

Soccer Sonnet – By Allan Ahlberg

Now children, said the teacher with a smile
 Put down your books and let your pencils fall
 Come out into the playground for a while
 And run around with me and kick a ball.
 We'll pick two teams and use our coats for Goals
 (But leave our bags and worries at the door)
 And play the game with all our hearts and souls
 And never mind the weather or the score.
 I'll promise not to test your soccer skills
 The ball's the only thing you'll need to pass
 There'll be no Key Stage Three or spelling drills
 There'll be no top or bottom of the class.
 So let's forget the gold stars for a day
 And get outside – and run around – and play.

The Soldier – Rupert Brooke

IF I should die, think only this of me:
 That there's some corner of a foreign field
 That is forever England. There shall be
 In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
 A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
 Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
 A body of England's, breathing English air,
 Washed by the rivers, blest by the suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
 A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
 Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
 Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
 And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
 In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

Death – by John Donne

Death, be not proud, though some have called thee
 Mighty and dreadful, for thou are not so;
 For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow
 Die not, poor Death, nor yet canst thou kill me.
 From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be,
 Much pleasure; then from thee much more must
 flow, And soonest our best men with thee do go,
 Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery.
 Thou'art slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate
 men, And dost with poison, war, and sickness
 dwell,
 And poppy'or charms can make us sleep as well
 And better than thy stroke; why swell'st thou then?
 One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
 And death shall be no more; Death, thou shalt die.

Sonnet 134 – William Shakespeare

So now I have confessed that he is thine,
 And I myself am mortgaged to thy will,
 Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine
 Thou wilt restore to be my comfort still.
 But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
 For thou art covetous, and he is kind.
 He learned but surety-like to write for me,
 Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.
 The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,
 Thou usurer, that put'st forth all to use,
 And sue a friend came debtor for my sake;
 So him I lose through my unkind abuse.
 Him have I lost; thou hast both him and me;
 He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

SONNET 33 – William Shakespeare

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
 Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
 Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
 Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;
 Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
 With ugly rack on his celestial face,
 And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
 Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
 Even so my sun one early morn did shine
 With all triumphant splendor on my brow;
 But out! alack! he was but one hour mine,
 The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.
 Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
 Suns of the world may stain when heaven's sun
 staineth.