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*Revised Edition, Carefully Corrected*

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AND MEMORIZING

*In the Schools of New York, Philadelphia, Chicago  
New Orleans, and other Cities*

FIRST YEAR

BROUGHT TOGETHER UNDER ONE COVER AND  
ARRANGED BY GRADES

BY

MELVIN HIX

*Bachelor of Education, Teachers College, Columbia University, Designer of  
"A Brief Outline of the Books I Have Read"; "A Brief Outline  
of My History Lessons"; and Author of "Fifty  
English Classics Briefly Outlined"*

REVISED EDITION, CAREFULLY CORRECTED

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## FOREWORD

This book is the first of a series of eight designed to furnish material for memory work and for supplementary reading in elementary schools. These books have been compiled and arranged according to the tastes and opinions of our leading educational authorities as recorded in the course of study in the chief cities of the United States. All of the pieces required or suggested for first-year memory work in the schools of New York City and of New Orleans will be found in this book. To these have been added enough suitable selections to meet the needs of the schools of Philadelphia and Chicago and many other cities. In the case of Chicago, use has been made of the Report of the Committee on English of the Chicago Principals' Association; in all other cases, the compiler has had before him the courses of study now in force in all of the principal cities of our country. After a careful examination of them, it is believed that the material here furnished will satisfy the needs of first-year classes in more than ninety per cent. of the schools of the United States.

It is, of course, impossible to include in a book like this every selection laid down for first-year work in every course of study. That would be to exhaust the supply and leave no material for the other primary books. Teachers who may wish to use other selections will, in almost every case, find them in the other books of the series. Where the series is adopted as a whole, an exchange of books from grade to grade will enable teachers

Baker Taylor 5 Aug. '19-6

to meet the demands of nearly or quite every course of study in the land.

All educational authorities are agreed as to the importance of memorizing good literature. Heretofore the pieces required for any grade have been scattered through a large number of volumes. Consequently teachers and pupils have been obliged to waste much valuable time in preparing unsatisfactory and inaccurate manuscript copies. In most cases, these are soon lost or destroyed, thus making impossible that frequent review without which the best results cannot be obtained. By the use of this series each pupil may be furnished with a printed copy of all the pieces to be learned.

Each book of the series contains many more selections than can be memorized in a single year. The remainder of the pieces may profitably be used for supplementary reading.

The compiler has endeavored to give due and proper credit as to authorship and ownership of copyright for every selection contained in this book. Any omissions or errors will be promptly rectified after proper notification. Thanks are due to those authors and publishers who have granted permission to use copyrighted material.

MELVIN HIX.

April 15, 1905.

## CONTENTS

	PAGE
AS I WENT THROUGH THE GARDEN GAP	<i>Mother Goose</i> 47
BAA, BAA, BLACK SHEEP . . . . .	<i>Mother Goose</i> 7
BABY, THE . . . . .	<i>George Macdonald</i> 29
BOATS SAIL ON THE RIVERS . . . . .	<i>Christina Rossetti</i> 4
BUSY BEE, THE . . . . .	<i>Isaac Watts</i> 33
COCK ROBIN . . . . .	<i>Mother Goose</i> 10
COW, THE . . . . .	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i> 25
CURLY LOCKS . . . . .	<i>James Whitcomb Riley</i> 46
DAINTY LITTLE MAIDEN . . . . .	<i>Alfred Tennyson</i> 52
DEWDROP, THE . . . . .	<i>Frank Dempster Sherman</i> 3
FIREFLY, THE . . . . .	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i> 50
GOLDEN RULE, THE . . . . .	<i>The New England Primer</i> 1
GOOD-NIGHT AND GOOD-MORNING	<i>Richard Monckton Milnes</i> 24
HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT, THE . . . . .	5
HUMPTY DUMPTY . . . . .	<i>Mother Goose</i> 12
HUSH! THE WAVES ARE ROLLING IN . . . . .	<i>Gaelic Lullaby</i> 18
I HAVE A LITTLE SISTER . . . . .	<i>Mother Goose</i> 9
IN THE HEART OF A SEED . . . . .	<i>Kate L. Brown</i> 1
I SAW A SHIP A-SAILING . . . . .	<i>Mother Goose</i> 16
LADY MOON . . . . .	<i>Lord Houghton</i> 51
LAND OF COUNTERPANE, THE . . . . .	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i> 48
LITTLE BO-PEEP . . . . .	<i>Mother Goose</i> 14
LITTLE BOY BLUE . . . . .	<i>Mother Goose</i> 12
LITTLE DROPS OF WATER . . . . .	<i>Brewer</i> 8
LITTLE JACK HORNER . . . . .	<i>Mother Goose</i> 19
LITTLE NANCY ETTICOAT . . . . .	<i>Mother Goose</i> 14
LITTLE PUSSY . . . . .	<i>Jane Taylor</i> 13
LITTLE ROBIN REDBREAST . . . . .	42
MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB . . . . .	<i>Sara Josepha Hall</i> 23
MILLION LITTLE DIAMONDS, A . . . . .	18
MISTRESS MARY . . . . .	<i>Mother Goose</i> 13
MOTHER HUBBARD . . . . .	<i>Mother Goose</i> 20

