

Language and Phonics Activities: Poetry and Songs

You will use these poems and songs for several weeks and study poems together as a part of your Language and Phonics Activities. We have compiled the entire set here for easy reference. Feel free to remove them from this section and insert them in your binder after each week's notes as you use them.

Unless otherwise stated, the following poetry was pulled from The Project Gutenberg EBook *Poems Every Child Should Know: The What-Every-Child-Should-Know-Library*. It is available for free online at www.gutenberg.net and is viewable in any web browser. This title contains a vast wealth of classic poetry for all ages, so you may wish to save a link to it for future reference.

Any entries marked with a 🎵 are songs; check our IG links page for websites that will let you hear the tune 📺.

Rhyme Practice

Down By the Bay 🎵

Down by the bay
Where the watermelons grow
Back to my home
I dare not go
For if I do
My mother will say:

Have you ever seen _____?
Down by the bay!

Possible rhymes to sing:

...ever seen a bear, combing his hair?
...ever seen a moose, kissing a goose?
...ever seen an elk, drinking some milk?
...ever seen a llama, wearing pajamas?
...etc.

For the Fun of It

My Shadow

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow—
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller like an india-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.
He stays so close beside me, he's a coward, you can see;
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to me!

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.

—Robert Louis Stevenson
(1850–94)

The Duel

The gingham dog and the calico cat
Side by side on the table sat;
'Twas half-past twelve, and (what do you think!)
Nor one nor t'other had slept a wink!
The old Dutch clock and the Chinese plate
Appeared to know as sure as fate
There was going to be a terrible spat.
*(I wasn't there; I simply state
What was told to me by the Chinese plate!)*

The gingham dog went "bow-wow-wow!"
And the calico cat replied "mee-ow!"
The air was littered, an hour or so,
With bits of gingham and calico,
While the old Dutch clock in the chimney-place
Up with its hands before its face,
For it always dreaded a family row!
*(Now mind: I'm only telling you
What the old Dutch clock declares is true!)*

The Chinese plate looked very blue,
And wailed, "Oh, dear! what shall we do!"
But the gingham dog and the calico cat
Wallowed this way and tumbled that,
Employing every tooth and claw
In the awfulest way you ever saw—
And, oh! how the gingham and calico flew!
*(Don't fancy I exaggerate!
I got my views from the Chinese plate!)*

Next morning where the two had sat
They found no trace of the dog or cat;
And some folks think unto this day
That burglars stole the pair away!
But the truth about the cat and the pup
Is this: They ate each other up!
Now what do you really think of that!
*(The old Dutch clock it told me so,
And that is how I came to know.)*

—Eugene Field
(1850–95)

Dried Apple Pies

I loathe, abhor, detest, despise,
Abominate dried-apple pies.
I like good bread, I like good meat,
Or anything that's fit to eat;
But of all poor grub beneath the skies,
The poorest is dried apple pies.
Give me the toothache, or sore eyes,
But don't give me dried apple pies.

The farmer takes his gnarliest fruit,
'Tis wormy, bitter, and hard, to boot;
He leaves the hulls to make us cough,
And don't take half the peeling off.
Then on a dirty cord 'tis strung,
And in a garret window hung,
And there it serves as roost for flies,
Until it's made up into pies.

Tread on my corns, or tell me lies,
But don't pass me dried-apple pies.

—Anonymous

Limericks¹

If your children enjoy limericks, we suggest looking for *The Three Ninja Pigs* by Corey Rosen Schwartz, illustrated by Dan Santat at your local library. It's a delightful retelling of the story of the Three Little Pigs in limerick.

A circus performer named Brian
Once smiled as he rode on a lion.
They came back from the ride,
But with Brian inside,
And the smile on the face of the lion.

—Anonymous

A funny young fellow named Perkins
Was terribly fond of small gherkins.
One day after tea
He ate ninety three
And pickled his internal workings.

—Anonymous

There was a young fellow named Flynn
Who was really remarkably thin.
When he carried a pole
People said, "Bless my soul!
What a shock to find out you've a twin."

