



# Poetry Recitation & Copywork

## Poetry Selections

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

- Winter: My Secret
- There's Snow on the Fields
- I Dug and Dug Amongst the Snow
- Who Has Seen the Wind?
- In the Bleak Midwinter
- Winter Rain

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:

- Winter: My Secret
- Who Has Seen the Wind?
- Winter Rain

*"Poetry is when an emotion has found its thought and the thought has found words."*

~ Robert Frost



# Christina Rossetti

December 5, 1830– December 29, 1894

Born in London in 1830, Christina Rossetti was a poet and writer who came from a creative and literary family. Her father, Gabriele Rossetti, was an Italian poet and political exile, her brother Dante Gabriel was a Pre-Raphaelite painter and poet, and her sister Maria wrote novels.

Christina was educated at home by her mother, but also studied religious texts and the works of famous poets such as John Milton and William Wordsworth. In 1850, she began submitting her poetry to magazines and publishing it in her brother's Pre-Raphaelite journal, *The Germ*.

Rossetti's early work reflected her deep Christian faith and explored themes of love, death, and personal devotion. She published "Goblin Market and Other Poems" in 1862 to critical success, solidifying her reputation as a skilled poet.

Christina also painted with and modeled for the Pre-Raphaelite painters. Her skills as a painter influenced her approach to poetry, as she often wrote with visual imagery in mind. The female Pre-Raphaelite painters and models, including Rossetti, were known as the "Stunners" for their beauty and elegance.

Despite achieving fame during her lifetime, Rossetti made a conscious decision to dedicate her life solely to religion and withdrew from public life. She also struggled with health problems for much of her years. She suffered from Graves' disease and eventually became bedridden in the 1890s. However, she continued to write and publish poetry until her death in 1894.

Rossetti's legacy as a poet remains strong, with her works being studied in academia and frequently anthologized. Some of her most well-known poems include "Goblin Market," "Remember," and "In the Bleak Midwinter."

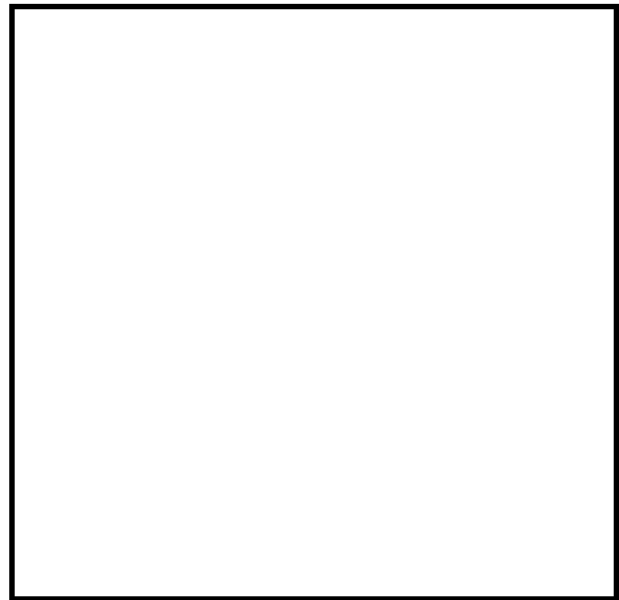
Today, she is considered one of the leading female poets of the Victorian era.

# Poet Study

Poet: \_\_\_\_\_

Date of Birth: \_\_\_\_\_

Place of Birth: \_\_\_\_\_



**3 Facts About the Poet:**

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**Best Known Poems by the Poet:**

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# Christina Rossetti Selections

## Winter: My Secret

I tell my secret? No indeed, not I;  
Perhaps some day, who knows?  
But not today; it froze, and blows and snows,  
And you're too curious: fie!  
You want to hear it? well:  
Only, my secret's mine, and I won't tell.

Or, after all, perhaps there's none:  
Suppose there is no secret after all,  
But only just my fun.  
Today's a nipping day, a biting day;  
In which one wants a shawl,  
A veil, a cloak, and other wraps:  
I cannot ope to everyone who taps,  
And let the draughts come whistling thro' my hall;  
Come bounding and surrounding me,  
Come buffeting, astounding me,  
Nipping and clipping thro' my wraps and all.  
I wear my mask for warmth: who ever shows  
His nose to Russian snows  
To be pecked at by every wind that blows?  
You would not peck? I thank you for good will,  
Believe, but leave the truth untested still.

Spring's an expansive time: yet I don't trust  
March with its peck of dust,  
Nor April with its rainbow-crowned brief showers,  
Nor even May, whose flowers  
One frost may wither thro' the sunless hours.

