



# Read a Poem to a Child!

September 23<sup>rd</sup> – September 28<sup>th</sup>, 2019

# Poetry Compilation for Readers

with selections from

[The John MacKay Shaw Childhood in Poetry Collection](#)

of Florida State University Libraries Special Collections and Archives



**This booklet is dedicated to**

**John MacKay Shaw,**

**Cathmar Prange**

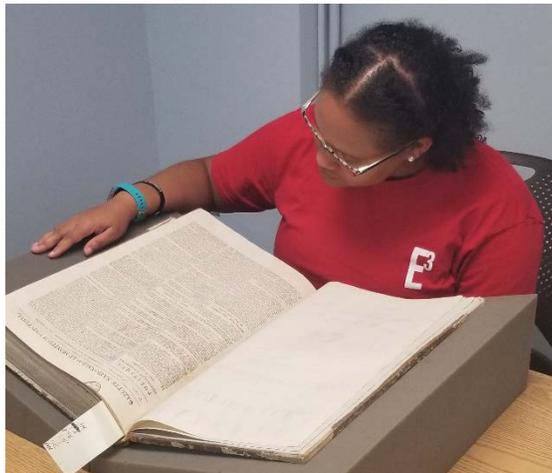
**&**

**Cosmos Mason Rothenberg**

Dear Poetry Lover,

Thank you for agreeing to read a poem to a child this week, September 23<sup>rd</sup> through September 28<sup>th</sup>, as part of 100 Thousand Poets for Change's "Read a Poem to a Child" initiative. The mission is simple: expose as many children as possible to the medium of poetry. To help you on your way, I have compiled forty-five selections around nine topics from The John MacKay Shaw Childhood in Poetry Collection, housed in Florida State University Libraries Special Collections & Archives.

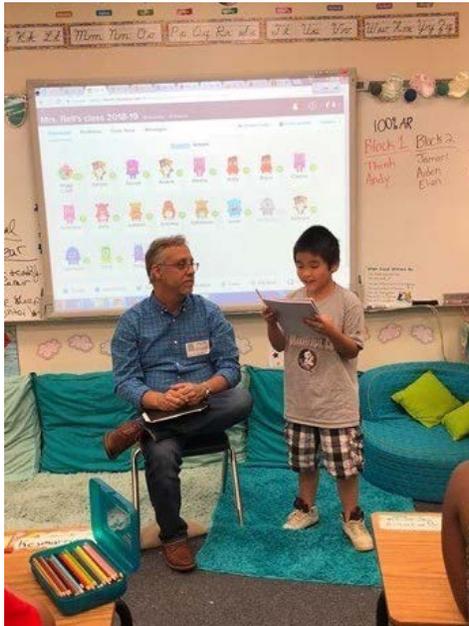
FSU Libraries' Special Collections & Archives stewards the University's more unique items, rare books and archival materials that help researchers and students of all ages understand the world from different perspectives. The John MacKay Shaw Childhood in Poetry Collection, with over 30,000 volumes, began with one man's simple desire to read poetry to his children. John MacKay Shaw, former AT&T executive, began collecting books of poetry for his children in the 1920s and wrote a number of poems for their education and entertainment. "It is my hope," Shaw wrote, "that the presence of a special collection of this nature and magnitude in the midst of a society of scholars may make some contribution, however small, to restoring poetry to its proper place among the arts, and the arts themselves to their proper place in the social scheme."



A student in the Special Collections Classroom

The collection resides in Special Collections and Archives in Florida State University's Strozier Library, and all are welcome to visit these beautiful books in person.

One poem in this compilation is not found in the Shaw Collection; it is by FSU Libraries' Poet-in-Residence Michael Rothenberg. Together with his partner Terri Carrion, Michael co-founded 100 Thousand Poets for Change, which promotes peace, justice, and sustainability through poetry readings that occur around the world each year. Last year, Michael and Terri brought us this new initiative, asking people around the globe to stop and take a moment to share poetry with children in the week leading up to the worldwide 100 Thousand Poets for Change events.



Read A Poem to a Child 2018

FSU Libraries and 100 Thousand Poets for Change encourage you to read, recite, and sing the poems that you love, or find a new one in this compilation. Thank you for participating in Read a Poem to a Child.

Happy reading!

Rachel Duke  
Rare Books Librarian  
Special Collections & Archives, Florida State University Libraries

A Note from the Founders of "Read a Poem to a Child" Initiative:

Poetry has the power to capture the imagination and embrace every aspect of human experience. It is a song, an oration, an elegy, and an entreaty. It reflects and aids understanding. It informs and conveys knowledge. It is solace, a best friend, a companion in peaceful, celebratory and troubled hours. In each of the categories that are set out in this booklet generously provided by FSU Libraries, you will find poetry that touches the many strings of the heart and mind. And surely, this booklet is only an introduction, a beginning, a gateway, a portal, not only to the exquisite Shaw Childhood in Poetry Collection, but to the fabulous world of poetry, and specifically poetry that belongs to children.

We hope the reader, adults, teachers, parents, and friends, will find themselves awakened by this great exchange of poetry with children. That important bonds can be built between reader and listener. It is our intent to introduce children to the beauty and joy of poetry, and facilitate a transaction between reader and listener that will not only improve literacy, but offer new and magical ways to speak and learn, and navigate the complexities of life.

The poems in this anthology read aloud convey the famous melodies, rhythms and rhymes, the subtle motion of feelings and humor, the timbre and touch of the physical voice. They are meant to be a celebration, and Read a Poem to a Child is honored to be a part of this celebration.

Thank you for joining us for this important initiative. Gratitude to The FSU Libraries and Reading Is Fundamental for caring about children, and honoring poetry as a key to literacy. We hope Read a Poem to a Child will become a tradition, that we will never forget what wonders abound in poetry. We are grateful that 100 Thousand Poets for Change has the opportunity to honor the child in this way.

Michael Rothenberg and Terri Carrion

Co-founders of 100 Thousand Poets for Change and Read a Poem to a Child Initiative.

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# FAMILY

## **"Nancy Hanks" by Harriet Monroe** From *The Mothers of the World* (1937)

Prairie child,  
Brief as dew,  
What winds of wonder  
Nourished you?

Rolling plains  
Of billowy green;  
Far horizons,  
Blue, serene;

Lofty skies  
The slow clouds climb,  
Where burning stars  
Beat out the time:

These, and the dreams  
Of fathers bold ---  
Baffled longings,  
Hopes untold ---

Gate to you  
A heart of fire,  
Love like deep waters,  
Brave desire.

Ah, when youth's rapture  
Went out in pain,  
And all seemed over,  
Was all in vain?

O soul obscure,  
Whose wings life bound,  
And soft death folded  
Under the ground.

Wilding lady,  
Still and true,  
Who gave us Lincoln  
And never knew:

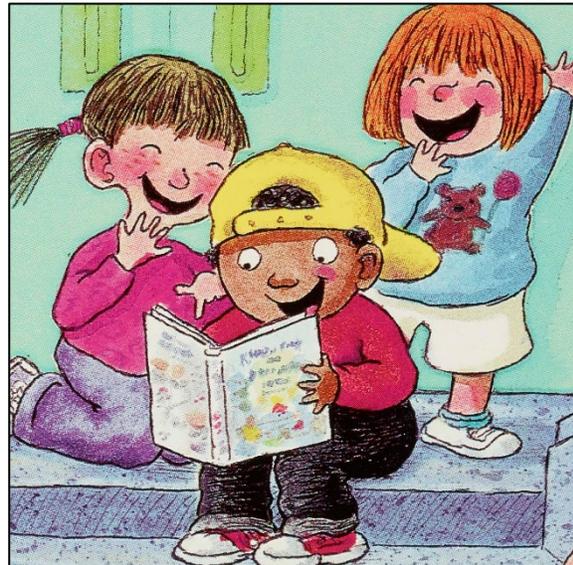
To you at last  
Our praise, our tears,  
Love and a song  
Through the nation's years.

Mother of Lincoln,  
Our tears, our praise;  
A battle-flag  
And the victor's bays!

**“My Mother Says I’m Sickening” by Jack Prelutsky  
From *Kids Pick the Funniest Poems* (1991)**

**Selected by Bruce Lansky and Illustrated by Stephen Carter**

My mother says I’m sickening,  
my mother says I’m crude,  
she says this when she sees me  
playing Ping-Pong with my food,  
she doesn’t seem to like it  
when I slurp my bowl of stew,  
and now she’s got a list of things  
she says I mustn’t do ---



DO NOT CATAPULT THE CARROTS!  
DO NOT JUGGLE GOBS OF FAT!  
DO NOT DROP THE MASHED POTATOES  
ON THE GERBIL OR THE CAT!  
NEVER PUNCH THE PUMPKIN PUDDING!  
NEVER TUNNEL THROUGH THE BREAD!  
PUT NO PEAS INTO YOUR POCKET!  
PLACE NO NOODLES ON YOUR HEAD!  
DO NOT SQUEEZE THE STEAMED ZUCCHINI!!  
DO NOT MAKE THE MELON OOZE!  
NEVER STUFF VANILLA YOGURT  
IN YOUR LITTLE SISTER’S SHOES!  
DRAW NO FACES IN THE KETCHUP!  
MAKE NO LITTLE GRAVY POOLS!

I wish my mother wouldn’t make  
so many useless rules.

**“Extremely Naughty Children” by Elizabeth Godley  
From *Beastly Boys and Ghastly Girls* (1964)**

**Collected by William Cole and Illustrated by Tomi Ungerer**

By far  
The naughtiest  
Children  
I know  
Are Jasper  
Geranium  
James  
And Jo.

They live  
In a house  
On the Hill  
Of Kidd,  
And what  
In the world  
Do you think  
They did?

They asked  
Their Uncles  
And Aunts  
To tea,  
And shouted  
In loud,  
Rude voices  
“We

Are tired  
Of scoldings  
And sendings  
To bed;  
Now  
The grown-ups  
Shall be  
Punished instead.”

They said:  
“Auntie Em,  
You didn’t  
Say ‘Thank you!’ ”  
They said:  
“Uncle Robert,  
We’re going  
To spank you!”

They pulled  
The beard  
Of Sir Henry  
Dorner  
And put him  
To stand  
In disgrace  
In the corner.

