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Anthology and Procedures in Poetry Presentation for Grades One and Two

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ANTHOLOGY

AND

PROCEDURES IN POETRY PRESENTATION

FOR

GRADES ONE AND TWO

by

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Poetry[1]

What is Poetry? Who knows?
Not the rose, but the scent of the rose;
Not the sky, but the light in the sky;
Not the fly, but the gleam of the fly;
Not the sea, but the sound of the sea;
Not myself, but what makes me
See, hear, and feel something that prose
Cannot: and what it is, who knows?

Eleanor Farjeon

1. Arbuthnot, May Hill, Children And Books, New York: Scott, Foresman and Co., 1947, p. 159.

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Chapter I

PHILOSOPHY OF POETRY

Introduction

The purposes of this paper are the compilation of a selected anthology of poems which might prove helpful to first and second grade teachers and the self-enlightenment of the writer concerning the values and recommended procedures in the presentation and use of poetry.

After considerable review of material in the field of primary poetry, the writer found that no one source contained a selected anthology based on the Temporary Guide For The Elementary School Curriculum for grades one and two in the State of Washington. There apparently had not been any attempt to classify poems into subject areas which would allow for easy correlation with the various units of study.

The writer attempted to find all the uses of poetry for grades one and two and directed the research toward discovering poems and methods of teaching which were best suited for younger children.

The procedures used in the writing of the paper consisted of using secondary sources. These sources included books, pamphlets and current magazines. Wide reading in the area was used as a basis for the development of a philosophy upon which to base the scope and selection of the anthology.

Values Of Poetry In The First And Second Grades

If the school is to provide an adequate literature program for the children, poetry will need to be included.[1] Poetry in all fields helps to stimulate the imagination, gives an emotional release and enriches the life of the listener.[2] Even nonsense verse has a place in the poetry program. It provides for release from tensions, relief from reason, provides good ear-training and often serves as a stepping stone to better poetry.[3]

The poet does not write verse to present factual material. The poet is trying to express a mood, a feeling and appreciation of the subject of the poem. A philosopher has said, "What can be explained is not poetry."[4]

Use With School Subjects

Many school subjects may be correlated with poetry. There are many predictable uses for suitable verse. If suitable verse cannot be found, do not use doggerel just because it fits into the subject field the class may be studying. In such a case, poetry may be used for contrast from the other studies and not in any special subject area.[5]

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1. Huber, Mariam, Story And Verse For Children. New York: The Macmillan Co., 1940, p. 10.
2. McGuire, Edna, "Poem Selection For Primary Grades," Elementary English Review 11: 263, (December 1934).
3. Arbuthnot, May Hill, Children And Books, New York: Scott, Foresman and Co., 1947, pp. 77-79.
4. Sandburg, Carl, Early Moon, New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co., 1939, p. 28.
5. Arbuthnot, May Hill, op. cit., pp. 172-173.

It is not necessary to have a definite time for poetry. Often times verse may be used to fill in the odd moments between activities in the room.[1]

Smith says, "The time for a poem about a robin hopping on the lawn is when the robin is seen hopping on the lawn, and not at fifteen minutes after three."[2]

Poetry may be used during the relaxation periods. A poem about a rabbit may lead to the activity of hopping around the room.[3]

Social Values Of Poetry

Poetry can contribute to the child's appreciation of the home and family by presenting everyday events in their true perspective, by emphasizing consideration for others, kindness toward animals and an attitude of tolerance toward accepting the society of other children. Patriotism is enhanced through a verse presentation. Due to the emotional attitudes regarding racial problems, poetry has been found to be more successful than any other media in presenting the racial problem in its true perspective.[4]

An illustration of the type of poem that might be used in

1. Strickland, Ruth, The Language Arts In The Elementary School, Boston: D.C. Heath and Co., 1951, pp. 299-300.
2. Green, Ivah, "The Time For Poetry," Elementary English Review 23: 154, (April 1946).
3. McCauley, Lucile, "Little Children Love Poetry," Elementary English 25: 355, (October 1948).
4. Agnes, Sister Mary, "Social Values In Children's Poetry," Elementary English Review 22: 133-138, (April 1945).

presenting a racial problem is the "Incident"[1] by Countee Cullen, a Negro himself.

Once riding in Old Baltimore,
Heart filled, head filled with glee,
I saw a Baltimorean
Staring straight at me.

Now I was eight and very small,
And he was no whit bigger
And so I smiled, but he
Stuck out his tongue and called me nigger.

I saw the whole of Baltimore
From May until November.
Of all the things that happened there--
That's all that I remember.

In primary social studies Storm[2] suggests that poems suitable for reading may be printed on charts for the children. Not all poems would be presented in this way. Children may wish to express themselves by writing creatively regarding their social studies units.

With younger children all poetry that is to be read by them, is read by the teacher first. Reading even simple poetry is often difficult for young children because of the form of poetry.

"Attitude song and poem are important adjuncts to the days teaching, for they illustrate and set patterns for individual and group behavior. They may be used also for morale purposes, as well as positive methods of self and class examination and discipline."[3]

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1. Thompson, Blanche, More Silver Pennies, New York: The Macmillan Co., 1938, p. 112.
2. Storm, Grace, The Social Studies In The Primary Grades, Chicago: Lyons and Carnahan, 1931, p. 177, 507.
3. Herman, Sema, "Verse And Song For Democratization," Elementary English 25: 340, (October 1948).

Language Improvement

The correlation of poetry and language under the old formal method of teaching had unfortunate results. It was considered that compulsory memorization would improve the children's language. It was believed that at some future date the children would understand the selection and the poetic words and phrases would be a part of his vocabulary. It was never proved that the results of teaching poetry in this way had any good outcome, but it was a convenient form of busywork. Often a school had a grade poet that was studied during the term. The children wrote sentences regarding the poet's life, the names of his poems and other "essential" information. Such language exercises were most unsuited for young children and only tended to make them dislike poetry.[1]

"A child's growth in language is in direct proportion to his opportunities to see and hear poetry, to see and hear correct English, and to practice good use of words and sentences."[2]

Dolch[3] suggests that poems or jingles of a few lines should be placed on the bulletin board. The teacher would read it to the children pointing to the line or words that are read. The children may "read" it also, though it will be from memory for the most part.

1. Brown, Dorothy and Marguerite Butterfield, The Teaching Of Language In The Primary Grades, New York: The Macmillan Co., 1941, p. 163.
2. McCauley, Lucile, "Little Children Love Poetry," Elementary English 25: 353, (October 1948).
3. Dolch, Edward, Teaching Primary Reading, Champaign: The Garrard Press, 1950, pp. 135-136.

The language benefits include: learning that sentences tell something, developing word-perception, developing some word recognition, gaining confidence because the child can "read", and contact with the fine phrases of the poet.

For recommended procedures in memorization, refer to Chapter III.

Creative Verse

Tucker[1] states that the greatest value of creative verse is that some children will express themselves in verse when they would not express themselves in prose.

Through creative verse children learn to appreciate free verse and rhyme, their ability to see word pictures and to hear the music of poetry is increased and their vocabulary is enriched.[2]

Examples of children's creative verse may be found in Roberts and Beckman's Children's Voices and Mountsier's Singing Youth. An example of the kind of poetry that children can write is the following poem by a seven year old girl:

The Bumblebee[3]

A black and yellow bumblebee
Flew over our bush of roses
And only stopped
To fall on his knees
To some fairies,
Who turned up their noses.
Patricia Egan

1. Tucker, Mabel, "Do Your Pupils Enjoy Poetry?" Elementary English 24: 39, (January 1947).
2. Cincinnati Public Schools, The Primary Manual, Cincinnati: Cincinnati Public Schools, 1942, p. 118.
3. Mountsier, Mabel, Singing Youth, New York: Harper and Brothers, 1927, p. 14.

Creative verse will be given further consideration in Chapter III.

Creative Dramatics

Young children take delight in dramatizing the gay Mother Goose jingles. Many are ideal for dramatization and can be given with a minimum of dialogue. A number of modern poets have verse that is also suitable.[1] The procedure for developing creative dramatics through a poem or jingle will be discussed in Chapter III.

Speech Improvement

One of the best ways to study voice and diction is through verse speaking. Some people are such firm believers in the values of verse speaking and speech improvement that they see no need for other voice and diction work for the average child if they do much verse speaking.[2]

Choral Speaking For Speech Improvement[3] contains many poems which could be used with young children. The author believes that speech in the elementary school could be improved if more teachers were trained to teach choral speaking.

In Speech Drills For Children In Form Of Play[4] a list of rhymes and poems containing certain sounds to be used in speech exercises

1. Ward, Winifred, Playmaking With Children, New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts, Inc., 1947, pp. 60-61.
2. Ibid., p. 236.
3. Rasmussen, Carrie, Choral Speaking For Speech Improvement, Boston: Expression Co., 1939, p. 12.
4. Livingston, Ida and Sarah Barrows, Speech Drills For Children In Form Of Play, Boston: Expression Co., 1929, pp. 20-21, 72-77.

is given. An example cited was the use of the "Frog's Chorus" from Mother Goose. The teacher reads the poem while the children listen. The teacher rereads the poem and the children say the frog's part, "yaup, yaup, yaup." This rhyme would be used as an exercise for the lower jaw. Other activities in the form of play are included.

The teacher needs to keep in mind the fact that poetry is primarily taught for appreciation and that speech learnings are incidental.[1]

Verse speaking will be discussed more completely in Chapter III.

Reading Readiness

Children are motivated toward beginning reading by hearing stories and poems and seeing attractive books.[2]

Auditory training is one of the first steps in developing readiness for word recognition. During the auditory training the children see no words, but are good listeners. The poem that is chosen for presentation should contain rhyming words that are very evident. Through the use of poetry, the teacher can more easily establish what is meant by rhyming words. Once the children understand this, rhyming words at the end of alternate lines are not so difficult to hear.[3]

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1. Hebeler, Amanda, Fanchon Yeager, Mary Simpson and Barbara Kohler, Reading Readiness, Olympia: The State Department Of Education, 1938, p. 38.
2. Ibid., p. 44.
3. Harrison, Lucile, "Developing Readiness For Word Recognition," Elementary English Review 23: 122-131, (March 1946).

There are many ways in which vicarious experiences may be obtained during the reading readiness period. One way is by means of poetry.[1]

Music

"Poetry is music--the music of our language."[2] Often the enjoyment of poetry is increased when it is sung. Nursery rhymes and ballads lend themselves to singing. The children may be taught to sing a rhyme or ballad after it has been considered as literature. The song is taught only for its recreational value. If the poem to be sung is unfamiliar, the procedure in presenting it is the same as introducing a new poem. Dramatizing the action in a poem during the singing may be meaningful.[3]

There is a similarity in the meter and often in the form of music and poetry. This relationship may also be found in the mood and emotional content. In the elementary grades the correlation between the mood and the poem is the easiest to make. The presentation would consist of listening to the music, reading the poem, and playing the music again.[1] Many poems which appeal to primary children have been set to music.

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1. Harrison, Lucile, Reading Readiness, Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1936, p. 34.
2. Tucker, Mabel, "Do Your Pupils Enjoy Poetry?" Elementary English, 24: 34, (January 1947).
3. McKee, Paul, Reading And Literature In The Elementary School, Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1934, pp. 556-558.
4. Hood, Marguerite, Glenn Gildersleeve and Helen Leavitt, Music Procedures For Consolidated And Rural Schools, Boston: Ginn And Co., 1937, pp. 47-51.

Art

Brown and Butterfield[1] suggest that art and poetry may be correlated by having the children illustrate the poems they have heard.

Todd and Gale[2] describe a unit of work in the second grade in which the children wrote original poems and illustrated their own poems. Holidays are occasions for creative poetry and creative art work.

Poetry can provide vicarious experiences that may serve as a stimulus for an art project. It may be the inspiration for a drawing. "This world is only observable through the mind's eye."[3]

Dancing

Dancing to poetry is a method of creating new interest in poetry. It also solves the problem of rhythm training for a school without a piano or record player.[4]

"They find great delight in verse that describes physical action. Such verse, in a rhythm that is in itself descriptive of the action, invites them to dance and skip and devise bodily movements which dramatize the rhythm."[5]

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1. Brown, Dorothy and Marguerite Butterfield, op. cit., pp. 199-200.
2. Todd, Jessie and Ann Gale, Enjoyment And Use Of Art In The Elementary School, Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1933, pp. 113-114.
3. D'Amico, Victor, Creative Teaching In Art, Scranton: International Textbook Co., 1942, pp. 13-14.
4. Haight, Edith, "Dancing To Poetry," Elementary English Review 8: 220, (November 1931).
5. Huber, Mariam, Story And Verse For Children, New York: The Macmillan Co., 1940, p. 70.

Haight's[1] procedure consists of four steps. First, the children work as a group in performing the fundamental rhythms of running and walking. Second, the children are taught the variations of these fundamental rhythms. Third, the children should learn new rhythmic activities. And fourth, the children should be taught the combinations of rhythmic activities.

Poems that lend themselves to dancing are: Vachel Lindsay's "The Potatoes' Dance"[2] and Lewis Carroll's "The Lobster Quadrille."[3]

Appreciation

In every nation poetic literature has preceded prose. The earliest literature for the individual is also poetic. Mother Goose rhymes are often the first literature to which a child is exposed.[4] Terman believes that the Mother Goose rhymes are the basis of developing an appreciation of poetry.[5]

The pre-school years are the best time to introduce verse. The best place to present it in these early years is in the child's own home.[6]

Poetry is more difficult for children to understand than prose

1. Haight, Edith, op. cit., p. 221.
2. Hollowell, Lillian, A Book Of Children's Literature, New York: Rinehart and Co, Inc., 1950, p. 579.
3. Ibid., p. 576.
4. Agnes, Sister Mary, "Social Values In Children's Poetry," Elementary English Review, 22: 133, (April 1945).
5. Terman, Lewis and Margaret Lima, Children's Reading, New York: Appleton and Co., 1926, p. 139.
6. Ryan, Calvin, "Poetry Can Be Fun," Elementary English, 27: 457, (November 1940).

because the order of words is often changed so that the rhythm and rhyme is better. The teaching of poetry is similar to other fields of learning. One begins with the less complicated and works toward a more mature stage of development.[1]

"Poetry is an art and must be approached as such." The range of poetry is so wide that verse should be found for every level of "emotional and intellectual maturity."[2] "Poetry should be served on the cafeteria plan of something for everybody, and a plenty of it."[3]

The lesser poetry appeals to more because it is like a familiar friend. "It furnishes mental relaxation, not mental creation."[4]

Arbuthnot expresses the following view regarding the child's appreciation of poetry:

> Good taste in any field--music, interior decoration, clothes, poetry--is a matter of experience. As a person becomes familiar with the best in one field, he gains discrimination there, while in another field in which his experience is limited he may show very poor taste. So we should be patient with children's enjoyment of poor poetry. Their taste will improve if they are given experience with good poetry. This means that we ourselves must know the best in all types of verse. We must also be able to recognize the elements which are common to all fine verse--and which if absent leave only doggerel, not worth our time or the children's.

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1. Tucker, Mabel, "Do Your Pupils Enjoy Poetry?" Elementary English, 24: 33-37, (January 1947).
2. Kangley, Lucy, "An Approach To Poetry Appreciation," Elementary English Review, 13: 206, 240, (October 1936).
3. Ryan, Calvin, "A Plea For The Poets," Elementary English, 25: 218, (April 1948).
4. Johnson, Edna and Carrie Scott, Anthology of Children's Literature, Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1935, p. 749.
5. Arbuthnot, May Hill, op. cit., p. 159.

The appreciation and enjoyment of poetry is the aim of poetry teaching in the elementary grades. This appreciation and enjoyment may be best achieved by having the children listen to poetry. Being required to read poetry is not a pleasant and satisfying experience for the majority of children. This practice tends to build bad reading habits and decreases interest in verse.[1]

In the primary grades the dramatization of poetry may help to develop appreciation.[2] Other devices include the posting of poems, a poetry corner of the children's poetry and the broadcasting of verse through a loud speaker or microphone.[3] These are only a few of the ways in which poetry may be presented. Not all poetry can be used in the same way. Each poem and individual situation should determine the method that will be utilized. "Appreciation must be planned for, it will not merely happen."[4]

Review Of Related Material

The review of related material is included to show that studies have indicated that poetry is liked and does appeal to younger children.

