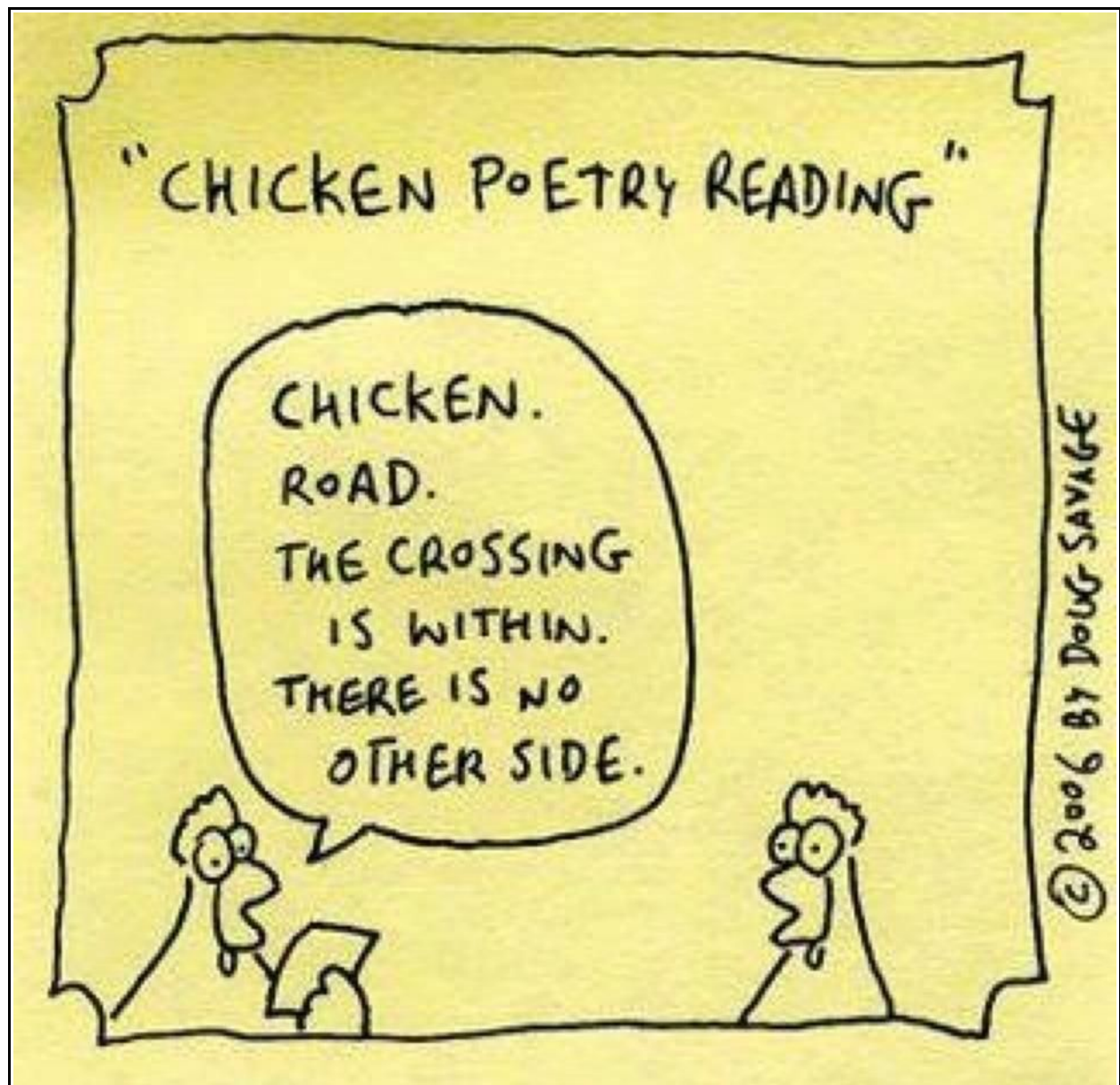


# Mr. Chance's Poetry Textbook



Welcome to the 2013-2014 school year!

The study of poetry forms an important part of the classical liberal arts education we strive to provide at Aristoi Classical Academy. In the 5th grade, our students immersion in poetry includes the following:

- ➔ 17 poems from the Core Knowledge curriculum that students are expected to memorize for recitation. Memorizing and reciting each of these 17 poems counts as a test grade, and students must meet this challenge four times each nine weeks.
- ➔ About 40 poets in total provide the works which we will memorize, study, discuss, and write about.

This PDF is my work-in-progress textbook for 5th grade poetry. It is broken down into four sections:

- ➔ **Poems for Memorization:** The complete texts for each of the 17 poems students must memorize and recite, presented in the order in which they will be assigned.
- ➔ **Other Poems:** The complete texts for more than 30 other poems which will read and discuss, presented in the order in which they will be introduced to the class.
- ➔ **Rubric for Recitations:** A rubric explaining how students are graded on their recitations.
- ➔ **Rubric for Biographies:** Students will be asked to write four biography reports about the poets we read.

As always, if you have any questions or concerns, please do not hesitate to e-mail me at [mchance@aristoiclassical.org](mailto:mchance@aristoiclassical.org).

Mark L. Chance

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## *The Tyger* by William Blake

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright  
In the forests of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies                                 5  
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?  
On what wings dare he aspire?  
What the hand dare sieze the fire?

And what shoulder, & what art.  
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?            10  
And when thy heart began to beat,  
What dread hand? & what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?  
In what furnace was thy brain?  
What the anvil? what dread grasp                 15  
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,  
And watered heaven with their tears,  
Did he smile his work to see?  
Did he who made the Lamb make thee? 20

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright  
In the forests of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

## *A Poison Tree* by William Blake

I was angry with my friend:  
I told my wrath, my wrath did end.  
I was angry with my foe:  
I told it not, my wrath did grow.

And I watered it in fears, 5  
Night and morning with my tears;  
And I sunned it with smiles,  
And with soft deceitful wiles.

