



Little Brown Seed

Little brown seed, round and sound,
Here I put you in the ground.

You can sleep a week or two,
Then—I'll tell you what to do:

You must grow some downward roots,
Then some tiny upward shoots.

From those green shoots' folded sheaves
Soon must come some healthy leaves.

When the leaves have time to grow,
Next a bunch of buds must show.

Last of all, the buds must spread
Into blossoms white or red.

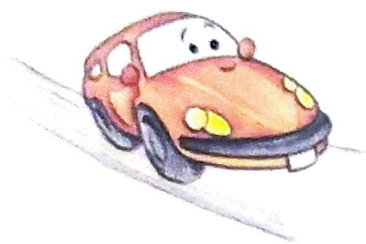
There, Seed! I've done my best.
Please to grow and do the rest.

Rodney Bennett



Travelling, Travelling

Row, row, row your boat,
Gently round the lake.
Travelling, travelling on the water,
Boats are what you take.



Drive, drive, drive your car,
Have a merry cruise.
Travelling, travelling on the road,
Cars are what you use.

Fly, fly, fly your plane,
High up in the air.
Travelling, travelling through the sky,
Planes will get you there.



Chug, chug, chug your train,
Chug along the track.
Travelling, travelling on the rails,
Trains go there and back.

Stamp, stamp, stamp your feet,
Stamp them on the ground.
Travelling, travelling on your feet,
Walk to get around!



Anonymous