It is often stated as a fact that children do not like poetry.

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1. Strickland, Ruth, The Language Arts In The Elementary School, Boston: D. C. Heath and Co., 1951, p. 301.
2. Kangley, Lucy, op. cit., pp. 207-208.
3. Tucker, Mabel, op. cit., p. 37.
4. Kangley, Lucy, op. cit., p. 240.

Jacobs[1] places the blame directly upon the schools of our nation. Jacobs states that the child's interest in poetry is waning due to "mass memorization", "verse vivisection", and "poetic preachment".

In contrast to Jacobs' view, Moore[2] implies that such a view is not justified by any investigations which have been made. Under particular school procedures groups of children may not like poetry as well as certain selections in prose. These, however, cannot be measured quantitatively by any means yet devised due to the subtle nature of aesthetic appreciation.

There are two possible investigations that would be interesting to make. The first would be to find from a large group of adults the first line of poetry that they recalled. The second would be to find out from boys and girls the poems that they liked best. The second question could never be answered because children become reluctant to admit their liking for poetry as they grow older.[3]

Four methods are usually employed to determine the child's interest in poetry. They are: (1) a questionnaire is given to the child, (2) a questionnaire is given to adults regarding their childhood reading, (3) a study of library withdrawals is made and

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1. Jacobs, Leland, "Poetry For Children," Elementary English, 27: 155, (March 1950).
2. Moore, Annie, Literature Old And New For Children, Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1934, p. 257.
3. Eaton, Anne, Reading With Children, New York: The Viking Press, 1940, pp. 119-120.

(4) observation and direct experiment. The fourth approach is probably the best method to determine the child's interest in poetry.[1]

Huber, Bruner and Curry[2] did extensive work to determine the poems most liked by children in grades one to nine. Twelve school systems totaling 50,000 children were used. One set of 100 poems was selected for each grade level by teachers of poetry and by analysis of thirty courses of study. The set of 100 poems was to be used by the particular grade for which it was intended as well as the two succeeding grades and the two preceding grades. The teachers were given plans for carrying on the work and each child was to come in contact with sixty of the 100 poems.

Five poems were presented at a time and the children were to name the poem liked best and the poem liked least. After fifteen poems were given, the children were asked to list the five they liked best. When thirty poems had been considered, the children chose the five they liked best and the five they liked least. Later they were asked to list the ten best liked poems and the ten least liked poems among the total of sixty poems.

The criticisms of this study are that (1) it did not include many poems which might interest elementary children, (2) the methods of presentation were not controlled and (3) the method of voting did

1. Mackintosh, Helen, "Recent Data On Children's Interests In Poetry," Elementary English Review, 8: 18, (January 1931).
2. McKee, Paul, Reading And Literature In The Elementary School, Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1934, pp. 490-492.

not determine the interest-value of all poems, only the greatest and least interest was discovered.

In a study by King[1] 4800 pupils in ten cities in grades one to seven were questioned as to the two poems they had heard or read that they liked best. Two days later the children listed their two favorite poems with a reason for their choice. The 100 poems of greatest appeal were compiled in a list by King.

The purposes of Coast's[2] study of children's choices in poetry were to find how the teachers' choices affected the children's choice and to find the poems that held the most appeal for children. The teachers in grades one to five in an elementary school were asked to emphasize poetry for one week. At the end of this period, the children were asked to list their ten favorite poems. The teachers were also asked to list their ten favorite poems. There was a high correlation between the teachers' favorite poems and those the children listed as their favorites. The results seem to indicate that teachers should teach the really good poems because their influence is so strong in determining the children's choices.

Eckert[3] worked on a study to discover the poems which interested primary children. Fifteen poems were used. The poems were divided

1. Ibid., pp. 494-495.
2. Ibid., pp. 495.
3. Ibid., p. 496.

into three groups. Each set of five poems was read together and the children indicated the poems they liked best. The results showed the eleven most popular poems and their appropriate grade level. Poems found in non-reader sources were enjoyed more than poems found in the readers.

In 1937 Sawyer[1] published the results of children's choice in poetry in grade one. Her conclusions showed that first graders did like poetry. The number of children participating in the study totaled 120 and may be too small a sampling to be accurate. Sixty poems were used and 50 per cent of the children liked every poem that was used. The poems she used were judged to be good for primary children by poetry experts.

McCauley[2] surveyed the interests of first graders in poetry in Minneapolis. Seven schools were used in this study. The poems were grouped under five headings, with ten poems under each of the five headings. There was no particular method or approach used in the presentation of the fifty poems.

A partial list of the results of the experiment revealed several interesting facts. There appeared to be no best way to teach a poem. The method arose out of the situation. In most cases, the more frequently a child heard a poem the better it was liked. The poem

1. Bradshaw, Ruth, "Children's Choice In Poetry In The First Grade," Elementary English Review, 14: 168-176, (May 1937).
2. McCauley, Lucile, "Children's Interests In Poetry," Elementary English, 25: 426-441, (November 1948).

that was chosen as the child's favorite did not always remain in that position. Their choices were not static, but changed often. Poetry seemed to have a grade (or grades) placement. If a child could recall a poem from memory, it was usually a favorite.

Most writers agree that measuring poetic likes and dislikes is very difficult if it is at all possible. The results of the many studies need to be weighed critically before any conclusions are drawn regarding their validity.

"From scientific investigation the spirit of poetry is worlds away and is far too elusive to be caught by tabulations and statistics. The only way we can increase our real knowledge of children and poetry is through companionship and understanding, a sharing of favorite poems between one poetry lover and another."[1]

Children possess five bents that incline them toward poetry. Moore[2] lists the following five bents:

1. They are responsive to rhythm as shown by the way they are swayed by every measured movement. Metrical verse stimulated this pleasurable response almost as much as music did.

2. They delight in the sounds of words and in all kinds of striking language effects. Such effects are the very essence of all kinds of poetry.

3. Their keen and alert senses are every busy building up conceptions of a tangible world. Poetry recognizes and appeals to the senses beyond any other kind of literature. It is full of childlike sensory images.

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1. Eaton, Anne, op. cit., p. 121.
2. Moore, Annie, op. cit., pp. 258-259.

4. The fresh and active imagination of children enables them to see beauty, and to feel wonder and delight, in experiences which are regarded as commonplace by most of their elders. Poetry offers idealized, imaginatively reconstructed experience much of which is harmonious with the naive responses of the immature.

5. Children are eager participants in nature experience and they exhibit very early a keen interest in living things. Nature in its various forms is the subject of much simple, beautiful poetry.

Conkling[1] thinks that poetry belongs to children. "Their minds are full of imagery; they invent names for things as soon as they can talk at all, revealing names which evoke the inhabiting spirit of the objective world. They are naturally rhythmic."

Children do not necessarily need to understand everything that is in a poem as long as they understand enough to justify its use. It is the "growing content of a poem that makes its possession in memory such a treasure." A child's sight vocabulary is smaller than his hearing vocabulary.[2]

Barnes[3] remarks that children need more inspiring and invigorating verse. "It is good for a child to stand on tiptoe now and then."

Children can't help loving poetry for poetry is based on music

1. Hartman, Juliet, "The Place Of Poetry In Children's Literature," Elementary English Review 9: 17-19, (January 1932).
2. Curry Charles Madison and Erle Elsworth Clippinger, Children's Literature, New York: Rand McNally and Co., 1921, p. 370.
3. Barnes, Walter, The Children's Poet, Yonkers: World Book Co., 1932, p. 8.

and rhythm. Music and rhythm are the basis of the child's existence. Children sing before they talk. They cannot help responding to rhythm. Every child likes poetry until some adult kills it for him.[1]

A plea for poetry in the primary and elementary grades is not a fad. Children will enjoy and derive profit from their poetry experiences. "What is sung into the consciousness of a child is not apt to be lost. What he acquires through his intellect, he may forget, or may never have the inclination to use."[2]

The results of the various studies seem to indicate that the vast majority of children do enjoy poetry. The problem remains to select poems that will appeal to first and second graders. The choice of suitable poetry is made easier if one understands the underlying principles regarding its selection.

1. Ryan, Calvin, "A Plea For The Poets," Elementary English, 25: 217, (April 1948).
2. Ibid., p. 231.

Chapter II

SELECTED ANTHOLOGY

This chapter attempts to give factors necessary for poetry selection and a selected anthology for use with first and second graders.

Guides In Poetry Selection

Finding the poetry that is best suited for the various age groups is an unsolved problem.[1] Teachers can determine the poetic likes and dislikes of the children by giving them a wealth of various kinds of poetry and noting their reactions. After the level of their poetic taste is discovered, teacher may more intelligently develop a poetry program that will meet the needs of the children.

There are many factors to be considered in the selection of poetry. Writers vary on their wording, but basically their ideas are the same.

Moore[2] states that rhythm and meter are the factors that make the strongest appeal to children. Pleasing language effects is next in importance. Children enjoy alliteration, a succession of identical

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1. McGuire, Edna, "Poem Selection For Primary Grades," Elementary English Review, 11: 267, (December 1934).
2. Moore, Annie, Literature Old And New For Children, Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1934, pp. 259-275.

initial sounds, such as "Peter, Peter, pumpkin-eater." They like single words of striking sound and amusing names. Onomatopoeia, a word that imitates the natural sound as the hissing of the kettle and the crackle of the fire, is enjoyed by children. Eleanor Farjeon's "The Sounds In The Morning"[1] is an illustration of a poem having onomatopoeia. A third factor is sensory images. These images are received through sight, touch, taste and smell. "Poetry is full of beautiful, clear, and simple imagery which is often quite childlike in quality." An example of a poem possessing sensory images is "General Store"[2] by Rachel Field. Another factor to be considered is imagination. Commonplace objects are given an added significance through figures of speech. Most children are familiar with "dandelion gold", weeping willows and bleeding-hearts. If children have had the necessary experience, the meaning of poetic language is not difficult. The last factor deals with the subject matter of poetry. Children are always interested in subject matter that deals with toys, play, school, fairies and pets. Regardless of the subject, the poem should be "short, objective, melodious and not heavily weighted with mature emotion or philosophy."

Hollowell[3] considers four factors to be important in children's

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1. Association For Childhood Education, Literature Committee, Sung Under The Silver Umbrella, New York: The Macmillan Co., 1935, p. 22.
2. Ibid., p. 53.
3. Hollowell, Lillian, A Book Of Children's Literature, New York: Scott, Foresman and Co., 1947, pp. 159-161.

poetry. These are: subject matter, rhythm and sound effects, imagery and the poet's attitude. Children prefer rhythm with a regular beat rather than free verse. Children should be exposed to both forms to develop a true appreciation. Not all poets are genuine children's poets. A true children's poet writes from the child's point of view and not as an adult as in Longfellow's "A Psalm Of Life."[1] Neither does the poet write as an adult recalling days gone by as has Whittier in "The Barefoot Boy."[2]

In considering the elements of good poetry, Arbuthnot[3] states that three things are important. A good poem will have a singing quality. Children enjoy lively poems. Very little free verse and no blank verse is used. A good poem will contain "words that stir the imagination, that speak to the senses, that provoke sudden laughter, that move you deeply and strongly, although you cannot always say why--such words are part of the secret of good poetry." A good poem deals with subjects or ideas that appeal to the emotions and intellect.

Jacobs[4] considers four things in choosing poetry for children. The poetry must have movement, must present every day experiences in a new light, must tell a wonderful story and must bring laughter.

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1. Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth, Favorite Poems Of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Garden City: Doubleday and Co., Inc., 1947, pp. 302-303.
2. Johnson, Edna, Carrie Scott and Evelyn Sickels, Anthology Of Children's Literature, Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1948, pp. 886-887.
3. Arbuthnot, May Hill, Children And Books, New York: Scott, Foresman and Co., 1947, pp. 159-161.
4. Jacobs, Leland, "Poetry for Children," Elementary English, 27: 155-156, (March 1950).

The Primary Manual[1] of the Cincinnati Public Schools has three criteria for judging poetry. "Is the poem related to a mood, a situation, or an experience? Is there variety of appeal (rhyme, rhythm, action, imagery)? Is the poem simple and well within the child's understanding?"

In the lower grades Mother Goose is always popular. The reasons for the continued popularity are: quaintness, humor, appeal to the children's imaginations, rhythm and jingle and familiar subject matter.[2]

"A favorite poem is not necessarily great; it may speak with an intimacy that is altogether disarming."[3]

Anthology

In presenting the following anthology the writer has attempted to include poetry that would correlate with the units usually studied in grades one and two. The poems are classed in four divisions: social studies, nature, language aids and special days. The social studies poems are subdivided into poems about the home, the family, community helpers and transportation. The nature poems are subdivided into poems about animals, plants, the weather and the seasons.

1. Cincinnati Public Schools, The Primary Manual, Cincinnati: Cincinnati Public Schools, 1942, p. 125.
2. Hollowell, Lillian., op. cit., pp. 499-500.
3. Johnson, Edna and Carrie Scott, Anthology Of Children's Literature, Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1935, p. 748.

The language aids are subdivided into two parts: poems suitable for creative dramatics and poems suitable for verse speaking. The poems about special days deal with the holidays and special days that are usually considered in grades one and two. The anthology is not complete and each teacher will need to add her own favorite selections.

Poetry Related To Social Studies

The poems related to social studies are divided into the following classifications:

1. The Home
2. The Family
3. Community Helpers
4. Transportation

Our House[1]

Our house is small—
The lawn and all
Can scarcely hold the flowers:
Yet every bit
The whole of it,
Is precious, for it's ours!

From door to door,
From roof to floor,
From wall to wall we love it;
We wouldn't change
For something strange
One shabby corner of it!

The space complete
In cubic feet
From cellar floor to rafter
Just measures right,
And not too tight,
For us, and friends, and laughter.

Dorothy Brown Thompson

The Unfinished House[2]

Rooms without their doors in,
Stairs we cannot climb—
We like a house not finished yet.
We go there all the time.

Planing, sawing, hammering,
All make a cheerful sound.
Every time a nail is hit
An echo goes around.

But who is going to live here?
That's what we think about:
Will there be children's faces at
The window looking out?

Dorothy Aldis

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1. Brewton, Sara and John Brewton, Bridled With Rainbows, New York: The Macmillan Co., 1949, p. 156.
2. Aldis, Dorothy, Before Things Happen, New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1939, p. 83.

The Shiny Little House[1]

I wish, how I wish, that I had a little house.
With a mat for the cat and a hole for a mouse.
And a clock going "tock" in a corner of the room
And a kettle, and a cupboard, and a big birch broom.

To school in the morning the children off would run,
And I'd give them a kiss and a penny and a bun.
But directly they had gone from this little house of mine,
I'd clasp my hands and snatch a cloth, and shine, shine, shine.

I'd shine all the knives, all the windows and the floors,
All the grates, all the plates, all the handles on the doors,
Every fork, every spoon, every lid, and every tin,
Till everything was shining like a new bright pin.

At night, by the fire, when the children were in bed,
I'd sit and I'd knit, with a cap upon my head,
And the kettles, and the saucepans they would shine, shine,
shine,
In this tweeny little, cosy little house of mine!

Nancy Hayes

Apartment Houses[2]

Apartment houses on our street
Stand side by side.
Some of them are narrow,
Some are wide.

Some of them are low,
Some are high;
Some of them have towers
That reach into the sky.

All of them have windows,
Oh, so many!
There is not one house
That doesn't have any.

James S. Tippett

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1. Association For Childhood Education, Literature Committee, Sung Under The Silver Umbrella, New York: The Macmillan Co., 1935, p. 29.
2. Tippett, James S., I Live In A City, New York: Harper and Brothers, 1927, pp. 4-5.

Cooking[1]

I know that fires
Are made with wood,
Or coal, or oil;

But mother uses gas
When she has
Vegetables to boil.

She turns
A little handle
And strikes a light.

I watch the gas flame
Burn so blue
And hot and bright.

James S. Tippett

Kitchen Song[2]

On the black kind knees of the woodstove sits the tea-
kettle, purring like a cat.
Sometimes the cook separates them for a minute and
neither one of them cares for that.

