



CLASSIC LIVING BOOK

SELECTIONS
FOR CHILDREN

Sara Teasdale

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Sara Teasdale for Children

SARA TEASDALE



CONTENTS

FROM SONNETS TO DUSE

THE LOVE THAT GOES A-BEGGING	1
WISHES	2
DUSK IN AUTUMN	4
DREAM SONG	5
FAULTS	6

FROM HELEN OF TROY AND OTHER POEMS

SNOW SONG	7
NOVEMBER	8
A WINTER NIGHT	9
DAWN	10
DUSK	11
RAIN AT NIGHT	12
CHRISTMAS CAROL	13
A BALLAD OF TWO KNIGHTS	14
THE FAERY FOREST	15
A MINUET OF MOZART'S	16
TWILIGHT	17
GRANDFATHER'S LOVE	18
THE KIND MOON	19
SPRING NIGHT	20

FROM RIVERS TO THE SEA

APRIL	21
MOODS	22
A WINTER BLUE JAY	23
IN THE TRAIN	24
MORNING	25
MAY NIGHT	26
DUSK IN JUNE	27
THE SEA WIND	28
THE CLOUD	29
TWILIGHT	30
THE STAR	31
IN THE CARPENTER'S SHOP	32
SWALLOW FLIGHT	33
THOUGHTS	34
TO DICK ON HIS SIXTH BIRTHDAY	35
THE RIVER	36
TO ROSE	37

NIGHT IN ARIZONA	38
VIGNETTES OVERSEAS: STRESA	39
VIGNETTES OVERSEAS: FLORENCE	40
VIGNETTES OVERSEAS: HAMBURG	41

FROM LOVE SONGS

BARTER	42
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FROM FLAME AND SHADOW

STARS	43
THE COIN	44
REDBIRDS	45
“ONLY IN SLEEP”	46
LOST THINGS	47
“MY HEART IS HEAVY”	48
MAY DAY	49
THOUGHTS	50

FROM DARK OF THE MOON

FEBRUARY TWILIGHT	51
A DECEMBER DAY	52
AUTUMN DUSK	53
IN THE WOOD	54

FROM STARS TO-NIGHT: VERSES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

NIGHT	55
LATE OCTOBER	56
THE FALLING STAR	57
THE SPICEBUSH IN MARCH	58
CALM MORNING AT SEA	59
TO ARCTURUS RETURNING	60
A JUNE DAY	61
RHYME OF NOVEMBER STARS	62
I STOOD UPON A STAR	63
WINTER NOON	64

FROM STRANGE VICTORY

MOON'S ENDING	65
AUTUMN ON THE BEACHES	66
AGE	67
IN A DARKENING GARDEN	68
IN MEMORY OF VACHEL LINDSAY	69
GRACE BEFORE SLEEP	70
LINES	71
“THERE WILL BE REST”	72

THE LOVE THAT GOES A-BEGGING

Oh Loves there are that enter in,
And Loves there are that wait,
And Loves that sit a-weeping
Whose joy will come too late.

For some there be that ope their doors,
And some there be that close,
And Love must go a-begging,
But whither, no one knows.

His feet are on the thorny ways,
And on the dew-cold grass,
No ears have ever heard him sing,
No eyes have seen him pass.

And yet he wanders through the world
And makes the meadows sweet,
For all his tears and weariness
Have flowered beneath his feet.

The little purple violet
Has marked his wanderings,
And in the wind among the trees,
You hear the song he sings.

WISHES

I wish for such a lot of things
That never will come true—
And yet I want them all so much
I think they might, don't you?

I want a little kitty-cat
That's soft and tame and sweet,
And every day I watch and hope
I'll find one in the street.

But nursie says, "Come, walk along,
"Don't stand and stare like that"—
I'm only looking hard and hard
To try to find my cat.

And then I want a blue balloon
That tries to fly away,
I thought if I wished hard enough
That it would come some day.

One time when I was in the park
I knew that it would be
Beside the big old clock at home
A-waiting there for me—

And soon as we got home again,
I hurried through the hall,
And looked beside the big old clock—
It wasn't there at all.

I think I'll never wish again—
But then, what shall I do?
The wishes are a lot of fun
Although they don't come true.

DUSK IN AUTUMN

The moon is like a scimitar,
A little silver scimitar,
A-drifting down the sky.
And near beside it is a star,
A timid twinkling golden star,
That watches like an eye.

And thro' the nursery window-pane
The witches have a fire again,
Just like the ones we make,—
And now I know they're having tea,
I wish they'd give a cup to me,
With witches' currant cake.

DREAM SONG

I plucked a snow-drop in the spring,
And in my hand too closely pressed;
The warmth had hurt the tender thing,
I grieved to see it withering.

