

BATH TIME

(ABBREVIATED VERSION)

J. R. R. TOLKIEN

Sing hey! for the bath at the close of day
that washes the weary mud away!
A loon is he that will not sing:
O! Water Hot is a noble thing!

B E D T I M E

T H O M A S H O O D

The evening is coming, the sun sinks to rest,
The rooms are all flying straight to the nest,
"Caw!" says the rook, as he flies overhead;
"It's time little people were going to bed!"

The flowers are closing; the daisy's asleep;
The primrose is buried in slumber so deep.
Shut up for the night is the pimpernel red,
It's time little people were going to bed.

"Goodnight, little people, goodnight, and goodnight.
Sweet dreams to your eyelids `til dawning of light,
The evening has come, there's no more to be said,
It's time little people were going to bed!"

The butterfly drowsy, has folded its wing,
The bees are returning, no more the birds sing,
Their labor is over, their nestlings are fed;
It's time little people were going to bed!

Here comes the pony, his work is all done,
Down through the Meadow he takes a good run,
Up go his heels and down goes his head,
It's time little people were going to bed!"

THE BUTTER BETTY BOUGHT

CAROLYN WELLS

*Betty Botter bought some butter
But she said the butter's bitter,
"If I put it in my batter
It will make my batter bitter,
But a bit of better butter
Will make my batter better."*

*So she bought some better butter
Better than the bitter butter,
And she put it in her batter
And her batter was not bitter,
So 'twas better Betty Botter
Bought a bit of better butter*

BLOCK CITY

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

*What are you able to build with your blocks?
Castles and palaces, temples and docks.
Rain may keep raining, and others go roam,
But I can be happy and building at home.*

*Let the sofa be mountains, the carpet be sea,
There I'll establish a city for me:
A kirk and a mill and a palace beside,
And a harbor as well where my vessels may ride.*

*Great is the palace with pillar and wall,
A sort of a tower on top of it all,
And steps coming down in an orderly way
To where my toy vessels lie safe in the bay.*

*This one is sailing and that one is moored:
Hark to the song of the sailors on board!
And see on the steps of my palace, the kings
Coming and going with presents and things!*

THE BLUEBELL

EMILY BRONTE

*The Bluebell is the sweetest flower
That waves in summer air:
Its blossoms have the mightiest power
To soothe my spirit's care.*

*There is a spell in purple heath
Too wildly, sadly dear;
The violet has a fragrant breath,
But fragrance will not cheer,*

*The trees are bare, the sun is cold,
And seldom, seldom seen;
The heavens have lost their zone of gold,
And earth her robe of green.*

*And ice upon the glancing stream
Has cast its sombre shade;
And distant hills and valleys seem
In frozen mist arrayed.*

*The Bluebell cannot charm me now,
The heath has lost its bloom;
The violets in the glen below,
They yield no sweet perfume.*

*But, though I mourn the sweet Bluebell,
'Tis better far away;
I know how fast my tears would swell
To see it smile to-day.*

*For, oh! when chill the sunbeams fall
Adown that dreary sky,
And gild yon dank and darkened wall
With transient brilliancy;*

*How do I weep, how do I pine
For the time of flowers to come,
And turn me from that fading shine,
To mourn the fields of home!*

THE BLUE MOUNTAINS

HENRY LAWSON

*Above the ashes straight and tall,
Through ferns with moisture dripping,
I climb beneath the sandstone wall,
My feet on mosses slipping.
Like ramparts round the valley's edge
The tinted cliffs are standing,
With many a broken wall and ledge,
And many a rocky landing.
And round about their rugged feet
Deep ferny dells are hidden
In shadowed depths, whence dust and heat
Are banished and forbidden.
The stream that, crooning to itself,
Comes down a tireless rover,
Flows calmly to the rocky shelf,
And there leaps bravely over.
Now pouring down, now lost in spray
When mountain breezes sally,
The water strikes the rock midway,
And leaps into the valley.
Now in the west the colours change,
The blue with crimson blending;
Behind the far Dividing Range,
The sun is fast descending.
And mellowed day comes o'er the place,
And softens ragged edges;
The rising moon's great placid face
Looks gravely o'er the ledges.*

THE ROAD TO BUMPVILLE

EUGENE FIELD

*Play that my knee was a calico mare
Saddled and bridled for Bumpville;
Leap to the back of this steed if you dare,
And gallop away to Bumpville!*

*I hope you'll be sure to sit fast in your seat,
For this calico mare is prodigiously fleet,
And many adventures you're likely to meet
As you journey along to Bumpville.*

