How doth the little crocodile
Improve his shining tail,
And pour the waters of the Nile
On every golden scale!

How cheerfully he seems to grin,
How neatly spreads his claws,
And welcomes little fishes in,
With gently smiling jaws!

—Lewis Carroll

The big gray elephant slowly walks.
She doesn’t make a sound.
She swings her trunk from left to right
When she puts her feet on the ground.
Swing, swing, left and right,
She doesn’t make a sound.

—anonymous