

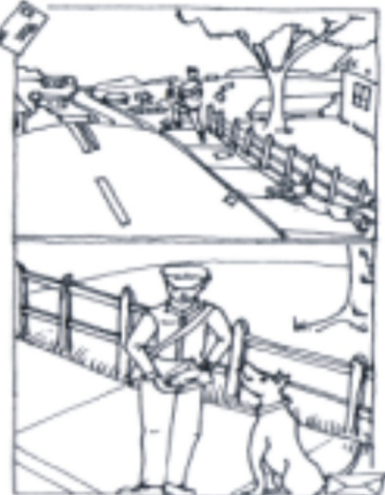
Rhyme Tyme



*An
Illustrated
Children's*

**Story
Poem**

**Coloring
Book**



*Courtesy of:
Have A Heart for Companion Animals, Inc.
www.haveaheart.us*

Have A Heart for Companion Animals

P.O. Box 831413, Ocala, FL 34483

www.haveaheart.us

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Publisher

Rhyme Tyme is a publication of John Marinelli for the exclusive use of Have A Heart for Companion Animals, Inc.. Other available publications include: Rhyme Tyme, Original Story Poems for Children of All Ages, Pulpit Poems for Pastors and Teachers, A Dry And Thirsty Land, Making It Through Tough Times and over 80 eBooks, poetry and music on www.christianliferesourcecenter.org.

Poet And Artist

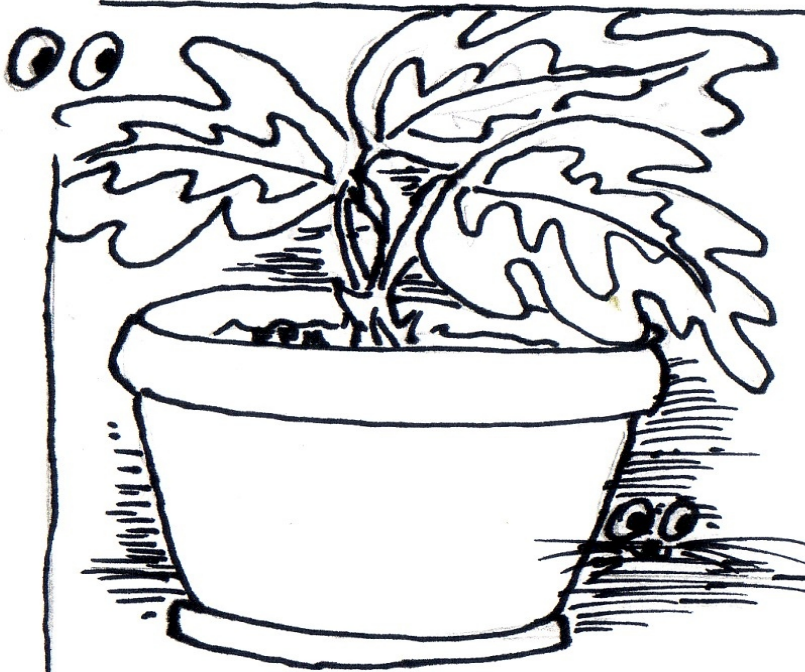
The Poems presented in this coloring book were written by Rev. John Marinelli, Vice President of Have a Heart for Companion Animals, Inc.. He is a playwright, published author, and Bible Teacher.

The art for our coloring book is the original inspiration and work of Elaine Moehring, who captured the essence of each poem in a single picture. She has presented them in a simple line art style for your coloring pleasure.

Presentation

Rhyme Tyme is presented as a coloring book and a children's poetry book. Skilled individuals in the art of coloring can frame the poem and colored art as a decoration in the children's bedroom or play area. Unskilled younger children still have the advantage of coloring pleasure while also enjoying the story poem from their mother, father or from a grandparent's knee.

Mister Peek-A-Boo

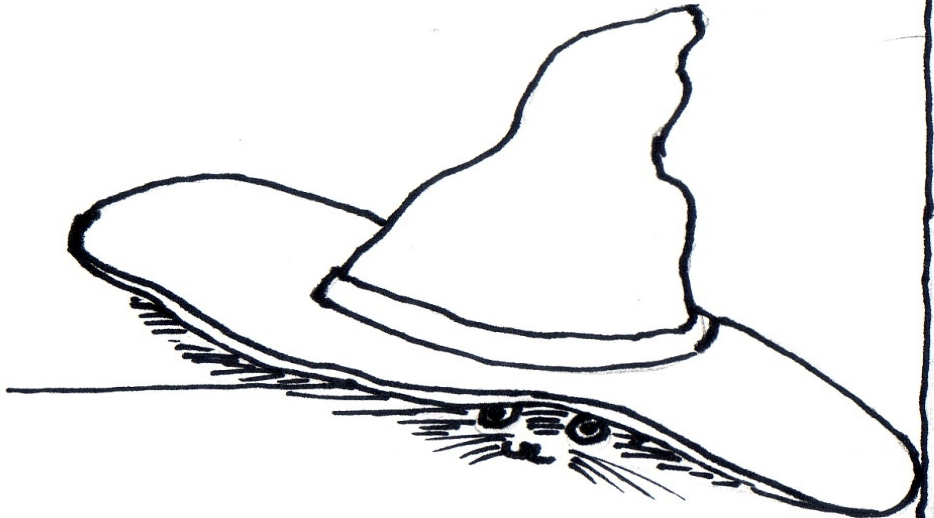


Mister Peek-A-Boo
Peeked the whole
night through.

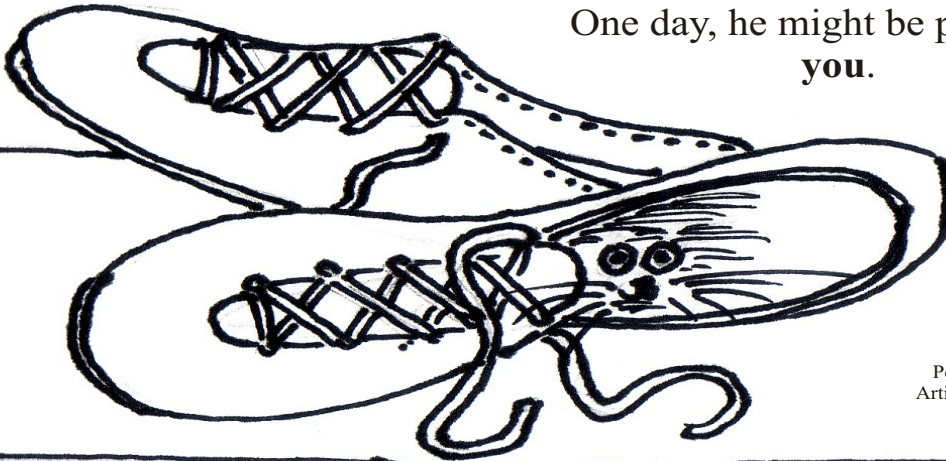
Around the
corner's wall,
Through the trees
that stood so tall.

He sneaks a peek
or two,
Always searching
for a clue.

With his
watchful eye,
He looks
for reasons
why.



Look out for Mister Peek-A-Boo.
One day, he might be peeking at
you.



Poet: John Marinelli
Artist: Elaine Moehring



Can You Find Mister Peek-A-Boo?

An Elephant Named Clyde

There once was an elephant named Clyde
Who had a tummy that was so very wide.
Now Clyde lived in the jungle deep.
He loved to eat and especially sleep.

All the other animals laughed at Clyde
Because his tummy was so very wide.
But Clyde didn't seem to care.
He just slept in the summer air.

All of a sudden, one very hot day
When all the animals were hard at play,
Clyde sniffed danger in the air
And called to his friends,

“Beware! Beware!”

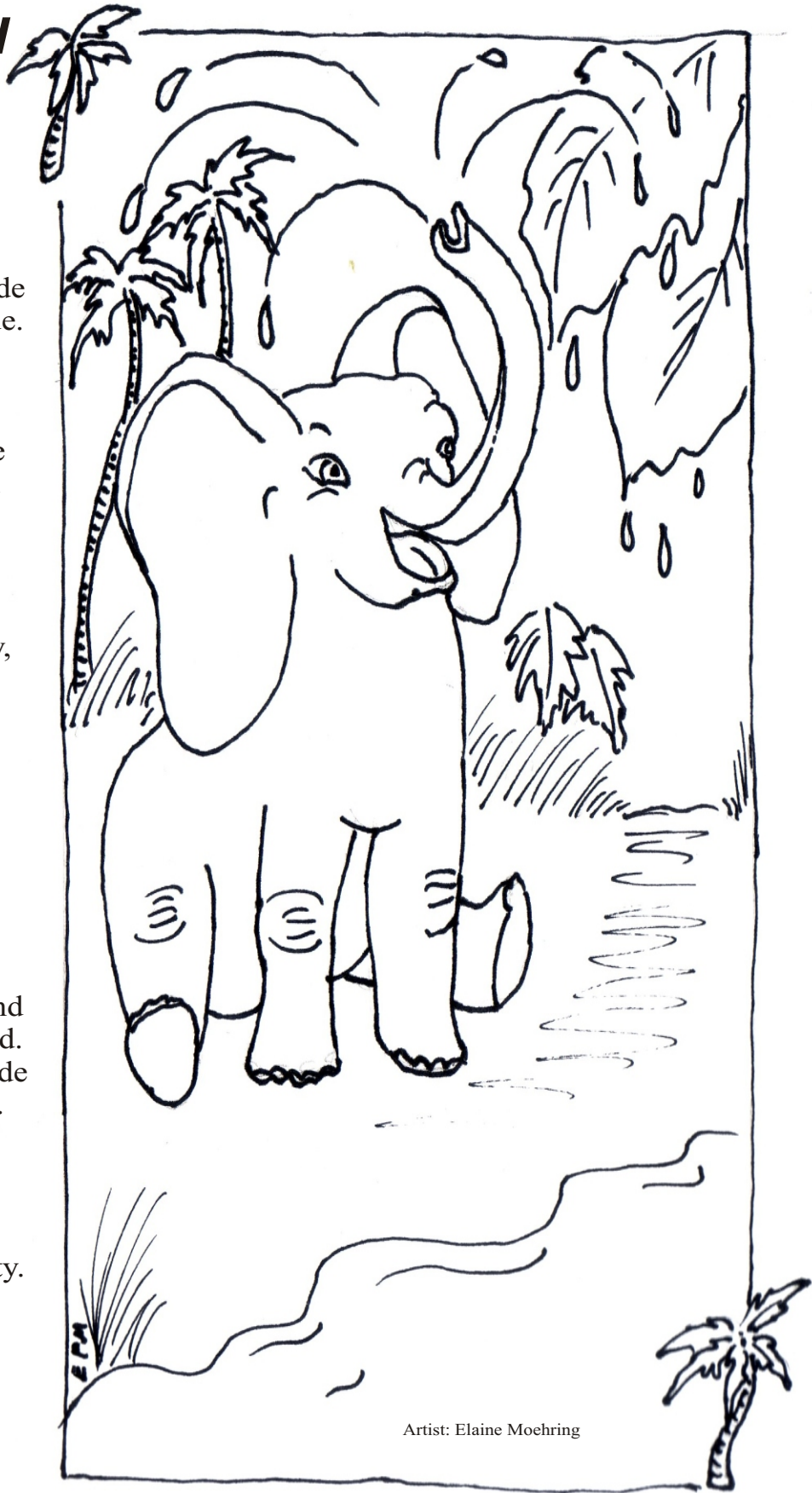
Out of the heat of a very hot day
A raging fire stopped their play.
Mister Lion ran away to hide
And Mrs. Moose sat down and cried.

But all the other animals gathered around
To watch Clyde as he cleared the ground.
For with his tummy that was so very wide
Clyde cleared a path from side to side.

Then with a very loud roar,
Clyde sprayed water at the fire's door.
He opened a path for all to see
And everyone dashed to a place of safety.

So the elephant named Clyde
Whose tummy was so very wide
Became the hero of the day
And now is included
When it's time to play.

By John Marinelli



My Barnyard Friends

"Moo", spoke the old cow
While little Piggy Pig looked on.
But Mrs. Sassy Duck swam away
Quacking out her own little song.

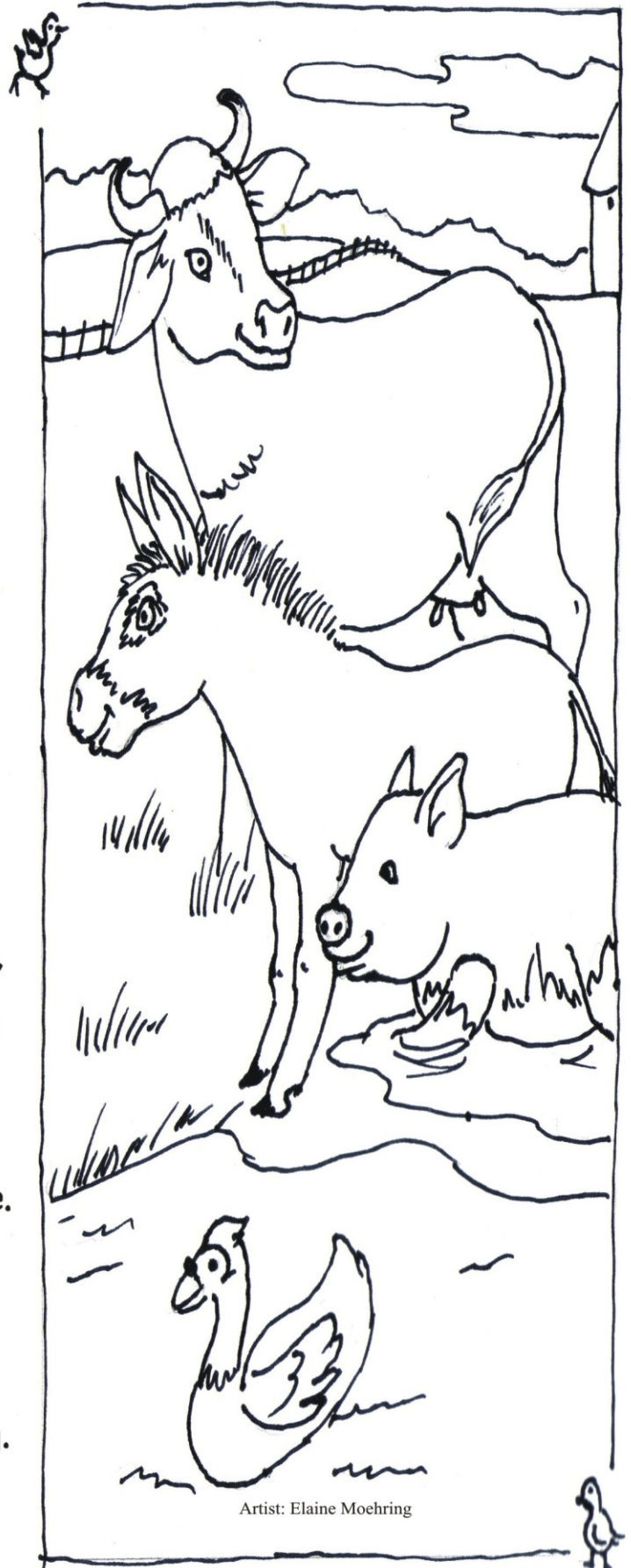
Then old Donkey Doo said "Hee Haw"
As the sun shined over the day.
These are my barnyard friends
Who rose up early to play.

