

# THE THREE BEARS



## RHYME BOOK





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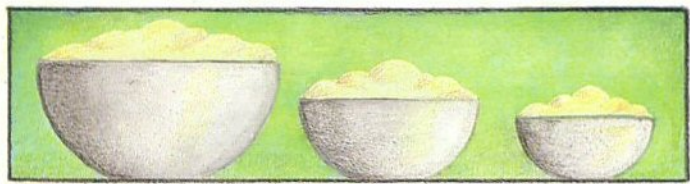
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PORRIDGE



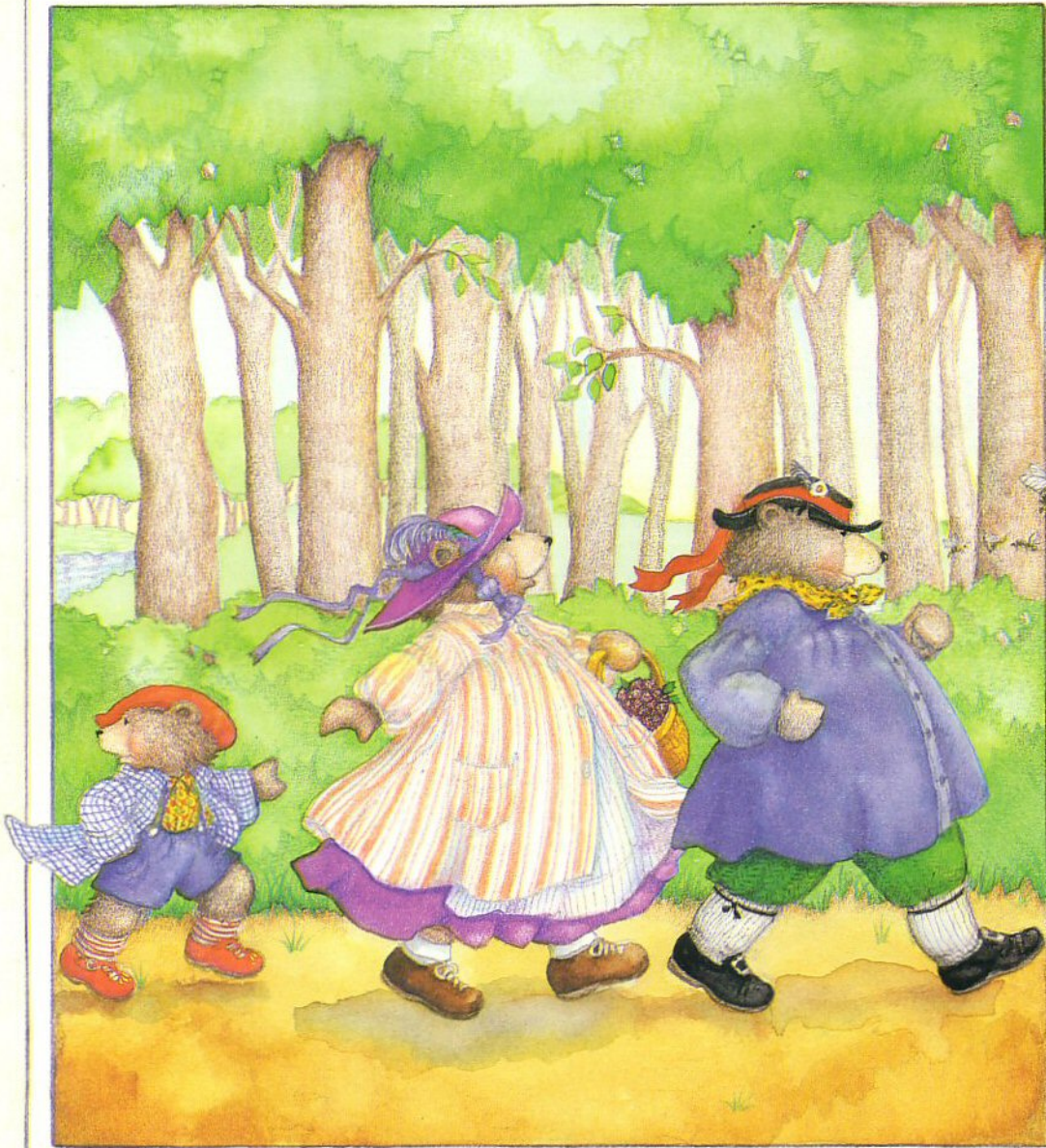


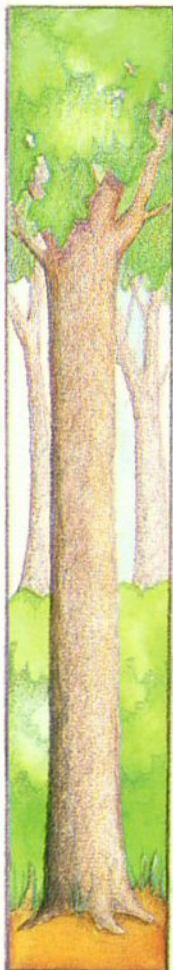
There are always three bowls,  
And always three spoons,  
And Momma Bear humming  
Her wake-me-up tunes.

There are always three napkins,  
Always three chairs,  
And the great big yawns  
Of breakfasting bears.

As far or as old  
As I grow to be,  
That's what porridge  
Will mean to me.

# THREE BEARS WALKING





Three bears walking  
down the lane, down the lane.  
Three bears talking,  
“Do you think it’s going to rain?”  
Three bears walking  
to the wood, to the wood.  
Three bears talking,  
“Pretty day!” “Pretty good!”  
Three bears walking  
under trees, under trees.  
Three bears talking,  
“Do you know where there are bees?”  
Three bears walking  
by a stream, by a stream.  
Three bears talking,  
“Pass the berries.” “Pass the cream.”  
Three bears walking  
to their den, to their den.  
Three bears talking,  
“Great to be back home again.”







## BOUQUET

In Goldie's garden,  
flowers grow  
within a neat  
and ordered row.

But in our woodland,  
never neat,  
grow jumbled rose  
and meadowsweet,

and lily bell  
and Queen Anne's lace  
and dandelions  
every place.

Now, I prefer  
the wildness where  
the flowers have  
to give and share.

But Goldie says  
both things are good:  
the well-kept garden  
*and* the wood.



RAIN



