



# Over in the Meadow

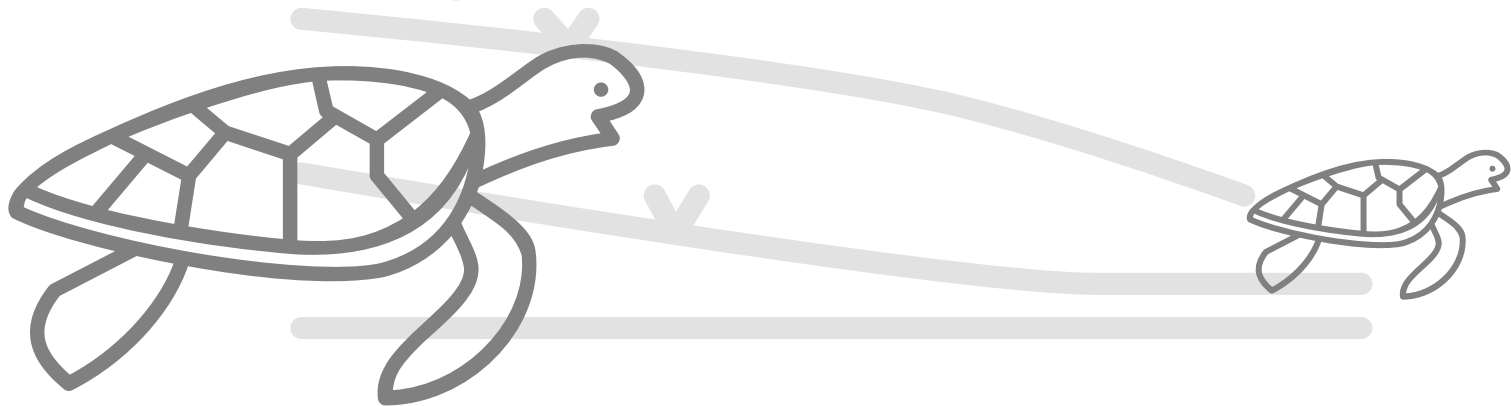
by Olive A. Wadsworth

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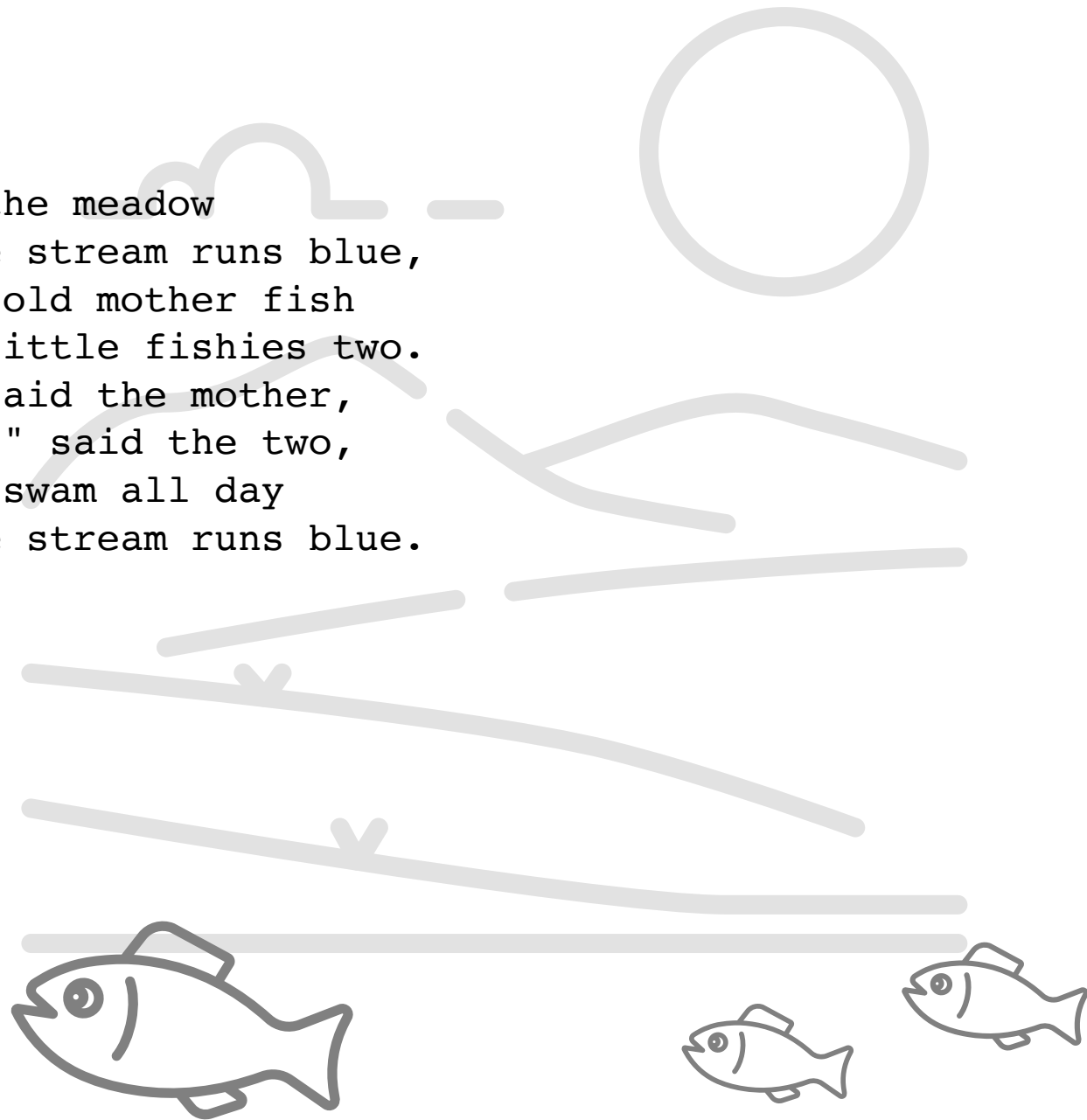
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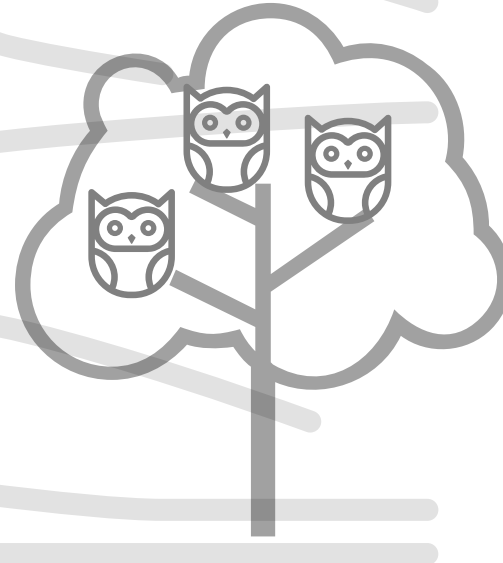
Over in the meadow  
In the sand in the sun,  
lived an old mother turtle  
and her little turtle one.  
"Dig," said the mother,  
"I dig," said the one,  
and they dug all day  
in the sand in the sun.