	PAGE
NEST EGGS . . . . .	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i> 26
NEW MOON, THE . . . . .	<i>Eliza Lee Follen</i> 27
NONSENSE ALPHABET . . . . .	<i>Edward Lear</i> 34
OVER IN THE MEADOW . . . . .	<i>Olive A. Wadsworth</i> 38
PETER PIPER . . . . .	<i>Mother Goose</i> 36f
PROVERBS AND POPULAR SAYINGS *	
RAIN IS RAINING ALL AROUND, THE	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i> 4
ROBIN REDBREAST . . . . .	<i>William Alkington</i> 44
ROCKABY, BABY, ON THE TREE TOP . . . . .	<i>Mother Goose</i> 2
ROCKABY, BABY, THY CRADLE IS GREEN . . . . .	<i>Mother Goose</i> 2
SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE . . . . .	<i>Mother Goose</i> 19
SING, ROBIN, SING . . . . .	3
SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP . . . . .	<i>From the German</i> 15
SNOWFLAKES . . . . .	45
SUNBEAMS, THE . . . . .	<i>Emilie Poulsson</i> 49
SUN'S TRAVELS, THE . . . . .	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i> 30
SUPPOSE . . . . .	<i>Alice Cary</i> 31
SWEET AND LOW . . . . .	<i>Alfred Tennyson</i> 28
THANK YOU, PRETTY COW . . . . .	<i>Jane Taylor</i> 17
THIRTY WHITE HORSES . . . . .	<i>Mother Goose</i> 2
THIS LITTLE PIG WENT TO MARKET . . . . .	<i>Mother Goose</i> 2
TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR . . . . .	<i>Jane Taylor</i> 9
WHAT DOES LITTLE BIRDIE SAY ? . . . . .	<i>Alfred Tennyson</i> 32
WHAT THE WINDS BRING . . . . .	<i>Edmund Clarence Stedman</i> 43
WHO HAS SEEN THE WIND ? . . . . .	<i>Christina Rossetti</i> 4
WIND, THE . . . . .	<i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i> 37

#### PATRIOTIC SELECTIONS FOR ALL GRADES

AMERICA . . . . .	<i>Samuel Francis Smith, D. D.</i> 58
AMERICAN FLAG, THE . . . . .	<i>Joseph Rodman Drake</i> 62
BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC, THE . . . . .	<i>Julia Ward Howe</i> 54
HAIL, COLUMBIA! . . . . .	<i>Joseph Hopkinson</i> 60
HOME, SWEET HOME . . . . .	<i>John Howard Payne</i> 55
STAR-SPANGLED BANNER, THE . . . . .	<i>Francis Scott Key</i> 57

\* Instructive Proverbs and Popular Sayings have been inserted on different pages throughout the book.

**THE  
APPROVED SELECTIONS  
FOR THE  
FIRST YEAR**

---

**THE GOLDEN RULE**

Be you to others kind and true,  
As you'd have others be to you.

*The New England Primer.*

**IN THE HEART OF A SEED**

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 beautiful  
Outside world might be.

*Kate L. Brown.*

2      *SELECTIONS FOR MEMORIZING*

**ROCKABY, BABY, ON THE TREE TOP**

Rockaby, baby, on the tree top,  
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock;  
When the bough bends, the cradle will fall,  
Down will come baby, bough, cradle, and all.

*Mother Goose.*

**ROCKABY, BABY, THY CRADLE IS GREEN**

Rockaby, baby, thy cradle is green;  
Father's a nobleman, mother's a queen;  
And Betty's a lady, and wears a gold ring;  
And Johnny's a drummer, and drums for the  
king.

*Mother Goose.*

**THIS LITTLE PIG WENT TO MARKET**

This pig went to market;  
This pig stayed at home;  
This pig had a bit of meat,  
And this pig had none;  
This pig said " Wee, wee, wee!  
I can't find my way home."

*Mother Goose.*

**THIRTY WHITE HORSES**

Thirty white horses upon a red hill,  
Now they tramp, now they champ, now they  
stand still.

*Mother Goose.*



THE DEWDROP\*

Little drop of dew,  
Like a gem you are;  
I believe that you  
Must have been a star.

When the day is bright,  
On the grass you lie;  
Tell me, then, at night  
Are you in the sky?

*Frank Dempster Sherman.*

SING, ROBIN, SING

Sing, Robin, sing,  
High up in the tree!  
Sing a sweet song  
For baby and me.

Sing, Robin, sing,  
For baby and me,  
Sing for your little ones  
High in the tree!

---

As white as snow.  
As black as a crow.

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4      **SELECTIONS FOR MEMORIZING**

**WHO HAS SEEN THE WIND?**

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

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

*Christina Rossetti.*

**BOATS SAIL ON THE RIVERS**

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.*

**THE RAIN IS RAINING ALL AROUND**

The rain is raining all around,  
It falls on field and tree,  
It rains on the umbrellas here,  
And on the ships at sea.

*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

**THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT**

**This is the house that Jack built.**

**This is the malt  
That lay in the house that Jack built.**

**This is the rat,  
That ate the malt  
That lay in the house that Jack built.**

**This is the cat,  
That killed the rat,  
That ate the malt  
That lay in the house that Jack built.**

**This is the dog,  
That worried the cat,  
That killed the rat,  
That ate the malt  
That lay in the house that Jack built.**

**This is the cow with the crumpled horn,  
That tossed the dog,  
That worried the cat,  
That killed the rat,  
That ate the malt  
That lay in the house that Jack built.**

6      *SELECTIONS FOR MEMORIZING*

This is the maiden all forlorn,  
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,  
That tossed the dog,  
That worried the cat,  
That killed the rat,  
That ate the malt  
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the man all tattered and torn,  
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,  
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,  
That tossed the dog,  
That worried the cat,  
That killed the rat,  
That ate the malt  
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the priest all shaven and shorn,  
That married the man all tattered and torn,  
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,  
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,  
That tossed the dog,  
That worried the cat,  
That killed the rat,  
That ate the malt  
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cock that crowed in the morn,  
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,

That married the man all tattered and torn,  
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,  
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,  
That tossed the dog,  
That worried the cat,  
That killed the rat,  
That ate the malt  
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the farmer sowing his corn,  
That kept the cock that crowed in the morn,  
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,  
That married the man all tattered and torn,  
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,  
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,  
That tossed the dog,  
That worried the cat,  
That killed the rat,  
That ate the malt  
That lay in the house that Jack built.

**BAA, BAA, BLACK SHEEP**

Baa, baa, black sheep, have you any wool?  
Yes, marry, have I, three bags full;  
One for my master and one for my dame,  
But none for the little boy who cries in the  
lane.

*Mother Goose.*

## LITTLE DROPS OF WATER

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

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

So our little errors  
Lead the soul away  
From the path of virtue,  
Oft in sin to stray.

Little deeds of kindness,  
Little words of love,  
Make our earth an Eden,  
Like the heaven above.

*Brewer.*

---

Have a place for everything and everything  
in its place.

---

A liar is not believed even when he speaks the  
truth.

**TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR**

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

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

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

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

*Jane Taylor.*

**I HAVE A LITTLE SISTER**

I have a little sister, they call her Peep, Peep;  
She wades the waters deep, deep, deep;  
She climbs the mountains high, high, high;  
Poor little creature, she has but one eye.

*Mother Goose.*

## COCK ROBIN

Who killed Cock Robin?

“ I,” said the Sparrow,  
“ With my bow and arrow,  
I killed Cock Robin.”

Who saw him die?

“ I,” said the Fly,  
“ With my little eye,  
And I saw him die.”

Who caught his blood?

“ I,” said the Fish,  
“ With my little dish,  
And I caught his blood.”

Who made his shroud?

“ I,” said the Beadle,  
“ With my little needle,  
And I made his shroud.”

Who shall dig his grave?

“ I,” said the Owl,  
“ With my spade and shovel [shovel],  
And I’ll dig his grave.”

Who’ll be the parson?

“ I,” said the Rook,  
“ With my little book,  
And I’ll be the parson.”



Who'll be the clerk?  
    " I," said the Lark,  
    " If it's not in the dark,  
And I'll be the clerk."

Who'll carry him to the grave?  
    " I," said the Kite,  
    " If 'tis not in the night,  
And I'll carry him to his grave."

Who'll carry the link?  
    " I," said the Linnet,  
    " I'll fetch it in a minute,  
And I'll carry the link."

Who'll be the chief mourner?  
    " I," said the Dove,  
    " I mourn for my love,  
And I'll be chief mourner."

Who'll bear the pall?  
    " We," said the Wren,  
    Both the Cock and the Hen,  
" And we'll bear the pall."

Who'll sing a psalm?  
    " I," said the Thrush,  
    As she sat in a bush,  
" And I'll sing a psalm."

12    *SELECTIONS FOR MEMORIZING*

Who'll toll the bell?  
    " I," said the Bull,  
    " Because I can pull; "  
And so, Cock Robin, farewell.

*Mother Goose.*

**MISTRESS MARY**

Mistress Mary, quite contrary,  
    How does your garden grow?  
With cockle shells and silver bells,  
    And pretty maids all in a row.

*Mother Goose.*

**LITTLE BOY BLUE**

Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn,  
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the  
    corn;  
What! is this the way you mind your sheep,  
Under the haycock, fast asleep?

*Mother Goose.*

**HUMPTY DUMPTY**

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,  
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;  
Not all the king's horses, nor all the king's  
    men,  
Could set Humpty Dumpty up again.

*Mother Goose.*

LITTLE PUSSY

I love little Pussy,  
Her coat is so warm;  
And if I don't hurt her,  
She'll do me no harm.

So I'll not pull her tail,  
Nor drive her away,  
But Pussy and I  
Very gently will play.

She shall sit by my side,  
And I'll give her some food;  
And she'll love me, because  
I am gentle and good.

I'll pat little Pussy,  
And then she will purr,  
And thus show her thanks  
For my kindness to her.

I'll not pinch her ears,  
Nor tread on her paw,  
Lest I should provoke her  
To use her sharp claw.

I never will vex her,  
Nor make her displeas'd,  
For Puss doesn't like  
To be worried nor teased.

*Jane Taylor.*

14 SELECTIONS FOR MEMORIZING

LITTLE BO-PEEP

Little Bo-peep has lost her sheep  
And can't tell where to find them;  
Leave them alone, and they'll come home,  
And bring their tails behind them.

Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep  
And dreamt she heard them bleating;  
But when she awoke she found it a joke,  
For they were still a-fleeing.

Then up she took her little crook,  
Determined for to find them;  
She found them, indeed, but it made her heart  
bleed,  
For they'd left their tails behind them.

*Mother Goose.*

LITTLE NANCY ETTICOAT

Little Nancy Etticoat,  
In a white petticoat,  
And a red nose;  
The longer she stands,  
The shorter she grows.

*Mother Goose.*

---

The world is so full of a number of things,  
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.

*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

**SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP!**

Sleep, baby, sleep!  
Thy father is watching the sheep,  
Thy mother is shaking the dreamland tree,  
And down drops a little dream for thee.  
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!  
The great stars are the sheep,  
The little stars are the lambs, I guess,  
The bright moon is the shepherdess.  
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!  
Thy father is watching the sheep,  
Thy mother is shaking the dreamland tree,  
And down drops a little dream for thee.  
Sleep, baby, sleep!

*From the German.*

---

As busy as a bee.  
As deep as the sea.  
As tall as a tree.

## I SAW A SHIP A-SAILING

I saw a ship a-sailing,  
A-sailing on the sea;  
And, oh! it was all laden  
With pretty things for thee!

There were comfits in the cabin,  
And apples in the hold;  
The sails were made of silk,  
And the masts were made of gold.

The four and twenty sailors  
That stood between the decks,  
Were four and twenty white mice,  
With chains about their necks.

The captain was a duck,  
With a packet on his back;  
And, when the ship began to move,  
The captain said, " Quack! quack! "

*Mother Goose.*

---

As warm as toast.  
As like as two peas.  
As merry as a cricket.

**THANK YOU, PRETTY COW**

Thank you, pretty cow, that made  
Pleasant milk to soak my bread,  
Every day and every night,  
Warm, and fresh, and sweet, and white.

Do not chew the hemlock rank,  
Growing on the weedy bank;  
But the yellow cowslips eat,  
That will make it very sweet.

Where the purple violet grows,  
Where the bubbling water flows,  
Where the grass is fresh and fine,  
Pretty cow, go there and dine.

*Jane Taylor.*

---

As slow as a snail.  
As dead as a door nail.

---

As quiet as a mouse.  
As tall as a house.

**HUSH! THE WAVES ARE ROLLING IN!**

Hush! the waves are rolling in,  
White with foam, white with foam;  
Father toils amid the din;  
But baby sleeps at home.

Hush! the winds roar hoarse and deep,—  
On they come, on they come!  
Brother seeks the wandering sheep;  
But baby sleeps at home.

Hush! the rain sweeps o'er the knowes,  
Where they roam, where they roam;  
Sister goes to seek the cows;  
But baby sleeps at home.

