USING POETRY

TO CONNECT WITH YOUR KIDS

in

Morning Basket Time

BY JEAN RUDD



Excerpts from

The Poetry Hater's Guide to Loving Poetry

A Charlotte Mason approach to poetry appreciation

Copyright © 2024 Jean Rudd | SelfEducatingFamily.com ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. YOU MAY REPRODUCE PARTS OF THIS EBOOK FOR PERSONAL HOME USE ONLY. NO COMMERCIAL USE IS PERMITTED. IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO SHARE A COPY OF THIS BOOK WITH SOMEONE, PLEASE DIRECT THEM TO THE LINK YOU USED WITH SELFEDUCATINGFAMILY.COM WHERE THEY CAN SIGN UP FOR THE MAILING LIST AND DOWNLOAD A COPY FOR HOME USE. THANK YOU. THE ADVICE AND STRATEGIES FOUND WITHIN MAY NOT BE SUITABLE FOR EVERY SITUATION. THIS WORK IS SOLD WITH THE UNDERSTANDING THAT NEITHER THE AUTHOR NOR THE PUBLISHER ARE HELD RESPONSIBLE FOR THE RESULTS ACCRUED FROM THE ADVICE IN THIS BOOK. ALL POEMS USED IN THIS EDITION ARE IN THE PUBLIC DOMAIN.

Why this excerpt?

Charlotte Mason Principle #12: Education is the Science of Relations

As a veteran homeschool mom, I've come to understand that I learn along with my kiddos. And Charlotte Mason (CM) has been a great mentor for me personally.

I never really appreciated poetry until I gave it a chance by doing Poetry Studies with my own boys. Since studying CM methods, I can see how her basic principles of education respect the child as a person in ways that unlock their unique potentials.

Morning basket, or morning time, is a great way to connect with your kids. And a beautiful way to start the day is with a beautiful poem.

I've bundled the summer chapter of *The Poetry Hater's Guide to Loving Poetry* with instructions on how to use poems during Morning Basket, and how to use them with copywork. I've also included the summer copywork pages.

Inside You will Find:

- 12 classic poems about summer from famous poets
- Morning Basket tips
- Copywork tips
- Copywork pages for print and cursive.

There's enough for a whole summer of poems. If you like what you see and want more, the other 3 seasons are in the complete 128 page ebook: *The Poetry Hater's Guide to Loving Poetry*.

Thanks for downloading, and may this bless your morning basket.





PART 2 POEMS FOR THE









Super Brief Bios of Poets in the Spring section

Dates included in case you keep a timeline. All biographical information from poets.org, unless noted, with active links provided for more background. Alphabetical order.

See Spring for Christina Rossetti & Shakespeare

Elizabeth Barrett Browning – 1806-1861. English poet of the Romantic Movement. The Barretts were Jamaican plantation owners but EBB was born in England. She was educated at home and read Milton and Shakespeare before age 10, writing her first epic poem at age 12. Despite ill health, she continued writing. A collection in 1844, called *Poems*, caught the attention of Robert Browning. They exchanged over 500 letters. They eloped against her father's wishes in 1846, and her father never spoke to her again. Her most famous work may be Sonnets, love poems dedicated to her RB before they married.

Robert Browning – 1812-1889. Also English, RB apparently owed much of his education to his fathers 6000+ volume collection of rare books. While he wrote plays and poetry, for much of his life he was known as EBB's husband. His collection of poems *Men and Women* (1855) was dedicated to her and is now known as one of his finest works.

Walter de la Mare, 1873 – 1956. De la Mere was from London and he worked as a bookkeeper for 18 years. He began writing short stories. His first major work, published in 1902, was a collection of poetry called *Songs of Childhood*. He is known for his "romantic imagination." (poetryfoundation.org)

Emily Dickinson – 1830-1886. From Amherst, MA, Dickenson was never published in her lifetime. She admired the Brownings and Keats, but did not read Whitman despite the fact that they were both so influential in American poetry. She wrote poems in her letters, and upon her death, they found 40 volumes of hand-bound poems – handwritten final versions of over 1800 poems. The only volume that keeps the order intact is called *The Manuscript Books of Emily Dickinson*.

