

# First Language Lessons

## level 1

Poem cards for First Language Lessons Level 1

- “The Caterpillar” by Christina G. Rossetti
- “Work” by Anonymous
- “Hearts Are Like Doors” by Anonymous
- “Days of the Week” ~ Mother Goose rhyme adapted by Sara Buffington
- “The Months” a Mother Goose rhyme
- “Mr. Nobody” by Anonymous

# The Caterpillar

Christina G. Rossetti



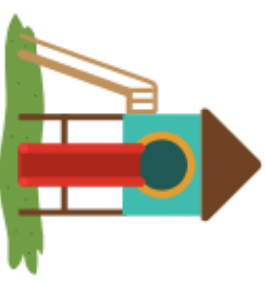
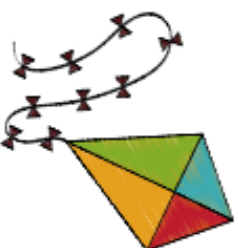
Brown and furry  
Caterpillar in a hurry;  
Take your walk  
To the shady leaf, or stalk.  
May no toad spy you,  
May the little birds pass by you;  
Spin and die,  
To live again a butterfly.



# Work

Anonymous

Work while you work,  
Play while you play;  
This is the way  
To be happy each day.  
All that you do,  
Do with your might;  
Things done by halves  
Are never done right.



# Hearts Are Like Doors

Anonymous

Hearts, like doors, will open with ease,  
To very, very little keys.  
And don't forget that two of these  
Are "Thank you, sir" and "If you please!"



# Days of the Week

Mother Goose rhyme Adapted by  
Sara Buffington

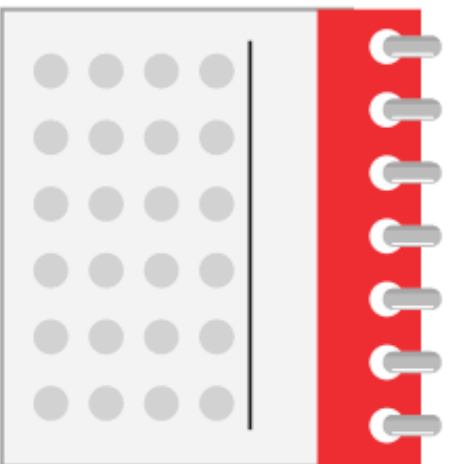


Monday's child is fair of face,  
Tuesday's child is full of grace;  
Wednesday's child is ever so sweet,  
Thursday's child is tidy and neat.  
Friday's child is prone to a giggle,  
Saturday's child is easy to tickle;  
Sunday  
Is happy and cheerful, and loves to play.

# The Months

Mother Goose rhyme

Thirty days hath September,  
April, June, and November;  
All the rest have thirty-one,  
Except for February alone,  
Which has four and twenty-four  
Till leap year gives it one day more.



# Mr. Nobody

Anonymous

I know a funny little man,  
As quiet as a mouse,  
Who does the mischief that is done  
In everybody's house!  
There's no one ever sees his face,  
And yet we all agree  
That every plate we break was cracked  
By Mr. Nobody.



'Tis he who always tears our books,  
Who leaves the door ajar,  
He pulls the buttons from our shirts,  
And scatters pins afar.  
That squeaking door will always squeak,  
For, prithee, don't you see,  
We leave the oiling to be done  
By Mr. Nobody.



The finger marks upon the door  
By none of us are made;  
We never leave the blinds unclosed,  
To let the curtains fade.  
The ink we never spill; the boots  
That lying 'round you see  
Are not our boots - they all belong  
To Mr. Nobody.

