



الجمهورية اللبنانية
وزارة التربية والتعليم العالي
المديرية العامة للتربية
مصلحة الشؤون الثقافية والفنون الجميلة

تعميم ٩٦
إلى جميع المسؤولين عن الثانويات الرسمية والخاصة حول المشاركة في
مباراة إلقاء أشعار من قصائد الشاعر جودت حيدر باللغة الإنكليزية

تدعو وزارة التربية والتعليم العالي - المديرية العامة للتربية تلامذة الثانويات الرسمية والخاصة للمشاركة في المباراة التي تنظمها "جمعية أصدقاء الشاعر جودت حيدر" والتي تتناول إلقاء أشعار من قصائده باللغة الإنكليزية، لتسليط الضوء على حياة الشاعر جودت حيدر وأعماله، ولتحفيزهم على إظهار مواهبهم وإغناء ثقافتهم في الشعر والأدب.

شروط المسابقة:

- أن يكون التلميذ المشارك مسجلاً في أحد صفوف مرحلة التعليم الثانوي.

آلية المشاركة:

- تُجرى مباراة أولية في الإلقاء الشعري بين التلامذة المشاركين في كل ثانوية رسمية أو خاصة.
- تُمثل كل ثانوية رسمية أو خاصة بتلميذ واحد فائز في المباراة الأولية.
- تُجرى المباراة النهائية بين جميع التلامذة الفائزين الساعة الحادية عشرة صباحاً من يوم الجمعة الواقع فيه ٢٤/٤/٢٠٢٦، في مبنى وزارة التربية والتعليم العالي - قاعة المسرح - الطابق ١٢، وذلك بحضور لجنة التحكيم، حيث سيتم توزيع ميداليات على الفائزين بالمراتب الخمسة الأوائل وشهادات مشاركة لجميع التلامذة المشاركين.

*للمزيد من المعلومات يمكن التواصل مع السيدة شاهينة حيدر عسيران على الرقم التالي: ٠٣/٢١٥٥٧٧.

المدير العام للتربية

فادي يرق

مرفق ربطاً:

- معايير التقييم

- قصائد للشاعر جودت حيدر عدد ٨

٢٠٢٥ ٣

١٧٣١

طبق الأصل
الديوان



جيداء الحبوب

٢٠٢٥ ٣

Students will be evaluated according to the following rubric:

- Memorization (perfect memorization, no mistakes)
- Elocution (clarity, pronunciation)
- Posture and Eye Contact (Up straight standing, purposeful move, meaningful eye contact)
- Vocal varieties (meaningful tone and intonation)

Cavaliers A forest of stars twinkling far away Over the surging spahis of the sea And a full moon sighted pretty and gay In her topmost splendor beyond the lea Heading over the horizon off sight Orbiting the earth blooming up again A tiny cres'ent living by the sunlight Aging with the night waning o'er the main Leaving the cavaliers on a quick raid Over the vast green meadows of the sea Thousands of steeds brigade pushing brigade Charging the shores to gain their liberty 8/2000	Keep Your Faith You can't but climb the slopes to reach the height Of your ambition on top of the hill Mounting be adamant and keep your flight Your task is hard lad it needs a strong will Hence begin drilling from the well of time The wisdom left by the sages of old To have the feather for your flight by rhyme And be a star like Venus in the fold Success is not a gift given gratis But the fruit of labor along the years E'er be alert lad and ne'er be careless God will bless you keep your faith and prayers Remember lad when on top of the hill Your task has been finished by your strong will 4/2003
Walk Straight The world has become the home of despair Countries full of scorpions and baneful snakes Mad cows pigs goats sheep and still unaware Of the most bloody future and earthquakes Often I've tested the nature of man In the big laboratory of my mind I found that he's the only one who can Oft shake his long ears kick back and walk blind Look folks how the fire is grazing our lives By the flame of our recent techn'logy What a shame we are killed by our own knives Since we've neglected our theology O God! Knock into our heads to walk straight To love the whole world and forget our hate 10/2003	Looking Clouds up high On earth mud and gloom thunder and lightning and I sit on the cliff of Time Waiting, a cliffhanger Looking. What may be there, away On the road, the years stumps burning in the forest of life the smoke, roots up curling, looming reptiles growing bigger and bigger a frightful image muffling the land. Youth and love swallowed Nought remains but the wink of shoulders And the dream of the past My soul in it. The storm at peak a crash, a smiling gleam I wake in memory a beautiful sight of yore And I sit one more day Age without teeth Looking into the night falling.

The Chisel Beat

A rhythm I heard once chiselling a stone,
The chisel beats were of sound cadent notes,
A remote lyric of a human lay
Hitherto unheard in the quarried rock.

I listened and the lay past history
Was the true echo of the stone today
The stone I chiselled for the wall to stand
But one of those petrified long ago.

This what I have heard when a mason made
The notes gave me the rock to understand
That I shall go back into earth a rock
And be cut someday for the wall a stone.

The wall will wrinkle, crumble, shingles fall
But the rhythm of the beats will remain
Travelling soundless orbiting around
The dome of doom and the desert of time.

Ambition

Although you keep cradling it
Since the push over of your wisdom teeth,
You can't keep it steadily under control
As it hops up by the wings of your success
Vice Versa it slopes down
To the level of your failure.
'Tis the morse drumming cipher the beats of your heart
Within the medium of your contemplation
To keep the vigor of your endeavour;
Be aware of making anchor on the rocks
Doing nothing but twiddling your thumbs
Slothful to bait a hook of prudence
In the ocean of knowledge
Nor lay your nets of common sense
In the lake of self reliance
To make a hopeful catch of chance;
So be ambitious my boy and remember
That those ambitious immigrants
Made America by their ambition.

Baalbeck
1/7/1983

The Clever Finger

A to Z
a distance of rounds
Out within outer
Layers around
finger bent to thumb
look through
a ring back
of hill and slack
forest and sky
a thieving sight
a painting made.

The bee buzzing round back
bearing pollen flower suck
a theft made honey.

The cow thieves the grass to milk
the earth thieves the water to yield grain
and nature thieves time to make
the world a flower.

Nowadays
to be a man of excellence, my boy,
make a round
hail, smile shake hands
make a finger count
be professional
to make a thief
thieve, the thieves
all thieves around
will call you, "the Clever finger."

Cheating Time

If you can not cheat Time by your laughter
Why cheat your wrinkles, dyeing your gray hair?
If you be careless to care threerafter,
Who care to care about your careless care?

Try talking to your shadow, the land'll hear
Your secret wafted by the air descried,
So why be a yam-spinner, change, up cheer
The truth of shadow of God at your side.

The walks of life are of different shades;
Choose like the one leading to your dignity;
Missing links of truth whets the doubtful blades,
Cutting sinews of your integrity

Be true to yourself and keep your gray hair
To match well with the wrinkles of your face;
Old age should be revered without despair
Having had a natural touch of grace.