**A MILLION LITTLE DIAMONDS**

A million little diamonds  
Twinkled in the trees,  
And all the little maidens said,  
“ A jewel if you please! ”

But while they held their hands  
To catch the diamonds gay,  
A million little sunbeams came  
And stole them all away.



**SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE**

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 snapped off her nose.

*Mother Goose.*

**LITTLE JACK HORNER**

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,  
Eating a Christmas pie;  
He put in his thumb, and pulled out a plum,  
And said, "What a good boy am I!"

*Mother Goose.*

## MOTHER HUBBARD

Old Mother Hubbard  
Went to the cupboard,  
    To get her poor dog a bone;  
But when she came there,  
The cupboard was bare,  
    And so the poor dog had none.

She went to the baker's  
    To buy him some bread;  
But when she came back,  
    The poor dog was dead.

She went to the joiner's  
    To buy him a coffin;  
But when she came back,  
    The poor dog was laughing.

She took a clean dish  
    To get him some tripe;  
But when she came back,  
    He was smoking his pipe.

She went to the fishmonger's  
    To buy him some fish;  
And when she came back,  
    He was licking the dish.

She went to the ale-house  
To get him some beer;  
But when she came back,  
The dog sat in a chair.

She went to the tavern  
For white wine and red;  
But when she came back,  
The dog stood on his head.

She went to the hatter's  
To buy him a hat;  
But when she came back,  
He was feeding the cat.

She went to the barber's  
To buy him a wig;  
But when she came back,  
He was dancing a jig.

She went to the fruiterer's  
To buy him some fruit;  
But when she came back,  
He was playing the flute.

She went to the tailor's  
To buy him a coat;  
But when she came back,  
He was riding a goat.

She went to the cobbler's  
To buy him some shoes;  
But when she came back,  
He was reading the news.

She went to the seamstress  
To buy him some linen;  
But when she came back,  
The dog was spinning.

She went to the hosier's  
To buy him some hose;  
But when she came back,  
He was dressed in his clothes.

The dame made a curtsy,  
The dog made a bow;  
The dame said, "Your servant,"  
The dog said, "Bow, wow!"

*Mother Goose.*

**MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB**

Mary had a little lamb,  
Its fleece was white as snow;  
And everywhere that Mary went  
The lamb was sure to go.

He followed her to school one day,—  
That was against the rule;  
It made the children laugh and play,  
To see a lamb at school.

So the teacher turned him out,  
But still he lingered near,  
And waited patiently about,  
Till Mary did appear.

Then he ran to her, and laid  
His head upon her arm,  
As if he said, "I'm not afraid,—  
You'll keep me from all harm."

"What makes the lamb love Mary so?"—  
The eager children cry.  
"Oh, Mary loves the lamb, you know,"  
The teacher did reply.

*Sara Josepha Hall.*

**GOOD-NIGHT AND GOOD-MORNING**

A fair little girl sat under a tree,  
Sewing as long as her eyes could see;  
Then smoothed her work and folded it right,  
And said, " Dear work, good-night, good-  
          night! "

Such a number of rooks came over her head,  
Crying " Caw! Caw! " on their way to bed,  
She said, as she watched their curious flight,  
" Little black things, good-night, good-  
          night! "

The horses neighed, and the oxen lowed,  
The sheep's " Bleat! Bleat! " came over the  
          road;  
All seeming to say, with a quiet delight,  
" Good little girl, good-night, good-night! "

She did not say to the sun, " Good-night! "  
Though she saw him there like a ball of light;  
For she knew he had God's time to keep  
All over the world and never could sleep.

The tall pink foxglove bowed his head;  
The violets curtsied, and went to bed;  
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,  
And said, on her knees, her favorite prayer.

And while on her pillow she softly lay,  
She knew nothing more till again it was day;  
And all things said to the beautiful sun,  
“ Good-morning, good-morning! our work is  
begun.”

*Richard Monckton Milnes.*

### THE COW

The friendly cow all red 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.*

---

As plain as the nose on a man's face.

## NEST EGGS

Birds all the summer day,  
Flutter and quarrel,  
Here in the arbor-like  
Tent of the laurel.

Here in the fork  
The brown nest is seated;  
Four little blue eggs  
The mother keeps heated.

While we stand watching her,  
Staring like gabies,  
Safe in each egg are the  
Bird's little babies.

Soon the frail eggs they shall  
Chip, and, upspringing,  
Make all the April woods  
Merry with singing.

Younger than we are,  
O children, and frailer,  
Soon in blue air they'll be,  
Singer and sailor.

*Robert Louis Stevenson.*



THE NEW MOON.

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

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

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

And there we would stay  
In the beautiful skies,  
And through the bright clouds we would  
roam;  
We would see the sun set,  
And see the sun rise,  
And on the next rainbow come home.

*Eliza Lee Follen.*

**SWEET AND LOW**

Sweet and low, sweet and low,  
    Wind of the western sea,  
Low, low, breathe and blow,  
    Wind of the western sea!  
Over the rolling waters go,  
Come from the dying moon, and blow,  
    Blow him again to me;  
While my little one, while my pretty one,  
    sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,  
    Father will come to thee soon;  
Rest, rest on mother's breast,  
    Father will come to thee soon;  
Father will come to his babe in the nest,  
Silver sails all out of the west.  
    Under the silver moon,  
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one,  
    sleep.

*Alfred Tennyson.*

---

As proud as a peacock, as sly as a fox;  
As mad as a hatter, as strong as an ox;  
As pure as an angel, as neat as a pin;  
As smart as a steel-trap, as ugly as sin.

THE BABY

Where did you come from, baby dear?  
Out of the everywhere into the here.

Where did you get your eyes so blue?  
Out of the sky as I came through.

What makes the light in them sparkle and  
spin?  
Some of the starry spikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear?  
I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and  
high?  
A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm, white  
rose?  
Something better than anyone knows.

Whence that three-cornered smile of  
bliss?  
Three angels gave me at once a kiss.

Where did you get that pearly ear?  
God spoke, and it came out to hear.

Where did you get those arms and hands?  
Love made itself into hooks and bands.

