



mother's day

**POETRY
TEATIME**



**THE HOMESCHOOL
COMPASS**

What better way to celebrate Mother's Day in your homeschool than with a special poetry teatime! If you've never tried hosting a poetry teatime with your kids, now is the perfect time to start.

WHAT POETRY TEATIME IS ALL ABOUT

Homeschoolers have long discovered that setting aside an hour to gather around the table with a tasty treat and a few books of poetry provides the space and time to savor beautiful words in a restful way. For many homeschoolers, holding a weekly poetry teatime has become a much-anticipated part of their week. We think you'll love it too!

CULTIVATING THE ATMOSPHERE

Collect a few favorite books of poetry or rhyming stories. In honor of Mother's Day, we've assembled a collection of ten poems related to motherhood that you can enjoy together.

Prepare a favorite drink, whether it be tea, cocoa, juice or lemonade. Make sure you have something yummy to eat too! Some teatime favorites include muffins, cookies, scones, or fruit.

Setting a fancy table can elevate the atmosphere. Try cloth napkins, a tablecloth, fresh flowers, or candles.



ENJOYING THE EXPERIENCE

As everyone pours a cup of something to drink and fills their plate with tasty food, pass the poems or poetry books around. Let everyone select a poem to share with the group.

When everyone has prepared their food and drink and chosen a poem, ask for a volunteer to start the reading. Have each person read one or two poems to the group. Pre-readers can choose an adult or big kid to read their selection.

You don't need to analyze the poems. This experience is all about enjoyment! If your children have comments to share, that's fine, but don't feel the need to require in-depth poetry analysis. Just savor this special time together and the memories you are surely making.

*HAPPY MOTHER'S DAY AND
HAPPY POETRY TEATIME!*

**- FROM THE TEAM AT
HOMESCHOOL COMPASS**





EDWARD NATHANIEL HARLESTON

Edward Nathaniel Harleston was born on June 1, 1869, in Charleston, South Carolina. He worked as a carpenter, funeral home owner, and machine shop apprentice, as well as an aspiring writer.

In 1907 he published a book of poetry called *The Toiling Life*. He also established the Pittsburgh Courier, which grew to become the nation's premier African-American weekly newspaper.





I CANNOT SING

by

EDWARD NATHANIEL HARLESTON

I cannot sing, because when a child,
My mother often hushed me.
The others she allowed to sing,
No matter what their melody.

And since I've grown to manhood
All music I applaud,
But have no voice for singing,
So I write my songs to God.

I have ears and know the
measures,
And I'll write a song for you,
But the world must do the singing
Of my sonnets old and new.

Now tell me, world of music,
Why I cannot sing one song?
Is it because my mother hushed me
And laughed when I was wrong?

Although I can write music,
And tell when harmony's right,
I will never sing better than when
My song was hushed one night.

Fond mothers, always be careful;
Let the songs be poorly sung.
To hush the child is cruel;
Let it sing while it is young





ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN

Elizabeth Akers Allen was born on October 9, 1832, in Strong, Maine and died on August 7, 1911 in Tuckahoe, New York.

She published her first book of poetry, *Forest Buds From the Woods of Maine*, at age 23. The book was such a success that Elizabeth used her earnings to travel to Europe, where she penned *Rock Me To Sleep* which would become her most famous poem. The words were set to music and became a popular Civil War song.





ROCK ME TO SLEEP

by



ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
Make me a child again just for tonight!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore;
Kiss from my head the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep; -
Rock me to sleep, mother, - rock me to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years!
I am so weary of toil and of tears, -
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain, -
Take them, and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay, -
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away;
Weary of sowing for others to reap; -
Rock me to sleep, mother - rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded, our faces between:
Yet, with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I tonight for your presence again.
Come from the silence so long and so deep;-
Rock me to sleep, mother, - rock me to sleep!





Over my heart, in the days that are flown,
No love like mother-love ever has shone;
No other worship abides and endures, -
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours:
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain.
Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep;-
Rock me to sleep, mother, - rock me to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as of old;
Let it drop over my forehead tonight,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light;
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore;
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep;-
Rock me to sleep, mother, - rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
Since I last listened your lullaby song:
Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been only a dream.
Clasped to your heart in loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep;-
Rock me to sleep, mother, - rock me to sleep!





ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Robert Louis Stevenson was a Scottish poet and novelist born in Edinburgh on November 13, 1850. The son of a lighthouse engineer, Stevenson suffered ill health throughout most of his life. Nevertheless, he traveled widely and wrote such beloved books as *Kidnapped* and *Treasure Island*.

At age 40 he purchased an estate on the Samoan island of Upolu where he died four years later.





TO MY MOTHER

by

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

You, too, my mother, read my rhymes
For love of unforgotten times,
And you may chance to hear once more
The little feet along the floor.





JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

John Greenleaf Whittier was an American Quaker poet and abolitionist who lived from December 17, 1807 to September 7, 1892. Whittier grew up poor on a farm in rural Massachusetts and was largely self-educated.

