“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.