Over in the meadow  
where the stream runs blue,  
lived an old mother fish  
and her little fishies two.  
"Swim," said the mother,  
"We swim," said the two,  
and they swam all day  
where the stream runs blue.



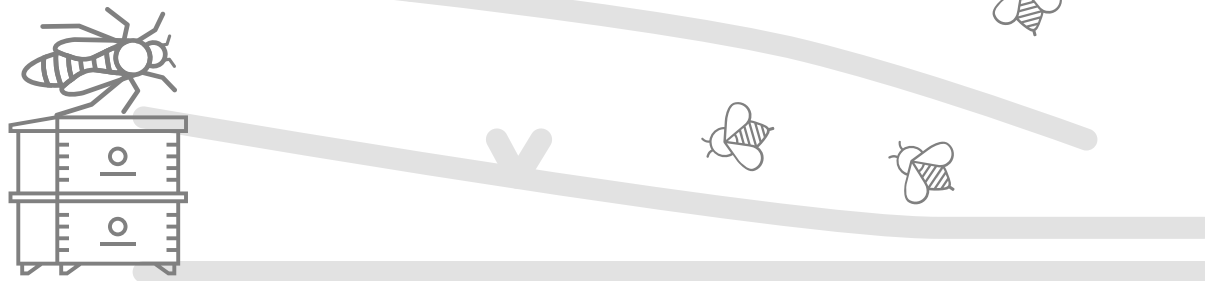
Over in the meadow  
in a hole in the tree,  
Lived an old mother owl  
and her little owls three.  
"Whoop," said the mother,  
"We whoop," said the three,  
and they whooped all day  
in the hole in the tree.



