

Fourth Grade

Memory

Pieces

Name _____

Room # _____

Teacher _____

Memory Pieces

Fourth grade students are required to memorize a given set of poems/pieces throughout the school year. A total of 9 memory pieces are required for the year. Those marked with an asterisk (*) are mandatory, and they are recited in September, October, November, February, and March. The remaining 4 selections are chosen by the students from the others pieces. Parent approval must be given for the free choices.

Use the checklist on the next page to record memory recitations including parent approval. You need to give the list to your teacher each time you recite a piece. It will serve as your record of completed pieces.

Note: It is very important that you take care of this folder. You need it for the entire year.

Memory Pieces Record Chart

This is your record sheet. Have a parent initial each free choice piece as you choose to recite it. Bring this folder with you as you complete your recitation.

Memory Piece Title	Parent Approval	Month Due	Date Recited	Teacher Recorded
*Rappin' With Language	N/A	Sept.		
*Fifty States	N/A	Oct.		
*In Flanders Fields	N/A	Nov.		
*U. S. Presidents	N/A	Feb.		
*America the Beautiful	N/A	Mar.		
Ations				
Bed in Summer				
Breaks Free				
The Children's Hour				
Daddy Fell into the Pond				
Hummingbird Song				
I Think My Computer is Crazy				
If				
My Shadow				
Preamble of the Constitution				
The Sea				
Sick				
The Star Spangled Banner				
Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening				
Sugaring Time				
Two Rains				
What Are Pockets for?				
When I Grow Up				
The World is Mine				

Rappin' With Language

by Janice Gasser

A noun is a person, thing, or place: like man or school or the nose on your face.

A pronoun is a sub for nouns: like I and we, you and me, she, her, it, them, they, him he.

An adjective describes those two: which one? what kind? how many? whose?

A verb is a busy kind of thing: run, walk, must be, try and sing.

An adverb provides lots of info: like how? when? where? yes and no.

Prepositions pull nouns into a phrase: in, on, with, of, and around, are some ways.

Conjunctions connect anything they want: like and, or, nor, so, yet, for, but.

Interjections we use more than we know: wow, ouch, gee, boo, and oh!

Now that we have a grammar rap, parts of speech will be a SNAP!

The United States of America



Alabama
Alaska
Arizona
Arkansas
California
Colorado
Connecticut
Delaware
Florida
Georgia
Hawaii
Idaho
Illinois
Indiana
Iowa
Kansas
Kentucky
Louisiana
Maine
Maryland
Massachusetts
Michigan
Minnesota
Mississippi
Missouri

Montana
Nebraska
Nevada
New Hampshire
New Jersey
New Mexico
New York
North Carolina
North Dakota
Ohio
Oklahoma
Oregon
Pennsylvania
Rhode Island
South Carolina
South Dakota
Tennessee
Texas
Utah
Vermont
Virginia
Washington
West Virginia
Wisconsin
Wyoming

