

3rd Grade Poetry Resources – Trinity Academy

3rd Grade - 175-300 words

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Evening (In Words of One Syllable)

Thomas Miller

The day is past, the sun is set,
And the white stars are in the sky;
While the long grass with dew is wet,
And through the air the bats now fly.
The lambs have now lain down to sleep,
The birds have long since sought their nests;
The air is still; and dark, and deep
On the hill side the old wood rests.
Yet of the dark I have no fear,
But feel as safe as when 'tis light;
For I know God is with me there,
And He will guard me through the night.
For God is by me when I pray,
And when I close mine eyes to sleep,
I know that He will with me stay,
And will all night watch by me keep.
For He who rules the stars and sea,
Who makes the grass and trees to grow.
Will look on a poor child like me,
When on my knees I to Him bow.
He holds all things in His right hand,
The rich, the poor, the great, the small;
When we sleep, or sit, or stand,
He is with us, for He loves us all.

(192 words)

Good Night and Good Morning

Richard Monckton Milnes, Lord Houghton

A fair little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see;
Then smoothed her work, and folded it right,
And said, "Dear work, good night! good night!"

Such a number of rooks came over her head,
Crying, "Caw! Caw!" on their way to bed;
She said, as she watched their curious flight,
"Little black things, good night! good night!"

The horses neighed, and the oxen lowed,
The sheep's "Bleat! bleat!" came over the road;
All seeming to say, with a quiet delight,
"Good little girl, good night! good night!"

She did not say to the sun, "Good night!"
Though she saw him there like a ball of light,
For she knew he had God's time to keep
All over the world, and never could sleep.

The tall pink foxglove bowed his head,
The violets curtsied and went to bed;
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said on her knees her favourite prayer.

And while on her pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more till again it was day;
And all things said to the beautiful sun,
"Good morning! good morning! our work is begun!"

(193 words)

Little Boy Blue

Eugene Field

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and staunch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket molds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new
And the soldier was passing fair,
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

“Now, don’t you go till I come,” he said
“And don’t you make any noise!”
So toddling off to his trundle-bed
He dreamed of the pretty toys.
And as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true.

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face.
And they wonder, as waiting these long years through
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue
Since he kissed them and put them there

(176 words)

Mary

Mary O'Neill

When Jesus was a boy did he
Swing on the gates of Galilee,
Bring home foundling pups and kittens,
Scuff his sandals, lose his mittens,
Weight his pockets with a treasure
Adult eyes can never measure,
Scratch his hands and stub his toes
On rocky hills where cactus grows,
Set stones and quills and bits of thread
On the windowsill beside his bed
So that on waking he could see
All yesterday's bright prophecy?
Did he play tag with the boys next door,
Tease for sweets in the grocery store,
Whittle and smooth a spinning top
In his father's carpenter shop,
Run like wind to sail his kite,
Smile and sigh in his sleep at night,
Laugh with you in long-lost springs
About a thousand small, endearing things?
Is he the one that said that you
Should always dye your dresses blue?
With eyes bright as cinnamon silk,
Red lips ringed with a mist of milk
Did he ... lifting his earthen cup
Say: "Just wait until I grow up"?

(170 words)

The Egg

Laura E. Richards

Oh! how shall I get it, how shall I get it—
A nice little new-laid egg?
My grandmamma told me to run to the barn-yard,
And see if just one I could beg.

“Mooly-cow, Mooly-cow, down in the meadow,
Have you any eggs, I pray?”
The mooly-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!”

“Piggywig, Piggywig, 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.”

“You wise old Gobbler, you look so knowing,
I’m sure you can find me an egg.
You stupid old thing! just say ‘Gobble-gobble.’
And balance yourself on one leg.”

Oh! how shall I get it, how shall I get it—
That little white egg so small?

I've 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 ten!
And you never could guess where they all were hidden—
Right under our old speckled hen!

(234 words)

Us Two

A. A. Milne

Wherever I am, there's always Pooh,
There's always Pooh and Me.
Whatever I do, he wants to do.
"Where are you going today?" says Pooh:
"Well, that's very odd 'cos I was too.
Let's go together," says Pooh, says he.
"Let's go together," says Pooh.

"What's twice eleven?" I said to Pooh.
(*"Twice what?" said Pooh to Me.*)
"I think it ought to be twenty-two."
"Just what I think myself," said Pooh,
"It wasn't an easy sum to do,
But that's what it is," said Pooh, said he.
"That's what it is," said Pooh.

