

MY BOOK of DELIGHTS

Book Twelve

Compiled by Marlene Peterson

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Libraries of Hope

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Through the Year Around the World

(July through December)




FRANCE

July

Hot JULY brings cooling showers,
Apricots and gillyflowers.




UNITED STATES

Afternoon on a Hill

By Edna St. Vincent Millay

I will be the gladdest thing
Under the sun!
I will touch a hundred flowers
And not pick one.

I will look at cliffs and clouds
With quiet eyes,
Watch the wind bow down the grass,
And the grass rise.

And when lights begin to show
Up from the town,
I will make which must be mine,
And then start down!



INDEPENDENCE DAY

UNITED STATES



America

By Samuel Francis Smith

My country! ‘tis of thee
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the pilgrims’ pride!
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.


ENGLAND



July

By Susan Harley Swett

When the scarlet cardinal tells
Her dream to the dragonfly,
And the lazy breeze makes a nest in the trees,
And murmurs a lullaby,
It's July.

When the tangled cobweb pulls
The cornflower's cap awry,
And the lilies tall leaves over the wall
To bow to the butterfly,
It's July.

When the hours are so still that time
Forgets them, and lets them lie
Underneath petals pink till the night stars wink
At the sunset in the sky,
It's July.



The Coin

By Sara Teasdale

Into my heart's treasury
I slipped a coin
That time cannot take
Nor a thief purloin,—
Oh, better than the minting
Of a gold-crowned king
Is the safe-kept memory
Of a lovely thing.




JAPAN


FRANCE

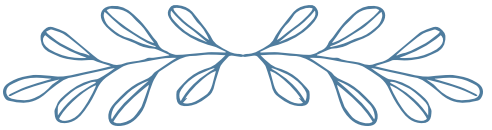


Be Jolly

By John Howard Jewett

Come, be jolly, jolly, jolly,
'Tis folly, folly, folly,
And only makes life harder, to complain.
The world is full of beauty
And smiling lightens duty,
Like sunshine weaving rainbows in the rain.





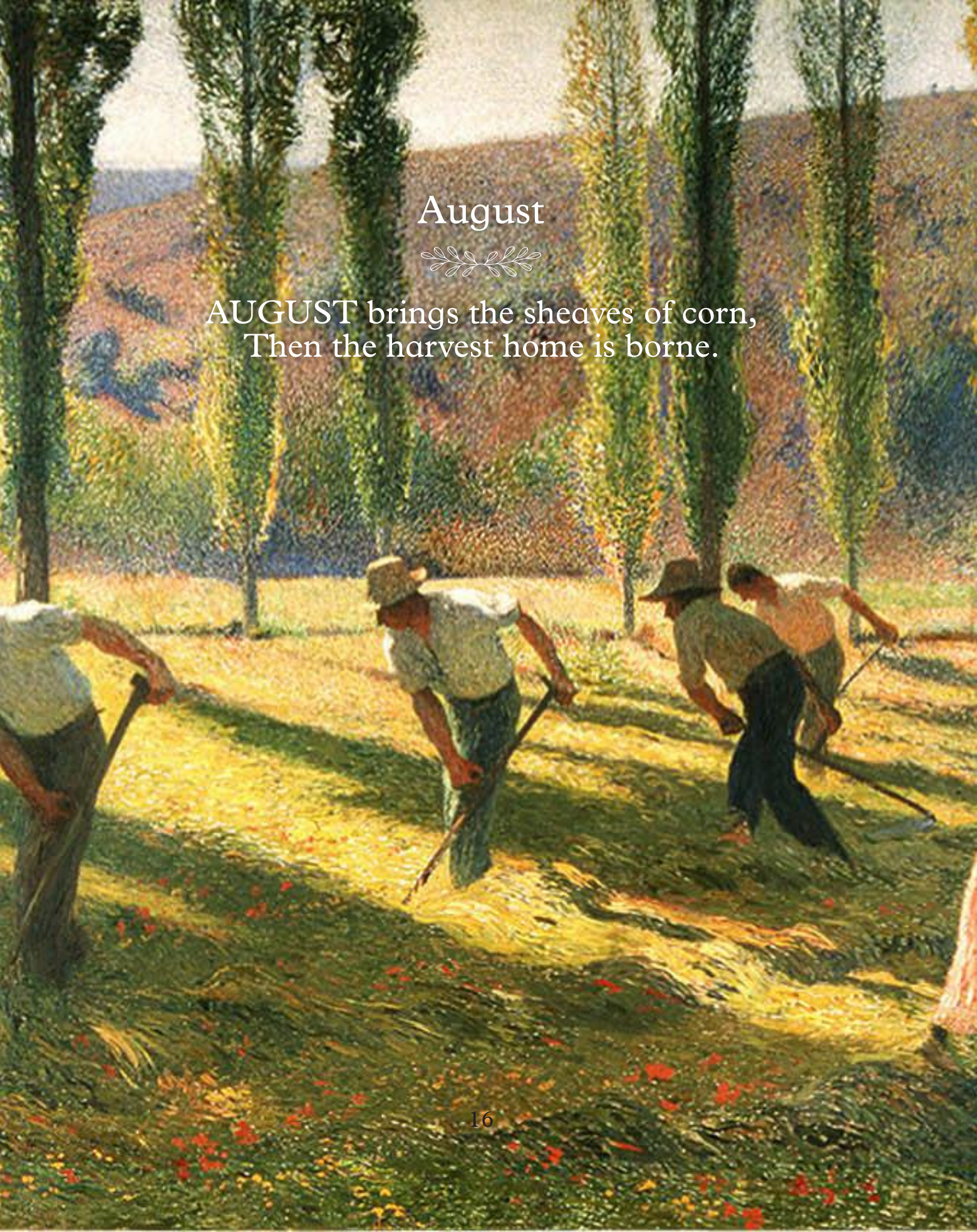
Summer or Winter

I do not know which I love best,
Because when summer's here
I wish that summer time would last
Right through all the year.

But when some morning I awake
And find earth white with snow;
Oh! Then I wish the winter days
Would never, never go.

