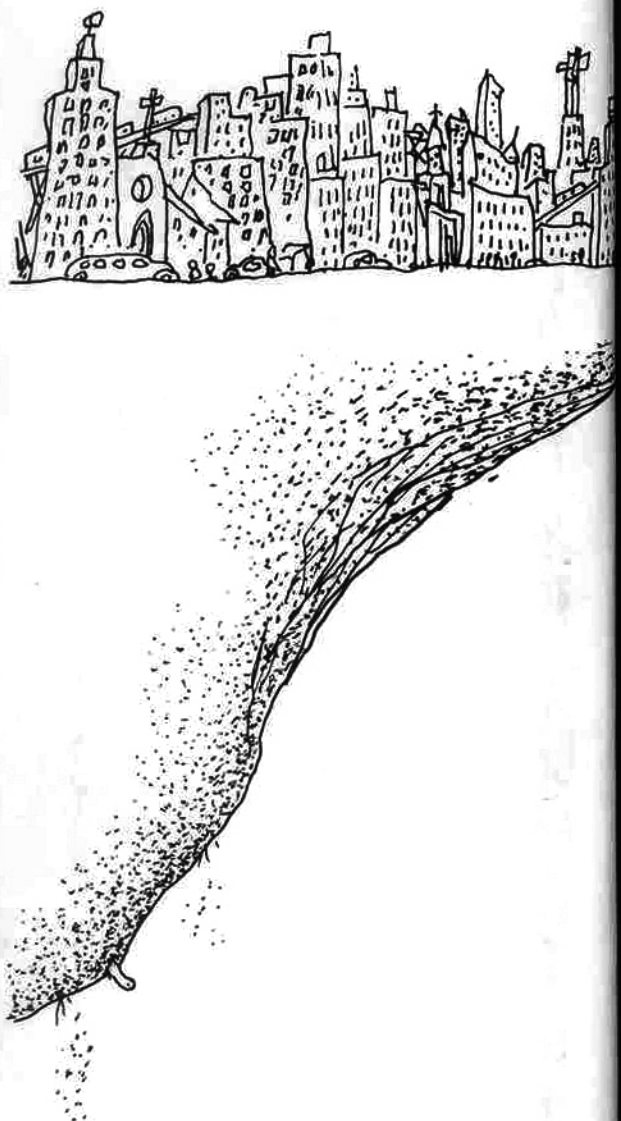




Photo: Alice Ochs



Where the Sidewalk Ends

the poems and drawings of
Shel Silverstein

Shel Silverstein is the author of *THE GIVING TREE*, and many other books of prose and poetry. He also writes songs, draws cartoons, sings, plays the guitar, and has a good time.

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&
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 HarperCollins Publishers



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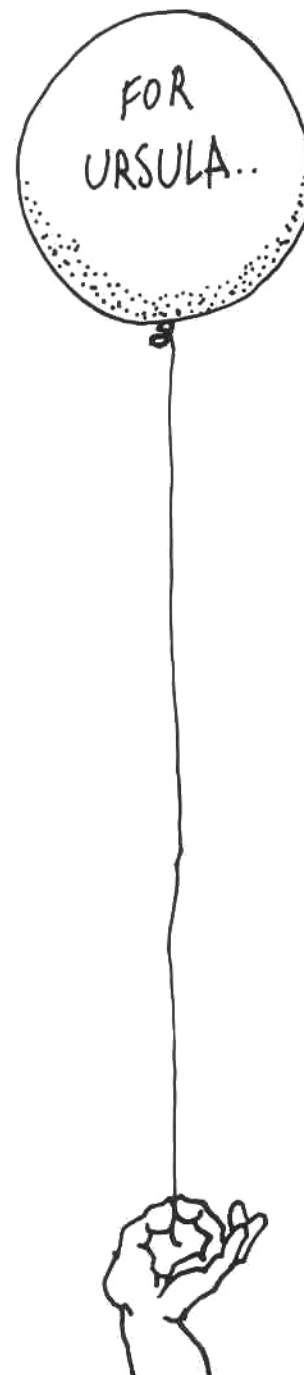
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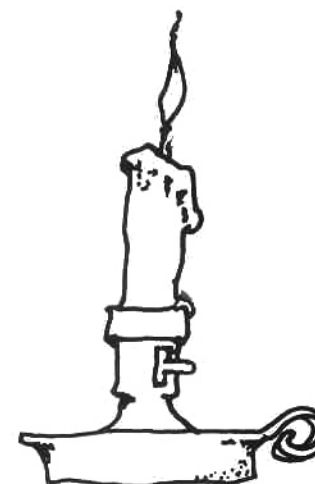
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INVITATION

