

Third Grade Memory Challenges

America the Beautiful

by Katharine Lee Bates & Samuel A. Ward

Oh, beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America! God shed his grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea.

Oh, beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare of freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America! God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law.



God Bless America by Irving Berlin

God Bless America
Land that I love.
Stand beside her
And guide her
Through the night with the light
From above.

From the mountains,
To the prairies
To the oceans
White with foam.
God bless America
My home sweet home.
God bless America
My home sweet home.

Dreams by Langston Hughes

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.

Just Like You

by Margaret Hillert

The famous men and women
Who helped our country grow
Weren't always great and famous
Those long, long years ago.

George Washington and Betsy Ross,
Ben Franklin, Paul Revere
All started out as babies
And grew a bit each year.

They started out as children
Just boys and girls like you
Who worked and played and laughed and sang,
And cried a little, too
And learned their lessons when they could
And said their prayers at night.

They never knew we'd call them great
And keep their memories bright.
They never knew someday they'd be
Famous names in history.

Bed in Summer

by Robert Louis Stevenson

In winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candlelight.
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?



Trees

by Harry Behn

Trees are the kindest things I know,
They do no harm, they simply grow.
And spread a shade for sleepy cows,
And gather birds among their boughs.

They give us fruit in leaves above,
And wood to make our houses of,
And leaves to burn on Halloween,
And in the spring new buds of green.

They are first when day's begun
To touch the beams of morning sun,
They are the last to hold the light
When evening changes into night.

And when a moon floats on the sky
They hum a drowsy lullaby
Of sleepy children long ago. . .
Trees are the kindest things I know.