

2nd Grade Poetry Resources – Trinity Academy

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The Arrow and the Song

Henry Wordsworth Longfellow

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For so swiftly it flew, the sight,

Could not follow it in its flight.
I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of song?
Long, long afterward, in an oak,
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

At the Garden Gate

David McCord

Who so late
at the garden gate? Emily, Kate, and John.
"John, where have you been?
It's after six;
Supper is on, And you've been gone
An hour,

John!"

"We've been, we've been,

We've just been over

The field," said,

John.

(Emily, Kate,

and John.)

Who so late

at the garden gate?

Emily, Kate

and John

"John,

what have you got?"

"A whopping toad

Isn't he big?

He's a terrible

Load.

(We found him

A little ways

Up the road,"

said Emily,

Kate, and John.)

Who so late

at the garden gate?

Emily, Kate,

and John.

"John,

put that thing down!

Do you want to get warts?"

(They all three have 'em

By last

Reports)

Still, finding toads
Is the best of
Sports,
Say Emily, Kate,
and John.

The Balloon

Karla Kuskin

I went to the park
And I bought a balloon.
It sailed through the sky
Like a large orange moon.
It bumped and it fluttered
And swam with the clouds.

Small birds flew around it,
In high chirping crowds.
It bounced and it balanced
And bowed with the breeze.
It skimmed past the leaves
On the tops of the trees.
And then as the day
Started turning to night
I gave a short jump
And I held the string tight
And home we all sailed
Through the darkening sky,
The orange balloon, the small birds,
And I.

Be Kind

Alice Joyce Davidson

Just a little bit of kindness
Can go a long, long way,
Just a little bit of tenderness
Can brighten up a day.

Just a bit of praise where it's deserved

Can bring a happy glow,
Just a hand held out can give some hope
To someone feeling low.

A forgiving word, a handshake,
A pat upon the head,
Can take away a heavy heart
And bring a smile instead.

Just a little bit of kindness
Can go a long, long way
In reflecting the benevolence
God shows us every day!

Bedtime

Eleanor Farjeon

Five minutes, five minutes more please!
Let me stay five minutes more!
Can't I just finish the castle
I'm building here on the floor?
Can't I just finish the story
I'm reading here in my book?

Can't I just finish this bead-chain—
 It almost is finished, look!
Can't I just finish this game, please!
 When a game's once begun
It's a pity never to find out
 Whether you've lost or won.
Can't I just stay five minutes?
 Well, can't I just stay four?
Three minutes then? two minutes?
 Can't I stay one minute more?

Bernard Bartholomew Benjamin Brown

Carolyn Cawthorne

Bernard Bartholomew Benjamin Brown
Was really the dirtiest boy in town.
He'd play in the mud, and splash in the pool,
When starting out each morning for school.
His teacher said, with a sorry frown,
"You certainly are a disgrace to the town.

Bernard Bartholomew Benjamin Brown.”

Bernard Bartholomew Benjamin Brown
Was caught, when policemen were searching the town
To find a bad boy. Said they: “Here’s the scamp!
He surely looks like a wild little tramp!”
But as he stood trembling, with tears running down,
Said his clean little sister, in dainty pink gown,
“His name is Bernard Bartholomew Benjamin Brown!”

Bernard Bartholomew Benjamin Brown
Is now without spot, from his soles to his crown.
His shoes are polished—his suit is clean
A neater boy could never be seen.
And teacher says now with a smile, looking down:
“When you’ve grown, you’ll be Mayor of the town,
Bernard Bartholomew Benjamin Brown.”

Books Fall Open

David McCord

Books fall open,
you fall in,
delighted where
you’ve never been;
hear voices not once
heard before,

reach world on world
through door on door;
find unexpected
keys to things
locked up beyond
imaginings.
What might you be,
perhaps become,
because one book
is somewhere? Some
wise delver into
wisdom, wit,
and wherewithal
has written it.
True books will venture,
dare you out,
whisper secrets,
maybe shout
across the gloom
to you in need,
who hanker for
a book to read.

Catalogue

Rosalie Moore

Cats sleep fat and walk thin.
Cats, when they sleep, slump;
When they wake, pull in—
And where the plump's been
There's skin. Cats walk thin.