Out to pasture they went,
Off to spend the time,
Quacking and Oinking and Mooing
In a funny sort of rhyme.

"Moo", went the old cow, "Moo!, Moo!"
As Piggy Pig lay in the mud with glee
And mister Donkey Doo said,
"Hee Haw!" "Hee Haw"
While the ducks swam the pond to see.

Now the day was far spent.
It was time to return from play
And settle down for the night
Until the light of the next glorious day.

By John Marinelli



Artist: Elaine Moehring

Snowball

There once was a cat
so bright and fluffy.
A cute little cat,
But sometimes rather huffy.

We love her anyway
And pet her every day.

She drinks from the water tap,
Strange, that little cat.
She likes to climb way up high
And then look down
With a gentle sigh.

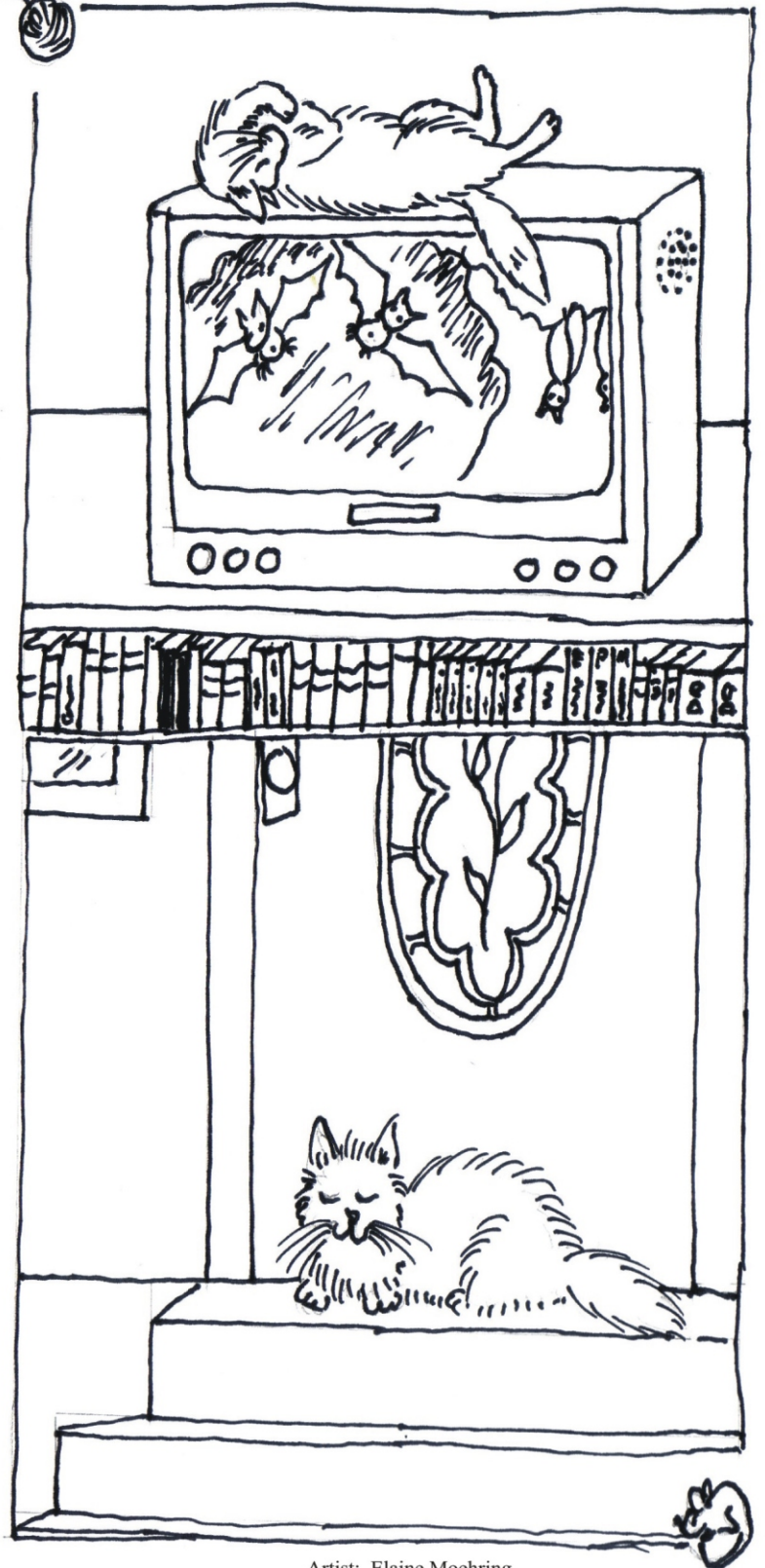
She curls up at the end of our bed
Every time there's something to be said.
She'll even play with our hair
Just to let us know she's there.

She waits patiently at the door,
Till we return from work or the store.
She bathes herself every day
For that's her life...that's her way.

She sleeps on top of our TV set,
Calm, assured and without a single fret.
She thinks she is the family mother,
Now that's really funny brother.

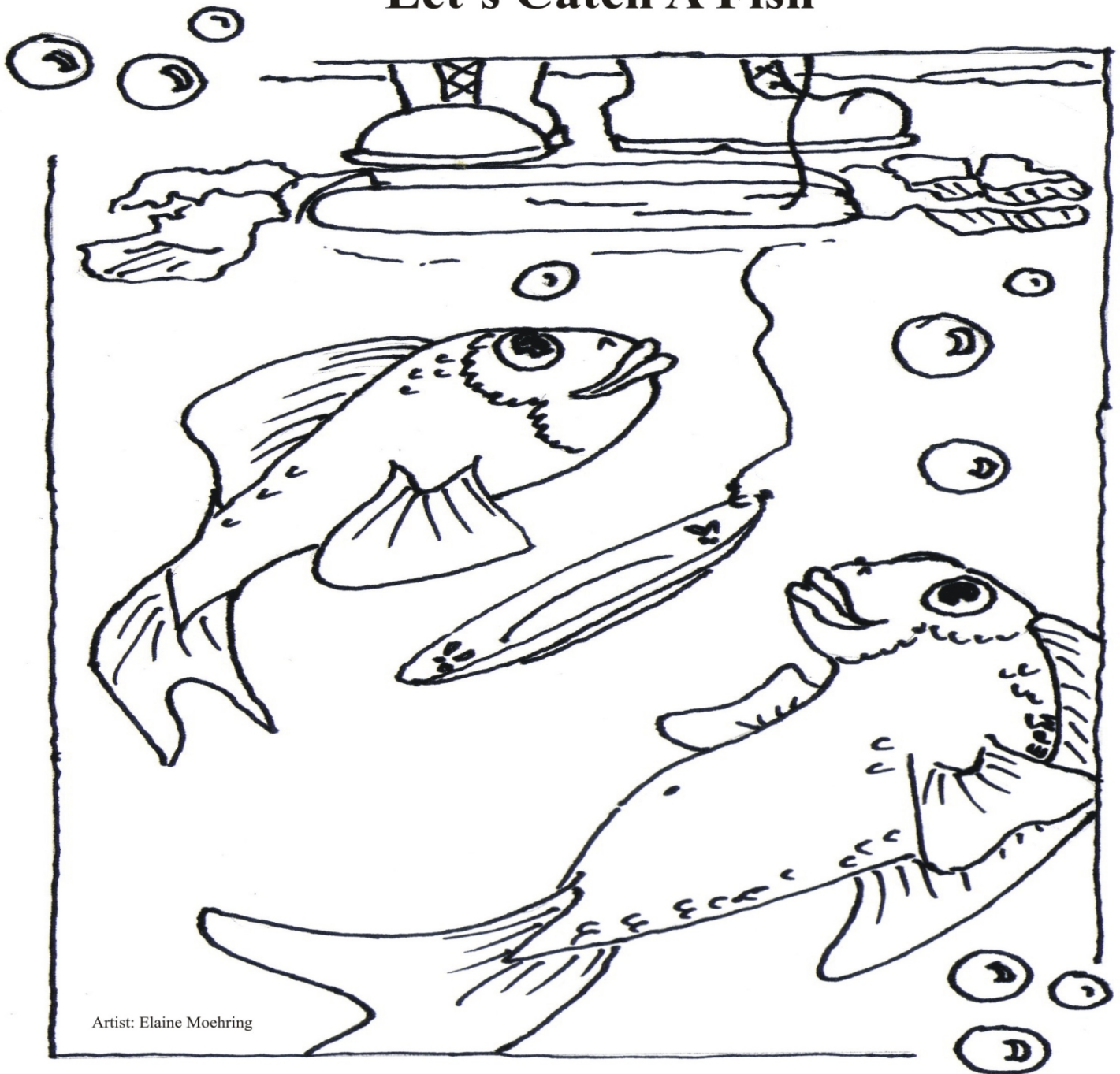
She'll run from door to door
Checking on the kids and even more.
She's the cat that sits in the hall
She's our sweetheart,
Our little Snowball.

By John Marinelli



Artist: Elaine Moehring

Let's Catch A Fish



Let's take a dish
And catch a fish
In the pond down below,

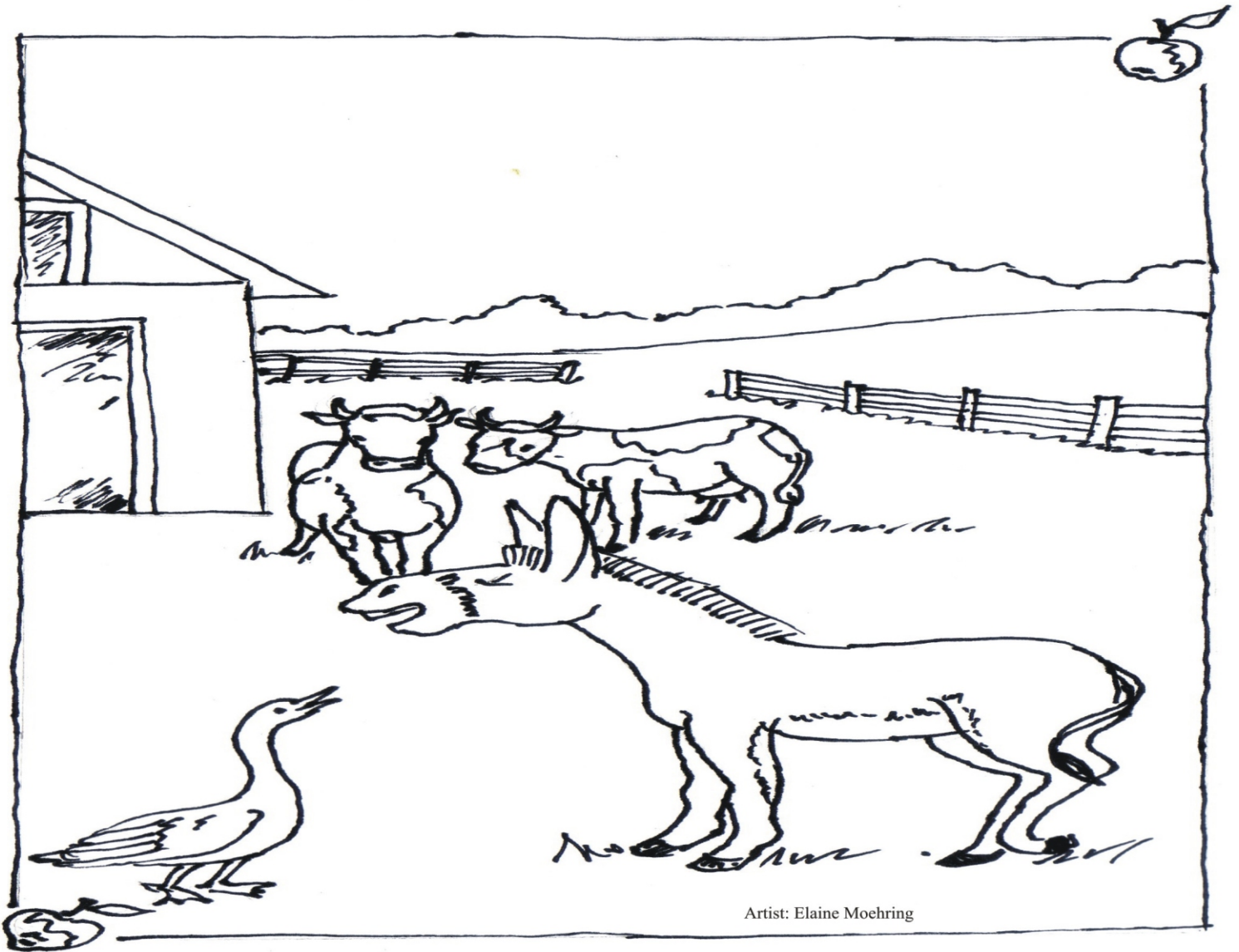
We'll cut a hole
And slide our dish
Through the ice and snow.

