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Episode 28 - Spring Feelings

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

This week on Harmony Hub Radio, we'll be reading homes and hearing songs and stories of paying attention to the little things and appreciating that which we usually take for granted. These are the poems I'll be reading on the show and I'd love it if you'd read along with me.

Lucy Maud Montgomery - Spring Song

Hark, I hear a robin calling!
List, the wind is from the south!
And the orchard-bloom is falling
Sweet as kisses on the mouth.

In the dreamy vale of beeches
Fair and faint is woven mist,
And the river's orient reaches
Are the palest amethyst.

Every limpid brook is singing
Of the lure of April days;
Every piney glen is ringing
With the maddest roundelays.

Come and let us seek together
Springtime lore of daffodils,
Giving to the golden weather
Greeting on the sun-warm hills.

Ours shall be the moonrise stealing
Through the birches ivory-white;
Ours shall be the mystic healing
Of the velvet-footed night.

Ours shall be the gypsy winding
Of the path with violets blue,
Ours at last the wizard finding
Of the land where dreams come true.

Spring-cleaning Sonnet by a poet called Sarah

How do you shed the lives you'll never lead?
The shoes that dream of corridors of power,
the teetering piles of books you'll never read,
the dress meant for a ballroom in a tower?
The hat that ought to shield you from the sun
on the bright terrace of some palazzo,
the trainers for a race you'll never run,
the stockings for a lover you won't know –
the lives piled in the corners of the room,
that gather dust, and whisper of regret –
the things you could have had, but didn't choose,
or didn't want, or never tried to get –
those lives are beautiful as snow,
but all snow melts. It's time to let them go.

Early Spring by Rainier Maria Rilke

Harshness vanished. A sudden softness
has replaced the meadows' wintry grey.
Little rivulets of water changed
their singing accents. Tendernesses,

hesitantly, reach toward the earth
from space, and country lanes are showing
these unexpected subtle risings
that find expression in the empty trees.

Philip Larkin - The Trees

The trees are coming into leaf
Like something almost being said;
The recent buds relax and spread,
Their greenness is a kind of grief.

Is it that they are born again
And we grow old? No, they die too,
Their yearly trick of looking new
Is written down in rings of grain.

Yet still the unresting castles thresh
In fullgrown thickness every May.
Last year is dead, they seem to say,
Begin afresh, afresh, afresh.

Art Activity

This week our theme is Spring Feeling. Here are some ideas for how you could create an image on this theme. As ever, please feel free to interpret the theme in anyway that feels right for you, these are just some ideas or starting points.



This painting is so delicate and captures the feeling of those first spring flowers. All you need for this is one colour, you could use paint or even just a coloured pencil. What's your favourite flower? Find one and draw it, it doesn't have to be perfect.

You could try a painting like this. Paint out the background with a neutral colour, then some black paint for stems and once it's dry add the white petals and the yellow centre. I think this painting gives a sense of the brightness of the snowdrops on those grey end of winter days.

