

Remote Learning Packet

NB: Please keep all work produced this week. Details regarding how to turn in this work will be forthcoming.

April 13-17, 2020

Course: 8 Literature & Composition

Teacher(s): Mr. Garner ben.garner@greatheartsirving.org

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Weekly Plan:

Monday, April 13

Read, annotate, and take notes on *Death, Be Not Proud*.

Tuesday, April 14

Choose a theme in the poem and write a 2-3 paragraph analysis.

Wednesday, April 15

Imitate *Death, Be Not Proud*.

Thursday, April 16

Read, annotate, and take notes on Sonnet 19.

Friday, April 17

Choose a theme in the poem and write a 2-3 paragraph analysis.

Nota Bene: Space will be provided in this packet to complete the exercises. However, you may use your notebooks as well if you need more space to think and write.

Statement of Academic Honesty

I affirm that the work completed from the packet is mine and that I completed it independently.

I affirm that, to the best of my knowledge, my child completed this work independently

Student Signature

Parent Signature

Monday, April 13

Please read, annotate, and take notes on the following poem. *Hint: Read it aloud a few times.*

Holy Sonnets: Death, be not proud

BY JOHN DONNE

Death, be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow
Die not, poor Death, nor yet canst thou kill me.
From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be,
Much pleasure; then from thee much more must flow,
And soonest our best men with thee do go,
Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery.
Thou art slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well
And better than thy stroke; why swell'st thou then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally
And death shall be no more; Death, thou shalt die.

Thursday, April 16

Please read, annotate, and take notes on the following poem. *Hint: Read it aloud a few times.*

NB: Another famous title for this poem is “On His Blindness.” This other title may assist you in your musings...

Sonnet 19: When I consider how my light is spent

BY JOHN MILTON

When I consider how my light is spent,
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one Talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my Soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide;
“Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?”
I fondly ask. But patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, “God doth not need
Either man’s work or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is Kingly. Thousands at his bidding speed
And post o’er Land and Ocean without rest:
They also serve who only stand and wait.”