A AMERICAN

Paul Laurence Dunbar – 1872-1906. One of the first African American poets to be nationally recognized, Dunbar was born to parents who had been slaves. They separated shortly after he was born. While a promising student, he couldn't afford college and took a job as an elevator lift operator. He published his first poems at age 14. He read the Romantics like Wordsworth and Keats, as well as the American poets like Longfellow and Whittier. He selfpublished his first collection and sold it for \$1 to the riders on his elevator. He meet Frederick Douglass who helped his get a clerking job. With his next collection, he began to be known for his "dialect" poems. He continued to write producing novels, short stories and poem collections. He died of tuberculosis at 33.

Eugene Field, 1850–1895. Field's father was the attorney for Dred Scott. His mother died when he was 6, then he and his brother were sent to live with his aunt in Amherst, MA. He attended 3 colleges without graduating and went to work in the newspaper industry. A bit of a practical joker, he wrote humorous columns and would include light verse occasionally. He eventually became known as the "Poet of Childhood" and published two collections of poems.

Helen Hunt Jackson – 1830-1885. Most famous for her novel *Ramona* which did for the Native Americans what *Uncle Tom's Cabin* did for slavery, Hunt was an author and reformer. Her book of poetry, *Verses*, was well-received. *(For more detail on her colorful life see LiteraryLadiesGuide.com)*

John Keats – 1795-1821. English Romantic poet, Keats had a tragically short life dying of tuberculosis at age 25. He actually studied and became and apothecary, but never practiced, instead decided to write poetry. Keats was encouraged by Shelley and others in their literary circle. His most famous work may be "Ode on a Grecian Urn".

Rudyard Kipling – 1865-1936. Born in India, schooled in England, Kipling returned to India at age 17 to do journalism. He published his first collection of verse in 1886 followed by a collection of stories 2 years later. He continued to write and is best known for *The Jungle Book* and his most famous poem "If—".

Carl Sandburg – 1878-1967. From the Chicago literary renaissance era of American writers, Sandburg was the poor child of Swedish immigrants. He became a writer, poet, biographer and journalist, receiving 3 Pulitzers – 2 for poetry and 1 for a biography of Lincoln.

A AMERICAN

Shall I compare thee to a Summer's day? Sonnet 18

William Shakespeare

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?

Thou art more lovely and more temperate.

Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,

And summer's lease hath all too short a date.

Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,

And often is his gold complexion dimmed;

And every fair from fair sometime declines,

By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimmed;

But thy eternal summer shall not fade,

Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st,

Nor shall death brag thou wand'rest in his shade,

When in eternal lines to Time thou grow'st.

So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,

So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

Summer Evening

Walter de la Mare

The sandy cat by the Farmer's chair

Mews at his knee for dainty fare;

Old Rover in his moss-greened house

Mumbles a bone, and barks at a mouse

In the dewy fields the cattle lie

Chewing the cud 'neath a fading sky

Dobbin at manger pulls his hay:

Gone is another summer's day.

"Mews" is an example of

ONOMATOPOEIA

words that sound the same as what they are

A CONTRACTOR OF THE PARTY OF TH

Telling the Bees

Eugene Field

Out of the house where the slumberer lay Grandfather came one summer day, And under the pleasant orchard trees He spake this wise to the murmuring bees:

"The clover-bloom that kissed her feet
And the posie-bed where she used to play,
Have honey store, but none so sweet
As ere our little one went away.
O bees, sing soft, and, bees, sing low;
For she is gone who loved you so."

A wonder fell on the listening bees Under those pleasant orchard trees, And in their toil that summer day Ever their murmuring seemed to say:

"Child, O child, the grass is cool,
And the posies are waking to hear the song
Of the bird that swings by the shaded pool,
Waiting for one that tarrieth long."

'Twas so they called to the little one then, As if to call her back again.

O gentle bees, I have come to say
That grandfather fell asleep to-day,
And we know by the smile on grandfather's face
He has found his dear one's biding-place.

So, bees, sing soft, and, bees, sing low,
As over the honey-fields you sweep
To the trees abloom and the flowers ablow
Sing of grandfather fast asleep;
And ever beneath these orchard trees
Find cheer and shelter, gentle bees.