The stove grumbles to itself, the kettle hisses, for a
little while the whole kitchen is ill at ease,
Then all is well again, and the stove sits contented
with the kettle purring once more on its black knees.

Elizabeth Coatsworth

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1. Tippett, James S., I Live In A City, New York: Harper and Brothers, 1927, p.41.
2. Coatsworth, Elizabeth, Summer Green, New York: The Macmillan Co., 1948, p. 81.

Ironing[1]

The smell of ironing being done
Is very pleasant to the nose--
It's not like flowers in the sun
Or new baked cookies laid in rows,
But just as fresh and warm a whiff
Rises on any ironing day
From little dresses, starched and stiff,
Waiting to go out and play.

Dorothy Aldis

Quaint Old Kitchen Clock[2]

Hanging from the kitchen wall
Hangs a quaint old clock,
And at evening when all is still
You hear it go, "tick-tock."
The clock is made of oak-wood
And the face is very round.
When the pendulum moves to and fro
It makes a mysterious sound.
The thick hands and thick numbers
Are made of oak-wood, too.
About seventy-five years ago
This clock was, oh, quite new.
It's been standing in the kitchen
For years and years
Yet never does its tick-tock
Grow unpleasant to our ears.

Lois Lochman

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1. Aldis, Dorothy, Before Things Happen, New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1939, p. 25.
2. Roberts, Bertha and Aneta Beckman, Children's Voices, New York: Silver Burdett Co., 1939, p. 75.

The Cupboard[1]

I know a little cupboard
With a teeny tiny key,
And there's a jar of Lollypops
   For me, me, me.

It has a little shelf, my dear,
As dark as dark can be,
And there's a dish of Banbury Cakes
   For me, me, me.

I have a small fat grandmamma,
With a very slippery knee,
And she's Keeper of the Cupboard,
   With the key, key, key.

And when I'm very good, my dear,
As good as good can be,
There's Banbury Cakes, and Lollypops
   For me, me, me.

Walter De La Mare

Kitchen Tunes[2]

Our kitchen is a noisy place.
  It's full of merry sound.
The pans make music on the stove
  When mother is around.

The carrots stew with "Burble! Bup."
  The meat fries, "Crackle! Pop!"
The oven creaks while cooling off.
  The corn bread sighs on top.

Sometimes my mom stirs up a cake
  And beats time with the spoon,
And then the kettle whistles loud
  To keep them all in tune.

Ida Pardue

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1. De La Mare, Walter, Peacock Pie, New York: Henry Holt and Co., 1936, p. 24.
2. McFarland, Wilma, For A Child; Great Poems Old And New, Westminster Press, 1947, p. 16.

The Quarrel[1]

I quarreled with my brother,
I don't know what about
One thing led to another
And somehow we fell out.
The start of it was slight,
The end of it was strong,
He said he was right,
I knew he was wrong!

We hated one another,
The afternoon turned black.
Then suddenly my brother
Thumped me on the back,
And said, "Oh, come along!
We can't go on all night--
I was in the wrong."
So he was in the right.

Eleanor Farjeon

Margaret[2]

I have a baby sister
Who rolls around the floor
And when I tell her not to roll,
She just rolls some more.

She rolls to east, she rolls to west,
She rolls to north and south.
She chuckles as she rolls around,
Her wee fist in her mouth.

Roly-poly Margaret,
Rolling on the floor--
Till she gets tired, tuckered out
And can't roll any more.

Tom Robinson

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1. Farjeon, Eleanor, Over The Garden Wall, New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co., 1933, p. 15.
2. Robinson, Tom, In And Out, New York: The Viking Press, Inc., 1943, p. 132.

Smells (Junior)[1]

My Daddy smells like tobacco and books,
Mother, like lavender and listerine;
Uncle John carries a whiff of cigars,
Nannie smells starchy and soapy and clean.

Shandy, my dog, has a smell of his own
(When he's been out in the rain he smells most);
But Katie, the cook, is more splendid than all—
She smells exactly like hot buttered toast!

Christopher Morley

Little Brother's Secret[2]

When my birthday was coming
Little Brother had a secret.
He kept it for days and days
And just hummed a little tune when I asked him.
But one night it rained,
And I woke up and heard him crying;
Then he told me.
"I planted two lumps of sugar in your garden
Because you love it so frightfully.
I thought there would be a whole sugar
  tree for your birthday.
And now it will be all melted."
Oh, the darling!

Katherine Mansfield

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1. Doane, Pelagie, A Small Child's Book Of Verse, New York: Oxford University Press, 1948, p. 11.
2. Ibid., p. 11.

What Happened[1]

I caught a fish and I
Gave it to my father.
He took it and he cooked it
And he said he'd rather
Eat my fish
Than any other fishes,
And when he had tasted it
He said: "That was delicious."
And there wasn't ANY left
On either of our dishes.

Dorothy Aldis

A Wonderful Man[2]

My father carries a pearl-handled knife
With three steel blades that are big as life.
One is longest, and one is littler,
And the shortest one is the sharpest whittler.

My father whittles out whistles from sticks,
And he uses his knife when there're things to fix,
And he whittles me darts and arrows and bows
And boats, and other such things as those.

And sometimes he says, "Would you like to use
My knife to whittle whatever you choose?"
So I whittle something as well as I can—
Say, but my father's a wonderful man!

Aileen Fisher

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1. Aldis, Dorothy, Everything And Anything, New York: Minton, Balch and Co., 1927, p. 29.
2. McFarland, Wilma, op. cit., p. 14.

Father's Birthday Cake[1]

When Father's birthday comes around
We bake the biggest cake!
We sift and whip and sweeten it;
Such trouble as we take!

For Mother says he works all day
To buy us everything!
So when we make his birthday cake,
Of course we laugh and sing.

Bobby beats and beats the eggs
And Margy sifts the flour,
Bess and I chop raisins up,
And bake it for an hour.

Then when at last the cake is done,
We ice it all about,
And light a candle for each child,
To let our love shine out!

Ada Lorraine Jex

Celebrating Dad[2]

Early in the morning
I hear secrets in the air--
Words like "shirts" and "socks" and "ties"
Are whispered everywhere.

In the sunny kitchen
Mother's baking cake,
Fluffing up white frosting
All for someone's sake.

Hear the children laughing!
Even the dog looks glad!
What a pleasant day is this--
"Happy birthday, Dad!"

Henrietta Ensign

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1. Hubbard, Alice and Adeline Babbitt, The Golden Flute, Eau Claire, Wisconsin: E. M. Hale and Co., 1932, p. 117.
2. McFarland, Wilma, op. cit., p. 73.

The Critic[1]

Sometimes when it is bedtime,
My mother comes to me,
She takes me from my warm bed,
And sits me on her knee.

And it is very pleasant
To hear her golden voice,
Reading bedtime stories
According to my choice.

And when she reads me poems,
The kind that I like best—
The music of them lulls me
Quite gently to my rest.

Now, often when I'm wakeful
I count a million sheep—
But poems are far, far better
For putting boys to sleep!

John Farrar

1. Brewton, John, Gaily We Parade, New York: The Macmillan Co., 1940, p. 36.

Neighborly[1]

My Mother sends our neighbors things
On fancy little plates.
One day she sent them custard pie
And they sent back stuffed dates.

And once she sent them angel food
And they returned ice cream;
Another time for purple plums
They gave us devil's dream.

She always keeps enough for us
No matter what she sends.
Our goodies seem much better
When we share them with our friends.

And even if they didn't, why,
It's surely lots of fun,
'Cause that way we get two desserts
Instead of only one!

Violet Alleyn Storey

She Would[2]

A kite and a string
Is the sort of a thing
That I'd like to be if I could.
I'd sail everywhere
In the bonnie blue air,
And hunt up the man-in-the-moon,
I would!

Of course in the sky
I might sail very high!
But I wouldn't care if I should!
For always I'd know
That wherever I'd go,
My mother'd hold on to the string,
She would!

Dixie Willson

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1. Ibid., p. 54.
2. Hubbard, Alice and Adeline Babbitt, op. cit., p. 123.

Away[1]

Far-away is very far
Like riding in a bus or car
But near-away is near:
It's talking in the kitchen or
Seeing what the door bell's for.

And so I always try to know
WHICH away she's going to go:
Near-away--when I can do
Anything I'm wanting to,
Or far-away--when I must be
Good till she gets back to me.

Dorothy Aldis

Dresses[2]

When my mother is not there
Her dresses hang so sadly
In the closet near the stair,
For they are feeling badly.

They look so straight when she is gone,
They're drooper and thinner--
They have a kind of patient look--
As though they needed dinner.

Dorothy Aldis

1. Aldis, Dorothy, Everything And Anything, New York: Minton, Balch and Co., 1927, p. 63.
2. Ibid., p. 65.

Hundreds[1]

Hundreds of stars in the pretty sky
Hundreds of shells on the shore together.
Hundreds of birds that go singing by,
Hundreds of lambs in the sunny weather.

Hundreds of dewdrops to greet the dawn,
Hundreds of bees in the purple clover,
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn,
But only one Mother the wide world over.

George Cooper

When Mother Is Away[2]

The house is such a dreary place,
When mother is away,
The dolls just sit as stupid,
And they do not want to play.
I have a little table,
And I have a little chair,
But what's the use of playing,
When there's no one to care?
The house is such a dreary place,
When mother isn't there.

Elsie Dietsch

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1. Huffard, Grace and Laura Clarlisle, My Poetry Book, Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co., 1934, p. 4.
2. Roberts, Bertha and Aneta Beckman, op. cit., p. 11.

Which Loved Her Best?[1]

"I love you, mother," said little John;
Then, forgetting his work, his cap went on,
And he was off to the garden swing,
Leaving his mother the wood to bring.

"I love you mother," said rosy Nell;
"I love you better than tongue can tell";
Then she teased and pouted full half the day,
Till her mother rejoiced when she went out to play.

"I love you, mother," said little Fan;
"Today I'll help you all I can;
How glad I am that school doesn't keep!"
So she rocked the baby till it fell asleep.

Then, stepping softly, she took the broom;
And swept the floor, and dusted the room;
Busy and happy all day was she,
Helpful and cheerful as child could be.

"I love you, mother," again they said--
Three little children going to bed;
How do you think that mother guessed
Which of them really loved her best?

Joy Allison

1. Knippel, Dolores, Poems For The Very Young Child, Racine, Wisconsin: Whitman Publishing Co., 1932, p. 111.

The Cobbler's[1]

Shoes on counters, bench and shelf;
Shoes heaped on the floor--
And a gold giant's boot that swings
Above the Cobbler's door.

Stubby toes and run-down heels;
Leather soles worn thin;
Shoes so cracked and shiny that
They positively grin.

Muddy shoes like tired tramps;
Dancing slippers new--
Cobbler, as you mend them all,
Do they talk to you?

Do they tell you what they've seen
On the roads they know?
Do they say what sort of folk
Take them to and fro?

Are they glad to rest themselves
In your shop awhile,
Or are they eager to be off
Mile after mile?

Does the golden boot outside,
Hanging by itself,
Wish it were a plain, patched shoe,
Cobbler, on your shelf?

Rachel Field

1. Field, Rachel, Taxis And Toadstools, Garden City: Doubleday and Co., Inc., 1947, pp. 40-41.

The Postman[1]

The whistling postman swings along.
His bag is deep and wide,
And messages from all the world
Are bundled up inside.

The postman's walking up our street.
Soon now he'll ring my bell.
Perhaps there'll be a letter stamped
In Asia. Who can tell?
Unknown

The Postman[2]

Eight o'clock;
The postman's knock!
Five letters for Papa;
One for Lou,
And none for you,
And three for dear Mamma.
Christina Rossetti

A Letter Is A Gypsy Elf[3]

A letter is a gypsy elf
It goes where I would go myself:
East or West or North, it goes,
Or South past pretty bungalows,
Over mountains, over hills,
Any place it must and will,
It finds good friends that live so far
You cannot travel where they are.
Annette Wynne

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1. McFarland, Wilma, op. cit., p. 18.
2. Brewton, John, Gaily We Parade. New York: The Macmillan Co., 1948, p. 25.
3. Association For Childhood Education, Literature Committee, op. cit., p. 86.

Mr. Coggs[1]

A watch will tell the time of day,
Or tell it nearly, any way,
Excepting when it's overwound,
Or when you drop it on the ground.

If any of our watches stop,
We haste to Mr. Cogg's shop;
For though to scold us he pretends,
He's quite among our special friends.

He fits a dice-box in his eye,
And takes a long and thoughtful spy,
And prods the wheels, and says, "Dear, dear!
More carelessness, I greatly fear."

And then he lays the dice-box down
And frowns a most prodigious frown;
But if we ask him what's the time,
He'll make his gold repeater chime.

Edward Verrall Lucas

The Baker's Boy[2]

The baker's boy delivers loaves
All up and down our street.
His car is white, his clothes are white,
White to his very feet.
I wonder if he stays that way.
I don't see how he does all day.
I'd like to watch him going home
When all the loaves are out.
His clothes must look quite different then,
At least I have no doubt.

Mary Effie Lee Newsome

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1. Brewton, John, Gaily We Parade, New York: The Macmillan Co., 1948, p. 14.
2. Bontemps, Arna, Golden Slippers, New York: Harper and Brothers, 1941, p. 26.

The Ice-Cream Man[1]

When summer's in the city,
And bricks a blaze of heat,
The Ice-Cream Man with his little cart
Goes trundling down the street.

Beneath his round umbrella,
Oh, what a joyful sight,
To see him fill the cones with mounds
Of cooling brown or white:

Vanilla, chocolate, strawberry,
Or chilly things to drink
From bottles full of frosty-fuzz,
Green, orange, white, or pink.

His cart might be a flower bed
Of roses and sweet peas,
The way the children cluster round
As thick as honeybees.

Rachel Field

The Dentist[2]

I'd like to be a dentist with a plate upon the door
And a little bubbling fountain in the middle of the floor;
And lots of tiny bottles all arranged in coloured rows
And a page-boy with a line of silver buttons down his clothes.

I'd love to polish up the things and put them every day
Inside the darling chests of drawers all tidily away;
And every Sunday afternoon when nobody was there
I should go riding up and down upon the velvet chair.

Rose Fyleman

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1. Field, Rachel, op. cit., p. 4.
2. Brewton, John, Gaily We Parade, New York: The Macmillan Co., 1948, p. 28.

General Store[1]

Some day I'm going to have a store
With a tinkly bell hung over the door,
With real glass cases and counters wide
And drawers all spilly with things inside.
There'll be a little of everything;
Bolts of calico; balls of string;
Jars of peppermint; tins of tea;
Pots and kettles and crockery;
Seeds in packets; scissors bright;
Kegs of sugar, brown and white;
Sarsaparilla for picnic lunches,
Bananas and rubber boots in bunches.
I'll fix the window and dust each shelf,
And take the money in all myself,
It will be my store and I will say:
"What can I do for you to-day?"

Rachel Field

The Milkman[2]

Good luck to the milkman
He's cold on his cart,
But he whistles a tune
To keep up his heart.
And when we're all sleeping,
Or sleepily drowse,
He's out in the meadows
And milking his cows.

Seumas O'Sullivan

1. Association For Childhood Education, Literature Committee, op. cit., p. 53.
2. Ibid., p. 51.

At The Bank[1]

All that I can ever see
Even when I stand
On my toes, and stretch and peer,
Is a man's plump hand
And his face through the bars as he talks
to mother--
And then, first thing I know,
Her purse is full of money and
It's time for us to go.

Oh, when shall I be tall enough
Beyond that shelf to see
The piles of bills as green and thick
As leaves upon a tree,
The crocks of gold all running over,
New pennies heaped like jewels in
The cave Aladdin found?

Rachel Field

Bobby Blue[2]

Sometimes I have to cross the road
When someone isn't there
Except a man in uniform
Who takes a lot of care;
I do not call him Officer
As other people do,
I thank him most politely,
And call him Bobby Blue.

He's very big, and every one
Does everything he tells,
The motor-cars with hooters
And the bicycles with bells;
And even when I cross the road
With other people too,
I always say as I go by,
"Good-morning, Bobby Blue."

John Drinkwater

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1. Field, Rachel, op. cit., p. 39.
2. Brewton, John, Gaily We Parade. New York: The Macmillan Co., 1948, pp. 24-25.

