

Mother Earth's Children

A Reading A-Z Poetry Book

Word Count: 328

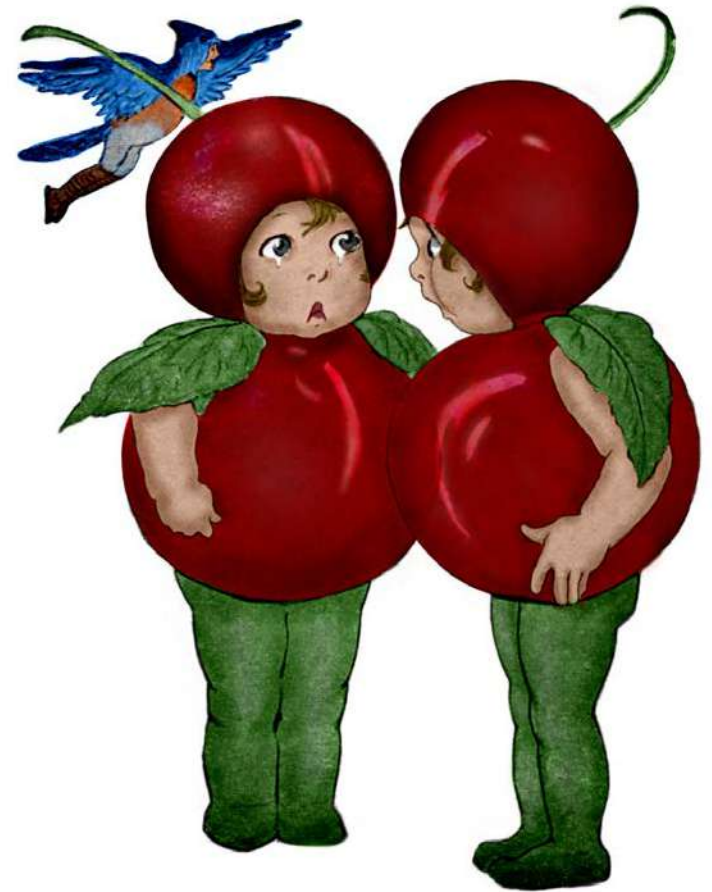


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POETRY

Mother Earth's Children



Written by Elizabeth Gordon • Illustrated by M.T. Ross

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Said Garlic: "My home used to be
In far-off, sunny Sicily;
But people here think I'm a blessing,
I make such splendid salad dressing."

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The images and text in this book were first published in 1914 in a larger collection called *Mother Earth's Children: The Frolics of the Fruits and Vegetables*.



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Watermelon's dress of green

Trimmed in rose pink you all have seen;

She has such pleasant smiling ways,

We welcome her on summer days.



The Blackberry children love to run
 And play beneath the August sun
 Until each little maid and man
 Takes on a friendly coat of tan.

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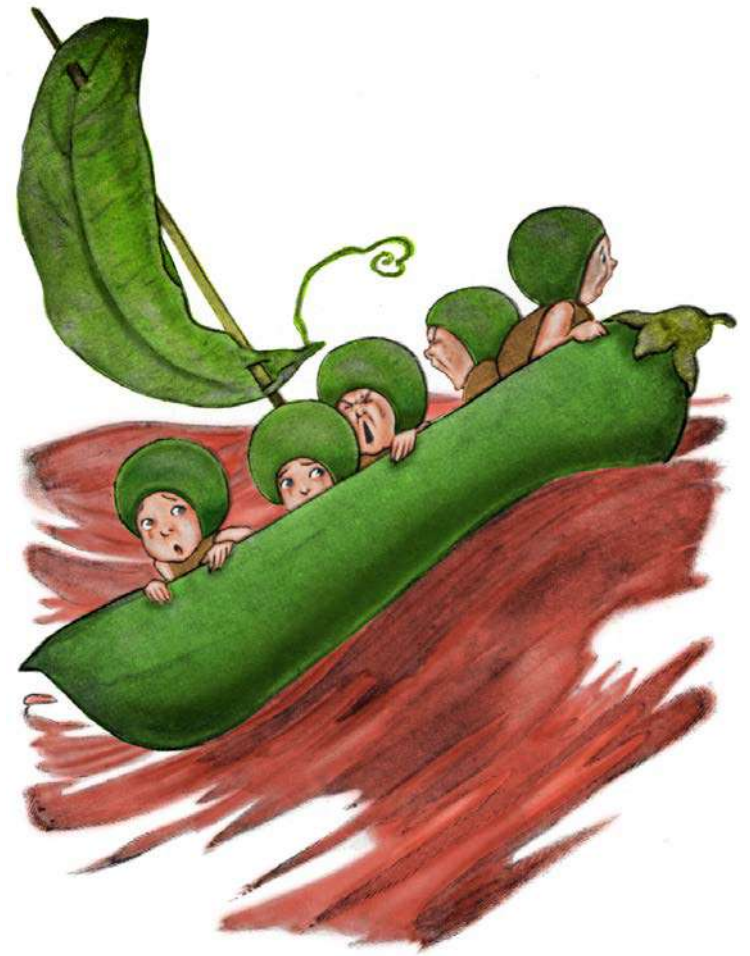
Asparagus in early spring
Came up to hear the robins sing;
When she peeped out her dress was white;
It turned green in the sunshine bright.



