

Grade 3



Poetry

Inspired By The Sea



Unit 2

At the Sea-Side

By: Robert Louis Stevenson

*When I was down beside the sea
A wooden spade they gave to me
To dig the sandy shore.
My holes were empty like a cup.
In every hole the sea came up
Till it could come no more.*



Sleepy Oyster

The storm is raging up above,
And waves are dashing high,
The sea birds, screaming, fly to land,
As thunder rocks the sky.

But down below in waters calm
The oyster sleeps away;
Quite heedless of the wind and waves,
He snoozes, night and day.

He does not shout and rant and rave,
Nor bolts of lightning hurl,
He's dozing in the oyster bed,
And dreaming up a pearl!

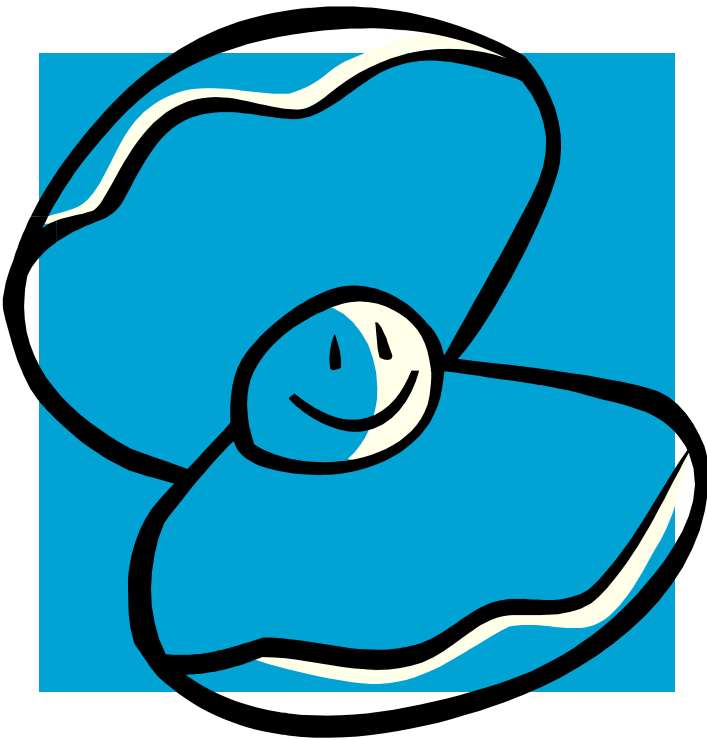
Frances Gorman Risser



Do Oysters Sneeze?

Do oysters sneeze beneath the seas,
or wiggle to and fro,
or sulk, or smile, or dance awhile
...how can we ever know?

Do oysters yawn when roused at dawn,
and do they ever weep,
and can we tell, when, in its shell,
an oyster is asleep?



