

PROJECT WEEK

Archway Glendale | Fifth Grade

Dear Fifth Grade families,

Thank you so much for sharing your children with us this year. We have enjoyed many academic endeavors already and the high point of this semester's poetry is our Project Week poem, "Far Over the Misty Mountains Cold" by J.R.R. Tolkien.

The week of October 2, 2023, is Archway Glendale's Project Week (as well as the week for parent/teacher conferences). Scholars will be expected to dedicate time each day to memorization of the assigned poem and be prepared for recitations beginning the day we return.

We realize that this undertaking may seem overwhelming, but our poets have shown the capacity of their memorization skills time and time again! We will introduce our poem (and even begin memorization!) in the weeks preceding Fall Break. You and your children may choose to employ any number of approaches to memorization. Below are some ideas to get you started:

- 1) Study the poem over the entire break, leaving a lighter academic load for Project Week. Work with your scholar to add a few lines every day until the poem is completely memorized. *Pacing calendar for this (option one) is on the following page.
- 2) Save the memorization load for Project Week. *Pacing calendar for this (option two) is on the following page.

Remember, there is no school during Project Week. Two to three hours should be dedicated daily to master memorizing this poem without distraction of other assignments.

Per our grading rubric, expectations for an ideal recitation are as follows:

- 1) Memorization: this poem must be completely memorized with no skipped words, switched lines, or altered stanzas. (10 points)
- 2) Fluency: how well is your scholar reciting the poem? Do they stumble over words, struggle with incorrect pronunciation, or pause extensively at any point? (5 points)
- 3) Enthusiasm: show appropriate emotion while reciting—no monotone! (5 points)
- 4) Presentation: make eye contact and show appropriate gestures. Place emphasis where it is needed and help the class experience the poem as it is recited! (5 points)

In class, we do our best to make memorization enjoyable. We are including some ideas below.

-First Letter: after reading the poem several times, write out the first letter of each word on a note card. As fluency grows, the first letter could be reduced from every line to every stanza.

-Ping-Pong: each person (two people or multiple people) recites a word, saying one word each, going back and forth or down a row

-Illustration: draw a picture to represent each stanza and recite using the pictures as cues.

We look forward to recitations upon return! Please let your teachers know if you have any questions.

October 2023, pacing option one

S	M	T	W	Th	F	S
1 <i>Project Week</i>	2 Stanza 5	3 Stanza 6	4 Stanza 7	5 Stanza 8	6 Stanza 9	7
8 <i>Fall Break</i>	9 Stanza 10	10 Review entire poem	11 Review entire poem	12 Review entire poem	13 Review entire poem	14

October 2023, pacing option two

S	M	T	W	Th	F	S
1 <i>Project Week</i>	2 Stanzas 5-6	3 Stanzas 7-8	4 Stanzas 9-10	5 Review entire poem	6 Review entire poem	7
8 <i>Fall Break</i>	9	10	11	12	13	14

Far Over the Misty Mountains Cold

by J.R.R. Tolkien

Far over the misty mountains cold
To dungeons deep and caverns old
We must away, ere break of day
To seek our pale enchanted gold

The dwarves of yore made mighty spells
While hammers fell like ringing bells
In places deep, where dark things sleep
In hollow halls beneath the fells

For ancient king and elvish lord
There many a gleaming golden hoard
They shaped and wrought, and light they caught
To hide in gems on hilt of sword

On silver necklaces they strung
The flowering stars, on crowns they hung
The dragon-fire, in twisted wire
They meshed the light of moon and sun

Far over the misty mountains cold
To dungeons deep and caverns old
We must away, ere break of day
To claim our long-forgotten gold

Goblets they carved there for themselves
And harps of gold; where no man delves
There lay they long, and many a song
Was sung unheard by men or elves

The pines were roaring on the height
The winds were moaning in the night
The fire was red, it flaming spread
The trees like torches blazed with light

The bells were ringing in the dale
And men looked up with faces pale
The dragon's ire, more fierce than fire
Laid low their towers and houses frail

The mountain smoked beneath the moon
The dwarves, they heard the tramp of doom
They fled their hall to dying fall
Beneath his feet, beneath the moon

Far over the misty mountains grim
To dungeons deep and caverns dim
We must away, ere break of day
To win our harps and gold from him