

Part C, Topic No 14

Important lines

GRANNY, GRANNY PLEASE COMB MY HAIR

Granny, Granny
Please comb my hair.
You always take your time,
You always take such care.
You put me to sit on a cushion
Between your knees;
You rub a little coconut oil,
Parting gentle as a breeze.
Mummy, mummy
She's always in a hurry-hurry
She pulls my hair
Sometimes tugs
... Granny
You have all the time in the world,
And when you're finished
You always turn my head and say,
"Now, who's a nice girl?"

- Grace Nichols

WITH A FRIEND

I can talk with a friend,
And walk with a friend
And share my umbrella
In the rain
I can play with a friend
And stay with a friend
And learn with a friend
And explain
I can eat with a friend
And compete with a friend
And even sometimes
Disagree
I can ride with a friend
And take pride with a friend
A friend can mean
So much to me!

- Vivian Gould

TO COOK AND EAT

To cook and eat
Is an art.
Yet a part
Of everyday life.
We take it for granted
not knowing,
not caring,
that others
may not have this thing
which we so foolishly
waste.

- Emma Richards (aged 12)

TO INDIA – MY NATIVE LAND

My country! In your days of glory past
A beauteous halo circled round your brow.
And worshipped as a deity you were...
Where is that glory, where that reverence now?
Your eagle pinion is chained down at last
And grovelling in the lowly dust are you;
Your minstrel has no wreath to weave for you
Save the sad story of your misery
Well - let me dive into the depths of time,
And bring from out of the ages that have rolled
A few small fragments of those wrecks sublime,
Which human eyes may never more behold:
And let the guerdon of my labour be
My fallen country! One kind wish from you!

- Henry Louis Vivian Derozio

Explanation:

My country! In your days of glory past
A beauteous halo circled round your brow.
And worshipped as a deity you were...
Where is that glory, where that reverence now?
Your eagle pinion is chained down at last
And groveling in the lowly dust are you;
Your minstrel has no wreath to weave for you
Save the sad story of your misery

The poet laments, the bygone age of Indian supremacy as a civilization rich in all resources.

Halo refers to the mythical ring of light that surrounds angel's heads. it refers to the angelic quality of India. India has been compared with an eagle which has been chained down by the British power.

Lowly dust refers to the pitiful condition of the country .minstrel refers to a singer. Here it means historians / national poets who write poem / histories of a country often glorifying it.

Well - let me dive into the depths of time,
And bring from out of the ages that have rolled
A few small fragments of those wrecks sublime,
Which human eyes may never more behold:
And let the guerdon of my labour be
My fallen country! One kind wish from you!

The poet determines to fetch such long lost memorable moments of Indian glory which have been hidden from the world's eyes to reinstate once more the glory of India. Guerdon signifies reward of labour. Here the poet wants to receive the reward of one kind wish of his beloved country for his labour to salvage some "wrecks sublime" which means the patches of Indian glory stuck in time and forgotten history which is itself signified by the phrase depth of time.

A TIGER IN THE ZOO

He stalks in his vivid stripes
The few steps of his cage,
On pads of velvet quiet,
In his quiet rage
He should be lurking in shadow,
Sliding through long grass
Near the water hole
Where plump deer pass.
He should be snarling around houses
At the jungle's edge.
Baring his white fangs, his claws.
Terrorizing the village!

But he's locked in a concrete cell.
His strength behind bars,
Stalking the length of his cage,
Ignoring visitors.
He hears the last voice at night.
The patrolling cars.
And stares with his brilliant eyes
At the brilliant stars.

- Leslie Norris

Explanation:

He stalks in his vivid stripes
The few steps of his cage,
On pads of velvet quiet,
In his quiet rage

[This tiger can only walk the length of its cage, and it covers that distance in a few mere steps only. The underside of the tiger's paws is as smooth as velvet and so they do not create any sound as it is walking. It seems as if all the anger that the tiger feels at being caged is also suppressed in the same way]

He should be lurking in shadow,
Sliding through long grass
Near the water hole
Where plump deer pass.

[The tiger should be hiding itself behind long grass so that its prey will not be able to detect its movement. In this way, the tiger should approach the water hole where all the animals of the forest come to drink on sunny afternoons. There it will come face to face with deer that are appropriately fattened for its consumption]

He should be snarling around houses
At the jungle's edge.
Baring his white fangs, his claws.
Terrorizing the village!

[The poet says that even though he would prefer the tiger to live in the wild, it is not as if it would lose all touch with human civilization. . It would not bother to hide its fangs or its claws, instead revealing them openly with the intention of scaring all the inhabitants of that village.]

But he's locked in a concrete cell.
His strength behind bars,
Stalking the length of his cage,
Ignoring visitors.

[He says that the tiger is locked up, like a prisoner in a jail, within a small cell made up of concrete. All the strength that resides in its body is locked behind bars of metal that make up the gate of its cell. Hundreds, or even thousands, of people come to see the tiger every day at the zoo, but it does not pay any heed to these visitors.]

He hears the last voice at night.
The patrolling cars.
And stares with his brilliant eyes
At the brilliant stars.

