

Poetry - Grade 4

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Barnacles

Sydney Lanier

My soul is sailing through the sea,
But the Past is heavy and hindereth me.
The Past hath crusted cumbrous shells
That hold the flesh of cold sea-mells
 About my soul.

The huge waves wash, the high waves roll,
Each barnacle clingeth and worketh dole
 And hindereth me from sailing!

Old Past, let go, and drop i' the sea
Till fathomless waters cover thee!
For I am living, but thou art dead;
Thou drawest back, I strive ahead
 The Day to find.

Thy shells unbind! Night comes behind;
I needs must hurry with the wind
 And trim me best for sailing. ❁

Binker*A. A. Milne*

Binker—what I call him—is a secret of my own,
 And Binker is the reason why I never feel alone.
 Playing in the nursery, sitting on the stair,
 Whatever I am busy at, Binker will be there.

Oh, Daddy is clever, he's a clever sort of man,
 And Mummy is the best since the world began
 And Nanny is Nanny, and I call her Nan

But they can't
 See
 Binker.

Binker's always talking, 'cos I'm teaching him to speak;
 He sometimes likes to do it in a funny sort of squeak,
 And he sometimes like to do it in a hoodling sort of roar ...
 And I have to do it for him 'cos his throat is rather sore.

Oh, Daddy is clever, he's a clever sort of man,
 And Mummy knows all that anybody can,
 And Nanny is Nanny, and I call her Nan

But they don't
 Know
 Binker.
 Binker's brave as lions when we're running in the park;

Binker's brave as tigers when we're lying in the dark;
 Binker's brave as elephants. He never, never cries ...
 Except (like other people) when the soap gets in his eyes.

Oh, Daddy is Daddy, he's a Daddy sort of man,
 And Mummy is as Mummy as anybody can,
 And Nanny is Nanny, and I call her Nan ...

But they're not
 Like
 Binker.

Binker isn't greedy, but he does like things to eat,
 So I have to say to people when they're giving me a sweet,
 Oh, Binker wants a chocolate, so could you give me two?
 And then I eat it for him, 'cos his teeth are rather new.
 Well, I'm very fond of Daddy, but he hasn't time to play,
 And I'm very fond of Mummy, but she sometimes goes away,
 And I'm often cross with Nanny when she wants to brush my hair ...
 But Binker's always Binker, and is certain to be there. ❀

The Brook*Alfred Tennyson*

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeams dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses.

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever. ❀

A Child's Hymn*Charles Dickens*

Hear my prayer, O heavenly Father,
Ere I lay me down to sleep;
Bid Thy angels, pure and holy,
Round my bed their vigil keep.

My sins are heavy, but Thy mercy
Far outweighs them, every one;
Down before Thy cross I cast them,
Trusting in Thy help alone.

Keep me through this night of peril
Underneath its boundless shade;
Take me to Thy rest, I pray Thee,
When my pilgrimage is made.

None shall measure out Thy patience
By the span of human thought;
None shall bound the tender mercies
Which Thy Holy Son has bought.

Pardon all my past transgressions,
Give me strength for days to come;
Guide and guard me with Thy blessing
Till Thy angels bid me home. ✨

Daffodils

William Wordsworth

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd
A host of golden daffodils
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I, at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood;
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils. ❀

Evening (In Words of One Syllable)*Thomas Miller*

The day is past, the sun is set,
And the white stars are in the sky;
While the long grass with dew is wet,
And through the air the bats now fly.
The lambs have now lain down to sleep,
The birds have long since sought their nests;
The air is still; and dark, and deep
On the hill side the old wood rests.
Yet of the dark I have no fear,
But feel as safe as when 'tis light;
For I know God is with me there,
And He will guard me through the night.
For God is by me when I pray,
And when I close mine eyes to sleep,
I know that He will with me stay,
And will all night watch by me keep.
For He who rules the stars and sea,
Who makes the grass and trees to grow.
Will look on a poor child like me,
When on my knees I to Him bow.
He holds all things in His right hand,
The rich, the poor, the great, the small;
When we sleep, or sit, or stand,
He is with us, for He loves us all. ❀

The Flag Goes By

Henry H. Bennett

Hats off! Along the street there comes
blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
flash of color beneath the sky:
Hats off! The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.
Hats off! The colors before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea fights and land fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and to save the State;
Weary marches and sinking ships
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and years of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right and law,
Stately honor and reverend awe:

Sign of a nation, great and strong
To ward her people from foreign wrong:
Pride and glory and honor-all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off! Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
And loyal hearts are beating high;
Hats off! The flag is passing by! ❁

Gentle Jesus, Meek and Mild

Charles Wesley

Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
 Look upon a little child;
 Pity my simplicity,
 Suffer me to come to Thee.

