

Classic Poetry Series

**Alan Alexander Milne**  
**- poems -**

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# Alan Alexander Milne(18 January 1882 – 31 January 1956)

A. A. Milne was born in Kilburn, London, England to parents John Vine Milne and Sarah Maria (née Heginbotham) and grew up at Henley House School, 6/7 Mortimer Road (now Crescent), Kilburn, London, a small independent school run by his father. One of his teachers was H. G. Wells who taught there in 1889–90. Milne attended Westminster School and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he studied on a mathematics scholarship. While there, he edited and wrote for *Granta*, a student magazine. He collaborated with his brother Kenneth and their articles appeared over the initials AKM. Milne's work came to the attention of the leading British humour magazine *Punch*, where Milne was to become a contributor and later an assistant editor.

Milne joined the British Army in World War I and served as an officer in the Royal Warwickshire Regiment and later, after a debilitating illness, the Royal Corps of Signals. After the war, he wrote a denunciation of war titled *Peace with Honour* (1934), which he retracted somewhat with 1940's *War with Honour*. During World War II, Milne was one of the most prominent critics of English humour writer P. G. Wodehouse, who was captured at his country home in France by the Nazis and imprisoned for a year. Wodehouse made radio broadcasts about his internment, which were broadcast from Berlin. Although the lighthearted broadcasts made fun of the Germans, Milne accused Wodehouse of committing an act of near treason by cooperating with his country's enemy. Wodehouse got some revenge on his former friend by creating fatuous parodies of the Christopher Robin poems in some of his later stories, and claiming that Milne "was probably jealous of all other writers.... But I loved his stuff."

He married Dorothy "Daphne" de Sélincourt in 1913, and their only son, Christopher Robin Milne, was born in 1920. In 1925, A. A. Milne bought a country home, Cotchford Farm, in Hartfield, East Sussex. During World War II, A. A. Milne was Captain of the Home Guard in Hartfield & Forest Row, insisting on being plain 'Mr. Milne' to the members of his platoon. He retired to the farm after a stroke and brain surgery in 1952 left him an invalid, and by August 1953 "he seemed very old and disenchanted". Milne died in January 1956, aged 74.

## <b>Literary Career</b>

1903 to 1925

After graduating from Cambridge in 1903, A. A. Milne contributed humorous verse and whimsical essays to *Punch*, joining the staff in 1906 and becoming an assistant editor.

During this period he published 18 plays and 3 novels, including the murder mystery *The Red House Mystery* (1922). His son was born in August 1920 and in 1924 Milne produced a collection of children's poems *When We Were Very Young*, which were illustrated by *Punch* staff cartoonist E. H. Shepard. A collection of short stories for children *Gallery of Children*, and other stories that became part of the *Winnie-the-Pooh* books, were first published in 1925.

Milne was an early screenwriter for the nascent British film industry, writing four stories filmed in 1920 for the company *Minerva Films* (founded in 1920 by the actor *Leslie Howard* and his friend and story editor *Adrian Brunel*). These were *The Bump*, starring *Aubrey Smith*; *Twice Two*; *Five Pound Reward*; and *Bookworms* Some of these films survive in the archives of the *British Film Institute*. Milne had met Howard when the actor starred in Milne's play *Mr Pim Passes By* in London.

Looking back on this period (in 1926) Milne observed that when he told his agent that he was going to write a detective story, he was told that what the country wanted from a "Punch humorist" was a humorous story; when two years later he said he was writing nursery rhymes, his agent and publisher were convinced he should write another detective story; and after another two years he was being told that writing a detective story would be in the worst of taste given the demand for children's books. He concluded that "the only excuse which I have yet discovered for writing anything is that I want to write it; and I should be as proud to be delivered of a Telephone Directory con amore as I should be ashamed to create a Blank Verse Tragedy at the bidding of others."

1926 to 1928

Milne is most famous for his two *Pooh* books about a boy named *Christopher Robin* after his son, *Christopher Robin Milne*, and various characters inspired by his son's stuffed animals, most notably the bear named *Winnie-the-Pooh*. *Christopher Robin Milne's* stuffed bear, originally named "Edward", was renamed "*Winnie-the-Pooh*" after a Canadian black bear named *Winnie* (after *Winnipeg*), which was used as a military mascot in *World War I*, and left to *London Zoo* during the war. "The pooh" comes from a swan called "Pooh". *E. H. Shepard* illustrated the original *Pooh* books, using his own son's teddy, *Growler* ("a magnificent bear"), as the model. Other notable characters created by Milne include the bouncy *Tigger* and gloomy *Eeyore*. *Christopher Robin Milne's* own

toys are now under glass in New York.

The fictional Hundred Acre Wood of the Pooh stories derives from Five Hundred Acre Wood in Ashdown Forest in East Sussex, South East England, where the Pooh stories were set. Milne lived on the northern edge of the Forest and took his son walking there. E. H. Shepard drew on the landscapes of Ashdown Forest as inspiration for many of the illustrations he provided for the Pooh books. The adult Christopher Robin commented: "Pooh's Forest and Ashdown Forest are identical". The wooden Pooh Bridge in Ashdown Forest, where Pooh and Piglet invented Poohsticks, is a tourist attraction.

Winnie-the-Pooh was published in 1926, followed by *The House at Pooh Corner* in 1928. A second collection of nursery rhymes, *Now We Are Six*, was published in 1927. All three books were illustrated by E. H. Shepard. Milne also published four plays in this period. He also "gallantly stepped forward" to contribute a quarter of the costs of dramatising P. G. Wodehouse's *A Damsel in Distress*. His book *The World of Pooh* won the Lewis Carroll Shelf Award in 1958.

## 1929 Onwards

The success of his children's books was to become a source of considerable annoyance to Milne, whose self-avowed aim was to write whatever he pleased and who had, until then, found a ready audience for each change of direction: he had freed pre-war *Punch* from its ponderous facetiousness; he had made a considerable reputation as a playwright (like his idol J. M. Barrie) on both sides of the Atlantic; he had produced a witty piece of detective writing in *The Red House Mystery* (although this was severely criticised by Raymond Chandler for the implausibility of its plot). But once Milne had, in his own words, "said goodbye to all that in 70,000 words" (the approximate length of his four principal children's books), he had no intention of producing any reworkings lacking in originality, given that one of the sources of inspiration, his son, was growing older.

His reception remained warmer in America than Britain, and he continued to publish novels and short stories, but by the late 1930s the audience for Milne's grown-up writing had largely vanished: he observed bitterly in his autobiography that a critic had said that the hero of his latest play ("God help it") was simply "Christopher Robin grown up...what an obsession with me children are become!".

Even his old literary home, *Punch*, where the *When We Were Very Young* verses had first appeared, was ultimately to reject him, as Christopher Milne details in his autobiography *The Enchanted Places*, although Methuen continued to publish whatever Milne wrote, including the long poem 'The Norman Church' and an

assembly of articles entitled Year In, Year Out (which Milne likened to a benefit night for the author).

He also adapted Kenneth Grahame's novel *The Wind in the Willows* for the stage as *Toad of Toad Hall*. The title was an implicit admission that such chapters as Chapter 7, "The Piper at the Gates of Dawn", could not survive translation to the theatre. A special introduction written by Milne is included in some editions of Grahame's novel.

