Poem Memorization Year 3
First Language Lessons

First Language Lessons for the Well-Trained Mind {Level 3} by Jessie Wise includes six poems for children to memorization throughout the school year. I put together some simple printables for our children to hang on the wall while we were learning the poems and then refer back to throughout the year.

These have been helpful to use for copywork exercises during our schooltime. Poems for FLL Year 3 include:

~ "The Land of Nod" by Robert Louis Stevenson
~ "A Tragic Story" by William Makepeace Thackery
~ "I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud" by William Wordsworth
~ "A Time to Talk" by Robert Frost
~ "The Bells" by Edgar Allen Poe
~ "A Slash of Blue" by Emily Dickinson

If you plan to use any of the earlier levels of First Language Lessons, I also have created poem printables for Levels 1 & 2 also.

Created by Jolanthe @ http://homeschoolcreations.com

The Land of Nod
by Robert Louis Stevenson

From breakfast on through all the day
At home among my friends I stay;
But every night I go abroad
Afar into the land of Nod.

All by myself I have to go,
With none to tell me what to do—
All alone beside the streams
And up the mountainsides of dreams.

The strangest things are there for me,
Both things to eat and things to see,
And many frightening sights abroad
Till morning in the land of Nod.

Try as I like to find the way,
I never can get back by day,
Nor can remember plain and clear
The curious music that I hear.

A Tragic Story
by William Makepeace Thackeray

There lived a sage in days of yore,
And he a handsome pigtail wore;
But wondered much and sorrowed more,
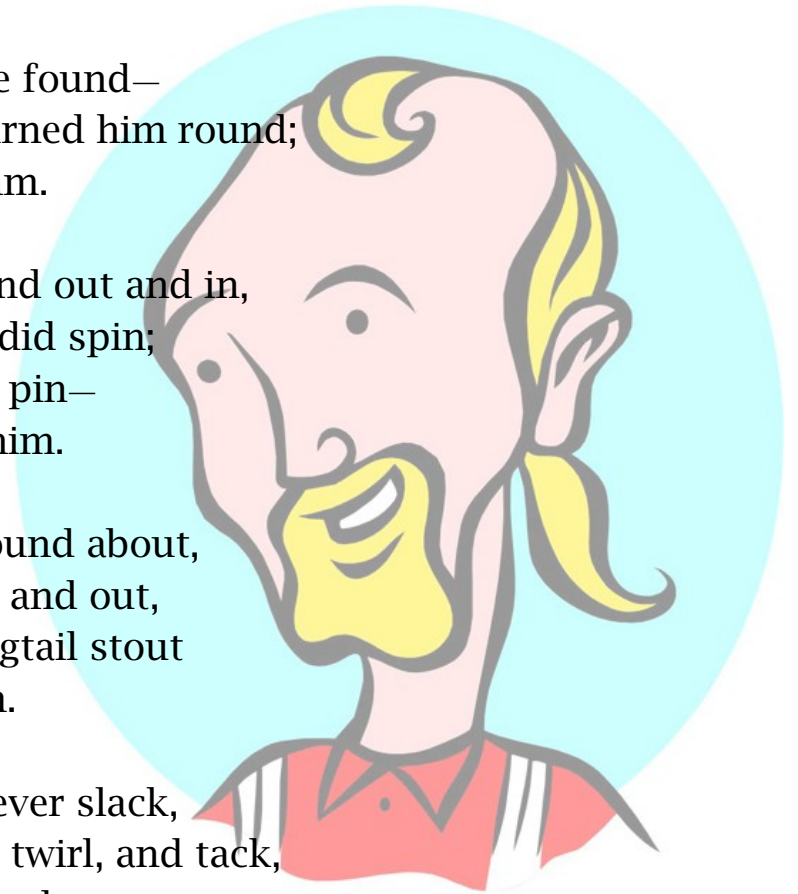Because it hung behind him.

He mused upon the curious case,
And swore he'd change the pigtail's place,
And have it hanging in his face,
Not dangling there behind him.

Says he, "The mystery I've found—
I'll turn me round"—he turned him round;
But still it hung behind him.

Then round and round, and out and in,
All day the puzzled sage did spin;
In vain—it mattered not a pin—
The pigtail hung behind him.

And right and left, and round about,
And up and down, and in and out,
He turned; but still the pigtail stout
Hung steadily behind him.

And though his efforts never slack,
And though he twist, and twirl, and tack,
Alas! still faithful to his back,
The pigtail hangs behind him.

