



UNIVERSITY OF  
**WEST LONDON**  
London College of Music Examinations

LCM Examinations

**Passages Guide**  
**for Spoken English Grades 4 to 8**  
**Performance Section**

The following passages are a guide to the level of text to be presented in Section 1 (Performance). Candidates may choose their own pieces at the level of the grade being attempted, but they may also choose a piece from those below, at their grade level.

The passages here are chosen at potential Distinction level in performance (see the explanatory note below); it is open to teachers to choose different passages that will suit individual students.

This is an initial selection. Further passages will be added in due course.

**IMPORTANT NOTE:** these passages are provided solely for use by individuals in the course of preparation for LCM examinations. The use in other contexts is a breach of the conditions for LCM's providing these samples.

## **Explanatory Note**

Compared to conventional Spoken English passages, those presented here embody qualities which make the LCM Examinations programme distinctive. The Presentation, Sight Reading and Interaction sections of the examinations test a range of important formal abilities in speaking English and mastering its structures, and they all involve presentation skills. The Performance section goes farther in its encouragement of a distinctive expressive quality, and the passages are set accordingly.

A range of interesting and imaginative extracts are assembled to help develop enriched communication skills that will give the students an advantage in a world where such skills are increasingly valued. Of necessity the passages are challenging, and will reward the work involved accordingly.

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### Grade 4 – Story

#### The Secret Garden

"How still it is!" she whispered. "How still!" Then she waited a moment and listened at the stillness. The robin, who had flown to his treetop, was as still as all the rest. He did not even flutter his wings, he sat without stirring, and looked at Mary.

"No wonder it is still," she whispered again. "I am the first person who has spoken in here for ten years."

She moved away from the door, stepping as softly as if she were afraid of awakening someone. She was glad that there was grass under her feet and that her steps made no sounds. She walked under one of the fairy-like grey arches between the trees and looked up at the sprays and tendrils which formed them. "I wonder if they are all quite dead," she said. "Is it all a quite dead garden? I wish it wasn't."

But she was inside the wonderful garden and she could come through the door under the ivy any time and she felt as if she had found a world all her own. Everything was strange and silent and she seemed to be hundreds of miles from anyone, but somehow she did not feel lonely at all.

## Grade 4 – Biography

### The Diary of a Young Girl

*This work has become better known as 'The Diary of Anne Frank'. She wrote it during World War II, when her family was trapped in hiding in Amsterdam, under German occupation.*

July 8th 1942:

At three o'clock the doorbell rang. I didn't hear it, since I was out on the balcony, lazily resting in the sun. A little while later Margot appeared in the kitchen doorway looking very agitated. "Father has received a call-up notice from the SS\*," she whispered. "Mother has gone to see Mr. van Daan" (Mr. van Daan is Father's business partner and a good friend.) I was stunned. A call-up: everyone knows what that means. Visions of concentration camps and lonely cells raced through my head

How could we let Father go to such a fate?

"Of course he's not going," declared Margot as we waited for Mother in the living room. "Mother's gone to Mr. van Daan to ask whether we can move to our hiding place tomorrow. The van Daans are going with us. There will be seven of us altogether." Silence. We couldn't speak. The thought of Father off visiting someone in the Jewish Hospital and completely unaware of what was happening, the long wait for Mother, the heat, the suspense – all this reduced us to silence.

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*\* SS: Hitler's Special Security force during WWII*

## Grade 4 – Article

### A Holiday in Costa Rica

Costa Rica is a small, politically stable country, bordering Nicaragua to the north, Panama to the south, the Pacific Ocean to the west and the Caribbean Sea to the east. It is considered by many to be one of the best travel destinations in the world. There are certainly many reasons why people choose Costa Rica as a perfect place to go on holiday year after year.

What makes it so special? It is a country rich in natural beauty, with breathtaking landscapes, crystal blue water off the beaches on the Caribbean coast as well as the Pacific, and Costa Ricans are friendly, welcoming people.

This part of Central America has much to offer visitors and every day can be an adventure. There are several national parks (protected areas where people can observe wildlife), such as Manuel Antonio, and large areas of agricultural land producing bananas, coffee, pineapples and melons.