Fain I would to Thee be brought,
 Dearest God, forbid it not;
 Give me, dearest God, a place
 In the Kingdom of Thy grace.

Put Thy hands upon my head,
 Let me in Thine arms be stayed,
 Let me lean upon Thy breast,
 Lull me, lull me, Lord to rest.

Hold me fast in Thine embrace,
 Let me see Thy smiling face,
 Give me, Lord, Thy blessings give,
 Pray for me, and I shall live.

Lamb of God, I look to Thee,
 Thou shalt my example be;
 Thou art gentle, meek, and mild,
 Thou wast once a little child.

Fain I would be as Thou art,
 Give me Thy obedient heart;
 Thou art pitiful and kind,
 Let me have Thy loving mind.

Let me, above all, fulfil
 God my heavenly Father's will,
 Never His good Spirit grieve;
 Only to His glory live.

Thou didst live to God alone,
 Thou didst never seek Thine own,
 Thou Thyself didst never please:
 God was all Thy happiness.

Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
 In Thy gracious hands I am;
 Make me, Saviour, what Thou art,
 Live Thyself within my heart.

I shall then show forth Thy praise,
 Serve Thee all my happy days;
 Then the world shall always see
 Christ, the Holy Child, in me. ✨

Good Night and Good Morning

Richard Monckton Milnes, Lord Houghton

A fair little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see;
Then smoothed her work, and folded it right,
And said, "Dear work, good night! good night!"

Such a number of rooks came over her head,
Crying, "Caw! Caw!" on their way to bed;
She said, as she watched their curious flight,
"Little black things, good night! good night!"

The horses neighed, and the oxen lowed,
The sheep's "Bleat! bleat!" came over the road;
All seeming to say, with a quiet delight,
"Good little girl, good night! good night!"

She did not say to the sun, "Good night!"
Though she saw him there like a ball of light,
For she knew he had God's time to keep
All over the world, and never could sleep.

The tall pink foxglove bowed his head,
The violets curtsied and went to bed;
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said on her knees her favourite prayer.

And while on her pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more till again it was day;
And all things said to the beautiful sun,
"Good morning! good morning! our work is begun! ❀"

Hiawatha's Departure
from The Song of Hiawatha

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

By the shore of Gitchie Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
At the doorway of his wigwam,
In the pleasant Summer morning,
Hiawatha stood and waited.
All the air was full of freshness,
All the earth was bright and joyous,
And before him through the sunshine,
Westward toward the neighboring forest
Passed in golden swarms the Ahmo,
Passed the bees, the honey-makers,
Burning, singing in the sunshine.
Bright above him shown the heavens,
Level spread the lake before him;
From its bosom leaped the sturgeon,
Sparkling, flashing in the sunshine;
On its margin the great forest
Stood reflected in the water,
Every tree-top had its shadow,
Motionless beneath the water.
From the brow of Hiawatha
Gone was every trace of sorrow,
As the fog from off the water,
And the mist from off the meadow.
With a smile of joy and triumph,
With a look of exultation,
As of one who in a vision
Sees what is to be, but is not,
Stood and waited Hiawatha. ❀

If I Were a Pilgrim Child*Rowena Bennett*

If I were a Pilgrim child,
Dressed in white or gray,
I should catch my turkey wild
For Thanksgiving Day.
I should pick my cranberries
Fresh from out a bog,
And make a table of a stump
And sit upon a log.
An Indian would be my guest
And wear a crimson feather,
And we should clasp our hands and say
Thanksgiving grace together.
But I was born in modern times
And shall not have this joy.
My cranberries will be delivered
By the grocery boy.
My turkey will be served upon
A shining silver platter.
It will not taste as wild game tastes
Though it will be much fatter;
And, oh, of all the guests that come
Not one of them will wear
Moccasins upon his feet
Or feathers in his hair! ❁