Cats wait in a lump,
Jump in a streak.
Cats when they jump, are sleek
As a grape slipping its skin—
They have technique.
Oh, cats don't creak.
They sneak.

Cats sleep fat.
They spread comfort beneath them
Like a good mat
As if they picked the place
And then sat.
You walk around one
As if he were the City Hall
After that.

When everyone else is just ready to go out,
The cat is just ready to come in.
He's not where he's been.
Cats sleep fast and walk thin.

A Child's Evening Prayer

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

Ere on my bed my limbs I lay,
God grant me grace my prayers to say:
O God! preserve my mother dear
In strength and health for many a year;
And, O! preserve my father too,
And may I pay him reverence due;

And may I my best thoughts employ
To be my parents' hope and joy;
And O! preserve my brothers both
From evil doings and from sloth,

And may we always love each other
Our friends, our father, and our mother:
And still, O Lord, to me impart
An innocent and grateful heart,
That after my great sleep I may
Awake to thy eternal day! Amen

A Day

Emily Dickinson

I'll tell you how the sun rose —
A ribbon at a time.
The steeples swam in amethyst,
The news like squirrels ran.

The hills untied their bonnets,

The bobolinks begun.
Then I said softly to myself,
“That must have been the sun!”

But how he set, I know not.
There seemed a purple stile
Which little yellow boys and girls
Were climbing all the while

Till when they reached the other side,
A dominie in gray
Put gently up the evening bars,
And led the flock away.

The Gift of Friendship

Helen Steiner Rice

Friendship is a priceless gift that cannot
be bought or sold
But its value is far greater than a
mountain made of gold.
For gold is cold and lifeless, it can neither
see nor hear,

And in the time of trouble, it is powerless
to cheer.
It has no ears to listen, no heart to
understand.
It cannot bring you comfort, or reach out
a helping hand.
So when you ask God for a gift, be
thankful if He sends
Not diamonds, pearls or riches, but the
love of real true friends.

Going to Bed

Marchette Chute

I'm always told to hurry up—
Which I'd be glad to do,
If there were not so many things
That need attending to

But first I have to find my towel

Which fell behind the rack
And when a pillow's thrown at me
I have to throw it back.

And then I have to get the things
I need in bed with me
Like marbles and my birthday train
And Pete the chimpanzee.

I have to see my polliwog
Is safely in its pan,
And stand a minute on my head
To be quite sure I can.

I have to bounce upon my bed
To see if it will sink
And then when I am covered up
I find I need a drink.

Habits of the Hippopotamus

Arthur Guiterman

The hippopotamus is strong
And huge of head and broad of bustle;
The limbs on which he rolls along
Are big with hippopotomuscle.

He does not greatly care for sweets

Like ice cream, apple pie, or custard,
But takes to flavor what he eats
A little hippopotomustard.

The hippopotamus is true
To all his principles, and just;
He always tries his best to do
The things one hippopotomust.

He never rides in trucks or trams,
In taxicabs or omnibuses,
And so keeps out of traffic jams
And other hippopotomusses.

Halfway Down

A.A. Milne

Halfway down the stairs
Is a stair
Where I sit.
There isn't any
Other stair
Quite like

It.
I'm not at the bottom
I'm not at the top
So this is the stair
Where
I always
Stop.
Halfway up the stairs
Isn't up,
And isn't down.
It isn't in the nursery,
It isn't in the town.
And all sorts of funny
thoughts
Run round my head:
"It isn't really
Anywhere!
It's somewhere else
Instead!"

Hide and Seek

Mimi Brodsky

I looked in the house.
I looked in the yard.
I looked near the swing.
I looked very hard.

I called your name

And peeked near the stair,
And searched the garage
I looked everywhere!

So, come out! Come out! Wherever you are—
I know you can't be very far.
Come out! Come out! Let's start all over.
It's no fun finding such a rover.

Aha! I see you! You can't fool me.
There you are behind the tree.
Oh, no! Don't say the game is ended.
I think Hide and Seek is splendid!

In the Morning

Ralph Cushman

I met God in the morning,
When my day was at its best
And His presence came like sunrise
Like a glory in my breast.

All day long the Presence lingered.

