

# I Sat by the Sea

A POETRY COLLECTION FOR  
ELEMENTARY-AGED CHILDREN

THE GOOD AND THE BEAUTIFUL CURRICULUM



# I SAT BY THE SEA

*Ivy O. Eastwick*

I sat by the sea . . .  
It called and cried,  
It spluttered and splashed  
On the harbor side.  
It rocked and rolled,  
It rose and fell,  
It tossed up sponge  
And weed and shell . . .  
I took them all three  
Home, my dears,  
With the spray in my eyes,  
And the sound in my ears.



# A SONG OF THE SEA

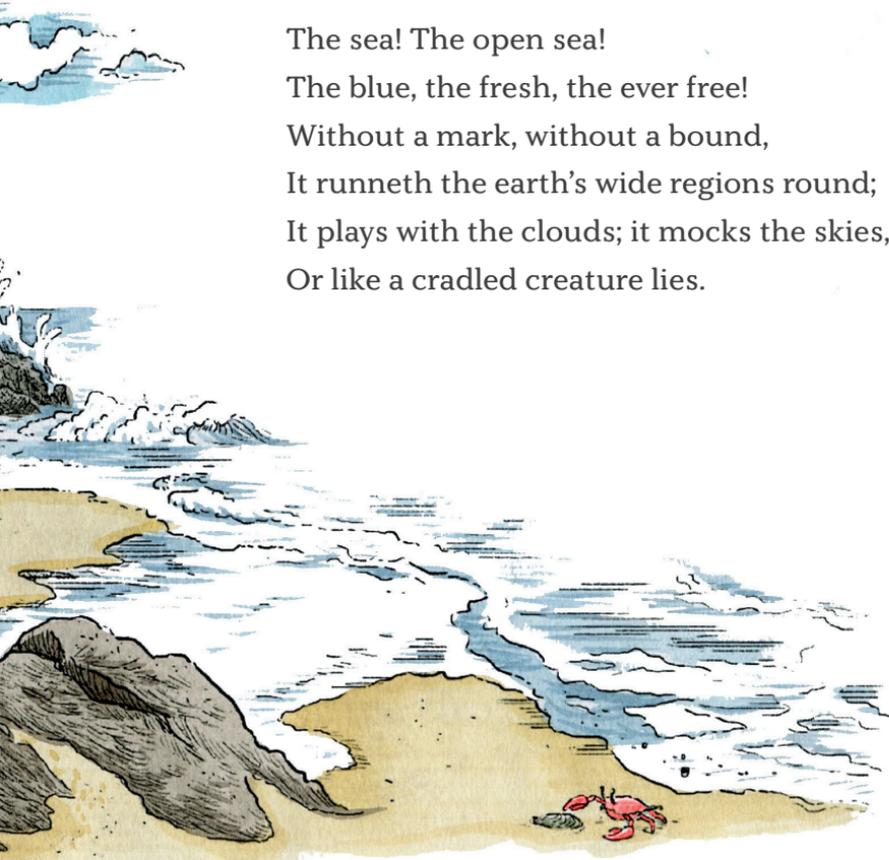
*by Barry Cornwall*

The sea! The open sea!  
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!  
Without a mark, without a bound,  
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;  
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies,  
Or like a cradled creature lies.

# SEA-DREAMS

*Evaleen Stein*

I sat upon the mossy rocks  
Beside the southern sea,  
While overhead the summer clouds  
Were drifting lazily.  
I watched their purple shadows trail  
Across the sea and hide  
Within the hollows of the waves  
That rode the rising tide.  
Sometimes the little flakes of foam  
Dashed up in twinkling spray;  
And out along their silver paths  
The ships sailed far away.