In Flanders Fields

John McCrae

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie,
 In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
 In Flanders fields. ✿

Little Boy Blue*Eugene Field*

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and staunch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket molds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new
And the soldier was passing fair,
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

“Now, don’t you go till I come,” he said
“And don’t you make any noise!”
So toddling off to his trundle-bed
He dreamed of the pretty toys.
And as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true.

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face.
And they wonder, as waiting these long years through
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue
Since he kissed them and put them there. ❁

The Lizard*Lydia Pender*

There on the sun-hot stone
Why do you wait, alone
And still, so still?
Neck arched, head high, tense and alert, but still,
Still as the stone?

Still is your delicate head,
Like the head of an arrow;
Still is your delicate throat,
Rounded and narrow;
Still is your delicate back,
Patterned in silver and black,
And bright with the burnished sheen that the gum-tips share.
Even your delicate feet
Are still, still as the heat,
With a stillness alive, and awake, and intensely aware.

Why do I catch my breath,
Held by your spell?
Listening, waiting - for what?
Will you not tell?
More alive in your quiet than ever the locust can be,
Shrilling his clamorous song from shimmering tree;
More alive in your motionless grace, as the slow minutes die,
Than the scurrying ants that go hurrying busily by.
I know, if my shadow but fall by your feet on the stone,
In the wink of an eye,
Let me try –
Ah!
He's gone! ❀

Mary*Mary O'Neill*

When Jesus was a boy did he
Swing on the gates of Galilee,
Bring home foundling pups and kittens,
Scuff his sandals, lose his mittens,
Weight his pockets with a treasure
Adult eyes can never measure,
Scratch his hands and stub his toes
On rocky hills where cactus grows,
Set stones and quills and bits of thread
On the windowsill beside his bed
So that on waking he could see
All yesterday's bright prophecy?
Did he play tag with the boys next door,
Tease for sweets in the grocery store,
Whittle and smooth a spinning top
In his father's carpenter shop,
Run like wind to sail his kite,
Smile and sigh in his sleep at night,
Laugh with you in long-lost springs
About a thousand small, endearing things?
Is he the one that said that you
Should always dye your dresses blue?
With eyes bright as cinnamon silk,
Red lips ringed with a mist of milk
Did he ... lifting his earthen cup
Say: "Just wait until I grow up"? ❀

My Heart's in the Highlands

Robert Burns

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

Farewell to the Highlands, Farewell to the North,
The birthplace of valor, the country of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove.
The hills of the Highlands forever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high covered with snow;
Farewell to the straths* and green valleys below;
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer,
Chasing the wild deer and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go. ❁

*low grasslands along a river valley (a Scottish word)

My Wise Old Grandpapa

Wilbur G. Howcroft

When I was but a little chap
My Grandpapa said to me,
“You’ll need to know your manners, son,
When you go out to tea.

“Remove the shells from hard-boiled eggs,
Make sure your hat’s on straight,
Pour lots of honey on your peas
To keep them on the plate.

“Blow daintily upon your tea
To cool it to your taste,
And always pick bones thoroughly,
With due regard for waste.

“Be heedful of your partners’ needs,
Attend their every wish;
When passing jelly, cream or jam,
Make sure they’re in the dish.

“When eating figs or coconuts,
To show you are refined,
Genteely gnaw the centers out
And throw away the rind.

“If you should accidentally gulp
Some coffee while it’s hot,
Just raise the lid politely and
Replace it in the pot.” ❀

Old Ironsides

Oliver Wendell Holmes

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
 Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
 That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
 And burst the cannon's roar;—
The meteor of the ocean air
 Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
 Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood
 And waves were white below.
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
 Or know the conquered knee;
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
 The eagle of the sea!

O, better that her shattered hulk
 Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
 And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
 Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
 The lightning and the gale! ❁

Once by the Ocean*Robert Frost*

The shattered water made a misty din.
Great waves looked over others coming in,
And thought of doing something to the shore
That water never did to land before.

