

3rd Grade Poems

MUMMY SLEPT LATE AND DADDY FIXED BREAKFAST BY JOHN CIARDI

Daddy fixed breakfast.
He made us each a waffle.
It looked like gravel pudding.
It tasted something awful.

“Ha, ha,” he said. “I’ll try again.
This time I’ll get it right.”
But what I got was in between
Bituminous and anthracite.

“A little too well done? Oh well,
I’ll have to start all over.”
That time what landed on my plate
Looked like a manhole cover.

I tried to cut it with a fork;
The fork gave off a spark.
I tried and twisted it
Into a question mark.

I tried it with a hack-saw.
I tried it with a torch.
It didn’t even make a dent.
It didn’t even scorch.

The next time Dad gets breakfast
When Mummy’s sleeping late,
I think I’ll skip the waffles.
I’d sooner eat the plate!

GETTYSBURG BY EUGENE FIELD

You wore the blue and I the gray
On this historic field;
And all throughout the dreadful fray
We felt our muscles steeled.
For deeds which men may never know,
Nor page of history ever show.

My father, sir, with soul to dare,
Throughout the day and night,
Stood on old Little Round Top there,
And watched the changeful fight,
And, with a hoarse, inspiring cry,
Held up the stars and bars on high

At last the flag went down, and then—
Ah, you can guess the rest—
I never saw his face again.
My father's loyal breast
Is strewn with these sweet flow'rs, I wot,
That seem to love this sacred spot.

The smoke of battle's cleared away,
And all its hatreds, too;
And as I clasp your hand to-day,
O man who wore the blue,
On yonder hill I seem to see
My father smiling down on me.

October 27, 1883.

THE GIFT OF FRIENDSHIP BY HELEN STEINER RICE

Friendship is a priceless gift,
that cannot be bought or sold.
But its value is far greater,
than a mountain made of gold.
For gold is cold and lifeless,
it can neither see nor hear.
And in the time of trouble,
it is powerless to cheer.
It has no ears to listen,
no heart to understand.
It cannot bring you comfort,
or reach out a helping hand.
So when you ask God for a gift,
be thankful if He sends
not diamonds, pearls or riches,
but the love of real true friends.

HE'S THE SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD BY HELEN STEINER RICE

All the world has heard the story
of the Little Christ Child's birth,
But too few have felt the meaning
of His mission here on earth...
Some regard it as a story
that is beautiful to hear,
A lovely Christmas custom
that we celebrate each year...
But it is more than just a story
told to make our hearts rejoice,
It's our Father up in heaven
speaking through the Christ Child's voice,
Telling us of heavenly kingdoms
that He has prepared above
For all who trust His mercy
and live only for His love...
And only through the Christ Child
can man be born again,
For God sent the baby Jesus
as a savior of all men.

THE AMERICAN FLAG BY LOUISE ADNEY

There's a flag that floats above us,
Wrought in red and white and blue –
A spangled flag of stars and stripes
Protecting me and you.

Sacrifices helped to make it
As men fought the long months through,
Nights of marching – days of fighting –
For the red and white and blue.

There is beauty in that emblem,
There is courage in it, too;
There is loyalty – there's valor –
In the red and white and blue.

In that flag which floats, unconquered
Over land and sea,
There's equality and freedom –
There is true democracy.

There is glory in that emblem,
Wrought in red and white and blue.
It's the stars and stripes forever,
Guarding me and guarding you!

ABRAHAM LINCOLN BY MILDRED MEIGS

Remember he was poor and country-bred;
His face was lined; he walked with awkward gait.
Smart people laughed at him sometimes and said,
“How can so very plain a man be great?”

Remember he was humble, used to toil.
Strong arms he had to build a shack, a fence,
Long legs to tramp the woods, to plow the soil,
A head chuck full of backwoods common sense.

Remember all he ever had he earned.
He walked in time through stately White House doors;
But all he knew of men and life he learned
In little backwoods cabins, country stores.

Remember that his eyes could light with fun;
That wisdom, courage, set his name apart;
But when the rest is duly said and done,
Remember that men loved him for his heart.

BE KIND BY ALICE JOYCE DAVIDSON

Just a little bit of kindness
Can go a long, long way.
Just a little bit of tenderness
Can brighten up a day.

Just a bit of praise where it's deserved
Can bring a happy glow,
Just a hand held out can give some hope
To someone feeling low.

A forgiving word, a handshake
A pat upon the head,
Can take away a heavy heart
And bring a smile instead.

Just a little bit of kindness
Can go a long, long way
In reflecting the benevolence
God shows us every day!

NATIONAL HYMN BY DANIEL C. ROBERTS

God of our fathers, whose almighty hand
Leads forth in beauty all the starry band
Of shining worlds in splendor through the skies,
Our grateful songs before thy throne arise.

Thy love divine hath led us in the past,
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;
Be Thou our ruler, guardian, guide, and stay,
Thy word our law, Thy paths our chosen way.

