



Poetry-By-Heart

3rd Grade Poetry Selections

3rd Grade Speech Meet Poetry selections

The Arrow and the Song

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.

Colors Crackle, Colors Roar

Pat Mora

Red shouts a loud, balloon round sound
Black crackles like noisy grackles
Café clickety-clicks its wooden sticks.
Yellow sparks and sizzles, tzz-tzz
White sings, Ay, her high, light note
Verde rustles leaf secrets, swish, swish
Gris whis-whis-whispers its kitten whiskers
Silver ting-ting-a-ling jingles
Azul coo-coo-coos like pajaritos do
Purple thunders and rum-rum-rumbles.
Oro blares, a brassy, brass tuba
Orange growls its striped rolled roar
Colors Crackle, Colors Roar

Friends-

Abbie Farwell Brown

How good to lie a little while
And look up through the tree!
The Sky is like a kind big smile
Bent sweetly over me.

The Sunshine flickers through the lace
Of leaves above my head,
And kisses me upon the face
Like Mother, before bed.

The Wind comes stealing o'er the grass
To whisper pretty things;
And though I cannot see him pass,
I feel his careful wings.

So many gentle Friends are near
Whom one can scarcely see,
A child should never feel a fear,
Wherever he may be.

Habits of the Hippopotamus

Arthur Guiterman

The hippopotamus is strong
And huge of head and broad of bustle;
The limbs on which he rolls along
Are big with hippopotomuscle.

He does not greatly care for sweets
Like ice cream, apple pie, or custard,
But takes to flavor what he eats
A little hippopotomustard.

The hippopotamus is true
To all his principles, and just;
He always tries his best to do
The things one hippopotomust

He never rides in trucks or trams,
In taxicabs or omnibuses,
And so keeps out of traffic jams
And other hippopotomusses.

3rd Grade Speech Meet Poetry selections

Earth Day

Jane Yolen

I am the Earth
And the Earth is me.
Each blade of grass,
Each honey tree,
Each bit of mud,
And stick and stone
Is blood and muscle,
Skin and bone.

And just as I
Need every bit
Of me to make
My body fit,
So Earth needs
Grass and stone and tree
And things that grow here
Naturally,

That's why we
Celebrate this day.
That's why across
The world we say:
As long as life,
As dear, as free,
I am the Earth
And the Earth is me.

Halfway Down

AA Milne

Halfway down the stairs
is a stair
where i sit.
there isn't any
other stair
quite like
it.
i'm not at the bottom,
i'm not at the top;
so this is the stair
where
I always
stop.

Halfway up the stairs
Isn't up
And it isn't down.
It isn't in the nursery,
It isn't in town.
And all sorts of funny thoughts
Run round my head.
It isn't really
Anywhere!
It's somewhere else
Instead!

I Meant to Do My Work Today

Richard Le Gallienne

I meant to do my work today,
But a brown bird sang in the apple tree,
And a butterfly flitted across the field,
And all the leaves were calling me.
And the wind went sighing over the land,
Tossing the grasses to and fro,
And a rainbow held out its shining hand-
So what could I do but laugh and go?

3rd Grade Speech Meet Poetry selections

In The Trees Defense

A.F. Harrold

Trees are good at what they do,
at being oak or beech or yew.
They shake their leaves to make a breeze
and pop out blossom for the bees.
In crook of branch they'll hold a nest
which, birds concur, is for the best.
On rainy days they shield the feller
who's forgot his umbrella.
In summer they provide the shade
for picnickers out in the glade.
Inside their sturdy hearts of wood
trees are simply doing good.

I Took My Doggy for a Walk

By Kenn Nesbitt

I took my doggy for a walk.
I thought it would be fun.
The moment that we got outside
He took off at a run.

I gripped the handle of his leash.
It instantly pulled tight.
My dog was strong. He ran so fast
I practically took flight.

