

September

“Ring Around the World”  
by Annette Wynne



Ring around the world  
Taking hands together  
All across the temperate  
And the torrid weather  
Past the royal palm-trees  
By the ocean sand  
Make a ring around the world  
Taking each other's hand;  
In the valleys, on the hill,  
Over the prairie spaces,  
There's a ring around the world  
Made of children's friendly faces.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Due Date \_\_\_\_\_

October

In 1492  
by Jean Marzollo

In fourteen hundred ninety-two  
Columbus sailed the ocean blue.

He had three ships and left from Spain;  
He sailed through sunshine, wind and rain.

He sailed by night; he sailed by day;  
He used the stars to find his way.

A compass also helped him know  
How to find the way to go.

Ninety sailors were on board;  
Some men worked while others snored.

Then the workers went to sleep;  
And others watched the ocean deep.

Day after day they looked for land;  
They dreamed of trees and rocks and sand.

October 12 their dream came true,  
You never saw a happier crew!

“Indians! Indians!” Columbus cried;  
His heart was filled with joyful pride.

But “India” the land was not;  
It was the Bahamas, and it was hot.

The Arawak natives were very nice;  
They gave the sailors food and spice.

Columbus sailed on to find some gold  
To bring back home, as he’d been told.

He made the trip again and again,  
Trading gold to bring to Spain.

The first American? No, not quite.  
But Columbus was brave, and he was bright.

We cheer for him and say hooray;  
Especially on Columbus Day!



Name \_\_\_\_\_

Due Date \_\_\_\_\_

November

“Thanksgiving Delights”  
by anonymous



On Thanksgiving Day we're thankful for  
Our blessings all year through,  
For family we dearly love,  
For good friends, old and new.

For sun to light and warm our days,  
For stars that glow at night,  
For trees of green and skies of blue,  
And puffy clouds of white.

We're grateful for our eyes that see  
The beauty all around,  
For arms to hug, and legs to walk,  
And ears to hear each sound.

The list of all we're grateful for  
Would fill a great big book;  
Our thankful hearts find new delights  
Everywhere we look!

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Due Date \_\_\_\_\_



December

“Falling Snow”  
(author unknown)



See the pretty snowflakes  
Falling from the sky;  
On the walk and housetop  
Soft and thick they lie.

On the window-ledges  
On the branches bare;  
Now how fast they gather,  
Filling all the air.

Look into the garden,  
Where the grass was green;  
Covered by the snowflakes,  
Not a blade is seen.

Now the bare black bushes  
All look soft and white,  
Every twig is laden -  
What a pretty sight!

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Due Date \_\_\_\_\_



January

“The Rabbit”  
by Elizabeth Madox Roberts

When they said the time to hide was mine,  
I hid back under a thick grapevine.

And while I was still for the time to pass,  
A little gray thing came out of the grass.

He hopped his way through the melon bed  
And sat down close by a cabbage head.

He sat down close where I could see,  
And his big, still eyes looked hard at me.

His big eyes bursting out of the rim,  
And I looked back very hard at him.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Due Date \_\_\_\_\_



February

“Lincoln”  
by Nancy Byrd Turner

There was a boy of other days,  
A quiet, awkward, earnest lad,  
Who trudged long weary miles to get  
A book on which his heart was set -  
And then no candle had!

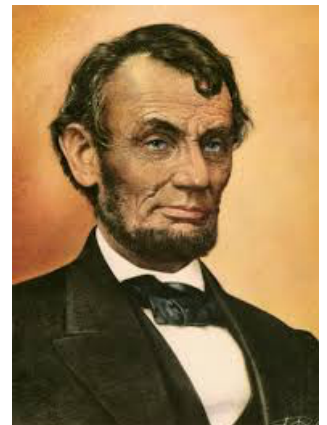
He was too poor to buy a lamp  
But very wise in woodmen’s ways.  
He gathered seasoned bough and stem,  
And crisping leaf, and kindled them  
Into a ruddy blaze.

Then as he lay full length and read;  
The firelight flickered on his face,  
And etched his shadow on the gloom.  
And made a picture in the room,  
In that most humble place.

The hard years came, the hard years went,  
But, gentle, brave, and strong of will,  
He met them all. And when today  
We see his pictured face we say,  
“There’s light upon it still.”

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Due Date \_\_\_\_\_



March

“The Sparrow”  
(author unknown)



Glad to see you, little bird;  
'Twas your little chirp I heard:  
What did you intend to say?  
“Give me something this cold day?”

That I will, and plenty, too;  
All the crumbs I saved for you.  
Don't be frightened --here's a treat:  
I will wait and see you eat.

Shocking tales I hear of you;  
Chirp, and tell me, are they true?  
Robbing all the summer long;  
Don't you think it very wrong?

Thomas says you steal his wheat;  
John complains, his plums you eat--  
Choose the ripest for your share,  
Never asking whose they are.

But I will not try to know  
What you did so long ago:  
There's your breakfast, eat away;  
Come to see me every day.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Due Date \_\_\_\_\_



April

“The Umbrella Brigade”  
by Laura E. Richards



“Pitter patter!” falls the rain  
On the school-room window-pane.  
Such a plashing! Such a dashing!  
Will it e'er be dry again?  
Down the gutter rolls a flood,  
And the crossing's deep in mud;  
And the puddles! Oh the puddles  
Are a sight to stir one's blood.

Chorus: But let it rain  
Tree-toads and frogs,  
Muskets and pitchforks,  
Kittens and dogs!  
Dash away! Plash away!  
Who is afraid?  
Here we go,  
The Umbrella Brigade!

Pull the boots up to the knee!  
Tie the hoods on so merrily!  
Such a hustling! Such a jostling!  
Out of breath with fun are we.  
Clatter, clatter, down the street,  
Greeting everyone we meet,  
With our laughing and our chaffing  
Which the laughing drops repeat.

Chorus: But let it rain  
Tree-toads and frogs,  
Muskets and pitchforks,  
Kittens and dogs!  
Dash away! Plash away!  
Who is afraid?  
Here we go,  
The Umbrella Brigade!



Name \_\_\_\_\_

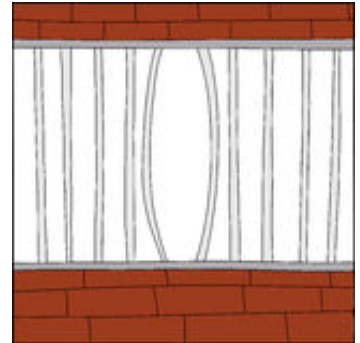
Due Date \_\_\_\_\_



May

“The Spangled Pandemonium”  
by Palmer Brown

The Spangled Pandemonium  
Is missing from the zoo.  
He bent the bars the barest bit,  
And slithered glibly through.



He crawled across the moated wall,  
He climbed the mango tree,  
And when his keeper scrambled up,  
He nipped him in the knee.

To all of you, a warning  
Not to wander after dark,  
Or if you must, make very sure  
You stay out of the park.



For the Spangled Pandemonium  
Is missing from the zoo,  
And since he nipped his keeper,  
He would just as soon nip you!

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Due Date \_\_\_\_\_

## Poem Grading Scale

- \_\_\_ Eye Contact (10)
- \_\_\_ Voice loud and clear (10)
- \_\_\_ Posture appropriate (10)
- \_\_\_ Title mentioned (5)
- \_\_\_ Author named (5)
- \_\_\_ Inflection good (10)
- \_\_\_ Fluid, no hesitation (10)
- \_\_\_ Omissions (20)
- \_\_\_ Error: 1 pt. per (20)
- Total (100 points)**