And it grew both day and night,  
Till it bore an apple bright. 10  
And my foe beheld it shine.  
And he knew that it was mine,

And into my garden stole  
When the night had veiled the pole;  
In the morning glad I see  
My foe outstretched beneath the tree. 15

***The Snowstorm* by Ralph Waldo Emerson**

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,  
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,  
Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air  
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,  
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end. 5  
The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet  
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit  
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed  
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

Come see the north wind's masonry. 10  
Out of an unseen quarry evermore  
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer  
Curves his white bastions with projected roof  
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.  
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work 15  
So fanciful, so savage, nought cares he  
For number or proportion. Mockingly,  
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;  
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;  
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall, 20  
Maugre the farmer's sighs; and, at the gate,  
A tapering turret overtops the work.  
And when his hours are numbered, and the world  
Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,  
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art 25  
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,  
Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,  
The frolic architecture of the snow.

**Barbara Frietchie** by John Greenleaf Whittier

Up from the meadows rich with corn, Clear in the cool September morn,		Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;	30
The clustered spires of Frederick stand Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.		She leaned far out on the window-sill, And shook it forth with a royal will.	
Round about them orchards sweep, Apple- and peach-tree fruited deep,	5	“Shoot, if you must, this old gray head, But spare your country’s flag,” she said.	35
Fair as a garden of the Lord To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,		A shade of sadness, a blush of shame, Over the face of the leader came;	
On that pleasant morn of the early fall When Lee marched over the mountain wall,—	10	The nobler nature within him stirred To life at that woman’s deed and word:	
Over the mountains winding down, Horse and foot, into Frederick town.		“Who touches a hair of yon gray head Dies like a dog! March on!” he said.	40
Forty flags with their silver stars, Forty flags with their crimson bars,		All day long through Frederick street Sounded the tread of marching feet:	
Flapped in the morning wind: the sun Of noon looked down, and saw not one.	15	All day long that free flag tost Over the heads of the rebel host.	45
Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then, Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;		Ever its torn folds rose and fell On the loyal winds that loved it well;	
Bravest of all in Frederick town, She took up the flag the men hauled down;	20	And through the hill-gaps sunset light Shone over it with a warm good-night.	
In her attic window the staff she set, To show that one heart was loyal yet.		Barbara Frietchie’s work is o’er, And the Rebel rides on his raids no more.	50
Up the street came the rebel tread, Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.		Honor to her! and let a tear Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall’s bier.	
Under his slouched hat left and right He glanced: the old flag met his sight.	25	Over Barbara Frietchie’s grave Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!	55
“Halt!”— the dust-brown ranks stood fast. “Fire!”— out blazed the rifle-blast.		Peace and order and beauty draw Round thy symbol of light and law;	
It shivered the window, pane and sash; It rent the banner with seam and gash.		And ever the stars above look down On thy stars below in Frederick town!	



***The Arrow and the Song* by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow**

I shot an arrow into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where;  
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight  
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where;  
For who has sight so keen and strong,  
That it can follow the flight of song?

5

Long, long afterward, in an oak  
I found the arrow, still unbroke;  
And the song, from beginning to end,  
I found again in the heart of a friend.

10

***The Eagle* by Alfred, Lord Tennyson**

He clasps the crag with crooked hands;  
Close to the sun in lonely lands,  
Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;                      5  
He watches from his mountain walls,  
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

***I Hear America Singing* by Walt Whitman**

I hear America singing, the varied carols I hear,  
Those of mechanics, each one singing his as it should be blithe and strong,  
The carpenter singing his as he measures his plank or beam,  
The mason singing his as he makes ready for work, or leaves off work,  
The boatman singing what belongs to him in his boat, 5  
    the deckhand singing on the steamboat deck,  
The shoemaker singing as he sits on his bench, the hatter singing as he stands,  
The wood-cutter's song, the ploughboy's on his way in the morning,  
    or at noon intermission or at sundown,  
The delicious singing of the mother, or of the young wife at work,  
    or of the girl sewing or washing,  
Each singing what belongs to him or her and to none else, 10  
The day what belongs to the day—at night the party of young fellows, robust, friendly,  
Singing with open mouths their strong melodious songs.

**O Captain! My Captain!** by Walt Whitman

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,  
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,  
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,  
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;  
    But O heart! heart! heart! 5  
    O the bleeding drops of red,  
    Where on the deck my Captain lies,  
    Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;  
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills, 10  
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding,  
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;  
    Here Captain! dear father!  
    The arm beneath your head!  
    It is some dream that on the deck, 15  
    You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,  
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,  
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,  
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won; 20  
    Exult O shores, and ring O bells!  
    But I with mournful tread,  
    Walk the deck my Captain lies,  
    Fallen cold and dead.



***I like to see it lap the Miles* by Emily Dickinson**

I like to see it lap the Miles -  
And lick the Valleys up -  
And stop to feed itself at Tanks -  
And then - prodigious step

Around a Pile of Mountains -                      5  
And supercilious peer  
In Shanties - by the sides of Roads -  
And then a Quarry pare

To fit it's sides  
And crawl between                                      10  
Complaining all the while  
In horrid - hooting stanza -  
Then chase itself down Hill -

And neigh like Boanerges -  
Then - prompter than a Star                      15  
Stop - docile and omnipotent  
At it's own stable door -

*A Bird came down the Walk* by Emily Dickinson

A Bird came down the Walk—  
He did not know I saw—  
He bit an Angleworm in halves  
And ate the fellow, raw,

And then he drank a Dew 5  
From a convenient Grass—  
And then hopped sidewise to the Wall  
To let a Beetle pass—

He glanced with rapid eyes  
That hurried all around— 10  
They looked like frightened Beads, I thought—  
He stirred his Velvet Head

Like one in danger, Cautious,  
I offered him a Crumb  
And he unrolled his feathers 15  
And rowed him softer home—

Than Oars divide the Ocean,  
Too silver for a seam—  
Or Butterflies, off Banks of Noon  
Leap, plashless as they swim. 20

## Jabberwocky by Lewis Carroll

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:  
All mimsy were the borogoves,  
And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!  
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!  
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun  
The frumious Bandersnatch!"

