

## Kindergarten

### Rain

By Robert Louis Stevenson (ALL ARE)

The rain is raining all around,  
It falls on field and tree,  
It rains on the umbrellas here,  
And on the ships at sea.

### Bed in Summer

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?

### The Cow

The friendly cow all red and white,  
I love with all my heart:  
She gives me cream with all her might,  
To eat with apple-tart.

She wanders lowing here and there,  
And yet she cannot stray,  
All in the pleasant open air,  
The pleasant light of day;

And blown by all the winds that pass  
And wet with all the showers,  
She walks among the meadow grass  
And eats the meadow flowers.

### 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.

### At the Sea-side

WHEN I was down beside the sea  
A wooden spade they gave to me  
To dig the sandy shore.

My holes were empty like a cup.  
In every hole the sea came up,  
Till it could come no more.

## My Shadow

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,  
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.  
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;  
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow-  
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;  
For he sometimes shoots up taller like an india-rubber  
ball,  
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him  
at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,  
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.  
He stays so close beside me, he's a coward you can see;  
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to  
me!

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,  
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;  
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,  
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in  
bed.

## The Little Turtle

By Vashel 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.

## First Grade

### Windy Nights

by Robert Louis Stevenson (Most are)

Whenever the moon and stars are set,  
Whenever the wind is high,  
All night long in the dark and wet,  
A man goes riding by.  
Late in the night when the fires are out,  
Why does he gallop and gallop about?

Whenever the trees are crying aloud,  
And ships are tossed at sea,  
By, on the highway, low and loud,  
By at the gallop goes he.  
By at the gallop he goes, and then  
By he comes back at the gallop again.

### The Wind

I saw you toss the kites on high  
And blow the birds about the sky;  
And all around I heard you pass,  
Like ladies' skirts across the grass--  
O wind, a-blowing all day long,  
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,  
But always you yourself you hid.  
I felt you push, I heard you call,  
I could not see yourself at all--  
O wind, a-blowing all day long,  
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,  
O blower, are you young or old?  
Are you a beast of field and tree,  
Or just a stronger child than me?  
O wind, a-blowing all day long,  
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

### Foreign Lands

Up into the cherry tree  
Who should climb but little me?  
I held the trunk with both my hands  
And looked abroad in foreign lands.

I saw the next door garden lie,  
Adorned with flowers, before my eye,  
And many pleasant places more  
That I had never seen before.

I saw the dimpling river pass  
And be the sky's blue looking-glass;  
The dusty roads go up and down  
With people tramping in to town.

If I could find a higher tree  
Farther and farther I should see,  
To where the grown-up river slips  
Into the sea among the ships,

To where the road on either hand  
Lead onward into fairy land,  
Where all the children dine at five,  
And all the playthings come alive.

### **Where Go the Boats?**

Dark brown is the river,  
Golden is the sand.  
It flows along for ever,  
With trees on either hand.

Green leaves a-floating,  
Castles of the foam,  
Boats of mine a-boating -  
Where will all come home?

On goes the river  
And out past the mill,  
Away down the valley,  
Away down the hill.

Away down the river,  
A hundred miles or more,  
Other little children  
Shall bring my boats ashore.

### **The Land of Counterpane**

When I was sick and lay a-bed,  
I had two pillows at my head,  
And all my toys beside me lay,  
To keep me happy all the day.

And sometimes for an hour or so  
I watched my leaden soldiers go,  
With different uniforms and drills,  
Among the bed-clothes, through the hills;

And sometimes sent my ships in fleets  
All up and down among the sheets;  
Or brought my trees and houses out,  
And planted cities all about.

I was the giant great and still  
That sits upon the pillow-hill,  
And sees before him, dale and plain,  
The pleasant land of counterpane.

### **The Swing**

How do you like to go up in a swing,  
Up in the air so blue?  
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing  
Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,  
Till I can see so wide,  
River and trees and cattle and all  
Over the countryside--

Till I look down on the garden green,  
Down on the roof so brown--  
Up in the air I go flying again,  
Up in the air and down!

## Second Grade

### The Owl and the Pussycat

By Edward Lear

The Owl and the Pussy-cat went to sea  
In a beautiful pea green boat,  
They took some honey, and plenty of money,  
Wrapped up in a five pound note.  
The Owl looked up to the stars above,  
And sang to a small guitar,  
'O lovely Pussy! O Pussy my love,  
What a beautiful Pussy you are,  
You are,  
You are!  
What a beautiful Pussy you are!'

