

MY BOOK of DELIGHTS

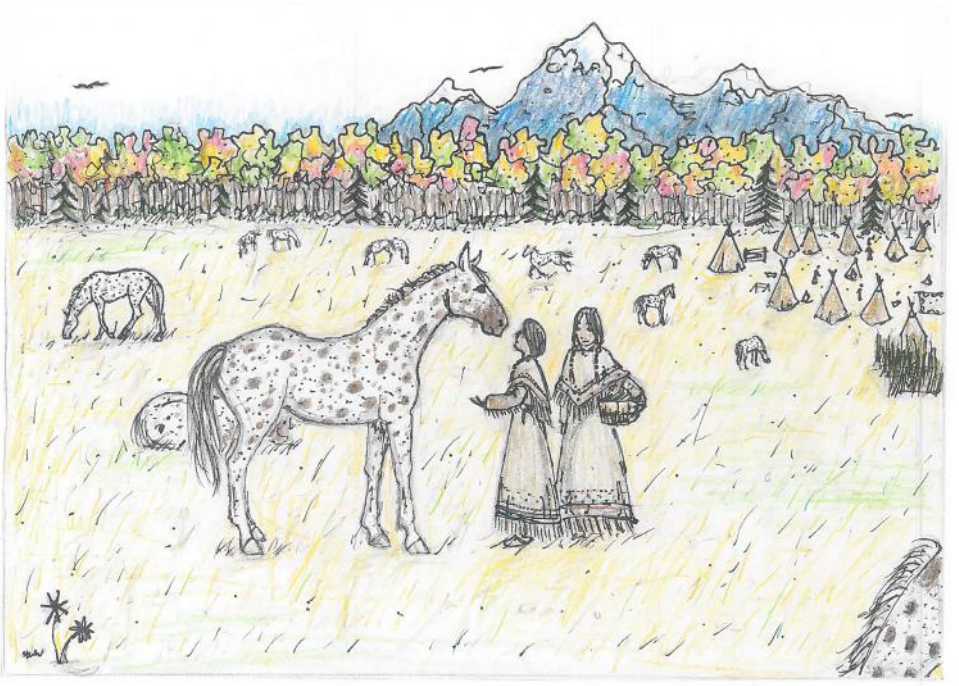
Book Eleven

Compiled by Marlene Peterson

MY BOOK of DELIGHTS

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Libraries of Hope

My Book of Delights
Book Eleven

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Through the Year Around the World

(January through June)



‘Tis said Mother Nature is blessed with four children,
The Springtime, the Summer, the Fall and the Winter.

Sweet Spring brings the flowers, warm Summer the clover,
Bright Fall brings the grapes and cold Winter brings snow.



January

brings the snow,
Makes our feet and fingers glow.



CANADA





NETHERLANDS


JAPAN



New Year's Day

By Rachel Field

Last night, while we were fast asleep,
The old year went away.
It can't come back again because
A new one's come to stay.



The New Year

By Dinah Maria Mulock Craik

Who comes dancing over the snow,
His soft feet all bare and rosy?
Open the door though the wild winds blow,
Take the child and make him cozy.
Take him in and hold him dear,
He is the wonderful glad New Year.



Falling Snow

See the pretty snowflakes
Falling from the sky;
On the walk and housetop
Soft and thick they lie.

On the window-ledges
On the branches bare;
Now how fast they gather,
Filling all the air.

Look into the garden,
Where the grass was green;
Covered by the snowflake,
Not a blade is seen.

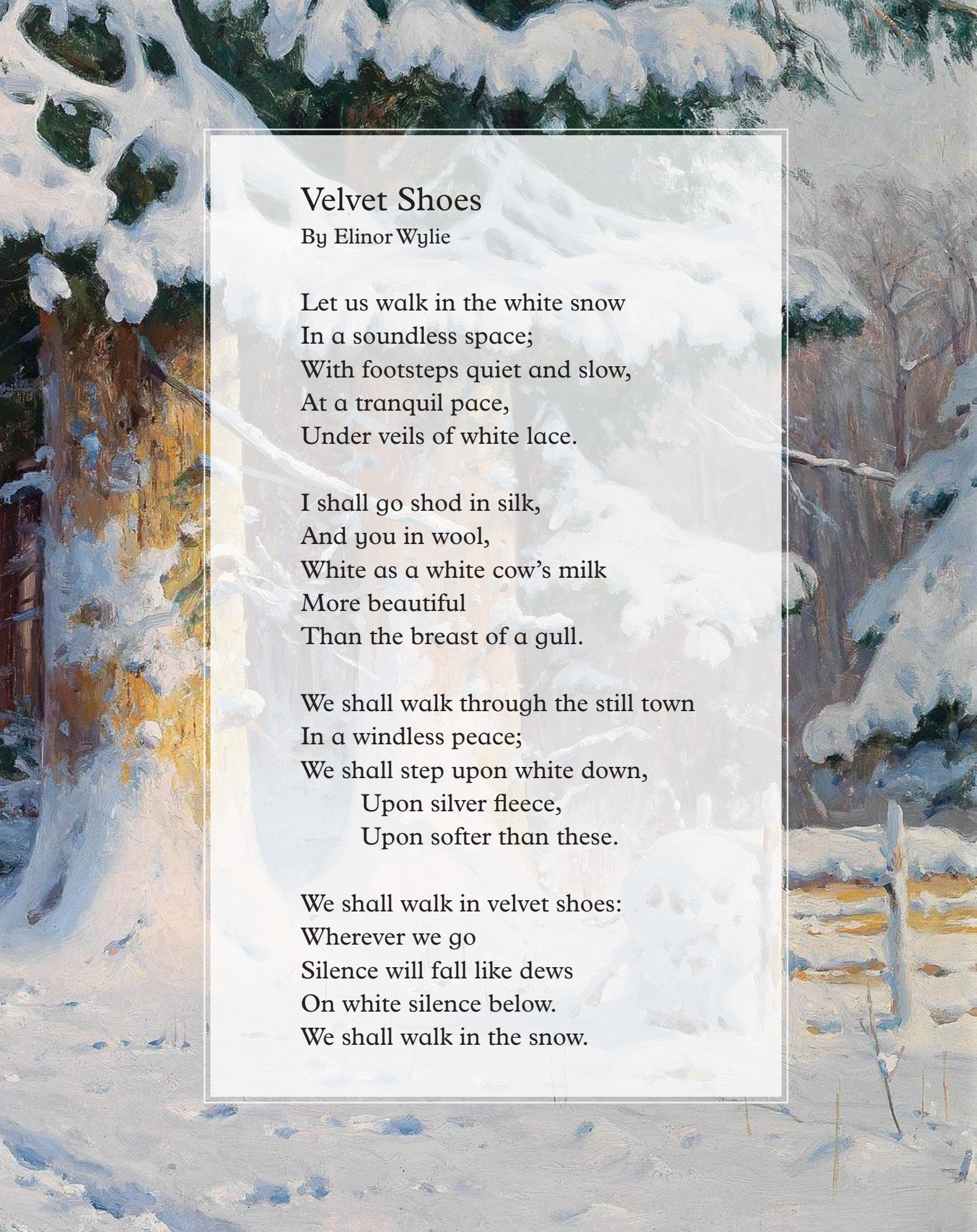
Now the bare black bushes
All look soft and white,
Every twig is laden—
What a pretty sight!




FINLAND



GERMANY



Velvet Shoes

By Elinor Wylie

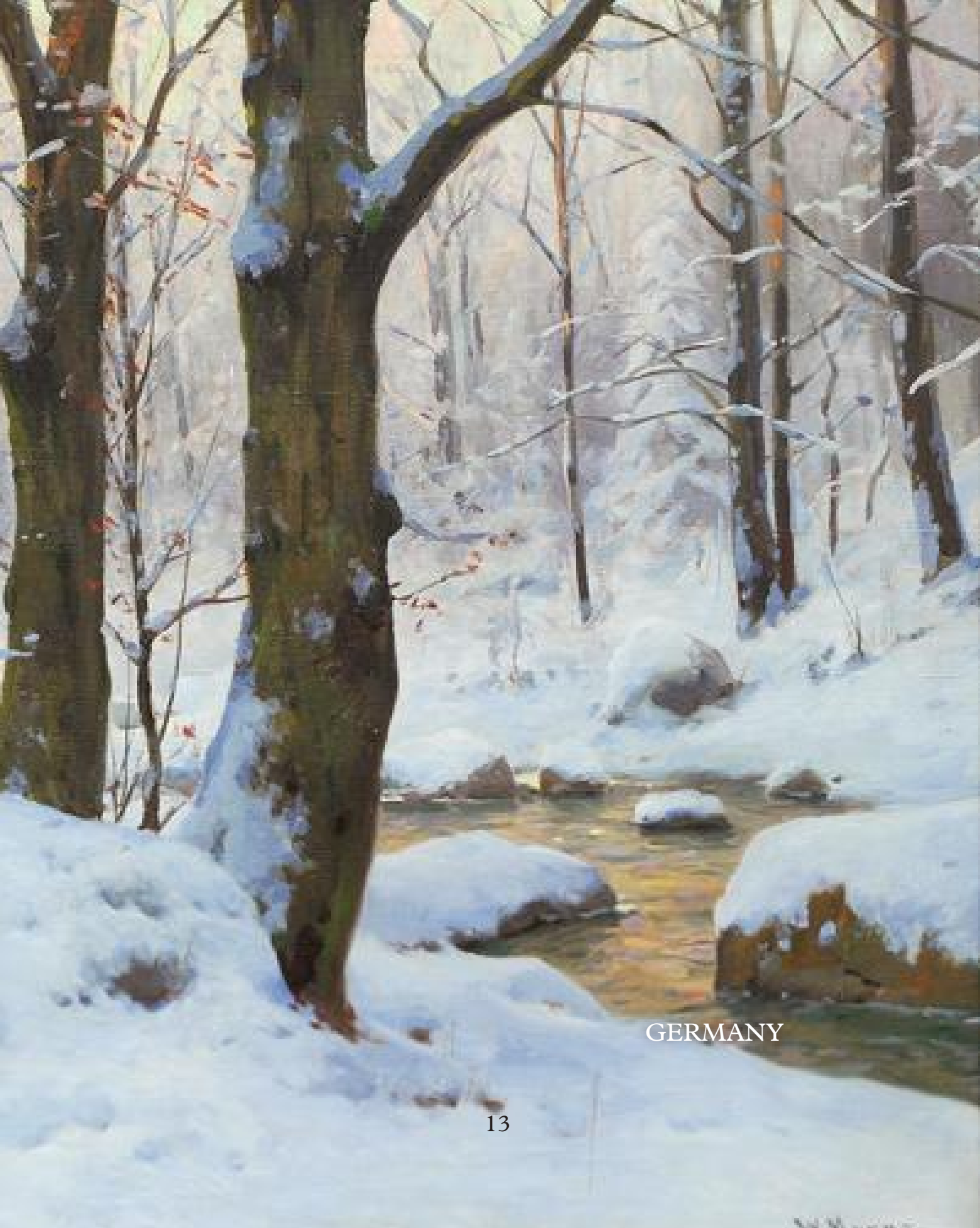
Let us walk in the white snow
In a soundless space;
With footsteps quiet and slow,
At a tranquil pace,
Under veils of white lace.

I shall go shod in silk,
And you in wool,
White as a white cow's milk
More beautiful
Than the breast of a gull.