Several of Milne's children's poems were set to music by the composer Harold Fraser-Simson. His poems have been parodied many times, including with the books *When We Were Rather Older* and *Now We Are Sixty*.

The rights to the Pooh books were left to four beneficiaries: his family, the Royal Literary Fund, Westminster School and the Garrick Club. After Milne's death in 1956, his widow sold her rights to the Pooh characters to the Walt Disney Company, which has made many Pooh cartoon movies, a Disney Channel television show, as well as Pooh-related merchandise. In 2001, the other beneficiaries sold their interest in the estate to the Disney Corporation for \$350m. Previously Disney had been paying twice-yearly royalties to these beneficiaries. The estate of EH Shepard also received a sum in the deal. The copyright on Pooh expires in 2026.

A memorial plaque in Ashdown Forest, unveiled by Christopher Robin in 1979, commemorates the work of A. A. Milne and Shepard in creating the world of Pooh. Milne once wrote of Ashdown Forest: "In that enchanted place on the top of the forest a little boy and his bear will always be playing".

### <b>Religious Views</b>

Milne did not speak out much on the subject of religion, although he used religious terms to explain his decision, while remaining a pacifist, to join the army: "In fighting Hitler", he wrote, "we are truly fighting the Devil, the Anti-Christ ... Hitler was a crusader against God." His best known comment on the subject was recalled on his death:

"The Old Testament is responsible for more atheism, agnosticism, disbelief—call it what you will—than any book ever written; it has emptied more churches than all the counter-attractions of cinema, motor bicycle and golf course."

He also wrote:

Elizabeth Ann

Said to her Nan "Please will you tell me how God began? Somebody must have made Him. So

Who could it be, 'cos I want to know?"

— A.A. Milne's poem "Explained"

# At The Zoo

There are lions and roaring tigers,  
and enormous camels and things,  
There are biffalo-buffalo-bisons,  
and a great big bear with wings.  
There's a sort of a tiny potamus,  
and a tiny nosserus too -  
But I gave buns to the elephant  
when I went down to the Zoo!

There are badgers and bidgers and bodgers,  
and a Super-in-tendent's House,  
There are masses of goats, and a Polar,  
and different kinds of mouse,  
And I think there's a sort of a something  
which is called a wallaboo -  
But I gave buns to the elephant  
when I went down to the Zoo!

If you try to talk to the bison,  
he never quite understands;  
You can't shake hands with a mingo -  
he doesn't like shaking hands.  
And lions and roaring tigers  
hate saying, "How do you do?" -  
But I give buns to the elephant  
when I go down to the Zoo!

Alan Alexander Milne

# Brownie

In a corner of the bedroom is a great big curtain,  
Someone lives behind it, but I don't know who;  
I think it is a Brownie, but I'm not quite certain.  
(Nanny isn't certain, too.)

I looked behind the curtain, but he went so quickly -  
Brownies never wait to say, "How do you do?"  
They wriggle off at once because they're all so tickly  
(Nanny says they're tickly too.)

Alan Alexander Milne



# Buckingham Palace

They're changing guard at Buckingham Palace -  
Christopher Robin went down with Alice.

Alice is marrying one of the guard.

"A soldier's life is terrible hard,"

Says Alice.

They're changing guard at Buckingham Palace -  
Christopher Robin went down with Alice.

We saw a guard in a sentry-box.

"One of the sergeants looks after their socks,"

Says Alice.

They're changing guard at Buckingham Palace -  
Christopher Robin went down with Alice.

We looked for the King, but he never came.

"Well, God take care of him, all the same,"

Says Alice.

They're changing guard at Buckingham Palace -  
Christopher Robin went down with Alice.

They've great big parties inside the grounds.

"I wouldn't be King for a hundred pounds,"

Says Alice.

They're changing guard at Buckingham Palace -  
Christopher Robin went down with Alice.

A face looked out, but it wasn't the King's.

"He's much too busy a-signing things,"

Says Alice.

They're changing guard at Buckingham Palace -  
Christopher Robin went down with Alice.

"Do you think the King knows all about me?"

"Sure to, dear, but it's time for tea,"

Says Alice.

Alan Alexander Milne

# Come Out With Me

There's sun on the river and sun on the hill . . .  
You can hear the sea if you stand quite still!  
There's eight new puppies at Roundabout Farm-  
And I saw an old sailor with only one arm!

But everyone says, "Run along!"  
(Run along, run along!)  
All of them say, "Run along! I'm busy as can be."  
Every one says, "Run along,  
There's a little darling!"  
If I'm a little darling, why don't they run with me?

There's wind on the river and wind on the hill . . .  
There's a dark dead water-wheel under the mill!  
I saw a fly which had just been drowned-  
And I know where a rabbit goes into the ground!

But everyone says, "Run along!"  
(Run along, run along!)  
All of them say, "Yes, dear," and never notice me.  
Every one says, "Run along,  
There's a little darling!"  
If I'm a little darling, why won't they come and see?

Alan Alexander Milne

# Cottleston Pie

Cottleston Cottleston Cottleston Pie,  
A fly can't bird, but a bird can fly.  
Ask me a riddle and I reply  
Cottleston Cottleston Cottleston Pie.

Cottleston Cottleston Cottleston Pie,  
Why does a chicken? I don't know why.  
Ask me a riddle and I reply  
Cottleston Cottleston Cottleston Pie.

Cottleston Cottleston Cottleston Pie,  
A fish can't whistle and neither can I.  
Ask me a riddle and I reply  
Cottleston Cottleston Cottleston Pie.

Alan Alexander Milne

# Daffodowndilly

She wore her yellow sun-bonnet,  
She wore her greenest gown;  
She turned to the south wind  
And curtsied up and down.  
She turned to the sunlight  
And shook her yellow head,  
And whispered to her neighbour:  
'Winter is dead.'

Alan Alexander Milne

# Disobedience

James James  
Morrison Morrison  
Weatherby George Dupree  
Took great  
Care of his Mother,  
Though he was only three.  
James James Said to his Mother,  
"Mother," he said, said he;  
"You must never go down  
to the end of the town,  
if you don't go down with me."

James James  
Morrison's Mother  
Put on a golden gown.  
James James Morrison's Mother  
Drove to the end of the town.  
James James Morrison's Mother  
Said to herself, said she:  
"I can get right down  
to the end of the town  
and be back in time for tea."

King John  
Put up a notice,  
"LOST or STOLEN or STRAYED!  
JAMES JAMES MORRISON'S MOTHER  
SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN MISLAID.  
LAST SEEN  
WANDERING VAGUELY:  
QUITE OF HER OWN ACCORD,  
SHE TRIED TO GET DOWN  
TO THE END OF THE TOWN -  
FORTY SHILLINGS REWARD!"

James James  
Morrison Morrison  
(Commonly known as Jim)  
Told his

Other relations

Not to go blaming him.

James James

Said to his Mother,

"Mother," he said, said he:

"You must never go down to the end of the town  
without consulting me."

James James

Morrison's mother

Hasn't been heard of since.

King John said he was sorry,

So did the Queen and Prince.

King John

(Somebody told me)

Said to a man he knew:

If people go down to the end of the town, well,  
what can anyone do?"