If you are a dreamer, come in,
If you are a dreamer, a wisher, a liar,
A hope-er, a pray-er, a magic bean buyer . . .
If you're a pretender, come sit by my fire
For we have some flax-golden tales to spin.
Come in!
Come in!



*Where
the
Sidewalk
Ends*



THE ACROBATS

I'll swing
By my ankles,
She'll cling
To your knees
As you hang
By your nose
From a high-up
Trapeze.
But just one thing, please,
As we float through the breeze—
Don't sneeze.

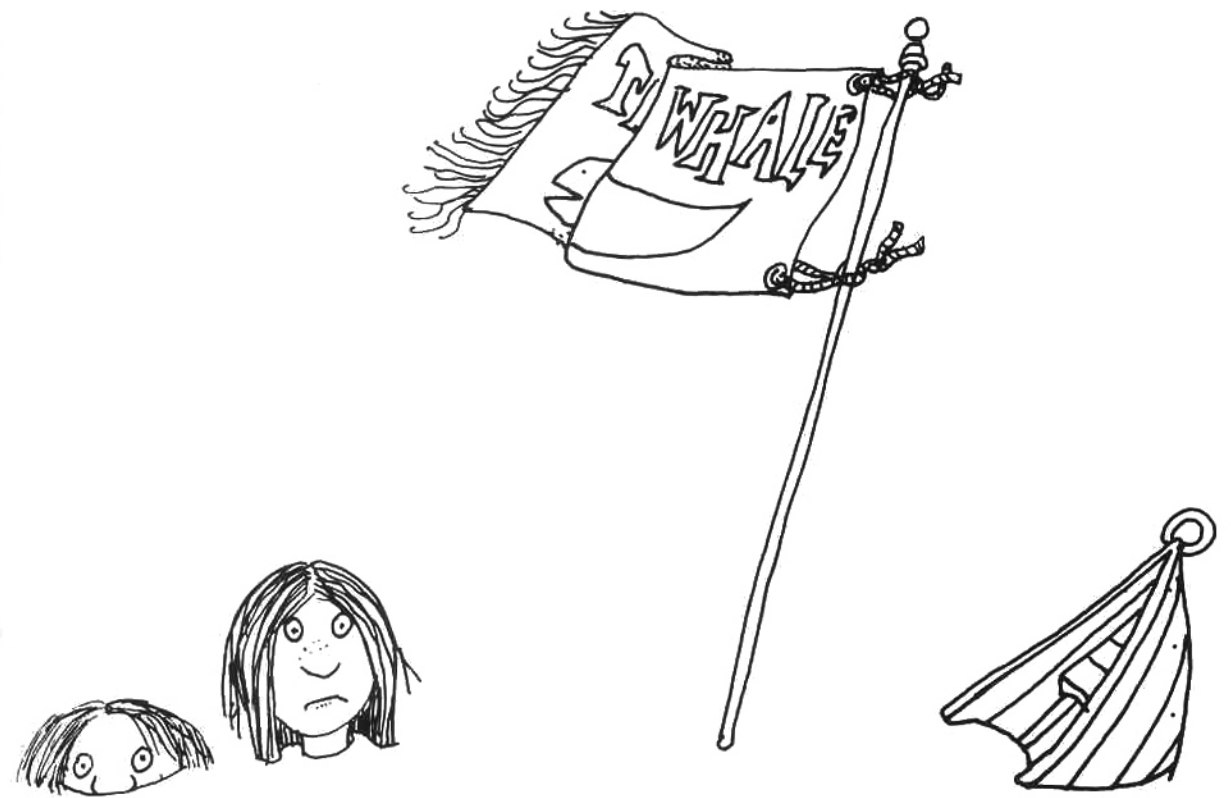
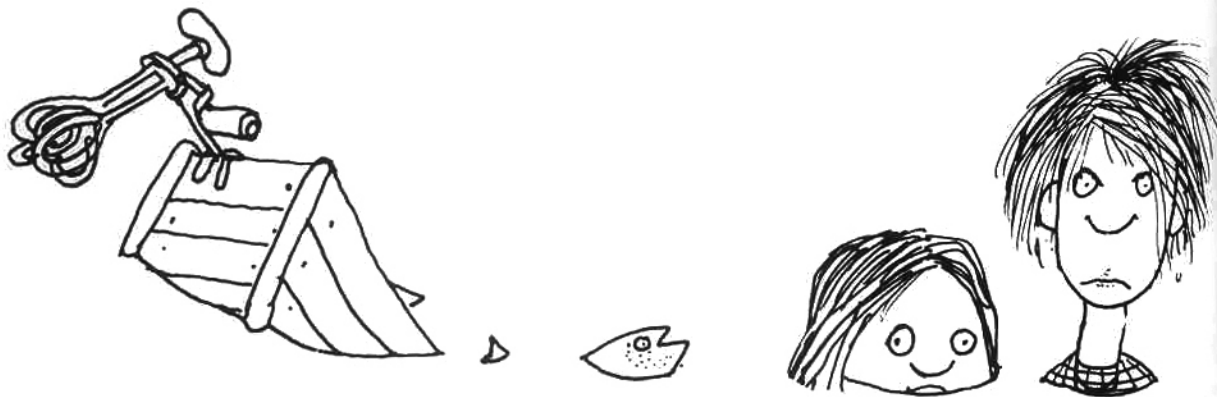


