Me.
Whatever I do, he wants to do,
"Where are you going to-day?" says Pooh:
"Well that's very odd 'cos I was too.
Let's go together," says Pooh, says he.
"Let's go together," says Pooh.

"What's twice eleven?" I said to Pooh.
(*"Twice what?"* said Pooh to Me.)
"I *think* it ought to be twenty-two."
"Just what I think myself," said Pooh.
"It wasn't an easy sum to do,
But that's what it is," said Pooh, said he.
"That's what it is," said Pooh.

"Let's look for dragons," I said to Pooh.
"Yes, let's," said Pooh to Me.
We crossed the river and found a few –
"Yes, those are dragons all right," said Pooh.
"As soon as I saw their beaks I knew.
That's what they are," said Pooh, said he.

"Let's frighten the dragons," I said to Pooh.
"That's right," said Pooh to Me.
"I'm not afraid," I said to Pooh,
And I held his paw and I shouted "Shoo!
Silly old dragons!" – and off they flew.
I wasn't afraid," said Pooh, said he,
"I'm never afraid with you."

So wherever I am, there's always Pooh,
There's always Pooh and Me.
"What would I do?" I said to Pooh,
"If it wasn't for you," and Pooh said: "True,
It isn't much fun for One, but Two
Can stick together," says Pooh, says he.
"That's how it is," says Pooh.



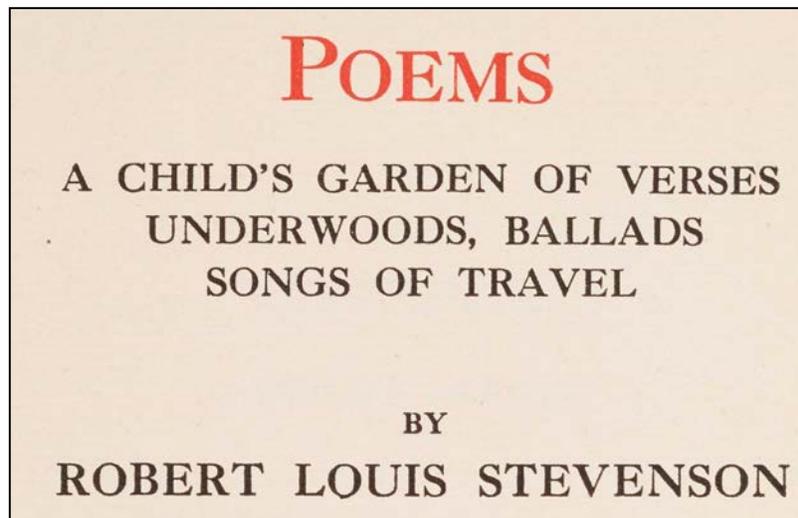
“A Good Play” by Robert Louis Stevenson

From *Poems: A Child’s Garden of Verses Underwoods, Ballads, Songs of Travel* (19--)

We built a ship upon the stairs
All made of the back-bedroom chairs,
And filled it full of sofa pillows
To go a-sailing on the billows.

We took a saw and several nails
And water in the nursery pails;
And Tom said, “Let us also take
An apple and a slice of cake”;--
Which was enough for Tom and me
To go a-sailing on, till tea.

We sailed along for days and days,
And had the very best of plays;
But Tom fell out and hurt his knee,
So there was no one left but me.



"Friendship" by Anna Johnson
From *Echoes* (1932)

Rare as the beauty of a dream,
The joy of summer days;
Bright as the sparkle of a stream,
The sun with bursting rays;

Sweet as the murmur of a breeze,
Or tides with ceaseless form;
Calm as the stillness of the trees
And rainbows in the storm;

Fresh as the fields where flowers blow,
The bound and pulse of spring;
Gentle as starlight on the snow,
Or silken clouds that swing;

Dear as a thought from realms above;
The clasp of friendship's hand;
Strong with the hope of boundless love
Are friends who understand.

**Excerpt from *1 is No Fun, but 20 is Plenty!* (1965)
by Ilse-Margret Vogel**

"1 is no fun," the glad Hippo said,
Raised her umbrella and jumped off her sled.
"Dear Lion," she cried, "much better is 2!
And how I adore being with you."

"Why Hippo," said Lion, "you're flattering me.
Please take a mitten? You see I have 3."
"Do take one of mine – and then you'll have 4.
If you should lose them, I have plenty more."

