

# Four by the Clock Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Four by the clock! And yet not day;  
 But the great world rolls and wheels away,  
 With its cities on land, and its ships at sea,  
 Into the dawn that is to be!

bark – boat  
 wheels - turning or rotating

Only the lamp in the anchored bark  
 Sends its glimmer across the dark,  
 And the heavy breathing of the sea  
 Is the only sound that comes to me.

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

# The Ship That Sails

Anonymous

I'd rather be the ship that sails  
And rides the billows wild and free;  
Then to be the ship that always fails  
To leave its port and go to sea.

billows - large sea wave  
gales - strong wind  
strife - conflict  
tempests - violent winds

I'd rather feel the sting of strife,  
Where gales are born and tempests roar;  
Then to settle down to useless life  
And rot in dry dock on the shore.

I'd rather fight some mighty wave  
With honor in supreme command;  
And fill at last a well-earned grave,  
Then die in ease upon the sand.

I'd rather drive where sea storms blow,  
And be the ship that always failed.  
To make the ports where it would go,  
Than be the ship that never sailed.

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

**Sea Fever** John Masefield

I must go down to the seas again,  
to the lonely sea and the sky,  
And all I ask is a tall ship  
and a star to steer her by,  
And the wheel's kick and wind's song  
and the white sail's shaking,  
And a gray mist on the sea's face  
and a gray dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again,  
for the call of the running tide  
Is a wild call and a clear call  
that may not be denied:  
And all I ask is a windy day  
with the white clouds flying,  
And the flung spray and the blown spume,  
and the sea-gulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again  
to the vagrant gypsy life,  
To the gull's way and the shale's way  
where the wind's like a whetted knife;  
And all I ask is a merry yarn  
from a laughing fellow-rover,  
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream  
when the long trick's over.

spume – foam  
tricks – job or duty  
vagrant - wandering  
yarn - a made-up tale

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

# The Arrow Richard Henry Stoddard

The life of men  
    Is an arrow's flight,  
Out of darkness  
    Into light,  
And out of light  
    Into darkness again;  
Perhaps to pleasure,  
    Perhaps to pain.  
There must be Something,  
    Above, or below;  
Something unseen  
    A mighty Bow,  
A Hand that tires not,  
    A sleepless Eye  
That sees the arrow  
    Fly, and fly;  
One who knows  
    Why we live - and die.

Bow - weapon to shoot arrows
------------------------------

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

# Each in His Own Tongue

William Herbert Carruth

A haze on the far horizon,

The infinite, tender sky,

The rich, ripe tint of the cornfields,

And the wild geese sailing high -

And all over upland and lowland

The charm of the goldenrod -

Some of us call it autumn,

And others call it God.

haze – mist or fog  
infinite – unending  
tint – color  
goldenrod – yellow wildflower

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

## For A Child Fannie Stearns Davis

Your friends shall be the Tall Wind,  
The River and the Tree;  
The Sun that laughs and marches,  
The Swallows and the Sea.

murmur – low hum  
simple - humble

Your prayers shall be the murmur  
Of grasses in the rain;  
The song of wildwood thrushes  
That makes God glad again.

And you shall run and wander,  
And you shall dream and sing  
Of brave things and bright things  
Beyond the swallow's wings.

And you shall envy no man,  
Nor hurt your heart with sighs,  
For I will keep you simple  
That God may make you wise.

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

**Thanksgiving** Edward Everett Hale

Praise God for wheat, so white and sweet,  
of which we make our bread!

Praise God for yellow corn,  
with which His waiting world is fed!

Praise God for fish and flesh and fowl,  
He gave to man for food!

Praise God for every creature which He made,  
and called it good!

Praise God for winter's store of ice!  
Praise God for summer's heat!

Praise God for fruit tree bearing seed;  
to you it is for meat!

Praise God for all the bounty  
by which the world is fed!

Praise God, His children all,  
to whom He gives their daily bread!

bounty – generous amount meat – part you can eat
---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

**Prayer** Gail Brook Burket

I do not ask to walk smooth paths

Nor bear an easy load.

I pray for strength and fortitude

To climb the rock strewn road.

