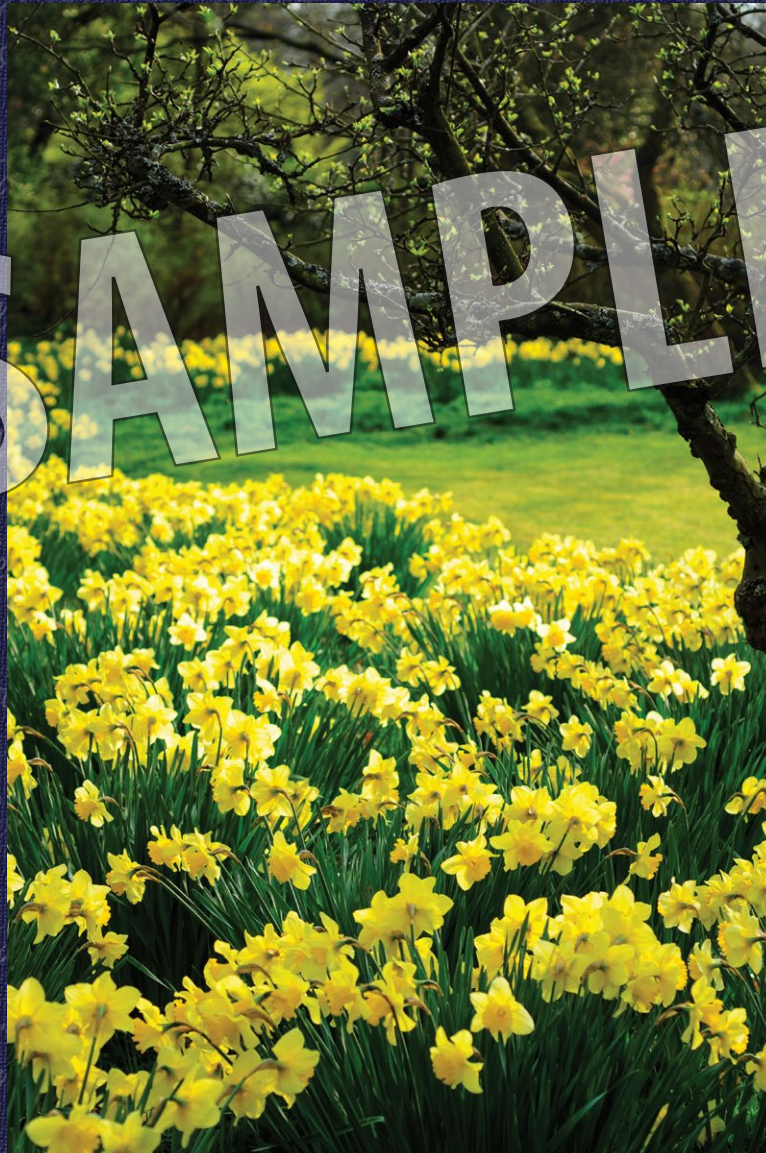


Simply Charlotte Mason presents

Enjoy the Poems

William Wordsworth

SAMPLE



Compiled by Ruth Smith

With additional material by Sonya Shafer and Katie Thacker

Make poetry study simple and enjoyable!

- Get to know a poet and his style through 26 complete poems and a living biography.
- Encourage imagination with helpful tips for Setting the Imaginary Stage.
- Nourish a love for poetic expression by allowing the poems to speak for themselves.
- Enjoy powerful use of language with occasional definitions.
- Gain confidence with practical and inspiring Poetry Notes from Charlotte Mason and others.
- Cultivate good character through beautiful words well put.

“The line that strikes us as we read, that recurs, that we murmur over at odd moments—this is the line that influences our living.”

—Charlotte Mason

Give your children the gift of poetry with the
Enjoy the Poems series!

Simply
Charlotte Mason
.com

Enjoy the Poems of William Wordsworth



Compiled by Ruth Smith
With additional material by Sonya Shafer and Katie Thacker

Enjoy the Poems of William Wordsworth
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Suggested Schedule

To linger with this poet for a year, you might follow a schedule something like this. Also try to memorize and recite one poem each 12-week term.

