

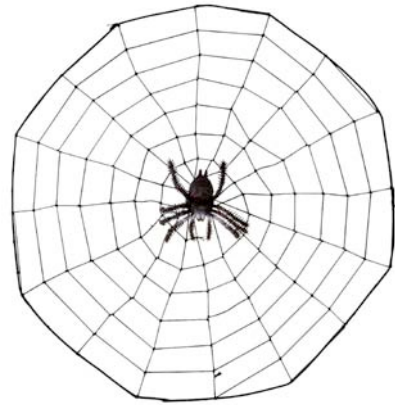


S P I D E R S

Art

Songs

Poetry



By Rebecca K. Fraker



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What To Do With This Section

What to do with the Spider Art section:

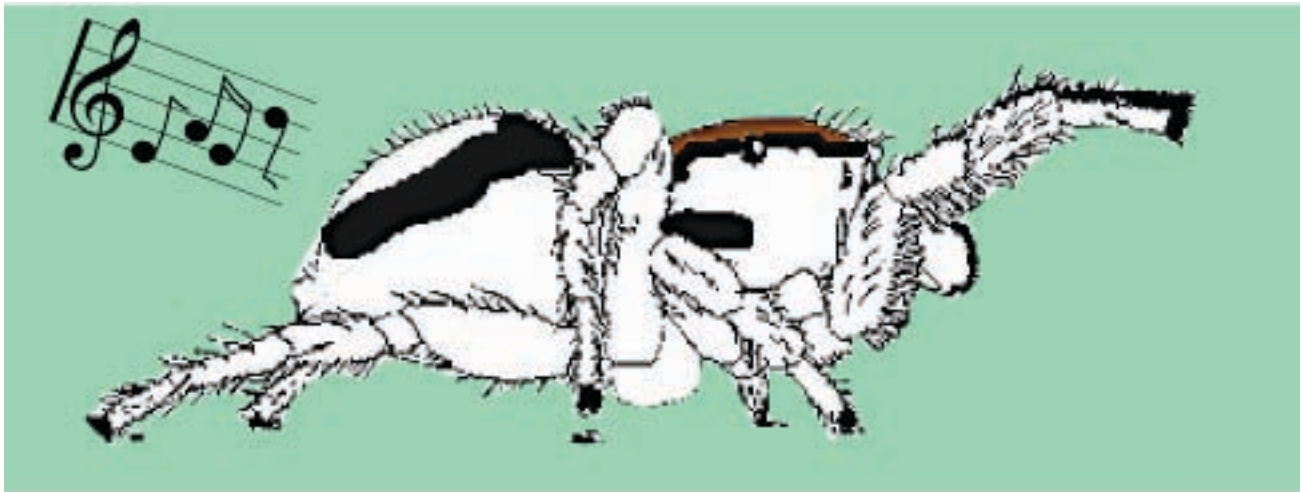
- ❖ Spiders can be assembled out of everything from paper plates to licorice. There are thousands of make-a-spider crafts on line.

What to do with the Spider Song section:

- ❖ Besides the obvious "sing the songs," it is a lot of fun to choose a well-known tune and write spider lyrics to it.

What to do with the Spider Poetry section:

- ❖ There are two poems titled "The Spider and the Fly." Read and compare them.
- ❖ Write a spider poem.
- ❖ Write a spider acrostic.
- ❖ How many words can you get from the letters in the word TARANTULA ?
- ❖ Find more information about the historical event that Bruce and the Spider is based on.
- ❖ Little Miss Muffet also has some history behind it. See if you can find it.