Volcano watching, water sports and golfing are all popular activities. The rainforests, the 'jewels of the earth', are home to more than a third of animal and plant species in the world and there are hidden gems yet to be discovered. Hiking in the rainforests and bird watching remain firm favourites.

## Grade 4 – Poem

### The Blind Boy

O say what is that thing called light,  
which I can ne'er enjoy?  
What is the blessing of the sight?  
O tell your poor blind boy!

You talk of wondrous things you see,  
You say the sun shines bright;  
I feel him warm, but how can he  
Then make it day or night?

My day or night myself I make  
Whene'er I sleep or play;  
And could I ever keep awake  
With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear  
You mourn my hapless woe;  
But sure with patience I may bear  
A loss I ne'er know.

Then let not what I cannot have  
My cheer of mind destroy;  
Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,  
Although a poor blind boy.

## **Grade 5 – Story**

### Little Obie and the Flood

The roar was coming from Cold Creek. The water was rushing and rising. It gurgled round the wagon wheels as they forded the creek, and every minute it rose higher and higher as the rain poured down.

“Never saw the creek so high before, Effie,” said Grandad, when they were back in the cabin.

“That’s so,” said Effie.

“I reckon you should look a few things out just in case we need to be moving,” said Grandad.

“Maybe so,” said Effie.

“I’m afraid,” said Little Obie.

“Now see what you’ve done with your talk!” Effie said to Grandad. She hugged Obie close, Effie was long and thin, but her body was strong as whipcord. She wanted to give Little Obie some of her strength in case he’d need it, and that was why she hugged him.

## Grade 5 – Biography

### Thomas Jefferson: Autobiography

The tradition in my father's family was that their ancestors came to this country from Wales, and from near the mountain of Snowdon, the highest in Great Britain. I noted once a case from Wales in the law reports where a person of our name was one of the lawyers and one of the same name was Secretary to the Virginia company. These are the only instances in which I have met with the name in that country. I have found it in our early records, but the first particular information I have of any ancestor was my grandfather who lived at the place in Chesterfield called Osborne's. He had three sons, Thomas who died young, Field who left numerous descendants and Peter my father, who settled on the lands I still own called Shadwell adjoining my present residence.

My father's education had been quite neglected but, eager after information, he read much and improved himself insomuch that he was chosen, with Joshua Fry, to continue the boundary line between Virginia and North Carolina which had been begun by Colo Byrd, and was afterwards employed with the same Mr Fry to make the first map of Virginia which had ever been made.

He died August 17th 1757, leaving my mother a widow with six daughters and two sons, myself the eldest. To my younger brother, he left his estate on James River, named Snowdon after the supposed birth-place of the family. To myself, the lands on which I was born and live.

## Grade 5 – Article

### Radio Play Upsets Americans

A radio dramatisation of H.G.Wells's fantasy, "The War of the Worlds" – a work that was written at the end of the last century – caused a remarkable wave of panic in the United States during and immediately after its broadcast last night at eight o'clock.

Listeners throughout the country believed that it was an account of an actual invasion of the earth by warriors from Mars. The play, presented by Orson Welles, a successful theatrical producer and actor, gave a vivid account of the Martian invasion, just as the radio would if Mr. Wells's dream came true.

The programme began with music by a New York City hotel dance band, which was interrupted suddenly by a Columbia news announcer who reported that violent flashes on Mars had been observed by Princeton University astronomers.

The music was resumed, but soon interrupted again for a report that a meteor had struck New Jersey. Then there was an account of how the meteor opened and Martian warriors emerged and began killing local citizens with mysterious death-rays. Martians were also observed moving towards New York with the intention of destroying the city.

Many people tuning in to the middle of the broadcast jumped to the conclusion that there was a real invasion.

## Grade 5 – Monologue

### A Tribute to Dogs

*(a speech delivered after winning a case against a man who killed a dog)*

Gentlemen of the Jury:

The one absolutely unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog. A man's dog stands by him in prosperity, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground, where the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he may be by his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer. He will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounters with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his poor master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert, he remains. When riches take wings, and reputation falls to pieces, he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey though the heavens.

If fortune drives the master away, an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him, to guard him against danger, to fight against his enemies. And when the last scene of all comes, and death takes his master in its embrace, the noble dog will be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad, but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even in death.

