

Second Grade Memory Work

New Year Snow, by Edith Nesbit, 1858-1924

The white snow falls on hill and dale,
The snow falls white by square and street,
Falls on the town, a bridal veil,
And on the fields a winding-sheet.

A winding-sheet for last year's flowers,
For last year's love, and last year's tear,
A bridal veil for the New Hours,
For the New Love and the New Year.

Soft snow, spread out his winding-sheet!
Spin fine her veil, O bridal snow!
Cover the print of her dancing feet,
And the place where he lies low.

Chickadee, by Ralph Waldo Emerson, 1803-1882

Then piped a tiny voice hard by,
Gay and polite, a cheerful cry,
"Chick-a-dee-dee!" a saucy note
Out of sound heart and merry throat
As if it said, "Good day, good sir!
Fine afternoon, old passenger!
Happy to meet you in these places
Where January brings few faces."

The Vulture, by Hillaire Belloc, 1870-1953

from *More Beasts for Worse Children*, 1897

The Vulture eats between his meals,
And that's the reason why
He very, very, rarely feels
As well as you and I.
His eye is dull, his head is bald,
His neck is growing thinner.
Oh! what a lesson for us all
To only eat at dinner!

Against Idleness and Mischief, by Isaac Watts, 1674-1748

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower!

How skillfully she builds her cell!
How neat she spreads the wax!
And labours hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labour or of skill,
I would be busy too;
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,
Let my first years be passed,
That I may give for every day
Some good account at last.

I dug and dug amongst the snow, by Christina Rossetti, 1830-1894

I dug and dug amongst the snow,
And thought the flowers would never grow;
I dug and dug amongst the sand,
And still no green thing came to hand.
Melt, O snow! the warm winds blow
To thaw the flowers and melt the snow;
But all the winds from every land
Will rear no blossom from the sand.

Love Between Brothers and Sister, by Issac Watts, 1674-1748

Whatever brawls disturb the street,
 There should be peace at home;
Where sisters dwell and brothers meet,
 Quarrels should never come.

Birds in their little nests agree;
 And 'tis a shameful sight,
When children of one family
 Fall out and chide and fight.

The Pasture, by Robert Frost, 1874-1963

from *North of Boston*, 1915

I'm going out to clean the pasture spring;
I'll only stop to rake the leaves away
(And wait to watch the water clear, I may):
I shan't be gone long.--You come too.

I'm going out to fetch the little calf
That's standing by the mother. It's so young,
It totters when she licks it with her tongue.
I shan't be gone long.--You come too.

The Christmas Child, by George MacDonald, 1824-1905

"Little one, who straight hast come
Down the heavenly stair,
Tell us all about your home,
And the father there."

"He is such a one as I,
Like as like can be.
Do his will, and, by and by,
Home and him you'll see."