

Poetry - Week 1

Read this poem each day.

Hiding

Dorothy Aldis

I'm hiding, I'm hiding
And no one knows where;
For all they can see is my
Toes and my hair

And I just heard my father
Say to my mother -
"But, darling, he must be
Somewhere or other;

Have you looked in the inkwell?"
And Mother said, "Where?"
"In the *inkwell*?" said Father. But
I was not there.

Then "Wait!" cried my mother —
"I think that I see
Him under the carpet." But
It was not me.

"Inside the mirror's
A pretty good place."
Said Father and looked, but saw
Only his face.

"We've hunted," sighed Mother,
"As hard as we could
And I am so afraid that we've
Lost him for good."

Then I laughed out aloud
And I wiggled my toes
And Father said — "Look, dear,
I wonder if those

Toes could be Benny's?
There are ten of them, see?"
And they WERE so surprised to find
Out it was me!

Poetry - Week 2

Read this poem each day.

Overheard in an Orchard

Elizabeth Cheney (1859)

Said the robin to the sparrow,
 "I would really like to know
Why those anxious human beings
 rush around and worry so."

Said the sparrow to the robin,
 "Friend, I think that it must be
That they have no Heavenly Father
 such as cares for you and me."

Draw a picture to illustrate this poem.

Poetry - Week 3

Read this poem each day.

My Heart's in the Highlands

Robert Burns (1759-1796)

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
A-chasing the wild-deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birth-place of Valour, the country of Worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high covered with snow;
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
A-chasing the wild-deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

- ☐ Robert Burns wrote this poem out of longing for his homeland of Scotland. Read Psalm 48 and Psalm 137. For what beautiful land do our hearts long?
- ☐ Go to [Google Earth](#) and learn about some of the beauty of Israel. You might like to make a poem about Israel, similar to the poem Robert Burns wrote for his homeland of Scotland.