They scolded  
Aunt B.  
They punished  
Aunt Jane;  
They slapped  
Aunt Louisa  
Again  
And again.

They said  
“Naughty boy!”  
To their  
Uncle  
Fred,  
And boxed  
His ears  
And sent him  
To bed.

Do you think  
Aunts Em  
And Loo  
And B.,  
And Sir  
Henry Dorner  
(K.C.B.)\*

And the elderly  
Uncles  
And kind  
Aunt Jane  
Will go  
To tea  
With the children  
Again?

\*Knight Commander of the Bath



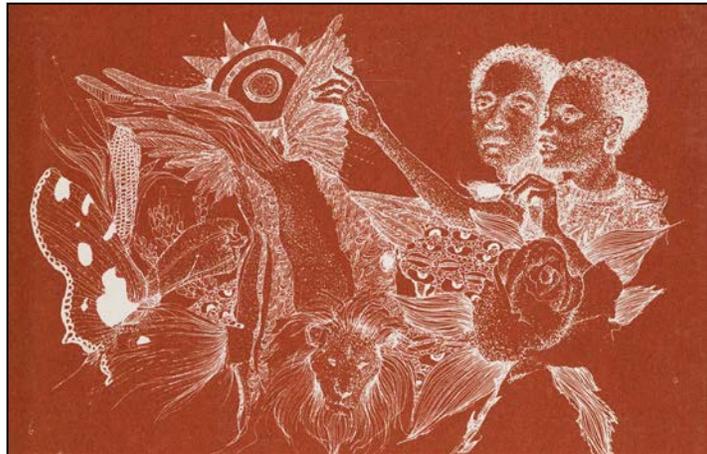
**“Good Morning” by Langston Hughes  
From *My Black Me* (1974)**

**Edited by Arnold Adoff, illustration by Felix J. Morales-Plaza**

Good morning, daddy!  
I was born here, he said,  
watched Harlem grow  
until colored folk spread  
from river to river  
across the middle of Manhattan  
out of Penn Station  
dark tenth of a nation,  
planes from Puerto Rico,  
and holds of boats, chico,  
up from Cuba Haiti Jamaica,  
in buses marked New York  
from Georgia Florida Louisiana  
to Harlem Brooklyn the Bronx  
but most of all to Harlem  
dusky sash across Manhattan  
I've seen them come dark  
wondering  
wide-eyed  
dreaming  
out of Penn Station ---  
but the trains are late.  
The gates are open ---  
but there're bars  
At each gate.

What happens  
to a dream deferred?

Daddy, ain't you heard?



**"The Light of Home" by Sarah Hale**  
**from *The Home Affections by the Poets* (1858)**  
**Selected and edited by Charles MacKay**

My boy, thou wilt dream the world is fair,  
    And thy spirit will sigh to roam,  
And thou must go, but never when there  
    Forget the light of Home.

Though pleasure may smile with a ray more bright,  
    It dazzles to lead astray;  
Like the meteor's flash 'twill deepen the night,  
    When thou treadest the lonely way.

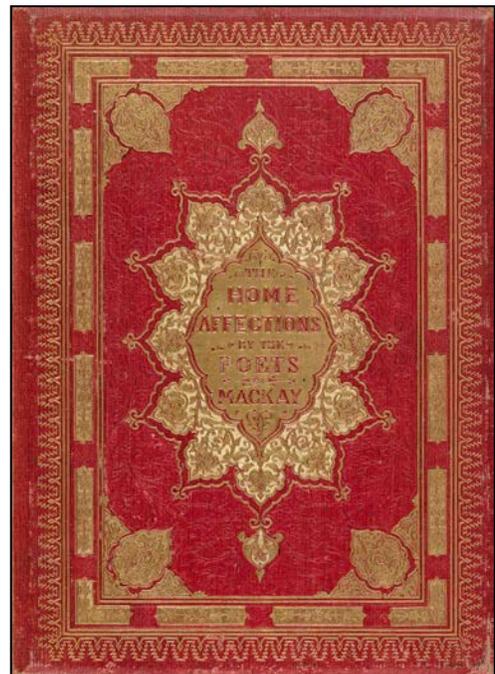
But the hearth of Home has a constant flame,  
    And pure as vestal fire;  
'Twill burn, 't will burn for ever the same,  
    For nature feeds the pyre.

The sea of ambition is tempest-tost,  
    And thy hopes may vanish like foam;  
But when sails are shivered, and rudder lost,  
    Then look to the light of Home:---

And then like a star through the midnight cloud,  
    Thou shalt see the beacon bright,  
For never, till shining on thy shroud,  
    Can be quenched its holy light.

The sun of fame? --- 'twill gild the name,  
    But the heart ne'er felt its ray;  
And fashion's smiles that rich ones claim,  
    Are but beams of a wintry day.

And how cold and dim these beams must be,  
    Should life's wretched wanderer come!  
But my boy, when the world is dark to thee,  
    Then turn to the light of Home.

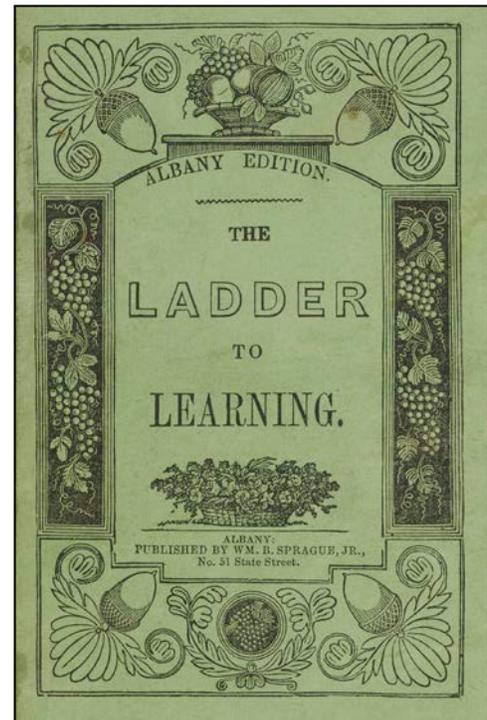


# LEARNING

## “The Ladder to Learning” (1851-52?)

By Miss Lovechild

A stands for Ape, for Arthur, and Air.  
B stands for Bullock, for Bird, and for Bear.  
C stands for Cat, for Charles, and for cry.  
D stands for Dog, for Daniel, and Dry.  
E stands for Eagle, for Edward, and Eel.  
F stands for Fish, for Francis, and Feel.  
G stands for Goat, for Great, and for Good.  
H stands for Hog, for Harry, and Hood.  
J stands for Judge, for Jack, and for Jill.  
K stands for King, for Kate, and for Kill.  
L stands for Lion, for Lawyer, and Land.  
M stands for Magpie, for Martha, and Mend.  
N stands for Nag, for Nanny, and Notes.  
O stands for Owl, for Orchard, and Oats.  
P stands for Peacock, for Prince, and for Pay.  
Q stands for Queen, for Quick, and for Quay.  
R stands for Robbin, for Reason, and Rhyme.  
S stands for Squirrel, for Sweet and Sublime.  
T stands for Top, for Tea, and for Towel.  
V stands for Vine, for Virtue, and Vowel.  
W stands for Whale, for Waggon, and Wing.  
X stands for Xerxes, the great Persian King.  
Y stands for Yew Tree, for Youth, and for Yellow.  
Z stands for Zany, a foolish Young Fellow.



**“Harriet Tubman” by Eloise Greenfield  
From *Pass It On* (1993)**

**Selected by Wade Hudson and Illustrated by Floyd Cooper**

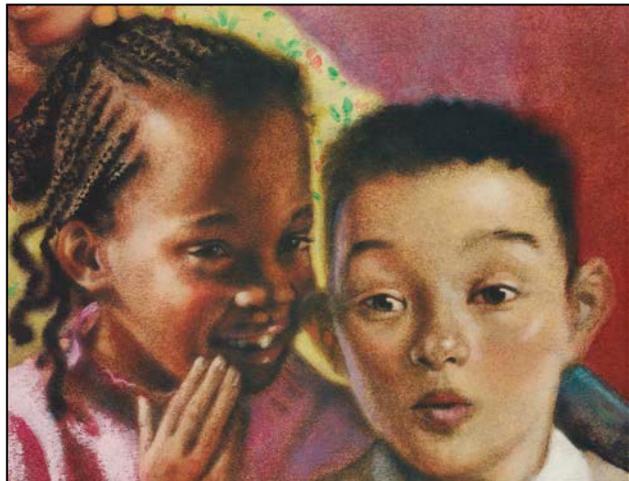
Harriet Tubman didn't take no stuff  
Wasn't scared of nothing neither  
Didn't come in this world to be no slave  
And wasn't going to stay one either

“Farewell!” she sang to her friends one night  
She was mighty sad to leave 'em  
But she ran away that dark, hot night  
Ran looking for her freedom

She ran to the woods and she ran through the woods  
With the slave catchers right behind her  
And she kept on going till she got to the North  
Where those mean men couldn't find her

Nineteen times she went back South  
To get three hundred others  
She ran for her freedom nineteen times  
To save Black sisters and brothers  
Harriet Tubman didn't take no stuff  
Wasn't scared of nothing neither  
Didn't come in this world to be no slave  
And didn't stay one either

And didn't stay one either



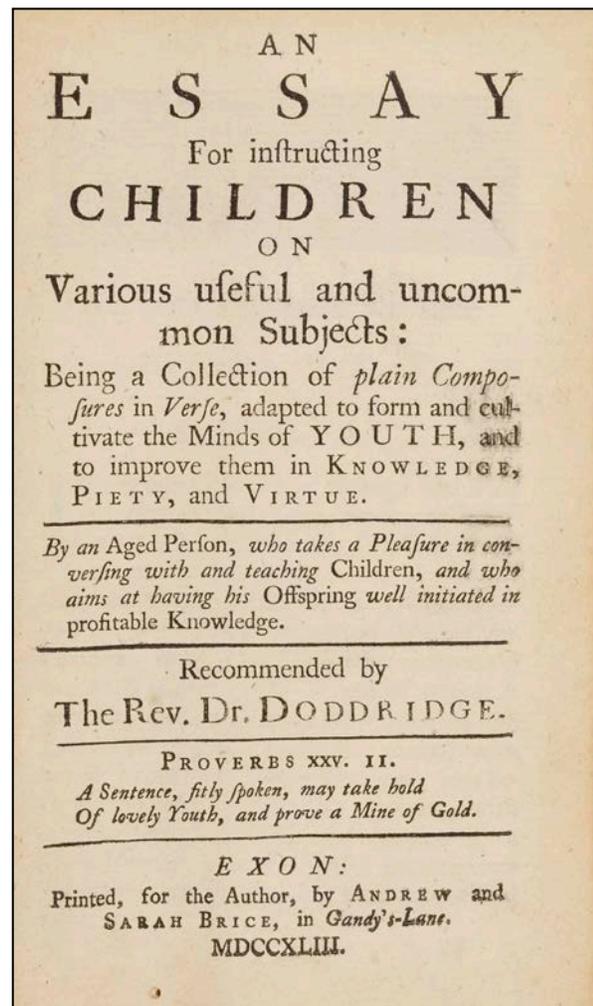
**“Short Instructions to Direct a Young Scholar” by unknown author  
From *An Essay for Instructing Children* (1743)**

*Sape rogare, Rogata tenere, Retenta docere;  
Haec Tria Discipulum facient superare Magistrum.*

Learn what you're taught, ask Questions oft'.  
Retain in Mind what Skill you've gain'd.

