



Harmony Hub Radio

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

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

This week on Harmony Hub Radio, we'll be celebrating childhood. These are the poems I'll be reading on the show and I'd love it if you'd read along with me.

Solitude by Lewis Carroll

I love the stillness of the wood:
I love the music of the rill:
I love to couch in pensive mood
Upon some silent hill.

Scarce heard, beneath yon arching trees,
The silver-crested ripples pass;
And, like a mimic brook, the breeze
Whispers among the grass.

Here from the world I win release,
Nor scorn of men, nor footstep rude,
Break in to mar the holy peace
Of this great solitude.

Ye golden hours of Life's young spring,
Of innocence, of love of truth!
Bright, beyond all imagining,
Thou fairy-dream of youth!

I'd give all wealth that years have piled,
The slow result of Life's decay,
To be once more a little child
For one bright summer-day.

THE LAKE by Edgar Allan Poe

In spring of youth it was my lot
To haunt of the wide earth a spot
The which I could not love the less—
So lovely was the loneliness
Of a wild lake, with black rock bound,
And the tall pines that tower'd around.

But when the Night had thrown her pall
Upon that spot, as upon all,
And the mystic wind went by
Murmuring in melody—
Then—ah then I would awake
To the terror of the lone lake.

Yet that terror was not fright,
But a tremulous delight—
A feeling not the jewelled mine
Could teach or bribe me to define—
Nor Love—although the Love were thine.

Death was in that poisonous wave,
And in its gulf a fitting grave
For him who thence could solace bring
To his lone imagining—
Whose solitary soul could make
An Eden of that dim lake.

Rock Me to Sleep BY ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
Make me a child again just for tonight!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother, – rock me to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years!
I am so weary of toil and of tears, —
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain, —
Take them, and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay, —
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away;
Weary of sowing for others to reap;—
Rock me to sleep, mother – rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded, our faces between:
Yet, with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I tonight for your presence again.
Come from the silence so long and so deep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother, – rock me to sleep!

Over my heart, in the days that are flown,
No love like mother-love ever has shone;
No other worship abides and endures, —
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours:
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain.
Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep;—

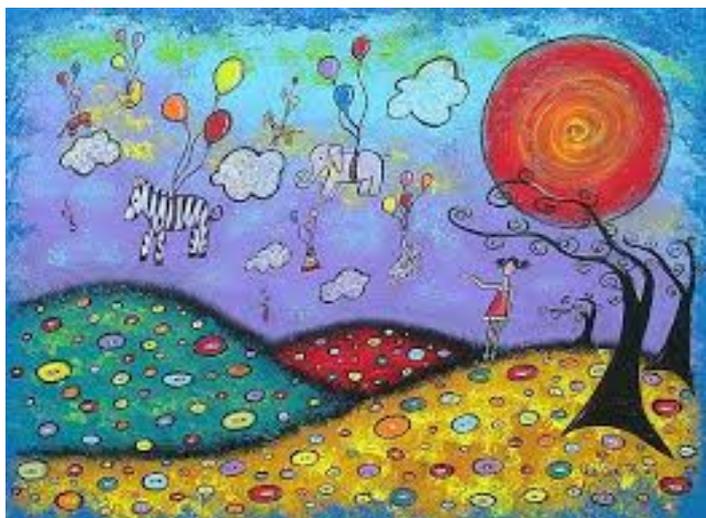
Rock me to sleep, mother, – rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
Since I last listened your lullaby song:
Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been only a dream.
Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother, – rock me to sleep!

Art Activity

This week as our theme is childhood, we'll be looking at different ways of capturing the magic and beauty of childhood. 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 also look through some of your old photos to copy, draw from memory or imagination.

Here is a lovely painting that captures friendship and the delight of eating easy sweet food as a child. Do you have a memory of eating something special as a child? Maybe you could paint that. Or perhaps you have a memory of a special friend that meant a lot to you in your youth that you could paint.



I love this simple, colourful painting. It's got a magical childlike quality. You could try something playful like this by painting a dream or something you remember daydreaming about as a child. When we paint from our imagination we are freed up a lot as what we paint can look like anything we want it to: There's no right or wrong.

This painting by Kiriti Ranjan Biswas captures really well the joy of childhood. Do remember your favourite game to play with friends as a child? You could draw it or paint it. It doesn't have to look perfect or realistic. Just try to capture the sense of it. Even a stick person drawing can be fun.



My favourite kinds of drawings and paintings are by children. I love the way they are so free and don't get caught up in making things look tidy and perfect. If you are feeling really brave, you could try your hand at a childlike painting. It's harder than you think!