## Grade 5 – Poem

### Dream Land

Where sunless rivers weep  
Their waves into the deep,  
She sleeps a charmed sleep;  
Awake her not.

Led by a single star,  
She came from very far  
To seek where shadows are  
Her pleasant lot.

She left the rosy morn,  
She left the fields of corn,  
For twilight cold and lorn  
And water springs.  
Through sleep, as through a veil,  
She sees the sky look pale,  
And hears the nightingale  
That sadly sings.

Rest, rest, a perfect rest  
Shed over brow and breast;  
Her face is toward the west,  
The purple land.  
She cannot see the grain  
Ripening on hill and plain;  
She cannot feel the rain  
Upon her hand.

Rest, rest, for evermore  
Upon a mossy shore;  
Rest, rest at the heart's core  
Till time shall cease:  
Sleep that no pain shall wake;  
Night that no morn shall break  
Till joy shall overtake  
Her perfect peace.

### Grade 6 – Story

#### The Hobbit

There they all sat glum and wet and muttering, while Oin and Gloin went on trying to light the fire, and quarrelling about it. Bilbo was sadly reflecting that adventures are not all pony-rides in May-sunshine, when Balin, who was always their look-out man, said: "There's a light over there!" There was a hill some way off with trees on it, pretty thick in parts. Out of the dark mass of the trees they could now see a light shining, a reddish comfortable-looking light, as it might be a fire or torches twinkling.

When they had looked at it for some while, they fell to arguing. Some said "no" and some said "yes". Some said they could but go and see, and anything was better than little supper, less breakfast, and wet clothes all the night.

Others said: "These parts are none too well known, and are too near the mountains." Some said: "After all there are fourteen of us." Others said: "Where has Gandalf got to?" This remark was repeated by everybody. Then the rain began to pour down worse than ever, and Oin and Gloin began to fight.

## Grade 6 – Biography

### Khalil Gibran

Khalil Gibran was born in 1883 in Lebanon. Gibran's family was poor and it was one of the reasons for his not having any formal education during his youth. But he did study Bible, along with Arabic and Syriac languages.

The family later settled in Boston's South End, and there his artistic talent was first encouraged. He moved between Boston and Beirut and by the time he moved to Paris in 1908 to study with Auguste Rodin, he had a vivid experience of life's options. He started to write poems also, in both Arabic and English, and these included a political dimension, focussing on the freedom of Syria from Ottoman control.

Gibran is most remembered for his influential book, The Prophet, written in a lush style and deeply influential in the 20<sup>th</sup> century for poetic thoughts such as:

'Love gives naught but itself and takes naught but from itself,  
Love possesses not nor would it be possessed:  
For love is sufficient unto love.'

## Grade 6 – Article

### Irate tyre workers take two managers hostage

Workers at a French tyre factory threatened with closure took two company executives hostage yesterday and promised to hold them until given ‘enormous amounts of money’.

The Goodyear plant in north Amiens was at the centre of an international spat a year ago after a US businessman called the workers there lazy.

The firm’s production manager, Michel Dheilily, and personnel director, Bernard Glessler, were due to meet union representatives yesterday. But 200 workers also turned up and refused to let the pair leave, blocking the door of the meeting room with a tractor tyre.

The Goodyear factory is due to close with the loss of 1,170 jobs. Union leaders said the atmosphere was ‘calm’ and the men had been allowed to keep their phones and had been given water.

Last year American business man Maurice ‘Morry’ Taylor Jr, the head of the tyre company Titan International, was asked if he would like to take over the Goodyear factory. He replied: “Do you think we’re stupid? I’ve visited this factory several times. The French workers are paid high wages but only work three hours. They have one hour for lunch, they talk for three hours and work for three hours.”