Then teach your Brother, or any other.  
These Methods mount to rich Account.

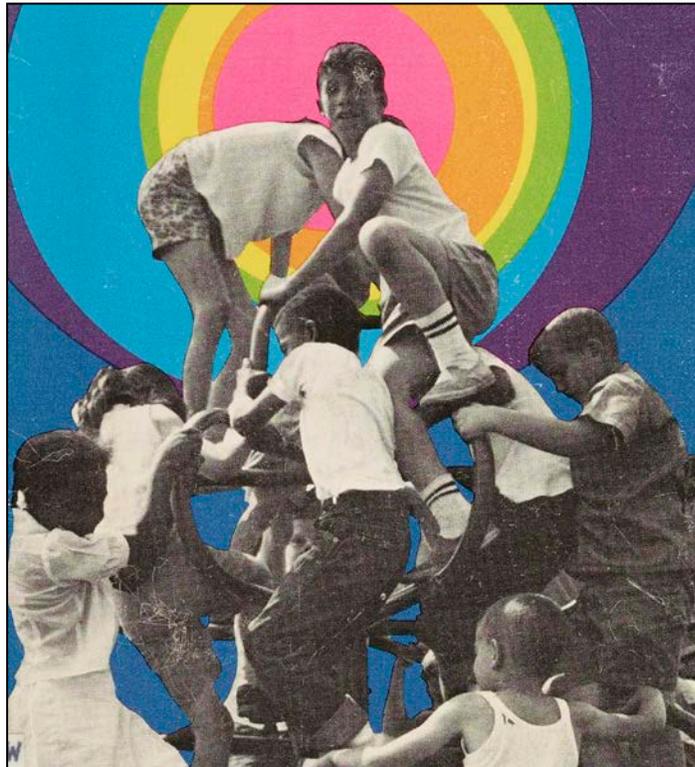
Scholars grow wise by Exercise.  
Thus they'll outdo their Teachers too.



**“The Math Battle” by Stephen Silberman, Grade 6**  
**From *Young Voices* (1971)**

**Collected by Charles E. Schaefer and Kathleen C. Mellor**

Cubes are swirling through my head,  
 $\pi$ 's attack me in my bed.  
I dream of numbers in my sleep,  
How much to carry? How much to keep?  
Circles everywhere, radii too  
In my brain – a number zoo!  
There's some numbers, here comes more,  
Fight me in a daily war.



**"Sick" by Shel Silverstein**

**From *Kids Pick the Funniest Poems* (1991)**

**Selected by Bruce Lansky and Illustrated by Stephen Carpenter**

"I cannot go to school today,"  
Said little Peggy Ann McKay.  
"I have the measles and the mumps,  
A gash, a rash and purple bumps.  
My mouth is wet, my throat is dry,  
I'm going blind in my right eye.  
My tonsils are as big as rocks,  
I've counted sixteen chicken pox  
And there's one more --- that's seventeen,  
And don't you think my face looks green?  
My leg is cut, my eyes are blue ---  
It might be instamatic flu.  
I cough and sneeze and gasp and choke,  
I'm sure that my left leg is broke ---  
My hip hurts when I move my chin,  
My belly button's caving in,  
My back is wrenched, my ankle's sprained,  
My 'pendix pains each time it rains.  
My nose is cold, my toes are numb,  
I have a sliver in my thumb.  
My neck is stiff, my voice is weak,  
I hardly whisper when I speak.  
My tongue is filling up my mouth,  
I think my hair is falling out.  
My elbow's bent, my spine ain't straight,  
My temperature is one-o-eight.  
My brain is shrunk, I cannot hear,  
There is a hole inside my ear.  
I have a hangnail, and my heart is --- what?  
What's that? What's that you say?  
You say today is. . . Saturday?  
G'bye, I'm going out to play!"



# FANTASY

## **"Jabberwocky" by Lewis Carroll**

**From *Through the Looking Glass, and What Alice Found There* (1872)**

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:  
All mimsy were the borogoves,  
And the mome raths outgrabe.

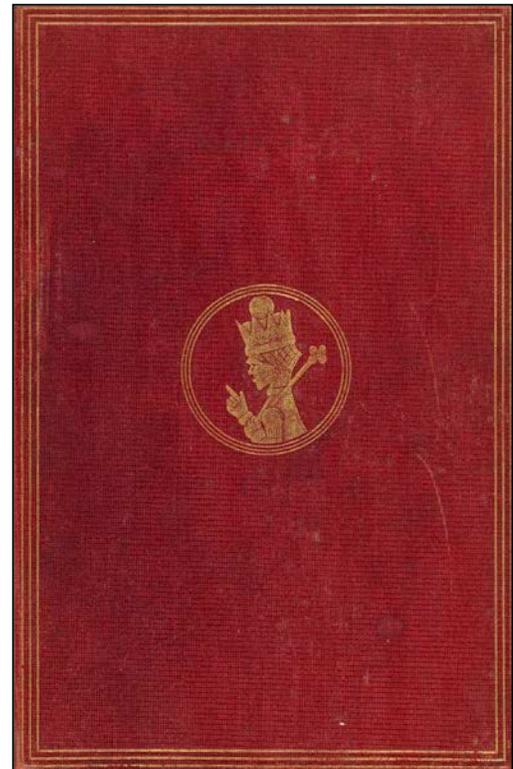
"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!  
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!  
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun  
The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand;  
Long time the manxome foe he sought—  
So rested he by the Tumtum tree  
And stood awhile in thought.

And, as in uffish thought he stood,  
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,  
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,  
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through  
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!  
He left it dead, and with its head  
He went galumphing back.

"And hast thou slain the  
Jabberwock?  
Come to my arms, my beamish  
boy!  
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"  
He chortled in his joy.



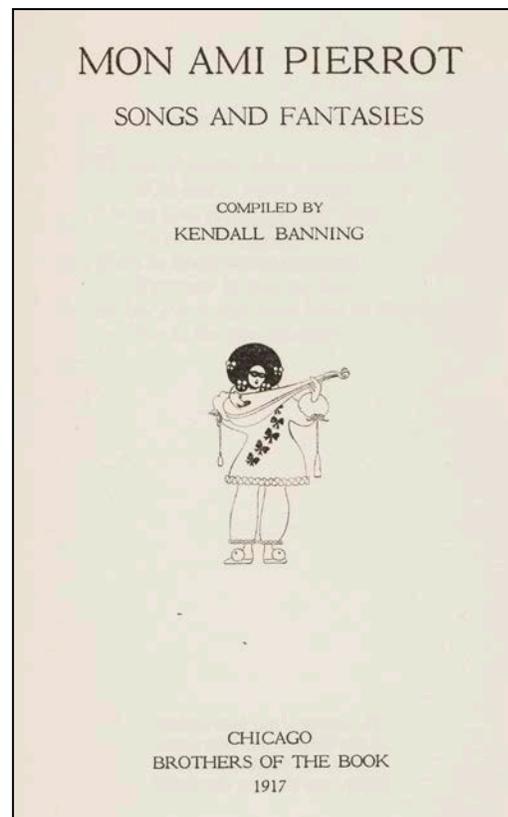
'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:  
All mimsy were the borogoves,  
And the mome raths outgrabe.

**“Pierrot” by Sara Teasdale**  
**From *Mon ami Pierrot: Songs and Fantasies* (1917)**  
**Compiled by Kendall Banning**

Pierrot stands in the garden,  
    Beneath the waning moon,  
And on his lute he fashions  
    A little silver tune.

Pierrot plays in the garden,  
    He thinks he plays to me.  
But I am quite forgotten,  
    Under the cherry tree.

Pierrot plays in the garden,  
    And all the roses know,  
That Pierrot loves his music,  
    But I,---I love Pierrot.



**Excerpt from *What Every Young Wizard Should Know* (1963)  
Written and Illustrated by Cal Roy**

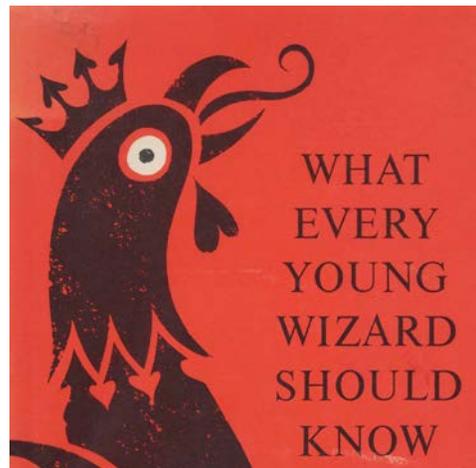
In olden times  
Men spoke in rhymes  
And did everything quite slow;  
But every man, woman, and child knew then  
What every young wizard should know –

What every young wizard should know and more –  
Such as magic spells and things,  
So they had at the tips of their tongues the words  
That can make you fly without wings.