All day long He stayed with me.
And we sailed with perfect calmness
O're a very troubled sea.

Other ships were blown and battered
Other ships were sore distressed.
But the winds that seemed to drive them
Brought to us a peace and rest.

Then I thought of other mornings
With a keen remorse of mind,
When I, too, had loosed the moorings
With the Presence left behind.

So I think I know the secret
Learned from many a troubled way.
You must seek God in the morning
If you want Him through the day.

Jabbering in School

Eleanor Farjeon

Was that me jabbering?
I expect it was.
It's no use complaining
Why and because;
When you've been jabbering
Teacher doesn't try

To take any interest
In because and why.
I might have seen a heron
Flying in the sun,
Or been telling Jeanie
Her pinny was undone,
I might have been noticing
Something dark and dire,
Like lions in the playground,
Or the curtains on fire,
I might have had a stomachache—
Oh, there might have been
Lots of reasons why
I Was jabbering with Jean.
But it's no use explaining
Why and because.
Was that me jabbering?
I expect it was.

A Kitten

Eleanor Farjeon

He's nothing much but fur
And two round eyes of blue,
He has a giant purr
And a midget mew.

He darts and pats the air,

He starts and cocks his ear,
When there is nothing there
For him to see and hear.

He runs around in rings,
But why we cannot tell;
With sideways leaps he springs
At things invisible.

Then halfway through a leap
His startled eyeballs close,
And he drops off to sleep
With one paw on his nose.

A Little Bird I Am

Louisa May Alcott

'A little bird I am,
Shut from the fields of air,
And in my cage I sit and sing
To Him who placed me there:
Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Because, my God, it pleases Thee!

'Naught have I else to do;
I sing the whole day long;
And He whom most I love to please
Doth listen to my song,
He caught and bound my wandering wing,
But still He bends to hear me sing.'

The Little Whistler

Frances Frost

My mother whistled softly,
My father whistled bravely,
My brother whistled merrily,
And I tried all day long!
I blew my breath inwards,
I blew my breath outwards,

But all you heard was breath blowing
And not a bit of song!

But today I heard a bluebird,
A happy, young and new bird,
Whistling in the apple tree,
He'd just discovered how!
Then quick I blew my breath in,
And happy I blew my breath out,
And sudden I blew three wild notes—
And I can whistle now!

Mice in the Hay

Leslie Norris

out of the lamplight
whispering worshipping
the mice in the hay

timid eye pearl-bright
whispering worshipping

whisking quick and away

they were there that night
whispering worshipping
smaller than snowflakes are

quietly made their way
whispering worshipping
close to the manger

yes, they were afraid
whispering worshipping
as the journey was made

from a dark corner
whispering worshipping
scuttling together

But He smiled to see them
whispering worshipping
there in the lamplight

stretched out His hand to them
they saw the baby king
hurried back out of sight
whispering worshipping

Missing

A.A. Milne

Has anybody seen my mouse?
I opened his box for half a minute
just to make sure he was really in it,
And while I was looking, he jumped outside!
I tried to catch him, I tried, I tried.
I think he's somewhere about the house.

Has anyone seen my mouse?
Uncle John have you seen my mouse?
Just a small sort of mouse, a dear little brown one,
He came from the country, he wasn't a town one,
So he'll feel lonely in a London street;
Why, what could he possibly find to eat?
He must be somewhere. I'll ask Aunt Rose:
Have you seen a mouse with a woffelly nose?
Oh, somewhere about—
He's just got out ...
Hasn't anybody seen my mouse?

My Cat, Mrs. Lick-A-Chin

John Ciardi

Some of the cats I know about
Spend a little time in and a lot of time out.
Or a lot of time out and a little time in.
But my cat, Mrs. Lick-a-chin,
Never knows where she wants to be.
If I let her in, she looks at me

And begins to sing that she wants to go out.
So I open the door, and she looks about
And begins to sing, "Please let me in!"

Poor silly Mrs. Lick-a-chin!

The thing about cats, as you may find,
Is that no one knows what they have in mind.
And I'll tell you something about that:
No one knows it less than my cat

Ornithology

Eleanor Farjeon

What's ornithology? Pray can you tell?
It's hard to pronounce and it's harder to spell—
Yet that's what you're learning whenever you care

To study the Birds of the Earth, Sea, and Air.
There's a long word

To stand for a Bird!

