

Common Core Curriculum Maps – ELA
4th Grade: Unit 1 – Tales of the Heart
Poetry Suggestions

They Were My People

by Grace Nichols

They were those who cut cane
to the rhythm of the sunbeat

They were those who carried cane
to the rhythm of the sunbeat

They were those who crushed cane
to the rhythm of the sunbeat

They were women weeding, carrying babies
to the rhythm of the sunbeat

They were my people, working so hard
to the rhythm of the sunbeat -- long ago
to the rhythm of the sunbeat.

On The Way To School

by Charles Ghigna

I'll tell you why I'm tardy and I hope my excuse will do.
I stopped to view upon a leaf a spider and some dew.
She spun a web before my eyes with a soft and silver hue,
And when she looked, I looked at her and whispered,
"Peekaboo!"

I think I may have startled her and so I waved good-bye,
But when I turned around to go, I met a butterfly!
I almost caught him in my hand to bring to class for you,
But when I tried to peek inside, away my treasure flew.

And that is how I'm tardy, but I had to tell you why.
It's all the fault of a spider's web and a sneaky butterfly!

"Monday's child is fair of face..."

by Mother Goose

Monday's child is fair of face,
Tuesday's child is full of grace;
Wednesday's child is full of woe,
Thursday's child has far to go;
Friday's child is loving and giving,
Saturday's child works hard for its living;
But the child that is born on the Sabbath day
Is bonny and blithe, and good and gay.

the drum

by Nikki Giovanni

daddy says the world is
a drum tight and hard
and I told him
I'm gonna beat out my own rhythm

Common Core Curriculum Maps – ELA
4th Grade: Unit 1 – Tales of the Heart
Poetry Suggestions

Humanity

by Elma Stuckey

If I am blind and need someone
To keep me safe from harm,
It matters not the race to me
Of the one who takes my arm.
If I am saved from drowning
As I grasp and grope,
I will not stop to see the face
Of the one who throws the rope.
Or if out on some battlefield
I'm falling faint and weak,
The one who gently lifts me up
May any language speak.
We sip the water clear and cool,
No matter the hand that gives it.
A life that's lived worthwhile and fine,
What matters the one who lives it?

Dreams

by Langston Hughes

Hold fast to dreams
For if dreams die
Life is a broken-winged bird
That cannot fly.
Hold fast to dreams
For when dreams go
Life is a barren field
Frozen with snow.

Common Core Curriculum Maps – ELA
4th Grade: Unit 2 – Literature Settings: Weather or not
Poetry Suggestions

Dust of Snow

by Robert Frost

The way a crow
Shook down on me
The dust of snow
From a hemlock tree

Has given my heart
A change of mood
And saved some part
Of a day I had rued.

Fog

by Carl Sandburg

The fog comes
on little cat feet.

It sits looking
over harbor and city
on silent haunches
and then moves on.

Clouds

by Christina Rossetti

White sheep, white sheep,
On a blue hill,
When the wind stops,
You all stand still.
When the wind blows,
You walk away slow.
White sheep, white sheep,
Where do you go?

Common Core Curriculum Maps – ELA
4th Grade: Unit 3 – *Animals Are Characters, Too:*
Characters Who Gallop, Bark, and Squeak
Poetry Suggestions

A Bird Came Down

by Emily Dickinson

A bird came down the walk:
He did not know I saw;
He bit an angle-worm in halves
And ate the fellow, raw.

And then he drank a dew
From a convenient grass,
And then hopped sidewise to the wall
To let a beetle pass.

He glanced with rapid eyes
That hurried all abroad,--
They looked like frightened beads, I thought;
He stirred his velvet head

Like one in danger; cautious,
I offered him a crumb,
And he unrolled his feathers
And rowed him softer home

Than oars divide the ocean,
Too silver for a seam,
Or butterflies, off banks of noon,
Leap, splashless, as they swim.

The Rhinoceros

by Ogden Nash

The rhino is a homely beast,
For human eyes he's not a feast.
Farwell, farewell, you old rhinoceros,
I'll stare at something less prepoceros.

The Erratic Rat

Traditional limerick

There was a ridiculous Rat
Who was awfully puffy and fat.
"I'll carry," he said,
"This plate on my head,
'Twill answer in place of a hat."

And then he remarked with a frown,
"I suppose that I must have a gown;
I'll make me a kilt
Of this old crazy-quilt,
To wear when I'm going to town.

"And of course, though the weather is warm,
It may be there'll come up a storm;
An umbrella I'll make
Of a caraway cake,
It'll match with my whole uniform.

"And I'll carry a bottle of ink
In case I should wish for a drink;
And this flat-iron so sweet
I'll take with me to eat,
And now I am ready, I think."