I Am A Builder[1]

I am a builder, so I have a pocket
To carry the things that I use.
I put on my coveralls, roomy and wide,
That reach nearly down to my shoes.

I have a hammer so strong and so shiny,
A screw driver, pincers, and pliers,
Some different-sized nails that I carry in pails,
And ruler and tapeline and wires.

I am a builder, so I have a plant too,
A square and a saw and a bit;
I saw up some lumber and plane it off smooth,
And nail it together to fit!

Nona Duffy

1. McFarland, Wilma, op. cit., p.17.

Airplanes[1]

The airplane seems to have a path
  Across our piece of sky.
I always wave my hat to them
  As they go humming by.

And soon when I am grown up big,
  I'll pilot such a ship.
And when the little boys wave to me,
  I'll do a double flip.

Muriel Schulz

The Dirigible[2]

The only real airship
  That I've ever seen
Looked more like a fish
  Than a flying machine.

It made me feel funny,
  And just as if we
Were all of us down
  On the floor of the sea.

A big whale above us
  Was taking a swim,
And we little fishes
  Were staring at him.

Ralph Bergengren

1. Ibid., p. 47.
2. Ibid., p. 47.

Good Green Bus[1]

Rumbling and rattly good green Bus
Where are you going to carry us?
Up the shiny lengths of Avenue
Where lights keep company two by two;
Where windows glitter with things to buy,
And churches hold their steeples high.
Round the Circle and past the Park,
Still and shadowy, dim and dark,
Over the asphalt and into the Drive—
Isn't it fun to be alive?
Look to the left and the River's there
With ships and whistles and freshened air;
To the right--more windows, row on row,
And every one like a picture show,
Or little stages where people play
At being themselves by night and day,
And never guess that they have us
For audience in the good green Bus!

Rachel Field

Country Trucks[2]

Big trucks with apples
  And big trucks with grapes
Thundering through the mountains
  While every wild thing gapes.

Thundering through the valley,
  Like something just let loose,
Big trucks with oranges
  For city children's juice.

Big trucks with peaches,
  And big trucks with pears,
Frightening all the rabbits
  And giving squirrels gray hairs.

Yet when city children
  Sit down to plum or prune,
They know more trucks are coming
  As surely as the moon.

Monica Shannon

1. Field, Rachel, op. cit., p. 10.
2. Brewton, Sara and John Brewton, Bridled With Rainbows, New York: The Macmillan Co., 1949, P. 52.

Taxis[1]

Ho, for taxis green or blue,
Hi, for taxis red,
They roll along the Avenue
Like spools of colored thread!

Jack-O'-Lantern yellow,
Orange as the moon,
Greener than the greenest grass
Ever grew in June.
Gayly striped or checked in squares,
Wheels that twinkle bright,
Don't you think that taxis make
A very pleasant sight?
Taxis shiny in the rain,
Scudding through the snow,
Taxis flashing back the sun
Waiting in a row.

Ho, for taxis red and green,
Hi, for taxis blue,
I wouldn't be a private car
In sober black, would you?

Rachel Field

Tow Truck[2]

Up the road, and down the road,
The busy tow truck goes
To start a stubborn car that's stalled,
Or pull one from the snows.

It is a bright, important red,
And very smart it feels,
When it comes back with someone's car
A-tagging at its heels!

R. A. Stevens

1. Field, Rachel, op. cit., p. 21.
2. McFarland, Wilma, op. cit., p. 19.

Boats[1]

The steam boat is a slow poke,
  You simply cannot rush him.
The sail boat will not move at all
  Without a wind to push him;

But the speed boat, with his sharp red nose,
  Is quite a different kind;
He tosses high the spray and leaves
  The other boats behind.

Rowena Bastin Bennett

Tugs[2]

Chug! Puff! Chug!
Push, little tug.
Push the great ship here
Close to its pier.

Chug! Puff! Chug!
Pull, strong tug.
Drawing all alone
Three boat-loads of stone.

Busy harbor tugs
Like round water bugs,
Hurry here and there,
Working everywhere.

James S. Tippett

1. Hubbard, Alice and Adeline Babbitt, op. cit., pp. 242-243.
2. Ibid., p. 253.

Where Go The Boats?[1]

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

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

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

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

Robert Louis Stevenson

1. Stevenson, Robert Louis. A Child's Garden Of Verses, New York: Oxford University Press, 1947, p. 30.

Ferry-Boats[1]

Over the river,
Over the bay,
Ferry-boats travel
Every day.

Most of the people
Crowd to the side
Just to enjoy
Their ferry-boat ride.

Watching the seagulls,
Laughing with friends,
I'm always sorry
When the ride ends.

James S. Tippett

Ferry Me Across The Water[2]

"Ferry me across the water,
Do boatman, do."
"If you've a penny in your purse
I'll ferry you."

"I have a penny in my purse,
And my eyes are blue;
So ferry me across the water,
Do, boatman, do!"

"Step into my ferry-boat,
Be they black or blue,
And for the penny in your purse
I'll ferry you."

Christina Rossetti

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1. Association For Childhood Education, Literature Committee, op. cit., p. 87.
2. Ibid., p. 88.

Freight Boats[1]

Boats that carry sugar
And tobacco from Havana;
Boats that carry cocoanuts
And coffee from Brazil;
Boats that carry cotton
From the city of Savannah;
Boats that carry anything
From any place you will.

Boats like boxes loaded down
With tons of sand and gravel;
Boats with blocks of granite
For a building on the hill;
Boats that measure many thousand
Lonesome miles of travel
As they carry anything
From any place you will.

James S. Tippett

The Barge[2]

I saw a great barge
On the river to-day
All roomy and large
All painted and gay.
And only a boy
And a dog were in charge...
Oh, think what a joy
To look after a barge.

Rose Fyleman

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1. Brewton, Sara and John Brewton, Bridled With Rainbows, New York: The Macmillan Co., 1949, p. 135.
2. Ibid., p. 10.

The Boat[1]

Sleeping in a cabin is as jolly as can be,
And it's fun to throw your rubbish out straight into the sea;
And the captain is so handsome, with gold upon his coat,
And I do like living on a boat.

The steward gives me apples, and orange juice to drink,
And the lamps are lit at lunch time, all beautiful and pink;
And there's soup with little letters in, and lovely
stripy ice,
And when the floor went wobbly it was nice.

We haven't seen a mermaid, we haven't had a wreck,
But I've never known a nursery so thrilling as a deck;
I do like living on a boat.

Rose Fyleman

All Aboard For Bombay[2]

All aboard for Bombay
All aboard for Rome!
Leave your little sisters
And your loving aunts at home.

Bring a bit of bailing wire,
A pocketful of nails,
And half a dozen weinewursts
For every man that sails.

Tell Terry Tagg, when you go by,
Be sure to bring his dog.
All aboard for Bombay
On a floating cedar log!

Leroy Jackson

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1. Brewton, Sara and John Brewton, Bridled With Rainbows, New York: The Macmillan Co., 1949, p. 10.
2. Ibid., p. 8.

Trains[1]

Over the mountains
Over the plains,
Over the rivers,
Here come the trains.

Carrying passengers,
Carrying mail,
Bringing their precious loads
In without fail.

Thousands of freight cars
All rushing on
Through day and darkness
Through dusk and dawn.

Over the mountains,
Over the plains,
Over the rivers,
Here come the trains.

James S. Tippett

Trains At Night[2]

I like the whistle of trains at night,
The fast trains thundering by so proud!
They rush and rumble across the world,
They ring wild bells and they toot so loud!

But I love better the slower trains.
They take their time through the world instead,
And whistle softly and stop to tuck
Each sleepy blinking town in bed!

Frances Frost

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1. Association For Childhood Education, Literature Committee, op. cit., p. 86.
2. Brewton, Sara and John Brewton, Bridled With Rainbows, New York: The Macmillan Co., 1949, p. 7.

Engine[1]

I wonder if the engine
That dashed down the track
Ever has a single thought
Of how it can get back.

With fifty cars behind it
And each car loaded full,
I wonder if it ever thinks
How hard it has to pull.

I guess it trusts the fireman;
It trusts the engineer;
I guess it knows the switchman
Will keep the tracks clear.

James S. Tippett

A Modern Dragon[2]

A train is a dragon that roars through the dark.
He wriggles his tail as he sends up a spark.
He pierces the night with his one yellow eye,
And all the earth trembles when he rushes by.

Rowena Bastin Bennett

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1. Association For Childhood Education, Literature Committee, op. cit., p. 85.
2. Brewton, John, Under The Tent Of The Sky, New York: The Macmillan Co., 1937, p. 146.

Poetry Related To Nature

The poems related to nature are divided into the following classifications:

1. Animals
2. Plants
3. The Weather
4. The Seasons

The Animal Store[1]

If I had a hundred dollars to spend,
  Or maybe a little more,
I'd hurry as fast as my legs would go
  Straight to the animal store.

I wouldn't say, "How much for this or that?"—
  "What kind of a dog is he?"
I'd buy as many as rolled an eye,
  Or wagged a tail at me!

I'd take the hound with the drooping ears
  That sits by himself alone;
Cockers and Cairns and wobbly pups
  For to be my very own.

I might buy a parrot all red and green,
  And the monkey I saw before,
If I had a hundred dollars to spend,
  Or maybe a little more.

Rachel Field

Winter Coats[2]

In October, when they know
That very soon there will be snow,

Cows and horses, sheep and goats
Start to grow their winter coats.

Each year they grow the, fine and new,
(And fitting very nicely too),
But with no buttons to undo,

Nor pockets for a handkerchief.
And so they have to snort and sniff.

Dorothy Aldis

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1. Brewton, John, Under The Tent Of The Sky, New York: The Macmillan Co., 1937, p. 37.
2. Untermeyer, Louis, Rainbow In The Sky, New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co. Inc., 1935, p. 230.

A Friend In The Garden[1]

He is not John the gardener,
  And yet the whole day long
Employs himself most usefully
  The flower-beds among.

He is not Tom the pussy-cat;
  And yet the other day,
With stealthy stride and glistening eye,
  He crept upon his prey.

He is not Dash, the dear old dog,
  And yet, perhaps, if you
Took pains with him and petted him
  You'd come to love him too.

He's not a blackbird, though he chirps.
  And though he once was black;
And now he wears a loose, grey coat,
  All wrinkled on the back.

He's got a very dirty face,
  And very shining eyes!
He sometimes comes and sits indoors:
  He looks--and p'r'aps is--wise.

But in a sunny flower-bed
  He has his fixed abode;
He eats the things that eat my plants--
  He is a friendly TOAD.

Juliana Ewing

1. Brewton, John, Under The Tent Of The Sky, New York: The Macmillan Co., 1937, p. 115.

Ways Of Traveling[1]

Little Mister Polliwog,
You swim to and fro.
When you turn into a frog
You'll hop where'er you go.
Alice Wilkins

The Snail[2]

The snail is very odd and slow.
He has his mind made up to go
The longest way to anywhere
And will not let you steer him there.

Today I met one in the grass
And hadn't time to watch him pass,
But coming back at sunset, I
Discovered him still traveling by.

The grass-blades grew so thick and tall
I asked him why he climbed them all,
And told him I had sometimes found
The shortest way was going 'round.

He was not easy to persuade,
To judge by any sign he made,
And when I lectured him some more
Went in his house and shut the door.
Grace Hazard Conkling

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1. Hubbard, Alice and Adeline Babbitt, The Golden Flute, Eau Claire, Wisconsin: E.M. Hale and Co., 1932, p. 50.
2. Brewton, John, Under The Tent Of The Sky, New York: The Macmillan Co., 1937, p. 114.

Little Snail[1]

I saw a little snail
Come down the garden walk.
He wagged his head this way...that way...
Like a clown in a circus.
He looked from side to side
As though he were from a different country.
I have always said he carries his house on his back...
To-day in the rain
I saw that it was his umbrella!

Hilda Conkling

The Worm[2]

When the earth is turned in spring
The worms are fat as anything.

And birds come flying all around
To eat the worms right off the ground.

They like worms just as much as I
Like bread and milk and apple pie.

And once, when I was very young,
I put a worm right on my tongue.

I didn't like the taste a bit,
And so I didn't swallow it.

But oh, it makes my Mother squirm
Because she thinks I ate that worm!

Ralph Bergengren

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1. Brewton, John, Under The Tent Of The Sky, New York: The Macmillan Co., 1937, p. 113.
2. Ibid., p. 117.

The Worm[1]

Dickie found a broken spade
And said he'd dig himself a well;
And then Charles took a piece of tin,
And I was digging with a shell.

Then Will said he would dig one too.
We shaped them out and made them wide,
And I dug up a piece of clod
That had a little worm inside.

We watched him pucker up himself
And stretch himself to walk away.
He tried to go inside the dirt,
But Dickie made him wait and stay.

His shining skin was soft and wet.
I poked him once to see him squirm.
And then Will said, "I wonder if
He knows that he's a worm."

And then we sat back on our feet
And wondered for a little bit
And we forgot to dig our wells
Awhile, and tried to answer it.

And while we tried to find it out,
He puckered in a little wad,
And then he stretched himself again
And went back home inside the clod.

Elizabeth Madox Roberts

1. Ibid., p. 116.

The Tired Caterpillar[1]

A tired caterpillar went to sleep one day
In a snug little cradle of silken gray.
And he said, as he softly curled up in his nest,
"Oh, crawling was pleasant, but rest is best."

He slept through the winter long and cold,
All tightly up in his blanket rolled,
And at last he awoke on a warm spring day
To find that winter had gone away.

He awoke to find he had golden wings,
And no longer need crawl over sticks and things.
"Oh, the earth is nice," said the glad butterfly,
"But the sky is best, when we learn to fly!"

Unknown

The Cricket[2]

And when the rain had gone away
And it was shining everywhere,
I ran out on the walk to play,
And found a little bug was there.

And he was running just as fast
As any little bug could run,
Until he stopped for breath at last,
All black and shiny in the sun.

And then he chirped a song to me
And gave his wings a little tug,
And that's the way he showed that he
Was very glad to be a bug!

Marjorie Barrows

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1. Ibid., p. 110.
2. Doane, Pelagie, A Small Child's Book Of Verse, New York: Oxford University Press, 1948, p. 81.

Spider Webs[1]

The spiders were busy last night;
From every fence and tree
They hung their lacy webs
For all the world to see.

The mist was busy too;
In the stillness of the night
It strung the spider webs with pearls
To catch the morning light.

One spider wove a web
Like frost on a window pane;
Another one spun a single thread
That looks liked a jeweled chain.

Motionless hang the webs,
By the quiet sunbeams kissed;
A fairy world was made last night
By the spiders and the mist.

James S. Tippett

The Cow[2]

The friendly cow all black and white,
I love with all my heart:
She gives me cream, with all her might,
To eat with apple-tart.

She wanders lowing here and there,
And yet she cannot stray,
All in the pleasant open air,
The pleasant light of day:

And blown by all the winds that pass
And wet with all the showers,
She walks among the meadow grass
And eats the meadow flowers.

Robert Louis Stevenson

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1. Brewton, John, Under The Tent Of The Sky, New York: The Macmillan Co., 1937, p. 48.
2. Stevenson, Robert Louis, A Child's Garden Of Verses, New York: Oxford University Press, 1947, p. 46.

Milking Time[1]

When supper time is almost come,
But not quite here, I cannot wait,
And so I take my china mug
And go down by the milking gate.

The cow is always eating shucks
And spilling off the little silk.
Her purple eyes are big and soft--
She always smells like milk.

And Father takes my mug from me,
And then he makes the stream come out.
I see it going in my mug
And foaming all about.

And when it's piling very high,
And when some little streams commence
To run and drip along the sides,
He hands it to me through the fence.

Elizabeth Madox Roberts

Mr. Rabbit[2]

Mr. Rabbit has a habit
That is very cute to see.

He wrinkles up and crinkles up
His little nose at me.

I like my little rabbit,
And I like his little brother,

And we have a lot of fun
Making faces at each other!

Dixie Willson

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1. Brewton, John, Under The Tent Of The Sky, New York: The Macmillan Co., 1937, p. 59.
2. Werner, Jane, The Golden Book Of Poetry, New York: Simon and Schuster, 1947, p. 52.