## Grade 6 – Monologue

### The Proposal

It's cold.... I'm trembling all over, just as if I'd got an examination before me. The great thing is, I must have my mind made up. If I give myself time to think, to hesitate, to talk a lot, to look for an ideal, or for real love, then I'll never get married.... Brr!... It's cold! Natalya Stepanovna is an excellent housekeeper, not bad-looking, well-educated.... What more do I want? But I'm getting a noise in my ears from excitement. [Drinks] And it's impossible for me not to marry.... In the first place, I'm already 35—a critical age, so to speak. In the second place, I ought to lead a quiet and regular life.... I suffer from palpitations, I'm excitable and always getting awfully upset.... At this very moment my lips are trembling, and there's a twitch in my right eyebrow.... But the very worst of all is the way I sleep. I no sooner get into bed and begin to go off when suddenly something in my left side—gives a pull, and I can feel it in my shoulder and head.... I jump up like a lunatic, walk about a bit, and lie down again, but as soon as I begin to get off to sleep there's another pull! And this may happen twenty times....

## Grade 6 – Poem

### The Road Not Taken

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,  
And sorry I could not travel both  
And be one traveller, long I stood  
And looked down one as far as I could  
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,  
And having perhaps the better claim  
Because it was grassy and wanted wear,  
Though as for that the passing there  
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay  
In leaves no step had trodden black.  
Oh, I marked the first for another day!  
Yet knowing how way leads on to way  
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh  
Somewhere ages and ages hence:  
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I,  
I took the one less travelled by,  
And that has made all the difference.

### Grade 7 – Story

#### The 100-year-old Man who Climbed out the Window and Disappeared

You might think he could have made up his mind earlier, and been man enough to inform his surroundings of his decision. But Allan Karlsson had never been given to pondering things for too long.

So the idea had barely taken hold in the old man's head before he opened the window of his room on the ground floor of the Old Folks' Home in the town of Malmköping, and stepped out – into a flower bed.

This manoeuvre required a bit of effort, since Allan was 100 years old, on this very day in fact. There was less than an hour to go before his birthday party would begin in the lounge of the Old Folks' Home. The mayor would be there. And the local paper. And all the other old people. And the entire staff, led by a very bad-tempered Director Alice.

Allan Karlsson hesitated as he stood there in the flower bed that ran along one side of the Old Folks' Home. He was wearing a brown jacket with brown trousers and on his feet he had a pair of brown indoor slippers. He was not a fashion plate; people rarely are at that age. He was on the run from his own birthday party, another unusual thing for a 100-year-old, not least because being 100 is pretty rare.

Allan thought about whether he should make the effort to crawl back in through the window to get his hat and shoes, but when he felt his wallet in his inside pocket, he decided that it would suffice. Besides, Director Alice had repeatedly shown that she had a sixth sense (wherever he hid his vodka, she found it), and she might be nosing around in there even now, suspicious that something fishy was going on.

Better to be on his way while he could, Allan thought, as he stepped out of the flower bed on creaking knees. In his wallet, as far as he could remember, he had a few notes saved – a good thing since it probably wouldn't be free to go into hiding.

## Grade 7 – Biography or Article

### Magritte

How does one become an artist? How does one become a painter? And how does one become a painter who is not an artist?

How does one, in the case of Rene Magritte, become a painter like this, so individual, so far outside all the norms which characterise the nature of art?

When Magritte was born on 21 November 1898 in a little town in the Belgian province of Hainault, where everyone earned his living from the local quarry, the visual arts in Europe had already undergone several revolutions. They had gone from the kind of sculpture and painting which concentrates on nature and the real world to an art which was conceptually very much more strongly directed towards inner feelings. The traces of this transitional phase can be recognised most clearly in Impressionism and its fringe phenomena. In Impressionism were concentrated very many of the ideas which had inspired the already 'modernistic' artists of the later 19<sup>th</sup> century. In short, this period was witnessing the end of a realism which restricted itself to a reproduction of the real. Colours now took on the function of reflecting impressions rather than reflecting a reality which henceforth was no longer considered reproducible.

## Grade 7 – Monologue

### Prologue to Romeo and Juliet

Two households, both alike in dignity,  
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,  
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,  
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.  
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes  
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;  
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows  
Do with their death bury their parents' strife.  
The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,  
And the continuance of their parents' rage,  
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,  
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;  
The which if you with patient ears attend,  
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.

## Grade 7 – Poem

### Household Fires

The daughter's job: without a murmur  
to do the chores piling up around the house  
until she leaves for work,  
to pay her younger brother's fees,  
to buy her sister ribbons,  
to get her father's spectacles changed.  
to take the others to the movies on holidays,  
to keep back a little and hand over the rest  
on payday.

