

Additional Poems to Memorize

Miriam's Song

By Thomas Moore

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumphed,—His people are free!
Sing,—for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave,—
How vain was their boasting! the Lord hath but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumphed,—His people are free!

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord!
His word was our arrow, His breath was our sword.
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
For the Lord has looked out from His pillar of glory,
And all her brave thousands are dashed in the tide.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumphed,—His people are free!

Today

By Thomas Carlyle

So here hath been dawning
Another blue day;
Think wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

Out of eternity
This new day is born,
Into eternity,
At night, will return.

Behold it aforetime
No eye ever did;
So soon it forever
From all eyes is hid!

Here hath been dawning
Another blue day;
Think, wilt thou let it
Slip useless away?

Out in the Fields

By Elizabeth Barrett Browning

The little cares that fretted me,
I lost them yesterday
Among the fields above the seas,
Among the winds at play;
Among the lowing of the herds,
The rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds,
The humming of the bees.

The foolish fears of what might happen,—
I cast them all away
Among the clover-scented grass,
Among the new-mown hay;
Among the husking of the corn,
Where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are born,
Out in the fields with God.

The Arrow and the Song

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;

And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

A Boy and His Stomach

By Ethyl Lynn Beers

What's the matter, stummick? Ain't I always been your friend?
Ain't I always been a pardner to you? All my pennies don't I spend
In getting nice things for you? Don't I give you lots of cake?
Say, stummick, what's the matter, You had to go an' ache?

Why, I loaded you with good things yesterday;
I gave you more corn an' chicken than you'd ever had before;
I gave you fruit an' candy, apple pie an' chocolate cake,
An' last night when I got to bed you had to go an' ache.

Say, what's the matter with you? Ain't you satisfied at all?
I gave you all you wanted; you was hard jes' like a ball,
An' you couldn't hold another bit of puddin'; yet last night
You ached most awful, stummick! That ain't treatin' me jest right.

I've been a friend to you, I have! Why ain't you a friend o' mine?
They gave me castor oil becoz you made me whine.
I'm feelin' fine this mornin'; yes it's true;
But I tell you, stummick, you better appreciate things I do for you.

The Brook

By 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.

The Bells

By Edgar Allan Poe

Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.