8th GRADE POEM INSTRUCTIONS

8th 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 2016-2017 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. There will be no required poem this year. Instead, there will only be nine options for recitation. Each student may choose, however, to recite the poems in whichever order he/she wishes.

Poem titles for this year will include:

“Jabberwocky” by Lewis Carroll

“If” by Rudyard Kipling

“She Walks in Beauty” by Lord Byron

“The World is Too Much With Us” by William Wordsworth

“Old Ironsides” by Oliver Wendell Holmes

“A Dream Within a Dream” by Edgar Allan Poe

“Ode” by Arthur O’Shaughnessy

“The Days Gone By” by James Whitcomb Riley

“Wynken, Blynken, and Nod” by Eugene Fair

# JABBERWOCKY (from Through the Looking-Glass and What Alice Found There, 1872) – (167 words)

## 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!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand:  
  Long time the manxome foe he sought --  
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,  
  And burbled 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.

"And, has 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  
  Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;  
All mimsy were the borogoves,  
  And the mome raths outgrabe.

**Recitation:**

**Accuracy\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_/167 words**

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

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

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

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

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

**Total \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_/182**

“The World Is Too Much With Us” (117 words)

By [William Wordsworth](http://www.poetryoutloud.org/poet/william-wordsworth)

The world is too much with us; late and soon,

Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;—

Little we see in Nature that is ours;

We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!

This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;

The winds that will be howling at all hours,

And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;

For this, for everything, we are out of tune;

It moves us not. Great God! I’d rather be

A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;

So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,

Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;

Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;

Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

**Recitation:**

**Accuracy\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_/117 words**

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

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

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

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

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

**Total \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_/132**

A Dream Within A Dream (141 words)

By Edgar Allan Poe

Take this kiss upon the brow!  
And, in parting from you now,  
Thus much let me avow--  
You are not wrong, who deem  
That my days have been a dream;  
Yet if hope has flown away  
In a night, or in a day,  
In a vision, or in none,  
Is it therefore the less gone?  
All that we see or seem  
Is but a dream within a dream.

I stand amid the roar  
Of a surf-tormented shore,  
And I hold within my hand  
Grains of the golden sand--  
How few! yet how they creep  
Through my fingers to the deep,  
While I weep--while I weep!  
O God! can I not grasp  
Them with a tighter clasp?  
O God! can I not save  
One from the pitiless wave?  
Is all that we see or seem  
But a dream within a dream?

**Recitation:**

**Accuracy\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_/141 words**

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

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

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

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

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

**Total \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_/156**

She Walks in Beauty By [Lord Byron](http://www.poetryoutloud.org/poet/lord-byron) (119 words) Line by Line Paraphrase

She walks in beauty, like the night

   Of cloudless climes and starry skies;

And all that’s best of dark and bright

   Meet in her aspect and her eyes;

Thus mellowed to that tender light

   Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,

   Had half impaired the nameless grace

Which waves in every raven tress,

   Or softly lightens o’er her face;

Where thoughts serenely sweet express,

   How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o’er that brow,

   So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,

The smiles that win, the tints that glow,

   But tell of days in goodness spent,

A mind at peace with all below,

A heart whose love is innocent

**Recitation:**

**Accuracy\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_/119 words**

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

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

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

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

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

**Total \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_/134**

# Old Ironsides

## By Oliver Wendell Holmes

### September 16, 1830

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!   
Long has it waved on high,  
And many an eye has danced to see  
That banner in the sky;  
Beneath it rung the battle shout,  
And burst the cannon's roar;--  
The meteor of the ocean air  
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,  
Where knelt the vanquished foe,  
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,  
And waves were white below,  
No more shall feel the victor's tread,  
Or know the conquered knee;--  
The harpies of the shore shall pluck  
The eagle of the sea!

Oh, better that her shattered bulk  
Should sink beneath the wave;  
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,  
And there should be her grave;  
Nail to the mast her holy flag,  
Set every threadbare sail,  
And give her to the god of storms,  
The lightning and the gale!

