

Trees

The Oak is called the King of Trees,
The Aspen quivers in the breeze,
The Poplar grows up straight and tall,
The Pear-tree spreads along the wall,
The Sycamore gives pleasant shade,
The Willow droops in watery glade,
The Fir-tree useful timber gives,
The Beech amid the forest lives.

Sara Coleridge



Winter Mornings

Winter is the king of showmen,
Turning tree stumps into snow men
And houses into birthday cakes
And spreading sugar over lakes.
Smooth and clean and frosty white,
The world looks good enough to bite,
That's the season to be young,
Catching snowflakes on your tongue.
Snow is snowy when it's snowing,
I'm sorry it's slushy when it's going.

Ogden Nash



The Moon

The moon has a face like the clock in the hall;
She shines on thieves and on the garden wall,
 On streets and fields and harbour quays,
 And birdies asleep in the forks of the trees.
The squalling cat and the squeaking mouse,
The howling dog by the door of the house,
 The bat that lies in bed at noon,
All love to be out by the light of the moon.
But all of the things that belong to the day
 Cuddle to sleep to be out of her way;
And flowers and children close their eyes
 Till up in the morning the sun shall rise.

Robert Louis Stevenson



The Snail

At sunset, when the night-dews fall.
Out of the ivy on the wall
With horns outstretched and pointed tail
Comes the grey and noiseless snail.
On ivy stems she clammers down,
Carrying her house of brown.
Safe in the dark, no greedy eye
Can her tender body spy,
While she herself, a hungry thief,
Searches out the freshest leaf.
She travels on as best she can
Like a toppling caravan.

James Reeves



Dudley Market, 1827

At Dudley Market now I tell
Most kinds of articles they sell:
Hats, caps and bonnets blue
And trousers wide enough for two,
Rocking chairs and children's cradles,
Porridge pots and wooden ladles.
There's butter, bacon, cheese and eggs
Sold by Old Giles with crooked legs.
There's plum pudding, both rich and nice
On the next stall, tuppence a slice.
There's one-armed Joe among the lot
With mutton pies all smoking hot.
Please remember what I am sayin'
You will never hear the like again.



Ben Boucher

Windy Nights

Whenever the moon and stars are set,
Whenever the wind is high,
All night long in the dark and wet,
A man goes riding by.

Late in the night when the fires are out,
Why does he gallop and gallop about?

Whenever the trees are crying aloud,
And ships are tossed at sea,
By, on the highway, low and loud,
By at the gallop goes he.

By at the gallop he goes, and then
By he comes back at the gallop again.

Robert Louis Stevenson