SPIDER ART

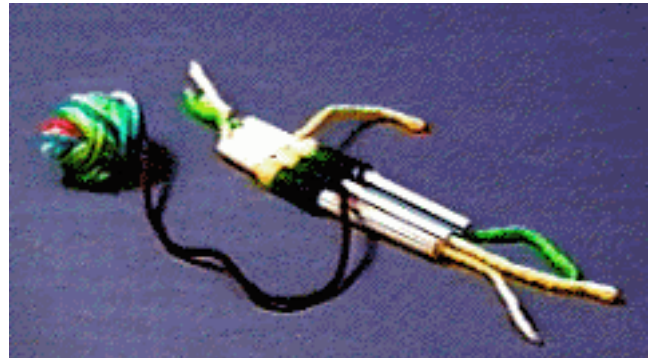
Spider Art: Straw Weaving

All over the world, people have woven fibers and hair into useful items such as clothing and rugs as well as beautiful tapestries for walls and beds. Most weaving is done on a machine called a loom. Before the actual weaving process can begin, the craftsman or weaver must first string the loom. These threads are called the warp, and the yarn that is woven over and under them is called the weft.

Weaving does not have to be done on a traditional loom, however. It's possible to weave on anything that can be strung with the warp threads. This includes recyclable items like cardboard, an old picture frame, or sticks you collect in your yard or along a riverbank. We can even weave on soda straws! You may have a few unused straws from fast food restaurants in your car's glove box or a kitchen drawer. Help save landfill space by recycling them to make a simple loom.

You will need:

- Three or four plastic soda straws
- Yarn or string scraps
- Masking tape
- Scissors
- Large plastic needle (optional)



How to:

Let's start with a bookmark.

Start with straws that are all the same length.

Measure a straw and add 6 inches to that length. Now cut a piece of yarn for each straw. You may use different colors.

The next step is called "warping" the loom.

Put a piece of yarn through each straw. This is where you may want to use a large plastic needle to run the yarn through. You can also make the end of each piece of yard stiff with tape to make it easier to thread.

With their ends even, tie an overhand knot in the strands of yarn. Push the straws up to the knot, and tape them together at the top by running the tape around the straws, front to back. Now tape the bottom (or your straws may slide off).



Now you are ready to weave! Tie one end of the yarn onto an outside straw just below the tape. Start weaving by going over that straw and under the next.

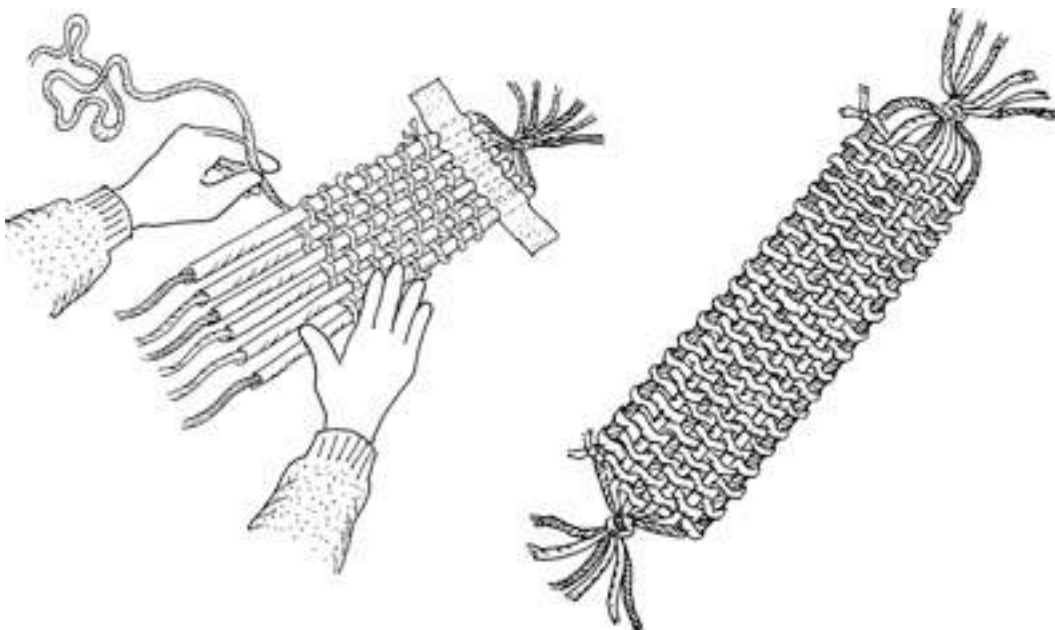


Continue the over-under pattern until you want to change colors. Knot the yarn onto an outside straw, and cut it off from the ball or skein. Begin a new color as before, and continue weaving. Tuck loose ends inside the weaving. If you use yarn made of several colors (variegated), you will need to tie only the knots at the beginning and end, because colors will change automatically.