# WHAT MAKES MEN

*Unknown*

What care I for cold or snow?  
School bell rings, and off I go!  
I am ready for the storm,  
And my heart is light and gay;  
Mother's hand has wrapped me warm,  
As I trudge along the way.  
Mother says, "Learn all you can,  
Then you'll be a better man."  
So I pack my books and go  
Through the rain or wind or snow;  
For I hope some day to be  
Just the man she'd like to see.  
Well I know that boys must learn  
To be ready for each turn.



# BOOKS

*Eleanor Farjeon*

What worlds of wonder are our books!  
As one opens them and looks,  
New ideas and people rise  
In our fancies and our eyes.

The room we sit in melts away,  
And we find ourselves at play  
With someone who, before the end,  
May become our chosen friend.

Or we sail along the page  
To some other land or age.  
Here's our body in the chair,  
But our mind is over there.

Each book is a wondrous box  
Which with a touch a child unlocks.  
In between their outside covers  
Books hold all things for their lovers.



## BOATS SAIL ON THE RIVERS

*Christina G. Rossetti*

Boats sail on the rivers,  
And ships sail on the seas;  
But clouds that sail across the sky  
Are prettier far than these.

There are bridges on the rivers,  
As pretty as you please;  
But the bow that bridges heaven,  
And overtops the trees,  
And builds a road from earth to sky,  
Is prettier far than these.

## LITTLE TALK

*Aileen Fisher*

Don't you think it's probable  
That beetles, bugs, and bees  
Talk about a lot of things—  
You know, such things as these:

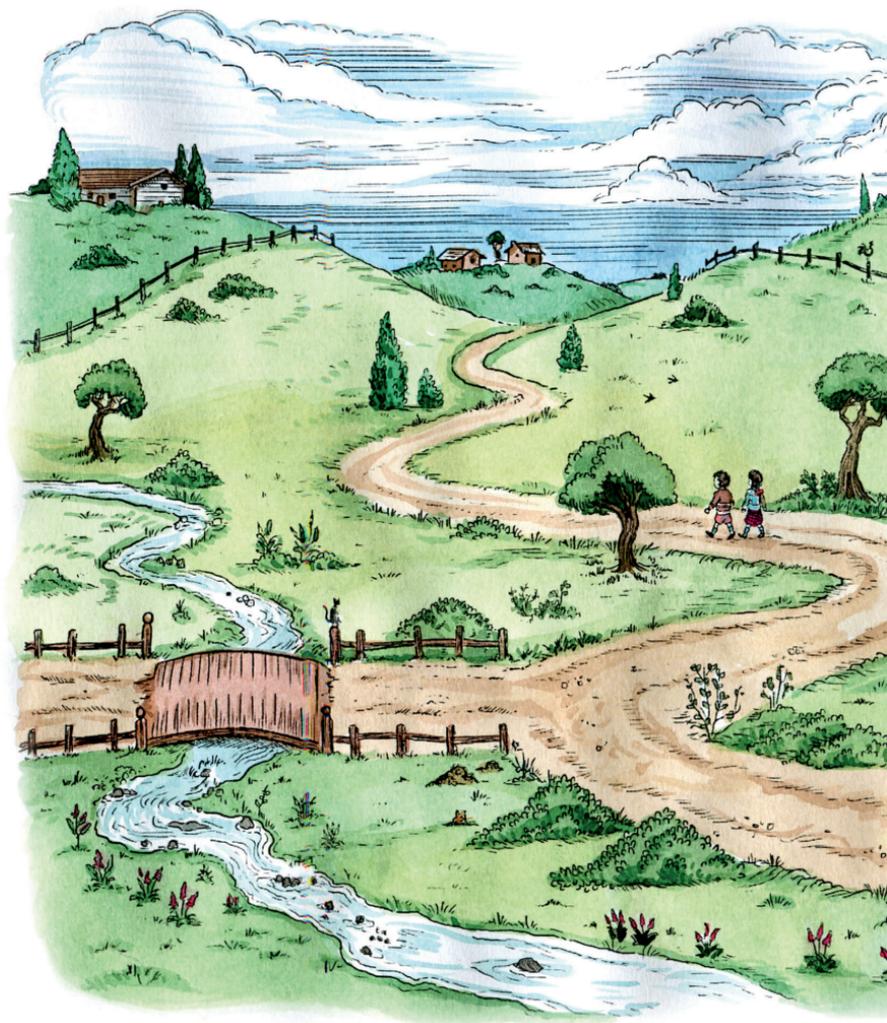
The kind of weather where they live  
In jungles tall with grass  
And earthquakes in their villages  
Whenever people pass!

