



SUMMER RECITATION



JOSHUA 1:9



MARK 6:34



MARK 8:36




1 JOHN 4:4



BREAK, BREAK, BREAK



CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE



PASSAGE FROM WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S
TWELFTH NIGHT

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE



Joshua 1:9

“Have I not commanded you? Be strong and courageous. Do not be afraid; do not be discouraged, for the Lord your God will be with you wherever you go.”

Mark 6:34

“When Jesus landed and saw a large crowd, he had compassion on them, because they were like sheep without a shepherd. So he began teaching them many things.”

Mark 8:36

“What good is it for someone to gain the whole world, yet forfeit their soul?”

1 John 4:4

“You, dear children, are from God and have overcome them, because the one who is in you is greater than the one who is in the world.”

Break, Break, Break

By [Alfred, Lord Tennyson](#)

Break, break, break,

On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!

And I would that my tongue could utter

The thoughts that arise in me.

O, well for the fisherman's boy,

That he shouts with his sister at play!

O, well for the sailor lad,

That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on

To their haven under the hill;

But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,

And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break

At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!

But the tender grace of a day that is dead

Will never come back to me.

The Charge of the Light Brigade

By [Alfred, Lord Tennyson](#)

I

Half a league, half a league,

Half a league onward,

All in the valley of Death

Rode the six hundred.

“Forward, the Light Brigade!

Charge for the guns!” he said.

Into the valley of Death

Rode the six hundred.

II

“Forward, the Light Brigade!”

Was there a man dismayed?

Not though the soldier knew

Someone had blundered.

Theirs not to make reply,

Theirs not to reason why,

Theirs but to do and die.

Into the valley of Death

Rode the six hundred.

III

Cannon to right of them,

Cannon to left of them,

Cannon in front of them

Volleyed and thundered;

Stormed at with shot and shell,

Boldly they rode and well,

Into the jaws of Death,

Into the mouth of hell

Rode the six hundred.

IV

Flashed all their sabres bare,

Flashed as they turned in air

Sabring the gunners there,

Charging an army, while

All the world wondered.

Plunged in the battery-smoke

Right through the line they broke;

Cossack and Russian

Reeled from the sabre stroke

Shattered and sundered.

Then they rode back, but not

Not the six hundred.

V

Cannon to right of them,

Cannon to left of them,

Cannon behind them

Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell.
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

VI

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honour the charge they made!
Honour the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

William Shakespeare's Twelfth Night Excerpt

Act II Scene 5

Backstory: The character Malvolio is reading a letter. Unknown to him, the letter is a practical joke written by the servant Maria and other household members to make him look foolish. It tricks him into believing that his wealthy employer, Countess Olivia, is secretly in love with him.

If this fall into thy hand, revolve.

In my stars I am above thee, but be not afraid of greatness.

Meaning: If you find this letter, think it over.

Socially, I am far above you, but do not be afraid to step into a higher rank and achieve greatness.

***Some are born great, some achieve greatness,
and some have greatness thrust upon 'em.***

Meaning: This is Shakespeare's most famous line. It states that there are three ways people rise to importance:

Born great: People who inherit titles, wealth, or status (like royalty).

Achieve greatness: People who work hard, earn their success, and merit their achievements.

Greatness thrust upon 'em: People who have power, responsibility, or luck suddenly handed to them by fate, completely by surprise.

Thy fates open their hands.

Let thy blood and spirit embrace them.

***And, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be,
cast thy humble slough and appear fresh.***

Meaning: "Your destiny is offering you opportunities. Let your passion embrace it. And to get used to your new high-status life, shed your humble, old skin (like a snake shedding its slough) and dress in fine, fresh clothes."

***Be opposite with a kinsman,
surly with servants.***

***Let thy tongue tang
arguments of state.***

Put thyself into the trick of singularity.

Meaning: The letter gives him ridiculous behavioral instructions to make him a laughingstock. It tells him to be cold/hostile to relatives, rude to his fellow servants, speak confidently about high-level politics ("arguments of state"), and adopt weird, eccentric mannerisms.

Paul Revere's Ride

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-Five:
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry-arch
Of the North-Church-tower, as a signal-light,—
One if by land, and two if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country-folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said "Good night!" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war:
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon, like a prison-bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed to the tower of the church,
Up the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade,—
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down

A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay,—
A line of black, that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride,
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.

Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed on the landscape far and near,
Then impetuous stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height,
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village-street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed that flies fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the
light,

The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
 Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
 And under the alders, that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
 Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

 It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
 He heard the crowing of the cock,
 And the barking of the farmer's dog,
 And felt the damp of the river-fog,
 That rises when the sun goes down.

 It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.
 He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
 Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
 As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

 It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
 He heard the bleating of the flock,
 And the twitter of birds among the trees,
 And felt the breath of the morning breeze
 Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
 Who that day would be lying dead,
 Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read,
 How the British Regulars fired and fled,—
 How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard-wall,
 Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
 Then crossing the fields to emerge again
 Under the trees at the turn of the road,
 And only pausing to fire and load.

 So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
 To every Middlesex village and farm,—
 A cry of defiance, and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,

And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
 Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
 The people will waken and listen to hear
 The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.