Feet, whence did you come, you darling  
things?  
From the same box as the cherubs' wings.

How did they all just come to be you?  
God thought about me, and so I grew.

But how did you come to us, you dear?  
God thought of you, and so I am here.

*George Macdonald.*

#### THE SUN'S TRAVELS

The sun is not abed when I  
At night upon my pillow lie;  
Still round the earth his way he takes,  
And morning after morning makes.

While here at home, in shining day,  
We round the sunny garden play,  
Each little Indian sleepy-head  
Is being kissed and put to bed.

And when at eve I rise from tea,  
Day dawns beyond the Atlantic Sea;  
And all the children in the West  
Are getting up and being dressed.

*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

## SUPPOSE

Suppose, my little lady,  
 Your doll should break her head,  
 Could you make it whole by crying  
 Till your eyes and nose are red?  
 And wouldn't it be pleasanter  
 To treat it as a joke;  
 And say you're glad, " 'Twas Dolly's  
 And not your head that broke? "

Suppose you're dressed for walking,  
 And the rain comes pouring down,  
 Will it clear off any sooner  
 Because you scold and frown?  
 And wouldn't it be nicer  
 For you to smile than pout,  
 And so make sunshine in the house  
 When there is none without?

Suppose your task, my little man,  
 Is very hard to get,  
 Will it make it any easier  
 For you to sit and fret?  
 And wouldn't it be wiser,  
 Than waiting like a dunce,  
 To go to work in earnest,  
 And learn the thing at once?

*Alice Cary.*

**WHAT DOES LITTLE BIRDIE SAY?**

What does little birdie say,  
In her nest at peep of day?  
“ Let me fly,” says little birdie,  
“ Mother, let me fly away.”  
“ Birdie, rest a little longer,  
Till the little wings are stronger.”  
So she rests a little longer,  
Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,  
In her bed at peep of day?  
Baby says, like little birdie,  
“ Let me rise and fly away.”  
“ Baby, sleep a little longer,  
Till the little limbs are stronger.  
If she sleeps a little longer,  
Baby, too, shall fly away.”

*Alfred Tennyson.*

---

Early to bed and early  
to rise  
Makes a man healthy, wealthy  
and wise.

THE BUSY BEE

How doth the little busy bee  
Improve each shining hour,  
And gather honey all the day  
From every opening flower!

How skilfully she builds her cell,  
How neat she spreads the wax!  
And labors hard to store it well  
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labor or of skill,  
I would be busy too;  
For Satan finds some mischief still  
For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,  
Let my first years be past,  
That I may give for every day  
Some good account at last.

*Isaac Watts.*

---

As deep as a well.  
As clear as a bell.  
As true as steel.  
As round as a wheel.

**NONSENSE ALPHABET**

A.

A was an ant  
Who seldom stood still,  
And who made a nice house  
In the side of a hill.

a

Nice little ant!

B.

B was a book  
With a binding of blue,  
And pictures and stories  
For me and for you.

b

Nice little book!

C.

C was a cat  
Who ran after a rat;  
But his courage did fail  
When she seized on his tail.

c

Crafty old cat!



D.

D was a duck  
With spots on his back,  
Who lived in the water,  
And always said "Quack!"

d

Dear little duck!

E.

E was an elephant,  
Stately and wise;  
He had tusks and a trunk,  
And two queer little eyes.

e

Oh, what funny small eyes!

F.

F was a fish  
Who was caught in a net;  
But he got out again,  
And is quite alive yet.

f

Lively young fish!

G.

G was a goat  
Who was spotted with brown:  
When he did not lie still  
He walked up and down.

g

Good little goat!

H.

H was a hat  
Which was all on one side;  
Its crown was too high,  
And its brim was too wide.

h

Oh, what a hat!

I.

I was some ice  
So white and so nice,  
But which nobody tasted;  
And so it was wasted.

i

All that good ice!

J.

J was a jug,  
So pretty and white,  
With fresh water in it  
At morning and night.

j

Nice little jug!

K.

K was a kite  
Which flew out of sight,  
Above houses so high,  
Quite into the sky.

k

Fly away, kite!

L.

L was a light  
Which burned all the night,  
And lighted the gloom  
Of a very dark room.

l

Useful nice light!

M.

M was a mill  
Which stood on a hill,  
And turned round and round  
With a loud hummy sound.

m

Useful old mill!

N.

N was a net  
Which was thrown in the sea  
To catch fish for dinner  
For you and for me.

n

Nice little net!

O.

O was an orange  
So yellow and round;  
When it fell off the tree,  
It fell down to the ground.

o

Down to the ground!

P.

P was a pig,  
Who was not very big;  
But his tail was too curly,  
And that made him surly.

p

Cross little pig!

Q.

Q was a quail  
With a very short tail;  
And he fed upon corn  
In the evening and morn.

q

Quaint little quail!

R.

R was a rabbit,  
Who had a bad habit  
Of eating the flowers  
In gardens and bowers.

r

Naughty fat rabbit!

S.

S was the sugar-tongs,  
Nippity-nee,  
To take up the sugar  
To put in our tea.

s

Nippity-nee!

T.

T was a tortoise,  
All yellow and black:  
He walked slowly away,  
And he never came back.

t

Torty never came back!

U.

U was an urn  
All polished and bright,  
And full of hot water  
At noon and at night.

u

Useful old urn!

V.

V was a villa  
Which stood on a hill,  
By the side of a river,  
And close to a mill.

v

Nice little villa!

W.

W was a whale  
With a very long tail,  
Whose movements were frantic  
Across the Atlantic.

w

Monstrous old whale!

X.

X was King Xerxes,  
Who, more than all Turks, is  
Renowned for his fashion  
Of fury and passion.

x

Angry old Xerxes!

Y.

Y was a yew,  
Which flourished and grew  
By a quiet abode  
Near the side of the road.

y

Dark little yew!

Z.

Z was some zinc,  
So shiny and bright,  
Which caused you to wink  
In the sun's merry light.

z

Beautiful zinc!

*Edward Lear.*

PETER PIPER

Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled pepper;  
A peck of pickled pepper Peter Piper picked;  
If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled pep-  
per,  
Where's the peck of pickled pepper Peter  
Piper picked?

