

# Poetry

# Comprehension

## Skills

- Easy to use!
- Lessons correlated to state standards
- Ideal preparation for standardized test questions on poetry

Read the Poem 

# To Any Reader


by Robert Louis Stevenson

As from the house your mother sees  
You playing round the garden trees,  
So you may see, if you will look  
Through the windows of this book,  
Another child, far, far away,  
And in another garden, play.  
But do not think you can at all,  
By knocking on the window, call  
That child to hear you. He intent  
Is all on his play-business bent.  
He does not hear, he will not look,  
Nor yet be lured out of this book.  
For, long ago, the truth to say,  
He has grown up and gone away,  
And it is but a child of air  
That lingers in the garden there.

***Go on to the next page.***



## To Any Reader: Assessment

 Think about the poem. Then answer the questions. Fill in the circle next to the correct answer.

1. What is the child in the poem doing?  
 (A) reading a book  
 (B) playing in a garden  
 (C) playing with friends  
 (D) playing with a pet
2. Since the time the other child was in the garden, he has  
 (A) grown and gone away.  
 (B) gone inside the house.  
 (C) climbed into the tree.  
 (D) disappeared.
3. The child is "intent" on his play. This probably means that  
 (A) he is tired of the game.  
 (B) he is not paying attention to what he is doing.  
 (C) he is playing in a tent.  
 (D) he is concentrating on playing.
4. This poem is mostly about  
 (A) a boy in a poetry book.  
 (B) what happens to little boys.  
 (C) playing in a garden.  
 (D) how children are alike.
5. The boy cannot be called because  
 (A) he is not able to hear.  
 (B) the garden is too noisy.  
 (C) he refuses to listen.  
 (D) he is an imaginary child.
6. Although the poem is called "To Any Reader," the poet appears to expect that  
 (A) people will think that the child in the poem is real.  
 (B) his poems will not be appreciated.  
 (C) children will be reading the book.  
 (D) his book will never be read.



7. What would happen if the reader tried to call the child in the garden?

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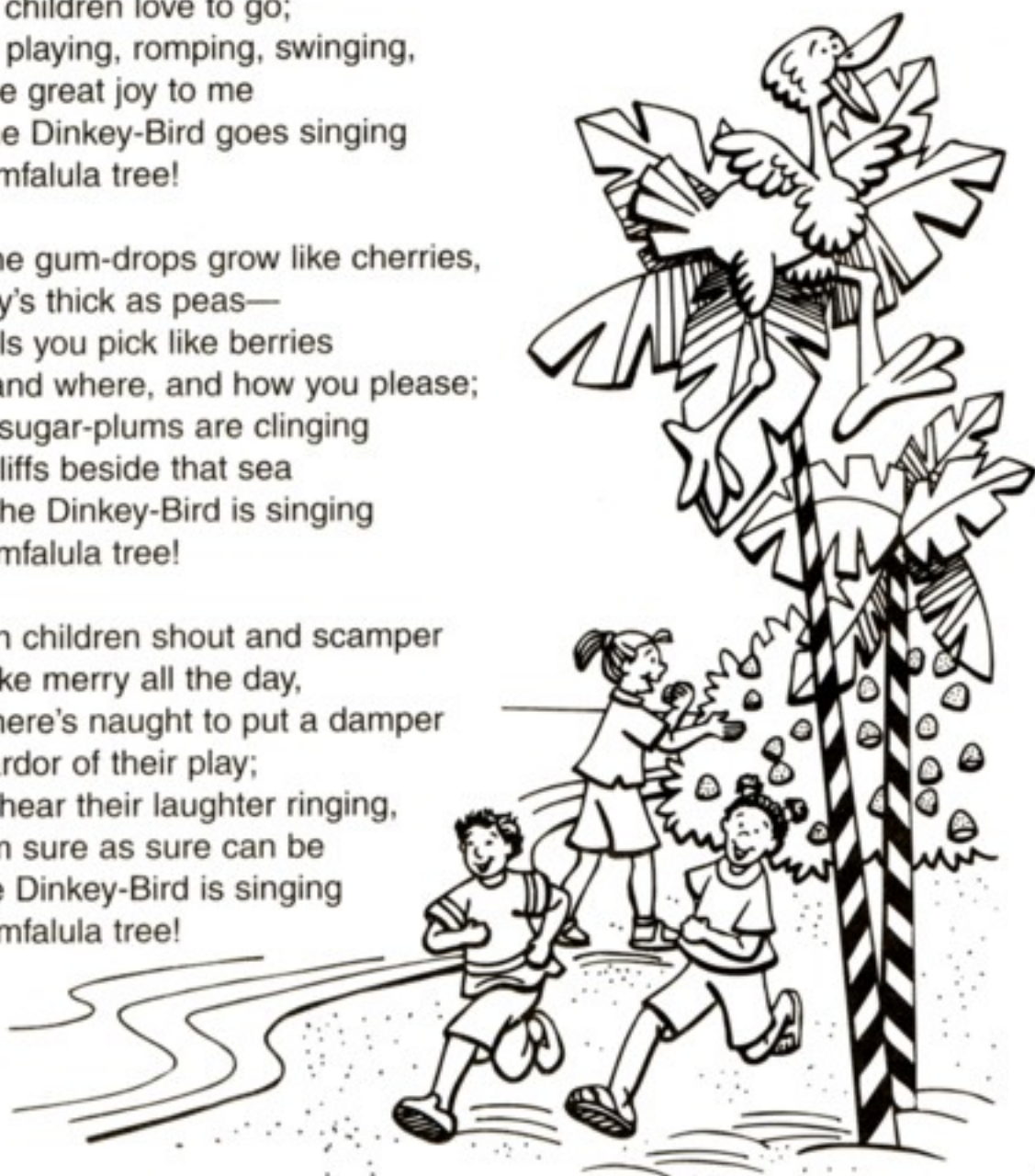
Read the Poem *[from]* The Dinkey-Bird