"My clocks never run – they always say 5!"
"Well Lion, that means it's time for a drive."
"The cake is the thing, you drive as I mix.
Now how may eggs? I think I need 6."

By actual count the eggs used were 7.
"Your cake," Lion said, "is something from heaven.
In fact, it's so good I could dance on a gate
And juggle my canes – I won at least 8."

"Oh Lion, no, you might fall on your spine.
You have but one life – it's the cat who has 9."
"But since you are brave, far braver than men,
I'd love some nice pirates – could you get me 10?"



FOOD

"The Ice Cream Ocean" by John MacKay Shaw

Excerpt from *The Ice Cream Ocean and Other Delectable Poems of the Sea* (1984)

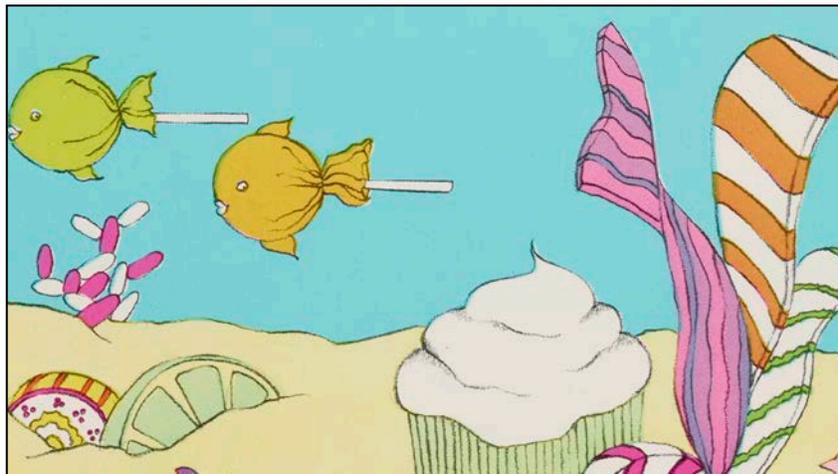
Selected and Illustrated by Susan Russo

If the ocean waves could ever
Be of ice cream made,
I could swim in them and never
Be the least afraid.

If they made the finny fishes
Out of lollipops
And the pebbles were delicious
Little lemon drops,

If the sand were sugar candy
And the rocks were cake,
Just imagine what a dandy
Dinner that would make.

I would never more be lonely
With my pail and spade,
If the ocean waves could only
Be of ice cream made.



**“Bear in There” by Shel Silverstein
From *A Light in the Attic* (1930)**

There's a Polar Bear
In our Frigidaire—
He likes it 'cause it's cold in there.
With his seat in the meat
And his face in the fish
And his big hairy paws
In the buttery dish,
He's nibbling the noodles,
He's munching the rice,
He's slurping the soda,
He's licking the ice.
And he lets out a roar
If you open the door.
And it gives me a scare
To know he's in there—
That Polary Bear
In our Fridgitydaire.



“Sunday Morning Toast” by Arnold Adoff

From *Eats: Poems* (1979)

