

POETRY FOR RECITATION.

THE PALM.

1. Ye men who dwell in northern lands,
By cold gray seas and misty strands,
Delight to praise the oak and pine ;
Ye do not know this tree of mine.
2. Ye do not know the lordly palm
That reigns o'er many an isle of calm.
And in its hands bears gifts divine—
Food, shelter, raiment, shade, and wine.
3. See here my bark that o'er the seas
Is wafted by the scented breeze ;
She is a palm afloat—no more—
Keel, ribs and rudder, sails and oar.
4. And here within her hold is stored
Of palmy boons a goodly hoard—
Shell, fibre, leaf, and oil, and wine,
All bounties from this tree of mine.
5. Great thanks I owe, thou noble tree,
For all that thou dost give to me—
My daily food, my joy, my health,
My hours of comfort, all my wealth.

6. The mat is thine whereon I pray
 To Him who made us both of clay ;
 And when in death I'm sleeping sound,
 A shroud of thine shall wrap me round.

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7. Ye men who dwell in northern lands,
 By cold gray seas and misty strands,
 Delight to praise the oak and pine ;
 Ye do not know this tree of mine.

EDWARD SHIRLEY.

ORPHEUS.

1. Orpheus with his lute made trees,
 And the mountain tops that freeze,
 Bow themselves when he did sing .
 To his music plants and flowers
 Ever sprung ; as sun and showers
 There had made a lasting spring.
2. Every thing that heard him play,
 Even the billows of the sea,
 Hung their heads, and then lay by :
 In sweet music is such art,
 Killing care and grief of heart,
 Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

SHAKESPEARE.

HOW DO THEY GROW?

1. This is only a blade of grass ;
But how does it grow ? Does any one know ?
The seasons come and the seasons pass,
And with every year the grass we have here,
So green and bright in the sun and rain,
And then it is brown when the snow comes
down,
But green and fresh in the spring again.

2. This is only a little girl ;
But how does she grow ? Does any one know ?
With her hair of gold and her teeth of pearl,
From a baby so wee she will grow to be
A maiden as fair as a scented rose ;
But no one can say, as day follows day,
How a blade of grass or a little girl grows.

QUEEN MAB.

1. A little fairy comes at night,
Her eyes are blue, her hair is brown,
With silver spots upon her wings,
And from the moon she flutters down.

2. She has a little silver wand,
And when a good child goes to bed
She waves her wand from right to left,
And makes a circle round its head.

3. And then it dreams of pleasant things—
Of fountains filled with fairy fish,
And trees that bear delicious fruit,
And bow their branches at a wish ;
4. Of arbours filled with dainty scents
From lovely flowers that never fade ;
Bright flies that glitter in the sun,
And glowworms shining in the shade.
5. And talking birds, with gifted tongues
For singing and for telling tales ;
And pretty dwarfs to show the way
Through fairy hills and fairy dales.
6. And when a bad child goes to bed,
From left to right she waves her ring,
And then it dreams all through the night
Of every ugly, horrid thing !
7. Then lions come with glaring eyes,
And tigers growl—a dreadful noise ;
And ogres draw their cruel knives
To shed the blood of girls and boys.
8. Then stormy waves rush on to drown,
Or raging flames come scorching round ;
Fierce dragons hover in the air,
And serpents crawl along the ground.
9. Then wicked children wake and weep,
And wish the long black gloom away ;
But good ones love the dark, and find
The night as pleasant as the day.

THOMAS HOOD.

THE CHILDREN'S SONG.

1. *Land of our birth, we pledge to thee
Our love and toil in the years to be,
When we are grown and take our place
As men and women with our race.*
2. Father in heaven, who lovest all,
Oh, help Thy children when they call,
That they may build from age to age
An undefiled heritage.
3. Teach us to bear the yoke in youth
With steadfastness and careful truth,
That in our time Thy grace may give
The truth whereby the nations live.
4. Teach us to rule ourselves alway,
Controlled and cleanly night and day ;
That we may bring, if need arise,
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.
5. Teach us to look, in all our ends,
On Thee for Judge, and not our friends ;
That we, with Thee, may walk uncowed
By fear or favour of the crowd.
6. Teach us the strength that cannot seek,
By deed or thought, to hurt the weak ;
That, under Thee, we may possess
Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

7. Teach us delight in simple things,
And mirth that has no bitter springs,
Forgiveness free of evil done,
And love to all men 'neath the sun.

8. *Land of our birth, our faith, our pride,
For whose dear sake our fathers died—
O Motherland, we pledge to thee
Head, heart, and hand through the years to be.*

RUDYARD KIPLING.

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