

K and 1st Poetry Resources – Trinity Academy

Kindergarten and 1st grade – 75-150 words

[The Animal Store by Rachel Field](#)
[Catch a Little Rhyme by Eve Merriam](#)
[Furry Bear by A. A. Milne](#)
[Bed in Summer by Robert Louis Stevenson](#)
[The First Tooth by Charles and Mary Lamb](#)
[Grandfather Frog by Louise Seaman Bechtal](#)
[The Ice-Cream Man by Rachel Field](#)
[The Lamb by William Blake](#)
[Minnie and Winnie by Alfred, Lord Tennyson](#)
[My Dog by Marchette Chute](#)
[My Favorite Word by Lucia and James L. Hymes, Jr.](#)
[To a Snowflake by Francis Thompson](#)
[The Steam Shovel by Rowena Bennett](#)
[Thanks, Dear Jesus by Ed Brandt](#)
[Trees by Joyce Kilmer](#)
[Wind on the Hill by A. A. Milne](#)
[The Worms by Ralph Bergengren](#)
[The Bluebird by Emily Huntington Miller](#)
[A Child's Thought of God by Elizabeth Barrett Browning](#)
[Circus by Eleanor Farjeon](#)
[The Creation by Cecil Frances Alexander](#)
[Kindness to Animals by From The Book of Virtues](#)
[The Library by Barbara A. Huff](#)
[Little White Lily by George MacDonald](#)
[The Snail by Charles Lamb](#)
[The Snake by Emily Dickinson](#)
[Try, Try Again by T. H. Palmer](#)
[The Wind by Robert Louis Stevenson](#)
[A Child's Hymn by Charles Dickens](#)
[The Kitten and the Falling Leaves by William Wordsworth](#)

The Lizard by *Lydia Pender*

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.

(109 words)

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?

(87 words)

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.

(95 words)

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.

(90 words)

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 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.

(93 words)

Grandfather Frog

Louise Seaman Bechtal

Fat green frog sits by the pond,
Big frog, bull frog, grandfather frog.
Croak—croak—croak Shuts his eye, opens his eye,
Rolls 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!

(74 words)

The Ice-Cream Man

Rachel Field

When summer's in the city,
And brims 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.

(85 words)

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, woolly, 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, I'll tell 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!

(107 words)

Minnie and Winnie

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Minnie and Winnie
slept in a shell.
Sleep little ladies!
And they slept well.

Pink was the shell within,
Silver without;
Sounds of the great sea
Wandered about.

Sleep little ladies!
Wake not soon!
Echo on echo
Die to the moon.

Two bright stars
Peep'd into the shell
What are they dreaming of?
Who can tell?

Started a green linnet
out of the croft;
Wake, little ladies,
The sun is aloft!

(71 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 suppose to go.

He tracks up the house when it's snowing—

Oh puppy, I love you so.

(73 words)

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.)

(74 words)

To a Snowflake

Francis Thompson

What heart could have thought you? –
Past our devisal
(O filigree petal!)
Fashioned so purely,
Fragilely, surely,
From what Paradisal
Imagineless metal,
Too costly for cost?
Who hammered you, wrought you,
From argentine vapor? –
"God was my shaper.
Passing surmised,
He hammered, He wrought me,
From curled silver vapor,
To lust of His mind –
Thou could'st not have thought me!
So purely, so palely,
Tinily, surely,
Mightily, frailly,
Insculped and embossed,
With His hammer of wind,
And His graver of frost."

(81 words)

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.

(79 words)

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.

(94 words)

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.

(80 words)

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.

(96 words)

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!

(84 words)

The Bluebird

Emily Huntington Miller

I know the song that the bluebird is singing,
Out in the apple tree where he is swinging.
Brave little fellow! the skies may look dreary—
Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery.

Hark! how the music leaps out from his throat!
Hark! was there ever so merry a note?
Listen awhile and you'll hear what he's saying,
Up in the apple tree swinging and swaying.

“Dear little blossoms down under the snow,
You must be weary of winter, I know;
Hark, while I sing you a message of cheer
Summer is coming and springtime is here!”

“Little white snowdrops, I pray you arise;
Bright yellow, crocus, come, open your eyes;
Sweet little violets, hid from the cold,
Put on your mantles of purple and gold.
Daffodils, daffodils! say, do you hear?
Summer is coming and springtime is here!”

