

Poems to Memorize for B is for Bear Class

Afternoon on a Hill

by Edna St. Vincent Millay

☐ I will be the gladdest thing

Under the sun!

I will touch a hundred flowers

And not pick one.

☐ I will look at cliffs and clouds

With quiet eyes,

Watch the wind bow down the grass,

And the grass rise.

☐ And when lights begin to show

Up from the town,

I will mark which must be mine,

And then start down!

I Remember, I Remember

by Thomas Hood

☐ I remember, I remember,

The house where I was born,

The little window where the sun

Came peeping in at morn;

☐ He never came a wink too soon,

Nor brought too long a day,

But now, I often wish the night

Had borne my breath away!

- ☐ I remember, I remember,
The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light!
- ☐ The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday,—
The tree is living yet!
- ☐ I remember, I remember,
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
- ☐ My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!
- ☐ I remember, I remember,
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky:
- ☐ It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from Heaven
Than when I was a boy.

If All Were Rain

by Christina Rossetti

- ☐ If all were rain and never sun,
No bow could span the hill;
If all were sun and never rain,
There'd be no rainbow still.

The Little Joys

by Theodosia Garrison

- ☐ My little joys went by me
As little children run
Across the fields at sunset
When playing time is done.
- ☐ And now alone at twilight
What is there may content
The heart that loved their laughter
And frolic merriment?
- ☐ Ah well, who knows but still may dawn
Another fairer day
Wherein my little joys may come
A-dancing out to play.

Dandelion

by Hilda Conkling

- ☐ Little soldier with the golden helmet,
O What are you guarding on my lawn?

You with your green gun
And your yellow beard,
Why do you stand so stiff?
There is only the grass to fight!

The Owl
by Alfred Tennyson

- ☐ When cats run home and light is come,
And dew is cold upon the ground,
And the far-off stream is dumb,
And the whirring sail goes round,
And the whirring sail goes round;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.
- ☐ When merry milkmaids click the latch,
And rarely smells the new-mown hay,
And the cock hath sung beneath the thatch
Twice or thrice his roundelay,
Twice or thrice his roundelay;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

Seasons
by Christina Rossetti

- ☐ In Springtime when the leaves are young,
Clear dewdrops gleam like jewels, hung
On boughs the fair birds roost among.

- ☐ When Summer comes with sweet unrest,
Birds weary of their mothers breast
And look abroad and leave the nest.
- ☐ In Autumn ere the waters freeze,
The swallows fly across the seas—
If we could fly away with these!
- ☐ In Winter when the birds are gone,
The sun himself looks starved and wan,
And starved the snow he shines upon.

A Day

by John Greenleaf Whittier

- ☐ Talk not of sad November, when a day
Of warm, glad sunshine fills the sky of noon,
And a wind, borrowed from some morn of June,
Stirs the brown grasses and the leafless spray.
- ☐ On the unfrosted pool the pillared pines
Lay their long shafts of shadow: the small rill,
Singing a pleasant song of summer still,
A line of silver, down the hill-slope shines.
- ☐ Hushed the bird-voices and the hum of bees,
In the thin grass the crickets pipe no more;
But still the squirrel hoards his winter store,
And drops his nut-shells from the shag-bark trees.
- ☐ Softly the dark green hemlocks whisper: high
Above, the spires of yellowing larches show,

Where the woodpecker and home-loving crow
And jay and nut-hatch winter's threat defy.

- ☐ O gracious beauty, ever new and old!
O sights and sounds of nature, doubly dear
When the low sunshine warns the closing year
Of snow-blown fields and waves of Arctic cold!
- ☐ Close to my heart I fold each lovely thing
The sweet day yields; and, not disconsolate,
With the calm patience of the woods I wait
For leaf and blossom when God gives us Spring!

Amiens' Song
by William Shakespeare

- ☐ Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
- ☐ Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.

The Violet
by 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,
No colours bright and fair;
It might have graced a rosy bower,
Instead of hiding there.
- Yet there it was content to bloom,
In modest tints arrayed;
And there diffused its 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.

Bird Raptures

by Christina Rossetti

- The sunrise wakes the lark to sing,
The moonrise wakes the nightingale.
Come darkness, moonrise, every thing
That is so silent, sweet, and pale:
Come, so ye wake the nightingale.
- Make haste to mount, thou wistful moon,
Make haste to wake the nightingale:
Let silence set the world in tune
To hearken to that wordless tale
Which warbles from the nightingale
- O herald skylark, stay thy flight
One moment, for a nightingale
Floods us with sorrow and delight.
Tomorrow thou shalt hoist the sail;
Leave us tonight the nightingale.

Mercy

by William Shakespeare

- ☐ The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from Heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
- ☐ 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
- ☐ Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above his scepter'd sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
- ☐ It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice.

Say Not the Struggle Naught Availeth
by Arthur Hugh Clough

- ☐ Say not the struggle naught availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.
- ☐ If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke conceal'd,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.
- ☐ For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.
- ☐ And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly!
But westward, look, the land is bright!

Song

by Oliver Jenkins

- ☐ Let me be great, as stars are great,
Singing of love, not of hate.
- ☐ Love for sweet and simple things,
Like clouds and sea-shell whisperings,
- ☐ Cool autumn winds, pale dew-kissed flowers,
Thin coils of smoke and granite towers,
- ☐ Snow-capped mountain peaks that flash
High above a river's crash,
- ☐ Shrill songs of birds and children's laughter,
Soft grey shadows trailing after
- ☐ Sunbeam sprites that seek the woods
And lose themselves in solitudes.
- ☐ All these I'll love, never hate,
And loving them, I will be great.

Against Idleness and Mischief
by Isaac Watts

- ☐ How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flow'r!
- ☐ How skillfully she builds her cell!
How neat she spreads the wax!
And labors hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.
- ☐ In works of labor or of skill,
I would be busy too;
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.
- ☐ In books, or work, or healthful play,
Let my first years be past,
That I may give for ev'ry day
Some good account at last.