



# Poem Memorization Year 1 & 2

## First Language Lessons

Each year of ***First Language Lessons for the Well-Trained Mind {Level 1 & 2}*** by Jessie Wise includes several poems for memorization by the children. As we were reviewing and memorizing the poems, I put together some simple printables for our children to put in their folders and refer back to throughout the school year.

These have been helpful to use for copywork exercises during our schooltime. Poems for Year 1 & 2 include:

- "The Caterpillar" by Christina G. Rossetti
- "Work" by Anonymous
- "Hearts Are Like Doors" by Anonymous
- "Days of the Week" ~ Mother Goose rhyme adapted by Sara Buffington
- "The Months" a Mother Goose rhyme
- "Mr. Nobody" by Anonymous
- "The Goops" by Gelett Burgess
- "The Year" by Sara Coleridge, adapted by Sara Buffington
- "The Little Bird" a Mother Goose rhyme
- "All Things Beautiful" by Cecil Alexander

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*Christina G. Rossetti*

Brown and furry  
Caterpillar in a hurry;  
Take your walk  
To the shady leaf, or stalk.

May no toad spy you,  
May the little birds pass by you;  
Spin and die,  
To live again a butterfly.

# Work

*Anonymous*



Work while you work,  
Play while you play;  
This is the way  
To be happy each day.

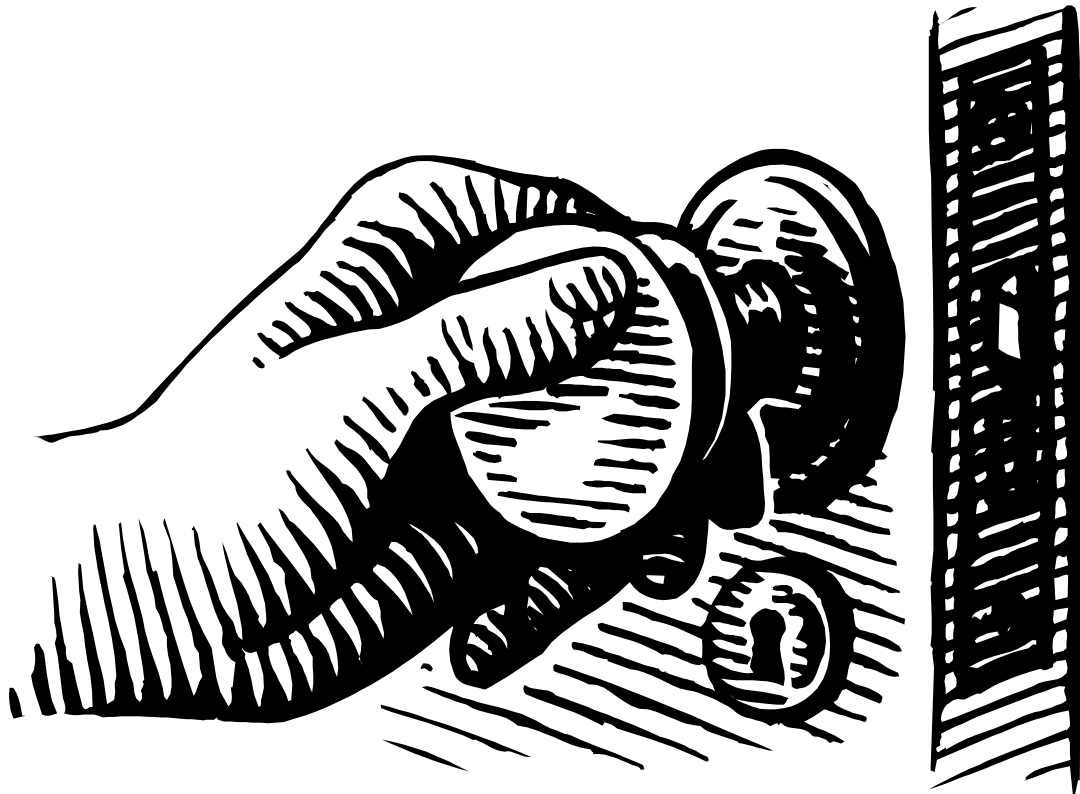
All that you do,  
Do with your might;  
Things done by halves  
Are never done right.



# Hearts Are Like Doors

*Anonymous*

Hearts, like doors, will open with ease,  
To very, very little keys.  
And don't forget that two of these  
Are "Thank you, sir" and "If you please!"





