

Grade 4

Poetry

*Tales
Of The
Heart*

Monday's Child

Monday's child is fair of face,
Tuesday's child is full of grace,
Wednesday's child is full of woe,
Thursday's child has far to go,
Friday's child is loving and giving,
Saturday's child works hard for a living,
But the child who is born on the Sabbath Day
Is bonny and blithe and good and gay.

Mother Goose



On The Way To School

By: Charles Ghigna

I'll tell you why I'm tardy and I hope my excuse will do.
I stopped to view upon a leaf a spider and some dew.
She spun a web before my eyes with a soft and silver hue,
And when she looked, I looked at her and whispered, "Peekaboo!"

I think I may have startled her and so I waved good-bye,
But when I turned around to go, I met a butterfly!
I almost caught him in my hand to bring to class for you,
But when I tried to peek inside, away my treasure flew.

And that is how I'm tardy, but I had to tell you why.
It's all the fault of a spider's web and a sneaky butterfly!



They Were My People

By: Grace Nichols

They were those who cut cane
to the rhythm of the sunbeat

They were those who carried cane
to the rhythm of the sunbeat

They were those who crushed cane
to the rhythm of the sunbeat

They were women weeding, carrying babies
to the rhythm of the sunbeat

They were my people, working so hard
to the rhythm of the sunbeat - - long ago
to the rhythm of the sunbeat.

Dreams

Hold fast to dreams
For if dreams die
Life is a broken-winged bird
That cannot fly.

Hold fast to dreams
For when dreams go
Life is a barren field
Frozen with snow.

Langston Hughes



The Drum

By: Nikki Giovanni

daddy says the world is
a drum tight and hard
and i told him
i'm gonna beat out my own rhythm

Humanity

By: Elma Stuckey

If I am blind and need someone
To keep me safe from harm,
It matters not the race to me
Of the one who takes my arm.
If I am saved from drowning
As I grasp and grope,
I will not stop to see the face
Of the one who throws the rope.
Or if out on some battlefield
I'm falling faint and weak,
The one who gently lifts me up
May any language speak.
We sip the water clear and cool,
No matter the hand that gives it.
A life that's lived worthwhile and fine,
What matters the one who lives it?