But if our dish
Does not catch a fish
In the pond down below,

We can still jump and play
Until the end of the day,
Then off for home we go.

By John Marinelli

Old Mister Donkey Doo



Artist: Elaine Moehring

There once was a donkey
Whose name was Doo.
He loved to "Hee Honk"
For everyone he knew.

He'd "Hee Honk" at the cows
And all the other animals too.
That's why they called him
Old Mister Donkey Doo.

"Hee Honk" "Hee Honk"
Went his morning cry.
"Hee Honk" "Hee Honk"
To everyone passing by.

He's surely a sight to see,
That old mister Donkey Doo.
A "Hee Honking" donkey
And he is "Hee Honking"
Just for you.

By John Marinelli

The Little Red Hen

There once was a little red hen
Who couldn't remember where she had been.
She tried to remember the day's event.
She even asked for little hints.

Mister Turkey gobbled at the hen
Helping her to remember where she had been.
And Mrs. Cow gave out with a "MOO",
But the hen just said, "What am I to Do?"

Then one night when the moon was full,
The hen decided to ask old mister Bull.
Bravely she climbed the pasture's hill,
Because the mood of the bull was to kill.

Onward she climbed towards the top,
Suddenly to come to a very quick stop.
For there before her weary eyes,
Stood the bull in all his pride.

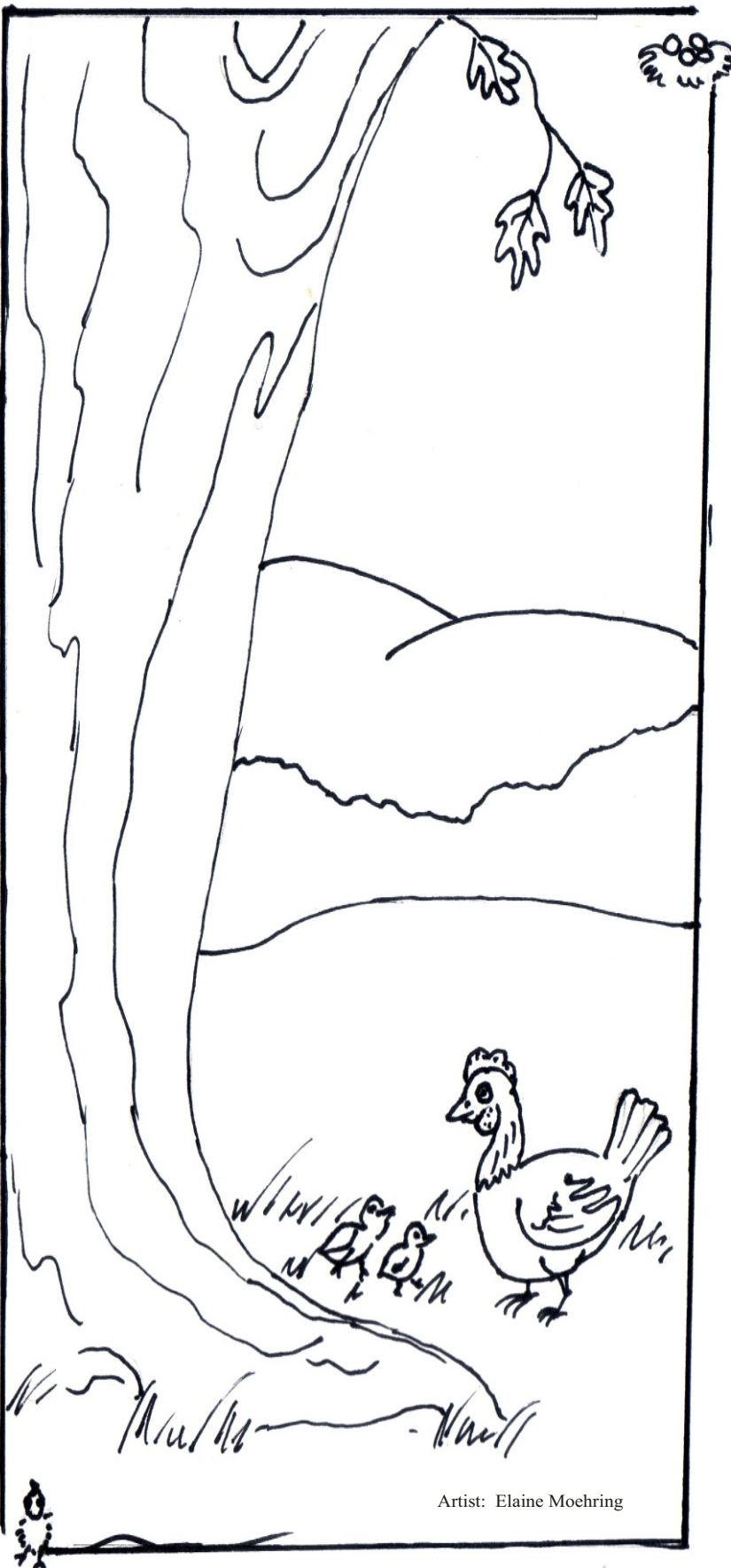
"Wait! Wait! Cried the little red hen,
"I must know the secret. Where have I been?"
"Why that's easy", said the bull to the hen,
"I can tell you where you have been."

"Look behind the old oak tree
Across the stream to the edge of the sea,
For there, my little red hen,
Is the secret to where you have been."

So with all the secrets of the day
The little red hen went her way,
Off to play in a gentle summer wind,
Knowing were she had been.

By John Marinelli

Where do you think
the little red hen had been?



Artist: Elaine Moehring

The Fish

Without A Tail

Once there was a fish without a tail
Who swam by reason of a sail,
Across the ocean wide
Sailed the fish in all his pride.

One day he came across a whale
Who said, "How strange, you have no tail"
But the fish with the sail for a tail
Smiled at his new friend, the whale.

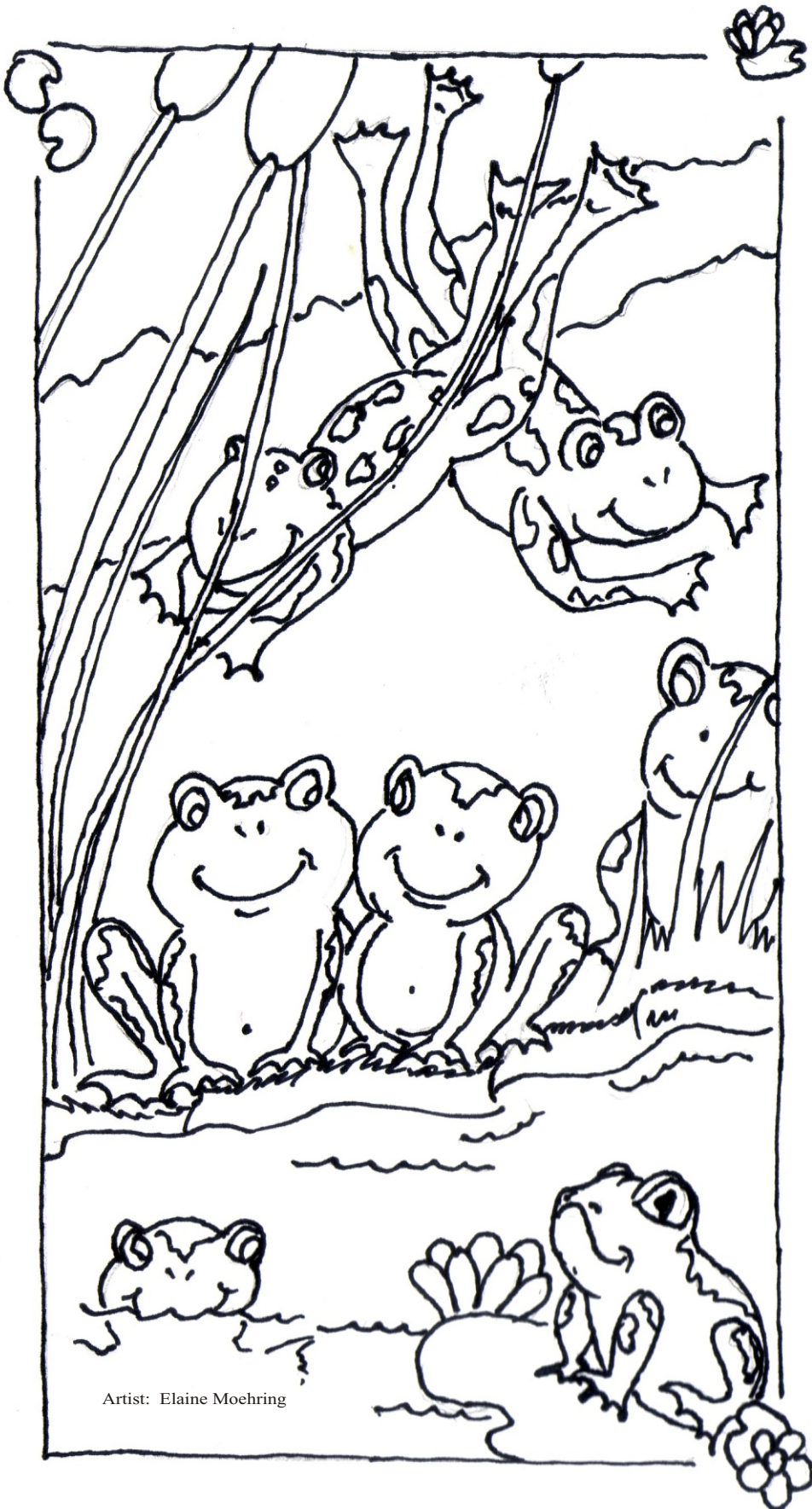
Then he said with a hearty reply,
"How strange that you should wonder why"
For a fish without a tail
Could never swim without a sail.

So the fish without a tail
Said goodbye to his friend, the whale
And swam away by reason of the sail.

By John Marinelli



Artist: Elaine Moehring



Seven Little Frogs

Seven Little Frogs
Leaped into my yard
Just to say, "Hello."

One leaped over another
Up and down, all around
As I watched them go.

Across the yard
And down the path,
They played their game.

Hopping and jumping
And leaping all day
Only to leave as they came.

Around the barn
And beyond the tree,
They hurriedly go.

Back to the lilies
And safety of the night,
To the pond down below.

By John Marinelli

Artist: Elaine Moehring

Two Shoes

*There once was an Indian boy
Whose name was Two Shoes.
He lived in a village by the sea.*

*Two Shoes loved to fish and play,
Especially with his little friend Growler.
They were foot loose and fancy free.*

*But then one cold day
When the village moved from the sea
Two Shoes realized
That Growler had run away.*

*"Where did he go?" Said Two Shoes
As he wiped the tears from his eyes.
"Will my friend, Growler,
Ever come back to play?"*

*Little Deer laughed with a deep voice
Causing his Teepee to dance with sound.
Then he said,
"I know where Growler might be,"*

*Winter is coming and it's time to sleep.
Growler is probably off in search of a cave.
You'll find him in the spring over by the sea.*

*But Growler was my very best friend,
This is going to be hard for me.
I'll wait for him each and every day.*

*When the ice melts,
And the snow passes away,
When the leaves
Return to the forest trees,*

*Maybe then
Growler will com back
So we can play.*

By John Marinelli



Artist: Elaine Moehring

The Dog With A Waggly Tail

Once upon a barefoot trail,
Appeared a dog
With a waggly tail.

With a bark
And a very loud growl,
He always chased
The man with the mail.

Across the fields
And down the lane,
Ran the man
The way he came.

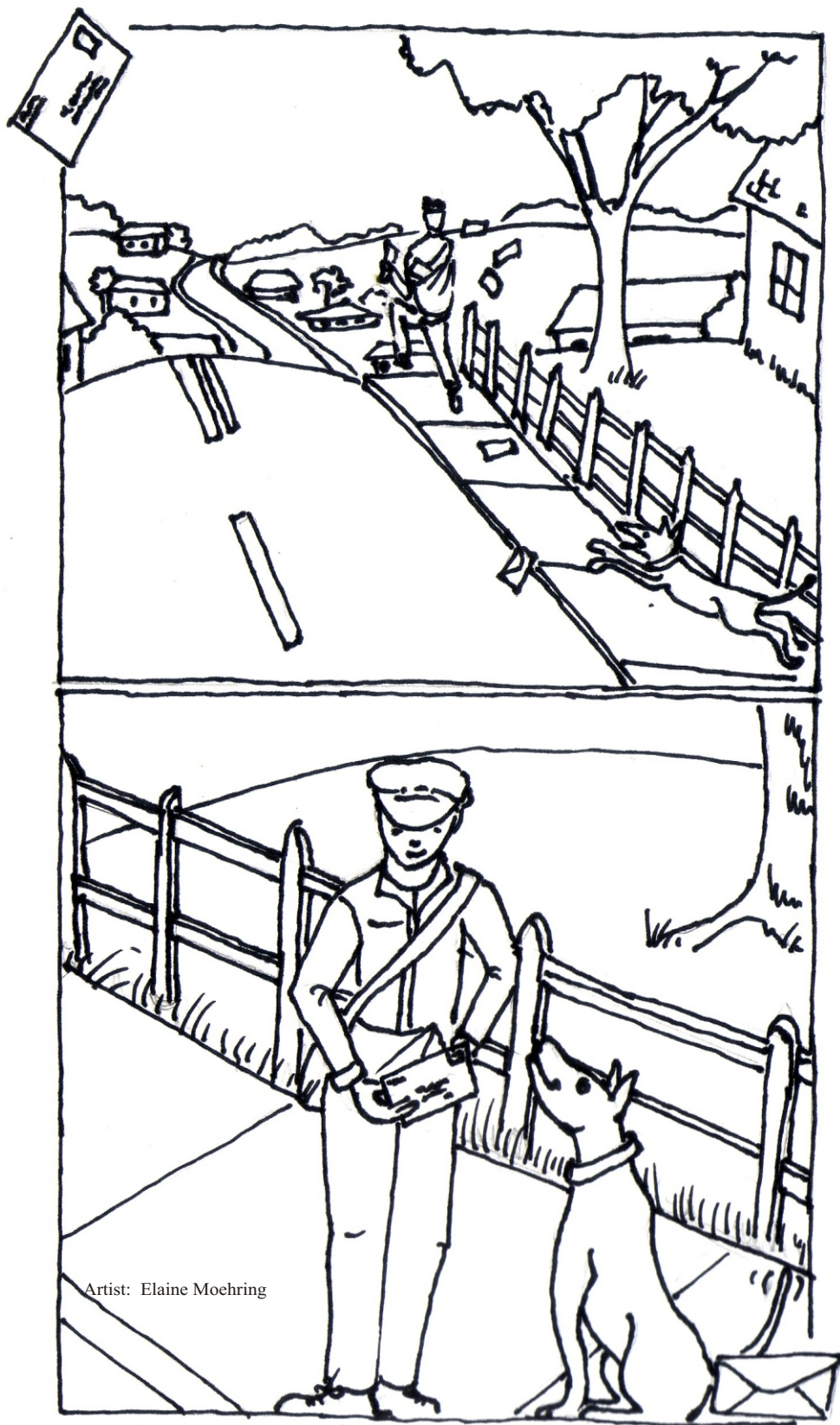
For the dog
With the waggly tail
Chased the man
Who delivered the mail.