It's not much fun being out in the rain,  
Without rubber boots, red rubber boots.  
I'll say it LOUD and I'll say it plain:  
It's not much fun being out in the rain  
With the drops running down my fur like a drain,  
And these words in my head like an old refrain:  
It's not much fun being out in the rain  
Without some bright new red rubber boots.

It's not much fun being out in the rain  
Without an umbrella, a red umbrella.  
It's not much fun, so I think I'll explain  
That it's not much fun being out in the rain  
With the drops on my nose like beads on a chain.  
So I'll sit in a puddle and pout and complain  
That it's not much fun being out in the rain  
Without a brand-new red umbrella.

It's not much fun being out in the rain  
Without a slicker, a yellow slicker.  
It's not much fun, so I'll say it again  
That my fur is soaked and will likely stain,  
And that's why it's not much fun in the rain  
And this song running 'round and 'round my brain:  
It is not much fun being out in the rain  
Without boots and a slicker and a red umbrella.

(Especially right before my birthday!)



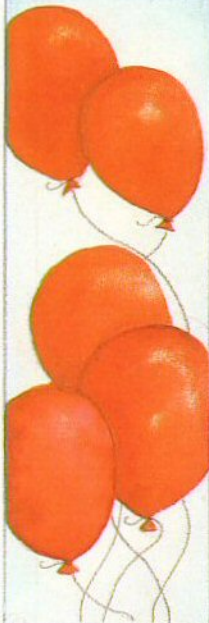
# PHOTOGRAPHS

This is me in my first bed.  
This is the back of Poppa's head.  
This is Poppa's favorite mug.  
This is Momma on a rug.  
This is Goldie with the chair  
You broke the day I wasn't there.

This is me. I'm eating—see.  
This is me on Poppa's knee.  
This is Momma holding Spot.  
You think that this is me—it's not!  
And here we are upon the stairs:  
Goldilocks and all three bears.



