

Poem Memorization Year 4

First Language Lessons

[First Language Lessons for the Well-Trained Mind](#)

[Level 4](#) 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 schoolltime. Poems for FLL Year 4 include:


- ~ “Afternoon on a Hill” by Edna St. Vincent Millay
- ~ “Ozymandias” by Percy Bysshe Shelley
- ~ “How Doth...” by Lewis Carroll
- ~ “Learning to Read” by Frances Ellen Watkins Harper
- ~ “The Lake Isle of Innisfree” by William Butler Yeats
- ~ “The Height of the Ridiculous” by Oliver Wendell Holmes

If you plan to use any of the earlier levels of First Language Lessons, I also have created [poem printables for Levels 1 & 2](#) as well as [Level 3](#) also.

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Afternoon on a Hill

by Edna St. Vincent Millay



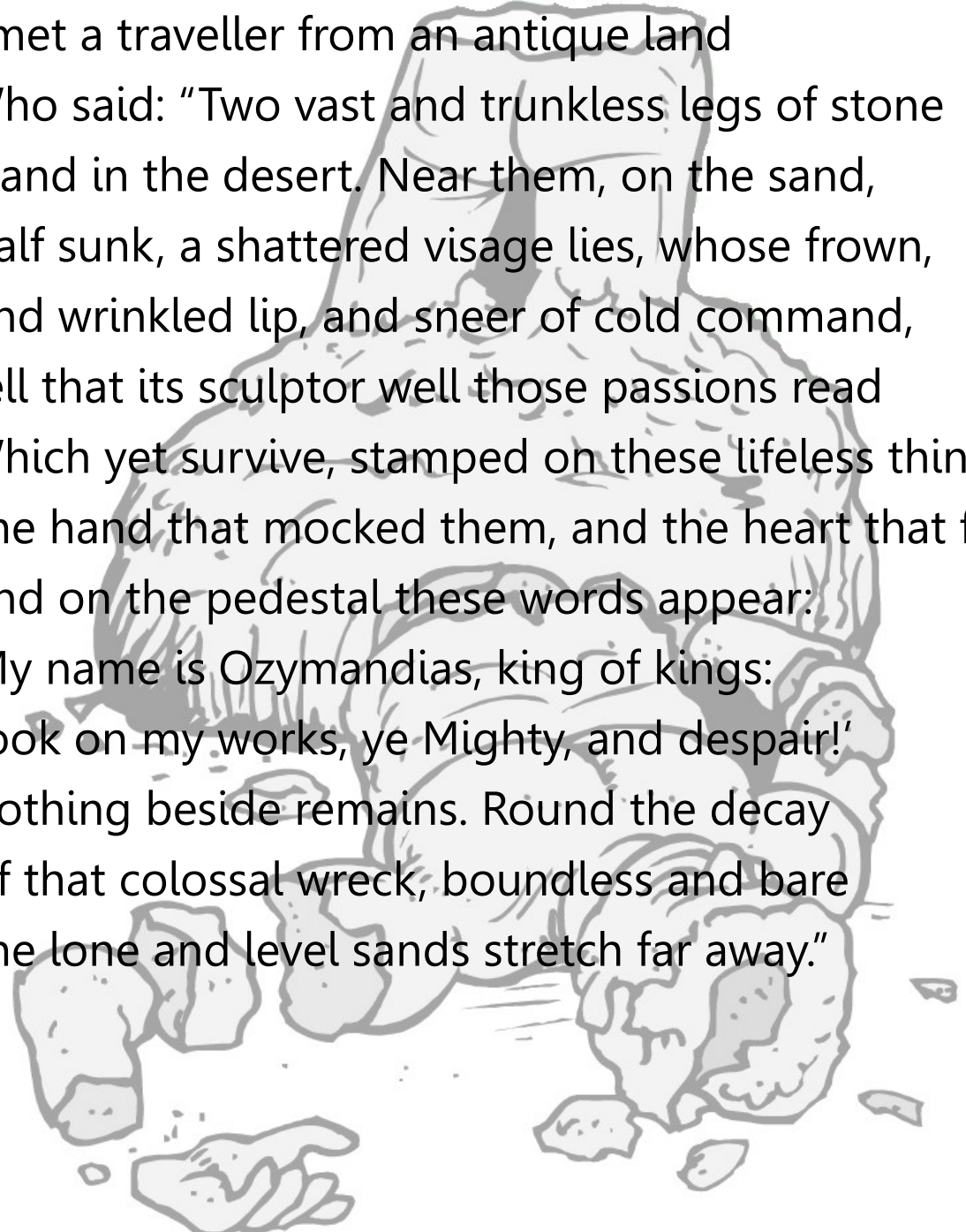
I will be the gladdest thing
Under the sun!
I will touch a hundred flowers
And not pick one.

