



Grade

5

# Building Fluency

## Through Practice & Performance

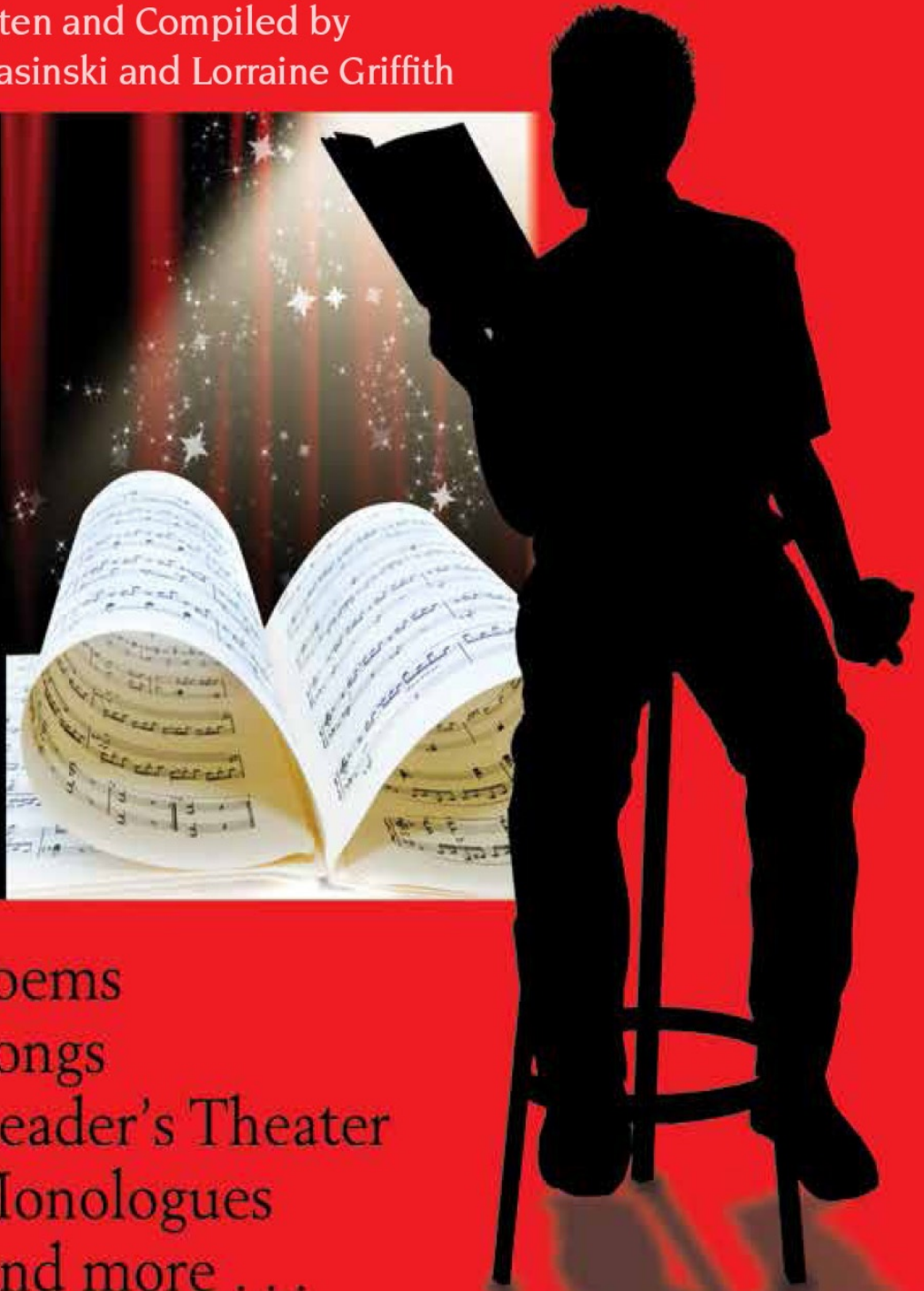
Written and Compiled by  
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### Sympathy

by Paul Laurence Dunbar



I know what the caged bird feels, alas!  
When the sun is bright on the upland slopes;  
When the wind stirs soft through the springing grass,  
And the river flows like a stream of glass;  
When the first bird sings and the first bud opens,  
And the faint perfume from its chalice steals—  
I know what the caged bird feels!



- Poems
- Songs
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- And more . . .

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# Poems and Rhymes



# The Slave's Lament

*by Robert Burns*

It was in sweet Senegal that my foes did me enthrall,  
For the lands of Virginia-ginia, O.

Torn from that lovely shore, and must never see it more;  
And alas! I am weary, weary O.

Torn from that lovely shore, and must never see it more;  
And alas! I am weary, weary O.

All on that charming coast is no bitter snow and frost,  
Like the lands of Virginia-ginia, O.

There streams for ever flow, and there flowers for ever blow,  
And alas! I am weary, weary O.

There streams for ever flow, and there flowers for ever blow,  
And alas! I am weary, weary O.

The burden I must bear, while the cruel scourge I fear,  
In the lands of Virginia-ginia, O.

And I think on friends most dear, with the bitter, bitter tear,  
And alas! I am weary, weary O.

And I think on friends most dear, with the bitter, bitter tear,  
And alas! I am weary, weary O.

