

First Language Lessons

level 2

Poem cards for First Language Lessons Level 2

- “The Goops” by Gelett Burgess
- “The Year” by Sara Coleridge, adapted by Sara Buffington
- “The Little Bird” a Mother Goose rhyme
- "The Months" a Mother Goose rhyme
- “All Things Beautiful” by Cecil Alexander

The Goops

By Gelett Burgess

The Goops they lick their fingers,
And the Goops they lick their knives,
They spill their broth on the
tablecloth

— Oh, they lead disgusting lives!

The Goops they talk while eating,
And loud and fast they chew,
And that is why I'm glad that I Am
not a Goop — are you?



The Year

By Sara Coleridge

Adapted by Sara Buffington

January brings the snow,
Helps the skis and sleds to go.



February brings the rain,
Thaws the frozen lake again.

March brings breezes loud and shrill,

Stirs the dancing daffodil.



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

May brings sunshine full and bright,

Sends the busy bees to flight.



June brings tulips, lilies, roses,

Fills the children's hands with posies.



Hot July brings stormy showers



Lemonade, and lazy hours.

August brings the warmest air,

Sandy feet and sea-wet hair.



September brings the fruit so sweet,

Apples ripe from summer heat.



October brings the colored trees,

Scampering squirrels and cooling breeze.



Dull November brings the blast,

Then the leaves are whirling fast.



Chill December brings the sleet,

Blazing fire, and Christmas treat.

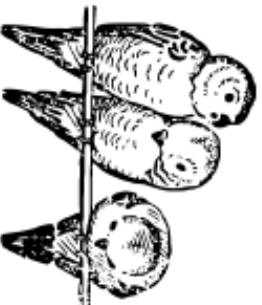


The Little Bird

Mother Goose Rhyme



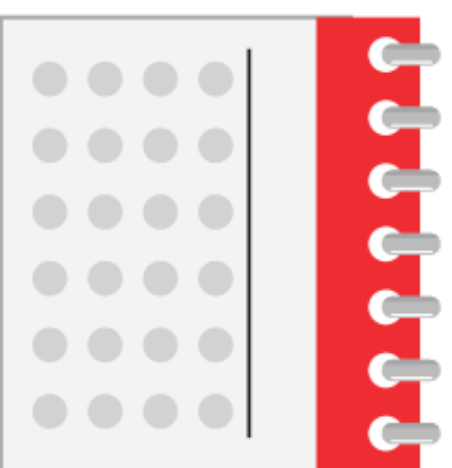
Once I saw a little bird
Come hop, hop, hop;
So I cried, "Little bird,
Will you stop, stop, stop?"
And was going to the window
To say "How do you do?"
But he shook his little tail,
And far away he flew.



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.



All Things Beautiful

Cecil Alexander

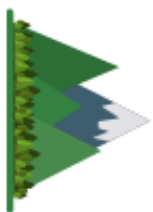
All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.



Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings.



The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset, and the morning,
That brighten 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.

