

Insects

4-Week Morning Time Session | AwakenToDelight.com



Insects

Charlotte Mason Morning Time™

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Originally created and written by Lara Molettiere as *The Homeschool Garden*

Edited and updated by Alisha Gratehouse and Olivia Gratehouse

Cover image: *Le jardin à Bougival*, Berthe Morisot, 1884, Public Domain

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What is Morning Time?

Morning time is a modern interpretation of Charlotte Mason's philosophy of providing a generous variety of short lessons with an emphasis on excellence of execution and focused attention.

It is a lovely daily ritual in which you gather your whole family together to partake of the richness of God's Word, as well as the beautiful subjects that you don't want to get pushed aside by traditional school subjects.

And it is a perfect choice for helping you avoid the overwhelming feeling of trying to fit it all in by looping through all the delightful extras you want to enjoy!

About this Curriculum:

Homeschooling mother Lara Molettiere originally created this curriculum as *The Homeschool Garden* in 2018. Her love of music, literature, fine arts, and Charlotte Mason's method led her to create a delightful and simple-to-follow morning time curriculum for her family.

Each volume is rich with the truth, beauty, and goodness that Miss Mason encouraged, and provides a generous and varied education all planned out for your family — from elementary to high school.

In over 19 years of homeschooling utilizing the Charlotte Mason method, I can attest to the beauty of this lifestyle of learning. In fact, it completely shaped and formed who my children are today — artists, writers, musicians, and lovers of literature, poetry, and nature.

That's why I am thrilled to be taking Lara's beautiful curriculum, rebranding it as **Charlotte Mason Morning Time™**, and building a delight-filled community around it so that other families can experience the joy it brings!

Alisha

How to Use These Plans

If you love the Charlotte Mason style of learning, then you'll absolutely *adore* these morning time sessions! Not only are they rich with all the beauty you want your family to enjoy — scriptures, poetry, Shakespeare, picture study, art lessons, music, nature study, and more — they are all planned out and gathered together for you!

There is no need to hunt down the various elements you want to include or go digging around the internet in search of art, music, or poetry to complement your studies. You don't even have to purchase additional resources because we include them all here: art pieces for your picture study, sheet music and links to hymns and folk songs to sing along with, links to classical pieces to listen to, copywork printables for manuscript and cursive practice, and much, much more!

We offer a generous feast, but please remember that you don't have to partake of everything that's on the table, nor do you even have to clean your plate!

Adapt these plans to suit your family's unique needs and schedule. If you only school four days a week, either skip the fifth day, or add one item from the scheduled fifth day to each of your four school days.

Don't stress if you can't fit something in, you can always circle back around to it later. Pick and choose what you want to do depending on which season of life you're in.

Simply print out the schedule (and any parts of the curriculum you need), bring all your kids and teens together each morning, and enjoy that day's scheduled lessons and recommended read-alouds.

Don't forget we've included an art lesson, a handicraft lesson, nature studies, and tea time recipes with each session. These would be delightful "afternoon occupations" if you can't fit them into your morning time.

Each day's scheduled activities should only take around an hour or so to complete (excluding the art and handicraft lessons).

Features

Essential features of *Charlotte Mason Morning Time*™ curriculum are:

- Prayer & scripture memorization
- Poetry memorization & recitation
- Copywork pages for elementary through high school
- Artist biography & picture study
- Composer biography & classical selections
- Hymn study & singing
- Folk song
- Literature recommendations
- Handicraft lesson
- Art lesson
- Nature study
- Teatime recipes
- Teatime selections to read aloud including:
 - Poetry
 - Short stories or
 - Fairy tales or tall tales
 - Mythological tales
 - Fables
- Shakespeare selections
- Plutarch (in some volumes)
- History (in some volumes)
- Geography (in some volumes)

Each of these subjects are planned out on a 4-week or 6-week (depending on the session) calendar, and looped throughout the days and weeks.

Now, you will never feel overwhelmed trying to fit "everything" in because it's already simply and beautifully planned out for you on the calendar on the following pages.

Please Note: The "Recommended Reading List" is not required. Pick and choose the books you want your family to enjoy, or continue with the family read-aloud you're already immersed in.

Week 1 Schedule



Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
<i>Prayer</i>	Maker of Heaven and Earth Prayer				
<i>Bible</i>	Proverbs 1&2	Proverbs 3&4	Proverbs 5&6	Proverbs 7&8	Proverbs 9
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty & Nature Loop</i>	Hymn Study: All Things Bright and Beautiful	Art Selection 1: Metamorphosis Insectorum Surinamensium, Read: Maria Sibylla Merian bio	Folk Song: Ants Go Marching	Listen to: Flight of the Bumblebee	Nature Study 1
<i>History / Geography</i>					
<i>Language Arts / Citizenship</i>		Maker of Heaven and Earth Prayer Copywork		Proverbs 6:6-11 Copywork	Shakespeare: Letters on the Natural History of the Insects Mentioned in Shakespeare's Plays
<i>Read Aloud</i>	*Charlotte's Web, Ch 1	*Charlotte's Web, Ch 2	*Charlotte's Web, Ch 3	*Charlotte's Web, Ch 4	*Charlotte's Web, Ch 5
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Bake: Insect Fossil Cookies Read: The Fire-Fly's Lovers				Nature journal* Nature walk*

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Week 2 Schedule



Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
<i>Prayer</i>	Maker of Heaven and Earth Prayer				
<i>Bible</i>	Proverbs 10&11	Proverbs 12&13	Proverbs 14&15	Proverbs 16&17	Proverbs 18
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty & Nature Loop</i>	Hymn Study: All Things Bright and Beautiful	Art Selection 2: Spiders Ants and Hummingbird on a Branch of a Guava, Read: Merian bio	Folk Song: Ants Go Marching	Listen to: The Wasps	Nature Study 2
<i>History / Geography</i>					
<i>Language Arts / Citizenship</i>		Proverbs 30:24-28 Copywork		Matthew 6:19-21 Copywork	Shakespeare: Letters on the Natural History of the Insects Mentioned in Shakespeare's Plays
<i>Read Aloud</i>	*Charlotte's Web, Ch 6	*Charlotte's Web, Ch 7	*Charlotte's Web, Ch 8	*Charlotte's Web, Ch 9	*Charlotte's Web, Ch 10
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Bake: Lady Bug Caprese Read: How the Brazilian Beetles Got Their Gorgeous Coat			Art Lesson: Maria Sibylla Merian-Inspired Lifecycle	Nature journal* Nature walk*

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Week 3 Schedule



Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
<i>Prayer</i>	Maker of Heaven and Earth Prayer				
<i>Bible</i>	Proverbs 19&20	Proverbs 21&22	Proverbs 23&24	Proverbs 25	Proverbs 26
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty & Nature Loop</i>	Hymn Study: All Things Bright and Beautiful	Art Selection 3: From Metamorphosis Insectorum Surinamensium Plate xlvi, Narrate: Merian bio	Folk Song: Ants Go Marching	Listen to: Etude no. 2 in F minor, Op. 25 no. 2, "The Bees"	Nature Study 3
<i>History / Geography</i>					
<i>Language Arts / Citizenship</i>		Forgiven Copywork		On the Grasshopper and the Cricket Copywork	Shakespeare: Letters on the Natural History of the Insects Mentioned in Shakespeare's Plays
<i>Read Aloud</i>	*Charlotte's Web, Ch 11	*Charlotte's Web, Ch 12	*Charlotte's Web, Ch 13	*Charlotte's Web, Ch 14	*Charlotte's Web, Ch 15
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Bake: Peanut Butter Bumblebees Read: Looking Glass Insects				Nature journal* Nature walk*

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Week 4 Schedule



Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
<i>Prayer</i>	Maker of Heaven and Earth Prayer				
<i>Bible</i>	Proverbs 27	Proverbs 28	Proverbs 29	Proverbs 30	Proverbs 31
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty & Nature Loop</i>	Hymn Study: All Things Bright and Beautiful	Art Selection 4: Metamorphosis of a Butterfly, Discuss: Merian bio	Folk Song: Ants Go Marching	Listen to: No. 142, "From the Diary of a Fly"	Nature Study 4
<i>History / Geography</i>					
<i>Language Arts / Citizenship</i>		Fireflies Copywork		The Butterfly's Ball and the Grasshopper's Feast Copywork	Shakespeare: Letters on the Natural History of the Insects Mentioned in Shakespeare's Plays
<i>Read Aloud</i>	*Charlotte's Web, Ch 16	*Charlotte's Web, Ch 17	*Charlotte's Web, Ch 18	*Charlotte's Web, Ch 19-20	*Charlotte's Web, Ch 21-22
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Bake: Layered Edible Soil Read: The Bee and the Butterflies			Handicraft: Origami Insects	Nature journal* Nature walk*

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Insects Recommended Reading List

Picture Books

The Very Hungry Caterpillar, by Eric Carle
The Very Clumsy Click Beetle, by Eric Carle
The Very Busy Spider, by Eric Carle
The Very Quiet Cricket, by Eric Carle
The Very Lonely Firefly, by Eric Carle
A Butterfly Is Patient, by Dianna Hutts Aston
The Honeybee, by Kirsten Hall
Are You a Dragonfly? by Judy Allen
A Beetle Is Shy, by Dianna Hutts Aston

Elementary & Middle Grades

Charlotte's Webb, by E. B White
Grasshopper on the Road, by Arnold Lobel
The Cricket in Times Square, by George Selden
The Cricket on the Hearth, by Charles Dickens
James and the Giant Peach, Roald Dahl
The Marvelous Land of Oz, by L. Frank Baum
Through the Looking-Glass, by Lewis Carroll

Science Books

The Backyard Bug Book for Kids, by Lauren Davidson
What is Pollination? by Bobbie Kalman
Animal Pollinators, by Jennifer Boothroyd
National Geographic Readers: Caterpillar to Butterfly, by Laura Marsh
National Geographic Readers: Great Migrations Butterflies, by Laura Marsh
National Geographic Readers: Bees, by Laura Marsh
Life Cycle of a Ladybug, by Karen Latchana Kenney
The Fascinating Bug Book for Kids, by Krystal Monique Toney
The Weird and Wonderful World of Bugs, by Rea Manderino PhD

Prayer & Scripture Memorization

For Bible reading, we will make suggestions for your morning time reading. However, if you'd prefer a more in depth schedule, we recommend checking out various plans that will help you read the Bible through.

For a one-year plan, we recommend YouVersion's One Year Bible: <https://www.bible.com/reading-plans/60>. You can also listen to it being read aloud on the app.

Download a two-year reading plan from the Gospel Coalition here: <https://media.thegospelcoalition.org/static-blogs/tgc/files/2010/12/TGC-Two-Year-Bible-Reading-Plan1.pdf>

If you prefer to go even slower, Ambleside Online offers three, four, and five-year Bible reading plans: <https://www.amblesideonline.org/L/Lbiblesch.htm>

This session, we will learn **Maker of Heaven and Earth**, and focus on writing and memorizing **Proverbs 6:6-11**, **Proverbs 30:24-28** and **Matthew 6:19-21**.

Proverbs 6:6-11

6 Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise:
7 Which having no guide, overseer, or ruler,
8 Provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest.
9 How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard? when wilt thou arise out of thy sleep?
10 Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep:
11 So shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth, and thy want as an armed man.

Proverbs 30:24-28

24 There be four things which are little upon the earth, but they are exceeding wise:
25 The ants are a people not strong, yet they prepare their meat in the summer;
26 The conies are but a feeble folk, yet make they their houses in the rocks;
27 The locusts have no king, yet go they forth all of them by bands;
28 The spider taketh hold with her hands, and is in kings' palaces.

Matthew 6:19-21

19 Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal:
20 But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal:
21 For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.

Prayer & Scripture Memorization (cont.)

Maker of Heaven & Earth Prayer

All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colours,
He made their tiny wings.

The rich man in his castle,
The poor man at his gate,
God made them, high or lowly,
And ordered their estate.

The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset, and the morning,
That brightens up the sky;

The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them every one.

The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water,
We gather every day;--

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell,
How great is God Almighty,
Who has made all things well.

6 Go to the ant,

thou sluggard; consider

her ways, and be wise:

7 Which having no guide,

overseer, or ruler,

8 Provideth her meat in

the summer, and gathereth

her food in the harvest.

9 How long wilt thou

sleep, O sluggard?

when wilt thou arise

out of thy sleep?

10 Yet a little sleep,

a little slumber, a little

folding of the hands

to sleep:

I | So shall thy poverty

come as one that travelleth,

and thy want as

an armed man.

6 Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her

ways, and be wise:

7 Which having no guide, overseer, or ruler,

8 Provideth her meat in the summer,

and gathereth her food in the harvest.

9 How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard?

when wilt thou arise out of thy sleep?

10 Yet a little sleep, a little slumber,

a little folding of the hands to sleep:

11 So shall thy poverty come as one

that travelleth, and thy want as an armed man.

6 Go to the ant, thou sluggard;

consider her ways, and be wise:

7 Which having no guide,

overseer, or ruler,

8 Provideth her meat in the

summer, and gathereth her food

in the harvest.

9 How long wilt thou sleep,

O sluggard? when wilt thou arise
out of thy sleep?

10 Yet a little sleep, a little
slumber, a little folding of the
hands to sleep:

11 So shall thy poverty come as
one that travelleth, and thy
want as an armed man.

24 There be four things

which are little upon the

earth, but they are

exceeding wise:

25 The ants are a people

not strong, yet they prepare

their meat in the summer;

26 The conies are but a

feeble folk, yet make they

their houses in the rocks;

27 The locusts have no

king, yet go they forth all

of them by bands;

28 The spider taketh hold

with her hands, and is in

kings' palaces.

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the earth, but they are exceeding wise:

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25 The ants are a people not

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26 The conies are but a feeble folk,

yet make they their houses

in the rocks;

27 The locusts have no king,

yet go they forth all of them

by bands;

28 The spider taketh hold with

her hands, and is in

kings' palaces.

19 Lay not up for

yourselves treasures upon

earth, where moth and rust

doth corrupt, and where

thieves break through

and steal:

20 But lay up for

yourselves treasures

in heaven, where neither

moth nor rust doth corrupt,

and where thieves do not

break through nor steal:

21 For where your

treasure is, there will your

heart be also.

Handwriting practice lines consisting of multiple sets of three horizontal lines (top solid, middle dashed, bottom solid) for tracing and writing practice.

19 Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon

earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt,

and where thieves break through and steal:

20 But lay up for yourselves treasures in

heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt,

and where thieves do not break through nor steal:

21 For where your treasure is,

there will your heart be also.

19 Lay not up for yourselves

treasures upon earth, where moth

and rust doth corrupt, and where

thieves break through and steal:

20 But lay up for yourselves

treasures in heaven, where neither

moth nor rust doth corrupt,

and where thieves do not break

through nor steal:

21 For where your treasure is,

there will your heart be also.

All things bright and

beautiful,

All creatures great and

small,

All things wise and

wonderful,

The Lord God made them

all.

Each little flower that

opens,

Each little bird that sings,

He made their glowing

colours,

He made their tiny wings.

The rich man in his castle,

The poor man at his gate,

God made them, high or

lowly,

And ordered their estate.

The purple-headed

mountain,

The river running by,

The sunset, and the

morning,

That brightens up the sky;

The cold wind in the

winter,

The pleasant summer sun,

The ripe fruits in the

garden,

He made them every one.

The tall trees in the

greenwood,

The meadows where we

play,

The rushes by the water,

We gather every day;--

He gave us eyes to see

them,

And lips that we might tell,

How great is God Almighty,

Who has made all things

well.

Handwriting practice lines consisting of 18 sets of three horizontal lines (top solid, middle dashed, bottom solid).

All things bright and beautiful,

All creatures great and small,

All things wise and wonderful,

The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,

Each little bird that sings,

He made their glowing colours,

He made their tiny wings.

The rich man in his castle,

The poor man at his gate,

God made them, high or lowly,

And ordered their estate.

The purple-headed mountain,

The river running by,

The sunset, and the morning,

That brightens up the sky;

The cold wind in the winter,

The pleasant summer sun,

The ripe fruits in the garden,

He made them every one.

The tall trees in the greenwood,

The meadows where we play,

The rushes by the water,

We gather every day;--

He gave us eyes to see them,

And lips that we might tell,

How great is God Almighty,

Who has made all things well.

All things bright and beautiful,

All creatures great and small,

All things wise and wonderful,

The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,

Each little bird that sings,

He made their glowing colours,

He made their tiny wings.

The rich man in his castle,

The poor man at his gate,

God made them, high or lowly,

And ordered their estate.

The purple-headed mountain,

The river running by,

The sunset, and the morning,

That brightens up the sky;

The cold wind in the winter,

The pleasant summer sun,

The ripe fruits in the garden,

He made them every one.

The tall trees in the greenwood,

The meadows where we play,

The rushes by the water,

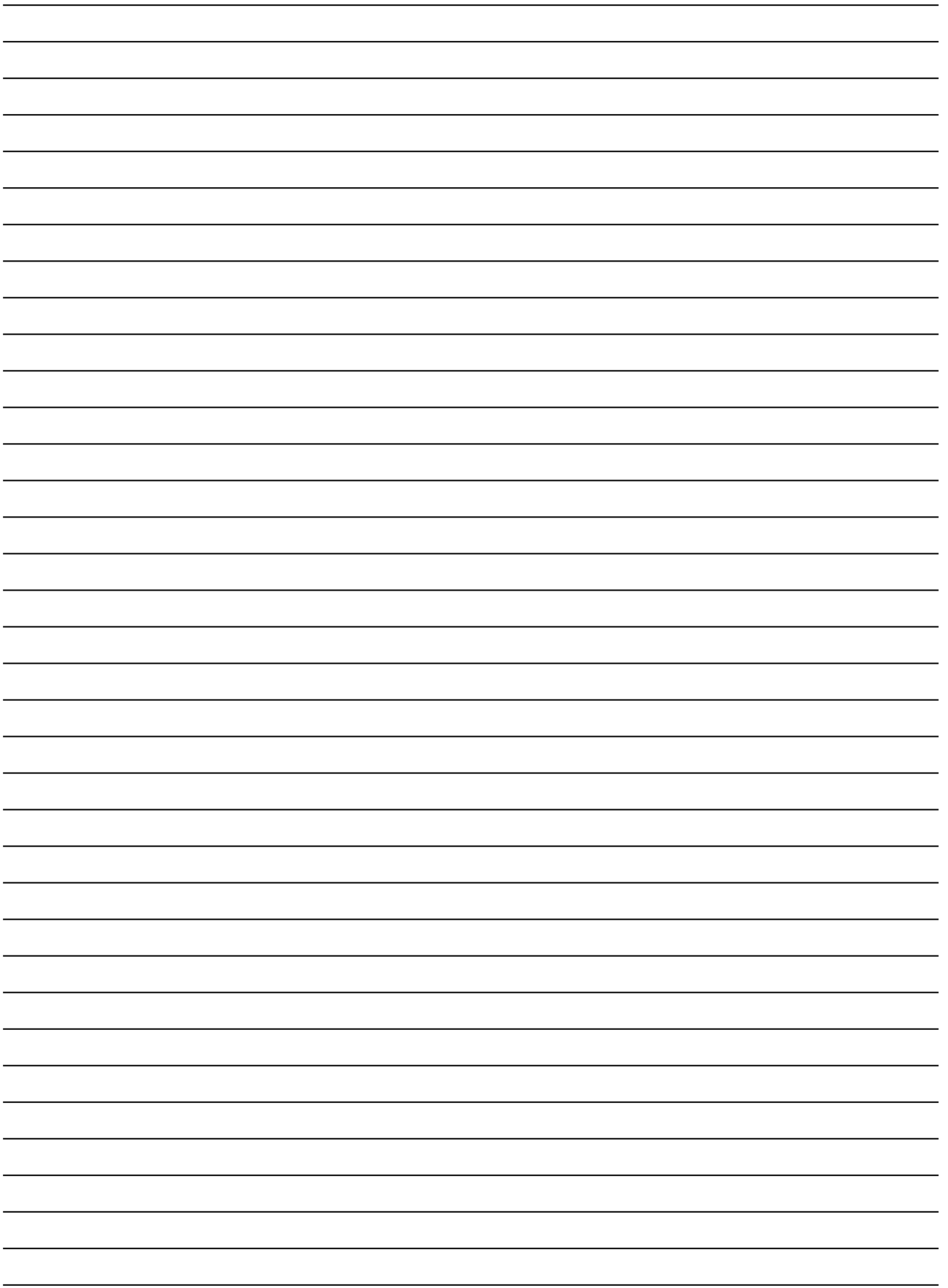
We gather every day;---

He gave us eyes to see them,

And lips that we might tell,

How great is God Almighty,

Who has made all things well.





Artist & Composer Study

This session's featured artist is Maria Sibylla Merian. We've included four art selections for your kids and teens to use for picture study. They are:

- *Metamorphosis Insectorum Surinamensium*
- *Spiders Ants and Hummingbird on a Branch of a Guava*
- *From Metamorphosis Insectorum Surinamensium Plate xlvi*
- *Metamorphosis of a Butterfly*

We have no featured composer for this session, but have picked out an assortment of insect-themed classic music (with links to each) to listen to. They are:

- *Flight of the Bumblebee* by Rimsky-Korsakov
- *The Wasps* by Ralph Vaughan Williams
- *Etude no. 2 in F minor, Op. 25 no. 2, "The Bees"* by Frederic Chopin
- *No. 142, "From the Diary of a Fly"* by Béla Bartók

Artist & Composer Study



Maria Sibylla Merian

April 2, 1647 - January 13, 1717

Maria Sibylla Merian was an incredibly important figure in the fields of naturalism, art, and entomology. Born in Germany during 1647, she developed an interest in the natural world from a young age, raising silkworms and observing their life cycles. When her father passed away a few years after her birth, her mother remarried a still-life painter named Jacob Marrel, who encouraged Maria's artistic talents. Through his guidance, she learned how to draw and paint.