In modern times  
Such useful rhymes  
Are forgotten by all but a few;  
But every man, woman, and child today  
Could do what a wizard can do –

Could do what a wizard can do and more –  
Such as telling when storms are due,  
Or taming a dragon or naming a beast  
That you don't often find in a zoo.

So Fingal the Fat  
In the sorcerers hat  
Will teach you a rhyme or so  
That every man, woman, and child can learn  
And every young wizard should know.



**"Six O'Clock" by Howard Pyle**  
From *The Wonder Clock* (1887)

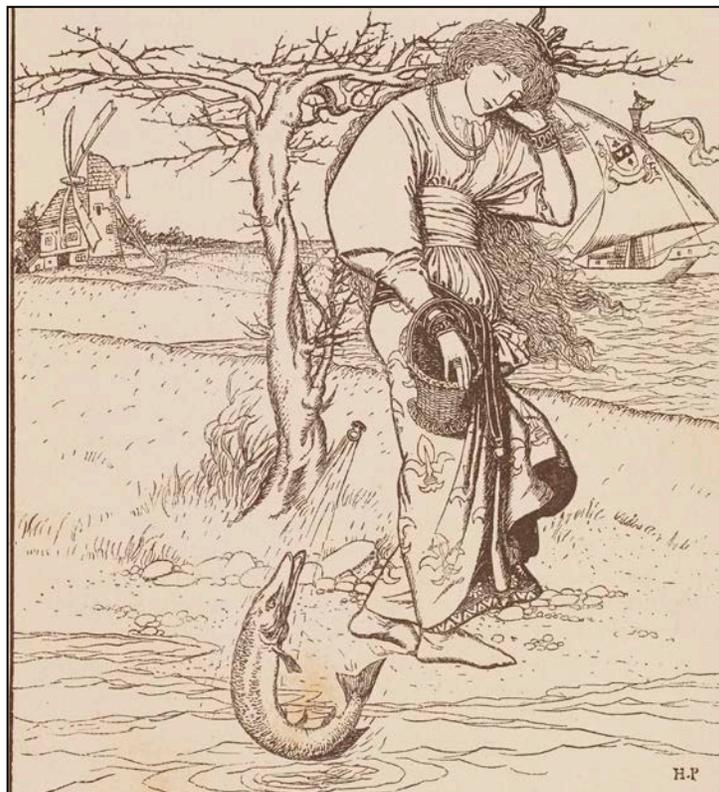
The *Door* is open,  
The *Dew* is bright;  
Forgotten now  
Is the lonesome *Night*,  
And the *Starling* whistles,  
" *All is right.*"



The *House-wife* moves  
With her brisker tread  
The *Chairs* are set,  
And the *Table* spread  
With *Honey* and *Eggs*  
And *Cream* and *Bread.*



(Sun and Moon symbols appear alongside stanzas in original text.)



**"The New Moon" by Mrs. Follen  
From *Posies for Children* (1882)**

Dear mother, how pretty  
The moon looks to-night!  
She was never so cunning before;  
The two little horns  
Are so sharp and so bright,  
I hope she'll not grow any more.

If I were up there,  
With you and my friends,  
I'd rock in it nicely, you'd see;  
I'd sit in the middle  
And hold by both ends;  
O, what a bright cradle 'twould be!

I would call to the stars  
To keep out of the way,  
Lest we should rock over their toes;  
And then I would rock  
Till the dawn of the day,  
And see where the pretty moon goes.



THE NEW MOON. — Page 32.

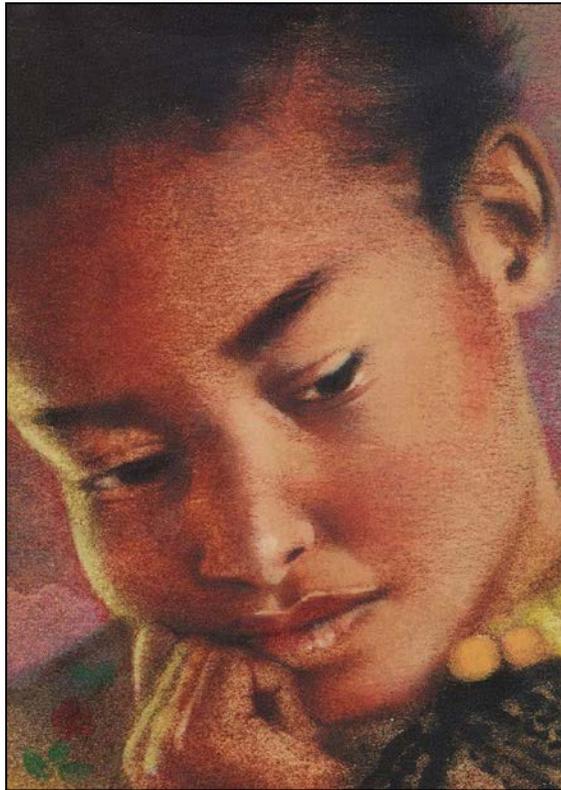
# NATURE

**“Dream Variation” by Langston Hughes**  
From *Pass It On* (1993)

**Selected by Wade Hudson and Illustrated by Floyd Cooper**

To fling my arms wide  
In some place of the sun,  
To whirl and to dance  
Till the white day is done.  
Then rest at cool evening  
Beneath a tall tree  
While night comes on gently,  
    Dark like me ---  
That is my dream!

To fling my arms wide  
In the face of the sun,  
Dance! Whirl! Whirl!  
Till the quick day is done.  
Rest at pale evening . . .  
A tall, slim tree . . .  
Night coming tenderly  
    Black like me.



**“Morning Meadows” by E. C. Messer**  
**From *Sun Prints in Sky Tints* (1893)**  
**Selected and Designed by Irene E. Jerome**

The dew is on the grass,  
The bee is in the clover;  
The merry bird, the bobolink,  
He sings and hovers over.

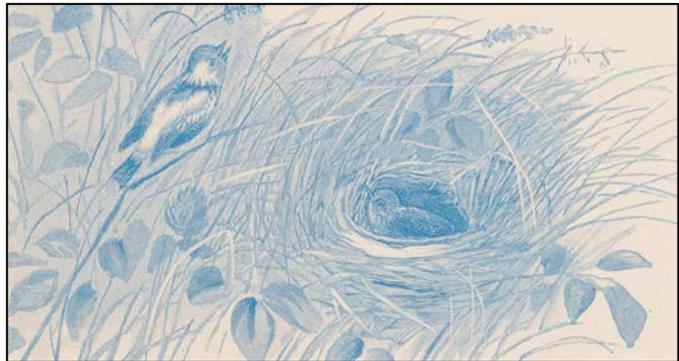
The mowers swing and sway,  
They sway and swing together,  
Across the meadow’s shimmering green,  
In the sweet summer weather.  
About the wooded hills  
The morning mists are clinging;  
And in the swaths the mowers pause  
And set their scythes a-ringing.

The dew is on the grass,  
The bumble-bees are humming,  
Across the fields, O bobolink,  
The swinging scythes are coming!

Beneath the blades and blooms,  
Your quiet mate still presses  
Her sober breast against her nest,  
In shaded green recesses.

Cry out, O bobolink,  
There’s that which bodes disaster;  
Laugh out, O jocund bobolink,  
The scythes are swinging past her.

The dew is on the grass,  
The bees are in the clover,  
The merry bird, the bobolink,  
He sings and hovers over— Bobolink!

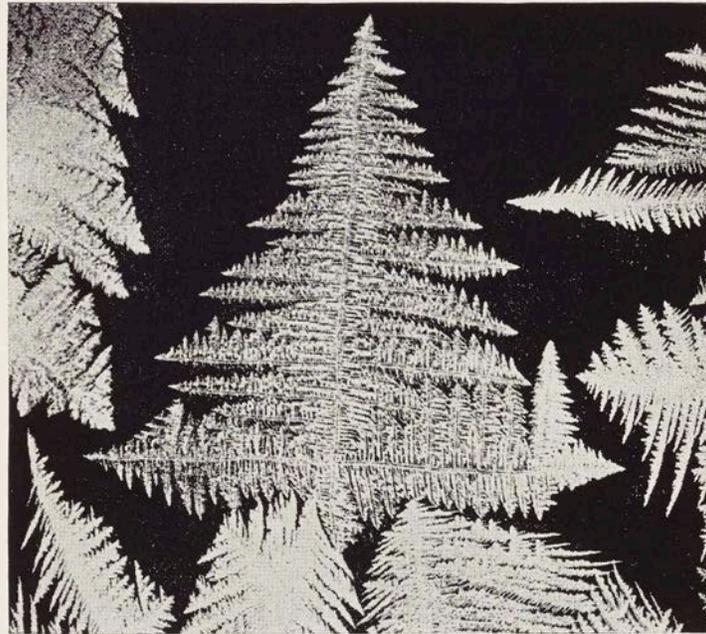


**"I said it in the meadow path" by Lucy Larcom  
From *Winter Crystals and other Marvels* (1929)**

**Compiled by Jane Dudley and Illustrations by Wilson A. Bentley**

I said it in the meadow path  
I say it on the mountain stairs,  
The best things any mortal hath,  
Are those which every mortal shares.

The air we breathe, the sky, the breeze,  
The light without us and within;  
Life with its unlocked treasures,  
God's riches --- are for all to win.



A Christmas Tree for the Polar Fairies.

**"The Waking" by Theodore Roethke**  
**From *Room for Me and a Mountain Lion* (1974)**  
**Selections and Photographs by Nancy Larrick**

I strolled across  
An open field;  
The sun was out;  
Heat was happy.

This way! This way!  
The wren's throat shimmered,  
Either to other,  
The blossoms sang.

