



# Winter Poems

FOR YOUR HOMESCHOOL



THE HOMESCHOOL  
COMPASS

# Stopping By Woods on a Snowy Evening

**BY ROBERT FROST**

(MARCH 26, 1874 - JANUARY 29, 1963)

Whose woods these are I think I know.  
His house is in the village though;  
He will not see me stopping here  
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer  
To stop without a farmhouse near  
Between the woods and frozen lake  
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake  
To ask if there is some mistake.  
The only other sound's the sweep  
Of easy wind and downy flake.


The woods are lovely, dark and deep,  
But I have promises to keep,  
And miles to go before I sleep,  
And miles to go before I sleep.



# In the Bleak Midwinter

BY CHRISTINA ROSETTI

(DECEMBER 5, 1830 - DECEMBER 29, 1894)



In the bleak midwinter, frosty wind made moan,  
Earth stood hard as iron, water like a stone;  
Snow had fallen, snow on snow, snow on snow,  
In the bleak midwinter, long ago.

Our God, Heaven cannot hold Him, nor earth sustain;  
Heaven and earth shall flee away when He comes to reign.  
In the bleak midwinter a stable place sufficed  
The Lord God Almighty, Jesus Christ.

Enough for Him, whom cherubim, worship night and day,  
Breastful of milk, and a mangerful of hay;  
Enough for Him, whom angels fall before,  
The ox and ass and camel which adore.

Angels and archangels may have gathered there,  
Cherubim and seraphim thronged the air;  
But His mother only, in her maiden bliss,  
Worshipped the beloved with a kiss.

What can I give Him, poor as I am?  
If I were a shepherd, I would bring a lamb;  
If I were a Wise Man, I would do my part;  
Yet what I can I give Him: give my heart.



# *The Snow-Storm*

**BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON**

(MAY 25, 1803 - APRIL 27, 1882)

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,  
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,  
Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air  
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,  
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.  
The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet  
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit  
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed  
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

Come see the north wind's masonry.  
Out of an unseen quarry evermore  
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer  
Curves his white bastions with projected roof  
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.  
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work  
So fanciful, so savage, nought cares he  
For number or proportion. Mockingly,  
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;  
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;  
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,  
Maugre the farmer's sighs; and, at the gate,  
A tapering turret overtops the work.  
And when his hours are numbered, and the world  
Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,  
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art  
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,  
Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,  
The frolic architecture of the snow.

# Coasting Down the Hill

BY ANONYMOUS

Frosty is the morning;  
But the sun is bright,  
Flooding all the landscape  
With its golden light.  
Hark the sounds of laughter  
And the voices shrill!  
See the happy children  
Coasting down the hill.  
There are Tom and Charley,  
And their sister Nell;  
There are John and Willie,  
Kate and Isabel,—  
Eyes with pleasure beaming,  
Cheeks with health aglow;  
Bless the merry children,  
Trudging through the snow!  
Now I hear them shouting,  
"Ready! Clear the track!"  
Down the slope they're rushing,  
Now they're trotting back.  
Full of fun and frolic,  
Thus they come and go.  
Coasting down the hillside,  
Trudging through the snow.



# Winter-Time

**BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON**

(NOVEMBER 13, 1850 - DECEMBER 3, 1894)

Late lies the wintry sun a-bed,  
A frosty, fiery sleepy-head;  
Blinks but an hour or two; and then,  
A blood-red orange, sets again.

Before the stars have left the skies,  
At morning in the dark I rise;  
And shivering in my nakedness,  
By the cold candle, bathe and dress.

Close by the jolly fire I sit  
To warm my frozen bones a bit;  
Or with a reindeer-sled, explore  
The colder countries round the door.

When to go out, my nurse doth wrap  
Me in my comforter and cap;  
The cold wind burns my face, and blows  
Its frosty pepper up my nose.

Black are my steps on silver sod;  
Thick blows my frosty breath abroad;  
And tree and house, and hill and lake,  
Are frosted like a wedding-cake.