In 1665, she married and later had two children: daughters Johanna and Dorothea. During this time, her fascination with insects only grew. In 1679, she published her first scientific work: a book on the transformation of caterpillars to moths and butterflies. This book included illustrations depicting the insects at various stages of their life cycle, along with the plants they ate.

This work was significant because it challenged a common belief of the time: that insects would spontaneously appear from the mud. Merian's work, and others like it, showed that insects had life cycles of their own and didn't simply appear.

Maria moved to Amsterdam in 1691. There, she made the acquaintance of several important scientists and was able to see their collections of exotic flora and fauna from East and West India. Inspired, she raised money to travel on an expedition of her own by selling 255 of her paintings. On July 10, 1699, she set sail on a journey that would prove to be a highlight of her career, traveling to Suriname, South America accompanied by her daughter Dorothea.

Merian lived in Suriname for two years, observing as much of the local insects, plants, and animals as she could, and documenting them with Dorothea's assistance. Maria's work came at a time when the study of insects was fairly uncommon, and even more unusual was the fact that she was traveling on a self-funded scientific expedition as a woman. Nevertheless, she persisted, defying social norms and creating valuable research in a relatively unknown area of science.

At the end of those two years, an illness forced her to return from her trip. But she continued her work, publishing a book in 1705 on the insects of Suriname that showcased many undiscovered species. This book was considered by many the crowning jewel of her career. She remained actively involved in the work she loved, despite suffering partial paralysis in her later years, until her death in 1717.

Merian's legacy reached new heights after her passing, and her book on Suriname's insects was reprinted and published in multiple languages, gaining traction within the scientific community. Her contributions to the study of insects proved invaluable in helping to understand their life cycles and the plants they depended on for food. The breadth of her impact is demonstrated by the many different species that have been named after her as thanks for her academic work: flowers, spiders, butterflies, bees, moths, and even a lizard and a toad! To this day, Maria Sibylla Merian's work is considered a cornerstone of etymology, ensuring her memory lives on.

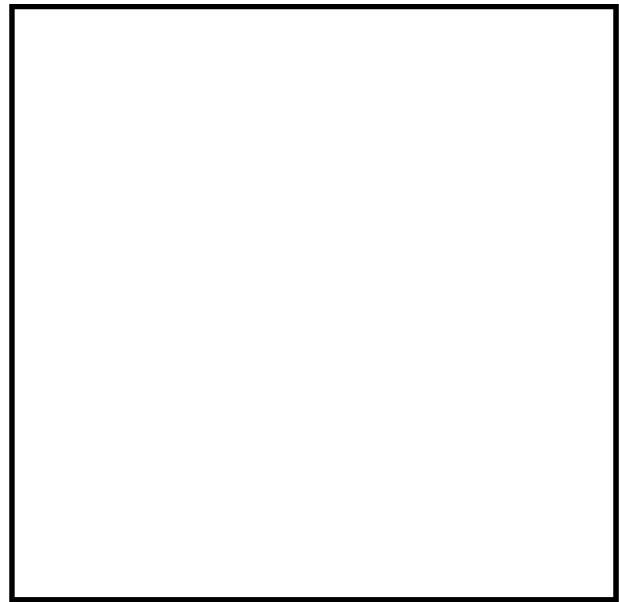
Artist Study

Name: _____

Date of Birth: _____

Place of Birth: _____

Artist Fun Facts: _____



Art Mediums Used: _____

Famous Artworks: _____

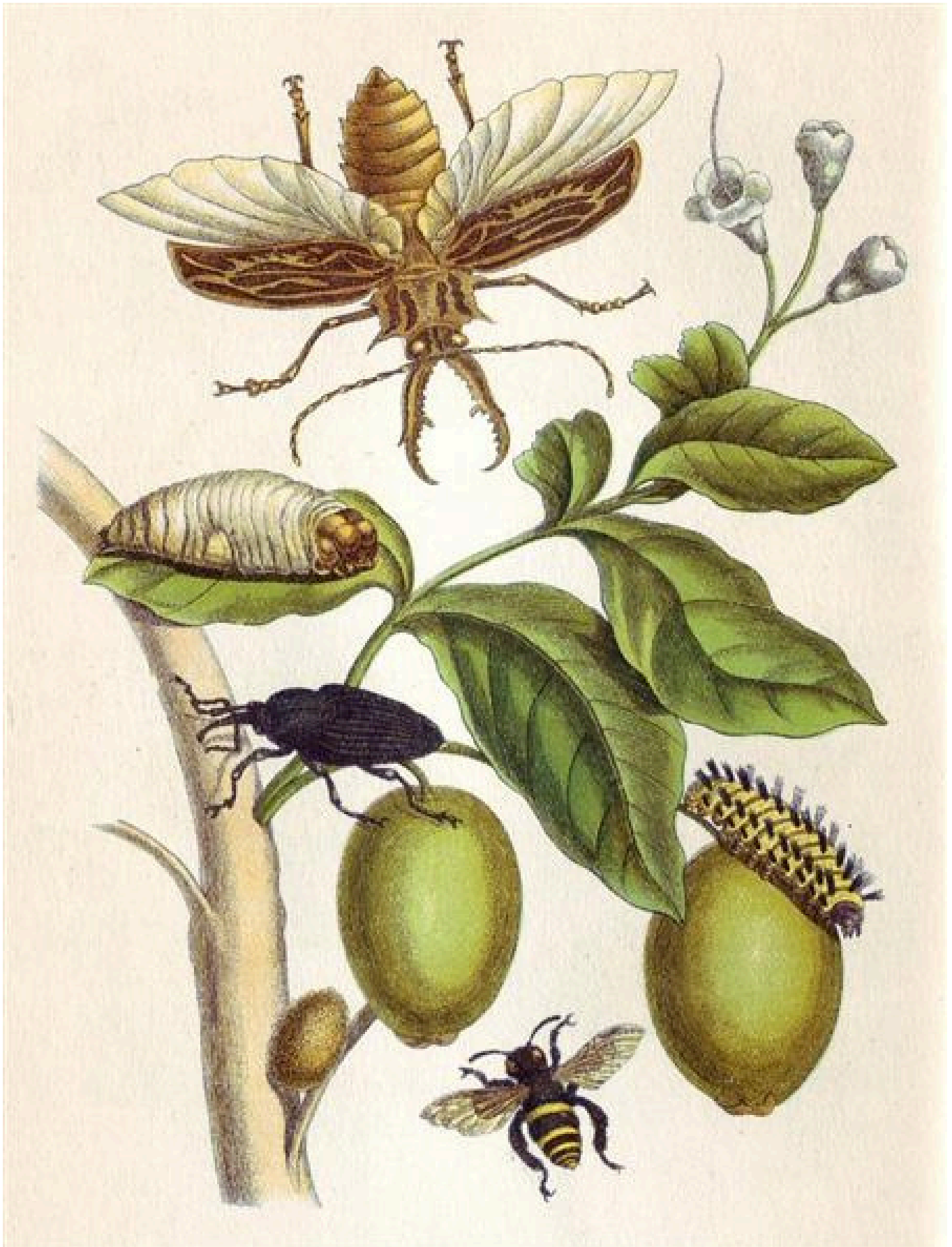
Further Study:



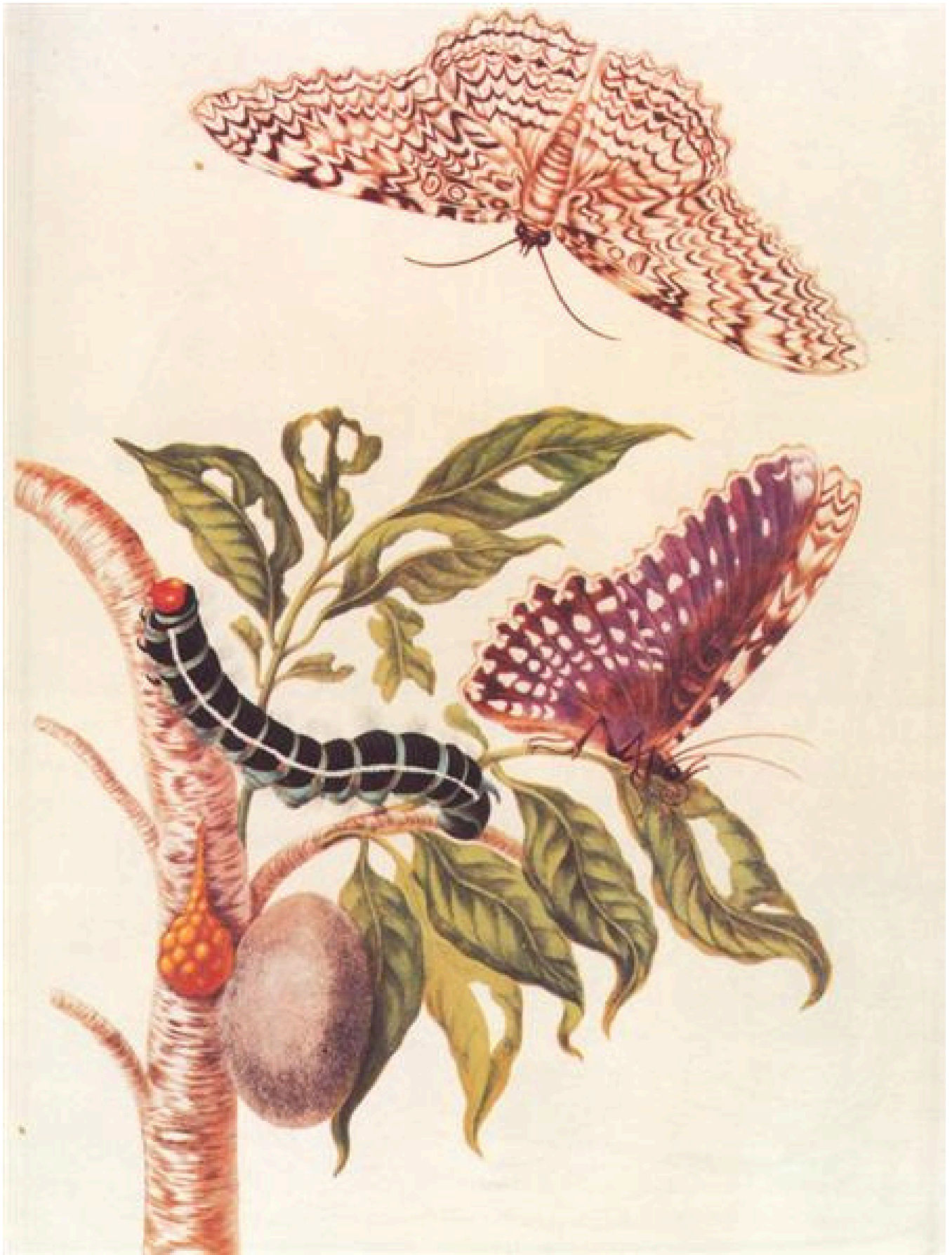
Metamorphosis Insectorum Surinamensium, 1705



Spiders Ants and Hummingbird on a Branch of a Guava, 1705



From Metamorphosis Insectorum Surinamensium Plate xlviij,, 1705



Metamorphosis of a Butterfly, 1705

Picture Study

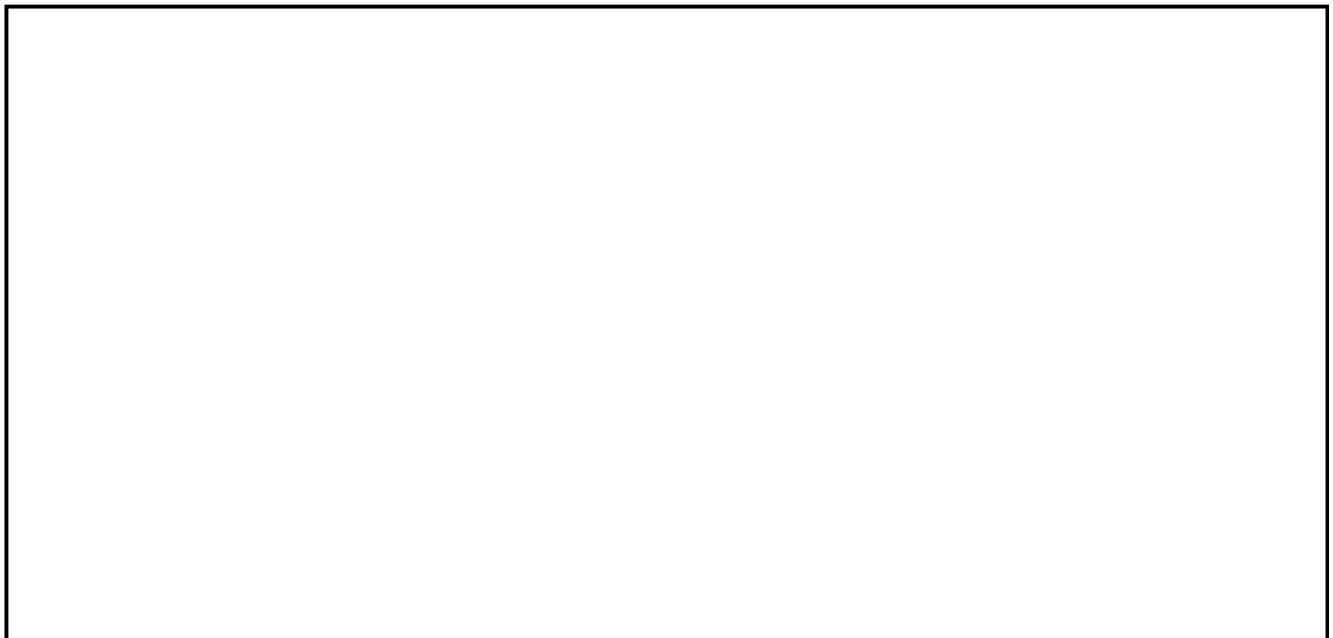
Title: _____

Date Created: _____

Art Mediums Used: _____

Further Study: _____

Use the box to draw a picture inspired by this artwork.



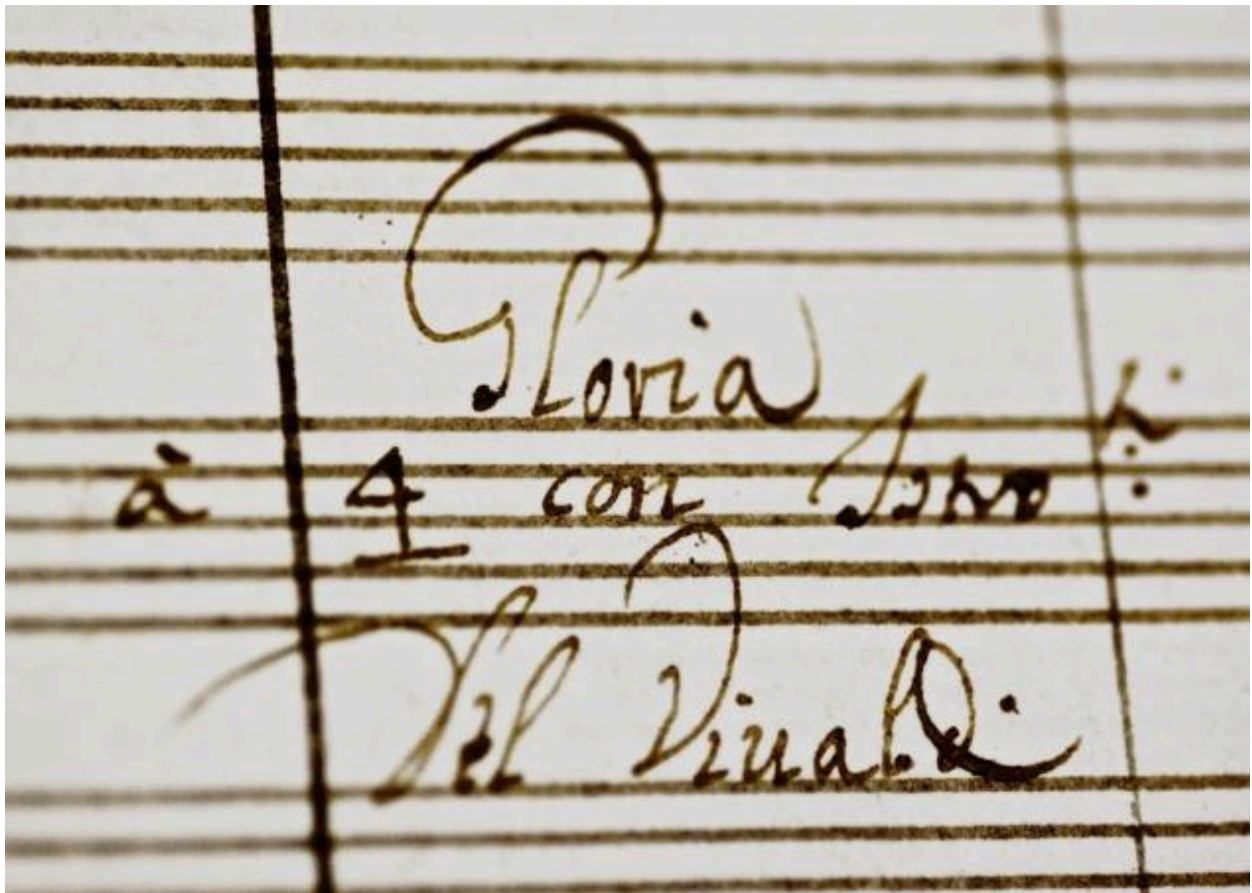
Classical Pieces

Week 1 - "Flight of the Bumblebee"

Week 2 - "The Wasps"

Week 3 - Etude no. 2 in F minor, Op. 25 no. 2, "The Bees"

Week 4 - No. 142, "From the Diary of a Fly"



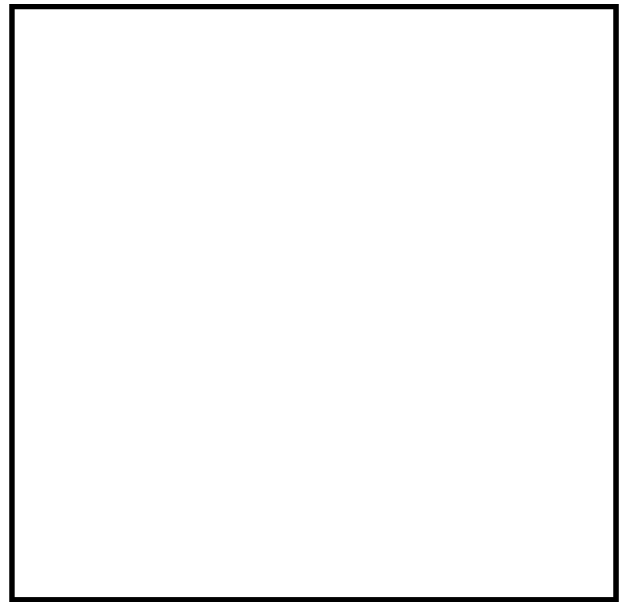
Composer Study

Name: _____

Date of Birth: _____

Place of Birth: _____

Composer Fun Facts:



Instruments Used: _____

Famous Compositions: _____

Further Study:

Hymn: All Things Bright and Beautiful

“All Things Bright and Beautiful” is a beloved Christian hymn that celebrates the beauty of God’s creation. It was written in the 1800s by Cecil Frances Alexander, a woman from Ireland. She wrote this hymn to help children understand that God made everything in the world—big and small—and that all of it is wonderful.

Mrs. Alexander believed that hymns could help children learn about God in a joyful and easy way, and so “All Things Bright and Beautiful” was published in 1848 in her book *Hymns for Little Children*. This hymn became one of her most famous works, and she later went on to donate to charity all the money she earned from its proceedings.

The lyrics are a joyous description of the beauty found within the world: flowers, birds, weather, and even people. They are a reminder that at the heart of creation is God, our Creator, who made us all. The music most often used for this hymn today was written by William Henry Monk, a church musician in the 1800s. His melody helped make the hymn even more popular in churches and Sunday schools.

Today, “All Things Bright and Beautiful” is still sung around the world and reminds us to thank God for nature as we enjoy the beauty of His creation.

All Things Bright and Beautiful Lyrics

[Refrain]

All things bright and beautiful,
all creatures great and small,
all things wise and wonderful,
the Lord God made them all.

1 Each little flow'r that opens,
each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings. [Refrain]

2 The purple-headed mountain,
the river running by,
the sunset and the morning
that brightens up the sky.

3 The cold wind in the winter,
the pleasant summer sun,
the ripe fruits in the garden:
He made them every one. [Refrain]

4 He gave us eyes to see them,
and lips that we might tell
how great is God Almighty,
who has made all things well. [Refrain]

All Things Bright and Beautiful

456

Cecilia Frances Alexander, 1848

In unison

Stanza 1 to be sung as refrain after stanzas 2 to 5

ROYAL OAK: 7. 6. 7. 6. with Refrain

Traditional English melody

Har. for this book, 1953

1. All things bright and beau-ti - ful, All crea - tures great and small,

All things wise and won - der - ful: The Lord God made them all. *Fine*

2. Each lit - tle flower that o - pens, Each lit - tle bird that sings:
3. The pur - ple - head - ed moun-tain, The riv - er run-ning by,
4. The cold wind in the win - ter, The pleas-ant sum-mer sun,
5. He gave us eyes to see them, And lips that we might tell

He made their glow - ing col - ors, He made their ti - ny wings.
The sun - set, and the morn - ing That bright-ens up the sky,
The ripe fruits in the gar - den: He made them ev - ery one.
How great is God Al - might - y, Who has made all things well. A-MEN.