Whittier was one of the Fireside Poets along with Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Russell Lowell, and William Cullen Bryant.





TRIBUTE TO MOTHER

by

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

A picture memory brings to me;
I look across the years and see
Myself beside my mother's knee.
I feel her gentle hand restrain
My selfish moods, and know again
A child's blind sense of wrong and pain.
But wiser now, a man gray grown,
My childhood's needs are better known.
My mother's chastening love I own.





STRICKLAND GILLILAN

Strickland Gillilan was an Ohio native who was born on September 21, 1869 and died on April 25, 1954. His poems, short stories, and songs range from the serious to the silly.

His humorous poem, "Lines on the Antiquity of Microbes" was long said to be the shortest poem ever written. While his poem, "The Reading Mother" is his most famous, he has many other sentimental poems that often appear in greeting cards.





THE READING MOTHER

by
STRICKLAND GILLILAN

I had a mother who read to me
Sagas of pirates who scoured the sea,
Cutlasses clenched in their yellow teeth,
"Blackbirds" stowed in the hold beneath.

I had a Mother who read me lays
Of ancient and gallant and golden days;
Stories of Marmion and Ivanhoe,
Which every boy has a right to know.

I had a Mother who read me tales
Of Gelert the hound of the hills of Wales,
True to his trust till his tragic death,
Faithfulness blent with his final breath.

I had a Mother who read me the things
That wholesome life to the boy heart brings -
Stories that stir with an upward touch,
Oh, that each mother of boys were such.

You may have tangible wealth untold;
Caskets of jewels and coffers of gold.
Richer than I you can never be -
I had a Mother who read to me.





LUCRETIA MARIA DAVIDSON

Lucretia Maria Davidson was an American poet born in Plattsburgh, New York on September 27, 1808. A precious child who learned to read and write at a very young age, Davidson's first surviving poem is entitled 'Epitaph on a Robin' which she wrote at age 9.

Though she died of tuberculosis at age 16, she was a prolific poet and had already produced over 278 poems in her short years.





TO MY MOTHER

by

LUCRETIA MARIA DAVIDSON

O thou whose care sustained my infant years,
And taught my prattling lip each note of love;
Whose soothing voice breathed comfort to my fears,
And round my brow hope's brightest garland wove.



To thee my lay is due, the simple song,
Which Nature gave me at life's opening day;
To thee these rude, these untaught strains belong,
Whose heart indulgent will not spurn my lay.

O say, amid this wilderness life,
What bosom would have throbb'd like thine for me?
Who would have smiled responsive? - who in grief,
Would e'er have felt, and, feeling, grieved like thee?

Who would have guarded, with a falcon-eye,
Each trembling footstep or each sport of fear?
Who would have marked my bosom bounding high,
And clasped me to her heart, with love's bright tear?

Who would have hung around my sleepless couch,
And fanned, with anxious hand, my burning brow?
Who would have fondly pressed my fevered lip?
In all the agony and love and wo?





None, but a mother - none but one like thee,
Whose bloom has faded in the midnight watch;
Whose eye, for me, has lost its witchery,
Whose form has felt disease's mildew touch.

Yes, thou hast lighted me to health and life,
By the bright lustre of thy youthful bloom -
Yes, thou hast wept so oft o'er every grief,
That wo hath traced thy brow with marks of gloom.

O then, to thee, this rude and simple song,
Which breathes of thankfulness and love for thee,
To thee, my mother, shall this lay belong,
Whose life is spent in toil and care for me.





WALTER DE LA MARE

Walter de la Mare was an English poet who was born on April 25, 1873 and died on June 22, 1956.

De la Mare was an imaginative author known for his supernatural themes. He published poems, short stories, novels and ghost stories.





THE MOTHER BIRD

by

WALTER DE LA MARE

Through the green twilight of a hedge
I peered, with cheek on the cool leaves pressed,
And spied a bird upon a nest:
Two eyes she had beseeching me
Meekly and brave, and her brown breast
Throbb'd hot and quick above her heart;
And she oped her dagger bill, -
'Twas not a chirp, as sparrows pipe
At break of day; 'twas not a trill,
As falters through the quiet even;
But one sharp solitary note,
One desperate, fierce, and vivid cry
Of valiant tears, and hopeless joy,
One passionate note of victory:
Off, like a fool afraid, I sneaked,
Smiling the smile the fool smiles best,
At the mother bird in the secret hedge
Patient upon her lonely nest.





ROBERT WILLIAM SERVICE

Robert William Service was born in Britain on January 16, 1874 and died on September 11, 1958.

A bank clerk who spent long periods traveling in the American West and Canada, Service came to be known as the 'Bard of the Yukon'. Some of his most famous poems were inspired by the Klondike Gold Rush.





