



# *4th Grade Newsletter*

*February 7 - 11, 2021*

*Dear 4th Grade Families,*  
Thank you for another successful week!

## *Academics:*

**Mathematics:** Cumulative Test

**Grammar:** Compound elements

**Composition:** Various types of writing

**Literature:** *Robin Hood* or *The Princess and the Goblin*

**Poetry:** "The Reeds at Runnymede" by Rudyard Kipling

**History:** Founding the Mid Atlantic Colonies

**Science:** Wrapping up our biology unit



## *Dates to Note*

**Tues. 2/8:** Cumulative Math Test

**Fri., 2/11:** Medieval Festival

## *Announcements*

- **Medieval Day Celebrations** will take place in each classroom on Friday, February 12th.
  - Please sign up with your teacher to volunteer or donate items to make this celebration a success! A link was or will be sent to you.
  - Scholars may bring a medieval costume to put on for the celebration. Costumes should be as modest as the school uniform and free of pop culture.

*Best Regards,*

*Your Fourth Grade Team*

# *The Reeds at Runnymede*

## *By Rudyard Kipling*

At Runnymede, at Runnymede  
What say the reeds at Runnymede?  
The lissom reeds that give and take,  
That bend so far, but never break,  
They keep the sleepy Thames awake  
With tales of John at Runnymede.

At Runnymede, at Runnymede,  
Oh, hear the reeds at Runnymede:--  
"You mustn't sell, delay, deny,  
A freeman's right or liberty.  
It makes the stubborn Englishry,  
We saw 'em roused at Runnymede!"

"When through our ranks the Barons came,  
With little thought of praise or blame,  
But resolute to play the game,  
They lumbered up to Runnymede;  
And there they launched in solid time  
The first attack on Right Divine--  
The curt, uncompromising 'Sign!'  
That settled John at Runnymede.

"At Runnymede, at Runnymede,  
Your rights were won at Runnymede!  
No freeman shall be fined or bound,  
Or dispossessed of freehold ground,  
Except by lawful judgment found  
And passed upon him by his peers.  
Forget not, after all these years,  
The Charter Signed at Runnymede."

And still when Mob or Monarch lays  
Too rude a hand on English ways,  
The whisper wakes, the shudder plays,  
Across the reeds at Runnymede.  
And Thames, that knows the moods of kings,  
And crowds and priests and suchlike things,  
Rolls deep and dreadful as he brings  
Their warning down from Runnymede!