Folk Song: The Ants Go Marching

“The Ants Go Marching” is a well-known folk song often sung by children at school, during playtime, or at camp. Its repetitive, rhythmic lyrics and playful counting subject make it both fun and educational, but this cheerful tune actually has roots in American history.

The melody of “The Ants Go Marching” comes from a much older song called “When Johnny Comes Marching Home.” This song was written during the American Civil War by Patrick S. Gilmore, which expressed hope for soldiers to return home safely with its familiar refrain: “When Johnny comes marching home again, hurrah, hurrah! We’ll give him a hearty welcome then, hurrah, hurrah!”. Over time, the tune became widely used and adapted into other songs because of its memorable and easy-to-sing melody.

In the 1990s, this same melody was used to create the children’s version featuring ants. Robert D. Singleton is credited for this innovative adaptation, having written his edition for a show called “Barney’s Campfire Sing Along.” The lyrics were changed to focus on ants marching in groups—one by one, two by two, and so on—adding a fun action every few verses, such as “the little one stops to suck his thumb” or “the little one stops to tie his shoe.”

This adaptation quickly spread and is now considered a traditional children’s song, often used to teach numbers, rhythm, and counting. “The Ants Go Marching” is a great example of how older songs can be transformed and passed down in new ways, helping generations of children learn and enjoy music at the same time.

The Ants Go Marching Lyrics

The ants go marching one by one, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching one by one, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching one by one,
The little one stops to suck his thumb
And they all go marching down to the ground
To get out of the rain, BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The ants go marching two by two, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching two by two, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching two by two,
The little one stops to tie his shoe
And they all go marching down to the ground
To get out of the rain, BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The ants go marching three by three, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching three by three, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching three by three,
The little one stops to climb a tree
And they all go marching down to the ground
To get out of the rain, BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The ants go marching four by four, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching four by four, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching four by four,
The little one stops to shut the door
And they all go marching down to the ground
To get out of the rain, BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The ants go marching five by five, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching five by five, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching five by five,
The little one stops to take a dive
And they all go marching down to the ground
To get out of the rain, BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The ants go marching six by six, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching six by six, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching six by six,
The little one stops to pick up sticks
And they all go marching down to the ground
To get out of the rain, BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The ants go marching seven by seven, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching seven by seven, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching seven by seven,
The little one stops to pray to heaven
And they all go marching down to the ground
To get out of the rain, BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The ants go marching eight by eight, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching eight by eight, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching eight by eight,
The little one stops to roller skate
And they all go marching down to the ground
To get out of the rain, BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The ants go marching nine by nine, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching nine by nine, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching nine by nine,
The little one stops to check the time
And they all go marching down to the ground
To get out of the rain, BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The ants go marching ten by ten, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching ten by ten, hurrah, hurrah
The ants go marching ten by ten,
The little one stops to shout "The End",
And they all go marching down to the ground
To get out of the rain.

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME.

Words and Music by LOUIS LAMBERT.

With spirit.

PIANO.

The piano introduction is in 6/8 time and B-flat major. It consists of six measures. The right hand plays a melodic line starting with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4, C5-B4, and a quarter note G4. The left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords. Dynamics are marked as *fp* (first two measures), *fp* (third and fourth measures), and *ff* (fifth and sixth measures).

Solo. *Chorus.*

1. When John-ny comes march - ing home a - gain, Hur -
2. The old church bell will peal with joy, Hur -

The first system shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the first two lines of the song. The vocal line is in 6/8 time. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand and chords in the right hand. Dynamics include accents (>) and a *ff* marking.

Solo. *Chorus.*

rah, Hur - rah, We'll give him a heart - y wel - come then, Hur - rah, Hur
rah, Hur - rah, To wel - come home our dar - ling boy, Hur - rah, Hur

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment includes dynamics of *ff*, *p*, and *ff*.

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME.

Solo.

rah; The men will cheer, the boys will shout, The la - dies, they will
rah; The vil - lage lads and las - sies say, With ro - ses they will

p

Chorus. Repeat ad lib.

all turn out, And we'll all feel gay, When John-ny comes march - ing home.
strew the way, And we'll all feel gay, When John-ny comes march - ing home.

f

fp *fp* *ff*

Solo.

Chorus.

3. Get rea - dy for the Ju - bi - lee, Hur - rah, Hur -
 4. Let love and friend - ship on that day, Hur - rah, Hur -

ff

Solo.

Chorus.

Solo.

rah, We'll give the he - ro three times three, Hur - rah, Hur - rah, The
 rah, Their choic - est trea - sures then dis - play, Hur - rah, Hur - rah, And

p *ff*

Chorus.

laur - el wreath is rea - dy now, To place up - on his loy - al brow, And we'll
 let each one per - form some part, To fill with joy the war - rior's heart, And we'll

p

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME.

all feel gay, When John-ny comes march - ing home.
all feel gay, When John-ny comes march - ing home.

f *fp*

The first system of the musical score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in a 2/4 time signature with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The lyrics are: "all feel gay, When John-ny comes march - ing home." and "all feel gay, When John-ny comes march - ing home." The piano accompaniment features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The first measure of the piano part is marked with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The second measure of the piano part is marked with a fortissimo (*fp*) dynamic. The piano part ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

fp *f*

The second system of the musical score continues the piano accompaniment. The right hand features a melody with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The left hand features a bass line with a fortissimo (*fp*) dynamic. The piano part ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.



Poetry Recitation & Copywork

Poetry Selections

We've included four quirky insect-themed poems in this session for your kids and teens to read, listen to, memorize, and recite. They are:

- Forgiven by A.A. Milne
- On the Grasshopper and the Cricket by John Keats
- Fireflies by Edgar Fawcett
- The Butterfly's Ball and the Grasshopper's Feast by William Roscoe

For copy work, we have included Zaner-Bloser style handwriting sheets for primary, elementary, and cursive, as well as college-ruled for older students. The poems we have chosen are:

- Forgiven by A.A. Milne
- On the Grasshopper and the Cricket by John Keats
- Fireflies by Edgar Fawcett
- The Butterfly's Ball and the Grasshopper's Feast by William Roscoe

"Nature will bear the closest inspection. She invites us to lay our eye level with her smallest leaf, and take an insect view of its plain.

~ Henry David Thoreau

Poetry Selections

Forgiven

by A.A. Milne

I found a little beetle; so that Beetle was his name,
And I called him Alexander and he answered just the same.
I put him in a match-box, and I kept him all the day ...
And Nanny let my beetle out -
Yes, Nanny let my beetle out -
She went and let my beetle out -
And Beetle ran away.

She said she didn't mean it, and I never said she did,
She said she wanted matches and she just took off the lid,
She said that she was sorry, but it's difficult to catch
An excited sort of beetle you've mistaken for a match.

She said that she was sorry, and I really mustn't mind,
As there's lots and lots of beetles which she's certain we could find,
If we looked about the garden for the holes where beetles hid -
And we'd get another match-box and write BEETLE on the lid.

We went to all the places which a beetle might be near,
And we made the sort of noises which a beetle likes to hear,
And I saw a kind of something, and I gave a sort of shout:
"A beetle-house and Alexander Beetle coming out!"

It was Alexander Beetle I'm as certain as can be,
And he had a sort of look as if he thought it must be Me,
And he had a sort of look as if he thought he ought to say:
"I'm very very sorry that I tried to run away."

And Nanny's very sorry too for you-know-what-she-did,
And she's writing ALEXANDER very blackly on the lid,
So Nan and Me are friends, because it's difficult to catch
An excited Alexander you've mistaken for a match.

Poetry Selections

On the Grasshopper and the Cricket

by John Keats

The Poetry of earth is never dead:
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead;
That is the Grasshopper's—he takes the lead
In summer luxury,—he has never done
With his delights; for when tired out with fun
He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
The poetry of earth is ceasing never:
On a lone winter evening, when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,
The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

Fireflies

by Edgar Fawcett

I saw, one sultry night above a swamp,
The darkness throbbing with their golden pomp!
And long my dazzled sight did they entrance
With the weird chaos of their dizzy dance!
Quicker than yellow leaves, when gales despoil,
Quivered the brilliance of their mute turmoil,
Within whose light was intricately blent
Perpetual rise, perpetual descent.
As though their scintillant flickerings had met
In the vague meshes of some airy net!
And now mysteriously I seemed to guess,
While watching their tumultuous loveliness,
What fervor of deep passion strangely thrives
In the warm richness of those tragic lives,
Whose wings can never tremble but they show
Those hearts of living fire that beat below!

Poetry Selections

The Butterfly's Ball and the Grasshopper's Feast

by William Roscoe

Come take up your Hats, and away let us haste
To the Butterfly's Ball, and the Grasshopper's Feast.
The Trumpeter, Gad-fly, has summon'd the Crew,
And the Revels are now only waiting for you.

So said little Robert, and pacing along,
His merry Companions came forth in a Throng.
And on the smooth Grass, by the side of a Wood,
Beneath a broad Oak that for Ages had stood,

Saw the Children of Earth, and the Tenants of Air,
For an Evening's Amusement together repair.
And there came the Beetle, so blind and so black,
Who carried the Emmet, his Friend, on his Back.

And there was the Gnat and the Dragon-fly too,
With all their Relations, Green, Orange, and Blue.
And there came the Moth, with his Plumage of Down,
And the Hornet in Jacket of Yellow and Brown;

Who with him the Wasp, his Companion, did bring,
But they promis'd, that Evening, to lay by their Sting.
And the sly little Dormouse crept out of his Hole,
And brought to the Feast his blind Brother, the Mole.

And the Snail, with his Horns peeping out of his Shell,
Came from a great Distance, the Length of an Ell.
A Mushroom their Table, and on it was laid
A Water-dock Leaf, which a Table-cloth made.

The Viands were various, to each of their Taste,
And the Bee brought her Honey to crown the Repast.
Then close on his Haunches, so solemn and wise,
The Frog from a Corner, look'd up to the Skies.

And the Squirrel well pleas'd such Diversions to see,
Mounted high over Head, and look'd down from a Tree.
Then out came the Spider, with Finger so fine,
To shew his Dexterity on the tight Line.

From one Branch to another, his Cobwebs he slung,
Then quick as an Arrow he darted along,
But just in the Middle, — Oh! shocking to tell,
From his Rope, in an Instant, poor Harlequin fell.

Yet he touch'd not the Ground, but with Talons
outspread,
Hung suspended in Air, at the End of a Thread,
Then the Grasshopper came with a Jerk and a Spring,
Very long was his Leg, though but short was his Wing;

He took but three Leaps, and was soon out of Sight,
Then chirp'd his own Praises the rest of the Night.
With Step so majestic the Snail did advance,
And promis'd the Gazers a Minuet to dance.

But they all laugh'd so loud that he pull'd in his Head,
And went in his own little Chamber to Bed.
Then, as Evening gave Way to the Shadows of Night,
Their Watchman, the Glow-worm, came out with a Light.

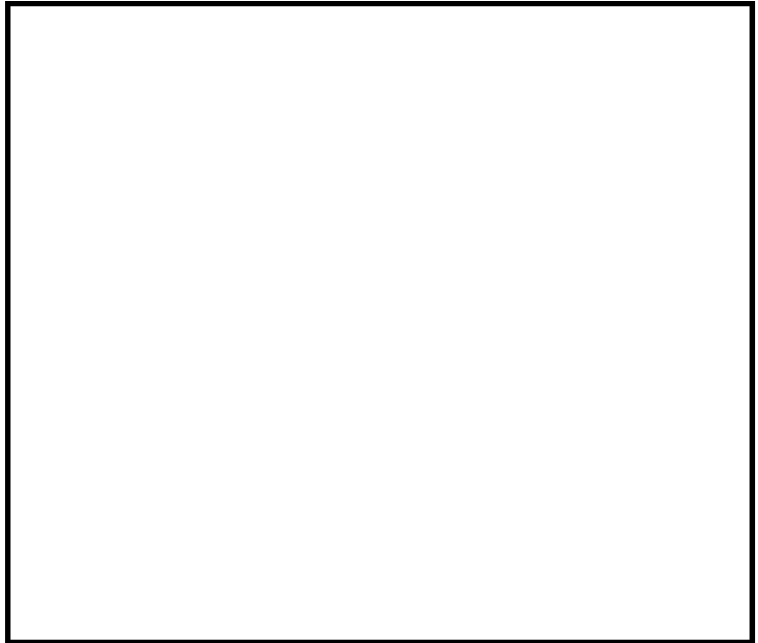
Then Home let us hasten, while yet we can see,
For no Watchman is waiting for you and for me.
So said little Robert, and pacing along,
His merry Companions returned in a Throng.

Poetry Study

Title:

Type of Poem:

Use the box to at right to draw a picture of what the poem brings to mind.



Write one thing you liked and did not like about the poem:

Write three adjectives about the poem.

Compose a few lines of your own poem inspired by this work

I found a little beetle;

so that Beetle was his name,

And I called him Alexander

and he answered just the

same.

I put him in a match-box,

and I kept him all the day...

And Nanny let my beetle

out -

Yes, Nanny let my beetle

out -

She went and let my beetle

out -

And Beetle ran away.

She said she didn't mean it,

and I never said she did,

She said she wanted

matches and she just took

off the lid,

She said that she was sorry,

but it's difficult to catch

An excited sort of beetle

you've mistaken for a match.

She said that she was

sorry, and I really mustn't

mind,

As there's lots and lots of

beetles which she's certain

we could find,

If we looked about the

garden for the holes where

beetles hid -

And we'd get another

match-box and write

BEE-TLE on the lid.

We went to all the places

which a beetle might be

near,

And we made the sort of

noises which a beetle likes

to hear,

And I saw a kind of

something, and I gave a

sort of shout:

"A beetle-house and

Alexander Beetle coming

out!"

And he had a sort of look

as if he thought it must be

Me,

And he had a sort of look

as if he thought he ought

to say:

"I'm very very sorry that

I tried to run away."

And Nanny's very sorry too

for you-know-what-she-

did,

And she's writing

ALEXANDER very blackly

on the lid,

So Nan and Me are friends,

because it's difficult to

catch

An excited Alexander

you've mistaken for a match.

I found a little beetle; so that Beetle

was his name,

And I called him Alexander and he answered

just the same.

I put him in a match-box, and I kept him

all the day...

And Nanny let my beetle out -

Yes, Nanny let my beetle out -

She went and let my beetle out -

And Beetle ran away.

She said she didn't mean it, and I never said

she did,

She said she wanted matches and she just

took off the lid,

She said that she was sorry, but it's difficult

to catch

An excited sort of beetle you've mistaken

for a match.

She said that she was sorry, and I really

mustn't mind,

As there's lots and lots of beetles which

she's certain we could find,

If we looked about the garden for the holes

where beetles hid -

And we'd get another match-box and

write BEETLE on the lid.

We went to all the places which a beetle

might be near,

And we made the sort of noises which

a beetle likes to hear,

And I saw a kind of something, and I gave a

sort of shout:

"A beetle-house and Alexander Beetle

coming out!"

It was Alexander Beetle I'm as certain as can be,

And he had a sort of look as if he thought it

must be Me,

And he had a sort of look as if he thought he

ought to say:

"I'm very very sorry that I tried to run away."

And Nanny's very sorry too for

you-know-what-she-did,

And she's writing ALEXANDER very blackly

on the lid,

So Nan and Me are friends, because it's

difficult to catch

An excited Alexander you've mistaken

for a match.

I found a little beetle; so that

Beetle was his name,

And I called him Alexander

and he answered just the same.

I put him in a match-box,

and I kept him all the day...

And Nanny let my beetle out -

Yes, Nanny let my beetle out -

She went and let my beetle out -

And Beetle ran away.

She said she didn't mean it,

and I never said she did,

She said she wanted matches

and she just took off the lid,

She said that she was sorry,

but it's difficult to catch

An excited sort of beetle you've

mistaken for a match.

She said that she was sorry,

and I really mustn't mind,

As there's lots and lots of beetles

which she's certain we could find,

If we looked about the garden for

the holes where beetles hid -

And we'd get another match-box

and write BEE TLE on the lid.

We went to all the places which

a beetle might be near,

And we made the sort of noises

which a beetle likes to hear,

And I saw a kind of something,

and I gave a sort of shout:

"A beetle-house and Alexander

Beetle coming out!"

It was Alexander Beetle I'm as

certain as can be,

And he had a sort of look as if

he thought it must be Me,

And he had a sort of look as if

he thought he ought to say:

"I'm very very sorry that I tried
to run away."

And Nanny's very sorry too for
you-know-what-she-did,

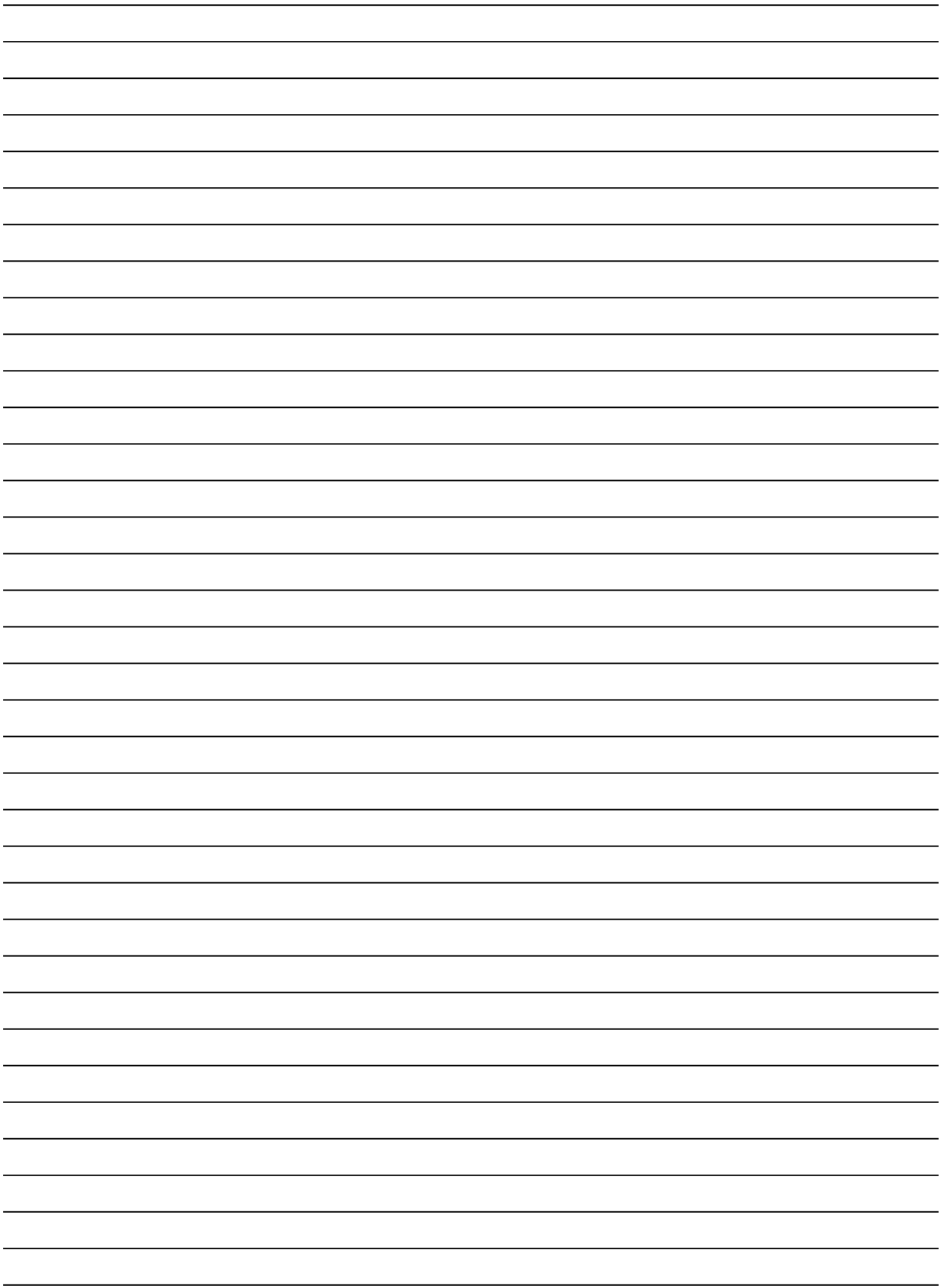
And she's writing ALEXANDER
very blackly on the lid,

So Nan and Me are friends,

because it's difficult to catch

An excited Alexander you've

mistaken for a match.



The Poetry of earth is

never dead:

When all the birds are

faint with the hot sun,

And hide in cooling trees,

a voice will run

From hedge to hedge about

the new-mown mead;

That is the Grasshopper's—

he takes the lead

In summer luxury,—he has

never done

With his delights; for when

tired out with fun

He rests at ease beneath

some pleasant weed.

