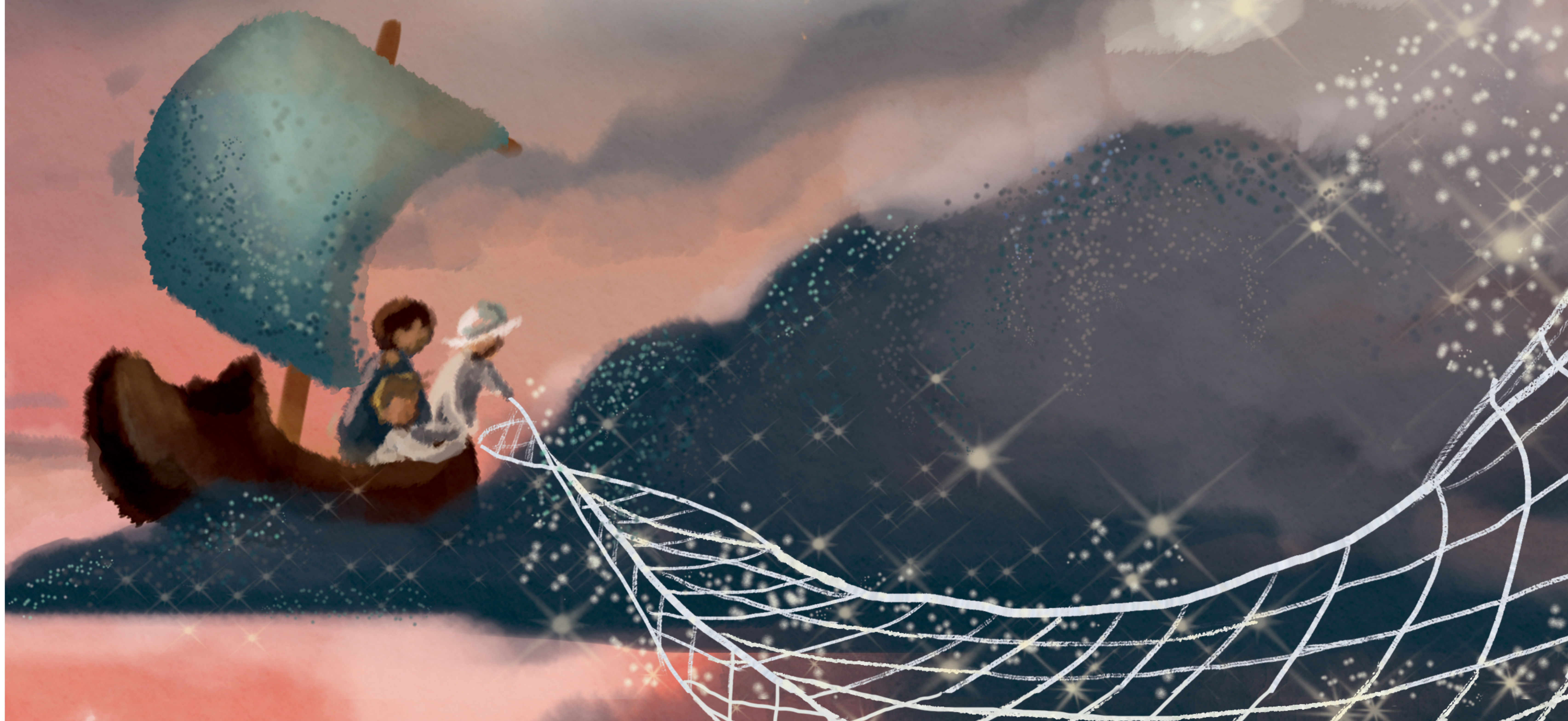


ILLUSTRATIONS & BOOK DESIGN BY CRYSTAL CREGGE

HEROES, HORSES, AND HARVEST MOONS ILLUSTRATED READER

A CORNUCOPIA OF BEST-LOVED POEMS

EDITED AND INTRODUCED BY
JIM WEISS





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CONTENT



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FOREWORD

By Susan Wise Bauer

This illustrated Companion Reader is an exact transcript of the poetry anthology *Heroes, Horses, and Harvest Moons*, as selected, introduced, and performed by storyteller Jim Weiss.

The wonderful poems in the anthology are selected for their beauty, vivid vocabulary, complex sentence structure, rich images, and imaginative power. This Companion Reader can certainly be used on its own as an introduction to the world's great poetry, but combined with the audio version, it gives you the opportunity to enhance your child's language skills.

Language, both written and oral, is most easily and thoroughly learned when *heard, read, and spoken*.

Hear Jim performing the poems by listening to the anthology on CD or MP3. (See welltrainedmind.com for a full listing and instantly downloadable digital versions!)

Read along with the performance. Students can improve their reading fluency, vocabulary, and their understanding of punctuation, sentence structure, and grammar by following along as Jim performs these words. Even students who are not reading at the level represented in this book can be moved forward in reading competency by reading along as Jim speaks the words. The beautiful illustrations add an additional dimension to the student's appreciation of poetic language, by providing a nonverbal interpretation that clarifies and supports the written world of the poems.

Say the words. The final element in language learning is to *speak* great words and sentences out loud. Ask the child to memorize selected poems, and then perform them!

Continued

Foreword continued

Memorization and recitation of poetry exercises the child's memory, stores sophisticated and expressive language in her mind, and provides early training in public speaking.

Here's a suggested method: First, ask the child to listen to the chosen poem five times in a row, until she or he can chime in with many of the lines.