Cat[1]

The black cat yawns,
Opens her jaws,
Stretches her legs,
And shows her claws.

Then she gets up
And stands on four
Long stiff legs
And yawns some more.

She shows her sharp teeth,
She stretches her lip,
Her slice of a tongue
Turns up at the tip.

Lifting herself
On her delicate toes,
She arches her back
As high as it goes.

She lets herself down
With particular care,
And pads away
With her tail in the air.

Mary Britton Miller

1. Association For Childhood Education, Literature Committee, Sung Under The Silver Umbrella, New York: The Macmillan Co., 1935, p. 65.

Cat[1]

My cat
Is quiet
She moves without a sound.
Sometimes she stretches herself high and curving
On tiptoe.
Sometimes she crouches low
And creeping.

Sometimes she rubs herself against a chair,
And there
With a miew and a miew
And a purrr purrr purrr
She curls up
And goes to sleep.

My cat
Lives through a black hole
Under the house.
So one day I
Crawled in after her.
And it was dark
And I sat
And didn't know
Where to go.
And then--
Two yellow-white
Round little lights
Came moving...moving...toward me.
And there
With a miew and a miew
And a purrr purrr purrr
My cat
Rubbed, soft, against me.

And I knew
The lights
WERE MY CAT'S EYES
In the dark.

Dorothy Baruch

1. Ibid., pp. 64-65.

The Hairy Dog[1]

My dog's so furry I've not seen
His face for years and years:
His eyes are buried out of sight,
I can only guess his ears.

When people ask me for his breed
I do not know or care:
He has the beauty of them all
Hidden beneath his hair.

Herbert Asquith

My Dog[2]

My dog listens when I talk
He goes with me for a walk.
When I sleep, he's sleepy too.
He does everything I do.
He has eyes that always show
He knows everything I know.
I never do a thing but he
Thinks it is all right for me.
When I speak, he always minds.
He shares with me the things he finds.
When other people say I'm bad,
He hangs his head and looks so sad.
He cuddles up and laps my hand
And tells me he can understand.

Tom Robinson

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1. Hollowell, Lillian, A Book Of Children's Literature, New York: Rinehart and Co. Inc., 1950, p. 543.
2. Robinson, Tom, In And Out, New York: The Viking Press, 1943, p. 77.

Work Horses[1]

Big strong work horses working every day,
Big strong work horses pulling loads of hay,
Big strong work horses have no time to play,
Work!--Work!--Work!
Big strong work horses with a wagon full,
Big strong work horses, pull! pull! pull!
Pull!--Pull!--Pull!

Big horse, strong horse,
Pull the plow, pull the plow,
Pull hard, work hard,
Plow the garden, plow plow!
Big horse, tired horse,
Stop and rest now.

Big strong work horses plowing up the ground,
Big strong work horses walking round and round,
Big strong work horses going home to lunch,
Eat oats, eating hay, munch! munch! munch!

Edith Newline

If I Were A Little Pig[2]

If I were a little pig,
I'd have a snubby nose
With two round holes in the end of it,
And what do you suppose?
I'd do the funniest thing with my nose:
I'd root in the mud with the end of it--
If I were a little pig
With a snubby snout of a nose.

If I were a little pig,
I'd have four short little legs
Stuck in my body so fat and round
Like little walking pegs.
I'd trot in the muddiest mud till my legs
Were just as dirty as dirt on the ground,
If I were a little pig
Who trotted on four short legs.

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1. Geismer, Barbara Peck and Antoinette Brown Suter, Very Young Verses, Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1945, p. 31.
2. Ibid., pp. 29-30.

If I were a little pig,
I'd have a curly tail;
I'd laze through endless sunny days
Till I smelled the dinner pail.
Then uff-uff-uff, what a row I'd raise
From my snubby snout to my curled-up tail,
If I were a little pig
With a kinky curly tail.

If I were a little pig,
I'd have a round hump back,
And my cloven hoof in the mud would make
A little cloven track.
I'd have little wiry hairs on my back
And garbage I'd take as if it were cake,
If I were a little pig
With a round fat hump of a back.

If I were a little pig
And smelled there was something to eat,
I'd hunt with my little pink eyes
And grunt till I found the treat;
Then I'd push with my nose and my cloven toes,
I'd push my brother and even my mother.
I'd bunt and I'd grunt,
I'd wallow and swallow
I'd squeal for my meal,
I'd fight for a bite;
But what would it matter?
I'd get fatter and fatter!
If I were a little pig,
I'd always be wanting to eat!

Now the way a piggy says "Please"
Is to grab whatever he sees;
And if I were a little pig
And not just only me,
I'd look and sound and smell and feel
And act like on, you see.

Lucy Mitchell

The Chickens[1]

Said the first little chicken,
With a queer little squirm,
"I wish I could find
A fat little worm!"

Said the next little chicken,
With an odd little shrug:
"I wish I could find
A fat little bug!"

Said the third little chicken
With a small sigh of grief:
"I wish I could find
A green little leaf!"

Said the fourth little chicken,
With a faint little moan:
"I wish I could find
A wee gravel stone!"

"Now see here!" said the mother,
From the green garden patch,
"If you want any breakfast,
Just come here and scratch!"

Anonymous

The Egg[2]

Oh! how shall I get it, how shall I get it?—
A nice little new-laid egg;
My grandmamma told me to run to the barn-yard
And see if just one I could beg.

"Mooly-cow, Mooly-cow, down in the meadow,
Have you any eggs, I pray?"
The Mooly-cow stares as if I were crazy,
And solemnly stalks away.

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1. Harrington, Mildred, Ring-A-Round, New York: The Macmillan Co., 1930, pp. 114-115.
2. Ibid., pp. 122-123.

"Oh! Doggie, Doggie, perhaps you may have it,
That nice little egg for me."
But Doggie just wags his tail and capers
And never an egg has he.

"Now, Dobbin, Dobbin, I'm sure you must have one,
Hid down in the manger here."
But Dobbin lays back his ears and whinnies,
With "Come and look, if you dare!"

"Piggywig, Piggywig, grunting and squealing,
Are you crying 'Fresh eggs for sale'?"
No! Piggy, you're very cold and unfeeling,
With that impudent quirk in your tail.

"You wise old Gobbler, you look so knowing,
I'm sure you can find me an egg.
You stupid old thing! just to say Gobble-gobble,
And balance yourself on one leg."

Oh! how shall I get it, how shall I get it,--
That little white egg so small?
I've asked every animal here in the barnyard
And they won't give me any at all.

But after I'd hunted until I was tired,
I found...not one egg, but ten!
And you never could guess where they all were hid--
Right under our old speckled hen!

Laura Richards

The Little Turtle[1]

There was a little turtle.
He lived in a box.
He swam in a puddle.
He climbed on the rocks.

He snapped at a mosquito.
He snapped at a flea.
He snapped at a minnow.
And he snapped at me.

He caught the mosquito.
He caught the flea.
He caught the minnow.
But he didn't catch me.

Vachel Lindsay

My Goldfish[2]

My darling little goldfish
Hasn't any toes;
He swims around without a sound
And bumps his hungry nose.

He can't get out to play with me,
Nor I get in to him,
Although I say: "Come out and play,"
And he--"Come in and swim."

Dorothy Aldis

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1. Association For Childhood Education, Literature Committe, op. cit., p. 74.
2. Aldis, Dorothy, Everything And Anything, New York: Minton, Balch and Co., 1927, p. 27.

Any Bird[1]

I haven't a palace,
I haven't a throne,
There isn't a thing
In the world I own.

I bathe in the bird-bath,
I perch on the trees;
I come and I go
Whenever I please.

But everyone's garden
Is open and free,
There's always a crumb
Or a worm there for me.

I fly where I will,
By woodland or sea;
The whole world is mine;
I'm rich as can be!

Ilo Orleans

The Woodpecker[2]

The woodpecker pecked out a little round hole
And made him a house in the telephone pole.
One day when I watched he poked out his head,
And he had on a hood and a collar of red.
When the streams of rain pour out of the sky,
And the sparkles of lightning go flashing by,
And the big, big wheels of thunder roll,
He can snuggle back in the telephone pole.

Elizabeth Madox Roberts

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1. Untermeyer, Louis, op. cit., pp. 222-223.
2. Werner, Jane, op. cit., p. 25.

What Robin Told[1]

How do robins build their nest?
  Robin Redbreast told me.
First a wisp of yellow hay
In a pretty round they lay;
Then some shreds of downy floss,
Feathers, too, and bits of moss,
Woven with a sweet, sweet song,
This way, that way and across;
  That's what Robin told me.

Where do Robins hide their nest?
  Robin Redbreast told me.
Up among the leaves so deep,
Where the sunbeams rarely creep,
Long before the winds are cold,
Long before the leaves are gold,
Bright-eyed stars will peep and see
Baby robins—one, two, three;
  That's what Robin told me.

George Cooper

Canary[2]

Canary bird with beady eye,
You have to hop, you cannot fly.
Canary bird with useless wing,
Hop upon your little swing.

Tip back your head and drop a trill,
And then another, from your bill.
Make your stomach swell and puff.
Shake your feathers and your fluff.

Climb the scale with your shrill note.
Burst the bubbles in your throat.
Do you think you're in the air,
Or on a tree bough swinging there?

Mary Britton Miller

1. Flynn, Harry, Ray MacLean and Chester Lund, Voices Of Verse, Book One, Chicago: Lyons and Carnahan, 1933, pp. 130-131.
2. Miller, Mary Britton, Menagerie, New York: The Macmillan Co., 1928, p. 9.

The Secret[1]

We have a secret, just we three,
The robin, and I, and the sweet cherry-tree;
The bird told the tree, and the tree told me,
And nobody knows it but just us three.

But of course the robin knows it best,
Because she built the----I shan't tell the rest;
And laid the four little----something in it----
I'm afraid I shall tell it every minute.

But if the tree and the robin don't peep,
I'll try my best the secret to keep;
Though I know when the little birds fly about
Then the whole secret will be out.

Anonymous

The Little Bird[2]

Once I saw a little bird
  Come hop, hop, hop:
So I cried, "Little bird,
  Will you stop, stop, stop?"

And was going to the window
  To say, "How do you do?"
But he shook his little tail,
  And far away he flew.

Old Nursery Rhyme

1. Werner, Jane, op. cit., p. 77.
2. Ibid.,p. 72.

The Willow Cats[1]

They call them pussy-willows,
  But there's no cat to see
Except the little furry toes
  That stick out on the tree:

I think that very long ago,
  When I was just born new,
There must have been whole pussy-cats
  Where just the toes stick through—

And every Spring it worries me,
  I cannot ever find
Those willow-cats that ran away
  And left their toes behind!

Margaret Widdemer

Catkin[2]

I have a little pussy,
  And her coat is silver grey;
She lives in a great wide meadow
  And she never runs away.
She always is a pussy,
  She'll never be a cat
Because—she's a pussy willow!
  Now what do you think of that!

Unknown

1. Untermeyer, Louis, op. cit., p. 231.
2. Hubbard, Alice and Adeline Babbitt, op. cit., p. 227.

Dandelion[1]

There was a pretty dandelion
  With lovely, fluffy hair,
That glistened in the sunshine
  And in the summer air.
But oh! this pretty dandelion
  Soon grew old and grey;
And, sad to tell! her charming hair
  Blew many miles away.
Unknown

Dandelions[2]

There surely is a gold mine somewhere underneath the grass,
For dandelions are popping out in every place you pass.
But, if you want to gather some, you'd better not delay,
For gold will turn to silver soon and all blow away.
Anonymous

The Little Plant[3]

In the heart of a seed,
  Buried deep, so deep!
A dear little plant
  Lay fast asleep!

"Wake!" said the sunshine,
  "And creep to the light!"
"Wake!" said the voice
  Of the raindrops bright.

The little plant heard
  And it rose to see
What the wonderful
  Outside world might be!
Kate Brown

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1. Ibid., p. 89.
2. Flynn, Harry, Ray MacLean and Chester Lund, op. cit., p. 58.
3. Ibid., p. 55.

Baby Seeds[1]

In a milkweed cradle,
  Snug and warm,
Baby seeds are hiding,
  Safe from harm.
Open wide the cradle,
  Hold it high!
Come, Mr. Wind,
  Help them fly.

Unknown

Vegetables[2]

A carrot has a green fringed top;
  A beet is royal red;
And lettuces are curious
  All curled and run to head.

Some beans have strings to tie them on,
  And, what is still more queer,
Ripe corn is nothing more or less
  Than one enormous ear!

But when potatoes all have eyes,
  Why is it they should be
Put in the ground and covered up--
  Where it's too dark to see?

Rachel Lyman Field

1. Doane, Pelagie, op. cit., p. 57.
2. Hubbard, Alice and Adeline Babbitt, op. cit., pp. 82-83.

Daffodowndilly[1]

She wore her yellow sun-bonnet,
  She wore her greenest gown;
She turned to the south wind
  And curtsied up and down.
She turned to the sunlight
  And shook her yellow head,
And whispered to her neighbour:
  "Winter is dead."

A.A. Milne

Overnight[2]

When I had planted
Seeds in a row,
I waited and waited
For green things to show.

One night a warm rain
Pitter-patter came
Overnight my garden
Was not at all the same.

Who would believe it,
The things I found
The small things, the green things,
Pushing through the ground.

There in my garden
Anyone could see
That overnight magic
Had been made for me.

James S. Tippett

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1. Milne, A.A., When We Were Very Young, New York: E.P. Dutton and Co., Inc., 1924, p. 28.
2. Tippett, James S., Counting The Days, New York: Harper and Brothers, 1940, p. 61.

The Weather Factory[1]

Just as soon as summer's done,
Such a flit and flutter!
In the weather factory
Such a clip-and-clutter!

Nuts are begging, "Send us frost!"
In a month or so,
Children will be saying, "Ah,
If 'twould only snow!"

So the little weather folk
Dash around and scurry;
Everybody with a job,
Working in a flurry.

"Winkle, Twinkle, mix the frost.
Hoppy, grind the hail.
Make icicles, Nip and Tuck--
Thousands, without fail!

Tippy, start the flake machine
Quickly, and remember--
Twenty million tons of snow
Needed by November.

Whipper, Snapper, hurry up!"
Soon as autumn's come,
In the weather factory
Things begin to hum.

Nancy Turner

1. Association For Childhood Education, Literature Committee, op. cit., p. 119.

Wind Is A Cat[1]

Wind is a cat
  That prowls at night,
Now in a valley,
  Now on a height,

Pouncing on houses
  Till folks in their beds
Draw all the covers
  Over their heads.

It sings to the moon,
  It scratches at doors;
It lashes its tail
  Around chimenys and roars.

It claws at the clouds
  Till it fringes their silk,
It laps up the dawn
  Like a saucer of milk;

Then, chasing the stars
  To the tops of the firs,
Curls down for a nap
  And purrs and purrs.

Ethel Romig Fuller

Clouds[2]

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

Christina Rossetti

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1. Brewton, John, Under The Tent Of The Sky, New York: The Macmillan Co., 1937, pp. 138-139.
2. Brewton, Sara and John Brewton, Bridled With Rainbows, New York: The Macmillan Co., 1949, p. 102.

Clouds[1]

If I had a spoon
As tall as the sky
I'd dish out the clouds
That go slip-sliding by.

I'd take them right in
And give them to cook
And see if they tasted
As good as they look.

Dorothy Aldis

Boats Sail On The Rivers[2]

Boats sail on the rivers,
  And ships sail on the seas;
But clouds that sail across the sky
  Are prettier far than these.

There are bridges on the rivers,
  As pretty as you please;
But the bow that bridges heaven,
  And overtops the trees,
And builds a road from earth to sky,
  Is prettier far than these.

Christina Rossetti

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1. Aldis, Dorothy, Everything And Anything, New York: Minton, Balch and Co., 1927, p. 11.
2. Hubbard, Alice and Adeline Babbitt, op. cit., p. 190.

Rainbows[1]

We watched the rain come pouring down,
Like tears from out the sky,
Until it seemed that all the world
Could never more be dry!

But while the trees were dripping still
And all the air was rain,
The sun broke through in rainbows
And the day was bright again!

