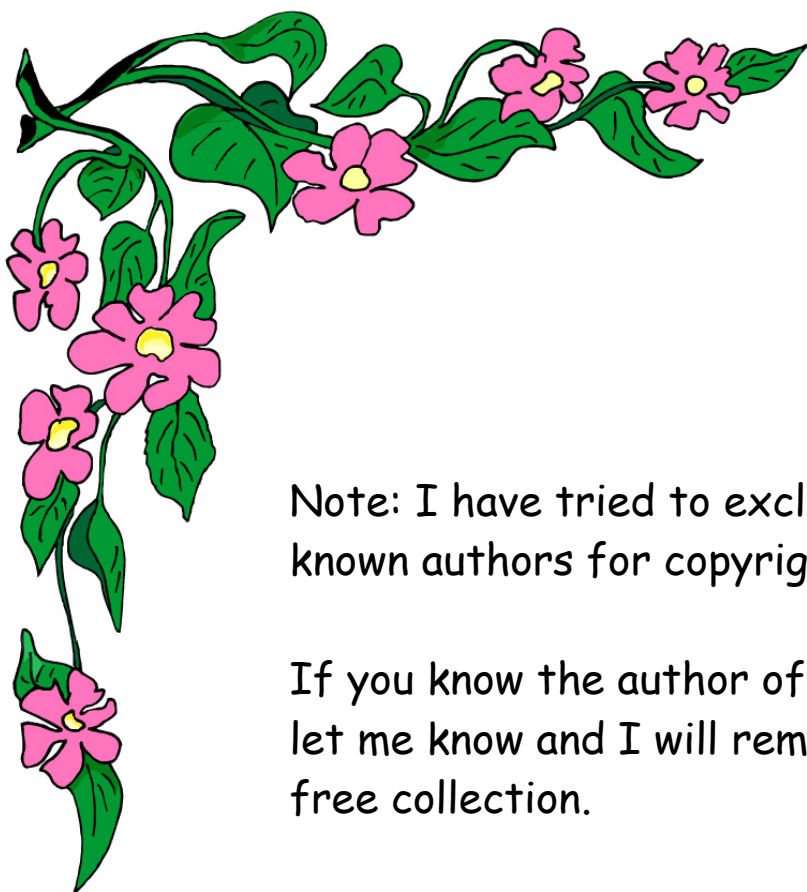




Spring Poems



Note: I have tried to exclude poems with known authors for copyright reasons.

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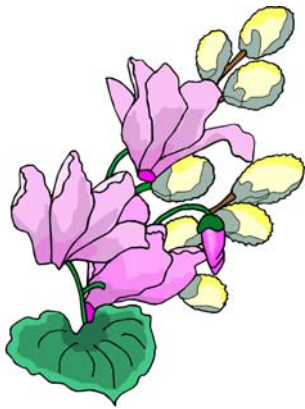
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Spring Cleaning

Furniture shifted,
rugs lifted,
cushions whacked,
pillows smacked.
Scrubbing brushes whizzing by
while the feather dusters fly.
Busy mop,
dizzy broom,
vacuum cleaner roaring-
ZOOM!
Help! it's heading for...
my room.

How glad I am when I have seen
Those tender leaves of gentle green.
They warm my heart and make it sing
For now I know at last it's spring!



A Wish

A hundred furry kittens
On a pussy willow tree ---
I wish they'd all turn into cats
And come and play with me!

Who will tell us
Spring is here?
Pussy-Will-O!

Pussy Willow

Tiny little pussy willow
Softer than a baby's pillow,
Sometimes when I stroke your fur
I can almost hear you purr.

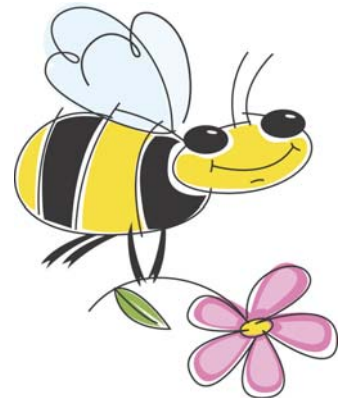
The Willow Cats

They call them pussy willows,
But there's no cat to see,
Except the little furry toes
That stick out on the trees.

I think that very long ago
When I was just born new,
There must have been whole pussy cats
Where just the toes stick through.

And every spring it worries me,
I cannot ever find
Those willow cats that ran away
And left their toes behind.

Spring makes the world a happy place,
You see a smile on every face.
Flowers come out and birds arrive.
Oh, isn't it grand to be alive?



Daffadowndilly

Daffadowndilly
Has come up to town,
In a yellow petticoat
And a green gown.

Daffodils

In spite of cold and chills
That usher in the early spring
We have the daffodils.

Daffodils

Yellow, yellow daffodils
You're dancing in the sun.
Yellow, yellow daffodils
You tell me spring has come.



A Daffodil

A little yellow cup
A little yellow frill
A little yellow star
And that's a daffodil.

Solution

When I went out to play
The day had just begun.
"Put on your coat", said the wind.
"Take off your coat", said the sun.

