

British Literature Extra Credit Opportunity 1st Semester 2016

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 2nd 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
300 pts. TOTAL			

British Literature Extra Credit Opportunity – Copy of Memorization Passages

LEVEL ONE	LEVEL TWO
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.	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.

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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