GRADED POETRY READERS; FIFTH YEAR

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Graded Poetry Readers; Fifth Year by Katherine D. Blake & Georgia Alexander

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FIFTH YEAR

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INTRODUCTION

POETRY is the chosen language of childhood and youth. The baby repeats words again and again for the mere joy of their sound: the melody of nursery rhymes gives a delight which is quite independent of the meaning of the words. Not until youth approaches maturity is there an equal pleasure in the rounded periods of elegant prose. It is in childhood therefore that the young mind should be stored with poems whose rhythm will be a present delight and whose beautiful thoughts will not lose their charm in later years.

The selections for the lowest grades are addressed primarily to the feeling for verbal beauty, the recognition of which in the mind of the child is fundamental to the plan of this work. The editors have felt that the inclusion of critical notes in these little books intended for elementary school children would be not only superfluous, but, in the degree in which critical comment drew the child's attention from the text, subversive of the desired result. Nor are there any notes on methods. The best way to teach children to love a poem is to read it inspirit gry to them. The French say: "The ear is the pathway to the heart." A poem should be so read that it will sing itself in the hearts of the listening children.

In the brief biographies appended to the later books the human element has been brought out. An effort has been made to call attention to the education of the poet and his equipment for his life work rather

than to the literary qualities of his style.

CONTENTS

FIRST HALF YEAR

				PAGE
A Violet Bank .	62	œ	William Shakespeare	7
The Dove	•		John Keats	7
Sing on, Blithe Bird !			William Motherwell	8
The Gladness of Nature		103	William Cullen Bryant .	9
An April Day	•		Henry Wadsworth Longfellow	10
The Hemlock Tree [Tran	nslate	sd i		
from the German]	30		Henry Wadsworth Longfellow	12
Green Things Growing	400		Dinah Maria Mulock Craik	13
The Wind			Letitia Elisabeth Landon .	14
Woodman, Spare that T	ree!		George P. Morris	14
Under the Greenwood T	ree		William Shake	16
The Arrow and the Sons	K		Henry Wadeworth Longfellow	17
A Sea Dirge	-		William Shakespeare	17
The Coral Grove .			James Gates Percival	18
The Leak in the Dike	¥00	×	Phabe Cary	20
The Huskers	•		John Greenleaf Whittier .	27
Down to Sleep .			Helen Hunt Jackson	81
The Landing of the	Pilgel	m		
Fathers in New Eng	rland		Felicia Dorothea Hemans .	33
Old Grimes	200000		Albert Gorton Greene	35
The Day is Done .			Henry Wadsworth Longfellow	37
Those Evening Bells	*:		Thomas Moore	39
Home, Sweet Home	\$	*	John Howard Payne	40

SECOND HALF YEAR

			15.10	COL		HALF INAL	
							GK
To-day			99	•	¥).	Thomas Carlyle	41
Morning		945	0.5		*10	John Keats	42
Spring.	[Fr	om	" In	Me	mo-	WAS MOON.	
riam	"]					Alfred Tennyson	48
March	•	367	96		63	William Wordsworth	44
The Plan	ting	of th	e App	le T	ree	William Cullen Bryant .	45
Song of t	he F	liver			1	Charles Kingsley	49
The Sea			14		419	Barry Cornwall (Bryan W.	
							50
Ye Marin	ers e	of Ec	gland	1.	200	Thomas Campbell	52
Boot and	Sad	dle				Robert Browning	54
The Batt	le of	Blen	heim	-	683	Robert Southey	55
Highland	Cat	tle				Dinah Maria Mulock Craik	58
The Sand	ls of	Dee				Charles Kingsley	60
The Hou	seke	eper				Charles Lamb	61
The Shel	1		34 S		200	Alfred Tennyson	62
To the F	ringe	ed Ge	ntian			William Cullen Bryant .	63
The Corn				27.		John Greenleaf Whittier .	64
The Skel			rmor			아니 아이가 있다는 아니는 아이가 얼마나 되었다면서 바다가 되었다면서 이 사람들이 되었다.	67
Paul Rev	ere's	Rid	e .	-	•	Henry Wadsworth Longfellow	75
Verses			10.00			그리아 물이 살아보다 나는 아내는 아내가 없는 사람이 아니라 하는 것이 아니라 아니라 아니라 아니는 것이다.	79
A Psalm	of L	ife				TO SEE THE PROPERTY OF THE PRO	82
Ruth	23		1.0	949	400	- 1998年 - 東京の1997年の1997年 - 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2	83
O Little	Tow	n of l	Bethle	shen	11.	Phillips Brooks	84
Farmer J						이 하는 이렇게 맛있게 맛있게 하면서 되었다는 그는 그는 그는 그는 그를 살아보다.	86
Excelsion			78	1		Henry Wadsworth Longfellow	89
Song of 1	Life			cu.	0.00	나는 사람들이 아니는 사람들이 살아 보는 것이 없는 것이 없는 것이 없어 없었다.	91

FIFTH YEAR - FIRST HALF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

ENGLAND, 1564-1616

A Violet Bank

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows, Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows: Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine, With sweet musk roses and with eglantine.

JOHN KEATS

ENGLAND, 1795-1821

The Dove

I had a dove, and the sweet dove died;
And I have thought it died of grieving;
O, what could it grieve for? Its feet were tied
With a single thread of my own hand's weaving.

Sweet little red feet, why should you die? Why should you leave me, sweet bird, why?

10

You lived alone in the forest tree, Why, pretty thing, would you not live with me? I kissed you oft, and gave you white peas; Why not live sweetly, as in the green trees?

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL

SCOTLAND, 1797-1885

Sing on, Blithe Bird!

- 5 I've plucked the berry from the bush, the brown nut from the tree,
 - But heart of happy little bird ne'er broken was by me.
 - I saw them in their curious nests, close couching, slyly peer
 - With their wild eyes, like glittering beads, to note if harm were near;
 - I passed them by, and blessed them all; I felt that it was good
- 10 To leave unmoved the creatures small whose home was in the wood.
 - And here, even now, above my head, a lusty rogue doth sing,
 - He pecks his swelling breast and neck, and trims his little wing.

- He will not fly; he knows full well, while chirping on that spray,
- I would not harm him for a world, or interrupt his lay.
- Sing on, sing on, blithe bird! and fill my heart with summer gladness.
- It has been aching many a day with measures full of sadness!

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

AMERICA, 1794-1878

The Gladness of Nature

- Is this the time to be cloudy and sad,

 When our mother Nature laughs around,

 When even the deep blue heavens look glad,

 And gladness breathes from the blossoming
 ground?
- There are notes of joy from the hangbird and wren,
 - And the gossip of swallows through all the 10 sky,
- The ground-squirrel gayly chirps by his den, And the wilding-bee hums merrily by.