

## After the Party

William Wise

Jonathan Blake  
Ate too much cake,  
He isn't himself today;  
He's tucked up in bed  
With a feverish head,  
And he doesn't much care to play.

Jonathan Blake  
Ate too much cake,  
And three kinds of icecream too —  
From latest reports  
He's quite out of sorts<sup>1</sup>,  
And I'm sure the reports are  
true.

I'm sorry to state  
That he also ate  
Six pickles, a pie, and a pear;  
In fact I confess  
It's a reasonable guess  
He ate practically everything there.

Yes, Jonathan Blake  
Ate too much cake,  
So he's not at his best today,  
But there's no need for sorrow —  
If you come back tomorrow,  
I'm sure he'll be out to play.

## Green Fields

Terry Gilkyson, R. Dehr, Frank Miller

Once there were green  
    fields kissed by the sun,  
Once there were valleys  
    where rivers used to run,  
Once there was blue sky  
    with white clouds high above,  
Once they were part of  
    an everlasting love.  
We were the lovers who  
    strolled through green fields.  
Green fields are gone now,  
    parched by the sun;  
Gone from the valleys  
    where rivers used to run,  
Gone with the cold wind  
    that swept into my heart,  
Gone with the lovers who  
    let their dreams depart.  
Where are the green fields  
    that we used to roam?  
I'll never know what made  
    you run away.  
How can I keep searching  
    when dark clouds hide the day?  
I only know there's  
    nothing here for me,  
Nothing in this wide  
    world left for me to see,  
But I'll keep on waitin'  
    'til you return.

I'll keep on waiting until  
the day you learn  
You can't be happy while  
your heart's on the roam.  
You can't be happy until  
you bring it home,  
Home to the green fields  
and me once again.

## I Caught a Fish

Bertram Murray

I caught a little fish one day —  
A baby fish, I think.  
It made me jump, I heard it say,  
“I want another drink.”  
I didn't know a fish could speak —  
That's why I jumped, you see.



It spoke in just a tiny squeak<sup>1</sup>,  
Not loud like you and me.  
“You want a drink? You greedy fish,  
“You've had enough I know.  
“I'll put you on my Mummy's dish  
“With salt to make you grow.”  
“You'd better not,” replied the fish,  
“My Dad's a great big whale.  
“And if you put me on a dish  
“He'll kill you with his tail.”  
I'm not afraid of whales, I'm not;

I'd eat one for my tea.  
But I was angry with the lot<sup>2</sup>,  
So threw it in the sea.  
The little fish was full of joy,  
It gave its head a nod<sup>3</sup>.  
"Good-bye," it squeaked, you silly boy,  
"My Daddy's just a cod."

## Don't Give Up

Phoebe Cary

If you've tried  
    and have not won,  
Never stop for crying;  
All that's great and good  
    is done  
Just by patient trying.

If by easy work you beat,  
Who the more will prize you?  
Gaining victory from defeat,  
That's the test that tries you.

## Seasons

William Allingham

In spring-time, the forest,  
In summer, the sea,  
In autumn, the mountains,  
In winter,— ah, me?

What joy, when the sea-waves,  
In mirth and in might,  
Spread purple in shadow,  
Flash white into light!

The gale fills the sail,  
And the gull flies away;  
In crimson and gold  
Lets the long summer day <sup>!</sup>.

Oh pride! On the mountains  
To leave earth below;  
The great slopes of heather,  
One broad purple glow;  
The loud-roaring torrent  
Leaps, bound after bound,  
To plains of gold autumn,  
With mist creeping round.

Ah, wind, is it winter?  
Yes, winter is here;  
With snow on the meadow  
And ice on the mere.  
The daylight is short,  
But the firelight is long;  
Our skating's good sport;  
Then story and song.

In spring-time, the forest,  
In summer, the sea,  
In autumn, the mountains,  
And winter has glee.



## Mr. Tom Narrow

James Reeves

A scandalous man  
Was Mr. Tom Narrow,  
He pushed his  
    grandmother  
Round in a barrow.  
And he called out loud  
    As he rang his bell,  
“Grannies to sell!  
    Old grannies to sell!”  
The neighbours said,  
    As they passed them by,  
“This poor old lady  
    We will not buy.  
He surely must be  
    A mischievous man  
To try for to sell  
    His own dear Gran.”  
“Besides,” said another,  
    “If you ask me,  
She’d be very small use  
    That I can see.”

"You're right," said a third,  
"And no mistake —  
A very poor bargain  
She'd surely make."  
So Mr. Tom Narrow  
He scratched his head,  
And he sent his  
                  grandmother  
Back to bed;  
And he rang his bell  
Through all the town  
Till he sold his barrow  
For half a crown.