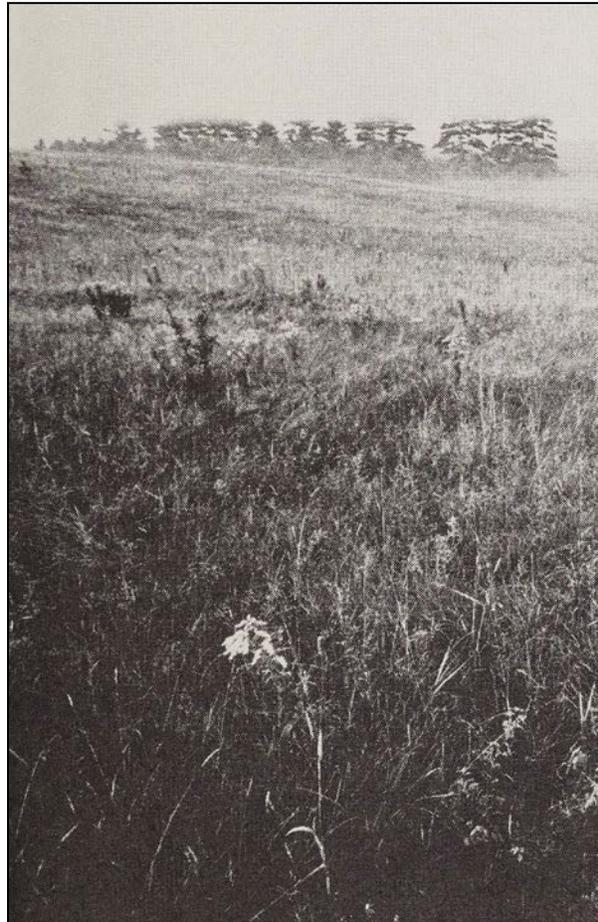
The stones sang,  
The little ones did,  
And flowers jumped  
Like small goats.

A ragged fringe  
Of daisies waved;  
I wasn't alone  
In a grove of apples.

Far in the wood  
A nestling sighed;  
The dew loosened  
Its morning smells.

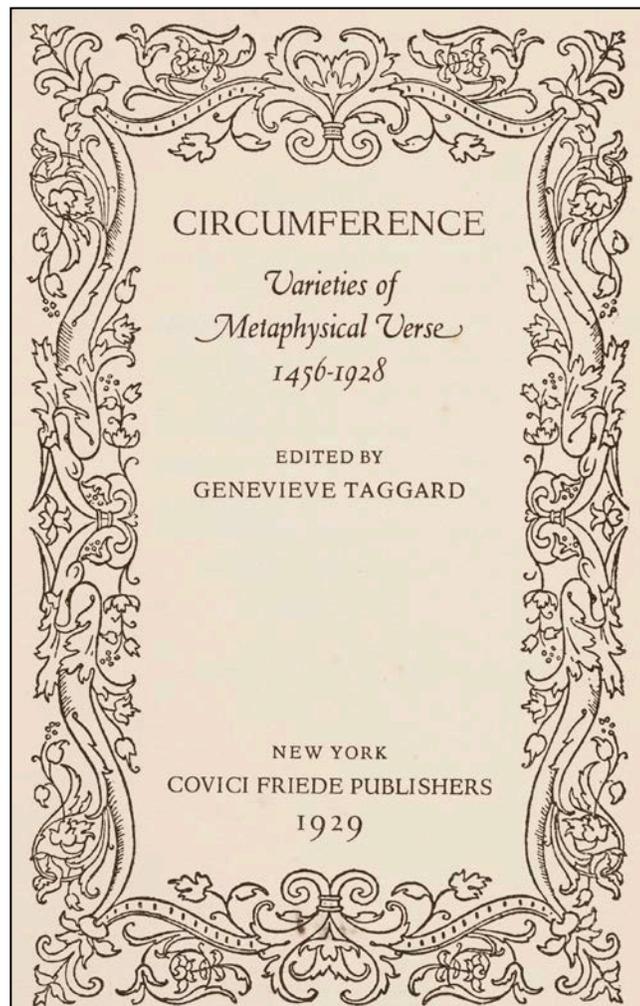
I came where the river  
Ran over stones:  
My ears knew  
An early joy.

And all the waters  
Of all the streams  
Sang in my veins  
That summer day.



**“The World Is Too Much with Us” by William Wordsworth**  
**From *Circumference: Varieties of Metaphysical Verse* (1929)**  
**Edited by Genevieve Taggard**

The World is too much with us; late and soon,  
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;  
Little we see in Nature that is ours;  
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!  
This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon,  
The winds that will be howling at all hours  
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers,  
For this, for every thing, we are out of tune;  
It moves us not. –Great God! I’d rather be  
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,--  
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,  
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;  
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;  
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathéd horn.



# WHIMSY

**"Two People" By E. V. Rieu**

**From *Beastly Boys and Ghastly Girls* (1964)**

**Collected by William Cole and Illustrated by Tomi Ungerer**

Two people live in Rosamund,  
And one is very nice;  
The other is devoted  
To every kind of vice—

To walking where the puddles are,  
And eating far too quick,  
And saying words she shouldn't know,  
And wanting spoons to lick.

Two people live in Rosamund,  
And one (I say it twice)  
Is very nice *and* very good:  
The other's only nice.



**“Just Imagine” by Lorraine Adel, Grade 5**

**From *Young Voices* (1971)**

**Collected by Charles E. Schaefer and Kathleen C. Mellor**

A dictionary is a man who tells about words,  
Airplanes are big, metal kinds of birds.  
A penguin is a fancy little man who wears a fancy suit,  
A kitten with one odd paw is wearing a fur boot.  
Trees are wooden monsters with color-changing hair,  
A cloud is the top of a person you don't know is there.  
A light bulb is an eyeball staring at the floor,  
A doorknob is an animal living on a door.

If you believe in these silly things, please  
Call me up. My number is three dings.

**Excerpt from *The Cat in the Hat Comes Back* (1958)  
Written and Illustrated by Dr. Seuss**

"To take spots off THIS bed  
Will be hard," said the cat.  
"I can't do it alone,"  
Said the Cat in the Hat.

"It is good I have someone  
To help me," he said.  
"Right here in my hat  
On the top of my head!  
It is good that I have him  
Here with me today.  
He helps me a lot.  
This is Little Cat A."

And then Little Cat A  
Took the hat off HIS head.  
"It is good I have some one  
To help ME," he said.  
"This is Little Cat B.  
And I keep him about,  
And when I need help  
Then I let him come out."

And then B said,  
"I think we need Little Cat C.  
That spot is too much  
For the A cat and me.  
But now, have no fear!  
We will clean it away!  
The three of us! Little Cats B, C and  
A!"

"Come on! Take it away!"  
Yelled Little Cat A.

"I will hit that old spot  
With this broom! Do you see?  
It comes off the old bed!  
It goes on the T.V."

And then Little Cat B  
Cleaned up the T.V.  
He cleaned it with milk,  
Put the spot in a pan!  
And then C blew it out  
Of the house with a fan!

"But look where it went!"  
I said. "Look where it blew!  
You blew the mess  
Out of the house. That is true.  
But now you made Snow Spots!  
You can't let THEM stay!"

"Let us think about that now,"  
Said C, B and A.  
"With some help, we can do it!"  
Said Little Cat C.  
Then POP! On his head  
We saw Little Cat D!  
Then, POP! POP! POP!  
Little Cats E, F and G!

"We will clean up that snow  
If it takes us all day!  
If it takes us all night,  
We will clean it away!"  
Said Little Cats G, F, E, D, C, B, A.

**“Laughing-Song” by William Blake**  
**From *Posies for Children* (1882)**  
**Selected by Mrs. Anna C. Lowell**

When the green woods laugh with the voice of joy,  
And the dimpling stream runs laughing by;  
When the air does laugh with our merry wit,  
And the green hill laughs with the noise of it;

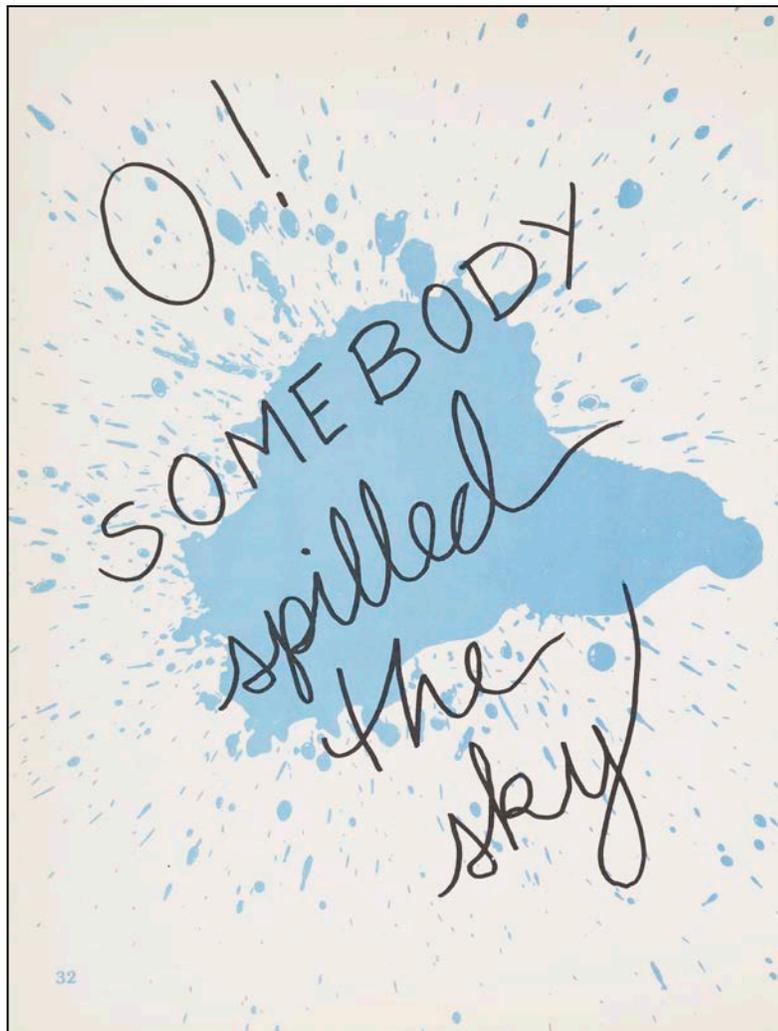
When the meadows laugh with lively green,  
And the grasshopper laughs in the merry scene;  
When Mary and Susan and Emily,  
With their sweet, round mouths, sing, “Ha, ha, he!”

When the painted birds laugh in the shade,  
Where our table with cherries and nuts is spread, ---  
Come live, and be merry, and join with me  
To sing the sweet chorus of “Ha, ha, he!”



