

WHO LIKES THE RAIN?

BY UNKNOWN AUTHOR

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

“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.

Four Seasons

By Unknown Author

Spring is showery, flowery
Summer is hoppy, choppy,
poppy,
Autumn is wheezy
sneezy, freezy.
Winter is slippy, drippy,
nippy