



LIZARD LOU

a collection of rhymes old and new



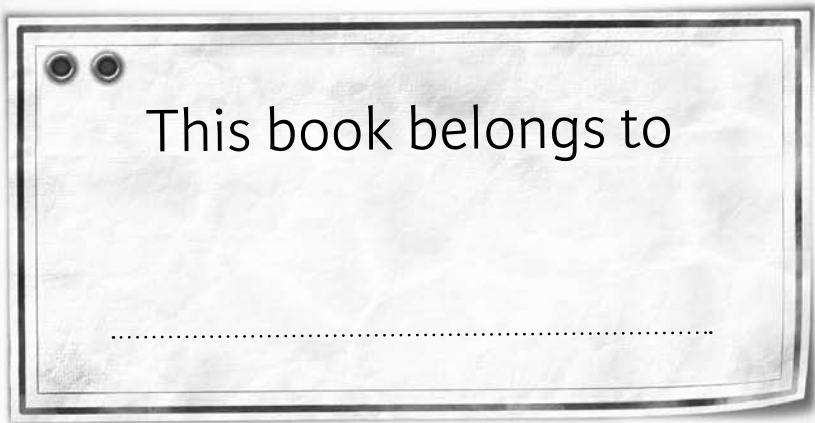
by
Marie Rippel

and

Renée LaTulippe


ALL ABOUT *Reading*

Level Pre-1 Vol. 2



This book belongs to

.....

A decorative banner with a light gray background and a white border. It features two circular holes on the right side and two decorative stitching-like swirls, one on the left and one on the right. The text is centered on the banner.

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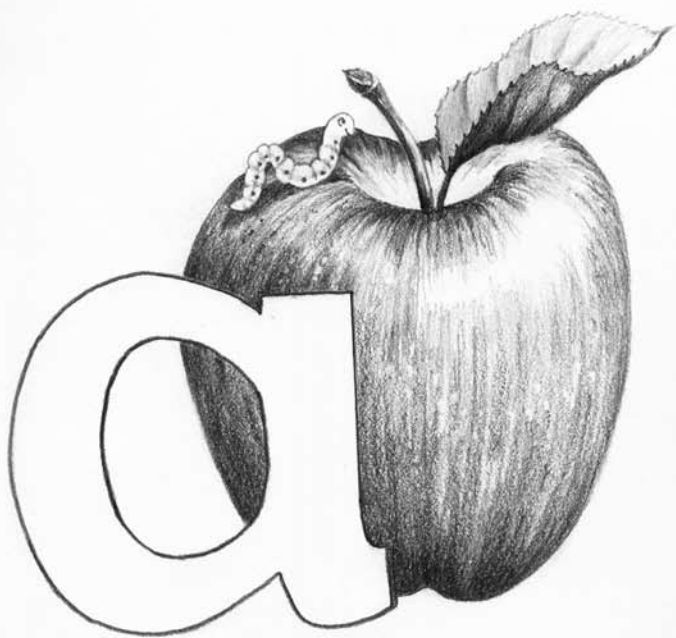
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To the reader –

*buzz like a bee
from rhyme to rhyme
and read them aloud
one at a time*





Megan Has a Spoon

Megan has a spoon,
Megan has a pot,
Megan has some cinnamon
and likes to bake a lot.

Megan has some apples,
Megan has some dough,
Megan puts them in a tin
and fixes them just so.

Megan adds some sugar
and a little nutmeg too.
What does Megan bake all day?
An apple pie for you!

—*Renée LaTulippe*





Animal Crackers

Animal crackers and cocoa to drink,
that is the finest of suppers, I think.

When I'm grown up and can have what I please,
I think I shall always insist upon these.

What do YOU choose when you're offered a treat?
When Mother says, "What would you like best to eat?"
Is it waffles and syrup, or cinnamon toast?
It's cocoa and animals that I love most!

The kitchen's the coziest place that I know;
the kettle is singing, the stove is aglow,
and there in the twilight, how jolly to see
the cocoa and animals waiting for me.

—*Christopher Morley*



The Ant Explorer

Once a little sugar ant made up his mind to roam—
to go away, far away, far away from home.
He had eaten all his breakfast, and he had his ma's consent
to see what he should chance to see,
and here's the way he went:

Up and down a fern plant, round and round a stone,
down a gloomy gully where he feared to be alone,
up a mighty mountain range, seven inches high,
through the fearful forest grass that nearly hid the sky,
out along a bracken bridge, bending in the moss,
till he reached a dreadful desert, feet and feet across.

