

WINTER POETRY ANTHOLOGY



A Chubby Little Snowman

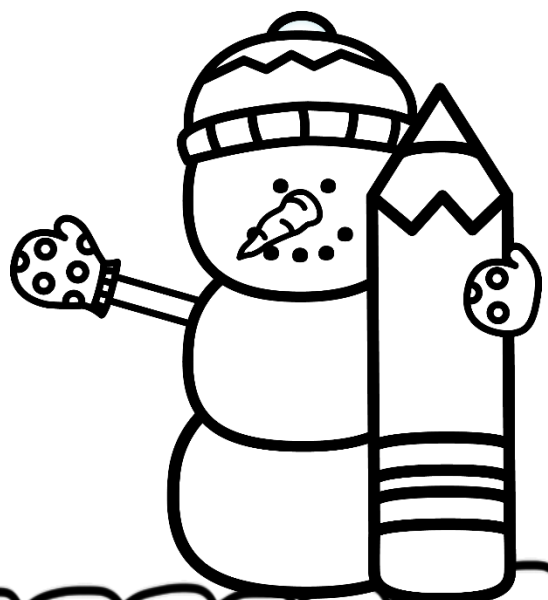
**A chubby little snowman
Had a carrot nose;**

**Along came a rabbit
And what do you suppose?**

**That hungry little bunny,
Looking for his lunch,**

**ATE the snowman's carrot
nose . . .**

Nibble, nibble, CRUNCH





Five Little Snowflakes

One little snowflake with nothing to do.

**Along came another and
Then there were two.**

**Two little snowflakes laughing with me.
Along came another, and
Then there were three.**

**Three little snowflakes looking for
some more.
Along came another, and
Then there were four.**

**Four little snowflakes dancing a jive.
Along came another, and
Then there were five.**

**Five little snowflakes having so much
fun.
Out came the sun, and
Then there were none!**



Winter

by Dorothy Aldis

the street cars are
like frosted cakes --
all covered up
with cold snowflakes.

The horses' hooves
scrunch on the street;
their eyelashes
are white with sleet.

And everywhere
the people go --
with faces tickled
by the snow.



Snowflakes

by Linda A. Copp

Snowflakes spill from heaven's
hand

Lovely and chaste like smooth
white sand.

A veil of wonder laced in light
Falling Gently on a winters night.

Graceful beauty raining down
Giving magic to the lifeless ground.

Each snowflake like a falling star
Smiling beauty that's spun afar.

Till earth is dressed in a robe of
white
Unspoken poem the hush of night.



Sleigh-Bells

Evaleen Stein

Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle!

Happy winter-time!

Baby's eyes a-twinkle,

Hear the sleigh-bells chime!

Each one rings a merry

Ting-a-ling-a-ling!

For a sleigh-bell fairy

Hides inside to sing.

See them quake and quiver,

Up and downward tossed,

Seems as if they shiver

In the nipping frost!

Shiver into laughter,

Jolly little elves!

Till we laugh thereafter,

Merry as themselves.



Falling Snow

by anonymous

See the pretty snowflakes
Falling from the sky;
On the wall and housetops
Soft and thick they lie.

On the window ledges,
On the branches bare;
Now how fast they gather,
Filling all the air.

Look into the garden,
Where the grass was green;
Covered by the snowflakes,
Not a blade is seen.

Now the bare black bushes
All look soft and white,
Every twig is laden,
What a pretty sight!



Icicles

We are little icicles

Melting in the sun.

Can you see our tiny
teardrops

Falling one by one?

The Snowman

One day we built a snowman,
We built him out of snow;
You should have seen how fine he
was,
all white from top to toe.

We poured some water over him,
to freeze his legs and ears;
and when we went indoors to bed,
we thought he'd last for years.

But, in the night a warmer kind
of wind began to blow;
and Jack Frost cried and ran away,
and with him went the snow.

When we went out next morning
to bid our friend "Good Day",
There wasn't any snowman there...
He'd melted right away!



Little Snowman

(to the tune of "I'm a
Little Teapot")

I'm a little snowman
round and fat,

Here are my
mittens,
Here is my hat.

Add a little scarf
and a carrot nose.
You stand so tall
when the cold wind
blows



Snow Ball

I made myself a snow
ball as perfect as could
be

I thought I'd keep it as a
pet and let it sleep with
me

I made it some pyjamas
and a pillow for it's head
Then, last night it ran
away

But first -- it wet the
bed.

Shel Silverstein



Snowflakes

(to the tune of "twinkle, twinkle little star")

Snowflakes, snowflakes
falling down,
On the trees and on the
ground.

I will build a man of
snow,
Tall black hat and eyes
of coal,

If the sun comes out
today,
I will watch you melt
away!



I Heard a Bird Sing

I heard a bird sing
In the dark of December
A magical thing
And sweet to
remember.

"We are nearer to
Spring
Than we were in
September,"

I heard a bird sing
In the dark of
December.

Oliver Herford

This Winter I went Sledding.

This winter I went sledding.
I crashed into a tree.
I ran into another one
while learning how to ski.
I slipped upon the sidewalk;
I didn't see the ice.
A snowball hit me in the face.
(My sister's not too nice.)

My snowman toppled over.
It landed on my head.
My tongue got frozen to a
pole.
I pulled it off. It bled.

I froze my toes and fingers.
They hurt so much I cried.
So, yes, the snow is pretty,
but I think I'll stay inside.

Kenn Nesbitt