Attachment 2) **10 Recommended Korean Poems**

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| Number | Poem Title | Poet | | Music File | | | Note | |
| 1 | Azalea | Kim So Wol | |  | | |  | |
| Azalea  Kim So Wol  I will let you go without saying anything  When you leave because  You are disgusted by me.  Yaksan mountain  Azalea flower  One’s way to pick up the beautiful flower.  A walking step  Please tread gently on the flower  That is placed.  When you leave because  You are disgusted by me  You will not die but you cry. | | | | | | | | |
| 2 | Flower | Kim Chun Soo | |  | | |  | |
| Flower  Kim Chun Soo  Before I called his name  He was just  Not moving.  When I called his name  He came to me  As a flower.  Like I called out his name  Who knows my color and scent  Will call out my name. | | | | | | | | |
| To go to the person  I want to be his flower.  Everybody wants  To be something.  I am yours and you are mine  I want to be an unforgettable wink to you, | | | | | | | | |
| 3 | Present | Na Tae Joo | |  | | |  | |
| Present  Na Tae Joo  Under the sky  I received the biggest gift  Which is today.  Among the gift I received today  The most beautiful one  Is you.  Your low voice  Smiling face and humming to the song  As if the joy of hugging the beautiful sea. | | | | | | | | |
| 4 | Deer | No Cheon Myeong | | |  | |  | |
| Deer  No Cheon Myeong  A sad beast with long branches  You have never been gentle.  You with a scented crown  You descend from a high class family.  I looked into the shadow in the water  Thinking of the lost legend  With all the nostalgia  Sadly I looked far away upon the mountain. | | | | | | | | |
| 5 | Ivy | | Do Jong Hwan | | |  | |  |

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| Ivy  Do Jong Hwan  That is the wall  Feels the wall that cannot be broken  But the ivy climbs without saying a word.  Without a drop of water  A seed cannot survive  This is the wall of despair  The ivy without being in a hurry passes by.  Even if it is easy  I will hold upon with my hands together and go up  Until I cover up all my despair  I will not let it go  Even if it is the wall cannot broken down  When one’s head down  One ivy leaf  Passing the thousands of ivy leaves  It passes the wall. | | | | |
| 6 | A Traveler | Park Mok Wol |  |  |
| A Traveler  Park Mok Wok  Across Gangnaru street  To the wheat field  Like the moon in the clouds  A traveler who goes.  A single stem of road  But three hundreds to Namdo  Villages in where alcohol is made  The evening glow is seen  Like the moon in the clouds  A traveler who goes. | | | | |

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| 7 | | Next to the Chrysanthemum | | Seo Jeong Ju | | | |  | | | |  |
| Next to the Chrysanthemum  Seo Jeong Ju  Starting from spring, to make the Chrysanthemums bloom  The scops owls seem to cry.  To make the Chrysanthemums blooms, the thunder  Again, cried in the dark cloud.  Missing and feeling sorrow towards youth  The back of the road and looking in front of the mirror  It looks like a flower that looks like my sister.  Yellow, my leaves are about to bloom  I was scared last night  Losing my sleep. | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 8 | | Nature and the Cosmos | | Yun Dong Ju | | |  | | | |  | |
| Nature and the Cosmos  Yun Dong Ju  Looking up to the sky until the day I die  There is no shame  I was distressed by the wind that comes at once.  With the heart like singing stars  I must love everything that is dying  I must walk the path given to me  The stars are blowing up the night sky tonight. | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 9 | | Laughing Tiles | | Lee Bong Jik | |  | | | |  | | |
| Laughing Tiles  Lee Bong Jik  The ancient Shinra people  Built houses with laughing tiles | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| They live in the laughing house.  One tile  Fell under the eaves  One side of the face  It cracked and broken  But the laugher did not break.  Behind the leaves  Laughing like a crescent moon.  For me to someone  Just laugh once  Even after a thousand years  I want to make it last  Try to imitate like laughing tiles. | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| 10 | Green Grapes | | Lee Yuk Sa | |  | | | |  | | | |
| Green Grapes  Lee Yuk Sa  My hometown in July  The season when the green grapes ripen  The legend of the village begins  The sky dreams up in the distance ….  When the blue sea under the sky opens up its chest  The white sailboat is pushed  The guest I long for coming weary from the journey,  Wearing the blue rope found me  I separate the grapes for the guest  It is fine if my two hands get fully stained.  Child, set our table with a silver tray  And a white linen towel. | | | | | | | | | | | | |