'Twas a dry, deserted desert, and a trackless land to tread;
he wished that he was home again
and tucked up tight in bed.

His little legs were wobbly, his strength was nearly spent,
and so he turned around again,
and here's the way he went:

Back away from desert lands, feet and feet across,
back along the bracken bridge bending in the moss,
through the fearful forest grass shutting out the sky,
up a mighty mountain range, seven inches high,
down a gloomy gully where he feared to be alone,
up and down a fern plant and round and round a stone.

A dreary ant, a weary ant, resolved no more to roam—
he staggered up the garden path and popped back home.

—C. J. Dennis





A Bird Came Down the Walk

A bird came down the walk:
he did not know I saw.
He bit an angle-worm in halves
and ate the fellow, raw.

And then he drank a dew
from a convenient grass,
and then hopped sidewise to the wall
to let a beetle pass.

—*Emily Dickinson*





Davey Roy

Davey Roy,
little boy,
clever, smart, and wise—
on the stair
(not in a chair)
sits and bats his eyes.

Halfway up
and halfway down—
in the middle, say.

He's just a lad
who's simply glad
to sit and think all day.

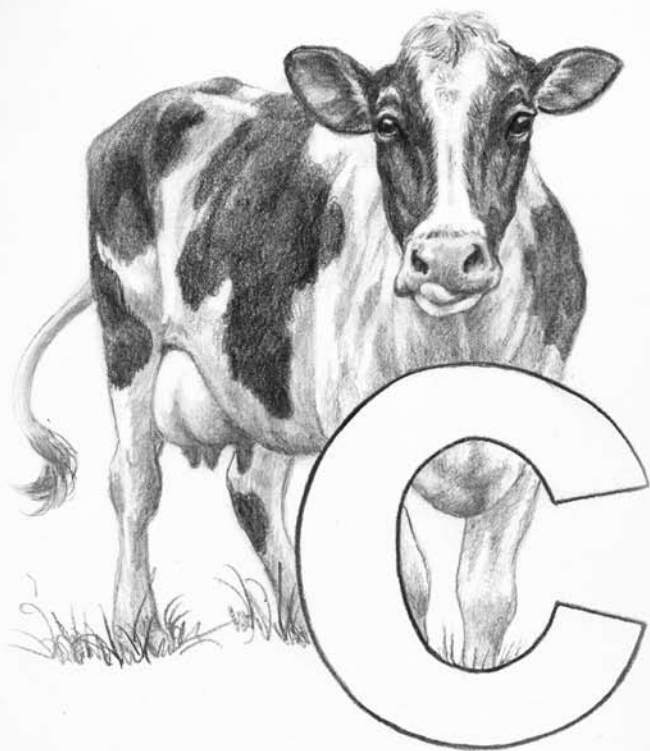
—*Renée LaTulippe*



Bat, Bat, Come Under My Hat

Bat, bat, come under my hat,
and I'll give you a slice of bacon.
And when I bake,
I'll give you a cake,
if I am not mistaken.

—*traditional English rhyme*



The Gift

A crow flew down one wintry eve
and sat upon my sill.
He had a pinecone in his claw
and a sleigh bell in his bill.