Said Rutabaga Turnip: "Wow!
I just escaped that hungry cow;
I jumped behind a great big tree
Or she'd have surely eaten me!"



The pretty little ladies Rice
 You'll always turn to look at twice;
 They came from India long ago,
 And now they're everywhere you go.



The Green Pea children went to sail
 On the Sauce Pan ocean in a gale;
 "This boat's a shell," they cried; "Dear me!
 We might capsize in this deep sea."



Said Spinach: "In my dress of green
I'm just as happy as a queen.
I'm truly glad that I am good
For little babies' early food."



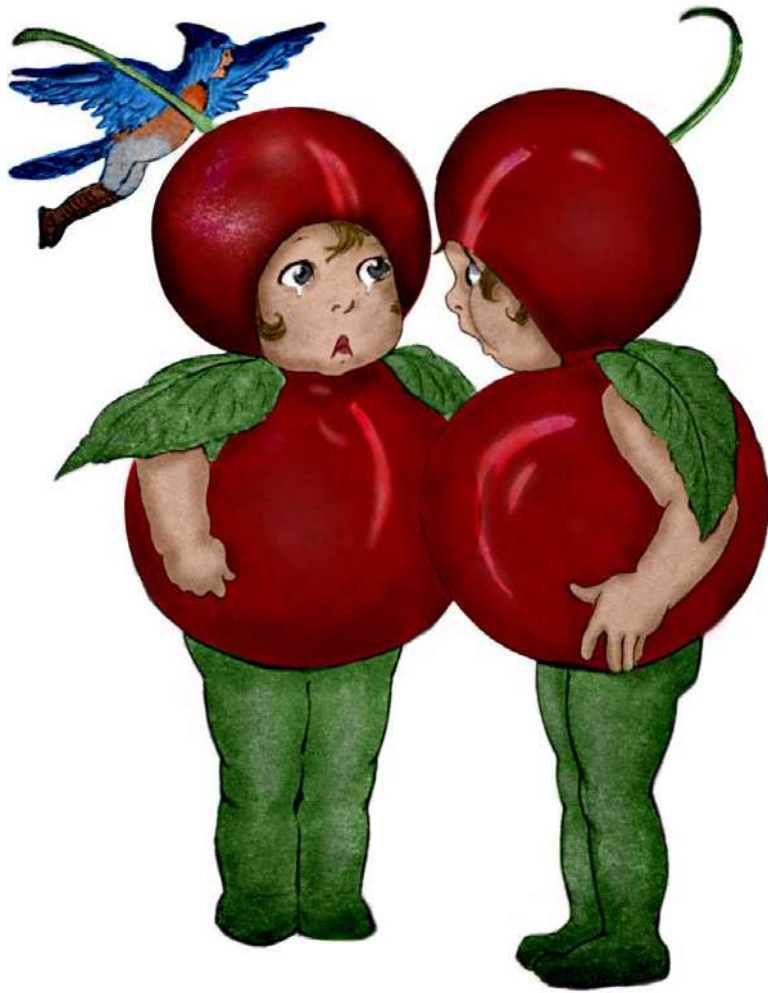
The Blueberry children love to run
Around the hillsides in the sun;
Smiling and jolly, plump and sweet,
Best-natured youngsters one could meet.



Red Pepper said a biting word
Which Miss Green Pepper overheard;
Said she: "Hot words you can't recall;
Better not say such things at all."



Little Wild Strawberry came down
To visit with her folks in town;
She's a sweet child with charming ways,
And blushes modestly at praise.



"Cherries are ripe," said Old Blue Jay
 As he flew by one August day;
 "Why, he means us," the Cherries cried,
 "Perhaps we'd better go inside."



The String Beans love to climb a pole,
 And so their clothes are seldom whole.
 Mother Bean said: "I'll mend the tatters;
 While they are happy, nothing matters!"