Then one hot
And sunny day,
The mailman stopped
To say...

"Mister Dog,
With the waggly tail,
For you today,
I have some mail."

Now the dog
With the waggly tail,
Likes the man
Who delivers the mail.

Together they walk
Along the way,
Delivering the mail
Most every day.



Artist: Elaine Moehring

By John Marinelli

The Caterpillar

I once saw a caterpillar
Crawling down the street.
He had so many legs
And even more feet.

He was as long as he could be
He was a strange sight to see.

As I watched him crawl away,
I wondered what he did all day.
Does he just crawl around?
Can he talk or make a sound?

So, I crawled behind him just to see
Where he'd go and what he'd be.
For I was curious to know
What he'd do and where he'd go.

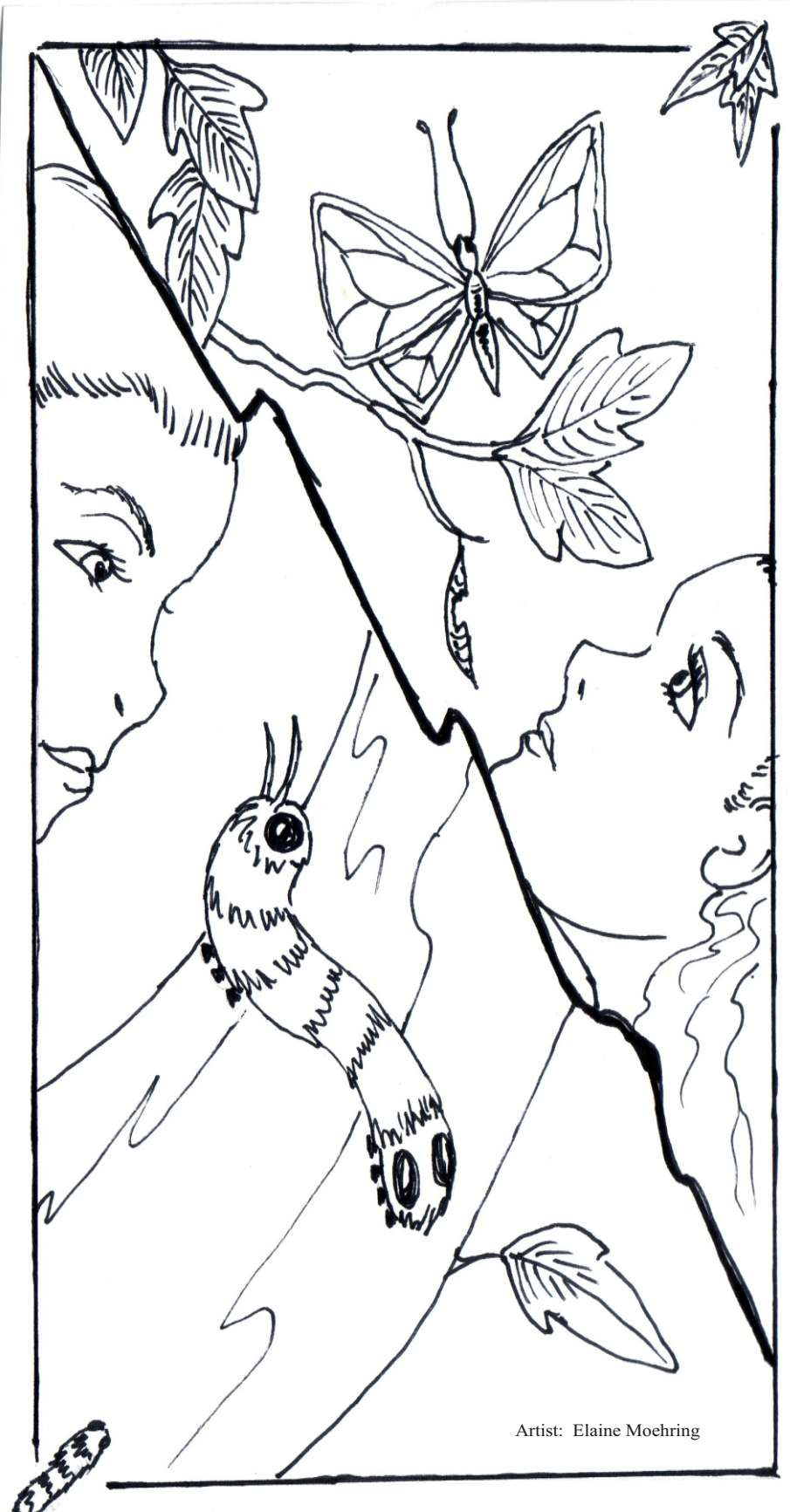
All of a sudden he began to spin
And guess what happened then?
He spun himself into a web.
I thought, "he must be dead."

But to my surprise,
There before my eyes,
I watched him break the sticky web.
Then I knew he wasn't dead.

I just couldn't believe my eyes.
Boy! What a beautiful surprise.
All those legs and all those feet
No longer crawled down the street.

Like you, I wondered why,
Until I saw him begin to fly.
Off he flew into the sky,
As I waved a last goodbye.

By John Marinelli



Artist: Elaine Moehring

A Bear Named **SAM**

Once upon a story's rhyme
In a long passed forgotten time,
There was a bear named Sam.
Who ran and ran as fast as he can.

Well, Sam belonged to a boy named Bill
Who lived at the top of a very high hill.
They always took a morning walk
And Sam would growl as if to talk.

Down the hill they both would go
Along the paths etched in the snow.
Then across the fields to a little stream
Where they played, slept and dreamed.

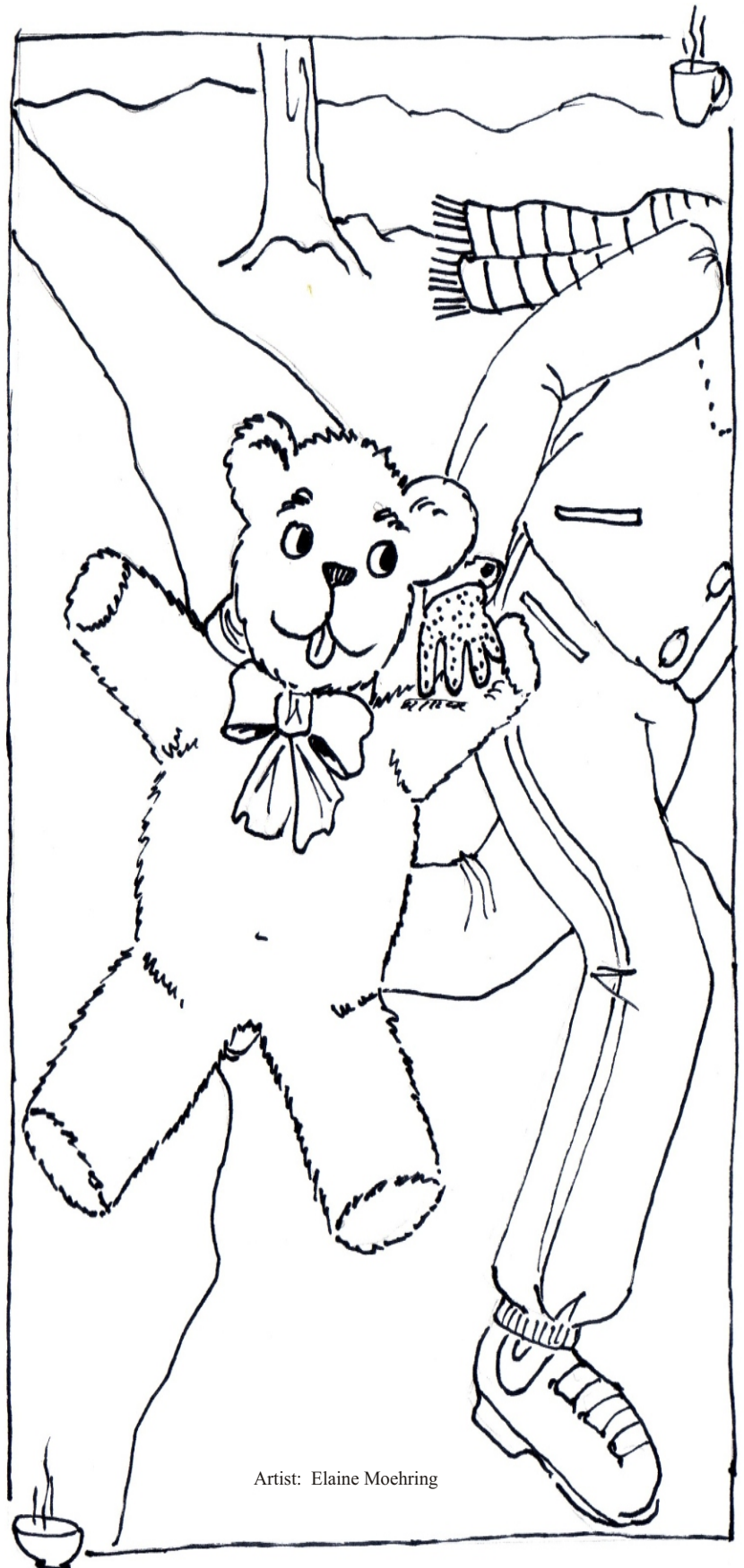
Now Sam was a playful bear.
He loved to run and sniff the air.
"Sam!" Bill would softly say,
"It's time for us to end our play."

So the bear named Sam
And the boy named Bill
Left the stream
To climb the very high hill.

Waiting at the top of that hill
Were a hot bath and a meal
For the boy named

Bill

By John Marinelli



Artist: Elaine Moehring

If I Were A Tree



Artist: Elaine Moehring

**If I Were A Tree
I'd Fill The Sky
For All To See
And Wonder Why.**

**I'd Shade The World
On A Hot Summer's Day
And Beckon To All
Who Pass My Way.**

**I Would Sway
In A Gentle Evening Breeze
And Change The Seasons
With Falling Leaves.**

**I Would Offer A Branch
To A Feathered Friend
And Grant A Kiss
To The Howling Wind.**

**I Would Be There
Come Rain Or Shine
Down Through The Ages
Until The End Of Time.**

**I Would Stand Tall
For All To See.
That Is . . .
If I Were A Tree.**

By John Marinelli

Jack

And

Max

There once was a man named
Jack
Who had a little friend named
Max

Now Jack roamed
The forest wide,
With Max
Always by his side.

He Lived at the bottom
Of an old oak tree,
Which faced the edge
Of a deep blue sea.

*And Max lived there too,
Ever since he left the zoo.*

Jack was a lumberman
Who had a mighty right hand
And when he swung his trusty ax,
There at his side was little Max.

But then one day
When the work was done,
Jack looked around
But Max had run.

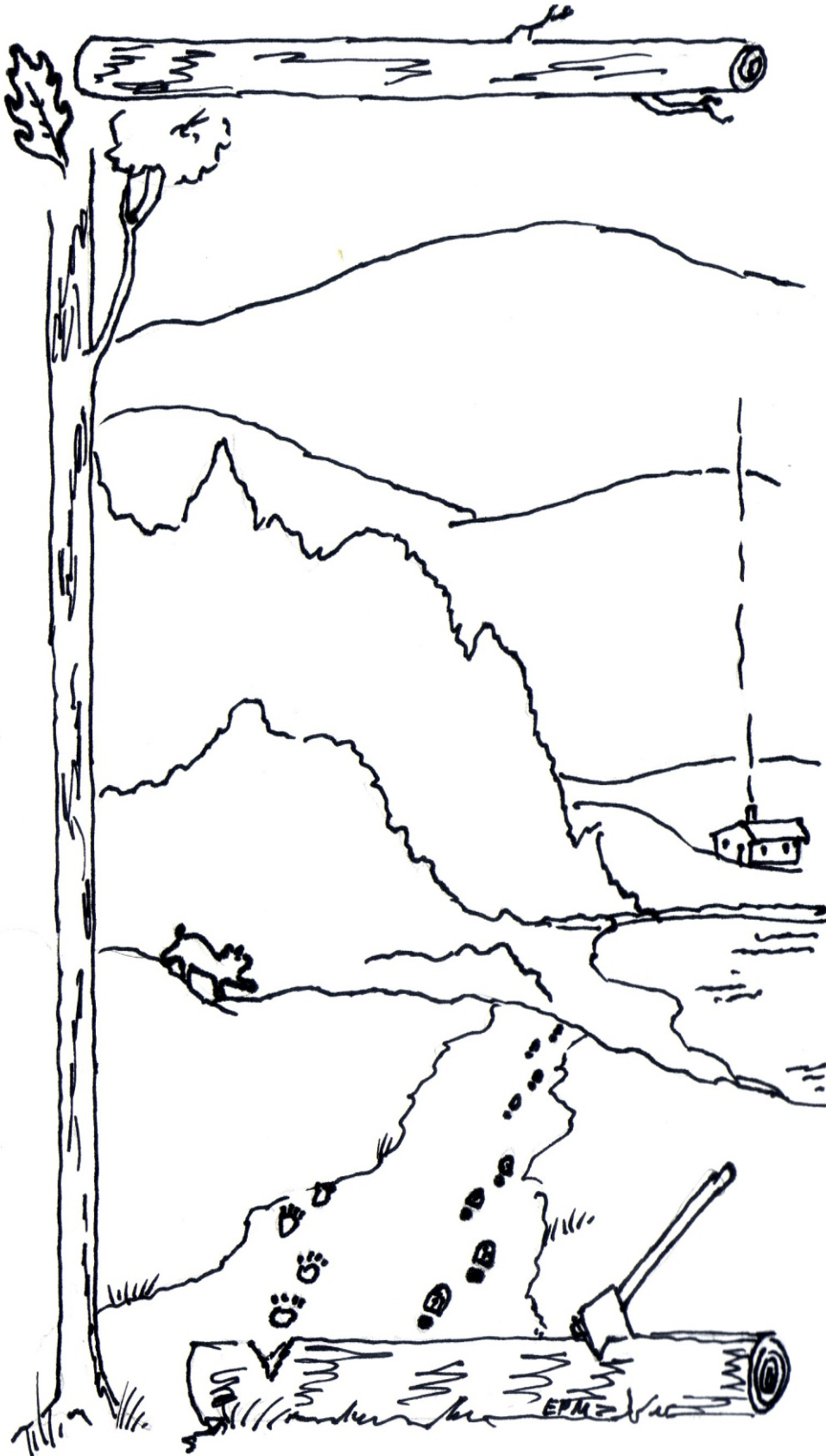
*Gone from his master's side,
Gone to roam the forest wide.*

So Jack went back
To his house by the sea,
To wait for Max
To return from his destiny.

