

My Forest of Dean

Pine standing in rows, like warriors' lances
Cathedrals of beech trees, arching their branches
A carpet of grass, so lush and so green
I'm sorry I left you, my Forest of Dean

The bleating of sheep, the tumbling of streams
Are sounds that haunt, the deepest of dreams
I drank it all in, with senses so keen
When I was young, in my Forest of Dean

The song of a chaffinch, the smell of wood smoke
The bluebells that spread, between towers of old oaks
Of all the places, that I've ever been
Nothing compares, with my Forest of Dean

The hills and the valleys, of my native land
All bears the scars of my forefather's hand
And the older I get, the farther I lean
Back to the past, in my Forest of Dean

Silent scowl holes, those Iron Age caves
Wind-tossed fern banks, rolling like waves
These secret places, that rarely are seen
Await me unchanged in my Forest of Dean

I picture the ponds, where the heron still wades
The splendour of autumn, its hues and its shades
If I could return, how much it would mean
Just to see you again, my Forest of Dean

But maybe I'll die, before another day dawns
And never again, see the deer with their fawns
If so, take me back, where the air is still clean
And lay me to rest, in my Forest of Dean

R Miles

Year 4 Poems for Arts Week Recital

Silver

Slowly, silently, now the moon
Walks the night in her silver shoon;
This way, and that, she peers, and sees
Silver fruit upon silver trees;
One by one the casements catch
Her beams beneath the silvery thatch;
Couched in his kennel, like a log,
With paws of silver sleeps the dog;
From their shadowy cote the white breasts peep
Of doves in a silver-feathered sleep;
A harvest mouse goes scampering by,
With silver claws and a silver eye;
And moveless fish in the water gleam,
By silver reeds in a silver stream.

Walter de la Mare

Daffodils

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high over valleys 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 thousands saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

John Wordsworth