Little Trotty Wagtail

Little trotty wagtail, he went in the rain,

And tittering, tottering sideways he ne'er got straight again

He stooped to get a worm, and look'd up to catch a fly,

And then he flew away, ere his feathers they were dry.

Little trotty wagtail, he waddled in the mud,

And left his little footmarks, trample where he would,

He waddled in the water-pudge and waggle went his tail,

And he chirrupt up his wings to dry upon the garden rail.

Little trotty wagtail, you nimble all about,

And in the dimpling water-pudge you waddle in and out;

Your home is nigh at hand and in the warm shack,

So, little Master Wagtail, I'll bid you a goodbye.

By John Clare



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To the Cuckoo

O blithe New-comer! I have heard, I hear thee and rejoice.
O Cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird,
Or but a wandering Voice?

While I am lying on the grass
Thy twofold shout I hear;
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off, and near.

Though babbling only to the Vale
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring! Even yet thou art to me No bird, but an invisible thing, A voice, a mystery;

The same whom in my school-boy days

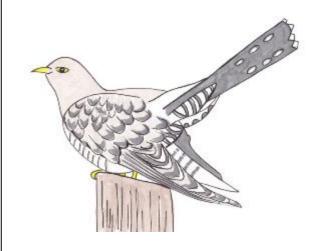
I listened to; that Cry
Which made me look a thousand
ways

In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove Through woods and on the green; And thou wert still a hope, a love; Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet; Can lie upon the plain And listen, till I do beget That golden time again.

O blessèd Bird! the earth we pace Again appears to be An unsubstantial, faery place; That is fit home for Thee!



By William Wordsworth

Unit 1 Days 3 and 4

Selected poems

Self-Pity

I never saw a wild thing sorry for itself.

A small bird will drop frozen dead from a bough without ever having felt sorry for itself.

D H Lawrence

Be Like the Bird

Be like the bird, who
Resting in his flight
On a twig too slight
Feels it bend beneath him,
Yet sings
Knowing he has wings.
Victor Hugo



The Swallow

Fly away, fly away, over the sea,
Sun-loving swallow, for summer is done.
Come again, come again, come back to me,
Bringing the summer and bringing the sun.
Christina Rossetti

The Cuckoo

Anon

The cuckoo, O the cuckoo, A pretty bird is she Who singeth as she flies From tree to tree.

In her beak a wild mint leaf
To keep her sweet voice clear
And the more she singeth
We know summer draweth near.



Unit 1 Days 3 and 4

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Comparing poems grid

	Poem 1	Poem 2
Imagery		
Powerful verbs		
Poetic language		
Other comments		

Unit 1 Day 4