The clouds were low and hairy in the skies,
Like locks blown forward in the gleam of eyes.
You could not tell, and yet it looked as if
The shore was lucky in being backed by cliff,

The cliff in being backed by continent;
It looked as if a night of dark intent
Was coming, and not only a night, an age.
Someone had better be prepared for rage.

There would be more than ocean-water broken
Before God's last Put out the light was spoken. ❁

Ozymandias

Percy Bysshe Shelley

I met a traveller from an antique land
Who said: `Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed.
And on the pedestal these words appear –
"My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away.' ❁

The Prayer of Cyrus Brown

Sam Walter Foss

“The proper way for a man to pray,”
Said Deacon Lemuel Keyes,
“And the only proper attitude
Is down upon his knees.”

“Nay, I should say the way to pray,”
Said Reverend Doctor Wise
“Is standing straight with outstretched arms
And rapt and upturned eyes.”

“Oh, no, no, no,” said Elder Snow,
“Such posture is too proud.
A man should pray with eyes fast closed
And head contritely bowed.”

“It seems to me his hands should be
Austerely clasped in front.
With both thumbs pointing toward the ground,”
Said Reverend Doctor Blunt.

“Las’year I fell in Hodgkin’s well
Head first,” said Cyrus Brown,

“With both my heels a-stickin’ up,
My head a-p’inting down,”

“An’ I make a prayer right then an’ there
Best prayer I ever said,
The prayingest prayer I ever prayed,
A-standing on my head.” ❁

Rising in the Morning

Hugh Rhodes

A plant without moisture sweet
Can bring forth no good flower;
If in youth ye lack virtue,
In age ye shall want honour.

First dread you God, and fly from sin,
Earthly things are mortal;
Be thou not haughty in thy looks
For pride will have a fall.

Rise you early in the morning,
For it hath properties three:
Holiness, health, and happy wealth,
As my father taught me.

At six of the clock, without delay,
Accustom thee to rise,
And give God thanks for thy good rest
When thou openest thine eyes.

Pray Him also to prosper thee
And thine affairs in deed:
All the day after, assure thyself,
The better shalt thou speed. ❀

The Secret of Happiness

Helen Steiner Rice

Everybody, everywhere, seeks happiness

—it's true

But finding it and keeping it

seems difficult to do,

Difficult because we think

that happiness is found

Only in the places where

wealth and fame abound,

And so we go on searching

in "palaces of pleasure"

Seeking recognition

and monetary treasure,

Unaware that happiness

is just a state of mind

Within the reach of everyone

who takes time to be kind—

For in making others happy,

we will be happy, too,

For the happiness you give away

returns to shine on you. ❀

The Sheep

Ann and Jane Taylor

"Lazy sheep, pray tell me why
In the pleasant fields you lie,
Eating grass, and daisies white,
From the morning till the night?"

Everything can something do,
But what kind of use are you?"
"Nay, my little master, nay,
Do not serve me so, I pray;

Don't you see the wool that grows
On my back, to make you clothes?
Cold, and very cold, you'd be
If you had not wool from me.

True, it seems a pleasant thing,
To nip the daisies in the spring;
But many chilly nights I pass
On the cold and dewy grass,

Or pick a scanty dinner, where
All the common's brown and bare.
Then the farmer comes at last,
When the merry spring is past,

And cuts my woolly coat away,
To warm you in the winter's day:
Little master, this is why
In the pleasant fields I lie." ❀

Sneezles*A. A. Milne*

Christopher Robin
 Had wheezles
 And sneezles,
 They bundled him
 Into
 His bed.
 They gave him what goes
 With a cold in the nose,
 And some more for a cold
 In the head.
 They wondered
 If wheezles
 Could turn
 Into measles,
 If sneezles
 Would turn
 Into mumps;
 They examined his chest
 For a rash,
 And the rest
 Of his body for swelling and lumps.

