

Two students from each squad (one from each school) may participate in the Poetry Recitation at each TWO-WAY match. Speaking very clearly, say the title of the poem and the author's name. Then, limiting yourself to 2 minutes, recite the selection. If you need to correct yourself, start from the beginning of the stanza or line. Please read the latest information on the "Content Outline" page of the Academic Bowl area – GLEC website [www.glec.org/enrichment/academicbowl/acadbowloutline.php](http://www.glec.org/enrichment/academicbowl/acadbowloutline.php).

## **FIVE POINTS**

### **OLD IRONSIDES**

By Oliver Wendell Holmes

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 hulk  
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!

Two students from each squad (one from each school) may participate in the Poetry Recitation at each TWO-WAY match. Speaking very clearly, say the title of the poem and the author's name. Then, limiting yourself to 2 minutes, recite the selection. If you need to correct yourself, start from the beginning of the stanza or line. Please read the latest information on the "Content Outline" page of the Academic Bowl area – GLEC website [www.glec.org/enrichment/academicbowl/acadbowloutline.php](http://www.glec.org/enrichment/academicbowl/acadbowloutline.php).

## **FOUR POINTS**

### **Bread and Roses**

by James Oppenheim

As we go marching, marching in the beauty of the day.  
A million darkened kitchens, a thousand mill lofts gray  
Are touched with all the radiance that a sudden sun discloses,  
For the people hear us singing: "Bread and Roses! Bread and Roses!"

As we go marching, marching we battle too for men,  
For they are women's children and we mother them again.  
Our lives shall not be sweated from birth until life closes.  
Hearts starve as well as bodies: give us bread but give us roses.

As we go marching, marching unnumbered women dead  
Go crying through our singing their ancient call for bread.  
Small art and love and beauty their drudging spirits knew.  
Yes, it is bread we fight for, but we fight for roses too!

As we go marching, marching we bring the greater days.  
The rising of the women means the rising of the race.  
No more the drudge and idler, ten that toil where one reposes.  
But a sharing of life's glories: Bread and Roses! Bread and Roses!

Our lives shall not be sweated from birth until life closes.  
Hearts starve as well as bodies. Bread and Roses! Bread and Roses!

Two students from each squad (one from each school) may participate in the Poetry Recitation at each TWO-WAY match. Speaking very clearly, say the title of the poem and the author's name. Then, limiting yourself to 2 minutes, recite the selection. If you need to correct yourself, start from the beginning of the stanza or line. Please read the latest information on the "Content Outline" page of the Academic Bowl area – GLEC website [www.glec.org/enrichment/academicbowl/acadbowloutline.php](http://www.glec.org/enrichment/academicbowl/acadbowloutline.php).

### THREE POINTS

#### **As You Like It, Act II, Scene VII**

by William Shakespeare

Blow, blow, thou winter wind

Thou art not so unkind

As man's ingratitude;

Thy tooth is not so keen

Because thou art not seen,

Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:

Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:

Then, heigh-ho, the holly!

This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,

That does not bite so nigh

As benefits forgot:

Though thou the waters warp,

Thy sting is not so sharp

As friend remembered not.

Heigh-ho! sing.....

Two students from each squad (one from each school) may participate in the Poetry Recitation at each TWO-WAY match. Speaking very clearly, say the title of the poem and the author's name. Then, limiting yourself to 2 minutes, recite the selection. If you need to correct yourself, start from the beginning of the stanza or line. Please read the latest information on the "Content Outline" page of the Academic Bowl area – GLEC website [www.glec.org/enrichment/academicbowl/acadbowloutline.php](http://www.glec.org/enrichment/academicbowl/acadbowloutline.php).

### TWO POINTS

#### **The Secret Place**

By: Dennis Lee

There's a place I go, inside myself,  
    Where nobody else can be,  
And none of my friends can tell it's there—  
    Nobody knows but me.

It's hard to explain the way it feels,  
    Or even where I go.  
It isn't a place in time or space,  
    But once I'm there, I *know*.

It's tiny, it's shiny, it can't be seen,  
    But it's big as the sky at night . . .  
I try to explain and it hurts my brain,  
    But once I'm there, it's *right*.

There's a place I know inside myself,  
    And it's neither big nor small,  
And whenever I go, it feels as though  
    I never left at all.

Two students from each squad (one from each school) may participate in the Poetry Recitation at each TWO-WAY match. Speaking very clearly, say the title of the poem and the author's name. Then, limiting yourself to 2 minutes, recite the selection. If you need to correct yourself, start from the beginning of the stanza or line. Please read the latest information on the "Content Outline" page of the Academic Bowl area – GLEC website [www.glec.org/enrichment/academicbowl/acadbowloutline.php](http://www.glec.org/enrichment/academicbowl/acadbowloutline.php).

### TWO POINTS

#### **The Arrow and the Song**

By: Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

I shot an arrow into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where;  
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight  
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where;  
For who has sight so keen and strong,  
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak  
I found the arrow, still unbroke;  
And the song, from beginning to end,  
I found again in the heart of a friend.