



MY BOOK of DELIGHTS



Book Two

Compiled by Marlene Peterson

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Libraries of Hope

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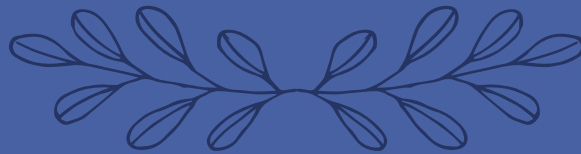
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Ocean and Weather





I wonder why, I wonder why,
So many things are bigger than I;
Why the sea is salt, and rivers are not;
Why the moon is cold and the sun is hot;
There are hundreds of things I wonder about,
And I'd like to find a few of them out.





Little Things

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land.

Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make this world an Eden,
Like the Heaven above.



The Endless Story

A tiny drop of water
Within the ocean lay.
A coaxing sunbeam caught her
And bore her far away;
Up, up, and higher still they go,
With gentle motion soft and slow.

A little cloud lay sleeping
Across the azure sky,

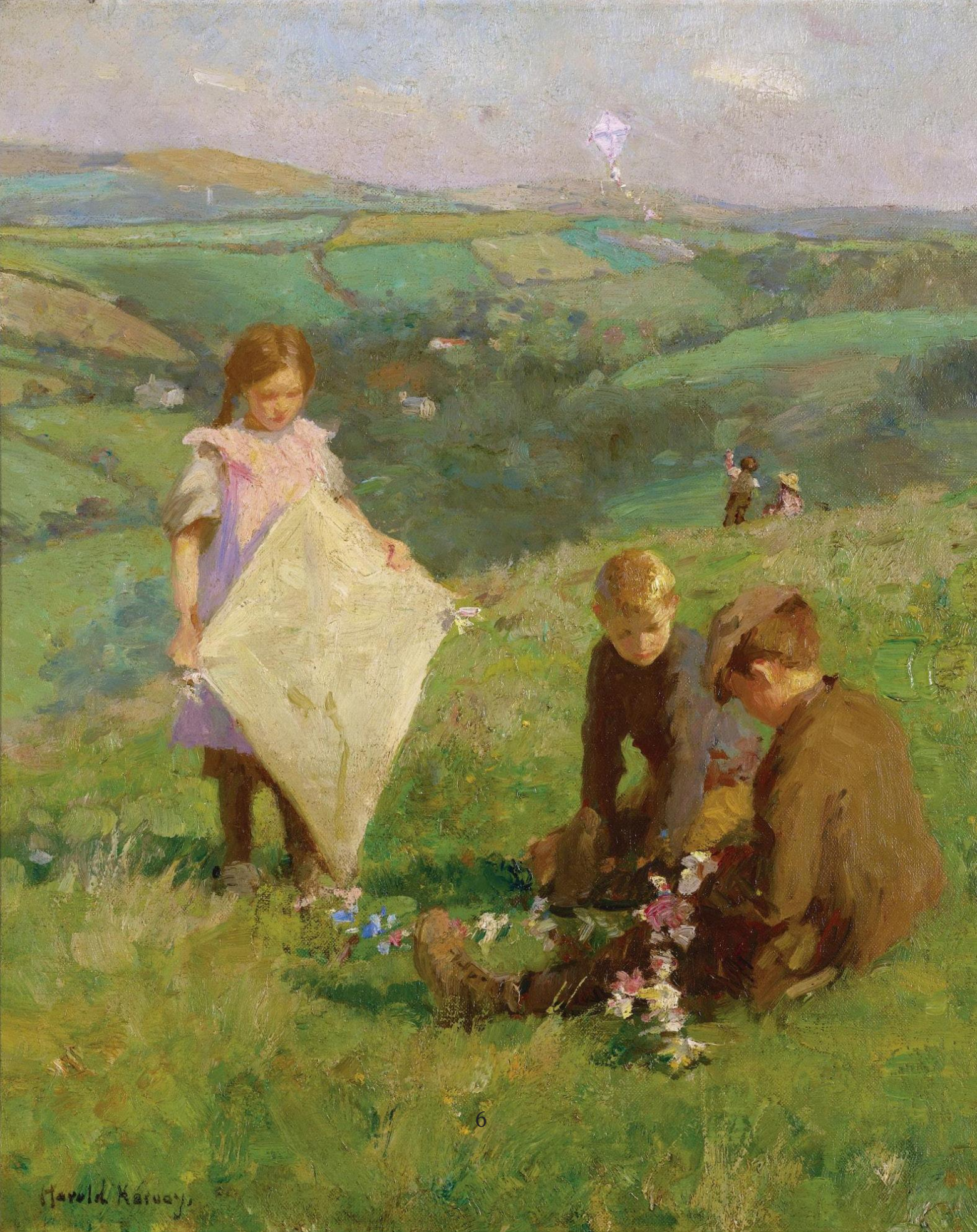


But soon it fell a-weeping
As cold the wind rushed by.
And cried and cried herself away,
It was a very rainy day.

The little rain drops sinking
Ran trickling through the ground,
And set the rootlets drinking
In all the country round.
But some, with laughing murmur, said,
“We’ll farther go,” and on they sped.

A little spring came dripping
The moss and ferns among.
A silver rill went tripping
And singing sweet along.
And calling others to its side
Until it rolled-a river wide.

And with the ocean blended
At last its waters run;
Then is the story ended?
Why, no! ‘tis just begun.
For in the ocean, as before,
The drop of water lies once more.



How the Kite Learned to Fly

by Katherine Pyle

“I NEVER can do it,” the little kite said,
As he looked at the others high over his head;
“I know I should fall if I tried to fly.”
“Try,” said the big kite; “only try!
Or I fear you never will learn at all.”
But the little kite said, “I’m afraid I’ll fall.”