(146 words)

A Child's Thought of God

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

They say that God lives very high!
But if you look above the pines
You cannot see our God. And why?

And if you dig down in the mines
You never see Him in the gold,
Though from Him all that's glory shines.

God is so good, He wears a fold
Of heaven and earth across His face—
Like secrets kept, for love untold.

But still I feel that His embrace
Slides down by thrills, through all things
Through sight and sound of every place:

As if my tender mother laid
On my shut lids her kisses' pressure,
Half-waking me at night and said
"Who kissed you through the dark, dear guesser?"

(112 words)

Circus

Eleanor Farjeon

The band blares,
The naphtha flares,
The sawdust smells,
Showmen ring bells,
And oh! right into the circus ring
Comes such a lovely, lovely thing,
A milk-white pony with flying tress,
And a beautiful lady,
A beautiful lady,
A beautiful lady in a pink dress!
The red-and-white clown
For joy tumbles down.
Like a pink rose
Round she goes
On her tiptoes
With the pony under—
And then, oh, wonder!
The pony his milk-white tresses droops,
And the beautiful lady,
The beautiful lady,
Flies like a bird through the paper hoops!
The red-and-white clown for joy falls dead,
Then he waggles his feet and stands on his head,
And the little boys on the two penny seats
Scream with laughter and suck their sweets.

(124 words)

The Creation

Cecil Frances Alexander

All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures, great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings;

The rich man in his castle,
The poor man at his gate,
God made them, high or lowly,
And order'd their estate.

The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset and the morning
That brightens up the sky;

The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun
The ripe fruits in the garden—
He made them everyone.

The tall trees in the greenwood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water
We gather every day;

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell

How great is God Almighty
Who has made all things well!

(144 words)

Kindness to Animals

From The Book of Virtues

Little children, never give
Pain to things that feel and live;
Let the gentle robin come
For the crumbs you save at home;
As his meat you throw along
He'll repay you with a song.
Never hurt the timid hare
Peeping from her green grass lair,
Let her come and sport and play
On the lawn at close of day.
The little lark goes soaring high
To the bright windows of the sky,
Singing as if 'twere always spring,
And fluttering on an untired wing—
Oh! let him sing his happy song,
Nor do these gentle creatures wrong.

(90 words)

The Library

Barbara A. Huff

It looks like any building
When you pass it on the street,
Made of stone and glass and marble,
Made of iron and concrete.
But once inside you can ride
A camel or a train,
Visit Rome, Siam, or Nome,
Feel a hurricane,
Meet a king, learn to sing,
How to bake a pie,
Go to sea, plant a tree,
Find how airplanes fly,
Train a horse, and of course
Have all the dogs you'd like,
See the moon, a sandy dune,
Or catch a whopping pike.
Everything that books can bring
You'll find inside those walls.
A world is there for you to share
When adventure calls.

You cannot tell its magic
By the way the building looks,
But there's wonderment within it,
The wonderment of books.

(128 words)

Little White Lily

George MacDonald

Little white Lily
Sat by a stone,
Drooping and waiting
Till the sun shone.
Little White Lily
Sunshine has fed;
Little White Lily
Is lifting her head.

Little White Lily
Said: "It is good
Little White Lily's
Clothing and food."
Little White Lily
Dressed like a bride!
Shining with whiteness,
And crownèd beside!

Little White Lily
Drooping with pain,
Waiting and waiting
For the wet rain.
Little White Lily
Holdeth her cup;
Rain is fast falling
And filling it up.

Little White Lily
Said: "Good again,
When I am thirsty
To have the nice rain.
Now I am stronger,

Now I am cool;
Heat cannot burn me,
My veins are so full."

Little White Lily
Smells very sweet;
On her head sunshine,
Rain at her feet.
Thanks to the sunshine,
Thanks to the rain,
Little White Lily
Is happy again.

(140 words)

The Snail

Charles Lamb

The frugal snail, with forecast of repose,
Carries his house with him where'er he goes;
Peeps out — and if there comes a shower of rain,
Retreats to his small domicile again,
Touch but a tip of him, a horn — 'tis well —
He curls up in his sanctuary shell,
He's his own landlord, his own tenant; stay
Long as he will, he dreads no Quarter Day.
Himself he boards and lodges; both invites
And feasts himself; sleeps with himself o'nights.
He spares the upholsterer trouble to procure
Chattels; himself is his own furniture,
And his sole riches. Whereso'er he roam —
Knock when you will — he's sure to be at home.