**"Where" by Ruth Krauss**  
**From *Somebody Spilled the Sky* (1976)**  
**Illustrated by Eleanor Hazard**

Where does that river come from  
It comes from the mountain  
Where does the mountain come from  
It comes out of the world  
Where does the world come from  
It comes from the sun  
Where does that sun come from  
It comes from  
It comes



# FRIENDSHIP

## ***One is Good But Two Are Better (1956)***

**Written and Illustrated by Louis Slobodkin**

One is good, but two are better,  
You need two people for a letter.  
You can write it,  
And you can read it,  
But use a stamp; a letter will need it.

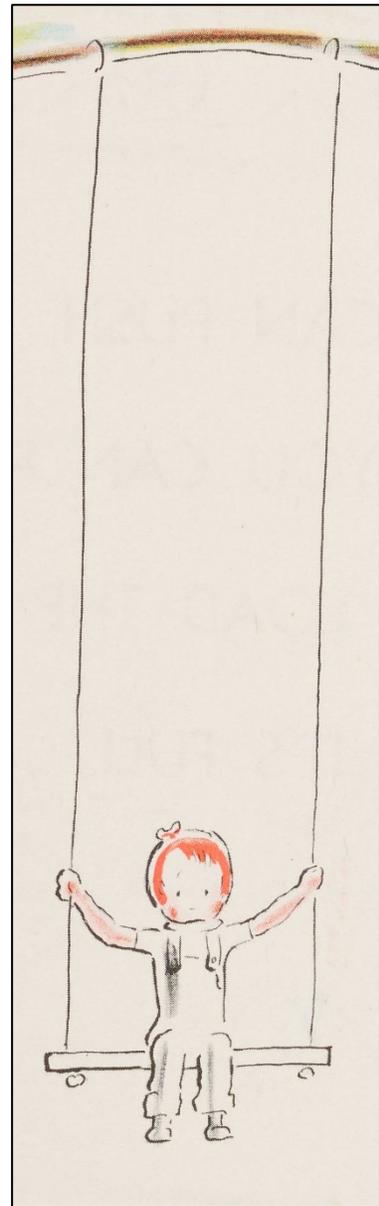
One pulling a wagon is not enough,  
You need two when the road is rough.  
You can push,  
And you can pull,  
Now load the wagon until it's full.

One can swing alone in the sun,  
But you need two to have more fun.  
You can sing,  
And you can swing  
High as the sky or anything.

One in a boat, playing down at the shore,  
Can't go very far with only one oar,  
But if there are two,  
Two oars and two friends,  
You can row 'round the world before the day ends.

One playing store, selling beans and rice,  
Needs someone to buy; that makes it nice.  
You can sell  
And you can buy,  
Then you can wrap and you can tie.

One with a ball needs one with a bat;  
Baseball is better played like that.



You can bat,  
And you can throw,  
Hit the ball and away you go.

One can run, or one can lag,  
But you need two for playing tag.  
You can run,  
And you can chase;  
When you are caught, then run a race.

One may hide, or one may peek,  
But you need two for hide-and-seek.  
You can hide,  
And you can look,  
Then all sit down and share a book.

Yes, one is good, but when there are more,  
Say two or three or more than four,  
You all can sing,  
And you all can play,  
And you all can have a wonderful day.



## “Us Two” by A. A. Milne From *Now We Are Six* (1927)

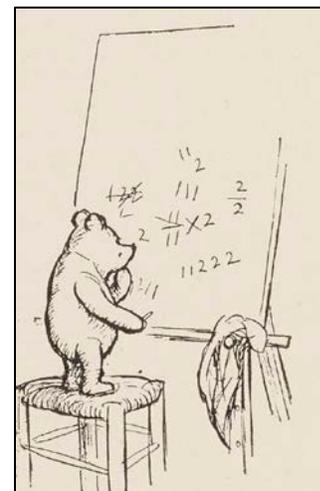
Wherever I am, there’s always Pooh,  
There’s always Pooh and Me.  
Whatever I do, he wants to do,  
“Where are you going to-day?” says Pooh:  
“Well that’s very odd ‘cos I was too.  
Let’s go together,” says Pooh, says he.  
“Let’s go together,” says Pooh.

“What’s twice eleven?” I said to Pooh.  
(“Twice what?” said Pooh to Me.)  
“I *think* it ought to be twenty-two.”  
“Just what I think myself,” said Pooh.  
“It wasn’t an easy sum to do,  
But that’s what it is,” said Pooh, said he.  
“That’s what it is,” said Pooh.

“Let’s look for dragons,” I said to Pooh.  
“Yes, let’s,” said Pooh to Me.  
We crossed the river and found a few –  
“Yes, those are dragons all right,” said Pooh.  
“As soon as I saw their beaks I knew.  
That’s what they are,” said Pooh, said he.

“Let’s frighten the dragons,” I said to Pooh.  
“That’s right,” said Pooh to Me.  
“I’m not afraid,” I said to Pooh,  
And I held his paw and I shouted “Shoo!  
Silly old dragons!” – and off they flew.  
I wasn’t afraid,” said Pooh, said he,  
“I’m never afraid with you.”

So wherever I am, there’s always Pooh,  
There’s always Pooh and Me.  
“What would I do?” I said to Pooh,  
“If it wasn’t for you,” and Pooh said: “True,  
It isn’t much fun for One, but Two  
Can stick together,” says Pooh, says he.  
“That’s how it is,” says Pooh.



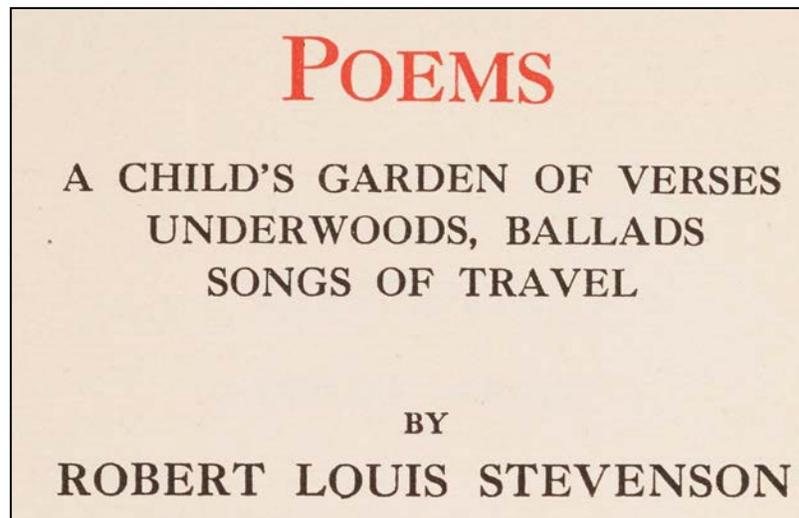
**"A Good Play" by Robert Louis Stevenson**

**From *Poems: A Child's Garden of Verses Underwoods, Ballads, Songs of Travel* (19--)**

We built a ship upon the stairs  
All made of the back-bedroom chairs,  
And filled it full of sofa pillows  
To go a-sailing on the billows.

We took a saw and several nails  
And water in the nursery pails;  
And Tom said, "Let us also take  
An apple and a slice of cake";--  
Which was enough for Tom and me  
To go a-sailing on, till tea.

We sailed along for days and days,  
And had the very best of plays;  
But Tom fell out and hurt his knee,  
So there was no one left but me.



**"Friendship" by Anna Johnson**  
**From *Echoes* (1932)**

Rare as the beauty of a dream,  
The joy of summer days;  
Bright as the sparkle of a stream,  
The sun with bursting rays;

Sweet as the murmur of a breeze,  
Or tides with ceaseless form;  
Calm as the stillness of the trees  
And rainbows in the storm;

Fresh as the fields where flowers blow,  
The bound and pulse of spring;  
Gentle as starlight on the snow,  
Or silken clouds that swing;

Dear as a thought from realms above;  
The clasp of friendship's hand;  
Strong with the hope of boundless love  
Are friends who understand.

**Excerpt from *1 is No Fun, but 20 is Plenty!* (1965)  
by Ilse-Margret Vogel**

"1 is no fun," the glad Hippo said,  
Raised her umbrella and jumped off her sled.  
"Dear Lion," she cried, "much better is 2!  
And how I adore being with you."

"Why Hippo," said Lion, "you're flattering me.  
Please take a mitten? You see I have 3."  
"Do take one of mine – and then you'll have 4.  
If you should lose them, I have plenty more."

"My clocks never run – they always say 5!"  
"Well Lion, that means it's time for a drive."  
"The cake is the thing, you drive as I mix.  
Now how may eggs? I think I need 6."

By actual count the eggs used were 7.  
"Your cake," Lion said, "is something from heaven.  
In fact, it's so good I could dance on a gate  
And juggle my canes – I won at least 8."

"Oh Lion, no, you might fall on your spine.  
You have but one life – it's the cat who has 9."  
"But since you are brave, far braver than men,  
I'd love some nice pirates – could you get me 10?"



# FOOD

**"The Ice Cream Ocean" by John MacKay Shaw**

**Excerpt from *The Ice Cream Ocean and Other Delectable Poems of the Sea* (1984)**

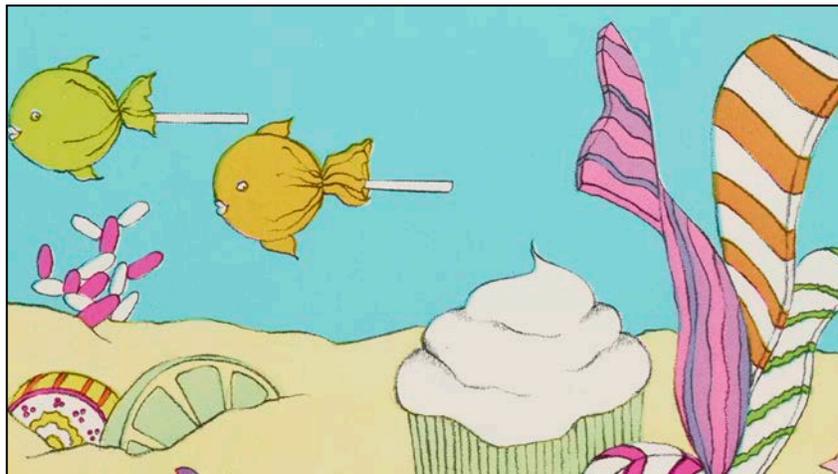
**Selected and Illustrated by Susan Russo**

If the ocean waves could ever  
Be of ice cream made,  
I could swim in them and never  
Be the least afraid.