I Wandered Lonely As a Cloud
by William Wordsworth

I Wandered Lonely As a Cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
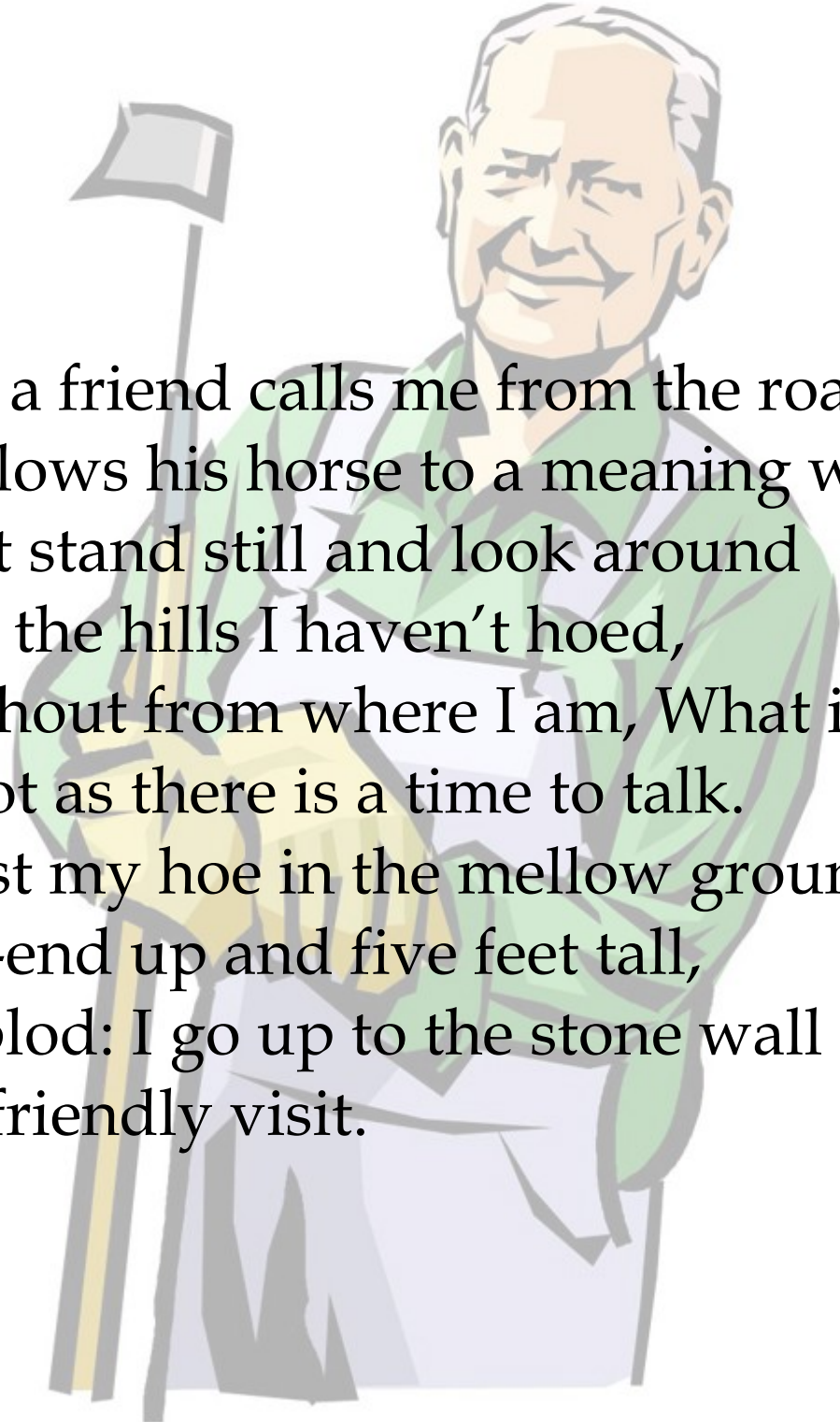When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;

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 the bay;
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

A Time to Talk
by Robert Frost

When a friend calls me from the road
And slows his horse to a meaning walk,
I don't stand still and look around
On all the hills I haven't hoed,
And shout from where I am, What is it?
No, not as there is a time to talk.
I thrust my hoe in the mellow ground,
Blade-end up and five feet tall,
And plod: I go up to the stone wall
For a friendly visit.

The Bells
by Edgar Allen Poe

Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation, that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

A Slash of Blue
by Emily Dickinson

A slash of Blue —
A sweep of Gray —
Some scarlet patches on the way,
Compose an Evening Sky —
A little purple — slipped between —
Some Ruby Trousers hurried on —
A Wave of Gold —
A Bank of Day —
This makes out the Morning Sky.