# rat-a-tat, rat-a-tat



## BEAR PARADE

I can hear the sound of their marching feet  
And a great drumroll and a rat-a-tat beat  
As the bears come marching down my street,  
Singing *Hip Hip Hooray for Bears!*

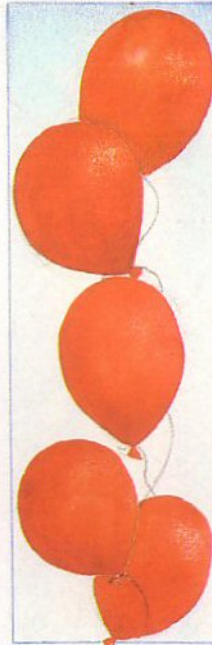
There's a bear in red with a great big stick,  
And a teddy bear with a honey lick,  
And a hundred more who are stepping quick,  
Singing *Hip Hip Hooray for Bears!*



# rat-a-tat, rat-a-tat

There's a bear with a bunch of bright balloons,  
And a pair of bears playing big bassoons,  
And they're shouting out their favorite tunes,  
Singing *Hip Hip Hooray for Bears!*

Now you may prefer being out on the sea,  
Or in front of a roaring fire with your tea,  
But the bears' parade is the place for me,  
Singing *Hip Hip Hooray for Bears!*



BIRTHDAY PARTY





Honeycakes and ice cream,  
Blackberry pie,  
Everybody singing  
What a jolly bear am I.

A wish for every candle,  
A present from each friend,  
A great big hug from Goldie.  
Why do birthdays have to end?









## TOO OLD FOR NAPS

I'm old enough  
to wash my face.  
I'm old enough  
to set my place.  
I'm old enough  
to tie a lace.  
And I'm much too old for naps.

I'm old enough  
for no night-light.  
I'm old enough  
to bear-hug tight.  
I know my left paw  
from my right.  
And I'm much too old for naps.

I'm old enough  
to walk the lane  
to Goldie's  
even in the rain.  
At bedtime—do I  
still complain?  
No!

So I'm *much* too old for naps!

# WHEN A BEAR GETS MAD



When a bear gets mad  
He gives a roar  
And shows his teeth  
And slams the door

And jumps in bed  
And hides his eyes  
And sometimes  
(Very softly) cries.

But after, when  
The mad is done,  
A bear is ready  
For some fun

And doesn't want  
To think some more  
About the teeth  
And growl and roar,

But needs a hug  
And wants a smile,  
Which all will happen . . .  
In a while.



# FINDING MY GROWL

Poppa says it's in my throat.  
Momma says my teeth.  
Granny says it's in my chest,  
Just slightly underneath.

Goldie says that in my head  
Is where my growl should be.  
But Gramps says that my growl is hid  
Deep down inside of me.

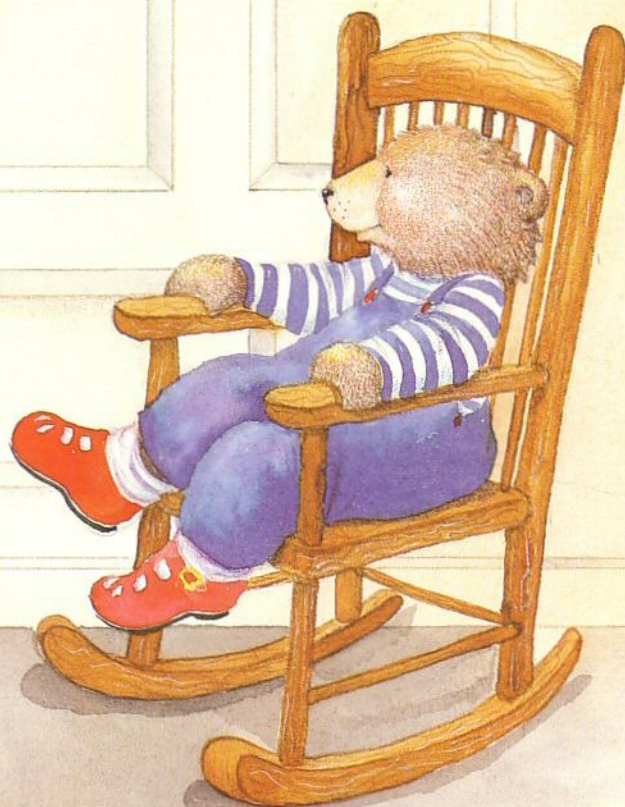
Gr . . . grr . . . grrr . . . grrrrrrrowl.



# BEARS'

Some bears sit  
in great big chairs,  
great big chairs  
for great big bears,  
great big legs  
and claws on feet,  
great big pillows,  
great big seat.

