**SELECT A CHOICE AND COMMIT TO MEMORY FOR OUR PRESENTATIONS. YOU HAVE 1 WEEK TO PREPARE. BE SURE TO GIVE A BRIEF ANALYSIS OF THE POEM. GOOD LUCK!**

**She Walks in Beauty** BY [LORD BYRON (GEORGE GORDON)](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/lord-byron)

**(CHOICE 1)**

She walks in beauty, like the night

Of cloudless climes and starry skies;

And all that’s best of dark and bright

Meet in her aspect and her eyes;

Thus mellowed to that tender light

Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

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**(CHOICE 2)**

One shade the more, one ray the less,

Had half impaired the nameless grace

Which waves in every raven tress,

Or softly lightens o’er her face;

Where thoughts serenely sweet express,

How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

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**(CHOICE 3)**

And on that cheek, and o’er that brow,

So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,

The smiles that win, the tints that glow,

But tell of days in goodness spent,

A mind at peace with all below,

A heart whose love is innocent!

**Jabberwocky** BY [LEWIS CARROLL](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/lewis-carroll)

**(CHOICE 4)**

’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!”

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**(CHOICE 5)**

“And hast 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 borogoves,

      And the mome raths outgrabe.

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***(CHOICE 6)***

*Nothing Gold Can Stay* [Robert Frost](https://poets.org/poet/robert-frost) - 1874-1963

Nature’s first green is gold,
Her hardest hue to hold.
Her early leaf’s a flower;
But only so an hour.
Then leaf subsides to leaf.
So Eden sank to grief,
So dawn goes down to day.
Nothing gold can stay.

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**(CHOICE 7)**

*I'm Nobody! Who are you?* [Emily Dickinson](https://poets.org/poet/emily-dickinson) - 1830-1886

I'm Nobody! Who are you?
Are you – Nobody – too?
Then there's a pair of us!
Don't tell! they'd advertise – you know!

How dreary – to be – Somebody!
How public – like a Frog –
To tell one's name – the livelong June –
To an admiring Bog!