

## First Grade Poetry

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## **The Acorn Man**

*Author Unknown*

I met a little acorn man  
Just fallen from a tree

I picked him up; he wasn't really  
Hurt, that I could see

He brushed his jacket off and said,  
"I am not hurt at all.

For by the time the summer goes  
I'm ready for the fall!"

## **The Animal Store**

*Rachel Field*

If I had a hundred dollars to spend,  
Or maybe a little more,

I'd hurry as fast as my legs would go  
Straight to the animal store.

I wouldn't say, "How much for this or  
that?" "What kind of dog is he?"

I'd buy as many as rolled an eye,  
Or wagged a tail at me!

I'd take the hound with the drooping ears  
That sits by himself alone;

Cockers and Cairns and wobbly pups  
For to be my very own.

I might buy a parrot all red and green,  
And the monkey I saw before.

If I had a hundred dollars to spend,  
Or maybe a little more.

## **Animals, Too**

*Margaret E. Singleton*

Animals have feelings, too;  
They need love, just as people do.  
Animals have only cries  
And wagging tails and hopeful eyes.

To say they're hungry, hurt, or scared,  
Or how they wish that someone cared.  
Helping animals sick or sad  
Makes you and me feel strong and glad.

## **April Rain Song**

*Langston Hughes*

Let the rain kiss you.

Let the rain beat upon your head with silver liquid drops. Let the rain sing you a lullaby.

The rain makes still pools on the sidewalk. The rain makes running pools in the gutter. The rain plays a little sleep-song on our roof at night. And I love the rain.

## **At the Seaside**

*Robert Louis Stevenson*

When I was down beside the sea  
A wooden spade they gave to me  
To dig the sandy shore.

My holes were empty like a cup,  
In every hole the sea came up,  
Till it could come no more.

## At the Zoo

*William Makepeace Thackeray*

First I saw the white bear, then I saw the black; Then I saw the camel with a hump upon his back; Then I saw the grey wolf, with mutton in his maw; Then I saw the wombat waddle in the straw; Then I saw the elephant a-waving of his trunk; Then I saw the monkeys-mercy, how unpleasantly they smelt!

Degree of Difficulty: 3



## **Be Even Tempered**

*Alice Joyce Davidson*

Before you lose your temper  
Take a breath and count to ten,  
And silently ask God to help you  
Gain control again...

And have a pardon handy  
For the errors others make,  
Offer love and understanding,  
And banish hate and ache...

Be even tempered always,  
Be loving and forgiving,  
And you will be rewarded  
With peace and joyful living!

## **Bed in Summer**

*Robert Louis Stevenson*

In winter I get up at night  
And dress by yellow candle light.  
In summer quite the other way,  
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see  
The birds still hopping on the tree,  
Or hear the grown-up people's feet  
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,  
When all the sky is clear and blue,  
And i should like so much to play,  
To have to go to bed by day?

## **A Bird**

*Emily Dickinson*

A bird came down the walk,  
He did not know I saw;  
He bit an angleworm in halves  
And ate the fellow, raw.

And then he drank a dew  
From a convenient grass,  
And then hopped sidewise to the wall  
To let a beetle pass.

## **Boats**

*Rowan Bastin Bennett*

The steamboat is a slowpoke,  
You simply cannot rush him.

The sailboat will not move at all  
Without a wind to push him;

But the speedboat, with his sharp red nose,  
Is quite a different kind;

He tosses high the spray and leaves  
The other boats behind.

## **Catch a Little Rhyme**

*Eve Merriam*

Once upon a time  
I caught a little rhyme.  
I set it on the floor  
But it ran right out the door.

I chased it on my bicycle  
But it melted to an icicle.  
I scooped it up in my hat  
But it turned into a cat.

I caught it by the tail  
But it stretched into a whale.  
I followed it in a boat  
But it changed into a goat.

When I fed it tin and paper  
It became a tall skyscraper.  
Then it grew into a kite  
And flew far out of sight.

Degree of Difficulty: 4

## Caterpillar

*Christina Rossetti*

Brown and furry  
Caterpillar in a hurry,  
Take your walk  
To the shady leaf, or stalk,  
Or what not,  
Which may be the chosen spot.  
No toad spy you,  
Hovering bird of prey pass by you;  
Spin and die,  
To live again a butterfly.

**Crocus***Sarah J. Day*

The crocus had slept in his little round house  
So soundly the whole winter through;

There came a tap-tapping,  
'Twas Spring at the door:  
“Up! Up! We are waiting for you!”