(Now then, very softly)

J.J.

M.M.

P.

Took great

C/O his M\*\*\*\*\*

Though he was only 3.

J.J. said to his M\*\*\*\*\*

"M\*\*\*\*\*," he said, said he:

"You-must-never-go-down-to-the-end-of-the-town-  
if-you-don't-go-down-with-ME!"

Alan Alexander Milne

# Forgiven

I found a little beetle; so that Beetle was his name,  
And I called him Alexander and he answered just the same.  
I put him in a match-box, and I kept him all the day ...  
And Nanny let my beetle out -  
Yes, Nanny let my beetle out -  
She went and let my beetle out -  
And Beetle ran away.

She said she didn't mean it, and I never said she did,  
She said she wanted matches and she just took off the lid,  
She said that she was sorry, but it's difficult to catch  
An excited sort of beetle you've mistaken for a match.

She said that she was sorry, and I really mustn't mind,  
As there's lots and lots of beetles which she's certain we could find,  
If we looked about the garden for the holes where beetles hid -  
And we'd get another match-box and write BEETLE on the lid.

We went to all the places which a beetle might be near,  
And we made the sort of noises which a beetle likes to hear,  
And I saw a kind of something, and I gave a sort of shout:  
'A beetle-house and Alexander Beetle coming out!'

It was Alexander Beetle I'm as certain as can be,  
And he had a sort of look as if he thought it must be Me,  
And he had a sort of look as if he thought he ought to say:  
'I'm very very sorry that I tried to run away.'

And Nanny's very sorry too for you-know-what-she-did,  
And she's writing ALEXANDER very blackly on the lid,  
So Nan and Me are friends, because it's difficult to catch  
An excited Alexander you've mistaken for a match.

Alan Alexander Milne

# Forgotten

Lords of the Nursery  
Wait in a row,  
Five on the high wall,  
And four on the low;  
Big Kings and Little Kings,  
Brown Bears and Black,  
All of them waiting  
Till John comes back.

Some think that John boy  
Is lost in the wood,  
Some say he couldn't be,  
Some say he could.  
Some think that John boy  
Hides on the hill;  
Some say he won't come back,  
Some say he will.

High was the sun, when  
John went away . . .  
Here they've been waiting  
All through the day;  
Big Bears and Little Bears,  
White Kings and Black,  
All of them waiting  
Till John comes back.

Lords of the Nursery  
Looked down the hill,  
Some saw the sheep-fold,  
Some say the mill;  
Some saw the roofs  
Of the little grey town . . .  
And their shadows grew long  
As the sun slipt down.

Gold between the poplars  
An old moon shows;  
Silver up the star-way



The full moon rose;  
Silver down the star-way  
The old moon crept . . .  
And, one by another,  
The grey fields slept.

Lords of the Nursery  
Their still watch keep . . .  
They hear from the sheep-fold  
The rustle of sheep.  
A young bird twitters  
And hides its head;  
A little wind suddenly  
Breathes, and is dead.

Slowly and slowly  
Dawns the new day . . .  
What's become of John boy?  
No one can say.  
Some think that John boy  
Is lost on the hill;  
Some say he won't come back,  
Some say he will.

What's become of John boy?  
Nothing at all,  
He played with his skipping rope,  
He played with his ball.  
He ran after butterflies,  
Blue ones and red;  
He did a hundred happy things—  
And then went to bed.

Alan Alexander Milne

# From A Full Heart

In days of peace my fellow-men  
Rightly regarded me as more like  
A Bishop than a Major-Gen.,  
And nothing since has made me warlike;  
But when this agelong struggle ends  
And I have seen the Allies dish up  
The goose of Hindenburg—oh, friends!  
I shall out-bish the mildest Bishop.

When the War is over and the Kaiser's out of print,  
I'm going to buy some tortoises and watch the beggars sprint;  
When the War is over and the sword at last we sheathe,  
I'm going to keep a jelly-fish and listen to it breathe.

I never really longed for gore,  
And any taste for red corpuscles  
That lingered with me left before  
The German troops had entered Brussels.  
In early days the Colonel's 'Shun!'  
Froze me; and, as the War grew older,  
The noise of someone else's gun  
Left me considerably colder.

When the War is over and the battle has been won,  
I'm going to buy a barnacle and take it for a run;  
When the War is over and the German Fleet we sink,  
I'm going to keep a silk-worm's egg and listen to it think.

The Captains and the Kings depart—  
It may be so, but not lieutenants;  
Dawn after weary dawn I start  
The never-ending round of penance;  
One rock amid the welter stands  
On which my gaze is fixed intently—  
An after-life in quiet hands  
Lived very lazily and gently.

When the War is over and we've done the Belgians proud,  
I'm going to keep a chrysalis and read to it aloud;

When the War is over and we've finished up the show,  
I'm going to plant a lemon-pip and listen to it grow.

Oh, I'm tired of the noise and the turmoil of battle,  
And I'm even upset by the lowing of cattle,  
And the clang of' the bluebells is death to my liver,  
And the roar of the dandelion gives me a shiver,  
And a glacier, in movement, is much too exciting,  
And I'm nervous, when standing on one, of alighting—  
Give me Peace; that is all, that is all that I seek...  
Say, starting on Saturday week.

Alan Alexander Milne

## From: Gold Braid

Same old trenches, same old view,  
Same old rats as blooming tame,  
Same old dug-outs, nothing new,  
Same old smell, the very same,  
Same old bodies out in front,  
Same old 'strafe' from two till four,  
Same old scratching, same old 'unt,  
Same old bloody war.

Alan Alexander Milne

# Furry Bear

If I were a bear,  
And a big bear too,  
I shouldn't much care  
If it froze or sned;  
I shouldn't much mind  
If it snowed or friz—  
I'd be all fur-lined  
With a coat like his!

For I'd have fur boots and a brown fur wrap,  
And brown fur knickers and a big fur cap.  
I'd have a fur muffle-ruff to cover my jaws,  
And brown fur mittens on my big brown paws.  
With a big brown furry-down up to my head,  
I'd sleep all the winter in a big fur bed.

Alan Alexander Milne

# Halfway Down

Halfway down the stairs  
is a stair  
where i sit.  
there isn't any  
other stair  
quite like  
it.  
i'm not at the bottom,  
i'm not at the top;  
so this is the stair  
where  
I always  
stop.

Halfway up the stairs  
Isn't up  
And it isn't down.  
It isn't in the nursery,  
It isn't in town.  
And all sorts of funny thoughts  
Run round my head.  
It isn't really  
Anywhere!  
It's somewhere else  
Instead!

Alan Alexander Milne

# Happiness

John had  
Great Big  
Waterproof  
Boots on;  
John had a  
Great Big  
Waterproof  
Hat;  
John had a  
Great Big  
Waterproof  
Mackintosh --  
And that  
(Said John)  
Is  
That.

Alan Alexander Milne

# Hoppity

Christopher Robin goes  
Hoppity, hoppity,  
Hoppity, hoppity, hop.  
Whenever I tell him  
Politely to stop it, he  
Says he can't possibly stop.

