



Poetry Recitation & Copywork

Poetry Selections

This session's featured poet is William Wordsworth. We've included four poetry selections for your kids and teens to read, listen to, memorize, and recite. They are:

- The Stars Are Mansions Built By Nature's Hand
- Who But Is Pleased To Watch The Moon On High
- The Crescent-Moon, The Star of Love
- To the Moon - Rydal

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

- The Stars Are Mansions Built By Nature's Hand
- Who But Is Pleased To Watch The Moon On High
- The Crescent-Moon, The Star of Love

'Poetry is the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings: it takes its origin from emotion recollected in tranquillity.'

~ William Wordsworth



William Wordsworth

April 7, 1770 – April 23, 1850

William Wordsworth was a major English Romantic poet who helped launch the Romantic Age in English literature, starting with *Lyrical Ballads*, which he joint-published with Samuel Taylor Coleridge in 1798.

His poetry explored the relationship between man and nature, and had a profound influence on fellow poets such as Percy Shelley and Lord Byron. His works, including *The Prelude* (1850), are considered to be among the greatest long poems ever written.

William was born in 1770, in the Lake District of England. Sadly, both of his parents died when he was a child, therefore he and his sister, Dorothy, were raised by their uncle. From a young age,

William had a love of nature and spent as much time outdoors as he could. In fact, much of his work was inspired by his love for the Lake District, which provided the backdrop for many of his poems.

In 1787, William went to college at St John's College, Cambridge, where he met other poets, including Samuel Taylor Coleridge and Robert Southey. After college he traveled the world before eventually returning to England and settling in the Lak District. There, he began working on his most famous poem, *The Prelude*. This poem took him many years to complete, and it was not published until after his death.

Inspired by the French Revolution and personal tragedy, William wrote a great deal of poetry, with his early works including *The Borderers* (1795) and *Descriptive Sketches* (1793). However, many of his works were published posthumously: *Poems, in Two Volumes* (1807), *The Prelude* (1850), which was revised and reworked many times between 1798 and 1850, and a collection of poems from various periods called *Poetical Works*.

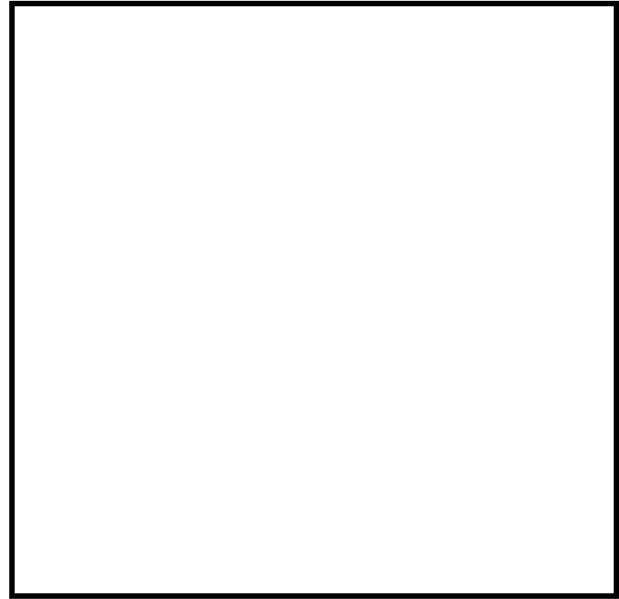
In 1802, William married Mary Hutchinson, and they had five children together. William continued to write poetry throughout his life, until his death in 1850. Now he is considered one of the greatest English poets of all time.

Poet Study

Poet: _____

Date of Birth: _____

Place of Birth: _____



3 Facts About the Poet:

Best Known Poems by the Poet:

William Wordsworth Selections

The Stars Are Mansions Built By Nature's Hand

The stars are mansions built by Nature's hand,
And, haply, there the spirits of the blest
Dwell, clothed in radiance, their immortal vest;
Huge Ocean shows, within his yellow strand,
A habitation marvellously planned,
For life to occupy in love and rest;
All that we see--is dome, or vault, or nest,
Or fortress, reared at Nature's sage command.
Glad thought for every season! but the Spring
Gave it while cares were weighing on my heart,
'Mid song of birds, and insects murmuring;
And while the youthful year's prolific art--
Of bud, leaf, blade, and flower--was fashioning
Abodes where self-disturbance hath no part.

