



Grade

3

Building Fluency

Through Practice & Performance

Written and Compiled by
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Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son

Tom, Tom, the piper's son
He learned to play when he was young.
But the only tune that he could play
Was "Over the Hills and Far Away."



Now Tom with his pipe made such a noise
That he pleased both girls and boys.
And they all stopped to hear him play
"Over the Hills and Far Away."

Tom with his pipe did play with such skill
That those who heard him could ne'er keep still.
Whenever they were out for a walk,
They'd hear him play that "Over the Hills and Far Away."



- Poems
- Songs
- Reader's Theater
- And more . . .

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Poems and Rhymes



Moses' Toeses

Moses supposes his toeses are roses,
But Moses supposes erroneously.
For nobody's toeses are posies or roses
As Moses supposes his toeses to be.

She Sells Seashells

She sells seashells by the sea shore.
The shells she sells are surely seashells.
So if she sells shells on the seashore,
I'm sure she sells seashore shells.

A Tutor

A tutor who tooted a flute
Tried to tutor two tooters to toot.
Said the two to their tutor,
"Is it harder to toot
Or to tutor two tooters to toot?"

The Odd Couple

In a cottage in Fife lived a man and his wife
Who, believe me, were comical folk.
For, to people's surprise,
They both saw with their eyes,
And their tongues moved whenever they
spoke.
When quite fast asleep,
I've been told that to keep
Their eyes open they could not contrive.
They walked on their feet,

And 'twas thought what they eat
Helped, with drinking, to keep them alive.

Stately Verse

If Mary goes far out to sea
By wayward breezed fanned,
I'd like to know—can you tell me,
Just where would Maryland?
If Tenny went high up in the air
And looked o'er land and sea,
Looked here and there and everywhere,
Say, what would Tennessee?
I looked out of the window and
Saw Orry on the lawn.
He's not there now and who can tell
Just where has Oregon?
Two girls were quarrelling one day
With garden tools, and so
I said, "My dears, let Sally rake
And just let Idaho."
An English lady had a steed.
She called him Island Bay.
She rode for exercise, and thus
Rhode Island every day.

My Kitty

by Jane Taylor

I love little kitty. Her coat is so warm.
And if I don't hurt her, she'll do me no harm.
So I'll not pull her tail, nor drive her away,

But kitty and I very gently will play.
She shall sit by my side, and I'll give her some food.
Kitty will like me because I am good.
I'll pat little kitty, and then she will purr,
And thus show her thanks for my kindness to her.
I'll not pinch her ears, nor tread on her paws,
Lest I should provoke her to use her sharp claws.
I never will vex her, nor make her displeased.
For kitty can't bear to be worried or teased.

The Silent Snake

The birds go fluttering in the air.
The rabbits run and skip.
Brown squirrels race along the bough.
The mayflies rise and dip.
But while these creatures play and leap,
The silent snake goes creepy-creep.
The birdies sing and whistle loud.
The busy insects hum.
The squirrels chat. The frogs say, "Croak,"
But the snake will always come.
Without a sound through grasses deep,
The silent snake goes creepy-creep.

A Pleasant Day

Come, my children, come away,
For the sun shines bright today.
Little children, come with me.
Birds and brooks and flowers see.
Get your hats and come away,

For it will be a pleasant day.
Everything is laughing, singing,
All the pretty flowers are springing.
See the kittens, full of fun,
Tumbling in the brilliant sun.
Children, too, may skip and play,
For it will be a pleasant day.
Bring the hoop, and bring the ball.
Come with happy faces all.
Let us make a merry ring,
Talk and laugh and dance and sing.
Quickly, quickly, come away,
For it will be a pleasant day.

Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
He learned to play when he was young.
But the only tune that he could play
Was "Over the Hills and Far Away."
Now Tom with his pipe made such a noise
That he well pleased both the girls and boys.
And they always stopped to hear him
Play "Over the Hills and Far Away."
Tom with his pipe did play with such skill
That those who heard him could ne'er keep still.
Whenever they heard him, they started to dance—
Even pigs on their hind legs would after him prance!
As Dolly was milking her cow one day,
Tom took out his pipe and began to play.
So Dolly and cow danced "The Cheshire Round"

Till the pail broke and milk spilled on the ground.
Tom met old Dame Trot with a basket of eggs.
He used his pipe, and she used her legs.
She danced about till the eggs were all broke.
She began to fret, but he laughed at the joke.

Goin' Fishing with the Wind

When the wind is in the East,
'Tis neither good for man nor beast.
When the wind is in the North,
The skillful fisher goes not forth.
When the wind is in the South,
It blows the bait from the fish's mouth.
When the wind is in the West,
Then 'tis at the very best.

The Man Who Had Naught

There was a poor man and he had naught,
And thieves they came to rob him.
He crept right up the chimney pot,
And then they thought they had him.
But he went down the other side,
And then they could not find him.
He ran 14 miles in 15 days
And never looked behind him!

Mrs. Mason's Basin

Mrs. Mason bought a basin.
Mrs. Tyson said, "What a nice 'un."
"What did it cost?" said Mrs. Frost.
"Half a crown," said Mrs. Brown.