If he stopped hopping,  
He couldn't go anywhere,  
Poor little Christopher  
Couldn't go anywhere...  
That's why he always goes  
Hoppity, hoppity,  
Hoppity,  
Hoppity,  
Hop.

Alan Alexander Milne



# If I Were King

I often wish I were a King,  
And then I could do anything.

If only I were King of Spain,  
I'd take my hat off in the rain.

If only I were King of France,  
I wouldn't brush my hair for aunts.

I think, if I were King of Greece,  
I'd push things off the mantelpiece.

If I were King of Norway,  
I'd ask an elephant to stay.

If I were King of Babylon,  
I'd leave my button gloves undone.

If I were King of Timbuctoo,  
I'd think of lovely things to do.

If I were King of anything,  
I'd tell the soldiers, "I'm the King!"

Alan Alexander Milne

# In The Fashion

A lion has a tail and a very fine tail  
And so has an elephant and so has a whale,  
And so has a crocodile, and so has a quail-  
They've all got tails but me.

If I had sixpence I would buy one;  
I'd say to the shopman, 'Let me try one';  
I'd say to the elephant, 'This is my one.'  
They'd all come round to see.

Then I'd say to the lion, 'Why, you've got a tail!  
And so has the elephant, and so has the whale!  
And, look! There's a crocodile! He's got a  
tail !  
You've all got tails like me!'

Alan Alexander Milne

# Independence

I never did, I never did,  
I never did like "Now take care, dear!"  
I never did, I never did,  
I never did want "Hold-my-hand";  
I never did, I never did,  
I never did think much of "Not up there, dear!"  
It's no good saying it.  
They don't understand.

Alan Alexander Milne

# Jonathan Jo

Jonathan Jo  
Has a mouth like an 'O'  
And a wheelbarrow full of surprises;  
If you ask for a bat,  
Or for something like that,  
He has got it, whatever the size is.

If you're wanting a ball,  
It's no trouble at all;  
Why, the more that you ask for, the merrier -  
Like a hoop and a top,  
And a watch that won't stop,  
And some sweets, and an Aberdeen terrier.

Jonathan Jo  
Has a mouth like an 'O,'  
But this is what makes him so funny:  
If you give him a smile,  
Only once in a while,  
Then he never expects any money!

Alan Alexander Milne

# Lines And Squares

Whenever I walk in a London street,  
I'm ever so careful to watch my feet;  
And I keep in the squares,  
And the masses of bears,  
Who wait at the corners all ready to eat  
The sillies who tread on the lines of the street  
Go back to their lairs,  
And I say to them, "Bears,  
Just look how I'm walking in all the squares!"

And the little bears growl to each other, "He's mine,  
As soon as he's silly and steps on a line."  
And some of the bigger bears try to pretend  
That they came round the corner to look for a friend;  
And they try to pretend that nobody cares  
Whether you walk on the lines or squares.  
But only the sillies believe their talk;  
It's ever so portant how you walk.  
And it's ever so jolly to call out, "Bears,  
Just watch me walking in all the squares!"

Alan Alexander Milne

# Market Square

I had a penny,  
A bright new penny,  
I took my penny  
To the market square.  
I wanted a rabbit,  
A little brown rabbit,  
And I looked for a rabbit  
'Most everywhere.

For I went to the stall where they sold sweet lavender  
("Only a penny for a bunch of lavender!").  
"Have you got a rabbit, 'cos I don't want lavender?"  
But they hadn't got a rabbit, not anywhere there.

I had a penny,  
And I had another penny,  
I took my pennies  
To the market square.  
I did want a rabbit,  
A little baby rabbit,  
And I looked for rabbits  
'Most everywhere.

And I went to the stall where they sold fresh mackerel  
("Now then! Tuppence for a fresh-caught mackerel!").  
"Have you got a rabbit, 'cos I don't like mackerel?"  
But they hadn't got a rabbit, not anywhere there.

I found a sixpence,  
A little white sixpence.  
I took it in my hand  
To the market square.  
I was buying my rabbit  
I do like rabbits),  
And I looked for my rabbit  
'Most everywhere.

So I went to the stall where they sold fine saucepans  
("Walk up, walk up, sixpence for a saucepan!").

"Could I have a rabbit, 'cos we've got two saucepans?"  
But they hadn't got a rabbit, not anywhere there.

I had nuffin',  
No, I hadn't got nuffin',  
So I didn't go down  
To the market square;  
But I walked on the common,  
The old-gold common...  
And I saw little rabbits  
'Most everywhere!

So I'm sorry for the people who sell fine saucepans,  
I'm sorry for the people who sell fresh mackerel,  
I'm sorry for the people who sell sweet lavender,  
'Cos they haven't got a rabbit, not anywhere there!

Alan Alexander Milne

# Missing

Has anybody seen my mouse?

I opened his box for half a minute,  
Just to make sure he was really in it,  
And while I was looking, he jumped outside!  
I tried to catch him, I tried, I tried....  
I think he's somewhere about the house.  
Has anyone seen my mouse?

Uncle John, have you seen my mouse?

Just a small sort of mouse, a dear little brown one,  
He came from the country, he wasn't a town one,  
So he'll feel all lonely in a London street;  
Why, what could he possibly find to eat?  
He must be somewhere. I'll ask Aunt Rose:  
Have you seen a mouse with a woffelly nose?  
He's just got out...

Hasn't anybody seen my mouse?

Alan Alexander Milne



# Pinkle Purr

Tattoo was the mother of Pinkle Purr,  
A little black nothing of feet and fur;  
And by-and-by, when his eyes came through,  
He saw his mother, the big Tattoo.  
And all that he learned he learned from her.  
'I'll ask my mother,' says Pinkle Purr.

Tattoo was the mother of Pinkle Purr,  
A ridiculous kitten with silky fur.  
And little black Pinkle grew and grew  
Till he got as big as the big Tattoo.  
And all that he did he did with her.  
'Two friends together,' says Pinkle Purr.

Tattoo was the mother of Pinkle Purr,  
An adventurous cat in a coat of fur.  
And whenever he thought of a thing to do,  
He didn't much bother about Tattoo,  
For he knows it's nothing to do with her,  
So 'See you later,' says Pinkle Purr.

Tattoo is the mother of Pinkle Purr,  
An enormous leopard with coal-black fur.  
A little brown kitten that's nearly new  
Is now playing games with its big Tattoo...  
And Pink looks lazily down at her:  
'Dear little Tat,' says Pinkle Purr.

Alan Alexander Milne

# Politeness

If people ask me,  
I always tell them:  
"Quite well, thank you, I'm very glad to say."  
If people ask me,  
I always answer,  
"Quite well, thank you, how are you to-day?"  
I always answer,  
I always tell them,  
If they ask me  
Politely.....  
BUT SOMETIMES

I wish

That they wouldn't.

Alan Alexander Milne

# Puppy And I

I met a Man as I went walking:  
We got talking,  
Man and I.  
'Where are you going to, Man?' I said  
(I said to the Man as he went by).  
'Down to the village, to get some bread.  
Will you come with me?' 'No, not I.'

I met a horse as I went walking;  
We got talking,  
Horse and I.  
'Where are you going to, Horse, today?'  
(I said to the Horse as he went by).  
'Down to the village to get some hay.  
Will you come with me?' 'No, not I.'