The big kite nodded: “Ah well, goodbye;
I’m off;” and he rose toward the tranquil sky.
Then the little kite’s paper stirred at the sight,
And trembling he shook himself free for flight.
First whirling and frightened, then braver grown,
Up, up he rose through the air alone,
Till the big kite looking down could see
The little one rising steadily.

Then how the little kite thrilled with pride,
As he sailed with the big kite side by side!
While far below he could see the ground,
And the boys like small spots moving round.
They rested high in the quiet air,
And only the birds and the clouds were there.

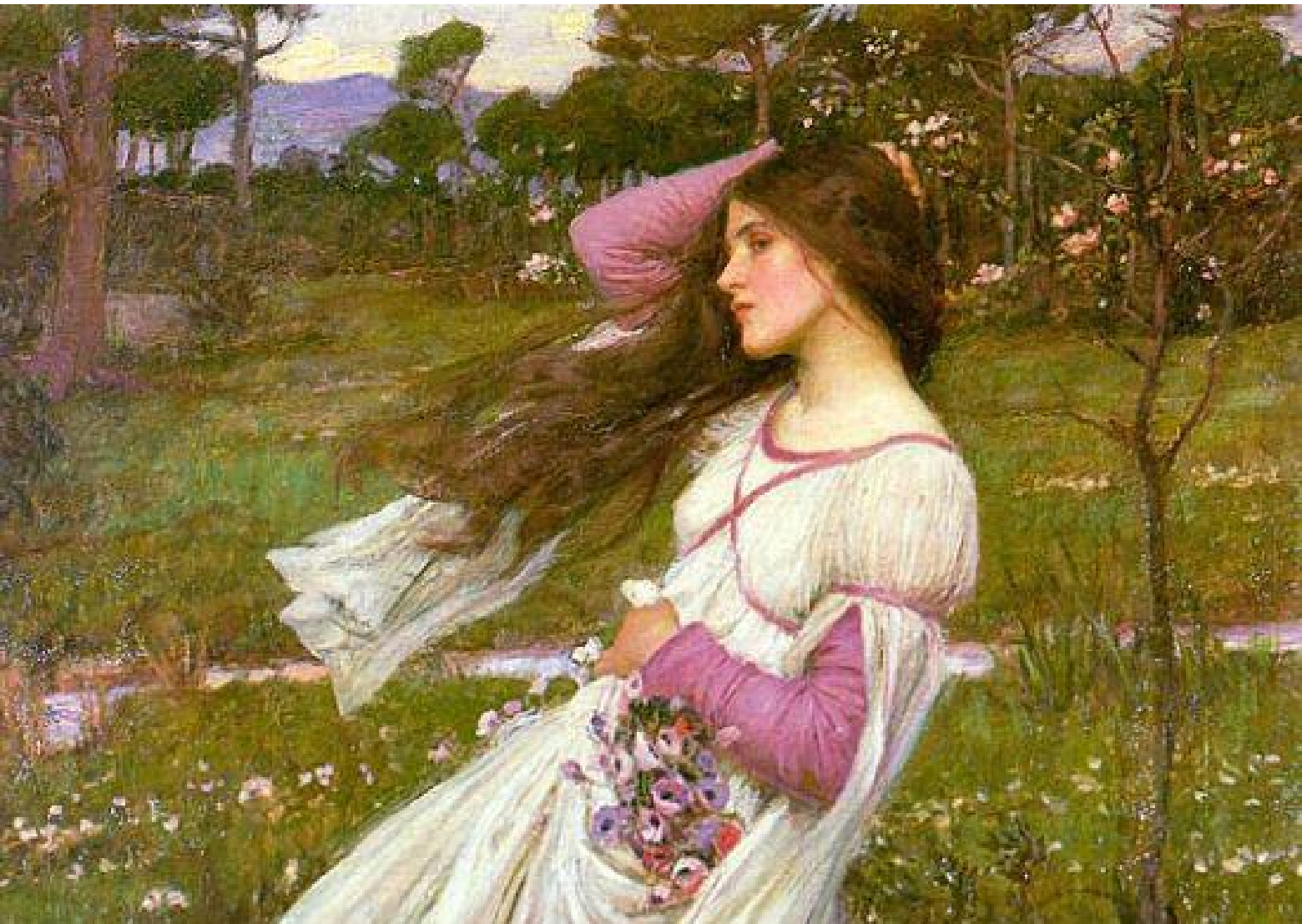
“Oh, how happy I am!” the little kite cried,
“And all because I was brave, and tried.”

Who Has Seen the Wind?

by Christina G. Rossetti

Who has seen the wind?
Neither I nor you:
But when the leaves hang trembling,
The wind is passing through.

Who has seen the wind?
Neither you nor I:
But when the trees bow down their heads
The wind is passing by.





The rain is raining all around;
It falls on field and tree,
It rains on the umbrellas here,
And on the ships at sea.

by Robert Louis Stevenson





The Rainbow Fairies

by Lizzie M. Hadley

Two little clouds, one summer's day,
Went flying through the sky;
They went so fast, they bumped their heads,
And both began to cry.

Old Father Sun looked out and said,
“Oh never mind, my dears,
“I'll send my little Fairy folk
To dry your falling tears.”

One fairy came in violet,
And one wore indigo;
In blue, green, yellow, orange, and red,
They made a pretty row.

They wiped the cloud-tears all away,
And then, from out the sky,
Upon a line the sunbeams made,
They hung their gowns to dry.