Common Core Curriculum Maps – ELA
4th Grade: Unit 4 – *Revolutionaries from the Past*

Poetry Suggestions

Concord Hymn

by Ralph Waldo Emerson

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set today a votive stone;
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

George Washington

by Rosemary and Stephen Vincent Benet

*Sing hey! for bold George Washington,
That jolly British tar,
King George's famous admiral
From Hull to Zanzibar!*
No – wait a minute – something's wrong –
George *wished* to sail the foam.
But, when his mother thought, aghast,
Of Georgie shinning up a mast,
Her tears and protests flowed so fast
That George remained at home.
*Sing ho! for grave Washington,
The staid Virginia squire,
Who farms his fields and hunts his hounds
And aims at nothing higher!*
Stop, stop, it's going wrong again!
George *liked* to live on farms,
But, when the Colonies agreed
They could and should and would be freed,
They called on George to do the deed
And George cried —Shoulder arms!||
*Sing ha! for Emperor Washington,
That hero of renown,
Who freed his land from Britain's rule
To win a golden crown!*
No, no, that's what George *might* have won
But didn't, for he said,
—There's not much point about a king,
They're pretty but they're apt to sting
And, as for crowns – the heavy thing
Would only hurt my head.

Common Core Curriculum Maps – ELA
4th Grade: Unit 4 – *Revolutionaries from the Past*
Poetry Suggestions

A Tragic Story

by William Makepiece Thackeray

There lived a sage in days of yore,
And he a handsome pigtail wore;
But wondered much and sorrowed more,
Because it hung behind him.

He mused upon this curious case,
And swore he'd change the pigtail's place,
And have it hanging at his face,
Not dangling there behind him.

Says he, "The mystery I've found -
Says he, "The mystery I've found!
I'll turn me round," - he turned him round;
But still it hung behind him.

Then round and round, and out and in,
All day the puzzled sage did spin;
In vain - it mattered not a pin -
The pigtail hung behind him.

And right and left and round about,
And up and down and in and out
He turned; but still the pigtail stout
Hung steadily behind him.

And though his efforts never slack,
And though he twist and twirl, and tack,
Alas! Still faithful to his back,
The pigtail hangs behind him.

A Nation's Strength

Ralph Waldo Emerson

What makes a nation's pillars high
And its foundations strong?
What makes it mighty to defy
The foes that round it throng?

It is not gold. Its kingdoms grand
Go down in battle shock;
Its shafts are laid on sinking sand,
Not on abiding rock.

Is it the sword? Ask the red dust
Of empires passed away;
The blood has turned their stones to rust,
Their glory to decay.

And is it pride? Ah, that bright crown
Has seemed to nations sweet;
But God has struck its luster down
In ashes at his feet.

Not gold but only men can make
A people great and strong;
Men who for truth and honor's sake
Stand fast and suffer long.

Brave men who work while others sleep,
Who dare while others fly...
They build a nation's pillars deep
And lift them to the sky.

Note: I could not locate the poem "The Flag" by unknown. It is not listed on the internet version of the CCC maps any longer. Since there is no author, it is difficult to ascertain the correct poem.

Common Core Curriculum Maps – ELA
4th Grade: Unit 5 – *Stories of the Earth and Sky*
Poetry Suggestions

Indian Names

by Lydia Howard Huntley Sigourney

Ye say they all have passed away,
That noble race and brave,
That their light canoes have vanished
From off the crested wave;
That 'mid the forests where they roamed
There rings no hunter shout,
But their name is on your waters,
Ye may not wash it out.

'Tis where Ontario's billow
Like Ocean's surge is curled,
Where strong Niagara's thunders wake
The echo of the world.
Where red Missouri bringeth
Rich tribute from the west,
And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps
On green Virginia's breast.

Ye say their cone-like cabins,
That clustered o'er the vale,
Have fled away like withered leaves
Before the autumn gale,
But their memory liveth on your hills,
Their baptism on your shore,
Your everlasting rivers speak
Their dialect of yore.

Old Massachusetts wears it,
Within her lordly crown,
And broad Ohio bears it,
Amid his young renown;
Connecticut hath wreathed it
Where her quiet foliage waves,
And bold Kentucky breathed it hoarse
Through all her ancient caves.

Wachuset hides its lingering voice
Within his rocky heart,
And Alleghany graves its tone
Throughout his lofty chart;
Monadnock on his forehead hoar
Doth seal the sacred trust,
Your mountains build their monument,
Though ye destroy their dust.

Ye call these red-browed brethren
The insects of an hour,
Crushed like the noteless worm amid
The regions of their power;
Ye drive them from their father's lands,
Ye break of faith the seal,
But can ye from the court of Heaven
Exclude their last appeal?

