

# Third & Fourth Grade Poems

## All Things Bright and Beautiful

by Cecil Alexander

All things bright and beautiful,  
All creatures great and small,  
All things wise and wonderful,  
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,  
Each little bird that sings,  
He made their glowing colors,  
He made their tiny wings.

The purple headed mountain,  
The river running by,  
The sunset and the morning,  
That brightens up the sky;-

The cold wind in the winter,  
The pleasant summer sun,  
The ripe fruits in the garden,-  
He made them every one:

He gave us eyes to see them,  
And lips that we might tell,  
How great is God Almighty?  
Who has made all things well.

## A Child's Prayer

By M. Bentam Edwards

God make my life a little light,  
Within the world to glow;

A tiny flame that burns so bright  
Wherever I may go.

God make my life a little flower,  
That giveth joy to all,

Content to bloom in native bower,  
Although its place be small

God make my life a little song,  
That comforts the sad;

That helps others to be strong,  
And makes the singer glad.

God make my life a little staff,  
Whereon the weak may rest,

That so what health and strength I have  
May serve my neighbors best.

## To God, With Love

By Alice Joyce Davidson

Dear God,

This is the first time ever that I've written You a letter.  
but I just had to thank You,  
now that everything is better.

I came to You a while back so troubled and distressed,  
I didn't know what course to take,  
what action would be best.

I told You all my troubles, and I felt Your presence near  
and as I talked the clouds broke up  
and seemed to disappear.

So, thank You, God for listening,  
for keeping me from harm,  
for wiping tears and holding me  
within Your loving arms.

## Rain Music

by Joseph S. Cotter, Jr.

On the dusty earth-drum  
Beats the falling rain;  
Now a whispered murmur,  
Now a louder strain.

Slender, silvery drumsticks,  
On an ancient drum,  
Beat the mellow music  
Bidding life to come.

Chords of earth awakened,  
Notes of greening spring,  
Rise and fall triumphant  
Over every thing.

Slender, silvery drumsticks  
Beat the long tattoo--  
God, the Great Musician,  
Calling life anew.

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## Wind On The Hill

By A. A. Milne

No one can tell me,  
Nobody knows,  
Where the wind comes from,  
Where the wind goes.

It's flying from somewhere  
As fast as it can,  
I couldn't keep up with it,  
Not if I ran.

But if I stopped holding  
The string of my kite,  
It would blow with the wind  
For a day and a night.

And then when I found it,  
Wherever it blew,  
I should know that the wind  
Had been going there too.

So then I could tell them  
Where the wind goes...  
But where the wind comes from  
Nobody knows.

## The Arrow and The Song

By Henry W Longfellow

I shot an arrow into the air,  
It fell to earth; I knew not where.

For so swiftly it flew, the sight,  
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,  
It fell to earth; I knew not where.

For who has sight so keen and strong  
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak,

I found the arrow, still unbroke;

And the song, from beginning to end,

I found again in the heart of a friend.

## 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 on the loving grace  
God shows us every day!

## Bedtime

By Eleanor Farjeon

Five minutes, five minutes more please!  
Let me stay five minutes more!

Can't I just finish the castle  
I'm building here on the floor?

Can't I just finish the story  
I'm reading here in my book?  
Can't I just finish this bead-chain?  
It almost is finished, look!

Can't I just finish this game, please?  
When a game's once begun  
It's a pity never to find out  
Whether you've lost or won.

Can't I just stay five minutes?  
Well, can't I just stay four?  
Three minutes then? Two minutes?  
Can't I stay one minute more?