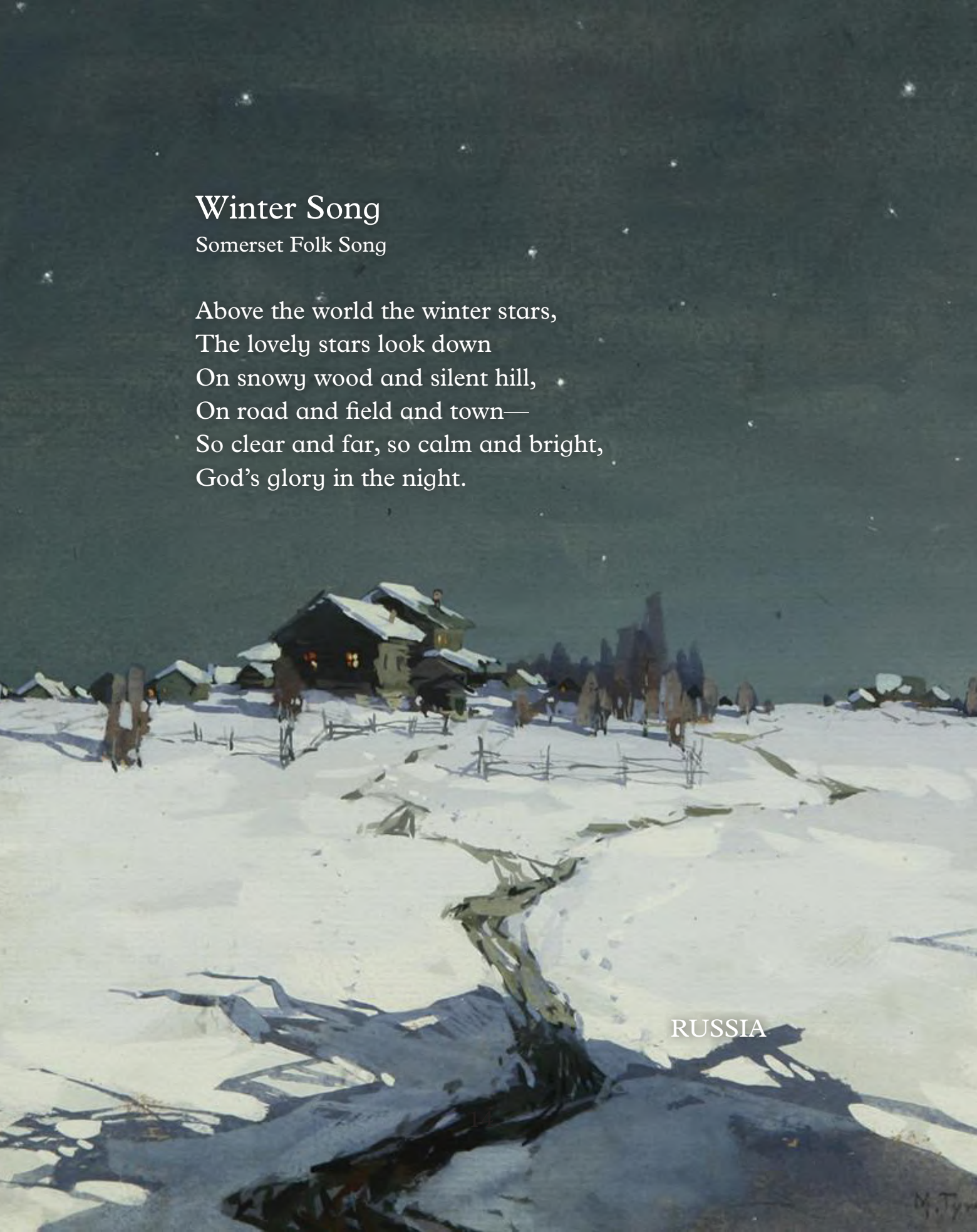
We shall walk through the still town
In a windless peace;
We shall step upon white down,
        Upon silver fleece,
        Upon softer than these.

We shall walk in velvet shoes:
Wherever we go
Silence will fall like dews
On white silence below.
We shall walk in the snow.





GERMANY



Winter Song

Somerset Folk Song

Above the world the winter stars,
The lovely stars look down
On snowy wood and silent hill,
On road and field and town—
So clear and far, so calm and bright,
God's glory in the night.

RUSSIA

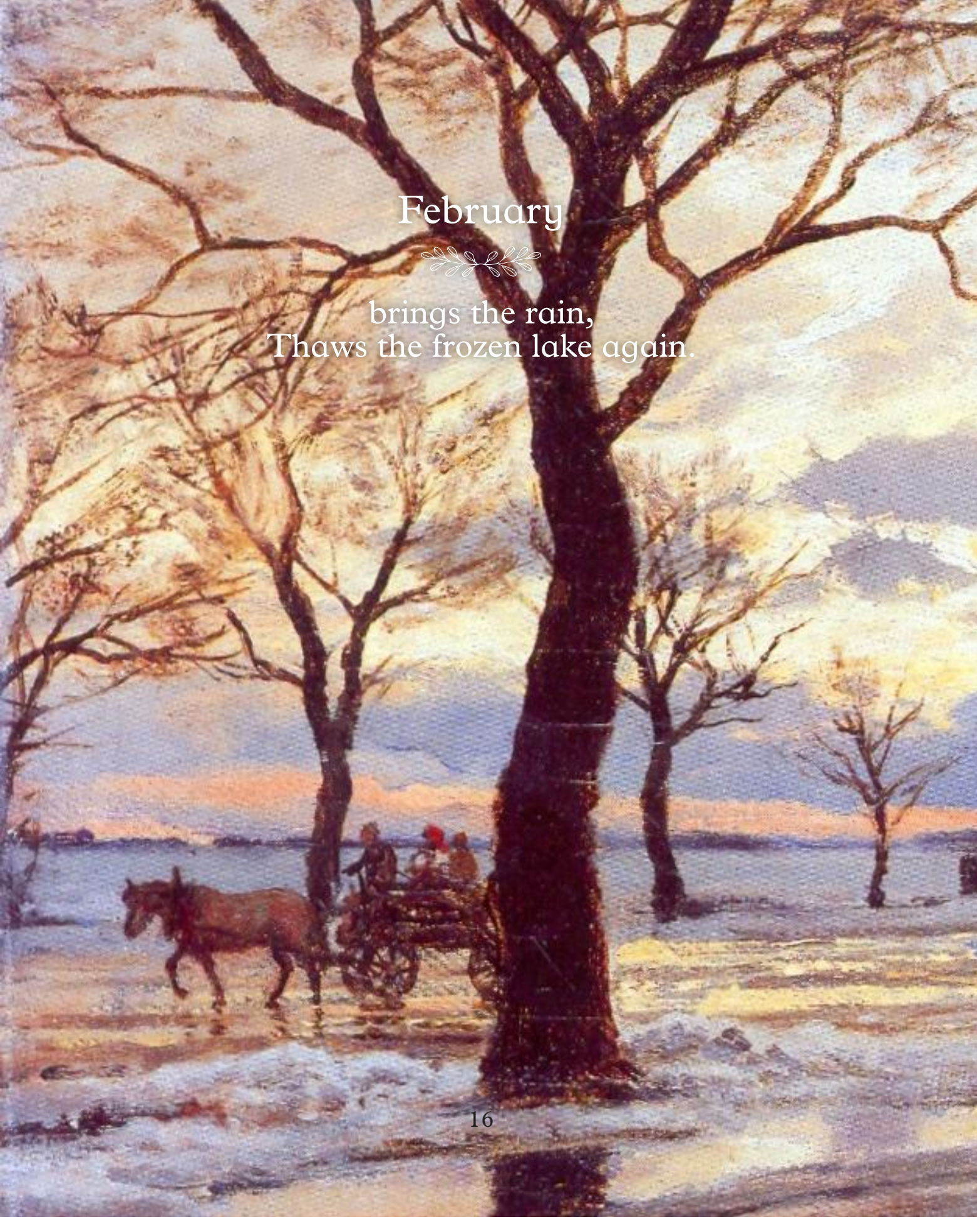


Cradle Song

German Folk Song

Sleep, little darling so blessed,
Lambkins and birdlings now rest;
Garden and meadow are still,
No humming bees on the hill;
Silvery moon in the sky
Peeps thro' your window close by,
Sleep by her silvery beams,
Sleep, little darling, sweet dreams.
Oh, sleep, oh sleep.

CZECH REPUBLIC


February
brings the rain,
Thaws the frozen lake again.



GERMANY



February Twilight

By Sara Teasdale

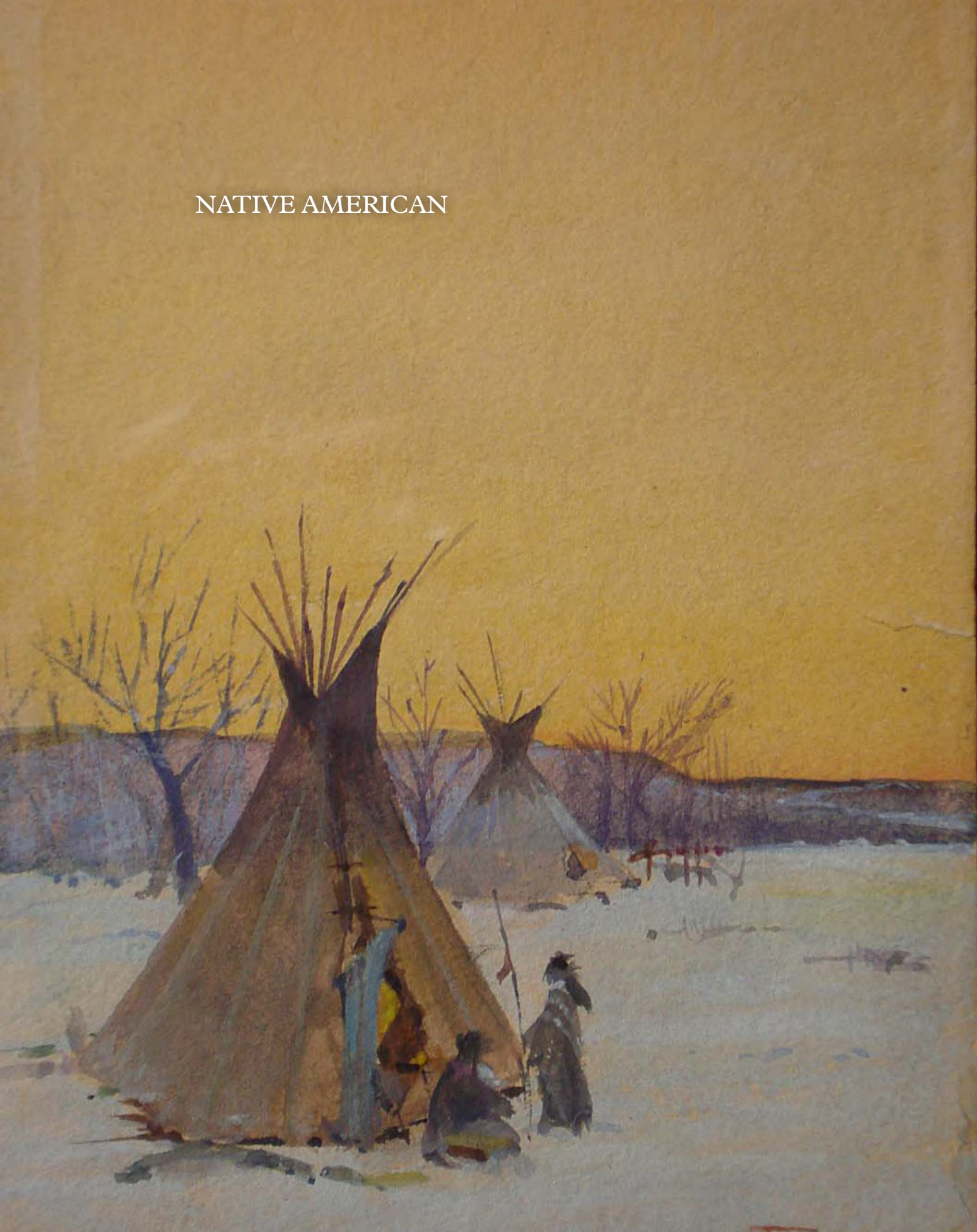
I stood beside a hill
Smooth with a new-laid snow,
A single star looked out
From the cold evening glow.

