

**A Time to Talk**

*By Robert Frost*

When a friend calls to me from the road

And slows his horse to a meaning walk,

I don't stand still and look around

On all the hills I haven't hoed,

And shout from where I am, "What Is It?"

No, not as there is a time to talk.

I thrust my hoe in the mellow ground,

Blade-end up and five feet tall,

And plod: I go up to the stone wall

For a friendly visit.

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**On Our Way**

*By Eve Merriam*

What kind of walk shall we take today?

Leap like a frog? Creep like a snail?

Scamper like a squirrel with a furry tail?

Flutter like a butterfly? Chicken peck?

Stretch like a turtle with a poking-out neck?

Trot like a pony, clip clop clop?

Swing like a monkey in a treetop?

Scuttle like a crab? Kangaroo jump?

Plod like a camel with an up-and-down hump?

We could even try a brand-new way --

Walking down the street

On our own two feet.



**Different Things**

*By Harry Behn*

Cows don’t play hop-scotch

Any more than pigs,

Kittens never cackle ever

The way a dog digs,

Or bees buzz or birds fly

Or bubbles float or babies cry,

Still, why they do or don’t it seems

I only understand in dreams.

Sometimes I wonder

If it wouldn’t be fun

To let trees go where they please

Or make the moon the sun.

But then my shoes would be my hat,

And so I leave things this or that

About the way they are, but funny

Like bread and buttercups and honey.



**The Boys and the Apple Tree**

*By Kate Greenaway*

As William and Thomas were walking one day,

They came by a fine orchard’s side:

They would rather eat apples than spell, read, or play,

And Thomas to William then cried:

O brother, look yonder! What clusters hang there!

I’ll try and climb over the wall:

I must have an apple; I will have a pear;

Although it should cost me a fall!”

Said William to Thomas, “To steal is a sin,

Mamma has oft told this to thee:

I never have stolen, nor will I begin,

So the apples may hang on the tree.”