Illustrated by Susan Russo

in a bowl beat 2 eggs
with ½ cup milk
a pinch of salt
½ teaspoon vanilla

dip 4 pieces of white bread one at a time
into this mix and when the
bread

is soaked through
it is ready to go

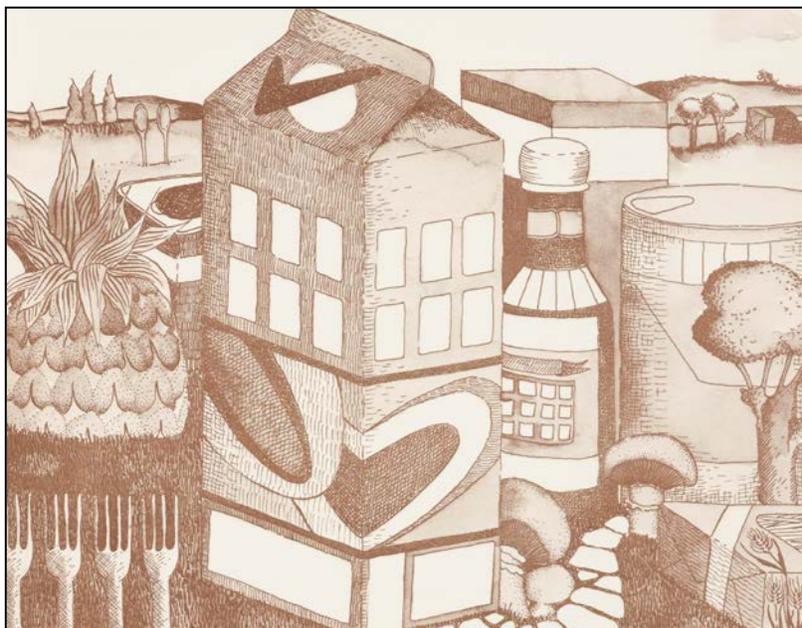
into

a hot and buttered skillet
or pan

then brown both sides until fluffy and done
and sprinkle with powdered sugar or drip
honey

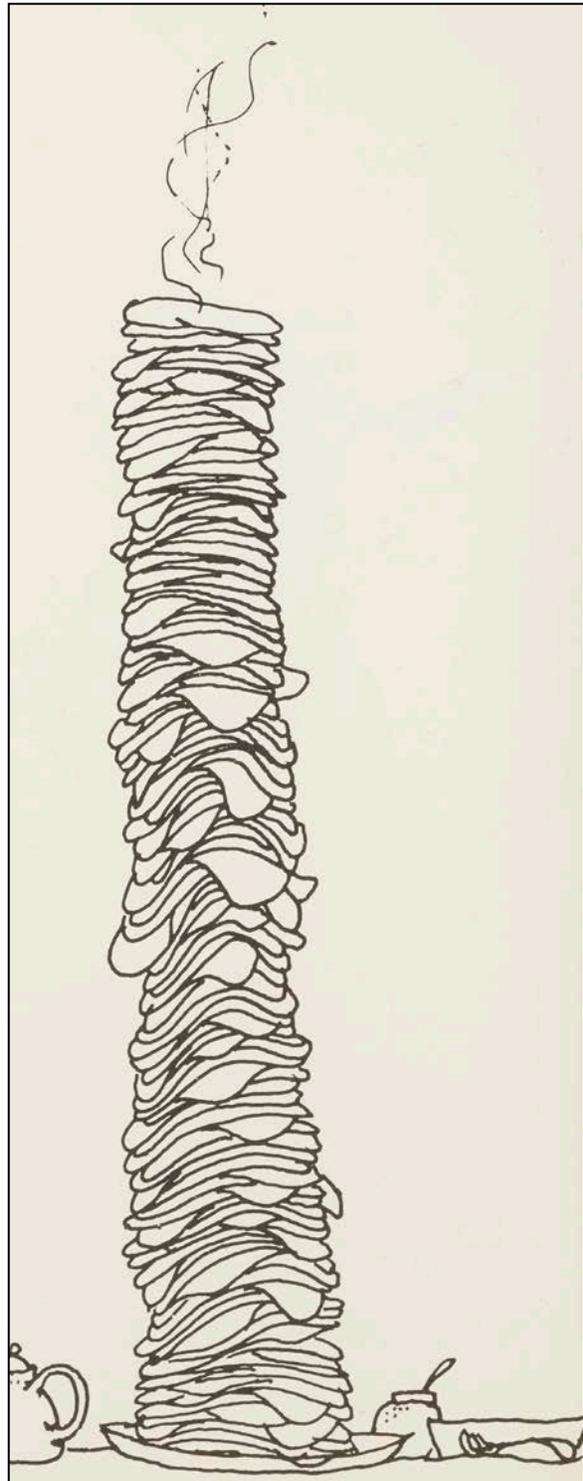
or maple syrup then eat

makes enough to fill one sister and one cook
and one sunday morning boast



"Pancake" by Shel Silverstein
From *Where the Sidewalk Ends* (1979)

Who wants a pancake,
Sweet and piping hot?
Good little Grace looks up and says,
"I'll take the one on top."
Who else wants a pancake,
Fresh off the griddle?
Terrible Theresa smiles and says,
"I'll take the one in the middle."