There was no other creature
That saw what I could see—
I stood and watched the evening star
As long as it watched me.



BELGIUM

NATIVE AMERICAN



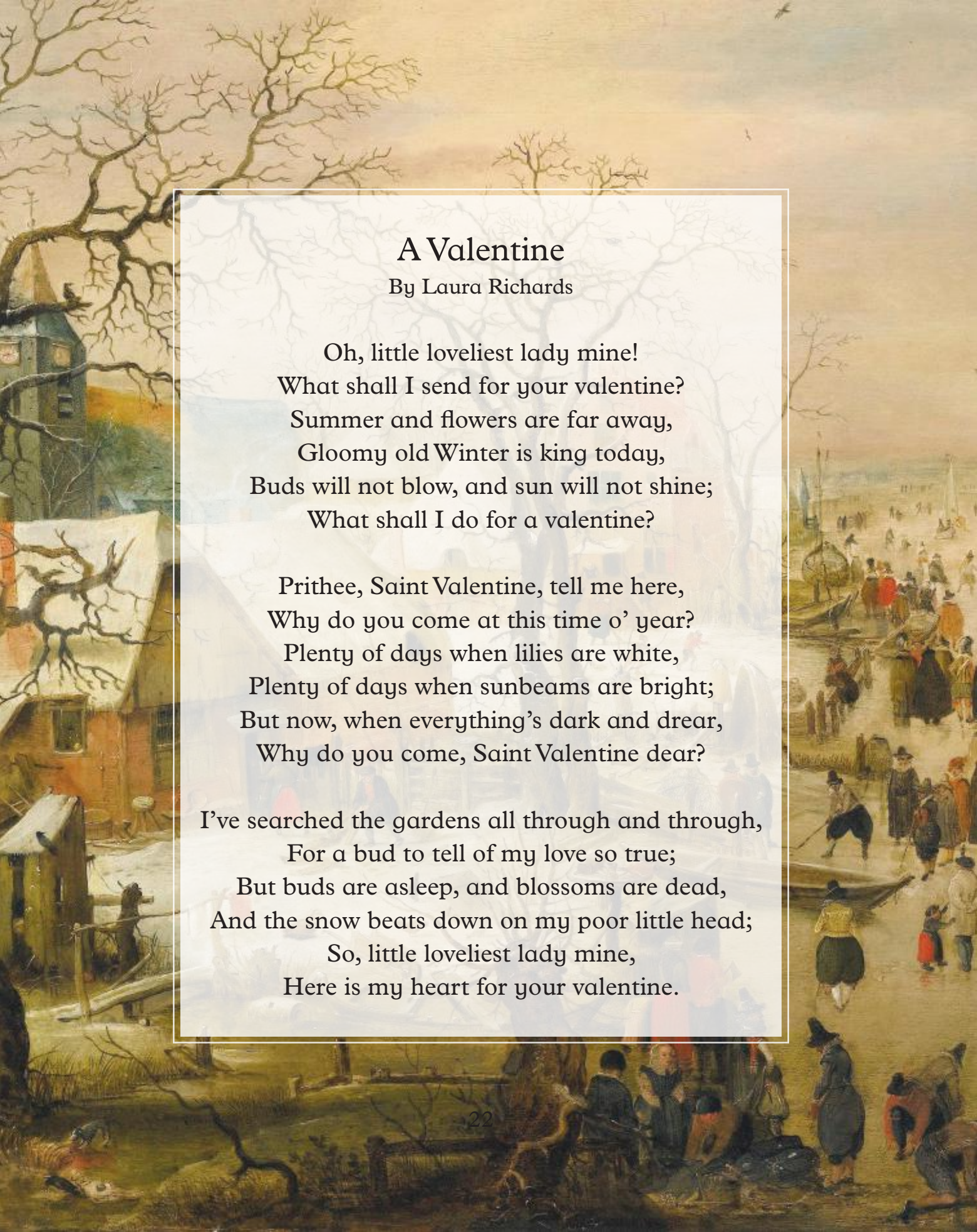


February

By Frank Dempster Sherman

February,—fortnights two,—
Briefest of the months are you,
Of the winter's children last.
Why do you go by so fast?
Is it not a little strange
Once in four years you should change,
That the sun should shine and give
You another day to live?
Maybe this is only done
Since you are the smallest one;
So I make the shortest rhyme
For you, as befits your time:
You're the baby of the year,
And to me you're very dear,
Just because you bring the line,
"Will you be my Valentine?"





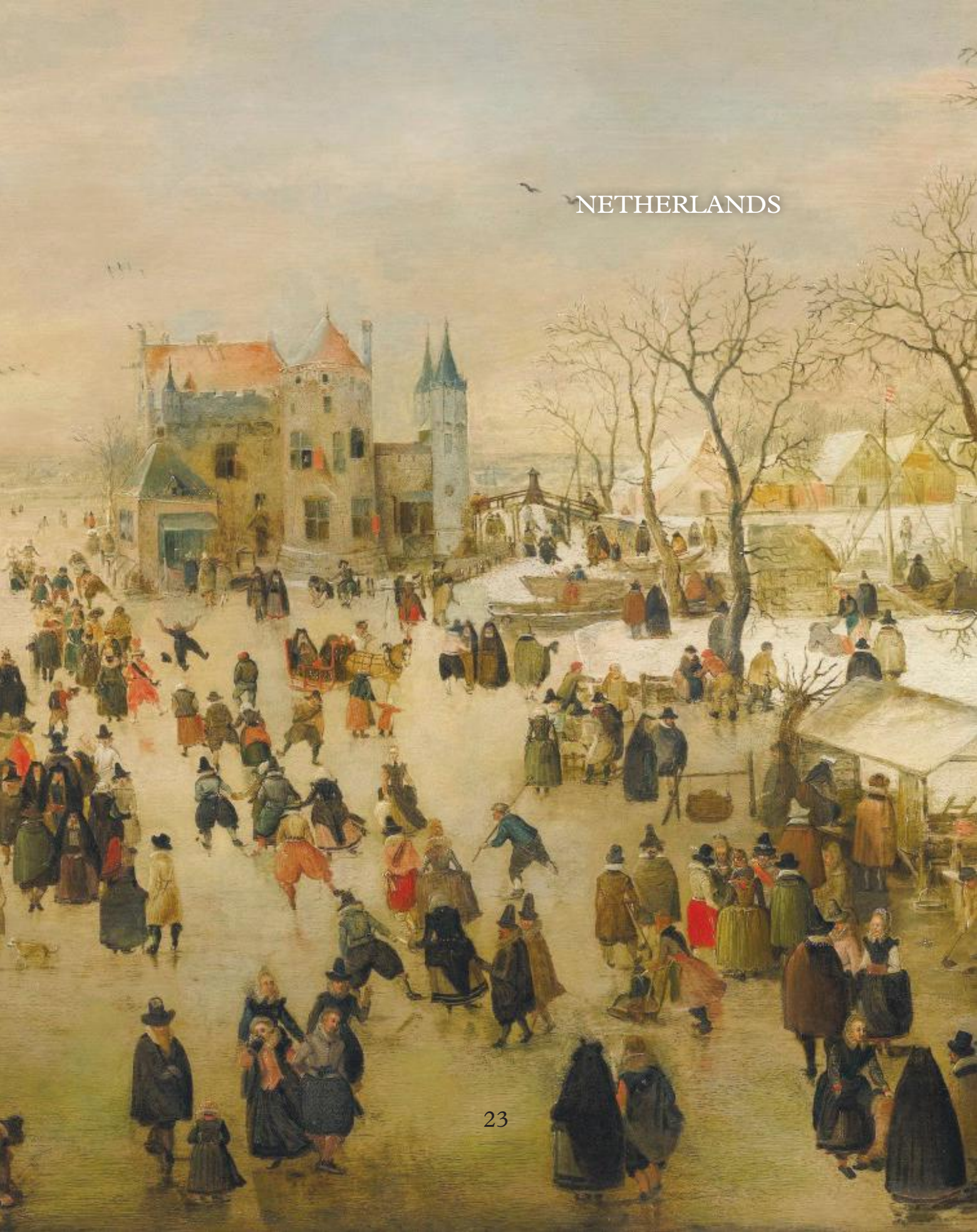
A Valentine

By Laura Richards

Oh, little loveliest lady mine!
What shall I send for your valentine?
Summer and flowers are far away,
Gloomy old Winter is king today,
Buds will not blow, and sun will not shine;
What shall I do for a valentine?

Prithee, Saint Valentine, tell me here,
Why do you come at this time o' year?
Plenty of days when lilies are white,
Plenty of days when sunbeams are bright;
But now, when everything's dark and drear,
Why do you come, Saint Valentine dear?

I've searched the gardens all through and through,
For a bud to tell of my love so true;
But buds are asleep, and blossoms are dead,
And the snow beats down on my poor little head;
So, little loveliest lady mine,
Here is my heart for your valentine.



NETHERLANDS


AUSTRIA



A Sure Sign

By Nancy Byrd Turner

Here's the mail, sort it quick—
Papers, letters, notes,
Postcard scenes,
Magazines;
Our hearts are in our throats.
Something there,
White and square,
Sealed with wax, and bumpy—
At the edges flat and thin,
In the middle lumpy.
When you feel the envelope,
Do your fingers trace
Something narrow,
Like an arrow?
Or a part
Of a heart
Or a Cupid's face?
Is your name across the back
In a crooked line?
Hurry, then; that's a sign
Someone's sent a valentine!





Kalevala Day is a national holiday in Finland and is celebrated on February 28. The word Kalevala means the home or the land of Kaleva. Kaleva was one of the earliest heroes of the Finnish people and his story as well as other ancient poems and stories about the Finns is found in a book called The Kalevala.

Sometimes children like to celebrate by racing sleds!