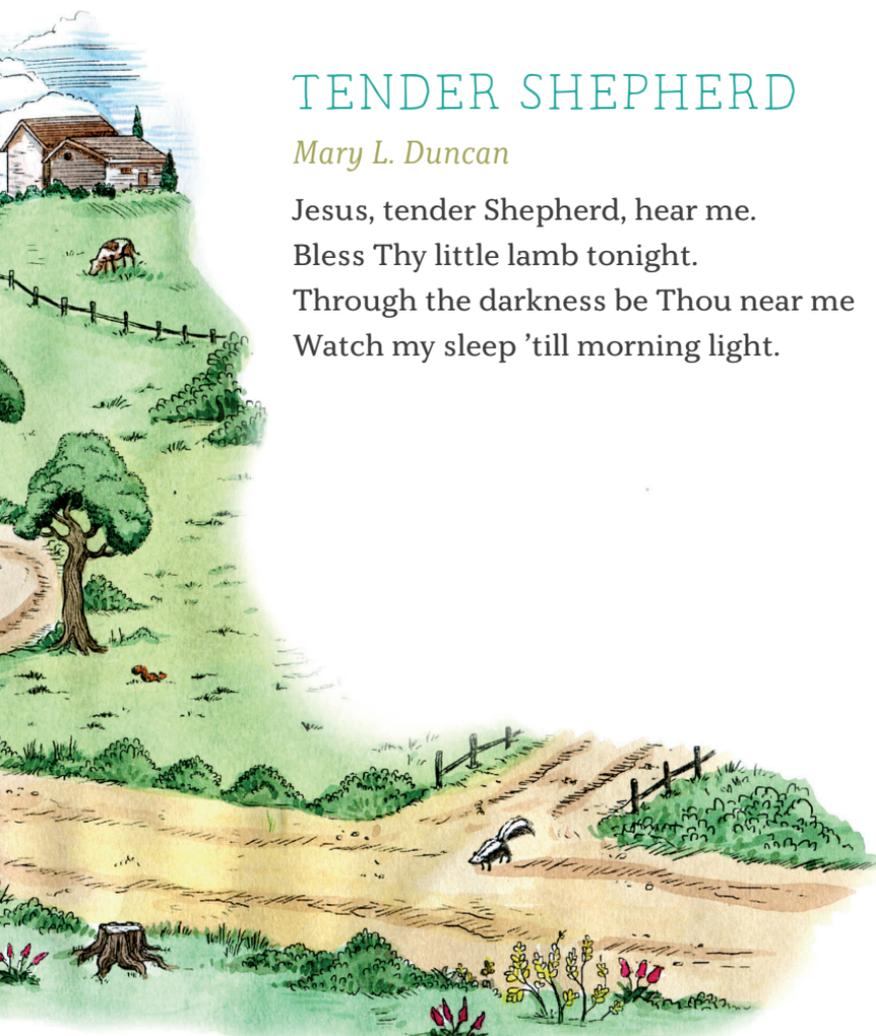
Of course, we'll never know if bugs  
Talk very much at all,  
Because our ears are far too big  
For talk that is so small.