Give me such courage I can scale

The hardest peaks alone

And transform every stumbling block

Into a stepping stone.

fortitude – strength to endure hardship  
scale – to climb  
transform – to change

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---



**Consider** Christina Rossetti

Consider  
The lilies of the field whose bloom is brief:  
We are as they;  
Like them we fade away, as doth a leaf.

doth – does  
coil – worry or attention  
fair - beautiful

Consider  
The sparrows of the air of small account:  
Our God doth view  
Whether they fall or mount, He guards us too.

Consider  
The lilies that do neither spin nor toil,  
Yet are most fair:  
What profits all this care and all this coil?

Consider  
The birds that have no barn nor harvest-weeks;  
God gives them food:  
Much more our Father seeks to do us good.

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

# Philosophy Phillips

Laugh a little - love a little  
As you go your way!  
Work a little - play a little,  
Do this every day!

philosophy – personal attitudes

Give a little - take a little,  
Never mind a frown -  
Make your smile a welcomed thing  
All around the town!

Laugh a little - love a little  
Skies are always blue!  
Every cloud has silver linings -  
But it's up to you!

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---



**Marching Song** Robert Louis Stevenson

Bring the comb and play upon it!  
Marching, here we come!  
Willie cocks his highland bonnet,  
Johnnie beats the drum.

highland bonnet – a gun  
martial – military  
Grenadier – a soldier  
pillage – plunder or take by ransacking

Mary Jane commands the party,  
Peter leads the rear:  
Feet in time, alert and hearty,  
Each a Grenadier!

All in the most martial manner  
Marching double-quick;  
While the napkin, like a banner,  
Waves upon the stick!

Here’s enough of fame and pillage,  
Great commander Jane!  
Now that we’ve been round the village,  
Let’s go home again.

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

## Four Things Henry Van Dyke

Four things a man must learn to do,

If he would make his record true:

To think without confusion clearly;

To love his fellow-men sincerely;

To act from honest motives purely;

To trust in God and heaven securely.

record – facts or experiences  
securely – make certain or sure  
motives – purpose or reason

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

**A Nations Strength** Ralph Waldo Emerson

Not gold, but only man can make

    A people great and strong;

Men who, for truth and honor’s sake,

    Stand fast and suffer long.

Brave men who work while others sleep,

    Who dare while others fly -

They build a nation’s pillars deep

    And lift them to the sky.

stand fast – firm  
pillars – support or mainstay of beliefs  
others fly - flee

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

## See It Through Edgar A. Guest

When you're up against a trouble, Meet it squarely, face to face;  
Lift your chin and set your shoulders, Plant your feet and take a brace.  
When it's vain to try to dodge it, Do the best that you can do;  
You may fail, but you may conquer,  
    See it through!

Black may be the clouds about you And your future may seem grim,  
But don't let your nerve desert you; Keep yourself in fighting trim.  
If the worst is bound to happen, Spite of all that you can do,  
Running from it will not save you,  
    See it through!

Even hope may seem but futile, When with troubles you're beset,  
But remember you are facing Just what other men have met.  
You may fail, but fall still fighting; Don't give up, whate'er you do;  
Eyes front, head high to the finish.  
    See it through!

brace – make steady or firm  
futile – will not help  
fighting trim – ready to fight  
beset – attacked from all sides

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

**Washington** Nancy Byrd Turner

He played by the river when he was young,  
He raced with rabbits along the hills,  
He fished for minnows, and climbed and swung,  
And hooted back at the whippoorwills.  
Strong and slender and tall he grew  
And then, one morning, the bugles blew.  
Over the hills, the summons came,  
Over the river’s shining rim.  
He said that the bugles called his name,  
He knew that his country needed him,  
And he answered, “Coming!” and marched away  
For many a night and many a day.

whippoorwill - American nocturnal bird  
summons - call or send for  
bugles - an instrument like a trumpet

Perhaps when the marches were hot and long  
He’d think of the river flowing by,  
Or, camping under the winter sky,  
Would hear the whippoorwill’s far-off song.  
Boy and soldier, in peace or strife,  
He loved America all his life!

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---



**Under the Trees** Richard Henry Stoddard

Summer or winter, day or night,

The woods are ever a new delight;

They give us peace, and they make us strong,

Such wonderful balms to them belong;

So, living or dying, I'll take my ease

Under the trees, under the trees.

balms – fragrances  
take my ease - rest

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

**The Harbor**     Olive Beaupre' Miller

Look, see the boat!