Perhaps some languid summer day,  
When drowsy birds sing less and less,  
And golden fruit is ripening to excess,  
If there's not too much sun nor too much cloud,  
And the warm wind is neither still nor loud,  
Perhaps my secret I may say,  
Or you may guess.

## There's Snow on the Fields

There's snow on the fields,  
And cold in the cottage,  
While I sit in the chimney nook  
Supping hot pottage.  
My clothes are soft and warm,  
Fold upon fold,  
But I'm so sorry for the poor  
Out in the cold.

## I Dug and Dug Amongst the Snow

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.

## Who Has Seen the Wind?

Who has seen the wind?  
Neither I nor you:  
But when the leaves hang trembling  
The wind is passing thro'.

Who has seen the wind?  
Neither you nor I:  
But when the trees bow down their heads  
The wind is passing by.

# Christina Rossetti Selections

## In the Bleak Midwinter

In the bleak mid-winter  
Frosty wind made moan,  
Earth stood hard as iron,  
Water like a stone;  
Snow had fallen, snow on snow,  
Snow on snow,  
In the bleak mid-winter  
Long ago.

Our God, Heaven cannot hold Him  
Nor earth sustain;  
Heaven and earth shall flee away  
When He comes to reign:  
In the bleak mid-winter  
A stable-place sufficed  
The Lord God Almighty,  
Jesus Christ.

Enough for Him, whom cherubim  
Worship night and day,  
A breastful of milk  
And a mangerful of hay;  
Enough for Him, whom angels  
Fall down before,  
The ox and ass and camel  
Which adore

Angels and archangels  
May have gathered there,  
Cherubim and seraphim  
Thronged the air,  
But only His mother  
In her maiden bliss,  
Worshipped the Beloved  
With a kiss.

What can I give Him,  
Poor as I am?  
If I were a shepherd  
I would bring a lamb,  
If I were a wise man  
I would do my part,  
Yet what I can I give Him,  
Give my heart.

## Winter Rain

Every valley drinks,  
Every dell and hollow;  
Where the kind rain sinks and sinks,  
Green of Spring will follow.

Yet a lapse of weeks  
Buds will burst their edges,  
Strip their wool—coats, glue—coats,  
streaks,  
In the woods and hedges;

Weave a bower of love  
For birds to meet each other,  
Weave a canopy above  
Nest and egg and mother.

But for fattening rain  
We should have no flowers,  
Never a bud or leaf again  
But for soaking showers;

Never a mated bird  
In the rocking tree—tops,  
Never indeed a flock or herd  
To graze upon the lea—crops.

Lambs so woolly white,  
Sheep the sun—bright leas on,  
They could have no grass to bite  
But for rain in season.

We should find no moss  
In the shadiest places,  
Find no waving meadow grass  
Pied with broad—eyed daisies:

But miles of barren sand,  
With never a son or daughter,  
Not a lily on the land,  
Or lily on the water.

# Poetry Study

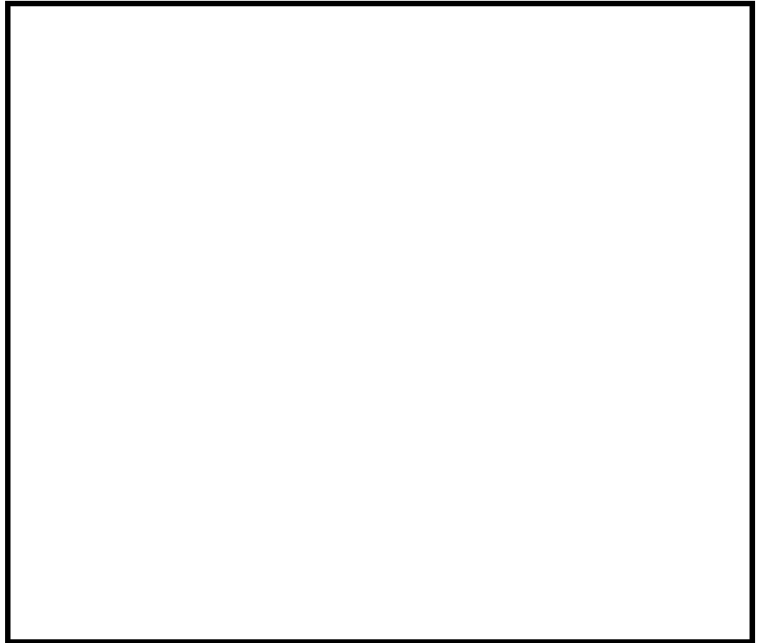
**Title:**

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**Type of Poem:**

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**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:**

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**Write three adjectives about the poem.**

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

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