The son's job: fresh savoury snacks  
for the whole household to eat:  
to bring back the clothes from the washerman,  
to clean and put away the bicycle,  
to sing out of key while packing his father's lunch  
at the stroke of the hour,  
to open the door sulkily  
whenever someone comes home from the movies,  
to wrinkle his brow  
when he puts out his hand for money  
and is asked instead, "How much? For what?"

## Spoken English – Grade 8

*Note: More samples are given here, in light of the requirement for two passages to be performed.*

### Grade 8 – Article

#### Mandela’s Vision for South Africa

We are, to use a famous phrase from another transition in history, present at the creation. Because this is so there is a need to develop a sense of orderliness in the world. To do so, a direct link needs to be established between responsible membership of the community of nations, and global stability and progress. The converse is also true; if countries want to enjoy the rights of community, they need to act responsibly.

Philosophers teach that the rights of citizenship follow from the sharing of values in the common cause. As we prepare for the new century, each country needs to build upon a set of common properties that will aim to anchor it within the ambit of a legitimate new world order.

The test of South Africa’s foreign policy in this context will be found in the quality of its domestic politics. My government wants South Africa to be a symbol of a world in which diverse people can live in peace. The quality, too, of the government will be reflected in our foreign policy itself. South Africa will be amongst those countries whose efforts are to promote and foster democratic systems of government. This is especially important in Africa, and our concerns will be fixed upon securing the spirit of tolerance and the ethos of sound governance throughout the continent.

There cannot be one system for Africa and another for the world. If there is a single lesson to be drawn from Africa’s postcolonial history, it is that accountable government is good government.

It is a mistake to interpret this as Afro-pessimism. South Africa cannot escape its continental destiny; nor does it wish to do so. If we do not devote our energies to Africa, we too could fall victim to the forces that have brought near ruin to its furthest corners.

## Grade 8 – Story

### Purple Hibiscus

Hawkers, girls much younger than I, defied the school gatemen, edging closer to and closer to the cars to offer peeled oranges and bananas and groundnuts, their moth-eaten blouses slipping off their shoulders. Papa finally eased the car into the wide school compound and parked near the volleyball court, beyond the stretch of manicured lawn.

“Where is your class?” he asked.

I pointed to the building by the group of mango trees. Papa came out of the car with me and I wondered what he was doing, why he had driven me to school and asked Kevin to take Jaja.

Sister Margaret saw him as we walked to my class. She waved gaily, from the midst of students and a few parents, then quickly waddled over to us. Her words flew generously out of her mouth: how was papa doing, was he happy with my progress at Daughters of the Immaculate Heart, would he be at the reception for the bishop next week?

Papa changed his accent when he spoke, sounding British, just as he did when he spoke to Father Benedict. He was gracious, in the eager-to-please way that he always assumed with the religious, especially the white religious. As gracious as when he presented the cheque for refurbishing the Daughters of the Immaculate Heart library. He said he had just come to see my class, and Sister Margaret told him to let her know if he needed anything.

“Where is Chinwe Jideze?” Papa asked, when we got to the front of my class. A group of girls stood at the door, talking. I turned around, feeling a weight around my temples. What would Papa do? Chinwe’s light-skinned face was at the centre of the group as usual.

“She is the girl in the middle,” I said. Was Papa going to talk to her? Yank at her ears for coming first? I wanted the ground to open up and swallow the whole compound.

“Look at her,” Papa said. “How many heads does she have?”

“One.” I did not need to look at her to know that, but I looked at her anyway.

Papa pulled a small mirror, the size of a powder compact, from his pocket. “Look in the mirror.”

I stared at him. “Look in the mirror.”

I took the mirror, peered at it.

“How many heads do you have, gho?” Papa asked, speaking Igbo for the first time.

“One.”

“The girl has one head too, she does not have two. So why did you let her come first?”