They sent for some doctors
 In sneezles
 And wheezles
 To tell them what ought
 To be done.
 All sorts and conditions
 Of famous physicians
 Came hurrying round
 At a run.
 They all made a note
 Of the state of his throat,
 They asked if he suffered from thirst;
 They asked if the sneezles
 Came *after* the wheezles,
 Or if the first sneeze
 Came first.
 They said, "If you teazle
 A sneeze
 Or wheeze,
 A measle
 May easily grow.
 But humor or pleazle
 The wheeze
 Or sneeze,
 The measle
 Will certainly go.

They expounded the reazles
 For sneezles

And wheezles,
The manner of measles
When new.
They said, "If he freezles
In draughts and in breezles,
The PHTHEEZLES

May even ensue."
Christopher Robin
Got up in the morning,
The sneezles had vanished away.
And the look in his eye
Seemed to say to the sky,
"Now, how to amuse them today?" ❁

Somebody's Mother

Mary Dow Brine

The woman was old and ragged and gray
And bent with the chill of the winter's day.

The street was wet with a recent snow
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.

She stood at the crossing and waited long
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng

Of human beings who passed her by
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street, with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of "school let out,"

Came the boys like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep.

Past the woman so old and gray
Hastened the children on their way.

Nor offered a helping hand to her—
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir

Lest the carriage wheels or the horses's feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.

At last came the merry troop,
The happiest laddie of all the group;

He paused beside her and whispered low,
"I'll help you cross, if you wish to go."

Her aged hand on his strong arm
She placed, and so, without hurt or harm,

He guided the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong.

Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's aged and poor and slow,

"And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother you understand,

"If ever she's poor and old and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away."

And "somebody's mother" bowed low her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said

Was "God be kind to the noble boy,
Who is somebody's son, and pride and joy!" ❁

Song of Life*Charles Mackay*

A traveller on a dusty road
 Strewed acorns on the lea;
And one took root and sprouted up,
 And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening-time,
 To breathe its early vows;
And Age was pleased, in heights of noon,
 To bask beneath its boughs.
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
 The birds sweet music bore—
It stood a glory in its place,
 A blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way
 Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well
 Where weary men might turn.
He walled it in, and hung with care
 A ladle on the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
 But judged that Toil might drink.
He passed again; and lo! the well,
 By summer never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parchéd tongues,
 And saved a life beside.

A nameless man, amid the crowd
 That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
 Unstudied from the heart,
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
 A transitory breath,
It raised a brother from the dust,
 It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
 O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
 But mighty at the last. ❀

Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening*Robert Frost*

Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark, and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep. ❁

The Sugar-Plum Tree*Eugene Field*

Have you ever heard of the Sugar-Plum Tree?

‘Tis a marvel of great renown!

It blooms on the shore of the Lollipop sea

In the garden of Shut-Eye Town;

The fruit that it bears is so wondrously sweet

(As those who have tasted it say)

That good little children have only to eat

Of that fruit to be happy next day.

When you’ve got to the tree, you would have a hard time

To capture the fruit which I sing;

The tree is so tall that no person could climb

To the boughs where the sugar-plums swing!

But up in that tree sits a chocolate cat,

And a gingerbread dog prowls below—

And this is the way you contrive to get at

Those sugar-plums tempting you so:

You say but the word to that gingerbread dog

And he barks with such terrible zest

That the chocolate cat is at once all agog,

As her swelling proportions attest.

And the chocolate cat goes cavorting around

From this leafy limb unto that,

And the sugar-plums tumble, of course, to the ground—

Hurrah for that chocolate cat!

There are marshmallows, gumdrops, and peppermint canes,

With stripings of scarlet or gold,

And you carry away of the treasure that rains

As much as your apron can hold!

So come, little child, cuddle closer to me

In your dainty white nightcap and gown,

And I’ll rock you away to that Sugar-Plum Tree

In the garden of Shut-Eye Town. ❀

Trees

Grace Oakes Burton

To me trees are the loveliest things,
Their friendly arms always outspread;
Sometimes in them I see bright wings,
A nest, and then a young bird's head.

I love the trees when morning dew
Like prisms hang, or diamonds rare;
I love them in the noontide too;
They shield me from the sun's warm glare.

I love them in the autumn when
They deck themselves in gay attire;
They flaunt their colors proudly then,
And blaze as with a living fire.