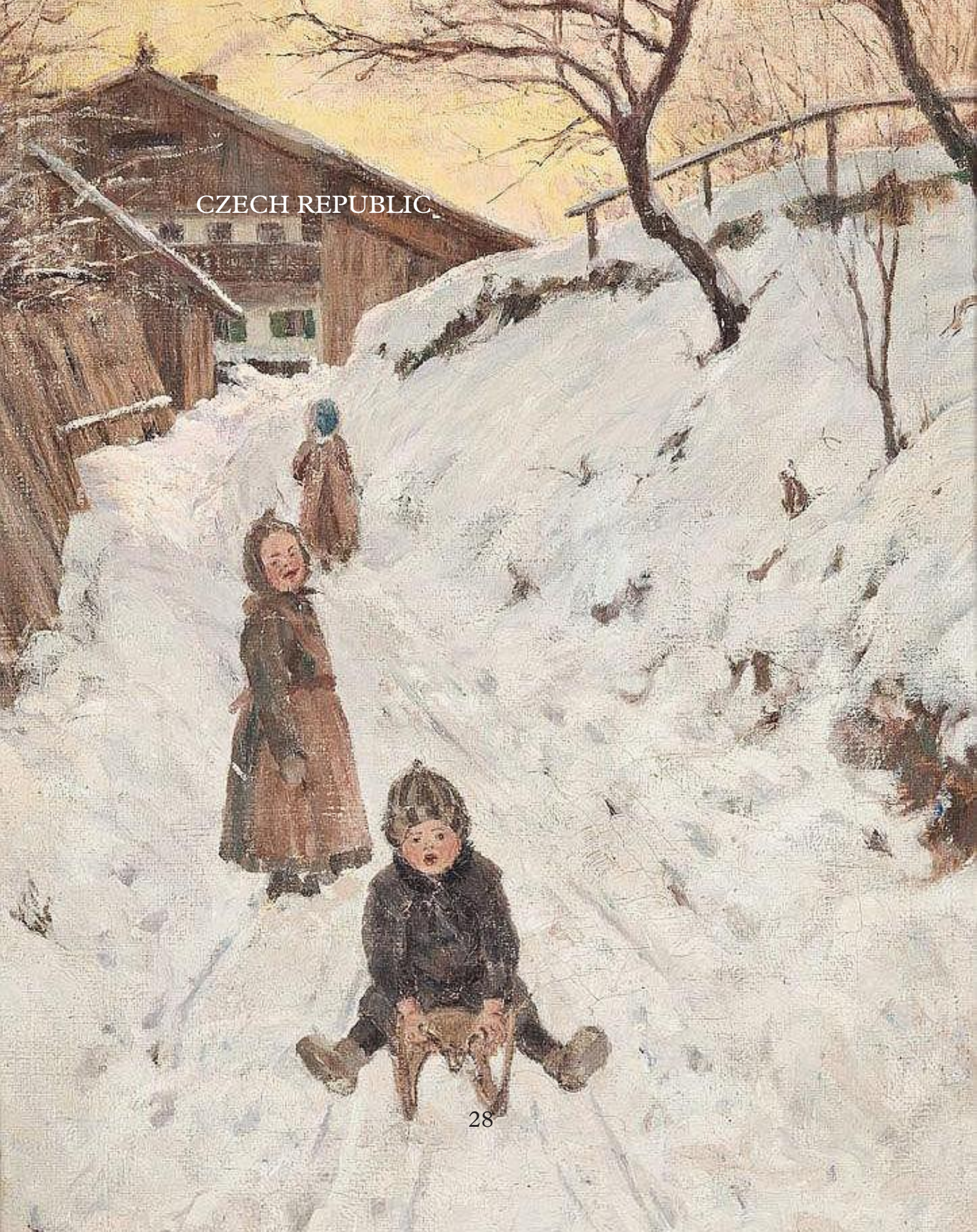
The Sled Race

Finnish Folk Song

Swift as the wind down the snowy hillside,
See how the sleds are flying!
Racing to see who can win the sledride,
All for the prize of trying.

Faster and faster as down we go
With shouts and happy laughter;
Cheeks are atingle with rosy glow;
To win we must go faster.




CZECH REPUBLIC


GERMANY


Fun in the snow!



GERMANY



Fog

By Carl Sandburg

The fog comes
On little cat feet.

It sits looking
Over harbor and city
On silent haunches
And then moves on.

Maslenitsa is the holiday when Russians bid farewell to winter and welcome spring. It is also known as Pancake Week. Pancakes are freshly made every day. Their round shape makes them think of the sun, so by eating them, they are taking in its warmth and energy



Pancake Week and Russia





RUSSIA

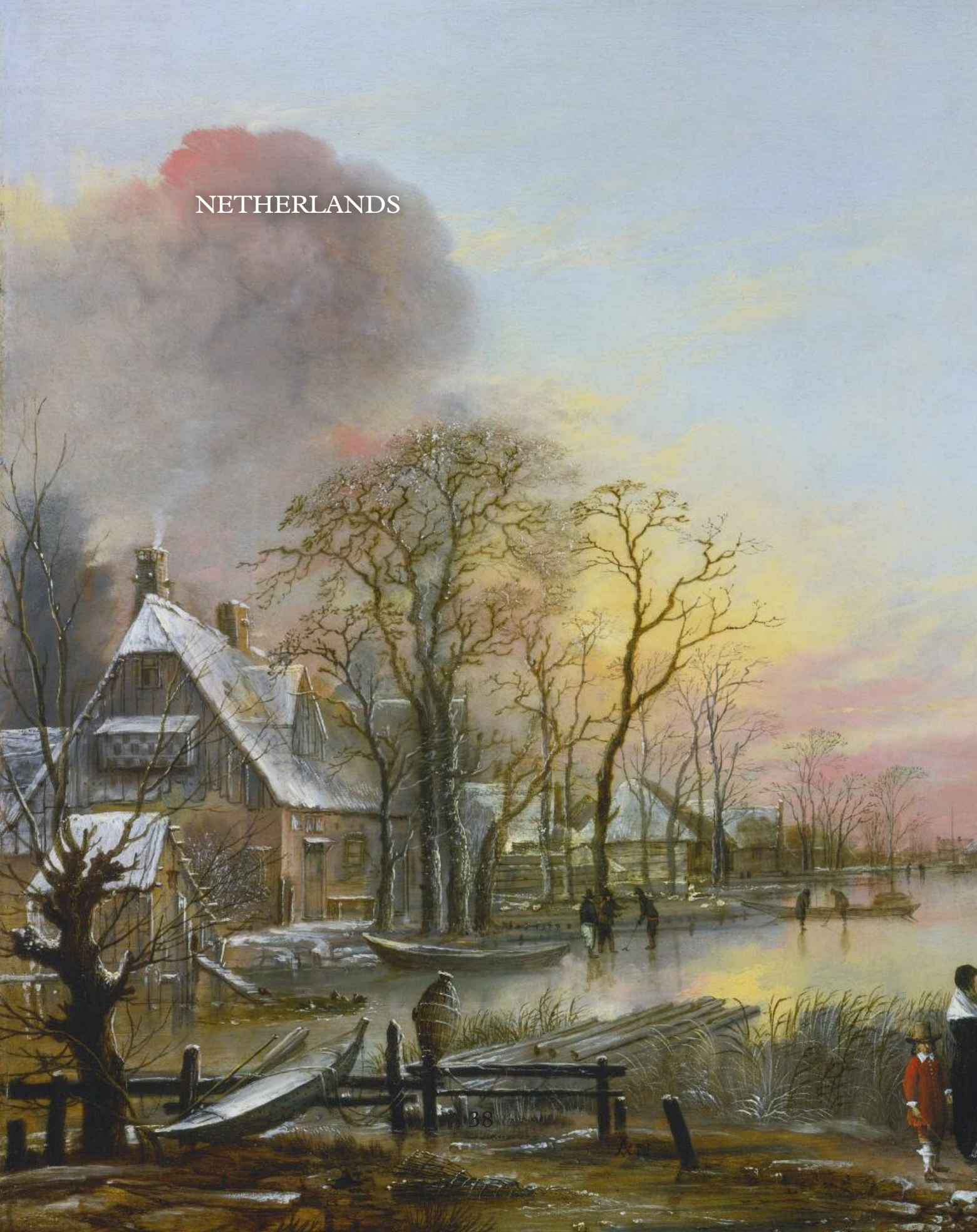


Fathers, mothers and
children all join in the fun!



RUSSIA

NETHERLANDS



When

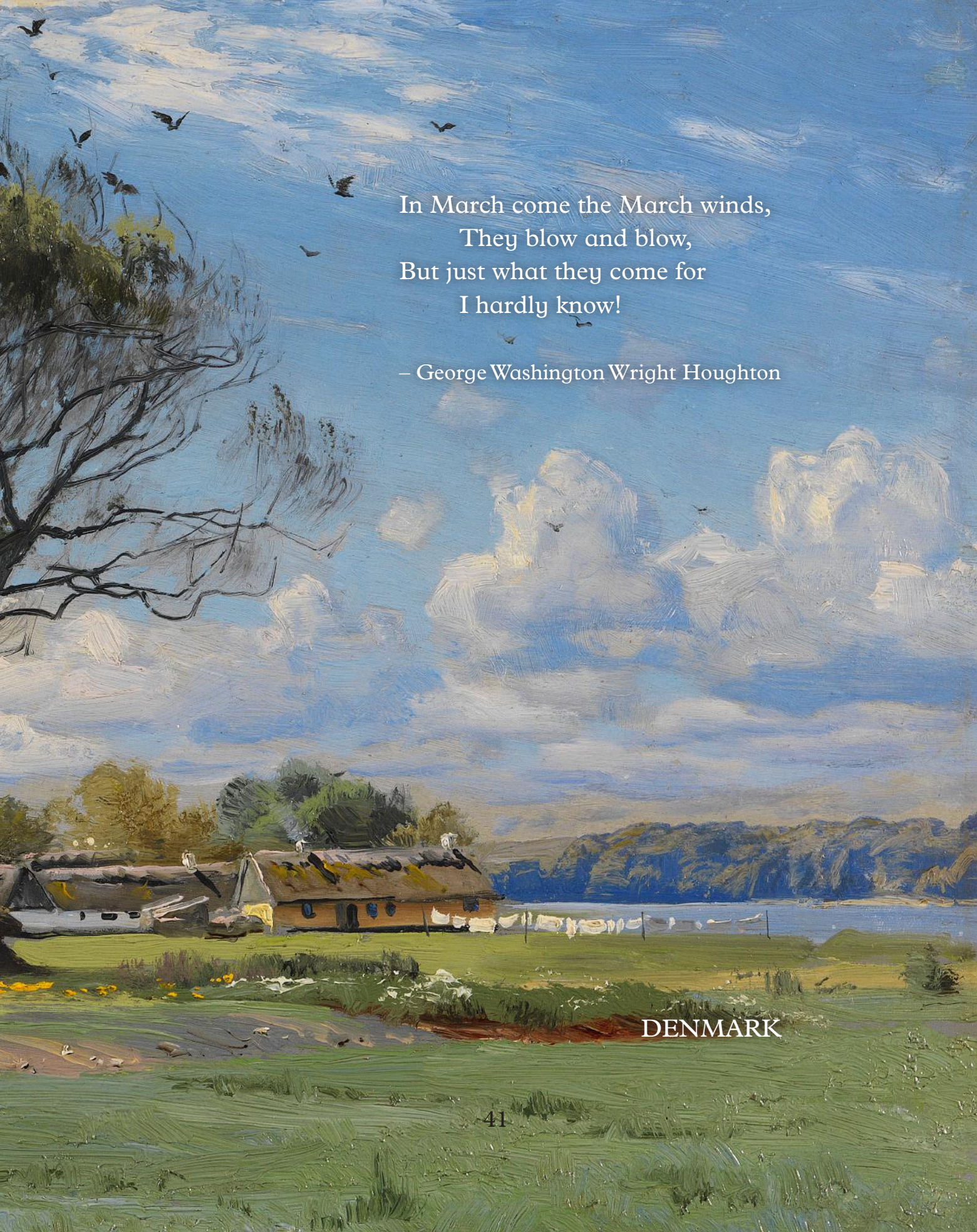
By Dorothy Aldis

In February there are days,
Blue, and nearly warm,
When horses switch their tails and ducks
Go quacking through the farm.

When all the world turns round to feel
The sun upon its back—
When winter lifts a little bit
And spring peeks through the crack!




March
brings breezes loud and shrill
Stirs the dancing daffodil.



In March come the March winds,
They blow and blow,
But just what they come for
I hardly know!

