



Grade

4

Building Fluency

Through Practice & Performance

Written and Compiled by
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Get Along Little Doggies

As I walked out one morning for pleasure
I spied a young cowboy a-ridin' along.

His hat was pulled back and his spurs was a-jingin',
And as he approached me a-singin' this song.

"Whoopie ti yi yo, git along little doggies!

It's your misfortune and none of my own.

Whoopie ti yi yo, git along little doggies!

For you know Wyoming will be your new home."



It's whoopie' and yellin' and a-drivin' them down
Oh, how I wish



- Poems
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- And more . . .

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Poems and Rhymes



O World, Be Nobler

by Laurence Binyon

O World, be nobler, for her sake!

If she but knew thee what thou art,

What wrongs are borne, what deeds are done

In thee, beneath thy daily sun,

Know'st thou not that her tender heart

For pain and very shame would break?

O World, be nobler, for her sake!

May-Flower

by Emily Dickinson

Pink, small, and punctual,
Aromatic, low,
Covert in April,
Candid in May,
Dear to the moss,
Known by the knoll,
Next to the robin
In every human soul.
Bold little beauty,
Bedecked with thee,
Nature forswears
Antiquity.

The Year

by Ella Wheeler Wilcox

What can be said in New Year rhymes,
That's not been said a thousand times?
The new years come, the old years go,
We know, we dream, we dream, we know.
We rise up laughing with the light,
We lie down weeping with the night.
We hug the world until it stings,
We curse it then and sigh for wings.
We live, we love, we woo, we wed,
We wreath our prides, we sheet our dead.
We laugh, we weep, we hope, we fear,
And that's the burden of a year.

My Home

by Ella Wheeler Wilcox

This is the place that I love the best,
A little brown house, like a ground-bird's nest,
Hid among grasses, and vines, and trees,
Summer retreat of the birds and bees.
The tenderest light that ever was seen
Sifts through the vine-made window screen—
Sifts and quivers, and flits and falls
On home-made carpets and gray-hung walls.
All through June the west wind free
The breath of clover brings to me.
All through the languid July day,
I catch the scent of new-mown hay.
The morning-glories and scarlet vine
Over the doorway twist and twine;
And every day, when the house is still,
The humming-bird comes to the window-sill.
In the cunningest chamber under the sun
I sink to sleep when the day is done.
And am waked at morn, in my snow-white bed,
By a singing bird on the roof o'erhead.
Better than treasures brought from Rome,
Are the living pictures I see at home—
My aged father, with frosted hair,
And mother's face, like a painting rare.
Far from the city's dust and heat,
I get but sounds and odors sweet.

Who can wonder I love to stay,
Week after week, here hidden away,
In this sly nook that I love the best—
This little brown house like a ground-bird's nest?

What's the Railroad to Me?

by Henry David Thoreau

What's the railroad to me?

I never go to see

Where it ends.

It fills a few hollows,

And makes banks for the swallows,

It sets the sand a-blowing,

And the blackberries a-growing.

Mist

by Henry David Thoreau

Low-anchored cloud,
Newfoundland air,
Fountain-head and source of rivers,
Dew-cloth, dream drapery,
And napkin spread by fays;
Drifting meadow of the air,
Where bloom the daisied banks and violets,
And in whose fenny labyrinth
The bittern booms and heron wades;
Spirit of lakes and seas and rivers,
Bear only perfumes and the scent
Of healing herbs to just men's fields!

Washing the Dishes

by Christopher Morley

When we on simple rations sup
How easy is the washing up!
But heavy feeding complicates
The task by soiling many plates.
And though I grant that I have prayed
That we might find a serving-maid,
I'd scullion all my days I think,
To see Her smile across the sink!
I wash, she wipes. In water hot
I souse each pan and dish and pot;
While Taffy mutters, purrs, and begs,
And rubs himself against my legs.
The man who never in his life
Has washed the dishes with his wife
Or polished up the silver plate—
He still is largely celibate*.
One warning: there is certain ware
That must be handled with all care:
The Lord Himself will give you up
If you should drop a willow cup!

***Note:** Celibate used here means unmarried or single.

Smells

by Christopher Morley

Why is it that the poet tells
So little of the sense of smell?
These are the odors I love well:
The smell of coffee freshly ground;
Or rich plum pudding, holly crowned;
Or onions fried and deeply browned.
The fragrance of a fummy pipe;
The smell of apples, newly ripe;
And printer's ink on leaden type.
Woods by moonlight in September
Breathe most sweet, and I remember
Many a smoky camp-fire ember.
Camphor, turpentine, and tea,
The balsam of a Christmas tree,
These are whiffs of gramarye...
A ship smells best of all to me!

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