

# Recitations for Form II

## Form IIB

Term 1:

***Disobedience*** by A. A. Milne

James James

Morrison Morrison

Weatherby George Dupree

Took great

Care of his Mother

Though he was only three.

James James

Said to his Mother,

“Mother,” he said, said he;

“You must never go down to the end of the town,  
If you don’t go down with me.”

James James

Morrison’s Mother

Put on a golden gown,

James James

Morrison’s Mother

Drove to the end of the town.

James James

Morrison’s Mother

Said to herself, said she:

“I can get right down to the end of the town and be  
back in time for tea.”

King John

Put up a notice,

“LOST or STOLEN or STRAYED!

JAMES JAMES

MORRISON’S MOTHER

SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN MISLAID.  
LAST SEEN  
WANDERING VAGUELY  
QUITE OF HER OWN ACCORD,  
SHE TRIED TO GET DOWN TO THE END OF  
THE TOWN - FORTY SHILLINGS REWARD!

James James  
Morrison Morrison  
(Commonly known as Jim)  
Told his  
Other relations  
Not to go blaming him.  
James James  
Said to his Mother,  
"Mother," he said, said he,  
"You must never go down to the end of the town with-  
out consulting me."

James James  
Morrison's Mother  
Hasn't been heard of since.  
King John  
Said he was sorry,  
So did the Queen and Prince.  
King John  
(Somebody told me)  
Said to a man he knew:  
"If people go down to the end of the town, well, what  
can anyone do?"

(Now then, very softly)  
J. J.  
M. M.  
W. G. du P.  
Took great  
C/o his M\*\*\*\*\*  
Though he was only 3.

J. J.

Said to his M\*\*\*\*\*

“M\*\*\*\*\*,” he said, said he:

“You-must-never-go-down-to-the-end-of-the-town-if-you-don’t-go-down-with ME!”

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## *Term 2*

### ***Stopping by Woods on Snowy Evening*** by Robert Frost

Whose woods these are I think I know.  
His house is in the village though;  
He will not see me stopping here  
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer  
To stop without a farmhouse near  
Between the woods and frozen lake  
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake  
To ask if there is some mistake.  
The only other sound’s the sweep  
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep,  
But I have promises to keep,  
And miles to go before I sleep,  
And miles to go before I sleep.

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### ***Singing Time*** by Rose Fyleman

I wake in the morning early  
And always, the very first thing,  
I poke out my head and I sit up in bed  
And I sing and I sing and I sing.

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Term 3:

**My Shadow** by Robert Louis Stevenson

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,  
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.  
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;  
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow—  
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;  
For he sometimes shoots up taller like an india-rubber ball,  
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,  
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.  
He stays so close beside me, he's a coward you can see;  
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to me!

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,  
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;  
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,  
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.

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**Persevere** by an unknown author, published in McGuffey's Third Eclectic Reader

The fisher who draws in his net too soon,  
Won't have any fish to sell;  
The child who shuts up his book too soon,  
Won't learn any lessons well.

If you would have your learning stay,  
Be patient — don't learn too fast;  
The man who travels a mile each day,  
May get 'round the world at last.

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## Form IIA (Lower)

*Term 1:*

***Count Your Blessings*** (author unknown)

Count your blessings instead of your crosses;

Count your gains instead of your losses.

Count your joys instead of your woes;

Count your friends instead of your foes.

Count your smiles instead of your tears;

Count your courage instead of your fears.

Count your full years instead of your lean;

Count your kind deeds instead of your mean.

Count your health instead of your wealth;

Love your neighbor as much as yourself.

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“The purpose of life is not to be happy at all. It is to be useful, to be honorable. It is to be compassionate. It is to matter, to have it make some difference that you lived.” — Leo Rosten

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***No Man is an Island*** by John Dunne

No man is an island entire of itself; every man

is a piece of the continent, a part of the main;

if a clod be washed away by the sea, Europe

is the less, as well as if a promontory were, as

well as any manner of thy friends or of thine

own were; any man's death diminishes me,

because I am involved in mankind.

And therefore never send to know for whom

the bell tolls; it tolls for thee.

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*Term 2*

***Crying*** by Galway Kinnell

Crying only a little bit  
is no use. You must cry  
until your pillow is soaked!  
Then you can jump in the shower  
and splash-splash-splash!  
Then you can throw open  
your window  
and, "Ha, ha! Ha ha!"  
And if people say, "Hey,  
what's going on up there?"  
"Ha ha!" sing back," "Happiness  
was hiding in the last tear!  
I wept it! Ha ha!"

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***Dreams*** by Langston Hughes

Hold fast to dreams  
For if dreams die  
Life is a broken-winged bird  
That cannot fly.  
Hold fast to dreams  
For when dreams go  
Life is a barren field  
Frozen with snow.