"A folk custom in many European countries and the U.S. is that it's important to tell the bees about any significant family events. It's especially important to tell the bees whenever a member of the household dies. If they are not told, they might leave the hive, or possibly even worse luck will befall the household."

AmblesideOnline.com

- Allen Allen

A Lazy Day

Paul Laurence Dunbar

The trees bend down along the stream,
Where anchored swings my tiny boat.
The day is one to drowse and dream
And list the thrush's throttling note.
When music from his bosom bleeds
Among the river's rustling reeds.

No ripple stirs the placid pool,

When my adventurous line is cast,

A truce to sport, while clear and cool,

The mirrored clouds slide softly past.

The sky gives back a blue divine,

And all the world's wide wealth is mine.

A pickerel leaps, a bow of light,

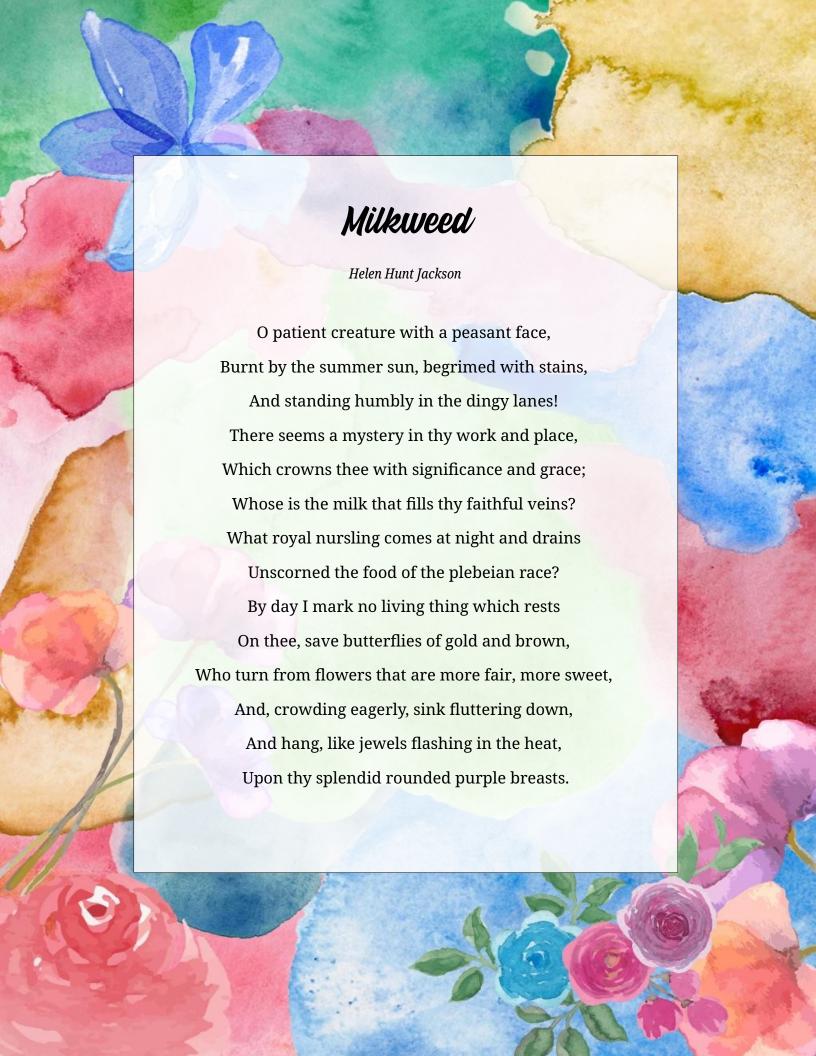
The minnows shine from side to side.

The first faint breeze comes up the tide—

I pause with half uplifted oar,

While night drifts down to claim the shore.







A Bird Song

Christina Rossetti

It's a year almost that I have not seen her:
Oh, last summer green things were greener,
Brambles fewer, the blue sky bluer.

It's surely summer, for there's a swallow:
Come one swallow, his mate will follow,
The bird race quicken and wheel and thicken.