For he could no longer swing
His trusty as,
Without the presence
Of his little friend

Max

By John Marinelli



Artist: Elaine Moehring

Old Smokey

Once Upon A Lion's Paw

Rests a thorn with-in a claw.
And heard within an angry cry
Was a hint of a lonesome sigh.

There upon a willow's bend
Was the tracks where he had been.
Old Smokey was his name.
Full of pride and full of fame.

A mighty king once he stood
But unable to roam as he should.
For deep within the lion's paw
Rests a thorn within his claw.

With a soft and gentle roar
Old Smokey knocked at my door.
I heard his painful cry and saw
The thorn that made him cry.

He offered his paw
To my gentle hand.
I pulled out the thorn
And off to the forest he ran.

And on the mountains high
He roared a last good bye.

By John Marinelli





Artist: Elaine Moehring

Who Could It Be?

Who makes the thunder and the rain?
Who feeds the buffalo their grain?

Who cares for the fish in the sea,
And hatches the eggs
That house the flea?

Who teaches the Lion's cubs to play
And brings the night to cover the day?

Who shows the birds how to fly?
Who gave me wisdom to reason why?

Who formed the stars
That shine at night?

Who do we thank
For the gift of life?

Who designed the worlds
And made eternity?

I wonder, who could it be?

By John Marinelli
(Genesis 1:1)

The Girl

And The Squirrel

Once upon an evening's end,
A little girl made a new friend.

They played together in the day
As the months passed until May.

She was a very happy little girl
For she made friends
With a baby squirrel.

Through the trees they often ran
Just hopping and skipping
And getting a tan.

As the little girl began to grow
And the winter brought the snow,

Her new little friend
Followed the call of the winter wind.

Across the brook and down the lane,
Ran the squirrel without any name.

With a saddened heart
And tears in her eyes,
The little girl tried
To say her last goodbyes.

Now she looks towards a future day
When her little friend
Will return to play.

When the snow melts
And the flowers bloom.
She hopes that day will come soon..

By John Marinelli



Artist: Elaine Moehring

The Little Chicken

A story for you
And a story for me.

This is the story
Of a little chicken
Who once sat on my knee.

With his feathers ruffled
And his eyes so bright,

The little chicken soared
In the midst of flight.

Around the barn
And beyond the tree,

Flew that little chicken
Back to my knee.

A bond of love
So true you see,

Between the little chicken
And me.

I watched him grow
And splash and play.

It seemed that the little chicken
Was here to stay.

But then one day
When I came home from play,

My little chicken
Wasn't there that day.

I sought and searched
And looked to see,

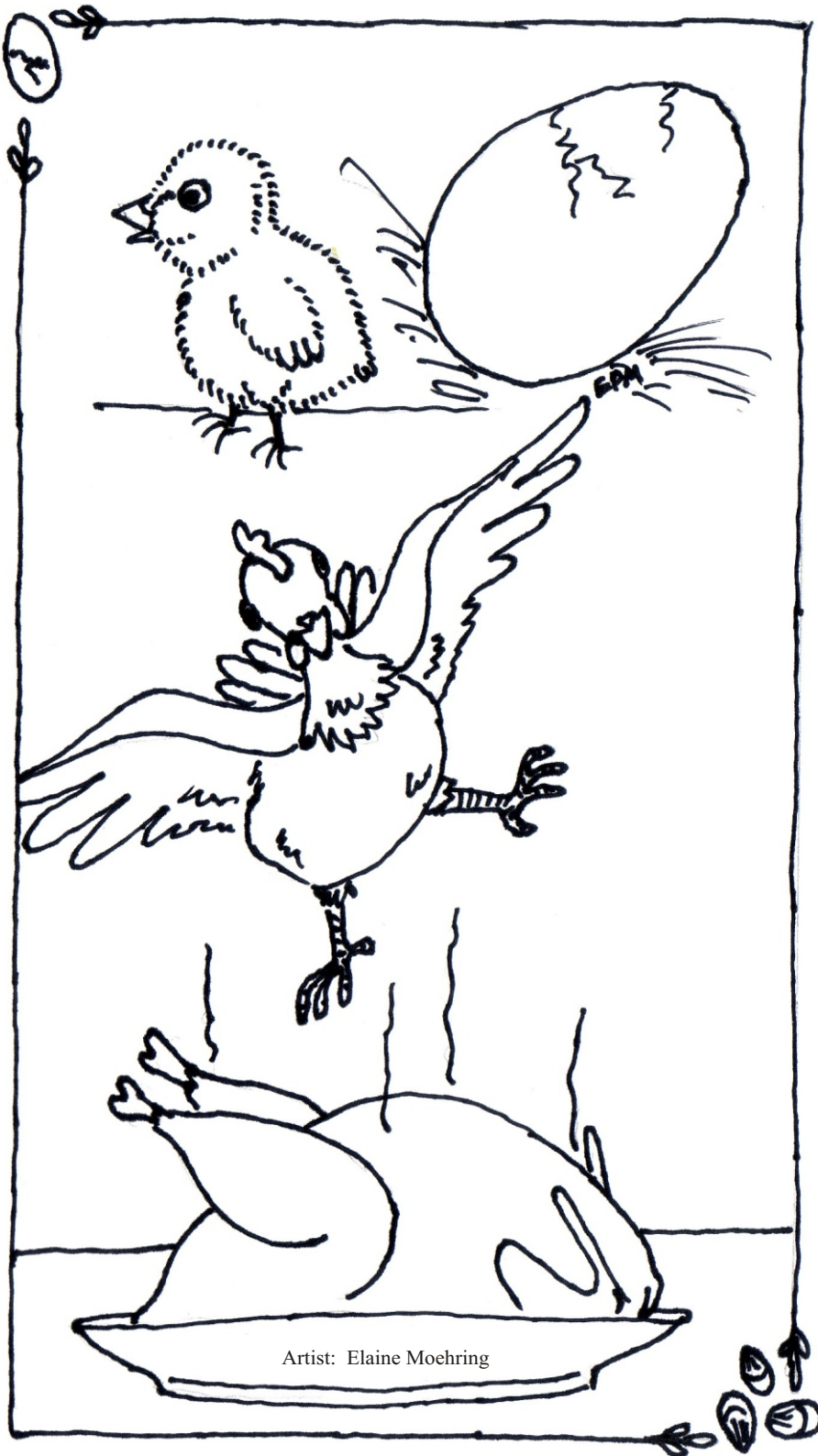
What had happened
To the little chicken
That once sat on my knee?

With a saddened heart
And tears in my eyes,

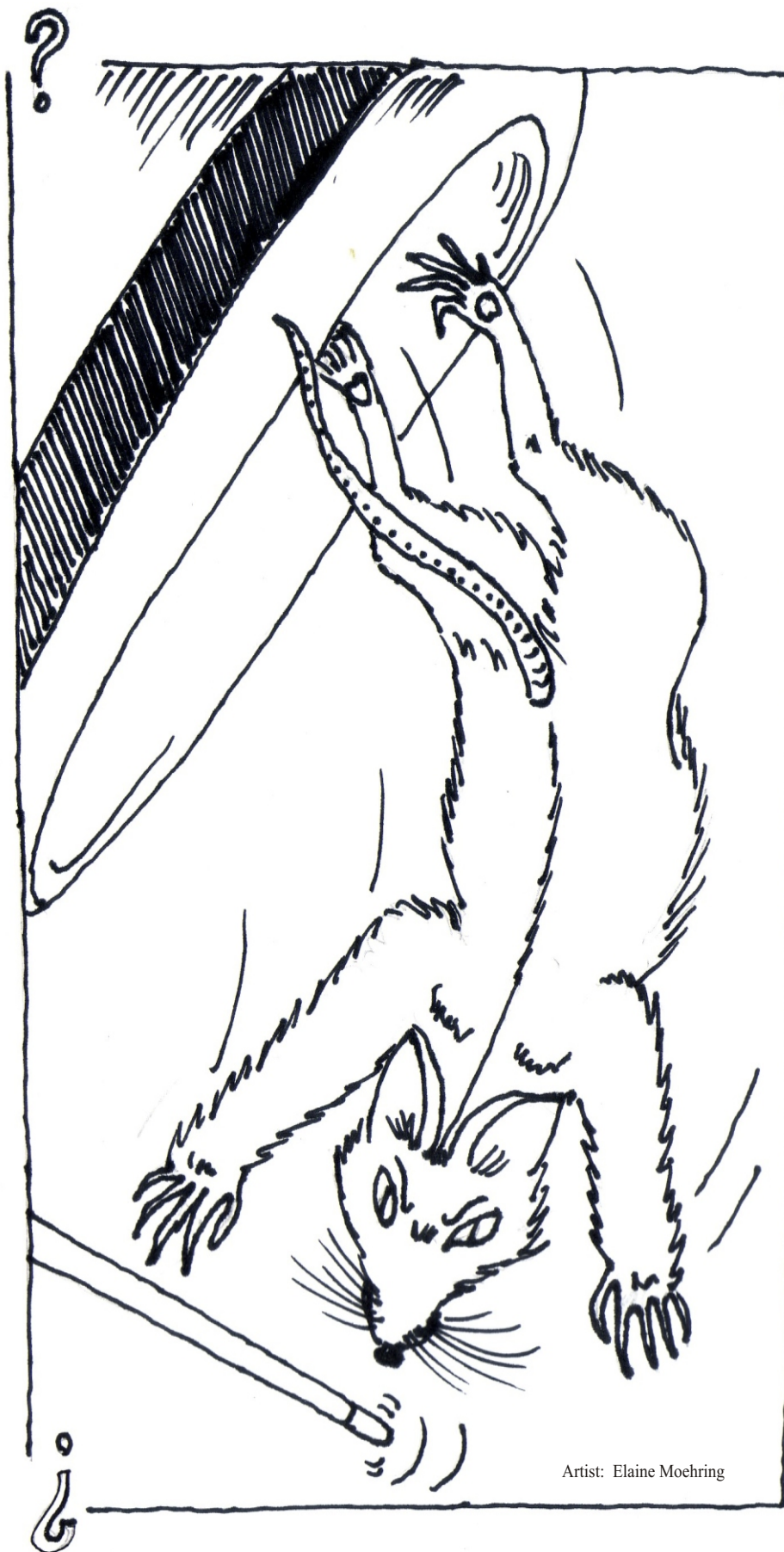
I came to the supper table
To find a surprise.

There in my plate
I learned the fate

Of the little chicken
Who we all ate.



Artist: Elaine Moehring



THE CAT AND THE RAT

I once matched a cat with a rat
And put them in a magical hat,

There in the depths of my hat,
Sat the cat and the rat.

“A hocus pocus,” I did say
a pinch of salt and a
“Hay! Hay! Hay!”
I formed a brand new bond.

With my magic and my hat
I matched a cat with a rat,
And to my awful surprise,

That thing began to rise.

It leaped onto the floor
Then it growled or did it roar?

It wasn't a cat and it wasn't a rat
Whatever it was, there it sat.

I wondered what I had done
As I watched it hop, or did it run?

Well, I put up my magic and my hat
And said good-bye to
the cat and the rat.

By John Marinelli

The Pleasure of A Home

Once upon a mornings dawn
A little friend of mine
Was born.

In an open field
He gently lay,

Without a home
Or place to stay.

No warmth or pleasure
Of a home,

Only the fate
Forever to roam.

From city to city
And town to town,

Never to be
Homeward Bound.

How sad
To have no home,

And left to walk
In life alone.

As a dog
Loves its' bone,

Even a mouse
Needs a home.