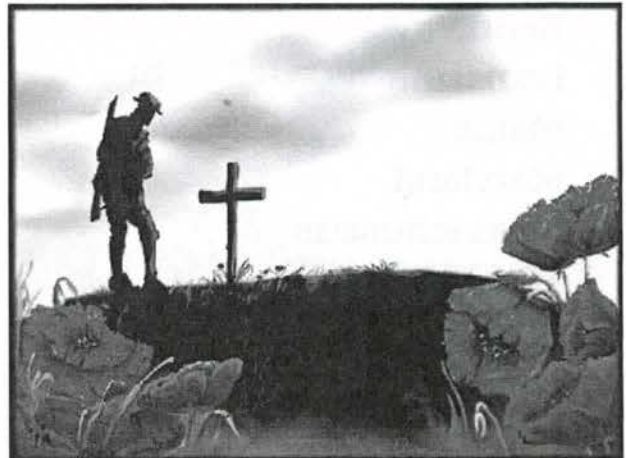
In Flanders Fields

By: Lieutenant Colonel John McCrae

In Flanders Fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

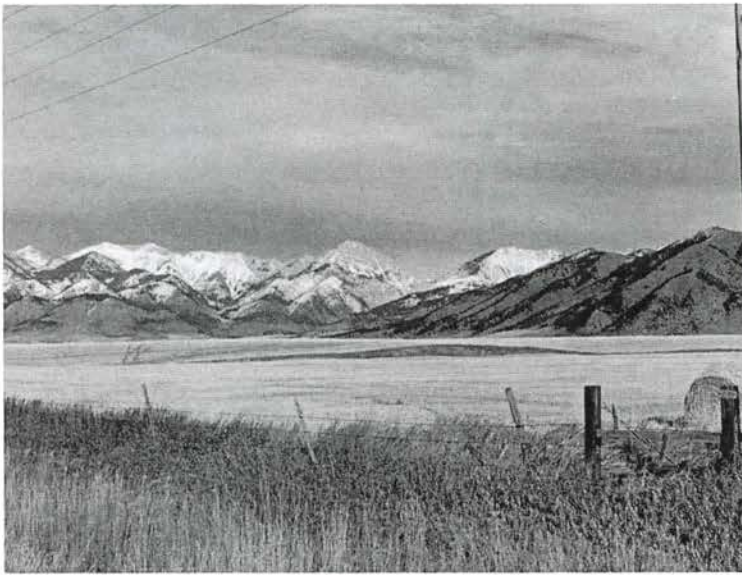
We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.





1. Washington, George	(1789-1797)	26. Roosevelt, Theodore	(1901-1909)
2. Adams, John	(1797-1801)	27. Taft, William	(1909-1913)
3. Jefferson, Thomas	(1801-1809)	28. Wilson, Woodrow	(1913-1921)
4. Madison, James	(1809-1817)	29. Harding, Warren	(1921-1923)
5. Monroe, James	(1817-1825)	30. Coolidge, Calvin	(1923-1929)
6. Adams, John Quincy	(1825-1829)	31. Hoover, Herbert	(1929-1933)
7. Jackson, Andrew	(1829-1837)	32. Roosevelt, Franklin D.	(1933-1945)
8. Van Buren, Martin	(1837-1841)	33. Truman, Harry	(1945-1953)
9. Harrison, William Henry	(1841)	34. Eisenhower, Dwight D.	(1953-1961)
10. Tyler, John	(1841-1845)	35. Kennedy, John F.	(1961-1963)
11. Polk, James Knox	(1845-1849)	36. Johnson, Lyndon B.	(1963-1969)
12. Taylor, Zachary	(1849-1850)	37. Nixon, Richard M.	(1969-1974)
13. Fillmore, Millard	(1850-1853)	38. Ford, Gerald	(1974-1977)
14. Pierce, Franklin	(1853-1857)	39. Carter, Jimmy	(1977-1981)
15. Buchanan, James	(1857-1861)	40. Reagan, Ronald	(1981-1989)
16. Lincoln, Abraham	(1861-1865)	41. Bush, George H.	(1989-1993)
17. Johnson, Andrew	(1865-1869)	42. Clinton, William	(1993-2001)
18. Grant, Ulysses S.	(1869-1877)	43. Bush, George W.	(2001-2009)
19. Hayes, Rutherford B.	(1877-1881)	44. Obama, Barack	(2009-2017)
20. Garfield, James	(1881)	45. Trump, Donald	(2017-)
21. Arthur, Chester	(1881-1885)		
22. Cleveland, Grover	(1885-1889)		
23. Harrison, Benjamin	(1889-1893)		
24. Cleveland, Grover	(1893-1897)		
25. McKinley, William	(1897-1901)		



America the Beautiful

Words by

Katharine Lee Bates

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed his grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet
Whose stern impassioned stress
A thoroughfare of freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!



