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| **AA MILNE**  **If I were a king**  I often wish I were a King, And then I could do anything.  If only I were King of Spain, I'd take my hat off in the rain.  If only I were King of France, I wouldn't brush my hair for aunts.  I think, if I were King of Greece, I'd push things off the mantelpiece.  If I were King of Norroway, I'd ask an elephant to stay.  If I were King of Babylon, I'd leave my button gloves undone.  If I were King of Timbuctoo, I'd think of lovely things to do.  If I were King of anything, I'd tell the soldiers, "I'm the King!" | **Jane Taylor**  **The Star**  Twinkle, twinkle, little star, How I wonder what you are! Up above the world so high, Like a diamond in the sky.  When the blazing sun is gone, When he nothing shines upon, Then you show your little light, Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.  Then the traveler in the dark, Thanks you for your tiny spark, He could not see which way to go, If you did not twinkle so.  In the dark blue sky you keep, And often through my curtains peep, For you never shut you eye, Till the sun is in the sky.  As your bright and tiny spark, Lights the traveler in the dark- Though I know not what you are, Twinkle, twinkle, little star. |
| **Edgar Allan Poe**  **A Dream Within A Dream**  Thus much let me avow-- You are not wrong, who deem That my days have been a dream; Yet if hope has flown away In a night, or in a day, In a vision, or in none, Is it therefore the less gone? All that we see or seem Is but a dream within a dream.  I stand amid the roar Of a surf-tormented shore, And I hold within my hand Grains of the golden sand-- How few! yet how they creep Through my fingers to the deep, While I weep--while I weep! O God! can I not grasp Them with a tighter clasp? O God! can I not save One from the pitiless wave? Is all that we see or seem But a dream within a dream? | **Wiliam Wordsworth**  **Daffodils**  I wandered lonely as a cloud  That floats on high o’er vales and hills,  When all at once I saw a crowd,  A host, of golden daffodils;  Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.  Continuous as the stars that shine  And twinkle on the milky way,  They stretched in never-ending line  Along the margin of a bay:  Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.  The waves beside them danced, but they  Out-did the sparkling leaves in glee;  A poet could not be but gay,  In such a jocund company!  I gazed and gazed but little thought  What wealth the show to me had brought:  For oft, when on my couch I lie  In vacant or in pensive mood,  They flash upon that inward eye  Which is the bliss of solitude; |
| **Walt Whitman**  **I Hear America Singing**  I HEAR America singing, the varied carols I hear; Those of mechanics—each one singing his, as it should be, blithe and         strong; The carpenter singing his, as he measures his plank or beam, The mason singing his, as he makes ready for work, or leaves off         work; The boatman singing what belongs to him in his boat—the deckhand         singing on the steamboat deck; The shoemaker singing as he sits on his bench—the hatter singing as         he stands; The wood-cutter's song—the ploughboy's, on his way in the morning,         or at the noon intermission, or at sundown; The delicious singing of the mother—or of the young wife at work—or         of the girl sewing or washing—Each singing what belongs to         her, and to none else; The day what belongs to the day—At night, the party of young         fellows, robust, friendly, Singing, with open mouths, their strong melodious songs. | **Shel Silverstein**  **Messy Room**    Whosever room this is should be ashamed! His underwear is hanging on the lamp. His raincoat is there in the overstuffed chair, And the chair is becoming quite mucky and damp. His workbook is wedged in the window, His sweater's been thrown on the floor. His scarf and one ski are beneath the TV, And his pants have been carelessly hung on the door. His books are all jammed in the closet, His vest has been left in the hall. A lizard named Ed is asleep in his bed, And his smelly old sock has been stuck to the wall. Whosever room this is should be ashamed! Donald or Robert or Willie or-- Huh? You say it's mine? Oh, dear, I knew it looked familiar! |
| **Lord Byron**  **We’ll Go No More A-Roving**  So, we’ll go no more a-roving  So late into the night,  Though the heart be still as loving,  And the moon be still as bright.  For the sword outwears its sheath,  And the soul wears out the breast,  And the heart must pause to breathe,  And love itself have rest.  Though the night was made for loving,  And the day returns too soon,  Yet we’ll go no more a-roving  By the light of the moon. | **William Shakespeare**  **Sonet 18**  Shall I compare thee to a Summer’s day?  Thou art more lovely and more temperate:  Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,  And Summer’s lease hath all too short a date:  Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,  And oft’ is his gold complexion dimm’d;  And every fair from fair sometime declines,  By chance or nature’s changing course untrimm’d:  But thy eternal Summer shall not fade  Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;  Nor shall Death brag thou wanderest in his shade,  When in eternal lines to time thou growest:  So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,  So long lives this, and this gives life to thee. |
| **Chrisitna Rossetti**  **Remember**  Remember me when I am gone away,  Gone far away into the silent land;  When you can no more hold me by the hand,  Nor I half turn to go, yet turning stay.  Remember me when no more day by day  You tell me of our future that you plann’d:  Only remember me; you understand  It will be late to counsel then or pray.  Yet if you should forget me for a while  And afterwards remember, do not grieve:  For if the darkness and corruption leave  A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,  Better by far you should forget and smile  Than that you should remember and be sad. | **Ogden Nash**  **The people upstairs**  The people upstairs all practise ballet Their living room is a bowling alley Their bedroom is full of conducted tours. Their radio is louder than yours, They celebrate week-ends all the week. When they take a shower, your ceilings leak. They try to get their parties to mix By supplying their guests with Pogo sticks, And when their fun at last abates, They go to the bathroom on roller skates. I would love the people upstairs wondrous If instead of above us, they just lived under us. |