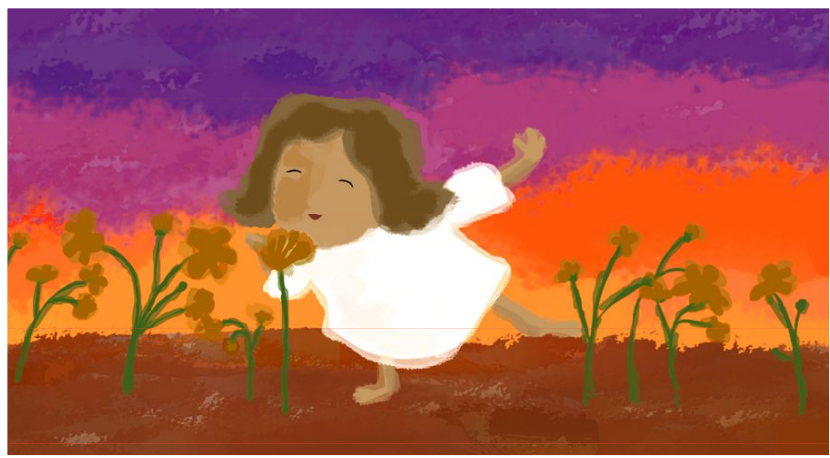


**A
CHILD'S
GARDEN
OF
POETRY**

A GUIDE TO THE POEMS



"HOPE" IS THE THING WITH FEATHERS

by Emily Dickinson, approx. 1862

THE ROAD NOT TAKEN

by Robert Frost, 1919

BUFFALO DUSK

by Carl Sandburg, 1922

AN OLD SILENT POND...

by Basho, 1682

RECUERDO

by Edna St. Vincent Millay, 1920

WHEN YOU ARE OLD

by William Butler Yeats, 1893

LAKE ISLE OF INNISFREE

by William Butler Yeats, 1914

CALICO PIE

by Edward Lear, 1872

MY SHADOW

by Robert Louis Stevenson, 1884

DAFFODILS

by William Wordsworth, 1804

THOUGHTS ON A STILL NIGHT

by Li Bai, 700's

THE TROPICS IN NEW YORK

by Claude McKay, 1922

SWEET SPRING IS YOUR

by E.E. Cummings, 1944

ROMEO & JULIET EXCERPT

by William Shakespeare, 1597

AND MORE

"HOPE" IS THE THING WITH FEATHERS

by EMILY DICKINSON
read by CLAIRE DANES
sign language by RACHEL, age 9

"Hope" is the thing with feathers—
That perches in the soul—
And sings the tune without the words—
And never stops—at all—

And sweetest—in the Gale—is heard—
And sore must be the storm—
That could abash the little Bird—
That kept so many warm—

I've heard it in the chillest land—
And on the strangest Sea—
Yet, never, in Extremity,
It asked a crumb—of Me.



THE ROAD NOT TAKEN

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that, the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

by **ROBERT FROST**
read by **PHILIP SEYMOUR**
HOFFMAN

BUFFALO DUSK

The buffaloes are gone.

And those who saw the buffaloes are gone.

Those who saw the buffaloes by thousands and how
they pawed the prairie sod into dust with their
hoofs, their great heads down pawing on in a
great pageant of dusk,

Those who saw the buffaloes are gone.

And the buffaloes are gone.

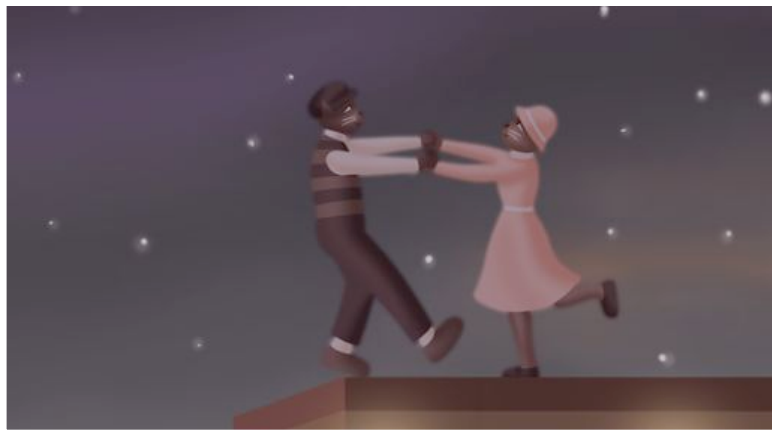
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written & read by CARL SANDBURG

AN OLD SILENT POND...

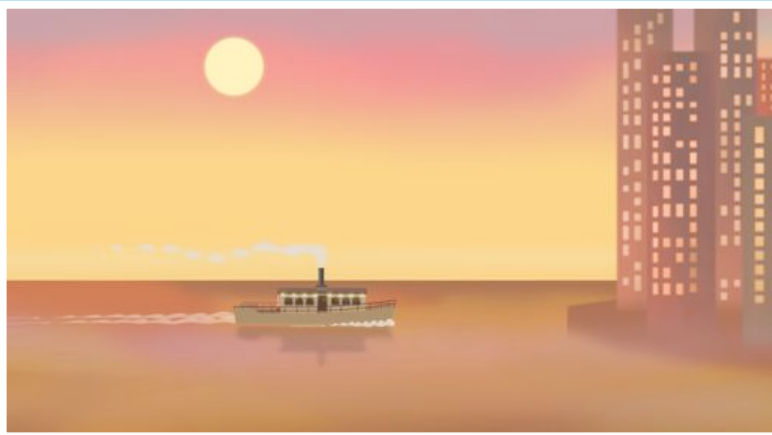
by BASHO
read by JOSH HAMILTON

An old silent pond...
A frog jumps into the pond,
splash! Silence again.



