

Some One

by. Walter de la Mare

Some one came knocking

At my wee, small door;

Someone came knocking;

I'm sure-sure-sure;

I listened, I opened,

I looked to left and right,

But nought there

was a stirring

In the still dark night:

Only the busy beetle

Tap-tapping in the wall.

Only from the forest

The screech-owls call.

Only the cricket whistling

While the dewdrops fall.

So I know not who came

knocking.

At all, at all, at all.

The Vulture

by. Hillaire Belloc

The Vulture eats

between his meals.

And thats the reason why

He very, very, rarely feels

As well as you and I.

His eye is dull.

his head is bald.

His neck is growing thinner.

Oh! What a lesson

for us all

To only eat at dinner!

Hope

by Emily Dickinson

Hope is the thing with

feathers

That perches in the soul.

And sings the tune-without

the words.

And never stops at all.

And sweetest in the

gale is heard:

And sore must be the storm

That could abash

the little bird

That kept so many warm



I've heard it in

the chilliest land.

And on the strangest sea:

Yet, never, in extremity,

It asked a crumb of me.

My Gift

by Christina Rossetti

What can I give Him,

Poor as I am?

If I were a shepherd

I would bring a lamb.

If I were a Wise Man.

I would do my part.

Yet what can I give Him.

Give my Heart.