I met a Woman as I went walking;  
We got talking,  
Woman and I.  
'Where are you going to, Woman, so early?'  
(I said to the Woman as she went by).  
'Down to the village to get some barley.  
Will you come with me?' 'No, not I.'

I met some Rabbits as I went walking;  
We got talking,  
Rabbits and I.  
'Where are you going in your brown fur coats?'  
(I said to the Rabbits as they went by).  
'Down to the village to get some oats.  
Will you come with us?' 'No, not I.'

I met a Puppy as I went walking;  
We got talking,  
Puppy and I.  
'Where are you going this nice fine day?'  
(I said to the Puppy as he went by).  
'Up to the hills to roll and play.'  
'I'll come with you, Puppy,' said I.

Alan Alexander Milne

# Rice Pudding

What is the matter with Mary Jane?  
She's crying with all her might and main,  
And she won't eat her dinner - rice pudding again -  
What is the matter with Mary Jane?

What is the matter with Mary Jane?  
I've promised her dolls and a daisy-chain,  
And a book about animals - all in vain -  
What is the matter with Mary Jane?

What is the matter with Mary Jane?  
She's perfectly well, and she hasn't a pain;  
But, look at her, now she's beginning again! -  
What is the matter with Mary Jane?

What is the matter with Mary Jane?  
I've promised her sweets and a ride in the train,  
And I've begged her to stop for a bit and explain -  
What is the matter with Mary Jane?

What is the matter with Mary Jane?  
She's perfectly well and she hasn't a pain,  
And it's lovely rice pudding for dinner again!  
What is the matter with Mary Jane?

Alan Alexander Milne

# Sand-Between-The-Toes

I went down to the shouting sea,  
Taking Christopher down with me,  
For Nurse had given us sixpence each-  
And down we went to the beach.

We had sand in the eyes and the ears and the nose,  
And sand in the hair, and sand-between-the-toes.  
Whenever a good nor'wester blows,  
Christopher is certain of  
Sand-between-the-toes.

The sea was galloping grey and white;  
Christopher clutched his sixpence tight;  
We clambered over the humping sand-  
And Christopher held my hand.

We had sand in the eyes and the ears and the nose,  
And sand in the hair, and sand-between-the-toes.  
Whenever a good nor'wester blows,  
Christopher is certain of  
Sand-between-the-toes.

There was a roaring in the sky;  
The sea-gulls cried as they blew by;  
We tried to talk, but had to shout-  
Nobody else was out.

When we got home, we had sand in the hair,  
In the eyes and the ears and everywhere;  
Whenever a good nor'wester blows,  
Christopher is found with  
Sand-between-the-toes.

Alan Alexander Milne

# Sneezles

Christopher Robin  
Had wheezles  
And sneezles,  
They bundled him  
Into  
His bed.  
They gave him what goes  
With a cold in the nose,  
And some more for a cold  
In the head.  
They wondered  
If wheezles  
Could turn  
Into measles,  
If sneezles  
Would turn  
Into mumps;  
The examined his chest  
For a rash,  
and the rest  
Of his body for swellings and lumps.  
They sent for some doctors  
In sneezles  
And wheezles  
To tell them what ought  
To be done.

All sorts of conditions  
Of famous physicians  
Came hurrying round  
At a run.  
They all made a note  
Of the state of his throat,  
They asked if he suffered from thirst;  
They asked if the sneezles  
Came after the wheezles,  
Or if the first sneeze  
Came first.  
They said, "If you teazle

A sneeze  
Or wheeze,  
A measle  
May easily grow.  
But humour or pleazle  
The wheeze  
Or sneeze,  
The measle  
Will certainly go."  
They expounded the reazles  
For sneezles  
And wheezles,  
The manner of measles  
When new.  
They said, "If he freezles  
In draughts and in breezles,  
Then PHTHEEZLES  
May even ensue."

Christopher Robin  
Got up in the morning,  
The sneezles had vanished away.  
And the look in his eye  
Seemed to say to the sky,  
"Now, how to amuse them today?"

Alan Alexander Milne



# Solitude

I have a house where I go  
When there's too many people,  
I have a house where I go  
Where no one can be;  
I have a house where I go,  
Where nobody ever says 'No';  
Where no one says anything- so  
There is no one but me.

Alan Alexander Milne

# Spring Morning

Where am I going? I don't quite know.  
Down to the stream where the king-cups grow-  
Up on the hill where the pine-trees blow-  
Anywhere, anywhere. I don't know.

Where am I going? The clouds sail by,  
Little ones, baby ones, over the sky.  
Where am I going? The shadows pass,  
Little ones, baby ones, over the grass.

If you were a cloud, and sailed up there,  
You'd sail on water as blue as air,  
And you'd see me here in the fields and say:  
'Doesn't the sky look green today?'

Where am I going? The high rooks call:  
'It's awful fun to be born at all.'  
Where am I going? The ring-doves coo:  
'We do have beautiful things to do.'

If you were a bird, and lived on high,  
You'd lean on the wind when the wind came by,  
You'd say to the wind when it took you away:  
'That's where I wanted to go today!'

Where am I going? I don't quite know.  
What does it matter where people go?  
Down to the wood where the blue-bells grow-  
Anywhere, anywhere. I don't know.

Alan Alexander Milne

# Swing Song

Here I go up in my swing  
Ever so high.

I am the King of the fields, and the King  
Of the town.

I am the King of the earth, and the King  
Of the sky.

Here I go up in my swing...  
Now I go down.

Alan Alexander Milne

# Tails

A lion has a tail and a very fine tail,  
And so has an elephant, and so has a whale,  
And so has a crocodile, and so has a quail—  
They've all got tails but me.

If I had sixpence I would buy one;  
I'd say to the shopman, 'Let me try one';  
I'd say to the elephant, 'This is my one.'  
They'd all come round to see.

Then I'd say to the lion, 'Why, you've got a tail!  
And so has the elephant, and so has the whale!  
And, look! There's a crocodile! He's got a tail!  
You've all got tails like me!'

Alan Alexander Milne

# Teddy Bear

A bear, however hard he tries,  
Grows tubby without exercise.  
Our Teddy Bear is short and fat,  
Which is not to be wondered at;  
He gets what exercise he can  
By falling off the ottoman,  
But generally seems to lack  
The energy to clamber back.

Now tubbiness is just the thing  
Which gets a fellow wondering;  
And Teddy worried lots about  
The fact that he was rather stout.  
He thought: "If only I were thin!  
But how does anyone begin?"  
He thought: "It really isn't fair  
To grudge one exercise and air."

For many weeks he pressed in vain  
His nose against the window-pane,  
And envied those who walked about  
Reducing their unwanted stout.  
None of the people he could see  
"Is quite" (he said) "as fat as me!"  
Then, with a still more moving sigh,  
"I mean" (he said) "as fat as I!"

One night it happened that he took  
A peep at an old picture-book,  
Wherein he came across by chance  
The picture of a King of France  
(A stoutish man) and, down below,  
These words: "King Louis So and So,  
Nicknamed 'The Handsome!'" There he sat,  
And (think of it!) the man was fat!