[The tiger stays awake and hears the sounds made by the cars of the patrolmen. The stars twinkle brightly in the night sky, and so do the eyes of the tiger.].

F. NO MEN ARE FOREIGN

Remember, no men are strange, no countries foreign
Beneath all uniforms, a single body breathes
Like ours: the land our brothers walk upon
Is earth like this, in which we all shall lie.
They, too, aware of sun and air and water,
Are fed by peaceful harvests, by war's long winter starved.
Their hands are ours, and in their lines we read
A labour not different from our own.
Remember they have eyes like ours that wake
Or sleep, and strength that can be won
By love. In every land is common life
That all can recognise and understand.
Let us remember, whenever we are told
To hate our brothers, it is ourselves
That we shall dispossess, betray, condemn.
Remember, we who take arms against each other
It is the human earth that we defile.
Our hells of fire and dust outrage the innocence
Of air that is everywhere our own,
Remember, no men are foreign, and no countries strange.

- James Kirkup

Explanation:

Remember, no men are strange, no countries foreign
Beneath all uniforms, a single body breathes

The poem begins by asking us to constantly remind ourselves that no human being is strange or different. Beneath the superficial surface of our bodies, all human beings have hearts, minds and souls.

Like ours: the land our brothers walk upon
Is earth like this, in which we all shall lie.
They, too, aware of sun and air and water,
Are fed by peaceful harvests, by war's long winter starved.
Their hands are ours, and in their lines we read
A labour not different from our own.

Each and every land like each and every human being is nourished by sun, air and water. People may have adapted to different conditions and situations, but we are all one in the spirit. We are all able to sustain our lives during peacetime and would starve to death if wars disrupt on earth.

**“Remember that they have eyes that wake,
Or sleep, and strength that can be won
By love”**

We all wake up each new day with hope and then take rest. It is only love that can really keep humanity going..

**“Let us remember, whenever we are told
To hate our brothers, it is ourselves,
That we shall dispossess, betray and condemn”**

The poet then reminds us that by trying to hate and even exploit others and their lands, we will be betraying and condemning ourselves. Such kind of exploitation will only lead to superficial short-term success and no deep or spiritual kind of redemption.

**“Remember, we who take arms against each other
It is the human earth that we defile
Our hells of fire and dust outrage the innocence
Of air that is everywhere our own,
Remember, no men are foreign, and no countries strange.”**

The poet again reminds us that taking “arms against each other,” that is war, is in fact futile. The very human earth is ruined through war, hatred and exploitation of any kind. The earth can become ravaged and polluted through war and exploitation with the constant firing, destruction and piling up of dust and debris. The air that we breathe also becomes polluted as a result. The poet ends with the refrain “no men are foreign, and no countries strange.

G. LAUGH AND BE MERRY

Laugh and be merry, remember, better the world with a song,
Better the world with a blow in the teeth of a wrong.
Laugh, for the time is brief, a thread the length of a span.
Laugh and be proud to belong to the old proud pageant of man.
Laugh and be merry: remember, in olden time.
God made Heaven and Earth for joy He took in a rhyme,
Made them, and filled them full with the strong red wine of His mirth
The splendid joy of the stars: the joy of the earth.
So we must laugh and drink from the deep blue cup of the sky,
Join the jubilant song of the great stars sweeping by,
Laugh, and battle, and work, and drink of the wine outpoured
In the dear green earth, the sign of the joy of the Lord.
Laugh and be merry together, like brothers akin,
Guesting awhile in the rooms of a beautiful inn,
Glad till the dancing stops, and the lilt of the music ends.
Laugh till the game is played; and be you merry, my friends.

- John Masefield

Explanation:

Laugh and be merry, remember, better the world with a song,
Better the world with a blow in the teeth of a wrong.

[The world becomes better with every song! The song actually refers to the inner voice when happy! “Blow in the teeth of a wrong”-If you do something wrong, make a mistake, punishment is inevitable! Yes, the poet says, a blow (punishment) makes the world better because it saves you from “the bigger punishment”.]

Laugh, for the time is brief, a thread the length of a span.
Laugh and be proud to belong to the old proud pageant of man.

[Our time on Earth is very limited and actually can be measured with a thread! In this little life, is there any scope to sit and repent! Well, that’s a no-no!. We equally need to be proud of our existence and the place from where we belonged]

Laugh and be merry: remember, in olden time.
God made Heaven and Earth for joy He took in a rhyme,
Made them, and filled them full with the strong red wine of His mirth
The splendid joy of the stars: the joy of the earth.

[Masefield expresses his opinion about the creation of Earth! According to him, God made Heaven and Earth for joy and took in a rhyme! Mark, there is no mention of Hell!. The phrase ‘red wine’ is used to express the feeling of authority, celebration and merry-making!]

So we must laugh and drink from the deep blue cup of the sky,
Join the jubilant song of the great stars sweeping by,
Laugh, and battle, and work, and drink of the wine outpoured
In the dear green earth, the sign of the joy of the Lord.