5

He took his vorpal sword in hand;  
     Long time the manxome foe he sought—      10  
 So rested he by the Tumtum tree  
     And stood awhile in thought.

And, as in uffish thought he stood,  
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,  
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood, 15  
And burred as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through  
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!  
He left it dead, and with its head  
He went galumphing back. 20

“And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?  
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!  
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!”  
He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves                    25  
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:  
All mimsy were the borogoves,  
And the mome raths outgrabe.



**Casey at the Bat by Ernest Lawrence Thayer**

The outlook wasn't brilliant for the Mudville nine that day:  
The score stood four to two, with but one inning more to play,  
And then when Cooney died at first, and Barrows did the same,  
A pall-like silence fell upon the patrons of the game.

A straggling few got up to go in deep despair. The rest 5  
Clung to the hope which springs eternal in the human breast;  
They thought, "If only Casey could but get a whack at that—  
We'd put up even money now, with Casey at the bat."

But Flynn preceded Casey, as did also Jimmy Blake,  
And the former was a hoodoo, while the latter was a cake; 10  
So upon that stricken multitude grim melancholy sat,  
For there seemed but little chance of Casey getting to the bat.

But Flynn let drive a single, to the wonderment of all,  
And Blake, the much despised, tore the cover off the ball;  
And when the dust had lifted, and men saw what had occurred, 15  
There was Jimmy safe at second and Flynn a-hugging third.

Then from five thousand throats and more there rose a lusty yell;  
It rumbled through the valley, it rattled in the dell;  
It pounded on the mountain and recoiled upon the flat,  
For Casey, mighty Casey, was advancing to the bat. 20

There was ease in Casey's manner as he stepped into his place;  
There was pride in Casey's bearing and a smile lit Casey's face.  
And when, responding to the cheers, he lightly doffed his hat,  
No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Casey at the bat.

Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands with dirt; 25  
Five thousand tongues applauded when he wiped them on his shirt;  
Then while the writhing pitcher ground the ball into his hip,  
Defiance flashed in Casey's eye, a sneer curled Casey's lip.

And now the leather-covered sphere came hurtling through the air,  
And Casey stood a-watching it in haughty grandeur there. 30  
Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped—  
"That ain't my style," said Casey. "Strike one!" the umpire said.

From the benches, black with people, there went up a muffled roar,  
Like the beating of the storm-waves on a stern and distant shore;  
"Kill him! Kill the umpire!" shouted someone on the stand; 35  
And it's likely they'd have killed him had not Casey raised his hand.

With a smile of Christian charity great Casey's visage shone;  
He stilled the rising tumult; he bade the game go on;  
He signaled to the pitcher, and once more the dun sphere flew;  
But Casey still ignored it and the umpire said, "Strike two!" 40

"Fraud!" cried the maddened thousands, and echo answered "Fraud!"  
But one scornful look from Casey and the audience was awed.  
They saw his face grow stern and cold, they saw his muscles strain,  
And they knew that Casey wouldn't let that ball go by again.

The sneer is gone from Casey's lip, his teeth are clenched in hate, 45  
He pounds with cruel violence his bat upon the plate;  
And now the pitcher holds the ball, and now he lets it go,  
And now the air is shattered by the force of Casey's blow.

Oh, somewhere in this favoured land the sun is shining bright,  
The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light; 50  
And somewhere men are laughing, and somewhere children shout,  
But there is no joy in Mudville—mighty Casey has struck out.

***The Road Not Taken* by Robert Frost**

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,  
And sorry I could not travel both  
And be one traveler, long I stood  
And looked down one as far as I could  
To where it bent in the undergrowth; 5

Then took the other, as just as fair,  
And having perhaps the better claim,  
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;  
Though as for that the passing there  
Had worn them really about the same, 10

And both that morning equally lay  
In leaves no step had trodden black.  
Oh, I kept the first for another day!  
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,  
I doubted if I should ever come back. 15

I shall be telling this with a sigh  
Somewhere ages and ages hence:  
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—  
I took the one less traveled by,  
And that has made all the difference. 20

***I, Too* by Langston Hughes**

I, too, sing America.

I am the darker brother.

They send me to eat in the kitchen

When company comes,

But I laugh, 5

And eat well,

And grow strong.

Tomorrow,

I'll be at the table

When company comes. 10

Nobody'll dare

Say to me,

"Eat in the kitchen,"

Then.

Besides, 15

They'll see how beautiful I am

And be ashamed—

I, too, am America.

## *Narcissa* by Gwendolyn Brooks

Some of the girls are playing jacks.  
Some are playing ball.  
But small Narcissa is not playing  
Anything at all.

Small Narcissa sits upon                                 5  
A brick in her back yard  
And looks at tiger-lilies,  
And shakes her pigtails hard.

First she is an ancient queen  
In pomp and purple veil.                      10  
Soon she is a singing wind.  
And, next, a nightingale.

How fine to be Narcissa  
A-changing like all that!  
While sitting still, as still, as still,      15  
As anyone ever sat!

## Some Opposites by Richard Wilbur

What is the opposite of riot?  
It's lots of people keeping quiet.

The opposite of doughnut? Wait  
A minute while I meditate.  
This isn't easy. Ah, I've found it! 5  
A cookie with a hole around it.

What is the opposite of two?  
A lonely me, a lonely you.

The opposite of a cloud could be  
A white reflection in the sea,  
Or a huge blueness in the air,  
Caused by a cloud's not being there.

10

The opposite of opposite?  
That's much too difficult. I quit.

