

Motivational Poems for Kids to Memorize

by various authors

These were created by Teach Beside Me. They are not to be re-sold, nor to be shared without permission.
Copyright 2016

Thinking
Walter Wintle

If you think you are beaten, you are.

If you think you dare not, you don't.

If you'd like to win but you think you can't,
It's almost a cinch you won't.

If you think you'll lose, you're lost.
For out of the world we find
Success begins with a fellow's will
It's all in the state of mind.

If you think you're outclassed you are
You've got to think high to rise.
You've got to be sure of yourself
before you can ever win a prize.

Life's battles don't always go
To the stronger, faster man,
But soon or late the man who wins,
Is the one who thinks he can.

Stick to Your Task

Stick to your task 'til it sticks to you;
Beginners are many, but enders are few.
Honor, power, place and praise,
Will always come to the one who stays.

Stick to your task 'till it sticks to you,
Grin at it, sweat at it, smile at it too.
For out of the grin and the sweat and the smile
Will come life's victories after a while.

Let Me Be

Let me be a little kinder,
Let me be a little blinder
To the faults of those about
me;
Let me praise a little more.
Let me be when I am weary,
Just a little bit more cheery,
Let me serve a little better
Those that I am striving for.

Let me be a little braver,

When temptation bids me
waver;
Let me strive a little harder
To be all that I should be.
Let me be a little meeker
With the brother that is
weaker,
Let me think more of my
neighbor
And a little less of me.

Striving

Margaret Sangster

Better to strive and climb,
And never reach the goal,
Than to drift along with time.
An aimless, worthless soul.
Aye, better to climb and call,
Or sow, through the yield be small,
Than to throw away day after day,
And never strive at all.

**Somebody Said It Couldn't
be Done**

Edgar A. Guest

Somebody said it couldn't be done,
But he with a chuckle replied
That maybe it couldn't, but he would be
one
Who wouldn't say so till he tried.
He waded right in with a trace of a grin
On his face - if he worried he hid it.
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done - and he did it.

Somebody said, "Oh, you'll never do that,
At least no one ever has done it."

But he took off his coat and he took off his
hat,
And the first thing we knew he'd begun it.
With a lift of the chin and a bit of a grin
Without any doubting or "quit it,"
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done - and he did it.

There are thousands to tell you it cannot
be done,
There are thousands to prophesy failure.
There are thousands to point out to you,
one by one,
The dangers that wait to assail you.
But just buckle in with a lift of the chin,
Take off your coat and go to it,
Starting to sing as you tackle the thing
That cannot be done, and you'll do it.

**Be the Best of Whatever
You Are**

Douglas Malloch

If you can't be the pine on the top
of the hill,
be a scrub in the valley,
But be the best little scrub by the
side of the rill,
Be a bush if you can't be a tree.
If you can't be a bush be a bit of
grass,
And some highway happier make;
If you can't be a muskie, than be
a bass,
But be the liveliest bass in the
lake!

We can't all be captains, we've
got to be the crew,
There's something for all of us
here,
There's big work to do and there's
lesser to do,
And the task we must do is the
near.
If you can't be a highway the just
be a trail,
If you can't be the sun, be a star;
It isn't by the size that you win or
fail,
Be the best of whatever you are!

Little Things

Julia Abigail Fletcher Carney

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the pleasant land.

So the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

So the little errors
Lead the soul away
From the paths of virtue
Far in sin to stray.

Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Help to make earth happy
Like the Heaven above.

Try Again

William Hickson

'Tis a lesson you should heed--
Try again;
If at first you don't succeed,
Try again.
Then your courage should
appear;
For if you will persevere,
You will conquer, never fear,
Try again.

Once or twice though you should
fail,
If you would at last prevail,
Try again.

If we strive, 'tis no disgrace
Though we did not win the race--
What should you do in that case?
Try again.

If you find your task is hard.
Try again;
Time will bring you your reward,
Try again;
All that other folk can do,
Why with patience should not you?
Only keep this rule in view,
Try again.

Good Timber
by Douglas Malloch

The tree that never had to fight
For sun and sky and air and light,
But stood out in the open plain
And always got its share of rain,
Never became a forest king
But lived and died a scrubby thing.

The man who never had to toil
To gain and farm his patch of soil,
Who never had to win his share
Of sun and sky and light and air,
Never became a manly man
But lived and died as he began.

Good timber does not grow with
ease:
The stronger wind, the stronger trees;
The further sky, the greater length;
The more the storm, the more the
strength.
By sun and cold, by rain and snow,
In trees and men good timbers grow.

Where thickest lies the forest growth,
We find the patriarchs of both.
And they hold counsel with the stars
Whose broken branches show the
scars
Of many winds and much of strife.
This is the common law of life.

Kindness
C.R. Gibson

I have wept in the night
For the shortness of sight
That to somebody's need made me blind

But I never have yet
Felt a tinge of regret
For being a little too kind.

Barter
By Sara Teasdale

Life has loveliness to sell,
All beautiful and splendid things,
Blue waves whitened on a cliff,
Soaring fire that sways and sings,
And children's faces looking up
Holding wonder like a cup.

Life has loveliness to sell,
Music like a curve of gold,
Scent of pine trees in the rain,
Eyes that love you, arms that
hold,

And for your spirit's still delight,
Holy thoughts that star the night.

Spend all you have for loveliness,
Buy it and never count the cost;
For one white singing hour of
peace
Count many a year of strife well
lost,
And for a breath of ecstasy
Give all you have been, or could
be.

Three Gates
by Beth Day

If you are tempted to reveal
A tale to you someone has told
About another, make it pass,
Before you speak, three gates of gold;
These narrow gates. First, "Is it true?"
Then, "Is it needful?" In your mind
Give truthful answer. And the next
Is last and narrowest, "Is it kind?"
And if to reach your lips at last
It passes through these gateways three,
Then you may tell the tale, nor fear
What the result of speech may be.

Yourself To Blame

By Mayme White Miller

If things go bad for you
And make you a bit ashamed
Often you will find out that
You have yourself to blame

Swiftly we ran to mischief
And then the bad luck came
Why do we fault others?
We have ourselves to blame

Whatever happens to us,
Here is what we say
"Had it not been for so-and-so

Things wouldn't have gone that way."

And if you are short of friends,
I'll tell you what to do
Make an examination,
You'll find the faults in you...

You're the captain of your ship,
So agree with the same
If you travel downward
You have yourself to blame.

The Road Not Taken

By Robert Frost

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.

All the Water in the World

Author Unknown

All the water in the world,
However hard it tried,
Could never sink the smallest ship
Unless it [gets] inside.
And all the evil in the world,
The blackest kind of sin,
Can never hurt you the least bit
Unless you let it in.

Dreams

By Langston Hughes

Hold fast to dreams
For if dreams die
Life is a broken-winged bird
That cannot fly.

Hold fast to dreams
For when dreams go
Life is a barren field
Frozen with snow.