

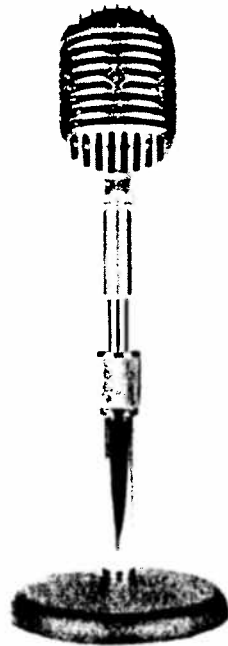
Fourth Quarter Recitations

Fourth Grade

Recitation selection due: Wednesday, April 8

Select one recitation to present. Your teacher will ask you which recitation you will be presenting.

Recitation presentation: Wednesday, April 29



WILL THE LIGHTS BE WHITE?

By Cy Warman

Of, when I feel my engine swerve,
As o'er strange rails we fare,
I strain my eyes around the curve
For what awaits us there.
When swift and free she carries me
Through yards unknown at night,
I look along the line to see
That all the lamps are white
The blue light marks the crippled car,
The green light signals slow;
The red light is a danger light,
The white light, "Let her go."
Again the open fields we roam,
And, when the night is fair,
I look up in the starry dome
And wonder what's up there.
For who can speak for those who dwell
Behind the curving sky?
No man has ever lived to tell
Just what it means to die.
Swift toward life's terminal I trend,
The run seems short to-night;
God only knows what's at the end --
I hope the lamps are white.

157 words

You Mustn't Quit
Author Unknown

When things go wrong, as they sometimes will,
When the road you're trudging seems all uphill,
When the funds are low and the debts are high
And you want to smile, but you have to sigh,
When care is pressing you down a bit,
Rest! if you must—but never quit.

Life is queer, with its twists and turns,
As every one of us sometimes learns.
And many a failure turns about
When he might have won if he'd stuck it out;
Stick to your task, though the pace seems slow—
You may succeed with one more blow.

Success is failure turned inside out—
The silver tint of the clouds of doubt—
And you never can tell how close you are,
It may be near when it seems afar;
So stick to the fight when you're hardest hit—
It's when things seem worst that YOU MUSTN'T QUIT.

152 words

The Echoing Green
By William Blake

The sun does arise,
And make happy the skies;
The merry bells ring
To welcome the Spring;
The skylark and thrush,
The birds of the bush,
Sing louder around
To the bells' cheerful sound;
While our sports shall be seen
On the echoing green.
Old John, with white hair,
Does laugh away care,
Sitting under the oak,
Among the old folk.
They laugh at our play,
And soon they all say,
'Such, such were the joys
When we all—girls and boys—
In our youth-time were seen
On the echoing green.'
Till the little ones, weary,
No more can be merry:
The sun does descend,
And our sports have an end.
Round the laps of their mothers
Many sisters and brothers,
Like birds in their nest,
Are ready for rest,
And sport no more seen
On the darkening green.

146 words COMMON CORE

Words Free As Confetti
By Pat Mora

Come, words, come in your every color.
I'll toss you in storm or breeze.
I'll say, say, say you,
Taste you sweet as plump plums,
bitter as old lemons,
I'll sniff you, words, warm
as almonds or tart as apple-red,
feel you green
and soft as new grass,
lightweight as dandelion plumes,
or thorngray as cactus,
heavy as black cement,
cold blue as icicles,
warm as abuelita's yellowlap.
I'll hear you, words, loud as searoar's
Purple crash, hushed
as gatitos curled in sleep,
as the last goldlullaby.
I'll see you long and dark as tunnels,
bright as rainbows,
playful as chestnutwind.
I'll watch you, words, rise and dance and spin.
I'll say, say, say you
in English,
in Spanish,
I'll find you.
Hold you.
Toss you.
I'm free too.
I say yo soy libre,
I am free
free, free,
free as confetti.

*Some of the words may seem to be misspelled, however, this is the author's intent.

148 words Common Core

A Drumlin Woodchuck
By Robert Frost

One thing has a shelving bank,
Another a rotting plank,
To give it cozier skies
And make up for its lack of size.

My own strategic retreat
Is where two rocks almost meet,
And still more secure and snug,
A two-door burrow I dug.

With those in mind at my back
I can sit forth exposed to attack
As one who shrewdly pretends
That he and the world are friends.

All we who prefer to live
Have a little whistle we give.
And flash, at the least alarm
We dive down under the farm.

We allow some time for guile
And don't come out for a while
Either to eat or drink.
We take occasion to think.

And if after the hunt goes past
And the double-barrelled blast
(Like war and pestilence
And the loss of common sense),

If I can with confidence say
That still for another day,
Or even another year,
I will be there for you, my dear,

It will be because, though small
As measured against the All,
I have been so instinctively thorough
About my crevice and burrow.

The Kitchener Chap
Attributed to Horace Bray

He wore twin stripes of gold upon
And empty tunic sleeve;
His eyes were blue, his face so young
One hardly could believe
That he had seen the death and hate
That make the whole world grieve.

His hair was fair, his eyes were blue,
I thought that I could see
(just when his sunny smile came through)
The lad he used to be:
Dear happy little mothers' lad
Of only two or three.

But when across his eyes there came
A sudden look of pain –
His mouth set very hard and straight,
He was a man again.
He gave his shattered dreams of youth
That England might remain.

I felt hot tears rise to my eyes
When I looked at that lad,
Brave, gallant, shattered, smiling youth-
He gave us all he had;
For youth so fair; so sorely hurt
All England's heart is sad.

He passed me on a crowded street.
We did not meet again;
He showed me in a sudden flash
Our England's pride and pain.
And when all is long forgot
His memory shall remain.

163 words

