

I Sat by the Sea

A POETRY COLLECTION FOR
ELEMENTARY-AGED CHILDREN

THE GOOD AND THE BEAUTIFUL CURRICULUM



I SAT BY THE SEA

Ivy O. Eastwick

I sat by the sea . . .
It called and cried,
It spluttered and splashed
On the harbor side.
It rocked and rolled,
It rose and fell,
It tossed up sponge
And weed and shell . . .
I took them all three
Home, my dears,
With the spray in my eyes,
And the sound in my ears.



A SONG OF THE SEA

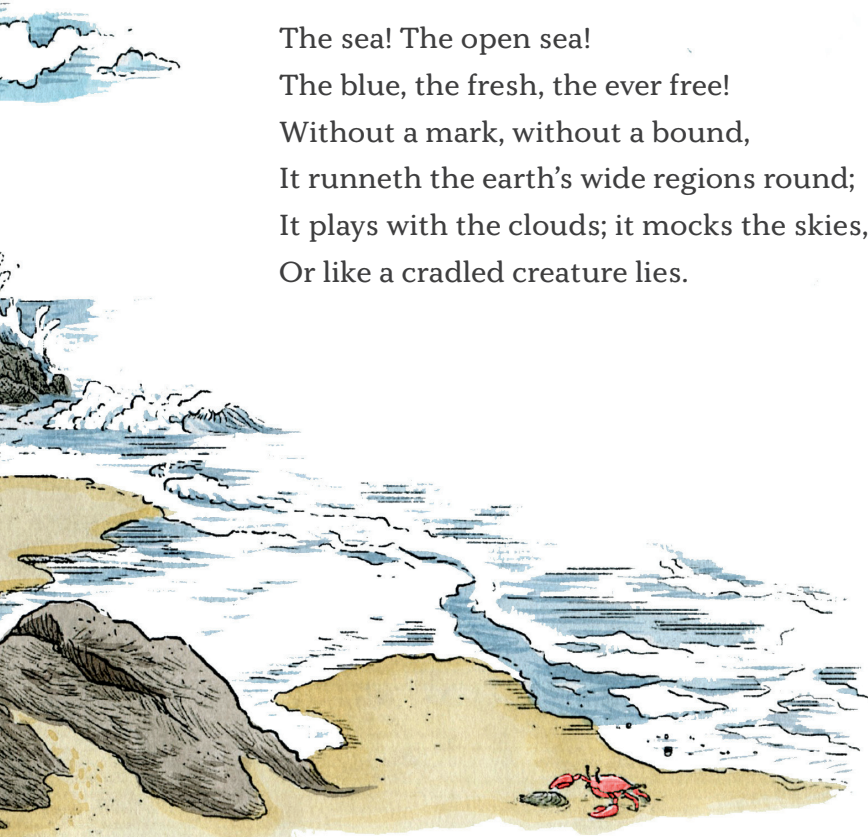
by Barry Cornwall

The sea! The open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies,
Or like a cradled creature lies.

SEA-DREAMS

Evaleen Stein

I sat upon the mossy rocks
Beside the southern sea,
While overhead the summer clouds
Were drifting lazily.
I watched their purple shadows trail
Across the sea and hide
Within the hollows of the waves
That rode the rising tide.
Sometimes the little flakes of foam
Dashed up in twinkling spray;
And out along their silver paths
The ships sailed far away.



WHAT MAKES MEN

Unknown

What care I for cold or snow?
School bell rings, and off I go!
I am ready for the storm,
And my heart is light and gay;
Mother's hand has wrapped me warm,
As I trudge along the way.
Mother says, "Learn all you can,
Then you'll be a better man."
So I pack my books and go
Through the rain or wind or snow;
For I hope some day to be
Just the man she'd like to see.
Well I know that boys must learn
To be ready for each turn.



BOOKS

Eleanor Farjeon

What worlds of wonder are our books!
As one opens them and looks,
New ideas and people rise
In our fancies and our eyes.

The room we sit in melts away,
And we find ourselves at play
With someone who, before the end,
May become our chosen friend.

Or we sail along the page
To some other land or age.
Here's our body in the chair,
But our mind is over there.

Each book is a wondrous box
Which with a touch a child unlocks.
In between their outside covers
Books hold all things for their lovers.



BOATS SAIL ON THE RIVERS

Christina G. Rossetti

Boats sail on the rivers,
And ships sail on the seas;
But clouds that sail across the sky
Are prettier far than these.

There are bridges on the rivers,
As pretty as you please;
But the bow that bridges heaven,
And overtops the trees,
And builds a road from earth to sky,
Is prettier far than these.

LITTLE TALK

Aileen Fisher

Don't you think it's probable
That beetles, bugs, and bees
Talk about a lot of things—
You know, such things as these:

The kind of weather where they live
In jungles tall with grass
And earthquakes in their villages
Whenever people pass!