# The More it Snows

BY A. A. MILNE

(JANUARY 18, 1882 - JANUARY 31, 1956)

The more it snows (Tiddely pom),  
The more it goes (Tiddely pom),  
The more it goes (Tiddely pom),  
On snowing.

And nobody knows (Tiddely pom),  
How cold my toes (Tiddely pom),  
How cold my toes (Tiddely pom),  
Are growing.





# Woods in Winter

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

(FEBRUARY 27, 1807 - MARCH 24, 1882)

When winter winds are piercing chill,  
And through the hawthorn blows the gale,  
With solemn feet I tread the hill,  
That overbrows the lonely vale.

O'er the bare upland, and away  
Through the long reach of desert woods,  
The embracing sunbeams chastely play,  
And gladden these deep solitudes.

Where, twisted round the barren oak,  
The summer vine in beauty clung,  
And summer winds the stillness broke,  
The crystal icicle is hung.

Where, from their frozen urns, mute springs  
Pour out the river's gradual tide,  
Shrilly the skater's iron rings,  
And voices fill the woodland side.

Alas! how changed from the fair scene,  
When birdssang out their mellow lay,  
And winds were soft, and woods were green,  
And the song ceased not with the day!

But still wild music is abroad,  
Pale, desert woods! within your crowd;  
And gathering winds, in hoarse accord  
Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.

Chill airs and wintry winds! my ear  
Has grown familiar with your song;  
I hear it in the opening year,  
I listen, and it cheers me long.





# Birches

**BY ROBERT FROST**

(MARCH 26, 1874 - JANUARY 29, 1963)

When I see birches bend to left and right  
Across the lines of straighter darker trees,  
I like to think some boy's been swinging them.  
But swinging doesn't bend them down to stay  
As ice-storms do. Often you must have seen them  
Loaded with ice a sunny winter morning  
After a rain. They click upon themselves  
As the breeze rises, and turn many-colored  
As the stir cracks and crazes their enamel.  
Soon the sun's warmth makes them shed crystal shells  
Shattering and avalanching on the snow-crust—  
Such heaps of broken glass to sweep away  
You'd think the inner dome of heaven had fallen.  
They are dragged to the withered bracken by the load,  
And they seem not to break; though once they are bowed  
So low for long, they never right themselves:  
You may see their trunks arching in the woods  
Years afterwards, trailing their leaves on the ground  
Like girls on hands and knees that throw their hair  
Before them over their heads to dry in the sun.  
But I was going to say when Truth broke in  
With all her matter-of-fact about the ice-storm  
I should prefer to have some boy bend them  
As he went out and in to fetch the cows—  
Some boy too far from town to learn baseball,  
Whose only play was what he found himself,  
Summer or winter, and could play alone.  
One by one he subdued his father's trees  
By riding them down over and over again  
Until he took the stiffness out of them,  
And not one but hung limp, not one was left  
For him to conquer. He learned all there was  
To learn about not launching out too soon



# Birches

BY ROBERT FROST

(MARCH 26, 1874 - JANUARY 29, 1963)

And so not carrying the tree away  
Clear to the ground. He always kept his poise  
To the top branches, climbing carefully  
With the same pains you use to fill a cup  
Up to the brim, and even above the brim.  
Then he flung outward, feet first, with a swish,  
Kicking his way down through the air to the ground.  
So was I once myself a swinger of birches.  
And so I dream of going back to be.  
It's when I'm weary of considerations,  
And life is too much like a pathless wood  
Where your face burns and tickles with the cobwebs  
Broken across it, and one eye is weeping  
From a twig's having lashed across it open.  
I'd like to get away from earth awhile  
And then come back to it and begin over.  
May no fate willfully misunderstand me  
And half grant what I wish and snatch me away  
Not to return. Earth's the right place for love:  
I don't know where it's likely to go better.  
I'd like to go by climbing a birch tree,  
And climb black branches up a snow-white trunk  
Toward heaven, till the tree could bear no more,  
But dipped its top and set me down again.  
That would be good both going and coming back.  
One could do worse than be a swinger of birches.