by Eugene Field


In an ocean, 'way out yonder,  
(As all sapient people know)  
Is the land of Wonder-Wander,  
Whither children love to go;  
It's their playing, romping, swinging,  
That give great joy to me  
While the Dinkey-Bird goes singing  
In the amfalula tree!

- There the gum-drops grow like cherries,  
And taffy's thick as peas—  
Caramels you pick like berries  
When, and where, and how you please;  
Big red sugar-plums are clinging  
To the cliffs beside that sea  
Where the Dinkey-Bird is singing  
In the amfalula tree!

So when children shout and scamper  
And make merry all the day,  
When there's naught to put a damper  
To the ardor of their play;  
When I hear their laughter ringing,  
Then I'm sure as sure can be  
That the Dinkey-Bird is singing  
In the amfalula tree!



 Understand the Poem**[from] The Dinkey-Bird:  
Assessment**

 Think about the poem. Then answer the questions. Fill in the circle next to the correct answer.

1. What kind of food grows in the land of Wonder-Wander?  
Ⓐ candy  
Ⓑ fruits  
Ⓒ seafood  
Ⓓ vegetables
2. When is the poet sure that the Dinkey-Bird is singing?  
Ⓐ when he sees the bird in the tree  
Ⓑ when it is morning  
Ⓒ when he hears the children laughing  
Ⓓ before the children arrive
3. "Sapient" most likely means  
Ⓐ silly.  
Ⓑ wise.  
Ⓒ strange.  
Ⓓ quiet.
4. This poem is mainly about  
Ⓐ how foolish children can be.  
Ⓑ a place where children are sent.  
Ⓒ an island full of strange birds.  
Ⓓ a fun place for children to visit.
5. It seems to be the poet's opinion that  
Ⓐ a child's favorite kind of bird is a Dinkey-Bird.  
Ⓑ children would enjoy a place where candy grows.  
Ⓒ children should go far away across the ocean.  
Ⓓ children should be quiet.
6. Which of these probably describes the poet's feelings for children?  
Ⓐ He is fond of them.  
Ⓑ He does not have the patience for them.  
Ⓒ He is not comfortable around them.  
Ⓓ He thinks they should act like adults.



