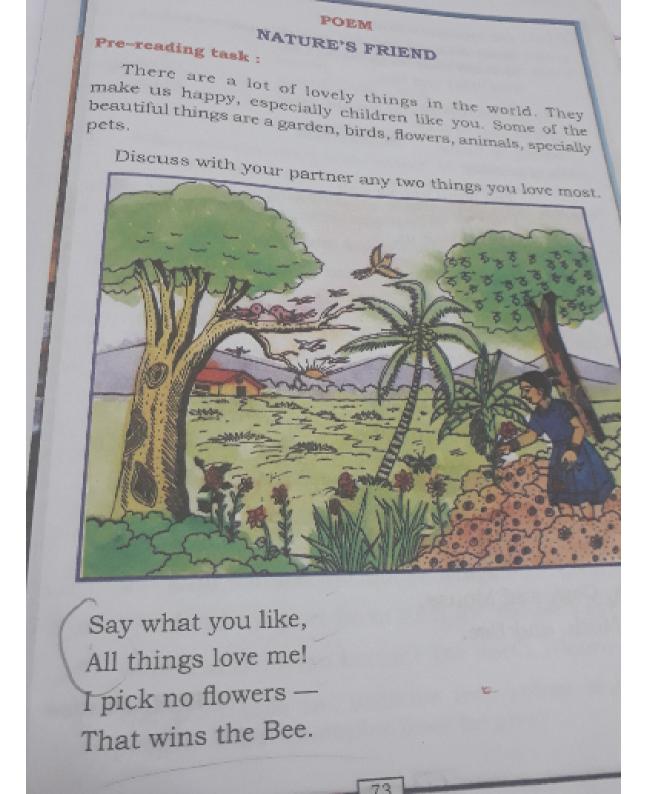
## 6th English 17/8/2020 poem



The Summer's Moths Think my hand one — . To touch their wings — With Wind and Sun.

The garden Mouse Comes near to play; Indeed, he turns His eyes away.

> The Wren knows well I rob no nest; When I look in, She still will rest.

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- W.H. Davies

The hedge stops Cows. Or they would come After my voice Right to my home.

> The Horse can tell, Straight from my lip, My hand could not Hold any whip.

Say what you like, All things love me! Horse, Cow, and Mouse, Bird, Moth, and Bee.