[The poet tells you to laugh because if battle is inevitable, you have to develop the feeling of accepting the loss happily! That’s the way of creation! Only if nine others fail, one becomes successful – this is the truth! To love and laugh even after failure is the theme of the poem! Because, that actually is the greatest win! When all the ten are happy, that’s the sign of the joy of the Lord.]

Laugh and be merry together, like brothers akin,
Guesting awhile in the rooms of a beautiful inn,
Glad till the dancing stops, and the lilt of the music ends.
Laugh till the game is played; and be you merry, my friends.

[The final stanza ignites the feeling of brotherhood because we all are eventually going to die! The purpose of hatred or separation withers upon realizing the ultimate end of each being! We

are in our individual rooms of a beautiful inn. Anytime the music can stop, and then it actually ends! So, let there be a happy beginning, happy journey and a happy ending!]

H. THE APOLOGY

Think me not unkind and rude,
That I walk alone in grove and glen;
I go to the god of the wood
To fetch his word to men.
Tax not my sloth that I
Fold my arms beside the brook;
Each cloud that floated in the sky
Writes a letter in my book.
Chide me not, laborious band,
For the idle flowers I brought;
Every aster in my hand
Goes home loaded with a thought.
There was never mystery,
But 'tis figured in the flowers,
Was never secret history,
But birds tell it in the bowers.
One harvest from thy field
Homeward brought the oxen strong;
A second crop thine acres yield,
Which I gather in a song.

- Ralph Waldo Emerson

Explanation:

Think me not unkind and rude,
That I walk alone in grove and glen;
I go to the god of the wood
To fetch his word to men.

The poet says that he should not be considered as unkind man just because he idly walks down the valley watching people work. He is the mediator between god and men. He listens to the voice of nature and brings its message to man.

Tax not my sloth that I
Fold my arms beside the brook;
Each cloud that floated in the sky
Writes a letter in my book.
Chide me not, laborious band,
For the idle flowers I brought;
Every aster in my hand

Goes home loaded with a thought.

He asks the labourers not scold him for his laziness. Every cloud floating in the sky gives him a thought for a poem. Every flower that the poet carries home inspires him to write a poem.

There was never mystery,
But 'tis figured in the flowers,
Was never secret history,
But birds tell it in the bowers.

The chirping birds give him a great thought. Fruit ,vegetables and the seed are only the offshoot of flowers. A flower hides all these things in it. It is the mystery of creation.

One harvest from thy field
Homeward brought the oxen strong;
A second crop thine acres yield,
Which I gather in a song.

The farmer work on the land and harvest grains. While nature rewards the farmer with crops, she inspires the poet and make him write the poems.

THE FLYING WONDER

Said Orville Wright to Wilbur Wright,
"These birds are very trying.
I'm sick of hearing them cheep-cheep
About the fun of flying.
A bird has feathers, it is true.
That much I freely grant.
But must that stop us. W?"
Said Wilbur Wright 'It shan't
And so they built a glider, firs~
And then they built another.
- There never were two brothers more
Devoted to each other.
They ran a dusty little shop
For bicycle-repairing,
And bought each other &Ode-pop
And praised each other's daring.
They glided here, they glided there,
They sometimes skinned their noses.
-For learning how to rule the air
Was not a bed of rose -
But each would murmur, afterward,
While patching up his bro.
"Are we discouraged, W?"

“Of course we are not, O!”
And finally, at Kitty Hawk
In Nineteen-Three (let's cheer it!),
The first real aero plane really flow
With Orville there to steer It!
-And kingdoms may forget their kings
And dogs forget their bites,
But not till Man forgets his wings
Will men forget the Wrights.

- **Stephen Vincent Benet**

Explanation:

Said Orville Wright to Wilbur Wright,
"These birds are very trying.
I'm sick of hearing them cheep-cheep
About the fun of flying.
A bird has feathers, it is true.
That much I freely grant.
But must that stop us. W?"
Said Wilbur Wright 'It shan't

Wilbur and orville agree that just because a bird has feathers doesn't mean that man cannot fly and have fun flying like the birds.

And so they built a glider, first
And then they built another.
- There never were two brothers more
Devoted to each other.
They ran a dusty little shop
For bicycle-repairing,
And bought each other &Ode-pop
And praised each other's daring.

They build gliders, support each other during the development phase of flying and praise each other's daring.

They glided here, they glided there,
They sometimes skinned their noses.
-For learning how to rule the air
Was not a bed of rose -
But each would murmur, afterward,
While patching up his bro.
“Are we discouraged, W?”
“Of course we are not, O!”

Even though the brothers crashed, they went on to rule the air , which was a difficult thing to do and were never discouraged.

And finally, at Kitty Hawk
In Nineteen-Three (let's cheer it!),
The first real aero plane really flew
With Orville there to steer It!
-And kingdoms may forget their kings
And dogs forget their bites,
But not till Man forgets his wings
Will men forget the Wrights.

In 1903, In Kitty Hawk, the first airplane really flew, Orville piloted the first flight and the narrator says that the Wright's will not be forgotten for their first flight as long as man remembers his wings.