—Anonymous

1. As limericks are fun to read and write, it's fairly easy to find lists of them online. These limericks were pulled from: <http://grahamlester.webs.com/kids.htm> (July, 2013)

There was an old man of Peru
Who dreamt he was eating his shoe.
He woke in the night,
With a terrible fright,
And found it was perfectly true.

—Anonymous

Nature Poetry

Robert of Lincoln

Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name.
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Snug and safe is this nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly dressed,
Wearing a bright, black wedding-coat;
White are his shoulders, and white his crest,
Hear him call in his merry note,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Look what a nice, new coat is mine;
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Brood, kind creature, you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she;
One weak chirp is her only note;
Braggart, and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Never was I afraid of man,
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can.
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight:
There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Nice good wife that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work, and silent with care,
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
Nobody knows but my mate and I,
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln's a hum-drum drone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink,
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee.

— William Cullen Bryant
(1794–1878)

The Wind and the Moon

Said the Wind to the Moon, "I will blow you out,
You stare
In the air
Like a ghost in a chair,
Always looking what I am about—
I hate to be watched; I'll blow you out."

The Wind blew hard, and out went the Moon.
So, deep
On a heap
Of clouds to sleep,
Down lay the Wind, and slumbered soon,
Muttering low, "I've done for that Moon."

He turned in his bed; she was there again!
On high
In the sky,
With her one ghost eye,
The Moon shone white and alive and plain.
Said the Wind, "I will blow you out again."

The Wind blew hard, and the Moon grew dim.
"With my sledge,
And my wedge,
I have knocked off her edge!

If only I blow right fierce and grim,
The creature will soon be dimmer than dim."

He blew and he blew, and she thinned to a thread.
"One puff
More's enough
To blow her to snuff!

One good puff more where the last was bred,
And glimmer, glimmer, glum will go the thread."

He blew a great blast, and the thread was gone
In the air
Nowhere
Was a moonbeam bare;
Far off and harmless the shy stars shone—
Sure and certain the Moon was gone!

The Wind he took to his revels once more;
On down,
In town,
Like a merry-mad clown,
He leaped and hallooed with whistle and roar—
"What's that?" The glimmering thread once more!

He flew in a rage—he danced and blew;
But in vain
Was the pain
Of his bursting brain;
For still the broader the Moon-scrap grew,
The broader he swelled his big cheeks and blew.

Slowly she grew—till she filled the night,
And shone
On her throne
In the sky alone,
A matchless, wonderful silvery light,
Radiant and lovely, the queen of the night.

Said the Wind: "What a marvel of power am I
With my breath,
Good faith!
I blew her to death—

First blew her away right out of the sky—
Then blew her in; what strength have I!"

But the Moon she knew nothing about the affair;
For high
In the sky,
With her one white eye,
Motionless, miles above the air,
She had never heard the great Wind blare.

—George Macdonald
(1824–1905)

An excerpt from *The Brook*

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeams dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses.

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

— *Alfred Tennyson*
(1809–92)

Lucy

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove;
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone
Half-hidden from the eye!
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me!

— *William Wordsworth*
(1770–1850)

The Violet

Down in a green and shady bed
A modest violet grew;
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head,
As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flower,
No colours bright and fair;
It might have graced a rosy bower,
Instead of hiding there.

Yet there it was content to bloom,
In modest tints arrayed;
And there diffused its sweet perfume,
Within the silent shade.

Then let me to the valley go,
This pretty flower to see;
That I may also learn to grow
In sweet humility.

— *Jane Taylor*
(1783–1824)

Poetry from Parents

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 dropping 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*
(1809–92)

The New Arrival

There came to port last Sunday night
The queerest little craft,
Without an inch of rigging on;
I looked and looked and laughed.
It seemed so curious that she
Should cross the Unknown water,
And moor herself right in my room,
My daughter, O my daughter!

Yet by these presents witness all
She's welcome fifty times,
And comes consigned to Hope and Love
And common-meter rhymes.
She has no manifest but this,
No flag floats o'er the water,
She's too new for the British Lloyds—
My daughter, O my daughter!

