

# LYRICS for GRADE 6

## THE WHITE WINDOW

By James Stephens

The Moon comes every night to peep  
Through the window where I lie:  
But I pretend to be asleep;  
And watch the Moon go slowly by,  
-And she never makes a sound!

She stands and stares! And  
    then she goes  
To the house that's next to me,  
Stealing by on tippy-toes;  
To peep at folk asleep maybe  
-And she never makes a sound!

## THE SNOWFLAKE

By Walter de la Mare

Before I melt,  
Come, look at me!  
This lovely icy filigree! \*  
Of a great forest  
In one night  
I make a wilderness  
Of white:  
By skyey cold  
Of crystals made,  
All softly, on  
Your finger laid,  
I pause, that you  
My beauty see:  
Breathe, and I vanish  
Instantly.

(\* Filigree - Delicate ornamental designs in Ice.)

## **RAIN CLOUDS**

By Elizabeth-Ellen Long

Along a road  
Not built by man,  
There winds a silent  
Caravan  
Of camel-clouds,  
Whose humped grey backs  
Are weighted down  
With heavy packs  
Of long awaited,  
Precious rain,  
To make the old earth  
Young again,  
And dress her shabby  
Fields and hills,  
In green grass silk  
With wild-flower frills.

## **BIRCH TREES**

By John Richard Moreland

The night is white,  
    The moon is high,  
The birch trees lean  
    Against the sky.

The cruel winds  
    Have blown away  
Each little leaf  
    Of silver gray.

O lonely trees  
    As white as wool....  
That moonlight makes  
    So beautiful.

# The COLLEGE of SURGEONS

By James Stephens

As I stood at the door  
Sheltered out of the wind,  
Something flew in  
Which I scarcely could find.

In the dim gloomy doorway  
I searched till I found  
A dry withered leaf  
Lying down on the ground.

With thin pointed claws  
And a dry dusty skin,  
-Sure a hall is no place  
For a leaf to be in!

Oh, where is your tree,  
And your Summer and all,  
Poor dusty leaf,  
Whistled into a hall!

# If You See a Fairy Ring

By Rose Fyleman

If you see a fairy ring  
    In a field of grass,  
Very lightly step around,  
    Tiptoe as you pass;  
Last night fairies frolicked there,  
And they're sleeping somewhere near.

If you see a tiny fay  
    Lying fast asleep,  
Shut your eyes and run away,  
    Do not stay to peep;  
And be sure you never tell,  
Or you'll break a fairy spell.

# Rain Clouds

By Elizabeth-Ellen Long

Along a road  
Not built by man,  
There winds a silent  
Caravan  
Of camel-clouds,  
Whose humped grey backs  
Are weighted down  
With heavy packs  
Of long-awaited,  
Precious rain,  
To make the old earth  
Young again,  
And dress her shabby  
Fields and hills,  
In green grass silk  
With wild-flower frills.

# The Wood of Flowers

By James Stephens

I went to the Wood of Flowers,  
    (No one was with me)  
I was there alone for hours;  
    I was as happy as could be  
In the Wood of Flowers.

There was grass on the ground,  
    There were buds on the tree,  
And the wind had a sound  
    Of such sheer gaiety,  
That I was as happy,  
    As happy could be,  
In the Wood of Flowers.

# Sounds of Spring

By P. Collins

Listen! Listen! What can you hear?  
Was it a mouse that came pattering near?  
Was it the wind that blew in the trees?  
Or flowers that swayed in the rustling breeze?

Was it a bird that flapped in the sky?  
Or was it a deer that went leaping by?  
Perhaps it was flowers blossoming near?  
Listen! Listen! What can you hear?

That was a squirrel scampering there,  
A fox goes by and skulks to his lair.  
That was a song of a calling bird.  
Those were the sounds of Spring we heard.

# A Little Bird's Song

By Margaret Rose

Sometimes I've seen,  
Sometimes I've heard,  
Up in the tree  
A little bird,  
Singing a song,  
A song to me,  
A little brown bird  
Up in the tree.  
Sometimes he stays,  
Sometimes he sings,  
Then to the wind  
He spreads his wings,  
Flying away,  
Away from me,  
A little brown bird  
Up in the tree.

# *'Spring Song'*

By John D. Sheridan

There is going to be a dance,  
I can feel it in the air –  
What kind of frock will the daffodil wear?  
Gold for the sun and green for the clover;  
Spring is on the way  
And the winter's nearly over.

A soft little wind  
Out behind the hill  
Is practicing tunes  
For the shy daffodil.  
He daren't start yet  
To play with all his might;  
He daren't start yet,  
For the time isn't right;  
He daren't start yet,  
For the frocks aren't made,  
And the fairy needles flash  
in the green forest glade.  
Green thread, gold thread, laughing all together –  
Heigh for the dance and the bright spring weather.

# *To a Child Dancing in the Wind*

By William Butler Yeats

Dance there upon the shore;  
What need have you to care  
For wind or water's roar?  
And tumble out your hair  
That the salt drops have wet;  
Being young you have not known  
The fool's triumph, nor yet  
Love lost as soon as won,  
Nor the best labourer dead  
And all the sheaves to bind.  
What need have you to dread  
The monstrous crying of wind?