# STORIES FROM THE POETS: A READER FOR THE FIRST GRADE

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Stories from the Poets: A Reader for the First Grade by May R. Atwater

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### **MAY R. ATWATER**

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### A READER FOR THE FIRST GRADE

MAY R. ATWATER

JANE E. COOMBS



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#### INTRODUCTORY.

THE subject-matter of this book is the result of practical work with first-year children. It is supposed that by the last half of the year the children will have acquired sufficient knowledge of phonics to be able to pronounce, independently of the teacher's aid, most of the words used here.

It is suggested that the reading be preceded by the storytelling, which is so vital a part of the primary teacher's work. The use of the story as a basis for the language and drawing lessons enables the child to clothe the simple expression of the reading lesson with much of the true grace and beauty of the poem.

Above and beyond all else, endeavor has been made to retain "The spirit which giveth life."

As Horace Scudder has so well said: "We have left out of account that very large element of wonder which inheres in the young child's nature, and we have been too neglectful of that pure sentiment to which the child is quick to respond. We must have a literature which shall not leave the child just where it was before it had conned it, but shall have given wings to its fancy and imagination, and suffered it to take flight beyond the little confines of its sight and hearing."

Thanks are due to the following publishers for courtesy extended in permitting the use of extracts from their publications:

To Houghton, Mifflin & Co. for "The Birds of Killingworth," "The Bell of Atri," "Emperor's Bird's-Nest," "Rhoecus," "Sir Launfal," "Little Red Riding Hood," "Piccola," "The Sparrows."

To Little, Brown & Co. and Miss Coolidge for "How the Leaves Came Down."

And also to our Superintendent, who, by his friendly counsel and sympathetic aid, has done so much to help and encourage

THE AUTHOR.

New Haven, Conn.

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#### STORIES FROM THE POETS.

#### STORY OF PIPPA.

Pippa was a little girl.

She lived in Italy.

She worked in a mill.

It was a silk-mill.

Pippa wound the silk on spools.



She had one day for herself. She might go where she liked. This is what she said:

"Sweet day, I have only you in all the year.

Come to me bright.

Come to me sunny.

Make me happy.

I will try to make some one happy."

The day came bright and sunny.

Pippa was glad.

She ran out doors.

She went into the country.

She sang as she went.

It was a happy song.

It was a sweet song.

Some children were quarreling.

They heard Pippa sing.