



Blumenfeld's
Alpha-Phonics[®]

First Readers
Book 11

*For readers who have
completed Alpha-Phonics*

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For readers who have completed *Alpha-Phonics*

For Parents and Tutors

We've prepared this little volume of poetry in order to introduce the new reader to the beauties of poetic thought and language.

Man is a spiritual being, and it is through poetry that his spiritual nature is best expressed. It is important to elevate the mind of the child, so that he or she aspires to reach upward to what is uplifting and sentimentally pure.

Children should be encouraged to read good literature so that they become aware of the wisdom to be found in the written word. Good, simple poetry is an excellent place to start.

Samuel L. Blumenfeld

Erasers

Erasers are the nicest things!
Of that there is no doubt.
We write wrong words. A few quick swipes—
And big mistakes fade out.
And you will find erasers,
Of a very different kind.
Extremely helpful, if you will try
To bear these facts in mind:
When you bump someone in a crowd,
And almost knock her down,
A soft “I’m sorry!” may bring smiles
And rub out that old frown.
Apologies, invariably,
Obliterate mistakes;
And three small words, “I love you!”
Can erase the worst of mistakes.

Author Unknown

Trees

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.
A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;
A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;
A tree that may in Summer wear
A nest of robbins in her hair;
Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.
Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

Joyce Kilmer

Feline Anyway

“Life’s a cat with nine sharp tails,”
Loud laments the man who fails.
“Life’s a cat with nine good lives,”
Answers him the man who thrives.
Good or ill their fate may be,
Life’s a cat, they both agree.
Let what fortune haunt the house,
Life’s a cat and man’s a mouse.

Eden Phillpotts

Not in Vain

If I can stop one heart from breaking,
I shall not live in vain:
If I can ease one life the aching,
Or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting robin
Unto his nest again,
I shall not live in vain.

Emily Dickinson

Bunnies

The Bunnies are a feeble folk
Whose weakness is their strength,
To shun a gun a Bun will run
To almost any length.

Oliver Herford

A Dirge for A Righteous Kitten

Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong.
Here lies a kitten good, who kept
A kitten's proper place.
He stole no pantry eatables,
Nor scratched the baby's face.
He let the alley-cats alone.
He had no yowling vice.
His shirt was always laundered well,
He freed the house of mice.
Until his death he had not caused
His little mistress tears,
He wore his ribbon prettily,
He washed behind his ears.
Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong.

Vachel Lindsay

The Cow

The friendly cow all red and white,
I love with all my heart;
She gives me cream with all her might,
To eat with apple-tart.

She wanders lowing here and there,
And yet she cannot stray;
All in the pleasant open air,
The pleasant light of day.

And blown by all the winds that pass
And wet with all the flowers,
She walks among the meadow grass
And eats the meadow flowers.

Robert Louis Stevenson

My Country 'Tis of Thee

My country 'tis of thee
Sweet land of liberty
Of thee I sing.
Land where my fathers died
Land of the Pilgrims' pride
From every mountainside
Let freedom ring.

America the Beautiful

Oh, beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain's majesty
Above the fruited plain.
America, America, 's
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good
With brotherhood
From sea to shining sea.

The Star-Spangled Banner

Oh, say can you see
by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hailed
at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars
through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched
were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare,
the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night
that our flag was still there.
Oh, say, does that star-spangled
banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free
and the home of the brave?

Francis Scott Key

Four Ducks on a Pond

Four ducks on a pond,
A grass bank beyond,
A blue sky of spring,
White clouds on the wing—
What a little thing
To remember for years. . . .
To remember with tears!

William Allingham

The Little Salamander

When I go free,
I think 'twill be
A night of stars and snow,
And the wild fires of frost shall light
My footsteps as I go;
Nobody—nobody will be there
With groping touch, or sight,
To see me in my bush of hair
Dance burning through the night.

Walter de la Mare

The Vulture

The vulture eats between his meals,
And that's the reason why
He very, very rarely feels
As well as you or 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.

Hilaire Belloc

Who Has Seen The Wind?

Who has seen the wind?
Neither I nor you:
But when the leaves hang trembling,
The wind is passing through.

Who has seen the wind?
Neither you nor I:
But when the trees bow down their heads,
The wind is passing by.

Christina Georgina Rossetti

The Frog

Be kind and tender to the Frog,
And do not call him names,
As "Slimy-skin," or "polly-wog,"
Or likewise "Uncle James,"
Or "Gape-a-grin," or "Toad-gone-wrong,"
Or "Billy-Bandy Knees;"
The frog is justly sensitive
To epithets like these.

No animal will more repay
A treatment kind and fair;
At least so lonely people say
Who keep a frog (and by the way,
They are extremely rare).

Hilaire Belloc

Minutes of Gold

Two or three minutes—two or three hours,
What do they mean in this life of ours?
Not very much if but counted as time,
But minutes of gold and hours sublime,
If only we'll use them once in a while
To make someone happy—make
 someone smile.

A minute may dry a little lad's tears,
An hour sweep aside trouble of years.
Minutes of my time may bring to an end
Hopelessness somewhere, and bring
 me a friend.

Author Unknown

The Housekeeper

The frugal snail, with forecast of repose
Carries his house with him where'er he goes;
Peeps out—and if there comes a shower of rain,
Retreats to his small domicile again.
Touch but a tip of him, a horn—'tis well—
He curls up in his sanctuary Shell,
He's his own landlord, his own tenant; stay
Long as he will, he dreads no Quarter Day.

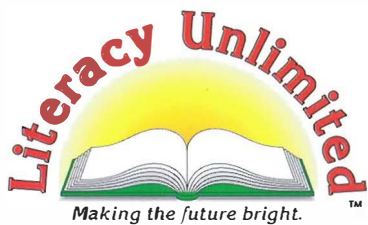
Himself he boards and lodges; both invites
And feasts himself; sleeps with himself o'nights.
He spares the upholsterer trouble to procure
Chattels; himself is his own furniture,
And his sole riches. Wheresoe'er he roam—
Knock when you will—he's sure to be at home.

Charles Lamb

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