# OPEN YOUR EYES

*Emma Boge Whisenand*

Open your eyes that you may see  
The beauty that around you lies,  
The misty loveliness of the dawn,  
The glowing colors of the skies;  
The child's bright eager eyes of blue,  
The gnarled and wrinkled face of age,  
The bird with crimson on his wing  
Whose spirit never knew a cage;  
The roadsides' blooming goldenrod  
So brave through summer's wind and heat,  
The brook that rushes to the sea  
With courage that naught may defeat.  
Open your eyes that you may see  
The wonder that around you lies;  
It will enrich your every day  
And make you glad and kind and wise.





## TENDER SHEPHERD

*Mary L. Duncan*

Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me.  
Bless Thy little lamb tonight.  
Through the darkness be Thou near me  
Watch my sleep 'till morning light.

## A SUMMER DAY

*George Cooper*

This is the way the morning dawns:  
Rosy tints on flowers and trees,  
Winds that wake the birds and bees,  
Dewdrops on the fields and lawns—  
This is the way the morning dawns.

This is the way the rain comes down:  
Tinkle, tinkle, drop by drop,  
Over roof and chimney top;  
Boughs that bend, and skies that frown—  
This is the way the rain comes down.

This is the way the daylight dies:  
Cows are lowing in the lane,  
Fireflies wink on hill and plain;  
Yellow, red, and purple skies—  
This is the way the daylight dies.

# CHICKADEE

*Burnham Eaton*

He wasn't very big,  
He wasn't very warm—  
A gray little chickadee  
Ruffled by the storm.

You hardly saw him there,  
He snuggled so still.  
The bare tree shivered and  
The wind blew shrill.

He faced the driving sleet  
From a steel-cold sky,  
A wee ruff of feathers with  
A brave, keen eye.

The storm blustered loud  
But carried not a tale  
Like staunchness of chickadees  
Facing toward the gale.



## THE PUPPY CHASED THE SUNBEAM

*Ivy O. Eastwick*

The Puppy chased the sunbeam  
All around the house—  
He thought it was a bee,  
Or a little golden mouse;  
He thought it was a spider  
On a little silver string;  
He thought it was a butterfly  
Or some such flying thing;  
He thought—but oh! I cannot tell you  
Half the things he thought  
As he chased the sparkling sunbeam  
Which—just—would—not—be—caught.

## THE SHOWER

*Unknown*

Hear the rain, patter, patter,  
On the pane, clatter, clatter!  
Down it pours, helter, pelter;  
Quick indoors! Shelter, shelter!  
See it gush, and roar and whirl,  
Swiftly rush, eddy, and swirl  
Through the street, down the gutters!  
How it splashes—but we don't care  
Though it dashes everywhere.  
We don't care, for, peeping through—  
See! Up there—a patch of blue!  
And the sun, in spite of rain,  
Has begun to smile again.

