Name: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ Date: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ Period: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

**Poems for Theme Essay**

**Directions:** Read the texts below, to prove ONE theme that is shared with the Iliad \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_!

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| **POEMS** | **THEME ANNOTATIONS** |
| **A Song of Greatness -a Chippewa Traditional Poem by Mary Austin**When I hear the old menTelling of heroes,Telling of great deedsOf ancient days ---When I hear that telling,Then I think within meI, too, am one of these.When I hear the peoplePraising great ones,Then I know that I too ---Shall be esteemed;I, too, when my time comesShall do mightily. |  |
| **If—BY**[**RUDYARD KIPLING**](http://www.poetryfoundation.org/bio/rudyard-kipling)If you can keep your head when all about youAre losing theirs and blaming it on you,If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,But make allowance for their doubting too;If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,Or being lied about, don’t deal in lies,Or being hated, don’t give way to hating,And yet don’t look too good, nor talk too wise:If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim;If you can meet with Triumph and DisasterAnd treat those two impostors just the same;If you can bear to hear the truth you’ve spokenTwisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,And stoop and build ’em up with worn-out tools:If you can make one heap of all your winningsAnd risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,And lose, and start again at your beginningsAnd never breathe a word about your loss;If you can force your heart and nerve and sinewTo serve your turn long after they are gone,And so hold on when there is nothing in youExcept the Will which says to them: ‘Hold on!’If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,If all men count with you, but none too much;If you can fill the unforgiving minuteWith sixty seconds’ worth of distance run,Yours is the Earth and everything that’s in it,And—which is more—you’ll be a Man, my son!  |  |
| **Lift Every Voice and Sing****James Weldon Johnson, 1871 – 1928**Lift every voice and sing,Till earth and heaven ring,Ring with the harmonies of Liberty;Let our rejoicing riseHigh as the list’ning skies,Let it resound loud as the rolling sea.Sing a song full of the faith that the dark past has taught us,Sing a song full of the hope that the present has brought us;Facing the rising sun of our new day begun,Let us march on till victory is won.Stony the road we trod,Bitter the chast’ning rod,Felt in the days when hope unborn had died;Yet with a steady beat,Have not our weary feetCome to the place for which our fathers sighed?We have come over a way that with tears has been watered.We have come, treading our path through the blood of the slaughtered,Out from the gloomy past,Till now we stand at lastWhere the white gleam of our bright star is cast.God of our weary years,God of our silent tears,Thou who hast brought us thus far on the way;Thou who hast by Thy might,Led us into the light,Keep us forever in the path, we pray.Lest our feet stray from the places, our God, where we met Thee,Lest our hearts, drunk with the wine of the world, we forget Thee;Shadowed beneath Thy hand,May we forever stand,True to our God,True to our native land. |  |
| **Video (optional)** | **Video Annotations** |
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