Ring out, wild bells, and tame ones too!
Ring out the lover's moon!
Ring in the little worsted socks!
Ring in the bib and spoon!
Ring out the muse! ring in the nurse!
Ring in the milk and water!
Away with paper, pen, and ink—
My daughter, O my daughter!

— *George W. Cable*
(1844–1925)

Patriotic Poetry

The Flag Goes By

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
A flash of colour beneath the sky:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.
Hats off!
The colours before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea-fights and land-fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and to save the State:
Weary marches and sinking ships;
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and years of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right, and law,
Stately honour and reverend awe;

Sign of a nation, great and strong
Toward her people from foreign wrong:
Pride and glory and honour,—all
Live in the colours to stand or fall.

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
And loyal hearts are beating high:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

— *Henry Holcomb Bennett*
(1863–1924)

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*
(1808–95)

A Visit From St. Nicholas

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the
house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave the luster of mid-day to objects below,
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer.
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name:
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donner and Blitzen!
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky;
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas, too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,

Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
 He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
 And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
 A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
 And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
 His eyes—how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!
 His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
 His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
 And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow;
 The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
 And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;
 He had a broad face and a little round belly,
 That shook when he laughed, like a bowlful of jelly.
 He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
 And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself;
 A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
 Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread;
 He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
 And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
 And laying his finger aside of his nose,
 And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose;
 He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
 And away they all flew like the down on a thistle.
 But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night."

—Clement Clarke Moore
 (1779–1863)

Lady Claire

It was the time when lilies blow
 And clouds are highest up in air;
 Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe
 To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow they did not part in scorn:
 Lovers long-betroth'd were they:
 They too will wed the morrow morn:
 God's blessing on the day!

"He does not love me for my birth,
 Nor for my lands so broad and fair;
 He loves me for my own true worth,
 And that is well," said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice the nurse;
 Said: "Who was this that went from thee?"
 "It was my cousin," said Lady Clare;
 "To-morrow he weds with me."

"O God be thank'd!" said Alice the nurse,
 "That all comes round so just and fair:
 Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
 And you are not the Lady Clare."

"Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse,"
 Said Lady Clare, "that ye speak so wild?"
 "As God's above," said Alice the nurse,
 "I speak the truth: you are my child."

"The old Earl's daughter died at my breast;
 I speak the truth, as I live by bread!
 I buried her like my own sweet child,
 And put my child in her stead."

"Falsely, falsely have ye done,
 O mother," she said, "if this be true,
 To keep the best man under the sun
 So many years from his due."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
 "But keep the secret all ye can."
 She said: "Not so: but I will know
 If there be any faith in man."

"Nay now, what faith?" said Alice the nurse,
 "The man will cleave unto his right,"
 "And he shall have it," the lady replied,
 "Tho' I should die to-night."

"Yet give one kiss to your mother dear!
 Alas! my child, I sinn'd for thee."
 "O mother, mother, mother," she said,
 "So strange it seems to me."

"Yet here's a kiss for my mother dear,
 My mother dear, if this be so,
 And lay your hand upon my head,
 And bless me, mother, ere I go."

She clad herself in a russet gown,
 She was no longer Lady Clare:
 She went by dale, and she went by down,
 With a single rose in her hair.

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought
 Leapt up from where she lay,
 Dropt her head in the maiden's hand,
 And follow'd her all the way.

Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower:
 "O Lady Clare, you shame your worth!
 Why come you drest like a village maid,
 That are the flower of the earth?"

"If I come drest like a village maid,
 I am but as my fortunes are:
 I am a beggar born," she said,
 "And not the Lady Clare."

"Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
 "For I am yours in word and in deed.
 Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
 "Your riddle is hard to read."

O and proudly stood she up!
 Her heart within her did not fail:
 She look'd into Lord Ronald's eyes,
 And told him all her nurse's tale.

He laugh'd a laugh of merry scorn:
 He turn'd and kiss'd her where she stood:
 "If you are not the heiress born?
 And I," said he, "the next in blood—"

"If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, "the lawful heir,
We two will wed to-morrow morn,
And you shall still be Lady Clare."