By: Jack Prelutsky

Undersea



By: Marchette Chute

**Beneath the waters
Green and cool
The mermaids keep
A swimming school.**

**The oysters trot;
The lobsters prance;
The dolphins come
To join the dance.**

**But the jellyfish
Who are rather small
Can't seem to learn
The steps at all.**

BEACH STONES

By: Lilian Moore

When these small
stones
were
in
clear pools and
nets of weed

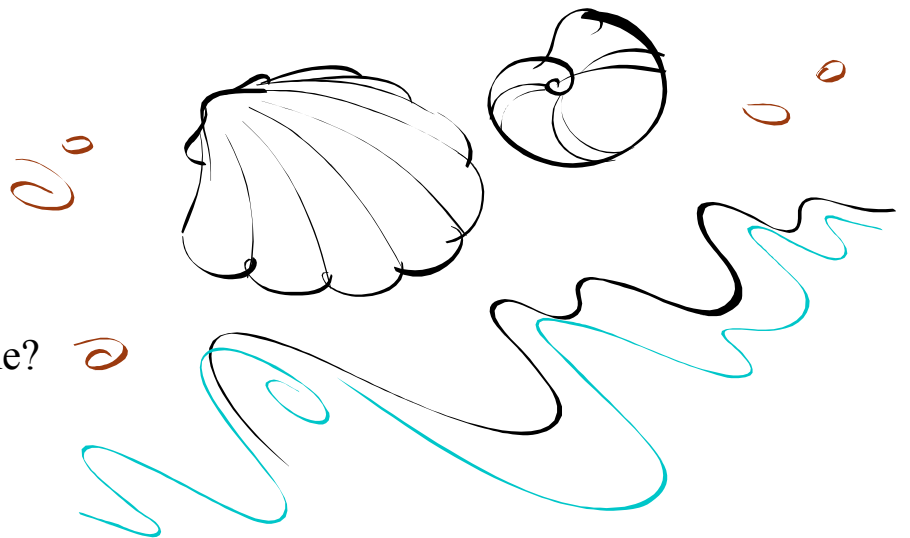
tide-tumbled
teased by spray

they glowed
moonsilver,
glinted sunsparks on
their speckled
skins.

Spilled on the
shelf
they were
wet-sand jewels
wave-green
still flecked with
foam.

Now
gray stones
lie
dry and dim.

Why did we bring them home?





The Waves

Gertrude M. Jones

The little waves ran up the sand,
All rippling, bright and gay.
But they were little robbers,
For they stole the sand away,
And when they'd tossed it all about,
They piled it in the bay.

One day, there came a clever man;
He walked along the shore,
And when he saw the crested waves
Creep higher than before,
Said he, "I'll build a harbor wall,
And you'll come here no more."

So then he started working;
Stone after stone he brought.
The little waves beat at the wall;
By day and night they fought,
Their white hair streaming in the wind,
Their manner quite distraught.

But when the wall was finished,
Like other of their ilk,
They tiptoed round the harbor
As sleek and smooth as silk,
And purred around the fishing boats,
Like kittens lapping milk.



A Sand Witch For A Sandwich

Emily Sweeney

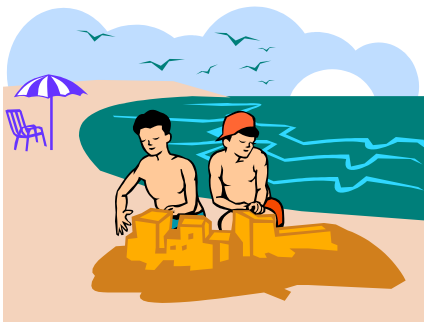
I walked the beach on a sunny day
And soon found a shell with which to play.
I made a castle, I made a moat,
I poured in water to sail my boat.

I made a farm and a racetrack, too,
And then a figure that sort of grew
Taller and taller as I piled more sand.
Then I shaped a face with one wet hand.

Oh, what a face—with an ugly beak
And a tall, tall hat that came to a peak!
I looked with pride at my ugly witch,
While all around I dug a ditch.

To keep her safe from the incoming tide,
I dug it deep on every side.
The waves rolled in and then slid back.
I waited for their we attack.

One little wave crept up the beach,
But my sand witch it could not reach.
One, two, three waves filled the ditch.
Another wave took a nip at the witch.



A whitecap pushed with all his might
And ate that witch in one big bite!
I laughed as the water swished round my feet,
For *sandwiches* are made to eat!

A Wave

I sat on the beach and a beautiful wave
Came tumbling right up to me.
It threw some pink shells on the sand at my feet,
Then hurried straight back out to sea.

It ran away swiftly and leaped up in foam;
It bumped other waves in its glee.
I think it was hurrying to gather more shells,
To bring as a present for me.

Gussie Osborne



From The Shore

By: Carl Sandburg

A lone gray bird,
Dim-dipping, far-flying,
Alone in the shadows and grandeurs and tumults
Of night and the sea
And the stars and storms.