Week 1: Read a new poem.
Week 2: Read a new poem.
Week 3: Read the poet's biography and narrate it.
Week 4: Read a new poem.
Week 5: Read a new poem.
Week 6: Enter the poet in your Book of Centuries.
Week 7: Read a new poem.
Week 8: Read a new poem.
Week 9: Choose one of the previous poems and illustrate it.
Week 10: Read a new poem.
Week 11: Read a new poem.
Week 12: Tell what you know about this poet.

Week 13: Read a new poem.
Week 14: Read a new poem.
Week 15: Read a new poem.
Week 16: Read a new poem.
Week 17: Children read aloud favorite poems so far.
Week 18: Read a new poem.
Week 19: Read a new poem.
Week 20: Read a new poem.
Week 21: Choose one of the previous poems and illustrate it.
Week 22: Read a new poem.
Week 23: Read a new poem.
Week 24: Revisit favorite poems.

Week 25: Read a new poem.
Week 26: Read a new poem.
Week 27: Read a new poem.
Week 28: Read a new poem.
Week 29: Children read aloud favorite poems so far.
Week 30: Read a new poem.
Week 31: Read a new poem.
Week 32: Read a new poem.
Week 33: Choose one of the previous poems and illustrate it.
Week 34: Read a new poem.
Week 35: Read a new poem.
Week 36: Revisit favorite poems.

How to Enjoy the Poems

1. Gather the children and read a poem aloud at least once a week. Focus on one poet's work for many months. Linger and get to know his or her ideas.
“ ‘Collections’ of poems are to be eschewed; but some one poet should have at least a year to himself, that he may have time to do what is in him towards cultivating the seeing eye, the hearing ear, the generous heart” (*Formation of Character*, p. 224).
2. Read complete poems, not just portions or snippets. We have included only complete poems in this book.
“Selections should be avoided; children should read the whole book or the whole poem to which they are introduced” (*A Philosophy of Education*, p. 340).
3. Share poems that are suitable for your children during each season of life. All of the poems in this book are appropriate for children of various ages.
“What can we do to ensure that the poetry our children learn shall open their eyes to beauty, shall increase their joy? In all humility I would offer one suggestion on this point to-day, this: The poetry must be such as to delight them, (1) by being in itself delightful; and (2) by being suitable to their years” (“An Address on the Teaching of Poetry” by Rev. H. C. Beeching, *The Parents’ Review*, Vol. 3 (1892–93), edited by Charlotte Mason, pp. 893–898).
4. Understand that the purpose of poetry is to cultivate the imagination, right emotions, and the power of vivid expression.
“The purpose of poetry is to communicate or extend the joy of life by quickening our emotions....It teaches us how to feel, by expressing for us, in the most perfect way, right human emotions, which we recognise as right, and come ourselves to share. It is good for all of us to be taught how to feel; to be taught how to feel in the presence of Nature; how to feel to one’s country, to one’s lover, or wife, or child; to be taught to feel the mystery of life, the glory of it, the pathos of it; good for us to be shaken out of our lethargic absorption in ourselves, and to have our eyes anointed with salve, that we may look round us and rejoice, and lift up our hearts....
“It will be readily seen that if the poems become real and vivid to them, the children gain, besides the immediate joy in the life represented, and the right training of the emotions by their right exercise thus administered (which I maintain is the true function of poetry), they gain, I say, besides this, exercise to their own powers of imagination; the wings of their own fancy become fledged, and they can fly at will. And, secondly, they gain skill in the use of language” (“An Address on the Teaching of Poetry” by Rev. H. C. Beeching, *The Parents’ Review*, Vol. 3 (1892–93), edited by Charlotte Mason, pp. 893–898).
5. Don’t turn the poetry readings into lessons. Give only enough explanation necessary to help your children realize the situation of the poem. We have included occasional Setting the Imaginary Stage and Learning the Language notes to help you do this.
“Poetry must not on any pretence be made into a poetry lesson; all that is at enmity with joy

must be banished from this ideal province. What one wants, of course, is that the poem shall become to the reader what it was to the writer; a few words may need explaining, but the explanation must not be elaborate...; the chief thing will be to make sure that the child realises the facts, the situation” (“An Address on the Teaching of Poetry” by Rev. H. C. Beeching, *The Parents’ Review*, Vol. 3 (1892–93), edited by Charlotte Mason, pp. 893–898).