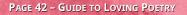
Oh happy swallow whose mate will follow O'er height, o'er hollow! I'd be a swallow, To build this weather one nest together.

THE STATE OF THE S

Cheerfulness Taught by Reason

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

I think we are too ready with complaint
In this fair world of God's. Had we no hope
Indeed beyond the zenith and the slope
Of yon gray blank of sky, we might be faint
To muse upon eternity's constraint
Round our aspirant souls. But since the scope
Must widen early, is it well to droop,
For a few days consumed in loss and taint?
O pusillanimous Heart, be comforted,—
And, like a cheerful traveller, take the road—
Singing beside the hedge. What if the bread
Be bitter in thine inn, and thou unshod
To meet the flints?—At least it may be said,
"Because the way is short, I thank thee, God!"



Meeting at Night

Robert Browning

The gray sea and the long black land;
And the yellow half-moon large and low:
And the startled little waves that leap
In fiery ringlets from their sleep,
As I gain the cove with pushing prow,
And quench its speed i' the slushy sand.

Then a mile of warm sea-scented beach;
Three fields to cross till a farm appears;
A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch
And blue spurt of a lighted match,
And a voice less loud, through joys and fears,
Than the two hearts beating each to each!

THE STATE OF THE S

The Way through the Woods

Rudyard Kipling

They shut the road through the woods Seventy years ago.

Weather and rain have undone it again, And now you would never know

There was once a road through the woods
Before they planted the trees.

It is underneath the coppice and heath, And the thin anemones.

Only the keeper sees

That, where the ring-dove broods, And the badgers roll at ease,

There was once a road through the woods.

Yet, if you enter the woods

Of a summer evening late,

When the night-air cools on the troutringed pools

Where the otter whistles his mate,

(They fear not men in the woods, Because they see so few.)

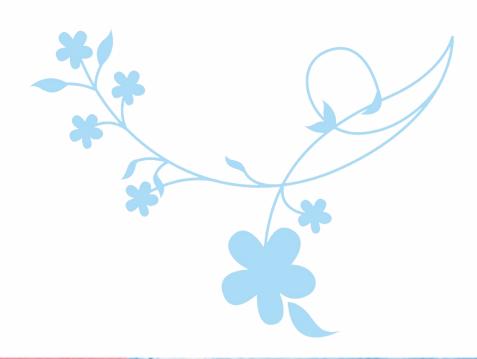
You will hear the beat of a horse's feet, And the swish of a skirt in the dew, Steadily cantering through