Ations

by Shel Silverstein



If we meet and I say, "Hi,"
That's a salutation.
If you ask me how I feel,
That's consideration.
If we stop and talk a while,
That's a conversation.
If we understand each other,
That's communication.
If we argue, scream and fight,
That's an altercation.
If later we apologize,
That's reconciliation.
If we help each other home,
That's cooperation.
And all these ations added up
Make civilization.

(And if I say this is a wonderful poem,
Is that exaggeration?)

Bed in Summer

by Robert Louis Stevenson

*In winter I get up at night
And dress by yellow candle-light.
In summer, quite the other way,
I have to go to bed by day.*



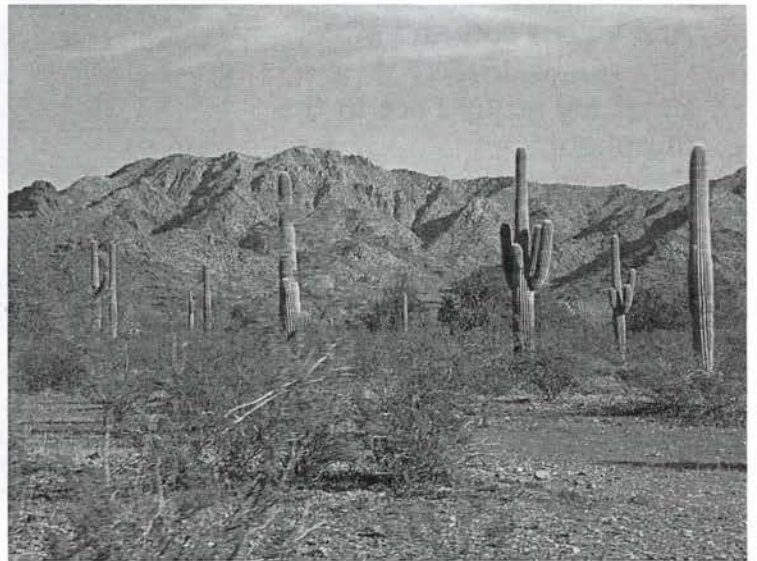
*I have to go to bed and see
The birds still hopping on the tree,
Or hear the grown-up people's feet
Still going past me in the street.*



*And does it not seem hard to you,
When all the sky is clear and blue,
And I should like so much to play,
To have to go to bed by day?*

Breaks Free

I just want to be
where the earth breaks free
of concrete and metal and glass,
of asphalt and plastic and gas
where sun is king
and water is queen,
where cactus grow tall
and the air is clean.
I just want to be where the earth
breaks free
of fences and alleys and walls,
of factories and traffic and malls,
where owls sleep
in the heat of day
waiting for sunset
to hunt their prey,
where mountains rise
in seas of sand
and coyotes roam
across the land.



From Cactus Poems by Frank Asch & Ted Levin

The Children's Hour

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!

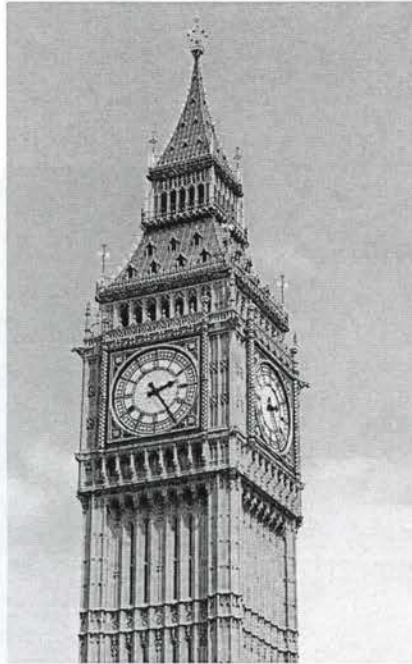
They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

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!