## The Lake Isle of Innisfree by William Butler Yeats

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,  
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;  
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey bee,  
And live alone in the bee loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,  
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;  
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,  
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

5

I will arise and go now, for always night and day  
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;  
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements grey,  
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

## Piano by D. H. Lawrence

Softly, in the dusk, a woman is singing to me;  
Taking me back down the vista of years, till I see  
A child sitting under the piano, in the boom of the tingling strings  
And pressing the small, poised feet of a mother who smiles as she sings.

In spite of myself, the insidious mastery of song                                 5  
Betrays me back, till the heart of me weeps to belong  
To the old Sunday evenings at home, with winter outside  
And hymns in the cosy parlour, the tinkling piano our guide.

So now it is vain for the singer to burst into clamour  
With the great black piano appassionato. The glamour  
Of childish days is upon me, my manhood is cast  
Down in the flood of remembrance, I weep like a child for the past.

***The Wood-Weasel* by Marianne Moore**

emerges daintily, the skunk-  
don't laugh-insylvan black and white chipmunk  
regalia. The inky thing  
adaptively whited with glistening  
goat-fur, is wood-warden. In his 5  
ermine well-cuttlefish-inked wool, he is  
determination's totem. Out-  
lawed? His sweet face and powerful feet go about  
in chieftain's coat of Chilkat cloth.  
He is his own protection from the moth. 10

noble little warrior. That  
otter-skin on it, the living pole-cat  
smothers anything that stings. Well, -  
this same weasel's playful and his weasel  
associates are too. Only 15  
Wood-weasels shall associate with me.

**Sir Patrick Spens (anonymous 17th century ballad)**

The king sits in Dunfermline town Drinking the blude-red wine; 'O whare will I get a skeely skipper To sail this new ship o' mine?'		And if we gang to sea, master, I fear we'll come to harm.'	40
O up and spak an eldern knight, Sat at the king's right knee; 'Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor That ever sail'd the sea.'	5	They hadna sail'd a league, a league, A league but barely three, When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud, And gurly grew the sea.	
Our king has written a braid letter, And seal'd it with his hand, And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens, Was walking on the strand.	10	The ankers brak, and the topmast lap, It was sic a deadly storm: And the waves cam owre the broken ship Till a' her sides were torn.	45
'To Noroway, to Noroway, To Noroway o'er the faem; The king's daughter o' Noroway, 'Tis thou must bring her hame.'	15	'Go fetch a web o' the silken claith, Another o' the twine, And wap them into our ship's side, And let nae the sea come in.'	50
The first word that Sir Patrick read So loud, loud laugh'd he; The neist word that Sir Patrick read The tear blinded his e'e.	20	They fetch'd a web o' the silken claith, Another o' the twine, And they wapp'd them round that gude ship's side But still the sea came in.	
'O wha is this has done this deed And tauld the king o' me, To send us out, at this time o' year, To sail upon the sea?		O laith, laith were our gude Scots lords To wet their cork-heel'd shoon; But lang or a' the play was play'd They wat their hats aboon.	60
'Be it wind, be it weat, be it hail, be it sleet, Our ship must sail the faem; The king's daughter o' Noroway, 'Tis we must fetch her hame.'	25	And mony was the feather bed That flatter'd on the faem; And mony was the gude lord's son That never mair cam hame.	
They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn Wi' a' the speed they may; They hae landed in Noroway Upon a Wodensday.	30	O lang, lang may the ladies sit, Wi' their fans into their hand, Before they see Sir Patrick Spens Come sailing to the strand!	65
'Mak ready, mak ready, my merry men a! Our gude ship sails the morn.'		And lang, lang may the maidens sit Wi' their gowd kames in their hair, A-waiting for their ain dear loves! For them they'll see nae mair.	70
'Now ever alack, my master dear, I fear a deadly storm.	35	Half-owre, half-owre to Aberdour, 'Tis fifty fathoms deep; And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens, Wi' the Scots lords at his feet!	75
'I saw the new moon late yestreen Wi' the auld moon in her arm;			



# 'Out, Out—' by Robert Frost

The buzz saw snarled and rattled in the yard  
 And made dust and dropped stove-length sticks of wood,  
 Sweet-scented stuff when the breeze drew across it.  
 And from there those that lifted eyes could count  
 Five mountain ranges one behind the other 5  
 Under the sunset far into Vermont.  
 And the saw snarled and rattled, snarled and rattled,  
 As it ran light, or had to bear a load.  
 And nothing happened: day was all but done.  
 Call it a day, I wish they might have said 10  
 To please the boy by giving him the half hour  
 That a boy counts so much when saved from work.  
 His sister stood beside him in her apron  
 To tell them 'Supper.' At the word, the saw,  
 As if to prove saws know what supper meant, 15  
 Leaped out at the boy's hand, or seemed to leap—  
 He must have given the hand. However it was,  
 Neither refused the meeting. But the hand!  
 The boy's first outcry was a rueful laugh,  
 As he swung toward them holding up the hand 20  
 Half in appeal, but half as if to keep  
 The life from spilling. Then the boy saw all—  
 Since he was old enough to know, big boy  
 Doing a man's work, though a child at heart—  
 He saw all was spoiled. 'Don't let him cut my hand off— 25  
 The doctor, when he comes. Don't let him, sister!'  
 So. But the hand was gone already.  
 The doctor put him in the dark of ether.  
 He lay and puffed his lips out with his breath.  
 And then—the watcher at his pulse took fright. 30  
 No one believed. They listened to his heart.  
 Little—less—nothing!—and that ended it.  
 No more to build on there. And they, since they  
 Were not the one dead, turned to their affairs.

# My Papa's Waltz by Theodore Roethke

The whiskey on your breath Could make a small boy dizzy; But I hung on like death: Such waltzing was not easy.		The hand that held my wrist Was battered on one knuckle; At every step you missed My right ear scraped a buckle.	10
We romped until the pans Slid from the kitchen shelf; My mother's countenance Could not unfrown itself.	5	You beat time on my head With a palm caked hard by dirt, Then waltzed me off to bed Still clinging to your shirt.	15

**Eleanor Rigby by Paul McCartney**

Ah, look at all the lonely people  
Ah, look at all the lonely people

Eleanor Rigby picks up the rice in the church where a wedding was been,  
Lives in a dream.  
Waits at the window, wearing the face that she keeps in a jar by the door, 5  
Who is it for?