For a Lark or a Sparrow its length is absurd!
Eagles and Ostriches need no apology

If you should label them as ornithology!
But how can it fit
The tiny Tom-Tit?
The Finch.

Wants a word that's no more than an inch!
Yet all the Birds of the East and the West,

Whatever they be, and wherever they nest—
The Vulture—the Hen—
The Flamingo—the Wren—
The Dove—the Canary—
The queer Cassowary

The Thrush on the bough, and the Duck in the pool—
They are all ornithology when you're in School!

Out in the Fields with God

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

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.

The foolish fears of what might happen,
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.

The Owl

Alfred Tennyson

When cats run home and light is come,
And dew is cold upon the ground,
And the far-off stream is dumb,
And the whirring sail goes round,
And the whirring sail goes round;
Alone and warming his five wits,

The white owl in the belfry sits.
When merry milkmaids click the latch,
And rarely smells the new-mown hay,
And the cock hath sung beneath the thatch
Twice or thrice his roundelay,
Twice or thrice his roundelay;
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

Questions at Night

Louis Untermeyer

Why
Is the sky?

What starts the thunder overhead?
Who makes the crashing noise?
Are the angels falling out of bed?

Are they breaking all their toys?

Why does the sun go down so soon?

Why do the night-clouds crawl

Hungrily up to the new-laid moon

And swallow it, shell and all?

If there's a Bear among the stars

As all the people say,

Won't he jump over those Pasture-bars

And drink up the Milky Way?

Does every star that happens to fall

Turn into a fire-fly?

Can't it ever get back to heaven at all?

And why

Is the sky?

Rain in Summer

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

How beautiful is the rain!

After the dust and heat,

In the broad and fiery street,

In the narrow lane,

How beautiful is the rain!

How it clatters along the roofs,

Like the tramp of hoofs!

How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout!
Across the window pane
It pours and pours;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain!

The Reason for the Pelican

John Ciardi

The reason for the pelican
Is difficult to see:
His beak is clearly larger
Than there's any need to be.

It's not to bail a boat with—

He doesn't own a boat.
Yet everywhere he takes himself
He has that beak to tote.

It's not to keep his wife in—
His wife had got one, too.
It's not a scoop for eating soup.
It's not an extra shoe.

It isn't quite for anything.
And yet you realize
It's really quite a splendid beak
In quite a splendid size.

Sweet and Low

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

SWEET and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,

Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while
my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep

Spring

Karla Kuskin

I'm shouting
I'm singing
I'm swinging through trees
I'm winging sky high
With the buzzing black bees.
I'm the sun

I'm the moon
I'm the dew on the rose.
I'm a rabbit
Whose habit
Is twitching his nose.
I'm lively
I'm lovely
I'm kicking my heels.
I'm crying "Come dance
To the freshwater eels.
I'm racing through meadows
Without any coat
I'm a gamboling lamb
I'm a light leaping goat
I'm a bud I'm a bloom
I'm a dove on the wing.
I'm running on rooftops
And welcoming spring!

Seal

William Jay Smith

See how he dives
From the rocks with a zoom!
See how he darts
Through his watery room
Past crabs and eels
And green seaweed,

Past fluffs of sandy
Minnow feed!
See how he swims
With a swerve and a twist,
A flip of the flipper,
A flick of the wrist!
Quicksilver quick,
Softer than spray,
Down he plunges
And sweeps away;
Before you can think,
Before you can utter
Words like "Dill pickle"
Or "Apple butter,"
Back up he swims
Past sting-ray and shark,
Out with a zoom,
A whoop, a bark;
Before you can say
Whatever you wish,
He plops at your side
With a mouthful of fish!

The Things I Do

Karla Kuskin

I'm very good at climbing
I nearly climbed a tree
But just as I was almost up
I sort of skinned my knee.

I'm wonderful at walking

I almost walked a mile
but when I got around the block
I rested for a while.

I'm excellent at swimming
Though I'm not very old
I almost swam the ocean once
But the water was too cold.