Where? On the Sea!

Swish through the waves it goes

Swish through the sea!

Look, see the smoke;

See its funnels red!

Hark, hear the whistle!

Woo-oo-oo! The whistle said.

funnels - smokestacks

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

**Open Range** Kathryn & Byron Jackson

Prairie goes to the mountain,  
Mountain goes to the sky.  
The sky sweeps across to the distant hills  
And here, in the middle,  
Am I.

prairie – flat grassland  
range – land for grazing

Hills crowd down to the river,  
River runs by the tree.  
Tree throws its shadow on sunburnt grass  
And here, in the shadow,  
Is me.

Shadows creep up the mountain,  
Mountain goes back on the sky,  
The sky bursts out with a million stars  
And here by the campfire,  
Am I.

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

**Barclay of Ury** John Greenleaf Whittier

Through the dark and stormy night

Faith beholds a feeble light

Up the blackness streaking;

Knowing God's own time is best,

In a patient hope I rest

For the full day-breaking!

beholds – see  
feeble – weak or dim

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

# The Land of Counterpane Robert Louis Stevenson

When I was sick and lay abed,  
I had two pillows at my head,  
And all my toys beside me lay  
To keep me happy all the day.

leaden - made of lead  
dale - place between two hills  
bedclothes - sheets or covers on a bed  
counterpane - a bedspread

And sometimes for an hour or so  
I watched my leaden soldiers go,  
With different uniforms and drills,  
Among the bedclothes, through the hills;

And sometimes sent my ships in fleets  
All up and down among the sheets;  
Or brought my trees and houses out,  
And planted cities all about.

I was the giant great and still  
That sits upon the pillow-hill,  
And sees before him dale and plain,  
The pleasant Land of Counterpane.

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

## Untitled Charlotte Cushman

To me it seems that when God  
conceived the world,  
that was poetry;  
He formed it,  
and that was sculpture;  
He varied and colored it,  
and that was painting;  
and then, crowning all,  
He peopled it with living beings,  
and that was the grand, divine,  
eternal drama.

varied - make an assortment  
crowning all - put the finishing touch on it  
divine - sacred, proceeding from God

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

## **My Books and I** Edgar A. Guest

My books and I are good old pals: My laughing books are gay,  
Just suited for my merry moods When I am wont to play.  
Bill Nye comes down to joke with me And, Oh, the joy he spreads.  
Just like two fools we sit and laugh And shake our merry heads.

When I am in a thoughtful mood, With Stevenson I sit,  
Who seems to know I've had enough Of Bill Nye and his wit.  
And so, more thoughtful than I am, He talks of lofty things,  
And thus an evening hour we spend Sedate and grave as kings.

And should my soul be torn with grief Upon my shelf I find  
A little volume, torn and thumbed, For comfort just designed.  
I take my little Bible down And read its pages o'er,  
And when I part from it I find I'm stronger than before.

wont - custom or habit  
sedate - serious and quiet  
wit - amusing sayings or writings  
grave - somber and solemn

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

## Tomorrow's Opportunity Farr

If we might have a second chance  
 To live the days once more,  
 And rectify mistakes we've made  
 To even up the score.

If we might have a second chance  
 To use the knowledge gained,  
 Perhaps we might become at last  
 As fine as God ordained.

But though we can't retrace our steps  
 However, stands the score,  
 Tomorrow brings another chance  
 For us to try once more.

rectify - make right or fix  
 retrace - go back over  
 ordained - appointed or planned

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---



# The Railroad Cars Are Coming Anonymous

The great Pacific railway,  
For California hail!  
Bring on the great big engine,  
Lay down the iron rail!  
Across the rolling prairies  
By stream we \_re bound to go;  
The railroad cars are coming, humming,  
Through New Mexico!

hail - headed to  
on a rail - transportation by railway  
bound - traveling to

The little dogs in dog-town  
Will wag each little tail;  
They'll think that something \_s coming  
A-riding on a rail.  
The rattlesnake will show its fangs  
The owl too-whit, too-whoohoo,  
The railroad cars are coming, humming,  
Through New Mexico!