When you come to the end of the soda straws, tie off the yarn and cut it. Remove the masking tape. Hold the weaving lightly in one hand as you pull out the straws, one at a time. Push the weaving up to the knot, and finish it by tying another overhand knot in the other end just below the weaving. If necessary, trim the ends so they are even.

It's possible to weave something longer, like a headband or belt, with a soda straw loom. Just make sure the warp threads, the ones that go through the straws, are long enough to tie around your head or waist. Don't cut the straws, because you will need all the length and then some.

When you are weaving a longer item and you come to the end of the straws, remove the masking tape. Then move some of the weaving off the straws and up onto the warp threads. Do this by pulling the straws partially out of the weaving, being careful to leave the last inch or so attached to the straws. Repeat this process as often as necessary, and continue weaving till you come to the end.

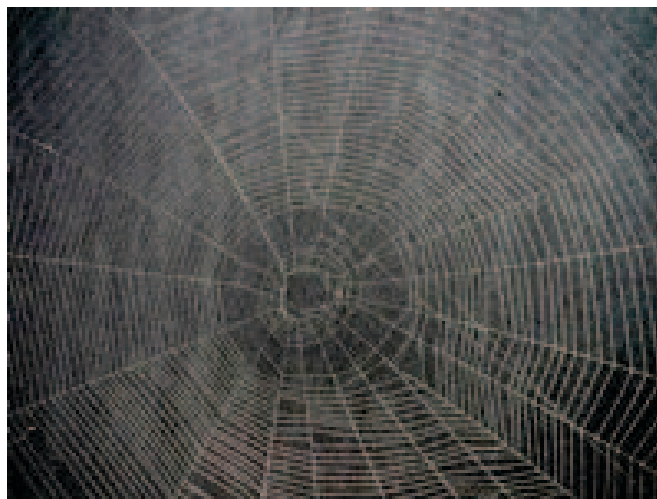




Spider Art: Preserving a Web

You need: A piece of black card, glue (spray if possible), spray can of varnish, spray can of paint.

1. Make sure the spider has finished with the web and is not on the web. However, spiders are capable of remaking a web very quickly.
 2. Spread a thin layer of glue on the black card. Spray glue is the easiest to apply to the card.
 3. Spray the web with the paint: gold or white are particularly suitable. Or you could gently brush on some talcum powder.
 4. Bring the glued side of the card carefully up behind the web. Avoid any sideways movement. Try to get all parts of the web to stick to the card at once.
 5. Cut the supporting threads at the edges of the web – the spider will soon make a new one.
 6. Spray the web with varnish to form a protective layer. Hang up your preserved web – it makes an unusual and attractive picture if you frame it.
- It takes practice to get spider's webs to stick onto the card without distortion. Don't be disappointed if your first efforts are rather folded or tangled.





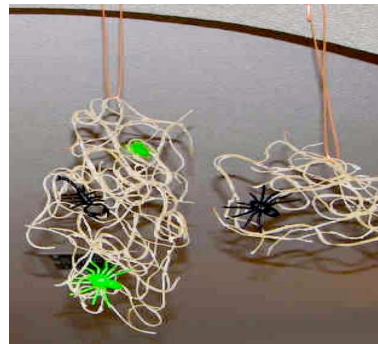
Spider Art: Glittery Webs

A sparkly spider web can be a pretty craft for kids to make. Have kids trace a spider web of their liking onto black paper with white colored pencil. They can go over their web with crafts glue and then pour on silver or white glitter. Kids can even do various colors, and make a glitter spider out of construction paper to go with their shiny new web.