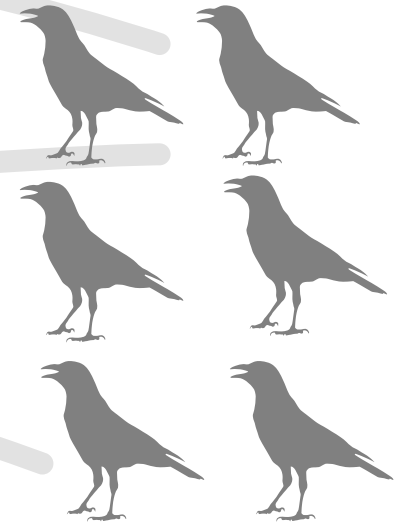
Over in the meadow,  
In the reeds on the shore  
Lived an old mother beaver  
And her little beavers four  
"Build!" said the mother;  
"We build!" said the four  
So they built up a dam  
In the reeds on the shore



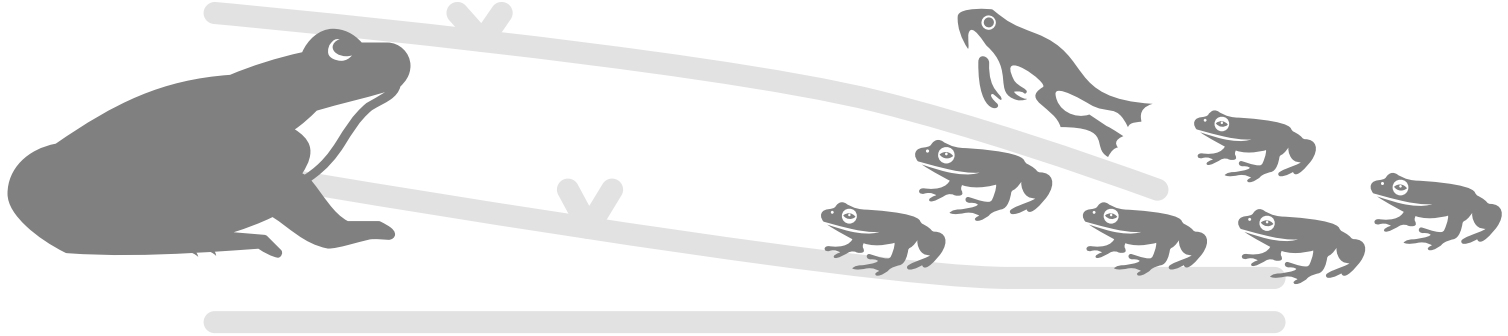
Over in the meadow,  
In a snug beehive  
Lived a mother honey bee  
And her little bees five  
"Buzz!" said the mother;  
"We buzz!" said the five  
So they buzzed and they hummed  
In the snug beehive



Over in the meadow  
in a nest built of sticks,  
Lived an old mother crow  
and her little crows six.  
"Caw," said the mother,  
"We caw," said the six,  
and they cawed all day  
in the nest built of sticks.

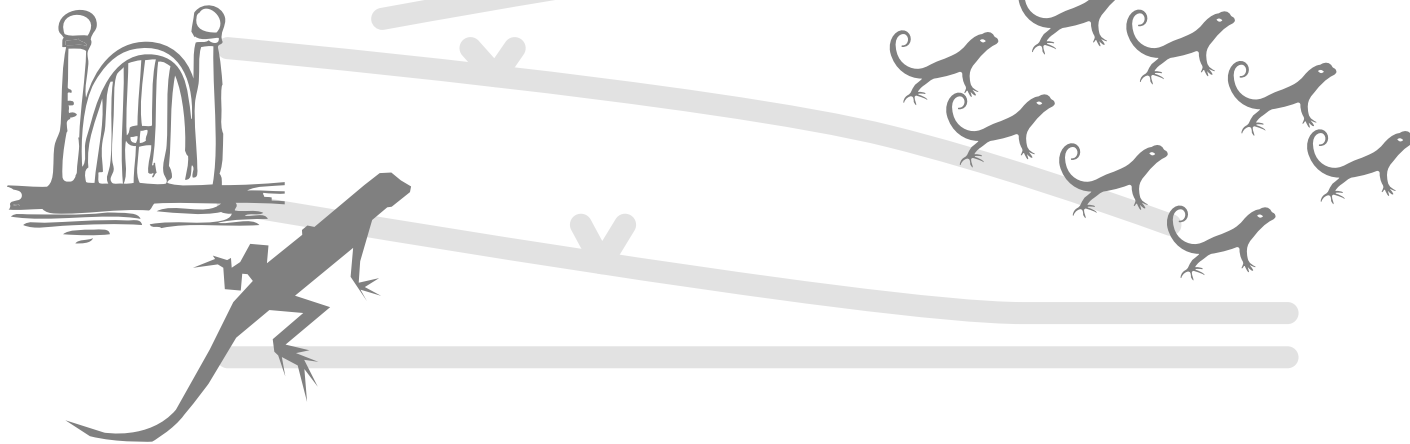


Over in the meadow  
where the grass grows so even,  
Lived an old mother frog  
and her little froggies seven.  
"Jump," said the mother,  
"We jump," said the seven,  
and they jumped all day  
where the grass grows so even.