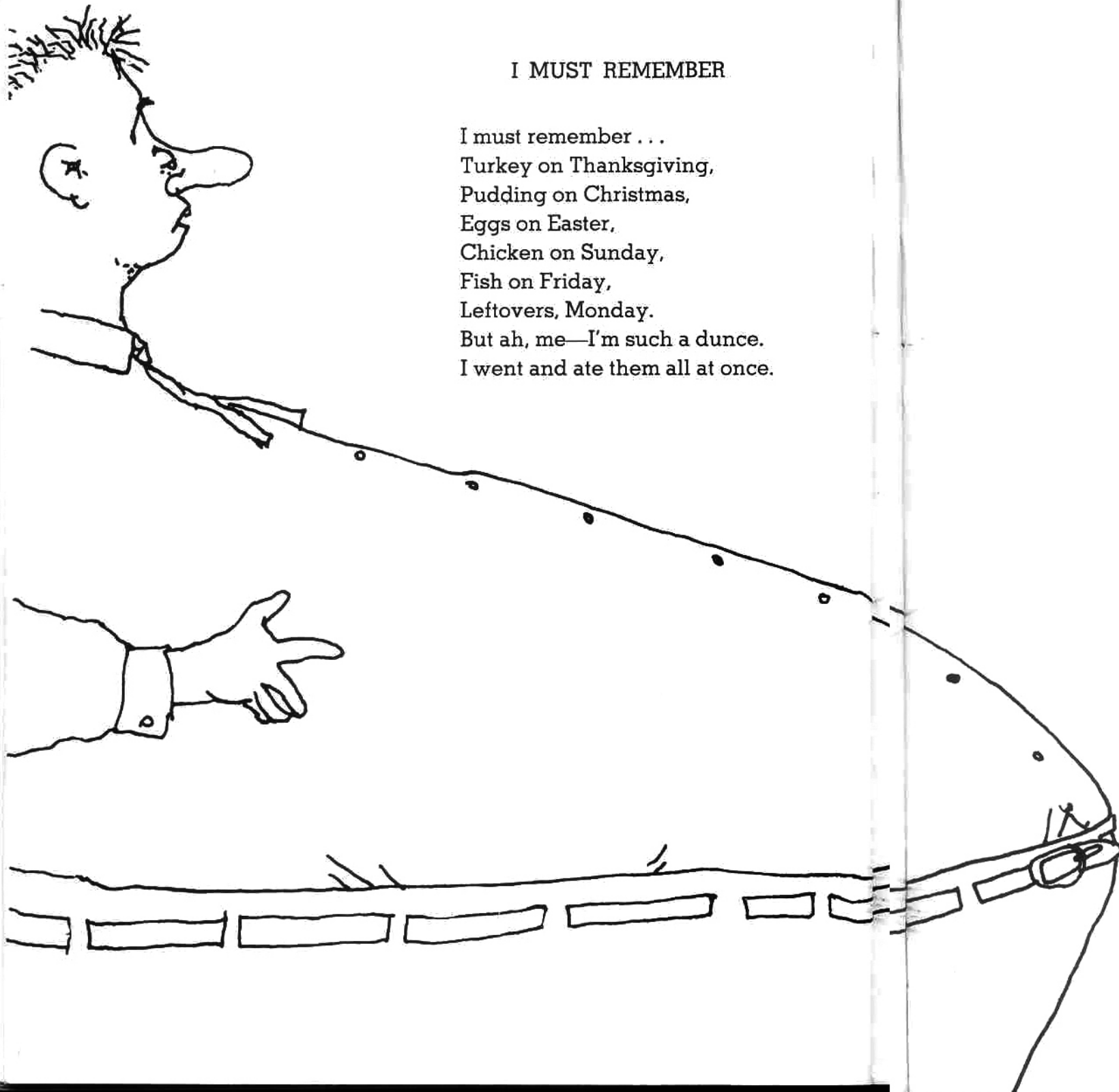
MAGIC

Sandra's seen a leprechaun,
Eddie touched a troll,
Laurie danced with witches once,
Charlie found some goblins' gold.
Donald heard a mermaid sing,
Susy spied an elf,
But all the magic I have known
I've had to make myself.

HOMEMADE BOAT

This boat that we just built is just fine—
And don't try to tell us it's not.
The sides and the back are divine—
It's the bottom I guess we forgot. . . .





I MUST REMEMBER

I must remember . . .
Turkey on Thanksgiving,
Pudding on Christmas,
Eggs on Easter,
Chicken on Sunday,
Fish on Friday,
Leftovers, Monday.
But ah, me—I'm such a dunce.
I went and ate them all at once.

THE FOURTH

Oh
CRASH!
my
BASH!
it's
BANG!
the
ZANG!
Fourth
WHOOSH!
of
BAROOOM!
July
WHEW!