From war's alarms, from deadly pestilence,
Be Thy strong arm our ever-sure defense;
Thy true religion in our hearts increase,
Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.

Refresh Thy people on their toilsome way,
Lead us from night to never-ending day;
Fill all our lives with love and grace divine,
And glory, laud and praise be ever Thine.

MY LAND BY THOMAS OSBORNE DAVIS

She is a rich and rare land;
Oh! She's a fresh and fair land,
She is a dear and rare land --
 This native land of mine.

No men than hers are braver --
Her women's hearts ne'er waver;
I'd freely die to save her,
 And think my lot divine.

She's not a dull or cold land;
No! she's a warm and bold land;
Oh! she's a true and old land --
 This native land of mine.

Could beauty ever guard her,
And virtue still reward her,
No foe would cross her border --
 No friend within it pine.

Oh! she's a fresh and fair land,
Oh! she's a true and rare land!
Yes, she's a rare and fair land --
 This native land of mine.

STAR OF THE EAST BY EUGENE FIELD

Star of the East, that long ago
Brought wise men on their way
Where, angels singing to and fro,
The Child of Bethlehem lay --
Above that Syrian hill afar
Thou shinest out to-night, O Star!

Star of the East, the night were drear
But for the tender grace
That with thy glory comes to cheer
Earth's loneliest, darkest place;
For by that charity we see
Where there is hope for all and me.

Star of the East! Show us the way
In wisdom undefiled
To seek that manger out and lay
Our gifts before the child --
To bring our hearts and offer them
Unto our King in Bethlehem!

VERY EARLY BY KARLA KUSKIN

When I wake in the early mist
The sun has hardly shown
And everything is still asleep
And I'm awake alone.
The stars are faint and flickering,
The sun is new and shy.
And all the world sleeps quietly,
Except the sun and I.
And then beginning noises start,
The whirrs and huffs and hums.
The birds peep out to find a worm,
The mice squeak out for crumbs.
The calf moos out to find the cow,
And taste the morning air
And everything is wide awake
And running everywhere.
The dew has dried,
The fields are warm,
The day is loud and bright,
And I'm the one who woke the sun
And kissed the stars good night.

THE LAMB BY WILLIAM BLAKE

Little Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Gave thee life, and bid thee feed,
By the stream and o'er the mead;

Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little Lamb who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little Lamb, I'll tell thee,
Little Lamb, I'll tell thee:

For He calls Himself a Lamb.
He is meek, and He is mild;
He became a little child.
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are called by His name.
Little Lamb, God bless thee!
Little Lamb, God bless thee!

WHAT IS A TEACHER BY GARNETT ANN SCHULTZ

What is a teacher? She's so much that's fine,
A precious companion, a mother part time;
She patches up bruises and wipes away tears,
With a kind understanding, she banishes fears.

A teacher is blessed with a patience so rare,
A voice soft and gentle, a heart sweet and fair
She lends of her knowledge that each child might see
The reason for learning, and accept graciously.

What is a teacher...a heartwarming smile,
A very good listener, so much that's worthwhile.
A playmate at recess, what pleasant delight,
A stern referee if someone starts a fight.

A teacher is laughter, she's pleasant and gay
Yet she disciplines firmly, should a child disobey;
An adult or a playmate, she has too much to lend
What is a teacher? A child's dearest friend.

THE WIND BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

I saw you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass --
 O wind, blowing all day long,
 O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid.
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all --
 O wind, a-blowing all day long,
 O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree
Or just a stronger child than me?
 O wind, a-blowing all day long,
 O wind, that sings so loud a song.

FIRST THANKSGIVING OF ALL BY NANCY BRYD TURNER

Peace and Mercy and Jonathan,
And Patience (very small),
Stood by the table giving thanks
The first Thanksgiving of all.
There was very little for them to eat,
Nothing special and nothing sweet;
Only bread and a little broth,
A bit of fruit (and no tablecloth);
But Peace and Mercy and Jonathan
And Patience, in a row,
Stood up and asked a blessing on
Thanksgiving, long ago.
Thankful they were their ship had come
Safely across the sea;
Thankful they were for hearth and home,
And kin and company;
They were glad of broth to go with their bread,
Glad their apples were round and red,
Glad of mayflowers they would bring
Out of the woods again next spring.
So Peace and Mercy and Jonathan,
And Patience (very small),
Stood up gratefully giving thanks
The first Thanksgiving of all.

THERE IS A TIME BY E. JOHNSON

A time to work and play,
A time to eat and sleep,
A time to study and to pray,
A time to laugh and weep,
A time for fellowship that's sweet,
A time for sacred songs,
But never is there time to treat a human
being wrong.

There is time to lift folks up and help
them on life's road,
A time to drain their bitter cup, and share
their heavy load,
A time to bless them with our grace and
boost them right along
But never is there time and place to treat
a human wrong.

There is time to help folks seek the God
who saves the soul,
A time to show them that the meek shall
reach life's highest goal,
A time to help them turn aside and leave
the wicked throng
But never does our God provide a time to
treat folks wrong.