**eLearning Day 3 Writing**

**The Echoing Green By William Blake**

The sun does arise,

And make happy the skies;

The merry bells ring

To welcome the Spring;

The skylark and thrush,  **5**

The birds of the bush,

Sing louder around

To the bells' cheerful sound;

While our sports shall be seen

On the echoing Green. 10

Old John, with white hair,

Does laugh away care,

Sitting under the oak,

Among the old folk.

They laugh a tour play**, 15**

And soon they all say,

"Such, such were the joys

When we all girls and boys

In our youth time were seen

On the echoing Green." **20**

Till the little ones, weary,

No more can be merry:

The sun does descend,

And our sports have an end.

Round the laps of their mothers **25**

Many sisters and brothers,

Like birds in their nest,

Are ready for rest,

And sport no more seen

On the darkening green. 30