The poetry of earth is

ceasing never:

On a lone winter evening,

when the frost

Has wrought a silence,

from the stove there shrills

The Cricket's song,

in warmth increasing ever,

And seems to one in

drowsiness half lost,

The Grasshopper's among

some grassy hills.

The Poetry of earth is never dead:

When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,

And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run

From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead;

That is the Grasshopper's—he takes the lead

In summer luxury,—he has never done

With his delights; for when tired out with fun

He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.

The poetry of earth is ceasing never:

On a lone winter evening, when the frost

Has wrought a silence, from the stove there

shrills

The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,

And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,

The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

The Poetry of earth is never dead:

When all the birds are faint with

the hot sun,

And hide in cooling trees,

a voice will run

From hedge to hedge about the

new-mown mead;

That is the Grasshopper's—he takes

the lead

In summer luxury, - he has never

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With his delights; for when tired

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The poetry of earth is ceasing

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Has wrought a silence, from the

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The Cricket's song, in warmth

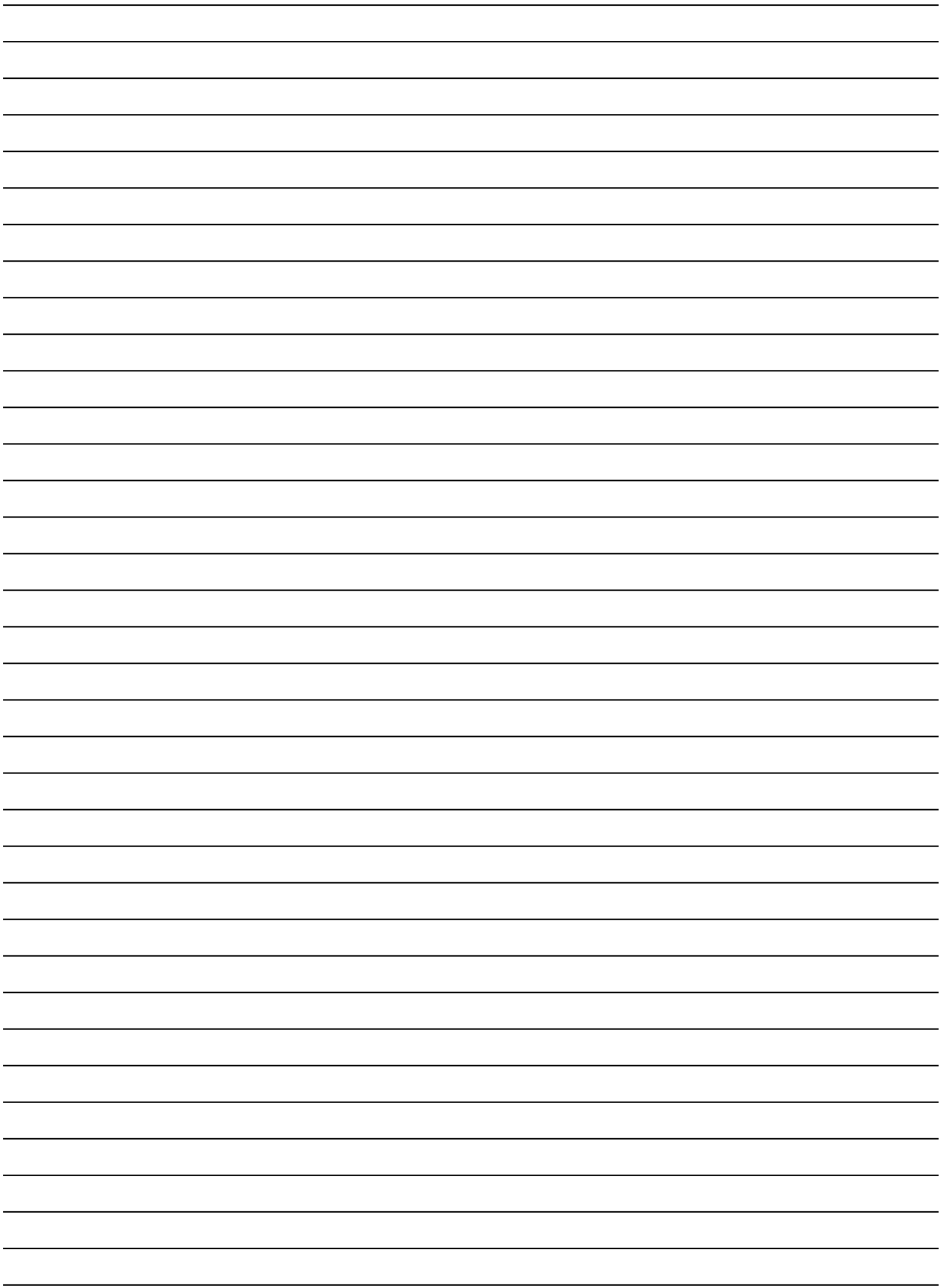
increasing ever,

And seems to one in drowsiness

half lost,

The Grasshopper's among some

grassy hills.



Come take up your Hats,

and away let us haste

To the Butterfly's Ball,

and the Grasshopper's Feast.

The Trumpeter, Gad-fly,

has summon'd the Crew,

And the Revels are now

Come take up your Hats,

and away let us haste

To the Butterfly's Ball,

and the Grasshopper's Feast.

The Trumpeter, Gad-fly,

has summon'd the Crew,

And the Revels are now

only waiting for you.

So said little Robert,

and pacing along,

His merry Companions came

forth in a Throng.

And on the smooth Grass,

by the side of a Wood,

Beneath a broad Oak that

for Ages had stood,

Saw the Children of Earth,

and the Tenants of Air,

For an Evening's Amusement

together repair.

And there came the Beetle,

so blind and so black,

Who carried the Emmet,

his Friend, on his Back.

And there was the Gnat

and the Dragon-fly too,

With all their Relations,

Green, Orange, and Blue.

And there came the Moth,

with his Plumage of Down,

And the Hornet in Jacket

of Yellow and Brown;

Who with him the Wasp,

his Companion, did bring,

But they promis'd,

that Evening, to lay by

their Sting.

And the sly little

Dormouse crept out of his

Hole,

And brought to the Feast

his blind Brother, the Mole.

And the Snail, with his

Horns peeping out of his

Shell,

Came from a great

Distance, the Length of an

Ell.

A Mushroom their Table,

and on it was laid

A Water-dock Leaf,

which a Table-cloth made.

The Viands were various,

to each of their Taste,

And the Bee brought her

Honey to crown the Repast.

Then close on his Haunches,

so solemn and wise,

The Frog from a Corner,

look'd up to the Skies.

And the Squirrel well

pleas'd such Diversions to

see,

Mounted high over Head,

and look'd down from a

Tree.

Then out came the Spider,

with Finger so fine,

To shew his Dexterity on

the tight Line.

From one Branch to

another, his Cobwebs he

slung,

Then quick as an Arrow he

darted along,

But just in the Middle, -

Oh! shocking to tell,

From his Rope, in an

Instant, poor Harlequin fell.

Yet he touch'd not the

Ground, but with Talons

outspread,

Hung suspended in Air,

at the End of a Thread,

Then the Grasshopper came

with a Jerk and a Spring,

Very long was his Leg,

though but short was his

Wing;

He took but three Leaps,

and was soon out of Sight,

Then chirp'd his own Praises

the rest of the Night.

With Step so majestic the

Snail did advance,

And promis'd the Gazers

a Minuet to dance.

But they all laugh'd so loud

that he pull'd in his Head,

And went in his own little

Chamber to Bed.

Then, as Evening gave

Way to the Shadows of

Night,

Their Watchman,

the Glow-worm,

came out with a Light.

Then Home let us hasten,

while yet we can see,

For no Watchman is

waiting for you and for me.

So said little Robert,

and pacing along,

His merry Companions

returned in a Throng.

Come take up your Hats, and away let us haste

To the Butterfly's Ball, and the Grasshopper's

Feast.

The Trumpeter, Gad-fly, has summon'd the Crew,

And the Revels are now only waiting for you.

So said little Robert, and pacing along,

His merry Companions came forth in a Throng.

And on the smooth Grass, by the side of a

Wood,

Beneath a broad Oak that for Ages had stood,

Saw the Children of Earth,

and the Tenants of Air,

For an Evening's Amusement together repair.

And there came the Beetle, so blind and so black,

Who carried the Emmet, his Friend, on his Back.

And there was the Gnat and the Dragon-fly too,

With all their Relations, Green, Orange,

and Blue.

And there came the Moth, with his Plumage

of Down,

And the Hornet in Jacket of Yellow and Brown;

Who with him the Wasp, his Companion,

did bring,

But they promis'd, that Evening, to lay by

to lay by their Sting.

And the sly little Dormouse crept out

of his Hole,

And brought to the Feast his blind Brother,

the Mole.

And the Snail, with his Horns peeping

out of his Shell,

Came from a great Distance, the Length of an Ell.

A Mushroom their Table, and on it was laid

A Water-dock Leaf, which a Table-cloth made.

The Viands were various, to each of their Taste,

And the Bee brought her Honey to crown

the Repast.

Then close on his Haunches, so solemn and wise,

The Frog from a Corner, look'd up to the Skies.

And the Squirrel well pleas'd such Diversions

to see,

Mounted high over Head, and look'd down

from a Tree.

Then out came the Spider, with Finger so fine,

To shew his Dexterity on the tight Line.

From one Branch to another, his Cobwebs

he slung,

Then quick as an Arrow he darted along,

But just in the Middle, -- Oh! shocking to tell,

From his Rope, in an Instant, poor Harlequin fell.

Yet he touch'd not the Ground,

but with Talons outspread,

Hung suspended in Air, at the End of a Thread,

Then the Grasshopper came with a Jerk

and a Spring,

Very long was his Leg, though but short was

his Wing;

He took but three Leaps, and was soon out

of Sight,

Then chirp'd his own Praises the rest of the

Night.

With Step so majestic the Snail did advance,

And promis'd the Gazers a Minuet to dance.

But they all laugh'd so loud that he pull'd in his

Head,

And went in his own little Chamber to Bed.

Then, as Evening gave Way to the Shadows

of Night,

Their Watchman, the Glow-worm, came out

with a Light.

Then Home let us hasten, while yet we can see,

For no Watchman is waiting for you and for me.

So said little Robert, and pacing along,

His merry Companions returned in a Throng.

Come take up your Hats,

and away let us haste

To the Butterfly's Ball,

and the Grasshopper's Feast.

The Trumpeter, Gad-fly,

has summon'd the Crew,

And the Revels are now only

waiting for you.

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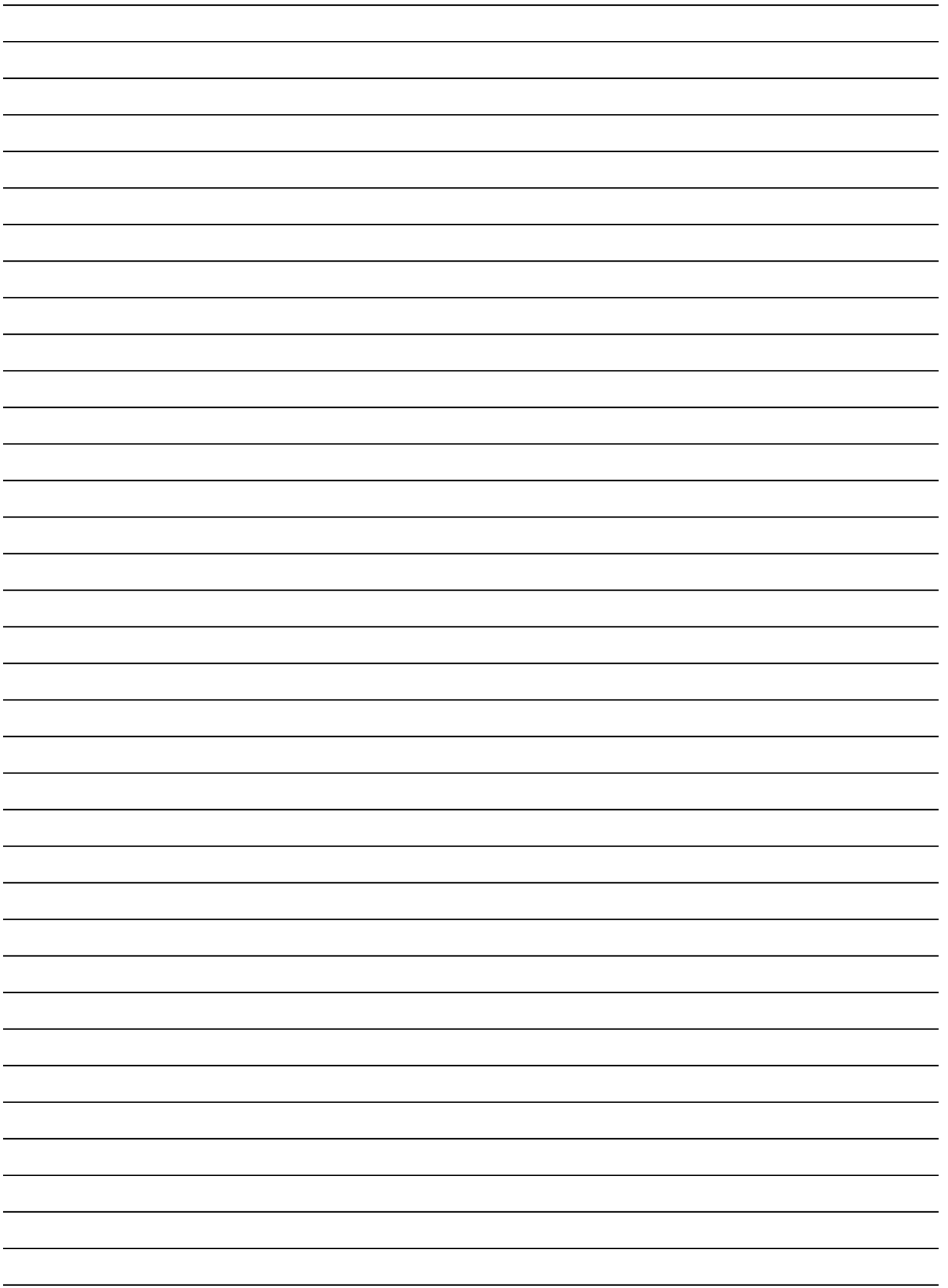
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and pacing along,

His merry Companions returned

in a Throng.



I saw, one sultry night

above a swamp,

The darkness throbbing

with their golden pomp!

And long my dazzled sight

did they entrance

With the weird chaos of

their dizzy dance!

Quicker than yellow leaves,

when gales despoil,

Quivered the brilliance of

their mute turmoil,

Within whose light was

intricately blent

Perpetual rise, perpetual

descent.

As though their scintillant

flickerings had met

In the vague meshes of

some airy net!

And now mysteriously

I seemed to guess,

While watching their

tumultuous loveliness,

What fervor of deep

passion strangely thrives

In the warm richness of

these tropic lives,

Whose wings can never

tremble but they show

These hearts of living fire

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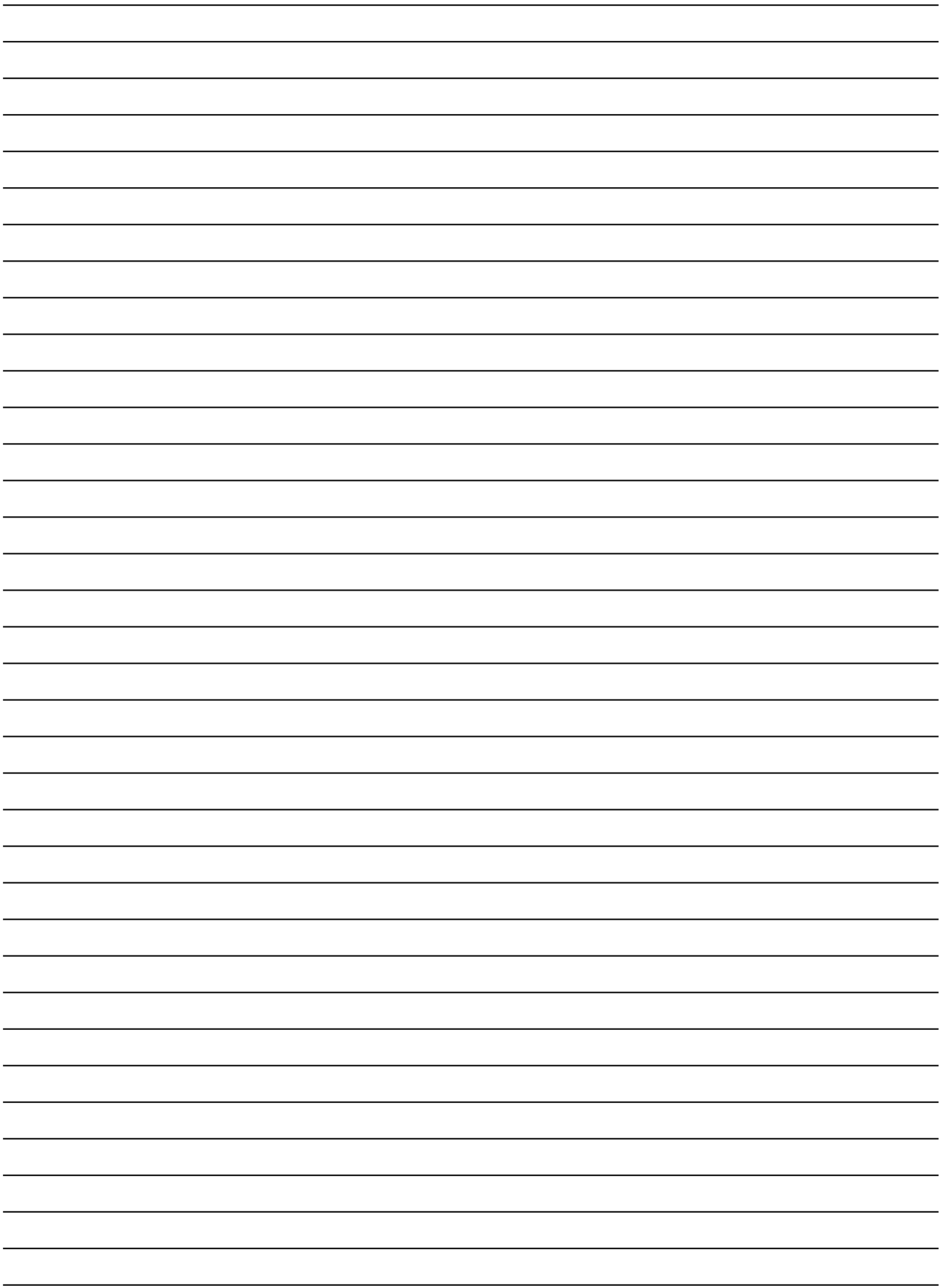
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Tea Times

In this session, we are giving you four insect-themed recipes for our hospitality tea: Insect Fossil Peanut Butter Cookies, Lady Bug Caprese, Peanut Butter Bumblebees, & Layered Edible Soil.

We will also have two Fairy Tale teas, a Storytime tea, and a fable teatime:

Fairy Tale Tea: *Japanese Fairy World*, "The Fire-Fly's Lovers" by William Elliot Griffis

Fairy Tale Tea: *Fairy Tales from Brazil*, "How the Brazilian Beetles Got Their Gorgeous Coat" by Elsie Spicer Eells

Storytime Tea: *Through the Looking Glass*, Chapter III "Looking-Glass Insects" by Lewis Carroll

Fable Teatime: "The Bee and the Butterflies" by Aesop

*"The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line."*

~ Alexander Pope

Tea Times

Insect Fossil Peanut Butter Cookies



Ingredients

1 c creamy peanut butter
½ c butter, softened
½ c sugar
½ c packed brown sugar
1 large egg
1 tsp vanilla extract
1 ½ c all-purpose flour
½ tsp baking soda
Plastic insects

Directions

Beat peanut butter, butter, and sugars until well blended. Beat in egg and vanilla. In another bowl, whisk together flour and baking soda; gradually beat into peanut butter mixture (dough will be soft). Refrigerate until firm enough to shape, about 1 hour.

Preheat oven to 350°. Shape dough into 1-inch balls, then press a plastic insect into the ball. Use a toothpick to push the legs and antennae into the dough to make sure the impression takes.

Bake until set, about 8-10 minutes. If necessary, press the plastic insects back over the cookies as they cool to ensure the impressions take. Serve as-is, or sit a plastic bug on top of each cookie for more flare!



Lady Bug Caprese

Ingredients

French loaf
Fresh mozzarella
Fresh basil leaves
Grape tomatoes
Whole black olives
Balsamic vinegar

Directions

Slice your French loaf into half inch slices and toast one side in the oven. Slice the mozzarella and set on toasted bread. Top with 1-2 fresh basil leaves.

Slice each grape tomato longways in half. Then take your knife and cut longways again, leaving about $\frac{1}{4}$ of the tomato intact. Set the halved tomato on top of the basil, with the intact section facing front. Slice your black olives in half, and place at the front of each tomato, making the "head." Use a toothpick to dot on balsamic vinegar to create the spots.