But what I'm really best at
Is skipping down the hall.
I'm very good at skipping.
I'm wonderful at skipping.
I'm marvelous at skipping,
That is unless I fall.

Timothy Boon

Ivy O. Eastwick

Timothy Boon
Bought a balloon
Blue as the sky,
Round as the moon.
"Now I will try
To make it fly

Up to the moon,
Higher than high!"
Timothy said,
Nodding his head.

Timothy Boon
Sent his balloon
Up through the skies,
Up to the moon.
But a strong breeze
Stirred in the trees
Rocked the bright moon,
Tossed the great seas,
And, with its mirth,
Shook the whole earth.
Timothy Boon,
And his balloon,
Caught by the breeze
Flew to the moon;
Up past the trees,
Over the seas,
Up to the moon—
Swift as you please!—
And, oh, I forget,
They have not come down yet!

Tiptoe

Karla Kuskin

Yesterday I skipped all day,
The day before I ran,
Today I'm going to tiptoe
Everywhere I can.

I'll tiptoe down the stairway.

I'll tiptoe through the door.
I'll tiptoe to the living room
And give an awful roar

And my father, who is reading,
Will jump up from his chair
And mumble something silly like
"I don't see you there."

I'll tiptoe to my mother
And give a little cough
And when she spins to see me
Why, I'll softly tiptoe off.

I'll tiptoe through the meadows,
Over hills and yellow sands
And when my toes get tired
Then I'll tiptoe on my hands.

To God, with Love

Alice Joyce Davidson

Dear God,
This is the first time ever that
I've written You a letter ... but I just had
to thank You, now that everything is better.

I came to You a while back so troubled

and distressed, I didn't know what course to take, what action would be best ... I told You all my troubles, and I felt Your presence near ... and as I talked the clouds broke up and seemed to disappear.

So, thank You, God, for listening, for keeping me from harm, for wiping tears and holding me within Your loving arms.

Verbs

Eleanor Farjeon

Nouns are the things I see and touch,
My Cake, my Mother, and my Ball;
I like some nouns very much,
Though some I do not like at all.

Verbs are the things I do, and make,

And feel, in one way or another.
Thanks to Verbs, I eat my Cake,
And throw my Ball, and hug my Mother.

Yet Verbs, which make me laugh and play,
Can also make me cry and fall,
And tease my Mother every day,
And spoil my Cake, and lose my Ball!

The Violet

Jane Taylor

Down in a green and shady bed,
A modest violet grew;
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head
As if to hide from view.

And yet it was a lovely flower,

Its color bright and fair;
It might have graced a rosy bower,
Instead of hiding there.

Yet thus it was content to bloom,
In modest tint arrayed;
And there diffused a sweet perfume,
Within the silent shade.

Then let me to the valley go
This pretty flower to see;
That I may also learn to grow
In sweet humility.

Weather

Eve Merriam

Dot a dotdot ...dot a dotdot
Spotting the windowpane.
Spack a spack speck ...flick a flack fleck
Freckling the windowpane.

A spatter a scatter ...a wetcat aclatter

A splatter a rumble outside.
Umbrella umbrella umbrella umbrella
Bumbershoot barrel of rain.

Slosh a galosh ...slosh a galosh
Slither and slather a glide
A puddle a jump a puddle a jump
A puddle a jump puddle splosh
A juddle a pump aluddle a dump a
Puddmuddle jump in and slide.

What is Pink?

Christina Rossetti

What is pink? A rose is pink
By the fountain's brink.
What is red? A poppy's red
In its barley bed.
What is blue? The sky is blue
Where the clouds float through.

What is white? A swan is white
Sailing in the light.

What is yellow? Pears are yellow,
Rich and ripe and mellow.

What is green? The grass is green,
With small flowers between.

What is violet? Clouds are violet
In the summer twilight.

What is orange? Why, an orange,
Just an orange!

Will There Really Be a Morning?

Emily Dickinson

Will there really be a morning?
Is there such a thing as day?
Could I see it from the mountains
If I were as tall as they?

Has it feet like water lilies?
Has it feathers like a bird?
Is it brought from famous countries
Of which I have never heard?

Oh, some scholar! Oh, some sailor!
Oh, some wise man from the skies!
Please to tell a little pilgrim
Where the place called morning lies!