Our bear rejoiced like anything  
To read about this famous King,  
Nicknamed "The Handsome." There he sat,

And certainly the man was fat.  
Nicknamed "The Handsome." Not a doubt  
The man was definitely stout.  
Why then, a bear (for all his tub)  
Might yet be named "The Handsome Cub!"

"Might yet be named." Or did he mean  
That years ago he "might have been"?  
For now he felt a slight misgiving:  
"Is Louis So and So still living?  
Fashions in beauty have a way  
Of altering from day to day.  
Is 'Handsome Louis' with us yet?  
Unfortunately I forget."

Next morning (nose to window-pane)  
The doubt occurred to him again.  
One question hammered in his head:  
"Is he alive or is he dead?"  
Thus, nose to pane, he pondered; but  
The lattice window, loosely shut,  
Swung open. With one startled "Oh!"  
Our Teddy disappeared below.

There happened to be passing by  
A plump man with a twinkling eye,  
Who, seeing Teddy in the street,  
Raised him politely to his feet,  
And murmured kindly in his ear  
Soft words of comfort and of cheer:  
"Well, well!" "Allow me!" "Not at all."  
"Tut-tut! A very nasty fall."

Our Teddy answered not a word;  
It's doubtful if he even heard.  
Our bear could only look and look:  
The stout man in the picture-book!  
That 'handsome' King - could this be he,  
This man of adiposity?  
"Impossible," he thought. "But still,  
No harm in asking. Yes I will!"

"Are you," he said, "by any chance  
His Majesty the King of France?"  
The other answered, "I am that,"  
Bowed stiffly, and removed his hat;  
Then said, "Excuse me," with an air,  
"But is it Mr Edward Bear?"  
And Teddy, bending very low,  
Replied politely, "Even so!"

They stood beneath the window there,  
The King and Mr Edward Bear,  
And, handsome, if a trifle fat,  
Talked carelessly of this and that....  
Then said His Majesty, "Well, well,  
I must get on," and rang the bell.  
"Your bear, I think," he smiled. "Good-day!"  
And turned, and went upon his way.

A bear, however hard he tries,  
Grows tubby without exercise.  
Our Teddy Bear is short and fat,  
Which is not to be wondered at.  
But do you think it worries him  
To know that he is far from slim?  
No, just the other way about -  
He's proud of being short and stout.

Alan Alexander Milne

# The Christening

What shall I call  
My dear little dormouse?  
His eyes are small,  
But his tail is e-nor-mouse.

I sometimes call him Terrible John,  
'Cos his tail goes on -  
And on -  
And on.  
And I sometimes call him Terrible Jack,  
'Cos his tail goes on to the end of his back.  
And I sometimes call him Terrible James,  
'Cos he says he likes me calling him names...  
But I think I shall call him Jim,  
'Cos I am fond of him.

Alan Alexander Milne



# The Dormouse And The Doctor

There once was a Dormouse who lived in a bed  
Of delphiniums (blue) and geraniums (red),  
And all the day long he'd a wonderful view  
Of geraniums (red) and delphiniums (blue).

A Doctor came hurrying round, and he said:  
"Tut-tut, I am sorry to find you in bed.  
Just say 'Ninety-nine' while I look at your chest....  
Don't you find that chrysanthemums answer the best?"

The Dormouse looked round at the view and replied  
(When he'd said "Ninety-nine") that he'd tried and he'd tried,  
And much the most answering things that he knew  
Were geraniums (red) and delphiniums (blue).

The Doctor stood frowning and shaking his head,  
And he took up his shiny silk hat as he said:  
"What the patient requires is a change," and he went  
To see some chrysanthemum people in Kent.

The Dormouse lay there, and he gazed at the view  
Of geraniums (red) and delphiniums (blue),  
And he knew there was nothing he wanted instead  
Of delphiniums (blue) and geraniums (red).

The Doctor came back and, to show what he meant,  
He had brought some chrysanthemum cuttings from Kent.  
"Now these," he remarked, "give a much better view  
Than geraniums (red) and delphiniums (blue)."

They took out their spades and they dug up the bed  
Of delphiniums (blue) and geraniums (red),  
And they planted chrysanthemums (yellow and white).  
"And now," said the Doctor, "we'll soon have you right."

The Dormouse looked out, and he said with a sigh:  
"I suppose all these people know better than I.  
It was silly, perhaps, but I did like the view  
Of geraniums (red) and delphiniums (blue)."

The Doctor came round and examined his chest,  
And ordered him Nourishment, Tonics, and Rest.  
"How very effective," he said, as he shook  
The thermometer, "all these chrysanthemums look!"

The Dormouse turned over to shut out the sight  
Of the endless chrysanthemums (yellow and white).  
"How lovely," he thought, "to be back in a bed  
Of delphiniums (blue) and geraniums (red.)"

The Doctor said, "Tut! It's another attack!"  
And ordered him Milk and Massage-of-the-back,  
And Freedom-from-worry and Drives-in-a-car,  
And murmured, "How sweet your chrysanthemums are!"

The Dormouse lay there with his paws to his eyes,  
And imagined himself such a pleasant surprise:  
"I'll pretend the chrysanthemums turn to a bed  
Of delphiniums (blue) and geraniums (red)!"

The Doctor next morning was rubbing his hands,  
And saying, "There's nobody quite understands  
These cases as I do! The cure has begun!  
How fresh the chrysanthemums look in the sun!"

The Dormouse lay happy, his eyes were so tight  
He could see no chrysanthemums, yellow or white.  
And all that he felt at the back of his head  
Were delphiniums (blue) and geraniums (red).

And that is the reason (Aunt Emily said)  
If a Dormouse gets in a chrysanthemum bed,  
You will find (so Aunt Emily says) that he lies  
Fast asleep on his front with his paws to his eyes.

Alan Alexander Milne

# The End

When I was One,  
I had just begun.

When I was Two,  
I was nearly new.

When I was Three,  
I was hardly Me.

When I was Four,  
I was not much more.

When I was Five,  
I was just alive.

But now I am Six, I'm as clever as clever.  
So I think I'll be six now for ever and ever.

Alan Alexander Milne

# The Four Friends

Ernest was an elephant, a great big fellow,  
Leonard was a lion with a six foot tail,  
George was a goat, and his beard was yellow,  
And James was a very small snail.

Leonard had a stall, and a great big strong one,  
Ernest had a manger, and its walls were thick,  
George found a pen, but I think it was the wrong one,  
And James sat down on a brick

Ernest started trumpeting, and cracked his manger,  
Leonard started roaring, and shivered his stall,  
James gave a huff of a snail in danger  
And nobody heard him at all.

Ernest started trumpeting and raised such a rumpus,  
Leonard started roaring and trying to kick,  
James went on a journey with the goats new compass  
And he reached the end of his brick.

Ernest was an elephant and very well intentioned,  
Leonard was a lion with a brave new tail,  
George was a goat, as I think I have mentioned,  
but James was only a snail.

Alan Alexander Milne

# The Friend

There are lots and lots of people who are always asking things,  
Like Dates and Pounds-and-ounces and the names of funny Kings,  
And the answer's always Sixpence or A Hundred Inches Long.  
And I know they'll think me silly if I get the answer wrong.

