



# Harmony Hub Radio

Welcome to Harmony Hub Radio a place to listen, share, reminisce and get inspired.

[www.awakeningarts.co.uk](http://www.awakeningarts.co.uk)

We'd love to hear your thoughts about the show and have you be part of the Harmony Hub Magic. We are really keen to hear about a memorable, favourite song and what it means to you or to hear a recording of you reading a favourite poem. If you have anything you'd like to share or need help to share something, please get in touch with me, Kaye, on 07591157841 or by email at [kaye@awakeningarts.co.uk](mailto:kaye@awakeningarts.co.uk)

So far 2020 has been a pretty unusual year, to say the least! We've all spent much more time at home than we usually would. To celebrate our home, this week on Harmony Hub we'll be hearing stories, poems and songs about home. Here are the poems we'll be reading, if you like you can read along with me as you listen.

## **A Home Song By Henry Van Dyke**

I read within a poet's book  
A word that starred the page:  
'Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage!'

Yes, that is true; and something more  
You'll find, where'er you roam  
That marble floors and gilded walls  
Can never make a home.

But every house where Love abides,  
And Friendship is a guest,  
Is surely home, and home-sweet-home:  
For there the heart can rest.

## Coming Home by Mary Oliver

When we are driving in the dark,  
on the long road to Provincetown,  
when we are weary,  
when the buildings and the scrub pines lose their familiar look,  
I imagine us rising from the speeding car.  
I imagine us seeing everything from another place--  
the top of one of the pale dunes, or the deep and nameless  
fields of the sea.  
And what we see is a world that cannot cherish us,  
but which we cherish.  
And what we see is our life moving like that  
along the dark edges of everything,  
headlights sweeping the blackness,  
believing in a thousand fragile and unprovable things.  
Looking out for sorrow,  
slowing down for happiness,  
making all the right turns  
right down to the thumping barriers to the sea,  
the swirling waves,  
the narrow streets, the houses,  
the past, the future,  
the doorway that belongs  
to you and me.

## Wisława Szymborska - Going home

He came home. Said nothing.  
It was clear, though, that something had gone wrong.  
He lay down fully dressed.  
Pulled the blanket over his head.  
Tucked up his knees.  
He's nearly forty, but not at the moment.  
He exists just as he did inside his mother's womb,  
clad in seven walls of skin, in sheltered darkness.  
Tomorrow he'll give a lecture  
on homeostasis in metagalactic cosmonautics.  
For now, though, he has curled up and gone to sleep.

## **Willam Service - Going Home**

I'm goin' 'ome to Blighty -- ain't I glad to 'ave the chance!  
I'm loaded up wiv fightin', and I've 'ad my fill o' France;  
I'm feelin' so excited-like, I want to sing and dance,  
For I'm goin' 'ome to Blighty in the mawnin'.

I'm goin' 'ome to Blighty: can you wonder as I'm gay?  
I've got a wound I wouldn't sell for 'alf a year o' pay;  
A harm that's mashed to jelly in the nicest sort o' way,  
For it takes me 'ome to Blighty in the mawnin'.

'Ow everlastin' keen I was on gettin' to the front!  
I'd ginger for a dozen, and I 'elped to bear the brunt;  
But Cheese and Crust! I'm crazy, now I've done me little stunt,  
To sniff the air of Blighty in the mawnin'.

I've looked upon the wine that's white, and on the wine that's red;  
I've looked on cider flowin', till it fairly turned me 'ead;  
But oh, the finest scoff will be, when all is done and said,  
A pint o' Bass in Blighty in the mawnin'.

I'm goin' back to Blighty, which I left to strafe the 'Un;  
I've fought in bloody battles, and I've 'ad a 'eap of fun;  
But now me flipper's busted, and I think me dooty's done,  
And I'll kiss me gel in Blighty in the mawnin'.

Oh, there be furrin' lands to see, and some of 'em be fine;  
And there be furrin' gels to kiss, and scented furrin' wine;  
But there's no land like England, and no other gel like mine:  
Thank Gawd for dear old Blighty in the mawnin'.

## **My Home by Ella Wheeler Wilcox**

This is the place that I love the best,  
A little brown house, like a ground-bird's nest,  
Hid among grasses, and vines and trees,  
Summer retreat of the birds and bees.

The tenderest light that ever was seen  
Sifts through the vine-made window screen---  
Sift and quivers, and flits and falls  
On home-made carpets and gray-hung walls.

All through June, the west wind free  
The breath of the clover brings to me.  
All through the languid July day  
I catch the scent of the new-mown hay.

The morning glories and scarlet vine  
Over the doorway twist and twine;  
And every day, when the house is still,  
The humming-bird comes to the window-sill.

In the cunningest chamber under the sun  
I sink to sleep when the day is done;  
And am waked at morn, in my snow-white bed,  
By a singing-bird on the roof o'erhead.

Better than treasures brought from Rome  
Are the living pictures I see at home---  
My aged father, with frosted hair,  
And mother's face, like a painting rare.

Far from the city's dust and heat,  
I get but sounds and odours sweet.  
Who can wonder I love to stay,  
Week after week, here hidden away,  
In this sly nook that I love the best---  
The little brown house, like a ground-bird's nest?

## Art Activity

This week as our theme is home, we'll be looking at different ways of capturing our domestic life. Here are some ideas, but please feel free to find your own ideas, if you don't like the ones I've chosen. You could look through some of your old photos to copy, or draw from memory.



Here is a lovely Japanese watercolour painting by Wei Kin, I love the simplicity of the front view. You could try something similar, or you could have a go at drawing with a pencil and pressing harder and more lightly to get a different effect.

Maybe you have a photo of one of your past homes or have a memory of your favourite home. Draw out the main areas with a pen (or a pencil first)



and then add simple blocks of colour. If you don't have watercolours, try coloured pencils or whatever you have handy. Creativity is about having fun and trying new things, not about perfection or making things look like a photo. I like the way the artist Ronnie Cruwys paints the humble terraced house in this one.



What do you think about this image? Do you have any funny, (real or imagined) memories of home that you could draw or paint. I love the sense of humour and also the sense of memory and story in this painting by Jack Holmes.

It's become popular during lockdown to draw or paint a picture of the view from your window. I love this simple drawing with splashes of colour by Rose Gold.