By John Marinelli





Crystal Kitty

*Now hear this story,
One told to me,
Of a cat named Crystal
When she was just a kitty.*

*She'd run through the house
As fast as she could.
Then jump on the counter top
That was made of wood.*

*She chased moving light
As though it were prey,
Then off she'd go to sleep
For the rest of the day.*

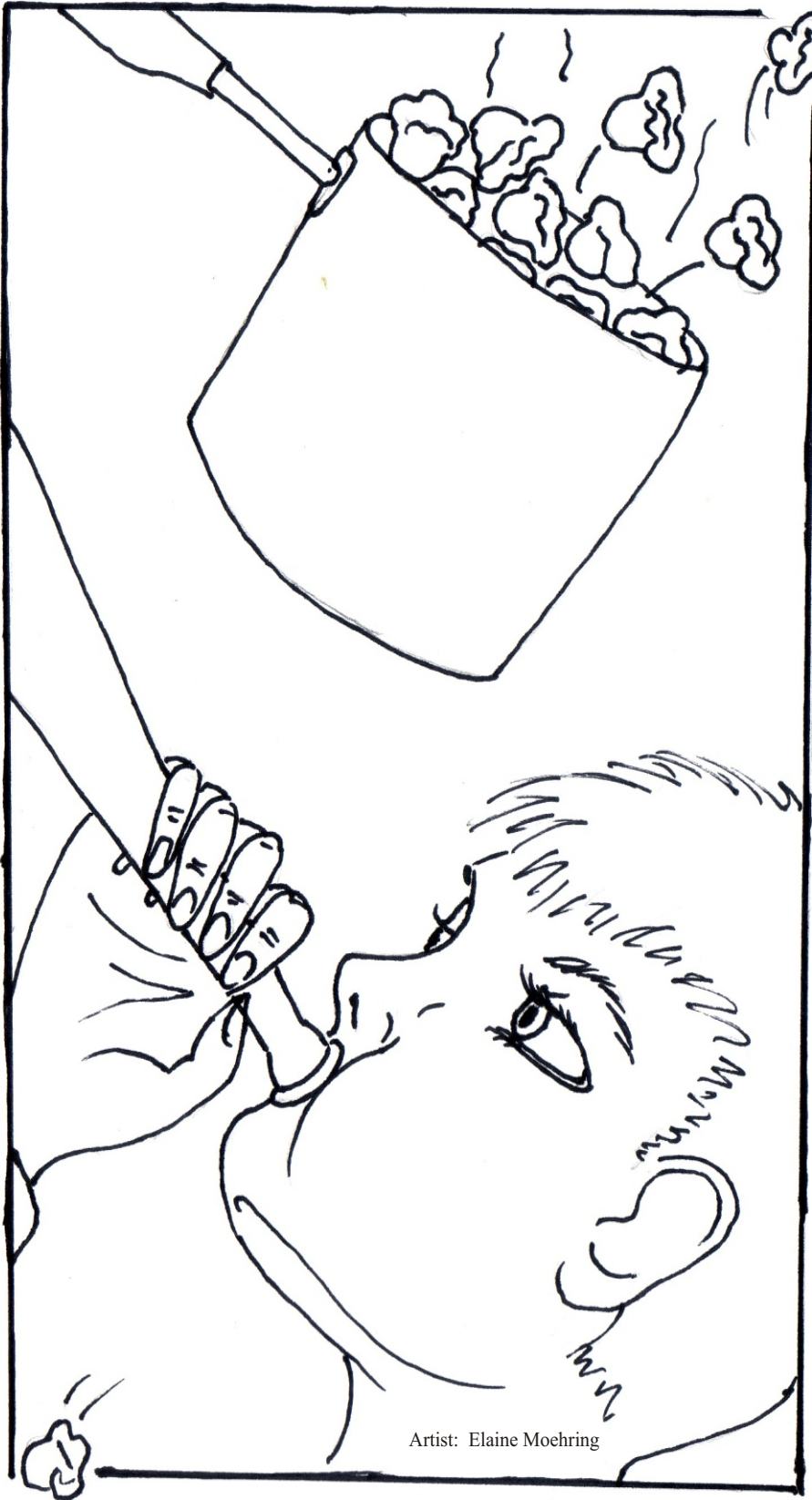
*She drinks her water
From both bowl and tap.
Then curls up in a chair
As though it were my lap.*

*She is pure white, like snow
And as pretty as can be.
She is our bundle of joy
And her name is,*

"Crystal Kitty"

By John Marinelli

The Pop Pop of His Corn



Once Upon

*A happy time,
A storyteller told a rhyme.
There were children all around
But no one spoke or made a sound.*

Now the story rhyme

*Was of a long forgotten time,
When a little boy blew his horn
And his daddy made the popcorn.*

With a Pop and a Pop

*And a pop, pop, pop,
Daddy popped the corn
And wouldn't stop.*

But the little boy

*Who blew his horn'
Wouldn't eat his daddy's popcorn.*

He just wanted

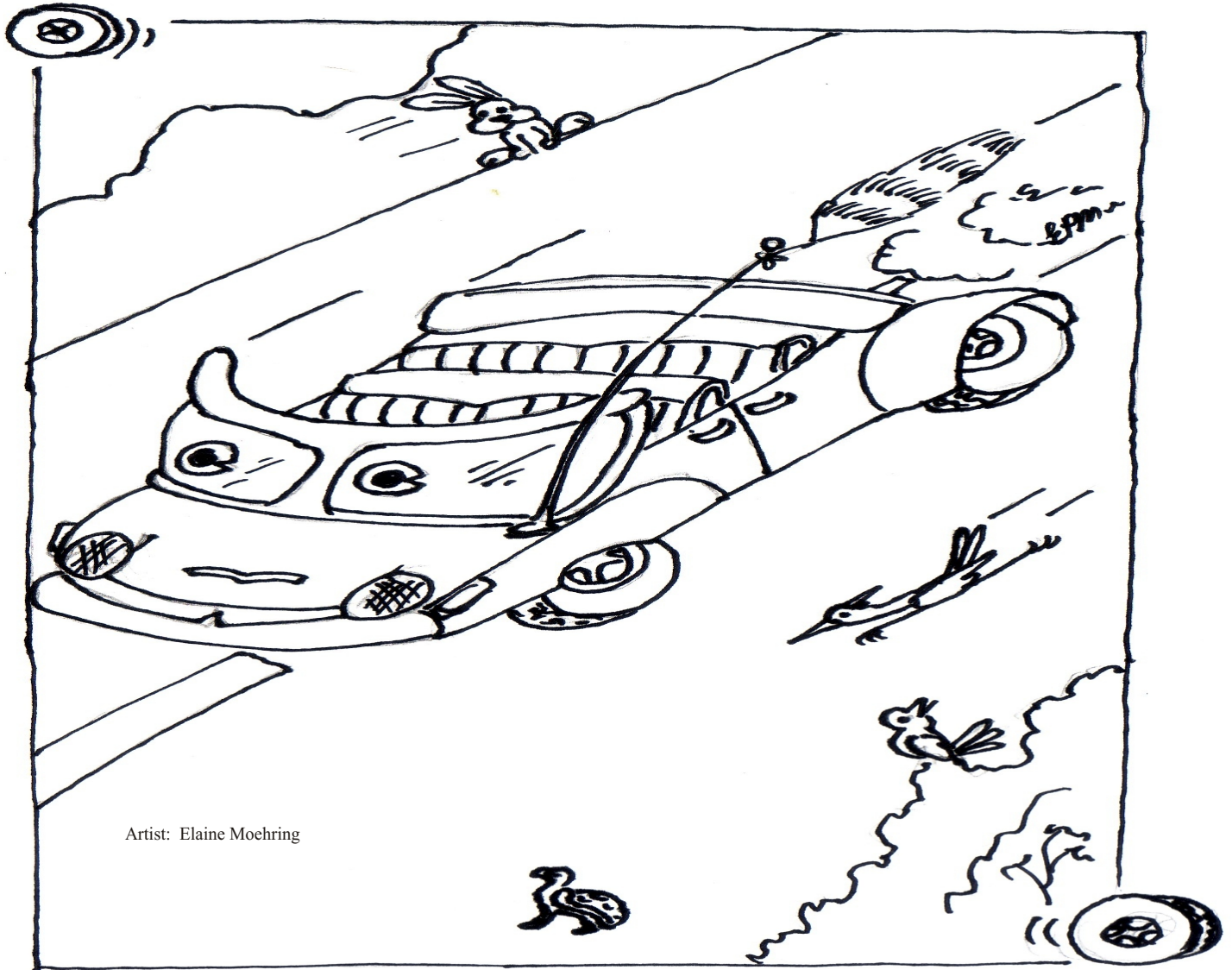
*To blow his horn,
In the sun, in the rain
And even in the storm.*

So daddy shared

*The pop pop of his corn
With everyone but the boy
Who blew his horn.*

By John Marinelli

THE LITTLE BLUE CAR



Artist: Elaine Moehring

There once was a little blue car
Who thought he was a movie star.
A proud little car was he
For he was happy and he was free.

Free to dart and dash beside the sea,
To be what ever he wanted to be.
We tried to tell him that he was just a car
And not really a Hollywood Movie Star.

But you know how that is,
Trying to talk to a little blue whiz.
He would laugh and then just say,
“That stuff is not for me today.”

“I am a movie star and not just a little blue car,
I am going to travel some day and I will go far.”
He sure looks just like a little blue car,
But you know, maybe he is really a movie star.

By John Marinelli

The Diddy-Bop

There once was a Diddy-Bop
Who Bopped the day away,

With fancy shoes
And twinkle toes,
He Bopped and Bopped
Most every day.

Daddy-Bop said,
“What’s into Diddy-Bop
That he should Bop! Bop! All the day?”

But Lady-Bop just smiled and said,
“Listen to what Diddy has to say.”

So Diddy rose up to Bop-A-Rue-Bop
As everyone looked on with glee.

Then Diddy suddenly came to a stop
To say, “this is what’s happening to me”

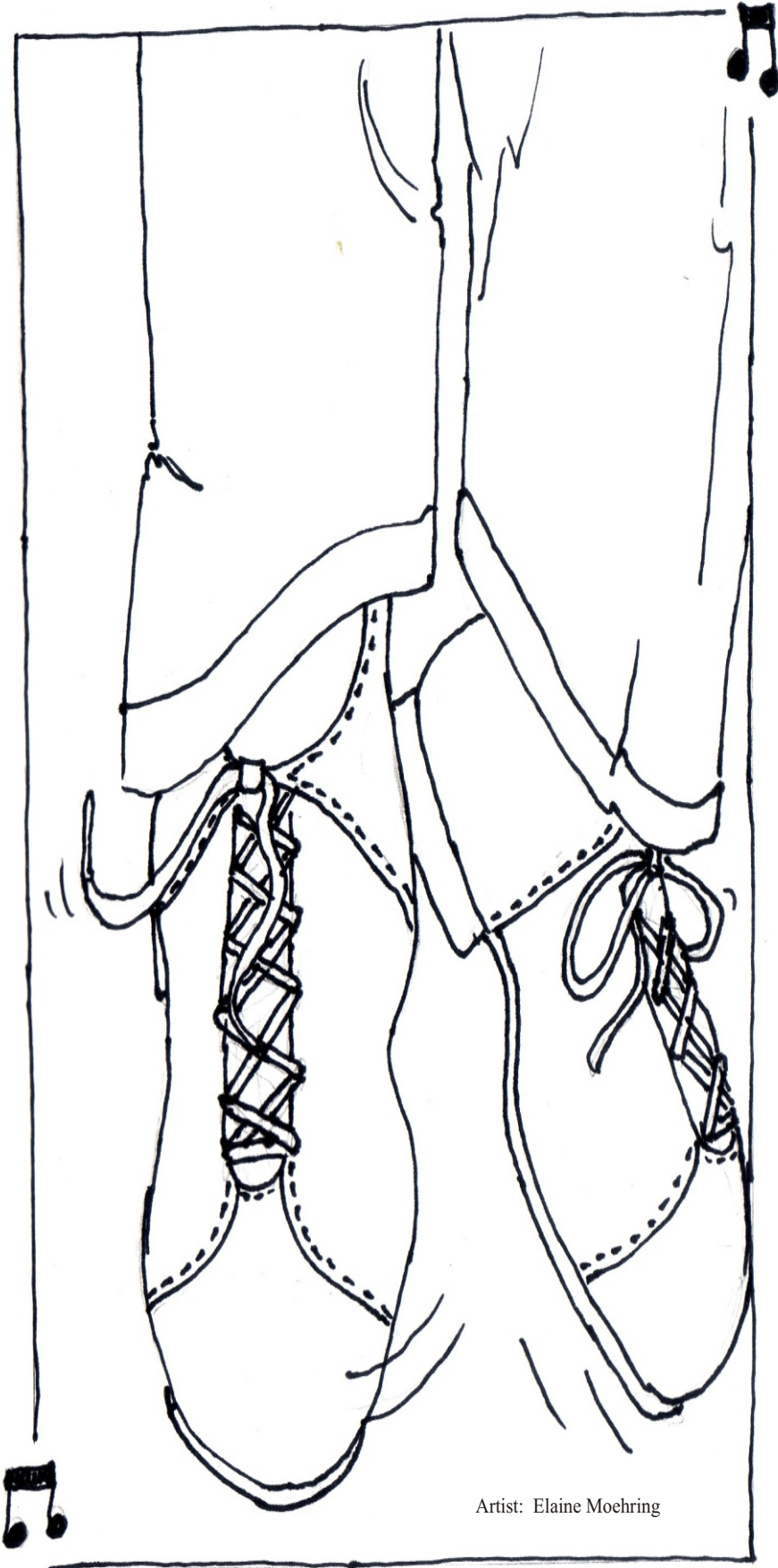
“I saw the Bop in the Bop-A-Shoe-Bop
And it felt good to my soul.”

“So I filled up my shoe with lots of Bop,
And now I can Shoe-Bop the stroll.”

Diddy-Bop! Diddy-Bop!
Diddy-Bop Bop

“I am the Diddy with the Bop,
Ready to Bop-A-Shoe-Bop
Until it is time to stop.”

By John Marinelli



The Fly

Once upon
A golden sky
I came across
A tiny fly.

I watched him buzzzz
Through the air,
Giving everyone
A terrible scare.

Buzzzz, Buzzzz,
Zoomed the fly.
It tried to make
Everyone cry.

Around my ear,
I heard it zing
As it tried to bite
And sting.

So tiny
Was that little fly,
Yet it tried
To make me cry.

With a swat
Through the air,
I chased it
From my hair.

But to my
Angry surprise,
The tiny fly
Was just too wise,

For up it flew
Into the air,
After someone else
To bite and scare.