So Pooh and I go whispering, and Pooh looks very bright,  
And says, 'Well, I say sixpence, but I don't suppose I'm right.'  
And then it doesn't matter what the answer ought to be,  
'Cos if he's right, I'm Right, and if he's wrong, it isn't Me.

Alan Alexander Milne

# The King's Breakfast

The King's Breakfast

The King asked

The Queen, and

The Queen asked

The Dairymaid:

"Could we have some butter for

The Royal slice of bread?"

The Queen asked the Dairymaid,

The Dairymaid

Said, "Certainly,

I'll go and tell the cow

Now

Before she goes to bed."

The Dairymaid

She curtsied,

And went and told

The Alderney:

"Don't forget the butter for

The Royal slice of bread."

The Alderney

Said sleepily:

"You'd better tell

His Majesty

That many people nowadays

Like marmalade

Instead."

The Dairymaid

Said, "Fancy!"

And went to

Her Majesty.

She curtsied to the Queen, and

She turned a little red:

"Excuse me,

Your Majesty,

For taking of

The liberty,

But marmalade is tasty, if

It's very  
Thickly  
Spread."

The Queen said  
"Oh!:  
And went to  
His Majesty:  
"Talking of the butter for  
The royal slice of bread,  
Many people  
Think that  
Marmalade  
Is nicer.  
Would you like to try a little  
Marmalade  
Instead?"

The King said,  
"Bother!"  
And then he said,  
"Oh, deary me!"  
The King sobbed, "Oh, deary me!"  
And went back to bed.  
"Nobody,"  
He whimpered,  
"Could call me  
A fussy man;  
I only want  
A little bit  
Of butter for  
My bread!"

The Queen said,  
"There, there!"  
And went to  
The Dairymaid.  
The Dairymaid  
Said, "There, there!"  
And went to the shed.  
The cow said,  
"There, there!"

I didn't really  
Mean it;  
Here's milk for his porringer,  
And butter for his bread."

The Queen took  
The butter  
And brought it to  
His Majesty;  
The King said,  
"Butter, eh?"  
And bounced out of bed.  
"Nobody," he said,  
As he kissed her  
Tenderly,  
"Nobody," he said,  
As he slid down the banisters,  
"Nobody,  
My darling,  
Could call me  
A fussy man -  
BUT  
I do like a little bit of butter to my bread!"

Alan Alexander Milne



# The Knight Whose Armour Didn'T Squeak

Of all the Knights in Appledore  
The wisest was Sir Thomas Tom.  
He multiplied as far as four,  
And knew what nine was taken from  
To make eleven. He could write  
A letter to another Knight.

No other Knight in all the land  
Could do the things which he could do.  
Not only did he understand  
The way to polish swords, but knew  
What remedy a Knight should seek  
Whose armour had begun to squeak.

And, if he didn't fight too much,  
It wasn't that he didn't care  
For blips and buffetings and such,  
But felt that it was hardly fair  
To risk, by frequent injuries,  
A brain as delicate as his.

His castle (Castle Tom) was set  
Conveniently on a hill;  
And daily, when it wasn't wet,  
He paced the battlements until  
Some smaller Knight who couldn't swim  
Should reach the moat and challenge him.

Or sometimes, feeling full of fight,  
He hurried out to scour the plain,  
And, seeing some approaching Knight,  
He either hurried home again,  
Or hid; and, when the foe was past,  
Blew a triumphant trumpet-blast.

One day when good Sir Thomas Tom  
Was resting in a handy ditch,  
The noises he was hiding from,  
Though very much the noises which

He'd always hidden from before,  
Seemed somehow less....Or was it more?

The trotting horse, the trumpet's blast,  
The whistling sword, the armour's squeak,  
These, and especially the last,  
Had clattered by him all the week.  
Was this the same, or was it not?  
Something was different. But what?

Sir Thomas raised a cautious ear  
And listened as Sir Hugh went by,  
And suddenly he seemed to hear  
(Or not to hear) the reason why  
This stranger made a nicer sound  
Than other Knights who lived around.

Sir Thomas watched the way he went -  
His rage was such he couldn't speak,  
For years they'd called him down in Kent  
The Knight Whose Armour Didn't Squeak!  
Yet here and now he looked upon  
Another Knight whose squeak had gone.

He rushed to where his horse was tied;  
He spurred it to a rapid trot.  
The only fear he felt inside  
About his enemy was not  
'How sharp his sword?' 'How stout his heart?'  
But 'Has he got too long a start?'

Sir Hugh was singing, hand on hip,  
When something sudden came along,  
And caught him a terrific blip  
Right in the middle of his song.  
'A thunderstorm!' he thought. 'Of course!'  
And toppled gently off his horse.

Then said the good Sir Thomas Tom,  
Dismounting with a friendly air,  
'Allow me to extract you from  
The heavy armour that you wear.

At times like these the bravest Knight  
May find his armour much too tight.'

A hundred yards or so beyond  
The scene of brave Sir Hugh's defeat  
Sir Thomas found a useful pond,  
And, careful not to wet his feet,  
He brought the armour to the brink,  
And flung it in...and watched it sink.

So ever after, more and more,  
The men of Kent would proudly speak  
Of Thomas Tom of Appledore,  
'The Knight Whose Armour Didn't Squeak.'  
Whilst Hugh, the Knight who gave him best,  
Squeaks just as badly as the rest.

Alan Alexander Milne

# The Mirror

Between the woods the afternoon  
Its fallen in a golden swoon,  
The sun looks down from quiet skies  
To where a quiet water lies,  
And silent trees stoop down to the trees.  
And there I saw a white swan make  
Another white swan in the lake;  
And, breast to breast, both motionless,  
They waited for the wind's caress. . .  
And all the water was at ease.

Alan Alexander Milne

# The Morning Walk

When Anne and I go out a walk,  
We hold each other's hand and talk  
Of all the things we mean to do  
When Anne and I are forty-two.

And when we've thought about a thing,  
Like bowling hoops or bicycling,  
Or falling down on Anne's balloon,  
We do it in the afternoon.

Alan Alexander Milne

# The Three Foxes

Once upon a time there were three little foxes  
Who didn't wear stockings, and they didn't wear socks,  
But they all had handkerchiefs to blow their noses,  
And they kept their handkerchiefs in cardboard boxes.

They lived in the forest in three little houses,  
And they didn't wear coats, and they didn't wear trousers.  
They ran through the woods on their little bare tootsies,  
And they played "Touch Last" with a family of mice.

They didn't go shopping in the High Street shops,  
But caught what they wanted in the woods and copses.  
They all went fishing, and they caught three worms,  
They went out hunting, and they caught three wops.

They went to a Fair, and they all won prizes —  
Three plum-puddings and three mince-pies.  
They rode on elephants and swang on swings,  
And hit three coco-nuts at coco-nut shies.

That's all that I know of the three little foxes  
Who kept their handkerchiefs in cardboard boxes  
They lived in the forest in three little houses,  
But they didn't wear coats and they didn't wear trousers,  
And they didn't wear stockings and they didn't wear socks.

Alan Alexander Milne

# The Wrong House

I went into a house, and it wasn't a house,  
It has big steps and a great big hall;  
But it hasn't got a garden,  
A garden,  
A garden,  
It isn't like a house at all.