ICKLE ME, PICKLE ME, TICKLE ME TOO

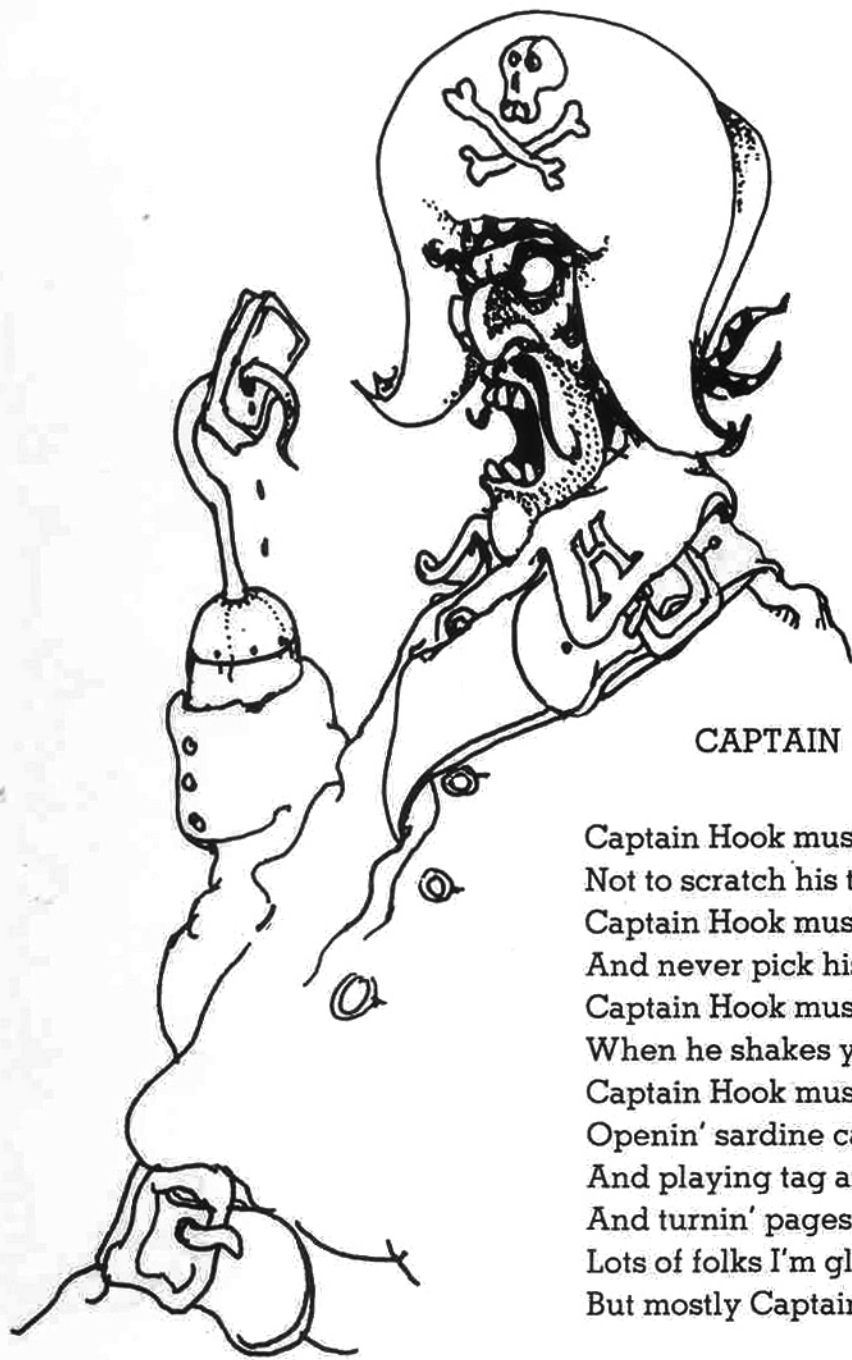
Ickle Me, Pickle Me, Tickle Me too
Went for a ride in a flying shoe.
"Hooray!"
"What fun!"
"It's time we flew!"
Said Ickle Me, Pickle Me, Tickle Me too.

Ickle was captain, and Pickle was crew
And Tickle served coffee and mulligan stew
As higher
And higher
And higher they flew,
Ickle Me, Pickle Me, Tickle Me too.



Ickle Me, Pickle Me, Tickle Me too,
Over the sun and beyond the blue.
"Hold on!"
"Stay in!"
"I hope we do!"
Cried Ickle Me, Pickle Me, Tickle Me too.

Ickle Me, Pickle Me, Tickle Me too
Never returned to the world they knew,
And nobody
Knows what's
Happened to
Dear Ickle Me, Pickle Me, Tickle Me too.



CAPTAIN HOOK

Captain Hook must remember
 Not to scratch his toes.
 Captain Hook must watch out
 And never pick his nose.
 Captain Hook must be gentle
 When he shakes your hand.
 Captain Hook must be careful
 Openin' sardine cans
 And playing tag and pouring tea
 And turnin' pages of his book.
 Lots of folks I'm glad I ain't—
 But mostly Captain Hook!

HUG O' WAR

I will not play at tug o' war.
 I'd rather play at hug o' war,
 Where everyone hugs
 Instead of tugs,
 Where everyone giggles
 And rolls on the rug,
 Where everyone kisses,
 And everyone grins,
 And everyone cuddles,
 And everyone wins.