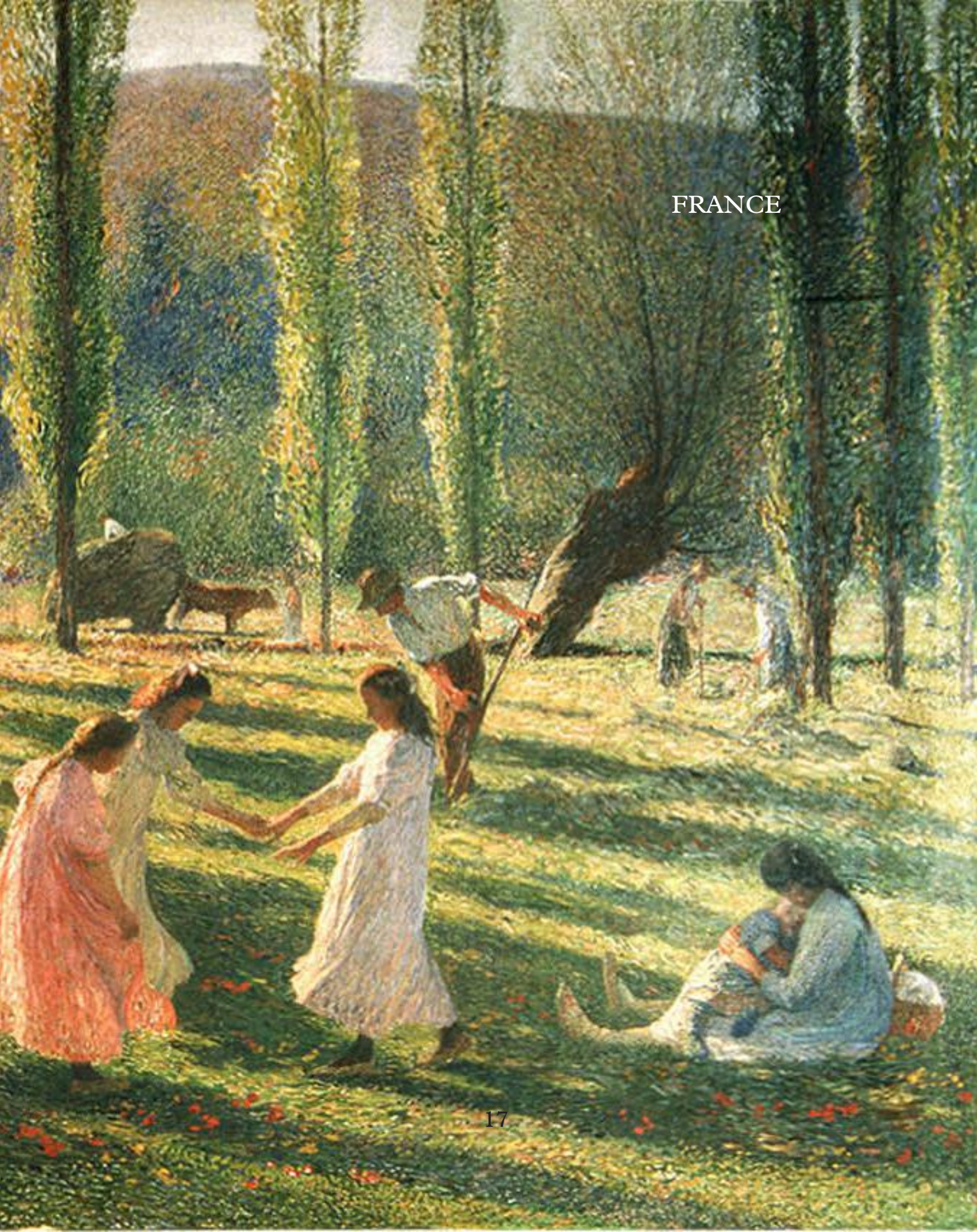



FRANCE



August

AUGUST brings the sheaves of corn,
Then the harvest home is borne.


FRANCE



August Afternoon

By Marion Edey

Where shall we go?
What shall we play?
What shall we do
On a hot summer day?

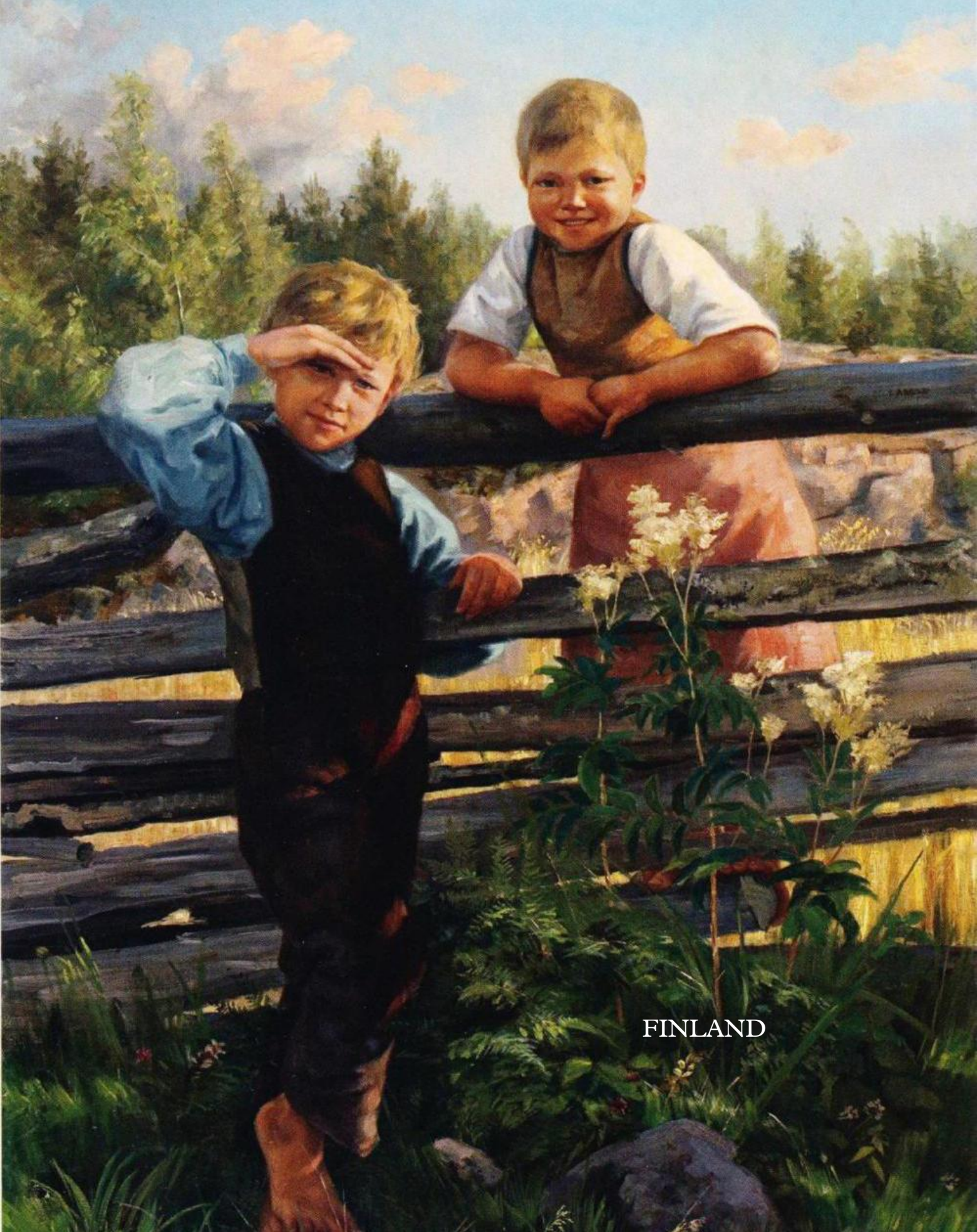

SCOTLAND



We'll sit in the swing,
Go low. Go high.
And drink lemonade
Till the glass is dry.

