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She smiles ND says, " I liked that lots. " And I say, " I did, too. " " It's made me hungry, though," she says, I'd like a malt and tarts with Jam. By any chance are you hungry, too? " And I say, miss, I am. " Later at home my Mother says, " I hope you were careful to do as bid. Did you and Grandma have a good time? " And I say, miss, WE DID!!! " J 5 Anger Charles and Mary Lamb Anger in its time and place May assume a kind of grace. It must have some reason in it, And not last beyond a minute. If to further lengths it go, It does into malice grow. Its the difference that we see 'Twixt the serpent and the bee. If the latter you provoke, It inflicts a hasty stroke, Puts you to some little pain, But it never stings again. Close in tufted bush or brake Lurks the poison-swelled snake Nursing up his cherished wrath; In the purlieus of his path, In the cold, or in the warm, Mean him good, or mean him harm, Whomsoever fate may bring you, The vile snake will always sting you. J 6 Ant Hills Marina Douglas In their small, queer houses, Each one with a round. Even- open doorway leading under ground, Living in my flower-bed, Near my balsam plants, Are, at least, a dozen Families of ants. Very neat and quiet Working folks are they, Cleaning house all summer From the first of May. In and out their doorways, Up and down they go! Bits of earth and gravel Bringing from below; Carrying the sand grains From their rooms away, Cleaning, cleaning, cleaning, Every sunny day. Labor is a blessing; But I really can't Think it would be pleasant To grow up an ant, And be always busy, Cleaning house each day, All the pleasant summer From the first of May! Things, There are buffalo-buffalo-bison, and a great big bear with wings, There's a sort of tiny potassium, and tiny nonusers too? But I gave buns to the elephant when I went down to the Zoo! There are badgers and

badgers and boogers, and a Super-in- tender's House, There are masses of goats, and a Polar, and different kinds of mouse, And I think there's a sort of a something which is called a wallaby? But I gave buns to the elephant when I went down to the Zoo! If you try to talk to the bison, he never quite understands; You can't shake hands with a mongo? he doesn't like shaking hands.

And lions and roaring tigers hate saying, " How do you do? "? But I give buns to the elephant when I go down to the Zoo! J 8 Be Kind Alice Joyce Davidson
Just a little bit of kindness Can go a long, long way, Just a title 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 the benevolence God shows us every day!

J 9 The Bluebird Emily Huntington Miller I know the song that the bluebird is singing, Out in the apple tree where he is swinging. Brave little fellow! The skies may look dreary? Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery. Hark! How the music leaps out from his throat! Hark! Was there ever so merry a note? Listen awhile and you'll hear what he's saying, Up in the apple tree swinging and swaying. " Dear little blossoms down under the snow, You must be weary of winter, I know; Hark, while I sing you a message of cheer Summer is coming and springtime is here! " Little white snowdrops, I pray you arise; Bright yellow, crocus, come, open your eyes; Sweet little violets, hid from the cold, Put on your mantles of purple and gold. Daffodils,
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daffodils! Say, do you hear? Summer is coming and springtime is here! " J 10
A Boys Mother James Whitlock Riley My mother she's so good to me, if I was
good as when I'm glad ere sad; she loves me when I'm good ere bad; An',
what's a funniest thing, she says she loves me when she punishes. I don't
like her to punish me. That don't hurt, but it hurts to see Her crying'.

En I cry; an' en we both cry and be good again. She loves me when she cuts
an' sews my little cloak an' Sunny clothes; An' when my Pa comes home to
tea, she loves him most as much as me. She laughs an' tells him all I said,
an' grabs me up an' pats my head; An' I hug her, an' hug my Pa an' love him
purporting as much as Ma. J 11 The Boy We Want From The Book of Virtues A
boy that is truthful and honest And faithful and willing to work; But we have
not a place that we care to disgrace With a boy that is ready to shirk.