Peanut Butter Bumblebees

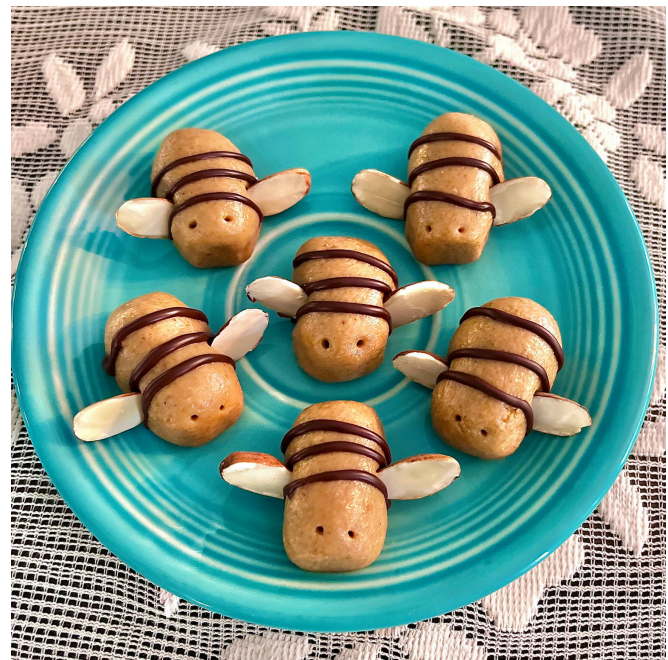
Ingredients

$\frac{1}{2}$ c peanut butter
2 T softened butter
 $\frac{1}{2}$ c powdered sugar
6 graham crackers (12 squares)
Sliced almonds

Directions

Crush graham crackers with a rolling pin or a food processor. Cream together peanut butter, butter, and powdered sugar.

Add graham cracker crumbs and shape into ovals. Melt the chocolate and drizzle over the top. Stick the sliced almonds into the sides to form the wings. Store in the refrigerator.



Layered Edible Soil



Ingredients

Oreos
Chocolate pudding cup
Chocolate chips
Butterscotch chips
Shredded coconut
Green food coloring
Gummy worms
Clear cups or jars

Directions

Place a whole Oreo at the bottom of your jar to form the "bedrock."

Layer chocolate and butterscotch chips to form the "parent material."

Add a whole pudding cup to form the "subsoil."

Crush 1-2 Oreos over the pudding to form the "topsoil."

Stick 2-4 gummy worms into the "soil," taking care to keep them upright.

Mix green food coloring with the shredded coconut and sprinkle over the top to form the "grass."



The Fire-Fly's Lovers

by William Elliot Griffis

Excerpt From *Japanese Fairy World*

IN JAPAN the night-flies emit so brilliant a light and are so beautiful that ladies go out in the evenings and catch the insects for amusement, as may be seen represented on Japanese fans. They imprison them in tiny cages made of bamboo threads, and hang them up in their rooms or suspend them from the eaves of their houses. At their picnic parties, the people love to sit on August evenings, fan in hand, looking over the lovely landscape, spangled by ten thousand brilliant spots of golden light. Each flash seems like a tiny blaze of harmless lightning.

One of the species of night-flies, the most beautiful of all, is a source of much amusement to the ladies. Hanging the cage of glittering insects on their verandahs, they sit and watch the crowd of winged visitors attracted by the fire-fly's light. What brings them there, and why the fire-fly's parlor is filled with suitors as a queen's court with courtiers, let this love story tell.

On the southern and sunny side of the castle moats of the Fukui castle, in Echizen, the water had long ago become shallow so that lotus lilies grew luxuriantly. Deep in the heart of one of the great flowers whose petals were as pink as the lining of a sea-shell, lived the King of the Fire-flies, Hi-ō, whose only daughter was the lovely princess Hotaru-himé. While still a child the himé (princess) was carefully kept at home within the pink petals of the lily, never going even to the edges except to see her father fly off on his journey. Dutifully she waited until of age, when the fire glowed in her own body, and shone, beautifully illuminating the lotus, until its light at night was like a lamp within a globe of coral.

Every night her light grew brighter and brighter, until at last it was as mellow as gold. Then her father said:

"My daughter is now of age, she may fly abroad with me sometimes, and when the proper suitor comes she may marry whom she will."

So Hotaru-himé flew forth in and out among the lotus lilies of the moat, then into rich rice fields, and at last far off to the indigo meadows.

Whenever she went a crowd of suitors followed her, for she had the singular power of attracting all the night-flying insects to herself. But she cared for none of their attentions, and though she spoke politely to them all she gave encouragement to none. Yet some of the sheeny-winged gallants called her a coquette.

One night she said to her mother, the queen:

"I have met many admirers, but I don't wish a husband from any of them. Tonight I shall stay at home, and if any of them love me truly they will come and pay me court here. Then I shall lay an impossible duty on them. If they are wise they will not try to perform it; and if they love their lives more than they love me, I do not want any of them. Whoever succeeds may have me for his bride."

"As you will my child," said the queen mother, who arrayed her daughter in her most resplendent robes, and set her on her throne in the heart of the lotus.

Then she gave orders to her body-guard to keep all suitors at a respectful distance lest some stupid gallant, a horn-bug or a cockchafer dazzled by the light should approach too near and hurt the princess or shake her throne.

No sooner had twilight faded away, than forth came the golden beetle, who stood on a stamen and making obeisance, said:—

"I am Lord Green-Gold, I offer my house, my fortune and my love to Princess Hotaru."

"Go and bring me fire and I will be your bride" said Hotaru-himé.

With a bow of the head the beetle opened his wings and departed with a stately whirr.

Next came a shining bug with wings and body as black as lamp-smoke, who solemnly professed his passion.

"Bring me fire and you may have me for your wife."

Off flew the bug with a buzz.

Pretty soon came the scarlet dragon-fly, expecting so to dazzle the princess by his gorgeous colors that she would accept him at once.

"I decline your offer" said the princess, "but if you bring me a flash of fire, I'll become your bride."

Swift was the flight of the dragon-fly on his errand, and in came the Beetle with a tremendous buzz, and ardently plead his suit.

"I'll say 'yes' if you bring me fire" said the glittering princess.

Suitor after suitor appeared to woo the daughter of the King of the Fire-flies until every petal was dotted with them. One after another in a long troop they appeared. Each in his own way, proudly, humbly, boldly, mildly, with flattery, with boasting, even with tears, each proffered his love, told his rank or expatiated on his fortune or vowed his constancy, sang his tune or played his music. To every one of her lovers the princess in modest voice returned the same answer:

"Bring me fire and I'll be your bride."

So without telling his rivals, each one thinking he had the secret alone sped away after fire. But none ever came back to wed the princess. Alas for the poor suitors! The beetle whizzed off to a house near by through the paper windows of which light glimmered. So full was he of his passion that thinking nothing of wood or iron, he dashed his head against a nail, and fell dead on the ground.

The black bug flew into a room where a poor student was reading. His lamp was only a dish of earthenware full of rape seed oil with a wick made of pith. Knowing nothing of oil the love-lorn bug crawled into the dish to reach the flame and in a few seconds was drowned in the oil.

"Nan jaro?" (What's that?) said a thrifty housewife, sitting with needle in hand, as her lamp flared up for a moment, smoking the chimney, and then cracking it; while picking out the scorched bits she found a roasted dragon-fly, whose scarlet wings were all burned off.

Mad with love the brilliant hawk-moth, afraid of the flame yet determined to win the fire for the princess, hovered round and round the candle flame, coming nearer and nearer each time. "Now or never, the princess or death," he buzzed, as he darted forward to snatch a flash of flame, but singeing his wings, he fell helplessly down, and died in agony.

"What a fool he was, to be sure," said the ugly clothes moth, coming on the spot, "I'll get the fire. I'll crawl up inside the candle." So he climbed up the hollow paper wick, and was nearly to the top, and inside the hollow blue part of the flame, when the man, snuffing the wick, crushed him to death. Sad indeed was the fate of the lovers of Hi-ō's daughter. Some hovered around the beacons on the headland, some fluttered about the great wax candles which stood eight feet high in their brass sockets in Buddhist temples; some burned their noses at the top of incense sticks, or were nearly choked by the smoke; some danced all night around the lanterns in the shrines; some sought the sepulchral lamps in the graveyard; one visited the cremation furnace; another the kitchen, where a feast was going on; another chased the sparks that flew out of the chimney; but none brought fire to the princess, or won the lover's prize. Many lost their feelers, had their shining bodies scorched or their wings singed, but most of them alas! lay dead, black and cold next morning.

As the priests trimmed the lamps in the shrines, and the servant maids the lanterns, each said alike: "The Princess Hotaru must have had many lovers last night."

Alas! alas! poor suitors. Some tried to snatch a streak of green fire from the cat's eyes, and were snapped up for their pains. One attempted to get a mouthful of bird's breath, but was swallowed alive. A carrion beetle (the ugly lover) crawled off to the sea shore, and found some fish scales that emitted light. The stag-beetle climbed a mountain, and in a rotten tree stump found some bits of glowing wood like fire, but the distance was so great that long before they reached the castle moat it was daylight, and the fire had gone out; so they threw their fish scales and old wood away.

The next day was one of great mourning and there were so many funerals going on, that Hi-marō the Prince of the Fire-flies on the north side of the castle moat inquired of his servants the cause. Then he learned for the first time of the glittering princess. Upon this the prince who had just succeeded his father upon the throne fell in love with the princess and resolved to marry her. He sent his chamberlain to ask of her father his daughter in marriage according to true etiquette. The father agreed to the prince's proposal, with the condition that the Prince should obey her behest in one thing, which was to come in person bringing her fire.

Then the Prince at the head of his glittering battalions came in person and filled the lotus palace with a flood of golden light. But Hotaru-himé was so beautiful that her charms paled not their fire even in the blaze of the Prince's glory. The visit ended in wooing, and the wooing in wedding. On the night appointed, in a palanquin made of the white lotus-petals, amid the blazing torches of the prince's battalions of warriors, Hotaru-himé was borne to the prince's palace and there, prince and princess were joined in the wedlock.

Many generations have passed since Hi-marō and Hotaru-himé were married, and still it is the whim of all Fire-fly princesses that their base-born lovers must bring fire as their love-offering or lose their prize. Else would the glittering fair ones be wearied unto death by the importunity of their lovers. Great indeed is the loss, for in this quest of fire many thousand insects, attracted by the fire-fly, are burned to death in the vain hope of winning the fire that shall gain the cruel but beautiful one that fascinates them. It is for this cause that each night insects hover around the lamp flame, and every morning a crowd of victims drowned in the oil, or scorched in the flame, must be cleaned from the lamp. This is the reason why young ladies catch and imprison the fire-flies to watch the war of insect-love, in the hope that they may have human lovers who will dare as much, through fire and flood, as they.

How the Brazilian Beetles Got Their Gorgeous Coats

by Elsie Spicer Eells

Excerpt From *Fairy Tales from Brazil: How and Why Tales
from Brazilian Folk-Lore*

In Brazil the beetles have such beautifully coloured, hard-shelled coats upon their backs that they are often set in pins and necklaces like precious stones. Once upon a time, years and years ago, they had ordinary plain brown coats. This is how it happened that the Brazilian beetle earned a new coat.

One day a little brown beetle was crawling along a wall when a big grey rat ran out of a hole in the wall and looked down scornfully at the little beetle. "O ho!" he said to the beetle, "how slowly you crawl along. You'll never get anywhere in the world. Just look at me and see how fast I can run."

The big grey rat ran to the end of the wall, wheeled around, and came back to the place where the little beetle was slowly crawling along at only a tiny distance from where the rat had left her.

"Don't you wish that you could run like that?" said the big grey rat to the little brown beetle.

"You are surely a fast runner," replied the little brown beetle politely. Her mother had taught her always to be polite and had often said to her that a really polite beetle never boasts about her own accomplishments. The little brown beetle never boasted a single boast about the things she could do. She just went on slowly crawling along the wall.

A bright green and gold parrot in the mango tree over the wall had heard the conversation. "How would you like to race with the beetle?" he asked the big grey rat. "I live next door to the tailor bird," he added, "and just to make the race exciting I'll offer a bright coloured coat as a prize to the one who wins the race. You may choose for it any colour you like and I'll have it made to order."

"I'd like a yellow coat with stripes like the tiger's," said the big grey rat, looking over his shoulder at his gaunt grey sides as if he were already admiring his new coat.

"I'd like a beautiful, bright coloured new coat, too," said the little brown beetle.

The big grey rat laughed long and loud until his gaunt grey sides were shaking. "Why, you talk just as if you thought you had a chance to win the race," he said, when he could speak.

The bright green and gold parrot set the royal palm tree at the top of the cliff as the goal of the race. He gave the signal to start and then he flew away to the royal palm tree to watch for the end of the race.

The big grey rat ran as fast as he could. Then he thought how very tired he was getting. "What's the use of hurrying?" he said to himself. "The little brown beetle can not possibly win. If I were racing with somebody who could really run it would be very different." Then he started to run more slowly but every time his heart beat it said, "Hurry up! Hurry up!" The big grey rat decided that it was best to obey the little voice in his heart so he hurried just as fast as he could.

When he reached the royal palm tree at the top of the cliff he could hardly believe his eyes. He thought he must be having a bad dream. There was the little brown beetle sitting quietly beside the bright green and gold parrot. The big grey rat had never been so surprised in all his life. "How did you ever manage to run fast enough to get here so soon?" he asked the little brown beetle as soon as he could catch his breath.

The little brown beetle drew out the tiny wings from her sides. "Nobody said anything about having to run to win the race," she replied, "so I flew instead."

"I did not know that you could fly," said the big grey rat in a subdued little voice.

"After this," said the bright green and gold parrot, "never judge any one by his looks alone. You never can tell how often or where you may find concealed wings. You have lost the prize."

Until this day, even in Brazil where the flowers and birds and beasts and insects have such gorgeous colouring, the rat wears a plain dull grey coat.

Then the parrot turned to the little brown beetle who was waiting quietly at his side. "What colour do you want your new coat to be?" he asked.

The little brown beetle looked up at the bright green and gold parrot, at the green and gold palm trees above their heads, at the green mangoes with golden flushes on their cheeks lying on the ground under the mango trees, at the golden sunshine upon the distant green hills. "I choose a coat of green and gold," she said.

From that day to this the Brazilian beetle has worn a coat of green with golden lights upon it. For years and years the Brazilian beetles were all very proud to wear green and gold coats like that of the beetle who raced with the rat.

Then, once upon a time, it happened that there was a little beetle who grew discontented with her coat of green and gold. She looked up at the blue sky and out at the blue sea and wished that she had a blue coat instead. She talked about it so much that finally her mother took her to the parrot who lived next to the tailor bird.

"You may change your coat for a blue one," said the parrot, "but if you change you'll have to give up something."

"Oh, I'll gladly give up anything if only I may have a blue coat instead of a green and gold one," said the discontented little beetle.

When she received her new coat she thought it was very beautiful. It was a lovely shade of blue and it had silvery white lights upon it like the light of the stars. When she put it on, however, she discovered that it was not hard like the green and gold one. From that day to this the blue beetles' coats have not been hard and firm. That is the reason why the jewellers have difficulty in using them in pins and necklaces like other beetles.

From the moment that the little beetle put on her new blue coat she never grew again. From that day to this the blue beetles have been much smaller than the green and gold ones.

When the Brazilians made their flag they took for it a square of green the colour of the green beetle's coat. Within this square they placed a diamond of gold like the golden lights which play upon the green beetle's back. Then, within the diamond, they drew a circle to represent the round earth and they coloured it blue like the coat of the blue beetle. Upon the blue circle they placed stars of silvery white like the silvery white lights on the back of the blue beetle. About the blue circle of the earth which they thus pictured they drew a band of white, and upon this band they wrote the motto of their country, "Ordem e Progresso, order and progress."

Through the Looking Glass

by Lewis Carroll

Chapter III Looking-Glass Insects

Of course the first thing to do was to make a grand survey of the country she was going to travel through. "It's something very like learning geography," thought Alice, as she stood on tiptoe in hopes of being able to see a little further. "Principal rivers—there are none. Principal mountains—I'm on the only one, but I don't think it's got any name. Principal towns—why, what are those creatures, making honey down there? They can't be bees—nobody ever saw bees a mile off, you know—" and for some time she stood silent, watching one of them that was bustling about among the flowers, poking its proboscis into them, "just as if it was a regular bee," thought Alice.

However, this was anything but a regular bee: in fact it was an elephant—as Alice soon found out, though the idea quite took her breath away at first. "And what enormous flowers they must be!" was her next idea. "Something like cottages with the roofs taken off, and stalks put to them—and what quantities of honey they must make! I think I'll go down and—no, I won't just yet," she went on, checking herself just as she was beginning to run down the hill, and trying to find some excuse for turning shy so suddenly. "It'll never do to go down among them without a good long branch to brush them away—and what fun it'll be when they ask me how I like my walk. I shall say—'Oh, I like it well enough—'" (here came the favourite little toss of the head), "'only it was so dusty and hot, and the elephants did tease so!'"

"I think I'll go down the other way," she said after a pause: "and perhaps I may visit the elephants later on. Besides, I do so want to get into the Third Square!"

So with this excuse she ran down the hill and jumped over the first of the six little brooks.

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"Tickets, please!" said the Guard, putting his head in at the window. In a moment everybody was holding out a ticket: they were about the same size as the people, and quite seemed to fill the carriage.

"Now then! Show your ticket, child!" the Guard went on, looking angrily at Alice. And a great many voices all said together ("like the chorus of a song," thought Alice), "Don't keep him waiting, child! Why, his time is worth a thousand pounds a minute!"

"I'm afraid I haven't got one," Alice said in a frightened tone: "there wasn't a ticket-office where I came from." And again the chorus of voices went on. "There wasn't room for one where she came from. The land there is worth a thousand pounds an inch!"

"Don't make excuses," said the Guard: "you should have bought one from the engine-driver." And once more the chorus of voices went on with "The man that drives the engine. Why, the smoke alone is worth a thousand pounds a puff!"

Alice thought to herself, "Then there's no use in speaking." The voices didn't join in this time, as she hadn't spoken, but to her great surprise, they all thought in chorus (I hope you understand what thinking in chorus means—for I must confess that I don't), "Better say nothing at all. Language is worth a thousand pounds a word!"

"I shall dream about a thousand pounds tonight, I know I shall!" thought Alice.

All this time the Guard was looking at her, first through a telescope, then through a microscope, and then through an opera-glass. At last he said, "You're travelling the wrong way," and shut up the window and went away.

"So young a child," said the gentleman sitting opposite to her (he was dressed in white paper), "ought to know which way she's going, even if she doesn't know her own name!"

A Goat, that was sitting next to the gentleman in white, shut his eyes and said in a loud voice, "She ought to know her way to the ticket-office, even if she doesn't know her alphabet!"

There was a Beetle sitting next to the Goat (it was a very queer carriage-full of passengers altogether), and, as the rule seemed to be that they should all speak in turn, he went on with "She'll have to go back from here as luggage!"

Alice couldn't see who was sitting beyond the Beetle, but a hoarse voice spoke next. "Change engines—" it said, and was obliged to leave off.

"It sounds like a horse," Alice thought to herself. And an extremely small voice, close to her ear, said, "You might make a joke on that—something about 'horse' and 'hoarse,' you know."

Then a very gentle voice in the distance said, "She must be labelled 'Lass, with care,' you know—"

And after that other voices went on ("What a number of people there are in the carriage!" thought Alice), saying, "She must go by post, as she's got a head on her—" "She must be sent as a message by the telegraph—" "She must draw the train herself the rest of the way—" and so on.

But the gentleman dressed in white paper leaned forwards and whispered in her ear, "Never mind what they all say, my dear, but take a return-ticket every time the train stops."

"Indeed I shan't!" Alice said rather impatiently. "I don't belong to this railway journey at all—I was in a wood just now—and I wish I could get back there."

"You might make a joke on that," said the little voice close to her ear: "something about 'you would if you could,' you know."

"Don't tease so," said Alice, looking about in vain to see where the voice came from; "if you're so anxious to have a joke made, why don't you make one yourself?"

The little voice sighed deeply: it was very unhappy, evidently, and Alice would have said something pitying to comfort it, "If it would only sigh like other people!" she thought. But this was such a wonderfully small sigh, that she wouldn't have heard it at all, if it hadn't come quite close to her ear. The consequence of this was that it tickled her ear very much, and quite took off her thoughts from the unhappiness of the poor little creature.

"I know you are a friend," the little voice went on; "a dear friend, and an old friend. And you won't hurt me, though I am an insect."

"What kind of insect?" Alice inquired a little anxiously. What she really wanted to know was, whether it could sting or not, but she thought this wouldn't be quite a civil question to ask.

"What, then you don't—" the little voice began, when it was drowned by a shrill scream from the engine, and everybody jumped up in alarm, Alice among the rest.

The Horse, who had put his head out of the window, quietly drew it in and said, "It's only a brook we have to jump over." Everybody seemed satisfied with this, though Alice felt a little nervous at the idea of trains jumping at all. "However, it'll take us into the Fourth Square, that's some comfort!" she said to herself. In another moment she felt the carriage rise straight up into the air, and in her fright she caught at the thing nearest to her hand, which happened to be the Goat's beard.

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But the beard seemed to melt away as she touched it, and she found herself sitting quietly under a tree—while the Gnat (for that was the insect she had been talking to) was balancing itself on a twig just over her head, and fanning her with its wings.

It certainly was a very large Gnat: "about the size of a chicken," Alice thought. Still, she couldn't feel nervous with it, after they had been talking together so long.

"—then you don't like all insects?" the Gnat went on, as quietly as if nothing had happened.

"I like them when they can talk," Alice said. "None of them ever talk, where I come from."

"What sort of insects do you rejoice in, where you come from?" the Gnat inquired.

"I don't rejoice in insects at all," Alice explained, "because I'm rather afraid of them—at least the large kinds. But I can tell you the names of some of them."

