

FIELDS OF GREEN

ANGIE WHO

We'll go climbing, we'll go climbing, we'll go climbing in a little brown tree.
Oh, we'll go climbing, we'll go climbing, we'll go climbing in a little brown tree.
Oh we'll go climbing in a little brown tree.

We'll go sailing, we'll go sailing, we'll go sailing in a little red boat.
Oh, we'll go sailing, we'll go sailing, we'll go sailing in a little red boat.
Oh, we'll go sailing in a little red boat.

We'll go swimming, we'll go swimming, we'll go swimming in the deep blue sea.
Oh, we'll go swimming, we'll go swimming, we'll go swimming in the deep blue sea.
Oh, we'll go swimming in the deep blue sea.

We'll go running, we'll go running, we'll go running in the fields of green.
Oh, we'll go running, we'll go running, we'll go running in the fields of green.
Oh, we'll go running in the fields of green.

I SIT BESIDE THE FIRE AND THINK

J. R. R. TOLKIEN

I sit beside the fire and think of all that I have seen,
of meadow-flowers and butterflies in summers that have been;
Of yellow leaves and gossamer in autumns that there were,
with morning mist and silver sun and wind upon my hair.
I sit beside the fire and think of how the world will be
when winter comes without a spring that I shall ever see.

For still there are so many things that I have never seen:
in every wood in every spring there is a different green.
I sit beside the fire and think of people long ago,
and people who will see a world that I shall never know.
But all the while I sit and think of times there were before,
I listen for returning feet and voices at the door.

THE FLOWER

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON

Once in a golden hour
 I cast to earth a seed.
Up there came a flower,
 The people said, a weed.
To and fro they went
 Thro' my garden bower,
And muttering discontent
 Cursed me and my flower.
Then it grew so tall
 It wore a crown of light,
But thieves from o'er the wall
 Stole the seed by night.
Sow'd it far and wide
 By every town and tower,
Till all the people cried,
 "Splendid is the flower!"
Read my little fable:
 He that runs may read.
Most can raise the flowers now,
 For all have got the seed.
And some are pretty enough,
 And some are poor indeed;
And now again the people
 Call it but a weed.

F R E E D O M

P H O E B E C O G H L A N

I don't have jewels and diamonds, nor a golden chandelier,
I don't need lavish toys and gifts to fill me with good cheer.
I haven't a large house but ponder, "What are riches worth?
When through my window I can spy the wonders of the Earth!"

Blazing sheets of pink and red adorn the morning skies,
I love to watch the sunsets, see the stars and moon arise.
I love to play in parks and ride my bike or climb a tree,
Love winter walks and summer strolls and paddling in the sea.

I'm free to go exploring, breathe the air and clear my mind,
And like a bird I'll fly the world to see what else I find,
And like a stream I'll softly flow through every turn and twist
And like the sun I'll melt away all shadows in my midst.

FRIENDS

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

How good to lie a little while
And look up through the tree!
The Sky is like a kind big smile
Bent sweetly over me.

The Sunshine flickers through the lace
Of leaves above my head,
And kisses me upon the face
Like Mother, before bed.

The Wind comes stealing o'er the grass
To whisper pretty things;
And though I cannot see him pass,
I feel his careful wings.

So many gentle Friends are near
Whom one can scarcely see,
A child should never feel a fear,
Wherever he may be.