If they made the finny fishes  
Out of lollypops  
And the pebbles were delicious  
Little lemon drops,

If the sand were sugar candy  
And the rocks were cake,  
Just imagine what a dandy  
Dinner that would make.

I would never more be lonely  
With my pail and spade,  
If the ocean waves could only  
Be of ice cream made.



**“Bear in There” by Shel Silverstein  
From *A Light in the Attic* (1930)**

There's a Polar Bear  
In our Frigidaire—  
He likes it 'cause it's cold in there.  
With his seat in the meat  
And his face in the fish  
And his big hairy paws  
In the buttery dish,  
He's nibbling the noodles,  
He's munching the rice,  
He's slurping the soda,  
He's licking the ice.  
And he lets out a roar  
If you open the door.  
And it gives me a scare  
To know he's in there—  
That Polary Bear  
In our Fridgitydaire.



**“Sunday Morning Toast” by Arnold Adoff**

From *Eats: Poems* (1979)

Illustrated by Susan Russo

in a bowl    beat 2 eggs  
with ½ cup milk  
a pinch of salt  
½ teaspoon vanilla

dip 4 pieces of white bread    one at a time  
into this mix and when the  
bread

is soaked through  
it is ready to go

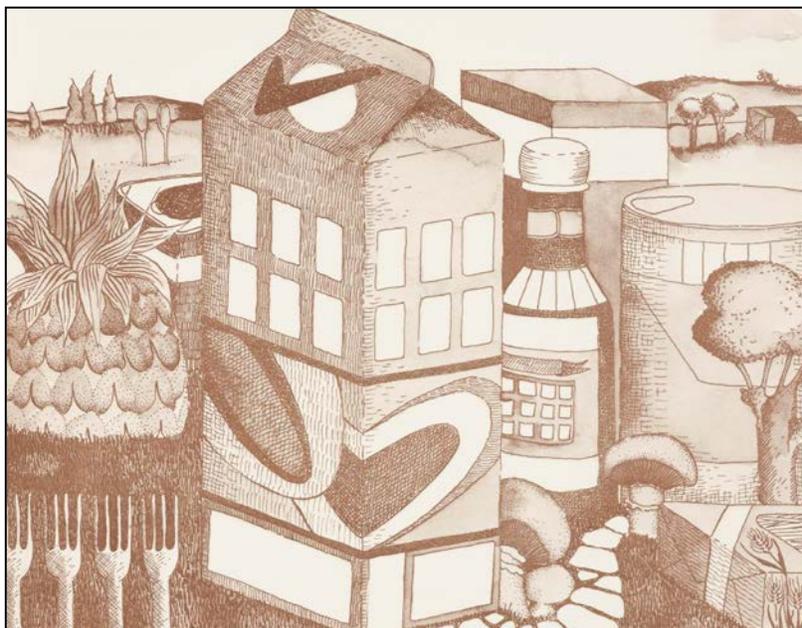
into

a hot and buttered skillet  
or pan

then brown both sides until fluffy and done  
and sprinkle with powdered sugar    or drip  
honey

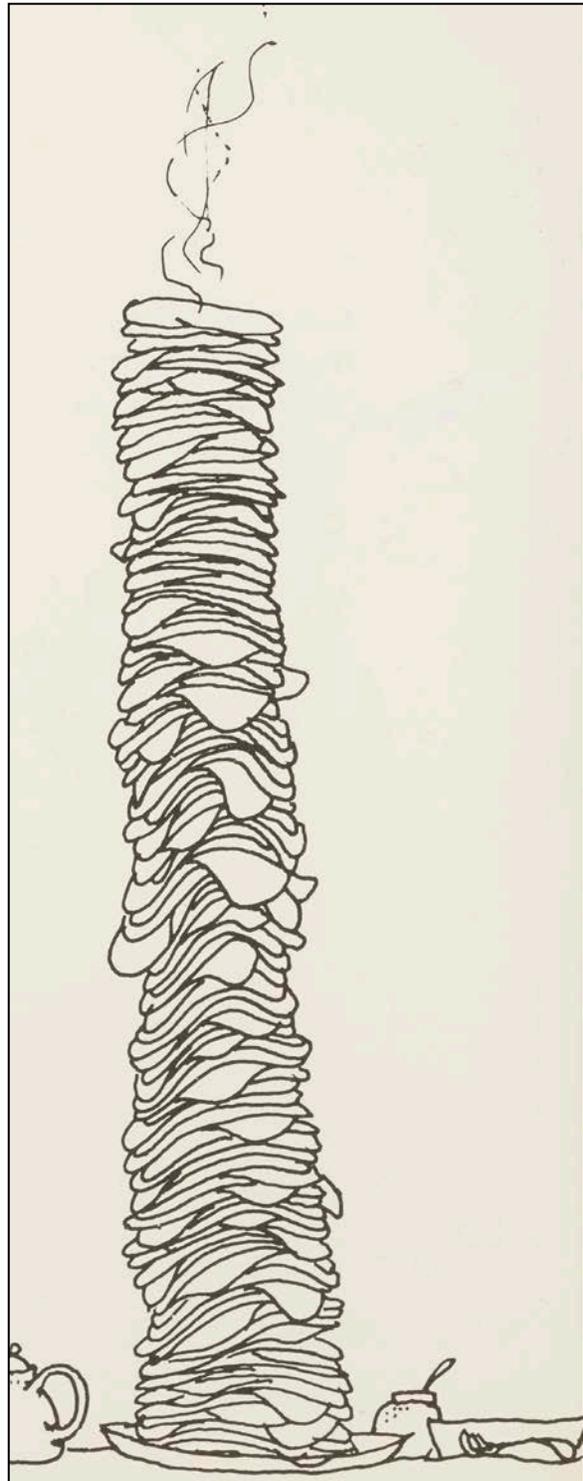
or maple syrup    then eat

makes enough to fill one sister and one cook  
and one sunday morning boast



**"Pancake" by Shel Silverstein**  
From *Where the Sidewalk Ends* (1979)

Who wants a pancake,  
Sweet and piping hot?  
Good little Grace looks up and says,  
"I'll take the one on top."  
Who else wants a pancake,  
Fresh off the griddle?  
Terrible Theresa smiles and says,  
"I'll take the one in the middle."



**“A Matter of Taste” by Eve Merriam**

**From *How to Eat a Poem & Other Morsels* (1967)**

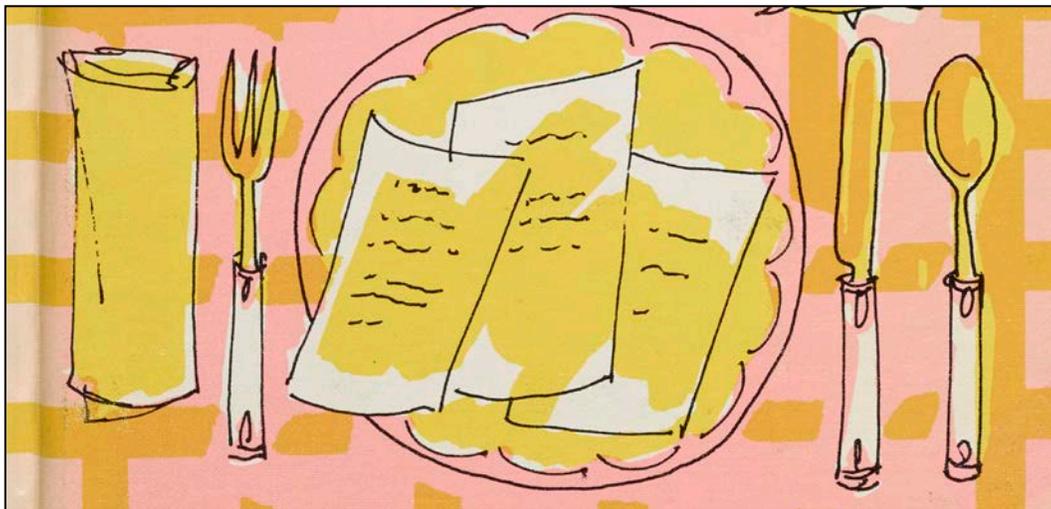
**Selected by Rose H. Agree and Illustrated by Peggy Wilson**

What does your tongue like the most?  
Chewy meat or crunchy toast?

A lumpy bumpy pickle or tickly pop?  
A soft marshmallow or a hard lime drop?

Hot pancakes or a sherbet freeze?  
Celery noise or quiet cheese?

Or do you like pizza  
More than any of these?

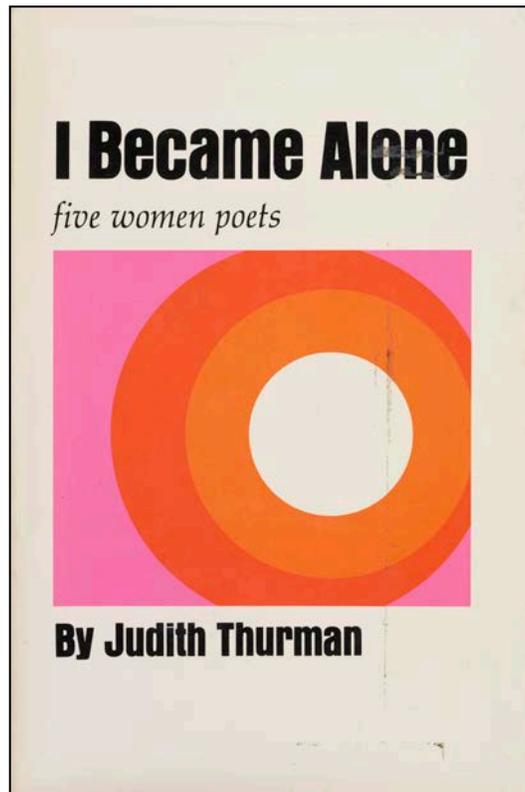


# SOLITUDE

**"I'm Nobody!" by Emily Dickinson**  
**From *I Became Alone: Five Women Poets* (1975)**  
**Selection by Judith Thurman**

I'm Nobody! Who are you?  
Are you—Nobody—Too?  
Then there's a pair of us?  
Don't tell! they'd advertise—you know!