RECUERDO

**We were very tired, we were very merry—
We had gone back and forth all night on the ferry.
It was bare and bright, and smelled like a stable—
But we looked into a fire, we leaned across a table,
We lay on a hill-top underneath the moon;
And the whistles kept blowing, and the dawn came soon.**



**We were very tired, we were very merry—
We had gone back and forth all night on the ferry;
And you ate an apple, and I ate a pear,
From a dozen of each we had bought somewhere;
And the sky went wan, and the wind came cold,
And the sun rose dripping, a bucketful of gold.**



**We were very tired, we were very merry,
We had gone back and forth all night on the ferry.
We hailed, "Good morrow, mother!" to a shawl-covered head,
And bought a morning paper, which neither of us read;
And she wept, "God bless you!" for the apples and pears,
And we gave her all our money but our subway fares.**

**written & read by EDNA
ST. VINCENT MILLAY**

THE LAKE ISLE OF INNISFREE



by WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS
read by LIAM NEESON
& EMILY, age 6

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.

WHEN YOU ARE OLD



When you are old and gray and full of sleep,
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;

How many loved your moments of glad grace,
And loved your beauty with love false or true;
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
And loved the sorrows of your changing face.

And bending down beside the glowing bars
Murmur, a little sadly, how love fled
And paced upon the mountains overhead
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

by WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS
read by LIAM NEESON



CALICO PIE

I

Calico Pie,
The little Birds fly
Down to the calico tree,
Their wings were blue,
And they sang 'Tilly-loo!'
Till away they flew,—
And they never came back to me!
They never came back!
They never came back!
They never came back to me!

II

Calico Jam,
The little Fish swam,
Over the syllabub sea,
He took off his hat,
To the Sole and the Sprat,
And the Willeby-Wat,—
But he never came back to me!
He never came back!
He never came back!
He never came back to me!



III

Calico Ban,
The little Mice ran,
To be ready in time for tea,
Flippity flup,
They drank it all up,
And danced in the cup,—
But they never came back to me!
They never came back!
They never came back!
They never came back to me!

IV

Calico Drum,
The Grasshoppers come,
The Butterfly, Beetle, and Bee,
Over the ground,
Around and around,
With a hop and a bound,—
But they never came back to me!
They never came back!
They never came back!
They never came back to me!

poem & drawings by
EDWARD LEAR
sung by NATALIE MERCHANT

MY SHADOW



by ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON
read by JULIANNE MOORE

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow—
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller like an India-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.
He stays so close beside me, he's a coward you can see;
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to me!

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an errant sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.



DAFFODILS

by WILLIAM WORDSWORTH
read by DAVE MATTHEWS



I wander'd lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretch'd in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

THOUGHTS ON A STILL NIGHT

by LI BAI

read in Chinese by FIONA, age 7

**Before my bed, the moon is shining bright,
I think that it is frost upon the ground.
I raise my head and look at the bright moon,
I lower my head and think of home.**

SWEET SPRING IS YOUR

written & read by E. E.
CUMMINGS

"sweet spring is your
time is my time is our
time for springtime is lovetime
and viva sweet love"

(all the merry little birds are
flying in the floating in the
very spirits singing in
are winging in the blossoming)

lovers go and lovers come
awandering awondering
but any two are perfectly
alone there's nobody else alive

(such a sky and such a sun
i never knew and neither did you
and everybody never breathed
quite so many kinds of yes)

not a tree can count his leaves
each herself by opening
but shining who by thousands mean
only one amazing thing

(secretly adoring shyly
tiny winging darting floating
merry in the blossoming
always joyful selves are singing)

"sweet spring is your
time is my time is our
time for springtime is lovetime
and viva sweet love"



THE TROPICS IN NEW YORK

by CLAUDE McKAY
read by ZIGGY MARLEY



Bananas ripe and green, and ginger-root,
Cocoa in pods and alligator pears,
And tangerines and mangoes and grape fruit,
Fit for the highest prize at parish fairs,

Set in the window, bringing memories
Of fruit-trees laden by low-singing rills,
And dewy dawns, and mystical blue skies
In benediction over nun-like hills.

My eyes grew dim, and I could no more gaze;
A wave of longing through my body swept,
And, hungry for the old, familiar ways,
I turned aside and bowed my head and wept.

Excerpt from ROMEO & JULIET

ROMEO

But, soft! what light through yonder window
breaks?

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,

Who is already sick and pale with grief,

That thou her maid art far more fair than she:

Be not her maid, since she is envious;

Her vestal livery is but sick and green

And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.

It is my lady, , it is my love!

, that she knew she were!

She speaks yet she says nothing: what of that?

Her eye discourses; I will answer it.

I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,

Having some business, do intreat her eyes

To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

What if her eyes were there, they in her head?

The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,

As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven

Would through the airy region stream so bright

That birds would sing and think it were not night.

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!

, that I were a glove upon that hand,

That I might touch that cheek!

by WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
read by JEFFREY WRIGHT

HBO & THE POETRY FOUNDATION present

**A
CHILD'S
GARDEN
OF
POETRY**

directed and produced by amy schatz animation created and designed by
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levison directors of photography joel shapiro alex rappoport
scott sinkler open, graphic design & typographic animation number
seventeen ny music supervisor linda cohen production executive
susan benaroya supervising producer jacqueline glover
executive producer sheila nevins