All the lonely people, where do they all come from?  
All the lonely people, where do they all belong?

Father McKenzie, writing the words to a sermon that no one will near,  
No one comes near.  
Look at him working, darning his socks in the night when there's nobody there 10  
What does he care?

All the lonely people, where do they all come from?  
All the lonely people, where do they all belong?  
Ah, look at all the lonely people  
Ah, look at all the lonely people 15

Eleanor Rigby died in church and was buried along with her name;  
Nobody came.  
Father McKenzie, wiping the dirt from his hands as he walks from the grave;  
No one was saved.

All the lonely people, where do they all come from? 20  
Ah, look at all the lonely people  
All the lonely people, where do they all belong?  
Ah, look at all the lonely people

***I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud* by William Wordsworth**

I wandered lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host, of golden daffodils;  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,                 5  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the milky way,  
They stretched in never-ending line  
Along the margin of a bay:                                 10  
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but they  
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:  
A poet could not but be gay,                                 15  
In such a jocund company:  
I gazed---and gazed---but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood,                                 20  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude;  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils.

***The Grocer's Children* by Herbert Scott**

The grocer's children  
eat day-old bread  
moldy cakes and cheese,  
soft black bananas  
on stale shredded wheat,                 5  
weeviled rice, their plates  
heaped high with wilted  
greens, bruised fruit  
surprise treats  
from unlabeled cans,                         10  
tainted meat.  
The grocer's children  
never go hungry.

### ***The Chimney Sweep* by William Blake**

When my mother died I was very young,  
And my father sold me while yet my tongue  
Could scarcely cry " 'weep! 'weep! 'weep! 'weep!"  
So your chimneys I sweep & in soot I sleep.

There's little Tom Dacre, who cried when his head                      5  
That curled like a lamb's back, was shaved, so I said,  
"Hush, Tom! never mind it, for when your head's bare,  
You know that the soot cannot spoil your white hair."

And so he was quiet, & that very night,  
As Tom was a-sleeping he had such a sight!                      10  
That thousands of sweepers, Dick, Joe, Ned, & Jack,  
Were all of them locked up in coffins of black;

And by came an Angel who had a bright key,  
And he opened the coffins & set them all free;  
Then down a green plain, leaping, laughing they run,                      15  
And wash in a river and shine in the Sun.

Then naked & white, all their bags left behind,  
They rise upon clouds, and sport in the wind.  
And the Angel told Tom, if he'd be a good boy,  
He'd have God for his father & never want joy.                      20

And so Tom awoke; and we rose in the dark  
And got with our bags & our brushes to work.  
Though the morning was cold, Tom was happy & warm;  
So if all do their duty, they need not fear harm.

### ***Riding a One-Eyed Horse* by Henry Taylor**

One side of his world is always missing.  
You may give it a casual wave of the hand  
or rub it with your shoulder as you pass,  
but nothing on his blind side ever happens.

Hundreds of trees slip past him into darkness,                      5  
drifting into a hollow hemisphere  
whose sounds you will have to try and explain.  
Your legs will tell him not to be afraid

if you learn never to lie. Do not forget  
to turn his head and let what comes come seen:                      10  
he will jump the fences he has to if you swing  
toward them from the side that he can see

and hold his good eye straight. The heavy dark  
will stay beside you always; let him learn  
to lean against it. It will steady him                      15  
and see you safely through diminished fields.

*anyone lived in a pretty how town* by e. e. cummings

anyone lived in a pretty how town  
(with up so floating many bells down)  
spring summer autumn winter  
he sang his didn't he danced his did.

Women and men(both little and small) 5  
cared for anyone not at all  
they sowed their isn't they reaped their same  
sun moon stars rain

children guessed (but only a few  
and down they forgot as up they grew  
autumn winter spring summer) 10  
that noone loved him more by more

when by now and tree by leaf  
she laughed his joy she cried his grief  
bird by snow and stir by still  
anyone's any was all to her

someones married their everyones  
laughed their cryings and did their dance  
(sleep wake up and then)they  
said their nevers they slept their dream 20

stars rain sun moon  
(and only the snow can begin to explain  
how children are apt to forget to remember  
with up so floating many bells down)

one day anyone died i guess  
(and noone stooped to kiss his face)  
busy folk buried them side by side  
little by little and was by was

all by all and deep by deep  
and more by more they dream their sleep 30  
noone and anyone earth by april  
wish by spirit and if by yes.

Women and men(both dong and ding)  
summer autumn winter spring  
reaped their sowing and went their came  
sun moon stars rain

***My Heart Leaps Up When I Behold* by William Wordsworth**

My heart leaps up when I behold  
A rainbow in the sky:  
So was it when my life began,  
So is it now I am a man,  
So be it when I shall grow old                      5  
Or let me die!  
The child is father of the man:  
And I could wish my days to be  
Bound each to each by natural piety.

***The Bean Eaters* by Gwendolyn Brooks**

They eat beans mostly, this old yellow pair.  
Dinner is a casual affair.  
Plain chipware on a plain and creaking wood,  
Tin flatware.  
  
Two who are Mostly Good.                                              5  
Two who have lived their day,  
But keep on putting on their clothes  
And putting things away.  
  
And remembering . . .  
Remembering, with twinklings and twinges,                      10  
As they lean over the beans in their rented back room that  
is full of beads and receipts and dolls and cloths,  
tobacco crumbs, vases and fringes.