Now who was in the right?
And which advice was better?
I solved the problem for myself -
I just put on my sweater.

The air is like a butterfly
With frail blue wings.
The happy earth looks at the sky
And sings.

Hello

Spring comes hurrying
Over the hill
Phoning the news
Through a daffodil.

Baby Chick

Peck
 peck
 peck
On the warm brown egg.
OUT comes a neck.
OUT comes a leg.

How
 does
 a chick
Who's not been about,
Discover the trick
Of how to get out?

A Robin

I wonder how
 a robin hears?
I never yet
 have seen his ears.
But I have seen him
 tip his head
And pull a worm
 right out of bed.



How I Know

Spring is coming!
Spring is coming!
Ask me how I know.
I met
Some pussy willows,
And they all told me so!

What the Robin Told

The wind
told the grasses,
And the grasses
told the trees.
The trees
told the bushes,
And the bushes
told the bees.
The bees
told the robin,
And the robin
sang out clear:
Wake up!
Wake up!
Spring is here!
Spring is here!



Spring Morning

It's spring!
It's spring!
This morning
The sky is bright and blue.
The birds all sing,
"It's spring!
It's spring!"
And I am singing too.

Spring Rain

The storm came up so very quick
It couldn't have been quicker.
I should have brought my hat along,
I should have brought my slicker.

My hair is wet, my feet are wet,
I couldn't be much wetter.
I fell into a river once
But this is even better.



Seeds

A little seed for me to sow
A little earth to make it grow
A little hole, a little pat,
A little wish, and that is that,
A little sun, a little shower.
A little while -
And then, a flower!

Seeds

Seeds are funny, funny things,
Some have stickers
Some have wings
Some are big
Some are small
Some round and flat
Some like a ball.
Some are hidden inside of fruit
Some in pods or underground roots.
Some seeds are foods
And good to eat,
Like corn or beans
Or nuts for a treat.
But whatever the kind
Or wherever it's found -
Most plants grow
From a seed in the ground.

The Little Plant

In the heart of a seed
Buried deep, so deep,
A little plant
Lay fast asleep.

"Wake," said the sunshine,
"And creep to the light."
"Wake," said the voice
Of the raindrops bright.

The little plant heard
And it rose to see
What the wonderful
Outside world might be.

Spring Style

Caterpillars, dressed in fur,
Look elegant and grand;
If I dressed that way in spring,
No one would understand.

Mix a little sunshine
With an April shower.
Drop it in a garden bed
And up pops a flower.

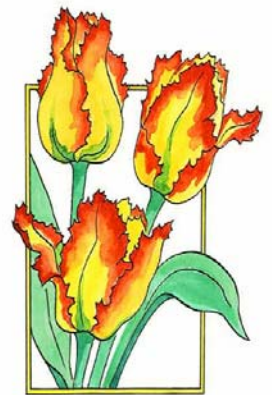


Spring

Tulips yellow
Tulips red
Standing tall
In their garden bed!

Spring

I love spring!
Spring is new.
It's new blades of grass.
It's rain on a lass.
It's violets and rain.
It's a wood-scented lane.
It's a new bird song.
It's days growing long.
It's a tree in bud
And puddles of mud.
It's birds in a tree
And buzz from a bee.
It's kites in the sky.
It's spring. That's why.....
I love spring.



Kite Trouble

On Sunday I flew my blue kite.
I had tree trouble and that was bad.

On Monday I flew my red kite.
I had bird trouble and that was bad.

On Tuesday I flew my yellow kite.
I had chimney trouble and that was bad.

On Wednesday I flew my green kite.
I had wire trouble and that was bad.

On Thursday I flew my pink kite.
I had rain trouble and that was bad.

On Friday I flew my black kite.
I had wind trouble and that was bad.

On Saturday I flew my white kite.
It sailed among the clouds and that was good.



What Makes a Garden Grow, Grow, Grow

What makes a garden grow, grow, grow?
Lots of work with a rake and hoe,
Seeds gently planted in a row --
That makes a garden grow, grow, grow.
What brings the seedlings up from the ground?
Rain from the sky coming down, down,
Bright yellow sunbeams shining round.
Help bring the seedlings up from the ground.

Tulips

In the garden
Tulips grow
Straight and golden
In a row.
Each one holds its
Empty cup
Drinking rain and
Sunshine up.

Dandelions

Last night a fairy strayed our way
And played upon the lawn.
She danced and skipped from end to end-
Then suddenly was gone.

What frightened her, I do not know,
She dropped her purse and ran,
Leaving a wealth of golden coins
To shine when day began!

Mother Goose

Rain, rain, go away,
Come again some other day.
Rain, rain, go to Spain,
Never show your face again

The rains of spring
Which hang to the branches
Of the green willow
Look like pearls on a string.

Spring, Almost

The sunshine gleams so bright and warm,
The sky is blue and clear.
I run outdoors without a coat,
And spring is almost here.

Then before I know it,
Small clouds have blown together,
Till the sun just can't get through them,
And again, it's mitten weather.



