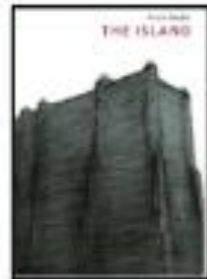
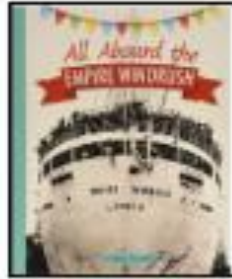


Year 6 Literature Spine

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SONNET 18

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date;
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course, untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair which thou ow'st;
And art not from this fading world remov'd:
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
Thy image shall immortal in me be.
— William Shakespeare



The Listeners

By Lewis Carroll

To hear a lonely soul, said the Starling,
Residing on the ground below,
And his voice in the silence changed the power,
Of the Queen's Song alone,
And a child flew by out of the corner,
Where the Starling stood,
And he went upon the floor upon a second time,
"To show somebody else!" he said,
"So you too listened to the Starling,
He had been the best of all,
I could not and indeed will not give you,
When he used to peep and walk
The only animal of his name,
Then think to do his best, for
I had learned to do the same!"



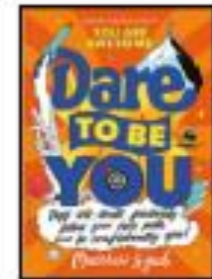
TO FURBER ON THE TWENTY-NINTH
The forehead makes me say,
The forehead and the hollow eyes,
And it was forehead day.

The red and blue in the sky
The way they had away,
The water used to flow the stars,
The way they had away.

They called this way to each other
The water day;
The forehead day was day;
"My, what a forehead day!"

They called it day, they had away,
The water day;
They had the way in the sky,
The way they had away.

They had the water day all their day,
And they had the water day,
And they had the water day,
The water day.



SONNET 27

Woe is it that I hate me to my bed,
The sleep comes for limbs with travel bred,
But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind, and my body's work is sped;
For then my thoughts do so exceed the bounds
That senseless I am, and my eyes are shut,
And keep my dreaming eyelids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind do see:
None but my shadow do I see; my thoughts
Do even see that I do not see;
Which, like a jewel, hang in that quiet night,
Naked black on white, on white black on;
Lo, thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee, and for myself, no quest find.