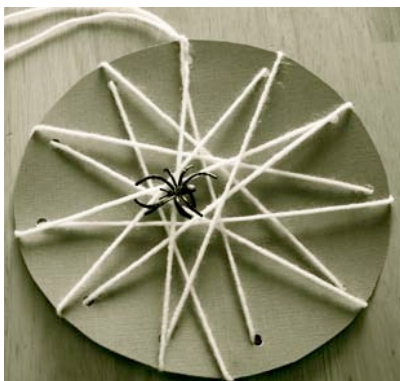
Spider Art: Spaghetti Webs

Spaghetti cobwebs are a great way to have some fun with stuff from the kitchen. Dip cooked noodles in thinned glue. Next, squeeze off the excess between two fingers. Then arrange the noodles in any way that looks “webbish” atop wax paper. After about an hour or so, the spaghetti will be dried. Peel away the wax paper. This can also be done with thick string.

When you are sure the webs are dry, glue some plastic spiders on them. Then hang them up.



Spider Art: The Perfect Web



Cut circles out of something heavy. Then punch holes around the edge. Yarn or string should be prepared with tape on the end to make it easier to thread through the holes. For lower grades, cut pieces that are about 3 times the diameter of the circle. Each child will need more than one piece.

Then weave back and forth across the holes. If you go across the back, you will make a two-sided web. Put a plastic spider and some kind of “prey” in each web and hang them in a window.



Spider Songs

I'm a Little Spider

(Tune: I'm a Little Teapot)

I'm a little spider,
Watch me spin.
I am hungry
So come on in.
I'll put you in my web and spin you tight,
And you will be my meal for lots of nights!



In My Room

(Tune: Polly-Wolly-Doodle)

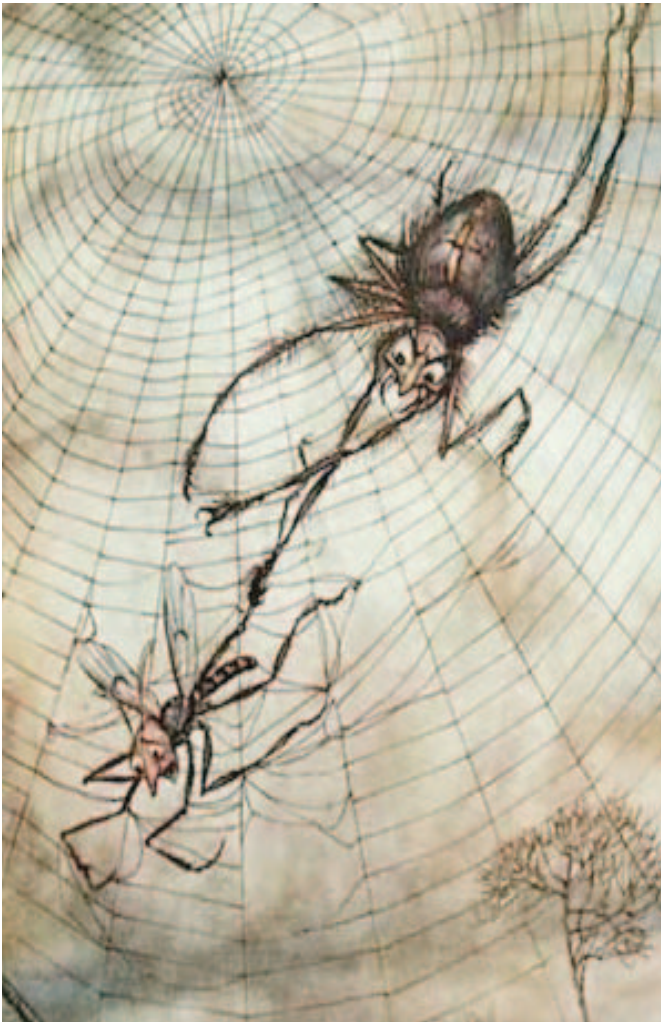
I was sitting in my room one day
When it came right through the door
A big black spider sped by me-
Went racing cross the floor.
But spiders can be such good friends,
I watched it climb the wall,
To find a spot to spin a web
To catch some flies and all.