THE MOTHER

by

ROBERT WILLIAM SERVICE

There will be singing in your heart,
There will be a rapture in your eyes;
You will be a woman set apart,
You will be so wonderful and wise.
You will sleep, and when from dreams you start,
As of one that wakes in Paradise,
There will be singing in your heart,
There will be a rapture in your eyes.

There will be a moaning in your heart,
There will be an anguish in your eyes;
You will see your dearest ones depart,
You will hear their quivering good-byes.
Yours will be the heart-ache and the smart,
Tears that scald and lonely sacrifice;
There will be a moaning in your heart,
There will be an anguish in your eyes.

There will come a glory in your eyes,
There will come a peace within your heart;
Sitting 'neath the quiet evening skies,
Time will dry the tear and dull the smart.
You will know that you have played your part;
Yours shall be the love that never dies:
You, with Heaven's peace within your heart,
You, with God's own glory in your eyes.





MADISON JULIUS CAWEIN

Madison Julius Cawein was a native of Louisville, Kentucky who was born on March 25, 1865 and died on December 8, 1914.

As a child, Cawein's father worked making medicines from local herbs, so he developed a love of nature that is reflected in many of his poems. He was a prolific writer whose Romantic style earned him the nickname the 'Keats of Kentucky'.





MOTHER


by



MADISON JULIUS CAWEIN

Oh, I am going home again,
Back to the old house in the lane,
And mother! who still sits and sews,
With cheeks, each one, a winter rose,
A-watching for her boy, you know,
Who left so many years ago,
To face the world, its stress and strain
Oh, I am going home again.

Yes, I am going home once more,
And mother 'll meet me at the door
With smiles that rainbow tears of joy,
And arms that reach out for her boy,
And draw him to her happy breast,
On which awhile his head he'll rest,
And care no more, if rich or poor,
At home with her, at home once more.

Yes, I am going home to her,
Whose welcome evermore is sure:
I have been thinking, night and day,
How tired I am of being away!
How homesick for her gentle face,
And welcome of the oldtime place,
And memories of the days that were
Oh, I am going home to her.





Oh, just to see her face again
A-smiling at the windowpane!
To see her standing at the door
And offering her arms once more,
As oft she did when, just a child,
She took me to her heart and smiled,
And hushed my cry and cure my pain
I'm going home to her again.





ANN TAYLOR

Ann Taylor was an English poet born into a literary family on January 30, 1782.

Together with her sister, Jane, she wrote a number of tales and poems for children. Her poem, My Mother, became a favorite that was frequently memorized for poetry recitations throughout the 19th and into the 20th century.

She died on December 20, 1866.





MY MOTHER

by

ANN TAYLOR

Who sat and watched my infant head
When sleeping on my cradle bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed?
My Mother.


When pain and sickness made me cry,
Who gazed upon my heavy eye,
And wept for fear that I should die?
My Mother.

Who taught my infant lips to pray
And love God's holy book and day,
And walk in wisdom's pleasant way?
My Mother.

And can I ever cease to be
Affectionate and kind to thee,
Who wast so very kind to me,
My Mother?

Ah, no! the thought I cannot bear,
And if God please my life to spare
I hope I shall reward thy care,
My mother.

When thou art feeble, old and grey,
My healthy arm shall be thy stay,
And I will soothe thy pains away,
My mother.





LEMON DRIZZLE CAKE



INGREDIENTS

250ml Milk
1 tbsp Lemon Juice
110g Butter
200g Caster sugar
1 tsp Vanilla Extract
2 tsp Lemon Juice

300g All-Purpose Flour
3 tsp Baking Powder
Zest of 2 Lemons

FOR THE LEMON SUGAR SYRUP

Juice of 1 Lemon
60g Granulated Sugar

METHOD

1. Preheat oven to 350 degrees Fahrenheit (180 degrees Celsius). Grease and line a 9" x 5" loaf tin.
2. In a jug, combine the 250ml milk with the 1 tbsp of lemon juice. Set aside until needed, allowing the milk to curdle slightly.
3. In a large mixing bowl, cream the butter and caster sugar until fluffy - the mixture will start looking lighter in color once creamed.



LEMON DRIZZLE CAKE

METHOD (CONT'D)

4. Add vanilla extract and the 2tsp of lemon juice and combine well.

5. Sift over the all-purpose flour and the baking powder. Mix with a wooden spoon until the mixture looks sandy.

6. Make a well in the middle of the mixture and pour in the curdled milk - beat well

7. Add the zest of the two lemons and fold through

8. Spoon the mixture into the loaf tin and place in the oven for 60 minutes. Check halfway through, if browning too much, cover with tin foil.

9. Remove the cake from the oven and leave in tin while you make the lemon sugar syrup.

10. **To make the syrup:** Combine the sugar and lemon juice in a small saucepan over low heat. Mix until the sugar granules disappear. Drizzle the syrup over the cake and then sprinkle over more granulated sugar to finish.

11. Allow to cool completely in the tin - then slice up and enjoy!