# Days of the Week

Mother Goose rhyme  
Adapted by Sara Buffington

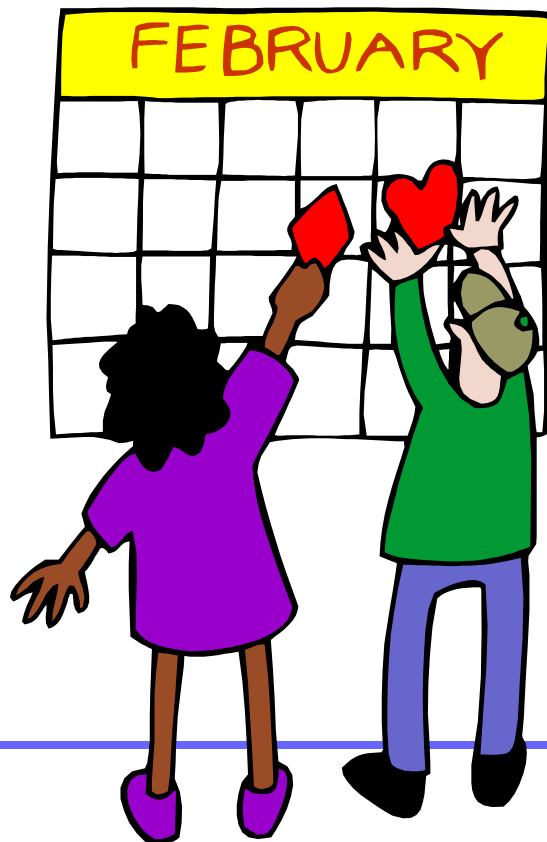
Monday's child is fair of face,  
Tuesday's child is full of grace:  
Wednesday's child is ever so sweet,  
Thursday's child is tidy and neat.  
Friday's child is prone to a giggle,  
Saturday's child is easy to tickle;  
But the child that is born on restful Sunday  
Is happy and cheerful, and loves to play.



# The Months

Mother Goose rhyme

Thirty days hath September,  
April, June, and November;  
All the rest have thirty-one,  
Except for February alone,  
Which has four and twenty-four  
Till leap year gives it one day more.





# Monday, Mommy Baked a Cake

Jessie Wise

Monday, Mommy baked a cake.  
Tuesday, Daddy ate a steak.

Wednesday, Brother waved, “Good-bye.”  
Thursday, Uncle made a pie.

Friday, Sister cooked the meat,  
Then we all sat down to eat.

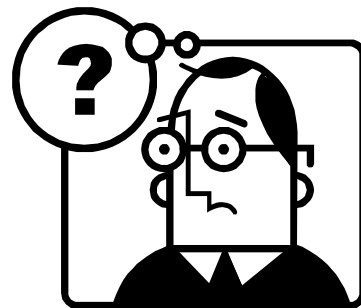
Saturday, we welcomed guests.  
Sunday, we all took our rests.

Monday, we began anew -  
The days of the week are all too few.

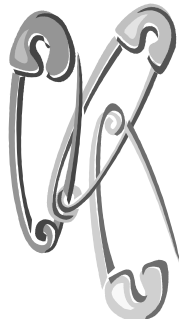


# Mr. Nobody

Anonymous



I know a funny little man,  
As quiet as a mouse,  
Who does the mischief that is done  
In everybody's house!  
There's no one ever sees his face,  
And yet we all agree  
That every plate we break was cracked  
By Mr. Nobody.



'Tis he who always tears our books,  
Who leaves the door ajar,  
He pulls the buttons from our shirts,  
And scatters pins afar.  
That squeaking door will always squeak,  
For, prithee, don't you see,  
We leave the oiling to be done  
By Mr. Nobody.

The finger marks upon the door  
By none of us are made;  
We never leave the blinds unclosed,  
To let the curtains fade.  
The ink we never spill; the boots  
That lying 'round you see  
Are not our boots - they all belong  
To Mr. Nobody.





# The Goops

*By Gelett Burgess*

The Goops they lick their fingers,  
And the Goops they lick their knives,  
They spill their broth on the tablecloth —  
Oh, they lead disgusting lives!

The Goops they talk while eating,  
And loud and fast they chew,  
And that is why I'm glad that I  
Am not a Goop — are you?



# *The Year*

*By Sara Coleridge  
Adapted by Sara Buffington*

January brings the snow,  
Helps the skis and sleds to go.

February brings the rain,  
Thaws the frozen lake again.

March brings breezes loud and shrill,  
Stirs the dancing daffodil.

April brings the primrose sweet,  
Scatters daisies at our feet.

May brings sunshine full and bright,  
Sends the busy bees to flight.

June brings tulips, lilies, roses,  
Fills the children's hands with posies.

Hot July brings stormy showers  
Lemonade, and lazy hours.