"Let's look for dragons," I said to Pooh.
"Yes, let's," said Pooh to Me.
We crossed the river and found a few
"Yes, those are dragons all right," said Pooh.
"As soon as I saw their beaks I knew.
That's what they are," said Pooh, said he.
"That's what they are," said Pooh.

"Let's frighten the dragons," I said to Pooh.
"That's right," said Pooh to Me.
"I'm not afraid," I said to Pooh.
And I held his paw and I shouted "Shoo!
Silly old dragons!" and off they flew.
"I wasn't afraid," said Pooh, said he.
"I'm never afraid with you."

So wherever I am, there's always Pooh,
There's always Pooh and Me.
"What would I do?" I said to Pooh,
"If it wasn't for you," and Pooh said: "True,
It isn't much fun for One, but Two
Can stick together," says Pooh, says he.
"That's how it is," says Pooh.

(246 words)

What Have We Done Today?

Nixon Waterman

We shall do much in the years to come
But what have we done today?

We shall give our gold in a princely sum,
But what did we give today?

We shall lift the heart and dry the tear,

We shall plant a hope in the place of fear,

We shall speak the words of love and cheer,
But what did we speak today?

We shall be so kind in the after while,
But have we been today?

We shall bring to each lonely life a smile
But what have we brought today?

We shall give to truth a grander birth,

And to steadfast faith a deeper worth,

We shall feed the hungering souls of earth.
But whom have we fed today?

We shall reap such joys in the by-and-by,
But what have we sown today?

We shall build us mansions in the sky,
But what have we built today?

'Tis sweet in the idle dreams to bask;

But here and now, do we our task?

Yet, this is the thing our souls must ask,
What have we done today?

(180 words)

Brighten the Corner Where you Are

Helen Steiner Rice

We cannot all be famous
Or listed in "Who's Who,"
But every person great or small
Has important work to do,
For seldom do we realize
The importance of small deeds,
Or to what degree of greatness
unnoticed kindness leads—
For it's not the big celebrity
in a world of fame and praise.
But it's doing unpretentiously
in undistinguished ways,
The work that God assigned for us,
unimportant as it seems,
That makes our task outstanding
and bring reality to dreams—
So do not sit and idly wish
for wider, newer dimension,
Where you can put in practice
Your many good intentions—
But at the spot God placed you
begin at once to do
Little things to brighten up
the lives surrounding you,
For if everybody brightened up
the spot on which they're standing,
By being more considerate
And a little less demanding,
This dark cold world would very soon
eclipse the Evening Star,
If everybody brightened up
the corner where they are. (163 words)

Fear

Martha Snell Nicholson

How strange that we who are the sons of God
Should be familiar with the face of fear,
So sure that every cloud will bring a storm,
So fearful lest tomorrow be not clear.

We shrink from woes which never come to pass,
Mere phantoms, with no substance and no strength;
But even if they had, would not our Lord provide
His strength to meet the need of each day's length?

Children of God, with quaking, craven hearts
Consumed by the corrosive power of dread!...
And yet He holds us in His hallowed hand,
And counts the very hairs upon our head.

What strong firm bulwarks He has built around
The daily lives of those He holds so dear:
The blessed Holy Spirit in our hearts,
His guardian angels ever hovering near

Lest we should dash our feet against a stone.
The unseen hosts of God camp round about.
We dwell there safely in His secret place,
And still we tremble, wracked with fear and doubt!

O child of God, it is so safe, so sweet,
To trust the One who never knew defeat!

(184 words)

My Kingdom

Louisa May Alcott

A little kingdom I possess
Where thoughts and feelings dwell.
And very hard I find the task
Of governing it well;
For passion tempts and troubles me,
A wayward will misleads,
And selfishness its shadow casts
On all my words and deeds.
How can I learn to rule myself,
To be the child I should,
Honest and brave, nor ever tire
Of trying to be good?
How can I keep a sunny soul
To shine along life's way?
How can I tune my little heart
To sweetly sing all day?
Dear Father, help me with the love
That casteth out my fear,
Teach me to lean on Thee, and feel
That Thou are very near,
That no temptation is unseen,
No childish grief too small,
Since Thou, with patience infinite,
Doth soothe and comfort all.
I do not ask for any crown
But that which all may win,
Nor seek to conquer any world,
Except the one within.
Be Thou my guide until I find,
Led by a tender hand,
Thy happy kingdom in myself,
And dare to take command. (180 words)

The World We Make

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 we 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 a palace, a heaven or hell
We gather and scatter, we take and we give,
We make our world—and there we live.

(176 words)