"Of course they answer to their names?" the Gnat remarked carelessly.

"I never knew them to do it."

"What's the use of their having names," the Gnat said, "if they won't answer to them?"

"No use to them," said Alice; "but it's useful to the people who name them, I suppose. If not, why do things have names at all?"

"I can't say," the Gnat replied. "Further on, in the wood down there, they've got no names—however, go on with your list of insects: you're wasting time."

"Well, there's the Horse-fly," Alice began, counting off the names on her fingers.

"All right," said the Gnat: "half way up that bush, you'll see a Rocking-horse-fly, if you look. It's made entirely of wood, and gets about by swinging itself from branch to branch."

"What does it live on?" Alice asked, with great curiosity.

"Sap and sawdust," said the Gnat. "Go on with the list."

Alice looked up at the Rocking-horse-fly with great interest, and made up her mind that it must have been just repainted, it looked so bright and sticky; and then she went on.

"And there's the Dragon-fly."

"Look on the branch above your head," said the Gnat, "and there you'll find a snap-dragon-fly. Its body is made of plum-pudding, its wings of holly-leaves, and its head is a raisin burning in brandy."

"And what does it live on?"

"Frumenty and mince pie," the Gnat replied; "and it makes its nest in a Christmas box."

"And then there's the Butterfly," Alice went on, after she had taken a good look at the insect with its head on fire, and had thought to herself, "I wonder if that's the reason insects are so fond of flying into candles—because they want to turn into Snap-dragon-flies!"

"Crawling at your feet," said the Gnat (Alice drew her feet back in some alarm), "you may observe a Bread-and-Butterfly. Its wings are thin slices of Bread-and-butter, its body is a crust, and its head is a lump of sugar."

"And what does it live on?"

"Weak tea with cream in it."

A new difficulty came into Alice's head. "Supposing it couldn't find any?" she suggested.

"Then it would die, of course."

"But that must happen very often," Alice remarked thoughtfully.

"It always happens," said the Gnat.

After this, Alice was silent for a minute or two, pondering. The Gnat amused itself meanwhile by humming round and round her head: at last it settled again and remarked, "I suppose you don't want to lose your name?"

"No, indeed," Alice said, a little anxiously.

"And yet I don't know," the Gnat went on in a careless tone: "only think how convenient it would be if you could manage to go home without it! For instance, if the governess wanted to call you to your lessons, she would call out 'come here—,' and there she would have to leave off, because there wouldn't be any name for her to call, and of course you wouldn't have to go, you know."

"That would never do, I'm sure," said Alice: "the governess would never think of excusing me lessons for that. If she couldn't remember my name, she'd call me 'Miss!' as the servants do."

"Well, if she said 'Miss,' and didn't say anything more," the Gnat remarked, "of course you'd miss your lessons. That's a joke. I wish you had made it."

"Why do you wish I had made it?" Alice asked. "It's a very bad one."

But the Gnat only sighed deeply, while two large tears came rolling down its cheeks.

"You shouldn't make jokes," Alice said, "if it makes you so unhappy."

Then came another of those melancholy little sighs, and this time the poor Gnat really seemed to have sighed itself away, for, when Alice looked up, there was nothing whatever to be seen on the twig, and, as she was getting quite chilly with sitting still so long, she got up and walked on.

She very soon came to an open field, with a wood on the other side of it: it looked much darker than the last wood, and Alice felt a little timid about going into it. However, on second thoughts, she made up her mind to go on: "for I certainly won't go back," she thought to herself, and this was the only way to the Eighth Square.

"This must be the wood," she said thoughtfully to herself, "where things have no names. I wonder what'll become of my name when I go in? I shouldn't like to lose it at all—because they'd have to give me another, and it would be almost certain to be an ugly one. But then the fun would be trying to find the creature that had got my old name! That's just like the advertisements, you know, when people lose dogs—'answers to the name of "Dash:" had on a brass collar'—just fancy calling everything you met 'Alice,' till one of them answered! Only they wouldn't answer at all, if they were wise."

She was rambling on in this way when she reached the wood: it looked very cool and shady. "Well, at any rate it's a great comfort," she said as she stepped under the trees, "after being so hot, to get into the—into what?" she went on, rather surprised at not being able to think of the word. "I mean to get under the—under the—under this, you know!" putting her hand on the trunk of the tree. "What does it call itself, I wonder? I do believe it's got no name—why, to be sure it hasn't!"

She stood silent for a minute, thinking: then she suddenly began again. "Then it really has happened, after all! And now, who am I? I will remember, if I can! I'm determined to do it!" But being determined didn't help much, and all she could say, after a great deal of puzzling, was, "L, I know it begins with L!"

Just then a Fawn came wandering by: it looked at Alice with its large gentle eyes, but didn't seem at all frightened. "Here then! Here then!" Alice said, as she held out her hand and tried to stroke it; but it only started back a little, and then stood looking at her again.

"What do you call yourself?" the Fawn said at last. Such a soft sweet voice it had!

"I wish I knew!" thought poor Alice. She answered, rather sadly, "Nothing, just now."

"Think again," it said: "that won't do."

Alice thought, but nothing came of it. "Please, would you tell me what you call yourself?" she said timidly. "I think that might help a little."

"I'll tell you, if you'll move a little further on," the Fawn said. "I can't remember here."

So they walked on together though the wood, Alice with her arms clasped lovingly round the soft neck of the Fawn, till they came out into another open field, and here the Fawn gave a sudden bound into the air, and shook itself free from Alice's arms. "I'm a Fawn!" it cried out in a voice of delight, "and, dear me! you're a human child!" A sudden look of alarm came into its beautiful brown eyes, and in another moment it had darted away at full speed.

Alice stood looking after it, almost ready to cry with vexation at having lost her dear little fellow-traveller so suddenly. "However, I know my name now," she said, "that's some comfort. Alice—Alice—I won't forget it again. And now, which of these finger-posts ought I to follow, I wonder?"

It was not a very difficult question to answer, as there was only one road through the wood, and the two finger-posts both pointed along it. "I'll settle it," Alice said to herself, "when the road divides and they point different ways."

But this did not seem likely to happen. She went on and on, a long way, but wherever the road divided there were sure to be two finger-posts pointing the same way, one marked "TO TWEEDLEDUM'S HOUSE" and the other "TO THE HOUSE OF TWEEDLEDEE."

"I do believe," said Alice at last, "that they live in the same house! I wonder I never thought of that before—But I can't stay there long. I'll just call and say 'how d'you do?' and ask them the way out of the wood. If I could only get to the Eighth Square before it gets dark!" So she wandered on, talking to herself as she went, till, on turning a sharp corner, she came upon two fat little men, so suddenly that she could not help starting back, but in another moment she recovered herself, feeling sure that they must be.

The Bee and the Butterflies

by Aesop

One fine summer-morning it happened, that a couple of gay Butterflies lighted upon the leaves of a white poplar, one on the under-side of the leaf, and the other on the upper. The Butterfly on the under-side, in making his observations, said, "Surely this is the most singular tree of the forest, for while all others have green foliage, this curious tree has white leaves." "What are you talking about," said his companion on the upper side, "why truly you must have lost your eye-sight, for I can see distinctly that this tree is covered with leaves of the brightest green, equal to any tree that grows."—"I positively deny it," said the insect below, "and will maintain it, that there are none but white leaves on every branch."

Upon this an industrious and inquisitive Bee who overheard them, perceiving that the disputants began to grow warm, and being desirous of preventing the fatal consequences which might be expected from such fierce champions, thus addressed them—"You should neither of you be so confident, until you have more deeply examined the properties of the subject of your dispute: seeing that it is from ignorance alone your anger proceeds, it is necessary for me to inform you, that the peculiarity of this tree consists in the upper side of the foliage being green, and the under white; therefore as each of you observes a different side, you are both right in your partial views, and both wrong in your general conclusion."

Get all the facts to avoid arguments.



Shakespeare Selection

For our Shakespeare selection, we have chosen a fascinating study on the various insects mentioned in Shakespeare's works, Robert Patterson's *Letters on the Natural History of the Insects Mentioned in Shakespeare's Plays*.

As it is too long to include here in its entirety, you will find the PDF linked within our curriculum page. Enjoy!

Shakespeare



Nature Study

Each Friday morning, you will go through two of our nature cards. These are short, factual cards with images to help your child become familiar with objects in the natural world.

As you progress through our sessions, you may find it handy to keep your past nature cards in a binder for easy reference when your children come across a familiar object. These seeds you are planting will grow into a wonderful garden of knowledge for your children in years to come.

As you explore nature outside your home, watch and listen for newly discovered delights. Most of all, remember...

"Point to some lovely flower or gracious tree, not only as a beautiful work, but as a beautiful thought of God."

~ Charlotte Mason

Nature Study



Ant 1

Formicidae

- Ants are a type of insect related to wasps and bees, with small bodies that come in shades of black, red, yellow, and brown.
- Ants can be found in nearly every part of the world, minus Antarctica and a few remote islands.

- Ants are one of the strongest creatures in the world: their tiny bodies can carry up to 50 times their weight!
- There are many varieties of ants all known for different things, such as the most common: the pavement ant, but also the bright red fire ant, the painful bullet ant, and the industrious carpenter ant.
- Ants live in colonies where every insect plays their part. A queen lives at the heart of a colony and lays eggs, producing worker ants, which perform a variety of tasks such as taking care of the queen, eggs, and larvae, digging and repairing their nest, and foraging for food.



Cricket 1

Grylloidea

- Crickets are small jumping insects with six legs and long antennae.
- Crickets live all over the world, and can be found on every continent except Antarctica.
- Crickets are distant relatives of grasshoppers.

- Many crickets are herbivores and primarily eat plants, though some cricket species are omnivores and will eat the larvae and eggs of other insects.
- Crickets produce a chirping sound by rubbing rough sections of their wings together, which acts as a resonating chamber, much like a violin. Male crickets make this sound to attract mates.

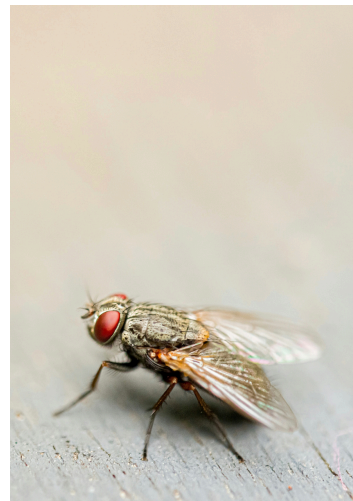


Dragonfly 2

Anisoptera

- Dragonflies are a type of fast-flying insect with four wings and long abdomens.
- Dragonflies come in many different colors such as red, blue, green, and yellow, and some also have iridescent shades.

- There are over 3,000 known dragonfly species in the world.
- The globe skimmer is the most common species of dragonfly, and is known by that name because it can be found in warm climates all over the world.
- Dragonflies are a predatory insect and will eat flies, butterflies, mosquitos, bees, and other small bugs. They catch these insects mid-air and will use their legs to trap them with great success, catching 95% of the prey they go after.



Fly 2

Diptera

- Flies are a small winged insect with big eyes and six legs. They have a pair of larger wings they use to fly and two smaller wings that are used for balance.
- "Fly" is a large class that includes various species such as the housefly, the mosquito, the mayfly,

the horsefly, and gnats, which are all related.

- The housefly has the ability to taste with their legs, and often clean their legs by rubbing them against each other as a way to 'cleanse their palate,' making it easier to taste whatever they encounter next.
- Flies have compound eyes, meaning they have numerous small lenses making up their eyes that each take in visual stimuli, all adding up into a big picture.
- Flies are very useful in the ecosystem as they are the second most effective pollinator, helping spread pollen from plant to plant.



Grasshopper 3

Acridomorpha

- Grasshoppers are winged insects that live on the ground. They have large, strong hind legs that they use to jump and evade threats. Their short front legs are used to grab food.
- Similarly to crickets, grasshoppers produce

noise by rubbing textured legs against their front wings, which they use to attract mates.

- Grasshoppers feed on plants. In certain conditions, some types of grasshoppers can change color and become locusts, a type of grasshopper that is considered a pest, due to how they swarm and destroy crops.
- Grasshoppers don't have typical ears. Instead, they have simple eardrums on their abdomen that pick up vibrations, helping them hear other grasshoppers.



Ladybug 3

Coccinellidae

- Ladybugs, as they are called in the United States, or ladybirds, as they are called in the United Kingdom, are beetles known for their bright red colors and black spots.
- Ladybugs are considered a symbol of luck in many cultures.

- The "lady" in ladybug is actually meant to represent Mary, the mother of Jesus. It is thought that perhaps this is because Mary was often depicted wearing red cloaks in paintings, similar to the bright red color of many ladybugs.
- The bright colors of the ladybug are meant to warn off predators, signaling that they taste bad.
- Ladybugs typically eat aphids, which are a tiny insect that preys on plants. Because of their diet, ladybugs are considered helpful insects and are often purposefully released in gardens to kill off plant-destroying aphids.

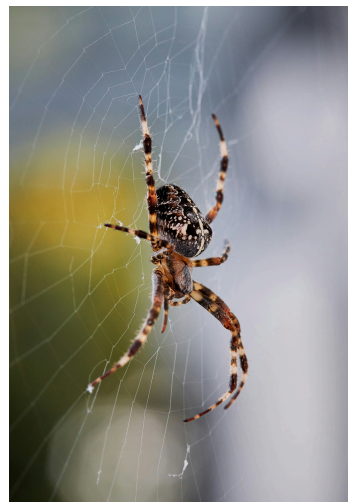


Moth 4

Lepidoptera

- Moths are a type of winged insects that are primarily nocturnal, meaning most species of moths emerge at night.
- Moths are distinctive from butterflies in that their antennae are usually feathery, whereas butterflies have slender antennae ending in a balled, "club" shape.

- While many moth caterpillars make cocoons and then emerge as adult moths, some caterpillars simply burrow into the ground instead, leaving once they have changed into their adult form.
- Moths have varied diets: many species of moth larvae eat fabrics, while adult moths often drink nectar. However, there are some moths, such as the Luna moth, that don't have mouths in their adult forms and therefore do not eat at all.
- Moths are important pollinators. However, scientists didn't discover this until modern times, due to moths being mostly nocturnal.



Spider 4

Araneae

- Spiders are arachnids with eight legs, fangs, and silk-producing organs called spinnerets that they typically use to weave webs.
- Many spiders use their fangs to inject venom into their prey, paralyzing it and making it easier to eat.
- Most spiders prey on small insects and other spiders, though some larger species have been known to eat lizards and birds.
- While not all species of spiders spin webs, many do, and their webs serve as a large, sticky trap to catch food.
- Spiders typically live for up to two years, however, larger spiders like the tarantula can live for about 25 years!



Handicraft

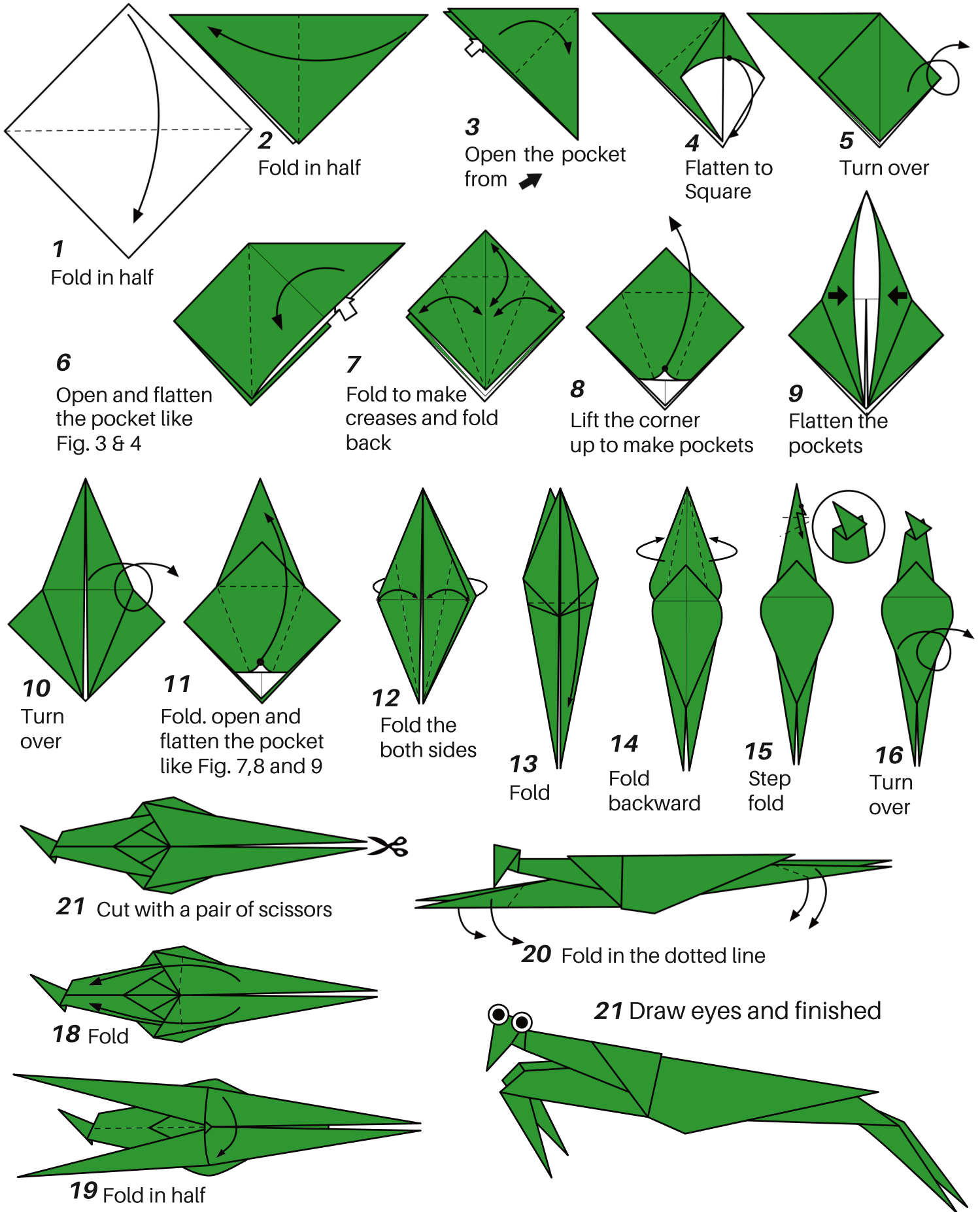
In this session, we are creating adorable insect origami of a mantis, spider, scorpion, bee, dragonfly, cicada, snail, butterfly, and ladybug! Images and step-by-step instructions have been provided for an easy process. Use different colors to match the insects, or choose decorative paper for interesting designs! This handicraft is the perfect hands-on activity for students young and old!

"I've filled him with the Spirit of God, giving him skill and know-how and expertise in every kind of craft to create designs ... he's an all-around craftsman."

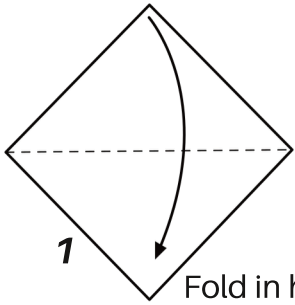
~ Exodus 31:3-5

Handicraft Lesson

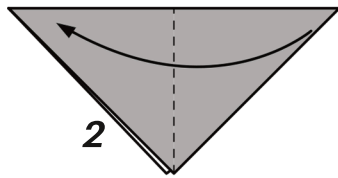
Let's Make a Mantis!



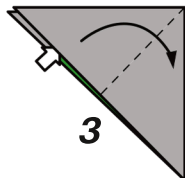
Let's Make a Spider!



