**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



