

EDELWEISS

RODGERS & HAMMERSTEIN

Edelweiss, edelweiss
Every morning you greet me
Small and white, clean and bright
You look happy to meet me
Blossom of snow, may you bloom and grow
Bloom and grow forever
Edelweiss, edelweiss
Bless my homeland forever

EVERGREEN

THE OKEE DOKEE BROTHERS

A sugar maple sure sounds sweet
And a nest in an oak tree is hard to beat
An aspen branch makes a pretty perch
And I love to land in an old black birch

But however much they lean
They'll never come between
Me and my forever and evergreen

I can stretch my wings in a mountain ash
And sing my song from a sassafras
Or fly to the top of a cottonwood
And weave through the willows all day if I could

But however much they lean
They'll never come between
Me and my forever and evergreen

WHY ENGLISH IS HARD TO LEARN

ANONYMOUS

We'll begin with box; the plural is boxes,
But the plural of ox is oxen, not oxes.
One fowl is a goose, and two are called geese,
Yet the plural of moose is never called meese.

You may find a lone mouse or a house full of mice;
But the plural of house is houses, not hice.
The plural of man is always men,
But the plural of pan is never pen.

If I speak of a foot, and you show me two feet,
And I give you a book, would a pair be a beek?
If one is a tooth and a whole set are teeth,
Why shouldn't two booths be called beeth?

If the singular's this and the plural is these,
Should the plural of kiss be ever called keese?

We speak of a brother and also of brethren,
But though we say mother, we never say methren.
Then the masculine pronouns are he, his, and him;
But imagine the feminine...she, shis, and shim!

THE ECCHOING GREEN

WILLIAM BLAKE

The sun does arise,
And make happy the skies.
The merry bells ring
To welcome the Spring.
The sky-lark and thrush,
The birds of the bush,
Sing louder around,
To the bells' cheerful sound.
While our sports shall be seen
On the Ecchoing Green.

Old John, with white hair
Does laugh away care,
Sitting under the oak,
Among the old folk,
They laugh at our play,
And soon they all say.
'Such, such were the joys.
When we all girls & boys,
In our youth-time were seen,
On the Ecchoing Green.'

Till the little ones weary
No more can be merry
The sun does descend,
And our sports have an end:
Round the laps of their mothers,
Many sisters and brothers,
Like birds in their nest,
Are ready for rest;
And sport no more seen,
On the darkening Green.