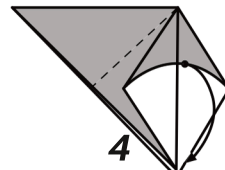
1 Fold in half



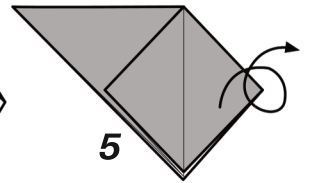
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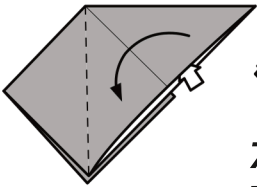
Open the part and flatten



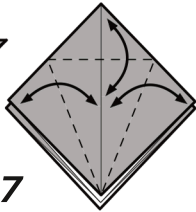
Flatten to triangle



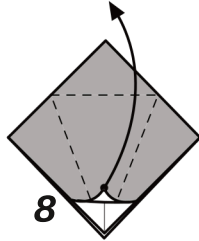
5 Turn over



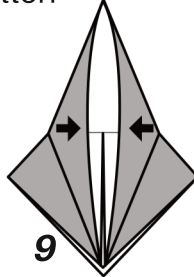
6 Open the part and flatten



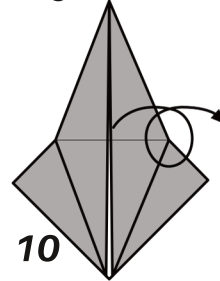
7 Fold to make a crease and fold back



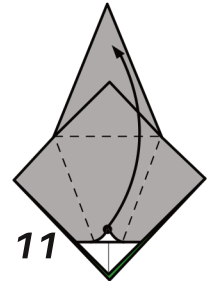
8 Flatten to square



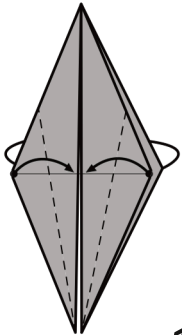
9 Flatten to square



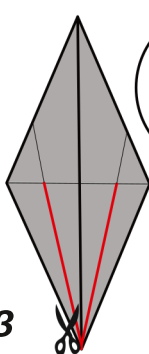
10 Turn over



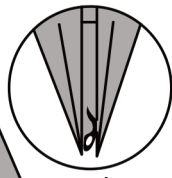
11 Flatten to square



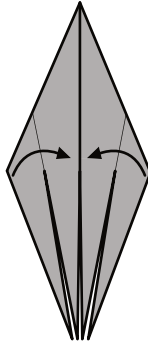
12 Fold to make a crease and fold back



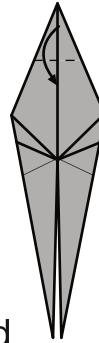
13 Cut it with scissors



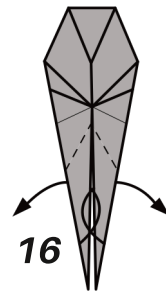
Cut the paper inside, too



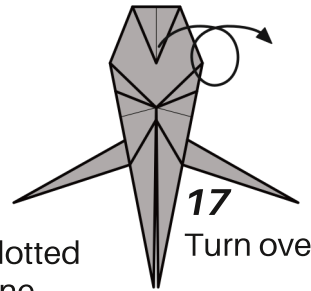
14 Fold to meet the center line. Back is the same, too



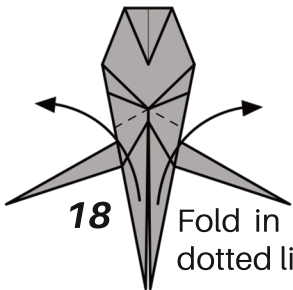
15 Fold backward



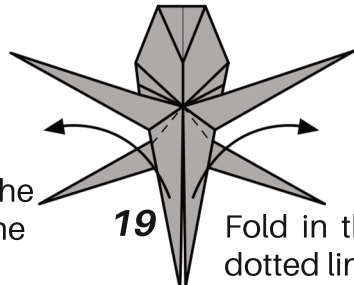
16 Fold in the dotted the dotted line. Back is the same, too



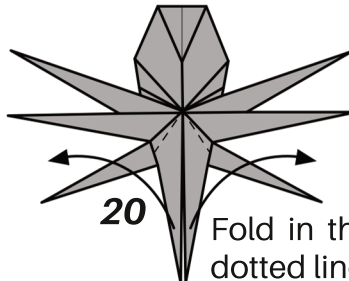
17 Turn over



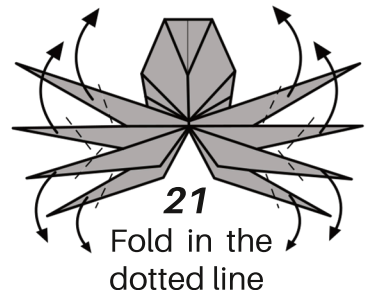
18 Fold in the dotted line



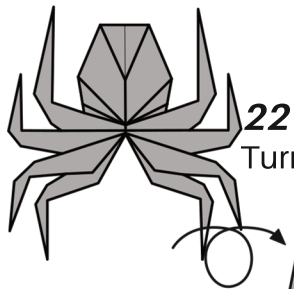
19 Fold in the dotted line



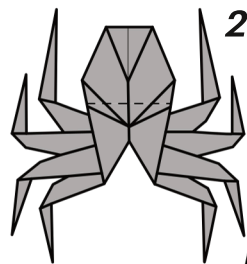
20 Fold in the dotted line



21 Fold in the dotted line

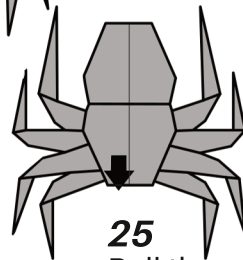
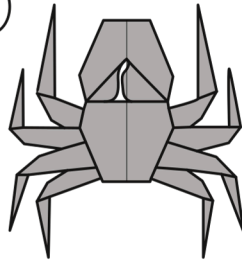


22 Turn over

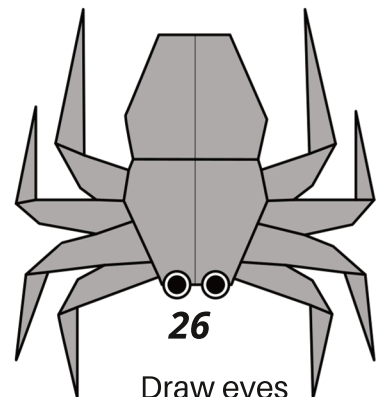


23 Fold in the dotted line

24 Fold and insert it

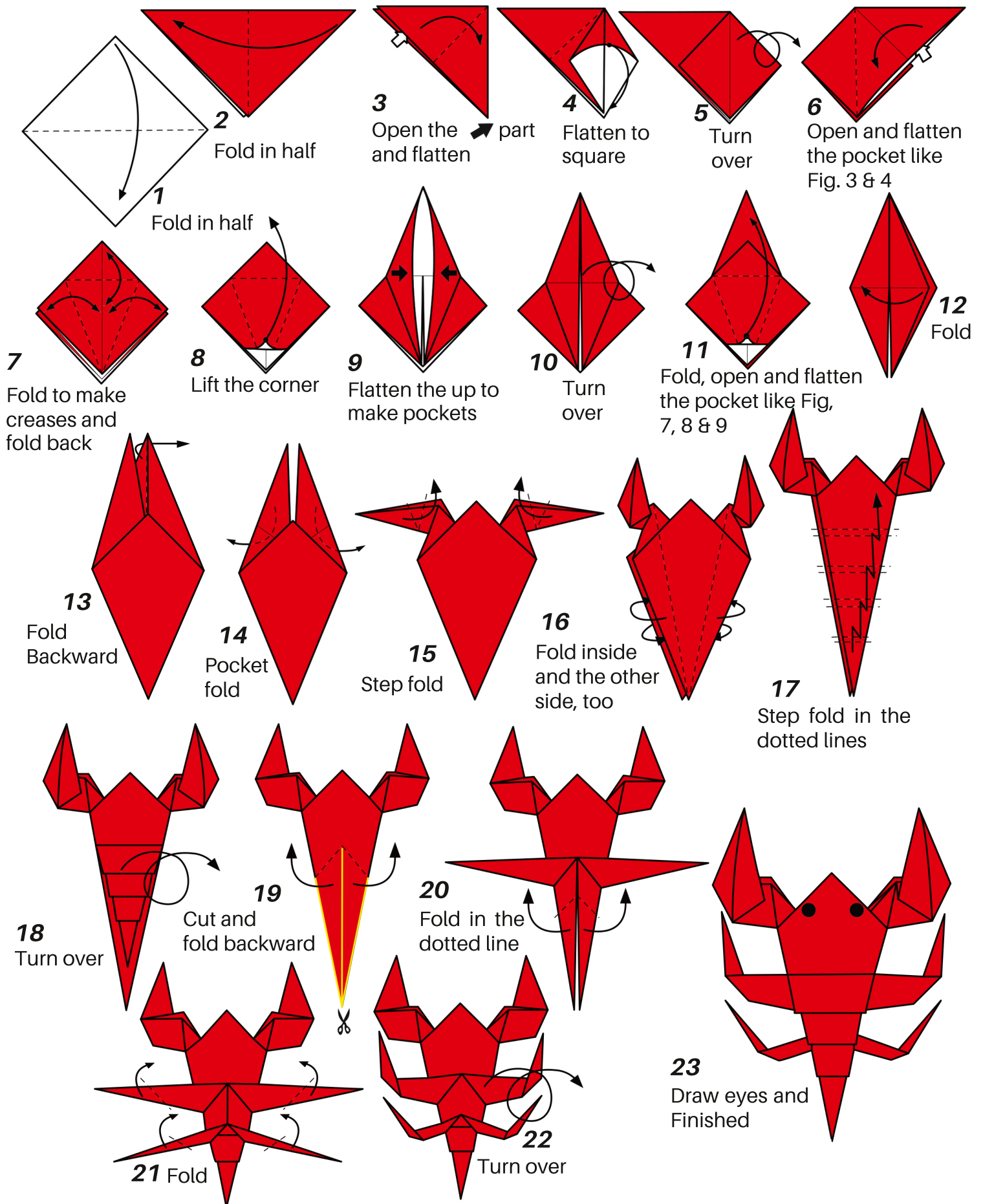


25 Pull the paper

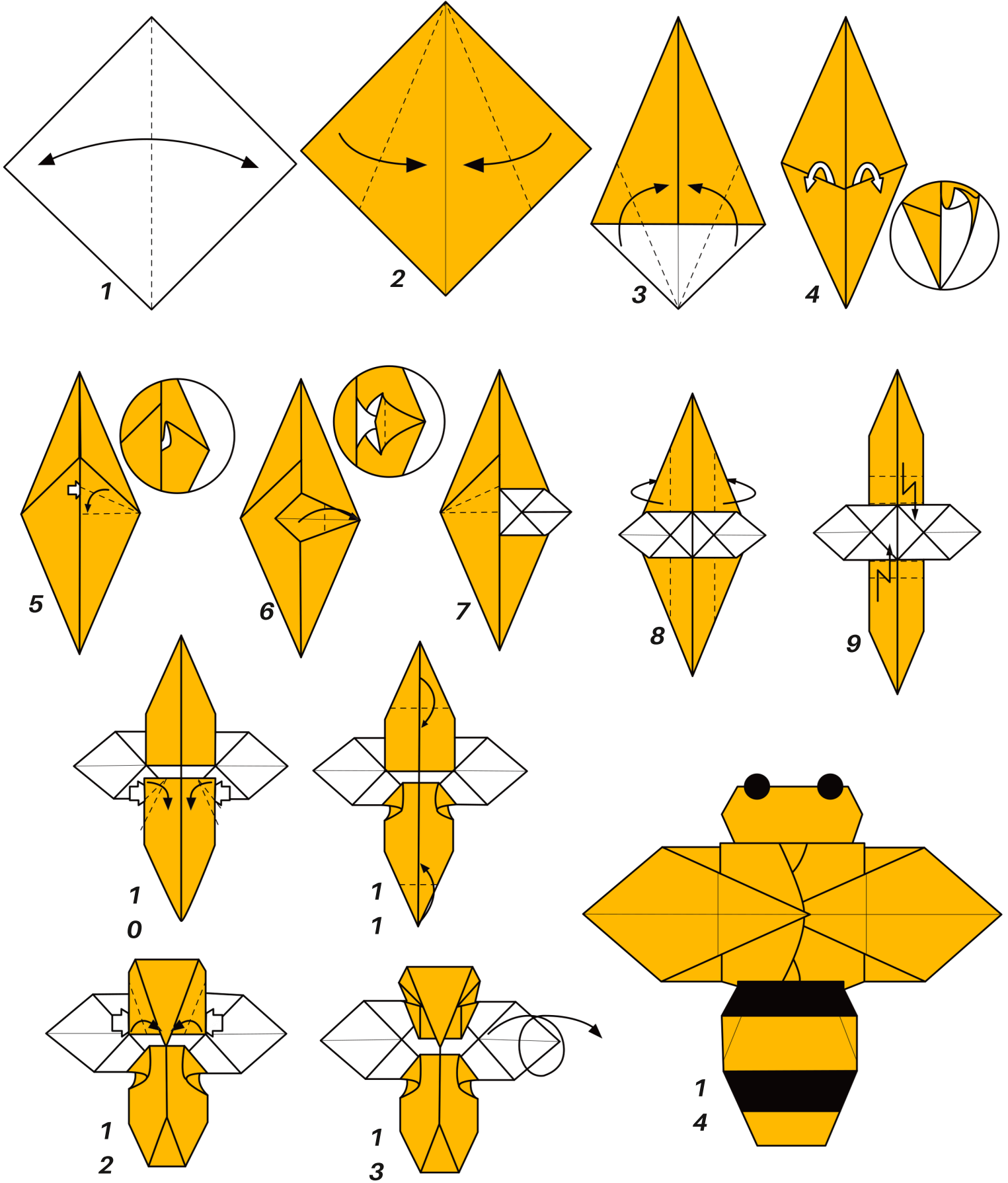


26 Draw eyes and finished

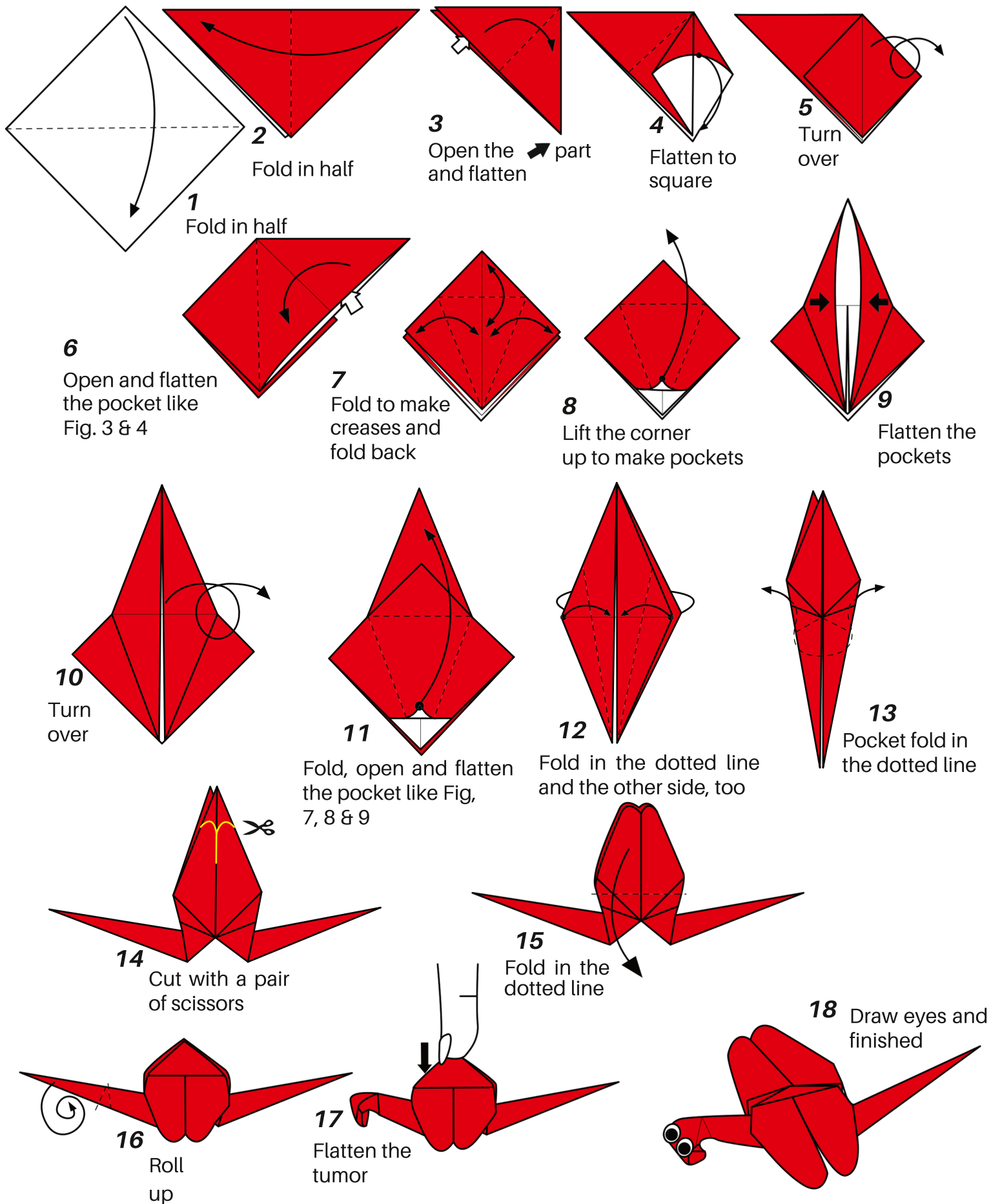
Let's Make a Scorpion!



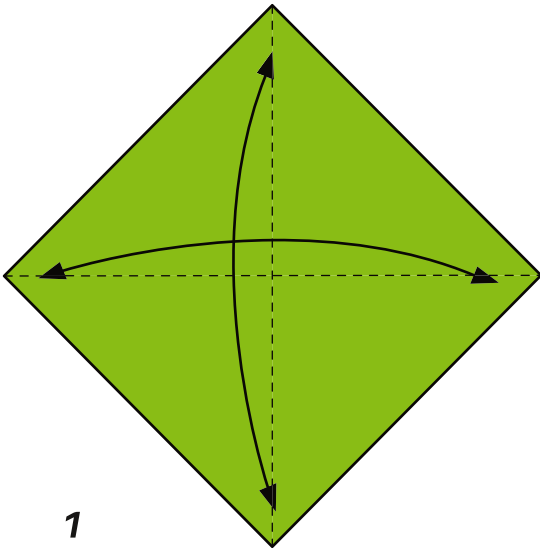
Let's Make a Bee!!



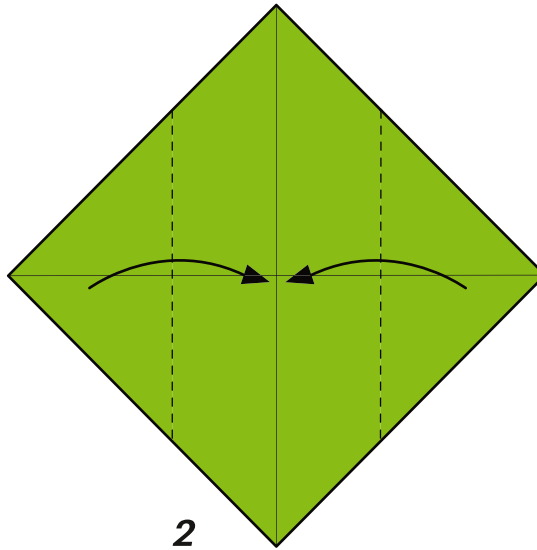
Let's Make a Dragonfly!



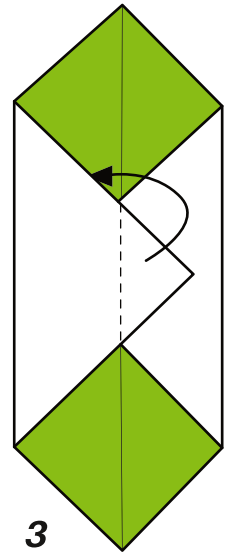
Let's Make a Cicada!



