Over In The Meadow

Olive A. Wadsworth

This Book Belong To:
Over in the meadow,
In the sand, in the sun,
Lived an old mother toad (toadie)
And her little toadie one.
"Wink!" said the mother;
"I wink," said the one:
So they winked and they blinked
In the sand in the sun.

Over in the meadow,
Where the stream runs blue,
Lived an old mother fish
And her little fishes two.
"Swim!" said the mother;
"We swim," said the two:
So they swam and they leaped
Where the stream runs blue.
Over in the meadow,
In a hole in a tree,
Lived an old mother bluebird
And her little birdies three.
"Sing!" said the mother;
"We sing," said the three:
So they sang, and were glad,
In a hole in the tree.

Over in the meadow,
In the reeds on the shore,
Lived an old mother muskrat
And her little ratties four.
"Dive!" said the mother;
"We dive," said the four:
So they dived and they burrowed
In the reeds on the shore.
Over in the meadow,
In a snug beehive,
Lived a mother honey bee
And her little bees five.

"Buzz!" said the mother;
"We buzz," said the five:
So they buzzed and they hummed
In the snug beehive.
Over in the meadow,
In a nest built of sticks,
Lived a black mother crow
And her little crows six.
"Caw!" said the mother;
"We caw," said the six:
So they cawed and they called
In their nest built of sticks.
Over in the meadow,
Where the grass is so even,
Lived a gay mother cricket
And her little crickets seven.

"Chirp!" said the mother;
"We chirp," said the seven:
So they chirped cheery notes
In the grass soft and even.
Over in the meadow,
By the old mossy gate,
Lived a brown mother lizard
And her little lizards eight.
"Bask!" said the mother;
"We bask," said the eight:
So they basked in the sun
On the old mossy gate.
Over in the meadow,
Where the quiet pools shine,
Lived a green mother frog
And her little froggies nine.
"Croak!" said the mother;
"We croak," said the nine.
So they croaked, and they splashed
Where the quiet pools shine.
Over in the meadow,
In a sly little den,
Lived a gray mother spider
And her little spiders ten.
"Spin!" said the mother;
"We spin," said the ten.
So they spun lacy webs
In their sly little den.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10

- Olive A. Wadsworth. American poet & writer. (pen name for Katherine Floyd Dana/1835 - 1886)