*This calico mare both gallops and trots
While whisking you off to Bumpville;
She paces, she shies, and she stumbles, in spots,
In the tortuous road to Bumpville;*

*And sometimes this strangely mercurial steed
Will suddenly stop and refuse to proceed,
Which, all will admit, is vexatious indeed,
When one is en route to Bumpville!*

*She's scared of the cars when the engine goes "Toot!"
Down by the crossing at Bumpville;
You'd better look out for that treacherous brute
Bearing you off to Bumpville!*

*With a snort she rears up on her hindermost heels,
And executes jigs and Virginia reels--
Words fail to explain how embarrassed one feels
Dancing so wildly to Bumpville!*

*It's bumpytybump and it's jiggityjog,
Journeying on to Bumpville;
It's over the hilltop and down through the bog
You ride on your way to Bumpville;*

*It's rattletybang over boulder and stump,
There are rivers to ford, there are fences to jump,
And the corduroy road it goes bumpytybump,
Mile after mile to Bumpville!*

*Perhaps you'll observe it's no easy thing
Making the journey to Bumpville,
So I think, on the whole, it were prudent to bring
An end to this ride to Bumpville;*

*For, though she has uttered no protest or plaint,
The calico mare must be blowing and faint--
What's more to the point, I'm blown if I ain't!
So play we have got to Bumpville!*

BUTTERCUPS

WILFRID THORLEY

*There must be fairy miners
Just underneath the mould,
Such wondrous quaint designers
Who live in caves of gold.*

*They take the shining metals
And beat them into shreds;
And mould them into petals,
To make the flowers' heads.*

*Sometimes they melt the flowers
To tiny seeds like pearls,
And store them up in bowers
For little boys and girls.*

*And still a tiny fan turns
Above a forge of gold,
To keep, with fairy lanterns,
The world from growing old.*

BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES

ELIZA COOK

*I never see a young hand hold
The starry bunch of white and gold,
But something warm and fresh will start
About the region of my heart; -
My smile expires into a sigh;
I feel a struggling in my eye,
'Twixt humid drop and sparkling ray,
Till rolling tears have won their way;
For, soul and brain will travel back,
Through memory's chequer'd mazes,
To days, when I but trod life's track
For buttercups and daisies.
There seems a bright and fairy spell
About these very names to dwell;
And though old Time has mark'd my brow
With care and thought, I love them now.
Smile, if you will, but some heartstrings
Are closest link'd to simplest things;
And these wild flowers will hold mine fast,
Till love, and life, and all be past;
And then the only wish I have
Is, that the one who raises
The turf sod o'er me, plant my grave
With buttercups and daisies.*

BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES

JOSEPH HORATIO CHANT

*Buttercups and daisies growing everywhere,
In the field of clover, on the hillside fair,
And in lovely valley, tilled with greatest care.*

*Naughty but weeds and rubbish, in the farmer's eyes,
Drawing off the nurture from the grain they prize,
And their great luxuriance sore their patience tries.*

*But the dews of heaven give them richest bloom,
And their smiling beauty drives away our gloom;
For such little beauties surely there is room.*

*In this world of sorrow, flowers ne'er bloom in vain,
Though they in their blooming sap the golden grain,
And drink in the moisture of the latter rain;*

*For our Heavenly Father deemed it wise and good
To diffuse this beauty with the grain for food
And this wise arrangement He has never rued.*

*Teaching us this lesson we are slow to learn;
Man lives not for eating, nor for duties stern,
But to serve God's pleasure, then to Him return.*

*Room for joy is given and for purest bliss,
And we may all find them in a world like this,
If our aims are sordid, all this gold we miss;*

*But if we are faithful and to God inclined,
Seeing Him in nature, and of heavenly mind,
Aiming to be like Him, and by grace refined,*

*We shall live forever where there is no gloom;
Though the path to glory leadeth through the tomb;
But a moment's darkness—flowers that ever bloom.*

THE CASTLE-BUILDER

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

*A gentle boy, with soft and silken locks,
A dreamy boy, with brown and tender eyes,
A castle-builder, with his wooden blocks,
And towers that touch imaginary skies.
A fearless rider on his father's knee,
An eager listener unto stories told
At the Round Table of the nursery,
Of heroes and adventures manifold.
There will be other towers for thee to build;
There will be other steeds for thee to ride;
There will be other legends, and all filled
With greater marvels and more glorified.
Build on, and make thy castles high and fair,
Rising and reaching upward to the skies;
Listen to voices in the upper air,
Nor lose thy simple faith in mysteries.*