7th GRADE POEM INSTRUCTIONS

7th graders will be reciting 9 poems this year. Poems must be done on the poem recitation day and count the same as a test. Students will be graded on a combination of accuracy and fluency.

Poem Recitation Days for the 2017-2018 school year will be:

**SEPTEMBER 7**

**OCTOBER 5**

**NOVEMBER 2**

**DECEMBER 7**

**JANUARY 25**

**FEBRUARY 22**

**MARCH 22**

**APRIL 19**

**May 10**

All poem recitations will take place on Thursdays, unless otherwise noted. Each student may choose to recite the poems in whichever order he/she wishes, but all poems must be recited by May 11.

Poem titles for this year will include:

“Alone” by Edgar Allan Poe

“A Psalm of Life” by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

“Barter” by Sara Teasdale

“i carry your heart [i carry it in] by e.e. cummings

“Caged Bird” by Maya Angelou

“Myself” by Edgar A. Guest

“Invictus” by William Ernest Henley

“Do Not Go Gentle into that Good Night” by Dylan Thomas

“I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud” by William Wordsworth

Alone” By [Edgar Allan Poe](http://www.poetryoutloud.org/poet/edgar-allan-poe)

From childhood’s hour I have not been

As others were—I have not seen

As others saw—I could not bring

My passions from a common spring—

From the same source I have not taken

My sorrow—I could not awaken

My heart to joy at the same tone—

And all I lov’d—*I* lov’d alone—

*Then*—in my childhood—in the dawn

Of a most stormy life—was drawn

From ev’ry depth of good and ill

The mystery which binds me still—

From the torrent, or the fountain—

From the red cliff of the mountain—

From the sun that ’round me roll’d

In its autumn tint of gold—

From the lightning in the sky

As it pass’d me flying by—

From the thunder, and the storm—

And the cloud that took the form

(When the rest of Heaven was blue)

Of a demon in my view—

**Recitation:**

**Accuracy\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_/147 words**

**Speed/Fluency/Articulation \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_/5**

**Eye Contact \_\_\_\_\_\_\_/5**

**Appropriate Volume \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_/5**

**Vocalized Pauses (um, etc.) \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (-2 each)**

**Number of “helps” \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (-5 each)**

**Total \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_/162**

**Myself**

**By Edgar A. Guest**

|  |
| --- |
| I have to live with myself and so I want to be fit for myself to know.I want to be able as days go by,always to look myself straight in the eye;I don't want to stand with the setting sun and hate myself for the things I have done.I don't want to keep on a closet shelf a lot of secrets about myself and fool myself as I come and go into thinking no one will ever know the kind of person I really am, I don't want to dress up myself in sham.I want to go out with my head erect I want to deserve all men's respect;but here in the struggle for fame and wealth I want to be able to like myself. I don't want to look at myself and know I am bluster and bluff and empty show.I never can hide myself from me;I see what others may never see;I know what others may never know, I never can fool myself and so, whatever happens I want to be self-respecting and conscience free.  |

**Recitation:**

**Accuracy\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_/187 words**

**Speed/Fluency/Articulation \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_/5**

**Eye Contact \_\_\_\_\_\_\_/5**

**Appropriate Volume \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_/5**

**Vocalized Pauses (um, etc.) \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (-2 each)**

**Number of “helps” \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (-5 each)**

**Total \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_/202**

Caged Bird By [Maya Angelou](http://www.poetryoutloud.org/poet/maya-angelou)

A free bird leaps

on the back of the wind

and floats downstream

till the current ends

and dips his wing

in the orange sun rays

and dares to claim the sky.

But a bird that stalks

down his narrow cage

can seldom see through

his bars of rage

his wings are clipped and

his feet are tied

so he opens his throat to sing.

The caged bird sings

with a fearful trill

of things unknown

but longed for still

and his tune is heard

on the distant hill

for the caged bird

sings of freedom.

The free bird thinks of another breeze

**Recitation:**

**Accuracy\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_/193 words**

**Speed/Fluency/Articulation \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_/5**

**Eye Contact \_\_\_\_\_\_\_/5**

**Appropriate Volume \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_/5**

**Vocalized Pauses (um, etc.) \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (-2 each)**

**Number of “helps” \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (-5 each)**

**Total \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_/208**

 **“helps” \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (-5 each)**

and the trade winds soft through the sighing trees

and the fat worms waiting on a dawn bright lawn

and he names the sky his own

But a caged bird stands on the grave of dreams

his shadow shouts on a nightmare scream

his wings are clipped and his feet are tied

so he opens his throat to sing.

