

## 3rd Grade

### The Flag Goes By

By Henry Holcomb Bennett

HATS off!

Along the street there comes  
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,  
A flash of color beneath the sky:  
Hats off!

The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines,  
Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines.  
Hats off!

The colors before us fly;  
    but more than the flag is passing by.

Sea-fights and land-fights, grim and great,  
Fought to make and to save the State:  
Weary marches and sinking ships;  
Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and years of peace;  
March of a strong land's swift increase;  
Equal justice, right and law,  
Stately honor and reverend awe;

Sign of a nation, great and strong  
To ward her people from foreign wrong:  
Pride and glory and honor,—all  
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off!

Along the street there comes  
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;  
And loyal hearts are beating high:  
Hats off!  
The flag is passing by!

### The Children's Hour

by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Between the dark and the daylight,  
    When the night is beginning to lower,  
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,  
    That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me  
    The patter of little feet,  
The sound of a door that is opened,  
    And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,  
    Descending the broad hall stair,  
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,  
    And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence:  
    Yet I know by their merry eyes  
They are plotting and planning together  
    To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,  
    A sudden raid from the hall!  
By three doors left unguarded  
    They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret  
    O'er the arms and back of my chair;  
If I try to escape, they surround me;  
    They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,  
    Their arms about me entwine,  
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen  
    In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,  
Because you have scaled the wall,  
Such an old mustache as I am  
Is not a match for you all!

I have you fast in my fortress,  
And will not let you depart,  
But put you down into the dungeon  
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,  
Yes, forever and a day,  
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,  
And moulder in dust away!

### **The Village Blacksmith**

By Longfellow

Under a spreading chestnut-tree  
The village smithy stands;  
The smith, a mighty man is he,  
With large and sinewy hands;  
And the muscles of his brawny arms  
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,  
His face is like the tan;  
His brow is wet with honest sweat,  
He earns whate'er he can,  
And looks the whole world in the face,  
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,  
You can hear his bellows blow;  
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,  
With measured beat and slow,  
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,  
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school  
Look in at the open door;  
They love to see the flaming forge,  
And hear the bellows roar,  
And catch the burning sparks that fly  
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,  
And sits among his boys;  
He hears the parson pray and preach,  
He hears his daughter's voice,  
Singing in the village choir,  
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,  
Singing in Paradise!

He needs must think of her once more,  
How in the grave she lies;  
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes  
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,--rejoicing,--sorrowing,  
Onward through life he goes;  
Each morning sees some task begin,  
Each evening sees it close  
Something attempted, something done,  
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,  
For the lesson thou hast taught!  
Thus at the flaming forge of life  
Our fortunes must be wrought;  
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped  
Each burning deed and thought.

## Preamble to the Constitution

We the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America.