

Kindergarten:

The Little Turtle

BY VACHEL LINDSAY

There was a little turtle.
He lived in a box.
He swam in a puddle.
He climbed on the rocks.

He snapped at a mosquito.
He snapped at a flea.
He snapped at a minnow.
And he snapped at me.

He caught the mosquito.
He caught the flea.
He caught the minnow.
But he didn't catch me.

Berquist, Laura. *Harp and Laurel Wreath Poetry and Dictation for the Classical Curriculum*. Ignatius Press, 2021.

1st Grade:

Bed in Summer

BY 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?

Berquist, Laura. *Harp and Laurel Wreath Poetry and Dictation for the Classical Curriculum*. Ignatius Press, 2021.

2nd Grade:

Singing

by Robert Louis Stevenson

**Of speckled eggs the birdie sings
And nests among the trees;
The sailor sings of ropes and things
In ships upon the seas.**

**The children sing in far Japan,
The children sing in Spain;
The organ with the organ man
Is singing in the rain.**

Berquist, Laura. *Harp and Laurel Wreath Poetry and Dictation for the Classical Curriculum*. Ignatius Press, 2021.

3rd Grade:

The Moon

The moon has a face like the clock in the hall;
She shines on thieves on the garden wall,
On streets and fields and harbour quays,
And birdies asleep in the forks of the trees.

The squalling cat and the squeaking mouse,
The howling dog by the door of the house,
The bat that lies in bed at noon,
All love to be out by the light of the moon.
But all of the things that belong to the day
Cuddle to sleep to be out of her way;
And flowers and children close their eyes
Till up in the morning the sun shall arise.

Robert Louis Stevenson

4th Grade:

The Children's Hour

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence:
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all!

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away!

5th Grade:

***Pocahontas [1595? - 1617]* by Rosemary and Stephen Vincent Benet**

Princess Pocahontas,
Powhatan's daughter,
Stared at the white men
Come across the water.

She was like a wild deer
Or a bright, plumed bird,
Ready then to flash away
At one harsh word.

When the faces answered hers,
Paler yet, but smiling,
Pocahontas looked and looked,
Found them quite beguiling.

Likes the whites and trusted them,
Spite of kin and kith,
Fed and protected
Captain John Smith.

Pocahontas was revered
By each and every one.
She married John Rolfe
She had a Rolfe son.

She crossed the sea to London Town
And must have found it queer,
To be Lady Rebecca
And the toast of the year.

"La Belle Sauvage! La Belle Sauvage!
Our nonpareil is she!"
But Princess Pochahontas
Gazed sadly toward the sea.

They gave her silk and furbelows.
She pined, as wild things do
And, when she died at Gravesend
She was only twenty-two.

Poor wild bird - -
No one can be blamed.
But gentle Pocahontas
Was a wild thing tamed.

And everywhere the lesson runs,
All through the ages:
Wild things die
In the very finest cages.

6th Grade:

¶ **Trinity Sunday.**

Lord, who hast form'd me out of mud,
And hast redeem'd me through thy blood,
And sanctify'd me to do good;

Purge all my sins done heretofore:
For I confess my heavy score,
And I will strive to sin no more.

Enrich my heart, mouth, hands in me,
With faith, with hope, with charity;
That I may run, rise, rest with thee.

by George Herbert

7th Grade:

The Beauty of Creation Bears Witness to God

Question the beauty of the earth,
the beauty of the sea,
the beauty of the wide air around you,
the beauty of the sky;
question the order of the stars,
the sun whose brightness lights the days,
the moon whose splendor softens the gloom of night;
question the living creatures that move in the waters,
that roam upon the earth,
that fly through the air;
the spirit that lies hidden,
the matter that is manifest;
the visible things that are ruled,
the invisible things that rule them;
question all these.

They will answer you:

“Behold and see, we are beautiful.”

Their beauty is their confession to God.

Who made these beautiful changing things,
if not one who is beautiful and changeth not?

St. Augustine

The Liturgy of the Hours: According to the Roman Rite., 1975. Print.

8th Grade:

The Mission of My Life

God has created me to do him some definite service; He has committed some work to me which he has not committed to another.

I have my mission-I may not know it in this life, but I shall be told it in the next. Somehow I am necessary for His purposes, as necessary in my place as an archangel in his;

If, indeed I fail, He can raise another as if He could make the stones children of Abraham. Yet I have a part in His great work; I am a link in the chain, a bond of connection between persons.

He has not created me for naught. I shall do good. I shall do His work; I shall be an angel of peace; a preacher of truth in my own place, while not intending it, if I do but keep His commandments and serve Him in my calling.

Saint John Henry Newman

St. Gregory's Prayer Book: A Primer of Catholic Devotions, 2019. Print.