Chorus:

*Let them live, let them live,
Let them live where they might be,
For spiders kill those pesty bugs
That torment you and me.*

Now bugs and flies do not scare me,
For I know it is true
That a spider web is good to have
Bugs stick to it like glue.
I take my spiders back outside
And put them on the plants
Where they can find
some moths and bugs
And lots of juicy ants.

Chorus:





Spider, Spider

(Tune: Daisy Daisy)

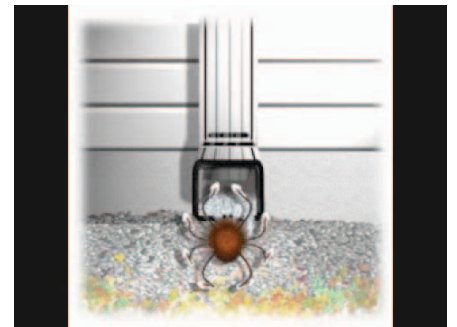
Spider, spider, you are a friend I know.
You eat flies and bugs from the plants that grow.
You really are not so hairy, I don't find you too scary.
Your web is neat,
You have eight feet.
Little spidery friend of mine



Eency, Weency Spider

The eency, weency spider,
Crawled up the water spout.
Down came the rain And washed the spider out.
Out came the sunshine
And dried up all the rain,
So the eency, weency spider
Crawled up the spout again.

The eency, weency spider
Climbed up the yellow pail.
In came a mouse
And flicked her with his tail.
Down fell the spider.
The mouse ran out the door.
Then the eency weency spider
Climbed up the pail once more.



The eency weency spider
Climbed up the rocking chair.
Up jumped a cat
And knocked her in the air.
Down plopped the cat
And when he was asleep,
The eency, weency spider
Back up the chair did creep.



SPIDER POETRY

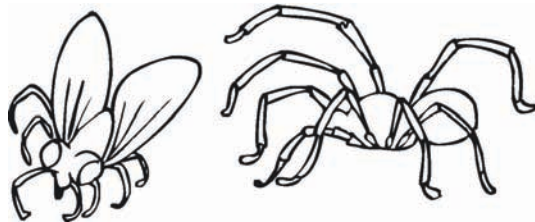
The Spider and the Fly

by Mary Howitt, 1829

Will you walk into my parlour?" said the Spider to the Fly,
'Tis the prettiest little parlour that ever you did spy;
The way into my parlour is up a winding stair,
And I've a many curious things to shew when you are there."
Oh no, no," said the little Fly, "to ask me is in vain,
For who goes up your winding stair can ne'er come down again."

"I'm sure you must be weary, dear, with soaring up so high;
Will you rest upon my little bed?" said the Spider to the Fly.
"There are pretty curtains drawn around; the sheets are fine and thin,
And if you like to rest awhile, I'll snugly tuck you in!"
Oh no, no," said the little Fly, "for I've often heard it said,
They never, never wake again, who sleep upon your bed!"

Said the cunning Spider to the Fly, " Dear friend what can I do,
To prove the warm affection I 've always felt for you?
I have within my pantry, good store of all that's nice;
I'm sure you're very welcome -- will you please to take a slice?"
"Oh no, no," said the little Fly, "kind Sir, that cannot be,
I've heard what's in your pantry, and I do not wish to see!"