Who But Is Pleased To Watch The Moon On High

Who but is pleased to watch the moon on high
Travelling where she from time to time enshrouds
Her head, and nothing loth her Majesty
Renounces, till among the scattered clouds
One with its kindling edge declares that soon
Will reappear before the uplifted eye
A Form as bright, as beautiful a moon,
To glide in open prospect through clear sky.
Pity that such a promise e'er should prove
False in the issue, that yon seeming space
Of sky should be in truth the stedfast face
Of a cloud flat and dense, through which must move
(By transit not unlike man's frequent doom)
The Wanderer lost in more determined gloom.

The Crescent-Moon, The Star of Love

The Crescent-moon, the Star of Love,
Glories of evening, as ye there are seen
With but a span of sky between--
Speak one of you, my doubts remove,
Which is the attendant Page and which the Queen?

William Wordsworth Selections

To The Moon - Rydal

Queen of the stars! so gentle, so benign,
That ancient Fable did to thee assign,
When darkness creeping o'er thy silver brow
Warned thee these upper regions to forego,
Alternate empire in the shades below
A Bard, who, lately near the wide-spread sea
Traversed by gleaming ships, looked up to thee
With grateful thoughts, doth now thy rising hail
From the close confines of a shadowy vale.
Glory of night, conspicuous yet serene,
Nor less attractive when by glimpses seen
Through cloudy umbrage, well might that fair face,
And all those attributes of modest grace,
In days when Fancy wrought unchecked by fear,
Down to the green earth fetch thee from thy sphere,
To sit in leafy woods by fountains clear!

O still beloved (for thine, meek Power, are charms
That fascinate the very Babe in arms,
While he, uplifted towards thee, laughs outright,
Spreading his little palms in his glad Mother's sight)

O still beloved, once worshiped! Time, that frowns
In his destructive flight on earthly crowns,
Spare thy mild splendour; still those far-shot beams
Tremble on dancing waves and rippling streams
With stainless touch, as chaste as when thy praise
Was sung by Virgin-choirs in festal lays;
And through dark trials still dost thou explore
Thy way for increase punctual as of yore,
When teeming Matrons yielding to rude faith
In mysteries of birth and life and death
And painful struggle and deliverance prayed
Of thee to visit them with lenient aid.
What though the rites be swept away, the fanes
Extinct that echoed to the votive strains;
Yet thy mild aspect does not, cannot, cease
Love to promote and purity and peace;
And Fancy, unreprieved, even yet may trace
Faint types of suffering in thy beamless face.

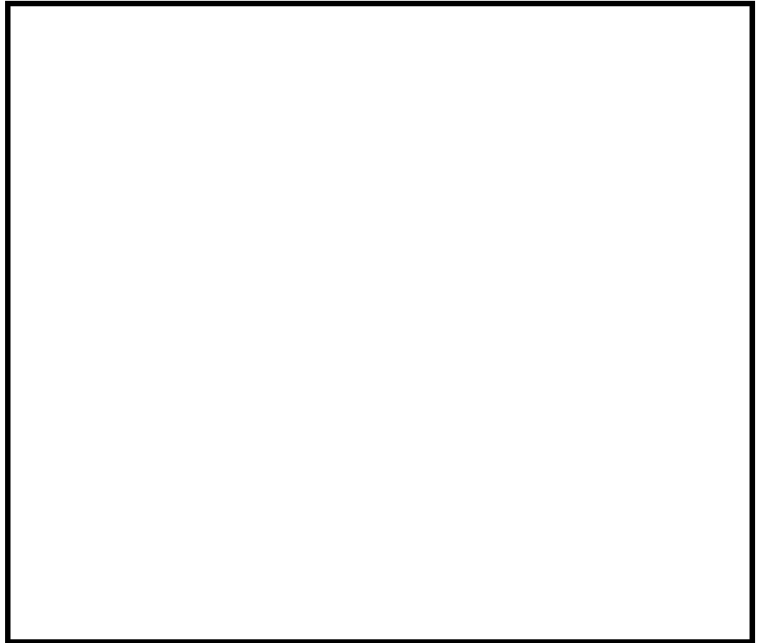
Then silent Monitress! let us not blind
To worlds unthought of till the searching mind
Of Science laid them open to mankind
Told, also, how the voiceless heavens declare
God's glory; and acknowledging thy share
In that blest charge; let us without offense
To aught of highest, holiest, influence
Receive whatever good 'tis given thee to dispense.
May sage and simple, catching with one eye
The moral intimations of the sky,
Learn from thy course, where'er their own be taken,
"To look on tempests, and be never shaken;"
To keep with faithful step the appointed way
Eclipsing or eclipsed, by night or day,
And from example of thy monthly range
Gently to brook decline and fatal change;
Meek, patient, steadfast, and with loftier scope,
Than thy revival yields, for gladsome hope!

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
