Parents and students can choose one poem from the following poems for the third grading period. The student’s poetry recitations will be graded according to the following criteria:

1. Posture:
	1. Stands up straight in the front of the room.
	2. Faces the class.
2. Accuracy:
	1. Recites words fluently.
	2. Recites all the words in the poem.
3. Voice:
	1. Speaks loudly.
	2. Clearly pronounces words.
4. Audience Appeal:
	1. Uses eye contact.
	2. Displays enthusiasm.

**Choose one of the following:**

***The Best Present***

The best present in the world

Can’t be bought in the mall

The best present in the world

Isn’t a bike or ball

The best present in the world

Can’t be caught like some bugs

The best present in the world

is simply one of your hugs.

***What Can I Give Him?***

What can I give Him?

Poor as I am?

If I were a shepherd

I would bring a lamb.

If I were a wise man,

I would do my part.

Yet what can I give Him?

Give my heart.

--Christina G. Rossetti

***Snow Ball***

I made myself a snow ball as perfect as

could be

I thought I’d keep it as a pet and let it sleep with me

I made it some pajamas and a pillow for

its head

Then, last night it ran away

But first- it wet the bed!

--Shel Siverstein

Poetry Recitation: 12/11-12/13

***A Christmas Tree***

One little star on top of the tree,

Two little presents underneath for me,

Three silver ropes twisted around the tree,

Four colored lights shining prettily,

Five shining balls flowing silvery.

Oh, what a sight for us to see!

***Gingerbread Man Rap***

A baker took some gingerbread dough

And shaped a man from head to toe.

When it was baked, the cookie fled.

Here is what the cookie said:

“Run,! Run! As fast as you can!

You can’t catch me, I’m the Gingerbread man!”

***Away in a Manger***

Away in a Manger

No crib for a bed,

The little Lord Jesus,

Laid down His sweet head;

The stars in the sky

Looked down where He lay,

The little Lord Jesus,

Asleep on the hay.

The cattle are lowing;

The baby awakes,

But little Lord Jesus,

No crying He makes;

I love Thee, Lord Jesus,

Look down from the sky,

And stay by my cradle

Till morning is nigh.