Wanted? a boy you can tie to, A boy that is trusty and true, A boy that is
good to old people, And kind to the little ones too. A boy that is nice to the
home folks, And pleasant to sister and brother, A boy who will try when
things go awry To be helpful to father and mother. These are the boys we
depend on? Our hope for the future, and then Grave problems of state and
the world's work await Such boys when they grow to be men. J 12 A Boy
Wonders Dorothy J. Shearer Sometimes the sky seems miles away
Sometimes just o'er the hill.

Why should it always move about, Why does it never stand quite still? Vive
Just been wondering. What makes the sun go 'cross the sky A-smiling down
at me? Does he sneak back when I'm asleep And it's so dark I cannot see?
Vive Just been wondering. Why is the moon sometimes so slim And then so

big and fat? Do you suppose he eats enough To swell as big and round as that? Vive Just been wondering. What makes the stars keep twinkling So happy and so bright? Do they know meeting funny that Keeps them laughing all the night? Vive Just been wondering.

J 13 Busy A. A. Milne I think I am a Muffin Man. I haven't got a bell, I haven't got the muffin things that muffin people sell. Perhaps I am a Postman. No, I think I am a Tram. I'm feeling rather funny and I don't know what I am BUT Round about And round about And round about And round about I go; I think I am a Traveler escaping from a Bear; I think I am an Elephant, Behind another Elephant Behind another Elephant who isn't really there SO Round about And round about And round about and round about And round about And round about I go.

I think I am a Ticket Man who's selling tickets ? please, I think I am a Doctor who is visiting a Sneeze; Perhaps I'm Just a Nanny who is walking with a pram I'm feeling rather funny and I don't know what I am BUT Round about And round about And round about I go: All around the table, The table in the nursery? Round about And round about And round about I go: I think I am a Puppy, so I'm hanging out my tongue; I think I am a Camel who Is looking for a Camel who Is looking for a Camel who is looking for its Young SO South Texas Christian Schools speech Meet 2012-2013 3 rd Grade poetry 14

And round about And round about and round about And round about And round about I go. J T 15 A Child's Prayer From The Children's Book of Virtues Lord, teach a little child to pray, And then accept my prayer; For thou canst hear the words I say, For thou art everywhere. A little sparrow cannot fall

Unnoticed, Lord, by thee; And though I am so young and small, Thou dost take care of me. Teach me to do the thing that's right, And when I sin, forgive; And make it still my chief delight To serve thee while I live. J 16

Circus Eleanor Freon The band blares, The naphtha flares, The sawdust smells, Showmen ring bells, And Oh! Get into the circus ring Comes such a lovely, lovely thing, A milk-white pony with flying tress, And a beautiful lady, A beautiful lady, A beautiful lady in a pink dress! The red-and-white clown For Joy tumbles down. Like a pink rose Round she goes On her tiptoes With the pony under? And then, Oh, wonder! The pony his milk-white tresses droops, And the beautiful lady, The beautiful lady, Flies like a bird through the paper hoops! The red-and-white clown for Joy falls dead, Then he waggles his feet and stands on his head, And the little boys on the two penny seats Scream with laughter and suck their sweets.

J 17 The Creation Cecil Frances 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 rich man in his castle, The poor man at his gate, God made them, high or lowly, And ordered their estate. 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 everyone.

The tall trees in the greenwood, The meadows where we play, The rushes by the water We gather every day; He gave us eyes to see them, And lips that we might tell How great is God Almighty Who has made all things well! J 18

Daniel Boone Arthur Guttering Daniel Boone at twenty-one Came with his

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tomahawk, knife, and gun Home from the French and Indian War To North Carolina and the Wadding shore He married his maid with a golden band, Bullied his house and cleared his land; But the deep woods claimed their son again And he turned his face from the homes of men. Over the Blue Ridge, dark and lone, The Mountains of

Iron, the Hills of Stone, Braving the Shawnee Jealous wrath, He made his way on the Warrior's Path. Alone he trod the shadowed trails; But he was lord of a thousand vales. As he roved Kentucky, far and near, Hunting the buffalo, elk, and deer. What Joy to see, what Joy to win So fair a land for his kith and kin, Of streams unstained and woods unknown! " Elbow room! " laughed Daniel Boone. J 19 The Egg Laura E. Richards Oh! How shall I get it, how shall I get it? A nice little new- laid egg? My grandma told me to run to the barn-yard, And see if Just one I could beg.

