

2nd Grade Poetry Resources – Trinity Academy

2nd Grade - 150-250 words

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The Flag Goes By

Henry H. Bennett

Hats off! Along the street there comes
blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,
flash of color beneath the sky:
Hats off! The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.
Hats off! The colors before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea fights and land fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and to save the State;
Weary marches and sinking ships
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and years of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase;
Equal justice, right and law,
Stately honor and reverend awe:

Sign of a nation, great and strong
To ward her people from foreign wrong:
Pride and glory and honor-all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.
Hats off! Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
And loyal hearts are beating high;
Hats off! The flag is passing by!
(160 words)

I Wandered Lonely As a Cloud

William Wordsworth

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd
A host of golden daffodils
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I, at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood;
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

(153 words)

April

Ted Robinson

So here we are in April, in showy, blowy April,
In frowsy, blowsy April, the rowdy, dowdy time;
In soppy, sloppy April, in wheezy, breezy April,
In ringing, stinging April, with a singing, swinging rhyme!

The smiling sun of April on the violets is focal,
The sudden showers of April seek the dandelions out;
The tender airs of April make the local yokel vocal,
And he raises rustic ditties with a most melodious shout.

So here we are in April, in tipsy, gypsy April,
In showery, flowery April, the twinkly, sprinkly days;
In tingly, jingly April, in highly wily April,
In mighty, flighty April with its highty-tighty ways!

The duck is fond of April, and the clucking chickabiddy
And other barnyard creatures have a try at caroling;
There's something in the air to turn a stiddy kiddy giddy,
And even I am forced to raise my croaking voice and sing.

(150 words)

Every Time I Climb a Tree

David McCord

Every time I climb a tree
Every time I climb a tree
Every time I climb a tree
I scrape a leg
Or skin a knee
And every time I climb a tree
I find some ants
Or dodge a bee
And get the ants
All over me.

And every time I climb a tree
Where have you been?
They say to me
But don't they know that I am free
Every time I climb a tree?
I like it best to spot a nest
That has an egg
Or maybe three.

And then I skin
The other leg
But every time I climb a tree
I see a lot of things to see
Swallows, rooftops and TV
And all the fields and farms there be
Every time I climb a tree.
Though climbing may be good for ants
It isn't awfully good for pants
But still it's pretty good for me
Every time I climb a tree.

(158 words)

The Friendly Beasts

An old carol from France

Jesus our brother, kind and good,
Was humbly born in a stable rude;
The friendly beasts around Him stood,
Jesus our brother, kind and good.

"I," said the donkey, shaggy and brown,
"I carried His Mother up hill and down;
I carried her safely to Bethlehem town,
I," said the donkey, shaggy and brown.

"I," said the cow, all white and red,
"I gave Him my manger for His bed;
I gave Him my hay to pillow His head.
I," said the cow, all white and red.

"I," said the sheep with the curly horn,
"I gave Him my wool for a blanket warm.
He wore my coat on Christmas morn.
I," said the sheep with the curly horn.

"I," said the dove from the rafters high,
"I cooed Him to sleep so He would not cry,
I cooed Him to sleep, my mate and I.
I," said the dove from the rafters high.

And every beast, by some good spell,
In the stable dark was glad to tell,
Of the gift he gave Immanuel.
The gift he gave Immanuel.

(179 words)

Hiding

Dorothy Aldis

I'm hiding, I'm hiding;
And no one knows where,
For all they can see is my
Toes and my hair.

And I just heard my father
Say to my mother—
“But, darling, he must be
Somewhere or other;

Have you looked in the ink well?
” And Mother said, , “ Where ? ”
“In the INK well,” said Father. But
I was not there.

Then “Wait!” cried my mother
“I think that I see
Him under the carpet.” But
It was not me.

“Inside the mirror’s
A pretty good place,”
Said Father and looked but saw
Only his face.

“We’ve hunted,” sighed Mother,
“As hard as we could
And I AM so afraid that we’ve
Lost him for good.”

Then I laughed out aloud
And I wiggled my toes

And Father said— “Look, Dear
I wonder if those

Toes could be Benny’s.
There are ten of them. See?”
And they were so surprised to find
Out it was me!

(160 words)

The Good Little Girl

A. A. Milne

It's funny how often they say to me, "Jane?"

"Have you been a good girl?"

"Have you been a good girl?"

And when they have said it, they say it again,

"Have you been a good girl?"

"Have you been a good girl?"

I go to a party, I go out to tea,
I go to an aunt for a week at the sea,
I come back from school or from
playing a game;

Wherever I come from, it's always the same:

"Well?

Have you been a good girl, Jane?"

It's always the end of the loveliest day:

"Have you been a good girl?"

"Have you been a good girl?"

I went to the Zoo, and they waited to say:

"Have you been a good girl?"

"Have you been a good girl?"

Well, what did they think that I went there to do?
And why should I want to be bad at the Zoo?
And should I be likely to say if I had?

So that's why it's funny of Mummy and Dad,
This asking and asking, in case I was bad,

“Well?
Have you been a good girl, Jane?”