***The Winter Evening Settles Down* by T. S. Eliot**

The winter evening settles down  
With smell of steaks in passageways.  
Six o'clock.  
The burnt-out ends of smoky days.  
And now a gusty shower wraps                                              5  
The grimy scraps  
Of withered leaves about your feet  
And newspapers from vacant lots;  
The showers beat  
On broken blinds and chimney-pots,                                              10  
And at the corner of the street  
A lonely cab-horse steams and stamps.  
And then the lighting of the lamps.

## Shall I Compare Thee to a Summer's Day by William Shakespeare

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?  
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:  
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,  
And summer's lease hath all too short a date;  
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines, 5  
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;  
And every fair from fair sometime declines,  
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;  
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,  
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st; 10  
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,  
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st:  
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,  
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

### Incident by Countee Cullen

(For Eric Walrond)

Once riding in old Baltimore,  
Heart-filled, head-filled with glee,  
I saw a Baltimorean  
Keep looking straight at me.

Now I was eight and very small,                         5  
And he was no whit bigger,  
And so I smiled, but he poked out  
His tongue, and called me, “Nigger.”

I saw the whole of Baltimore  
From May until December;                 10  
Of all the things that happened there  
That's all that I remember.

## *The Wind* by James Stephens

The wind stood up and gave a shout.  
He whistled on his fingers and  
Kicked the withered leaves about  
And thumped the branches with his hand  
And said that he'd kill and kill,                 5  
And so he will and so he will.

**Elegy, Written with His Own Hand by Chidioc Tichborne**

My prime of youth is but a frost of cares, My feast of joy is but a dish of paine, My Crop of corne is but a field of tares, And al my good is but vaine hope of gaine. The day is past, and yet I saw no sunne, And now I live, and now my life is done.	5	I saw the world, and yet I was not seene. My thred is cut, and yet it is not spunne, And now I live, and now my life is done.  I sought my death, and found it in my wombe, I lookt for life, and saw it was a shade: I trod the earth, and knew it was my Tombe, And now I die, and now I was but made. My glasse is full, and now my glasse is runne, And now I live, and now my life is done.	10       15
My tale was heard, and yet it was not told, My fruite is falne, & yet my leaves are greene: My youth is spent, and yet I am not old,			

**At Candle-Lightin' Time by Paul Laurence Dunbar**

When I come in f'om de co'n-fiel' aftah wo'kin' ha'd all day,  
It 's amazin' nice to fin' my suppah all erpon de way;  
An' it 's nice to smell de coffee bubblin' ovah in de pot,  
An' it 's fine to see de meat a-sizzlin' teasin'-lak an' hot.

But when suppah-time is ovah, an' de t'ings is cleahed away;  
Den de happy hours dat foller are de sweetes' of de day.  
When my co'ncob pipe is sta'ted, an' de smoke is drawin' prime,  
My ole 'ooman says, "I reckon, Ike, it 's candle-lightin' time."

Den de chillun snuggle up to me, an' all commence to call,  
"Oh, say, daddy, now it 's time to mek de shadders on de wall."  
So I puts my han's togethah—evah daddy knows de way,—  
An' de chillun snuggle closer roun' ez I begin to say:—

"Fus' thing, hyeah come Mistah Rabbit; don' you see him wo'k his eahs?  
Huh, uh! dis mus' be a donkey,—look, how innercent he 'pears!  
Dah 's de ole black swan a-swimmin'—ain't she got a' awful neck?  
Who 's dis feller dat 's a-comin'? Why, dat 's ole dog Tray, I 'spec'!"

Dat 's de way I run on, tryin' fu' to please 'em all I can;  
Den I hollahs, "Now be keerful—dis hyeah las' 's de buga-man!"  
An' dey runs an' hides dey faces; dey ain't skeered—dey 's lettin' on:  
But de play ain't raaly ovah twell dat buga-man is gone.

So I jes' teks up my banjo, an' I plays a little chune,  
An' you see dem haid come peepin' out to listen mighty soon.  
Den my wife says, "Sich a pappy fu' to give you sich a fright!  
Jes, you go to baid, an' leave him: say yo' prayers an' say good-night."



**Bonny Barbara Allan (traditional Scottish ballad)**

Oh, in the merry month of May, When all things were a-blooming, Sweet William came from the Western states And courted Barbara Allan.		"O Father, O Father, go dig my grave, And dig it long and narrow; Sweet William died for me today; I'll die for him tomorrow."	
But he took sick, and very sick And he sent for Barbara Allan, And all she said when she got there, "Young man, you are a-dying."	5	They buried them both in the old graveyard, All side and side each other. A red, red rose grew out of his grave, And a green briar out of hers.	45
"Oh yes, I'm sick, and I'm very sick, And I think that death's upon me; But one sweet kiss from Barbara's lips Will save me from my dying."	10	They grew and grew so very high That they could grow no higher; They lapped, they tied in a truelove knot— The rose ran 'round the briar.	50
"But don't you remember the other day You were down in town a-drinking? You drank your health to the ladies all around, And slighted Barbara Allan."	15		
"Oh yes, I remember the other day I was down in town a-drinking; I drank my health to the ladies all 'round, But my love to Barbara Allan."	20		
He turned his face to the wall; She turned her back upon him; The very last word she heard him say, "Hardhearted Barbara Allan."			
As she passed on through London Town, She heard some bells a-ringing, And every bell, it seemed to say, "Hardhearted Barbara Allan."	25		
She then passed on to the country road, And heard some birds a-singing; And every bird it seemed to say, "Hardhearted Barbara Allan."	30		
She hadn't got more than a mile from town When she saw his corpse a-coming; "O bring him here, and ease him down, And let me look upon him.	35		
"Oh, take him away! Oh, take him away! For I am sick and dying! His death-cold features say to me, 'Hardhearted Barbara Allan.'	40		

## *Ballad of Birmingham* by Dudley Randall

(On the bombing of a church in Birmingham, Alabama, 1963)

“Mother dear, may I go downtown  
Instead of out to play,  
And march the streets of Birmingham  
In a Freedom March today?”