– George Washington Wright Houghton

DENMARK



DENMARK



March

By Annette Wynne

March, March, come with your broom.
Sweep away winter, sweep away gloom;
Sweep away snows that have tarried too long—
An April bird's waiting to sing a new song.

March, March, come with your broom,
From the woods, and the trees and the meadow's big room,
Blow away Jack Frost who wants to delay—
A little child waits at the window to play.

March, March, come with your broom,
Sweep away winter so flowers can bloom;
Shine up the brooks, clean the woods' mossy floor—
Lady April is standing right at the world's door.





Singing Kites

Japanese

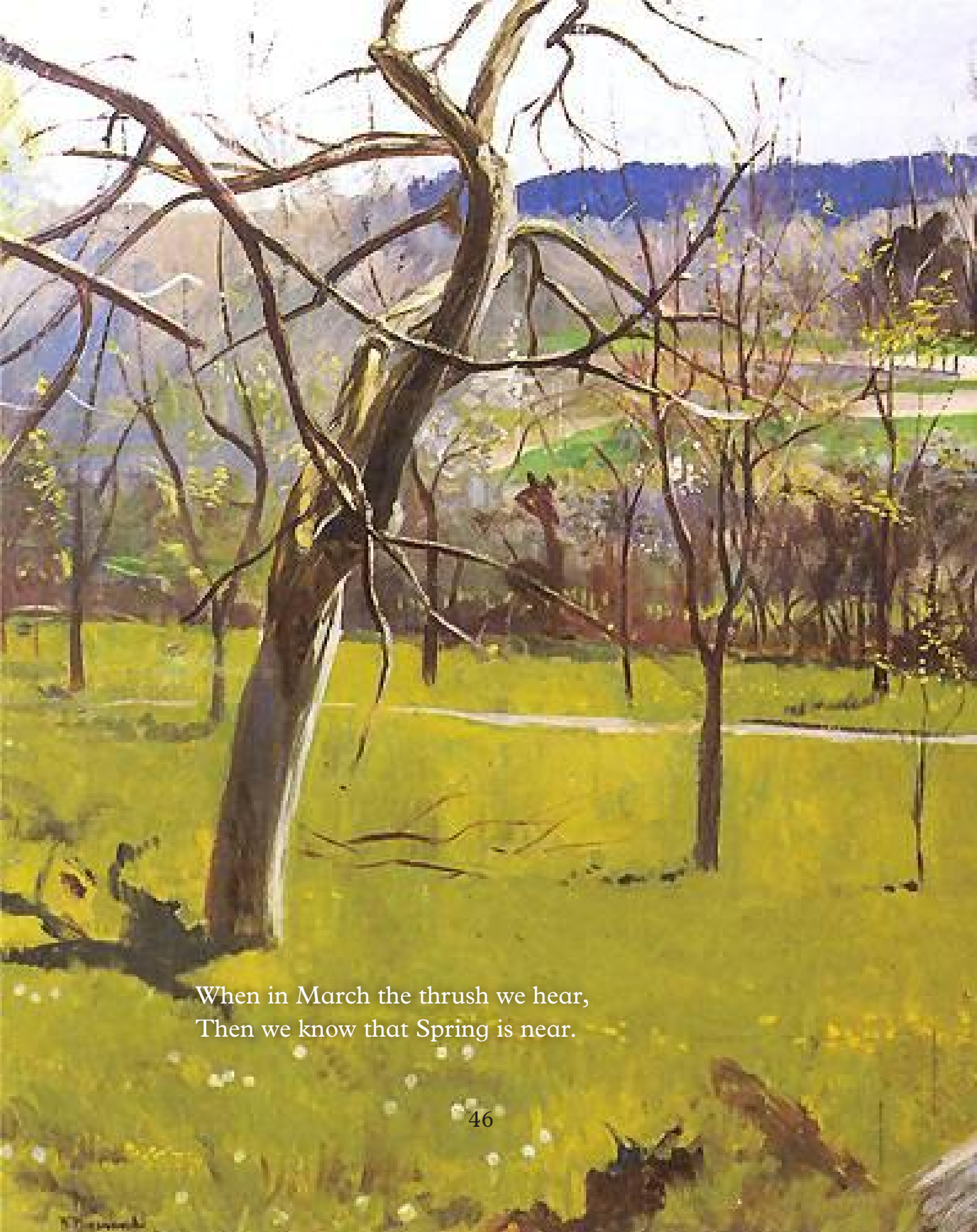
Soaring high in the blue sky, like a bird on the wing,
Pulled along by the strong beeze, Far away we hear you sing:
Pinyoro, Pinyoro, Pinyoro, Pinyoro,
Soaring high in the sky, Far above me you fly.

March

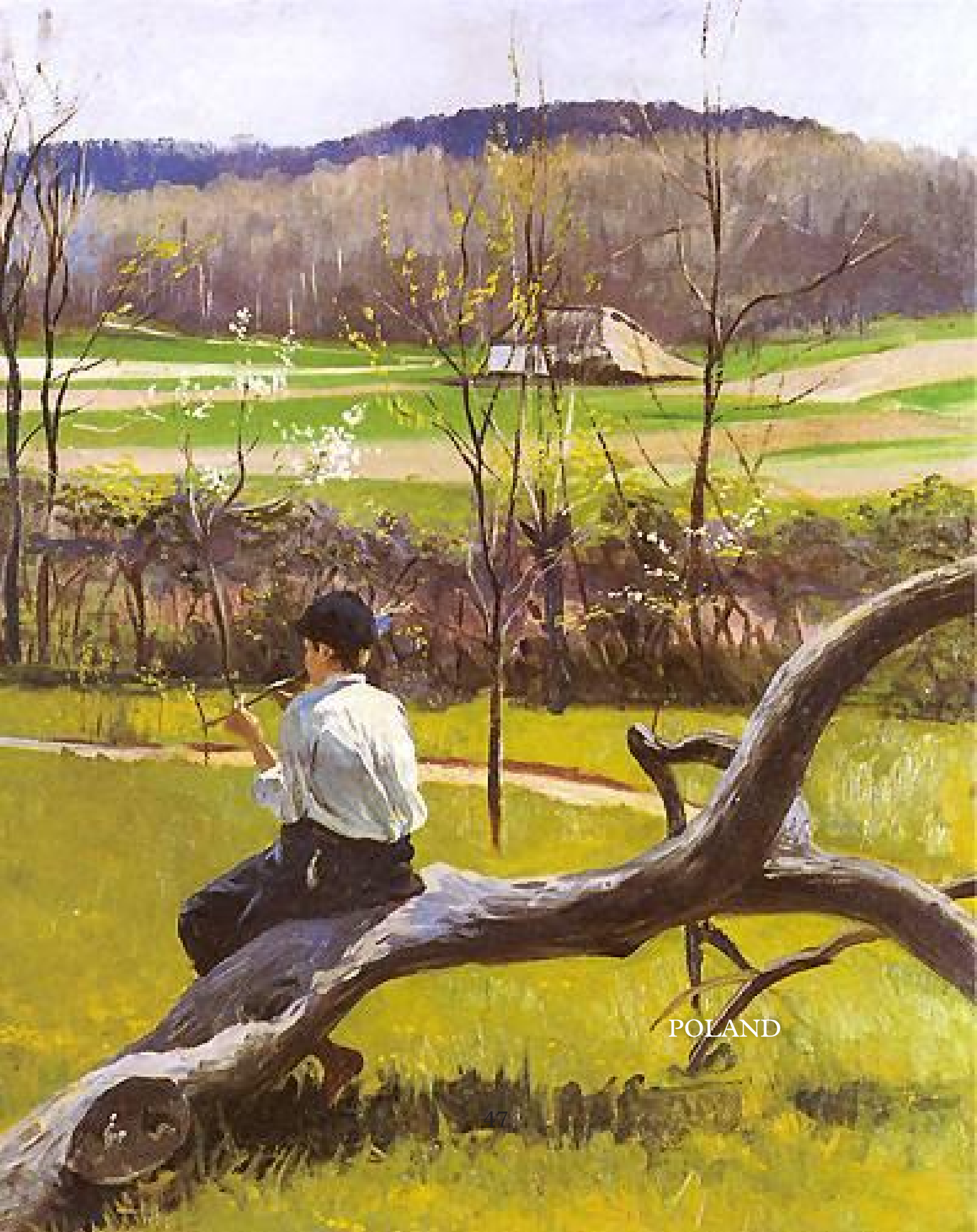
By Emily Dickinson

Dear March, come in!
How glad I am!
I looked for you before.
Put down your hat—
You must have walked—
How out of breath you are!
Dear March, how are you?
And the rest?
Did you leave Nature well?





When in March the thrush we hear,
Then we know that Spring is near.


POLAND



Written in March

By William Wordsworth

The Cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun;

There's joy in the mountains;
There's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing;
The rain is over and gone!




April
brings the primrose sweet,
Scatters daisies at our feet.



SWEDEN


GERMANY



Now the noisy winds are still;
April's coming up the hill!
All the spring is in her train,
Led by shining ranks of rain;
Pit, pat, patter, clatter,
Sudden sun, and clatter, patter!
First the blue, and then the shower;
Bursting bud, and smiling flower;
Brooks set free with tinkling ring;
Birds too full of song to sing;
Crisp old leaves astir with pride,
Where the timid violets hide;
All things ready with a will,—
April's coming up the hill!