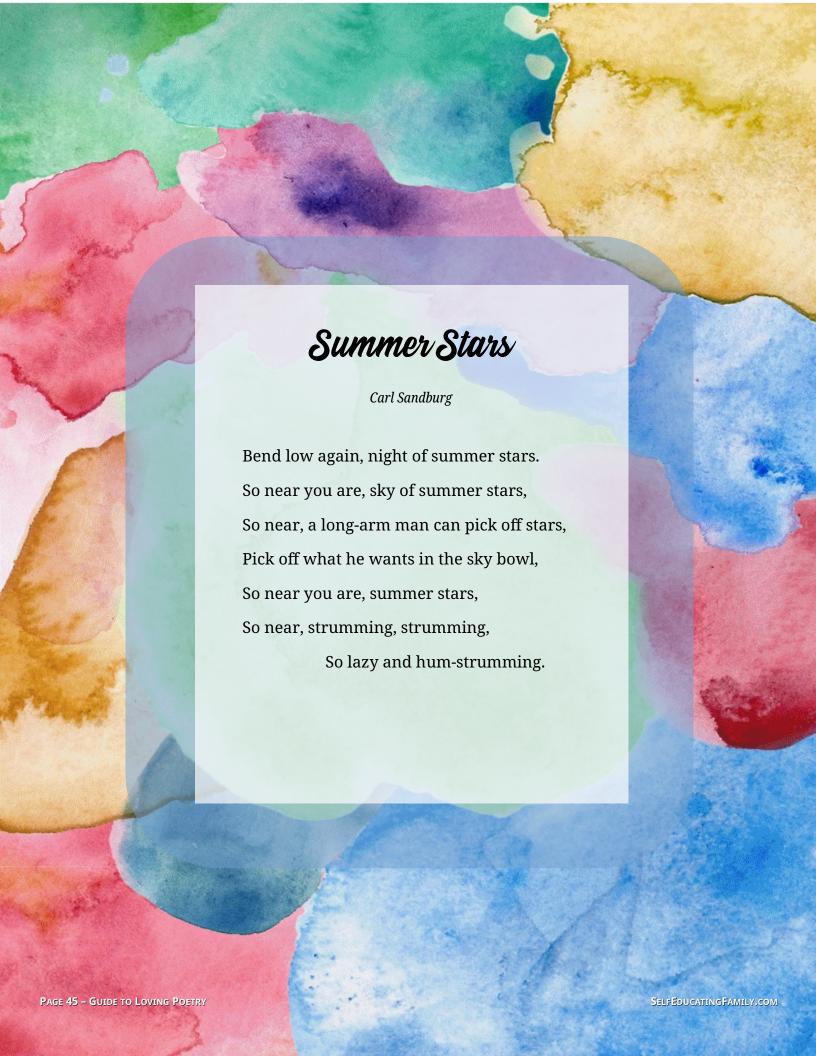
The misty solitudes,

As though they perfectly knew

The old lost road through the woods.

But there is no road through the woods.





Answer July

Emily Dickinson

Answer July—
Where is the Bee—
Where is the Blush—
Where is the Hay?

Ah, said July—
Where is the Seed—
Where is the Bud—
Where is the May—
Answer Thee—Me—

Nay—said the May—
Show me the Snow—
Show me the Bells—
Show me the Jay!

Quibbled the Jay—
Where be the Maize—
Where be the Haze—
Where be the Bur?
Here—said the Year—



- Harrison

To a Friend who sent me some Roses

John Keats

As late I rambled in the happy fields,

What time the sky-lark shakes the tremulous dew

From his lush clover covert;—when anew

Adventurous knights take up their dinted shields:

I saw the sweetest flower wild nature yields,

A fresh-blown musk-rose; 'twas the first that threw

Its sweets upon the summer: graceful it grew

As is the wand that queen Titania wields.

And, as I feasted on its fragrancy,

I thought the garden-rose it far excell'd:

But when, O Wells! thy roses came to me

My sense with their deliciousness was spell'd:

Soft voices had they, that with tender plea

Whisper'd of peace, and truth, and friendliness unquell'd.





APPENDIX B

Capywork



the state of the s

Appendix B: Copywork Pages

The following pages are for use with copywork. Additional information on how to incorporate copywork is found in *What is Copywork? And how do I use it?*

Remember, copywork goes through stages. I've provided various pages of copywork for you for multiple levels of copywork depending on what stage your children are at. Also, there are pages of blank lines for you to make your own copywork pages.

Five minutes a day is all it takes at first. You can work up to longer.

Stages

- Learning to form letters: There are no poems to copy at this stage. Concentrate on "six perfect strokes" and proper letter formation.
- Copying sentences letter-by-letter: I've include extremely short sentences and phrases in larger fonts to start with, then working up to longer sentences.
 When you notice that the child is copying word-by-word, move on to transcription.
- Transcription of passages word-by-word: Again, a range of examples is provided. Starting with shorter passages and moving up to longer, as well as script and smaller lines.
- Pages with blank lines are for your children to select passages for themselves, or for you to transcribe selections for them, and then have the children copy.
 The pages can also be used for more advanced copywork where the child is transcribing from the poem as printed, instead of on the same page as the copy.
 This is more difficult and should be used only when the child finds it simple.