One straw for you,
One straw for me,
In the cool green shade
Of the walnut tree.




FINLAND



The Bumbling Bumble Bee

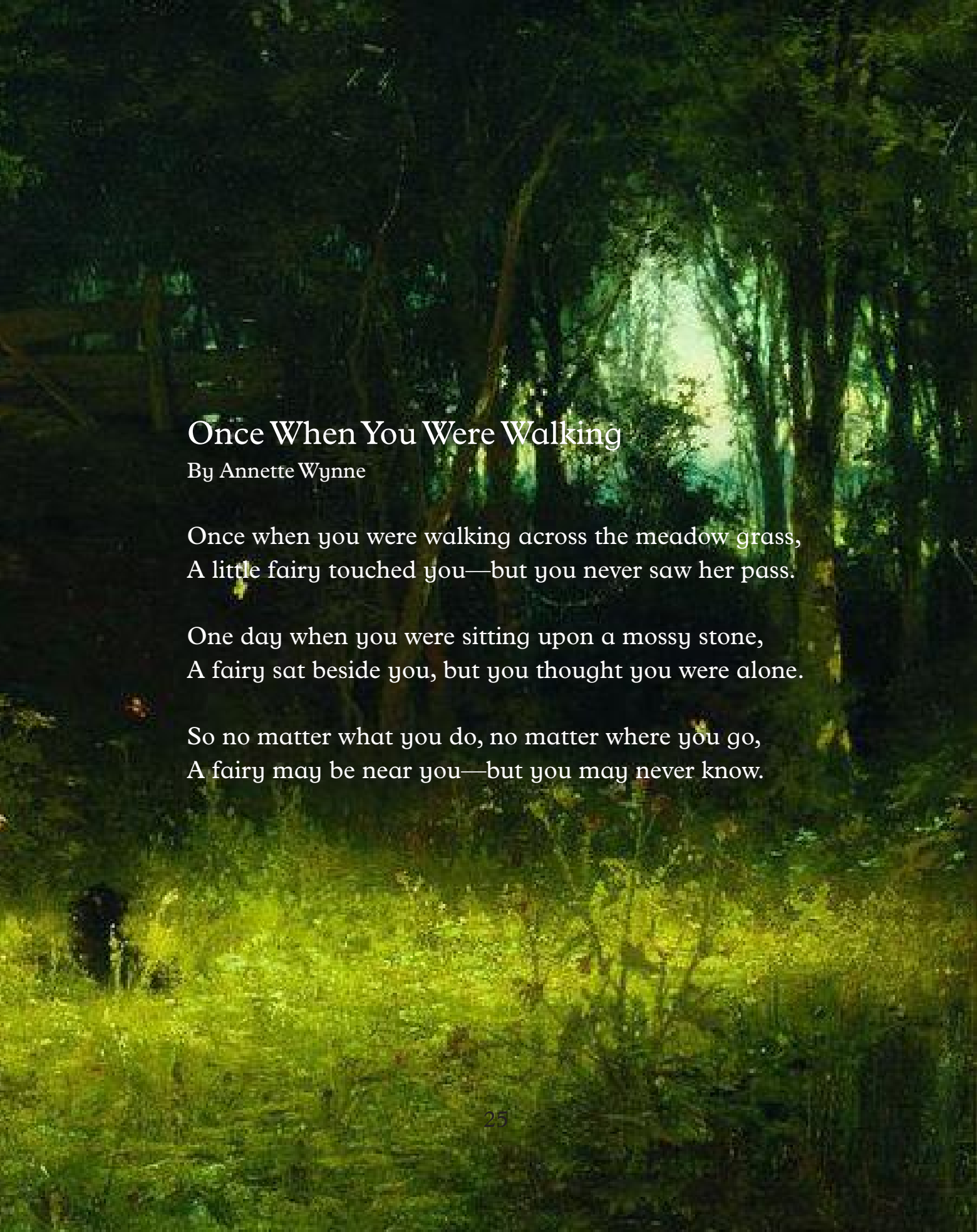
By Winifred Stoner

One day I saw a bumble bee bumbling on a rose,
And as I stood admiring him he stung me on the nose;
My nose in pain it swelled so large it looked like a potato—
So Daddy said—though Mother thought 'twas more like a tomato.
And now dear children, this advice I hope you'll take from me,
And when you see a bumble bee, just let that bumble be.





RUSSIA



Once When You Were Walking

By Annette Wynne

Once when you were walking across the meadow grass,
A little fairy touched you—but you never saw her pass.

One day when you were sitting upon a mossy stone,
A fairy sat beside you, but you thought you were alone.

So no matter what you do, no matter where you go,
A fairy may be near you—but you may never know.


JAPAN

Supposing

By Mary N. Prescott

Supposing the grass should forget to grow,
And the wayside rose should forget to blow,
Because they were tired and lazy;
Supposing children forgot to be kind,
Forgot their lessons, forgot to mind—
Wouldn't the world seem crazy?



Where is God?

In the sun, the moon, the sky,
On the mountains wild and high,
In the thunder, in the rain,
In the vale, the wood, the plain,
In the little birds which sing,
God is seen in everything.




GERMANY


CANADA
PAUL PEEL
1891



A Child's Prayer

By M. Bethan Edwards

God make my life a little light,
Within the world to glow—
A tiny flame that burneth bright,
Wherever I may go.

God make my life a little flower,
That bringeth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although its place be small.

God make my life a little song,
That comforteth the sad,
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the singer glad.







Little hands that busy keep
Shall the richest harvest reap.

SWEDEN



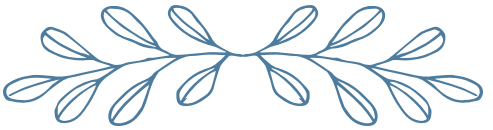
September

Warm SEPTEMBER brings the fruit,
Sportsmen then begin to shoot.



