

## 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



Unit 1 Days 3 and 4

## 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

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.

*Anon*



Unit 1 Days 3 and 4

### Comparing poems grid

	Poem 1	Poem 2
<b>Imagery</b>		
<b>Powerful verbs</b>		
<b>Poetic language</b>		
<b>Other comments</b>		

Unit 1 Day 4