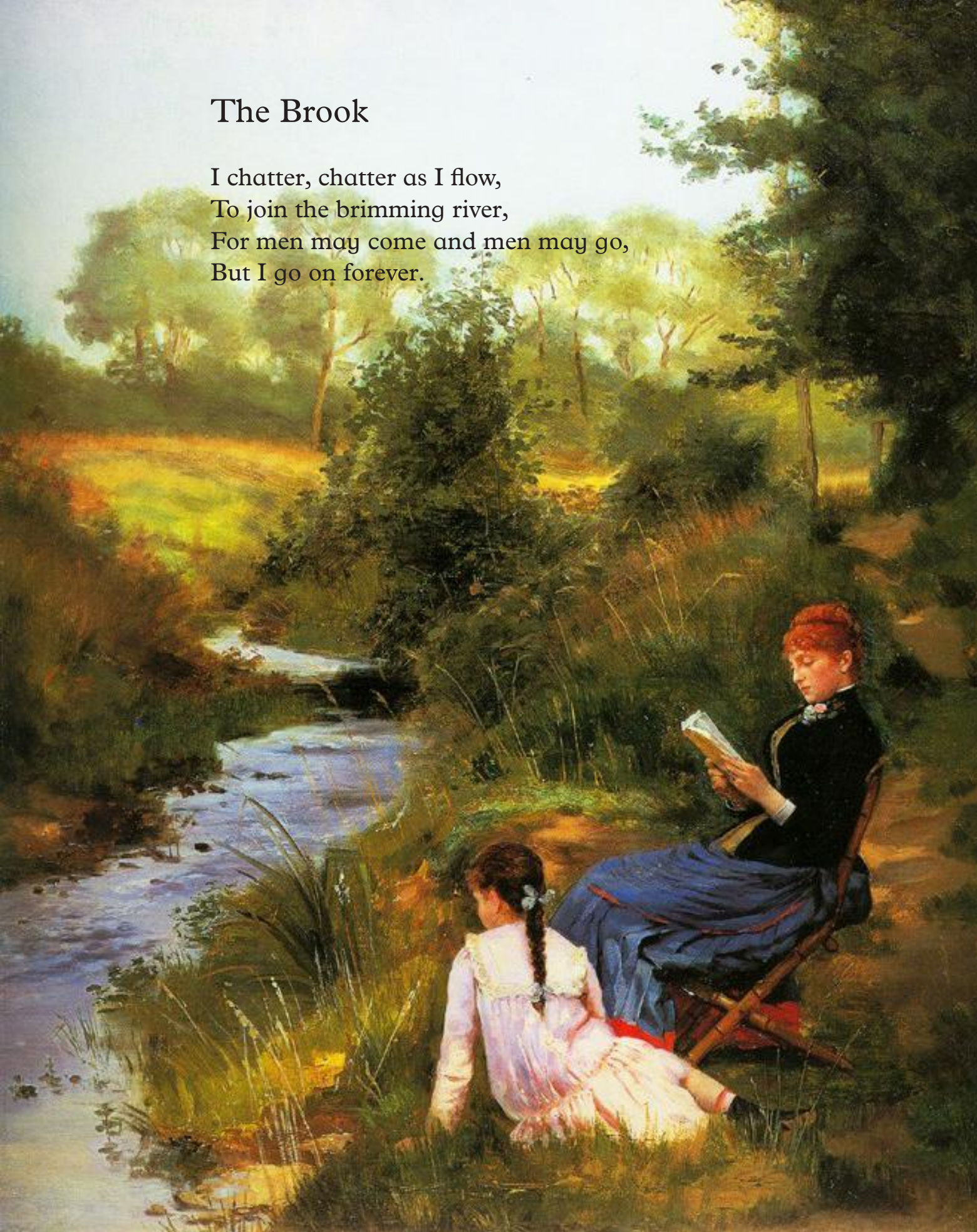
Boats Sail on the Rivers

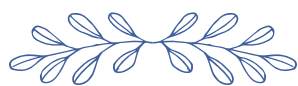
by Christina Rossetti

Boats sail on the rivers,
And ships sail on the seas;
But clouds that sail across the sky
Are prettier far than these.
There are bridges on the rivers,
As pretty as you please:
But the bow that bridges heaven
And overtops the trees
And builds a road from earth to sky,
Is prettier far than these.

The Brook

I chatter, chatter as I flow,
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.





In days like these,
When heaven is near
And brooks are clear.



The Brook Song

by James Whitcomb Riley

Little brook! Little brook!
You have such a happy look –
Such a very merry manner, as you
 swerve and curve and crook –
And your ripples, one and one,
Reach each other's hands and run
Like laughing little children in the sun!

Little brook, sing to me:
Sing about a bumblebee
That tumbled from a lily-bell and
 grumbled mumblingly,
Because he wet the film
Of his wings, and had to swim,
While the water-bugs raced round
 and laughed at him!

Little brook-sing a song
Of a leaf that sailed along
Down the golden-braided centre of your
 current swift and strong,
And a dragon-fly that lit



On the tilting rim of it,
And rode away and wasn't scared a bit.

And sing – how oft in glee
Came a truant boy like me,
Who loved to lean and listen to
your lilting melody,
Till the gurgle and refrain
Of your music in his brain
Wrought a happiness as
keen to him as pain.

Little brook-laugh and leap!
Do not let the dreamer weep:
Sing him all the songs of summer till he
sink in softest sleep;
And then sing soft and low
Through his dreams of long ago –
Sing back to him the rest he used to know!





Cloud and sun together
Make the pleasant year.
Without some storms
No rainbows could appear.



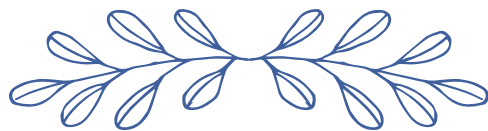
I Wish I Knew

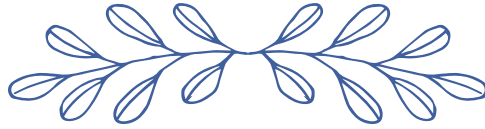
by Elizabeth Taylor

When the ships go sailing by,
I watch their smoke across the sky.
Where do they go beyond the blue?
I wish I knew, I wish I knew.