“A Matter of Taste” by Eve Merriam

From *How to Eat a Poem & Other Morsels* (1967)

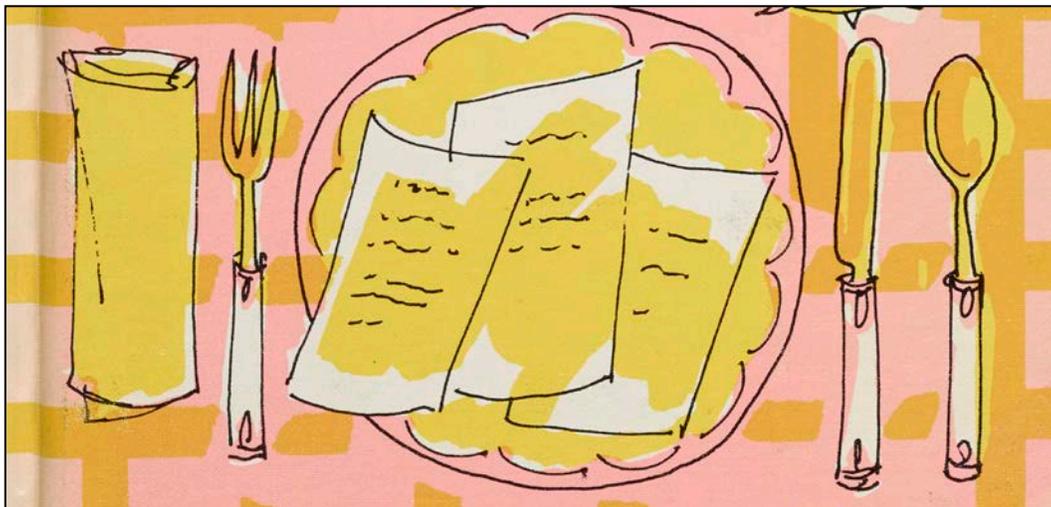
Selected by Rose H. Agree and Illustrated by Peggy Wilson

What does your tongue like the most?
Chewy meat or crunchy toast?

A lumpy bumpy pickle or tickly pop?
A soft marshmallow or a hard lime drop?

Hot pancakes or a sherbet freeze?
Celery noise or quiet cheese?

Or do you like pizza
More than any of these?

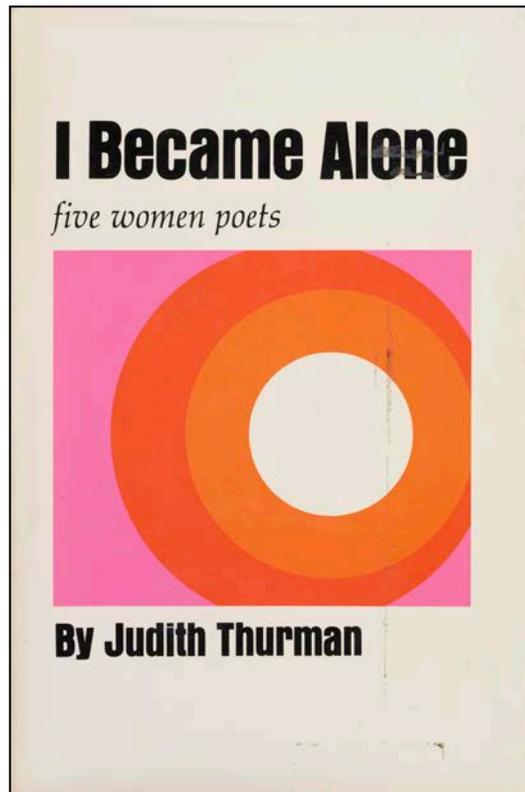


SOLITUDE

"I'm Nobody!" by Emily Dickinson
From *I Became Alone: Five Women Poets* (1975)
Selection by Judith Thurman

I'm Nobody! Who are you?
Are you—Nobody—Too?
Then there's a pair of us?
Don't tell! they'd advertise—you know!

How dreary—to be—Somebody!
How public—like a Frog—
To tell one's name—the livelong June—
To an admiring Bog!



Excerpt from "Solitude" by Lewis Carroll
From *Solitude: A Variorum Edition* (1982)

I LOVE the stillness of the wood,
I love the music of the rill,
I love to couch in pensive mood
Upon some silent hill.

Far off beneath yon arching trees,
The silver-crested ripples pass,
And, like a mimic brook, the breeze
Whispers among the grass.

Here from the world I win release;
Nor scorn of men, nor footstep rude,
Breaks in to mar the holy peace
Of this great solitude.

“My Shadow” by Robert Louis Stevenson

From *Poems: A Child’s Garden of Verses Underwoods, Ballads, Songs of Travel* (19--)

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 my head;
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing 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.