Henry Wadsworth Longfellow



Daddy Fell into the Pond

by Alfred
Noyes

*Everyone grumbled. The sky was grey.
We had nothing to do and nothing to say.
We were nearing the end of a dismal day,
And then there seemed to be nothing beyond,
Then Daddy fell into the pond!*

*And everyone's face grew merry and bright,
And Timothy danced for sheer delight.
"Give me the camera, quick, oh quick!
He's crawling out of the duckweed!" Click!*

*Then the gardener suddenly slapped his knee,
And doubled up, shaking silently,
And the ducks all quacked as if they were daft,
And it sounded as if the old drake laughed.
Oh, there wasn't a thing that didn't respond
When Daddy fell into the pond!*



ummingbird *Song*

I hear the hummingbird
as she stops to take a rest,
humming to her eggs
within her tiny nest:

*I loved the way
your father flew,
so high and swift,
so sure and true.*

*Now he's gone.
I know not where.
But you will not
need his care.*

When you hatch
as big as bees,
I'll feed you nectar
from flowers and trees.

And soon enough
your day will come.
You'll leave this nest.
Your wings will hum.

And you will fly
as Father flew,
so high and swift,
so sure and true.



From Cactus Poems by Frank Asch & Ted Levin

I Think My Computer is Crazy

by Jack Prelutsky

I think my computer is crazy,
it's gone off its rocker today,
the screen is impossibly scrambled,
and I can't control the display.
Illegible symbols are flashing
in places they just don't belong,
it's surely no help with my homework,
every last answer is wrong.



I'd always depended upon it,
but now its behavior has changed,
it's churning out absolute drivel,
it's clear my computer's deranged.
It's making disheartening noises,
like kangaroos hopping on fruit,
it thoroughly garbles my input,
then burbles, "THIS DOES NOT COMPUTE!"

Something inside my computer
is buzzing like billions of bees,
even my mouse is affected,
it seems to be begging for cheese.
I guess I know why my computer
is addled and may not survive--
my brother inserted bologna
into the floppy disk drive.



IF

- a poem by Rudyard Kipling

If you can keep your head when all about you
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 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!



My Shadow

My Shadow

by Robert Louis Stevenson

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow--
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller like an India-rubber ball,
And he sometimes goes so little that there's none of him at all.



Preamble
The Constitution
of the
United States of America



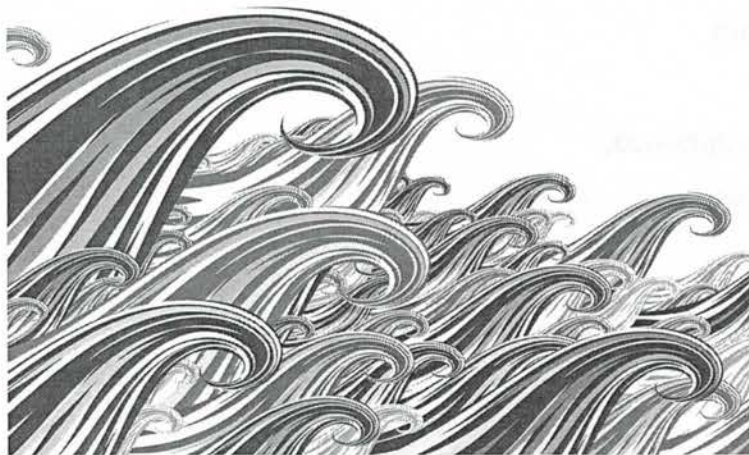
We the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the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

The Sea

The sea is a hungry dog,
Giant and grey.
He rolls on the beach all day.
With his clashing teeth and shaggy jaws
Hour upon hour he gnaws
The rumbling, tumbling stones,
And 'Bones, bones, bones, bones!'
The giant sea-dog moans,
Licking his greasy paws.

And when the night wind roars
And the moon rocks in the stormy cloud,
He bounds to his feet and snuffs and sniffs,
Shaking his wet sides over the cliffs,
And howls and hollos long and loud.