7. What clues tell you that this poem is about an imaginary land?

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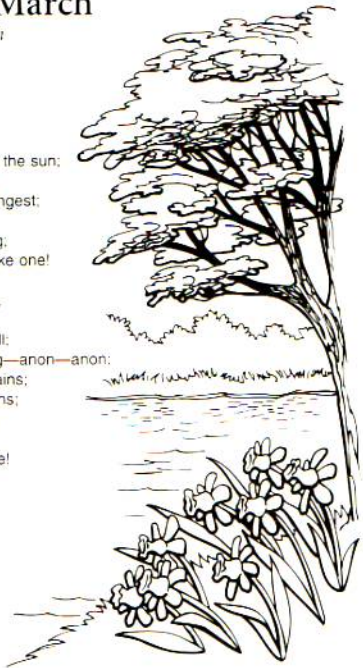
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Read the Poem 

# Written in March

by William Wordsworth

The cock is crowing,  
The stream is flowing,  
The small birds twitter,  
The lake doth glitter,  
The green field sleeps in the sun;  
The oldest and youngest  
Are at work with the strongest;  
The cattle are grazing,  
Their heads never raising;  
There are forty feeding like one!  
Like an army defeated  
The snow hath retreated,  
And now doth fare ill  
On the top of the bare hill;  
The plowboy is whooping—anon—anon;  
There's joy in the mountains;  
There's life in the fountains;  
Small clouds are sailing,  
Blue sky prevailing;  
The rain is over and gone!



Read the Poem 

# The Castle-Builder

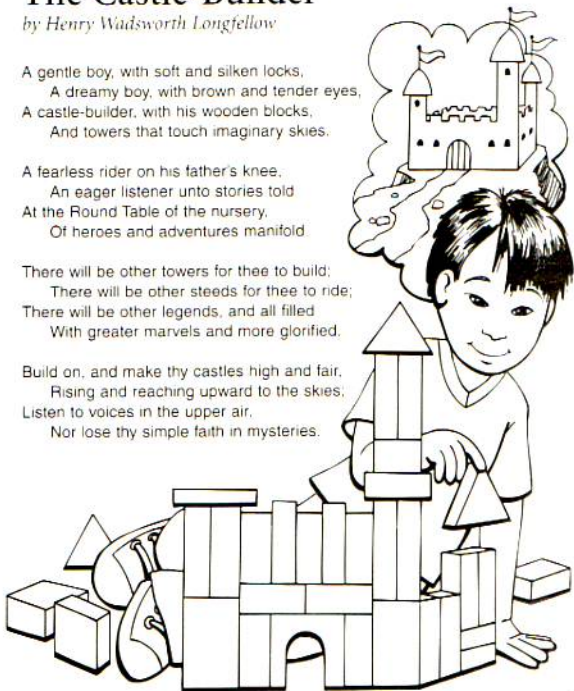
by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

A gentle boy, with soft and silken locks,  
A dreamy boy, with brown and tender eyes,  
A castle-builder, with his wooden blocks,  
And towers that touch imaginary skies.

A fearless rider on his father's knee,  
An eager listener unto stories told  
At the Round Table of the nursery,  
Of heroes and adventures manifold.

There will be other towers for thee to build;  
There will be other steeds for thee to ride;  
There will be other legends, and all filled  
With greater marvels and more glorified.

Build on, and make thy castles high and fair,  
Rising and reaching upward to the skies;  
Listen to voices in the upper air,  
Nor lose thy simple faith in mysteries.



## Read the Poem



# The Village Blacksmith

by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Under a spreading chestnut-tree  
The village smithy stands;  
The smith, a mighty man is he,  
With large and sinewy hands;  
And the muscles of his brawny arms  
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,  
His face is like the tan;  
His brow is wet with honest sweat,  
He earns whatever he can,  
And looks the whole world in the face,  
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,  
You can hear his bellows blow;  
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,  
With measured beat and slow,  
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,  
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school  
Look in at the open door;  
They love to see the flaming forge,  
And hear the bellows roar,  
And catch the burning sparks that fly  
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,  
And sits among his boys;  
He hears the parson pray and preach,  
He hears his daughter's voice,  
Singing in the village choir,  
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,  
Singing in Paradise!  
He needs must think of her once more,  
How in the grave she lies;  
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes  
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,  
Onward through life he goes,  
Each morning sees some task begin,  
Each evening sees it close:  
Something attempted, something done,  
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,  
For the lesson thou hast taught!  
Thus at the flaming forge of life  
Our fortunes must be wrought;  
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped  
Each burning deed and thought.