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***All That is Gold Does Not Glitter*** by J. R. R. Tolkien

All that is gold does not glitter,

Not all those who wander are lost;  
The old that is strong does not wither,  
Deep roots are not reached by the frost.

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*Term 3:*

I am only one,  
but still I am one.  
I cannot do everything,  
but still I can do something;  
And because I cannot do everything,  
I will not refuse to do something that I can do.  
— Edward Everett Hale

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Few will have the greatness to bend history, but each of us can work to change a small portion of the events, and then the total — all of these acts — will be written in the history of this generation. — Robert F. Kennedy

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“Hope strengthens, fear kills. That simple adage is master of every situation, every choice. Every morning we wake up, we get to choose between hope and fear and apply one of those emotions to everything we do. Do we greet things that come our way with joy? Or with suspicion?” — Karen Marie Moning, *Shadowfever* (note: this book is not appropriate for children)

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***Best Motto for a Long March***

The best motto for a long march is, ‘Don’t grumble. Plug on.’ You hold your future in your own hands. Never waver in this belief. Don’t swagger. The boy who swaggers-like the man who swaggers-has little else that he can do. He is a cheap-Jack crying his own paltry wares. It is the empty tin that rattles most.

Be honest. Be loyal. Be kind. Remember that the hardest thing to acquire is the

faculty of being unselfish. As a quality it is one of the finest attributes of manliness.

Love the sea, the ringing beach and the open downs.  
Keep clean, body and mind. ~Sir Frederick Treves, 1903

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## **Form IIA (Upper)**

*Term 1:*

### ***Ten Thoughts to Live By***

Thou shalt not worry, for worry is the most unproductive of all human activities.

Thou shalt not be fearful, for most of the things we fear never come to pass.

Thou shalt not cross bridges before you get to them, for no one yet has succeeded in accomplishing this.

Thou shalt face each problem as it comes. You can handle only one at a time anyway.

Thou shalt not take problems to bed with you for they make very poor bedfellows.

Thou shalt not borrow other people's problems. They can take better care of them than you can.

Thou shalt not try to relive yesterday for good or ill — it is gone. Concentrate on what is happening in your life today.

Thou shalt count thy blessings, never overlooking the small ones, for a lot of small blessings add up to a big one.

Thou shalt be a good listener, for only when you listen do you hear ideas different from your own. It is very hard to learn something new when you are talking.

Thou shalt not become bogged down by frustration, for 90 percent of it is rooted in self-pity, and it will only interfere with positive action.

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“You must read, you must persevere, you must sit up nights, you must inquire,



and exert the utmost power of your mind. If one way does not lead to the desired meaning, take another; if obstacles arise, then still another; until, if your strength holds out, you will find that clear which at first looked dark.” — Giovanni Boccaccio

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“There are all kinds of courage. It takes a great deal of bravery to stand up to our enemies, but just as much to stand up to our friends.” — Dumbledore, Harry Potter and the Sorcerer’s Stone

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*Term 2:*

***General Wolf Rules for Life*** by Clarissa Pinkola Estes  
from *Women Who Run With the Wolves*

- 1 Eat
- 2 Rest
- 3 Rove in between
- 4 Render loyalty
- 5 Love the children
- 6 Cavil in moonlight
- 7 Tune your ears
- 8 Attend to the bones
- 9 Make love
- 10 Howl often

[or]

“Take nothing on its looks; take everything on evidence. There’s no better rule.” Charles Dickens from *Great Expectations*

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Cattle die and kinsmen die, every man is mortal: but the good name never dies of one who has done well. Havamal 76

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***Litany Against Fear*** from Frank Herbert's Dune Book Series

I must not fear.

Fear is the mind-killer.

Fear is the little-death that brings total obliteration.

I will face my fear.

I will permit it to pass over me and through me.

And when it has gone past I will turn the inner eye to see its path.

Where the fear has gone there will be nothing.

Only I will remain.

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*Term 3:*

We are but one thread within it.

Whatever we do to the web, we do to ourselves.

All things are bound together.

All things connect.

~Chief Seattle, 1855

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***Jabberwocky*** by Lewis Carroll

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves

Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;

All mimsy were the borogoves,

And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!

The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!

Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun

The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand:

Long time the manxome foe he sought—

So rested he by the Tumtum tree,

And stood awhile in thought.

And as in uffish thought he stood,  
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,  
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,  
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through  
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!  
He left it dead, and with its head  
He went galumphing back.  
“And has thou slain the Jabberwock?  
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!  
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!”  
He chortled in his joy.

‘Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;  
All mimsy were the borogroves,  
And the mome raths outgrabe.

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“Never forget that you are one of a kind. Never forget that if there weren’t any need for you in all your uniqueness to be on this earth, you wouldn’t be here in the first place. And never forget, no matter how overwhelming life’s challenges and problems seem to be, that one person can make a difference in the world. In fact, it is always because of one person that all the changes that matter in the world come about. So be that one person. ”

— R. Buckminster Fuller