UNITED STATES


HUNGARY
Bruck-Lajos



Sweet September

By George Arnold

O Sweet September! Thy first breezes bring
The dry leaf's rustle and the squirrel's laughter,
The cool, fresh air, whence health and vigor spring,
And promise of exceeding joy hereafter.





Mornings frosty grow, and cold,
Brown the grass on hill and wold;
Crows are cawing sharp and clear
When the rustling corn grows sere;
Mustering flocks of blackbirds call,
Here and there a few leaves fall.
In the meadows larks sing sweet,
Chirps the cricket at our feet,
In September.



ENGLAND


SWEDEN



September

By Helen Hunt Jackson

The golden rod is yellow,
The corn is turning brown;
The trees in apple orchards
With fruit are bending down.

From dewy lanes at morning
The grapes' sweet odors rise;
At noon the roads all flutter
With yellow butterflies.

By all these lovely tokens
September days are here,
With summer's best of weather,
And autumn's best of cheer.



Rosh Hashanah

Rosh Hashanah is the Jewish New Year. Some years it is celebrated as early as September 5. Other years, it may be celebrated as late as October 5.

One of the most popular customs is to eat apple slices dipped in honey. It symbolizes hope for a sweet new year.

Young children are taught to sing a song, which goes:

"Dip the apples in the honey, make a bracha [blessing] loud and clear.
L'Shana Tova U'Metuka, have a happy sweet New Year."


SCOTLAND



FRANCE



Golden apples hanging high,
Golden bees a-buzzing by.
Thirty golden days that fly,
That's September!



See the leaves come fluttering down,
Some are red and some are brown,
Some are yellow as sunshine fair,
Scattering brightness everywhere.



Apple tree, apple tree
Bear apples for me,
Hats full, caps full,
Sacks full, laps full.





UNITED STATES


FRANCE

The Squirrel's Arithmetic

By Annie Douglas Bell

High on the branch of a walnut tree
A bright-eyed squirrel sat.
What was he thinking so earnestly?
And what was he looking at?

The forest was green around him,
The sky blue over his head;
His nest was in a hollow limb,
And his children snug in bed.

He was doing a problem o'er and o'er,
Busily thinking was he,
How many nuts for the winter's store
He could hide in the hollow tree.

He sat so still on the swaying bough
You might have thought him asleep.
Oh, no, he was trying to reckon now
The nuts the babies could eat.

Then suddenly he frisked about,
And down the tree he ran.
"The best way," said he, "without a doubt
Is to gather all I can."


October
Fresh OCTOBER brings the pheasant,
Then to gather nuts is pleasant.



UNITED STATES



October's Bright Blue Weather

By Helen Hunt Jackson

O suns and skies and clouds of June,
And flowers of June together,
Ye cannot rival for one hour
October's bright blue weather.


RUSSIA
The month is October,
The leaves have come down,
The woodlands are scarlet
And yellow and brown.



How the Leaves Came Down

By Susan Coolidge

I'll tell you how the leaves came down.
The great tree to his children said,
"You're getting sleepy, Yellow and Brown;
Yes, very sleepy, little Red;
It is quite time to go to bed."

"Ah!" begged each silly, pouting leaf,
"Let us a little longer stay.
Dear Father Tree, behold our grief;
'Tis such a very pleasant day.
We do not want to go away."

So, just one more merry day.
To the great tree the leaflets clung,
Frolicked and danced and had their way.
Upon the autumn breezes swung,
Whispering all their sports among.

"Perhaps the great tree will forget,
And let us stay until the spring,
If we all beg and coax, and fret."
But the great tree did no such thing;
He smiled to hear their whispering.

"Come, children, all to bed," he cried;
And ere the leaves could urge their prayer,
He shook his head, and far and wide,
Fluttering and rustling everywhere,
Down fled the leaflets through the air.

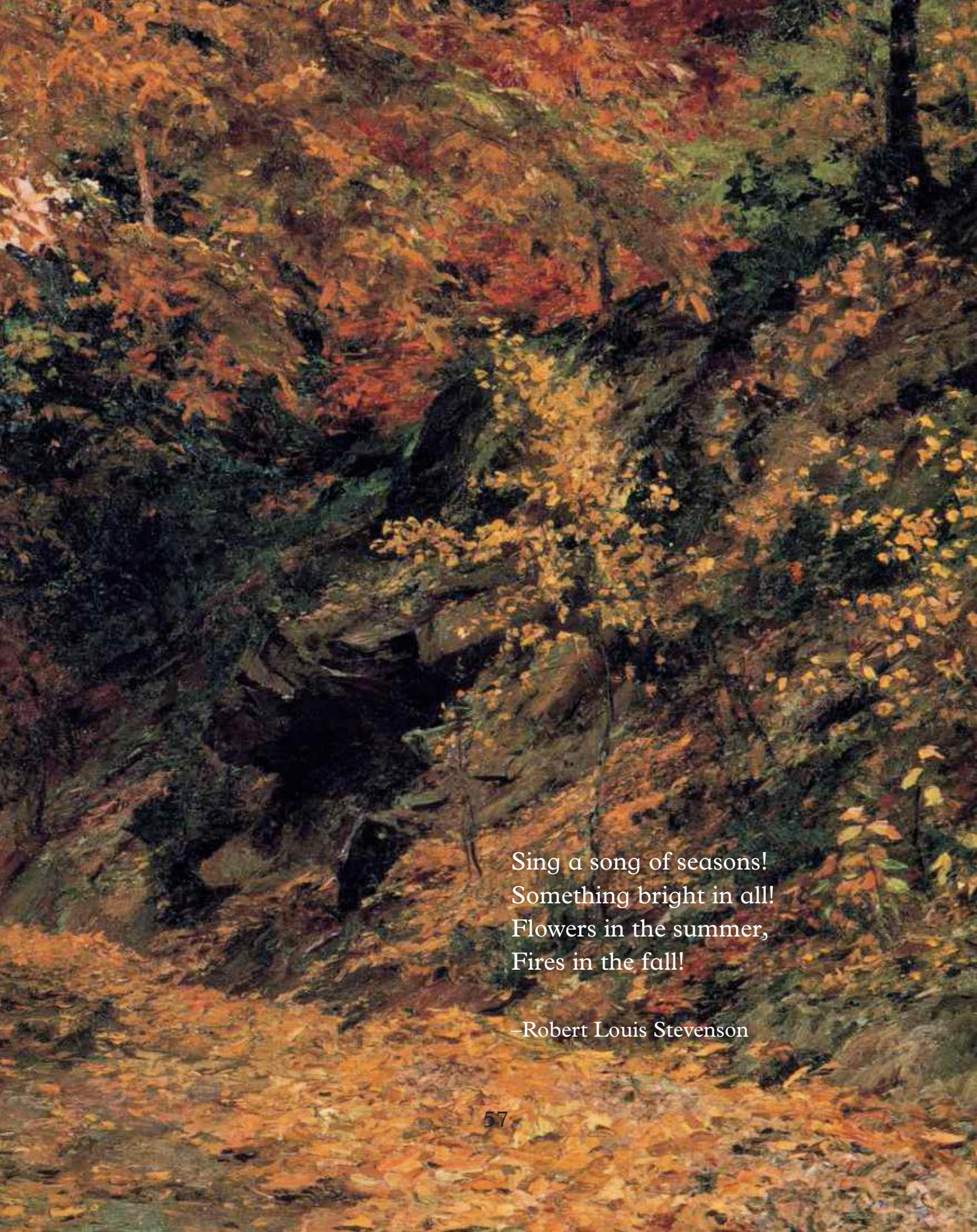
I saw them; on the ground they lay,
Golden and red a huddled swarm,
Waiting till one from far away,
White bed clothes heaped upon her arm,
Should come to wrap them safe and warm.

