

B. Reading (Poem)

Home They Brought Her Warrior Dead

Home they brought her warrior dead
She nor swooned, nor uttered a cry:
All her maidens, watching, said,
'She must weep or she will die'.

Then they praised him, soft and low,
Called him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe;
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stepped,
Took the face-cloth from the face;
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee –
Like summer tempest came her tears –
'Sweet my child, I live for thee'.

-Alfred Lord Tennyson



Glossary

warrior(n):	a soldier good at fighting
swooned(v):	became unconscious
stole(v):	moved silently
foe(n):	enemy
tempest(n):	storm in the ocean

I. Answer the following questions:

1. How do you think the warrior lost his life?
2. What was unnatural with the warrior's wife?
3. What did the maidens do to make her cry?
4. Why did they want her to cry?
5. Who succeeded in making the woman cry?
6. Look at the word order in the title. Normally we say "They brought her dead warrior home." Why do you think the poet changed the word order? Is it beautiful? Discuss. Find other lines with a similar order in the poem.



Project

- I. Here is a list of a few states in India. Collect the information about the heads mentioned below in the table. After collecting this information present it before the class and display it in “Our Reading Corner” (ORC).

State	Famous Personalities	Tourist places	Dance forms	Food items
Telangana				
Andhra Pradesh				
Tamil Nadu				
Kerala				
Karnataka				
Orissa				
Punjab				

C. Reading

The Magic of Silk

This is a story from China. A long, long time ago, there lived an old woman in a hut in the forest. Her husband had been killed by a tiger some years ago. She was old and weak. Life was difficult for her and her daughter, Siew Mei.

Siew Mei did all the cooking and cleaning herself. She also looked after the silkworms in their garden. The worms gave them fine thread to make beautiful silk. Siew Mei sold the silk to travellers in the village market. In this way, she got enough money to buy food and other things.

One day as Siew Mei was returning home, it started to rain heavily. It was getting dark, too. Siew Mei ran into the first hut she saw. The door was open and there was no one inside.

“Is anybody in?” she called loudly, again and again. But there was no reply.

Siew Mei looked around the hut. The floor was very dirty. Bowls and pots were left unwashed. Siew Mei swept the floor and washed all the bowls and pots.