Maybe in the years to be
I shall sail across the sea,
And find what lies beyond the blue.
I wish I knew, I wish I knew!







The Fisherman's Children

These are the children of a fisherman. Their home is by the sea.

They love the ocean. It is like a great playfellow. Sometimes it chases them along the beach with its waves. They run and shout with delight, and the waves tumble back, rippling as with laughter. Each day it tosses them some new treasure from its storehouse of sea mosses and shells.

The color of the sea is constantly changing. Now the water is dark and gray, then blue and sparkling. The white foam tosses on the crests of the waves. When the moon throws her light across the water it is like a fairy scene.

Today the children are sailing a little boat. The brother has made it with his father's knife, and the children wish to see if it will sail. Don't sail far away!

What a grand playfellow the ocean is!



The Sailor

by Abbie Farwell Brown

Little girl, O little girl,
Where did you sail today?
The greeny grass is all about;
I cannot see the bay.

“The greeny grass is water, sir;
I’m sailing on the sea,
I’m tacking to the Island there
Beneath the apple tree.

“You ought to come aboard my boat,
Or you will soon be drowned!
You’re standing in the ocean, sir,
That billow all around!”

Little girl, O little girl,
And must I pay a fare?
“A penny to the apple tree,
A penny back from there.

“A penny for a passenger,
But sailors voyage free;
O, will you be a sailor, sir,
And hold the sheet for me?”



The Helping Hand

Painted by Emile Renouf

Do you see this old man? He is a fisherman.
He lives in a small house near the sea. He goes out
in his boat to catch fish.

He has a little girl. He has taken her with
him today. She helps him to row the boat. She is
very happy. See her shoes. They are made of wood.
Look at her cap. Her mother made it for her.

“May I help you to row the boat, father?” she
asks. “Are you not very tired?”

“Yes, indeed,” says the father. Then he smiles
at her.

She puts her little hands to the big oar. Do
you think she can help him? I think she can.





A Sea Song from the Shore

by James Whitcomb Riley

Hail! Ho!
Sail! Ho!
Ahoy! Ahoy! Ahoy!
Who calls to me,
So far at sea?
Only a little boy!

Sail! Ho!
Hail! Ho!

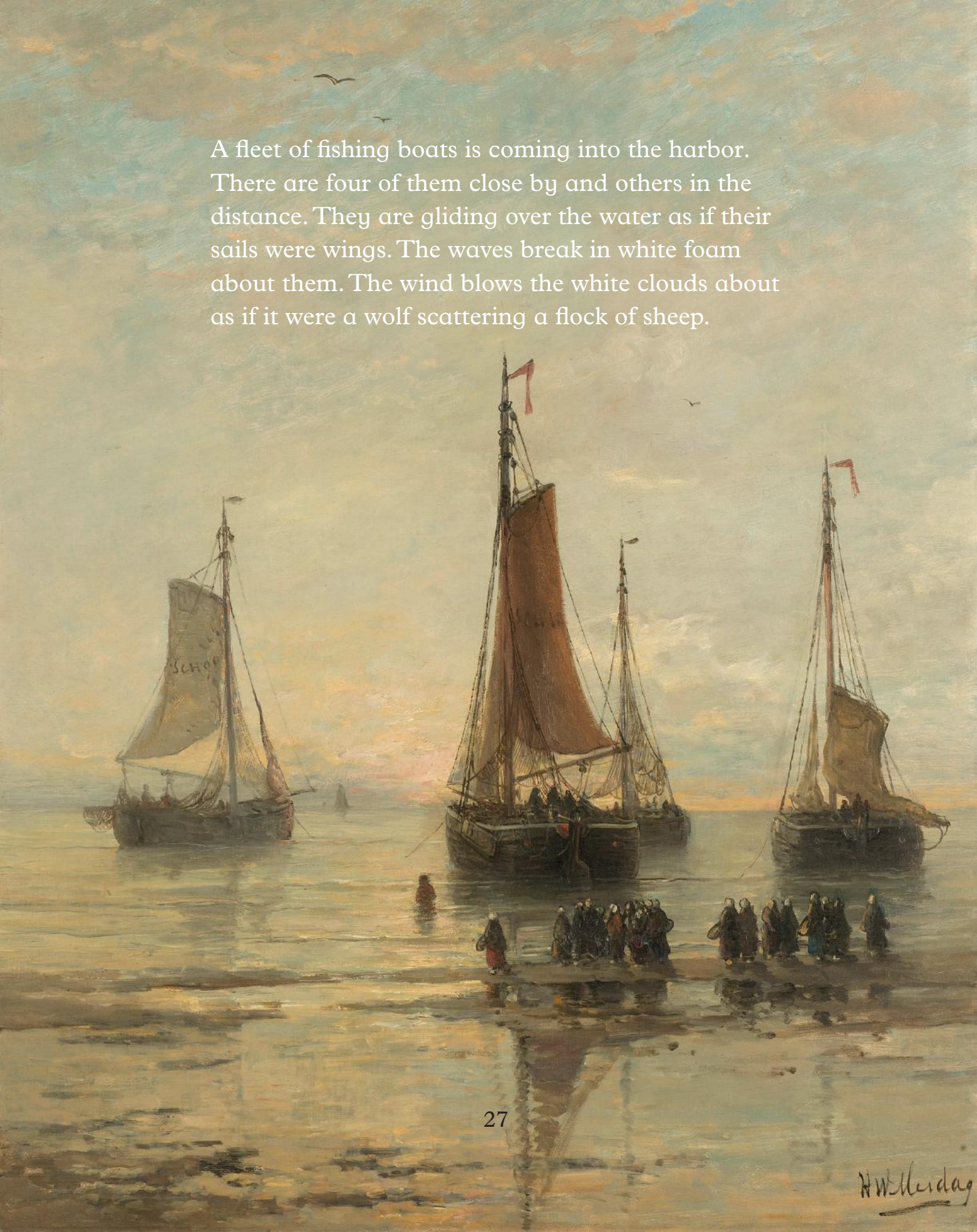
The sailor he sails the sea:
I wish he would capture
A little sea-horse
And send him home to me.