*Mother Goose.*



THE WIND

I saw you toss the kites on high  
And blow the birds about the sky;  
And all around I heard you pass,  
Like ladies' skirts across the grass—  
    O wind, a-blowing all day long,  
    O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,  
But always you yourself you hid.  
I felt you push, I heard you call,  
I could not see yourself at all—  
    O wind, a-blowing all day long,  
    O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,  
O blower, are you young or old?  
Are you a beast of field and tree,  
Or just a stronger child than me?  
    O wind, a-blowing all day long,  
    O wind, that sings so loud a song!

*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

---

Think twice before you speak once.  
A stitch in time saves nine.  
A man is known by the company he keeps.  
A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

## OVER IN THE MEADOW

Over in the meadow,  
In the sand, in the sun,  
Lived an old mother-toad  
And her little toadie one.  
“ Wink! ” said the mother;  
“ I wink,” said the one;  
So she winked and she blinked  
In the sand, in the sun.

Over in the meadow,  
Where the stream runs blue,  
Lived an old mother-fish  
And her little fishes two.  
“ Swim! ” said the mother;  
“ We swim,” said the two;  
So they swam and they leaped  
Where the stream runs blue.

Over in the meadow,  
In a hole in a tree,  
Lived a mother-bluebird  
And her little birdies three.  
“ Sing! ” said the mother;  
“ We sing,” said the three;  
So they sang and were glad  
In the hole in the tree.

Over in the meadow,  
In the reeds on the shore,  
Lived a mother-muskrat,  
And her little ratties four.  
“Dive!” said the mother;  
“We dive,” said the four;  
So they dived and they burrowed  
In the reeds on the shore.

Over in the meadow,  
In a snug beehive,  
Lived a mother-honey-bee  
And her little honeys five.  
“Buzz!” said the mother;  
“We buzz,” said the five;  
So they buzzed and they hummed  
In the snug beehive.

Over in the meadow,  
In a nest built of sticks,  
Lived a black mother-crow  
And her little crows six.  
“Caw!” said the mother;  
“We caw,” said the six;  
So they cawed and they called  
In their nest built of sticks.

Over in the meadow,  
Where the grass is so even,  
Lived a gay mother-cricket  
And her little crickets seven.  
"Chirp!" said the mother;  
"We chirp," said the seven;  
So they chirped cheery notes,  
In the grass soft and even.

Over in the meadow,  
By the old mossy gate,  
Lived a brown mother-lizard  
And her little lizards eight.  
"Bask!" said the mother;  
"We bask," said the eight;  
So they basked in the sun,  
On the old mossy gate.

Over in the meadow,  
Where the clear pools shine,  
Lived a green mother-frog  
And her little froggies nine.  
"Croak!" said the mother;  
"We croak," said the nine;  
So they croaked and they plashed  
Where the clear pools shine.

Over in the meadow,  
 In a sly little den,  
 Lived a gray mother-spider  
 And her little spiders ten.  
 "Spin!" said the mother;  
 "We spin," said the ten;  
 So they spun lace webs,  
 In their sly little den.

Over in the meadow,  
 In the soft summer even,  
 Lived a mother-firefly  
 And her little flies eleven.  
 "Shine!" said the mother;  
 "We shine," said the eleven;  
 So they shone like stars,  
 In the soft summer even.

Over in the meadow,  
 Where the men dig and delve,  
 Lived a wise mother-ant  
 And her little anties twelve.  
 "Toil!" said the mother;  
 "We toil," said the twelve;  
 So they toiled and were wise,  
 Where the men dig and delve.

*Olive A. Wadsworth.*

## LITTLE ROBIN REDBREAST

I'm little robin redbreast,  
My nest is on a tree;  
If you but look in yonder glen,  
My pleasant home you'll see.  
We made it very soft and nice,  
My darling mate and I;  
And all the time we worked at it,  
We sang most merrily.

And did you hear the concert  
This morning from our tree?  
We give it every morning  
Just as the clock strikes three.  
We praise our great Creator,  
Whose holy love we share;  
Dear child, learn thou to praise Him, too,  
For all His tender care.

---

There came to my window,  
One morning in spring,  
A sweet little robin;  
It came there to sing.  
And the tune that it sang  
Was prettier far  
Than ever I heard  
On flute or guitar.

WHAT THE WINDS BRING \*

“ Which is the wind that brings the cold? ”—

“ The North-wind, Freddy—and all the  
snow;

And the sheep will scamper into the fold,  
When the North begins to blow.”

“ Which is the wind that brings the  
heat? ”—

“ The South-wind, Katy; and corn will  
grow,

And peaches redden, for you to eat,  
When the South begins to blow.”

“ Which is the wind that brings the rain? ”—

“ The East-wind, Arty; and farmers know  
That cows come shivering up the lane,  
When the East begins to blow.”

“ Which is the wind that brings the  
flowers? ”—

“ The West-wind, Bessy; and soft and low  
The birdies sing in the summer hours,  
When the West begins to blow.”

*Edmund Clarence Stedman.*

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**ROBIN REDBREAST**

Good-by, good-by to summer!  
For summer's nearly done;  
The garden smiling faintly,  
Cool breezes in the sun;  
Our thrushes now are silent,  
Our swallows flown away,—  
But Robin's here, with coat of brown,  
And ruddy breast-knot gay.  
Robin, Robin Redbreast,  
O Robin, dear!  
Robin sings so sweetly  
In the falling of the year.

Bright yellow, red, and orange,  
The leaves come down in hosts;  
The trees are Indian princes,  
But soon they'll turn to ghosts;  
The scanty pears and apples  
Hang russet on the bough;  
It's autumn, autumn, autumn late,  
'Twill soon be winter now.  
Robin, Robin Redbreast,  
O Robin, dear!  
And what will this poor Robin do?  
For pinching days are near.



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

*William Allingham.*

### SNOWFLAKES

Whene'er a snowflake leaves the sky,  
It turns and turns, to say "Good-by,  
Good-by, dear cloud, so cool and gray,"  
Then turns and hastens on its way.

