

## LIKE A BIRD

BY VICTOR HUGO

Be like the bird, who  
Halting in his flight  
On limb too slight  
Feels it give way beneath him,  
Yet sings  
Knowing he hath wings.

## WHO LIKES THE RAIN?

BY UNKNOWN AUTHOR

“I,” said the duck. “I call it fun,  
For I have my pretty red rubbers on;  
They make a little three-toed track  
In the soft, cool mud-quack! quack!”  
“I,” cried the dandelion, “I,  
my roots are thirsty, my buds are dry,”  
And she lifted a tousled yellow head  
Out of her green and grassy bed.  
Sang the brook:”I welcome every drop,  
Come down, dear raindrops; never stop  
Until a broad river you make of me,  
And then I will carry you to the sea.”  
“I,” shouted Ted, “for I can run,  
With my high-top boots and raincoat on,  
Through every puddle and runlet and pool  
I find on the road to school.

## SPRING CLOUDS

BY JAMES MCDONALD

If it weren't for Spring clouds,

That bring us the rain,

The landscape of sky,

Would really be plain.

As the sun passes through,

It is amazing to see.

It's as if they're saying hi,

To you and to me.

# FOUR SEASONS

BY UNKNOWN AUTHOR

Spring is showery, flowery, bowery.

Summer is hoppy, choppy, poppy.

Autumn is wheezy, sneezy, freezy.

Winter is slippy, drippy, nippy.

# CHERRIES

BY EMILY MILLER

Who can tell how cherries grow,  
From the blossoms' fragrant snow;  
From the balls of green that hide  
Under glossy leaves, spread wide,  
Till they glisten, every one,  
Red as rubies in the sun;  
Swelling, warming, till they shine,  
Filled with summer's rosy wine?  
Five little babes in a basket,  
Up on a swinging bough:  
"Open your mouths," said the mother,  
"Here is a feast for you now."  
Mother and babies think it prime  
That cherries ripen in robin-time.  
Five curly heads at a window,  
Watching the merry crew:  
"Don't you wish we were birds in a nest,  
So we could have some too?  
Wings are better than legs to climb,  
And robins are thickest in cherry-time."

<https://www.palebluemarbles.com/nature-poems-for-kids-earth-day/>

# GREEN STEMS

MARGARET WISE BROWN

Little things that crawl and creep  
In the green grass forests,  
Deep in their long-stemmed world  
Where ferns uncurl  
To a greener world  
Beneath the leaves above them;  
And every flower upon its stem  
Blows above them there  
The bottom of a geranium,  
The back side of a trillium,  
The belly of a bumblebee  
Is all they see, these little things  
Down so low  
Where no bird sings  
Where no wind blows,  
Deep in their long-stemmed world.

# FISHES' EVENING SONG

BY DAHLOV IPCAR

Flip flop,

Flip flap,

Slip slap,

Lip lap;

Water sounds,

Soothing sounds.

We fan our fins

As we lie

Resting here

Eye to eye.

Water falls

Drop by drop,

Plip plop,

Drip drop.

Plink plunk,

Slash splish;

Fish fins fan,

Fish tails swish,

Swush, swash, swish.

This we wish ...

Water cold,

Water clear,

Water smooth,

Just to soothe

Sleepy fish.