I wish, as he sails
Through the tropical gales,
He would catch me a sea-bird, too,
With its silver wings
And the song it sings,
And its breast of down and dew!

I wish he would catch me a
Little mermaid,
Some island where he lands,
With her dripping curls,
And her crown of pearls,
And the looking-glass in her hands!

Hail! Ho!
Sail! Ho!
Sail far o'er the fabulous main!
And if I were a sailor,
I'd sail with you,
Though I never sailed back again.

A fleet of fishing boats is coming into the harbor. There are four of them close by and others in the distance. They are gliding over the water as if their sails were wings. The waves break in white foam about them. The wind blows the white clouds about as if it were a wolf scattering a flock of sheep.



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H. W. Munday



These boats have been out after fish. They came from a fishing village on the coast. The fishermen bade their wives and children good-by.

The wives worry about their husbands. The sea can be a danger. Some of their husbands will not come home.

The men went on board their boats and hoisted their sails.

The wind filled the sails, and the boats went bounding over the waves and soon left the shores far behind them.



Out into the open sea they sail, until they come to some place where they think the fish are likely to be found.

When they find good fishing they lower their sails and cast their anchors. Then they throw out their lines.

When the sun goes down the whole sea is beautiful. The sky is crimson and gold and the colors in the water beneath it are wonderful. Then the light fades out and changes the purple to gray.





The fishermen hang lights upon their boats
and sit about singing and telling stories of their
voyages.

A fishing fleet anchored for the night is like a
little village. There are lights gleaming on all sides
and voices can be heard when the water is calm.

Many a night is bright with the moonlight.
A pathway of light shines across the sea, and the
waves break in showers of gold.

The fishermen love their life on the sea. Their
boats seem like things of life; so does the restless
sea. It is always changing its motion and color.



Those who are left on shore watch for their
return and know the boats when they are far away.





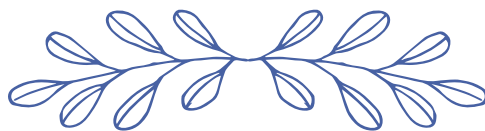
The children play while they wait.







The boys cry out that the fishing fleet is coming.
The wives and children of the fishermen run down
to the shore to greet them.







They like to see the boats set sail and ride out to
sea, but the home-coming is the best.



The fishermen are glad to return to their homes after their trip.





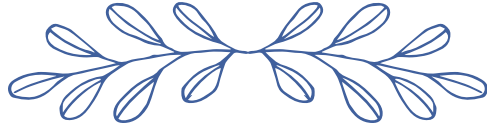
At home, the children help their mother.





And the family prays.
They thank God for His care.





Hush! the waves are rolling in,
White with foam, white with foam;
Father toils amid the din;
But baby sleeps at home.

Hush! the winds roar hoarse and deep, –
On they come, on they come!
Brother seeks the wandering sheep;
But baby sleeps at home.

Hush! the rain sweeps o'er the knowes,
Where they roam, where they roam;
Sister goes to seek the cows;
But baby sleeps at home.







I hear a dear voice; and the voice said,
“Come!” It said, “Come, and I will sing a sweet
song to you. I will play the music, and you may
hear the soft, sweet song.”

Then the dear voice sang the sweet song to us.
It sang the soft, sweet song. The song tells about a
little child and the kind mother.