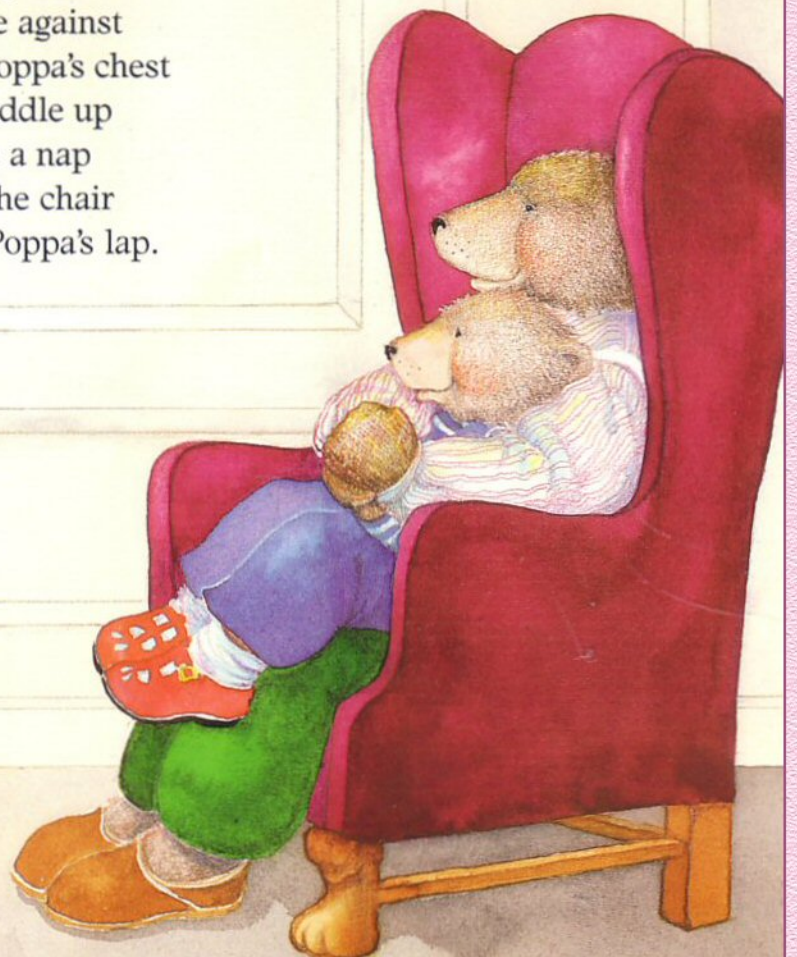
Some bears sit  
in middling chairs,  
middling chairs  
for middling bears.  
Rockers make  
the chair a ship  
for bears who like  
to take a trip.