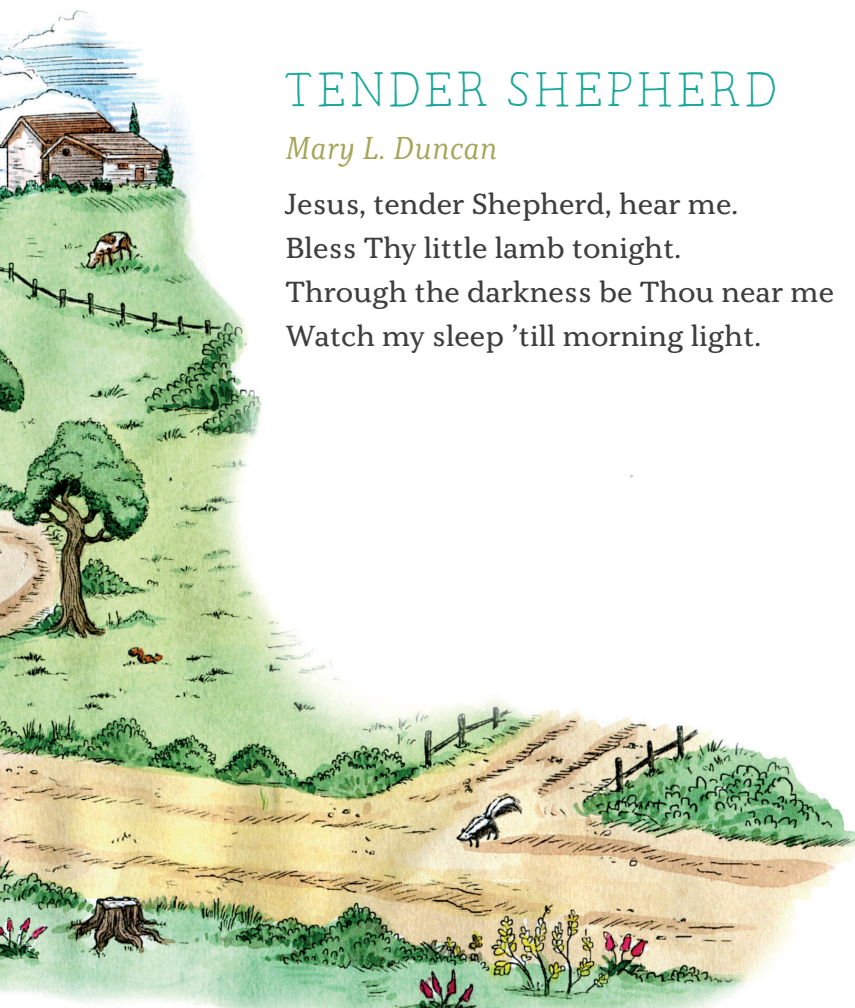
Of course, we'll never know if bugs
Talk very much at all,
Because our ears are far too big
For talk that is so small.

OPEN YOUR EYES

Emma Boge Whisenand

Open your eyes that you may see
The beauty that around you lies,
The misty loveliness of the dawn,
The glowing colors of the skies;
The child's bright eager eyes of blue,
The gnarled and wrinkled face of age,
The bird with crimson on his wing
Whose spirit never knew a cage;
The roadsides' blooming goldenrod
So brave through summer's wind and heat,
The brook that rushes to the sea
With courage that naught may defeat.
Open your eyes that you may see
The wonder that around you lies;
It will enrich your every day
And make you glad and kind and wise.





TENDER SHEPHERD

Mary L. Duncan

Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me.
Bless Thy little lamb tonight.
Through the darkness be Thou near me
Watch my sleep 'till morning light.

A SUMMER DAY

George Cooper

This is the way the morning dawns:
Rosy tints on flowers and trees,
Winds that wake the birds and bees,
Dewdrops on the fields and lawns—
This is the way the morning dawns.

This is the way the rain comes down:
Tinkle, tinkle, drop by drop,
Over roof and chimney top;
Boughs that bend, and skies that frown—
This is the way the rain comes down.

This is the way the daylight dies:
Cows are lowing in the lane,
Fireflies wink on hill and plain;
Yellow, red, and purple skies—
This is the way the daylight dies.

CHICKADEE

Burnham Eaton

He wasn't very big,
He wasn't very warm—
A gray little chickadee
Ruffled by the storm.

You hardly saw him there,
He snuggled so still.
The bare tree shivered and
The wind blew shrill.

He faced the driving sleet
From a steel-cold sky,
A wee ruff of feathers with
A brave, keen eye.

The storm blustered loud
But carried not a tale
Like staunchness of chickadees
Facing toward the gale.



THE PUPPY CHASED THE SUNBEAM

Ivy O. Eastwick

The Puppy chased the sunbeam
All around the house—
He thought it was a bee,
Or a little golden mouse;
He thought it was a spider
On a little silver string;
He thought it was a butterfly
Or some such flying thing;
He thought—but oh! I cannot tell you
Half the things he thought
As he chased the sparkling sunbeam
Which—just—would—not—be—caught.