And when a snowflake finds a tree,  
"Good-day!" it says; "Good-day to thee.  
Thou art so bare and lonely, dear,  
I'll rest and call my playmates here."

But when a snowflake, brave and meek,  
Lights on a little maiden's cheek,  
It starts—"How warm and mild the day—  
'Tis summer," and it melts away.

**CURLY LOCKS \***

Curly Locks! Curly Locks! wilt thou be mine?  
 Thou shalt not wash the dishes nor yet feed  
     the swine,—

But sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam,  
 And feast upon strawberries, sugar, and  
     cream.

Curly Locks! Curly Locks! wilt thou be  
     mine?

The throb of my heart is in every line,  
 And the pulse of a passion as airy and glad  
 In its musical beat as the little Prince had!

Thou shalt not wash the dishes nor yet feed  
     the swine!—

O I'll dapple thy hands with these kisses of  
     mine

Till the pink of the nail of each finger shall  
     be

As a little pet blush in full blossom for me.

But sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam,  
 And thou shalt have fabric as fair as a  
     dream,—

The red of my veins, and the white of my  
     love,

And the gold of my joy for the braiding  
     thereof.

\* Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company. From "Rhymes of Childhood," copyright 1900.

And feast upon strawberries, sugar, and  
cream

From a service of silver with jewels a gleam;  
At thy feet will I bide, at thy beck will I rise,  
And twinkle my soul in the night of thine  
eyes!

Curly Locks! Curly Locks! wilt thou be  
mine?

Thou shalt not wash the dishes, nor yet feed  
the swine,—

But sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam,  
And feast upon strawberries, sugar, and  
cream.

*James Whitcomb Riley.*

**AS I WENT THROUGH THE GARDEN GAP**

As I went through the garden gap,  
Whom should I meet but Dick Red-Cap;  
A stick in his hand, a stone in his throat;  
If you'll tell me this riddle, I'll give you a  
goat.

*Mother Goose.*

---

When the cat is away the little mice play;  
Where there is a will there is always a way.

## THE LAND OF COUNTERPANE

When I was sick and lay a-bed,  
I had two pillows at my head,  
And all my toys beside me lay  
To keep me happy all the day.

And sometimes for an hour or so  
I watched my leaden soldiers go,  
With different uniforms and drills,  
Among the bed-clothes, through the hills.

And sometimes sent my ships in fleets,  
All up and down among the sheets;  
Or brought my trees and houses out,  
And planted cities all about.

I was the giant great and still  
That sits upon the pillow-hill,  
And sees before him, dale and plain,  
The pleasant Land of Counterpane.

*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

---

By friendly deeds is friendship won.  
If you want a friend you must first be one.

THE SUNBEAMS\*

“Now, what shall I send to the Earth to-day?”

Said the great, round, golden Sun.

“Oh! let us go down there to work and play,”

Said the Sunbeams, every one.

So down to the Earth in a shining crowd,  
Went the merry, busy crew;  
They painted with splendor each floating  
cloud  
And the sky while passing through.

“Shine on, little stars, if you like,” they  
cried,

“We will weave a golden screen  
That soon all your twinkling and light shall  
hide,  
Though the Moon may peep between.”

The Sunbeams then in through the windows  
crept  
To the children in their beds—

\* From “In the Child's World,” by Emilie Poulsson. Milton Bradley Company, Publishers. Used by special arrangement.

They poked at the eyelids of those who slept,  
Gilded all the little heads.

“ Wake up, little children! ” they cried in  
glee,

“ And from Dreamland come away!  
We’ve brought you a present, wake up and  
see!

We have brought you a sunny day!”

*Emilie Poulsson.*

**THE FIREFLY**

*And the little Hiawatha*

Saw the firefly, Wah-wah-taysee,  
Flitting through the dusk of evening,  
With the twinkle of its candle  
Lighting up the brakes and bushes,  
And he sang the song of children,  
Sang the song Nokomis taught him:  
“ Wah-wah-taysee, little firefly,  
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,  
Little, dancing, white-fire creature,  
Light me with your little candle,  
Ere upon my bed I lay me,  
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids! ”

*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

---

A penny saved is a penny earned.  
And word by word is each lesson learned.

LADY MOON

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you  
roving?

Over the sea.

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you  
loving?

All that love me.

Are you not tired with rolling and never  
Resting to sleep?

Why look so pale and so sad, as forever  
Wishing to weep?

Ask me not this, little child, if you love me;  
You are too bold.

I must obey my dear Father above me,  
And do as I'm told.

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you  
roving?

Over the sea.

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you  
loving?

All that love me.

*Lord Houghton.*

**DAINTY LITTLE MAIDEN**

Dainty little maiden, whither would you  
wander?

Whither from this pretty home, the home  
where mother dwells?

“Far and far away,” said the dainty little  
maiden,

“All among the gardens, auriculas, anem-  
ones,

Roses and lilies and Canterbury-bells.”

Dainty little maiden, whither would you  
wander?

Whither from this pretty house, this city-  
house of ours?

“Far and far away,” said the dainty little  
maiden,

“All among the meadows, the clover and the  
clematis,

Daisies and kingcups and honeysuckle-  
flowers.”

*Alfred Tennyson.*

---

As bare as the back of my hand.  
All is not gold that glitters.

---

An old dog will learn no new tricks.



**PATRIOTIC SELECTIONS**

**FOR**

**ALL GRADES**



AMERICA

My country, 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing;  
Land where my fathers died,  
Land of the pilgrims' pride,  
From every mountain side  
Let freedom ring!

My native country, thee,  
Land of the noble free,—  
Thy name I love;  
I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills;  
My heart with rapture thrills  
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees  
Sweet freedom's song;  
Let mortal tongues awake;  
Let all that breathe partake;  
Let rocks their silence break,  
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,  
Author of liberty,  
To Thee we sing;

Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by Thy might,  
Great God, our King!

*Samuel Francis Smith, D. D.*

**BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC**

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming  
of the Lord;

He is trampling out the vintage where the  
grapes of wrath are stored;

He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His  
terrible swift sword:

His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a  
hundred circling camps;

They have builded Him an altar in the even-  
ing dews and damps;

I can read His righteous sentence by the dim  
and flaring lamps:

His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished  
rows of steel:

“As ye deal with My contemners, so with  
you My grace shall deal;

Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with His heel,  
Since God is marching on."