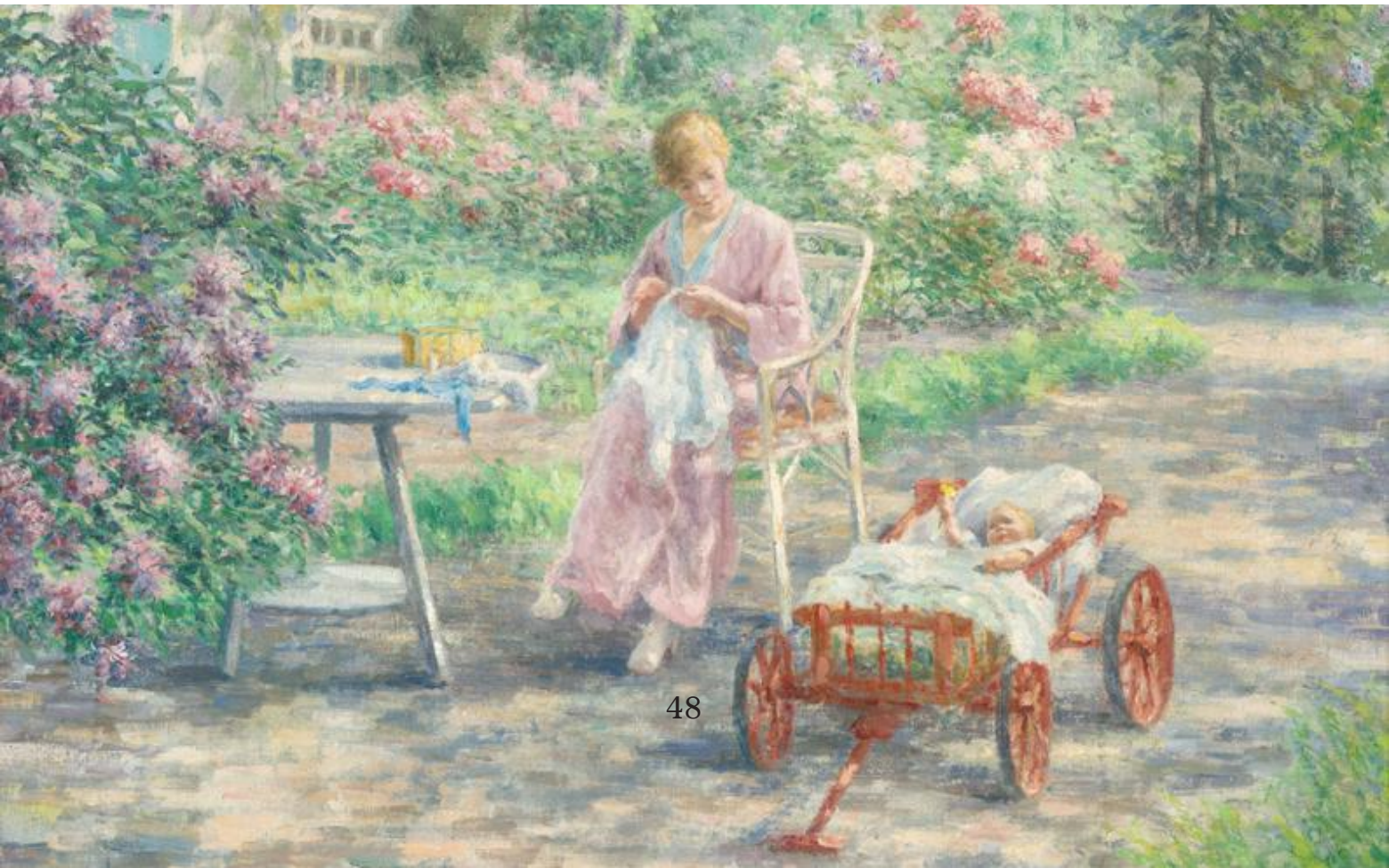
The little child’s father was far, far away, on
the wide, blue sea. On the wide, blue sea the strong
winds blow, and the waves are high and white with
foam.

And the mother sang to the little child the
sweet, soft song. And the little child went to sleep.
Here is the sweet song that the mother sang to her
little child.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one,
sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one,
sleep.

by Alfred Tennyson



My Bed is a Boat

by Robert Louis Stevenson

My bed is like a little boat;
Nurse helps me in when I embark;
She girds me in my sailor's coat
And starts me in the dark.

At night I go on board and say
“Good night” to all my friends on shore;
I shut my eyes and sail away
And see and hear no more.

All night across the dark we steer:
But when the day returns at last,
Safe in my room beside the pier,
I find my vessel fast.



The Crab and His Mother

by Aesop

A Mother Crab once said to her Little Crab, “What makes you walk so crooked? You must learn to walk straight. I don’t like to see my child walk like that.”

Then the Little Crab said to the Mother Crab, “Show me how to walk straight, Mother. I will try to walk as you do.”

But the Mother Crab crawled this way and that way as crooked as could be. She could not walk straight. The Little Crab laughed and said, “When you can walk straight, mother, then I think I can.”





The Quest

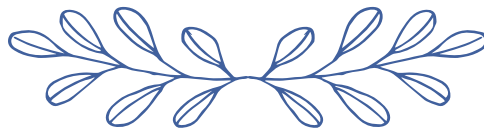
by Eudora S. Bumstead

There once was a restless boy
Who dwelt in a home by the sea,
Where the water danced for joy,
And the wind was glad and free;
But he said, "Good mother, O let me go!
For the dullest place in the world, I know,
Is this little brown house,
This old brown house,
Under the apple tree

"I will travel east and west;
The loveliest homes I'll see;
And when I have found the best,
Dear mother, I'll come for thee.
I'll come for thee in a year and a day,
And joyfully then we'll haste away
From this little brown house,
This old brown house,
Under the apple tree."

So he travelled here and there,
But never content was he,
Though he saw in lands most fair
The costliest homes there be.
He something missed from the sea or sky,
Till he turned again with a wistful sigh
To the little brown house,
The old brown house,
Under the apple tree.

Then the mother saw and smiled,
While her heart grew glad and free.
“Hast thou chosen a home, my child?
Ah, where shall we dwell?” quoth she.
And he said, “Sweet mother, from east and west,
The loveliest home, and the dearest and best,
Is a little brown house,
An old brown house,
Under an apple tree.”





I saw a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea;
And, oh! it was all laden
With pretty things for me!



The Netherlands





Here are four little Dutch children. They are playing by the seashore. They are sailing their boat on the big ocean. Three of the children are wading in the water. The baby is afraid to wade in the water, so his big sister is carrying him. She is carrying him on her back. The baby seems just a little afraid even now. One of the little girls is afraid, too. She is taking hold of her sister's dress.

They are all watching the little boat. The wind is blowing on the sail. The children do not want their boat to sail out to sea. It would get lost in the big waves. Big boats can sail on the sea. They can ride right over the waves. There are three sailboats way out on the ocean. The wind is carrying them away very fast. I wonder where they are going. I cannot see any land. There is water, water everywhere.

Windmill, high on yonder hill,
What makes your sails go turning still?
‘Tis the wind loves them!
‘Tis the wind moves them!
Helps them turn the mill-stones round,
So your meal to flour’s ground.







Blow, wind, blow, and go, mill, go,
That the miller may grind his corn;
That the baker may take it,
And into rolls make it,
And bring us some hot in the morn.





The Little Dutch Girl

I am a little Dutch girl.
My home is in Holland.



I do not dress as you do. You have no silver balls on your head. Mine were given me by my grandma. She wore them when she was a girl. My mother has some balls of gold.