But on quiet days in May or June,
When even the grasses on the dune
Play no more their reedy tune,
With his head between his paws
He lies on the sandy shores,
So quiet, so quiet, he scarcely snores.



James Reeves

Sick



by Shel Silverstein

"I cannot go to school today,"
Said little Peggy Ann McKay,
"I have the measles and the mumps,
A gash, a rash, and purple bumps.
My mouth is wet, my throat is dry,
I'm going blind in my right eye.
My tonsils are as big as rocks,
I've counted sixteen chicken pox
And there's one more--that's seventeen,
And don't you think my face looks green?
My leg is cut, my eyes are blue--
It might be instamatic flu.
I cough and sneeze and gasp and choke,
I'm sure that my left leg is broke--
My hip hurts when I move my chin,
My belly button's caving in,
My back is wrenched, my ankle's sprained,
My 'pendix pains each time it rains.

My nose is cold, my toes are numb,
I have a sliver in my thumb.
My neck is stiff, my voice is weak,
I hardly whisper when I speak.
My tongue is filling up my mouth,
I think my hair is falling out.
My elbow's bent, my spine ain't straight,
My temperature is one-o-eight.
My brain is shrunk, I cannot hear,
There is a hole inside my ear.
I have a hangnail, and my heart is--WHAT?
What's that? What's that you say?
You say today is---Saturday?
G'bye, I'm going out to play!"

The Star Spangled Banner

By Francis Scott Key

Oh, say can you see by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars thru the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.
Oh, say does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines in the stream:
'Tis the star-spangled banner! Oh long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!





Stopping By Woods on a Snowy Evening

by Robert Frost

Whose woods these are I think I know.

His house is in the village though;

He will not see me stopping here

To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer

To stop without a farmhouse near

Between the woods and frozen lake

The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake

To ask if there is some mistake.

The only other sound's the sweep

Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep.

But I have promises to keep,

And miles to go before I sleep,

And miles to go before I sleep.