– Mary Mapes Dodge



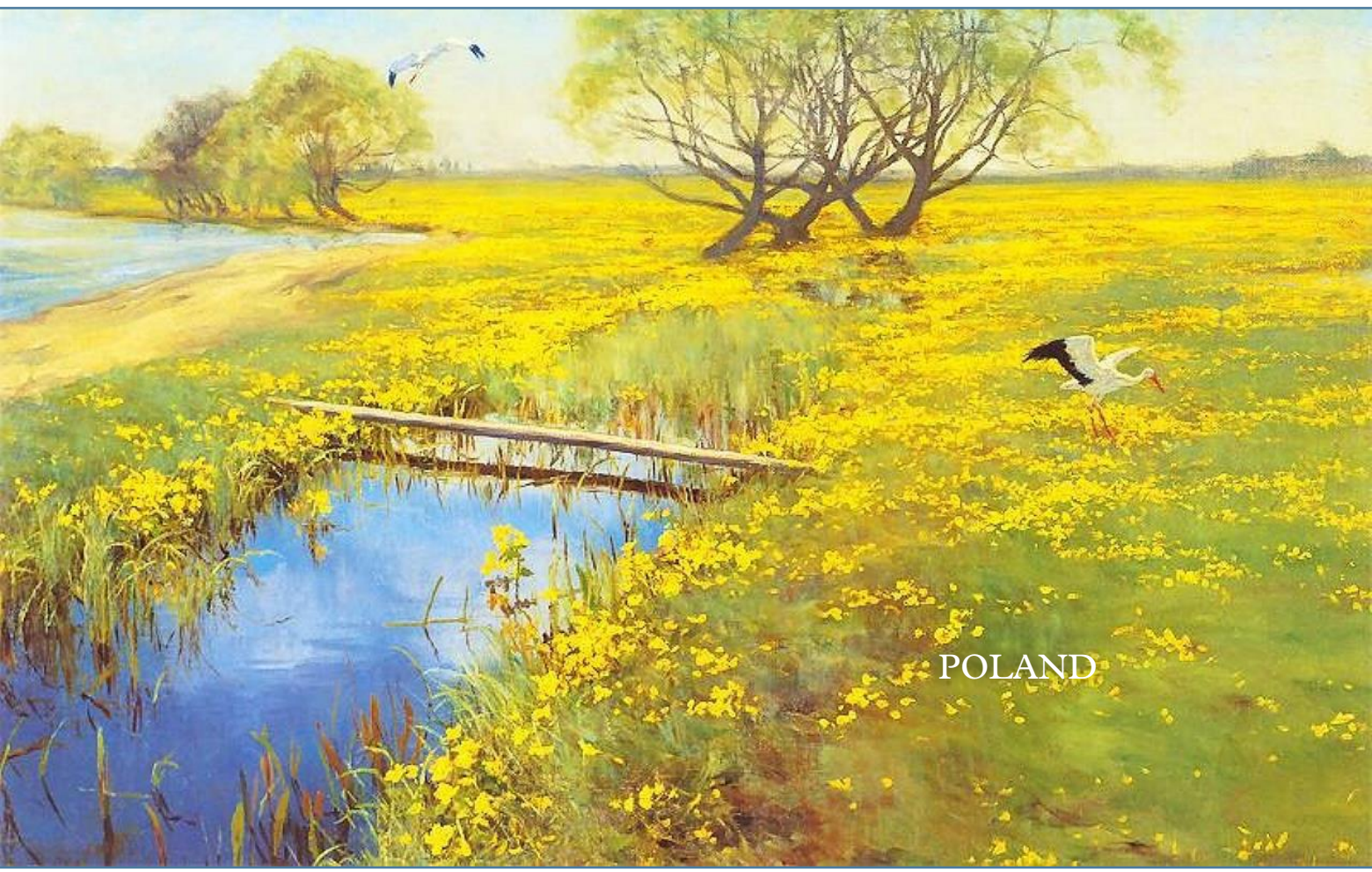


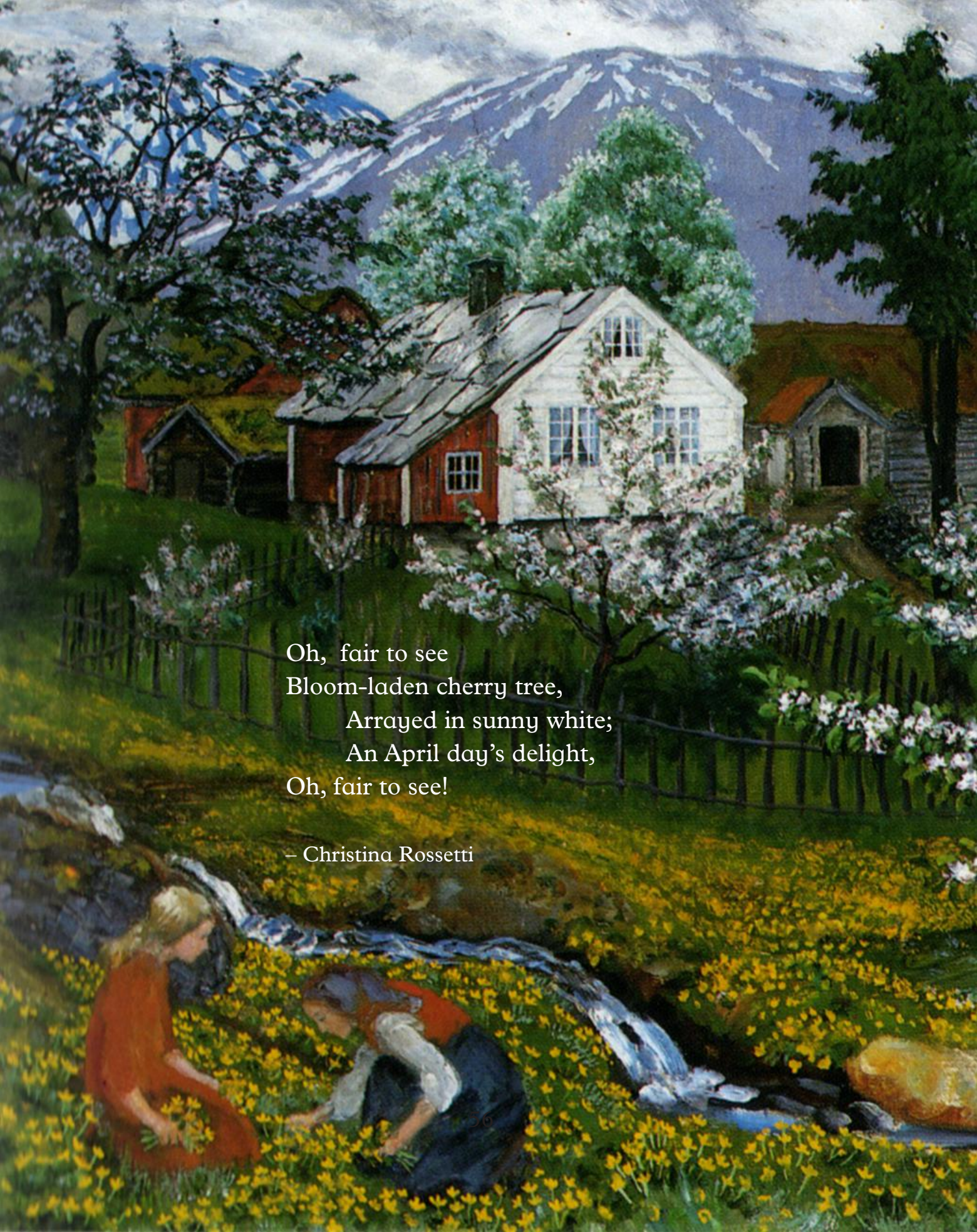
Lady April

By Richard Le Gallienne

So, April, here thou art again,
Thou pretty, pretty lady!
With broidered skirts of sun-kissed rain—
A grown-up girl already!
Thy sister May
Is on her way,
And June, with tresses shady;
But, of all the three,
I love best thee—
Thou pretty, pretty lady!




POLAND



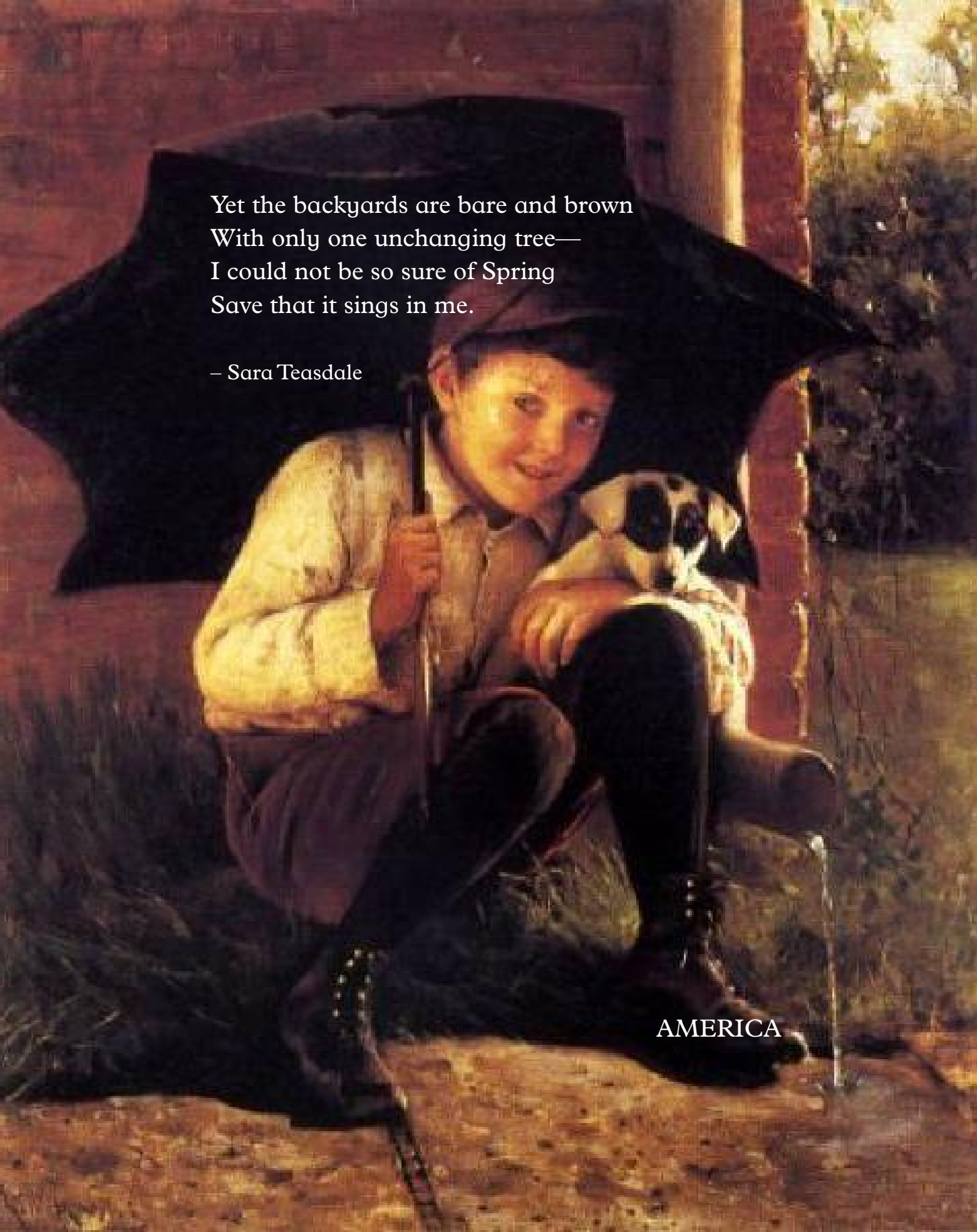
Oh, fair to see
Bloom-laden cherry tree,
        Arrayed in sunny white;
        An April day's delight,
Oh, fair to see!

– Christina Rossetti



NORWAY


The roofs are shining from the rain,
The sparrows twitter as they fly,
And with a windy April grace
The little clouds go by.
POLAND


Yet the backyards are bare and brown
With only one unchanging tree—
I could not be so sure of Spring
Save that it sings in me.
– Sara Teasdale
AMERICA





RUSSIA


GERMANY, Palm Sumday
RUSSIA, Easter



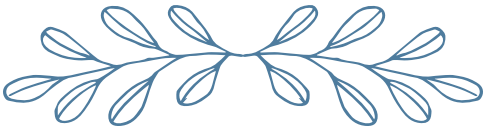
Easter Joy

Look, everyone look!
Leaves are lovely on bush and bough,
Robins build in the treetops now,
A song sounds in the brook!

Run, every child, run!
Flowers are shining by hollow and hill,
Buttercup, violet, daffodil,
All bright in the sun!

Bells silverly ring!
With grass and flowers and buds uncurled,
Easter is back in the beautiful world—
Sing, everyone, sing!





Easter

By Joyce Kilmer

The air is like a butterfly
With frail blue wings.
The happy earth looks at the sky
And sings.





CZECH REPUBLIC



May

brings flocks and pretty lambs,
Skipping by their fleecy dams.



GERMANY



Raising the Maypole

In many countries around the world, on May 1st, people put up a maypole, decorate it with garlands of flowers and dance around it. Nobody knows for sure how the tradition started, but it is thought that it simply was a sign that the happy season of warmth and comfort had returned.




ENGLAND

Song of Praise

Joyfully we lift our voices,
Joyfully we praise Thee,
Sing of all Thy wondrous blessings,
Gratefully we thank Thee.
Thank Thee for the warmth of sunshine,
Gentle rain and cool of night,
Food that gives us strength for service,
Hearts to sense the right;
Thank Thee for the many peoples,
Thank Thee for their gifts so rare,
Things of beauty, song and story,
For the wish to share;
Joyfully we lift our voices,
Praises Thee evermore!



