

Linguistic Development through

# POETRY MEMORIZATION

Student Book

*by Andrew Pudewa*

*illustrated by Anthea Segger*

Second Edition, February 2016  
Institute for Excellence in Writing, L.L.C.

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Second Edition, February 2016

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Sample

# Level One

Sample

# Getting Started with Level One

1. Begin with the first poem, “Ooey Goocy.”
2. Highlight the poem in the list below.
3. Practice daily. Use the audio recording to help you.
4. Continue to memorize the poetry in the list, poem by poem. Work at your own pace.
5. Every day, recite all the poems you have learned. That is what the highlighting is for: Recite the highlighted poems daily. Use the recording to help you.
6. Record your progress on the chart below. A check for the day means that you recited all the poems that you have highlighted.

Practice all the poems learned every day.  
 Recite the name and author with the poem.  
 Break longer poems into sections and memorize one section at a time.  
 If you miss a day, do not try to do double the work. Just pick it up where you left off, and determine to be faithful to the task.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 1 <b>Ooey Goocy</b> author unknown                            | 13 <b>Godfrey Gordon Gustavus Gore</b> by William Brighty Rands |
| 2 <b>Celery</b> by Ogden Nash                                 | 14 <b>My Gift</b> by Christina Rossetti                         |
| 3 <b>The Little Man Who Wasn't There</b> by Hughes Mearns     | 15 <b>The Swing</b> by Robert Louis Stevenson                   |
| 4 <b>The Vulture</b> by Hilaire Belloc                        | 16 <b>Persevere</b> author unknown                              |
| 5 <b>After the Party</b> by William Wise                      | 17 <b>Who Has Seen the Wind?</b> by Christina Rossetti          |
| 6 <b>Singing Time</b> by Rose Fyleman                         | 18 <b>The Eagle</b> by Alfred, Lord Tennyson                    |
| 7 <b>The Yak</b> by Hilaire Belloc                            | 19 <b>The Swan and the Goose</b> by William Ellery Leonard      |
| 8 <b>The Ingenious Little Old Man</b> by John Bennett         | 20 <b>Personal selection</b> (8 lines or shorter):              |
| 9 <b>My Shadow</b> by Robert Louis Stevenson                  |   |
| 10 <b>There Was an Old Person Whose Habits</b> by Edward Lear |   |
| 11 <b>Jonathan Bing</b> by Beatrice Curtis Brown              |   |
| 12 <b>Whole Duty of Children</b> by Robert Louis Stevenson    |   |

Below, check off the day when you have recited all of the poems you have learned to date.

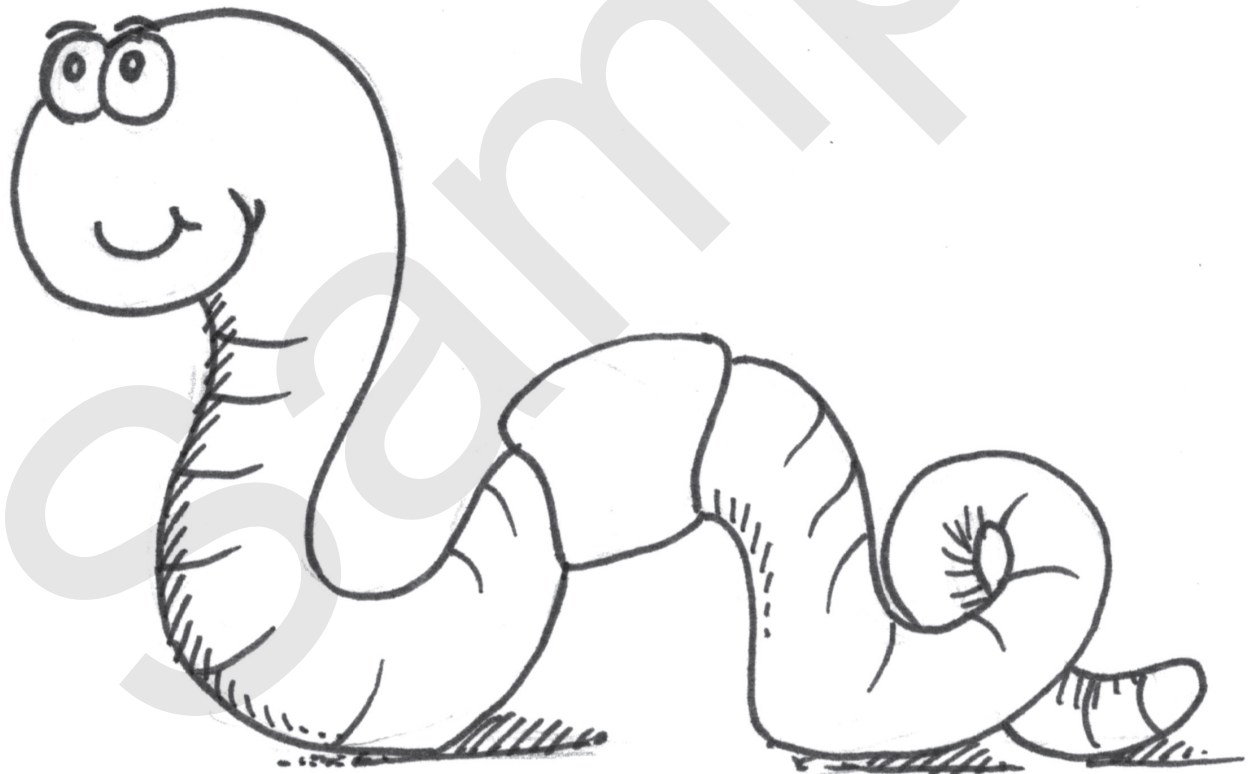
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	
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1.