I love them when the breezes blow
The dancing, trembling, painted leaves;
I love them when the fleecy snow
Among their branches magic weaves.

When in the mellow moonlight glow,
As sentinels I see them stand,
I hear their voices soft and low;
They tell me tales of fairyland. ❁

The Violet*Jane Taylor*

Down in a green and shady bed,
A modest violet grew;
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head
As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flower,
Its color bright and fair;
It might have graced a rosy bower,
Instead of hiding there.

Yet thus it was content to bloom,
In modest tint arrayed;
And there diffused a sweet perfume,
Within the silent shade.

Then let me to the valley go
This pretty flower to see;
That I may also learn to grow
In sweet humility. ❀

When Grandpa Was a Boy (*Recitation for a boy*)

Dorothy Walters

So many things were different
When Grandpa was a boy.
He never saw a movie
And he seldom had a toy.

He never soared aloft in planes;
No radio had he;
An auto was unusual,
A downright novelty.

He walked three miles to school each day,
And wrote upon a slate.
And lots of things I daily eat,
Young Grandpa never ate.

Yet he is always telling me
About the "good old days,"
And how he'd not exchange his youth
For all our modern ways.

He's sure he fished with greater luck
Along his special streams;
And hazelnuts were bigger
In Grandpa's day, it seems.

I wonder, when I'm Grandpa's age,
If I will then enjoy
The thought that things were better,
When I was just a boy. ❀

Who Knows a Mountain?*Ethel Romig Fuller*

Who knows a mountain?

One who has gone

To worship its beauty

In the dawn;

One who has slept

On its breast at night;

One who has measured

His strength to its height;

One who has followed

Its longest trail.

And laughed in the face

Of its fiercest gale;

One who has scaled its peaks,

And has trod

Its cloud-swept summits

Alone with God. ❁

The Wind*E. Rendall*

Why does the wind so want to be
Here in my little room with me?
He's all the world to blow about,
But just because I keep him out
He cannot be a moment still,
But frets upon my window-sill.
And sometimes brings a noisy rain
To help him batter at the pane.
He rattles, rattles at the lock
And lifts the latch and stirs the key—
Then waits a moment breathlessly,
And soon, more fiercely than before,
He shakes my little trembling door,
And though "Come in, Come in!" I say,
He neither comes nor goes away.

Barefoot across the chilly floor
I run and open wide the door;
He rushes in and back again
He goes to batter door and pane,
Pleased to have blown my candle out.
He's all the world to blow about,
Why does he want so much to be
Here in my little room with me? ❀

Winter Fun*Edna Jaques*

Over the hills we go coasting down,
Then across the lake like a mirror round;
On the smooth white slope we start, from above,
Then down we go as swift as a dove.

Out in the yard right by our gate
The big, white snowman we like to make.
We shape it with snow, white and clean;
With fir moss for a beard
It's just the thing.
A carrot for a nose and apples for eyes,
It makes him look so very wise.
Down on the pond there is everyone
Skating together; oh, what fun!
A figure eight, a tug of war,
There's a bonfire blazing on the shore.

We'll warm our hands before we run;
There's hot chocolate waiting for everyone.
We'll sing together for good cheer;
It's the merriest, happiest time of the year. ❄

Woodman, Spare That Tree!*George Pope Morris*

Woodman, spare that tree!
 Touch not a single bough!
 In youth it sheltered me,
 And I'll protect it now.
 'Twas my forefather's hand
 That placed it near his cot;
 There, woodman, let it stand,
 Thy ax shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree,
 Whose glory and renown
 Are spread o'er land and sea—
 And wouldst thou hew it down?
 Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
 Cut not its earth-bound ties;
 Oh, spare that aged oak
 Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy,
 I sought its grateful shade;
 In all their gushing joy
 Here, too, my sisters played.
 My mother kissed me here;
 My father pressed my hand—
 Forgive this foolish tear,
 But let that old oak stand.

My heart-strings round thee cling,
 Close as thy bark, old friend!
 Here shall the wild-bird sing,
 And still thy branches bend.
 Old tree! the storm still brave!
 And, woodman, leave the spot;
 While I've a hand to save,
 Thy ax shall harm it not. ❀