# For the Fallen

*by Laurence Binyon*

With proud thanksgiving, a mother for her children,  
England mourns for her dead across the sea.  
Flesh of her flesh they were, spirit of spirit,  
Fallen in the cause of the free.  
Solemn the drums thrill: Death august and royal  
Sings sorrow up into immortal spheres.  
There is music in the midst of desolation  
And a glory that shines upon our tears.  
They went with songs to the battle, they were young,  
Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow.  
They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted,  
They fell with their faces to the foe.  
They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old;  
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.  
At the going down of the sun and in the morning  
We will remember them.  
They mingle not with laughing comrades again;  
They sit no more at familiar tables of home;  
They have no lot in our labour of the day-time;  
They sleep beyond England's foam.  
But where our desires are and our hopes profound,  
Felt as a well-spring that is hidden from sight,  
To the innermost heart of their own land they are known  
As the stars are known to the Night.  
As the stars that shall be bright when we are dust,  
Moving in marches upon the heavenly plain,  
As the stars that are starry in the time of our darkness,

To the end, to the end, they remain.

# Sympathy

*by Paul Laurence Dunbar*

I know what the caged bird feels, alas!  
When the sun is bright on the upland slopes;  
When the wind stirs soft through the springing grass,  
And the river flows like a stream of glass;  
When the first bird sings and the first bud opens,  
And the faint perfume from its chalice steals—  
I know what the caged bird feels!  
I know why the caged bird sings, ah me,  
When his wing is bruised and his bosom sore—  
When he beats his bars and he would be free;  
It is not a carol of joy or glee,  
But a prayer that he sends from his heart's deep core,  
But a plea, that upward to heaven he flings—  
I know why the caged bird sings!



# The Wedding of the Towns (The Brooklyn Bridge)

*by Will Carleton*

Let all of the bells ring clear—  
Let all of the flags be seen!  
The King of the Western Hemisphere  
Has married the Island Queen.  
For many a day he waited  
By the shining river's side,  
And deemed that the maid was fated  
To be his own true bride.  
For many a night he wooed her  
Upon her lofty throne,  
For many a year pursued her,  
To win her for his own;  
Nor thankless his endeavor,  
Nor coy the regal maid;  
But, like true love's course ever,  
The banns were long delayed.  
And boys to men had grown,  
And men their graves had sought;  
But the gulf was yet between them thrown,  
And the wooing seemed for naught.  
And couriers oft were dashing  
'Twixt him and his adored;  
But still was the river flashing  
Between them, like a sword.  
In heart they well were mated;  
And patiently and long  
They for each other waited—

These lovers true and strong.  
Let never a flag be hidden!  
Let never a bell be dumb!  
The guests have all been bidden—  
The wedding-day has come!  
Through many a golden year  
Shall shine this silvery tie;  
The wondering world will gather here,  
And gaze, with gleaming eye.  
Philosophers will ponder  
How, blessed by the hand of Heaven.  
The world has another wonder  
To add to her ancient seven.  
Philanthropists will linger  
To view the giant span,  
And point, with grateful finger,  
To man's great work for man;  
And all will bless the year  
When, in the May-month green,  
The King of the Western Hemisphere  
Was wed to the Island Queen.

# To Sleep

*by William Wordsworth*

A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by one after one;  
The sound of rain and bees murmuring;  
The fall of rivers, winds and seas, smooth fields,  
White sheets of water, and pure sky;  
I have thought of all by turns and yet do lie sleepless!  
And soon the small birds' melodies must hear,  
First uttered from my orchard trees;  
And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry.  
Even thus last night and two nights more I lay  
And could not win thee, sleep, by any stealth.  
So do not let me wear tonight away;  
Without thee what is all the morning's wealth?  
Come, blessed barrier between day and day,  
Dear mother of fresh thought and joyous health!

# Wild Crocuses in Nottingham Meadows

*by Mary Howitt*

There's a joy in many and many an eye  
When first goes forth the welcome cry  
Of "Lo, the Crocuses!"  
Then little toiling children leave  
Their care, and here by thousands throng,  
And through the shining meadow run,  
And gather them, not one by one,  
But by grasped handfuls,  
There are none to say that they do wrong.  
They run, they leap, they shout for joy,  
They bring their infant brethren here,  
They fill each little pinafore,  
They bear their baskets brimming o'er,  
Within their very hearts they store,  
This first joy of the year.  
And here, in our own fields they grow—  
An English flower, but very rare,  
Through all the kingdom you may ride  
O'er marshy flat, on mountain side,  
Nor ever see, outstretching wide,  
Such flowery meadows fair!

# From a Railway Carriage

*by Robert Louis Stevenson*

Faster than fairies, faster than witches,  
Bridges and houses, hedges and ditches,  
And charging along like troops in a battle,  
All through the meadows the horses and cattle:  
All of the sights of the hill and the plain  
Fly as thick as driving rain;  
And ever again, in the wink of an eye,  
Painted stations whistle by.  
Here is a child who clambers and scrambles,  
All by himself and gathering brambles;  
Here is a tramp who stands and gazes;  
And there is the green for stringing the daisies!  
Here is a cart run away in the road  
Lumping along with man and load;  
And here is a mill, and there is a river  
Each a glimpse and gone forever!

# If

*by Rudyard Kipling*

If you can keep your head when all about you  
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;  
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,  
But make allowance for their doubting too:  
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,  
Or, being lied about, don't deal in lies,  
Or being hated don't give way to hating,  
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;  
If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;  
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim,  
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster  
And treat those two impostors just the same:  
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken  
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,  
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,  
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools;  
If you can make one heap of all your winnings  
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,  
And lose, and start again at your beginnings,  
And never breathe a word about your loss:  
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew  
To serve your turn long after they are gone,  
And so hold on when there is nothing in you  
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"  
If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,  
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,  
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,

If all men count with you, but none too much:  
If you can fill the unforgiving minute  
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,  
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,  
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!

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