

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.

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

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:

|| 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.

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

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