WHAT IS GOOD
AND WHAT IS BAD
One fine day
a tiny laddie
came
and asked his dad:
“Could you tell me,
   Daddy,
what is good
   and what is bad?”
All his daddy said
   I heard.
Children,
gather near.
Daddy’s answer,
word for word,
I shall tell you
here.

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Illustration of a boy riding a rocking horse.
If the wind
  behaves like mad,
  bringing hail
  and sleet,
  anybody knows
    it's bad—
no walking in the street.
After rainfall
comes the sun,
driving off the cold.
That is good
for everyone,
whether young
or old.
When a tiny little lad has dirty cheeks and chin, this is clearly very bad for the youngster’s skin.
If a boy keeps clean and neat, washes twice a day, he's a darling, simply sweet, a good lad, anyway.
When a bully, Tom or Billy,
thrashes weaker mates,
his behaviour’s bad and silly—
which everybody hates.

This one shouts:
“You mustn’t touch smaller boys than you!”

I admire him very much,
and so,
I’m sure,
do you.
If you spoil
a book and toy
in
a single day,
“That’s a baddish little boy!”
everyone will say.
This one loves to work and read, likes drawing in his pad. He's a good one, yes, indeed, the proper kind of lad!
This baby’s scared
to see a crow.
Shame
upon the lad!
Cowardice,
you ought to know,
is very,
very bad.
This one shoos the bird away from a hen and chicks. Good! A brave boy, we can say, though he’s hardly six.
This one
    wallows in the dirt,
  giggling with joy,
soils his trousers
and his shirt,
bad,
untidy boy!
This one cleans his shoes himself,
though just four years old,
puts his things upon a shelf.
He’s as good as gold!
Remember, all who aren’t yet big:
if you’re now
a piggy,
you’ll become
a downright pig
when you grow up
bigger.

Sonny beamed—he’d understood
and he told his dad:
“Dad,
I’ll always
do what’s good
and never do
what’s bad!”
В. МАРКОВСКИЙ
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