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

**God Bless Our Native Land** Siegfried A. Mahlman

God bless our native land!  
Firm may she ever stand,  
    Through storm and night:  
When the wild tempests rave,  
Ruler of the wind and wave,  
Do Thou our country save  
    By Thy great might!

tempests – violent windstorm  
rave – roar  
nigh - near

For her our prayers shall rise  
To God, above the skies;  
    On Him we wait:  
Thou who art ever nigh,  
Guarding with watchful eye,  
To Thee aloud we cry,  
    “God save the State!”

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

**The Things I Prize** Henry Van Dyke

These are the things I prize  
And hold of dearest worth:  
Light of the sapphire skies  
Peace of the silent hills,  
Shelter of the forests,  
Comfort of the grass,  
Music of the birds,  
Murmur of little rills,  
Shadows of clouds that swiftly pass,  
And, after showers,  
The smell of flowers  
And of the good brown earth -  
And best of all,  
Along the way,  
Friendship and mirth.

sapphire – deep blue  
mirth – laughter  
rills – a small brook

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

# Little Roads to Happiness Wilhelmina Stitch

The little roads to happiness, they are not hard to find;  
They do not lead to great success - but to a quiet mind.  
They do not lead to mighty power, nor to substantial wealth.  
They bring one to a book, a flower, a song of cheer and health.

The little roads to happiness are free to everyone;  
They lead one to the wind's caress, to kiss of friendly sun.  
These little roads are shining white, for all the world to see;  
Their sign-boards, pointing left and right, are love and sympathy.

The little roads of happiness have this most charming way;  
No matter how they may digress throughout the busy day;  
No matter where they twist and wind through fields of rich delight,  
They're always of the self same mind to lead us home at night.

substantial - large  
charming - attractive  
digress - turn away from or wander  
self same - same from day to day

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

**What Makes a Home** Anonymous

A man can build a mansion  
Anywhere this world about,  
A man can build a palace  
Richly furnish it throughout.

fair - good to look upon; spotless  
hollowed - set apart as sacred  
dwelling - living or permanently residing  
dome - mind-shaped cupola rising above the roof

A man can build a mansion  
Or a tiny cottage fair,  
But it's not the hallowed place  
Called "Home"  
'Til Mother's dwelling there.

A man can build a mansion  
With a high and spacious dome,  
But no man in this world can build  
That precious thing called "Home".

A man can build a mansion  
Carting treasures o'er the foam,  
Yes, a man can build the building  
But a woman makes it "Home".

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

# Who Has Seen the Wind?

Christina Rossetti

Who has seen the wind?

trembling - shaking

Neither I nor you:

But when the leaves hang trembling,

The wind is passing through.

Who has seen the wind?

Neither you nor I:

But when the leaves bow down their heads,

The wind is passing by.

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

# Untitled Anonymous

The little cares that fretted me,  
I lost them yesterday.  
Among the fields above the sea,  
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.

fretted - worried  
cast - throw or put aside  
lowing - low mooing sound  
poppies - flowering plant with milky juice

The foolish fears of what might pass  
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.

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

## It Can Be Done Anonymous

The man who misses all the fun  
Is he who says, "It can't be done."  
In solemn pride he stands aloof  
And greets each venture with reproof.  
Had he the power he'd efface  
The history of the human race;

We'd have no radio or motor cars,  
No streets lit by electric stars;  
No telegraph nor telephone,  
We'd linger in the age of stone.  
The world would sleep if things were run  
By men who say "It can't be done."

aloof - at a distance, withdrawn  
reproof - express blame or rebuke  
venture - risk  
efface - blot out or erase

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---



## It Can Be Done Anonymous

The man who misses all the fun  
Is he who says, "It can't be done."  
In solemn pride he stands aloof  
And greets each venture with reproof.  
Had he the power he'd efface  
The history of the human race;

We'd have no radio or motor cars,  
No streets lit by electric stars;  
No telegraph nor telephone,  
We'd linger in the age of stone.  
The world would sleep if things were run  
By men who say "It can't be done."

aloof - at a distance, withdrawn  
reproof - express blame or rebuke  
venture - risk  
efface - blot out or erase

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

**I Am Only One** Edward Everett Hale

I am only one,

But still I am one.

I cannot do everything,

But still I can do something;

And because I cannot do everything

I will not refuse to do the something

that I can do.

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---