(190 words)

A Mortifying Mistake

Anna Maria Pratt

I studied my tables over and over,
and backward and forward too;
But I couldn't remember six times nine,
and I didn't know what to do,
Till my sister told me to play with my
doll, and not to bother my head.
"If you call her 'Fifty-four' for a
while, you'll learn it by hear," she said
So I took my favorite, Mary Ann
(though I thought 'twas a dreadful shame
To give such a perfectly lovely child
such a perfectly horrid name),
And I called her my dear little "Fifty-four"
a hundred time, till I knew
The answer of six times nine as well
as the answer to two times two.
Next day Elizabeth Wiggleworth,
who always acts so proud,
Said, "Six times nine is fifty-two,"
and I nearly laughed aloud!
But I wished I hadn't when teacher said,
"Now, Dorothy, tell if you can."
For I thought of my doll, and 'sakes alive!—
I answered "Mary Ann!"

(159 words)

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.

He sits and begs, he gives a paw,
He is, as you can see,
The finest dog you ever saw,
And he belongs to me.

He follows everywhere I go
And even when I swim.
I laugh because he thinks, you know,
That I belong to him.

But still no matter what we do
We never have a fuss;
And so I guess it must be true
That we belong to us.

(143 words)

The Story of Flying Robert

From the German of Heinrich Hoffman

When the rain comes tumbling down
In the country or the town,
All good little girls and boys
Stay at home and mind their toys.
Robert thought, "No, when it pours,
It is better out of doors."
Rain it did, and in a minute
Bob was in it
Here you see him, silly fellow,
Underneath his red umbrella.

What a wind! Oh! how it whistles
Through the trees and flowers and thistles!
It had caught his red umbrella;
Now look at him, silly fellow,
Up he flies
To the skies.
No one heard his screams and cries,
Through the clouds the rude wind bore him,
And his hat flew on before him.
Soon they got to such a height,
They were nearly out of sight!
And the hat went up so high,
That it really touched the sky.

No one ever yet could tell
Where they stopped or where they fell:
Only, this one thing is plain,
Bob was never seen again!

(162 words)

Tiger-Cat

Tim Edith H. Newlin

Timothy Tim was a very small cat
Who looked like a tiger the size of a rat.
There were little black stripes running all over him,
With just enough white on his feet for a trim
On Tiger-Cat Tim.

Timothy Tim had a little pink tongue
That was spoon, comb, and washcloth all made into one.
He lapped up his milk, washed and combed all his fur,
And then he sat down in the sunshine to purr.
Full little Tim!

Timothy Tim had a queer little way
Of always pretending at things in his play.
He caught pretend mice in the grass and sand,
And fought pretend cats when he played with your hand,
Fierce little Tim!

He drank all his milk, and he grew and grew.
He ate all his meat and his vegetables too.
He grew very big and he grew very fat,
And now he's a lazy old, sleepy old cat,
Timothy Tim!

(156 words)

The Tyger

William Blake

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright
In the forests of the night
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And What shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? and what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the lamb make thee?

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

(143 words)

A Wrecker or a Builder

Edgar A. Guest

I watched them tearing a building down,
A gang of men in a busy town.
With a ho-heave-ho and a lusty yell
They swung a beam and the side wall fell.

I said to the foreman,
“Are these men skilled,
And the ones you’d hire
If you had to build?”

He gave a laugh and said, “No, indeed,
Just common labor is all I need.
I can easily wreck in a day or two
What builders have taken a year to do.”

And I thought to myself,
As I went my way,
“Which of these roles
Am I trying to play?”

Am I shaping my life
To a well-made plan
Patiently doing the
Best that I can?

Am I doing my work
With the utmost care,
Measuring life
By the rule and square?

Or am I a wrecker

Who wrecks the town
Content with the labor
Of tearing down?"

(149 words)

A Night With A Wolf

Bayard Taylor

High on the lonely mountain
Where the wild men watched and waited;
Wolves in the forest, and bears in the bush,
And I on my path belated.

The rain and the night together
Came down, and the wind came after,
Bending the props of the pine tree roof
And snapping many a rafter.

I crept along in the darkness,
Stunned, and bruised and blinded;
Crept to a fir with thick-set boughs,
And a sheltering rock behind it.

There, from the blowing and raining,
Crouching I sought to hide me;
Something rustled, two green eyes shone,
And a wolf lay down beside me.

His wet fur pressed against me;
Each of us warmed the other;
Each of us felt in the stormy dark
That beast and man were brother.

And when the falling forest
No longer crashed in warning,
Each of us went from our hiding place
Forth in the wild wet morning.

(152 words)

Woodman, Spare that Tree!

George Pope Morris

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy ax shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea—
And wouldst thou hew it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stoke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
Oh, spare that aged oak
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy,
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy
Here, too, my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here;
My father pressed my hand—
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand.

My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild-bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storm still brave!

And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy ax shall harm it not.

(164 words)

The Pup

Edgar A. Guest

He tore the curtains yesterday,
And scratched the paper on the wall;
Ma's boots, too, have gone astray—
She says she left them in the hall;
He tugged the tablecloth and broke
A fancy saucer and a cup;
Though Bud and I think it a joke
Ma scolds a lot about the pup.
The sofa pillows are a sight,
The rugs are looking somewhat frayed,
And there is ruin, left and right
That little Boston bull has made.
He slept on Buddy's counterpane—
Ma found him there when she woke up.
I think it needless to explain
She scolds a lot about the pup.
And yet he comes and licks her hand
And sometimes climbs into her lap
And there, Bud lets me understand,
He very often takes his nap.
And Bud and I have learned to know
She wouldn't give the rascal up:
She's really fond of him, although
she scolds a lot about the pup.

(157 words)