The crocus peeped out from his little brown house  
And nodded his gay little head;

“Good morning, Miss Snowdrop  
And how do you do  
This fine, chilly morning? He said.

## **Don't Ever Cross a Crocodile**

*Kaye Starbird*

Don't ever cross a crocodile,  
However few his faults,  
Don't ever dare  
A dancing bear  
To teach you how to waltz.

Don't ever poke a rattlesnake  
Who's sleeping in the sun  
And say the poke  
Was just a joke  
And really all in fun.

Don't ever lure a lion close  
With gifts of steak and suet.  
Through lion-looks  
Are nice in books  
Don't ever, ever do it.



## **The Eagle**

*Alfred Lord Tennyson*

He clasps the crag with crooked hands;  
Close to the sun in lonely lands,  
Ringed with the azure world he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;  
He watches from his mountain walls,  
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

## The First Tooth

*Charles and Mary Lamb*

Through the house what busy joy,  
Just because the infant boy  
Has a tiny tooth to show!  
I have got a double row,

All as white, and all as small;  
Yet no one cares for mine at all.  
He can say but half a word,  
Yet that single sound's preferred

To all the words that I can say  
In the longest summer day.  
He cannot walk, yet if he put  
With mimic motion out his foot,

As if he thought he were advancing,  
It's prized more than my best dancing.

**Flint**

*Christina Rossetti*

An emerald is as green as grass,  
A ruby red as blood;  
A sapphire shines as blue as heaven;  
A flint lies in the mud.

A diamond is a brilliant stone,  
To catch the world's desire;  
An opal holds a fiery spark;  
But a flint holds fire.

## **The Frog**

*Anonymous*

What a wonderful bird the frog are--  
When he sit, he stand almost;  
When he hop, he fly almost.  
He ain't got no sense hardly;  
He ain't got no tail either.  
When he sit, he sit on what he ain't got--almost.

Degree of Difficulty: 2

**Furry Bear***A.A. Milne*

If I were a bear,  
And a big bear too,  
I shouldn't much care  
If it froze or snowed;

I shouldn't much mind  
If it snowed or friz--  
I'd be all fur-lined  
With a coat like his!

For I'd have fur boots and a brown fur  
wrap, And brown fur knickers and a big fur  
cap.

I'd have a fur muffle-ruff to cover my  
jaws, And brown fur knickers and a big fur  
cap.

I'd have a fur muffle-ruff to cover my jaws,  
And brown fur mittens on my big brown paws.

With a big brown furry-down up to my head,  
I'd sleep all the winter in a big fur bed.

## **Grandfather Frog**

*Louise Seaman Bechtal*

Fat green frog sits by the pond,  
Big frog, bull frog, grandfather frog.  
Croak--croak--croak  
Shuts his eye, winks his eye  
Waiting for  
A little fat fly.  
Croak, croak.  
I go walking down by the pond,  
I want to see the big green frog.  
I want to stare right into his eye.  
Rolling, winking, funny old eye.  
But oh! He hears me coming by.  
Croak--croak--  
**SPLASH!**

## **I Meant to Do My Work Today**

*Richard Le Gallienne*

I meant to do my work today,  
But a brown bird sang in the apple tree,  
And a butterfly flitted across the field,  
And all the leaves were calling me.  
And the wind went sighing over the land,  
Tossing the grasses to and fro,  
And a rainbow held out its shining hand--  
So what could I do but laugh and go?

## **I Think When I Read That Sweet Story of Old**

*Jemima Luke*

I think when I read that sweet story of  
old, When Jesus was here among men,  
How He called little children as lambs to His  
fold, I should like to have been with them then.

I wish that His hands had been placed on my  
head, That His arm had been thrown around me,  
And that I might have seen His kind look when He  
said,

“Let the little ones come unto me.”



## **The Ice-Cream Man**

*Rachel Field*

When summer's in the city,  
And bricks a blaze of heat,  
The Ice-Cream Man with his little cart  
Goes trundling down the street.

Beneath his round umbrella,  
Oh, what a joyful sight,  
To see him fill the cones with mounds  
Of cooling brown or white;

Vanilla, chocolate, strawberry,  
Or chilly things to drink  
From bottles full of frosty-fizz,  
Green, orange, white, or pink.

His cart might be a flower bed  
Of roses and sweet peas,  
The way the children cluster round  
As thick as honeybees.