“Aloneness” by Gwendolyn Brooks
Broadside (1973) Illustrated by Leroy Foster

Aloneness is different from loneliness.
Loneliness means you want somebody.
Loneliness means you have not planned to stand
 somewhere with other people gone.
Loneliness never has a bright color.
Perhaps it is gray.
Loneliness does not have a lovely sound.
It has an under buzz
 Or it does not have a sound.
When it does not have a sound
 I like it least of all.

But aloneness is delicious.
 Sometimes aloneness is delicious.
Once in a while aloneness is delicious.
Almost like a red small apple that is cold.
An apple that is small and sweet and round and cold and for just you.

Or like loving a pond in summer.
There is the soft water,
 looking a little silver-dark, and kind.
You lean, most carefully,
 and you like the single picture there.
Rest is under your eyes
and above your eyes
and your brain stops its wrinkles
and is peaceful as a windless pond.

You make presents to yourself,
presents of clouds and sunshine,
and the dandelions that are there.
Aloneness is like that. Sometimes.

Sometimes I think it is not possible to be alone.

You are with you.

And pulse and nature keep you company.

The little minutes are there, building into hours:
the minutes that are the bricks of days and years.

I know another aloneness.

Within it there is someone.

Someone to ask and tell.

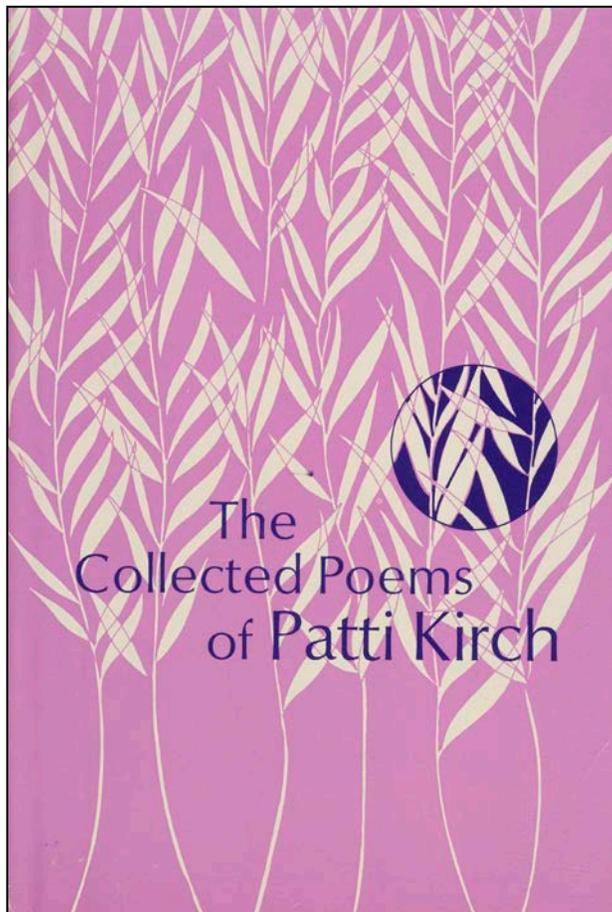
One who is Mary, Willie, John or James or Joan.

Whose other name is Love.



“My Moment” by Patti Kirch
From *The Collected Poems of Patti Kirch* (1968)

There is one moment that is wholly mine,
When I wake bright and early with the dew,
And watch the sunlight as it pinks the sky,
And watch the green and golden hue
Before my window in the softness of the summer sun.
This is the moment after day has begun,
The moment after the first cock’s loud crow,
The moment after the last star can choose to go,
The moment that is newest and will always shine,
The moment that is wholly mine.



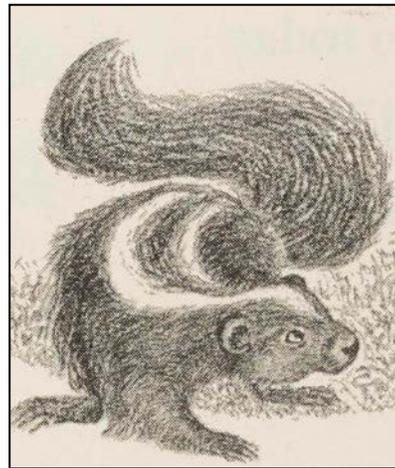
ANIMALS

"The Skunk" by Dorothy W. Baruch
From *I Would Like to be a Pony And Other Wishes*
Illustrated by Mary Chalmers

You'd better be
Nice to me.