Ye see their unresisting tribes,
With toilsome step and slow,
On through the trackless desert pass
A caravan of woe;
Think ye the Eternal's ear is deaf?
His sleepless vision dim?
Think ye the *soul's blood* may not cry
From that far land to him?

Common Core Curriculum Maps – ELA
4th Grade: Unit 6 – *Literary Heroes*
Poetry Suggestions

Why Dragons?

by Jane Yolen

The smoke still hangs heavily over the meadow,
Circling down from the mouth of the cave,
While kneeling in prayer, full armored and haloed,
The lone knight is feeling uncertainly brave.

The promise of victory sung in the churches,
Is hardly a murmur out here in the air.
All that he hears is the thud of this faint heart
Echoing growls of the beast in its lair.

The steel of his armor would flash in the sunlight,
Except that the smoke has quite hidden the sky.
The red of the cross on his breast should sustain him,
Except - he suspects - it's a perfect bull's-eye.

The folk of the village who bet on the outcome
Have somehow all fled from the scene in dismay.
They'll likely return in a fortnight or longer,
He doubts that they'll be of much help on this day.

And then - with a scream - the fell beast of the cavern
Flings its foul body full out of the cave.
The knight forgets prayers and churches and haloes
And tries to remember just how to be brave.

The webs on the wings of the dragon are reddened,
With blood or with sunlight, the knight is not sure.
The head of the beast is a silver-toothed nightmare,
Its tongue drips a poison for which there's no cure.

He thrusts his sword and he pokes with his gauntlets,
He knees with his poleyn, kicks out with his greave.
He'd happily give all the gold in his pocket
If only the dragon would quietly leave.

There's smoke and there's fire, there's wind and there's
growling.
There's screams from the knights, and his sobs and his cries.
And when the smoke clears, there's the sound of dry heaving
As one of the two of them messily dies.

Of course it's the knight who has won this hard battle,
Who wins in a poem beaten out on a forge
Of human devising and human invention.

BUT:

If there's no dragon - then there's no Saint George.

Common Core Curriculum Maps – ELA

4th Grade: Unit 6 – *Literary Heroes*

Poetry Suggestion: Robin Hood and Little John, p. 1

Robin Hood and Little John

Anonymous

WHEN I Robin Hood was about twenty years old,
With a hey down, down, and down;
He happen'd to meet Little John,
A jolly brisk blade, right fit for the trade,
For he was a lusty young man. 5

Though he was call'd Little, his limbs they were large,

And his stature was seven foot high;
Wherever he came, they quak'd at his name,
For soon he would make them to fly.

How they came acquainted, I'll tell you in brief,
10

If you would but listen awhile;
For this very jest, amongst all the rest,
I think it may cause you to smile.

For Robin Hood said to his jolly bowmen,
'Pray tarry you here in this grove; 15
And see that you all observe well my call,
While thorough the forest I rove.

We have had no sport for these fourteen long days,
Therefore now abroad will I go;
Now should I be beat, and cannot retreat, 20
My horn I will presently blow.'

Then did he shake hands with his merry men all,
And bid them at present good-by:
Then, as near a brook his journey he took,
A stranger he chanced to espy. 25

They happened to meet on a long narrow bridge,
And neither of them would give way;
Quoth bold Robin Hood, and sturdily stood,
'I'll shew you right Nottingham-play'.

With that from his quiver an arrow he drew, 30
A broad arrow with a goose-wing.
The stranger reply'd, 'I'll liquor thy hide.
If thou offerest to touch the string.'

Quoth bold Robin Hood, 'Thou dost prate like an ass
For were I to bend but my bow, 35
I could send a dart, quite thro' thy proud heart,
Before thou couldst strike me one blow.'

'Thou talkst like a coward,' the stranger reply'd;
'Well arm'd with a long bow you stand,
To shoot at my breast, while I, I protest, 40
Have nought but a staff in my hand.'

'The name of a coward,' quoth Robin, 'I scorn,
Wherefore my long bow I'll lay by,
And now, for thy sake, a staff will I take,
The truth of thy manhood to try.' 45

Then Robin Hood stept to a thicket of trees,
And choose him a staff of ground oak;
Now this being done, away he did run
To the stranger, and merrily spoke:

'Lo! see my staff it is lusty and tough, 50
Now here on the bridge we will play;
Whoever falls in, the other shall win,
The battle, and so we'll away.'

'With all my whole heart,' the stranger reply'd,
'I scorn in the least to give out;' 55
This said, they fell to't without more dispute,
And their staffs they did flourish about.

At first Robin he gave the stranger a bang,
So hard that it made his bones ring:
The stranger he said, 'This must be repaid, 60
I'll give you as good as you bring.

