

HOW TO GET PEARS DOWN.

HIGH up in the tree,
by the old garden wall,
Hung two rosy pears
that seemed ready to fall.

Low down in the path,
by the old garden wall,
Waits a dear little girl
'neath the pear-tree so
tall.

And waiting, and waiting,
she really must stop,
Just hoping those two
little pears p'r'aps may drop.
When suddenly out of
the branches came pop,
A dear little bird with
a quick little hop,
And he wisely remarked

(it was perfectly true),

*"You must go to the pears,
they won't come to you."*

And then, when he'd said it,
he hopped and he flew
To call on another small
bird that he knew.

On the top of the wall,
by the old pear-tree,
Sat a dear little girl who, it's easy to see,
Is as happy as a dear little girl can be,
Who found out the way to get pears from the tree
Down low in the valley, by every hedge side,
The sweet flowers are nestling, and violets hide.



Name: _____

Date: _____

HOW TO GET PEARS DOWN.

They never will come to your call, though you cried
To the earth, and the sea, and the wind, and the tide.
It is so with all things that are under the dew.

The moral I make here is not even new :

As the birdie observed, it is perfectly true,

“You must go to the pears, they won’t come to you.”



Directions: Match each pair of rhyming words.

cried
dew
true

you
tide
new

Directions: Put the words into alphabetical (ABC) order.

never _____

call _____

cried _____

earth _____

wind _____

tide _____

pears _____

perfectly _____

birdie _____