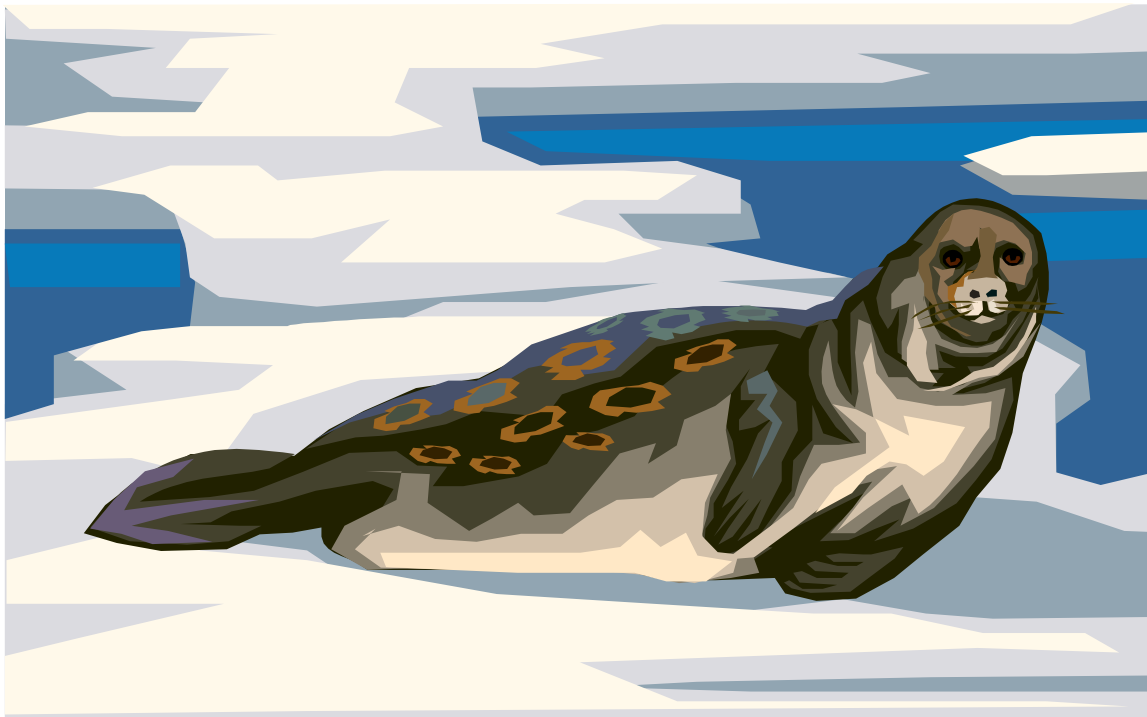
Out over the darkness it wavers and hovers,
Out into the glooms it swings and batters,
Out into the wind and the rain and the vast,
Out into the pit of a great black world,
Where fogs are at battle, sky-driven, sea-blown,
Love of mist and rapture of flight,
Glories of chance and hazards of death
On its eager and palpitant wings.
Out into the deep of the great dark world,
Beyond the long borders where foam and drift
Of the sundering waves are lost and gone
On the tides that plunger and rear and crumble.



Seal Lullaby

*Oh! hush thee, my baby, the night is behind us,
And black are the waters that sparkle so green.
The moon, o'er the combers, looks downward to find us
At rest in the hollows that rustle between.
Where billow meets billow, there soft be thy pillow;
Ah, weary wee flipperling, curl at thy ease!
The storm shall not wake thee, nor sharks overtake thee,
Asleep in the arms of the slow-swinging seas.*

Rudyard Kipling



Song of a Shell

I held a sea shell to my ear,
And listened to its tale
Of vessels bounding o'er the main
And all the ships that sail.
It sang of brilliant water flowers—
The bright anemones
That bloom beneath the ocean waves—
Tossed in from seven seas.

Each time I harken to this song,
I hear the breakers moan,
And fancy that a warning bell
Rings from a lighthouse lone.
No longer need I wish to go
Where foam-capped billows swell,
For I've an ocean of my own
Withing this pearly shell.

