

Magical Memory Lane

At the Scottish Poetry Library, we know that people of all ages find that poems can be carried in the mind for years. Why not take a walk down memory lane with these poems? Even better, why not take a walk in company – perhaps with somebody older that you care for?

We've put together this selection of poems to celebrate a real, guided, garden walk by the SEASONS mental health and wellbeing project in Edinburgh, as part of the Mental Health Arts and Film Festival. The walk itself will be through a beautifully-lit wild garden, where stories and poems will be performed. (See [SMHAFF programme](#) for more details of the Magical Memory Lane walks taking place on 17 October, at Lochend House, and for more events at the [Scottish Storytelling Centre](#)).

But if you can't get to Edinburgh, or just can't get out of the house easily, here's an imaginary walk you can take with friends, down Memory Lane in all four seasons.

These poems are selected because, in our experience:

- almost all are often recognised by older people in care home settings
- they are short and good to listen to
- some of them can be sung
- they are out of copyright, which means you can copy and use these sheets as much as you wish

You could read these poems aloud with a group of people, and – allowing plenty of time to enjoy chatting about the places and poems people remember – you will have plenty of material for a 30-45 minute session. You might not want to read all the poems, so leave out anything you don't think is suitable. Having a few objects with you, maybe flowers or herbs, a Christmas decoration, a holiday snap, will help people focus on which part of the 'walk' you have reached.

Some people may not be able to read with you, but will just enjoy listening; others might want to prepare the poems with you, and take their share of the reading/recitations, so make sure there are enough copies to go round.

Other poems

Don't forget longer poems, like 'Tam O'Shanter' for the autumn and Hallowe'en. They may be too long to read whole, but you can read sections with favourite lines, and just summarise other sections in a few words of your own.

What follows are just some of the poems you could share!

For more ideas of poems and anthologies, try the Scottish Poetry Library's website <http://www.scottishpoetrylibrary.org.uk/learn/carers>

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SPRING

I wandered lonely as a Cloud...

I wandered lonely as a Cloud
That floats on high o'er Vales and Hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd
A host of dancing Daffodils;
Along the Lake, beneath the trees,
Ten thousand dancing in the breeze.

The waves beside them danced, but the
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:-
A Poet could not but be gay
In such a laughing company:
I gazed – and gazed – but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood.
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude,
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the Daffodils.

William Wordsworth

Useful Advice From Anon...

Cut thistles in May,
They grow in a day;
Cut them in June, that is too soon;
Cut them in July,
Then they will die.

Cast ne'er a clout
Till May be out

A dripping June
Brings all things in tune.

When gorse is in bloom
Kissing's in tune

Dry August and warm
Doth harvest no harm.

Daisy Bell

There is a flower within my warm heart,
 Daisy, Daisy,
 Planted one day by a glancing dart,
 Planted by Daisy Bell.
 Whether she loves me or loves me not
 Sometimes it's hard to tell,
 But there are those that would share the lot
 Of beautiful Daisy Bell.

Chorus:

*Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer, do,
 I'm half crazy all for the love of you.
 It won't be a stylish marriage -
 I can't afford a carriage,
 But you'd look sweet upon the seat
 Of a bicycle built for two.*

We will go tandem as man and wife,
 Daisy, Daisy,
 Wheeling away down the road of life,
 I and my Daisy Bell.
 When the nights dark, we can both despise
 Policemen and lamps as well.
 There are bright lights in the dazzling eyes
 Of beautiful Daisy Bell.

Chorus:

Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer, do...

Harry Dacre

SUMMER

A Boy's Song

Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the grey trout lies asleep,
Up the river and over the lea,
That 's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That 's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,
There to track the homeward bee,
That 's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That 's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away
Little sweet maidens from the play,
Or love to banter and fight so well,
That 's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play
Through the meadow, among the hay;
Up the water and over the lea,
That 's the way for Billy and me.

James Hogg

The Boy In The Train

Whit wey does the engine say 'Toot-toot'?
 Is it feart to gang in the tunnel?
 Whit wey is the furnace no pit oot
 When the rain gangs doon the funnel?
 What'll I hae for my tea the nicht?
 A herrin', or maybe a haddie?
 Has Gran'ma gotten electric licht?
 Is the next stop Kirkcaddy?

There's a hoodie-craw on yon turnip-raw!
 An' seagulls! - sax or seeven.
 I'll no fa' oot o' the windae, Maw,
 Its sneckit, as sure as I'm leevin'.
 We're into the tunnel! we're a' in the dark!
 But dinna be frichtit, Daddy,
 We'll sune be comin' to Beveridge Park,
 And the next stop's Kirkcaddy!

Is yon the mune I see in the sky?
 It's awfu' wee an' curly,
 See! there's a coo and a cauf ootbye,
 An' a lassie pu'in' a hurly!
 He's chackit the tickets and gien them back,
 Sae gie me my ain yin, Daddy.
 Lift doon the bag frae the luggage rack,
 For the next stop's Kirkcaddy!

There's a gey when boats at the harbour mou',
 And eh! dae ya see the cruisers?
 The cinnamon drop I was sookin' the noo
 Has tummelt an' stuck tae ma troosers. . .
 I'll sune be ringin' ma Gran'ma's bell,
 She'll cry, 'Come ben, my laddie',
 For I ken mysel' by the queer-like smell
 That the next stop's Kirkcaddy!