If you're not
I will spit
Spat
Spout
And spray
All about

And you'll
Blink
And shrink
Screech
Scream
And shout
"Stunky
Skunk
Get out!



...But I won't...

"Dinosaur Air" by Claudia Lewis
From *Poems of Earth and Space* (1967)
Illustrated by Symeon Shimin

Far and high
The atoms fly
While the breezes blow
And the wind sweeps by.

Atoms the dinosaurs
Breathed long ago
Breath of kings
And of men I know,

Blown, blown,
Far over the sky
And around the world
As the wind sweeps by.

Breath of heroes
Aeons old,
Breath from the Aztec
Lands of gold,

Blown near and far,
Blown low and high,
Blown through time
In the ring of the sky.

Oh run with me
Through the captive air
Flowing around us
Everywhere ---

Run with me,
The wind is high,
And time's in the wind,
Sweeping by.



"The Tiger" by William Blake
From *William Blake & His Poetry* (1922)
Selected by Allardyce Nicoll M.A.

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And water'd heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

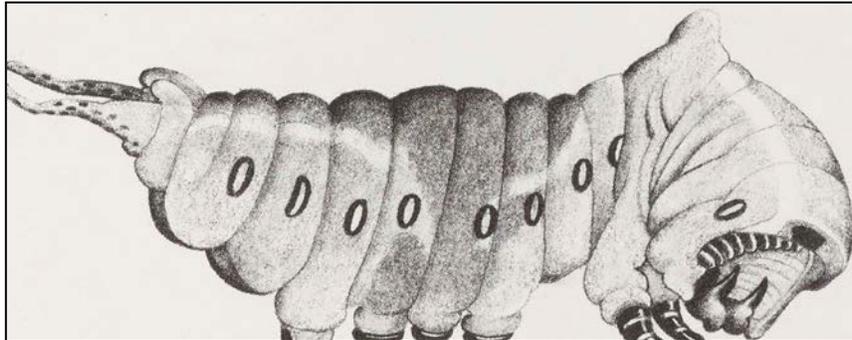
Tiger! Tiger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?



**“The Caterpillar” by Ogden Nash
From Zoo (1987)**

Illustrated by Etienne Delessert

I find among the poems of Schiller
No mention of the caterpillar,
Nor can I find one anywhere
In Petrarch or in Baudelaire,
So here I sit in extra session
To give my personal impression.
The caterpillar, as it's called,
Is often hairy, seldom bald;
It looks as if it never shaves;
When as it walks, it walks in waves;
And from the cradle to the chrysalis
It's utterly speechless, songless, whistleless.



**"Delightful Bird!" by Florida State University Libraries'
Poet-in-residence, Michael Rothenberg
From *Look at that Mountain!***

Once upon a mountain by a river in a tree
there lived a flittery bird

A fabulous, flittery bird
with an all-weather, feathery song

A flamboyantly flittery,
sweet singing twittery, feathery bird

A magical bird who sang and sang
throughout the day and all night long,

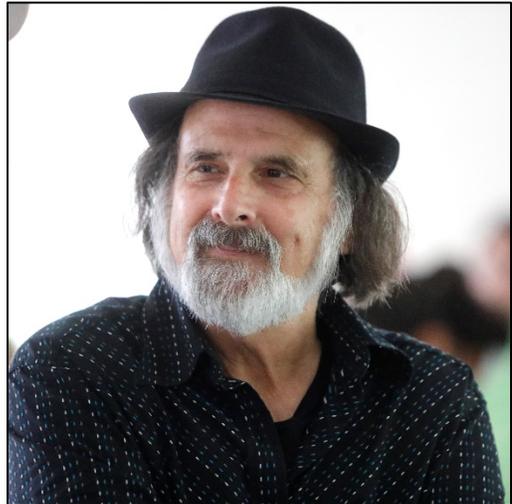
a melodiously fine, sweet floating kind
of divine birdsong

That bird never sang a note that was wrong!
That pink-feathered, blue-feathered,

green-feathered bird would sing and sing
and always be heard,

I hope you don't think that I am being absurd
but I wished I could be that always heard bird.

"Delightful Bird!"



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