I will look at cliffs and clouds
With quiet eyes,
Watch the wind bow down the grass,
And the grass rise.

And when the lights begin to show
Up from the town,
I will mark which must be mine,
And then start down!

“Ozymandias”

by Percy Bysshe Shelley



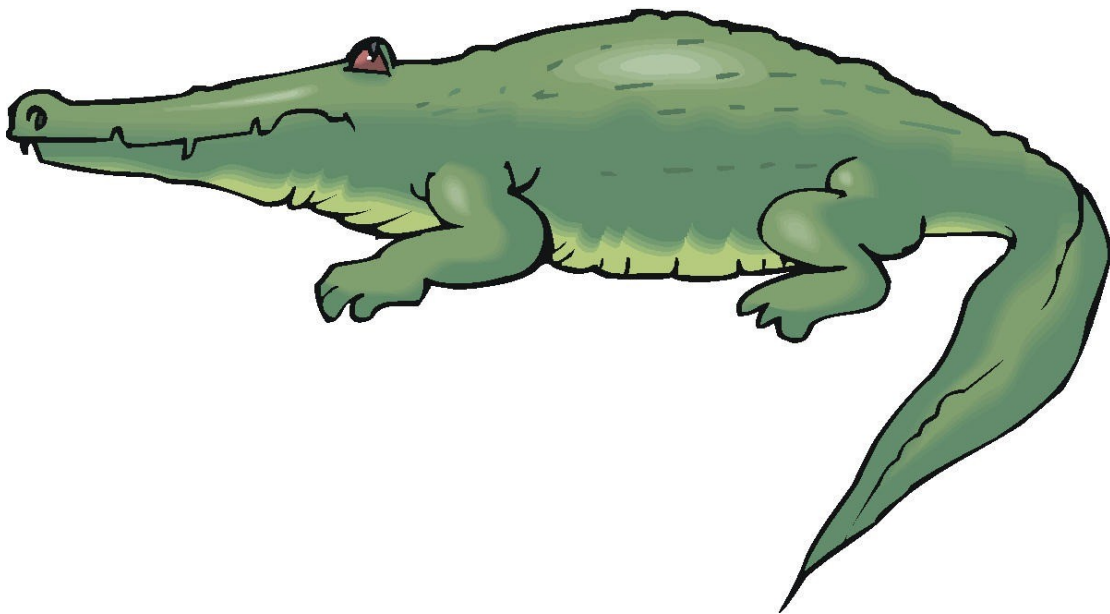
I met a traveller from an antique land
Who said: “Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed:
And on the pedestal these words appear:
‘My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!’
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away.”

“How Doth...”

by Lewis Carroll

How doth the little crocodile
Improve his shining tail,
And pour the waters of the Nile
On every golden scale!

How cheerfully he seems to grin,
How neatly spreads his claws,
And welcomes little fishes in
With gently smiling jaws!



Learning to Read

by Frances Ellen Watkins Harper

Very soon the Yankee teachers
Came down and set up school;
But, oh! How the Rebs did hate it, ---
It was agin' their rule.

Our masters always tried to hide
Book learning from our eyes:
Knowledge didn't agree with slavery ---
'Twould make us all too wise.

But some of us would try to steal
A little from a book,
And put the words together,
And learn by hook or crook.

I remember Uncle Caldwell,
Who took pot liquor fat
And greased the pages of his book,
And hid it in his hat.

And had his master ever seen
The leaves upon his head,
He'd had thought them greasy papers,
But nothing to be read.

And there was Mr. Turner's Ben,
Who heard the children spell,
And picked the words right up by heart,
And learned to read 'em well.

Well, the Northern folks kept sending
The Yankee teacher down;
And they stood right up and helped us,
Though the Rebs did sneer and frown.