Violet L. Cuslidge



The Barracuda

Slowly, slowly, he cruises
And slowly, slowly, he chooses
Which kind of fish he prefers to take this morning;
Then without warning
The Barracuda opens his jaws, teeth flashing,
And with a horrible, horrible grinding and gnashing,
Devours a hundred poor creatures and feels no remorse.
It's no wonder, of course,
That no little fish much likes the thing,
And indeed, it occasionally strikes the thing,
That he really ought, perhaps, to change his ways.
"But," (as he says
With an evil grin)
"It's actually not my fault, you see:
I've nothing to do with the tragedy;
I open my mouth for a yawn and —ah me!—
They all
 swim
 in."

by John Gardner

THE JUMBLIES

By: Edward Lear

I.

They went to sea in a Sieve, they did,

In a Sieve they went to sea:

In spite of all their friends could say,

On a winter's morn, on a stormy day,

In a Sieve they went to sea!

And when the Sieve turned round and round,

And every one cried, 'You'll all be drowned!'

They called aloud, 'Our Sieve ain't big,

But we don't care a button! we don't care a fig!

In a Sieve we'll go to sea!

Far and few, far and few,

Are the lands where the Jumblies live;

Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,

And they went to sea in a Sieve.

THE JUMBLIES

By: Edward Lear

II.

They sailed away in a Sieve, they did,

In a Sieve they sailed so fast,

With only a beautiful pea-green veil

Tied with a riband by way of a sail,

To a small tobacco-pipe mast;

And every one said, who saw them go,

'O won't they be soon upset, you know!

For the sky is dark, and the voyage is long,

And happen what may, it's extremely wrong

In a Sieve to sail so fast!

Far and few, far and few,

Are the lands where the Jumblies live;

Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,

And they went to sea in a Sieve.

THE JUMBLIES

By: Edward Lear

III.

The water it soon came in, it did,

The water it soon came in;

So to keep them dry, they wrapped their feet

In a pinky paper all folded neat,

And they fastened it down with a pin.

And they passed the night in a crockery-jar,

And each of them said, 'How wise we are!

Though the sky be dark, and the voyage be long,

Yet we never can think we were rash or wrong,

While round in our Sieve we spin!

Far and few, far and few,

Are the lands where the Jumblies live;

Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,

And they went to sea in a Sieve.

THE JUMBLIES

By: Edward Lear

IV.

And all night long they sailed away;

And when the sun went down,

They whistled and warbled a moony song

To the echoing sound of a coppery gong,

In the shade of the mountains brown.

‘O Timballo! How happy we are,

When we live in a sieve and a crockery-jar,

And all night long in the moonlight pale,

We sail away with a pea-green sail,

In the shade of the mountains brown!’

Far and few, far and few,

Are the lands where the Jumblies live;

Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,

And they went to sea in a Sieve.

THE JUMBLIES

By: Edward Lear

V.

They sailed to the Western Sea, they did,

To a land all covered with trees,

And they bought an Owl, and a useful Cart,

And a pound of Rice, and a Cranberry Tart,

And a hive of silvery Bees.

And they bought a Pig, and some green Jack-daws,

And a lovely Monkey with lollipop paws,

And forty bottles of Ring-Bo-Ree,

And no end of Stilton Cheese.

Far and few, far and few,

Are the lands where the Jumblies live;

Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,

And they went to sea in a Sieve.

THE JUMBLIES

By: Edward Lear

VI.

And in twenty years they all came back,
 In twenty years or more,
And every one said, 'How tall they've grown!'
For they've been to the Lakes, and the Terrible Zone,
 And the hills of the Chankly Bore;
And they drank their health, and gave them a feast
Of dumplings made of beautiful yeast;
And everyone said, 'If we only live,
We too will go to sea in a Sieve,—
 To the hills of the Chankly Bore!'
 Far and few, far and few,
 Are the lands where the Jumblies live;
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue,
 And they went to sea in a Sieve.

THE JUMBLIES

By: Edward Lear