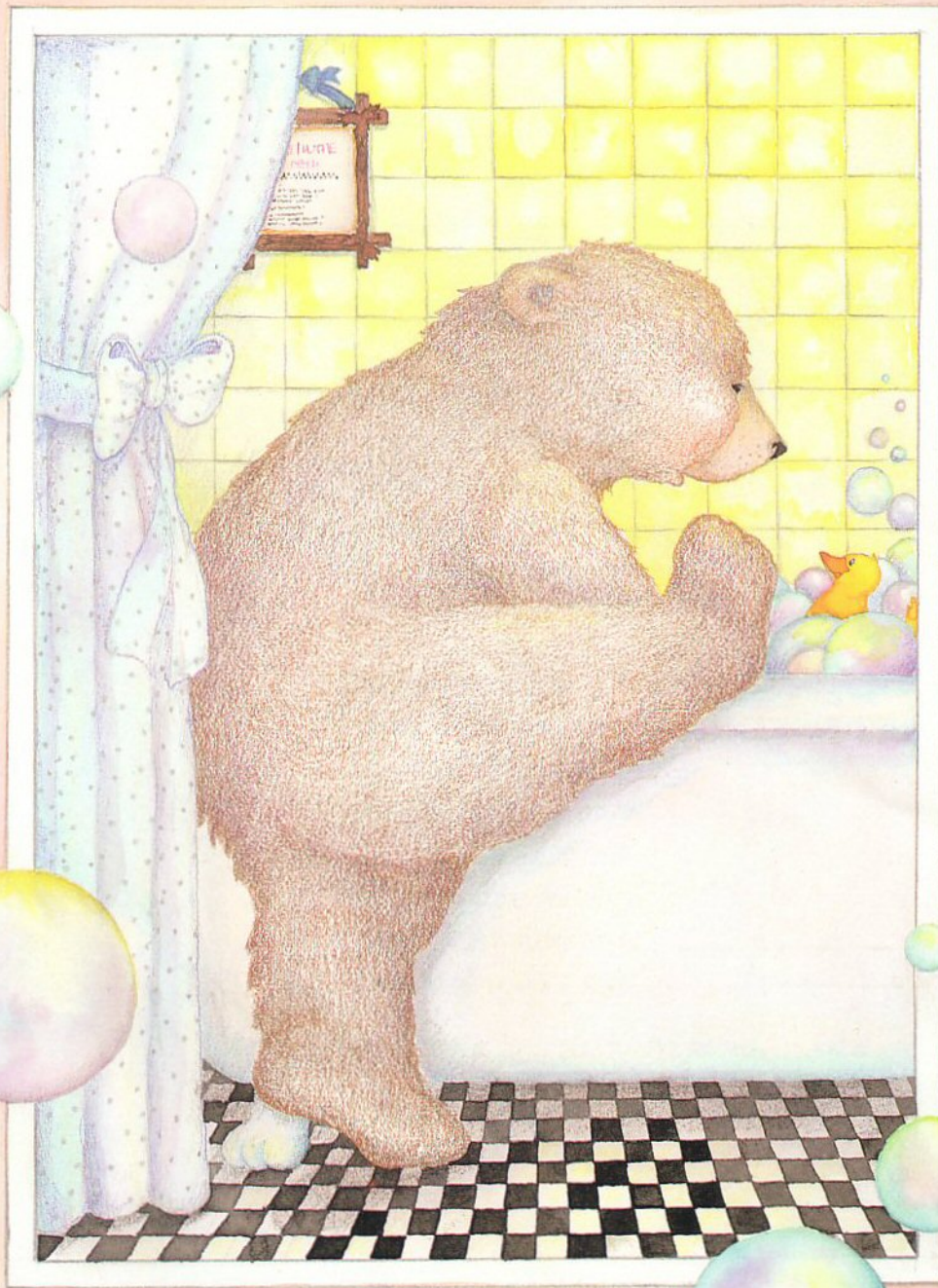


# CHAIRS

Some bears sit  
in tiny chairs,  
tiny chairs  
for tiny bears.  
Tiny chairs  
can be quite tall  
with straps so  
baby bear won't fall.

But of all bears' chairs,  
the very best  
is to lie against  
your poppa's chest  
and cuddle up  
to take a nap  
upon the chair  
that's Poppa's lap.