Pussy said to the Owl, 'You elegant fowl!  
How charmingly sweet you sing!  
O let us be married! too long we have tarried:  
But what shall we do for a ring?'  
They sailed away, for a year and a day,  
To the land where the Bong-tree grows  
And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood  
With a ring at the end of his nose,  
His nose,  
His nose,  
With a ring at the end of his nose.

'Dear pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling  
Your ring?' Said the Piggy, 'I will.'  
So they took it away, and were married next day  
By the Turkey who lives on the hill.  
They dined on mince, and slices of quince,  
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;  
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,  
They danced by the light of the moon,  
The moon,  
The moon,  
They danced by the light of the moon.

### Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening

BY ROBERT FROST

Whose woods these are I think I know.  
His house is in the village though;  
He will not see me stopping here  
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer  
To stop without a farmhouse near  
Between the woods and frozen lake  
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake  
To ask if there is some mistake.  
The only other sound's the sweep  
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep.  
But I have promises to keep,  
And miles to go before I sleep,  
And miles to go before I sleep.

### Psalm 100

Cry out with joy to the Lord, all the earth.  
Serve the Lord with gladness.  
Come before him, singing for joy.  
Know that he, the Lord, is God.  
He made us, we belong to him.  
We are his people, the sheep of his flock.  
Go within his gates, giving thanks.  
Enter his temple with songs of praise.  
Give thanks to him and bless his name.  
Indeed, how good is the Lord, eternal his  
merciful love.  
He is faithful from age to age.

## The Duel

By Eugene Field

The gingham dog and the calico cat  
Side by side on the table sat;  
'T was half-past twelve, and (what do you think!)  
Nor one nor t' other had slept a wink!  
The old Dutch clock and the Chinese plate  
Appeared to know as sure as fate  
There was going to be a terrible spat.  
(I was n't there; I simply state  
What was told to me by the Chinese  
plate!)

The gingham dog went "Bow-wow-wow!"  
And the calico cat replied "Mee-ow!"  
The air was littered, an hour or so,  
With bits of gingham and calico,  
While the old Dutch clock in the  
chimney-place  
Up with its hands before its face,  
For it always dreaded a family row!  
(Now mind: I 'm only telling you  
What the old Dutch clock declares is  
true!)

The Chinese plate looked very blue,  
And wailed, "Oh, dear! what shall we do!"  
But the gingham dog and the calico cat  
Wallowed this way and tumbled that,  
Employing every tooth and claw  
In the awfulest way you ever saw---  
And, oh! how the gingham and calico flew!  
(Don't fancy I exaggerate---  
I got my news from the Chinese plate!)

Next morning, where the two had sat  
They found no trace of dog or cat;  
And some folks think unto this day  
That burglars stole that pair away!  
But the truth about the cat and pup  
Is this: they ate each other up!  
Now what do you really think of that!  
(The old Dutch clock it told me so,  
And that is how I came to know.)

## The Land of Story-books

by Robert Louis Stevenson

At evening when the lamp is lit,  
Around the fire my parents sit;  
They sit at home and talk and sing,  
And do not play at anything.

Now, with my little gun, I crawl  
All in the dark along the wall,  
And follow round the forest track  
Away behind the sofa back.

There, in the night, where none can spy,  
All in my hunter's camp I lie,  
And play at books that I have read  
Till it is time to go to bed.

These are the hills, these are the woods,  
These are my starry solitudes;  
And there the river by whose brink  
The roaring lions come to drink.

I see the others far away  
As if in firelit camp they lay,  
And I, like to an Indian scout,  
Around their party prowled about.

So, when my nurse comes in for me,  
Home I return across the sea,  
And go to bed with backward looks  
At my dear land of Story-books.

## **The Song of Mr Toad**

by Kenneth Grahame

The world has held great Heroes,  
As history-books have showed;  
But never a name to go down to fame  
Compared with that of Toad

The clever men at Oxford  
Know all that there is to be knowed.  
But they none of them knew one half as much  
As intelligent Mr Toad!

The animals sat in the Ark and cried,  
Their tears in torrents flowed.  
Who was it said, "There's land ahead?"  
Encouraging Mr Toad!

