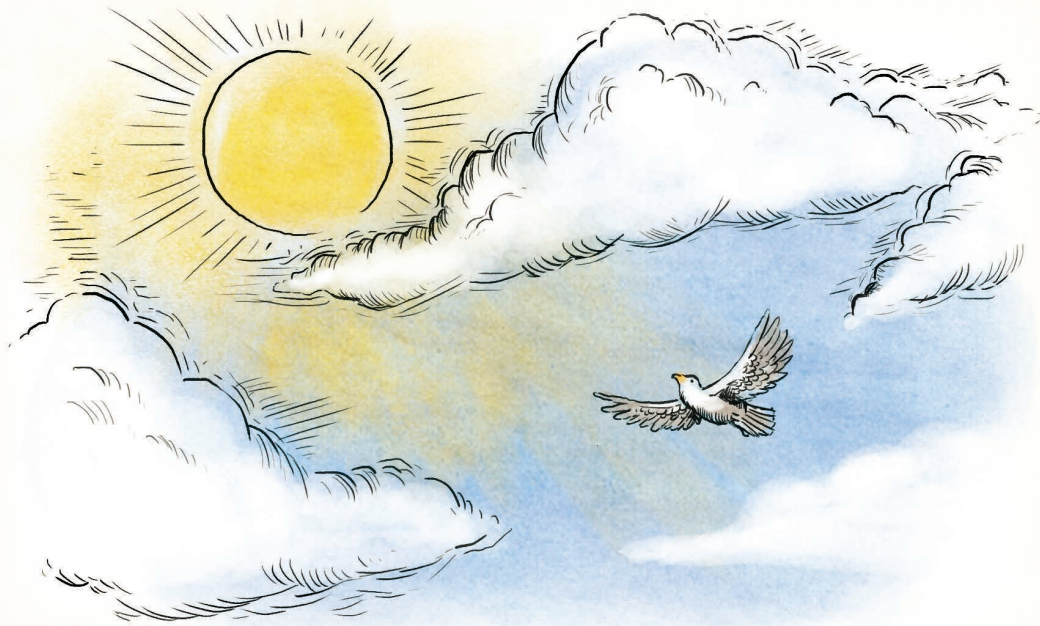


The background is a soft watercolor wash in shades of yellow, orange, and light blue. A sunburst graphic, composed of thin, radiating lines, is centered behind the title text.

# Poems About the Sun





## The Sun

John Drinkwater

I told the Sun that I was glad,  
I'm sure I don't know why;  
Somehow the pleasant way he had  
Of shining in the sky,  
Just put a notion in my head  
That wouldn't it be fun  
If, walking on the hill, I said  
"I'm happy" to the Sun.

## Sunshine

Henry Bateman

How pleasant is the cheerful light,  
At early morning hour,  
When golden tints of sunshine bright,  
Paint field, and leaf, and flower.

## The Sun's Travels

Robert Louis Stevenson

The sun is not a-bed, when I  
At night upon my pillow lie;  
Still round the earth his way he takes,  
And morning after morning makes.

While here at home, in shining day,  
We round the sunny garden play,  
Each little Indian sleepy-head  
Is being kissed and put to bed.

And when at eve I rise from tea,  
Day dawns beyond the Atlantic Sea,  
And all the children in the west  
Are getting up and being dressed.



## Summer Sun

Robert Louis Stevenson

Great is the sun, and wide he goes  
Through empty heaven with repose;  
And in the blue and glowing days  
More thick than rain he showers his rays.

Though closer still the blinds we pull  
To keep the shady parlor cool,  
Yet he will find a chink or two  
To slip his golden fingers through.

The dusty attic spider-clad  
He, through the keyhole, maketh glad;  
And through the broken edge of tiles  
Into the laddered hayloft smiles.

Meantime his golden face around  
He bares to all the garden ground,  
And sheds a warm and glittering look  
Among the ivy's inmost nook.

Above the hills, along the blue,  
Round the bright air with footing true,  
To please the child, to paint the rose,  
The gardener of the World, he goes.

## The Little Sunbeam

Unknown

A little sunbeam stole  
On a summer's day,  
Through a tiny crevice,  
To where a sick man lay.

