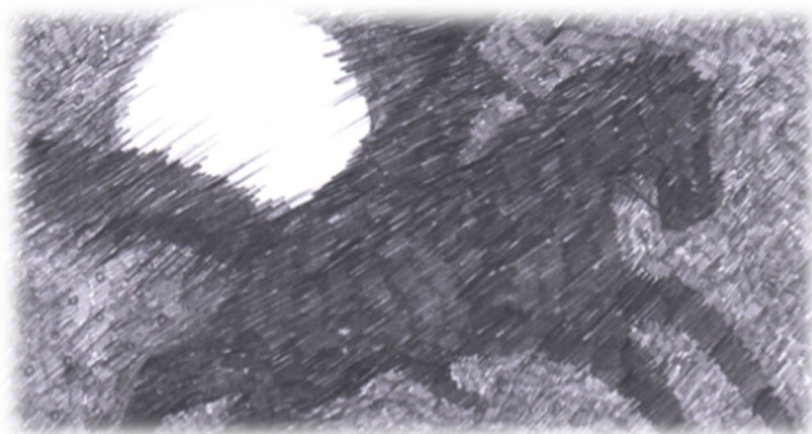


Windy Nights

*Whenever the moon and stars are set,
Whenever the wind is high,
All night long in the dark and wet,
A man goes riding by.
Late in the night when the fires are out,
Why does he gallop and gallop about?*

*Whenever the trees are crying aloud,
And ships are tossed at sea,
By, on the highway, low and loud,
By at the gallop goes he.
By at the gallop he goes, and then
By he comes back at the gallop again.*

by Robert Louis Stevenson



Pike

In the brown water,
Thick and silver-sheened in the sunshine,
Liquid and cool in the shade of the reeds,
A pike dozed.
Lost among the shadows of stems
He lay unnoticed.
Suddenly he flicked his tail,
And a green-and-copper brightness
Ran under the water.

Out from under the reeds
Came the olive-green light,
And orange flashed up
Through the sun-thickened water.
So the fish passed across the pool,
Green and copper,
A darkness and a gleam,
And the blurred reflections of the willows on the opposite
bank
Received it.



by Amy Lowell

The Sandpiper



At the edge of tide
He stops to wonder,
Races through
The lace of thunder.

On toothpick legs
swift and brittle,
he runs and pipes
and his voice is little.

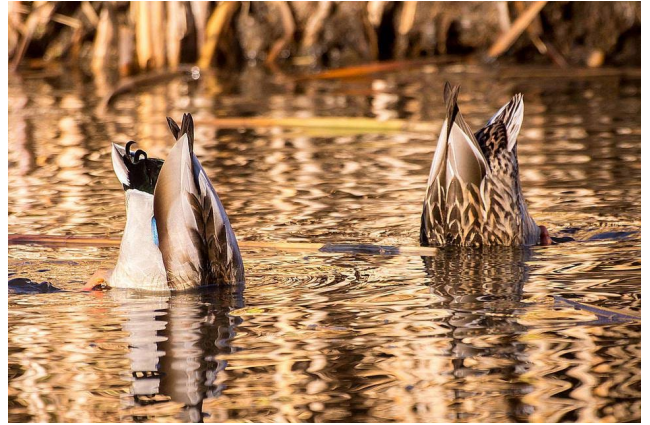
But small or not,
he has a notion
To outshout
The Atlantic Ocean.

by Frances M Frost

Duck's Ditty

*All along the backwater,
Through the rushes tall,
Ducks are a-dabbling,
Up tails all!*

Ducks' tails, drakes' tails,
Yellow feet a-quiver,
Yellow bills all out of sight
Busy in the river!



Slushy green undergrowth
Where the roach swim—
Here we keep our larder,
Cool and full and dim.

Everyone for what he likes!
We like to be
Heads down, tails up,
Dabbling free!

*High in the blue above
Swifts whirl and call—
We are down a-dabbling
Up tails all!*

by Kenneth Grahame