The Army all saluted  
As they marched along the road.  
Was it the King? Or Kitchener?  
No. It was Mr Toad!

The Queen and her Ladies-in-waiting  
Sat at the window and sewed.  
She cried, "Look! who's that handsome man?"  
They answered, "Mr Toad."

## 3rd Grade

### The Flag Goes By

By Henry Holcomb Bennett

HATS off!

Along the street there comes  
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,  
A flash of color beneath the sky:  
Hats off!  
The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines,  
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.  
Hats off!  
The colors before us fly;  
    but more than the flag is passing by.

Sea-fights and land-fights, grim and great,  
Fought to make and to save the State:  
Weary marches and sinking ships;  
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and years of peace;  
March of a strong land's swift increase;  
Equal justice, right and law,  
Stately honor and reverend awe;

Sign of a nation, great and strong  
To ward her people from foreign wrong:  
Pride and glory and honor,—all  
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off!  
Along the street there comes  
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;  
And loyal hearts are beating high:  
Hats off!  
The flag is passing by!

### 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!

## 'The Village Blacksmith

By Longfellow

Under a spreading chestnut-tree  
The village smithy stands;  
The smith, a mighty man is he,  
With large and sinewy hands;  
And the muscles of his brawny arms  
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,  
His face is like the tan;  
His brow is wet with honest sweat,  
He earns whate'er he can,  
And looks the whole world in the face,  
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,  
You can hear his bellows blow;  
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,  
With measured beat and slow,  
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,  
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school  
Look in at the open door;  
They love to see the flaming forge,  
And hear the bellows roar,  
And catch the burning sparks that fly  
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,  
And sits among his boys;  
He hears the parson pray and preach,  
He hears his daughter's voice,  
Singing in the village choir,  
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,  
Singing in Paradise!  
He needs must think of her once more,  
How in the grave she lies;  
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes  
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,--rejoicing,--sorrowing,  
Onward through life he goes;  
Each morning sees some task begin,  
Each evening sees it close  
Something attempted, something done,  
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,  
For the lesson thou hast taught!  
Thus at the flaming forge of life  
Our fortunes must be wrought;  
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped  
Each burning deed and thought.

## Preamble to the Constitution

We the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America.

## 4rd Grade

AMERICA FOR ME  
by Henry Van Dyke

'TIS fine to see the Old World, and travel up and down  
Among the famous palaces and cities of renown,  
To admire the crumbly castles and the statues of the kings,—  
But now I think I've had enough of antiquated things.

So it's home again, and home again, America for me!  
My heart is turning home again, and there I long to be,  
In the land of youth and freedom beyond the ocean bars,  
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars!

Oh, London is a man's town, there's power in the air;  
And Paris is a woman's town, with flowers in her hair;  
And it's sweet to dream in Venice, and it's great to study Rome;  
But when it comes to living there is no place like home.

I like the German fir-woods, in green battalions drilled;  
I like the gardens of Versailles with flashing fountains filled;  
But, oh, to take your hand, my dear, and ramble for a day  
In the friendly western woodland where Nature has her way!

I know that Europe's wonderful, yet something seems to lack:  
The Past is too much with her, and the people looking back.  
But the glory of the Present is to make the Future free,—  
We love our land for what she is and what she is to be.

Oh, it's home again, and home again, America for me!  
I want a ship that's westward bound to plough the rolling sea,  
To the blessed Land of Room Enough beyond the ocean bars,  
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars

## Sea Fever

By John Masefield

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,  
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,  
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,  
And a grey mist on the sea's face, and a grey dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide  
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;  
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,  
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,  
To the gull's way and the whale's way, where the wind's like a whetted knife;  
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,  
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

## Christmas Everywhere

By Phillips Brooks

Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight!  
Christmas in lands of the fir-tree and pine,  
Christmas in lands of the palm-tree and vine,  
Christmas where snow peaks stand solemn and white,  
Christmas where cornfields stand sunny and bright.  
Christmas where children are hopeful and gay,  
Christmas where old men are patient and gray,  
Christmas where peace, like a dove in his flight,  
Broods o're brave men in the thick of the fight;  
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas tonight!  
For the Christ-child who comes is the Master of all;  
No palace too great, no cottage too small.