“Did it indeed?” said Mrs. Reed.

“It did for certain,” said Mrs. Burton.

Then Mrs. Nix got up to her tricks,

And threw the basin on the bricks!

Hurt No Living Thing

by Christina Rossetti

Hurt no living thing,

Ladybird, nor butterfly,

Nor moth with dusty wing,

Nor cricket chirping cheerily,

Nor grasshopper so light of leap,

Nor dancing gnat, nor beetle fat,

Nor harmless worms that creep.

Simple Simon

Simple Simon met a pieman going to the fair.

Said Simple Simon to the pieman, “Let me taste your ware.”

Said the pieman to Simple Simon, “Show me first your penny.”

Said Simple Simon to the pieman, “Indeed, I have not any.”

Then Simple Simon went a-fishing for to catch a whale;

But all the water he had got was in his mother’s pail.

He went to shoot a wild duck, but the plump duck flew away.

Said Simon, “I can’t hit him, because he will not stay!”

Simple Simon went to look if plums grew on a thistle.

He pricked his finger very much, which made poor Simon whistle.

He went to slide upon the ice before the ice could bear.

Then he plunged in above his knees, which made poor Simon glare.

Simple Simon went for water with a sieve, and soon it all ran through.

So now, poor Simple Simon bids you all adieu.

Grasshopper Green

Grasshopper Green is a comical chap.
He lives on the best of fare.
Bright little trousers, jacket, and cap;
These are his summer wear.
Out in the meadow he loves to go,
Playing away in the sun.
It's hopperty, skipperty, high and low—
Summer's the time for fun!
Grasshopper Green has a quaint little house.
It's under the hedge so gay.
Grandmother Spider, as still as a mouse,
Watches him over the way.
Gladly he's calling the children, I know,
Out in the beautiful sun.
It's hopperty, skipperty, high and low—
Summer's the time for fun!

The Eagle

by Lord Alfred Tennyson

He clasps the crag with crooked hands;
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ringed with azure world, he stands.
The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

Give Me the Splendid Silent Sun

by Walt Whitman

Give me the splendid silent sun with all its beams full-dazzling.

Give me juicy autumnal fruit, ripe and red from the orchard.
Give me a field where unmowed grass grows.
Give me an arbor, give me the trellised grape.
Give me fresh corn and wheat, give me serene-moving
animals, teaching content.

The Land of Story-Books

by Robert Louis Stevenson

In evening when the lamp is lit,
Around the fire my parents sit;
They sit at home and talk and sing,
And do not play at anything.
Now with my little gun I crawl
All in the dark along the wall,
And follow 'round the forest track
Away behind the sofa back.
There, in the night, where none can spy,
All in my hunter's camp I lie,
And play at books that I have read
Till it is time to go to bed.
These are the hills, these are the woods,
These are my starry solitudes;
And there the river by whose brink
The roaring lions come to drink.
I see the others far away
As if in firelit camp they lay,
And I, like to an Indian scout,
Around their party prowled about.
So when my nurse comes in for me,
Home I return across the sea,

And go to bed with backward looks
At my dear Land of Story-Books.

Allergies

by Debra Jean Housel

The doctor says I have allergies,
And that's why some things make me sneeze.
So I have to be careful about what I do,
Or I get symptoms like the flu.
My nose starts to twitch and my eyes will itch
If I stop to pick flowers alongside a ditch.
And if I don't want to break out in red hives,
I can only pet stuffed cats and not those alive.
Every spring it's the same old story—
The grass and the trees come out in their glory.
So every year it's no big surprise
That my eyes look like I've cried and cried.
Sometimes kids tease when I sniffle and wheeze
Because of my dreadful allergies.
But they will find out if they live long enough
That they are allergic to some sort of stuff!

To Every Thing There Is a Season

Ecclesiastes from the King James Bible

To every thing there is a season,
And a time to every purpose under heaven.
A time to be born, and a time to die;
A time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted;
A time to kill, and a time to heal;
A time to break down, and a time to build up;

A time to weep, and a time to laugh;
A time to mourn, and a time to dance;
A time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together;
A time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing;
A time to seek, and a time to lose;
A time to keep, and a time to cast away;
A time to rend, and a time to sew;
A time to keep silent, and a time to speak;
A time to love, and a time to hate;
A time for war, and a time for peace.

The Grass

by Emily Dickinson

The grass has so little to do—a sphere of simple green,
With only butterflies to brood and bees to entertain.
And stir all day to pretty tunes the breezes fetch along,
And hold the sunshine in its lap and bow to everything.
And thread the dews all night like pearls and make itself so fine
A duchess were too common for such a noticing.
And even when it dies to pass in odors so divine,
As lowly spices gone to sleep on amulets of pine.
And then to dwell in sovereign barns and dream the days away—
The grass so little has to do: I wish I were the hay!

Song of the Sky Loom

Traditional Pueblo song

O, our Mother the Earth! O, our Father the Sky!
Your children are we.
And with tired backs we bring you the gifts that you love.
Then weave for us a garment of brightness.

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