## Grade 8 – Monologue (sample 1)

### The Night before Battle

Proud of their numbers and secure in soul,  
The confident and over-lusty French  
Do the low-rated English play at dice;  
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night  
Who like a foul and ugly witch doth limp  
So tediously away. The poor condemned English,  
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires  
Sit patiently and inly ruminate  
The morning's danger; and their gesture sad  
Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats  
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon  
So many horrid ghosts. O, now, who will behold  
The royal captain of this ruin'd band  
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,  
Let him cry 'Praise and glory on his head!'  
For forth he goes and visits all his host;  
Bids them good morrow with a modest smile,  
And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen.  
Upon his royal face there is no note  
How dread an army hath enrounded him;  
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour  
Unto the weary and all-watched night;  
But freshly looks, and over-bears attaint  
With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty;  
That every wretch, pining and pale before,  
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks;  
A largess universal, like the sun,  
His liberal eye doth give to every one,  
Thawing cold fear, that mean and gentle all  
Behold, as may unworthiness define,  
A little touch of Harry in the night.

*(In Shakespeare's King Henry V, the king prepares his troops)*

## Monologue (sample 2)

### A falsely-accused queen defends herself

Sir, spare your threats:

The bug which you would fright me with I seek.

To me can life be no commodity:

The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,

I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,

But know not how it went. My second joy

And first-fruits of my body, from his presence

I am barr'd, like one infectious. My third comfort

Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,

The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,

Haled out to murder; myself on every post

Proclaimed a strumpet; with immodest hatred

The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs

To women of all fashion; lastly, hurried

Here to this place, i' the open air, before

I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,

Tell me what blessings I have here alive,

That I should fear to die?

*(Hermione, wife to King Leontes, is falsely accused of adultery and is charged in a mock trial, from which she expects a death penalty)*

## Monologue (sample 3)

### A girl grows up in a Chinese village

Mrs Yang: My name is Tan Neo. At the age of 13, I came into the Yew family. My father had died when I was five, leaving my grandmother, mother, sister and me with a buffalo and a small plot of land. We were grateful we had enough money to bury him.

My mother's brother told her to send my sister and me to our future husbands' families. "Let them start eating their husbands' rice. After all, they already belong to them." But my mother wept and would not let us go. "They are all I have, even if they are only girls."

But even if my mother had consented to send me off as a child-wife, I would not have gone. I would have cut off my braids and dressed as a boy and run far away. I had seen how the child-wives in our village were treated by their husbands' families. Like slaves, beaten and humiliated every day.

During the next eight years when I stayed with my mother and grandmother, I worked as if I were a boy.

*(The time is the beginning of the 20<sup>th</sup> century. Tan Neo ends up in Singapore)*

## Grade 8 – Poem (sample 1)

### I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings

The free bird leaps  
on the back of the wind  
and floats downstream  
till the current ends  
and dips his wings  
in the orange sun rays  
and dares to claim the sky.

But a bird that stalks  
down his narrow cage  
can seldom see through  
his bars of rage  
his wings are clipped and  
his feet are tied  
so he opens his throat to sing.

The caged bird sings  
with fearful trill  
of the things unknown  
but longed for still  
and his tune is heard  
on the distant hill  
for the caged bird  
sings of freedom.

The free bird thinks of another breeze  
and the trade winds soft through the sighing trees  
and the fat worms waiting on a dawn-bright lawn  
and he names the sky his own.

But a caged bird stands on the grave of dreams  
his shadow shouts on a nightmare scream  
his wings are clipped and his feet are tied  
so he opens his throat to sing

The caged bird sings  
with a fearful trill  
of things unknown  
but longed for still  
and his tune is heard  
on the distant hill  
for the caged bird  
sings of freedom.

## Poem (sample 2)

### Ozymandias

I met a traveller from an antique land  
Who said: 'Two vast and trunkless legs of stone  
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,  
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,  
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,  
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read  
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,  
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed.  
And on the pedestal these words appear --  
"My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:  
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"  
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay  
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare  
The lone and level sands stretch far away.'

## Poem (sample 3)

### Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening

Whose woods these are I think I know.  
His house is in the village, though;  
He will not see me stopping here  
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer  
To stop without a farmhouse near  
Between the woods and frozen lake  
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake  
To ask if there is some mistake.  
The only other sound's the sweep  
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark, and deep,  
But I have promises to keep,  
And miles to go before I sleep,  
And miles to go before I sleep.