## Columbus

By Joaquin Miller

BEHIND him lay the gray Azores,  
Behind the Gates of Hercules;  
Before him not the ghost of shores,  
Before him only shoreless seas.  
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,  
For lo! the very stars are gone.  
Brave Admiral, speak, what shall I say?"  
"Why, say, 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;  
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."  
The stout mate thought of home; a spray  
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.  
"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,  
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"  
"Why, you shall say at break of day,  
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,  
Until at last the blanched mate said:  
"Why, now not even God would know  
Should I and all my men fall dead.  
These very winds forget their way,  
For God from these dread seas is gone.  
Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say" —  
He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:  
"This mad sea shows his teeth to-night.  
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,  
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!  
Brave Admiral, say but one good word:  
What shall we do when hope is gone?"  
The words leapt like a leaping sword:  
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,  
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night  
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—  
A light! A light! A light! A light!  
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!  
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.  
He gained a world; he gave that world  
Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

## Spring

By Alfred Lord Tennyson

Dip down upon the northern shore,  
O sweet new-year delaying long;  
Thou doest expectant nature wrong;  
Delaying long, delay no more.

What stays thee from the clouded noons,  
Thy sweetness from its proper place?  
Can trouble live with April days,  
Or sadness in the summer moons?

Bring orchis, bring the foxglove spire,  
The little speedwell's darling blue,  
Deep tulips dash'd with fiery dew,  
Laburnums, dropping-wells of fire.

O thou, new-year, delaying long,  
Delayest the sorrow in my blood,  
That longs to burst a frozen bud  
And flood a fresher throat with song.

## George Washington

Rosemary and Stephen Vincent Benet

*Sing hey! for bold George Washington,  
That jolly British tar,*

*King George's famous admiral*

*From Hull to Zanzibar!*

No – wait a minute – something's wrong

–

George wished to sail the foam.

But, when his mother thought, aghast,

Of Georgie shinning up a mast,

Her tears and protests flowed so fast

That George remained at home.

*Sing ho! for grave Washington,*

*The staid Virginia squire,*

*Who farms his fields and hunts his*

*hounds*

*And aims at nothing higher!*

Stop, stop, it's going wrong again!

George liked to live on farms,

But, when the Colonies agreed

They could and should and would be

freed,

They called on George to do the deed

And George cried —Shoulder arms! ||

*Sing ha! for Emperor Washington,*

*That hero of renown,*

*Who freed his land from Britain's rule*

*To win a golden crown!*

No, no, that's what George might have

won

But didn't, for he said,

—There's not much point about a king,

They're pretty but they're apt to sting

And, as for crowns – the heavy thing

Would only hurt my head. ||

*Sing ho! for our George Washington!*

(At last I've got it straight.)

The first in war, the first in peace,

The goodly and the great.

But, when you think about him now,

From here to Valley Forge,

Remember this – he might have been

A highly different specimen,

And, where on earth would we be, then?

I'm glad that George was George.

## **Benjamin Franklin**

Rosemary and Stephen Vincent Benet

Ben Franklin munched a loaf of bread while walking down the street  
And all the Philadelphia girls tee-heed to see him eat,  
A country boy come up to town with eyes as big as saucers  
At the ladies in their furbelows, the gempmun on their horses.

Ben Franklin wrote an almanac, a smile upon his lip,  
It told you when to plant your corn and how to cure the pip,  
But he salted it and seasoned it with proverbs sly and sage,  
And people read —Poor Richard || till Poor Richard was the rage.

Ben Franklin made a pretty kite and flew it in the air  
To call upon a thunderstorm that happened to be there,  
— And all our humming dynamos and our electric light  
Go back to what Ben Franklin found, the day he flew his kite.

Ben Franklin was the sort of man that people like to see,  
For he was very clever but as human as could be.  
He had an eye for pretty girls, a palate for good wine,  
And all the court of France were glad to ask him in to dine.

But it didn't make him stuffy and he wasn't spoiled by fame  
But stayed Ben Franklin to the end, as Yankee as his name.  
—He wrenched their might from tyrants and its lightning from the sky.  
And oh, when he saw pretty girls, he had a taking eye!