He pulled me through the neighborhood.
(My doggy likes to roam.)
I bumped and bounced and banged around until
he ran back home.

So now I'm bruised and battered
Like a ratty, tattered rag.
I took my doggy for a walk.
He took me for a drag.

Kindness to Animals

Anonymous

Little children, never give
Pain to things that feel and live:
Let the gentle robin come
For the crumbs you save at home,--
As his meat you throw along
He'll repay you with a song;
Never hurt the timid hare
Peeping from her green grass lair,
Let her come and sport and play
On the lawn at close of day;
The little lark goes soaring high
To the bright windows of the sky,
Singing as if 'twere always spring,
And fluttering on an untired wing,--
Oh! let him sing his happy song,
Nor do these gentle creatures wrong.

My Heart Soars

Chief Dan George

The beauty of the trees,
the softness of the air,
the fragrance of the grass,
speaks to me.

The summit of the mountain,
the thunder of the sky,
the rhythm of the sea,
speaks to me.

The faintness of the stars,
the freshness of the morning,
the dew drop on the flower,
speaks to me.

The strength of fire,
the taste of salmon,
the trail of the sun,
And the life that never goes away,
They speak to me.
And my heart soars

3rd Grade Speech Meet Poetry selections

The Perfect Cup of Cocoa

Barbara Vance

The perfect cup of cocoa
Is rich and chocolatey,
And always warm, but not too hot –
A steaming chocolate sea.

The surface is enclosed beneath
A thick marshmallow mound,
Which melts into a gooey cloud
Without the slightest sound.

A whipped cream swirl extends beyond
The surface of the cup,
And chocolate sprinkles add
The perfect touch to dress it up.

The perfect cup of cocoa
Is like an old best friend –
It's warm, it's sweet, it's such a treat,
And yummy till the end.

The Silliest Teacher in School

Darren Sardelli

Our teacher gave detention
to the fountains in the hall.
She handed extra homework
to the artwork on the wall.

We saw her point a finger
at a banner and a sign.
She said their bad behavior
was completely out of line.

The principal approached her
and said, "What is all this fuss?
I heard you tried to punish
all the tires on a bus.

"You've made the teachers angry
by disrupting all their classes,
so if you want to keep this job,
you have to wear your glasses!"

Since Hanna Moved Away

Judith Viorst

The tires on my bike are flat.
The sky is grouchy gray.
At least it sure feels like that
Since Hanna moved away.
Chocolate ice cream tastes like prunes.
December's come to stay.
They've taken back the Mays and Junes
Since Hanna moved away.

Flowers smell like halibut.
Velvet feels like hay.
Every handsome dog's a mutt
Since Hanna moved away.

Nothing's fun to laugh about.
Nothing's fun to play.
They call me, but I won't come out
Since Hanna moved away.

Tiptoe

Karla Kuskin

Yesterday I skipped all day,
The day before I ran,
Today I'm going to tiptoe
Everywhere I can.
I'll tiptoe down the stairway.
I'll tiptoe through the door.
I'll tiptoe to the living room
And give an awful roar.
And my father, who is reading,
Will jump up from his chair
And mumble something silly like
"I didn't see you there."
I'll tiptoe to my mother,
And give a little cough
And when she spins to see me
Why, I'll simply tiptoe off.
I'll tiptoe through the meadows,
Over hills and yellow sands
And when my toes get tired
I'll tiptoe on my hands.

3rd Grade Speech Meet Poetry selections

Will There Really Be a Morning?

Emily Dickinson

Will there really be a "Morning"?
Is there such a thing as "Day"?
Could I see it from the mountains
If I were as tall as they?
Has it feet like Water lilies?
Has it feathers like a Bird?
Is it brought from famous countries
Of which I have never heard?
Oh some Scholar! Oh some Sailor!
Oh some Wise Men from the skies!
Please to tell a little Pilgrim
Where the place called "Morning" lies!

Wind on the Hill

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.