

## **A Year's Worth of Poems to Memorize with Children**

*(About ages 4-10 or so. If your children are younger or having trouble, you could start with just the first stanzas. With younger kids, we add motions.)*

Also, I know it's probably November when you're reading this, but feel free to use the August, September, and October poems for the summer or for next year.

### **DISCLAIMER**

*The poems may be used for educational purposes (not for profit) under the fair use provision of copyright law.*

Compiled by Charity Hawkins, author of *The Homeschool Experiment: a novel*.

Need a laugh? Read the first three chapters of the book at <http://www.TheHomeschoolExperiment.com/order>.

AUGUST

## FRIENDS

*by Dorothy Aldis*

Children who are friends do not  
Always see each other;  
If it rains or they are bad  
They stay home with their mother.

But twice a day and every day,  
No matter what the weather.  
Little toothbrushes and teeth  
HAVE to play together.

SEPTEMBER

## BAREFOOT DAYS

*by Rachel Field*

In the morning, very early,  
That's the time I love to go  
Barefoot where the fern grows curly  
And the grass is cool between each toe,  
On a summer morning – O!  
On a summer morning!

That is when the birds go by  
Up the sunny slopes of air,  
And each rose has a butterfly  
Or a golden bee to wear;  
And I am glad in every toe –  
Such a summer morning – O!  
Such a summer morning

OCTOBER

## **Wynken, Blynken, and Nod (Dutch Lullaby)**

[1<sup>st</sup> and 4<sup>th</sup> stanzas only]

by Eugene Field

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night

Sailed off in a wooden shoe---

Sailed on a river of crystal light,

Into a sea of dew.

"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"

The old moon asked the three.

"We have come to fish for the herring fish

That live in this beautiful sea;

Nets of silver and gold have we!"

Said Wynken, Blynken, And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,

And Nod is a little head,

And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies

Is a wee one's trundle-bed.

So shut your eyes while mother sings

Of wonderful sights that be,

And you shall see the beautiful things

As you rock in the misty sea,

Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three: Wynken,

Blynken, And Nod.

NOVEMBER

## THE PILGRIMS CAME

by Annette Wynne

The Pilgrims came across the sea,  
And never thought of you and me;  
And yet it's very strange the way  
We think of them Thanksgiving day.

We tell their story, old and true  
Of how they sailed across the blue,  
And found a new land to be free  
And built their homes quite near the sea.

Every child knows well the tale  
Of how they bravely turned the sail  
And journeyed many a day and night,  
To worship God as they thought right.

DECEMBER

GOD GAVE ME EYES

*Olive Burt*

God gave me eyes that I might see  
The wonder of a blossoming tree;  
My dolly's face, my story book,  
And how the various creatures look.

God gave me ears that I might hear  
The laugh of brooklets ringing clear,  
My kitten's purr, A violin,  
And Mother when she calls me in.

God gave a tongue that I might know  
The flavor of all fruits that grow,  
The taste of honey from the bee,  
And good things Mother cooks for me.

I thank you, God, for making me  
So that I hear and feel and see;  
And since these good things come from You,  
I'll use them as you want me to.

JANUARY

## **Stopping By Woods on a Snowy Evening**

(1<sup>st</sup> and 4<sup>th</sup> Stanzas only)

by 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.

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.

FEBRUARY

## MANNERS

*By Florence A. Richardson*

Water and soap will make you sweet;  
Brush and comb will keep you neat;  
But "Thank you," "Please," and "Pardon me,"  
Will make a sweeter child of thee.

With clothes that have no spot or rent,  
With shoes that shine, be not content,  
But polish up your manners, too;  
Make courtesy a part of you.



MARCH

## KIND HEARTS

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Kind hearts are the gardens  
Kind thoughts are the roots  
Kind words are the flowers  
Kind deeds are the fruits.

Take care of your garden  
And keep out the weeds  
Fill it with sunshine  
Kind words and kind deeds.

APRIL

RAIN

Robert Louis Stevenson

The rain is raining all around,  
It falls on field and tree,  
It rains on the umbrellas here,  
And on the ships at sea.

MAY

## LITTLE THINGS

by Ebenezer Cobham Brewer

Little drops of water,  
Little grains of sand,  
Make the mighty ocean  
And the pleasant land.

Thus the little minutes,  
Humble though they be,  
Make the mighty ages  
Of eternity.