

Poems are due September 21st!

**America**

My country, ‘tis of thee,

Sweet land of liberty,

Of thee I sing;

Land where my fathers died,

Land of the Pilgrims’ pride,

From every mountain side

Let freedom ring.

-by Samuel F. Smith

*T.E.C.S. Poetry – 3rd Grade*

**Keep a Poem in Your Pocket**

Keep a poem in your pocket

and a picture in your head

and you’ll never feel lonely

at night when you’re in bed.

The little poem will sing to you

the little picture bring to you

a dozen dreams to dance to you

at night when you’re in bed.

So –

Keep a picture in your pocket

a poem in your head

and you’ll never feel lonely

at night when you’re in bed.

**End-of-Summer Poem**

The little songs of summer are all gone today.

The little insect instruments are all packed away:

The bumblebee's snare drum, the grasshopper's guitar,

The katydid's castanets--I wonder where they are.

The bullfrog's banjo, the cricket's violin,

The dragonfly's cello have ceased their merry din.

Oh, where is the orchestra? From harpist down to drummer

They've all disappeared with the passing of the summer.

-by Rowena Bastin Bennett

*T.E.C.S. Poetry – 3rd Grade*

-by Beatrice Schenk de Regniers

*T.E.C.S. Poetry – 3rd Grade*