# OPEN HOUSE

*Aileen Fisher*

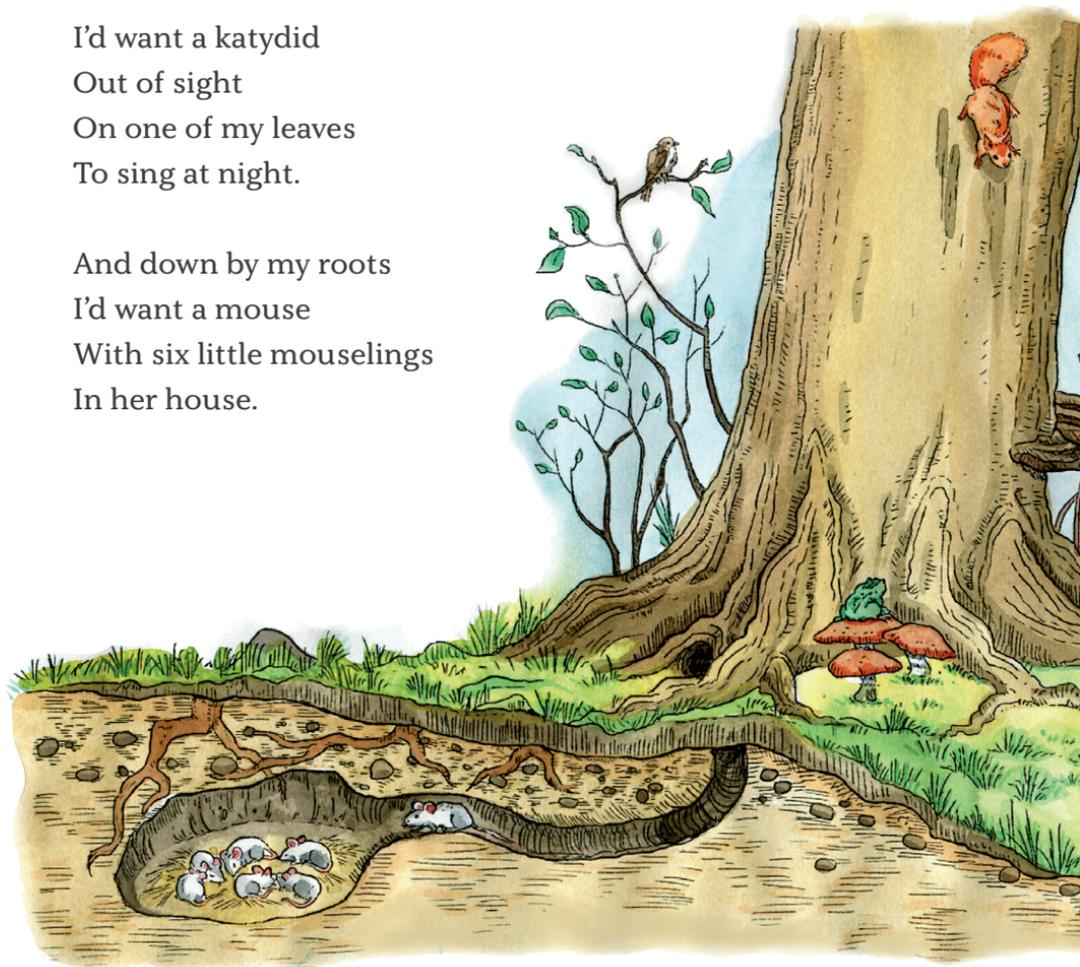
If I were a tree  
I'd want to see  
A bird with a song  
On a branch of me.

I'd want a quick  
Little squirrel to run  
Up and down  
And around, for fun.

I'd want the cub  
Of a bear to call,  
And a porcupine, big,  
And a tree toad, small.

I'd want a katydid  
Out of sight  
On one of my leaves  
To sing at night.

And down by my roots  
I'd want a mouse  
With six little mouselings  
In her house.





## THE SQUIRREL

*Unknown*

Whisky, frisky,  
Hippity hop,  
Up he goes  
To the tree top!

Whirly, twirly,  
Round and round,  
Down he scampers  
To the ground.

Furly, curly,  
What a tail!  
Tall as a feather,  
Broad as a sail!

Where's his supper?  
In the shell,  
Snap, cracky,  
Out it fell.

## SUMMER

*Unknown*

The pretty flowers have come again,  
The roses and the daisies;  
From the trees, oh, hear how plain  
The birds are singing praises!

How charming now our walks will be  
By meadows full of clover,  
Through shady lanes, where we can see  
The branches bending over!

The air is sweet, the sky is blue,  
The woods with songs are ringing;  
I am so happy, that I too  
Can hardly keep from singing.



# I Sat by the Sea

This illustrated compilation of classic children's poems offers a powerful and fun way to broaden vocabulary, increase reading fluency, and instill beautiful language patterns in children's minds. As the poems highlight the wonders and beauties of nature, family, God, and high-character, children gain much more than just academic benefits—they also have their hearts and characters deepened and expanded.



[goodandbeautiful.com](http://goodandbeautiful.com)

SKU 360