



Poetry Recitation & Copywork

Poetry Selections

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

- Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night
- Fern Hill

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:

- Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night
- Fern Hill

"As I read more and more ... my love for the real life of words increased until I knew that I must live with them and in them, always."

~ Dylan Thomas



Dylan Thomas

October 27, 1914 – November 9, 1953

Dylan Thomas was born in Swansea, Wales, on October 27, 1914. He was the son of a teacher and a seamstress. His father taught him Welsh, literature, and history, instilling in him a love for language and storytelling.

Thomas began writing poetry at an early age. His first published poem appeared in a local newspaper when he was only 16. He left school at 18 and moved to London, where he worked as a journalist and lived a bohemian lifestyle.

In 1934, Thomas returned to Wales and married Caitlin Macnamara. The couple had three children together. Thomas continued to write poetry and prose, and his work began to attract attention from the literary establishment.

In 1939, Thomas published his most famous poem, "Do not go gentle into that good night," which was written in response to the death of his father and remains his most famous poem to this day.

During World War II, Thomas was not conscripted into the war due to having an ailment in his lungs. However during this time he wrote radio scripts for BBC broadcasting, which classified as essential war work. He also wrote film scripts and stage plays. His play for voices, "Under Milk Wood," was first performed in 1953.

Thomas became known for his wild lifestyle and heavy drinking. He died of pneumonia in New York City on November 9, 1953, at the age of 39. His poetry is noted for its lyrical beauty, dark humor, and tragic themes.

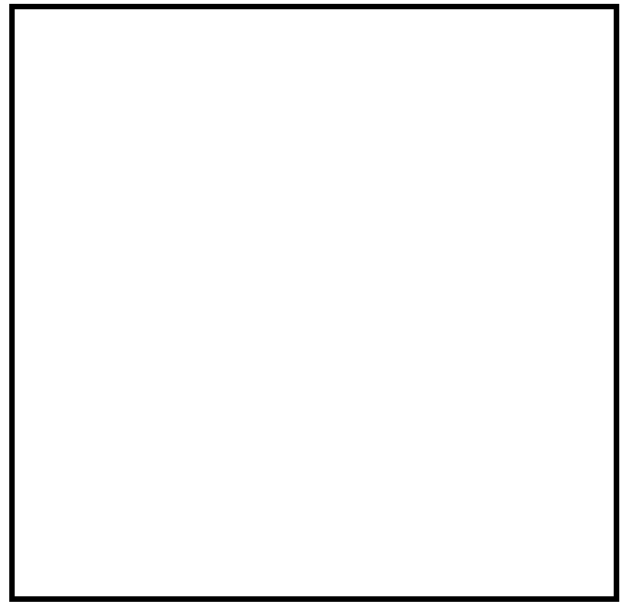
In the 1950s and 1960s, Dylan Thomas's reputation as a major poet continued to grow. His work has been translated into many languages and is studied in schools and universities around the world.

Poet Study

Poet: _____

Date of Birth: _____

Place of Birth: _____



3 Facts About the Poet:

Best Known Poems by the Poet:

Dylan Thomas Selections

Do Not Go Gentle into that Good Night

Do not go gentle into that good night,
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Though wise men at their end know dark is right,
Because their words had forked no lightning they
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,
And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

And you, my father, there on the sad height,
Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.
Do not go gentle into that good night.
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Dylan Thomas Selections

Fern Hill

Now as I was young and easy under the apple boughs
About the lilting house and happy as the grass was green,
 The night above the dingle starry,
 Time let me hail and climb
 Golden in the heydays of his eyes,
And honoured among wagons I was prince of the apple towns
And once below a time I lordly had the trees and leaves
 Trail with daisies and barley
 Down the rivers of the windfall light.

And as I was green and carefree, famous among the barns
About the happy yard and singing as the farm was home,
 In the sun that is young once only,
 Time let me play and be
 Golden in the mercy of his means,
And green and golden I was huntsman and herdsman, the calves
Sang to my horn, the foxes on the hills barked clear and cold,
 And the sabbath rang slowly
 In the pebbles of the holy streams.

All the sun long it was running, it was lovely, the hay
Fields high as the house, the tunes from the chimneys, it was air
 And playing, lovely and watery
 And fire green as grass.
 And nightly under the simple stars
As I rode to sleep the owls were bearing the farm away,
All the moon long I heard, blessed among stables, the nightjars
 Flying with the ricks, and the horses
 Flashing into the dark.

Dylan Thomas Selections

And then to awake, and the farm, like a wanderer white
With the dew, come back, the cock on his shoulder: it was all
 Shining, it was Adam and maiden,
 The sky gathered again
 And the sun grew round that very day.
So it must have been after the birth of the simple light
In the first, spinning place, the spellbound horses walking warm
 Out of the whinnying green stable
 On to the fields of praise.

And honoured among foxes and pheasants by the gay house
Under the new made clouds and happy as the heart was long,
 In the sun born over and over,
 I ran my heedless ways,
 My wishes raced through the house high hay
And nothing I cared, at my sky blue trades, that time allows
In all his tuneful turning so few and such morning songs
 Before the children green and golden
 Follow him out of grace,

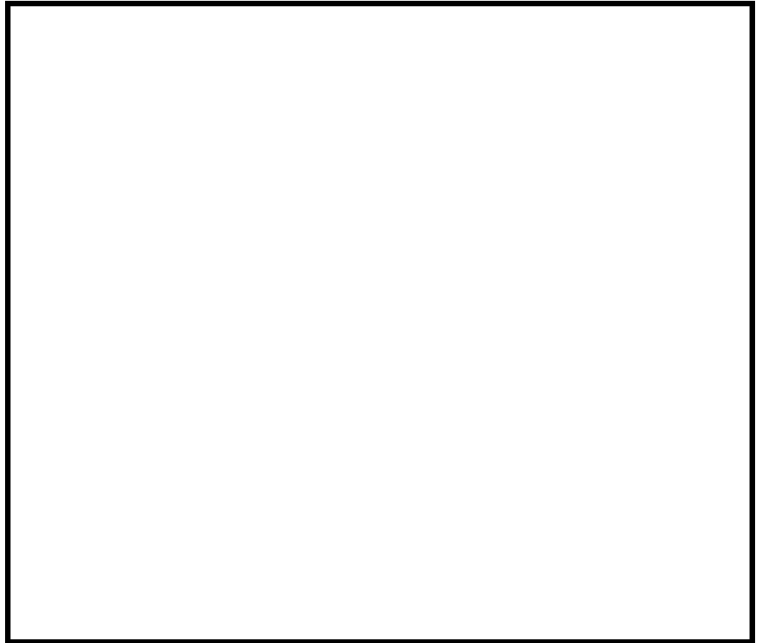
Nothing I cared, in the lamb white days, that time would take me
Up to the swallow thronged loft by the shadow of my hand,
 In the moon that is always rising,
 Nor that riding to sleep
 I should hear him fly with the high fields
And wake to the farm forever fled from the childless land.
Oh as I was young and easy in the mercy of his means,
 Time held me green and dying
 Though I sang in my chains like the sea.

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
