

Child Guidance through fables, poems, and activities

THE LAMB

Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life and bade thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

-William Blake



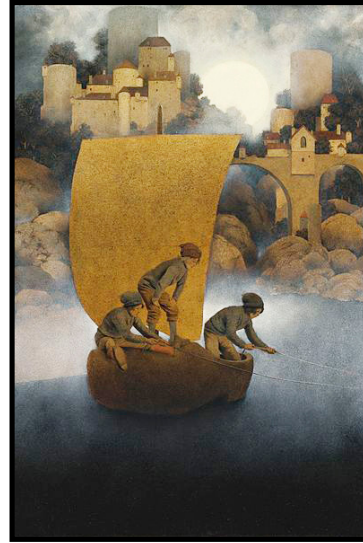
WYNKYN, BLYNKEN, AND NOD

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe
Sailed on a river of crystal light
Into a sea of dew.
“Where are you going, and what do you wish?”
The old moon asked the three.
“We have come to fish for the herring fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we!”
Said Wynken, Blynken, And Nod.
The old moon laughed and sang a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe;
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew.
The little stars were the herring fish
That lived in that beautiful sea
“Now cast your nets wherever you wish
Never afraid are we!”
So cried the stars to the fishermen three,
Wynken, Blynken, And Nod.
All night long their nets they threw
To the stars in the twinkling foam
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,



Bringing the fishermen home:
 'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
 As if it could not be;
 And some folk thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed
 Of sailing that beautiful sea;
 But I shall name you the fishermen three:
 Wynken, Blynken, And Nod.
 Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
 And Nod is a little head,
 And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
 Is a wee one's trundle-bed;
 So shut your eyes while Mother sings
 Of wonderful sights that be,
 And you shall see the beautiful things
 As you rock in the misty sea
 Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three:
 Wynken, Blynken, And Nod.

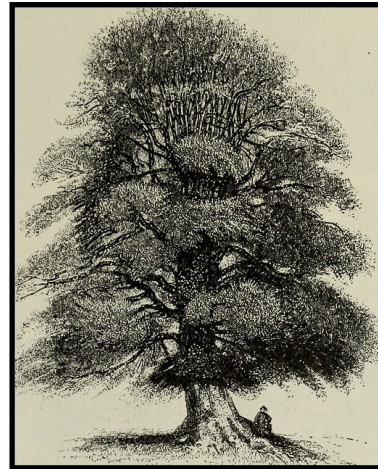
-Eugene Field



TREES

I think that I shall never see
 A poem lovely as a tree.
 A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
 Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;
 A tree that looks at God all day
 And lifts her leafy arms to pray;
 A tree that may in summer wear
 A nest of robins in her hair;
 Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
 Who intimately lives with rain.
 Poems are made by fools like me,
 But only God can make a tree.

-Joyce Kilmer



Notes for Parents:

Long before they understand the words, children enjoy the rhythm of poetry. The selections in this lesson may be read repeatedly to your child without any lessening of interest. The parent will see in the selections, too, many activity opportunities.

With these selections and your other favorite poems, have your child draw and color what comes to mind as they listen. Questions should be encouraged and answered with the intent of instilling and encouraging in the child an appreciation of nature. This lesson combines the elements of imagination and fun with thought-provoking material that should afford the opportunity for many discussions with your child.