The great bare tree looked down and smiled;
"Good-night, dear little leaves," he said,
And from below each sleepy child
Replied, "Good-night," and murmured,
"It is so nice to go to bed!"



AUSTRIA





Sing a song of seasons!
Something bright in all!
Flowers in the summer,
Fires in the fall!

–Robert Louis Stevenson

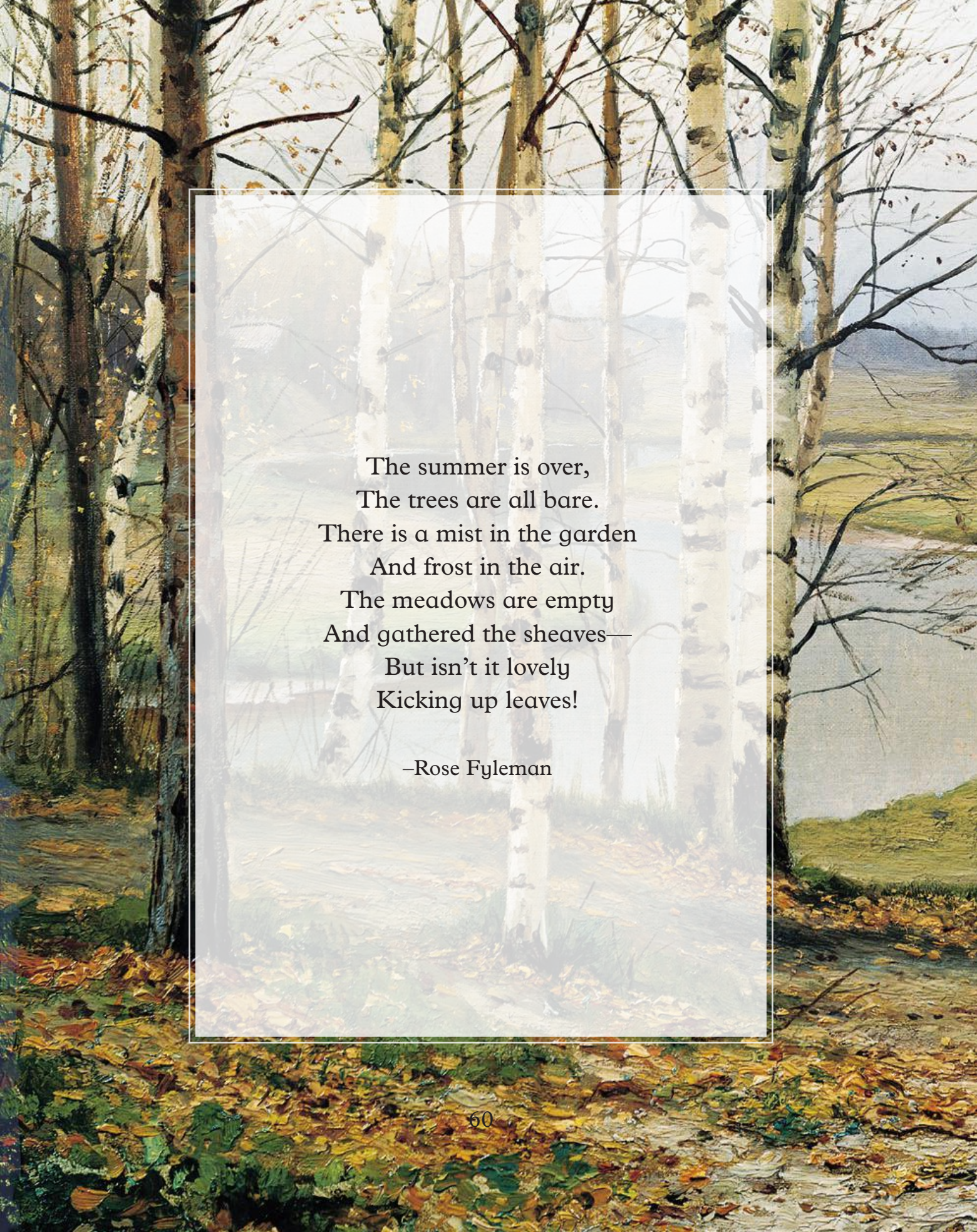

UKRAINE



The Baby in the Basket

"Now, where are you going, this beautiful day?"
"Good sir, I am going to help rake the hay."
"But you must be weary and worn, I'm afraid,
With that heavy load on your back, little maid."
"Oh, no, sir! The load is not heavy to me:
The load is my own baby-sister, you see."
"I see; and this lesson I get from the sight:
Love makes labor easy and any load light."



