

To Violets

By ROBERT HERRICK

WELCOME, maids of honour!

 You do bring
 In the spring,
And wait upon her.

She has virgins many,
 Fresh and fair;
 Yet you are
More sweet than any.

You're the maiden posies,
 And so graced
 To be placed
Fore damask roses.

Yet, though thus respected,
 By-and-by
 Ye do lie,
Poor girls, neglected.

A Dirge

By Percy Bysshe Shelley

Rough wind that moanest loud
Grief too sad for song;
Wild wind, when sullen cloud
Knells all [the]1 night long;
Sad storm whose tears are vain
Bare woods, whose branches strain
Deep caves and dreary main, --
Wail, for the world's wrong!

Down By the Salley Gardens

BY WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

Down by the salley gardens
my love and I did meet;
She passed the salley gardens
with little snow-white feet.
She bid me take love easy,
as the leaves grow on the tree;

But I, being young and foolish,
with her would not agree.

In a field by the river
my love and I did stand,
And on my leaning shoulder
she laid her snow-white hand.
She bid me take life easy,
as the grass grows on the weirs;
But I was young and foolish,
and now am full of tears.

To the Small Celandine

by William Wordsworth

(selected verses)

Pansies, lilies, kingcups, daisies,
Let them live upon their praises;
Long as there's a sun that sets,
Primroses will have their glory;
Long as there are violets,
They will have a place in story:
There's a flower that shall be mine,
'Tis the little Celandine.

Ere a leaf is on a bush,
In the time before the thrush
Has a thought about her nest,
Thou wilt come with half a call,
Spreading out thy glossy breast
Like a careless Prodigal;
Telling tales about the sun,
When we've little warmth, or none.

Ill befall the yellow flowers,
Children of the flaring hours!
Buttercups, that will be seen,
Whether we will see or no;
Others, too, of lofty mien;
They have done as worldlings do,
Taken praise that should be thine,
Little, humble Celandine!

Who is Silvia? what is she

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Who is Silvia? what is she,

That all our swains commend her?

Holy, fair, and wise is she;

The heaven such grace did lend her,

That she might admirèd be.

Is she kind as she is fair?

For beauty lives with kindness.

Love doth to her eyes repair,

To help him of his blindness;

And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,

That Silvia is excelling;

She excels each mortal thing

Upon the dull earth dwelling;

To her let us garlands bring

**Lines Composed a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey, On
Revisiting the Banks of the Wye during a Tour. July 13, 1798**

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Five years have past; five summers, with the length

Of five long winters! and again I hear

These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs

With a soft inland murmur.—Once again

Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,

That on a wild secluded scene impress

Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and connect

The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
The day is come when I again repose
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,
Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
Mid groves and copses. Once again I see
These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines
Of sportive wood run wild: these pastoral farms,
Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke
Sent up, in silence, from among the trees!
With some uncertain notice, as might seem
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
Or of some Hermit's cave, where by his fire
The Hermit sits alone.

These beautiful forms,
Through a long absence, have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:
But oft, in lonely rooms, and mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
And passing even into my purer mind
With tranquil restoration:—feelings too
Of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps,
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered, acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood,
In which the burthen of the mystery,

In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened:—that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on,—
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame

And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul:
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

If this

Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft—
In darkness and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight; when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart—
How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer thro' the woods,

How often has my spirit turned to thee!

And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,
With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again:
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope,
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first
I came among these hills; when like a roe
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides

Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever nature led: more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads, than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days
And their glad animal movements all gone by)
To me was all in all.—I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite; a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye.—That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts
Have followed; for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes

The still sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue.—And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:

A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye, and ear,—both what they half create,
And what perceive; well pleased to recognise
In nature and the language of the sense
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.

