

Fifth & Sixth Grade Poems

Amazing Grace

by John Newton

Amazing grace! How sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found;
Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed.

Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promised good to me,
His Word my hope secures;
He will my Shield and Portion be,
As long as life endures.

When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun.

The Road Not Taken

By Robert Frost

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

The Violet

By Jane Taylor

Down in a green and shady bed,
A modest violet grew;
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head
As if to hide from view.

And yes, it was a lovely flower,
Its color bright and fair,
It might have graced a rosy bower,
Instead of hiding there.

Yet thus it was content to bloom,
In modest tint arrayed;
And there diffused a sweet perfume,
Within the silent shade.

Then let me to the valley go,
This pretty flower to see,
That I may also learn to grow,
In sweet humility.

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!

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The World We Make

By Alfred Grant Walton

We make the world in which we live
By what we gather and what we give
By our daily deeds and the things we say,
By what we keep or cast away.

We make our world by the beauty we see
In a skylark's song or a lilac tree,
In a butterfly's wing, in the pale moon's rise,
And the wonder that lingers in midnight skies.

We make our world by the life we lead,
By the friends we have, by the books we read,
By the pity we show in the hour of care,
By the loads we lift and the love we share.

We make our world by the goals we pursue,
By the heights we seek and the higher view,
By hopes and dreams that reach the sun,
And a will to fight till the heights are won.

What is the place in which we dwell?
A hut or palace, a heaven or hell
We gather and scatter, we take and we give,
We make our world – and there we live.

Harriet Tubman

By Eloise Greenfield

Harriet Tubman didn't take no stuff
Wasn't scared of nothing neither.
Didn't come in this world to be no slave
And wasn't going to stay one either.

"Farewell!" she sang to her friends one night
She was mighty sad to leave 'em.
But she ran away that dark, hot night
Ran looking for her freedom.

She ran to the woods and she ran through the woods.
With the slave catchers right behind her.
And she kept on going until she got to the woods
Where those mean men couldn't find her.

Nineteen times she went back South
To get three hundred others.
She ran for her freedom nineteen times
To save black sisters and brothers.

Harriet Tubman didn't take no stuff
Wasn't scared of nothing neither.
Didn't come in this world to be no slave
And didn't stay one either.
And didn't stay one either.

A Sea of We...

By Leo Thomas

Humanity, a sea of disparity,
Left versus right,
Peace versus fight,
Rich versus poor,
Compromise versus war,
Freedom versus control,
Part versus whole,
Love versus hate,
Right now versus wait,
To me, there seems to be so few in-betweens.
Are we destined to injure and kill,
To justify our hate of the other extremes?

Careful, my sisters, my brothers,
From another father and mother,
Know you not, Humanity is an interwoven tapestry?
Pull one thread and you unravel
The lives of countless others.

There is no "them" or "they" in humanity.
Only a sea of "us" and "we".
How does one lone poet help people see
How our perceptions perpetuate this insanity?
Are we to be forever-embroiled
In war and social turmoil for all eternity?
Is this all we were born to be?