Apple blossoms, budding, blowing,
In the soft May air:
Cups with sunshine overflowing,
Flakes of fragrance, drifting, snowing,
Showering everywhere!

– Lucy Larcom




FRANCE


ROMANIA



May is building her house. With apple blooms
She is roofing over the glimmering rooms;
Of the oak and the beech hath she builded its beams,
And, spinning all day at her secret looms,
With arras of leaves each wind-swayed wall
She pictureth over, and peopleth it all
With echoes and dreams,
And singing of streams.





May is building her house of petal and blade;
Of the roots of the oak is the flooring made,
With a carpet of mosses and lichen and clover,
Each small miracle over and over,
Amid tender, traveling green things strayed.

May is building her house. From the dust of things
She is making the songs and the flowers and the wings;
From October's tossed and trodden gold
She is making the young year out of the old;
Yea! Out of winter's flying sleet.





She is making all the summer sweet,
And the brown leaves spurned of November's feet
She is changing back again to spring's.

– Richard Le Gallienne


SPAIN

Make new friends, but keep the old,
One is silver, and the other gold



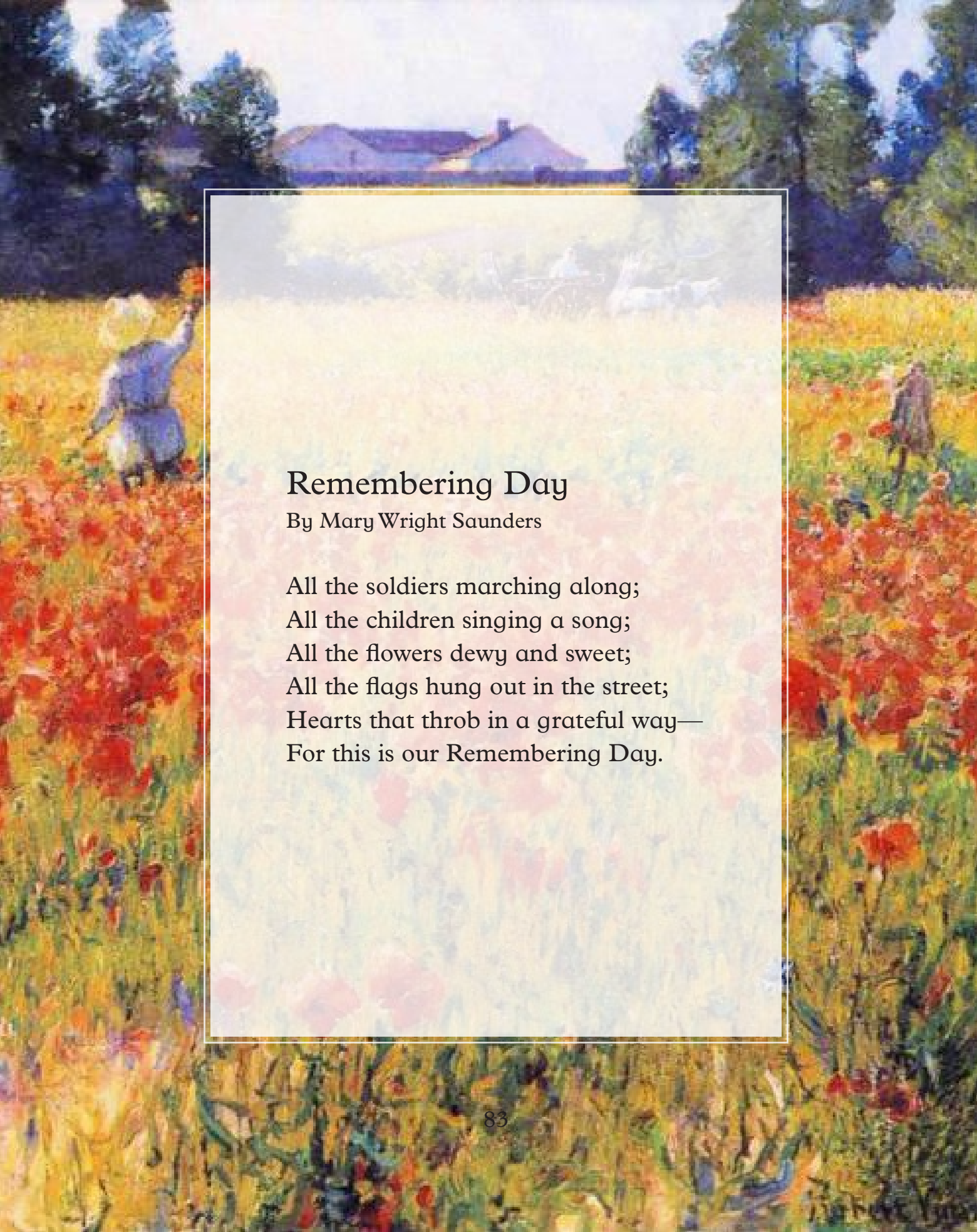
May Song

German Folk Song

May comes laughing o'er the meadow,
May comes singing o'er the hill;
Dancing in the leafy shadow,
Playing by the waters still.




BELGIUM

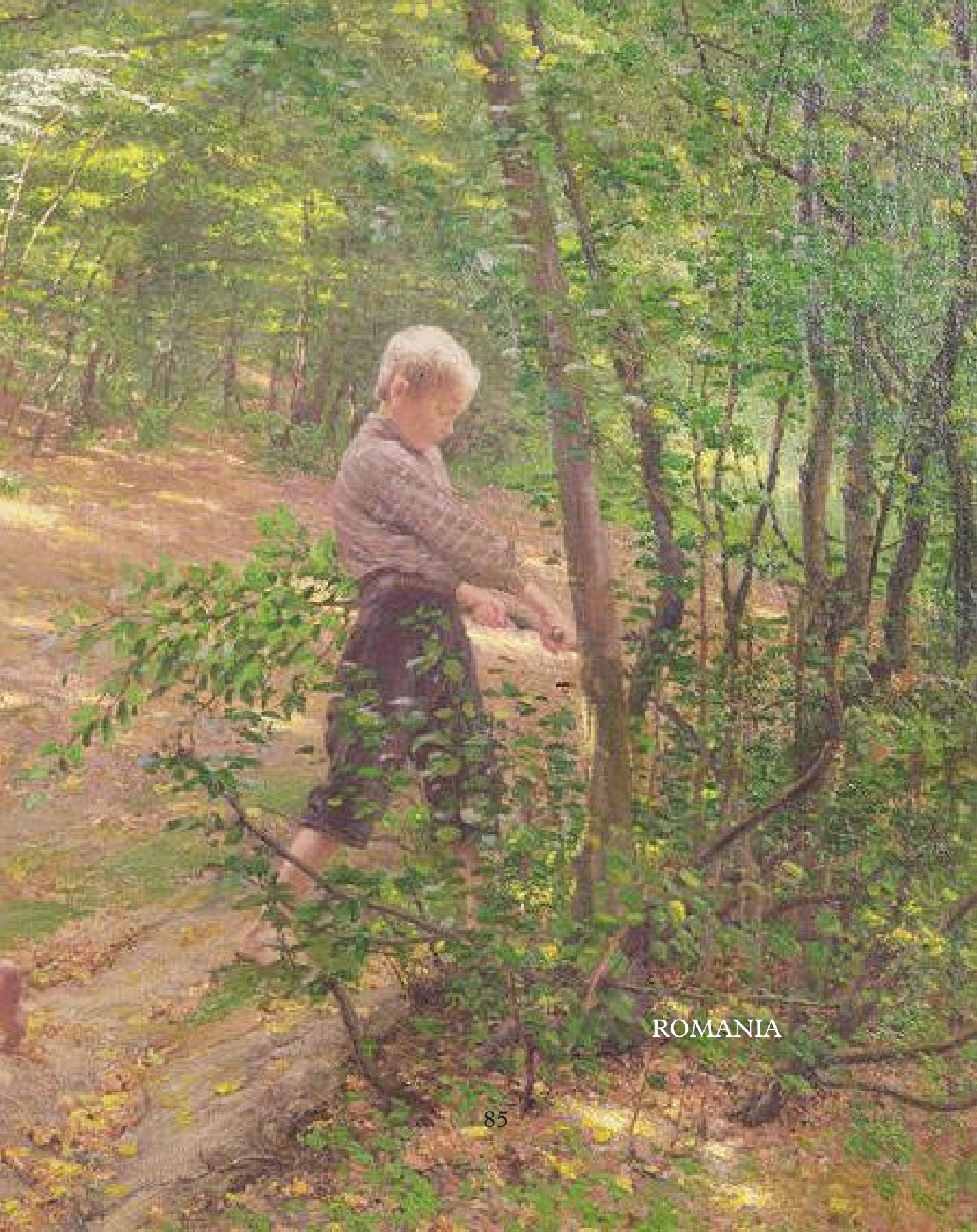


Remembering Day

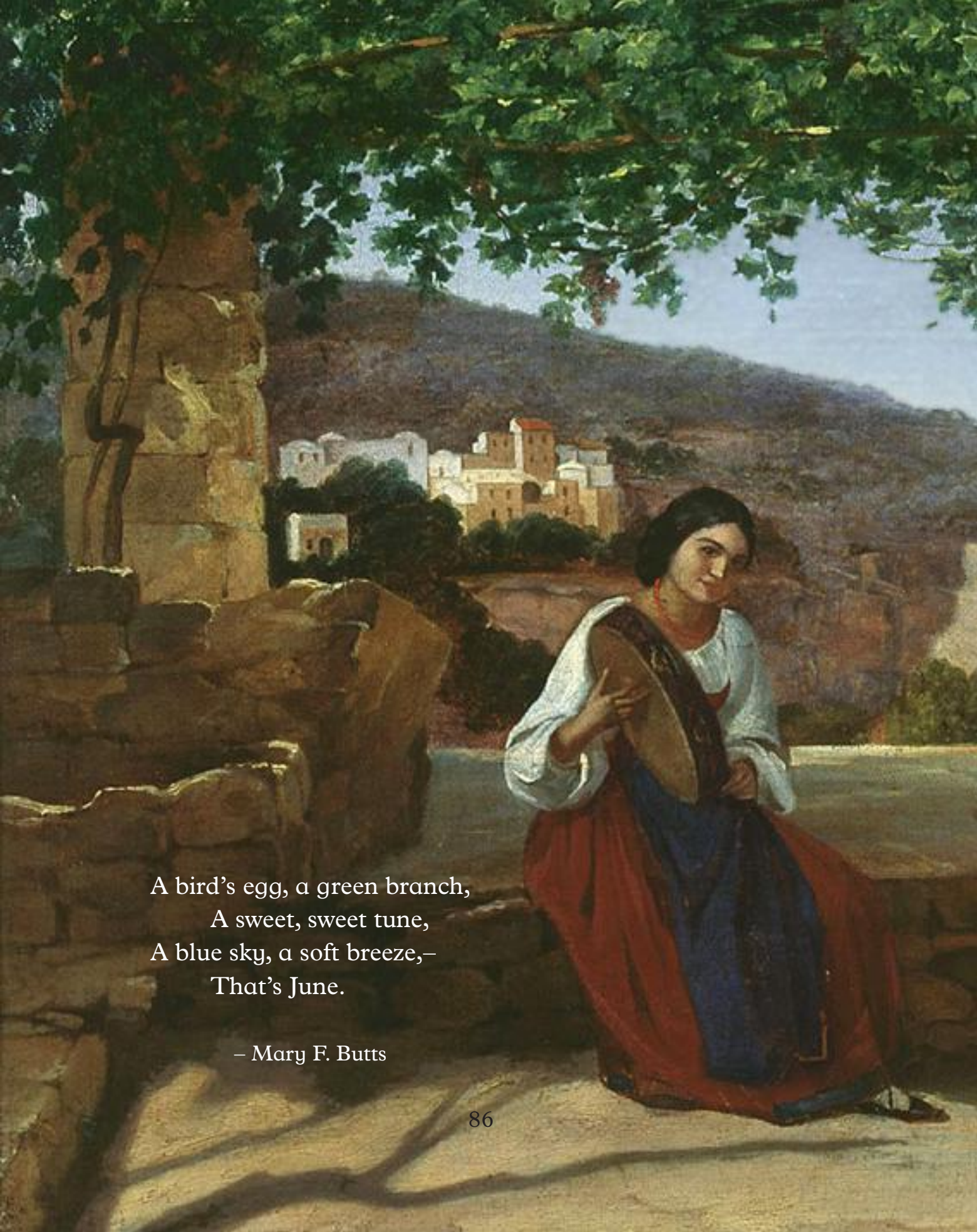
By Mary Wright Saunders

All the soldiers marching along;
All the children singing a song;
All the flowers dewy and sweet;
All the flags hung out in the street;
Hearts that throb in a grateful way—
For this is our Remembering Day.