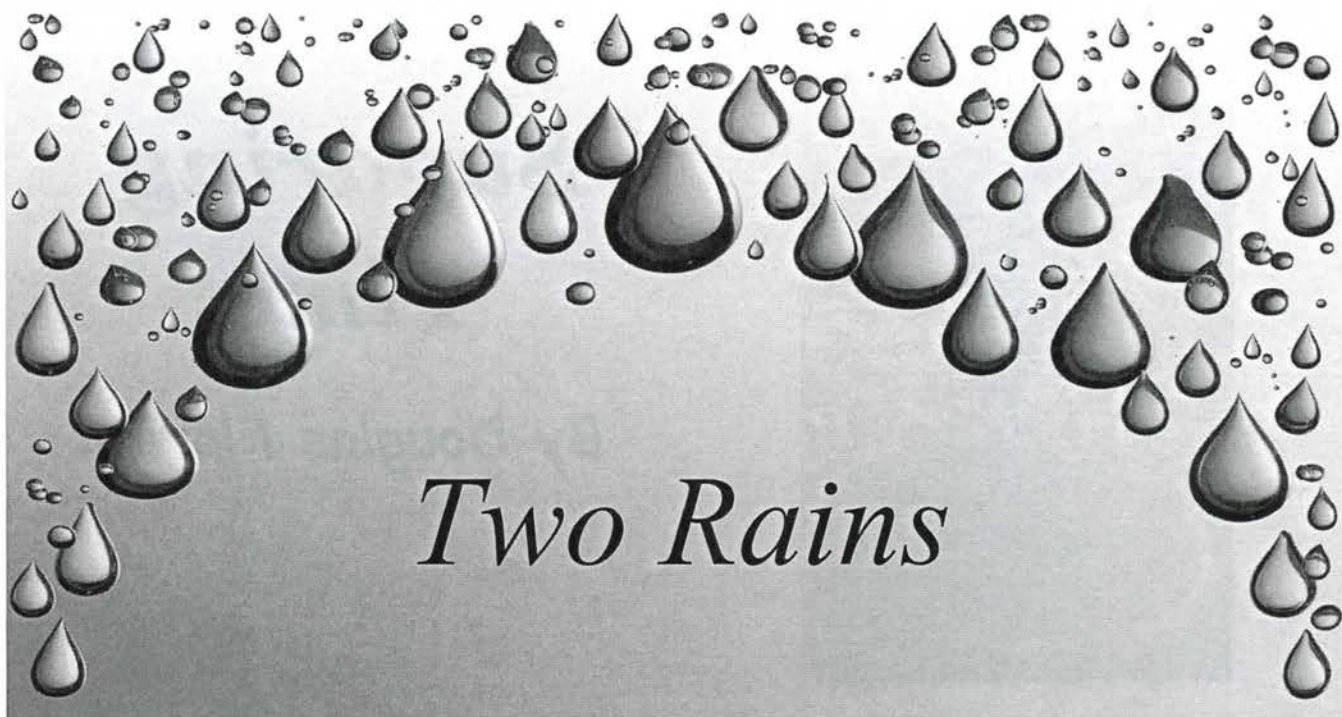


Sugaring Time

By Douglas Florian

*When winter's thaw
Has just begun,
Then maple sap
Begins to run.
Up the tree
And out the spout
Into a bucket
The sap drips out.
Two horses haul it
From the grove
To where it's boiled
On a stove.*

*Then from a faucet
To a kettle.
The syrup quickly
Heats the metal.
But when it cools,
After a while,
You pour it on
Your pancake pile.
The work is done.
It's time to eat.
Sugaring time
Is surely sweet.*



Two Rains

There are two rains in the Sonoran Desert.

Like sunlight and shadow, they fall in sharp contrast, light and dark.

The steady, flowing rain in November soaks the desert floor and brings forth the
owl's-clover, primrose, and lupine of March.

But the sudden gush of the flash flood in August roars down the arroyo.

It crashes and smashes and drowns everything in its path, including the paloverde seed
patiently waiting for its annual bath.

The seed of this tree needs this deadly wonder, as does the spadefoot toad waiting
underground for the sound of thunder.



From Cactus Poems

by Frank Asch & Ted Levin

What Are Pockets For?

By David McCord

What are pockets for?

An old piece of sash cord,
a knob from a door;
a small U magnet,
if you can find it,
a sprung clock spring,
with the key to wind it,
oodles of marbles,
a twist of copper wire,
a baseball calendar,
a flint for fire
one soiled Jack of Hearts
and the five of spades
that unshown copy of
your last month's grades;
two colored pebbles,
one hickory nut;
a shell, some fish line
with three feet of gut
a cog out of something
which never did run;
a cellophane of candy-

I'll give you one;
your first circus ticket-stub,
the snap you took
of the clown on the slack
wire before it shook;
a flashlight bulb,
a dirty green stamp;
the long missing part of
your bicycle lamp
one thin pair of pliers
to ply with or nip;
one old zipper fastener
with nothing to zip;
that half-busted harness
bell you found inside
the barn on the farm,
and the buckle too wide
for its three-inch strap;
and a whole lot more
of stuff. Did you say,
What are pockets for?

When I Grow Up

by Jack Prelutsky



*When I grow up, I think that I
may pilot rockets through the sky,*

grow orchards full of apple trees,

or find a way to cure disease.

Perhaps I'll run for president,



design a robot, or invent

unique computerized machines

or miniature submarines.