I gave my love a poppy red,
And laid it on her snow-cold breast;
But poppies need a warmer bed,
We wept to find the flower was dead.

FAULTS

They came to tell your faults to me,
They named them over one by one;
I laughed aloud when they were done,
I knew them all so well before, —
Oh, they were blind, too blind to see
Your faults had made me love you more.

SNOW SONG

Fairy snow, fairy snow,
Blowing, blowing everywhere,
Would that I
Too, could fly
Lightly, lightly through the air.

NOVEMBER

The world is tired, the year is old,
 The little leaves are glad to die,
The wind goes shivering with cold
 Among the rushes dry.

A WINTER NIGHT

My window-pane is starred with frost,
The world is bitter cold to-night,
The moon is cruel and the wind
Is like a two-edged sword to smite.

God pity all the homeless ones,
The beggars pacing to and fro.
God pity all the poor to-night
Who walk the lamp-lit streets of snow.

My room is like a bit of June,
Warm and close-curtained fold on fold.
But somewhere, like a homeless child.
My heart is crying in the cold.

DAWN

The greenish sky glows up in misty reds,
The purple shadows turn to brick and stone,
The dreams wear thin, men turn upon their beds,
And hear the milk-cart jangle by alone.

DUSK

The city's street, a roaring blackened stream
 Walled in by granite, through whose thousand eyes
A thousand yellow lights begin to gleam,
 And over all the pale, untroubled skies.

RAIN AT NIGHT

The street-lamps shine in a yellow line
Down the splashy, gleaming street,
And the rain is heard now loud now blurred
By the tread of homing feet.

CHRISTMAS CAROL

The kings they came from out the south.
All dressed in ermine fine;
They bore Him gold and chrysoprase.
And gifts of precious wine.

The shepherds came from out the north.
Their coats were brown and old;
They brought Him little new-born lambs—
They had not any gold.

The wise men came from out the east.
And they were wrapped in white;
The star that led them all the way
Did glorify the night.

The angels came from heaven high.
And they were clad with wings;
And lo, they brought a joyful song
The host of heaven sings.
The kings they knocked upon the door,
The wise men entered in,
The shepherds followed after them
To hear the song begin.

The angels sang through all the night
Until the rising sun,
But little Jesus fell asleep
Before the song was done.

A BALLAD OF TWO KNIGHTS

Two knights rode forth at early dawn
A-seeking maids to wed,
Said one, "My lady must be fair,
With gold hair on her head."

Then spake the other knight-at-arms:
"I care not for her face,
But she I love must be a dove
For purity and grace."

And each knight blew upon his horn
And went his separate way,
And each knight found a lady-love
Before the fall of day.

But she was brown who should have had
The shining yellow hair —
I ween the knights forgot their words
Or else they ceased to care.

THE FAERY FOREST

The faery forest glimmered
 Beneath an ivory moon,
The silver grasses shimmered
 Against a faery tune.

Beneath the silken silence
 The crystal branches slept,
And dreaming through the dew-fall
 The cold white blossoms wept.

A MINUET OF MOZART'S

Across the dimly lighted room
 The violin drew wefts of sound,
Airily they wove and wound
 And glimmered gold against the gloom.

I watched the music turn to light,
 But at the pausing of the bow,
The web was broken and the glow
 Was drowned within the wave of night.

TWILIGHT

Dreamily over the roofs
 The cold spring rain is falling,
Out in the lonely tree
 A bird is calling, calling.

Slowly over the earth
 The wings of night are falling;
My heart like the bird in the tree
 Is calling, calling, calling.

GRANDFATHER'S LOVE

They said he sent his love to me,
 They wouldn't put it in my hand,
And when I asked them where it was
 They said I couldn't understand.

I thought they must have hidden it,
 I hunted for it all the day,
And when I told them so at night
 They smiled and turned their heads away.

They say that love is something kind,
 That I can never see or touch.
I wish he'd sent me something else,
 I like his cough-drops twice as much.

THE KIND MOON

I think the moon is very kind
 To take such trouble just for me.
He came along with me from home
 To keep me company.

He went as fast as I could run;
 I wonder how he crossed the sky?
I'm sure he hasn't legs and feet
 Or any wings to fly.

Yet here he is above their roof;
 Perhaps he thinks it isn't right
For me to go so far alone,
 Though mother said I might.

SPRING NIGHT

The park is filled with night and fog,
The veils are drawn about the world,
The drowsy lights along the paths
Are dim and pearled.

Gold and gleaming the empty streets,
Gold and gleaming the misty lake,
The mirrored lights like sunken swords,
Glimmer and shake.

Oh, is it not enough to be
Here with this beauty over me?
My throat should ache with praise, and I
Should kneel in joy beneath the sky.
Oh, beauty are you not enough?