



## Summer Poetry Cursive Copywork

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- ☒ USE THESE POEMS IN YOUR DAILY COPYWORK.
- ☒ READ 1 POEM PER WEEK FOR POETRY STUDY
- ☒ THE COPYWORK IS SKILL-APPROPRIATE FOR WORKING TOWARDS MASTERY
- ☒ BLANK LINES ARE PROVIDED FOR ALL SKILL RANGES

# Summer Evening

by 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.

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# Meeting at Night

by 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!

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# Telling the Bees

by 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, 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 to sleep 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 a-bloom and the flowers a-blow  
Sing of grandfather fast asleep;  
And ever beneath these orchard trees  
Find cheer and shelter, gentle bees.

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# Milkweed

by Helen Hunt Jackson

O patient creature with a peasant face,  
Burnt by the summer sun, begrimed with stains,  
And standing humbly in the dingy lanes!  
There seems a mystery in thy work and place,  
Which crowns thee with significance and grace;  
Whose is the milk that fills thy faithful veins?  
What royal nursling comes at night and drains  
Unscorned the food of the plebeian race?  
By day I mark no living thing which rests  
On thee, save butterflies of gold and brown,  
Who turn from flowers that are more fair, more sweet,  
And, crowding eagerly, sink fluttering down,  
And hang, like jewels flashing in the heat,  
Upon thy splendid rounded purple breasts.

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# The Way Through the Woods

by 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 trout-ringed 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.

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# A Bird Song

by 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.

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# Cheerfulness Taught by Reason

by 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 traveler, 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!”

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# Summer Stars

by Carl Sandburg

Bend low again, night of summer stars.  
So near you are, sky of summer stars,  
So near, a long-arm man can pick off stars,  
Pick off what he wants in the sky bowl,  
So near you are, summer stars,  
So near, strumming, strumming,  
So lazy and hum-strumming.

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# Copy Work Tips

THIS SMALL SIZE OF COPYWORK IS GOOD FOR **WORKING TOWARDS MASTERY**. WHEN LEARNING MASTERY, THE GENERAL TENDENCY IS TO WRITE EVEN SMALLER THAN THIS, MAKING THE HAND MUSCLES TENSE AND THE WRITING STILTED.



THIS LINE SIZE IS GOOD FOR STUDENTS **LEARNING FLUENCY**. THE STUDENT HAS LEARNED ALL THE LETTER FORMS AND NOW NEEDS PRACTICE CONNECTING LETTERS AND MAKING WORDS. IN GENERAL, THEY ARE STILL CONCENTRATING ON LETTER-BY-LETTER COPYING, BUT ARE MOVING TOWARDS WHOLE WORDS AT A TIME, THEN WHOLE PHRASES AND SENTENCES.



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THIS LARGE SIZE IS GOOD FOR STUDENTS **LEARNING THEIR LETTER FORMS.**



REMEMBER TO **ALLOW THE STUDENTS TO “CORRECT” THEIR OWN WORK.** HELP THEM BE ACCURATE WITHOUT BEING PERFECTIONIST.

COPYWORK SHOULD TAKE **NO MORE THAN 5 MINUTES** AT THE YOUNGEST AGES. “6 PERFECT STROKES”. BY MIDDLE SCHOOL-AGE, THEY CAN TAKE UP TO 15 MINUTES, ESPECIALLY IF DICTATION IS BEING USED.



Handwriting practice lines for cursive copywork. The page contains 12 sets of horizontal lines, each consisting of a solid top line, a dashed midline, and a solid bottom line, providing a guide for letter height and placement.

Handwriting practice lines for cursive copywork. The page contains ten sets of horizontal lines, each consisting of a solid top line, a dashed middle line, and a solid bottom line, providing a guide for letter height and placement.

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## Thanks!

Thank you for downloading this copywork and signing up for our newsletter.

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## Keep on Learning!

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