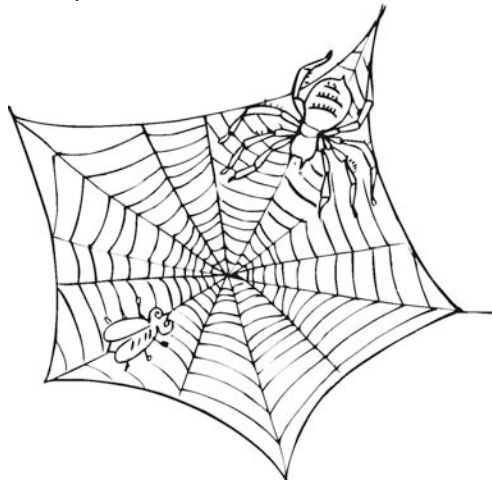
"Sweet creature!" said the Spider, "you're witty and you're wise,
How handsome are your gauzy wings, how brilliant are your eyes!
I've a little looking-glass upon my parlour shelf,
If you'll step in one moment, dear, you shall behold yourself."
"I thank you, gentle sir," she said, "for what you 're pleased to say,
And bidding you good morning now, I'll call another day."



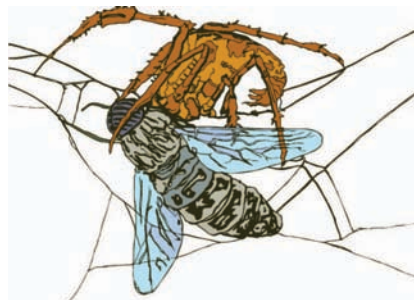
The Spider turned him round about, and went into his den,
For well he knew the silly Fly would soon come back again:
So he wove a subtle web, in a little corner sly,
And set his table ready, to dine upon the Fly.

Then he came out to his door again, and merrily did sing,
"Come hither, hither, pretty Fly, with the pearl and silver wing;
Your robes are green and purple -- there's a crest upon your head;
Your eyes are like the diamond bright, but mine are dull as lead!"

Alas, alas! how very soon this silly little Fly,
Hearing his wily, flattering words, came slowly flitting by;
With buzzing wings she hung aloft, then near and nearer drew,
Thinking only of her brilliant eyes, and green and purple hue --
Thinking only of her crested head -- poor foolish thing! At last,
Up jumped the cunning Spider, and fiercely held her fast.
He dragged her up his winding stair, into his dismal den,
Within his little parlour -- but she ne'er came out again!



And now dear little children, who may this story read,
To idle, silly flattering words, I pray you ne'er give heed:
Unto an evil counsellor, close heart and ear and eye,
And take a lesson from this tale, of the Spider and the Fly.





A Noiseless Patient Spider

By Walt Whitman, 1819-1892

A noiseless patient spider,
I mark'd where on a little promontory it stood isolated,
Mark'd how to explore the vacant vast surrounding,
It launch'd forth filament, filament, filament out of itself,
Ever unreeling them, ever tirelessly speeding them.

And you O my soul where you stand,
Surrounded, detached, in measureless oceans of space,
Ceaselessly musing, venturing, throwing, seeking the spheres to
connect them,
Till the bridge you will need be form'd, till the ductile anchor hold,
Till the gossamer thread you fling catch somewhere, O my soul.

Bruce and the Spider

by: Bernard Barton (1784-1849)



For Scotland's and for freedom's right
The Bruce his part has played;--
In five successive fields of fight
Been conquered and dismayed:
Once more against the English host
His band he led, and once more lost
The meed for which he fought;
And now from battle, faint and worn,
The homeless fugitive, forlorn,
A hut's lone shelter sought.

And cheerless was that resting-place
For him who claimed a throne;--
His canopy, devoid of grace,
The rude, rough beams alone;
The heather couch his only bed--
Yet well I ween had slumber fled
From couch of eider down!
Through darksome night till dawn of day,
Absorbed in wakeful thought he lay
Of Scotland and her crown.