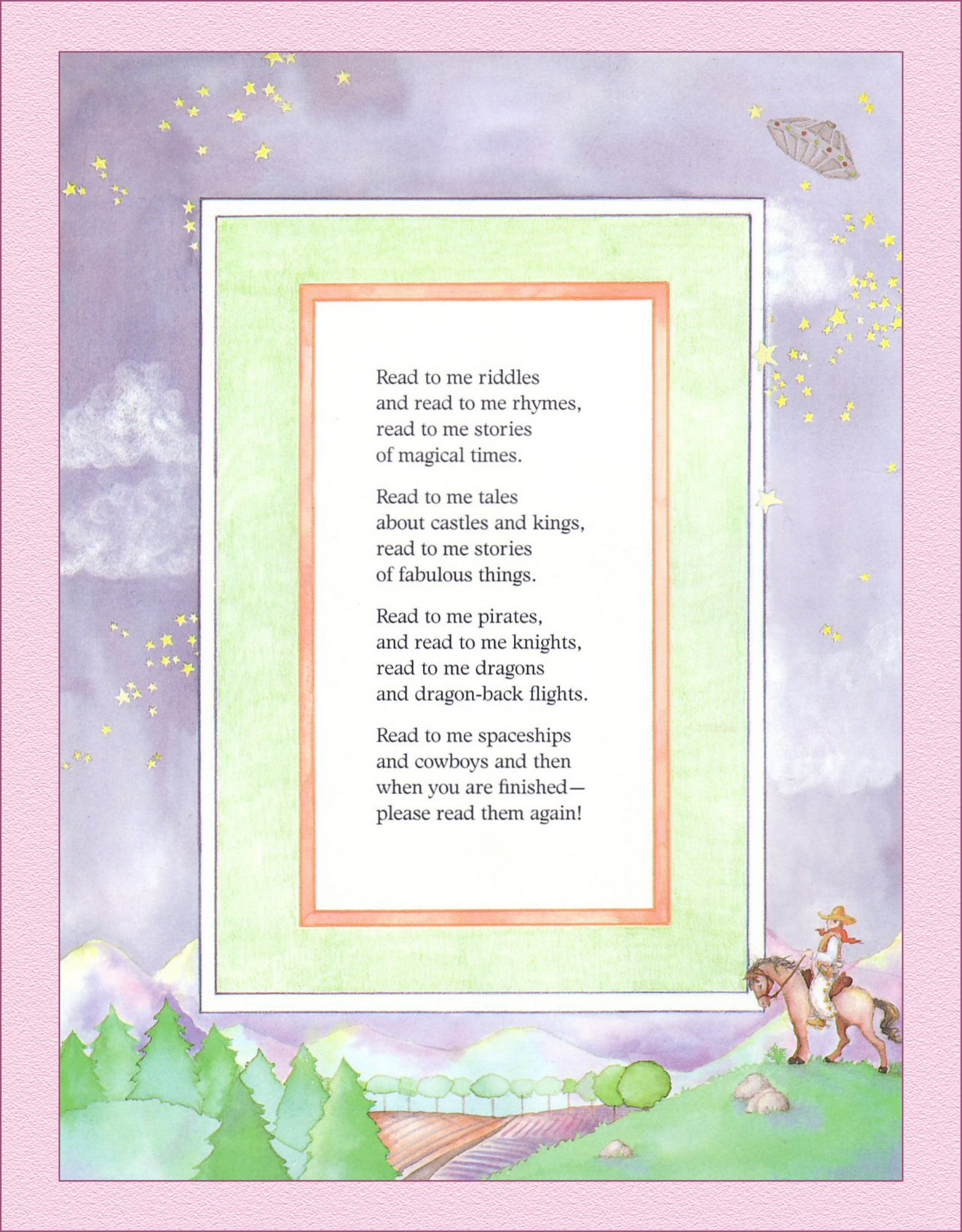
## HOW TO BATHE A BEAR

- 
1. Be sure the water's warm.
  2. The bubbles fill the tub.
  3. The rubber duck is there.
  4. Find bear cub.
  
  5. And quickly mop the floor.
  6. Say: "Don't forget to scrub."
  7. Feel for plug—and pull.
  8. Dry bear cub.



# READ TO ME





Read to me riddles  
and read to me rhymes,  
read to me stories  
of magical times.

Read to me tales  
about castles and kings,  
read to me stories  
of fabulous things.

Read to me pirates,  
and read to me knights,  
read to me dragons  
and dragon-back flights.

Read to me spaceships  
and cowboys and then  
when you are finished—  
please read them again!

# IN THE NIGHT

Goldie says  
there are monsters in the night,  
and they hide in your closet  
till you turn off the light.  
Then they howl and growl  
just to let you know they're there.  
But I'm not afraid

