



Poetry Recitation & Copywork

Poetry Selections

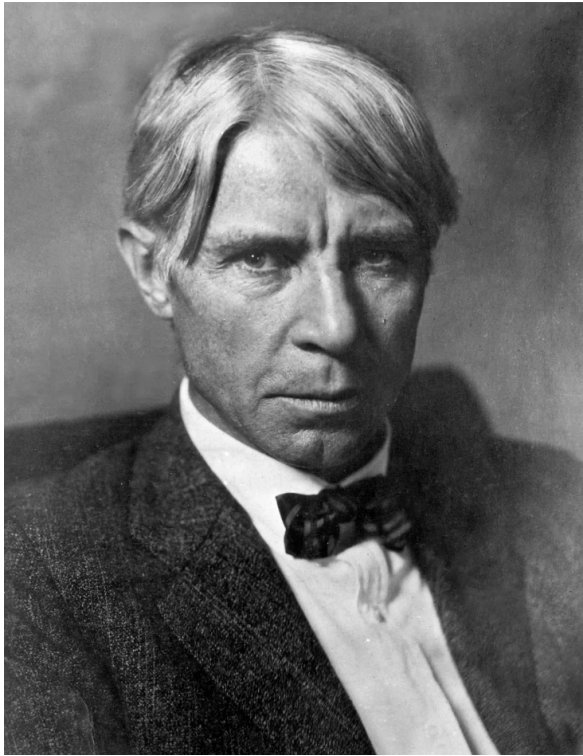
This session's featured poet is Carl Sandburg. We've included six poetry selections (three from our featured poet and three from various poets) for your kids and teens to read, listen to, memorize, and recite. They are:

- The People, Yes
- Fog
- Hope is a Tattered Flag
- The Instinct of Hope
- To Hope
- "Hope" is the Thing With Feathers

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:

- Hope is a Tattered Flag
- The Instinct of Hope
- To Hope
- "Hope" is the Thing With Feathers

"Poetry is the opening and closing of a door, leaving those who look through to guess about what is seen during the moment."



Carl Sandburg

January 6, 1878 – July 22, 1967

Carl Sandburg was an American writer, poet, editor, and biographer best known for his unique blend of storytelling.

Born to a Swedish immigrant family in 1878, his work captured the essence of modern city life in America through vivid imagery and rhythmic verse.

Sandburg was a unique storyteller, bringing to life the people and places around him through his writing. He grew up in Galesburg, Illinois, where his family struggled to make ends meet.

Carl spent much of his early years working at various jobs, including driving a milk wagon and working as a porter, a bricklayer, a farm laborer, and a coal heaver. He later served in the military during the Spanish-American War, but never actively fought in battle.

Eventually, he moved to Wisconsin, where he later met his wife. In 1912, Carl moved again to Chicago with his wife and daughter and became a journalist for the Chicago Daily News. There he wrote poetry, biographies, and novels, marking the beginning of his writing career.

His most famous work was his collection "Chicago Poems," which captured the energy and diversity of the city. He wrote of its inhabitants and their hardships, the bustling industry and workers, and the city's open skies. Sandburg's work often explored the beauty and fragility of life in a modern city, and his poetic voice resonated with readers around the world. He gave a voice to those in the working class, and his poetry was an unflinching look at the hardships that many people faced.

During the Great Depression, Sandburg was a great source of inspiration and hope. He wrote extensively about poverty and economic hardship, offering a more personal and humane view of the situation. His poetry and speeches called on people to work together despite their struggles, celebrating what they had instead of lamenting what they didn't.

Throughout his life, Sandburg wrote over twenty books of poetry, prose, and biography. He was awarded three Pulitzer Prizes, one for his poetry collection "Cornhuskers," one for "Complete Poems," and a third for his biography of Abraham Lincoln. By the end of his life, Sandburg was widely regarded as one of America's greatest poets.

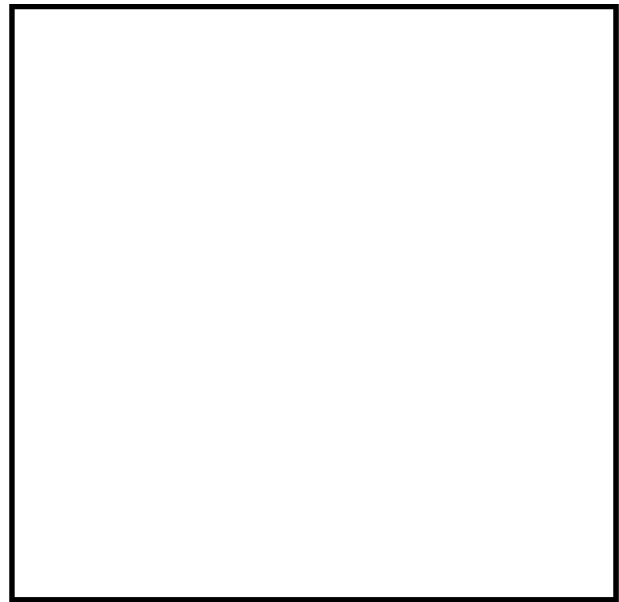
Upon Carl's death, President Lyndon B. Johnson remarked, "Carl Sandburg was more than the voice of America, more than the poet of its strength and genius. He was America. We knew and cherished him as the bard of democracy, the echo of the people, our conscience, and chronicler of truth and beauty and purpose." Even today, his works continue to leave a mark on the American people, reminding us that there is hope and strength to be found even in the darkest of times.

