

Poems to Memorize

The Fountain

by James Russell Lowell

- ☐ Into the sunshine,
Full of the light,
Leaping and flashing
From morn till night;

Into the moonlight,
Whiter than snow,
Waving so flower-like
When the winds blow;
- ☐ Into the starlight
Rushing in spray,
Happy at midnight,
Happy by day;

Ever in motion,
Blithesome and cheery,
Still climbing heavenward,
Never weary;
- ☐ Glad of all weathers,
Still seeming best,
Upward or downward,
Motion thy rest;

Full of a nature
Nothing can tame,
Changed every moment,
Ever the same;

- ☐ Ceaseless aspiring,
Ceaseless content,
Darkness or sunshine
Thy element;

Glorious fountain,
Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant,
Upward, like thee!

Mr. Finney's Turnip
by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

- ☐ Mr. Finney had a turnip
And it grew behind the barn;
It grew there, and it grew there,
And the turnip did no harm,

It grew and it grew,
Till it could get no taller;
Mr. Finney pulled it up
And put it in his cellar.
- ☐ It lay there and it lay there,
Till it began to rot;
His daughter Sallie took it up,
And put it in the pot.

☐ She boiled it, and she boiled it,
As long as she was able;
His daughter Peggy fished it out.
And put it on the table.

Mr. Finney and his wife,
They sat down to sup,
And they ate, and they ate,
Until they ate the turnip up.

Sunset

by Emily Dickinson

☐ Where ships of purple gently toss
On seas of daffodil,
Fantastic sailors mingle,
And then—the wharf is still.

Who Loves the Trees Best?

by Alice May Douglas

☐ Who loves the trees best?
“I,” said the Spring;
“Their leaves so beautiful
To them I bring.”

☐ Who loves the trees best?
“I,” Summer said;
“I give them blossoms,
White, yellow, red.”

☐ Who loves the trees best?

“I,” said the Fall;
“I give luscious fruits,
Bright tints to all.”

☐ Who loves the trees best?

“I love them best,”
Harsh Winter answered;
“I give them rest.”

Fire and Ice

by Robert Frost

☐ Some say the world will end in fire,

Some say in ice.
From what I’ve tasted of desire
I hold with those who favor fire.

☐ But if it had to perish twice,

I think I know enough of hate
To know that for destruction ice
Is also great,
And would suffice.

The Stranger on the Sill

by Thomas Buchanan Read

☐ Between broad fields of wheat and corn

Is the lowly home where I was born;
The peach tree leans against the wall,
And the woodbine wanders over all;

There is the shaded doorway still,
But a stranger's foot has crossed the sill.

- ☐ There is the barn—and, as of yore,
I can smell the hay from the open door,
And see the busy swallows throng,
And hear the pewee's mournful song;
But the stranger comes—oh! painful proof—
His sheaves are piled to the heated roof.
- ☐ There is the orchard—the very trees
Where my childhood knew long hours of ease,
And watched the shadowy moments run
Till my life imbibed more shade than sun;
The swing from the bough still sweeps the air,
But the stranger's children are swinging there.
- ☐ Oh, ye who daily cross the sill,
Step lightly, for I love it still;
And when you crowd the old barn eaves,
Then think what countless harvest sheaves
Have passed within that scented door
To gladden eyes that are no more.
- ☐ Deal kindly with these orchard trees;
And when your children crowd their knees
Their sweetest fruit they shall impart,
As if old memories stirred their heart;
To youthful sport still leave the swing,
And in sweet reverence hold the spring.

□ The barn, the trees, the brook, the birds,
The meadows with their lowing herds,
The woodbine on the cottage wall—
My heart still lingers with them all.
Ye strangers on my native sill,
Step lightly, for I love it still.

The First Spring Day
by Christina Rossetti

□ I wonder if the sap is stirring yet,
If wintry birds are dreaming of a mate,
If frozen snowdrops feel as yet the sun
And crocus fires are kindling one by one:
Sing, robin, sing!
I still am sore in doubt concerning Spring.

□ I wonder if the spring-tide of this year
Will bring another Spring both lost and dear;
If heart and spirit will find out their Spring,
Or if the world alone will bud and sing:
Sing, hope, to me!
Sweet notes, my hope, soft notes for memory.

□ The sap will surely quicken soon or late,
The tardiest bird will twitter to a mate;
So Spring must dawn again with warmth and bloom,
Or in this world, or in the world to come:
Sing, voice of Spring!
Till I too blossom and rejoice and sing.

Lines Written in Early Spring

by William Wordsworth

- ☐ I heard a thousand blended notes,
While in a grove I sat reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.
- ☐ To her fair works did nature link
The human soul that through me ran;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man.
- ☐ Through primrose-tufts, in that sweet bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreathes;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.
- ☐ The birds around me hopped and played:
Their thoughts I cannot measure,
But the least motion which they made,
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.
- ☐ The budding twigs spread out their fan,
To catch the breezy air;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.
- ☐ If I these thoughts may not prevent,
If such be of my creed the plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What man has made of man?

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.

We Learn in the Retreating

By Emily Dickinson

- We learn in the retreating
 How vast an one
 Was recently among us.
 A perished sun
- Endears in the departure
 How doubly more
 Than all the golden presence
 It was before!

Nothing Gold Can Stay

By Robert Frost

- Nature's first green is gold,
 Her hardest hue to hold.
 Her early leaf's a flower;
 But only so an hour.
- Then leaf subsides to leaf.
 So Eden sank to grief,
 So dawn goes down to day.
 Nothing gold can stay.