

Harmony Hub Radio



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

We hope you enjoy our first show of Harmony Hub at 1pm on Monday the 17th of August on Phoenix Radio 96.7 FM or any time online at 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

Usually this time of the year we would all be going on holiday but for many of us 2020 has involved lots of staying at home. At least we have our memories of times on holiday by the sea with our loved ones. Where would you spend holidays as a child? What is your happiest holiday memory?

This week on Harmony Hub we'll be hearing stories, poems and songs about the sea. Here are the poems we'll be reading, if you like you can read along with me as you listen.

THE WHITE BIRDS by: W.B. Yeats

WOULD that we were, my beloved, white birds on the foam of the sea!

**We tire of the flame of the meteor, before it can fade and flee;
And the flame of the blue star of twilight, hung low on the rim of the sky,
Has awakened in our hearts, my beloved, a sadness that may not die.**

A weariness comes from those dreamers, dew-dabbled, the lily and rose;

Ah, dream not of them, my beloved, the flame of the meteor that goes,

Or the flame of the blue star that lingers hung low in the fall of the dew:

For I would we were changed to white birds on the wandering foam: I and you!

I am haunted by numberless islands, and many a Danaan* shore,

Where Time would surely forget us, and Sorrow come near us no more;

Soon far from the rose and the lily, and fret of the flames would we be,

Were we only white birds, my beloved, buoyed out on the foam of the sea!

*danaan is an ancient word, meaning 'Greek'

The Secret of the Sea by HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Ah! what pleasant visions haunt me
As I gaze upon the sea!
All the old romantic legends,
All my dreams, come back to me.
Like the long waves on a sea-beach,
Where the sand as silver shines,
With a soft, monotonous cadence,
Flow its unrhymed lyric lines;--

Till my soul was full of longing,
And I cried, with impulse strong,--
Lord! for the love of heaven,
Teach me, too, that wondrous song!"

"Wouldst thou,"-- the Lord answered,
"Learn the secret of the sea?
Only those who brave its dangers
Comprehend its mystery!"

In each sail that skims the horizon,
In each landward-blowing breeze,
I behold that stately galley,
Hear those mournful melodies;

Till my soul is full of longing
For the secret of the sea,
And the heart of the great ocean
Sends a thrilling pulse through me.

BY THE SEA BY EMILY DICKINSON

**I started early, took my dog,
And visited the sea;
The mermaids in the basement
Came out to look at me.**

**And frigates in the upper floor
Extended hempen hands,
Presuming me to be a mouse
Aground, upon the sands.**

**But no man moved me till the tide
Went past my simple shoe,
And past my apron and my belt,
And past my bodice too,**

**And made as he would eat me up
As wholly as a dew
Upon a dandelion's sleeve –
And then I started too.**

**And he – he followed close behind;
I felt his silver heel
Upon my ankle, – then my shoes
Would overflow with pearl.**

**Until we met the solid town,
No man he seemed to know;
And bowing with a mighty look
At me, the sea withdrew.**

BY JOHN MASEFIELD

**I must down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by;
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face, and a grey dawn breaking.**

**I must down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying.**

**I must down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted
knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.**

Art Activity

This week as our theme is the sea, we'll be looking at different ways of capturing the sea in a picture. 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, make something up or find an image online or in a magazine to copy.



Here is a lovely, simple Japanese watercolour painting. You could try something similar with just one colour, or you could have a go at drawing with a pencil and pressing harder and more lightly to get a different effect.

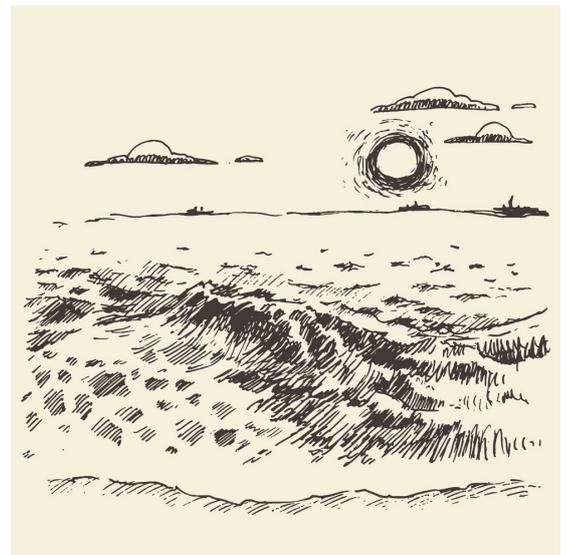
Maybe you have a photo of one of your own holidays or have a memory of a special place. Draw out the main areas with a pen (or a pencil first) and then add simple blocks of colour. If you don't have watercolours, try coloured pencils or whatever you have handy. Creativity is about having fun and trying new things, not about perfection or making things look like a photo.





What do you think about this dreamy image of the sea? If you have paints or pastels you could try to create an image that “feels” like the sea or expresses how you feel when you think of the sea or are in the sea.

If you don't have any colours handy, you could try a simple line drawing with a pen or pencil. You don't have to get the detail perfect, just draw enough to 'suggest' what you see.



Feel free to find your own way of representing the sea. If we wanted a photo style image of the sea, we could take a photo! Try something different



