

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.

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.

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 that

beat below!

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.

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.