The caged bird sings

with a fearful trill

of things unknown

but longed for still

and his tune is heard

on the distant hill

for the caged bird

sings of freedom.

## Barter By [Sara Teasdale](http://www.poetryoutloud.org/poet/sara-teasdale)

Life has loveliness to sell,

All beautiful and splendid things,

Blue waves whitened on a cliff,

Soaring fire that sways and sings,

And children's faces looking up

Holding wonder like a cup.

Life has loveliness to sell,

Music like a curve of gold,

Scent of pine trees in the rain,

Eyes that love you, arms that hold,

And for your spirit's still delight,

Holy thoughts that star the night.

Spend all you have for loveliness,

Buy it and never count the cost;

For one white singing hour of peace

Count many a year of strife well lost,

And for a breath of ecstasy

Give all you have been, or could be.

**Recitation:**

**Accuracy\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_/111 words**

**Speed/Fluency/Articulation \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_/5**

**Eye Contact \_\_\_\_\_\_\_/5**

**Appropriate Volume \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_/5**

**Vocalized Pauses (um, etc.) \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (-2 each)**

**Number of “helps” \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (-5 each)**

**Total \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_/126**

**[i carry your heart with me (i carry it in] By** [**e.e.**](http://www.poetryoutloud.org/poet/e-e-cummings) **cummings**

i carry your heart with me (i carry it in

my heart) i am never without it (anywhere

i go you go, my dear; and whatever is done

by only me is your doing ,my darling)

                                                      i fear

no fate (for you are my fate, my sweet) i want

no world (for beautiful you are my world, my true)

and it’s you are whatever a moon has always meant

and whatever a sun will always sing is you

here is the deepest secret nobody knows

(here is the root of the root and the bud of the bud

and the sky of the sky of a tree called life; which grows

higher than soul can hope or mind can hide)

and this is the wonder that's keeping the stars apart

i carry your heart(i carry it in my heart)

**Recitation:**

**Accuracy\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_/139 words**

**Speed/Fluency/Articulation \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_/5**

**Eye Contact \_\_\_\_\_\_\_/5**

**Appropriate Volume \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_/5**

**Vocalized Pauses (um, etc.) \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (-2 each)**

**Number of “helps” \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (-5 each)**

**Total \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_/154**

## **Do Not Go Gentle into That Good Night**

##  **By** [**Dylan Thomas**](http://www.poetryoutloud.org/poet/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

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,

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.

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.

**Recitation:**

**Accuracy\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_/168 words**

**Speed/Fluency/Articulation \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_/5**

**Eye Contact \_\_\_\_\_\_\_/5**

**Appropriate Volume \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_/5**

**Vocalized Pauses (um, etc.) \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (-2 each)**

**Number of “helps” \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (-5 each)**

**Total \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_/183**

**Invictus**

**By William Ernest Henley**

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll.
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul.

**Recitation:**

**Accuracy\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_/103 words**

**Speed/Fluency/Articulation \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_/5**

**Eye Contact \_\_\_\_\_\_\_/5**

**Appropriate Volume \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_/5**

**Vocalized Pauses (um, etc.) \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (-2 each)**

**Number of “helps” \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (-5 each)**

**Total \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_/118**

“A Psalm of Life” by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world’s broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe’er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,— act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o’erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o’er life’s solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

**Recitation:**

**Accuracy\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_/214 words**

**Speed/Fluency/Articulation \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_/5**

**Eye Contact \_\_\_\_\_\_\_/5**

**Appropriate Volume \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_/5**

**Vocalized Pauses (um, etc.) \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (-2 each)**

**Number of “helps” \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (-5 each)**

**Total \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_/229**

“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,
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:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Out-did the sparkling leaves in glee;
A poet could not be but gay,
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,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

**Recitation:**

**Accuracy\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_/153 words**

**Speed/Fluency/Articulation \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_/5**

**Eye Contact \_\_\_\_\_\_\_/5**

**Appropriate Volume \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_/5**

**Vocalized Pauses (um, etc.) \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (-2 each)**

**Number of “helps” \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ (-5 each)**

**Total \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_/168**