Cut Up Version of a Poem

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>along the sea-sands</th>
<th>in the sands</th>
<th>to the shore</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>and the tide rises</td>
<td>efface the footprints</td>
<td>but nevermore</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>the tide rises</td>
<td>with their soft</td>
<td>the tide falls</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>toward the town</td>
<td>the little waves</td>
<td>damp and brown</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>but the sea</td>
<td>on roofs and walls</td>
<td>the traveller hastens</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>as the hostler calls</td>
<td>the tide falls</td>
<td>returns the traveller</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>the day returns</td>
<td>the tide falls</td>
<td>the tide falls</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>the twilight darkens</td>
<td>white hands</td>
<td>darkness settles</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>the curlew calls</td>
<td>stamp and neigh</td>
<td>and the tide rises</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>the morning breaks</td>
<td>and the tide rises</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>the steeds in their stalls</td>
<td>the sea in the darkness calls</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Directions:

1) Skim over the words and phrases, write down any words you are not familiar with, we will discuss them as a class.
2) Each student will read one phrase out loud until all the phrases have been read aloud.
4) Using these words and phrases, you will create your own original poem.
5) Cut along the dotted lines. Arrange the phrases to create new lines and stanzas. Try to use as many phrases as you can.
6) Write your poem neatly on white paper.
7) When you are done, attach a finalized version of your poem to a sheet of construction paper.
8) Draw an image to convey what your poem is about and attach onto the same construction paper.
9) We will read/share our poems in class.
10) **Optional**: Poetry Gallery - Poems are displayed and students choose one favorite line/image from 10 different poems.
The Tide Rises, the Tide Falls

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

The tide rises, the tide falls,
The twilight darkens, the curlew calls;
Along the sea-sands damp and brown
The traveller hastens toward the town,
    And the tide rises, the tide falls.

Darkness settles on roofs and walls,
But the sea, the sea in the darkness calls;
The little waves, with their soft, white hands,
Efface the footprints in the sands,
    And the tide rises, the tide falls.

The morning breaks; the steeds in their stalls
Stamp and neigh, as the hostler calls;
The day returns, but nevermore
Returns the traveller to the shore,
    And the tide rises, the tide falls.