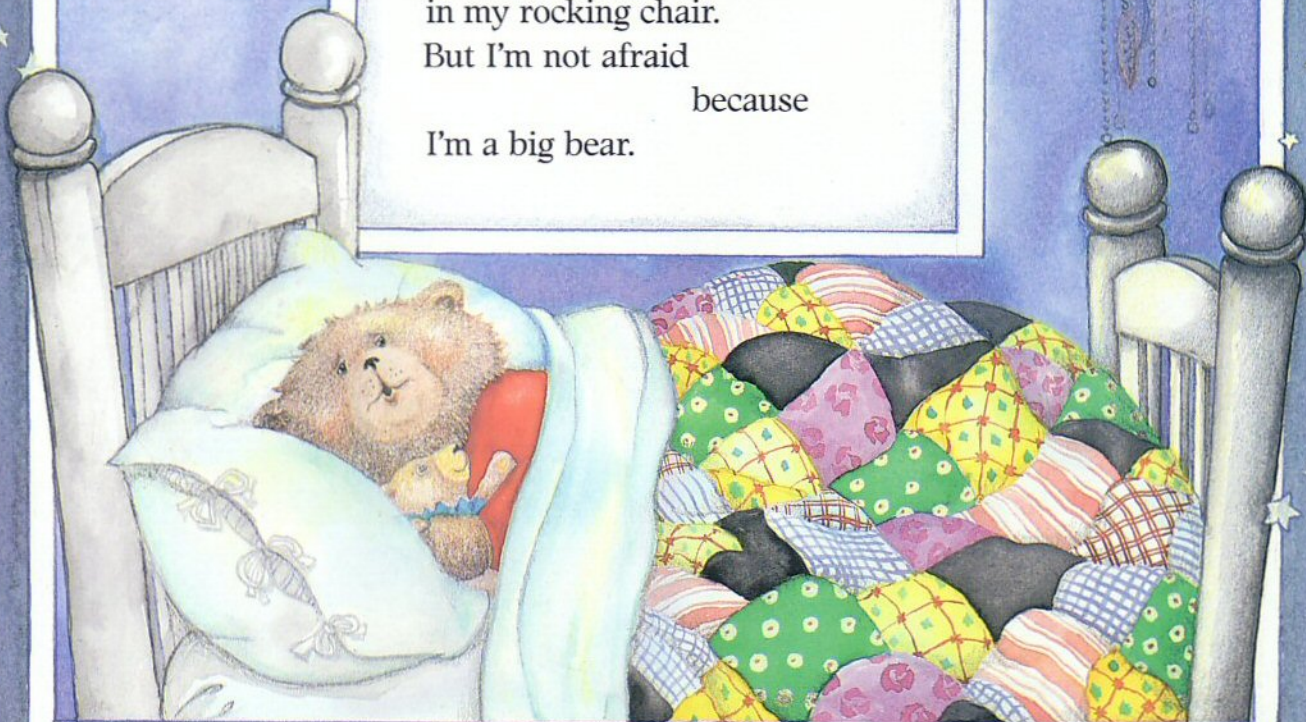
because

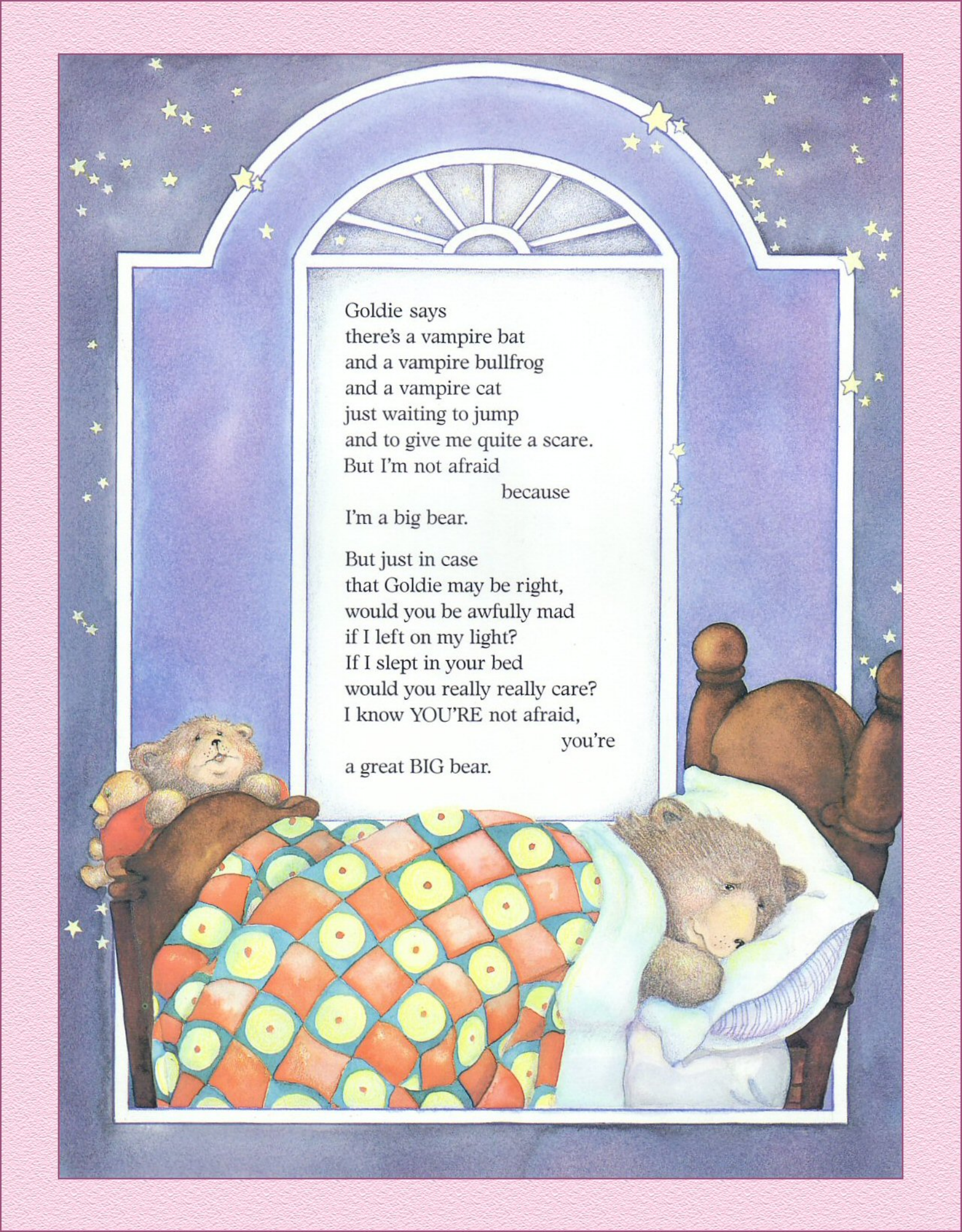
I'm a big bear.