I went into a house, and it wasn't a house,  
It has a big garden and great high wall;  
But it hasn't got a may-tree,  
A may-tree,  
A may-tree,  
It isn't like a house at all.

I went into a house, and it wasn't a house -  
Slow white petals from the may-tree fall;  
But it hasn't got a blackbird,  
A blackbird,  
A blackbird,  
It isn't like a house at all.

I went into a house, and I thought it was a house,  
I could hear from the may-tree the blackbird call...  
But nobody listened to it,  
Nobody  
Liked it,  
Nobody wanted it at all.

Alan Alexander Milne

# Tra-La-La, Tra-La-La

Tra-la-la, tra-la-la,  
Tra-la-la, tra-la-la,  
Rum-tum-tiddle-um-tum.  
Tiddle-iddle, tiddle-iddle,  
Tiddle-iddle, tiddle-iddle,  
Rum-tum-tum-tiddle-um.

Alan Alexander Milne



# Twice Times

There were Two Little Bears who lived in a Wood,  
And one of them was Bad and the other was Good.  
Good Bear learnt his Twice Times One -  
But Bad Bear left all his buttons undone.

They lived in a Tree when the weather was hot,  
And one of them was Good, and the other was Not.  
Good Bear learnt his Twice Times Two -  
But Bad Bear's thingummies were worn right through.

They lived in a Cave when the weather was cold,  
And they Did, and they Didn't Do, what they were told.  
Good Bear learnt his Twice Times Three -  
But Bad Bear never had his hand-ker-chiee.

They lived in the Wood with a Kind Old Aunt,  
And one said 'Yes'm,' and the other said 'Shan't!'  
Good Bear learnt his Twice Times Four -  
But Bad Bear's knicketies were terrible tore.

And then quite suddenly (just like Us)  
One got Better and the other got Wuss.  
Good Bear muddled his Twice Times Three -  
But Bad Bear coughed in his hand-ker-chiee!

Good Bear muddled his Twice Times Two -  
But Bad Bear's thingummies looked like new.  
Good Bear muddled his Twice Times One -  
But Bad Bear never left his buttons undone.

There may be a Moral, though some say not;  
I think there's a moral, though I don't know what.  
But if one gets better, as the other gets wuss,  
These Two Little Bears are just like Us.  
For Christopher remembers up to Twice Times Ten ...  
But I keep forgetting where I put my pen.\*

\* So I have had to write this one in pencil.



# Twinkletoes

When the sun  
Shines through the leaves of the apple-tree,  
When the sun  
Makes shadows of the leaves of the apple-tree,  
Then I pass  
On the grass  
From one leaf to another,  
From one leaf to its brother,  
Tip-toe, tip-toe!  
Here I go!

Alan Alexander Milne

## Us Two

Wherever I am, there's always Pooh,  
There's always Pooh and Me.  
Whatever I do, he wants to do,  
"Where are you going today?" says Pooh:  
"Well, that's very odd 'cos I was too.  
Let's go together," says Pooh, says he.  
"Let's go together," says Pooh.

"What's twice eleven?" I said to Pooh.  
("Twice what?" said Pooh to Me.)  
"I think it ought to be twenty-two."  
"Just what I think myself," said Pooh.  
"It wasn't an easy sum to do,  
But that's what it is," said Pooh, said he.  
"That's what it is," said Pooh.

"Let's look for dragons," I said to Pooh.  
"Yes, let's," said Pooh to Me.  
We crossed the river and found a few-  
"Yes, those are dragons all right," said Pooh.  
"As soon as I saw their beaks I knew.  
That's what they are," said Pooh, said he.  
"That's what they are," said Pooh.

"Let's frighten the dragons," I said to Pooh.  
"That's right," said Pooh to Me.  
"I'm not afraid," I said to Pooh,  
And I held his paw and I shouted "Shoo!  
Silly old dragons!"- and off they flew.

"I wasn't afraid," said Pooh, said he,  
"I'm never afraid with you."

So wherever I am, there's always Pooh,  
There's always Pooh and Me.  
"What would I do?" I said to Pooh,  
"If it wasn't for you," and Pooh said: "True,  
It isn't much fun for One, but Two,  
Can stick together, says Pooh, says he. "That's how it is," says Pooh.

Alan Alexander Milne

# Vespers

Little Boy kneels at the foot of the bed,  
Droops on the little hands little gold head.  
Hush! Hush! Whisper who dares!  
Christopher Robin is saying his prayers.

God bless Mummy. I know that's right.  
Wasn't it fun in the bath to-night?  
The cold's so cold, and the hot's so hot.  
Oh! God bless Daddy - I quite forgot.

If I open my fingers a little bit more,  
I can see Nanny's dressing-gown on the door.  
It's a beautiful blue, but it hasn't a hood.  
Oh! God bless Nanny and make her good.

Mine has a hood, and I lie in bed,  
And pull the hood right over my head,  
And I shut my eyes, and I curl up small,  
And nobody knows that I'm there at all.

Oh! Thank you, God, for a lovely day.  
And what was the other I had to say?  
I said 'Bless Daddy,' so what can it be?  
Oh! Now I remember it. God bless Me.

Little Boy kneels at the foot of the bed,  
Droops on the little hands little gold head.  
Hush! Hush! Whisper who dares!  
Christopher Robin is saying his prayers.

Alan Alexander Milne

# Waiting At The Window

These are my two drops of rain  
Waiting on the window-pane.

I am waiting here to see  
Which the winning one will be.

Both of them have different names.  
One is John and one is James.

All the best and all the worst  
Comes from which of them is first.

James has just begun to ooze.  
He's the one I want to lose.

John is waiting to begin.  
He's the one I want to win.

James is going slowly on.  
Something sort of sticks to John.

John is moving off at last.  
James is going pretty fast.

John is rushing down the pane.  
James is going slow again.

James has met a sort of smear.  
John is getting very near.

Is he going fast enough?  
(James has found a piece of fluff.)

John has quickly hurried by.  
(James was talking to a fly.)

John is there, and John has won!  
Look! I told you! Here's the sun!





# Water Lilies

Where the water-lilies go  
To and fro,  
Rocking in the ripples of the water,  
Lazy on a leaf lies the Lake King's daughter,  
And the faint winds shake her.  
Who will come and take her?  
I will! I will!  
Keep still! Keep still!  
Sleeping on a leaf lies the Lake King's daughter. . . .  
Then the wind comes skipping  
To the lilies on the water;  
And the kind winds wake her.  
Now who will take her?  
With a laugh she is slipping  
Through the lilies on the water.  
Wait! Wait!  
Too late, too late!  
Only the water-lilies go  
To and fro,  
Dipping, dipping,  
To the ripples of the water.

Alan Alexander Milne

# Wind On The Hill

No one can tell me,  
Nobody knows,  
Where the wind comes from,  
Where the wind goes.

It's flying from somewhere  
As fast as it can,  
I couldn't keep up with it,  
Not if I ran.

But if I stopped holding  
The string of my kite,  
It would blow with the wind  
For a day and a night.

And then when I found it,  
Wherever it blew,  
I should know that the wind  
Had been going there too.

So then I could tell them  
Where the wind goes...  
But where the wind comes from  
Nobody knows.

Alan Alexander Milne