

KENDRIYA VIDYALAYA NO 1 TEZPUR 2021-22

6/4/21 THURSDAY

EXTENDED TASK DURING HOLIDAYS

SUGGESTED POEMS TO MEMORISE /READ

- 1 **ROBERT FROST**- Mending wall, The Road not Taken, Stopping by woods on a snowy evening.
- 2 **William Wordsworth** – Daffodils, The solitary reaper, Lucy poems, The Prelude, Composed upon Westminster bridge. The Rainbow
- 3 **R N Tagore** – Where the mind is without fear, The World today is Wild.
- 4 **Walt Whitman**--- O Captain! My Captain!
- 5 **Alfred Lord Tennyson**--- The Charge of the light Brigade, The Brook, Home they brought her warrior dead.
- 6 **Thomas Moore** –Oft in the stilly Night
- 7 **P B Shelley**—Ozymandias, To a skylark

SUGGESTED NOVELS TO READ:

1. **Thomas Hardy**—The Mayor of Casterbridge, Far From The Madding Crowd
2. **Charles Dickens**--- Oliver Twist, A Tale of two cities, David Copper Field, Great Expectations
3. **Jane Austen**---Pride and Prejudice
4. **A P J Abdul Kalam**—Wings of fire, Ignited Minds, Turning Points
5. **Chetan Bhagat**—3 Mistakes of my life, Five Point someone ,Revolution 2020.
6. **H G Wells**—Invisible Man, The Time machine
7. **Helen Keller**- The story of my life.
8. **Agatha Christi**— detective novels
9. **Carolyn Keene**----Nancy Drew Series
- 10.**J K Rowling**----Harry Potter series.
- 11.**Franklin W Dixon** –Hardy Boys series.
- 12.**Mark Twain**--- The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn
- 13.**Emily Jane Bronte**—The Wuthering Heights
- 14.**Herman Melville**--- Moby Dick

Dear children Class 12 & 11

For Book Review read. (Steps given in the Holiday Home work Notice)

A good reader is empowered. A reader is a leader. A well-read person can participate in any discussion, converse well, Speak on various topics. Reading also improves your vocabulary. You will find that you are able to do comprehensive passages easily. This is just the right time to improve your language skills. The mute and dumb are never heard. Reading will improve your debating skills, convincing ability, give you good expression.

Books are the window to the world.

Happy reading.

Indu Singh

PGT(Eng)

Stay safe stay indoors wear mask wash hands follow norms

KENDRIYA VIDYALAYA NO.1 TEZPUR

SUGGESTED READING FOR SUMMER HOLIDAYS

List of Books for Reading

- 1. Malgudi Adventures- By R.K. Narayan**
- 2. Gulliver's Travels- By Jonathan Swift**
- 3. How I Taught My Grandmother To Read And Other Stories- By Sudha Murthy**
- 4. The Old Man And The Sea- Earnest Hemingway**
- 5. The Story of My Life – Helen Keller**
- 6. Animal Farm- George Orwell**
- 7. Charlie In The Chocolate Factory - By Roald Dahl**
- 8. The Post Office- Rabindranath Tagore**
- 9. The Diary of A Young Girl- Anne Frank**
- 10. The Man Who Knew The Infinity: A Life of the Genius Ramanujan- Robert Kanigel**

Note: The students can select any one book from the above mentioned books, read it and write a book review of it during the summer vacation.

POEMS to be learned and recited

For Class 6

I'll Tell You How The Sun Rose

By Emily Dickinson

I'll tell you how the Sun rose –
A Ribbon at a time –
The Steeples swam in Amethyst –
The news, like Squirrels, ran –
The Hills untied their Bonnets –
The Bobolinks – begun –
Then I said softly to myself –
“That must have been the Sun”!
But how he set – I know not –
There seemed a purple stile
That little Yellow boys and girls
Were climbing all the while –
Till when they reached the other side –
A Dominie in Gray –
Put gently up the evening Bars –
And led the flock away –

For Class 7

Where The Mind Is Without Fear

BY RABINDRANATH TAGORE

Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high;

Where knowledge is free;

Where the world has not been broken up into fragments by narrow domestic walls;

Where words come out from the depth of truth;

Where tireless striving stretches its arms towards perfection;

Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into the dreary desert sand of dead habit;

Where the mind is led forward by thee into ever-widening thought and action

Into that heaven of freedom, my Father, let my country awake.

For Class 8

The Road Not Taken

BY ROBERT FROST

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh

Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

For Class 9

Daffodils

by William Wordsworth

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not be but gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed'and gazed'but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie

In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

OR

Caged Bird

BY MAYA ANGELOU

A free bird leaps
on the back of the wind
and floats downstream
till the current ends
and dips his wing
in the orange sun rays
and dares to claim the sky.

But a bird that stalks
down his narrow cage
can seldom see through
his bars of rage
his wings are clipped and
his feet are tied
so he opens his throat to sing.

The caged bird sings

with a fearful trill
of things unknown
but longed for still
and his tune is heard
on the distant hill
for the caged bird
sings of freedom.

The free bird thinks of another breeze
and the trade winds soft through the sighing trees
and the fat worms waiting on a dawn bright lawn
and he names the sky his own

But a caged bird stands on the grave of dreams
his shadow shouts on a nightmare scream
his wings are clipped and his feet are tied
so he opens his throat to sing.

The caged bird sings
with a fearful trill
of things unknown
but longed for still
and his tune is heard
on the distant hill
for the caged bird
sings of freedom.

For Class 10

The Solitary Reaper

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Behold her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
O listen! for the Vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No Nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands:
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?—
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,

And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending;—
I listened, motionless and still;
And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

OR

The Heart of the Tree

By Henry Cuyler Bunner

What does he plant who plants a tree?

He plants a friend of sun and sky;

He plants the flag of breezes free;

The shaft of beauty, towering high;

He plants a home to heaven anigh;
For song and mother-croon of bird
In hushed and happy twilight heard—
The treble of heaven's harmony—
These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?

He plants cool shade and tender rain,
And seed and bud of days to be,
And years that fade and flush again;
He plants the glory of the plain;
He plants the forest's heritage;
The harvest of a coming age;
The joy that unborn eyes shall see—
These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?

He plants, in sap and leaf and wood,
In love of home and loyalty
And far-cast thought of civic good—
His blessings on the neighborhood,

Who in the hollow of His hand

Holds all the growth of all our land—

A nation's growth from sea to sea

Stirs in his heart who plants a tree.