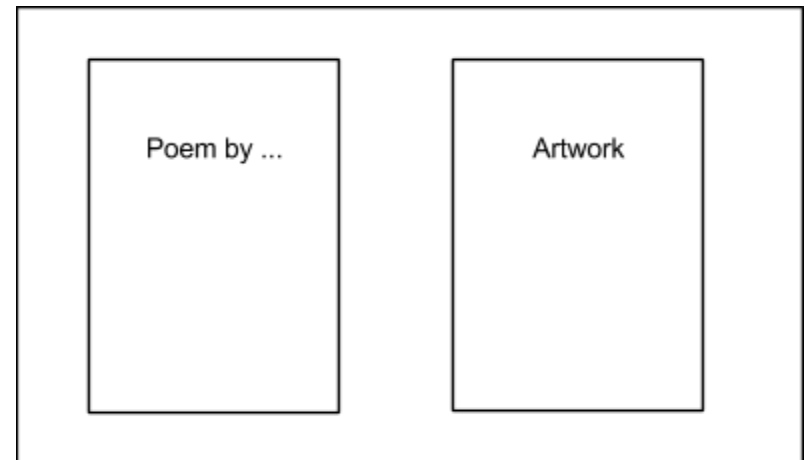


Cut Up Version of a Poem  
*BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW*

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

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.
- 3) What comes to mind after hearing these phrases? Any images? Feelings? Thoughts? Discuss.
- 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.