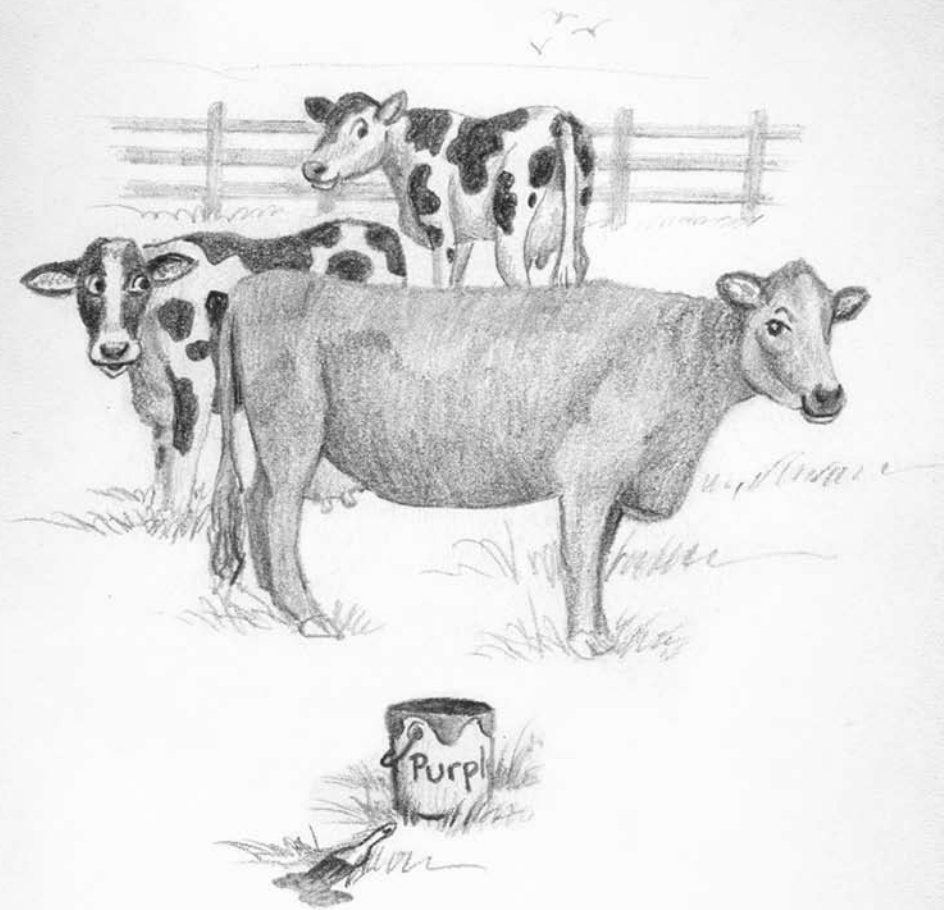
He looked at me, I looked at him,
he shook his little head,
as if to play a tune for me
before I went to bed.

He tapped the pinecone on the sill
to free a nut or two,
invited me to dine with him,
then up and away he flew.

His silver bell tinkled a sweet goodbye
as he rose so sure and swift.
He'd just come down to say hello
and leave his simple gift.

—*Renée LaTulippe*





The Purple Cow

I never saw a purple cow;
I never hope to see one.
But I can tell you anyhow,
I'd rather see than be one!

—Gelett Burgess

Coward Crocodile

My snout is long,
my teeth are sharp,
my bite is hard and strong.

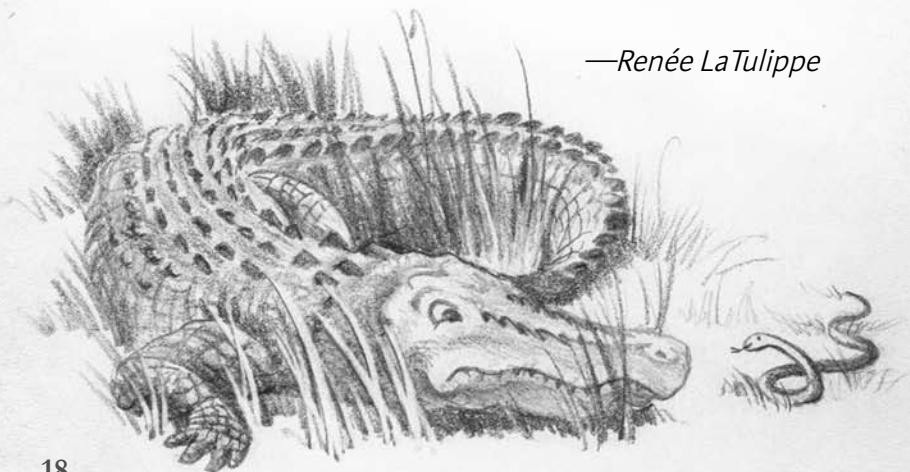
But when I see
a slimy eel,
I squeal and scream “So long!”

I run with speed,
my claws can scratch,
my tail can crush a stone.

So why do I
cry in the dark
when I am left alone?

I don't like bugs
or snakes or storms,
nor my cousins in the Nile!
Sometimes I even
scare myself—
I'm just a coward crocodile.

—Renée LaTulippe





What happens
when...

...a pink cow gives milk?

...a newt shows up in your garden?

...a vulture snacks between meals?

...a snake eats too much jelly-cake?

...a broken faucet floods the kitchen?

Find out
inside!



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