6. Allow your children time and space to feel the force and beauty of words.
“The thing is, to keep your eye upon words and wait to feel their force and beauty; and, when words are so fit that no other words can be put in their places, so few that none can be left out without spoiling the sense, and so fresh and musical that they delight you, then you may be sure that you are reading Literature, whether in prose or poetry” (*Ourselves*, Book 1, p. 41).
7. Encourage your children to make the poetry their own.
Let them
 - Read it aloud, being careful to say beautiful words in a beautiful way.
 - Act it, presenting the dramatic poems in their own style.
 - Draw it, portraying a favorite scene in art.
 - Copy it, transcribing a favorite stanza in their best handwriting.
 - Memorize and recite it, conveying their own interpretation of the ideas.
 - Treasure it, entering favorite passages or phrases in a personal journal for years to come.

Getting to Know William Wordsworth

by Katie Thacker

When William Wordsworth was a boy, his mother once lamented that of her five children, he was the only one she was anxious about, for she knew he would grow to be remarkable, but she could not be sure if it would be for good or for evil.

Those who knew young William found him moody, difficult, and rebellious, but William always maintained that he loved his childhood, where he spent many hours wandering through the fields and woods of the Lake District of England. Later, he would describe moments when he felt grabbed by nature so intensely, he would feel almost as if he were part of the sunset, the flower, or even a mountain.

When William wasn't adventuring outdoors, he could be found near his father John. They would sit together in the evenings, exploring *Don Quixote*, *Gulliver's Travels*, and *The Arabian Nights*. William memorized large portions of writings from Shakespeare, Milton, and Spenser. His exposure to such great literature fed his growing imagination and fueled his love for words.

After his mother died when he was eight, William found himself in a boarding house with his brother Richard. Even there he roamed the fields and fells. Often he would wander half the night, creep back to his dorm room, and sleep for a few hours, only to get up well before his 5:15 AM breakfast for one more walk around the shores of Esthwaite Water, the lake near his school.

Tragically, at age 13 William lost his father, and he, his three brothers, and his sister became orphans under the care of their Uncle Richard and Uncle Kit. Uncle Richard had high hopes for William, but Uncle Kit never liked him and was dismayed that William's mother could have given birth to so difficult a boy. Both uncles agreed to send William off to St. John's College at Cambridge with expectations for him to study for an honors degree and become a minister.

When he first arrived at St. John's College, William tried to attend the right parties, say the right things, and focus on the right classes to fit in, but he found himself feeling more sour and moody than ever. His marks fell, he stopped trying to make friends, and he refused to take part in clubs, parties, or societies. If this was the path to becoming a churchman, he wanted nothing to do with it.

One evening, during a holiday back in the Lake District, William was walking home in the early hours after being out all night. He heard roosters crowing, birds wakening, and laborers traveling to their fields. The sunrise was peeking over the horizon, and the mountains were bright with rays of light. He was instantly struck with the realization that his life was about more than a sedate and ordinary English existence. Returning to Cambridge, he started his own path by studying modern books and learning multiple languages, much to his uncles' dismay. On his final holiday before graduation, he even took a trip to France without telling his family.

The year was 1790, and France was in upheaval at the beginning of its long and difficult revolution. In this season of William's own resistance to conformity, his

*Wordsworth lived
1770–1850.*

Setting the

Imaginary Stage:

It's a good idea to read the title of the poem and prepare a mental canvas for the picture the poet is about to describe.

TO A BUTTERFLY

I've watched you now a full half-hour,
Self-poised upon that yellow flower;
And, little Butterfly! indeed
I know not if you sleep or feed,
How motionless!—not frozen seas
More motionless! and then
What joy awaits you, when the breeze
Hath found you out among the trees,
And calls you forth again!

This plot of Orchard-ground is ours,
My trees they are, my Sister's flowers;
Here rest your wings when they are weary;
Here lodge as in a sanctuary!
Come often to us, fear no wrong;
Sit near us on the bough!
We'll talk of sunshine and of song;
And summer days, when we were young;
Sweet childish days, that were as long
As twenty days are now.

Poetry Note:

"Keep verse for the serious joys of life."—H. C. Beeching in The Parents' Review

Pages for Poem Illustrations

An Illustration of _____