## Paul Revere's Ride

Listen my children and you shall hear  
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,  
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;  
Hardly a man is now alive  
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march  
By land or sea from the town to-night,  
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch  
Of the North Church tower as a signal light,—  
One if by land, and two if by sea;  
And I on the opposite shore will be,  
Ready to ride and spread the alarm  
Through every Middlesex village and farm,  
For the country folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said "Good-night!" and with muffled oar  
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,  
Just as the moon rose over the bay,  
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay  
The Somerset, British man-of-war;  
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar  
Across the moon like a prison bar,  
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified  
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend through alley and street  
Wanders and watches, with eager ears,  
Till in the silence around him he hears  
The muster of men at the barrack door,  
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,  
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,  
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church,  
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,  
To the belfry chamber overhead,  
And startled the pigeons from their perch  
On the sombre rafters, that round him made  
Masses and moving shapes of shade,—  
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,  
To the highest window in the wall,  
Where he paused to listen and look down  
A moment on the roofs of the town  
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,  
In their night encampment on the hill,  
Wrapped in silence so deep and still  
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,  
The watchful night-wind, as it went  
Creeping along from tent to tent,  
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"  
A moment only he feels the spell  
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread  
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;  
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent  
On a shadowy something far away,  
Where the river widens to meet the bay,—  
A line of black that bends and floats  
On the rising tide like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,  
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride  
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.  
Now he patted his horse's side,  
Now he gazed at the landscape far and near,  
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,  
And turned and tightened his saddle girth;  
But mostly he watched with eager search  
The belfry tower of the Old North Church,  
As it rose above the graves on the hill,  
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.  
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height  
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!  
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,  
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight  
A second lamp in the belfry burns

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,  
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,  
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark  
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet;  
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,  
The fate of a nation was riding that night;  
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,  
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.  
He has left the village and mounted the steep,  
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,  
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;  
And under the alders that skirt its edge,

Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,  
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock  
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.  
He heard the crowing of the cock,  
And the barking of the farmer's dog,  
And felt the damp of the river fog,  
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,  
When he galloped into Lexington.  
He saw the gilded weathercock  
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,  
And the meeting-house windows, black and bare,  
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,  
As if they already stood aghast  
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,  
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.  
He heard the bleating of the flock,  
And the twitter of birds among the trees,  
And felt the breath of the morning breeze  
Blowing over the meadow brown.  
And one was safe and asleep in his bed  
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,  
Who that day would be lying dead,  
Pierced by a British musket ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read  
How the British Regulars fired and fled,---  
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,  
From behind each fence and farmyard wall,  
Chasing the redcoats down the lane,  
Then crossing the fields to emerge again  
Under the trees at the turn of the road,  
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;  
And so through the night went his cry of alarm  
To every Middlesex village and farm,---  
A cry of defiance, and not of fear,  
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,  
And a word that shall echo for evermore!  
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,  
Through all our history, to the last,  
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,

The people will waken and listen to hear  
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,  
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

### Old Ironsides

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES SR.

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!  
Long has it waved on high,  
And many an eye has danced to see  
That banner in the sky;  
Beneath it rung the battle shout,  
And burst the cannon's roar;—  
The meteor of the ocean air  
Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood  
Where knelt the vanquished foe,  
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood  
And waves were white below,  
No more shall feel the victor's tread,  
Or know the conquered knee;—  
The harpies of the shore shall pluck  
The eagle of the sea!

O, better that her shattered hulk  
Should sink beneath the wave;  
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,  
And there should be her grave;  
Nail to the mast her holy flag,  
Set every thread-bare sail,  
And give her to the god of storms,—  
The lightning and the gale!

Concord Hymn

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,  
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,  
Here once the embattled farmers stood  
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;  
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;  
And Time the ruined bridge has swept  
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,  
We set today a votive stone;  
That memory may their deed redeem,  
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare  
To die, and leave their children free,  
Bid Time and Nature gently spare  
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

O Captain! My Captain!

BY WALT WHITMAN

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,  
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,  
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,  
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;  
But O heart! heart! heart!  
O the bleeding drops of red,  
Where on the deck my Captain lies,  
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;  
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,  
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding,  
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;  
Here Captain! dear father!  
The arm beneath your head!  
It is some dream that on the deck,  
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,  
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,  
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,  
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;  
Exult O shores, and ring O bells!  
But I with mournful tread,  
Walk the deck my Captain lies,  
Fallen cold and dead.