# Snow

**BY WALTER DE LA MARE**

(APRIL 25, 1873 - JUNE 22, 1956)

No breath of wind,  
No gleam of sun -  
Still the white snow  
Whirls softly down  
Twig and bough  
And blade and thorn  
All in an icy  
Quiet, forlorn.  
Whispering, rustling,  
Through the air  
On still and stone,  
Roof, - everywhere,  
It heaps its powdery  
Crystal flakes,  
Of every tree  
A mountain makes;  
'Til pale and faint  
At shut of day  
Stoops from the West  
One wint'ry ray,  
And, feathered in fire  
Where ghosts the moon,  
A robin shrills  
His lonely tune.






# Spellbound

**BY EMILY BRONTË**

(JULY 30, 1818 - DECEMBER 19, 1848)

The night is darkening round me,  
The wild winds coldly blow;  
But a tyrant spell has bound me  
And I cannot, cannot go.



The giant trees are bending  
Their bare boughs weighed with snow.  
And the storm is fast descending,  
And yet I cannot go.

Clouds beyond clouds above me,  
Wastes beyond wastes below;  
But nothing drear can move me;  
I will not, cannot go.





# *A Winter Night*

**BY SARA TEASDALE**

(AUGUST 8, 1884 - JANUARY 29, 1933)

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.



# The First Snowfall

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

(FEBRUARY 22, 1819 - AUGUST 12, 1891)

The snow had begun in the gloaming,  
And busily all the night  
Had been heaping field and highway  
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock  
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,  
And the poorest twig on the elm tree  
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.



# White Fields

**BY JAMES STEPHENS**

(FEBRUARY 9, 1880 - DECEMBER 26, 1950)

In the winter time we go  
Walking in the fields of snow;  
Where there is no grass at all;  
Where the top of every wall,  
Every fence and every tree,  
Is as white, as white can be.

Pointing out the way we came,  
Everyone of them the same--  
All across the fields there be  
Prints in silver filigree;  
And our mothers always know,  
By our footprints in the snow,  
Where the children go.





# *Snowflakes*

**BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW**

(FEBRUARY 27, 1807 - MARCH 24, 1882)

Out of the bosom of the Air,  
Out of the cloud-folds of her garments shaken,  
Over the woodlands brown and bare,  
Over the harvest-fields forsaken,  
Silent, and soft, and slow  
Descends the snow.

Even as our cloudy fancies take  
Suddenly shape in some divine expression,  
Even as the troubled heart doth make  
In the white countenance confession,  
The troubled sky reveals  
The grief it feels.

This is the poem of the air,  
Slowly insilent syllables recorded;  
This is the secret of despair,  
Long in its cloudy bosom hoarded,  
Now whispered and revealed  
To wood and field.



# *The Shortest Month*

**BY ADELINE WHITNEY**

(SEPTEMBER 15, 1824 - MARCH 21, 1906)

Will Winter never be over?  
Will the dark days never go?  
Must the buttercup and clover  
Be always hid under the snow?

Ah, lend me your little ear, love!  
Hark! 'tis a beautiful thing;  
The weariest month of the year, love,  
Is shortest and nearest to spring.



# Picture Books in Winter

**BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON**

(NOVEMBER 13, 1850 - DECEMBER 3, 1894)

Summer fading, winter comes—  
Frosty mornings, tingling thumbs  
Window robins, winterrooks,  
And the picture story-books.  
Water now is turned to stone  
Nurse and I can walk upon;  
Still we find the flowing brooks  
In the picture story-books.  
All the pretty things put by,  
Wait upon the children's eye,  
Sheep and shepherds, trees and crooks,  
In the picture story-books.  
We may see how all things are,  
Seas and cities, near and far,  
And the flying fairies' looks,  
In the picture story-books.  
How am I to sing your praise,  
Happy chimney-corner days,  
Sitting safe in nursery nooks,  
Reading picture story-books?