And then my mother said, "Sweet child,
It's just the same with you—
Your eyes make rainbows of your tears
When smiles come breaking through!"

Dixie Willson

The Rainbow Fairies[2]

Two little clouds one summer's day
  Went flying through the sky.
They went so fast they bumped their heads,
  And both began to cry.

Old Father Sun looked out and said,
  "Oh, never mind, my dears,
I'll send my little fairy folk
  To dry your falling tears."

One fairy came in violet,
  And one in indigo,
In blue, green, yellow, orange, red,—
  They made a pretty row.

They wiped the cloud tears all away,
  And then, from out the sky,
Upon a line the sunbeams made,
  They hung their gowns to dry.

Lizzie Hadley

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1. Ibid., p. 176.
2. Sechrist, Elizabeth, One Thousand Poems For Children, Philadelphia: Macrae Smith Co., 1946, p. 139.

The Dewdrops[1]

This morning before breakfast time
  Out in the garden there,
What do you think I really saw
  All over everywhere?

Among the grass and on the leaves,
  Shining on every tree!
Why, just the little twinkling stars,
  Come down to play with me!

My nursie wouldn't let me out
  Although I cried and cried.
She said I'd be all soaking wet,
  She'd never get me dried.

And when at last she let me go
  After the sun was high,
The pretty stars had all gone home
  Again into the sky!

Lydia Miller MacKay

1. Hubbard, Alice and Adeline Babbitt, op. cit., p. 185.

The Elf And The Dormouse[1]

Under a toadstool crept a wee Elf,
Out of the rain, to shelter himself.

Under the toadstool, sound asleep,
Sat a big Dormouse all in a heap.

Trembled the wee Elf, frightened, and yet
Fearing to fly away lest he get wet.

To the next shelter--maybe a mile!
Sudden the wee Elf smiled a wee smile,

Tugged till the toadstool toppled in two,
Holding it over him, gayly he flew.

Soon he was safe home, dry as could be,
Soon woke the Dormouse--"Good gracious me!

Where is my toadstool?" loud he lamented.
And that's how umbrellas first were invented.

Oliver Herford

The Storm[2]

In my bed all safe and warm
I like to listen to the storm.
The thunder rumbles loud and grand--
The rain goes splash and whisper; and
The lightning is so sharp and bright
It sticks its fingers through the night.

Dorothy Aldis

1. Werner, Jane, op. cit., p. 90.
2. Aldis, Dorothy, Everything And Anything, New York: Minton, Balch and Co., 1927, p. 23.

Who Likes The Rain?[1]

"I," said the duck, "I call it fun,
For I have my little red rubbers on.
They make a cunning three-toed track
In the soft cool mud. Quack! Quack!"

"I," cried the dandelion, "I.
My roots are thirsty, my buds are dry."
And she lifted her little yellow head
Out of her green and grassy bed.

"I hope 'twill pour! I hope 'twill pour!"
Croaked the tree toad at his gray bark door.
"For with a broad leaf for a roof
I'm perfectly weather-proof."

Said the brook, "I welcome every drop:
Come, come, dear rain drops, never stop
Till a great river you make of me,
Then I will carry you to the sea."

Clara Doty Bates

Brooms[2]

On stormy days
When the wind is high
Tall trees are brooms
Sweeping the sky.

They swish their branches
In buckets of rain,
And swash and sweep it
Blue again.

Dorothy Aldis

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1. Werner, Jane, op. cit., p. 50.
2. Hubbard, Alice and Adeline Babbitt, op. cit., p. 161.

The Grass Is Very Glad For Rain[1]

The grass is very glad for rain,
And so, I think, the window pane;
Rain makes the window bright and clean,
And paints the grass a sweeter green.

And foolish children pout and frown,
Just because the rain comes down;
But wiser children bless the rain
For washing grass and window pane.

Annette Wynne

Nature's Wash Day[2]

Mother Nature had a wash day
And called upon the showers
To bathe the dusty faces
Of the little roadside flowers.
She scrubbed the green grass carpet
Until it shone like new.
She washed the faded dresses
Of the oaks and maples, too.
No shady nook or corner
Escaped her searching eye,
And then she sent the friendly sun
To shine and make them dry.

Marguerite Gode

1. Wynne, Annette, For Days And Days, New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co., 1919, p. 103.
2. Hubbard, Alice and Adeline Babbitt, op. cit., p. 173.

Autumn Woods[1]

I like the woods
  In autumn
When dry leaves hide the ground,
When the trees are bare
And the wind sweeps by
With a lonesome rushing sound.

I can rustle the leaves
  In autumn
And I can make a bed
In the thick dry leaves
That have fallen
From the bare trees
Overhead.

James S. Tippett

Autumn Fires[2]

In the other gardens
  And all up the vale,
From the autumn bonfires
  See the smoke trail!

Pleasant summer over
  And all the summer flowers,
The red fire blazes,
  The grey smoke towers.

Sing a song of seasons!
  Something bright in all!
Flowers in the summer,
  Fires in the fall!

Robert Louis Stevenson

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1. Association For Childhood Education, Literature Committee, op. cit., p. 158.
2. Stevenson, Robert Louis, op. cit., p. 102.

Nutting Time[1]

THUMP--THUD! Who is throwing
Burrs and chestnuts to the ground?
Patter, scatter! Who is tossing
Acorns, walnuts all around?

Come! Come! Bring your baskets,
Search the ground, no need to climb,
Strong old North Wind from the branches
Shakes the nuts; 'tis nutting time!

Emilie Poulsson

Come Little Leaves[2]

"Come, little leaves," said the wind one day
"Come o'er the meadows with me and play;
Put on your dresses of red and gold;
Summer is gone, and the days grow cold."

Soon as the leaves heard the wind's loud call,
Down they came fluttering, one and all;
Over the brown fields they danced and flew,
Singing the glad little songs they knew.

Dancing and whirling, the little leaves went;
Winter had called the, and they were content.
Soon fast asleep in their earthy beds
The snow laid a coverlid over their heads.

George Cooper

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1. Brewton, Sara and John Brewton, Bridled With Rainbows, New York: The Macmillan Co., 1949, p. 112.
2. Flynn, Harry, Ray MacLean and Chester Lund, op. cit., pp. 117-118.

Ice[1]

When it is the winter time
I run up the street
And I make the ice laugh
With my little feet—
"Crickle, crackle, crickle
Crrreeet, crrreeet, crrreeet."
Dorothy Aldis

Galoshes[2]

Susie's galoshes
Make splishes and sploshes
And slooshes and sloshes,
As Susie steps slowly
Along in the slush.

They stamp and they tramp
On the ice and concrete,
They get stuck in the muck and the mud;
But Susie likes much best to hear

The slippery slush
As it slooshes and sloshes,
And splishes and sploshes,
All round her galoshes!
Rhoda Bacmeister

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1. Association For Childhood Education, Literature Committee, op. cit., p. 159.
2. Brewton, Sara and John Brewton, Bridled With Rainbows, New York: The Macmillan Co., 1949, p. 24.

Snow[1]

The fenceposts wear marshmallow hats
On a snowy day;
Bushes in their night gowns
Are kneeling down to pray—
And all the trees have silver skirts
And want to dance away.

Dorothy Aldis

Snow Fairies[2]

I watched a little snowflake
  Come sailing from the sky,
It played a joke on me when
  It fell right in my eye!
Another little snowflake
  Came dancing toward the south,
It looked at me a minute—
  Then landed in my mouth!
They seemed like little fairies
  Upon a holiday,
Just out for fun and frolic
  And asking me to play!

Isla Paschal Richardson

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1. Aldis, Dorothy, Everything And Anything, New York: Minton, Balch and Co., 1927, p. 77.
2. Knippel, Dolores, Poems For The Very Young Child, Racine, Wisconsin: Whitman Publishing Co., 1932, p. 42.

Hot Weather[1]

I never saw a puppy that
Wore a little streamer hat.

I never met a rabbit who
Had a dress of pink or blue.

I never saw a squirrel trail
Hair ribbons upon his tail.

And nobody has every heard
Of shirt and panties on a bird!

Oh, why must I, however hot,
Wear EVERYTHING that they do not?

Dorothy Aldis

Bed In Summer[2]

In winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candle light.
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me on the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?

Robert Louis Stevenson

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1. Hubbard, Alice and Adeline Babbitt, op. cit., p. 143.
2. Geismer, Barbara Peck and Antoinette Brown Suter, op. cit., p. 121.

Poetry Related To Language Aids

The poems related to language aids are divided into the following classifications:

1. Creative Dramatics
2. Verse Speaking

Sing A Song Of Sixpence[1]

Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye;
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie;

When the pie was opened
The birds began to sing;
Was not that a dainty dish
To set before the king?

The king was in his counting-house
Counting out his money;
The queen was in the parlor
Eating bread and honey;

The maid was in the garden
Hanging out the clothes
There came a little blackbird
And snapt off her nose.

Unknown

Hi! Diddle Diddle[2]

Hi! diddle diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed
To see such sport,
While the dish ran after the spoon.

Unknown

1. Sechrist, Elizabeth, One Thousand Poems For Children, Philadelphia: Macrae-Smith-Co., 1946, pp. 11-12.
2. Ibid., p. 7.

Jack Spratt Could Eat No Fat[1]

Jack Spratt could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean;
And so betwixt them both, you see,
They lick'd the platter clean.
Unknown

The Queen Of Hearts[2]

The Queen of Hearts
She made some tarts,
All on a summer's day;
The Knave of Hearts
He stole those tarts,
And with them ran away.

The King of Hearts
Called for the tarts,
And beat the Knave full sore;
The Knave of Hearts
Brought back the tarts,
And vowed he'd steal no more!
Unknown

Jack And Jill Went Up The Hill[3]

Jack and Jill went up the hill,
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down and broke his crown
And Jill came tumbling after.

Up Jack got and home did trot
As fast as he could caper,
Dame Jill had the job, to plaster his knob,
With vinegar and brown paper.
Unknown

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1. Ibid., p. 6.
2. Ibid., p. 13.
3. Ibid., p. 5.

Old King Cole[1]

Old King Cole
Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe,
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.
Every fiddler, he had a fiddle
And a very fine fiddle had he;
Twee tweedle dee, tweedle dee,
Went the fiddlers.
Oh, there's none so rare,
As can compare
With King Cole and his fiddlers three!
Unknown

Little Miss Muffit[2]

Little Miss Muffit,
Sat on a tuffit,
Eating of curds and whey;
There came a great spider
That sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffit away.

Humpty Dumpty Sat On A Wall[3]

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;
All the king's horses and all the king's men
Cannot put Humpty Dumpty together again.
Unknown

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1. Ibid., p. 12.
2. Ibid., p. 4.
3. Ibid., p. 61.

The Snow Man[1]

Once there was a Snow Man
Stood outside a door.
Thought he'd like to come inside
And run around the floor;
Thought he'd like to warm himself
By the firelight red,
Thought he'd like to climb
Upon the big white bed;
So he called the North Wind,
"Help me now I pray,
I'm completely frozen
Standing here all day."
So the North Wind came along
And blew him in the door--
Now there's nothing left of him
But a puddle on the floor.

Unknown

Doorbells[2]

You never know with a doorbell
  Who may be ringing it--
It may be Great-Aunt Cynthia
  To spend the day and knit;
It may be a peddler with things to sell
  (I'll buy some when I'm older),
Or the grocer's boy with his apron on
  And a basket on his shoulder;

It may be the old umbrella-man
  Giving his queer, cracked call,
Or a lady dressed in rustly silk,
  With card-case and parasol.
Doorbells are like a magic game,
  Or the grab-bag at a fair--
You never know when you hear one ring
  Who may be waiting there!

Rachel Field

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1. Ward, Winifred, Playmaking With Children, New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts, Inc., 1947, pp. 88-89.
2. Barrows, Marjorie, One Hundred Best Poems For Boys And Girls, Racine, Wisconsin: Whitman Publishing Co., 1930, pp. 21-22.

I'm Hiding[1]

I'm hiding, I'm hiding,
And no one knows where;
For all they can see is my
Toes and my hair.

And I just heard my father
Say to my mother--
"But, darling, he must be
Somewhere or other;

"Have you looked in the INKWELL?"
And mother said, "Where?"
"In the INKWELL," said father. But
I was not there.

Then "Wait!" cried mother--
"I think that I see
Him under the carpet." But
It was not me.

"Inside the mirror's
A pretty good place,"
Said father and looked, but saw
Only his face.

"We've hunted," sighed mother,
"As hard as we could
And I AM so afraid that we've
Lost him for good."

Then I laughed out aloud
And I wiggled my toes
And father said--"Look, dear,
I wonder if those

"Toes could be Benny's.
There are ten of them. See?"
And they WERE so surprised to find
Out it was me!

Dorothy Aldis

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1. Untermeyer, Louis, Rainbow In The Sky, New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co., Inc., 1935, pp. 104-105.

The Butterbean Tent[1]

All through the garden I went and went,
And I walked in under the butterbean tent.

The poles leaned up like a good tepee
And made a nice little house for me.

I had a hard brown clod for a seat,
And all outside was a cool green street.

A little green worm and a butterfly
And a cricket-like thing that could hop went by.

Hidden away there were flocks and flocks
Of bugs that could go like little clocks.

Such a good day it was when I spent
A long, long while in the butterbean tent.

Elizabeth Madox Roberts

The Swallow[2]

Fly away, fly away over the sea,
Sun-loving swallow, for summer is done;
Come again, come again, come back to me,
Bringing the summer and bringing the sun.

Christina Rossetti

1. Roberts, Elizabeth Madox, Under The Tree, New York: The Viking Press, 1939, p. 13.
2. Sechrist, Elizabeth, op. cit., p. 112.

Snow Flakes[1]

Solo: Feathery flakes of snow come down,
Refrain: Swirling, twirling, drifting,
Solo: Until they cover all the town,
Refrain: Swirling, twirling, drifting.
Solo: People hurry to and fro,
Refrain: Riding, sliding, skipping,
Solo: Through the silver-powdered snow,
Refrain: Riding, sliding, skipping.
Solo: Motor cars are going home,
Refrain: Shifting, swerving, dripping--
Solo: Through the swirling snowy-foam
Refrain: Shifting, swerving, dripping.

Louise Abney

A Farmer Went Riding[2]

Solo: A farmer went riding upon his gray mare,
Refrain: Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
Solo: With his daughter behind him, so rosy and fair,
Refrain: Lumpety, lumpety, lump!
Solo: A raven cried "croak!" and they all tumbled down,
Refrain: Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
Solo: The mare broke her knees and the farmer his crown,
Refrain: Lumpety, lumpety, lump!
Solo: The mischievous raven flew laughing away,
Refrain: Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
Solo: And vowed he would serve them the same the next day.
Refrain: Lumpety, lumpety, lump!

Old Folk Rhyme

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1. Abney, Louise and Grace Rowe, Choral Speaking Arrangements For The Lower Grades, Boston: Expression Co., 1937, p. 43.
2. Ibid., p. 74.

Red Squirrel[1]

Unison: Flip, flop!
Solo: Without a stop
A red squirrel runs
To the oak-tree top.

Unison: Whisk, frisk!
Solo: He is so shy,
He hides himself in
The leaves near by.

Unison: Hip, hop!
Solo: With acorns brown
In his furry cheeks
He hurries down.

Unison: Snip, snap!
Solo: The nuts he cracks
With his long, white teeth,
As sharp as tacks.

Unison: Pip, pop!
Solo: He sits quite still
Eating his goodies,
Then runs down hill.

Grace Rowe

Dance Of The Leaves[2]

Solo: The autumn leaves are dancing down—
Refrain: Dance, leaves, dance!
Solo: Leaves of crimson, gold, and brown—
Refrain: Dance, leaves, dance!

Solo: Let the wind whirl you around,
Make a carpet for the ground,
Soon you'll sleep without a sound—
Refrain: Dance, leaves, dance!

Louise Abney

1. Ibid., pp. 35-36.
2. Ibid., p. 36.

The Dandelion[1]

I: "O Dandelion, yellow as gold,
What do you do all day?"
II: "I just wait here in the tall green grass
Till the children come to play."

I: "O Dandelion, yellow as gold,
What do you do all night?"
II: "I wait and wait till the cool dew falls,
And my hair grows long and white."