**Recitation:**

**Accuracy\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_/143 words**

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

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

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

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

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

**Total \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_/158**

# Ode ﻿

BY [ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY](http://www.poetryfoundation.org/bio/arthur-oshaughnessy)

We are the music-makers,

And we are the dreamers of dreams,

Wandering by lone sea-breakers

And sitting by desolate streams;

World losers and world forsakers,

On whom the pale moon gleams:

Yet we are the movers and shakers

Of the world for ever, it seems.

With wonderful deathless ditties

We build up the world’s great cities.

And out of a fabulous story

We fashion an empire’s glory:

One man with a dream, at pleasure,

Shall go forth and conquer a crown;

And three with a new song’s measure

Can trample an empire down.

**Recitation:**

**Accuracy\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_/145 words**

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

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

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

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

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

**Total \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_/160**

We, in the ages lying

In the buried past of the earth,

Built Nineveh with our sighing,

And Babel itself with our mirth;

And o’erthrew them with prophesying

To the old of the new world’s worth;

For each age is a dream that is dying,

Or one that is coming to birth.

## If

By Rudyard Kipling

If you can keep your head when all about you

**Recitation:**

**Accuracy\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_/287 words**

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

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

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

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

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

**Total \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_/302**

Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;  
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,  
But make allowance for their doubting too:  
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,  
Or, being lied about, don't deal in lies,  
Or being hated don't give way to hating,  
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;  
  
If you can dream---and not make dreams your master;  
If you can think---and not make thoughts your aim,  
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster  
And treat those two impostors just the same:.  
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken  
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,  
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,  
And stoop and build'em up with worn-out tools;  
  
If you can make one heap of all your winnings  
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,  
And lose, and start again at your beginnings,  
And never breathe a word about your loss:  
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew  
To serve your turn long after they are gone,  
And so hold on when there is nothing in you  
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"  
  
If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,  
Or walk with Kings---nor lose the common touch,  
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,  
If all men count with you, but none too much:  
If you can fill the unforgiving minute  
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,  
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,  
And---which is more---you'll be a Man, my son!

## The Days Gone By

## **By**[**James Whitcomb Riley**](http://www.poetryoutloud.org/poet/james-whitcomb-riley)

O the days gone by! O the days gone by!

The apples in the orchard, and the pathway through the rye;

The chirrup of the robin, and the whistle of the quail

As he piped across the meadows sweet as any nightingale;

When the bloom was on the clover, and the blue was in the sky,

And my happy heart brimmed over in the days gone by.

In the days gone by, when my naked feet were tripped

By the honey-suckle’s tangles where the water-lilies dipped,

And the ripples of the river lipped the moss along the brink

Where the placid-eyed and lazy-footed cattle came to drink,

And the tilting snipe stood fearless of the truant’s wayward cry

And the splashing of the swimmer, in the days gone by.

**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**

O the days gone by! O the days gone by!

The music of the laughing lip, the luster of the eye;

The childish faith in fairies, and Aladdin’s magic ring—

The simple, soul-reposing, glad belief in everything,—

When life was like a story, holding neither sob nor sigh,

In the golden olden glory of the days gone by.

“Wynken, Blynken, and Nod”

By Eugene Fair

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night  
Sailed off in a wooden shoe –  
Sailed on a river of crystal light  
Into a sea of dew.  
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"  
The old moon asked the three.  
"We have come to fish for the herring-fish  
That live in this beautiful sea;  
Nets of silver and gold have we!"  
Said Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,  
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,  
And the wind that sped them all night long  
Ruffled the waves of dew.  
The little stars were the herring-fish  
That lived in the beautiful sea.  
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish –  
Never afeard are we!"  
So cried the stars to the fishermen three,  
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

All night long their nets they threw  
To the stars in the twinkling foam –  
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,  
Bringing the fishermen home:  
'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed  
As if it could not be,  
And some folk thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed  
Of sailing that beautiful sea –  
But I shall name you the fishermen three:  
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

**Recitation:**

**Accuracy\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_/260 words**

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

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

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

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

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

**Total \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_/275**

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,  
And Nod is a little head,  
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies  
Is a wee one's trundle-bed.  
So shut your eyes while Mother sings  
Of wonderful sights that be,  
And you shall see the beautiful things  
As you rock in the misty sea,  
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three: –  
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.