

Third Grade Poems

Spring Prayer

By Ralph Waldo Emerson

For flowers that bloom about our feet;
For tender grass, so fresh, so sweet.

For song of bird, and hum of bee;
For all things fair we hear or see.

Father in heaven, we thank Thee!

For blue of stream and blue of sky;
For pleasant shade of branches high.

For fragrant air and cooling breeze;
For beauty of the blooming trees.

Father in heaven, we thank Thee!

Dirt on My Shirt

By Jeff Foxworthy

There's dirt on my shirt
And leaves in my hair
There's mud on my boots
But I really don't care!

Playing outside is so much fun
To breathe the clean air
And feel the warm sun

To stomp a big puddle
Or climb a big tree
Makes me quite happy
Just look and you'll see!

Martin's Dream

By Susan Jones

Martin had a dream
That every single day
People would be equal
In every single way.

Martin fought for freedom
And equal rights for all
He fought with his words
His message was not small.

People of color were given equality
After a battle much too long
But Martin showed us how to fight
Against something that is wrong.

Dream Variations

By Langston Hughes

To fling my arms wide
In some place of the sun,
To whirl and to dance
Till the white day is done.

Then rest at cool evening
Beneath a tall tree
While night comes on gently,
Dark like me – that is my dream!

To fling my arms wide
In the face of the sun,
Dance! Whirl! Whirl!
Till the quick day is done.

Rest at pale evening...
A tall slim tree...
Night coming tenderly,
Black like me!

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The Swing

by Robert Louis Stevenson

How do you like to go up in a swing,
Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,
Till I can see so wide,
River and trees and cattle and all
Over the countryside--

Till I look down on the garden green,
Down on the roof so brown--
Up in the air I go flying again,
Up in the air and down!

In Harmony With Nature

by Alice Joyce Davidson

There are wonders all around us
To see, to touch, to hear—
God's handiwork surrounds us
And reminds us He is near . . .

So every time you smell a flower,
Or see a starlit sky,
Or hear a cricket chirping,
Or feel a breeze blow by,

Or witness all the splendor
A changing season brings,
You've touched the hand of God above—
The Creator of all things

Trees

by Joyce Kilmer

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is pressed
Against the earth's sweet flowing crest;

A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray.

A tree that may in Summer wear,
A nest of robins in her hair.

Upon whose chest snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by those like me,
But only God can make a tree.

The Arrow and the Song

by Henry Wadsworth 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.