Poet Study

Poet: _____

Date of Birth: _____

Place of Birth: _____



3 Facts About the Poet:

Best Known Poems by the Poet:

Carl Sandburg Selections

(Note: "The People, Yes" is a 300-page poem.
Below is just an excerpt.)

The People, Yes

by Carl Sandburg

The people will live on.
The learning and blundering people will live on.
They will be tricked and sold and again sold
And go back to the nourishing earth for footholds,
The people so peculiar in renewal and comeback,
You can't laugh off their capacity to take it.
The mammoth rests between his cyclonic dramas.

The people so often sleepy, weary, enigmatic,
is a vast huddle with many units saying:

"I earn my living.
I make enough to get by
and it takes all my time.
If I had more time
I could do more for myself
and maybe for others.
I could read and study
and talk things over
and find out about things.
It takes time.
I wish I had the time."

The people is a tragic and comic two-face:
hero and hoodlum: phantom and gorilla
twisting to moan with a gargoyle mouth: "They
buy me and sell me . . . it's a game . . .
sometime I'll break loose . . ."
Once having marched
Over the margins of animal necessity,
Over the grim line of sheer subsistence
Then man came

To the deeper rituals of his bones,
To the lights lighter than any bones,
To the time for thinking things over,
To the dance, the song, the story,
Or the hours given over to dreaming,
Once having so marched.

Between the finite limitations of the five senses
and the endless yearnings of man for the beyond
the people hold to the humdrum bidding of work
and food
while reaching out when it comes their way
for lights beyond the prison of the five senses,
for keepsakes lasting beyond any hunger or death.
This reaching is alive.
The panderers and liars have violated and smutted
it.

Yet this reaching is alive yet
for lights and keepsakes.
The people know the salt of the sea
and the strength of the winds
lashing the corners of the earth.
The people take the earth
as a tomb of rest and a cradle of hope.
Who else speaks for the Family of Man?
They are in tune and step
with constellations of universal law.

Carl Sandburg Selections

The People, Yes (continued)

by Carl Sandburg

The people is a polychrome,
a spectrum and a prism
held in a moving monolith,
a console organ of changing themes,
a clavilux of color poems
wherein the sea offers fog
and the fog moves off in rain
and the labrador sunset shortens
to a nocturne of clear stars
serene over the shot spray
of northern lights.

The steel mill sky is alive.
The fire breaks white and zigzag
shot on a gun-metal gloaming.
Man is a long time coming.
Man will yet win.
Brother may yet line up with brother:

This old anvil laughs at many broken hammers.
There are men who can't be bought.
The fireborn are at home in fire.
The stars make no noise.
You can't hinder the wind from blowing.
Time is a great teacher.
Who can live without hope?

In the darkness with a great bundle of grief
the people march.
In the night, and overhead a shovel of stars for
keeps, the people march:
"Where to? what next?"

Hope Is A Tattered Flag

by Carl Sandburg

Hope is a tattered flag and a dream of time.
Hope is a heartspun word, the rainbow, the
shadblow in white
The evening star inviolable over the coal mines,
The shimmer of northern lights across a bitter winter
night,
The blue hills beyond the smoke of the steel works,
The birds who go on singing to their mates in
peace, war, peace,
The ten-cent crocus bulb blooming in a used-car
salesroom,
The horseshoe over the door, the luckpiece in the
pocket,
The kiss and the comforting laugh and resolve—
Hope is an echo, hope ties itself yonder, yonder.
The spring grass showing itself where least
expected,
The rolling fluff of white clouds on a changeable
sky,
The broadcast of strings from Japan, bells from
Moscow,
Of the voice of the prime minister of Sweden carried
Across the sea in behalf of a world family of nations
And children singing chorals of the Christ child
And Bach being broadcast from Bethlehem,
Pennsylvania
And tall skyscrapers practically empty of tenants
And the hands of strong men groping for handholds
And the Salvation Army singing God loves us...

Poetry Selections

Fog

By Carl Sandburg

The fog comes
on little cat feet.
It sits looking
over harbor and city
on silent haunches
and then moves on.