THE SHOWER

Unknown

Hear the rain, patter, patter,
On the pane, clatter, clatter!
Down it pours, helter, pelter;
Quick indoors! Shelter, shelter!
See it gush, and roar and whirl,
Swiftly rush, eddy, and swirl
Through the street, down the gutters!
How it splashes—but we don't care
Though it dashes everywhere.
We don't care, for, peeping through—
See! Up there—a patch of blue!
And the sun, in spite of rain,
Has begun to smile again.

OPEN HOUSE

Aileen Fisher

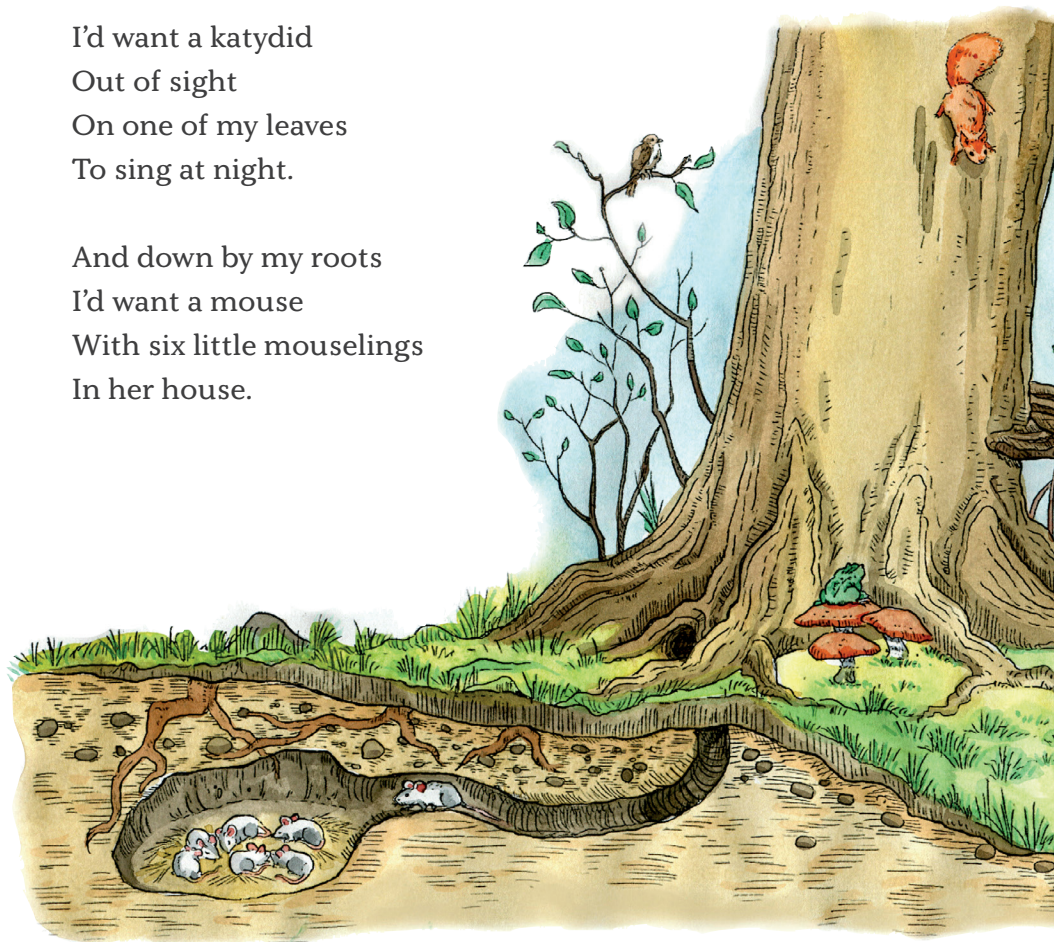
If I were a tree
I'd want to see
A bird with a song
On a branch of me.

I'd want a quick
Little squirrel to run
Up and down
And around, for fun.

I'd want the cub
Of a bear to call,
And a porcupine, big,
And a tree toad, small.

I'd want a katydid
Out of sight
On one of my leaves
To sing at night.

And down by my roots
I'd want a mouse
With six little mouselings
In her house.





THE SQUIRREL

Unknown

Whisky, frisky,
Hippity hop,
Up he goes
To the tree top!

Whirly, twirly,
Round and round,
Down he scampers
To the ground.

Furly, curly,
What a tail!
Tall as a feather,
Broad as a sail!

Where's his supper?
In the shell,
Snap, cracky,
Out it fell.

SUMMER

Unknown

The pretty flowers have come again,
The roses and the daisies;
From the trees, oh, hear how plain
The birds are singing praises!

How charming now our walks will be
By meadows full of clover,
Through shady lanes, where we can see
The branches bending over!

The air is sweet, the sky is blue,
The woods with songs are ringing;
I am so happy, that I too
Can hardly keep from singing.



I Sat by the Sea

This illustrated compilation of classic children's poems offers a powerful and fun way to broaden vocabulary, increase reading fluency, and instill beautiful language patterns in children's minds. As the poems highlight the wonders and beauties of nature, family, God, and high-character, children gain much more than just academic benefits—they also have their hearts and characters deepened and expanded.



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