I: "And what do you do when your hair is white,
And the children come to play?"
II: "They take me in their dimpled hands,
And blow my hair away."

Unknown

Who Has Seen The Wind?[2]

I: Who has seen the wind?
II: Neither I nor you;
Unison: But when the leaves hang trembling
The wind is passing through.

I: Who has seen the wind?
II: Neither you nor I;
Unison: But when the trees bow down their heads
The wind is passing by.

Christina Rossetti

1. Ibid., p. 56.
2. Ibid., p. 61.

Ba, Ba, Black Sheep[1]

I: Ba, ba, black sheep,
Have you any wool?
II: Yes, sir, no, sir,
Three bags full.
One for my master,
And one for my dame,
But none for the little boy
Who cries in the lane.
Unknown

Pussy-Cat, Pussy-Cat, Where Have You Been?[2]

I: Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, where have you been?
II: I've been to London to look at the queen.
I: Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, what did you there?
II: I frighten'd a little mouse under the chair.
Unknown

Pretty Maid[3]

I: Pretty maid,
Pretty maid,
Where have you been?
II: Gathering a posie
To give to the queen.

I: Pretty maid,
Pretty maid,
What gave she you?
II: She gave me a diamond
As big as my shoe.
Unknown

1. Sechrist, Elizabeth, op. cit., p. 5.
2. Ibid., p. 9.
3. Ibid., p. 12.

Valentine[1]

Solo 1 Paper lace of pink and blue,
Solo 2 Some silver cupid darts,
Solo 3 Shiny scissors and some glue,
Solo 4 And lots of red, red hearts.
Solo 5 Satin ribbon in a bow,
Solo 6 A sweet white flying dove,
All With just one word from me to you,
1-2 LOVE,
1-2-3 LOVE,
1-2-3-4 LOVE,
1-2-3-4-5-6 LOVE.

Edith Deplitch

How To Make A Snow Man[2]

Solo 1 We'll roll the snow into a ball
As large as large can be,
Solo 2 On top a little one we'll place,
So very carefully.
Solo 3 We'll roll some others for the legs
Make arms we quite forgot.
Solo 4 Then round his neck a scarf of red,
We'll fasten with a knot.
Solo 5 A rakish hat perched askew
Above his coal black eyes,
Solo 6 Will make him always look at you
With most amused surprise.
Solo 7 Let's see, he seems all ready now,
To face the wind that blows.
All Ha! Ha! he does look funny though,
Without his carrot nose.

Edith Deplitch

1. Deplitch, Edith, Poems Of Fun And Fancy For The Little Folks, Boston: Expression Co., 1942, p. 39.
2. Ibid., p. 47.

Sea Shells[1]

Solo 1 So white, the shell, so pearly clear,
Solo 2 So small and light and round,
Solo 3 And when I hold it to my ear,
Solo 4 Oh, such a wondrous sound.

All Sh---Sh, Sh---Sh.

Solo 5 Like waves upon the yellow sand,
Solo 6 That swell, and roll, and break,
Solo 7 An ocean,--ready at my hand,
Solo 8 Each time the shell I take.

All Sh---Sh, Sh---Sh.

Edith Deplitch

The Months[2]

Solo 1 January brings the snow;
See the snow-men in a row.
Solo 2 February days are longer;
Nights are cold and winds are stronger.
Solo 3 March brings breezes loud that shake
The little flowers to make them wake.
Solo 4 April brings both sun and rain
To make the whole world green again.
Solo 5 May brings songs of bird and bee,
Joy for you and joy for me.
Solo 6 June brings buttercups and roses;
See her hands all filled with posies.
Solo 7 Hot July brings cooling showers
For thirsty fields and trees and flowers.
Solo 8 August days are full of heat;
Then fruits grow ripe for us to eat.
Solo 9 September brings the golden-rod
And milkweed flying from its pod.
Solo 10 In October, nuts are brown,
And yellow leaves fall slowly down.
Solo 11 November brings the chilly rain,
Whirling winds, and frost again.
Solo 12 Cold December ends the year
With Christmas tree, and Christmas cheer.

Adapted From Mother Goose

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1. Ibid., p. 28.
2. Abney, Louise and Grace Rowe, op. cit., pp. 48-49.

Poetry Related To Special Days

The poems included deal with the following special days:

1. Halloween
2. Thanksgiving
3. Christmas
4. St. Valentine's Day
5. Easter

If You've Never[1]

If you've never seen an old witch
Riding through the sky—
Or never felt big bat's wings
Flopping, as they fly—
If you've never touched a white thing
Gliding through the air,
And knew it was a ghost because
You got a dreadful scare—
If you've never heard the night owls,
Crying, "Whoo-whoo-whoo?"
And never jumped at pumpkin eyes
Gleaming out at you—
If all of these exciting things
You've never heard nor seen,
Why then—you've missed a lot of fun,
Because—that's Hallowe'en!

Elsie Fowler

The Magic Vine[2]

A fairy seed I planted
So dry and white and old;
There sprang a vine enchanted
With magic flowers of gold.

I watched it, I tended it,
And truly, by and by
It bore a Jack o'lantern
And a great Thanksgiving pie.

Unknown

1. Doane, Pelagie, A Small Child's Book Of Verse, New York: Oxford University Press, 1948, p. 33.
2. Hubbard, Alice and Adeline Babbitt, The Golden Flute, Eau Claire, Wisconsin: E.M. Hale and Co., 1932, pp. 111-112.

The Pilgrims Came[1]

The Pilgrims came across the sea,
And never thought of you and me;
And yet it's strange the way
We think of them Thanksgiving Day.

We tell their story old and true
Of how they sailed across the blue,
And found a new land to be free
And built their homes quite near the sea.

Every child knows well the tale
Of how they bravely turned the sail.
And journeyed many a day and night
To worship God as they thought right.

The people think that they were sad,
And grave; I'm sure that they were glad--
They made Thanksgiving Day--that's fun--
We thank the Pilgrims every one!

Annette Wynne

Thanksgiving Magic[2]

Thanksgiving Day I like to see
Our cook perform her witchery.
She turns a pumpkin into pie
As easily as you or I
Can wave a hand or wink an eye.
She takes leftover bread and muffin
And changes them to turkey stuffin'.
She changes cranberries to sauce
And meats to stews and stews to broths;
And when she mixes gingerbread
It turns into a man instead
With frosting collar 'round his throat
And raisin buttons down his coat.
Oh, some like magic made by wands,
  And some read magic out of books
And some like fairy spells and charms
  But I like magic made by cooks!

Rowena Bastin Bennett

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1. Ibid., p. 112.
2. Brewton, Sara and John Brewton, Bridled With Rainbows, New York: The Macmillan Co., 1949, p. 145.

Thanksgiving Day[1]

Over the river and through the wood,
To grandfather's house we go;
The horse knows the way
To carry the sleigh
Through the white and drifted snow.

Over the river and through the wood--
Oh, how the wind does blow!
It stings the toes
And bites the nose,
As over the ground we go.

Over the river and through the wood,
To have a first-rate play.
Hear the bells ring,
"Ting-a-ling-ling!"
Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day!

Over the river and through the wood,
Trot fast my dapple-gray!
Spring over the ground,
Like a hunting-hound!
For this is Thanksgiving Day.

Over the river and through the wood,
And straight through the barnyard gate,
We seem to go
Extremely slow,
It is so hard to wait!

Over the river and through the wood--
Now grandmother's cap I spy!
Hurrah for the fun!
Is the pudding done?
Hurrah for the pumpkin-pie!

Lydia Maria Child

1. Hubbard, Alice and Adeline Babbitt, op. cit., pp. 110-111.

Christmas Morning[1]

If Bethlehem were here today,
Or this were very long ago,
There wouldn't be a winter time
Nor any cold or snow.

I'd run out through the garden gate,
And down along the pasture walk;
And off beside the cattle barns
I'd hear a kind of gentle talk.

I'd move the heavy iron chain
And pull away the wooden pin;
I'd push the door a little bit
And tiptoe very softly in.

The pigeons and the yellow hens
And all the cows would stand away;
Their eyes would open wide to see
A lady in the manger hay.

If this were very long ago
And Bethlehem were here today.

And Mother held my hand and smiled--
I mean the lady would--and she
Would take the woolly blankets off
Her little boy so I could see.

His shut-up eyes would be asleep,
And he would look like our John,
And he would be all crumpled too,
And have a pinkish color on.

I'd watch his breath go in and out.
His little clothes would all be white.
I'd slip my finger in his hand
To feel how he could hold it tight.

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1. Roberts, Elizabeth Madox, Under The Tree, New York: The Viking Press, 1939, pp. 32-33.

And she would smile and say, "Take care,"
And mother, Mary, would, "Take care;"
And I would kiss his little hand
And touch his hair.

While Mary put the blankets back
The gentle talk would soon begin.
And when I'd tiptoe softly out
I'd meet the wise men going in.

Elizabeth Madox Roberts

Cradle Hymn[1]

Away in a manger, no crib for His bed,
The Little Lord Jesus laid down His sweet head
The stars in the bright sky looked down where He lay--
The Little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay.

The cattle are lowing, the dear Baby awakes,
But Little Lord Jesus, no crying He makes.
I love Thee, Lord Jesus! look down from the sky,
And stay by my cradle till morning is nigh.

Martin Luther

1. Geismer, Barbara Peck and Antoinette Brown Sutter, Very Young Verses, Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1945, p. 148.

Long, Long Ago[1]

Wind thro' the olive trees
  Softly did blow,
Round little Bethlehem
  Long, long ago.

Sheep on the hillside lay
  Whiter than snow;
Shepherds were watching them,
  Long, long ago.

Then from the happy sky,
  Angels bent low,
Singing their songs of joy,
  Long, long ago.

For in a manger bed,
  Cradled we know,
Christ came to Bethlehem
  Long, long ago.

Anonymous

1. Harrington, Mildred, Ring-A-Round, New York: The Macmillan Co., 1930, pp. 174-175.

Song[1]

Why do the bells of Christmas ring?
Why do little children sing?

Once a lovely shining star,
Seen by shepherds from afar,
Gently moved until its light
Made a manger's cradle bright.

There a darling baby lay
Pillowed soft upon the hay;
And its mother sang and smiled:
"This is Christ, the holy Child!"

Therefore bells for Christmas ring,
Therefore little children sing.
Eugene Field

The Christmas Exchange[2]

When Bill gives me a book, I know
It's just the book he wanted, so
When I give him a ping-pong set,
He's sure it's what I hoped to get.

Then after Christmas we arrange
A little Christmas Gift Exchange;
I give the book to him, and he
Gives back the ping-pong set to me.

So each gives twice--and that is pleasant--
To get the truly-wanted present.
Arthur Guiterman

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1. Brewton, John, Gaily We Parade, New York: The Macmillan Co., 1940, p. 167.
2. Brewton, Sara and John Brewton, Bridled With Rainbows, New York: The Macmillan Co., 1949, p. 146.

At The Ten-Cent Store[1]

The ten-cent store is a wonderful place.
It has everything--EVERYTHING--in it.
We could fill our arms and a shopping bag
In hardly more than a minute.

There are decorations for Christmas trees,
And candies and toys and books.
There are tables and shelves of things to see,
Wherever anyone looks.

We buy surprises for one another
I choose whatever I please,
And my mother doesn't say once to me,
"I wouldn't take these or these."

We buy two sets of Christmas tree lights,
And wrapping paper and string.
The ten-cent store is a place I like
For it's sure to have everything.

James S. Tippett

When Santa Claus Comes[2]

A good time is coming, I wish it were here,
The very best time in the whole of the year;
I'm counting each day on my fingers and thumbs--
The weeks that must pass before Santa Claus comes.

Then when the first snowflakes begin to come down,
And the wind whistles sharp and the branches are brown,
I'll not mind the cold, though my fingers it numbs,
For it brings the time nearer when Santa Claus comes.

Unknown

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1. Tippett, James S., Counting The Days, New York: Harper and Brothers, 1940, p. 32.
2. Geismer, Barbara Peck and Antoinette Brown Sutter, op. cit., p. 145.

A Visit From St. Nicholas[1]

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap;--
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave a lustre of midday to objects below;
When what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted, and called them by name:
"Now, Dasher, now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donder and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!
Now dash away, dash away, dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys,--and St. Nicholas too.
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!

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1. Harrington, Mildred, op. cit., pp. 177-179.

His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;
He had a broad face and a little round belly
That shook when he laughed like a bowlful of jelly.
He was chubby and plump,—a right jolly old elf;
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself;
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread;
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"

Clement Clarke Moore

Bundles[1]

A bundle is a funny thing,
It always sets me wondering;
For whether it is thin or wide
You never know just what's inside.

Especially on Christmas week
Temptation is so great to peek!
Now wouldn't it be much more fun
If shoppers carried things undone?

John Farrar

Presents[2]

I wanted a rifle for Christmas
I wanted a bat and a ball
I wanted some skates and a bicycle
But I didn't want mittens at all.

I wanted a whistle
And I wanted a kite,
I wanted a pocketknife
That shut up tight.
I wanted some books
And I wanted a kit,
But I didn't want mittens one little bit.

I told them I didn't like mittens,
I told them as plain as plain.
I told them I didn't WANT mittens
And they've given me mittens again!

Marchette Chute

1. Brewton, Sara and John Brewton, Bridled With Rainbows, New York: The Macmillan Co., 1949, p. 147.
2. Ibid., p. 147.

A Real Santa Claus[1]

Santa Claus, I hang for you,
By the mantel, stockings two;
One for me and one to go
For another boy I know.

There's a chimney in the town
You have never traveled down.
Should you chance to enter there
You would find a room all bare:
Not a stocking could you spy,
Matters not how you might try;
And the shoes, you'd find are such
As no boy would care for much.
In a broken bed you'd see
Some one just about like me,
Dreaming of pretty toys
Which you bring to other boys,
And to him a Christmas seems
Merry only in his dreams.

All he dreams then, Santa Claus,
Stuff the stocking with, because
When it's filled up to the brim
I'll be Santa Claus to him!

Frank Dempster Sherman

1. Brewton, John, Gaily We Parade, New York: The Macmillan Co., 1940, pp. 159-160.

A Sure Sign[1]

Here's the mail, sort it quick—
Papers, letters, notes,
Postcard scenes,
Magazines;
Our hearts are in our throats.
Something there,
White and square,
Sealed with wax, and bumpy—
At the edges flat and thin,
In the middle lumpy?
When you feel the envelope,
Do your fingers trace
Something narrow,
Like an arrow?
Or a part
Of a heart?
Or a Cupid's face?
Is your name across the back
In a crooked line?
Hurry, then; that's a sign
Someone's sent a valentine!

Nancy Byrd Turner

1. Doane, Pelagie, op. cit., p. 21.

Meeting The Easter Bunny[1]

On Easter morn at early dawn
  before the cocks were crowing,
I met a bob-tail bunnykin
  and asked where he was going.
" 'Tis in the house and out the house
  a-tipsy, tipsy-toeing,
" 'Tis round the house and 'bout the house
  a-lightly I am going."
"But what is that of every hue
  you carry in your basket?"
" 'Tis eggs of gold and eggs of blue;
  I wonder that you ask it.
'Tis chocolate eggs and bonbon eggs
  and eggs of red and gray,
For every child in every house
  on bonny Easter Day."
He perked his ears and winked his eye
  and twitched his little nose;
He shook his tail--what tail he had--
  and stood up on his toes.
"I must be gone before the sun;
  the East is growing gray;
'Tis almost time for bells to chime."
  So he hippety-hopped away.

Rowena Bastin Bennett

1. Association For Childhood Education, Literature Committee, Sung Under The Silver Umbrella, New York: The Macmillan Co., 1935, p. 62.

If Easter Eggs Would Hatch[1]

I wish that Easter eggs would do
  Like eggs of other seasons:
I wish that they hatched something, too,
  For--well, for lots of reasons.
The eggs you get the usual way
  Are always brown and white ones,
The eggs you find on Easter Day
  Are always gay and bright ones.

I'd love to see a purple hen,
  A rooster like a bluebird,
For that would make an old bird then
  Look really like a new bird.
If Easter eggs hatched like the rest,
  The robin and the swallow
Would peek inside a chicken's nest
  To see what styles to follow.