“No, baby, no, you may not go, 5  
For the dogs are fierce and wild,  
And clubs and hoses, guns and jails  
Aren’t good for a little child.”

“But, mother, I won’t be alone.  
Other children will go with me,  
And march the streets of Birmingham  
To make our country free.”

“No, baby, no, you may not go,  
For I fear those guns will fire.  
But you may go to church instead  
And sing in the children’s choir.” 15

She has combed and brushed her night-dark hair,  
And bathed rose petal sweet,  
And drawn white gloves on her small brown hands,  
And white shoes on her feet. 20

The mother smiled to know her child  
Was in the sacred place,  
But that smile was the last smile  
To come upon her face.

For when she heard the explosion, 25  
Her eyes grew wet and wild.  
She raced through the streets of Birmingham  
Calling for her child.

She clawed through bits of glass and brick,  
Then lifted out a shoe. 30  
“O, here’s the shoe my baby wore,  
But, baby, where are you?”

***Shall I Compare Thee To A Summer's Day?* by Howard Moss**

Who says you're like one of the dog days?  
You're nicer. And better.  
Even in May, the weather can be gray,  
And a summer sub-let doesn't last forever.  
Sometimes the sun's too hot; 5  
Sometimes it is not.  
Who can stay young forever?  
People break their necks or just drop dead!  
But you? Never!  
If there's just one condensed reader left 10  
Who can figure out the abridged alphabet,  
After you're dead and gone,  
In this poem you'll live on.

***True Ease in Writing Comes from Art, Not Chance* by Alexander Pope**

True Ease in Writing comes from Art, not Chance,  
As those move easiest who have learned to dance.  
'Tis not enough no Harshness gives Offence,  
The Sound must seem an Echo to the Sense.  
Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,  
And the smooth Stream in smoother Numbers flows;  
But when loud Surges lash the sounding Shore,  
The hoarse, rough Verse should like the Torrent roar.  
When Ajax strives, some Rock's vast Weight to throw,  
The line too labors, and the Words move slow;  
No so, when swift Camilla scours the Plain,  
Flies o'er th' unbending Corn, and skims along the Main.  
Hear how Timotheus' varied Lays surprise,  
And bid Alternate Passions fall and rise!  
While, at each Change, the Son of Lybian Jove  
Now burns with Glory, and then melts with Love;  
Now his fierce Eyes with sparkling Fury glow;  
Now Sighs steal out, and Tears begin to flow:  
Persians and Greeks like Turns of Nature found,  
And the World's Victor stood subdued by Sound!  
The Pow'rs of Music all our Hearts allow;  
And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now.

**Who goes with Fergus? by William Butler Yeats**

Who will go drive with Fergus now,  
And pierce the deep wood's woven shade,  
And dance upon the level shore?  
Young man, lift up your russet brow,  
And lift your tender eyelids, maid, 5  
And brood on hopes and fear no more.

And no more turn aside and brood  
Upon love's bitter mystery;  
For Fergus rules the brazen cars,  
And rules the shadows of the wood, 10  
And the white breast of the dim sea  
And all dishevelled wandering stars.

**Eight O'Clock by A. E. Housman**

He stood, and heard the steeple Sprinkle the quarters on the morning town. One, two, three, four, to market-place and people It tossed them down.	Strapped, noosed, nighing his hour, He stood and counted them and cursed his luck; And then the clock collected in the tower Its strength, and struck.
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**The Splendor Falls by Alfred, Lord Tennyson**

The splendor falls on castle walls  
And snowy summits old in story;  
The long light shakes across the lakes,  
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.  
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying, 5  
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O, hark, O, hear! how thin and clear,  
And thinner, clearer, farther going!  
O, sweet and far from cliff and scar  
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing! 10  
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying,  
Blow, bugles; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,  
They faint on hill or field or river;  
Our echoes roll from soul to soul, 15  
And grow forever and forever.  
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,  
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

## *Desert Places* by Robert Frost

Snow falling and night falling fast, oh, fast  
In a field I looked into going past,  
And the ground almost covered smooth in snow,  
But a few weeds and stubble showing last.

The woods around it have it - it is theirs.                                 5  
All animals are smothered in their lairs.  
I am too absent-spirited to count;  
The loneliness includes me unawares.

And lonely as it is, that loneliness  
Will be more lonely ere it will be less - 10  
A blanker whiteness of benighted snow  
With no expression, nothing to express.

They cannot scare me with their empty spaces  
Between stars - on stars where no human race is.  
I have it in me so much nearer home  
To scare myself with my own desert places.

## Virginia by T. S. Eliot

Red river, red river,  
Slow flow heat is silence  
No will is still as a river  
Still. Will heat move  
Only through the mocking-bird 5  
Heard once? Still hills  
Wait. Gates wait. Purple trees,  
White trees, wait, wait,  
Delay, decay. Living, living,  
Never moving. Ever moving 10  
Iron thoughts came with me  
And go with me:  
Red river, river, river.

***Slow, Slow, Fresh Fount* by Ben Jonson**

Slow, slow, fresh fount, keep time with my salt tears;  
Yet slower, yet, O faintly, gentle springs!  
List to the heavy part the music bears,  
Woe weeps out her division, when she sings.  
    Droop herbs and flowers; 5  
    Fall grief in showers;  
    Our beauties are not ours.  
    O, I could still,  
Like melting snow upon some craggy hill,  
    Drop, drop, drop, drop, 10  
Since nature's pride is now a withered daffodil.

***Do Not Go Gentle Into That Good Night* by Dylan Thomas**

Do not go gentle into that good night,  
Old age should burn and rave at close of day;  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Though wise men at their end know dark is right,  
Because their words had forked no lightning they 5  
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Good men, the last wave by, crying how bright  
Their frail deeds might have danced in a green bay,  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight, 10  
And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way,  
Do not go gentle into that good night.