Molly-cow, Molly-cow, down in the meadow, Have you any eggs, I pray? " The molly-cow stares as if I were crazy, And solemnly stalks away. " Oh, Doggie, Doggie, perhaps you may have it, That nice little egg for me. " But Doggie Just wags his tail and capers, And never an egg has he. " Now, Dobbin, Dobbin, I'm sure you must have one, Hid down in your manger there," But Dobbin lays back his ears and whinnies, With " Come and look, if you dare! " " Piggy's, Piggy's, grunting and squealing, Are you crying 'Fresh eggs for sale'? No! Piggy, you're very cold and unfeeling, With that impudent quirk in your tail. IOW wise old Gobbler, you look so gobble. ' And balance yourself on one leg. " Oh! How shall I get it, how shall I get it? That little white egg so small? Vive asked every animal here in the barnyard, And they won't give me any at all. But after I'd hunted until I was tired I found? not one egg, but <https://assignbuster.com/science-and-technology-essay-samples-4/>

ten! And you never could guess where they all were hidden? Right under our old speckled hen! J 20 Every Time I Climb a Tree David McCoy Every time I climb a tree Every time I climb a tree Every time I climb a tree I scrape a leg Or skin a knee And every time I climb a ere I find some ants Or dodge a bee And get the ants All over me.

And every time I climb a tree Where have you been? They say to me But don't they know that I am free Every time I climb a tree? I like it best to spot a nest That has an egg Or maybe three. And then I skin The other leg But every time I climb a tree I see a lot of things to see Swallows, rooftops and TV And all the fields and farms there be Every time I climb a tree. Though climbing may be good for ants It isn't awfully good for pants But still it's pretty good for me Every time I climb a tree. J 21

The Fieldstone Cecil Frances Alexander Where the acorn tumbles down,
Where the ash tree sheds its berry, With your fur so soft and brown, With your eye so round and merry, Scarcely moving the long grass, Fieldstone, I can see you pass. Little thing, in what dark den, Lie you all the winter sleeping? Till warm weather comes again, Then once more I see you peeping Round about the tall tree roots, Nibbling at their fallen fruits. Fieldstone, fieldstone, do not go, Where the farmer stacks his treasure, Find the nut that falls below, Eat the acorn at your pleasure, But you must not steal the grain He has stacked with so much pain.

Make your hole where mosses spring, Underneath the tall oak's shadow,
Pretty, quiet harmless thing, Play about the sunny meadow. Keep away from corn and house, None will harm you, little mouse. J The Friendly Beasts An

old carol from France Jesus our brother, kind and good, Was humbly born in a stable rude; The friendly beasts around Him stood, Jesus our up hill and down; I carried her safely to Bethlehem town, I," said the donkey, shaggy and brown. " I," said the cow, all white and red, " I gave Him my manger for His bed; I gave Him my hay to pillow His head. ," said the cow, all white and red. L," said the sheep with the curly horn, " I gave Him my wool for a blanket warm. He wore my coat on Christmas morn. The sheep with the curly horn. " I," said the dove from the rafters high, " I cooed Him to sleep so He would not cry, I cooed Him to sleep, my mate and I. L," said the dove from the rafters high. And every beast, by some good spell, In the stable dark was glad to tell, Of the gift he gave Emmanuel. The gift he gave Emmanuel.

J From Case GUID Windows Elizabeth Barrett Browning I heard last night a little child go singing 'Neat Case GUID windows, by the church, O Bella libber, O Bella! ? training The same words still on notes he went in search So high for, you concluded the upgrading Of such a nimble bird to sky from perch Must leave the whole bush in a tremble green, And that the heart of Italy must beat, While such a voice had leave to rise serene 'Twixt church and palace of a Florence street; A little child, too, who not long had been By mother's finger steadied on his feet, And still O Bella libber he sang.

