



Poetry Recitation & Copywork

Poetry Selections

Our featured poet for this session is Sir Walter Raleigh. We've included six poetry selections for your kids and teens to read, listen to, memorize, and recite. They are:

- As You Came from the Holy Land
- The Passionate Man's Pilgrimage
- The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd
- Song of Myself
- Hymn
- Now What is Love

For copywork, we have included Zaner-Bloser style handwriting sheets for primary, elementary, and cursive, as well as college-ruled for older students. We have chosen three poems, listed below:

- The Passionate Man's Pilgrimage
- Song of Myself
- Hymn

"But true love is a durable fire, In the mind ever burning, Never sick, never old, never dead, From itself never turning."

~ Sir Walter Raleigh



Sir Walter Raleigh

circa 1553 – October 29, 1618

Sir Walter Raleigh was born around 1552 in England and grew up during the exciting and often dangerous Age of Exploration. Raleigh was a man of many talents: a poet, writer, soldier, explorer, and courtier who served Queen Elizabeth I.

Although he is often remembered for his adventures and his role in early English exploration, Raleigh also dearly loved words and learning. He spent time at court, traveled widely, and became well-known for his sharp mind and gift for writing.

Raleigh played an important role in England's early efforts to explore and settle the New World. His first voyages were in 1577 and 1579, where he unsuccessfully searched for a Northwest Passage between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. This failure did not deter him, and with the support of Queen Elizabeth I, he helped organize the first English colony in America: the infamous Roanoke Island settlement, often called the "Lost Colony" because its settlers mysteriously vanished. Although Raleigh never traveled to Roanoke himself, he funded and planned the journeys, encouraged sailors and settlers, and helped spark England's interest in overseas exploration and colonization.

Exploration was dangerous and uncertain during Raleigh's lifetime, and his dreams were not always successful. Ships faced storms, disease, and shortages of food, while explorers encountered unfamiliar lands and cultures. Still, Raleigh firmly believed that exploration would bring wealth, knowledge, and opportunity to England. He led another voyage to the Americas in 1595, searching for a mythical city of gold: El Dorado. His larger-than-life account of this experience, *The Discovery of Guiana*, was published in 1596, and fueled public imagination with visions of the supposed wealth this New World offered. His writings and reports helped shape how people in England imagined the Americas, filling their minds with both wonder and hope for what might be discovered across the sea.

Alongside his adventurous life, Raleigh was deeply devoted to poetry and writing. His poems often explore themes like love, time, faith, mortality, and the fleeting nature of earthly success. He wrote in a clear, thoughtful style that makes his work approachable even today. Some of his best-known poems include "The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd," which gently challenges romantic ideals, and "The Lie," a bold poem that speaks honestly about the flaws he saw in society.

Later in life, Raleigh fell out of favor with the crown and spent many years imprisoned in the Tower of London. During this difficult time, he continued to read and write and published several works, including his book *History of the World*, showing how deeply his craft mattered to him. He was briefly released and allowed to go on a voyage to the Americas to search for the famed El Dorado once more, but tragedy struck. A group of men he was leading broke away to fight the Spanish without permission from England, a serious breach of contract. For this, Raleigh was brought back to England and was sadly executed in 1618. Before his death, he wrote a powerful poem that is among his most famous: "A Passionate Man's Pilgrimage," which examines faith in the face of mortality and the journey to heaven. Through poems like this and his other writings, his legacy lived on even after his death. His works remain an important part of English literature today, as well as a snapshot of what culture was like during the Age of Exploration.

Poetry Selections

As You Came From the Holy Land

As you came from the holy land
Of Walsingham,
Met you not with my true love
By the way as you came?

“How shall I know your true love,
That have met many one,
I went to the holy land,
That have come, that have gone?”

She is neither white, nor brown,
But as the heavens fair;
There is none hath a form so divine
In the earth, or the air.

“Such a one did I meet, good sir,
Such an angelic face,
Who like a queen, like a nymph, did appear
By her gait, by her grace.”

She hath left me here all alone,
All alone, as unknown,
Who sometimes did me lead with herself,
And me loved as her own.

“What’s the cause that she leaves you alone,
And a new way doth take,
Who loved you once as her own,
And her joy did you make?”

I have lov’d her all my youth;
But now old, as you see,
Love likes not the falling fruit
From the withered tree.

Know that Love is a careless child,
And forgets promise past;
He is blind, he is deaf when he list,
And in faith never fast.

His desire is a dureless content,
And a trustless joy:
He is won with a world of despair,
And is lost with a toy.

Of womenkind such indeed is the love,
Or the word love abus’d,
Under which many childish desires
And conceits are excus’d.

But true love is a durable fire,
In the mind ever burning,
Never sick, never old, never dead,
From itself never turning.

Poetry Selections

As You Came From the Holy Land

[Supposed to be written by one at the point of death]

Give me my scallop shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon,
My scrip of joy, immortal diet,
My bottle of salvation,
My gown of glory, hope's true gage,
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.

Blood must be my body's balmer,
No other balm will there be given,
Whilst my soul, like a white palmer,
Travels to the land of heaven;
Over the silver mountains,
Where spring the nectar fountains;
And there I'll kiss
The bowl of bliss,
And drink my eternal fill
On every milken hill.
My soul will be a-dry before,
But after it will ne'er thirst more;
And by the happy blissful way
More peaceful pilgrims I shall see,
That have shook off their gowns of clay,
And go apparelled fresh like me.
I'll bring them first
To slake their thirst,
And then to taste those nectar suckets,
At the clear wells
Where sweetness dwells,
Drawn up by saints in crystal buckets.