March Wind

March wind is a jolly fellow;
He likes to joke and play.
He turns umbrellas inside out
And blows men's hats away.
He calls the pussy willows
And whispers in each ear,
"Wake up you lazy little seeds,
Don't you know that spring is here.

March Wind

The wind is pushing
Against the trees,
He'll take off your hat
Without asking you "please",
He rattles the windows
And puffs at a cloud,
Then scoots down the chimney
And laughs aloud.

March

March is an in between month,
When wintry winds are high.
But milder days remind us all,
Spring's coming by and by.



Trees are budding
The grass is green.
Flower blossoms I have seen.
The days are warm.
By evening it cools.
It's time to find the garden tools.

Spring

I love the spring.
For every day
There's something new
That's come to stay.
Another bud
Another bird
Another blade
The sun has stirred.

A March Question

We know someone-
try to guess!
She wears a gold hat.
She wears a green dress.
She wears glass slippers
the color of rain.
And around her neck
is a dandelion chain.
She scatters flowers
over the hills,
some of them plain
and some with frills.
She listens when robins
and blackbirds sing.
And she laughs at winter,
because she's...
SPRING!



Springtime

*(to the tune of
"The Muffin Man")*

Springtime is garden time,
Garden time, garden time,
Get your spades and come outdoors,
Springtime is here!
Springtime is planting time,
Planting time, planting time,
Get your seeds and come outdoors,
Springtime is here!
Springtime is jumping time,
Jumping time, jumping time,
Get your ropes and come outdoors,
Springtime is here!
Springtime is singing time,
Singing time, singing time,
Children sing a happy song,
Springtime is here!

My Spring Garden

Here is my little garden,
Some seeds I'm
Going to sow.
Here is my rake
To rake the ground,
Here is my handy hoe.
Here is the big
Round yellow sun,
The sun warms everything.
Here are the rain clouds
In the sky,
The birds will start to sing.
Little plants will
Wake up soon,
And lift their sleepy heads.
Little plants will
Grow and grow
From their warm earth
beds.



Spring

I love the spring.
For every day
There's something new
That's come to stay.
Another bud
Another bird
Another blade
The sun has stirred.

Surprise

Close your eyes
And do not peek
And I'll rub "spring"
Across your cheek.
Soft as velvet
Smooth and sleek
Close your eyes
And do not peek.

Springtime

A small green frog
On a big brown log;
A black and yellow bee
In a little green tree;
A red and yellow snake
By a blue-green lake,
All sat and listened
To red bird sing,
"Wake up, everybody,
It's spring! It's spring!"
Leaves are green,
Caterpillars sunning.



Rain has such fun in April,
It patters through the trees,
Talking to all the leaf buds
And robins that it sees.

It splashes through the puddles
And skips along the walks,
Goes coasting down the grass blades
And dandelion stalks.

It dips in all the flowers
And when the clouds blow by
It paints with flower colours
A rainbow in the sky.

April

April is a rainbow month,
Of sudden springtime showers.
Bright with golden daffodils
and lots of pretty flowers.

April

April is made of
Such wonderful things;
Sunbeams and tulips
And butterfly wings.

In April, fleecy clouds
Float by
Like cotton candy
In the sky.

April is tip-toeing into the land
Touching each leaf with her delicate hand.

Oh, did you hear?
The President has measles,
The Principal has just burned down the school,
Your hair is filled with jam and purple weasels.
April Fool!

All Fools' Day

The first of April, some do say
Is set apart for All Fools' Day;
But why the people call it so
Not I, nor they themselves do know
But on this day are people sent
On purpose for pure merriment.



April Fool

Small April sobbed,
"I'm going to cry!
Please give me a cloud
To wipe my eye!"

Then, "April fool!"
She laughed instead
And smiled a rainbow
Overhead!

Last Word

Today the April rain
Is flecked with snow
Soft little flakes, wind-tossed,
Run in the rain - lost -
Trying to explain
That winter should remain
Letting us know
That winter hates to go.

Hippity-hop and hippity-ho!
Let the rain come and let the wind blow.
Laughing and singing to school we go.
Hippity-hop and hippity-ho!



April

Daffodils and Easter eggs
Animals on frisky legs,
Rushing robins on the wing
Mean the coming of the spring.

April is filling the air with a song;
Birds are returning, away for too long.

May

May's a month of happy sounds,
The hum of buzzing bees,
The chirp of little baby birds
And the song of a gentle breeze.

April

April is a rainbow month,
Of sudden springtime showers.
Bright with golden daffodils
And lots of pretty flowers.

May

May is the month
Of sunshine and flowers,
Birds in their nests,
And one or two showers.

May

Games to play and kites to fly
Or just looking at the sky,
We could spend a year this way
If the year were made of May.

Other Poems

<http://www.poemhunter.com/poem/april-rain-song/>

I Like It When It's Mizzly by Aileen Fisher and others

http://www.k12.hi.us/~shasincl/poems_prop_cycle_weather.html

<http://www.canteach.ca/elementary/songspoems.html>