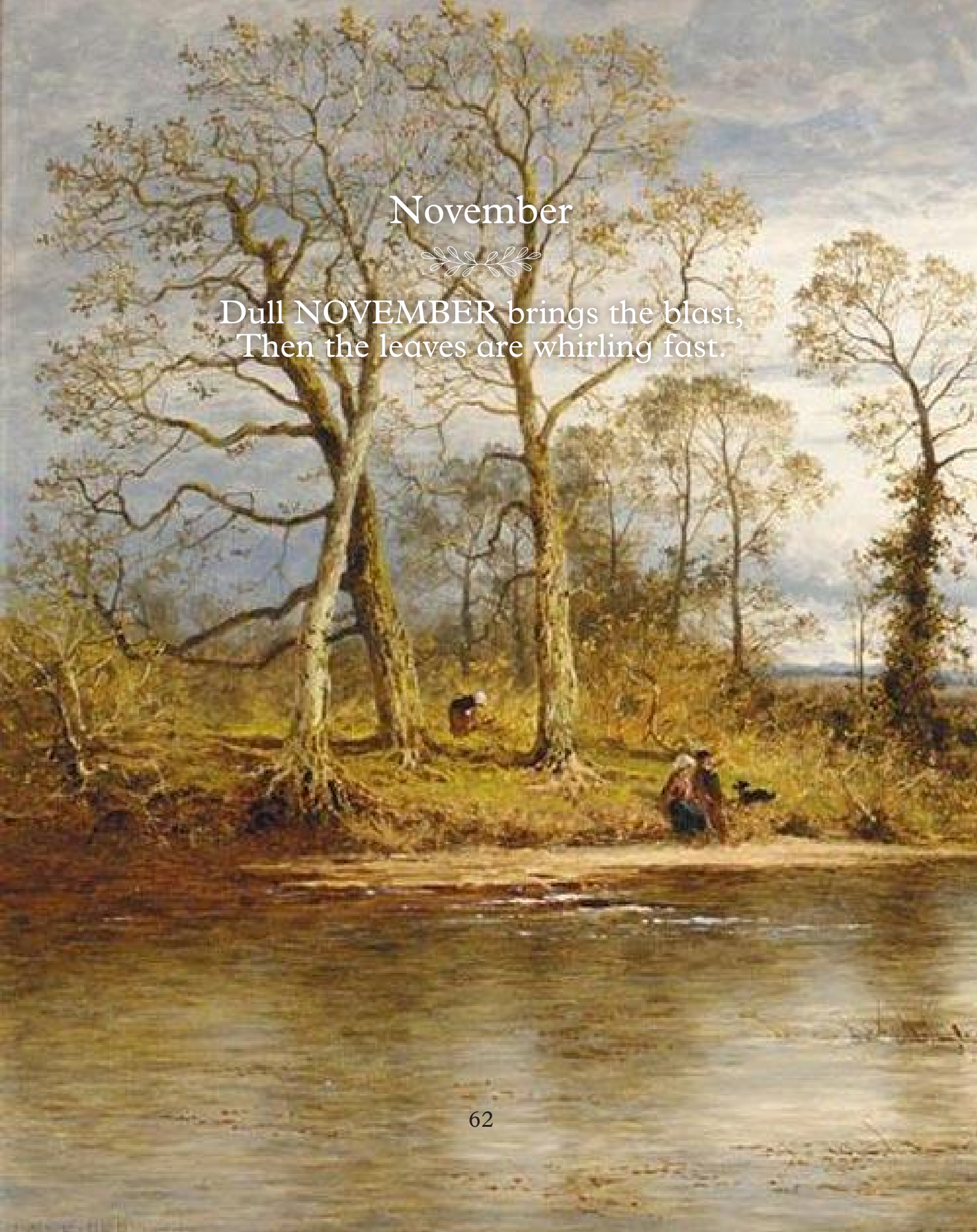


The summer is over,
The trees are all bare.
There is a mist in the garden
And frost in the air.
The meadows are empty
And gathered the sheaves—
But isn't it lovely
Kicking up leaves!

–Rose Fyleman

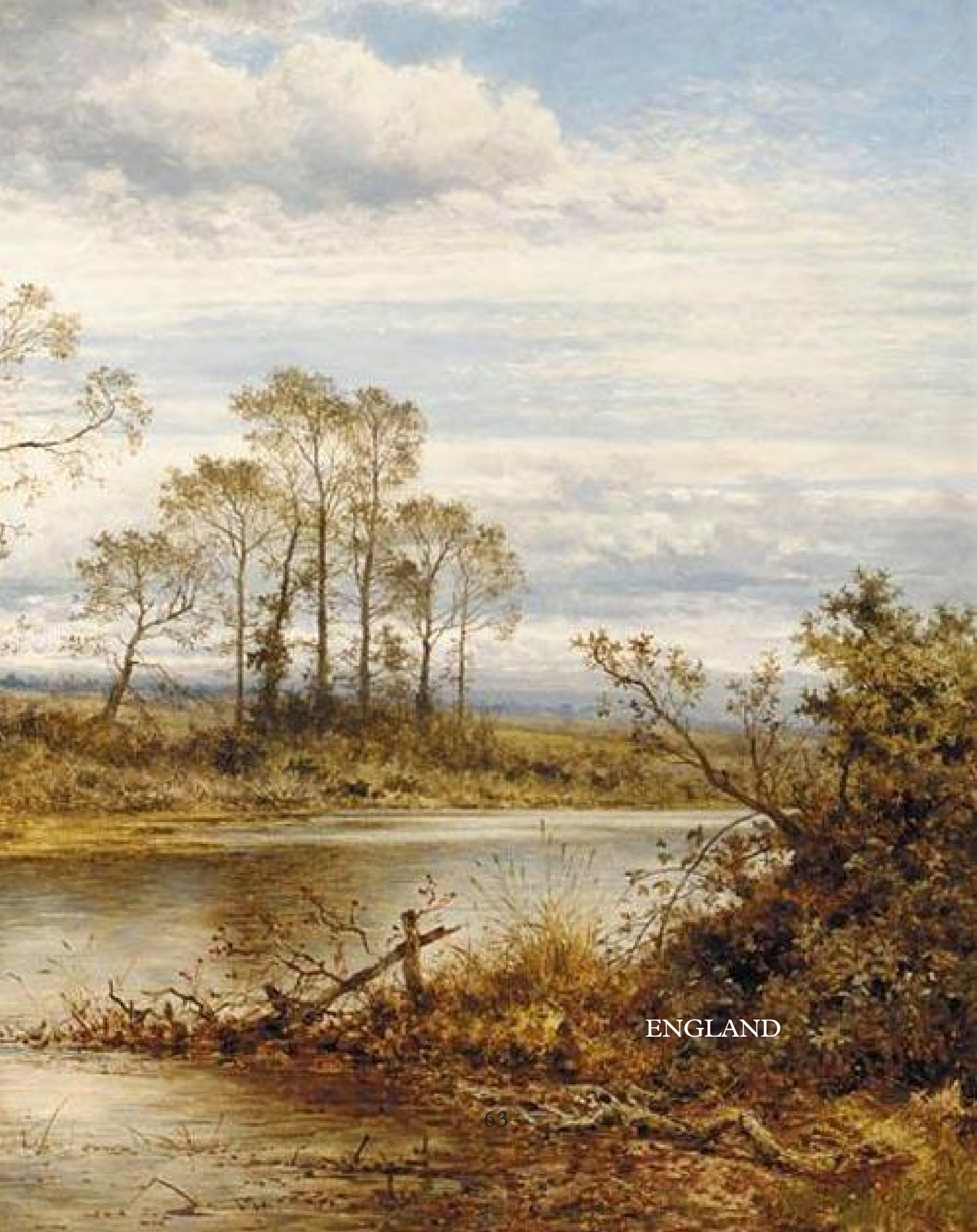


RUSSIA



November

Dull NOVEMBER brings the blast,
Then the leaves are whirling fast.