And when our bottles and all we
Are fill'd with immortality,
Then the holy paths we'll travel,
Strew'd with rubies thick as gravel,
Ceilings of diamonds, sapphire floors,
High walls of coral, and pearl bowers.

From thence to heaven's bribeless hall
Where no corrupted voices brawl,
No conscience molten into gold,
Nor forg'd accusers bought and sold,
No cause deferr'd, nor vain-spent journey,
For there Christ is the king's attorney,
Who pleads for all without degrees,
And he hath angels, but no fees.
When the grand twelve million jury
Of our sins and sinful fury,
'Gainst our souls black verdicts give,
Christ pleads his death, and then we live.
Be thou my speaker, taintless pleader,
Unblotted lawyer, true proceeder,
Thou movest salvation even for alms,
Not with a bribed lawyer's palms.
And this is my eternal plea
To him that made heaven, earth, and sea,
Seeing my flesh must die so soon,
And want a head to dine next noon,
Just at the stroke when my veins start and spread,
Set on my soul an everlasting head.
Then am I ready, like a palmer fit,
To tread those blest paths which before I writ.

Poetry Selections

Song of Myself

I was a Poet!
But I did not know it,
Neither did my Mother,
Nor my Sister nor my Brother.
The Rich were not aware of it;
The Poor took no care of it.
The Reverend Mr. Drewitt
Never knew it.
The High did not suspect it;
The Low could not detect it.
Aunt Sue
Said it was obviously untrue.
Uncle Ned
Said I was off my head:
(This from a Colonial
Was really a good testimonial.)
Still everybody seemed to think
That genius owes a good deal to drink.
So that is how
I am not a poet now,
And why
My inspiration has run dry.
It is no sort of use
To cultivate the Muse
If vulgar people
Can't tell a village pump from a church steeple.
I am merely apologizing
For the lack of the surprising
In what I write
To-night.

I am quite well-meaning,
But a lot of things are always intervening
Between
What I mean
And what it is said
I had in my head.
It is all very puzzling.
Uncle Ned
Says Poets need muzzling.
He might
Be right.
Good-night!

Poetry Selections

Now What Is Love

Now what is Love, I pray thee, tell?
It is that fountain and that well
Where pleasure and repentance dwell;
It is, perhaps, the sauncing bell
That tolls all into heaven or hell;
And this is Love, as I hear tell.

Yet what is Love, I prithee, say?
It is a work on holiday,
It is December matched with May,
When lusty bloods in fresh array
Hear ten months after of the play;
And this is Love, as I hear say.

Yet what is Love, good shepherd, sain?
It is a sunshine mixed with rain,
It is a toothache or like pain,
It is a game where none hath gain;
The lass saith no, yet would full fain;
And this is Love, as I hear sain.

Yet, shepherd, what is Love, I pray?
It is a yes, it is a nay,
A pretty kind of sporting fray,
It is a thing will soon away.
Then, nymphs, take vantage while ye may;
And this is Love, as I hear say.

Yet what is Love, good shepherd, show?
A thing that creeps, it cannot go,
A prize that passeth to and fro,
A thing for one, a thing for moe,
And he that proves shall find it so;
And shepherd, this is Love, I trow.

Hymn

Rise, O my soul! with thy desires to heaven,
And with divinest contemplation use
Thy time, when time's eternity is given,
And let vain thoughts no more thy thoughts abuse;
But down in darkness let them lie;
So live thy better, let thy worse thoughts die.

And thou, my soul, inspired with holy flame,
View and review with most regardful eye
That holy cross whence thy salvation came,
On which thy Saviour and thy sin did die!
For in the sacred object is much pleasure,
And in that Saviour is my life treasure.

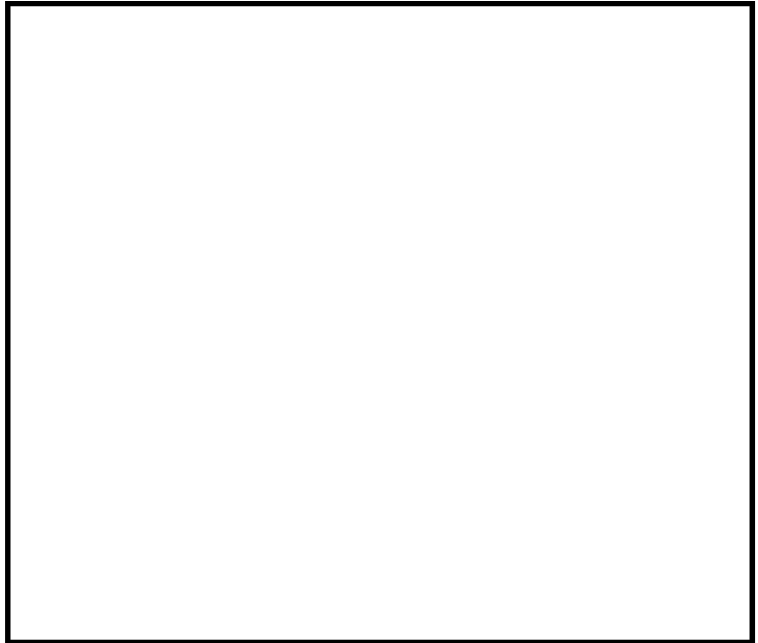
To Thee, O Jesu! I direct mine eyes,
To Thee my hands, to Thee my humble knees;
To Thee my heart shall offer sacrifice;
To Thee my thoughts, who thoughts only see;
To Thee myself, myself and all I give;
To Thee I die, to Thee I only live.

Poetry Study

Title:

Type of Poem:

Use the box to at right to draw a picture of what the poem brings to mind.



Write one thing you liked and did not like about the poem:

Write three adjectives about the poem.

Compose a few lines of your own poem inspired by this work