Do you see my new cap? It covers my hair. It keeps it neat and smooth.

My mother is very neat. She scrubs the house every day. She washes the outside walls, too.

I have some nice wooden shoes. They do not wear out as yours do. I scrub them very often. I take them off when I go into the house.

Holland is a wet country. There are canals through the meadows. There are canals through many of the streets. Some of the children live in boats. These homes are called house boats.

My father has a windmill. It grinds corn into meal.

Look at my black cat. Is it not a fine one? Its eyes are yellow and very bright. Its fur is soft and shiny. My cat loves me. It has come to meet me. I am going to carry it into the house. It knows it must be clean or stay outside. It washes its fur every day. It comes to the door and says, "Meow."

"Are you neat and clean?" I ask. It holds its paw up to let me see. I open the door and it runs into the house.



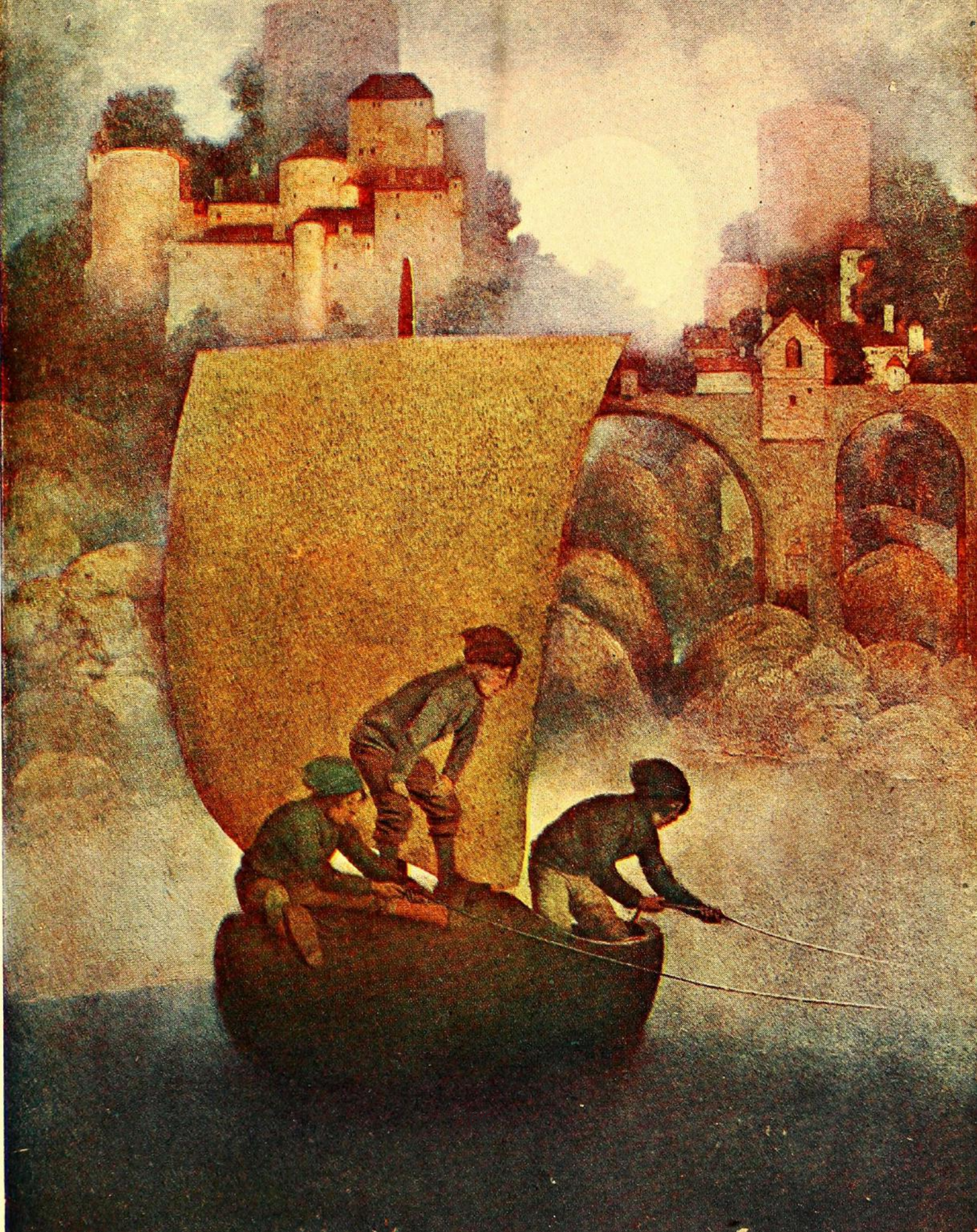


I am a little Dutch girl,
My home is far away.
If you will come to see me,
We will play and play and play.

We will go into the garden
And hide behind the flowers.
We will put on mother's wooden shoes
And play that they are ours.

We will go into the meadow
To see them make the hay.
Oh, if you will come to see me,
We will play and play and play.





Dutch Lullaby

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe,—
Sailed on a river of crystal light
Into a sea of dew.

“Where are you going, and what do you wish?”

The old moon asked the three.

“We have come to fish for the herring-fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we,”

Said Wynken,

Blynken,

And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe;
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew;
The little stars were the herring-fish
That lived in the beautiful sea.

“Now cast your nets wherever you wish,—
Never afraid are we!”

So cried the stars to the fishermen three,
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
To the stars in the twinkling foam,—
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home:
'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be;
And some folk thought 'twas a dream they'd
dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea;
But I shall name you the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed;
So shut your eyes while Mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock in the misty sea
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three:—
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.



A Leak in the Dike

Many years ago, there lived in Holland a brave, happy little boy whose name was Peter. Peter's father opened and closed gates in the dikes for the ships to pass out of the canals into the great sea.