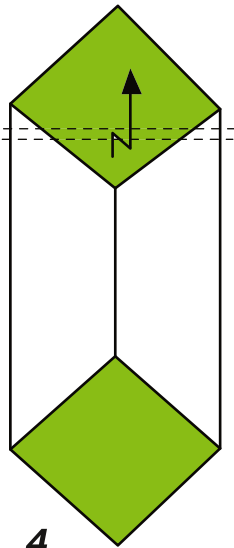
1
Fold in the dotted lines to make creases and fold back



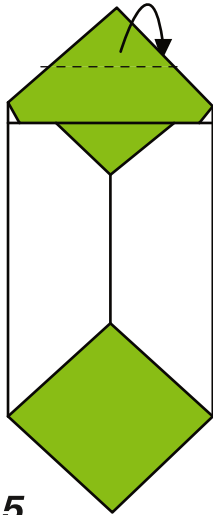
2
Fold to meet the center line



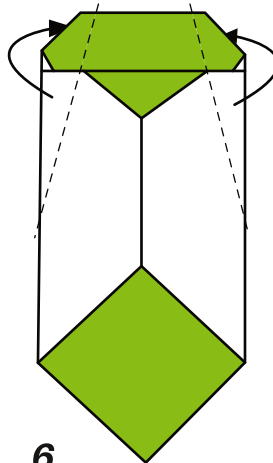
3
Fold backward



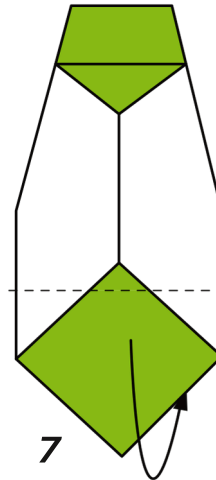
4
Step fold



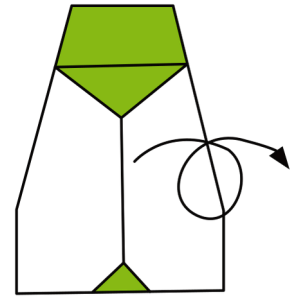
5
Fold backward



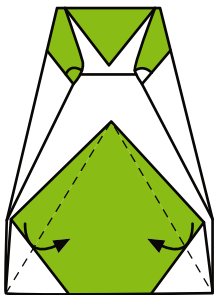
6
Fold backward



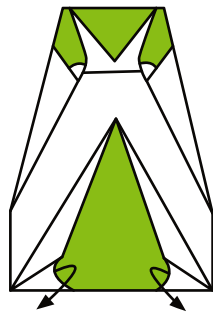
7
Fold backward



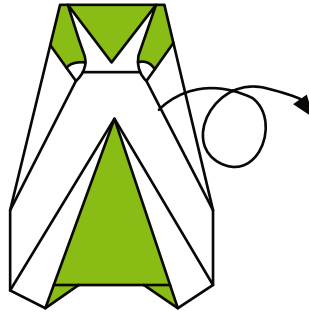
8
Turn over



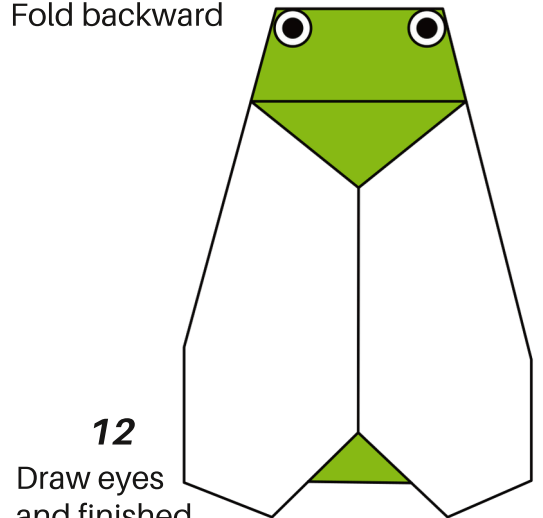
9
Fold in the dotted line



10
Pull inside out

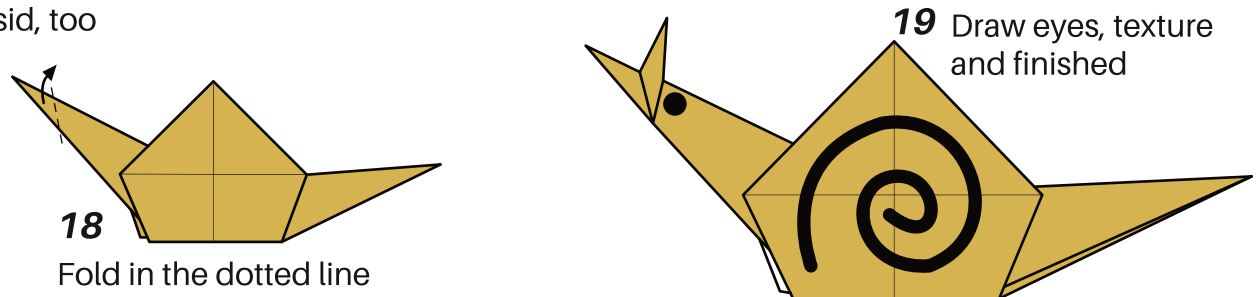
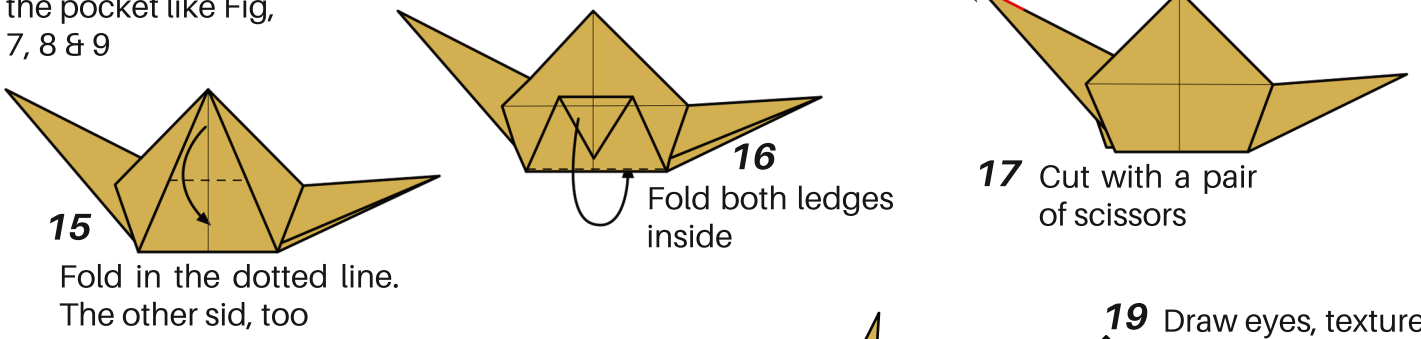
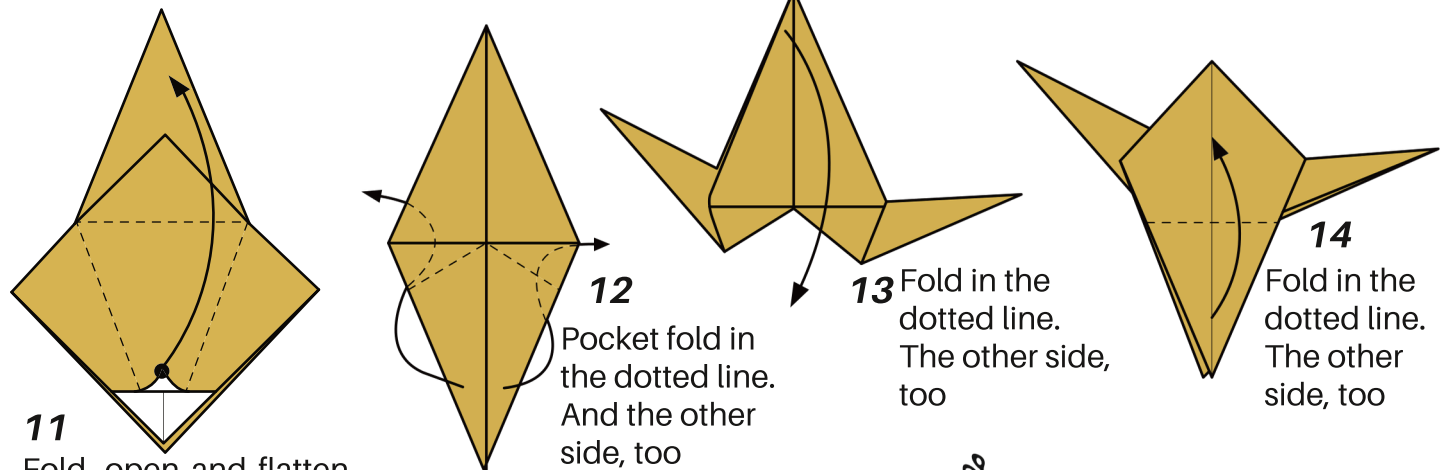
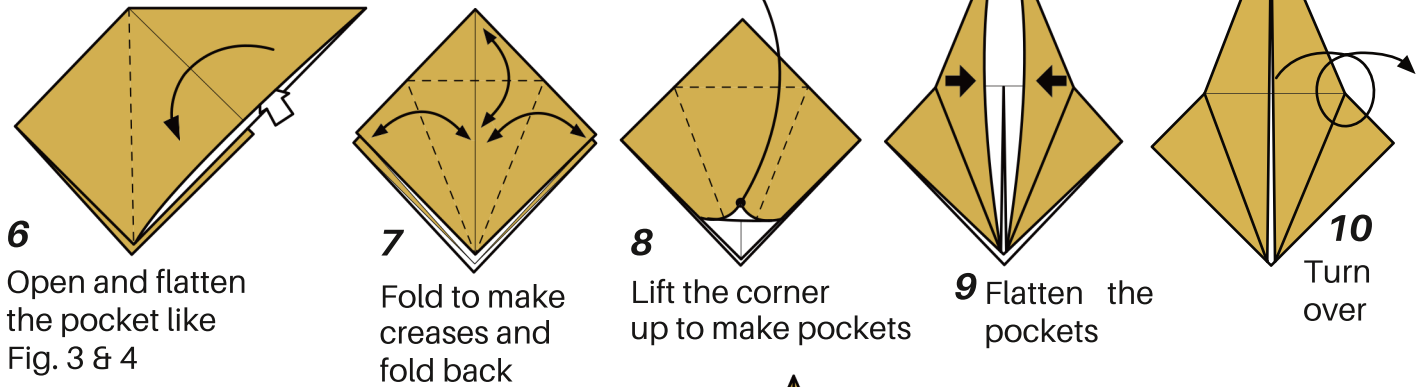
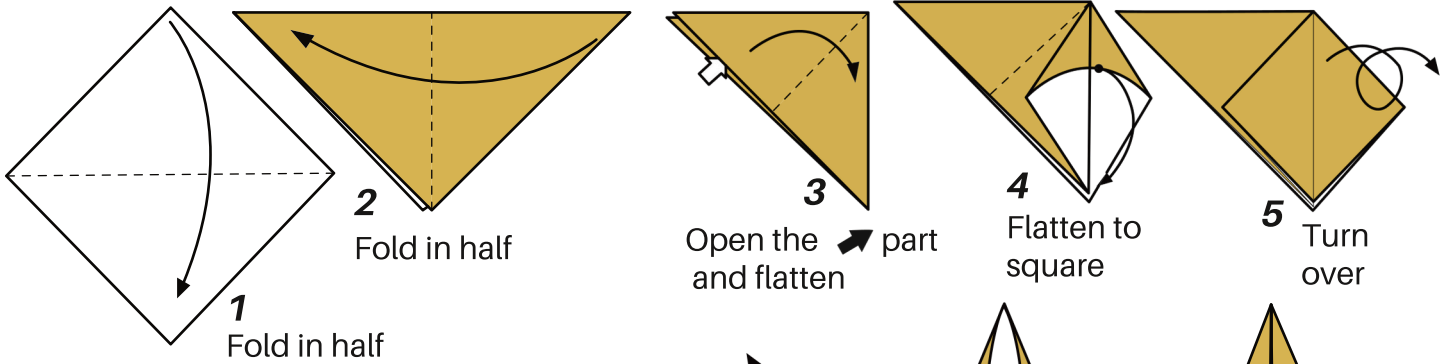


11
Turn over

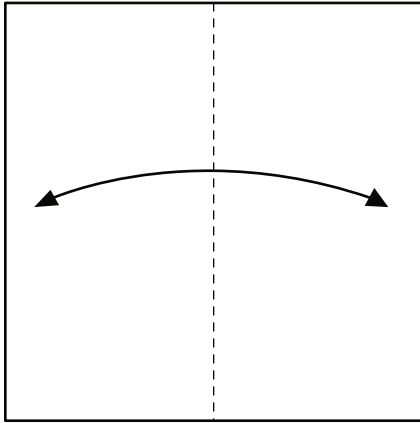


12
Draw eyes and finished

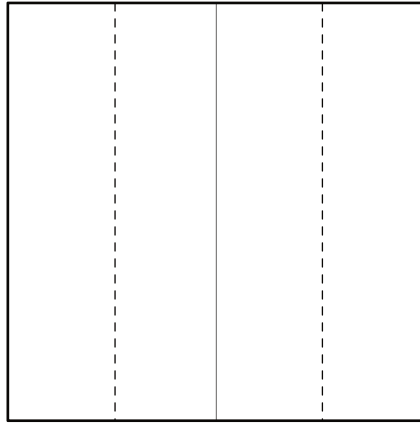
Let's Make a Snail!



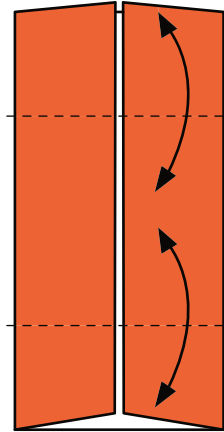
Let's Make a Butterfly!



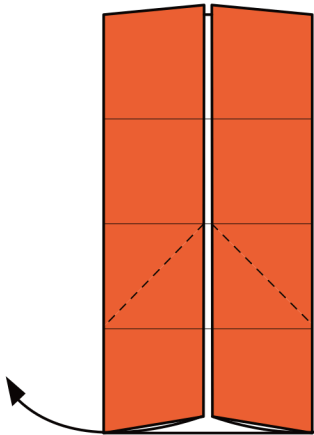
1 Fold in half to make creases and fold back



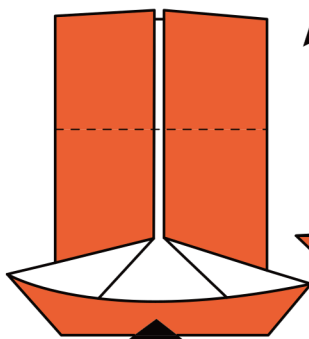
2 Fold in the dotted line to meet the center line



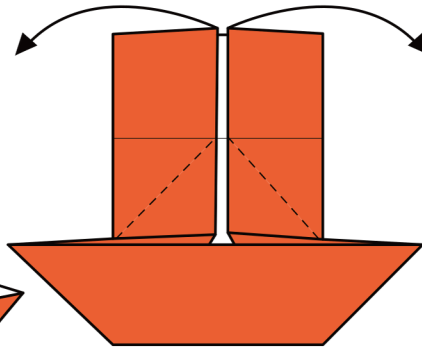
3 Fold to make crease and fold back



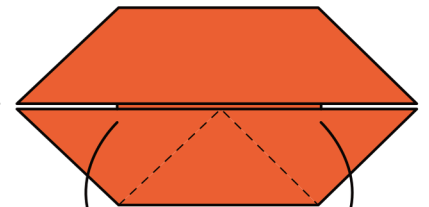
4 Open the corners and fold forward



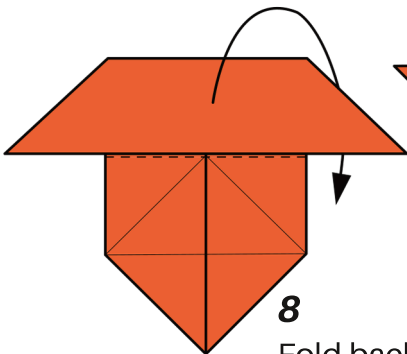
5 Flatten



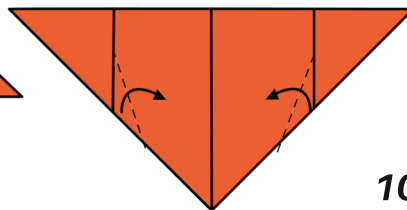
6 Open and flatten like Fig. 4 & 5



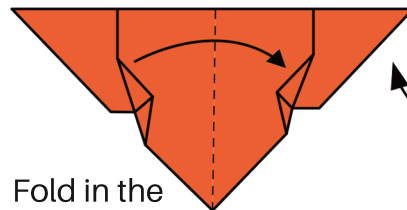
7 Fold in the dotted lines



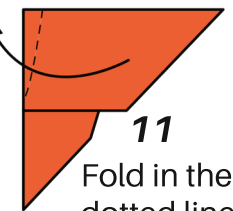
8 Fold backward in the dotted lines



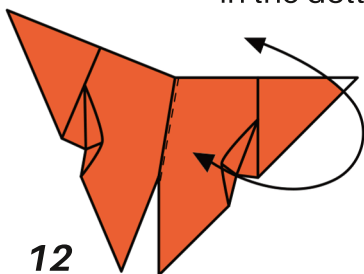
9 Fold in the dotted lines



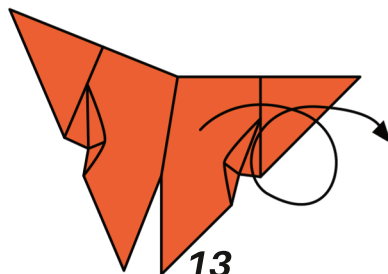
10 Fold in the dotted lines



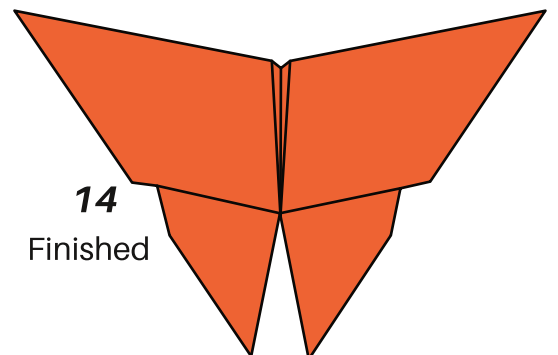
11 Fold in the dotted lines



12 Fold to make crease and fold back

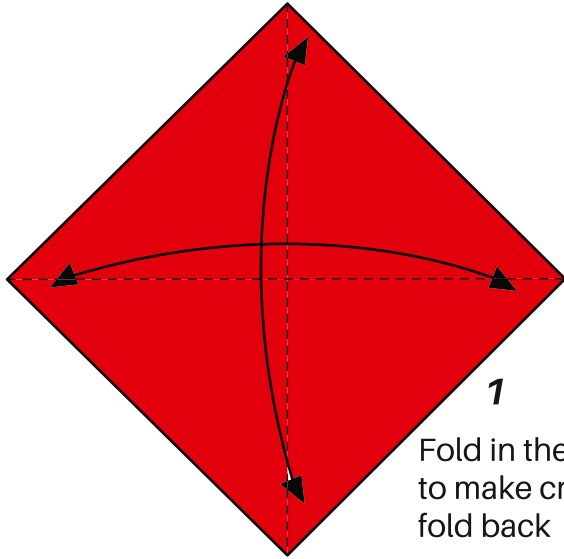


13 Turn over

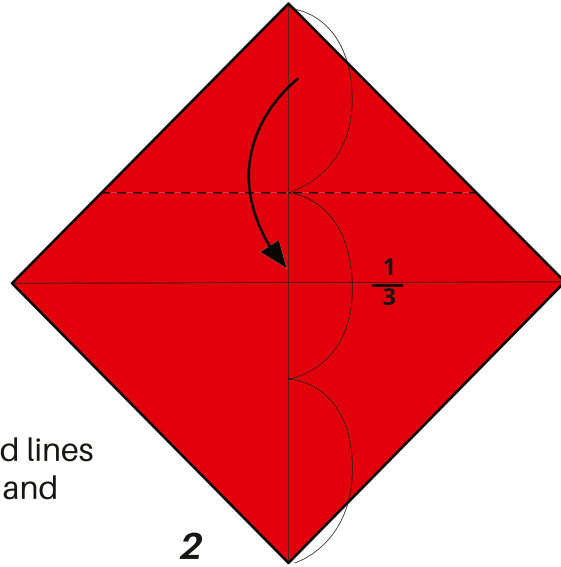


14 Finished

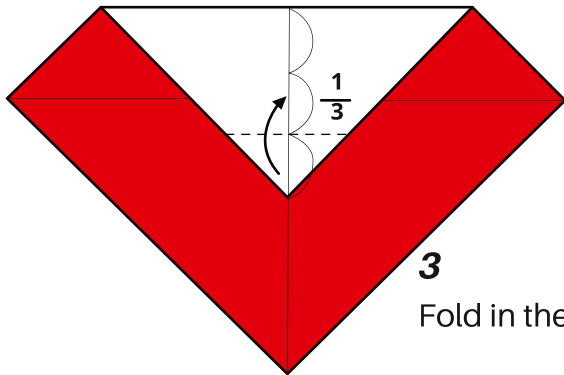
Let's Make a Ladybug!



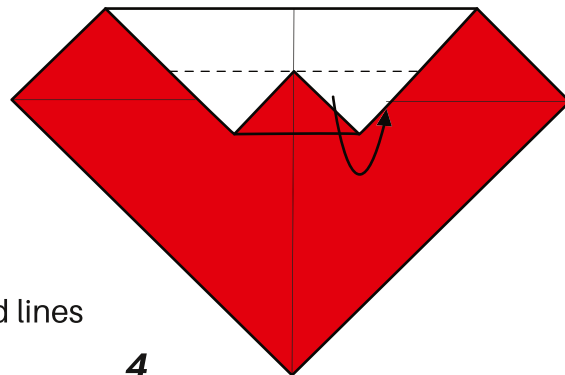
Fold in the dotted lines to make creases and fold back



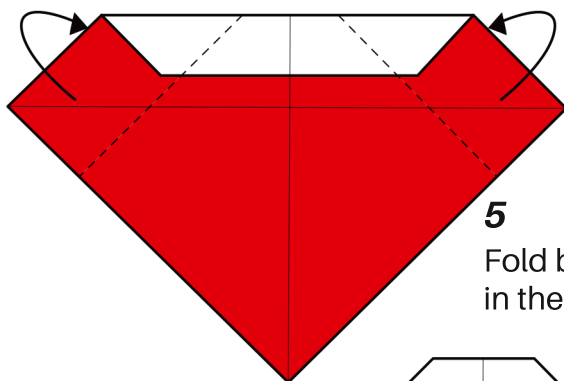
Fold in the dotted lines



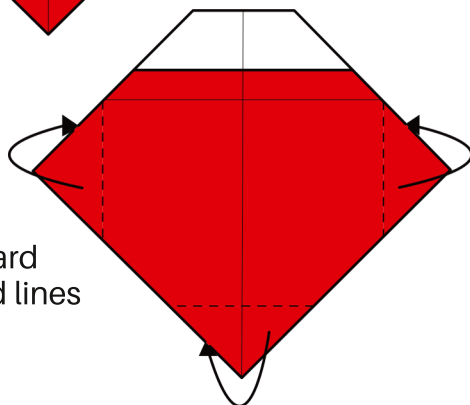
Fold in the dotted lines



Fold inside in the dotted lines

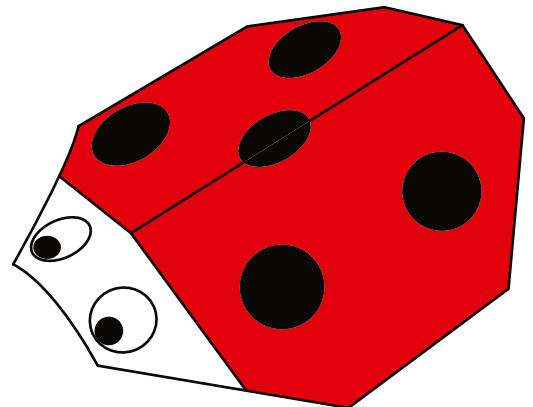


Fold backward in the dotted lines



Fold backward in the dotted lines

7 Draw eyes and spots and finished



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