## Ooey Gooley

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Ooey Gooley was a worm,  
A mighty worm was he.  
He stepped upon the railroad tracks,  
The train he did not see!  
Oooey Gooey!



# CERTIFICATE OF COMPLETION

*This certifies that*

---

*has successfully completed the memorization  
and presentation requirements for*

**LEVEL ONE OF  
Linguistic Development through Poetry Memorization**



Listen. Speak. Read. Write. Think!

DATE

SUPERVISOR

# Level Two

Sample



8.

## Jabberwocky

BY LEWIS CARROLL

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:  
All mimsy were the borogoves,  
And the mome raths outgrabe.

“Beware the Jabberwock, my son!  
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!  
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun  
The frumious Bandersnatch!”

He took his vorpal sword in hand:  
Long time the manxome foe he sought—  
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,  
And stood awhile in thought.

And, as in uffish thought he stood,  
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,  
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,  
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through  
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!  
He left it dead, and with its head  
He went galumphing back.

“And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?  
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!  
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!”  
He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:  
All mimsy were the borogoves,  
And the mome raths outgrabe.

# Level Three

Sample

## 11.

**The Unknown Soldier**

BY BILLY ROSE

There's a graveyard near the White House  
 Where the Unknown Soldier lies,  
 And the flowers there are sprinkled  
 With the tears from mother's eyes.

I stood there not so long ago  
 With roses for the brave,  
 And suddenly I heard a voice  
 Speak from out the grave:

"I am the Unknown Soldier,"  
 The spirit voice began,  
 "And I think I have the right  
 To ask some questions man to man.

Are my buddies taken care of?  
 Was their victory so sweet?  
 Is that big reward you offered  
 Selling pencils on the street?

Did they really win the freedom  
 They battled to achieve?  
 Do you still respect that *Croix de Guerre*  
 Above that empty sleeve?

Does a gold star in the window  
 Now mean anything at all?  
 I wonder how my old girl feels  
 When she hears a bugle call.

And that baby who sang  
 'Hello, Central, give me no man's land'—  
 Can they replace her daddy  
 With a military band?

I wonder if the profiteers  
 Have satisfied their greed?  
 I wonder if a soldier's mother  
 Ever is in need?

I wonder if the kings, who planned it all  
 Are really satisfied?  
 They played their game of checkers  
 And eleven million died.

I am the Unknown Soldier  
 And maybe I died in vain,  
 But if I were alive and my country called,  
 I'd do it all over again."

# Level Four

Sample

4.

## Lochinvar

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,  
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best,  
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none;  
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.  
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,  
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,  
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;  
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,  
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:  
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,  
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,  
Among bride's-men and kinsmen, and brothers and all;  
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword  
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),  
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,  
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied;—  
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—  
And now I am come, with this lost love of mine,  
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.  
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,  
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,  
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup,  
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,  
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.  
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—  
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE >

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,  
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;  
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,  
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;  
And the bride-maidens whispered, "Twere better by far  
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,  
When they reached the hall door, and the charger stood near;  
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,  
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!  
"She is won! We are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;  
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby clan;  
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;  
There was racing, and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,  
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.  
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,  
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

# Level Five

Sample

## 4. St. Crispin's Day Speech from *Henry V*

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564–1616)

*In addition to comedies and tragedies, William Shakespeare wrote historical plays.*

*The play leads up to the famous Battle of Agincourt between England and France, fought on St. Crispin's Day in 1415. The English were hopelessly outnumbered, five to one. As King Henry enters, the Earl of Westmoreland laments, "Oh that we now had here but one ten thousand of those men in England that do no work today!" This speech below is part of Henry's reply, made not only to Westmoreland, but to all his men. Despite the odds, England won the battle.*

Written in 1599, *Henry V* is the fourth play in a four-part series following the rise of the House of Lancaster. For more about the play, visit [sparknotes.com](http://sparknotes.com) or [shmoop.com](http://shmoop.com).

### From Shakespeare's *Henry V*

No, my fair cousin; If we are mark'd to die, we are  
enow

To do our country loss; and if to live,  
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.  
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.  
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,  
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;  
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;  
Such outward things dwell not in my desires.  
But if it be a sin to covet honour,  
I am the most offending soul alive.

This day is call'd the feast of Crispian.  
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,  
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,  
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.  
He that shall live this day, and see old age,  
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,  
And say "To-morrow is Saint Crispian."  
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,  
And say "These wounds I had on Crispian's day."

Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,  
But he'll remember, with advantages,  
What feats he did that day. Then shall our names,  
Familiar in his mouth as household words—  
Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,  
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester—  
Be in their flowing cups freshly rememb'ed.  
This story shall the good man teach his son;  
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,  
From this day to the ending of the world,  
But we in it shall be remembered—  
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;  
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me  
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,  
This day shall gentle his condition;  
And gentlemen in England now-a-bed  
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here,  
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks  
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

**Henry V** is pronounced "Henry the Fifth."

**enow**: enough

**Feast of Crispian**: St. Crispin's Day, October 25, is the feast day of Saints Crispin and Crispinian, twins who were

martyred in 286. Interestingly, other famous battles were fought on this date, most notably the Battle of Balaclava, made famous in Tennyson's "The Charge of the Light Brigade."

**Bedford and Gloucester** were two of Henry's three younger brothers. Exeter, Westmoreland, Salisbury, and Warwick were trusted advisors to the king. Exeter was also Henry's uncle. Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury was a famous commander serving Henry IV, V, and VI.