The sun rose brightly, and its gleam
Fell on that hapless bed,
And tinged with light each shapeless beam
Which roofed the lowly shed;
When, looking up with wistful eye,
The Bruce beheld a spider try
His filmy thread to fling
From beam to beam of that rude cot--
And well the insect's toilsome lot
Taught Scotland's future king.

Six times the gossamery thread
The wary spider threw;--
In vain the filmy line was sped,
For powerless or untrue
Each aim appeared, and back recoiled
The patient insect, six times foiled,
And yet unconquered still;
And soon the Bruce, with eager eye,
Saw him prepare once more to try
His courage, strength, and skill.

One effort more, his seventh and last!--
The hero hailed the sign!--
And on the wished-for beam hung fast
That slender silken line!
Slight as it was, his spirit caught
The more than omen; for his thought
The lesson well could trace,
Which even "he who runs may read,"
That Perseverance gains its meed,
And Patience wins the race.



This poem tells the legendary story of how "The Bruce," Robert I, King of Scotland, after six successive defeats by the English armies, was a fugitive in a lonely hut, and there saw a spider try six times to cast his thread from one beam to another and succeed on the seventh try. Bruce took courage from the spider's perseverance, fought a seventh time, and won.



The Spider And The Fly

By Albert Stroud, 1917

"Will you walk into my parlor?" said the spider to the fly; but the cunning little insect only winked the other eye and he knowingly retorted in a buzz so low and sweet:

"Well, not upon your half-tone, I have learned to watch my feet.

I have a load of small-pox on my silken little wings, my legs are lined with typhus germs and other deadly things. I am taking some bacilli to a house across the way and you must not try to stop me, for I have no time to play."

Once more the spider pleaded in accents soft and low:

"Won't you step into my parlor and rest before you go ?

My web is lined with gossamer of texture fine and rare and you'll find some lovely microbes if you will but enter there. I have a nice collection I am saving just for you, and I want to seal our friendship with a B. Coli or two."



"With all my heart," replied the fly and straightway walked inside
and the spider got his dinner and was fully satisfied.

A Spider Sewed at Night

By Emily Dickinson, 1891 Poems version



XXVII.

THE SPIDER.

A spider sewed at night

Without a light

Upon an arc of white.

If ruff it was of dame

Or shroud of gnome,

Himself, himself inform.

Of immortality

His strategy

Was physiognomy.



The Spying Spider

by Don Tidwell -- Copyright 1992

My bathtub is my haven
When I've had a busy day.
The soothing steamy water
Seems to soak my cares away.
Imagine my chagrin one night
When hiding from it all,
To see a big black spider
Clinging to the blue tile wall.
He ignored my keen displeasure
As he yo yo'd on his line---
He was practicing rapelling
And his technique seemed just fine.
I sensed that he was spying
On my privileged retreat....



That he thought my shiny earlobe
Might be something good to eat.
He crawled around his universe
Inspecting every tile,
Then climbed upon his special perch
To watch me for awhile.
We played the game of "chicken"..
I matched him stare for stare.
He suddenly got careless
When he thought I didn't care.
I snatched that interloper...
His chance to live was gone!!
I wrapped him in a tissue
And flushed him down the john!!



Natural History

by E.B. White

The spider, dropping down from twig,
Unfolds a plan of her devising,
A thin premeditated rig
To use in rising.
And all that journey down through space,
In cool descent and loyal hearted,
She spins a ladder to the place
From where she started.
Thus I, gone forth as spiders do
In spider's web a truth discerning,
Attach one silken thread to you
For my returning.

*From: Poems of a South African
Published 1943*

Little Miss Muffet

Little Miss Muffet,
Sat on her tuffet,
Eating her curds and whey,
Along came a spider
And sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away.





SPIDER AND WASP

By A. Vine Hall

The wasp is careful to sting where it will paralyze and not kill the spider, that there may be fresh meat for the wasp-grubs when hatched.