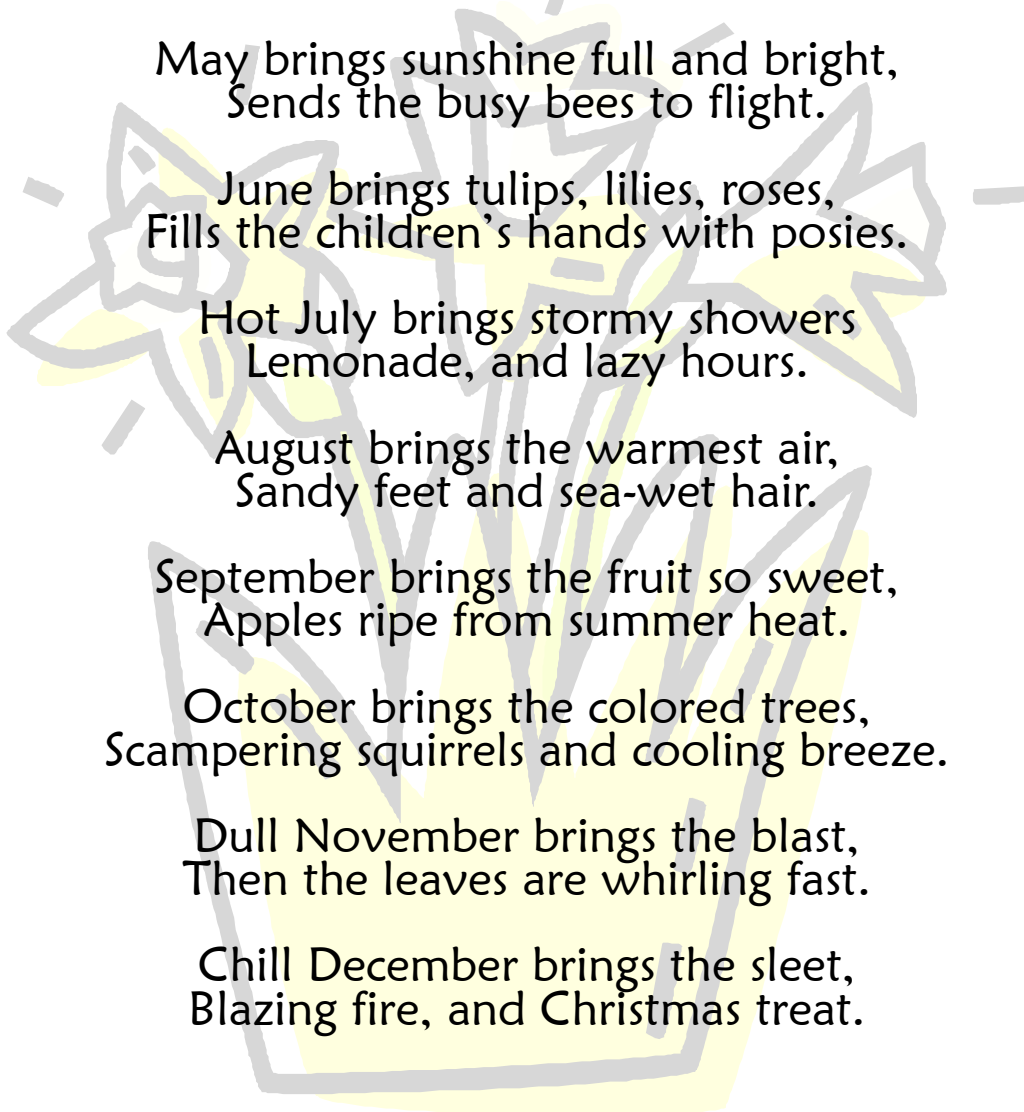
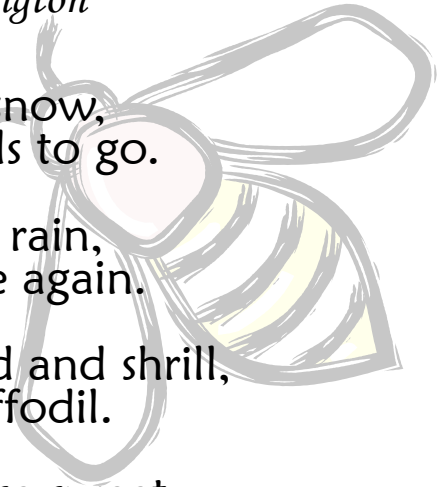
August brings the warmest air,  
Sandy feet and sea-wet hair.

September brings the fruit so sweet,  
Apples ripe from summer heat.

October brings the colored trees,  
Scampering squirrels and cooling breeze.

Dull November brings the blast,  
Then the leaves are whirling fast.

Chill December brings the sleet,  
Blazing fire, and Christmas treat.



# The Little Bird

*Mother Goose Rhyme*

Once I saw a little bird  
Come hop, hop, hop;  
So I cried, “Little bird,  
Will you stop, stop, stop?”  
And was going to the window  
To say “How do you do?”  
But he shook his little tail,  
And far away he flew.



# All Things Beautiful

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

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

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.

