**Every Time I Climb a Tree**

-by David McCord

Every time I climb a tree

Every time I climb a tree

Every time I climb a tree

I scrape a leg

Or skin a knee

And every time I climb a tree

I find some ants

Or dodge a bee

And get the ants

All over me

And every time I climb a tree

Where have you been?

They say to me

But don't they know that I am free

Every time I climb a tree?

I like it best

To spot a nest

That has an egg

Or maybe three

And then I skin

The other leg

But every time I climb a tree

I see a lot of things to see

Swallows rooftops and TV

And all the fields and farms there be

Every time I climb a tree

Though climbing may be good for ants

It isn't awfully good for pants

But still it's pretty good for me

Every time I climb a tree.



**Raindrops**

-by Harry Behn

They tap like fingers on the window pane,

But they aren't fingers, they are only rain.

They fall the way bees do into a flower,

But they aren't bees; they're pieces of a shower.

They jump in puddles just like little men,

Then they aren't ever even rain again,

They're simply water wrinkled by the motion

Of streams and rivers till they're only ocean.

But ocean turns to waves, and waves to sprays

And mist, and sometimes on a sunny day

Mist sails up to the sky above the shrouds

Of ships and there wind blows it into clouds.

Then raindrops fall again. Unless they're snow.

My teacher told me this, and so it's so.

**Coloring**

-by Harry Behn

A rake, a coat, a meadow, a mill,

A cake, a boat, a house on a hill,

A kite, a spade, and a ball of string,

A wind in the leaves, and the song birds sing-

 It's Spring!

We're outdoors coloring

Every bright beautiful wonderful thing.

Under a lilac bush we've made

A studio with walls of shade,

And in our painting books we spread

Pools of yellow, blue, and red-

 Carefully,

Though it doesn't matter

Terribly much unless we spatter.

Green and red, and there's a tree

With apples and cherries, and here's a sea

With a wave and a sky and a gull in flight,

And this is the sun

splashing light-

 It's Spring!

We're coloring, and all the birds sing

Of every bright beautiful wonderful thing!

**Patience**

-by Bobbi Katz

Chocolate Easter bunny

 In a jelly bean nest,

I'm saving you for very last

 Because I love you best.

I'll only take a nibble

 From the tip of your ear

And one bite from the other side

 So that you won't look queer.

Yum, you're so delicious!

 I didn't mean to eat

Your chocolate tail till Tuesday

 Oops! There go your feet!

I wonder how your back tastes

 With all that chocolate hair.

I never thought your tummy

 Was only filled with air!

Chocolate Easter bunny

 In a jelly bean nest,

I'm saving you for very last

 Because I love you best.

**Mr. Bidery's Spidery Garden**

-by David McCord

Poor old Mr. Bidery,

His garden's awfully spidery:

Bugs use it as a hidery.

In April it was seedery,

By May a mass of weedery;

And oh, the bugs! How greedery.

White flowers out or buddery,

Potatoes made it spuddery;

And when it rained, what muddery!

June days grow long and shaddery;

Bullfrog forgets his taddery;

The spider legs his laddery.

With cabbages so odory,

Snapdragon soon explodery,

At twilight all is toadery.

Young corn still far from foddery

No sign of goldenrodery,

Yet feeling low and doddery

Is poor old Mr. Bidery,

**Remember your grade is based on:**

**Title (5) Author (5) On Time (15)**

**Confidence (5)**

Stand straight and tall, without fidgeting

**Eye Contact (5)**

Focus eyes on audience the entire time

**Voice Level (5)**

Speak loud and clear so that the entire class can hear you

**Pacing & Fluency (5)**

Poem is recited evenly (not rushed), pausing at commas, stopping at periods

**Memorization (20)**

The poem is in long-term memory. (Every time you pause to remember, it is one minus point)

**Incorrect Words (5)**

Words must be *exactly* what the author wrote

**Skipped Words (10)**

Every word is recited, none are skipped

**Repeats (10)**

No words or phrases are repeated

**Animation/Enthusiasm (10)**

In order to get an A, you need to include actions, props, or animation of some kind, *throughout your poem*.

His garden lush and spidery,

His apples green, not cidery.

Pea-picking is so poddery!



94-100 = A

86-93 = B

77-85 = C

69-76 = D

69 or below = Redo poem

**Foreign Lands**

-by Robert Louis Stevenson

UP into the cherry tree

Who should climb but little me?

I held the trunk with both my hands

And looked abroad on foreign lands.

I saw the next‑door garden lie,

Adorned with flowers, before my eye,

And many pleasant faces more

That I had never seen before.

I saw the dimpling river pass

And be the sky’s blue looking‑glass;

The dusty roads go up and down

With people tramping in to town.

If I could find a higher tree

Farther and farther I should see,

To where the grown‑up river slips

Into the sea among the ships,

To where the roads on either hand

Lead onward into fairy land,

Where all the children dine at five,

And all the playthings come alive.