(109 words)

The Snake

Emily Dickinson

A narrow fellow in the grass
Occasionally rides;
You may have met him, — did you not,
His notice sudden is.

The grass divides as with a comb,
A spotted shaft is seen;
And then it closes at your feet
And opens further on.

He likes a boggy acre,
A floor too cool for corn.
Yet when a child, and barefoot,
I more than once, at morn,

Have passed, I thought, a whip-lash
Unbraiding in the sun, —
When, stooping to secure it,
It wrinkled, and was gone.

Several of nature's people
I know, and they know me;
I feel for them a transport
Of cordiality;

But never met this fellow,
Attended or alone,
Without a tighter breathing,
And zero at the bone.

(121 words)

Try, Try Again

T. H. Palmer

'Tis a lesson you should heed,
If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try again;

Then your courage should appear,
For if you will persevere,
You will conquer, never fear
Try, try again;

Once or twice, though you should fail,
If you would at last prevail,
Try, try again;

If we strive, 'tis no disgrace
Though we do not win the race;
What should you do in the case?
Try, try again

If you find your task is hard,
Time will bring you your reward,
Try, try again

All that other folks can do,
Why, with patience, should not you?
Only keep this rule in view:
Try, try again.

(109 words)

The Wind

Robert Louis Stevenson

I saw you toss the kites on high

And blow the birds about the sky;

And all around I heard you pass,

Like ladies' skirts across the grass—

O wind, a-blowing all day long

O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,

But always you yourself you hid.

I felt you push, I heard you call,

I could not see yourself at all

O wind, a-blowing all day long,

O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,

O blower, are you young or old?

Are you a beast of field and tree

Or just a stronger child than me?

O wind, a-blowing all day long,

O wind, that sings so loud a song.

(128 words)

A Child's Hymn

Charles Dickens

Hear my prayer, O heavenly Father,
Ere I lay me down to sleep;
Bid Thy angels, pure and holy,
Round my bed their vigil keep.

My sins are heavy, but Thy mercy
Far outweighs them, every one;
Down before Thy cross I cast them,
Trusting in Thy help alone.

Keep me through this night of peril
Underneath its boundless shade;
Take me to Thy rest, I pray Thee,
When my pilgrimage is made.

None shall measure out Thy patience
By the span of human thought;
None shall bound the tender mercies
Which Thy Holy Son has bought.

Pardon all my past transgressions,
Give me strength for days to come;
Guide and guard me with Thy blessing
Till Thy angels bid me home.

(122 words)

The Kitten and the Falling Leaves

William Wordsworth

See the kitten on the wall,
Sporting with the leaves that fall!
Withered leaves, one, two, and three,
From the lofty elder-tree.
Through the calm and frosty air
Of this morning bright and fair,
Eddying round and round they sink
Softly, slowly. One might think,
From the motions that are made,
Every little leaf conveyed
Some small fairy, hither tending,
To this lower world descending.

—But the kitten, how she starts!
Crouches, stretches, paws, and darts!
First at one, and then its fellow.
Just as light, and just as yellow.
There are many now—now—one—
Now they stop and there are none,
What intentness of desire
In her upturned eye of fire!
With a tiger leap halfway,
Now she meets the coming prey.
Lets it go at last, and then
Has it in her power again.

(137 words)

The Lizard

Lydia Pender

There on the sun-hot stone
Why do you wait, alone
And still, so still?
Neck arched, head high, tense and alert, but still,
Still as the stone?

Still is your delicate head,
Like the head of an arrow;
Still is your delicate throat,
Rounded and narrow;
Still is your delicate back,
Patterned in silver and black,
And bright with the burnished sheen that the gum-tips share.
Even your delicate feet
Are still, still as the heat,
With a stillness alive, and awake, and intensely aware.

Why do I catch my breath,
Held by your spell?
Listening, waiting - for what?
Will you not tell?
More alive in your quiet than ever the locust can be,
Shrilling his clamorous song from shimmering tree;
More alive in your motionless grace, as the slow minutes die,
Than the scurrying ants that go hurrying busily by.
I know, if my shadow but fall by your feet on the stone,
In the wink of an eye,
Let me try –
Ah!
He's gone!

(167 words)