



Poems are due September 23rd!

Keep a Poem in Your Pocket

Keep a poem in your pocket
and a picture in your head
and you'll never feel lonely
at night when you're in bed.
The little poem will sing to you
the little picture bring to you
a dozen dreams to dance to you
at night when you're in bed.

So –

Keep a picture in your pocket
a poem in your head
and you'll never feel lonely
at night when you're in bed.

-by Beatrice Schenk de Regniers

T.E.C.S. Poetry – 3rd Grade

America

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

-by Samuel F. Smith
T.E.C.S. Poetry – 3rd Grade

End-of-Summer Poem

The little songs of summer are all gone
today.
The little insect instruments are all
packed away:
The bumblebee's snare drum, the
grasshopper's guitar,
The katydid's castanets--I wonder where
they are.
The bullfrog's banjo, the cricket's violin,
The dragonfly's cello have ceased their
merry din.
Oh, where is the orchestra? From harpist
down to drummer
They've all disappeared with the passing
of the summer.

-by Rowena Bastin Bennett
T.E.C.S. Poetry – 3rd Grade