

The Groundhog

Charlie was scared of his shadow.
It somehow just made him afraid.
He'd never come out
When the sun was about,
But remained in his hole in the shade.

Charlie was scared of his shadow—
It was a terrible burden to hide.
He'd always look 'round
For dark shapes on the ground,
Such as those underneath his backside.

Charlie was scared of his shadow,
Which filled him with downhearted gloom.
“Today's sun's quadrangle's
At twelve-degree angles,”
He'd say from the door of his room.

Charlie was scared of his shadow.
But there was no sun out today.
“Oh, can it be so?
Is it clear? Can I go?”
Yes it was. So he did. Out to play.

Thomas

Thomas was a sailor
 A sailor
 A sailor
Thomas was a sailor who put out to sea

Where he had a biscuit
 A biscuit
 A biscuit
 Where he had a biscuit and half a cup of tea.

On Pillows

An armadillo
As a pillow
Is a little hard to bear,
But a poodle
For your noodle
Feels just perfect under there.

Possum

If you happen to glance at that sycamore tree
 (Said my friend Sadie in talking with me)
If you happen to glance at that sycamore tree
 You might see something new.

For if you look carefully then you will see
 (Said my friend Sadie in talking with me)
If you look carefully then you will see
 Someone who's looking at you.

Snug

I sat down in Dad's chair and I do declare
That never in all my days
Has my derriere been as snug as in there,
In so many wonderful ways.

The Bath

If you stay in
Too long, suppose
Just what might happen
To your toes,

Or fingers, feet,
Hands—all of you.
When this point comes
What will you do?

Though smooth and soft
You may begin,
When all the water
Has seeped in

You'll see. And then
You'll wish you had
Paid more attention
To your Dad.

"Time to get out!"
Your Father cries.
"Time to get out!"
You close your eyes.

The water's warm.
Relax. But soon
You'll find
Yourself
A human
Prune.

Blossom

Blossom was a possum
Whose tail was long and pink.
Her hair was sort of grayish
And rather long I think.
She had shortish roundish ears
And two beautiful pink eyes.
And she took a little nap
Every time she got surprised.

Waves

Please come with me down to the bay
Where we will be carried away
On my little boat.
'Twill keep us afloat
On the dappled green waves of May.