Grave men, near death, who see with blinding sight  
Blind eyes could blaze like meteors and be gay,  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light. 15

And you, my father, there on the sad height,  
Curse, bless, me now with your fierce tears, I pray.  
Do not go gentle into that good night.  
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

***The Dance* by William Carlos Williams**

In Brueghel's great picture, The Kermess,  
the dancers go round, they go round and  
around, the squeal and the blare and the  
tweedle of bagpipes, a bugle and fiddles  
tipping their bellies (round as the thick- 5  
sided glasses whose wash they impound)  
their hips and their bellies off balance  
to turn them. Kicking and rolling  
about the Fair Grounds, swinging their butts, those  
shanks must be sound to bear up under such 10  
rollicking measures, prance as they dance  
in Brueghel's great picture, The Kermess.

***Up-Hill* by Christina Rossetti**

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?  
Yes, to the very end.  
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?  
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place? 5  
A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.  
May not the darkness hide it from my face?  
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?  
Those who have gone before. 10  
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?  
They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?  
Of labour you shall find the sum.  
Will there be beds for me and all who seek? 15  
Yea, beds for all who come.

## *The Oxen* by Thomas Hardy

Christmas Eve, and twelve of the clock. "Now they are all on their knees," An elder said as we sat in a flock By the embers in hearthside ease.		So fair a fancy few would weave In these years! Yet, I feel, If someone said on Christmas Eve, "Come; see the oxen kneel,	10
We pictured the meek mild creatures where They dwelt in their strawy pen, Nor did it occur to one of us there To doubt they were kneeling then.	5	"In the lonely barton by yonder coomb Our childhood used to know," I should go with him in the gloom, Hoping it might be so.	15

## *La Guitarra* by Federico Garcia Lorca

Empieza el llanto de la guitarra.		The weeping of the guitar begins.	
Se rompen las copas de la madrugada.		The goblets of dawn are smashed.	
Empieza el llanto de la guitarra.	5	The weeping of the guitar begins.	5
Es inútil callarla.		Useless to silence it.	
Es imposible callarla.	10	Impossible to silence it.	10
Llora monótona como llora el agua, como llora el viento sobre la nevada.		It weeps monotonously as water weeps as the wind weeps over snowfields.	
Es imposible callarla.	15	Impossible to silence it.	15
Llora por cosas lejanas.		It weeps for distant things.	
Arena del Sur caliente que pide camelias blancas.	20	Hot southern sands yearning for white camellias.	20
Llora flecha sin blanco, la tarde sin mañana, y el primer pájaro muerto sobre la rama.		Weeps arrow without target evening without morning and the first dead bird on the branch.	
¡Oh guitarra!	25	Oh, guitar!	25
Corazón malherido por cinco espadas.		Heart mortally wounded by five swords.	



## Poem Recitation

Teacher Name: **Mr. Chance**

Student Name: \_\_\_\_\_

CATEGORY	4	3	2	1
Preparedness	Student is completely prepared and has obviously rehearsed. Student needed no more than one prompt.	Student seems pretty prepared but might have needed a couple more rehearsals. Student needed two or three prompts.	The student is somewhat prepared, but it is clear that rehearsal was lacking. Student needed four to six prompts.	Student does not seem at all prepared to present. Student needed more than six prompts.
Speaks Clearly	Speaks clearly and distinctly all (100-95%) the time, and mispronounces no words.	Speaks clearly and distinctly all (100-95%) the time, but mispronounces one word.	Speaks clearly and distinctly most (94- 85%) of the time. Mispronounces no more than one word.	Often mumbles or can not be understood OR mispronounces more than one word.
Volume	Volume is loud enough to be heard by all audience members throughout the presentation.	Volume is loud enough to be heard by all audience members at least 90% of the time.	Volume is loud enough to be heard by all audience members at least 80% of the time.	Volume often too soft to be heard by all audience members.
Posture and Eye Contact	Stands up straight, looks relaxed and confident. Establishes eye contact with everyone in the room during the presentation.	Stands up straight and establishes eye contact with everyone in the room during the presentation.	Sometimes stands up straight and establishes eye contact.	Slouches and/or does not look at people during the presentation.

## Poet Biography

Teacher Name: **Mr. Chance**

Student Name: \_\_\_\_\_

CATEGORY	4	3	2	1
Introduction (Organization)	The introduction is inviting, states the main topic and previews the structure of the paper.	The introduction clearly states the main topic and previews the structure of the paper, but is not particularly inviting to the reader.	The introduction states the main topic, but does not adequately preview the structure of the paper nor is it particularly inviting to the reader.	There is no clear introduction of the main topic or structure of the paper.
Biographical Elements	Includes all parts of a biography. (See below for these elements.)	Missing one element of a biography.	Missing two elements of a biography.	Missing three or more elements of a biography.
Conclusion (Organization)	The conclusion is strong and leaves the reader with a feeling that they understand what the writer is "getting at."	The conclusion is recognizable and ties up almost all the loose ends.	The conclusion is recognizable, but does not tie up several loose ends.	There is no clear conclusion, the paper just ends.
Grammar & Spelling (Conventions)	Writer makes no errors in grammar or spelling that distract the reader from the content.	Writer makes 1-2 errors in grammar or spelling that distract the reader from the content.	Writer makes 3-4 errors in grammar or spelling that distract the reader from the content.	Writer makes more than 4 errors in grammar or spelling that distract the reader from the content.
Capitalization & Punctuation (Conventions)	Writer makes no errors in capitalization or punctuation, so the paper is exceptionally easy to read.	Writer makes 1 or 2 errors in capitalization or punctuation, but the paper is still easy to read.	Writer makes a few errors in capitalization and/or punctuation that catch the reader's attention and interrupt the flow.	Writer makes several errors in capitalization and/or punctuation that catch the reader's attention and greatly interrupt the flow.

*Elements of a Biography:* The elements of a biography include the birth date and place, family members, and information about the person's childhood and schooling. Include hobbies, facts about their career and the reason for fame. Don't forget to add information about things they did in old age and their death.