

# 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!

## To a Bird

By Annette Wynne

O bird that darts now low, now high,  
You know the streets across the sky;

You know where leafy lanes lie deep  
And quiet nooks to go to sleep;

You know the place to build a nest,  
What twigs to use, what shape is best;

I wonder how you found things out  
That scholars never know about;

I've studied large books through and through,  
But never can be as wise as you!

## 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.