By John Marinelli



Artist:
Elaine Moehring

The Old Man And His Canoe



**There once was an old man
Who had a canoe.
He rowed and rowed
And never got through.**

**One stroke for you
And one for me
And one for the owl
Who slept in the tree.**

**Onward he goes
With a lightening thrust,
Down memories lane
About to bust.**

**A stroke to the left
Another to the right,
Onward he goes
Through day and night.**

**He is headed everywhere
That he has been,
Looking for memories
Lost in the wind.**

**A stroke to the left
And then to the right,
Onward he goes
Passing out of sight.**

By John Marinelli

The Three Little Grumps

*Once upon a time
There were three little grumps
Who had nothing to say.*

*They followed each other
All around the house
In a pouting sort of way.*

*Mumble! Grumble!
From grump to grump
There echoed a sigh.*

*Boo! Hoo!
They said aloud
With a great cry.*

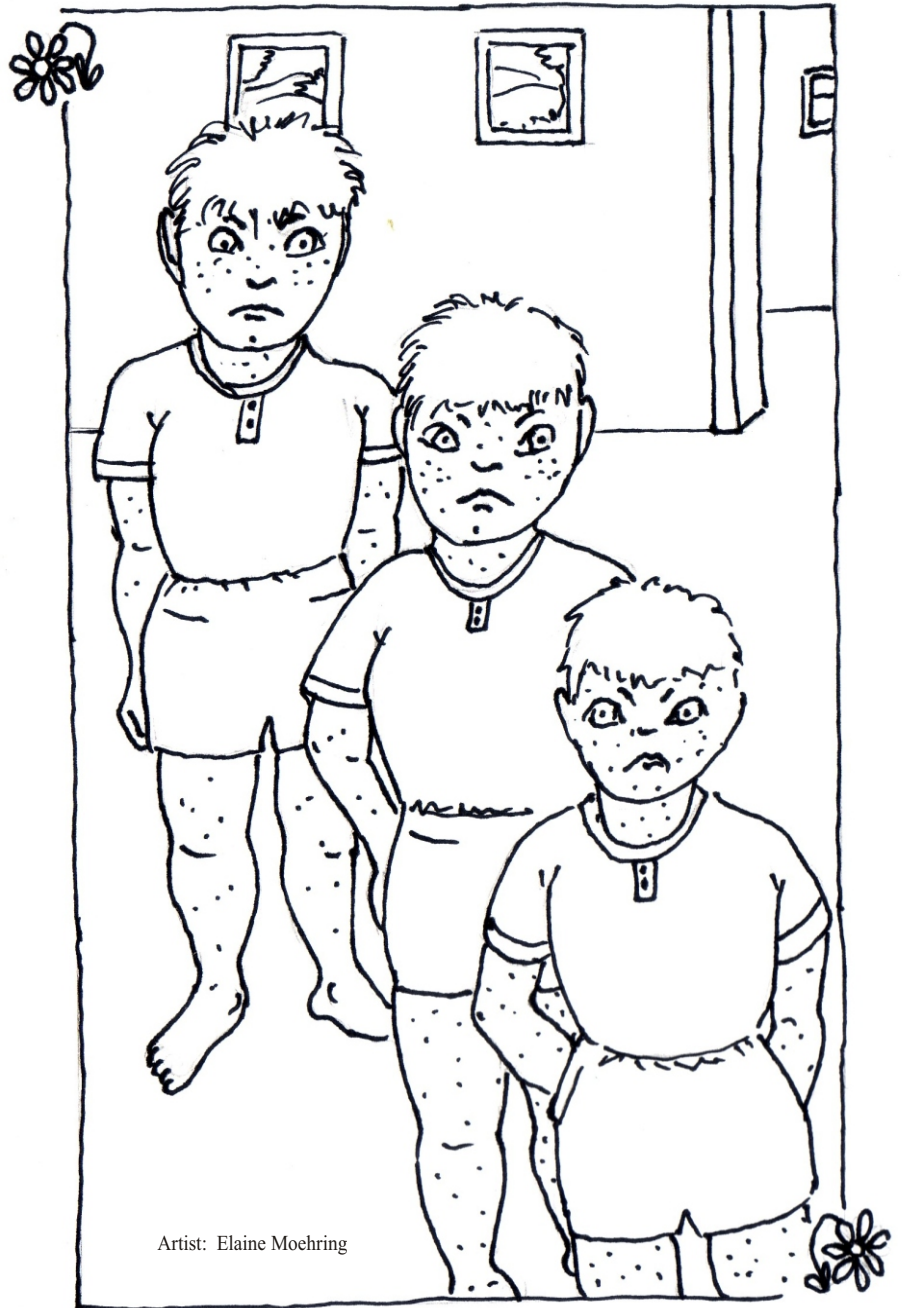
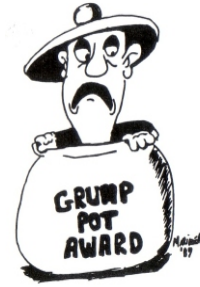
*Oh how sad
Were the three little grumps
That slowly passing day.*

*There was nothing
For them to do
And no one wanted to play.*

*So the three little grumps
Joined in a row,
Bottom lip to the ground,*

*Until they were
All grumped out
Ending the day with a frown.*

By John Marinelli



Three Vans
Traveling all
In a row.

Only they know
Where they will go.

For as I see them
Pass me by,
I wondered where
They'll go and why.

One van is blue
With golden flames,
Filled with people
Who have no names.

Another is green
With an open top,
Echoing laughter
That wouldn't stop.

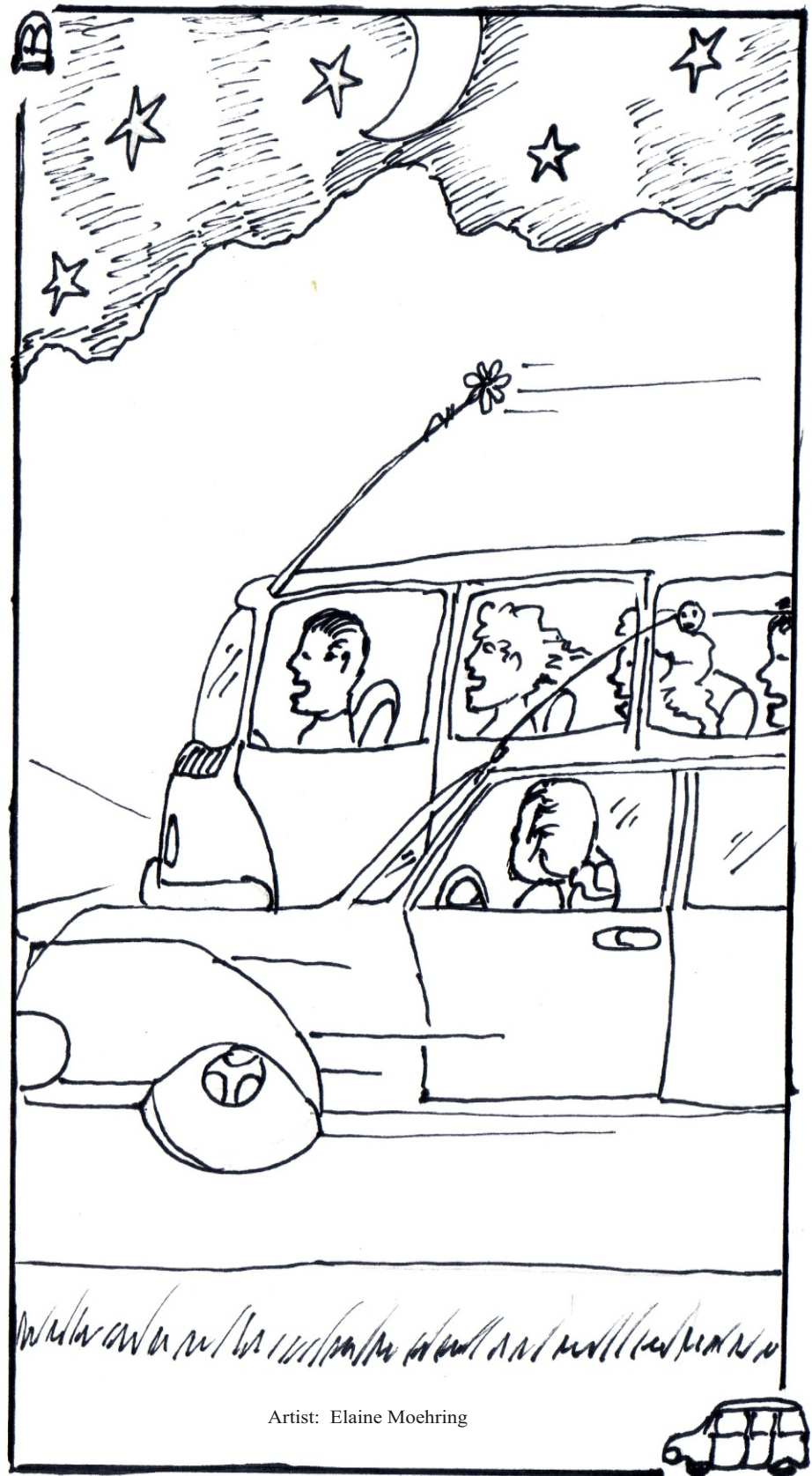
The third van
I could not see,
For a truck hit
Its face from me.

Brown, it looked,
As it passed on by.
I heard a voice
That seemed to cry.

Onward they went
Into the darkness of
night,
Guided by brilliant
beams
Of golden light.

And as I watched
Them slip away,
I wished that I
Were going their way.

Three Vans In A Row



Artist: Elaine Moehring

By John Marinelli
(A true story)

Little Looky Lou

**Little Looky Lou looked
The whole night through.**

*She looked to the left
And then to the right.*

*She looked and looked
With all her might.*

*She looked down the lane
At the old oak tree.*

*She looked over the hill
Towards the deep blue sea.*

*She looked and looked
All the day long,*

*Searching for just one thing
That might go wrong.*

*Little Looky Lou
Looked at many and few.*

**Oh No ! Look Out! Beware!
Now she's looking at ...**

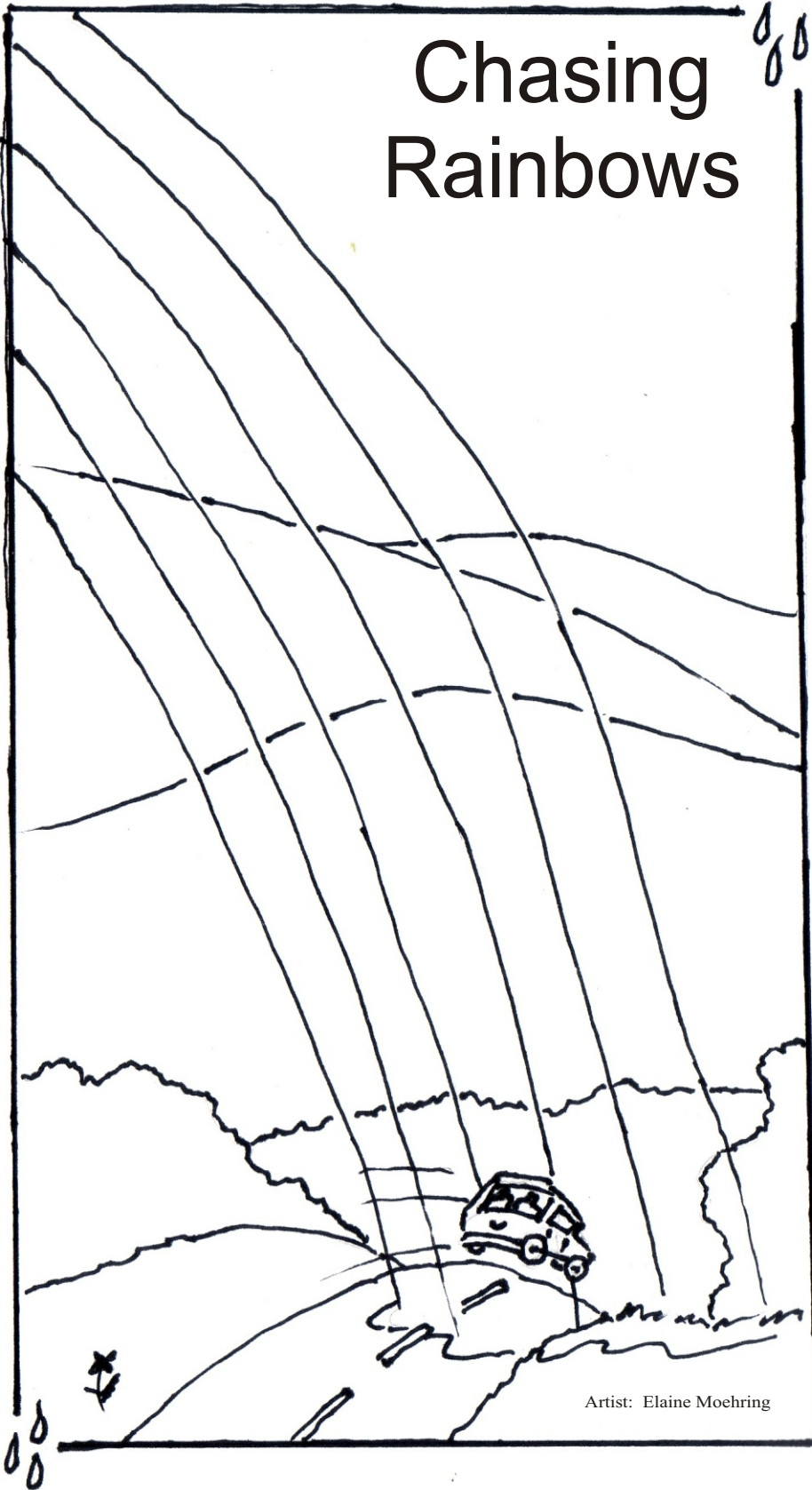
YOU

By John Marinelli



Artist: Elaine Moehring

Chasing Rainbows



Artist: Elaine Moehring

Let's chase a rainbow
As it bows in the sky.

We'll get up real close
Just to wonder why.

We'll jump in the car
And zip down the street,

Hoping to find the place
Where the ground
And rainbow meet.

Closer and closer we move
To the end of the bow,

For it's touching the road
Where we're sure to go.

Suddenly! Like a flash
We'll pass through its glow,

And watch it shine on the
Bumper, then the hood,
And over the window.

Then we'll dash away,
Always and forever to know

That once upon time
We were at the end
of the
Rainbow

By John Marinelli

THE FLAMING STAR

The Star
That lights our day,
Is but a twinkle
In the Milky Way.

To burn so bright
In the sky,
For all to see
And wonder why.