The rooster now is pretty proud,
  But wouldn't he be merry
If roosters only were allowed
  To dress like some canary!
And wouldn't it be fun to catch
  A little silver bunny!
If Easter eggs would only hatch,
  My, wouldn't that be funny!

Douglas Malloch

Easter Parade[2]

My button gloves are very white,
  My parasol is new,
My braids are braided nice and tight,
  And there are very few
Of all the people that I see
  Who are as beautiful as me.

Marchette Chute

1. Doane, Pelagie, op. cit., p. 27.
2. Brewton, Sara and John Brewton, Bridled With Rainbows, New York: The Macmillan Co., 1949, p. 142.

Chapter III

PROCEDURES IN POETRY PRESENTATION

Why Is Poetry Difficult For Children?

There are many reasons why some poems are not popular with children. The answers are not always easy as measuring poetic likes and dislikes is difficult.

McCauley[1] believes that some poems are not popular due to the method of presentation, wrong grade placement, unfamiliar vocabulary and the time of presentation.

Arbuthnot[2] states that five things make poetry difficult for children to understand. The first is the subject matter. Often the subjects dealt with are not within the children's experience or understanding. Second, the figures of speech are not brief and understandable. Third, the descriptions are too long. Fourth, the form of a poem is different. It does not look like prose. Sentences are often inverted and the completion of a sentence may be delayed for several lines. And last, the dialogue is different. There are no helpful words like "said."

In the past poetry has been used as a reading exercise. Children lose the whole thought of a poem if they are not able to

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1. McCauley, Lucile, "Children's Interests In Poetry," Elementary English, 25: 430, (November 1948).
2. Arbuthnot, May Hill, Children And Books, New York: Scott, Foresman and Co., 1947, pp. 161-164.

read it properly. Many textbooks are no longer including poetry.[1]

Apathy regarding poetry may be due to poor selection, improper reading, considering poetry "remote and impersonal", and required memorization.[2]

A generation ago, the memorization of selected poems was usually included in every class. Most writers believe that the memorization of poetry is desirable, but the approach and the technique is changed. "Taste in poetry is an individual matter. To try to force all children to learn the same poems would be to dull the edge of interest for many children and make some of them actually dislike poetry."[3]

"There should probably be no definite attempt to have children in the first and second grades memorize poetry. Even so, their impressionable minds will absorb much verse as they hear again and again those favorite bits of verse which they like most."[4]

Weekes[5] believes that except for entertainment and choral speaking it is not necessary to commit poetry to memory.

The learning of poetry is facilitated by the whole method. If

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1. Strickland, Ruth, The Language Arts In The Elementary School, Boston: D.C. Heath and Co., 1951, pp. 300-301.
2. Addicott, Cora, Margaret Crossley, Neva German and Wilma Hutchison, "Arousing And Discovering Children's Interest In Poetry," Elementary English Review, 8: 104, (May 1931).
3. Strickland, Ruth., op. cit., p. 300.
4. Dawson, Mildred, Language Teaching In Grades One And Two, Yonkers: World Book Co., 1949, p. 35.
5. Weekes, Blanche, Literature And The Child, New York: Silver Burdett and Co., 1935, p. 304.

a poem must be fractionized, it may be too difficult for the children to memorize. Children will memorize a poem if it has significance for them. The pleasure of accomplishment is important to children. If children memorize poetry, it should be fun and never considered a task.[1]

The recommended procedure is to have the teacher reread the poems the children like. The teacher encourages the children to supply the refrain or repetitive parts. Later the children may be repeating the entire poem. It is not necessary that any two children know the same poem. They will learn or partially learn the poems they liked best.[2]

General Classroom Procedures

There is no best method in the presentation of poetry. A good method takes three factors into consideration: readiness, the activity and the pleasure derived.[3]

Hosic[4] has done extended controlled teaching experiments regarding method. He says:

> Proper methods would seem to involve, first of all, the arousing of the pupil's experience and interest, a sympathetic and eager anticipation, so that when the poem is presented it fulfills a desire or solves a problem already in the consciousness of the pupil; second, the presentation of the selection as a whole by means of a

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1. Ibid., p. 307.
2. Strickland, Ruth, op. cit., p. 300.
3. Weekes, Blanche, op. cit., p. 257.
4. Stone, Clarence, Better Primary Reading, St. Louis: Webster Book Co., 1936, pp. 358-359.

> clear and adequate oral rendering; third, the dwelling upon the meaning of the selection as a whole rather than upon details, particularly details of logical meaning, grammar, and other formalities; fourth, sufficient repetition of the selection as a whole to give a sense of familiarity and enable the pupils to build up in their minds the wealth of pictures and suggestions in which poetry abounds.

Creating a mood is the first step necessary in introducing a new poem to the children. An informal atmosphere is desirable. This may consist of a small area in the room where the children and the teacher may sit comfortably and be relaxed. The children should know it is a time for enjoyment. After the introduction of a new poem, the teacher may read it several times as it is difficult to judge a poem the first time it is heard. It should be made clear to the children that they are not expected to like every poem. The teacher needs to anticipate the difficulties of words, mood and characterization of the new poem. An explanation of the important words may be given before the poem is heard or it may be delayed until the poem is presented. The teacher should wait for the reaction of the children. Do not ask the children if they enjoyed the poem, but wait for their questions or comments. If the new poem is not requested in a few days, the teacher may read it again. The poem may be presented two or three times and if at the end of that time the children do not respond, the poem should be laid aside.[1]

The children should be encouraged to choose the poems they wish

1. Arbuthnot, May Hill, op. cit., pp. 168-171.

to hear. The reaction will be a response of feeling. One needs to keep in mind that the major appeal of poetry is emotional.[1]

Lane[2] has five rules for the teacher in presenting poetry to young children. If the teacher doesn't love poetry, she should leave the teaching of poetry to someone else. Give the children a variety of poems to discover their poetical tastes. Let the children express themselves honestly about their poetry choices. Give the children a variety of poetry. Always recite a poem rather than read it.

Creative Dramatic Procedures

One way of approaching poetry is through the correlation of poetry and drama. Hartman[3] says, "This gives the chance for creating within bounds; of repeating the poem and in that way of becoming familiar with it; of making the poet's spirit the child's own. Children who would accept poetry in no other way can undoubtedly be led gently into the love of it in this way. It is also making use of a natural impulse of the child to act out things."

With younger children the Mother Goose rhymes are good for beginning creative dramatic work. Most Mother Goose rhymes have a plot, dialogue and action. Brown[4] suggests using responsive singing

1. Hill, May, "Unharnessing Pegasus," Elementary English Review, 8: 107-108, (May 1931).
2. Lane, Robert, The Teacher In The Modern Elementary School, Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1941, p. 288.
3. Hartman, Juliet, "The Place Of Poetry In Children's Literature," Elementary English Review, 9: 19, (January 1932).
4. Brown, Corinne, Creative Drama In The Lower School, New York: D. Appleton and Co., 1929, p. 18.

and pantomime as the initial step in creative drama.

Poems to be dramatized should not be too difficult. Teachers are prone to use poems that are beyond the children's ability to present satisfactorily.[1] There are modern poets whose work is well suited to creative dramatics as well as Mother Goose rhymes.

Setting the mood is most important in the presentation of a poem to be used for creative dramatics. It is advantageous to use the mood that is already set by the season, weather, holiday or unit of work. After the mood is set, the children hear the poem. The poem is discussed as children need to feel sure about a story before attempting to dramatize it. The first playing will probably be pantomime. The number of participants may vary. When one group is through playing, another group has a turn. In later presentations dialogue may be added. The dialogue is spontaneous and is not memorized. With each playing the dialogue and action may vary. The teacher may step into the dramatization to keep it from bogging down. If the teacher enters as a character in the dramatization, the illusion is not broken. "The dramatizations of little children are always crude, and they would be unnatural if they were not."[2]

The value of creative dramatics is in the process and not in the end product. With younger children an audience performance should be avoided until they are nine or older. Other children their

1. Ward, Winifred, Playmaking With Children, New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts, Inc., 1947, p. 62.
2. Ibid., pp. 88-94.

own age may be invited to see an informal dramatization, but an adult audience may make the children self-conscious or show off.[1]

Poems which are suitable for creative dramatic purposes are included in the anthology.

Verse Speaking Procedures

Through verse speaking the children may gain an enjoyment of oral poetry. It has possibilities of benefitting the tone quality of the voice. The group participation aids the shy individual and gives them a sense of belonging. This approach to poetry makes a sometimes dull presentation different and more interesting.[2]

Verse speaking is natural with young children. They instinctively say the chorus lines of familiar poems. With first and second graders no formal verse choir work is suggested. Verse choir work should be postponed until the children are nine or ten years old.[3]

In the lower grades the aim of verse speaking is to prepare for choir work. This preparation consists of developing a sense of rhythm, keeping a poem from dragging, and keeping their voices soft and light.[4]

Clapping the rhythm of a poem as it is read or recited aids the

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1. Ibid., p. 94.
2. Berry, Katharine, "Rhythms In The School Program," Elementary English, 25: 221-223, (April 1948).
3. Harbage, Mary, "Using Poetry With Young Children," Elementary English, 26: 388, (November 1949).
4. Arbuthnot, May Hill, op. cit., pp. 179-180.

children in sensing the rhythm. They should understand the poem that is to be used. When a poem is well in mind, they are ready for verse speaking.[1]

Verse speaking can develop good speech helpers who stand and sit well, look at the audience, have something to say, say it well, speak so everyone can hear, do not speak too fast or too slow, have a happy voice, and can be good listeners.[2]

There are three types of verse speaking best suited to the lower grades. The easiest type to begin with is the refrain. In the refrain type the teacher or a child reads the narrative and the class joins in the refrain. The next in simplicity is the two-part type. This is especially adaptable to question and answer poetry. The third type is the line-a-child type in which each child speaks a line. The last line may be said in unison.[3]

The following suggestions might aid the teacher in her verse speaking procedures. Read much poetry to the children. The teacher should watch her own speech and rhythm. The poem ought to be discussed and all word meanings clarified. The children should be encouraged to repeat the poem after they have heard it many times. The class may suggest the ways the various parts might be said.

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1. Wilson, Clara and Clara Evans, "Enjoying Poetry With Children," Elementary English, 25: 54-57, (January 1948).
2. Abney, Louise and Grace Rowe, Choral Speaking Arrangements For The Lower Grades, Boston: Expression Co., 1937, p. 22.
3. Ibid., pp. 13-17.

The class may be divided into parts when necessary.[1]

Abney and Rowe[2] have a list of cautions the leader of a verse speaking group should keep in mind. Don't use material beyond the children's ability. Avoid exploiting your directing ability. Don't over-analyze the poem. Don't let sing-song patterns creep into the reading. Don't let children force their tones. Avoid choosing the same pupils to do all the solo parts. Don't consider an audience situation as the primary objective of verse speaking. Don't let verse speaking become an outlet for poor speech.

A suggested criteria for selection of poems for verse speaking are: brevity, simplicity of vocabulary and phrasing, marked rhythm, appeal to children and literary quality.[3]

Types of poems that are suitable for verse speaking with young children include: old rhymes, especially Mother Goose, poems within experience of the children, poems with images and pictures, poems of simple structure, and poems with universal appeal.[4]

Poems that have been found to be usable for verse speaking are included in the anthology.

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1. Cincinnati Public Schools, The Primary Manual, Cincinnati: Cincinnati Public Schools, 1942, p. 78.
2. Abney, Louise and Grace Rowe, op. cit., p. 34.
3. Dawson, Mildred, op. cit., p. 98.
4. Cincinnati Public Schools, op. cit., p. 79.

Creative Verse Procedures

A second grade teacher in Washington D. C. tried five approaches to creative poetry with her class. The first approach was to provide a place for the deposit of poems and to read the best ones. The group failed to show growth during this study. The second approach was to use creative verse as a means of teaching grammar and English. The author dismissed this method as it is not the proper approach to writing. Another procedure used was to create poetry as a group. In this phase the children did poorly. The fourth approach was to have the children finish a couplet. It was too restricting and was dropped as a means of creating verse. The last method used was to provide a quiet atmosphere and let the children come to the teacher one at a time to dictate their bits of verse. With this particular class the results were good.[1]

It is the teacher's task to give the children something to write about. She needs to get the children's imaginations working.[2]

Situations which lend themselves to poetry making are: the reading of poetry, observing a natural phenomena, enjoying beautiful scenery, visit of a pet, holidays and excursions.[3]

Children need to hear much poetry before they are ready to

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1. Kidd, Elnora, "A Digest Of Approaches To Creative Writing With Primary Children," Elementary English, 25: 47-53, (January 1948).
2. Bremm, Hazel, "Creative Writing In Primary Grades," Elementary English, 26: 394, (November 1949).
3. Cincinnati Public Schools, op. cit., p. 118.

create verse. Christopher Morley[1] says, "There can be no creativeness except from one's spillover. You cannot get it from a meager little half filled cup."

Children should be given the opportunity to become acquainted with a variety of verse forms. It helps the children understand that all poetry does not rhyme. Their own expression is most likely to be with the less fixed rhythmical patterns.[2]

Rhyme and poetry are not synonymous. If a teacher praises a jingle and calls it poetry, the children get a wrong concept of poetry. The usual result is that the teacher is flooded with "poems."[3]

"To praise a trite couplet with a forced rhyme because imperfect work may be expected from an amateur poet is to set up false standards; but to praise a fragment which has in it a touch of originality, a breath of genuine imagery--overlooking for a moment a halting rhythm or a crude expression--is to place value where it belongs."[4]

There are two ways of creating verse. One is the group method, the other is the individual method. The group method of approaching creative verse helps the individual learn something about the making of a poem. In the group method of writing verse several subjects are listed on the board and one is selected for the topic of the poem.

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1. Green, Ivah, "The Time For Poetry," Elementary English Review, 23: 155, (April 1946).
2. Cincinnati Public Schools, op. cit., p. 78.
3. Brown, Dorothy and Marguerite Butterfield, The Teaching Of Language In The Primary Grades, New York: The Macmillan Co., 1941, pp. 34-35.
4. Cincinnati Public Schools, op. cit., p. 118.

The teacher asks for a first line and the children respond. The class decides which would make the best first line. The other suggested first lines are either erased or saved for use in the body of the poem. The advantage of group verse writing is that it gives the children an experience in democratic living. The disadvantages are that there is little free expression by the individual and what there is may be discarded by the class. A feeling of unity toward the chosen topic may be lacking and this may result in inferior quality in the verse. When children write in forced rhyme, their emphasis is upon the form and not the quality of expression.[1]

In developing the individual approach to creative writing, a proper setting is necessary. The setting should be quiet and movement ought to be held at a minimum. The children may be occupied with painting, weaving and clay modeling. The teacher sits at a low table to take dictation. The teacher writes the child's name down when he has an idea and calls on him when she is through with another child. At the close of the period a contribution from each child is read. The teacher is not to suggest improvements or add words as the child's confidence may be shaken. The best poem will contain only a line or two of true beauty. The emotional satisfaction that a child may gain through creating verse is the important thing. The publication of creative verse is not desirable as the element of

1. Warner, Ruby, "Child Feeling And Expression," Arts In Childhood, Series IV Bulletin 1, 1949, pp. 15-17.

competition may cause some children not to create.[1]

Instrumental music may be used to set the mood for creative verse. Literature may be the stimulus for expressing one's self through creative poetry.[2]

With younger children it is necessary that the teacher write their poems. Children are handicapped by penmanship, spelling and the speed with which their ideas flow. The occasion should not be used for the teaching of spelling or any other subject. Children should never be expected to copy their poems or the poems of an adult author because copying is a chore and may build a barrier between the child and the poem.[3]

In judging children's verse one looks for originality, imagination, careful observation, vivid imagery, fine feeling, humor and sincerity. The expression should be "simple, honest and direct."[4]

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1. Jackson, Doris, "Poetry-Making With Children," Elementary English Review, 20: 133-134, (April 1943).
2. Warner, Ruby, op. cit., p. 14.
3. Arnstein, Flora, Adventures Into Poetry, Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1951, p. 77.
4. Cincinnati Public Schools, op. cit., p. 118.

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