A BIG black spider lived in a hole;
A terrible spider was he:
As big as your hand, and with hairy legs,
And a mouth as red as could be.
The beetles and flies at the sight of him fled,
And even the birds were afraid.
He had two great nippers, and eight wicked eyes;
How he ran ! and what leaps he made
I and all who lived in the garden knew
That terrible spider's lair,
And told their little ones, under their breath:
' O never, O never go there! '
Those who were naughty and disobeyed,
By their mothers would not have been known,
For the spider had sucked their juicy parts—
Sucked them as dry as a bone.
One day when he crept quite out of his hole,
To pounce on a passer-by,
Buzz, buzz, came a wasp: the spider's afraid—A spider afraid of a fly!
His poisoned nippers he opened wide,
And reared himself up to fight;
Round, round, and round, flew the wasp, then— down!
And stung him before he could bite.
He crumpled up, and was carried away,
And buried alive, to feed
The baby-wasps that were soon to be born.

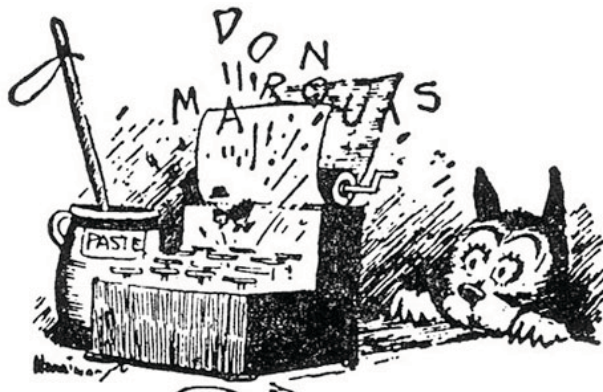
—A story for bullies to heed.



PITY THE POOR SPIDERS

By Don Marquis, in "archy and
mehitabel," 1927

According to Don Marquis, at night a cockroach named Archy and a cat named Mehitabel come to Don's typewriter each night. There Archy the cockroach jumps on the keys of the typewriter to type wonderful light poetry. He has to write in lowercase because he can't hit both the shift key and the letter key to produce a capital letter or punctuation.



i have just been reading
an advertisement of a certain
roach exterminator
the human race little knows
all the sadness it
causes in the insect world
i remember some weeks ago
meeting a middle aged spider
she was weeping
what is the trouble i asked
her it is these cursed
fly swatters she replied
they kill off all the flies
and my family and i are starving
to death it struck me as
so pathetic that i made
a little song about it
as follows to wit



twas an elderly mother spider
grown gaunt and fierce and gray
with her little ones crouched beside her
who wept as she sang this lay
curses on these here swatters
what kills off all the flies
for me and my little daughters
unless we eats we dies
swattin and swattin and swattin
tis little else you hear
and we ll soon be dead and forgotten
with the cost of living so dear
my husband he up and left me
lured off by a centipede
and he says as he bereft me
tis wrong but i ll get a feed
and me a working and working
scouring the streets for food
faithful and never shirking
doing the best i could
curses on these here swatters
what kills off all the flies
me and my poor little daughters
unless we eats we dies
only a withered spider
feeble and worn and old
and this is what
you do when you swat
you swatters cruel and cold
i will admit that some
of the insects do not lead
noble lives but is every
man s hand to be against them
yours for less justice
and more charity
archy





References

About.com Family Crafts

About.com has lots of crafts, not just spider ones

http://familycrafts.about.com/od/spidercrafts/Spider_Crafts.htm

Poets.org The American Academy of Poets

Large website of old poetry

www.poets.org/viewmedia.php/prmMID/16158

Spiderzrule

Very nice and large site with lots of fun spider stuff

<http://spiderzrule.com/spider5a.htm>

Tooters4Kids/Spiders

Website has a lot of resources in all areas.

<http://www.tooter4kids.com/Spiders/>

The Arachnology Home Page: Poems and Songs

Links for poetry and songs.

<http://www.arachnology.be/pages/poems.htm>