ENGLAND



November

By Alice Cary

The leaves are fading and falling,
The winds are rough and wild,
The birds have ceased their calling,
But let me tell you, my child,

Though the day by day, as it closes,
Doth darker and colder grow,
The roots of the bright red roses
Will keep alive in the snow.

There must be rough, cold weather,
And winds and rains so wild;
Not all good things together
Come to us here, my child.

So when some dear joy loses
Its beauteous summer glow,
Think how the roots of the roses
Are kept alive in the snow.


GERMANY


ENGLAND

For the beauty of the earth,
For the beauty of the skies,
For the love which from our birth,
Over and around us lies.

For the beauty of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale and tree and flow'r
Sun and moon, and stars of light.

For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth and friends above,
For all gentle thoughts and mild.

For each perfect gift of Thine
To our race so freely giv'n,
Graces, human and divine,
Flow'rs of earth and buds of heav'n,

Lord of all, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

–Folliot S. Pierpoint



FRANCE

The Mist and All

By Dixie Willson

I like the fall,
The mist and all,
I like the night owl's
Lonely call—
And wailing sound
Of wind around.

I like the gray
November day,
And bare, dead boughs
That coldly sway
Against my pane.
I like the rain.

I like to sit
And laugh at it—
And tend
My cozy fire a bit.
I like the fall—
The mist and all—



November Rain

By Maud E. Uschold

This autumn rainfall
Is no shower
That freshens grass
And brings the flower.

This rain is long
And cold and gray,
Yet sleeping roots
Are fed this way.




GERMANY



A Good Thanksgiving

By Marian Douglas

Said old Gentleman Ray, "On a Thanksgiving Day,
If you want a good time, then give something away;"
So he sent a fat turkey to Shoemaker Price,
And the shoemaker said: "What a big bird! How nice!
And, since a good dinner's before me, I ought
To give Widow Lee the small chicken I bought."



"This fine chicken, Oh see!" said the pleased Widow Lee,
"And the kindness that sent it, how precious to me!
I would like to make someone as happy as I—
I'll give Washwoman Biddy my big pumpkin pie."

"And Oh Sure!" Biddy said, "'tis the queen of all pies!
Just to look at its yellow face gladdens my eyes!
Now it's my turn, I think, and a sweet ginger-cake
For the motherless Finnigan children I'll bake."

"A sweet-cake, all our own! 'Tis too good to be true,"
Said the Finnigan children, Rose, Denny and Hugh;
"It smells sweet of spice, and we'll carry a slice
To poor little lame Jake—who has nothing that's nice."

"Oh, thank you, and thank you!" said little lame Jake,
"Oh, what a bootiful, bootiful, bootiful cake!
And Oh, such a big slice! I will save all the crumbs,
And will give 'em to each little sparrow that comes!"

And the sparrows they twittered, as if they would say,
Like old Gentleman Ray, "On a Thanksgiving Day,
If you want a good time, then give something away."



It takes one little girl or boy,
Two little hands to work and play,
And just one little loving heart,
To make Thanksgiving Day.




AUSTRIA



December

Chill DECEMBER brings the sleet,
Blazing fire and Christmas treat.