It played upon the wall,  
And upon his table.  
With a smile he watched it  
As long as he was able.

Much he loved the sunbeam,  
Little dancing light;  
It told of sunny hours,  
Of skies and meadows bright.

Kind words are like sunbeams,  
Stealing into hearts;  
Scatter them most freely,  
Before light of life departs.



## The Daisy Follows Soft the Sun

Emily Dickinson

The Daisy follows soft the sun,  
And when his golden walk is done,  
Sits shyly at his feet.  
He, waking, finds the flower near.  
"Wherefore, marauder, art thou here?"  
"Because, Sir, love is sweet!"

We are the flower, Thou the sun!  
Forgive us, if as days decline,  
We nearer steal to Thee!  
Enamored of the parting West,  
The peace, the flight, the amethyst,  
Night's possibility!

## If I Were a Sunbeam

Lucy Larcom

If I were a sunbeam,  
I know what I would do,  
I'd seek the whitest lilies  
The rainy woodland through.  
Stealing in among them,  
The softest light I'd shed.  
Until each graceful lily  
Raised its drooping head.

If I were a sunbeam,  
I know where I would go,  
Into the lowliest hovels,  
All dark with want and woe,  
Until sad hearts look upward,  
I there would shine and shine.  
Then they would think of heaven,  
Their sweet home and mine.







## The Puppy Chased the Sunbeam

Ivy O. Eastwick

The Puppy chased the Sunbeam  
All around the house—  
He thought it was a bee,  
Or a little golden mouse;  
He thought it was a spider  
On a little silver string;  
He thought it was a butterfly  
Or some such flying thing;  
He thought—but oh! I cannot tell you  
Half the things he thought  
As he chased the sparkling Sunbeam  
Which—just—would—not—be—caught.

## Early

Dorothy Aldis

I was up so tiptoe early  
That the flowers were all pearly  
As they waited in their places  
For the sun to dry their faces.



## Greeting to the Sun

Unknown

Good morning, merry sunshine.  
How did you wake so soon?  
You've scared the little stars away,  
And shined away the moon.

I saw you go to sleep last night,  
Before I ceased my playing.  
How did you get way over here,  
And where have you been staying?

I never go to sleep, dear child.  
I just go round to see  
My little children of the East,  
Who rise and watch for me.

I waken all the birds and bees  
And flowers on my way;  
And, last of all, the little child  
Who stayed out late to play.

## I'll Tell You How the Sun Rose

Emily Dickinson

I'll tell you how the sun rose,  
A ribbon at a time.  
The steeples swam in amethyst,  
The news, like squirrels, ran.  
The hills untied their bonnets,  
The bobolinks, begun.  
Then I said softly to myself,  
"That must have been the sun!"  
But how he set, I know not,  
There seemed a purple stile,  
That little yellow boys and girls,  
Were climbing all the while.  
Till when they reached the other side,  
A dominie in gray,  
Put gently up the evening bars,  
And led the flock away.



## The Sunlight Ran on Little Feet

Ivy O. Eastwick

The Sunlight ran  
On little feet  
Up the street  
And down the street;  
It ran across  
A flowery meadow  
Danced upon  
An oak tree's shadow,  
Turned and twirled  
And whirled with joy  
Around and around  
A little boy—  
It touched his fingers,  
Knees, and toes,  
Then freckled him  
Upon the nose.





## The Sun

Annette Wynne

Long before the postman comes  
The sun begins to rise,  
Far in the East if you should look  
You'd find it in the skies.  
At first it's just a streak of light  
Then all at once the world gets bright.  
Then in the sky from East to West  
The happy sun goes on its way.  
And all day long it shines its best  
To give us pleasant day.  
Dear God, who made the day and night,  
We thank Thee for the sun's good light.

## The Sun is Shining Somewhere

Carrie Ellis Breck

The sun is shining somewhere,  
However dark our day  
For shadows cannot linger,  
And clouds will drift away.

The sun is shining somewhere,  
Though dark today may be;  
There's brightest glory somewhere,  
And light will shine for Thee.

## Sunbeam

Clara B. Heath

Sunbeams, creeping through the maples,  
Flashed across the windowpane,  
Lighting up the darkened room  
Like a shower of golden rain.