"Hope" is the Thing with Feathers

by Emily Dickenson

"Hope" is the thing with feathers -
That perches in the soul -
And sings the tune without the words -
And never stops - at all -

And sweetest - in the Gale - is heard -
And sore must be the storm -
That could abash the little Bird
That kept so many warm -

I've heard it in the chilliest land -
And on the strangest Sea -
Yet - never - in Extremity,
It asked a crumb - of me.

The Instinct of Hope

by John Clare

Is there another world for this frail dust
To warm with life and be itself again?
Something about me daily speaks there must,
And why should instinct nourish hopes in vain?
'Tis nature's prophesy that such will be,
And everything seems struggling to explain
The close sealed volume of its mystery.
Time wandering onward keeps its usual pace
As seeming anxious of eternity,
To meet that calm and find a resting place.
E'en the small violet feels a future power
And waits each year renewing blooms to bring,
And surely man is no inferior flower
To die unworthy of a second spring?

Poetry Selections

To Hope

by John Keats

When by my solitary hearth I sit,
And hateful thoughts enwrap my soul in gloom;
When no fair dreams before my "mind's eye" flit,
And the bare heath of life presents no bloom;
Sweet Hope, ethereal balm upon me shed,
And wave thy silver pinions o'er my head!

Whene'er I wander, at the fall of night,
Where woven boughs shut out the moon's bright
ray,
Should sad Despondency my musings fright,
And frown, to drive fair Cheerfulness away,
Peep with the moonbeams through the leafy roof,
And keep that fiend Despondence far aloof!

Should Disappointment, parent of Despair,
Strive for her son to seize my careless heart;
When, like a cloud, he sits upon the air,
Preparing on his spell-bound prey to dart:
Chase him away, sweet Hope, with visage bright,
And fright him as the morning frightens night!

Whene'er the fate of those I hold most dear
Tells to my fearful breast a tale of sorrow,
O bright-eyed Hope, my morbid fancy cheer;
Let me awhile thy sweetest comforts borrow:
Thy heaven-born radiance around me shed,
And wave thy silver pinions o'er my head!

Should e'er unhappy love my bosom pain,
From cruel parents, or relentless fair;
O let me think it is not quite in vain
To sigh out sonnets to the midnight air!
Sweet Hope, ethereal balm upon me shed,
And wave thy silver pinions o'er my head!

In the long vista of the years to roll,
Let me not see our country's honour fade:
O let me see our land retain her soul,
Her pride, her freedom; and not freedom's shade.
From thy bright eyes unusual brightness shed---
Beneath thy pinions canopy my head!

Let me not see the patriot's high bequest,
Great Liberty! how great in plain attire!

With the base purple of a court oppress'd,
Bowing her head, and ready to expire:
But let me see thee stoop from heaven on wings
That fill the skies with silver glitterings!

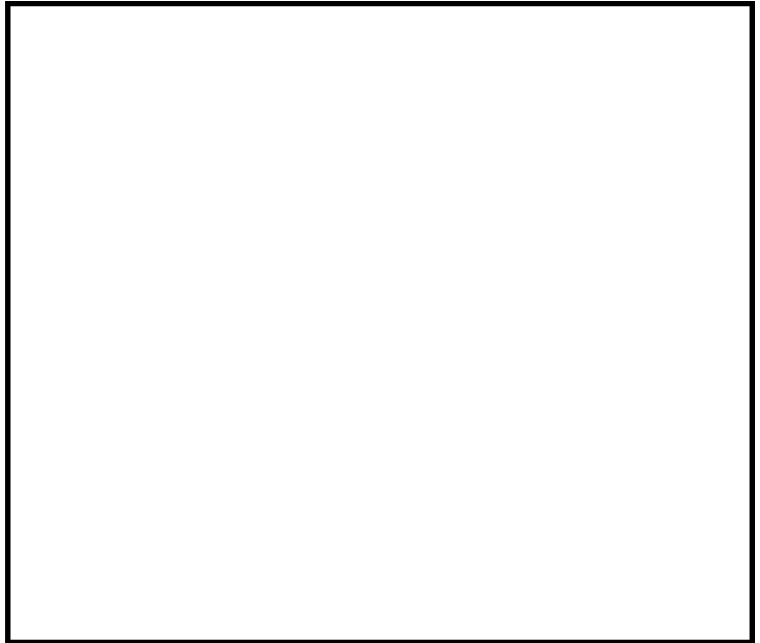
And as, in sparkling majesty, a star
Gilds the bright summit of some gloomy cloud;
Brightening the half veil'd face of heaven afar:
So, when dark thoughts my boding spirit shroud,
Sweet Hope, celestial influence round me shed,
Waving thy silver pinions o'er my head!

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