Degree of Difficulty: 4

## **Little Snail**

*Hilda Conkling*

I saw a little snail  
Come down the garden walk,

He wagged his head this way...  
That way...

Like a clown in a circus.

He looked from side to side  
As though he were from a different  
Country,

I have always said he carries his house on his back...

Today in the rain  
I saw that it was his umbrella.

## The Lamb

*William Blake*

Little Lamb, who made thee?  
Dost thou know who made thee?  
Gave thee life, and bid thee feed,  
By the stream and o'er the mead;  
Gave thee clothing of delight,  
Softest clothing, wooly, bright;  
Gave thee such a tender voice,  
Making all the vales rejoice?  
Little Lamb, who made thee?  
Dost thou know who made thee?  
Little Lamb, who made thee?  
Little Lamb, I'll tell thee:  
For He calls Himself a Lamb.  
He is meek, and He is mild;  
He became a little child.  
I a child, and thou a lamb,  
We are called by His name.  
Little Lamb, God bless thee!  
Little Lamb, God bless thee!

Degree of Difficulty: 5

## Morning Prayer

*Ogden Nash*

Now another day is breaking,  
Sleep was sweet and so is waking.  
Dear Lord, I promised you last night  
Never again to sulk or fight.

Such vows are easier to keep  
When a child is sound asleep  
Today, O Lord, for your dear sake,  
I'll try to keep them when awake.

**Mrs. Peck-Pigeon***Eleanor Farjeon*

Mrs. Peck-Pigeon  
Is picking for bread  
Bob-bob-bob  
Goes her little round head.  
Tame as a pussy cat  
In the street,  
Step-step-step  
Go her little red feet.  
With her little red feet  
And her little round head,  
Mrs. Peck-Pigeon  
Goes picking for bread.

## **My Dog**

*Marchette Chute*

His nose is short and scrubby;  
His ears hang rather low;

And he always brings the stick back,  
No matter how far you throw.

He gets spanked rather often  
For things he shouldn't do,

Like lying on beds, and barking,  
And eating up shoes when they're new.

He always wants to be going  
Where he isn't supposed to go.

He tracks up the house when it's  
snowing-- Oh puppy, I love you so.

## **My Favorite Word**

*Lucia and James L. Hymes, Jr.*

There is one word--  
My favorite--  
The very, very best.  
It isn't No or Maybe,  
It's Yes, Yes, Yes, Yes, YES!

"Yes, yes, you may," and  
"Yes, of course," and  
"Yes, please help yourself."  
And when I want a piece of cake,  
"Why, yes. It's on the shelf."

Some candy? "Yes."  
A cookie? "Yes."  
A movie? "Yes, we'll go."

I love it when they say my word:  
Yes, Yes, YES ! (Not No.)

## **Our Lips and Ears**

*Author Unknown*

If you your lips would keep from slips,  
Five things observe with care:  
Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,  
And how and when and where.

If you your ears would save for jeers,  
These things keep meekly hid:  
Myself and I, and mine and my,  
And how I do and did.



## The Pasture

*Robert Frost*

I'm going out to clean the pasture  
spring; I'll only stop to rake the leaves  
away

(And wait to watch the water clear, I may):  
I sha'n't be gone long. You come too.

I'm going out to fetch the little calf  
That's standing by the mother. It's so young,  
It totters when she licks it with her tongue. I  
sha'n't be gone long. You come too.

## Poetry

*Eleanor Farjeon*

What is poetry? Who knows?  
Not a rose, but the scent of the rose;  
Not the sky, but the light in the sky;  
Not the fly, but the gleam of the fly;  
Not the sea, but the sound of the sea;  
Not myself, but what makes me  
See, hear, and feel something that prose  
Cannot: and what it is, who knows?

## The Rainbow

*Christina Rossetti*

Boats sail on the rivers,  
And ships sail on the seas;  
But clouds that sail across the sky  
Are prettier than these.

There are bridges on the rivers,  
As pretty as you please;  
But the bow that bridges heaven,  
And overtops the trees,  
And builds a road from earth to sky,  
Is prettier far than these.

## Spring Prayer

*Ralph Waldo Emerson*

For flowers that bloom about our feet;  
For tender grass, so fresh, so sweet;  
For song of bird, and hum of bee;  
For all things fair we hear or see,  
Father in heaven, we thank Thee!

For blue of stream and blue of sky,  
For pleasant shade of branches high;  
For fragrant air and cooling breeze;  
For beauty of the blooming trees,  
Father in heaven, we thank Thee!