Nor perchance,
If I were not thus taught, should I the more
Suffer my genial spirits to decay:
For thou art with me here upon the banks
Of this fair river; thou my dearest Friend,
My dear, dear Friend; and in thy voice I catch
The language of my former heart, and read
My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once,
My dear, dear Sister! and this prayer I make,
Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy: for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all

The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
And let the misty mountain-winds be free
To blow against thee: and, in after years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured

Into a sober pleasure; when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies; oh! then,
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my exhortations! Nor, perchance—
If I should be where I no more can hear
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams
Of past existence—wilt thou then forget
That on the banks of this delightful stream
We stood together; and that I, so long
A worshipper of Nature, hither came
Unwearied in that service: rather say
With warmer love—oh! with far deeper zeal
Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,
That after many wanderings, many years
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake!

Sea-Fever

BY JOHN MASEFIELD

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by;
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face, and a grey dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

Rolling Down to Rio

By RUDYARD KIPLING

I've never sailed the Amazon,
I've never reached Brazil;
But the Don and Magdalena,
They can go there when they will!

Yes, weekly from Southampton,
Great steamers, white and gold,
Go rolling down to Rio
(Roll down—roll down to Rio!)
And I'd like to roll to Rio
Some day before I'm old!

I've never seen a Jaguar,

Nor yet an Armadill
O dilloing in his armour,
And I s'pose I never will,

Unless I go to Rio
These wonders to behold
Roll down—roll down to Rio
Roll really down to Rio!
Oh, I'd love to roll to Rio
Some day before I'm old!

A Transport of Delight

By Michael Flanders

Some people like a motorbike
Some say "A tram for me!"
Or for bonnie army lorry
They'd lay them down and dee
Such means of locomotion
Seem rather dull to us
The driver
And conductor
Of
A London omnibus

("Some talk of a Lagonda
or like smart MG") *words changed in this song*

Hold very tight please, ting ting!
Hold very tight please, ting ting!

When you are lost in London
And you don't know where you are
You'll hear my voice a-calling
"Pass further down the car!"
And very soon you'll find yourself
Inside the terminus
In a London Transport, diesel-engined
Ninety-seven horsepower omnibus

Along the Queen's great highway
I drive my merry load
At twenty miles per hour
In the middle of the road

We like to drive in convoys
We're most gregarious
The big six-wheeler, scarlet-painted
London Transport, diesel-engined
Ninety-seven horsepower omnibus

Earth has not anything to show more fair
Mind the stairs! Mind the stairs! Mind the stairs! Mind the stairs!
Earth has not anything to show more fair
Any more fares? Any more fares? Any more fares? Any more fares? Any more fares?

When cabbies try to pass me
Before they overtakes
I sticks me flippin' hand out
An' I jams on all me brakes

Them jackal taxi drivers
Can only swear and cuss
Behind that monarch of the road
Observer of the highway code
That big six-wheelered
Scarlet-painted
London Transport
Diesel-engined
Ninety-seven horsepower omnibus

I stops when I'm requested
Although it spoils the ride
So he can shout
"Get out of it!
"We're full right up inside."

We don't ask much for wages
We only want fair shares
So cut down all the stages
And stick up all the fares
If tickets cost a pound apiece
Why should you make a fuss?
It's worth it just to ride inside
That thirty-foot-long by ten-foot-wide

Inside that monarch of the road

Observer of the highway code
That big six-wheeler, scarlet-painted
London Transport
Diesel-engined
Ninety-seven horsepower
Ninety-seven horsepower omnibus
Hold very tight please!
Ting ting

Midwinter

By Christina Rossetti

In the bleak midwinter
Frosty wind made moan
Earth stood hard as iron
Water like a stone
Snow had fallen
Snow on snow, snow on snow
In the bleak midwinter, long, long ago

Our God, Heaven cannot hold Him
Nor earth sustain
Heaven and earth shall flee away
When He comes to reign
In the bleak mid-winter
A stable-place sufficed
Lord God Almighty, Jesus Christ

Enough for Him whom cherubim
Worship night and day
A breastful of milk, and a mangerful of hay
Enough for Him whom angels fall down before
The ox and ass and camel
Which adore

Angels and archangels may have gathered there
Cherubim and seraphim thronged the air
But only His mother in her maiden bliss
Worshipped the Beloved
With a kiss

What can I give Him
Poor as I am?
If I were a shepherd, I would give a lamb
If I were a wise man, I would do my part

Yet what I can, I give Him
Give my heart

Orpheus with his lute

by William Shakespeare (from Henry VIII)

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing:

To his music, plants and flowers
Ever sprung; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Everything that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.