How dreary—to be—Somebody!  
How public—like a Frog—  
To tell one's name—the livelong June—  
To an admiring Bog!



**Excerpt from "Solitude" by Lewis Carroll**  
**From *Solitude: A Variorum Edition* (1982)**

I LOVE the stillness of the wood,  
I love the music of the rill,  
I love to couch in pensive mood  
Upon some silent hill.

Far off beneath yon arching trees,  
The silver-crested ripples pass,  
And, like a mimic brook, the breeze  
Whispers among the grass.

Here from the world I win release;  
Nor scorn of men, nor footstep rude,  
Breaks in to mar the holy peace  
Of this great solitude.

**“My Shadow” by Robert Louis Stevenson**

**From *Poems: A Child’s Garden of Verses Underwoods, Ballads, Songs of Travel* (19--)**

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 my 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.

**“Aloneness” by Gwendolyn Brooks**  
**Broadside (1973) Illustrated by Leroy Foster**

Aloneness is different from loneliness.  
Loneliness means you want somebody.  
Loneliness means you have not planned to stand  
    somewhere with other people gone.  
Loneliness never has a bright color.  
Perhaps it is gray.  
Loneliness does not have a lovely sound.  
It has an under buzz  
    Or it does not have a sound.  
When it does not have a sound  
    I like it least of all.

But aloneness is delicious.  
    Sometimes aloneness is delicious.  
Once in a while aloneness is delicious.  
Almost like a red small apple that is cold.  
An apple that is small and sweet and round and cold and for just you.

Or like loving a pond in summer.  
There is the soft water,  
    looking a little silver-dark, and kind.  
You lean, most carefully,  
    and you like the single picture there.  
Rest is under your eyes  
and above your eyes  
and your brain stops its wrinkles  
and is peaceful as a windless pond.

You make presents to yourself,  
presents of clouds and sunshine,  
and the dandelions that are there.  
Aloneness is like that. Sometimes.

Sometimes I think it is not possible to be alone.

You are with you.

And pulse and nature keep you company.

The little minutes are there, building into hours:  
the minutes that are the bricks of days and years.

I know another aloneness.

Within it there is someone.

Someone to ask and tell.

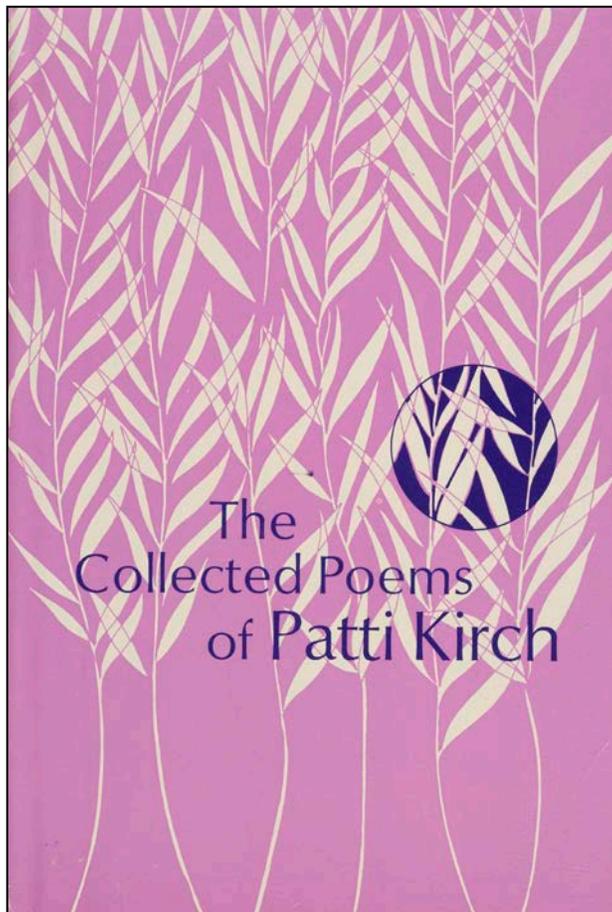
One who is Mary, Willie, John or James or Joan.

Whose other name is Love.



**“My Moment” by Patti Kirch**  
**From *The Collected Poems of Patti Kirch* (1968)**

There is one moment that is wholly mine,  
When I wake bright and early with the dew,  
And watch the sunlight as it pinks the sky,  
And watch the green and golden hue  
Before my window in the softness of the summer sun.  
This is the moment after day has begun,  
The moment after the first cock’s loud crow,  
The moment after the last star can choose to go,  
The moment that is newest and will always shine,  
The moment that is wholly mine.



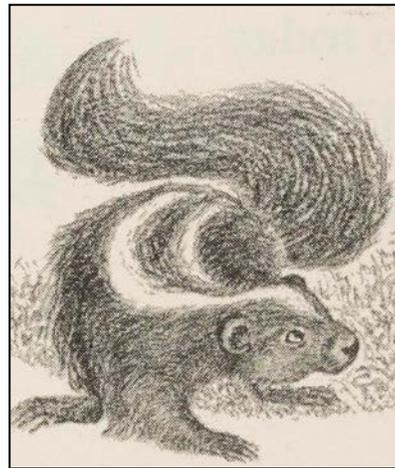
# ANIMALS

**"The Skunk" by Dorothy W. Baruch**  
**From *I Would Like to be a Pony And Other Wishes***  
**Illustrated by Mary Chalmers**

You'd better be  
Nice to me.

If you're not  
I will spit  
Spat  
Spout  
And spray  
All about

And you'll  
Blink  
And shrink  
Screech  
Scream  
And shout  
"Stunky  
Skunk  
Get out!



...But I won't...

**"Dinosaur Air" by Claudia Lewis**  
**From *Poems of Earth and Space* (1967)**  
**Illustrated by Symeon Shimin**

Far and high  
The atoms fly  
While the breezes blow  
And the wind sweeps by.

Atoms the dinosaurs  
Breathed long ago  
Breath of kings  
And of men I know,

Blown, blown,  
Far over the sky  
And around the world  
As the wind sweeps by.

Breath of heroes  
Aeons old,  
Breath from the Aztec  
Lands of gold,

Blown near and far,  
Blown low and high,  
Blown through time  
In the ring of the sky.

Oh run with me  
Through the captive air  
Flowing around us  
Everywhere ---

Run with me,  
The wind is high,  
And time's in the wind,  
Sweeping by.



**"The Tiger" by William Blake**  
**From *William Blake & His Poetry* (1922)**  
**Selected by Allardyce Nicoll M.A.**

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright  
In the forests of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies  
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?  
On what wings dare he aspire?  
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,  
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?  
And when thy heart began to beat,  
What dread hand? and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?  
In what furnace was thy brain?  
What the anvil? what dread grasp  
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,  
And water'd heaven with their tears,  
Did he smile his work to see?  
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

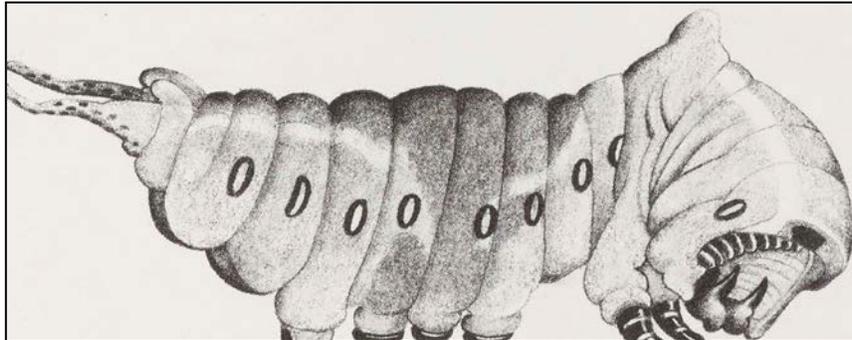
Tiger! Tiger! burning bright  
In the forests of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?



**“The Caterpillar” by Ogden Nash  
From Zoo (1987)**

**Illustrated by Etienne Delessert**

I find among the poems of Schiller  
No mention of the caterpillar,  
Nor can I find one anywhere  
In Petrarch or in Baudelaire,  
So here I sit in extra session  
To give my personal impression.  
The caterpillar, as it's called,  
Is often hairy, seldom bald;  
It looks as if it never shaves;  
When as it walks, it walks in waves;  
And from the cradle to the chrysalis  
It's utterly speechless, songless, whistleless.



**"Delightful Bird!" by Florida State University Libraries'  
Poet-in-residence, Michael Rothenberg  
From *Look at that Mountain!***

Once upon a mountain by a river in a tree  
there lived a flittery bird

A fabulous, flittery bird  
with an all-weather, feathery song

A flamboyantly flittery,  
sweet singing twittery, feathery bird

A magical bird who sang and sang  
throughout the day and all night long,

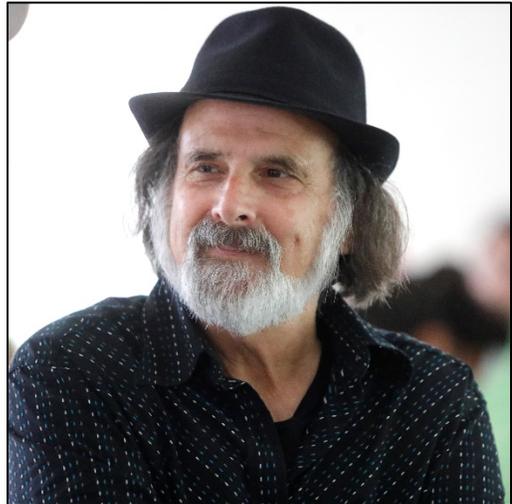
a melodiously fine, sweet floating kind  
of divine birdsong

That bird never sang a note that was wrong!  
That pink-feathered, blue-feathered,

green-feathered bird would sing and sing  
and always be heard,

I hope you don't think that I am being absurd  
but I wished I could be that always heard bird.

"Delightful Bird!"



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