And I longed to read my Bible,
For precious words it said;
But when I begun to learn it,
Folks just shook their heads,

And said there is no use trying,
Oh! Chloe, you're too late;
But as I was rising sixty,
I had no time to wait.

So I got a pair of glasses,
And straight to work I went,
And never stopped till I could read
The hymns and Testament.

Then I got a little cabin
A place to call my own ---
And I felt as independent
As the queen upon her throne.

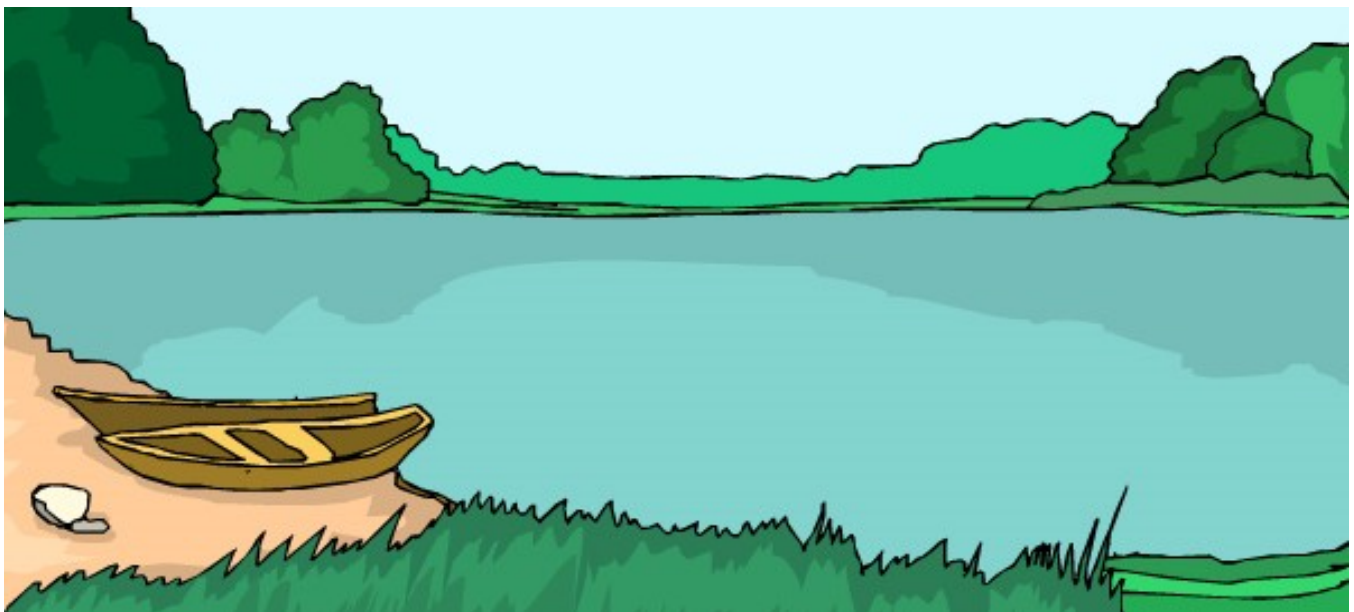
The Lake Isle of Innisfree

by William Butler Yeats

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made:
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear the lake water lapping with the low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements gray,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.



The Height of the Ridiculous

by Oliver Wendell Holmes

I wrote some lines once in a time
In wondrous merry mood,
And thought, as usual, men would say
They were exceeding good.

They were so queer, so very queer,
I laughed as I would die;
Albeit in a sober way,
A sober man am I.

I called my servant, and he came;
How kind it was of him
To mind a slender man like me,
He of the mighty limb!

“These to the printer,” I exclaimed.
And in my humorous way,
I added (as a trifling jest),
“There’ll be the devil to pay.”

He took the paper, and I watched,
And saw him peep within;
At the first line he read, his face
Was all upon the grin.

He read the next; the grin grew broad,
And shot from ear to ear;
He read the third; a chuckling noise
I now began to hear.

The fourth; he broke into a roar;
The fifth; his waistband split;
The sixth; he burst five buttons off,
And tumbled in a fit.

Ten days and nights, with sleepless eye,
I watched that wretched man,
And since, I never dare to write
As funny as I can.