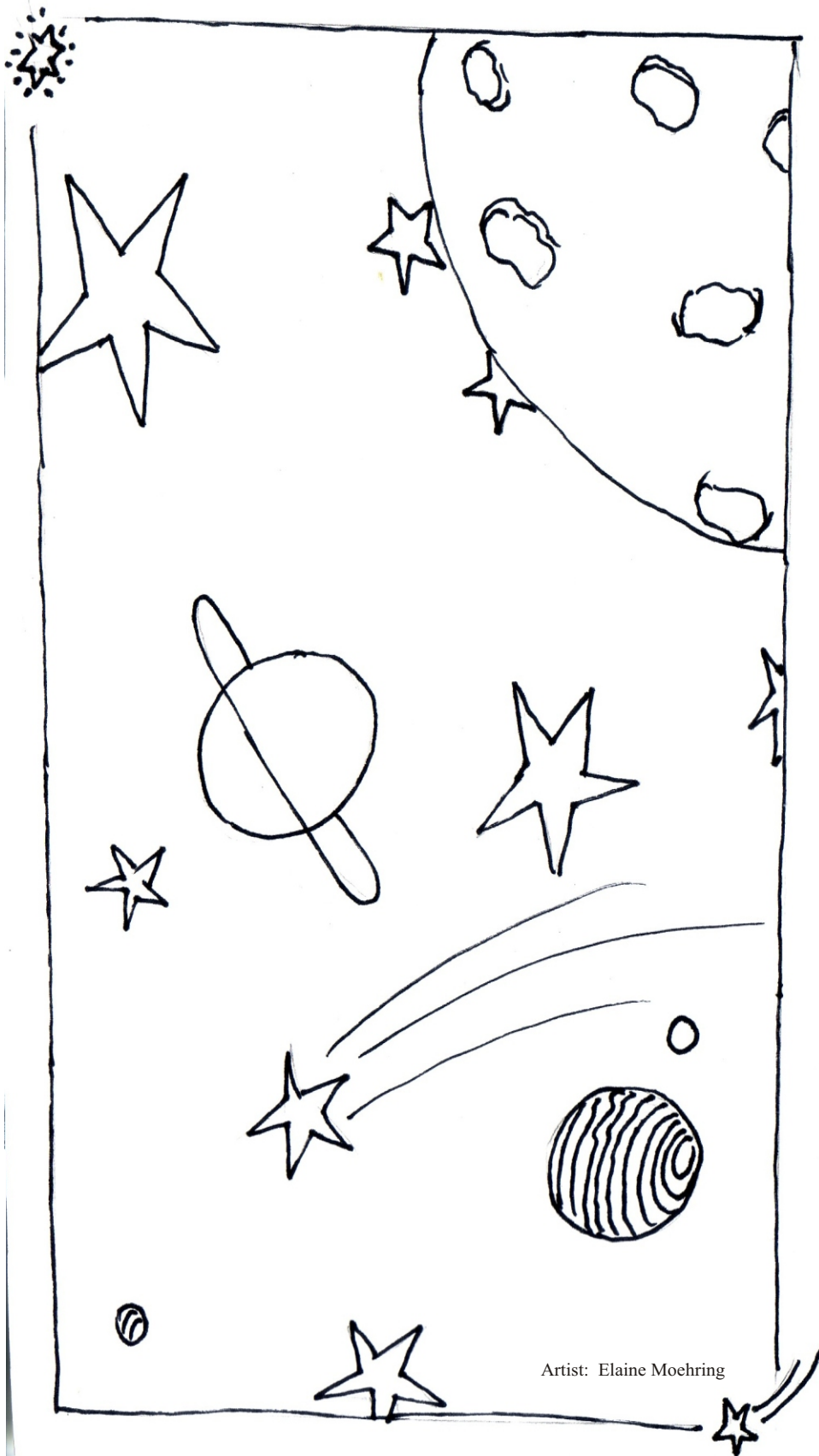
Its light
Is shared so free,
With all who dwell
On its knee.

To twinkle across
The Heavens far,
Is the purpose
Of a flaming star.

From a flicker
In the night,
To a burst
Of brilliant light.

From a distance
Great and far,
Comes the glow
Of a flaming star.

By John Marinelli



Artist: Elaine Moehring



Artist: Elaine Moehring

The “Skutch”

There once was a Skutch
Who went from door to door,
With too many questions
Shouting out words galore.

“Go away!” said I, said I,
Peeking through
My window glass.

“I’ve no time for questions
Or words that last and last.”

Onward she comes
Down my narrow walk,

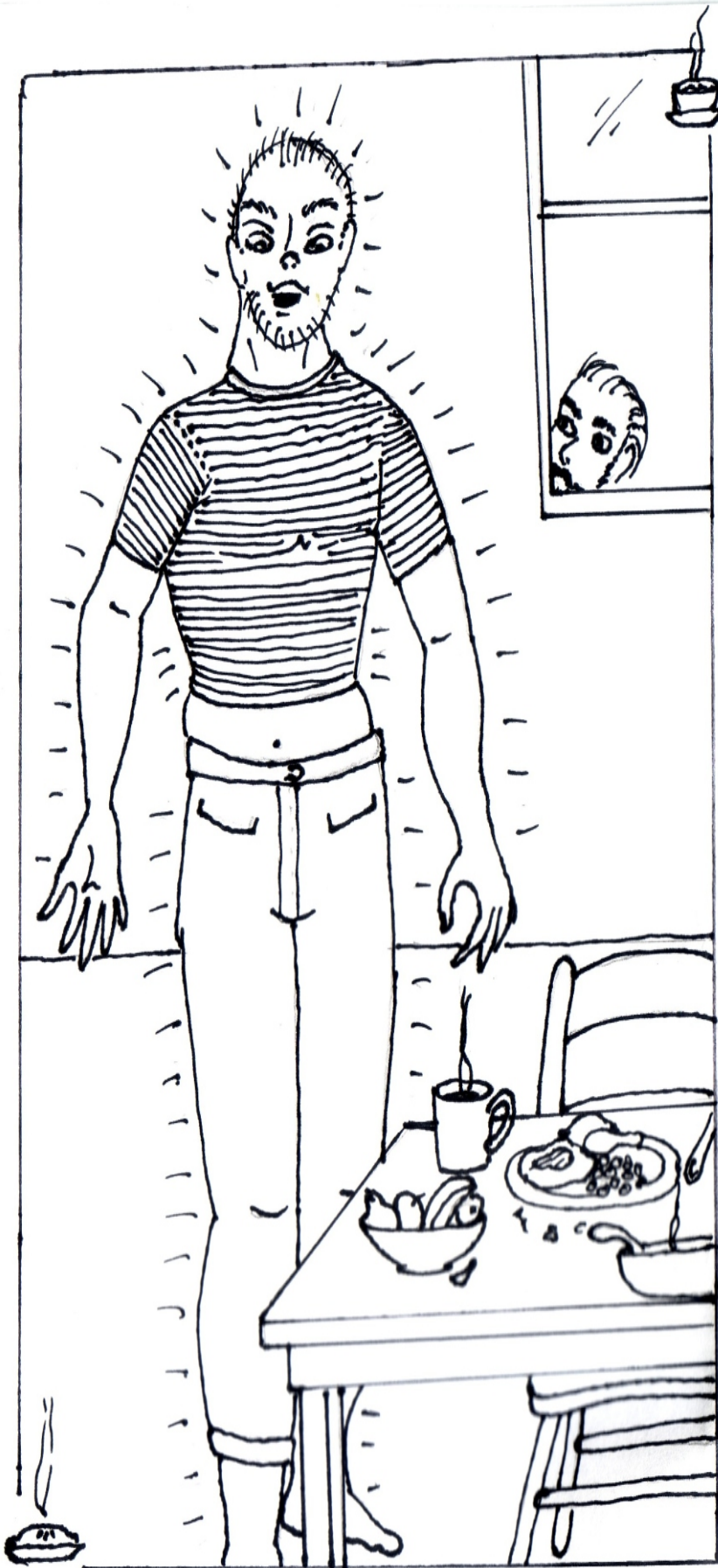
With nothing more in mind
Than to talk,
And talk, and talk.

“Oh!” Says I, says I
As at my door she knocks.

The Skutch has finally arrived
To put peace upon the rocks.

Hello my Little Skutch
Good-bye my day of rest.

Speak on Little Skutch
And I will do my best.



Mister Smalley

There once was an old forgotten valley
Nestled by a little blue sea,
Where a man lived called
Mister Smalley.

His face was covered with yellow fuzz,
Prince of the Little People he was.

And on his feet were tiny little toes
That matched his little turned up nose.

Mister Smalley, with his little feet
Ate all the food he could eat.
He didn't like being too small to see.
He wanted to be tall like a tree.

So he ate and ate
As much as he could
Until one day,
Tall as a tree he stood.

He was tall as he could be.
Now they call him,
"Mister Talley."

By John Marinelli

Artist: Elaine Moehring

Granny Grab Bag

Granny Grab Bag

Granny grabbed her bag
And went off to town,
Walking to the bus
With an ugly frown.

“Mister Bus Driver!” She said,
“You be careful when you drive.
Watch out for little children,
And make sure we arrive alive.”

Then she grabbed her bag
And sat in the nearest seat,
Complaining to all around
About the afternoon heat.

Grumble! Grumble!
I heard her fuss,
As she grabbed her bag
And got off the bus.

Last I knew
She still was a hag,
That Little Old Lady
We called Granny Grab Bag.

By John Marinelli



The Little Duck

Once upon a winter's wonderland,
There was a duck
That wouldn't fly south.

Mister Wind said, "Please don't stay,"
For the snow began to cover the day.

"Fly south" Cried the Sun,
"From this place....Run! Run! Run!"

But Mister Cold laughed and said,
"Let him stay, for soon I'll be king
Over him and the day."

The little duck just wanted to play.
That's why he didn't fly away.

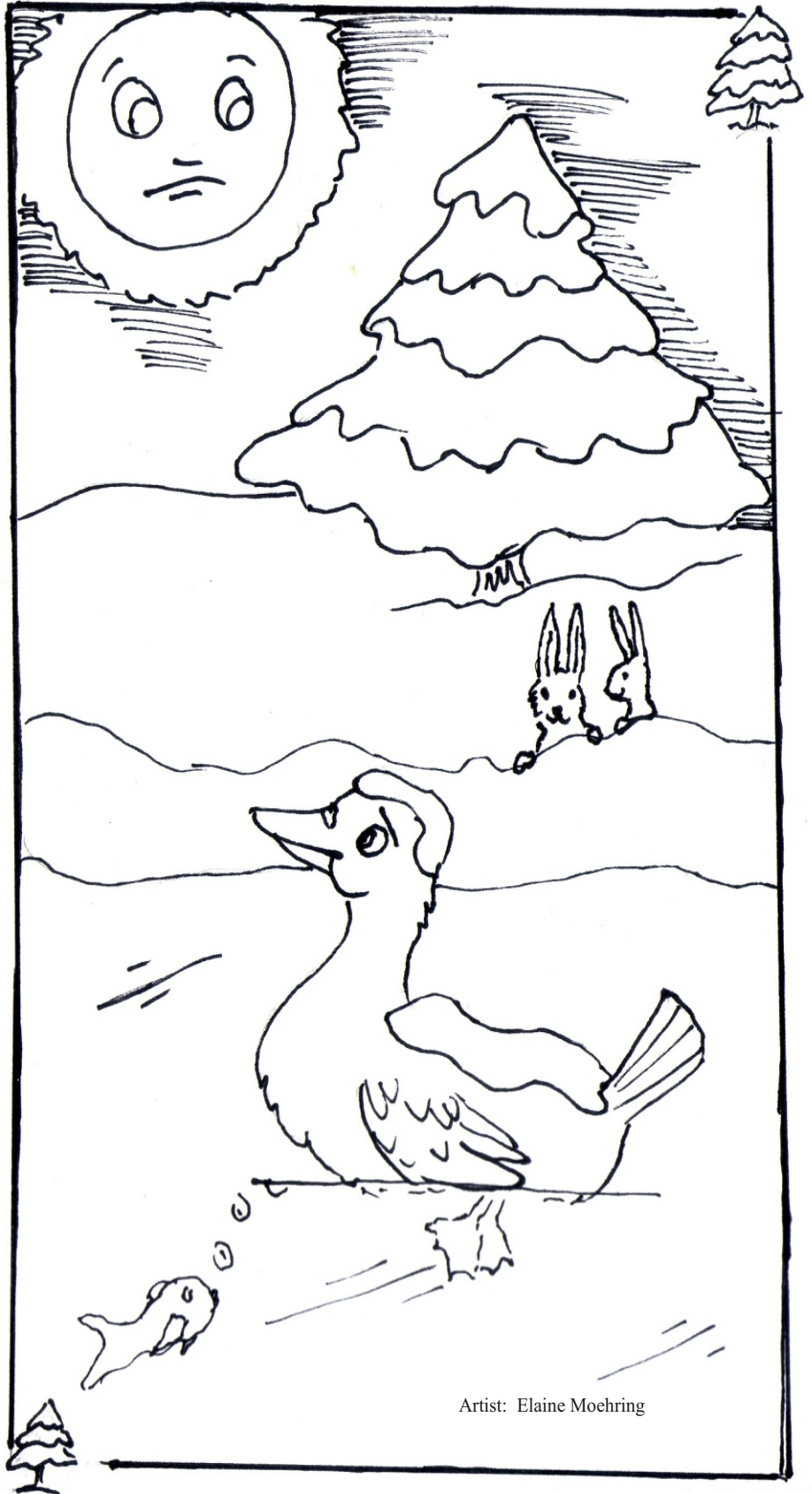
But now he must suffer
The sorrows of the day,
Because he waited to long
To fly away.

The moon let out a sorrowful cry
"Oh My! Oh My"
The sun withdrew with a sigh
"Why, Oh Why!, Oh Why!"

For the little duck had lost its way,
Only to sleep beneath a frozen bay,

Until the spring shines its light.
When everything will be all right.

By John Marinelli



Artist: Elaine Moehring

The Mystery of The Golden Coin



*A Love Story of
High School Sweethearts
Who Struggled To Believe God
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