J 24 The Gift of Friendship Helen Steiner Rice Friendship is a priceless gift that cannot be bought or sold But its value is far greater than a mountain made of gold. For gold is old and lifeless, it can neither see nor hear, And in the time of trouble, it is powerless to cheer. It has no ears to listen, no heart to understand. It cannot bring you comfort, or reach out a helping hand. So

when you ask God for a gift, be thankful if He sends Not diamonds, pearls or riches, but the love of real true friends. J 25 The Good Little Girl A. A.

Milne It's funny how often they say to me, " Jane? " " Have you been a good girl? " " Have you been a good girl? " And when they have said it, they say it again, " Have you been a good girl? " " Have you been a good girl? " I go to a party, I go laying a game; Wherever I come from, it's always the same: " Well? Have you been a good girl, Jane? " It's always the end of the loveliest day: " Have you been a good girl? " " Have you been a good girl? " I went to the Zoo, and they waited to say: " Have you been a good girl? " " Have you been a good girl? Well, what did they think that I went there to do? And why should I want to be bad at the Zoo? And should I be likely to say if I had? So that's why it's funny of Mummy and Dad, This asking and asking, in case I was bad, " Well? Have you been a good girl, Jane? " J 26 Grace at Evening Edgar A. Guest For all the beauties of the day, The innocence of childhood's play, For health and strength and laughter sweet, Dear Lord, our thanks we now repeat. For this our daily gift of food We offer now our gratitude, For all the blessings we have known Our debt of gratefulness we own.

Here at the table now we pray, Keep us together down the way; May this, our family circle, be Held fast by love and unity. Grant, when the shades of night shall fall, Sweet be the dreams of one and all; And when another day shall break Unto Thy service may we wake. J 27 Hide and Seek Mimi Brood's I looked in the house. I looked in the yard. I looked near the swing. I looked very hard. I called your name And peeked near the stair, And searched the garage I looked everywhere! So, come out! Come out! Wherever you are ? I know you can't be very far.

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Come out! Come out! Let's start all over. It's no fun finding such a rover.
Aha! I see you! You can't fool me. There you are behind the tree. Oh, no!
Don't say the game is ended. I think Hide and Seek is splendid! J 28 Hiding
Dorothy Lids I'm hiding, I'm hiding; And no one knows where, For all they can
see is my Toes and my hair. And I just heard my father Say to my mother? "
But, railing, he must be Somewhere or other; Have you looked in the ink
well? " And Mother said, " Where? " " In the INK well," said Father. But I was
not there. Then " Wait! Cried my mother " I think that I see Him under the
carpet. " But It was not me. " Inside the mirror's A pretty good place," Said
Father and looked but saw Only his face. Lost him for good. " Then I laughed
out aloud And I wiggled my toes And Father said? " Look, Dear I wonder if
those Toes could be Penny's. There are ten of them. See? " And they were so
surprised to find Out it was me! J 29 How to Reach the Sun .. On a Piece of
Paper Allan Albert Take a sheet of paper and fold it, and fold it again, and
again, and again. By the 6th fold it is 1 centimeter thick.

By the 1 lath fold it will be 32 centimeters thick, and by the 15th fold ? 5
meters. At the 20th fold it measures 160 meters. At the 24th fold ? 2. 5
kilometers and by fold 30 is 160 kilometers high. At the 35th fold ? 5000
kilometers. At the 43rd fold it will reach to the moon. And by fold 52 will
stretch from here to the sun! Take a sheet of paper. Goon. Try it! J If You
Were From The Book of Virtues If you were busy being kind, Before you knew
it, o would find You'd soon forget to think twats true That someone was
unkind to you.

If you were busy being glad, And cheering people who are sad, Although
your heart might ache a bit, You'd soon forget to notice it. If you were busy
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being good, And doing Just the best you could, You'd not have time to blame
some man Who's doing just the best he can. If you were busy being right,
You'd find yourself too busy quite To criticize your neighbor long Because
he's busy being wrong. J 31 Jonathan Being Beatrice Curtis Brown Poor old
Jonathan Being Went out in his carriage to visit the King, But everyone
pointed and said, " Look at that!