Even the little children knew that the dikes must be watched every moment, and that a hole no larger than your little finger was a very dangerous thing.

One lovely day, Peter's mother asked him to take some cakes to a friend. "If you go quickly, and do not stop to play, you will be home again before it is dark."

He took the cakes and then saw the sun was setting. He must run home before it got dark. Suddenly he heard a noise. It was the sound of trickling water! He stopped and looked down. There was a small hole in the dike, and a small stream of water was flowing out of it. Peter knew the danger at once. If the water ran through a little hole, it would soon make a larger one, and the whole country would be flooded. He knew what he must do. He climbed down the side of the dike and



put his finger into the tiny hole. The flowing of the water stopped!

“Holland shall not be drowned while I am here,” he said to himself.

Soon it grew dark and cold. He called out, “Come here, come here,” but no one heard him. No one came to help. It grew colder and colder. His arm hurt. His mother looked for her little boy many times after the sun set, but when she did not see him, she closed the door and locked it. “He must have stayed with his friend,” she thought.

In the early morning, a man heard Peter cry. “What are you doing?”

“I am holding back the water.”

The man rushed to get help. Peter’s mother and father came running. Peter saved their town!

“What a brave boy you are!”



The Night Watch

Painted by Rembrandt

One night, long, long ago, two little children in Amsterdam were playing. They heard some Spanish soldiers talking. The soldiers were going to harm the children's homes that very night! The children were afraid. They knew they must tell someone. They ran to the town hall. You can see the little girl in the picture telling the men of the plans. What do you think the men will do?



Henriette Ronner

Once there was a little Dutch girl. She lived in Holland. Her name was Henriette. Henriette wore a pretty white cap and big wooden shoes like other little Dutch girls. Henriette's father was an artist and he taught Henriette how to paint pictures.

But while she was a little girl her father grew blind. He could not see to work or to paint. They were very poor. But Henriette said, "I will take care of you, father. I will paint pictures of cats and dogs. I will paint them so well that people will want to buy them. Then we shall not be poor." So Henriette painted and worked very hard. And people did buy her pictures.

Henriette grew to be a woman. She had little children to care for. She had a sick husband, too. So she had to keep on painting and working very hard. At last so many people came to buy her pictures, she was not poor any more.

She lived to be a very old woman. Her full name was Henriette Ronner. Henriette Ronner liked best to paint pictures of cats and kittens. She liked to paint them playing. She had a little house made of glass and wire for her cats, so she could watch them at play. What happy kittens they must have been!





Vincent Van Gogh

Vincent Van Gogh had many sad days in his life.
Painting Sunflowers made him happy.





The Pilgrims





The First Thanksgiving

Long, long ago, there was a Thanksgiving Day. It was the very first Thanksgiving Day, and it was the Pilgrim's Thanksgiving. The Pilgrims sailed from a city called Delft in Holland.

They had come across the great ocean in a boat called the Mayflower. It was not a very large

boat, but all the Pilgrims came on it. They were on the ocean many, many days before they saw land, and they were often cold and hungry. But the Pilgrims were very brave and said, “Never mind, we shall have homes of our own soon, and be happy.”

One morning they did see land, and they all called, “Land, land, land! Now we shall be happy! Now we shall be free! Let us all thank God for this beautiful land.”

Before they landed, they made a promise to each other of how they would treat each other and signed it. It is called the Mayflower Compact.



When the Pilgrims came, they found Indians living in this land. At first they were afraid, but they soon found out that the Indians would not hurt them if they were kind to them.

All that first winter the Pilgrims were cold and hungry. They had very little to eat, and no warm houses to live in. It was a hard time for them.

How glad they were when spring days came. They cut down trees and built houses. The Indians helped them. They taught them the use of corn and how to plant it. All day long the Pilgrims sang and worked, and worked and sang.





In time, they had warm homes and plenty of food to eat. They said, “Let us thank God for all our good things.”

So the Pilgrims had a Thanksgiving Day. They invited their friends, the Indians, and had a big feast. And that was the first Thanksgiving Day in America.



Spain





Bartolomé Esteban Murillo

The Spanish people love this picture of a dear little child of six or seven years of age. The gentle boy is called the Divine Shepherd. How sweet and tender is his face.

The artist who painted it was named Murillo. He was once a poor boy, with no father, no mother, and he had no one to care for him or love him. An uncle sent him to a man to teach him how to mix colors and to draw, but the man soon moved away.

Murillo felt sorry for the poor beggar boys and girls in his town. He was almost as poor as they were. They liked for Murillo to paint their pictures. He sold them to anyone who would buy them.











This little boy was a Spanish prince. His father was King Philip IV of Spain. Many famous artists used to come to this boy's home. His father would say, "We must have another portrait of my little Prince."

So the little prince would be dressed up for his picture. When the little prince was six years old, Velasquez painted this pretty picture of him on a horse.

What a fine ride he is having! He looks like he will jump right out of the picture. His face is bright. His dark eyes shine with delight. Is he not happy?

The Spanish people loved this boy. They thought he would do many great deeds when he was grown up. But he died when he was only seventeen years old. His death made the Spanish people sad. They were glad they had so many beautiful paintings of the dear little prince.

Velasquez also painted a picture of King Philip IV's daughter, the princess Margaret Theresa. She is five year old.

Can you see the man who is painting in the picture? That is Velasquez himself!

Look at the pictures hanging on the wall. One of them is not like the others. It is a mirror. Is that her mother and father, the king and queen, watching what is going on?

What else do you see?

The name of this famous painting is Las Meninas.







Time to go home.

Good night, little friends, good night.
Sleep sweet till morning light.
And wake to meet the coming day,
With love and laughter and with play.



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