In sweet music is such art:
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

June Twilight

by John Masefield

The twilight comes;
the sun dips down and sets,
The boys have done
play at the nets.

In a warm golden glow
The woods are steeped.
The shadows grow;
The bat has cheeped.

Sweet smells the new-mown hay;
The mowers pass
Home, each his way,
through the grass.

The night-wind stirs the fern,
A night-jar spins;
The windows burn
In the inns.

Dusky it grows. The moon! The dews descend.
Love, can this beauty in our hearts end?

July Evening (selected verses from
Life is But a Dream)
By Lewis Carroll

A boat, beneath a sunny sky
Lingering onward dreamily
In an evening of July

In a Wonderland they lie,
Dreaming as the days go by,
Dreaming as the summers die;

Ever drifting down the stream
Lingering in the golden gleam
Life, what is it but a dream?

A Smile and A Sigh

By Christina Rossetti

A smile because the nights are short!
And every morning brings such pleasure
Of sweet love-making, harmless sport:
Love that makes and finds its treasure;
Love, treasure without measure.

A sigh because the days are long!
Long, long these days that pass in sighing,
A burden saddens every song:
While time lags which should be flying,
We live who would be dying.

I Hope...

(through the eyes of a war-child)

By Ishani Vasireddy, Year 9.

I remember my sister's tiny hands

being ripped away from mine.

Hate marched in Nazi uniforms,

pushing her towards Death's line.

I remember the white flash when the A-bomb dropped

and the sheets of fire in the streets.

Flames engulfed flesh, twisted and gnarled,

lives incinerated by the ferocity of heat.

I remember the glint of their knife blades

as they forced Babo to the cold, blood-stained floor.

Mama was screaming as they stripped her clothes.

Srebrenica... 'cleansed'... in the name of war.

I remember the bodies... the broken bodies,

on the dark days in the Rwandan sun.

Neighbours did the devil's work with machetes.

Breathing... infected, *my* slow death will come.

I remember opening my mouth to avoid the shock of the blast wave

as we huddled close to the basement wall.

Outside in Kharkiv, birds flew, then silence...

Soaked with history, Baba's tears said it all.

I remember the stench of their sweat and their guns

as they dragged me from a lifeless embrace.

They hold me hostage now, but they cannot hold my prayers...

I hope I can survive this place.

I feel my pyjamas, damp and warm,
as my gravel-filled blood leaves my shell.

Their bombs for someone else's bullets... an old story.

I *hope* there's an end to this hell.

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Crossing the Bar

BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

The Cloud-Capped Towers

William Shakespeare (from *The Tempest*)

The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces
The solemn temples, the great globe itself
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded

Leave not a rack behind: We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep

Tears

John Fletcher

Weep you no more, sad fountains;
What need you flow so fast?
Look how the snowy mountains
Heaven's sun doth gently waste!
But my sun's heavenly eyes
View not your weeping,
That now lies sleeping,
Softly now, softly lies
Sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling,
A rest that peace begets;
Doth not the sun rise smiling
When fair at e'en he sets?
Rest you, then, rest, sad eyes!
Melt not in weeping,
While she lies sleeping,
Softly now, softly lies
Sleeping.

Sleep

John Fletcher

Come, sleep, and with thy sweet deceiving
Lock me in delight awhile;
Let some pleasing dream beguile
All my fancies, that from thence
I may feel an influence,
All my powers of care bereaving.

Tho' but a shadow, but a sliding,
Let me know some little joy.
We, that suffer long annoy,
Are contented with a thought
Thro' an idle fancy wrought:
O let my joys have some abiding.

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