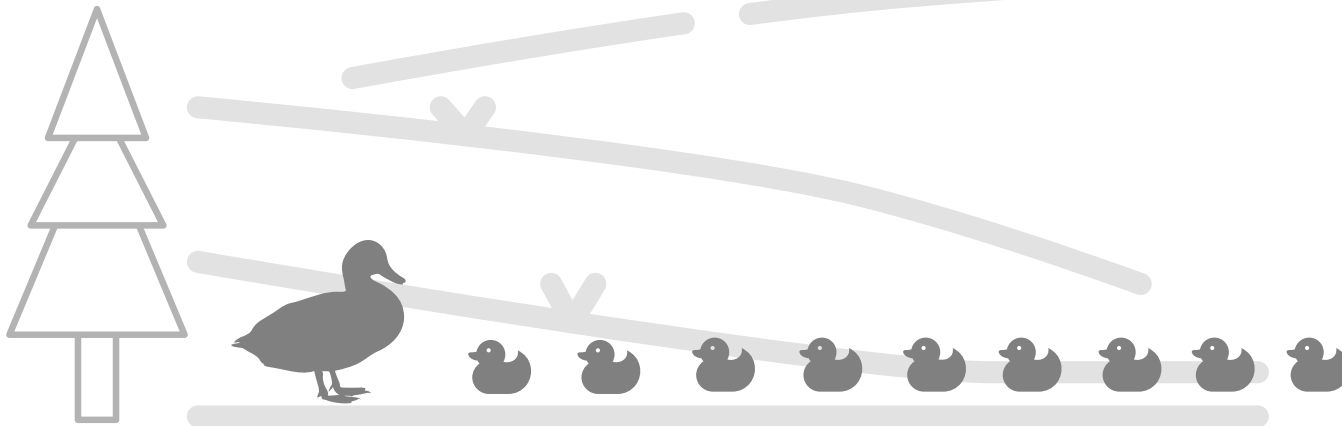




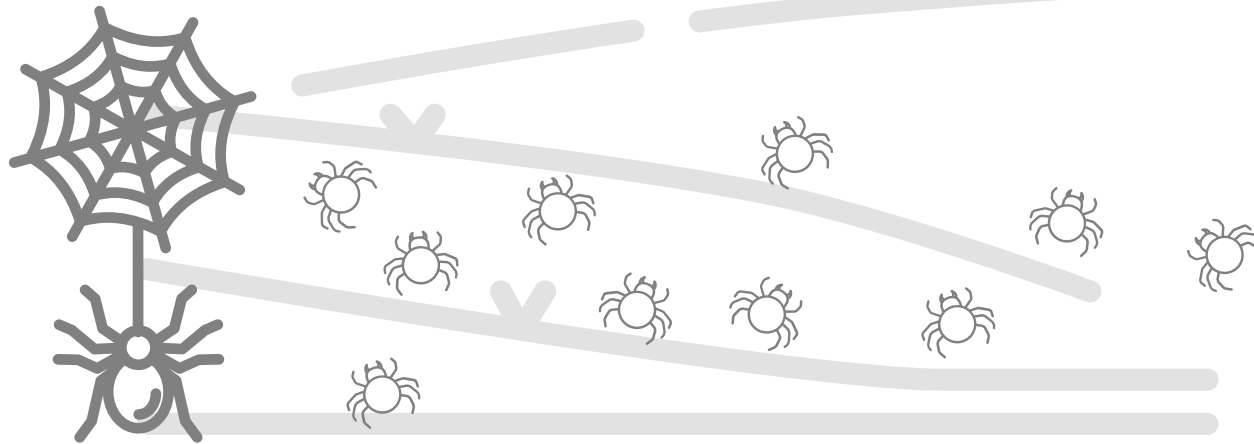
Over in the meadow  
by the old mossy gate,  
Lived an old mother lizard  
and her little lizards eight.  
"Bask," said the mother,  
"We bask," said the eight,  
and they basked all day  
by the old mossy gate.



Over in the meadow  
by the old scotch pine,  
Lived an old mother duck  
and her little duckies nine.  
"Quack," said the mother,  
"We quack," said the nine,  
and they quacked all day  
by the old scotch pine.



Over in the meadow,  
In a sly little den  
Lived a gray mother spider  
And her little spiders ten  
"Spin!" said the mother;  
"We spin!" said the ten  
So they spun lacy webs  
In their sly little den



Over in the meadow there is you and me  
and that is the way that a day should be.