—Alfred Tennyson
(1809–92)

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe,—
Sailed on a river of crystal light
Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring-fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we,"
Said Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe;
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew;
The little stars were the herring-fish
That lived in the beautiful sea.
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish,—
Never afeard are we!"
So cried the stars to the fishermen three,
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
To the stars in the twinkling foam,—
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home:
'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be;
And some folk thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea;
But I shall name you the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed;
So shut your eyes while Mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock on the misty sea

Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three,
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

—Eugene Field
(1850–95)

Add-On Poetry

An Austrian Went Yodeling 🎵²

Oh...An...Austrian went yodeling
On a mountain so high
When along came a/an _____
Interrupting his cry.

Avalanche:

Yo—de—ah...
Yo-de-ah-coo-kee a
Yo-de-ah coo coo (*shh shh*)
Yo-de-ah-coo-kee a
Yo-de-ah coo coo (*shh shh*)
Yo-de-ah-coo-kee a
Yo-de-ah coo coo (*shh shh*)
Yo-de-ah-coo-kee a
Yo-de-ah coo coo oh ho!

St. Bernard:

...(*shh shh*) (*pant pant*)

Grizzly Bear:

...(*shh shh*) (*pant pant*) (*grr grr*)

Milking Maid:

...(*shh shh*) (*pant pant*) (*grr grr*) (*kiss kiss*) etc.

(Please see additional or alternate verses online.)

There Was an Old Lady Who Swallowed a Fly 🎵

This song, composed by Alan Mills, lyrics written by Rose Bonne and famously recorded by Burl Ives in 1953, is still protected by copyright laws. Therefore, we cannot print it here. Please see our IG links page for links to both the lyrics and the tune 📄.


Tongue Twisters

Please see our IG links page 📄 for a link to a great tongue twister website.

2. Copyright Unknown.

Alphabet and Numbers

Nonsense Alphabet

Please see our IG links page for a link to an illustrated version of this poem. 

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 jackdaw
Who hopped up and down
In the principal street
Of a neighboring town.

j!
All through the town!

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 a 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
(1812–1888)

This Old Man 🎵

Please see our IG links page for a link to the lyrics and melody of this old folk song 📄.

This old man, he played one,
He played knick-knack on my thumb;
With a knick-knack paddywhack,
Give the dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home.

This old man, he played two,
He played knick-knack on my shoe;
With a knick-knack paddywhack,
Give the dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home.

This old man, he played three,
He played knick-knack on my knee;
With a knick-knack paddywhack,
Give the dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home.

This old man, he played four,
He played knick-knack on my door;
With a knick-knack paddywhack,
Give the dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home.

This old man, he played five,
He played knick-knack on my hive;
With a knick-knack paddywhack,
Give the dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home.

This old man, he played six,
He played knick-knack on my sticks;
With a knick-knack paddywhack,
Give the dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home.

This old man, he played seven,
He played knick-knack up in heaven;
With a knick-knack paddywhack,
Give the dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home.

This old man, he played eight,
He played knick-knack on my gate;
With a knick-knack paddywhack,
Give the dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home.

This old man, he played nine,
He played knick-knack on my spine;
With a knick-knack paddywhack,
Give the dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home.

This old man, he played ten,
He played knick-knack once again;
With a knick-knack paddywhack,
Give the dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home.

Patriotic Songs

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 gallantly streaming!
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting 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?

—Francis Scott Key
(1719–1843)

America (My Country 'Tis of Thee) 🎵

(See lyrics printed previously in this appendix. Visit our IG links page for a site that will play the melody 📄.)

You're a Grand Old Flag 🎵

You're a grand old flag,
You're a high flying flag
And forever in peace may you wave.

You're the emblem of
The land I love.
The home of the free and the brave.

Ev'ry heart beats true
'neath the Red, White and Blue,
Where there's never a boast or brag.
But should auld acquaintance be forgot,
Keep your eye on the grand old flag.

—George M. Cohan
(1878–1942)

America the Beautiful³

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!

America! America!
God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

—Katharine Lee Bates (1863–1929) ■

3. Found on <http://www.usa-flag-site.org/song-lyrics/america.shtml> (July 2013).