He hath sounded forth the trumpet that shall  
never call retreat;  
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His  
judgment-seat:  
Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be  
jubilant, my feet;  
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born  
across the sea,  
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures  
you and me:  
As He died to make men holy, let us die to  
make men free,  
While God is marching on.

*Julia Ward Howe.*

**HOME, SWEET HOME!**

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may  
roam,  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like  
home;

A charm from the sky seems to hallow us  
    there,  
Which seek through the world, is ne'er met  
    with elsewhere.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home!  
There's no place like home! there's no place  
    like home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;  
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!  
The birds singing gaily that came at my  
    call,—

Give me them, and the peace of mind, dearer  
    than all.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home!  
There's no place like home! there's no place  
    like home!

How sweet 'tis to sit 'neath a fond father's  
    smile,  
And the cares of a mother to soothe and  
    beguile!  
Let others delight 'mid new pleasures to  
    roam,  
But give me, oh, give me the pleasures of  
    home!  
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!

There's no place like home! there's no place  
like home!

To thee I'll return, overburdened with care;  
The heart's dearest solace will smile on me  
there;

No more from that cottage again will I roam:  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like  
home!

Home, home, sweet, sweet home!  
There's no place like home! there's no place  
like home!

*John Howard Payne.*

### THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,  
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's  
last gleaming,

Whose broad stripes and bright stars,  
through the perilous fight,

O'er the ramparts we watched were so gal-  
lantly streaming?

And the rocket's red glare, the bombs burst-  
ing in air,

Gave proof through the night that our flag  
was still there;

O say, does that star-spangled banner yet  
    wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the  
    brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of  
    the deep,  
    Where the foe's haughty host in dread  
    silence reposes,  
What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow-  
    ering steep,  
    As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half dis-  
    closes?  
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's  
    first beam,  
In full glory reflected, now shines on the  
    stream;  
'Tis the star-spangled banner; oh, long may  
    it wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the  
    brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly  
    swore  
    That the havoc of war and the battle's con-  
    fusion



A home and a country should leave us no  
more!

Their blood has washed out their foul-  
footsteps' pollution.

No refuge could save the hireling and slave  
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the  
grave;

And the star-spangled banner in triumph  
doth wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the  
brave!

Oh, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand  
Between their loved homes and the war's  
desolation;

Blest with victory and peace may the heaven-  
rescued land

Praise the Power that hath made and pre-  
served us a nation.

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is  
just,

And this be our motto, "In God is our  
trust!"

And the star-spangled banner in triumph  
shall wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the  
brave.

*Francis Scott Key.*

**HAIL, COLUMBIA!**

Hail, Columbia! happy land!

Hail, ye heroes, heaven-born band!

Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,

Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause;

And when the storm of war was gone,

Enjoyed the peace your valor won.

Let independence be our boast,

Ever mindful what it cost;

Ever grateful for the prize,

Let its altar reach the skies.

**Firm, united let us be,**

**Rallying round our liberty!**

**As a band of brothers joined,**

**Peace and safety we shall find.**

Immortal patriots, rise once more!

Defend your rights, defend your shore;

Let no rude foe, with impious hand,

Let no rude foe, with impious hand,

Invade the shrine where sacred lies,

Of toil and blood, the well-earned prize;

While offering peace sincere and just,

In Heaven we place a manly trust,

That truth and justice will prevail,

And every scheme of bondage fail.

**Firm, united, etc.**

Sound, sound the trump of Fame!  
Let WASHINGTON'S great name  
    Ring through the world with loud applause,  
    Ring through the world with loud applause!  
Let every clime to Freedom dear,  
Listen with a joyful ear.

    With equal skill and godlike power,  
    He governed in the fearful hour  
    Of horrid war; or guides, with ease,  
    The happier times of honest peace.

Firm, united, etc.

Behold the chief who now commands,  
Once more to serve his country, stands—  
    The rock on which the storm will beat,  
    The rock on which the storm will beat;  
But, armed in virtue firm and true,  
His hopes are fixed on Heaven and you.  
    When hope was sinking in dismay,  
    And glooms obscured Columbia's day,  
    His steady mind, from changes free,  
    Resolved on death or liberty.

Firm, united, etc.

*Joseph Hopkinson.*

**THE AMERICAN FLAG**

When Freedom from her mountain height  
Unfurled her standard to the air,  
She tore the azure robe of night,  
And set the stars of glory there!  
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes  
The milky baldric of the skies,  
And striped its pure celestial white  
With streakings of the morning light;  
Then, from his mansion in the sun,  
She called her eagle-bearer down,  
And gave into his mighty hand  
The symbol of her chosen land!

Majestic monarch of the cloud!

Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,  
To hear the tempest trummings loud  
And see the lightning lances driven,  
When strive the warriors of the storm,  
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven,—  
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given  
To guard the banner of the free,  
To hover in the sulphur smoke,  
To ward away the battle stroke,  
And bid its blendings shine afar,  
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,  
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,  
The sign of hope and triumph high,  
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,  
And the long line comes gleaming on.  
Ere yet the lifeblood, warm and wet,  
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,  
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn  
To where thy sky-born glories burn,  
And, as his springing steps advance,  
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.  
And when the cannon-mouthings loud  
Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,  
And gory sabers rise and fall  
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,  
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,  
And cowering foes shall shrink beneath  
Each gallant arm that strikes below  
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave  
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;  
When Death, careering on the gale,  
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,  
And frightened waves rush wildly back  
Before the broadside's reeling rack,  
Each dying wanderer of the sea  
Shall look, at once, to heaven and thee,

And smile to see thy splendors fly  
In triumph o'er his closing eye.  
Flag of the free heart's hope and home,  
    By angel hands to valor given!  
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,  
    And all thy hues were born in heaven.  
Forever float that standard sheet!  
    Where breathes the foe but falls before us,  
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,  
    And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

*Joseph Rodman Drake.*