## Spring Rain

*Marchette Chute*

The storm came up so very quick  
It couldn't have been quicker.  
I should have brought my hat along;  
I should have brought my slicker.

My hair is wet, my feet are wet,  
I couldn't be much wetter.  
I fell into a river once  
But this is even better.

## **The Steam Shovel**

*Rowena Bennett*

The steam digger  
Is much bigger  
Than the biggest beast I know.  
He snorts and roars  
Like the dinosaurs  
That lived long years ago.

He crouches low  
On his tractor paws  
And scoops the dirt up  
With his jaws.  
Then swings his long  
Stiff neck around  
And spits it out  
Upon the ground...

Oh, the steam digger  
Is much bigger  
Than the biggest beast I know.  
It snorts and roar  
Like the dinosaurs  
That lived long years ago.

Degree of Difficulty: 4

## **Thank God for Little Things**

*Helen Steiner Rice*

Thank You, God, for little things  
That often come our way--

The things we take for granted  
But don't mention when we pray--

The unexpected courtesy,  
The thoughtful, kindly deed--

A hand reached out to help us  
In the time of sudden need--

Oh make us more aware, dear God,  
Of little daily graces

That come to us with "Sweet Surprise"  
From never-dreamed-of places.

## Thanks, Dear Jesus

*Ed Brandt*

THANKS dear Jesus for dying for me,  
THANKS for your all on Calvary's tree,  
THANKS for your payment to set me free,  
THANKS for letting me ransomed be.  
THANKS for the tomb that could not contain My Lord  
and my Savior wherein He had lain, THANKS for  
your resurrection, for ascending on high, THANKS for  
your promise to return by and by. THANKS for your  
love because it never fails, THANKS for your grace, it  
always prevails, THANKS for the Holy Spirit, He  
keeps me from sin; THANKS be to him who lives  
within.



**Trees***Joyce Kilmer*

I think that I shall never see  
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest  
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day,  
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in summer wear  
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;  
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,  
But only God can make a tree.

## Tummyache

*Aileen Fisher*

Father said that maybe  
It was too much candy.  
Mother said more likely  
It was gooseberry jam.

Father said that maybe  
With the sweet things handy  
I forgot my gravy  
And vegetables and ham.  
Mother said that prob'ly  
I had been too gob'ly.  
Father nodded "probably"  
And so did Gram.

But I said, "Certainly,  
It COULDN'T have been candy.  
It must have been the gravy  
And vegetables  
And ham."

Degree of Difficulty: 3

## What Is It?

*Marie Louise Allen*

Tall ears,  
Twinkly nose,  
Tiny tail,  
and --hop, he goes!

What is he--  
Can you guess?  
I feed him carrots  
And watercress.

His ears are long,  
His tail is small--  
And he doesn't make any  
Noise at all!

Tall ears,  
Twinkly nose,  
Tiny tail,  
And--hop, he goes!

Degree of Difficulty: 3

## **Who Has Seen the Wind?**

*Christina Rosetti*

Who has seen the wind?

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 trees bow down their heads,

The wind is passing by.

## **Wind on the Hill**

*A.A. Milne*

No one can tell me,  
Nobody knows,  
Where the wind comes from,  
Where the wind goes.  
It's flying from somewhere  
As fast as it can  
I couldn't keep up with it,  
Not if I ran.

But if I stopped holding  
The string of my kite,  
It would blow with the wind  
For a day and a night.  
And then when I found it,  
Wherever it blew,  
I should know that the wind  
Had been going there too.

So then I could tell them  
Where the wind goes...  
But where the wind comes from  
Nobody knows.

## **Wind Song**

*Lilian Moore*

When the wind blows  
The quiet things speak.  
Some whisper, some clang,  
Some creak.

Grasses swish.  
Treetops sigh.  
Flags slap  
And snap at the sky.  
Wires on poles  
Whistle and hum.  
Ash cans roll.  
Windows drum.

When the wind goes--  
Suddenly  
Then,  
The quiet things  
Are quiet again.

## **The Worms**

*Ralph Bergengren*

When the earth is turned in spring  
The worms are fat as anything.

And birds come flying all around  
To eat the worms right off the ground.

They like worms just as much as I  
Like bread and milk and apple pie.

And once, when I was very young,  
I put a worm right on my tongue.

I didn't like the taste a bit,  
And so I didn't swallow it.

But oh, it makes my mother squirm  
Because she thinks I ate the worm!