'So long as I am able to handle my staff,
To die in your debt, friend, I scorn.'
Then to it each goes, and followed their blows,
As if they'd been threshing of corn. 65

The stranger gave Robin a crack on the crown,
Which caused the blood to appear;
Then Robin, enraged, more fiercely engaged,
And followed his blows more severe.

Common Core Curriculum Maps – ELA
4th Grade: Unit 6 – *Literary Heroes*
Poetry Suggestion – Robin Hood and Little John, p. 3

‘Thou shalt be an archer as well as the best,
And range in the greenwood with us;
Where we’ll not want gold nor silver, behold,
While bishops have ought in their purse. 145

‘We live here like ’squires, or lords of renown,
Without e’er a foot of free land;
We feast on good cheer, with wine, ale, and beer,
And everything at our command.’

Then music and dancing did finish the day; 150
At length, when the sun waxed low,
Then all the whole train the grove did refrain,
And unto their caves they did go.

And so ever after, as long as he liv’d,
Although he was proper and tall, 155
Yet, nevertheless, the truth to express,
Still Little John they did him call.

Common Core Curriculum Maps – ELA
4th Grade: Unit 6 – *Literary Heroes*
Poetry Suggestion – Robin Hood and Maid Marian, p. 1

Robin Hood and Maid Marian

Edited by Stephen Knight and Thomas H. Ohlgren
Originally Published in *Robin Hood and Other Outlaw Tales*. Kalamazoo, Michigan: Medieval Institute Publications, 1997

A bonny fine maid of a noble degree,
With a hey down down a down down
Maid Marian call'd by name,
Did live in the North, of excellent worth,
For she was a gallant dame.

For favour and face, and beauty most rare,
Queen Hellen shee did excell;
For Marian then was praised of all men
That did in the country dwell.

'Twas neither Rosamond nor Jane Shore,
Whose beauty was clear and bright,
That could surpass this country lass,
Beloved of lord and knight.

The Earl of Huntington, nobly born,
That came of noble blood,
To Marian went, with a good intent,
By the name of Robin Hood.

With kisses sweet their red lips meet,
For shee and the earl did agree;
In every place, they kindly imbrace,
With love and sweet unity.

But fortune bearing these lovers a spight,
That soon they were forced to part;
To the merry green wood then went Robin Hood,
With a sad and sorrowfull heart.

And Marian, poor soul, was troubled in mind,
For the absence of her friend;
With finger in eye, shee often did cry,
And his person did much comend.

Perplexed and vexed, and troubled in mind,
Shee drest her self like a page,
And ranged the wood to find Robin Hood,
The bravest of men in that age.

With quiver and bow, sword, buckler, and all,
Thus armed was Marian most bold,
Still wandering about to find Robin out,
Whose person was better then gold.

But Robin Hood, hee, himself had disguisd,
And Marian was strangely attir'd,
That they provd foes, and so fell to blowes,
Whose vallour bold Robin admir'd.

They drew out their swords, and to cutting they went,
At least an hour or more,
That the blood ran apace from bold Robins face,
And Marian was wounded sore.

"O hold thy hand, hold thy hand," said Robin Hood,
"And thou shalt be one of my string,
To range in the wood with bold Robin Hood,
To hear the sweet nightingall sing."

When Marian did hear the voice of her love,
Her self shee did quickly discover,
And with kisses sweet she did him greet,
Like to a most loyall lover.

When bold Robin Hood his Marian did see,
Good lord, what clipping was there!
With kind imbraces, and jobbing of faces,
Providing of gallant cheer.

For Little John took his bow in his hand,
And wandring in the wood,
To kill the deer, and make good chear,
For Marian and Robin Hood.

A stately banquet they had full soon,
All in a shaded bower,
Where venison sweet they had to eat,
And were merry that present hour.

Great flaggons of wine were set on the board,
And merrily they drunk round
Their boules of sack, to strengthen the back,
Whilst their knees did touch the ground.

First Robin Hood began a health
To Marian his onely dear,

Common Core Curriculum Maps – ELA
4th Grade: Unit 6 – *Literary Heroes*
Poetry Suggestion – Robin Hood and Maid Marian, p. 2

And his yeomen all, both comly and tall,
Did quickly bring up the rear.

For in a brave veine they tost off the bouls,
Whilst thus they did remain,
And every cup, as they drunk up,
They filled with speed again.

At last they ended their merriment,
And went to walk in the wood,
Where Little John and Maid Marian
Attended on bold Robin Hood.

In sollid content together they livd,
With all their yeomen gay;
They livd by their hands, without any lands,
And so they did many a day.

But now to conclude, an end I will make
In time, as I think it good,
For the people that dwell in the North can tell
Of Marian and bold Robin Hood.