

3rd Grade Term 6 Poetry

Remember to practice at home! Thanks.

The Field Daisy

I'm a pretty little thing,
Always coming with the spring;
In the meadows green I'm found,
Peeping just above the ground,
And my stalk is cover'd flat
With a white and yellow hat.

Little Mary, when you pass
Lightly o'er the tender grass,
Skip about, but do not tread
On my bright but lowly head,
For I always seem to say,
"Surely winter's gone away."

-by Kate Greenaway
T.E.C.S. Poetry – 3rd Grade

Rain in Summer

How beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street.
In the narrow lane,
How beautiful is the rain!
How it clatters along the roofs,
Like the tramp of hoofs!

How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the over-flowing
spout!
Across the window pane
It pours and pours;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain, the welcome rain!

-by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
T.E.C.S. Poetry – 3rd Grade

A Kitten

He's nothing much but fur
And two round eyes of blue,
He has a giant purr
And a midget mew.

He darts and pats the air,
He starts and cocks his ear,
When there is nothing there
For him to see and hear.

He runs around in rings,
But why we cannot tell;
With sideways leaps he springs
At things invisible--

Then half-way through a leap
His startled eyeballs close,
And he drops off to sleep
With one paw on his nose.

-by Eleanor Farjeon
T.E.C.S. Poetry – 3rd Grade

Elelelephony

Once there was an elephant,
Who tried to use the telephant –
No! No! I mean an elephone
Who tried to use the telephone –
(Dear Me! I am not certain quite
That even now I've got it right.)
Howe'er it was, he got his trunk
Entangled in the telephunk;
The more he tried to get it free,
The louder buzzed the telephee –
(I fear I'd better drop the song
Of elephop and telephong!)

-by Laura E. Richards
T.E.C.S. Poetry – 3rd Grade

"What do you want to be..."

"What do you want to be
when you grow up?" asked
my teacher,
Miss Ethel K. Tway.

Down the rows
the kids called out:

"A cop."
"A nurse."
"A soldier."
"A scientist."
"Butcher!"
"A firefighter."

When she got to me
I said,

"A writer."

Louis laughed
hysterically.

"A writer!"
he said.
"What a crazy thing
to want to be."

"I don't think
that's funny, Louis,"
said Miss Tway.
"Everyone's entitled
to sound
their own voice.
Becoming
a writer is a
fine life-choice."

That special moment
on that
red-letter day
I fell madly
in love
with
Miss Ethel K. Tway.

-by Lee Bennett Hopkins

T.E.C.S. Poetry – 3rd Grade