

From a Railway Carriage
by Robert Louis- Stevenson

Faster than fairies, faster than witches,
Bridges and houses, hedges and ditches;
And charging along like troops in a battle,
All through the meadows the horses and cattle:
All of the sights of the hill and the plain 5
Fly as thick as driving rain;
And ever again, in the wink of an eye,
Painted stations whistle by.

Here is the child who clammers and scrambles,
All by himself and gathering brambles; 10
Here is the tramp who stands and gazes;
And there is the green for stringing the daisies!
Here is the cart run away in the road
Lumping along with man and load;
And here is a mill and there is a river; 15
Each a glimpse and gone forever!

The Way Through The Woods

By Rudyard Kipling

They shut the road through the woods
Seventy years ago.
Weather and rain have undone it again,
And now you would never know
There was once a path through the woods
Before they planted the trees:
It is underneath the coppice and heath,
And the thin anemones.
Only the keeper sees
That, where the ring-dove broods
And the badgers roll at ease,
There was once a road through the woods.

Yet, if you enter the woods
Of a summer evening late,
When the night-air cools on the trout-ring'd pools
Where the otter whistles his mate
(They fear not men in the woods
Because they see so few),
You will hear the beat of a horse's feet
And the swish of a skirt in the dew,
Steadily cantering through
The misty solitudes,
As though they perfectly knew
The old lost road through the woods ...
But there is no road through the woods.

Grass

By Emily Dickinson

The grass so little has to do,
A sphere of simple green,
With only butterflies to brood,
And bees to entertain,

And even when it dies, to pass
In odours so divine,
As lowly spices gone to sleep,
Or amulets of pine.

And then to dwell in sovereign barns,
And dream the days away,
The grass so little has to do,
I wish I were the hay!