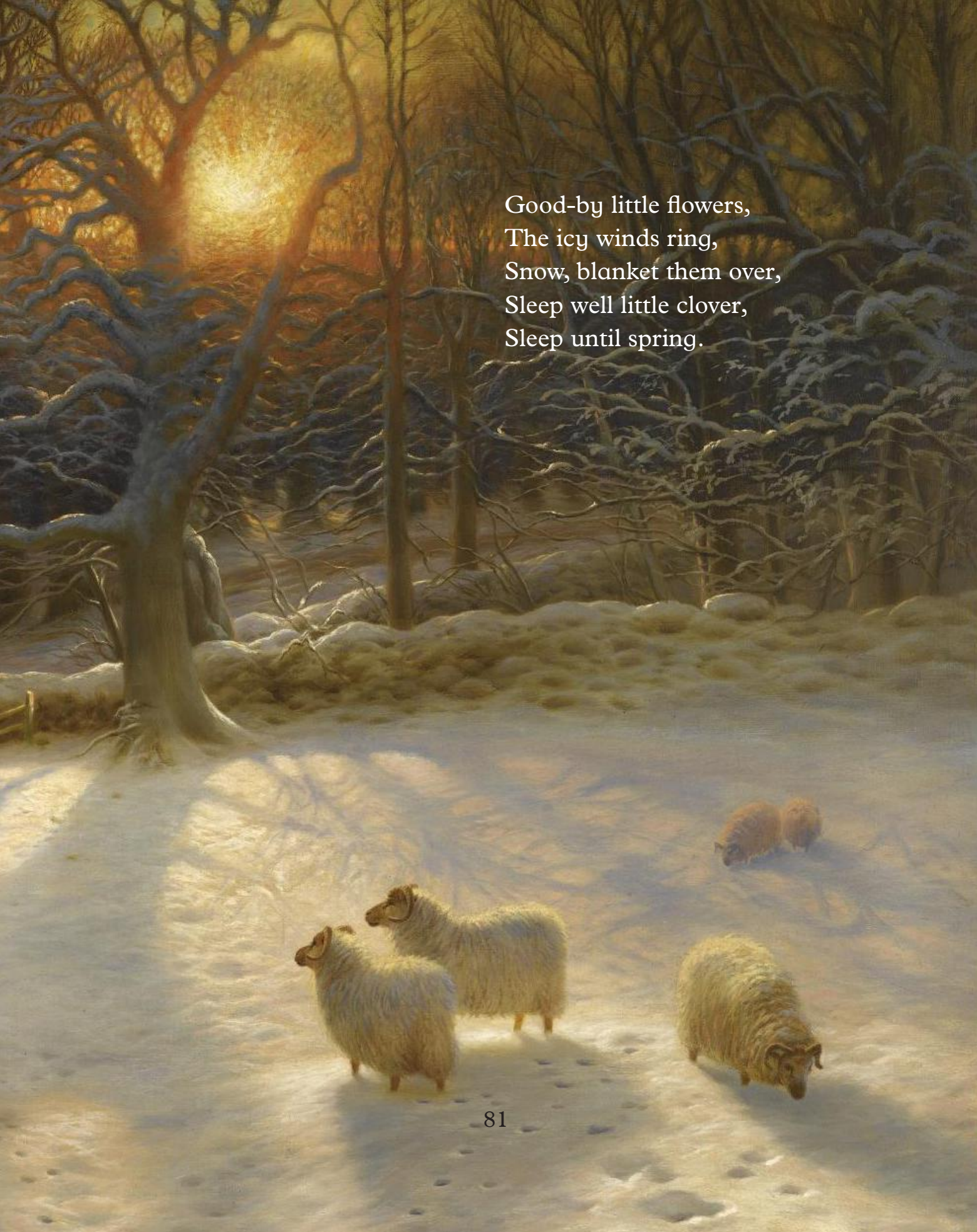

SWEDEN

Santa Lucia's Day

One of the biggest Swedish celebrations is Santa Lucia's Day, held on December 13.

Traditionally, the oldest girl in the family rises early and dresses in a white gown with a red sash around her waist. She wears a wreath of candles on her head--she is a "bearer of light" to a dark world. She goes from room to room singing carols and brings a tray of lussekatter (saffron buns), gingerbread cookies and glögg, a hot spiced drink, to share with her family.


SCOTLAND



Good-by little flowers,
The icy winds ring,
Snow, blanket them over,
Sleep well little clover,
Sleep until spring.



This is the way the snow comes down,
Softly, softly falling.
So He gives His snow like wool,
Fair and white and beautiful.
This is the way the snow comes down,
Softly, softly falling.

The Snow Storm

Oh, see! The snow is falling now,
It powders all the trees,
Its flakes abound, and all around
They float upon the breeze.

Come out and play this winter day,
Amid the falling snow;
Come young and old, nor fear the cold,
Nor blustering winds that blow.




AUSTRIA

Christmas Song

By Eugene Field

Why do the bells of Christmas ring?
Why do little children sing?

Once a lovely shining star,
Seen by shepherds from afar,
Gently moved until its light
Made a manger's cradle bright.

There a darling baby lay,
Pillowed soft upon the hay;
And its mother sung and smiled;
"This is Christ, the Holy Child."

Therefore bells for Christmas ring,
Therefore little children sing.

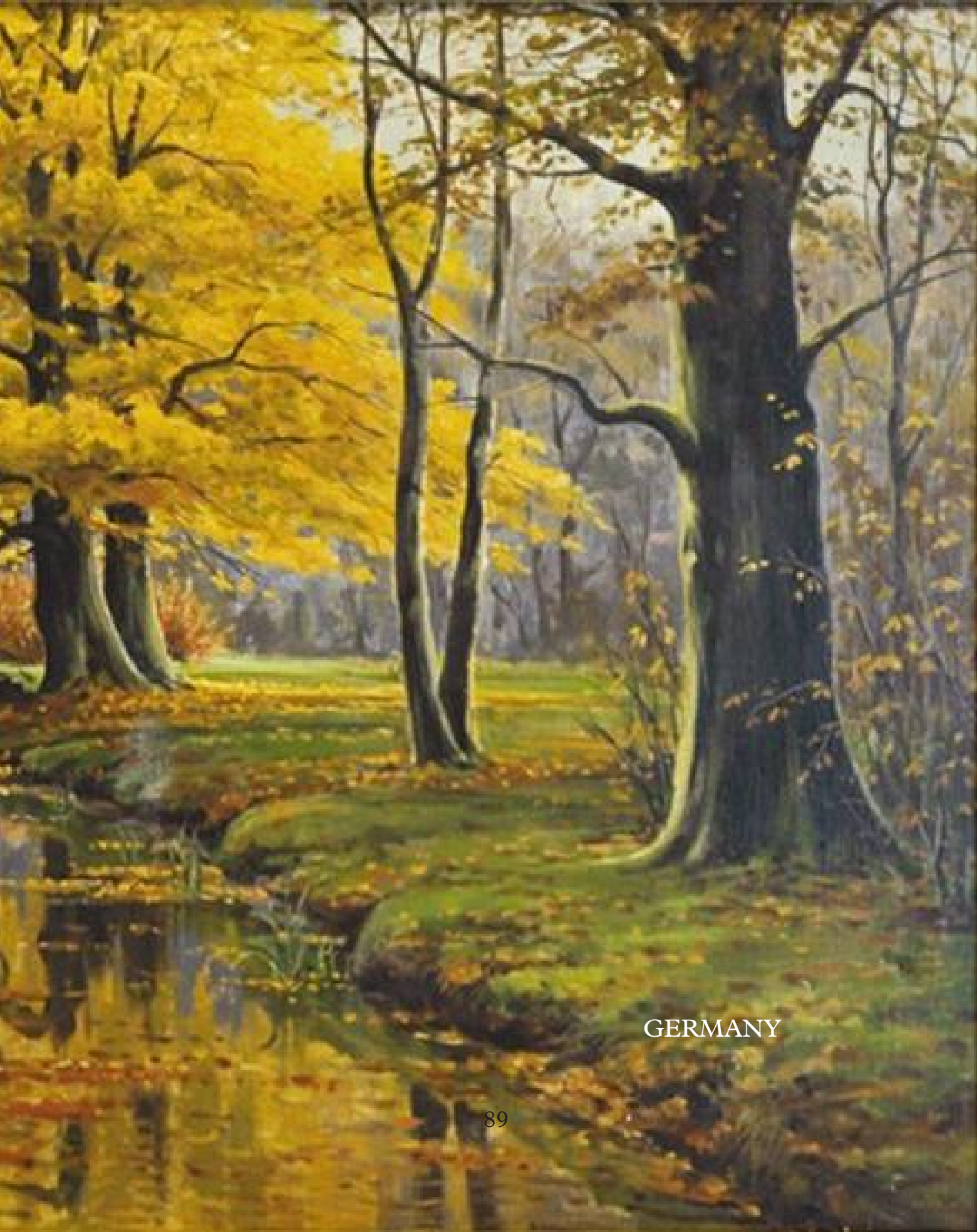

Summer sunshine,



UNITED STATES

87


Autumn gold,


GERMANY



Blessed Christmas,
Bright and cold;

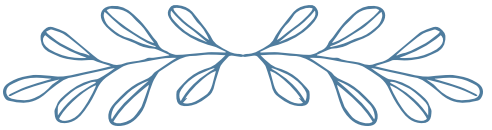
Flowers that follow
April rain,





Good-by all, but
Come again—





Oh, come again!

–Mary A. Lathbury





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