

# Kindergarten Poem Recitation



It's time for **Poem Recitation!** As part of our total language arts program at CTA, kindergarten students are required to recite 3 poems throughout the school year.

Below you will find 2<sup>nd</sup> quarter's poems. Please pick **ONE** of the following poems. Help your child in memorizing his/her poem. Your child will be **graded** on **presentation** (posture and body language), **voice** (can we hear them) and if they have **memorized** the poem **correctly**.

We will recite our poems the week of December 3<sup>rd</sup> - December 7<sup>th</sup>. We will pick students **randomly** each day. Your child will need to be prepared for any of those days. If your kinder is not prepared on the day they are chosen, they will receive an N (needs improvement) on their report card for poem recitation this quarter. Your child will receive a grade sheet after presenting, so please check their homework folder for a poem recitation grade sheet. Continue to have your child practice their poem until you receive one of these grade sheets.

Jack and Jill  
Went down a hill  
In a fast toboggan.  
They hit a bump,  
Which made a lump  
In the middle of Jack's noggin

By Bruce Lansky

Old Mother Hubbard  
Went to the cupboard  
To get her poor dog a bone.  
But the dog couldn't wait,  
So when dinner was late,  
He ordered a pizza by phone.

By Bruce Lansky

Little Miss Muffet  
Sat on a tuffet,  
Licking an ice-cream cone.  
Along came a spider,  
Who dangled beside her -  
She told him to go get his own

By Bruce Lansky

Hey diddle, diddle,  
This rhyme is a riddle:  
Can a cow fly over the moon?  
I bet you'll say, "No,"  
But the answer is, "Yes," -  
If she's riding a hot-air balloon.

By Stan Lee Werlin

Old King Cole  
Was a chubby old soul  
Who loved to play the fiddle.  
When given a chance,  
He'd often dance,  
Till his pants split down the  
middle.

By Larry Cohen & Steve Zweig

Jack was nimble,  
Jack was quick.  
Jack jumped over the candlestick.  
Jack kept jumping,  
Much too close.  
Now his pants smell like burnt  
toast.

By Bruce Lansky