When I grow up, I'd like to be

the captain of a ship at sea,

an architect, a clown or cook,

the writer of a famous book

I just might be the one to teach

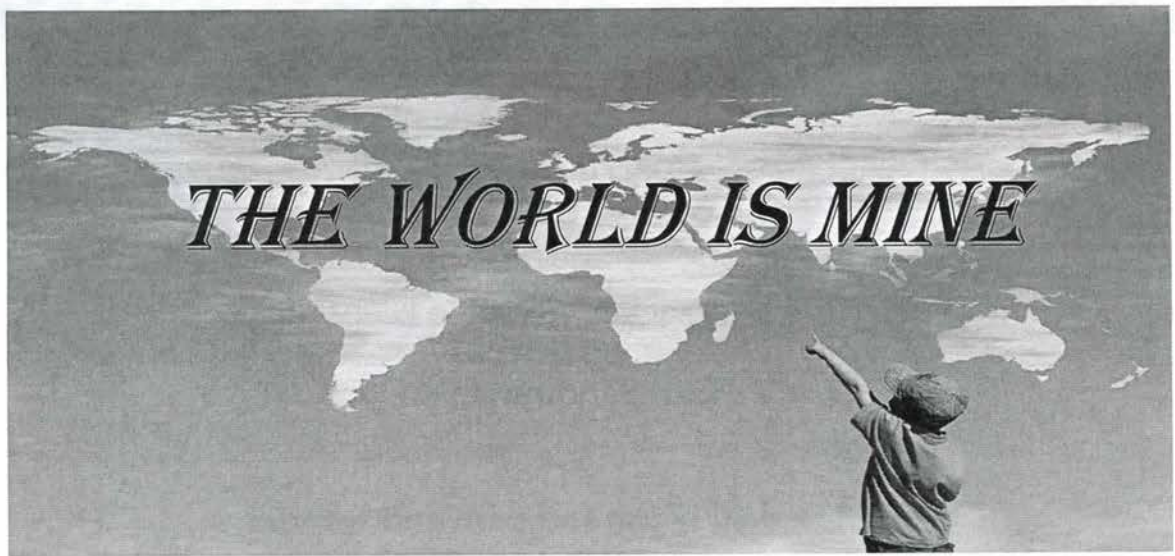


a chimpanzee the art of speech...

but what I'll really be, I'll bet

I've not begun to think of yet.





by Dr. Tennyson Guyer

Today upon a bus I saw a girl with golden hair;
She seemed so gay, I envied her, and wished that I were half so fair;
I watched her as she rose to leave, and saw her hobble down the aisle.
She had one leg and wore a crutch, but as she passed--a smile.
Oh, God, forgive me when I whine;
I have two legs--the world is mine.

Later on I bought some sweets. The boy who sold them had such charm,
I thought I'd stop and talk awhile. If I were late, t'would do no harm.
And as we talked he said, "thank you, sir, you've really been so kind.
It's nice to talk to folks like you because, you see, I'm blind."
Oh, God, forgive me when I whine;
I have two eyes--the world is mine.

Later, walking down the street, I met a boy with eyes so blue.
But he stood and watched the others play, it seemed he knew not what to do.
I paused, and then I said, "Why don't you join the others, dear?"
But he looked straight ahead without a word, and then I knew, he couldn't hear.

Oh, God forgive me when I whine;
I have two ears--the world is mine.
Two legs to take me where I go,
Two eyes to see the sunset's glow,
Two ears to hear all I should know,
Oh, God, forgive me when I whine;
I'm blest, indeed, the world is mine.

Poetry is...

Poetry is a packsack of invisible keepsakes.

Carl Sandburg

Poetry is a deal of joy and pain and wonder,
with a dash of the dictionary.

Kahlil Gibran

Poetry lifts the veil from the hidden beauty of the world,
and makes familiar objects be as if they were not familiar.

Percy Bysshe Shelley

Poetry is an echo, asking a shadow to dance.

Carl Sandburg

Poetry is the rhythmical creation of beauty in words.

Edgar Allan Poe

Poetry, like the moon, does not advertise anything.

William Blissett

To have great poets there must be great audiences too.

Walt Whitman