At any point, you can use a "copywork journal" for a finished "best handwriting" copy if that is part of your routine.

the with the same

Milkweed

A Lazy Day

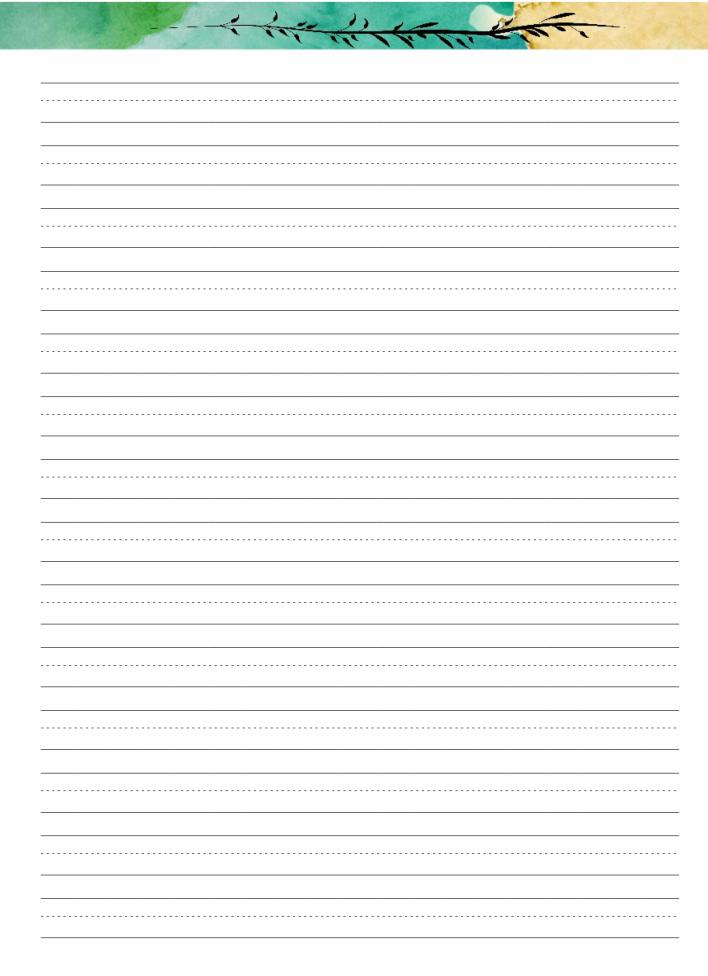
A Bird Song

Summer Stars



| | | |
|------|------|--|
| | | |
| | | |
| | | |
| | | |
| | | |
| | | |
| | | |
| | | |
| | | |
| | | |
| | | |
| | | |
| | | |
| | | |
| | | |
| | | |
| | | |
| | | |
| | | |
| | | |
| | | |
| | | |
| | | |
| | | |
| | | |
| | | |
| | | |
| | | |
| | | |
| | | |
| | | |
| | | |
| | | |
| | | |
| | | |
| | | |
| | | |
| | | |
| | | |
| | | |
| | | |
| | | |
| | | |
| | | |

| To | a fri | iend v | vho | |
|------|-------|--------|-------|----|
| sen | t me | some | rose | s: |
| | | | | |
| Shal | | compa | re th | ее |
| | | mer's | | |
| | | | | |
| | | | | |
| Bend | low | again | , nig | ht |
| o f | summe | er sto | rs. | |
| | | | | |
| | | | | |



- Horald Marie

| It's surely summer, for there's a swallow: | | |
|---|--|--|
| The sandy cat by the Farmer's chair mews at his knee for dainty fare; | | |
| The trees bend down along the stream, Where anchored swings my tiny boat. | | |
| | | |



- Allen Comment

| So, bees, sing soft, and, bees, sing low, |
|---|
| as over the honey-fields you sweep |
| To the trees abloom and the flowers ablow |
| Sing of grandfather fast asleep; |
| and ever beneath these orchard trees |
| Find cheer and shelter, gentle bees. |
| |
| |
| |
| |
| |
| |
| |
| |
| |
| |
| |
| |
| |
| |
| |
| |
| |





| Summer Evening |
|---|
| Walter de la Mare |
| The sandy cat by the Farmer's chair Mews at his knee for dainty fare; Old Rover in his moss-greened house Mumbles a bone, and barks at a mouse In the dewy fields the cattle lie Chewing the cud 'neath a fading sky Dobbin at manger pulls his hay: Gone is another summer's day. |
| |
| |

THANK YOU!

We welcome your feedback

Feel free to get in touch with us with feedback or questions.