Goldie says  
that underneath my bed  
there are ghosts that are people  
who are not quite dead,  
and a skeleton sits  
in my rocking chair.  
But I'm not afraid

because

I'm a big bear.



The illustration shows a child's bedroom at night. A window with a semi-circular top is set into a dark blue wall, with a white frame and a sunburst pattern in the upper part. The window is surrounded by a white border decorated with yellow stars. The room is filled with a dark blue night sky, also dotted with yellow stars. In the foreground, a brown wooden bed with a rounded headboard is visible. A bear is tucked into the bed, covered by a white sheet and a colorful quilt with a pattern of orange, blue, and yellow squares. The bear's head is resting on a white pillow. To the left of the bed, a small teddy bear is sitting on the floor, looking towards the bed.

Goldie says  
there's a vampire bat  
and a vampire bullfrog  
and a vampire cat  
just waiting to jump  
and to give me quite a scare.  
But I'm not afraid

because

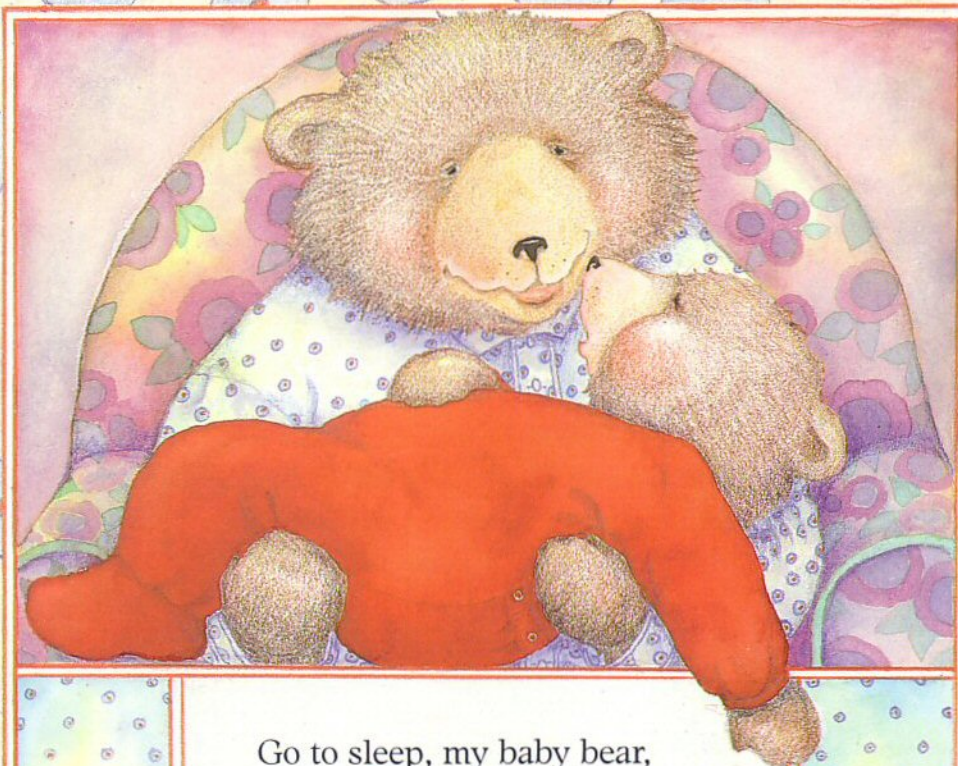
I'm a big bear.

But just in case  
that Goldie may be right,  
would you be awfully mad  
if I left on my light?  
If I slept in your bed  
would you really really care?  
I know YOU'RE not afraid,

you're

a great BIG bear.

## POPPA BEAR'S HUM



Go to sleep, my baby bear,  
*Hum, hum, humble-bee,*  
In your Daddy's great big chair,  
*Bumble-bee, good night.*  
I will carry you to bed,  
*Hum, hum, humble-bee.*  
Pillow for your sleepy head,  
*Bumble-bee, sleep tight.*

