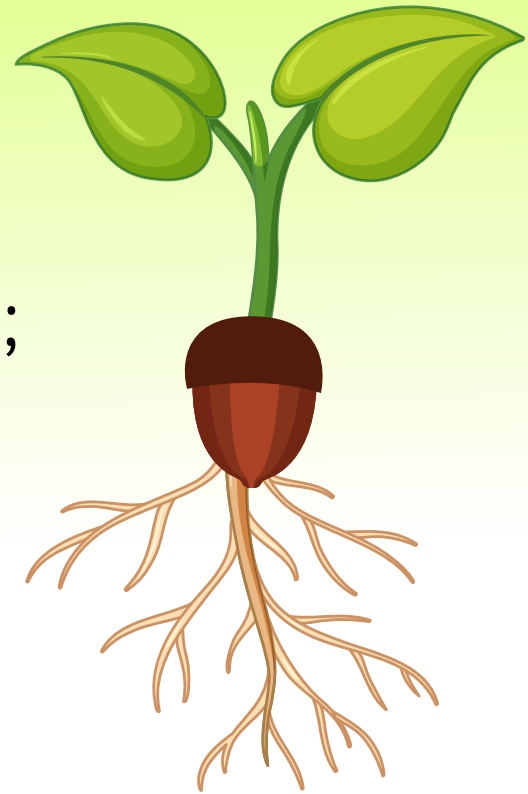




# Little by Little

“Little by little,” an acorn said,  
As it slowly sank in its mossy bed;  
“I am improving every day,  
Hidden deep in the earth away.”  
Little by little each day it grew,  
Little by little it sipped the dew.



Downward it sent out a thread-like root  
Up in the air sprang a tiny shoot;  
Day by day, and year by year,  
Little by little the leaves appear,  
And the slender branches spread far and wide  
Till the mighty oak is the forest's pride.