Mary Campbell Smith

Oh I Do Like To Be Beside The Seaside

Oh, I do like to be beside the seaside,
I do like to be beside the sea.

Oh, I do like to stroll along the prom, prom, prom,
Where the brass bands play 'tiddly om pom pom.'

So just let me be beside the seaside,
I'll be beside myself with glee.

And there's lots of girls beside,

I should like to be beside,

Beside the seaside, beside the sea.

AUTUMN

Autumn Fires

In the other gardens
And all up the vale,
From the autumn bonfires
See the smoke trail!

Pleasant summer over
And all the summer flowers,
The red fire blazes,
The grey smoke towers.

Sing a song of seasons!
Something bright in all!
Flowers in the summer,
Fires in the fall!

Windy Nights

Whenever the moon and stars are set,
Whenever the wind is high,
All night long in the dark and wet,
A man goes riding by.
Late in the night when the fires are out,
Why does he gallop and gallop about?

Whenever the trees are crying aloud,
And the ships are tossed at sea,
By, on the highway, low and loud,
By at the gallop goes he.
By at the gallop he goes, and then
By he comes back at the gallop again.

Robert Louis Stevenson

Magical Memory Lane: a SEASONal walk through well-known poems

[Mental Health & Arts Film Festival 2012](#)

www.scottishpoetrylibrary.org.uk

Three Crows

Three crows sat upon a wa',
 Sat upon a wa', sat upon a wa',
 Three crows sat upon a wa',
 On a cauld and frosty mornin'.

The first crow was greetin' for his maw,
 Greetin' for his maw, greetin' for his maw,
 The first crow was greetin' for his maw,
 On a cauld and frosty mornin'.

The second crow fell and broke his jaw,
 Fell and broke his jaw, fell and broke his jaw,
 The second crow fell and broke his jaw,
 On a cauld and frosty mornin'.

The third crow, couldnae caw at a',
 Couldnae caw at a', couldnae caw at a',
 The third crow, couldnae caw at a',
 On a cauld and frosty mornin'.

[Some versions add another verse:

The fourth crow wasnae there at a' ...]

An that's a', absolutely a',
 Absolutely a', absolutely a',
 An that's a', absolutely a',
 On a cauld and frosty mornin'.

Anon

from The Fairies

Up the airy mountain,
 Down the rushy glen,
 We daren't go a-hunting
 For fear of little men;
 Wee folk, good folk,
 Trooping all together;
 Green jacket, red cap,
 And white owl's feather!

[...]

By the craggy hill-side,
 Through the mosses bare,
 They have planted thorn-trees
 For pleasure here and there.
 Is any man so daring
 As dig them up in spite,
 He shall find their sharpest thorns
 In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
 Down the rushy glen,
 We daren't go a-hunting
 For fear of little men;
 Wee folk, good folk,
 Trooping all together;
 Green jacket, red cap,
 And white owl's feather!

William Allingham

from Macbeth, Act IV, Scene I

The three witches, casting a spell

Round about the cauldron go;
In the poison'd entrails throw.
Toad, that under cold stone
Days and nights hast thirty one
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and howlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

William Shakespeare

WINTER

Up In the Morning Early

Up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early!
When a' the hills are covered wi' snaw,
I'm sure it's winter fairly!

Cauld blaws the wind frae east to west,
The drift is driving sairly,
Sae loud and shrill's I hear the blast -
I'm sure it's winter fairly!

The birds sit chittering in the thorn,
A' day they fare but sparely;
And lang's the night frae e'en to morn --
I'm sure it's winter fairly!

Robert Burns

Winter Time

Late lies the wintry sun a-bed,
A frosty, fiery sleepy-head;
Blinks but an hour or two; and then,
A blood-red orange, sets again.

Before the stars have left the skies,
At morning in the dark I rise;
And shivering in my nakedness,
By the cold candle, bathe and dress.

Close by the jolly fire I sit
To warm my frozen bones a bit;
Or with a reindeer-sled, explore
The colder countries round the door.

When to go out, my nurse doth wrap
Me in my comforter and cap;
The cold wind burns my face, and blows
Its frosty pepper up my nose.

Black are my steps on silver sod;
Thick blows my frosty breath abroad;
And tree and house, and hill and lake,
Are frosted like a wedding-cake.

Robert Louis Stevenson

The Coming of Good Luck

So good luck came, and on my roof did light,
Like noise-less snow, or the dew of night:
Not all at once, but gently, as the trees
Are by the sun-beams, tickled by degrees.

Robert Herrick

Auld Lang Syne

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
and never brought to mind ?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
and auld lang syne?

CHORUS:

*For auld lang syne, my dear,
for auld lang syne,
we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
for auld lang syne.*

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp!
and surely I'll be mine !
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
for auld lang syne.

CHORUS

We twa hae run about the braes,
and pu'd the gowans fine ;
But we've wander'd mony a weary fit,
sin auld lang syne.

CHORUS

We twa hae paidl'd i' the burn,
frae morning sun till dine ;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
sin auld lang syne.

CHORUS

And there's a hand, my trusty fiere !
and gie's a hand o' thine !
And we'll tak a right gude-willy waught,
for auld lang syne.