

British Literature  
DEADLINE: 12/1/15 \_\_\_\_\_

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ #: \_\_\_\_\_  
Period: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7

## British Literature Extra Credit Opportunity 1st Semester 2015

***This is an optional assignment.*** The extra credit is only offered once a semester. You **MUST SUCCESSFULLY COMPLETE** the first level in order to go on to the next level. Each level is worth a specific number of points. Each time that you either miss a word or need prompting, you will lose 5 points. After the fifth mistake or prompting, you will not be able to receive credit for that level, nor will you be able to go on to the next level. You must consider all punctuation in your recitation to me. All memorizations must be recited before or after school by appointment only. I must be provided with 24 hours (one day's) notice prior to the day on which you will recite the lines. If you stand me up, meaning that you sign up and then do not show up without notifying me, you will not be able to receive the extra credit. The memorizations must be complete by December 1<sup>st</sup> at 4:30pm. Please print a copy of this sheet and bring the sheet with you when you come to recite your extra credit. **\*\*DO NOT WAIT UNTIL THE LAST DAY TO COMPLETE THIS EXTRA CREDIT!\*\***

Agreed date of Recitation	Teacher's Initials & points earned after recitation	Level & point value	Recitation of Passage
		1 (100 pts.)	See passage sheet for details
		2 (100 pts.)	See passage sheet for details
		3 (100 pts.)	See passage sheet for details
<b>300 pts. TOTAL</b>			

**British Literature Extra Credit Opportunity – Copy of Memorization Passages**

LEVEL ONE	LEVEL TWO
<p>Page 107 The Prologue When in April the sweet showers fall     And pierce the drought of March to the root, and all     The veins are bathed in liquor of such power     As brings about the engendering of the flower, 5    When also Zephyrus with his sweet breath     Exhales an air in every grove and heath     Upon the tender shoots, and the young sun     His half-course in the sign of the <i>Ram</i> has run,     And the small fowl are making melody 10    That sleep away the night with open eye     (So nature pricks them and their heart engages)     Then people long to go on pilgrimages     And palmers long to seek the stranger strands     Of far-off saints, hallowed in sundry lands, 15    And specially, from every shire's end     Of England, down to Canterbury they wend     To seek the holy blissful martyr, quick     To give his help to them when they were sick.     It happened in that season that one day 20    In Southwark, at <i>The Tabard</i>, as I lay     Ready to go on pilgrimage and start     For Canterbury, most devout at heart,     At night there came into that hostelry     Some nine and twenty in a company 25    Of sundry folk happening then to fall     In fellowship, and they were pilgrims all     That towards Canterbury meant to ride.     The rooms and stables of the inn were wide:     They made us easy, all was of the best.</p>	<p>Pages 107-109 The Prologue  30    And, briefly, when the sun had gone to rest,     I'd spoken to them all upon the trip     And was soon one with them in fellowship,     Pledged to rise early and to take the way     To Canterbury, as you heard me say. 35    But none the less, while I have time and space,     Before my story takes a further pace,     It seems a reasonable thing to say     What their condition was, the full array     Of each of them, as it appeared to me, 40    According to profession and degree,     And what apparel they were riding in;     And at a Knight I therefore will begin.     There was a Knight, a most distinguished man,     Who from the day on which he first began 45    To ride abroad had followed chivalry,     Truth, honor, generousness, and courtesy.     He had done nobly in his sovereign's war     And ridden into battle, no man more,     As well in Christian as in heathen places, 50    And ever honored for his noble graces.</p>

## British Literature Extra Credit Opportunity – Copy of Memorization Passages

### LEVEL THREE

Page 109

The Prologue

When we took Alexandria, he was there.

He often sat at table in the chair  
Of honor, above all nations, when in Prussia.

In Lithuania he had ridden, and Russia,  
55 No Christian man so often, of his rank.

When, in Granada, Algeciras sank  
Under assault, he had been there, and in  
North Africa, raiding Benamarin;  
In Anatolia he had been as well

60 And fought when Ayas and Attalia fell,  
For all along the Mediterranean coast  
He had embarked with many a noble host.

In fifteen mortal battles he had been  
And jousted for our faith at Tramissene

65 Thrice in the lists, and always killed his man.  
This same distinguished knight had led the van  
Once with the Bey of Balat, doing work  
For him against another heathen Turk;  
He was of sovereign value in all eyes.

70 And though so much distinguished, he was wise  
And in his bearing modest as a maid.  
He never yet a boorish thing had said  
In all his life to any, come what might;  
He was a true, a perfect gentle-knight.

Taken from: [http://www.nexuslearning.net/books/elements\\_of\\_Lit\\_course6/Middle\\_Ages/Prologue2%20p1.htm](http://www.nexuslearning.net/books/elements_of_Lit_course6/Middle_Ages/Prologue2%20p1.htm)