Second, ask the child to read the poem out loud five times per day.

Third, ask the child to recite the poem all alone, to a mirror or to stuffed animals, with the Companion Reader open in front of him or her, only glancing down if memory fails.

Finally, ask the child to perform the poem in front of you—or, for the very brave, in front of selected family and friends!



Well Trained Mind Press presents: Jim Weiss's recording of Heroes, Horses, and Harvest Moons: A Cornucopia of Best-Loved Poems, Volume One. Performed and compiled by Jim Weiss.

PREFACE



The word “poetry” comes from a very old Greek word that means “to move.” Reading or listening to poetry is supposed to move us, to change us, to introduce new ways of seeing things. Sometimes the subjects are people or things from places and times different from our own. Poems such as these can show us what we have in common with those other people and their ways of living. Other poems are all about things we find around ourselves every day and which we're so used to that we pay hardly any attention to them. A good poet will have us noticing what we ignored before. A great poet will do that while also touching our emotions so that we never again look at that everyday object in the same old way. All the poems in this collection do that.

In choosing which ones to read to you, I decided to read only poems written in the English language, and generally using words that we might use ourselves in conversation. You'll hear also a little bit about each poet. You'll hear from men and women who lived and wrote in England, Scotland, Ireland, India, and the United States. I hope this will lead you to find more poems from these and other authors, and perhaps to trying your own hand at writing poetry. Either way, I hope you have fun.



HEY DIDDLE DIDDLE

Hey diddle diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon.
The little dog laughed,
To see such sport,
And the dish ran away with the spoon.

LITTLE MISS MUFFET

Little Miss Muffet
Sat on her tuffet
Eating her curds and whey;
Along came a spider
And sat down beside her
And frightened Miss Muffet away.

PETER PIPER

Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers.
A peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked.
If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers,
Where's the peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked?

ONE MISTY, MOISTY MORNING

One misty, moisty morning,
when cloudy was the weather,
I chanced to meet an old man clad all in leather.
He began to compliment and I began to grin,
How do you do?
How do you do?
and how do you do again?

Edna St. Vincent Millay was a beautiful woman who could write like an angel, and in the first half of the 1900s her poems, and her public readings of them, lifted her up from a poor childhood and made her famous and wealthy. Ms. Millay once wrote that in life, the thing to do was to “depart” (that is, set out on a journey), “be lost, but climb.”

AFTERNOON ON A HILL

by Edna St. Vincent Millay

I will be the gladdest thing
Under the sun!
I will touch a hundred flowers
And not pick one.

I will look at cliffs and clouds
With quiet eyes,
Watch the wind bow down the grass,
And the grass rise.

And when lights begin to show
Up from the town,
I will mark which must be mine,
And then start down!

Born and raised in Ireland at a time when Ireland was controlled by the English, **William Butler Yeats** set out to remind the Irish of their own traditions. His writing helped them to unite as a people. “The Lake Isle of Innisfree” is about someone in the city thinking about the quiet life of the Irish countryside.

THE LAKE ISLE OF INNISFREE

by William Butler Yeats

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made:
Nine bean-rows will I have there, a hive for the honey-bee;
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight’s all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet’s wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey,
I hear it in the deep heart’s core.





WILD RIDE PART 1

TRACK 15

And now for the first of two wild rides in our collection: *Paul Revere's Ride*.

Now here's a wonderful name: **Henry Wadsworth Longfellow**. Longfellow was an enormously popular American poet of the 1800s. In part this was because Longfellow's poems were perfect for reading out loud, and in an age before television, computers, movies, and other electronic media, entertainment meant music or poetry readings in one's home. Well, Longfellow was the fellow for that. "Paul Revere's Ride" tells a true story from the American Revolutionary War.

Paul Revere's Ride

by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-Five:
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower, as a signal-light,
One if by land, and two if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm."
Then he said "Good night!" and with
muffled oar

Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The *Somerset*, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon, like a prison-bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and
street

Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed to the tower of the church,
Up the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade,
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.
Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,

The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret
dread

Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay,
A line of black, it bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride,
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed on the landscape far and near,
Then impetuous stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry tower of the old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height,
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!

He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!
A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath from the pebbles, in passing,
a spark

Struck out by a steed that flies fearless
and fleet:

That was all! And yet, through the gloom and
the light,

The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his
flight,

Kindled the land into flame with its heat.
He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders, that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,

And felt the damp of the river-fog,
That rises when the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank
and bare,

Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord
town.

He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read,
How the British Regulars fired and fled,
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard-wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry
of alarm

To every Middlesex village and farm,
A cry of defiance, and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.





BEDTIME AND DREAMTIME

TRACK 30

Earlier, we shared a poem by **Robert Louis Stevenson** called "Windy Nights," followed by another poem on the same subject called "Who Has Seen the Wind?" Now let's share a second pair of poems.

Once again we'll hear from Robert Louis Stevenson, whom you may remember spent much of his childhood ill and in bed. His poem here is called "Bed In Summer." You'll also hear Thomas Hood's poem "In the Summer When I Go To Bed."

Bed In Summer

by Robert Louis Stevenson

In winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candle-light.
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?

TRACK 33

Leigh Hunt, who lived from 1784 to 1859, counted as friends almost all of the greatest British writers of his time. "Abou Ben Adhem" tells a made-up version of the true story of a king who lived about two thousand years ago in what today we call Afghanistan, and who became famous for helping others.

Abou Ben Adhem

by Leigh Hunt

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold:
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" — The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great waking light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blest,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