June
brings tulips, lilies, roses,
Filles the children's hands with posies.



ROMANIA



A bird's egg, a green branch,
A sweet, sweet tune,
A blue sky, a soft breeze,–
That's June.

– Mary F. Butts


ITALY

The Sun

By John Drinkwater

I told the Sun that I was glad,
I'm sure I don't know why;
Somehow the pleasant way he had
Of shining in the sky,
Just put a notion in my head
That wouldn't it be fun
If, walking on the hill, I said,
"I'm happy" to the Sun.


DENMARK



TURKEY

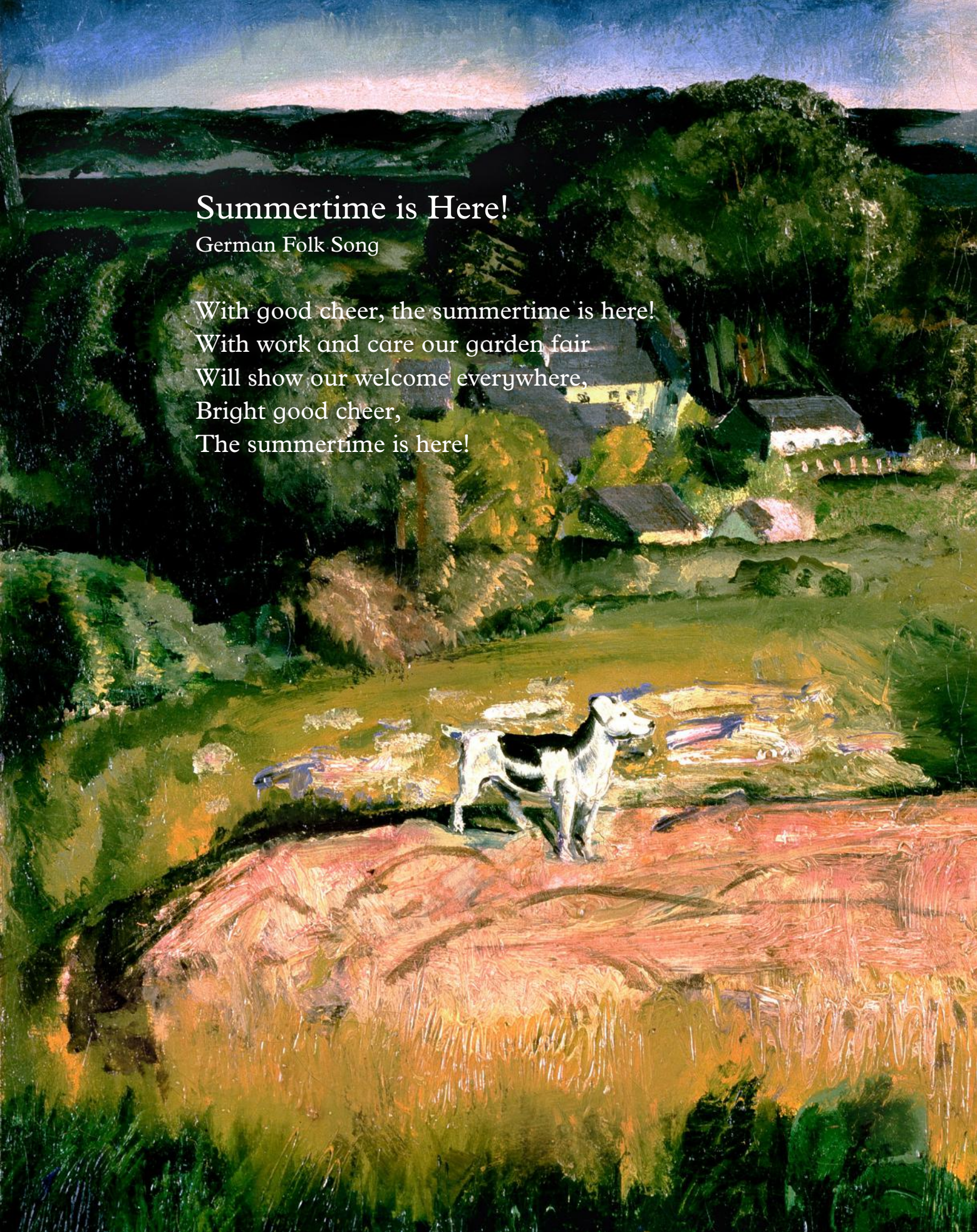


The Big Swing-Tree is Green Again

By Mary Jane Carr

The big swing-tree is green again—
That means that summer's coming;
If you listen, you may hear
A pleasant sort of humming;
It sounds as if the big swing-tree
Were chuckling low and singing.

And that's a happy sound, because
It means we'll soon be swinging!
Up and up, down and down,
Swinging high, swinging low,
All the children waiting turns,
Standing in a row.



Summertime is Here!

German Folk Song

With good cheer, the summertime is here!
With work and care our garden fair
Will show our welcome everywhere,
Bright good cheer,
The summertime is here!


AMERICA



SWEDEN



Midsummer's Day

In Sweden, Midsummer's Day is celebrated on a Saturday between June 20 and June 26. It is a day to welcome summertime. Swedes wear garlands of flowers in their hair, dance around a pole, sing songs, and eat delicious food. They look forward to it every year!



June

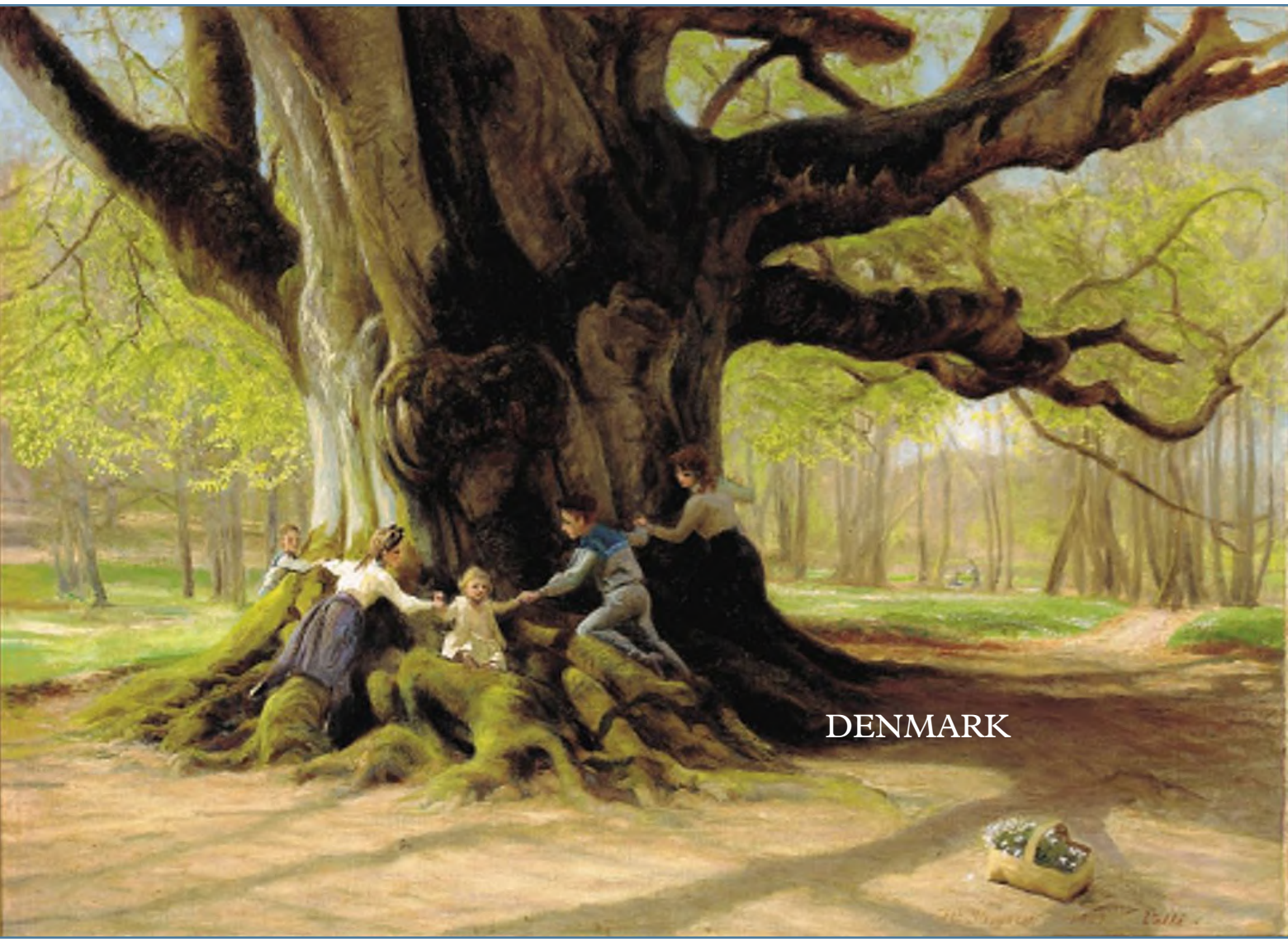
By Douglas Malloch

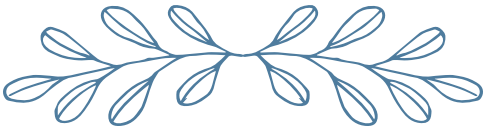
I knew that you were coming, June, I knew that you were coming!
Among the alders by the stream I heard a partridge drumming;
I heard a partridge drumming, June, a welcome with his wings,
And felt softness in the air half Summer's and half Spring's.

I knew that you were nearing, June, I knew that you were nearing—
I saw it in the bursting buds of roses in the clearing;
The roses in the clearing, June, were blushing pink and red,
For they heard upon the hills the echo of your tread.

I knew that you were coming, June, I knew that you were coming,
For ev'ry warbler in the wood a song of joy was humming.
I know that you are here, June, I know that you are here—
The fairy month, the merry month, the laughter of the year!


RUSSIA


DENMARK



Stay, June, Stay!

By Christina Rossetti

The days are clear,
        Day after day,
When April's here,
        That leads to May,
And June
Must follow soon:
        Stay, June, stay!—
If only we could stop the moon
And June!



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