APPENDIX II

LIST OF THE TITLES OF THE POEMS USED IN THE EXPERIMENT

Set I
1. The Right Kind of People
2. The Ways
3. The Road not Taken

Set II
1. After Blenheim
2. My Wage
3. Punishment in Kindergarten

Set III
1. The Wish
2. Expecting Someone
3. Brighten up the Corner where you are
Appendix II(b)

Set I : Poem 1.

The Right Kind of People

EDWIN MARKHAM

Gone is the city, gone the day,
Yet still the story and the meaning stay:
Once where a prophet in the palm shade basked
A traveler chanced at noon to rest his mules.
"What sort of people may they be, " he asked,
"In this proud city on the plains o'erspread?"
"Well, friend, what sort of people whence you came?"
"What sort?" the packman scowled; "why, knaves and fools."
"You'll find the people here the same," the wise man said.
Another stranger in the dusk drew near,
And pausing, cried, "What sort of people here
In your bright city where yon towers arise?"
"Well, friend, what sort of people whence you came?"
"What sort?" the pilgrim smiled with lifted head;
"Good, true, and wise."
"You'll find the people here the same,"
The wise man said.
The Road Not Taken

Robert Frost.

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 kept 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.
Set II Poem 1.

AFTER BLENHEIM

It was a summer evening
Old Kaspar's work was done
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting on the sun;
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round
Which he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found;
He came to ask what he had found
That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh
"Tis some poor fellow's skull, said he,
"Who fell in the great victory"

I find them in the garden,
For there's many here about;
And often when I go to plough
The plough share turns them out
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory."
"Now tell us what it was all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder waiting eyes,
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for".

"It was the English, Kaspar cried,
"Who put the French to rout;
But what they fought each other for
I could not well make out.
But everybody said quoth he,
"That It was a famous victory.

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

"With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted for and wide,
And many a childing mother then
And new-born baby died:
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory."
"They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun:
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won
And our good prince Eugene;"
"Why'twas a very wicked thing,"
Said little Wilhetmine;
"Nay-nay-my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory.

"And everybody praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win."
"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin-
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he,
"But 'twas a famous victory".
I bargained with Life for a penny,
And Life would pay no more,
However I begged at evening
When I counted my scanty store;

For Life is a just employer,
He gives you what you ask,
But once you have set the wages,
Why, you must bear the task

I worked for a menial's hire,
Only to learn, dismayed,
That any wage I had asked of Life,
Life would have paid.

menial = A servant; one of lowly circumstances.
Today the world is a little more my own.
No need to remember the pain
A blue-frooked woman caused, throwing
Words at me like pots and pans, to drain
That honey-coloured day of peace.
"Why don't you join the others, what
A peculiar child you are"

On the lawn, in clusters, sat my schoolmates sipping
Sugarcane, they turned and laughed;
Children are funny things, they laugh
In mirth at other's tears, I buried
My face in the sun-warmed hedge
And smelt the flowers and the pain.

The words are muffled now, the laughing
Faces only a blur. The years have
Sped along, stopping briefly
At beloved halts and moving
Sadly on. My mind has found
As adult peace. No need to remember
That picnic day when I lay hidden
By a hedge, watching the steel-white sun
Standing lonely in the sky.
Set III Poem I
THE WISH
Abraham Cowley

Well then; I now do plainly see,
This busy world and I shall ne'er agree;
The very honey of all earthly joy
Does of all meats the soonest cloy;
And they me thinks, deserve my pity
Who for it can endure the stings,
The crowd, and buzz and murmurings
Of this great hive, the city.

Ah, yet, ere I descend to the grave
May I a small house and large garden have!
And a few friends, and many books, both true,
Both wise, and both delightful too!
And since love me'er will from me flee,
A mistress moderately fair,
And good as guardian angels are,
Only beloved and loving me!

O fountains, when in you shall I
Myself, eased of unpeaceful thoughts, espy?
O fields! O woods! when, when shall I be made
The happy tenant of your shade?
Here's the spring-head of pleasure's flood,
Here's wealthy Nature's treasury,
Where all the riches lie that she
Has coined and stamped for good.
Pride and ambition here
Only in farfetched metaphers appear...
Here naught but winds can hurtful murmurs scatter.
And naught but Echo flatter.
The gods, when they descended hither
From heaven did always choose their way;
And therefore we may boldly say
That 'tis the way, too, thither.

How happy here should I
And one dear she live, and embracing die!
She who is all the world and can exclude
In deserts, solitude.

I should have then this only fear.
Lest men, when they my pleasures see,
Should hither throng to live like me,
And so make a city here.
Will someone come today?
Perhaps someone may sense my loneliness
and turn his footsteps to my door.
Perhaps, a stranger lost and lonely
may stagger his way to my doorstep
hoping to find some warmth there.

Perhaps a little child, an innocent bud,
in search of a warm hearth
may come to my little door
and find a warm heart there.

Perhaps a hungry dog with drooping ears
may choose to curl up on my doormat
awaiting a human touch.

I keep waiting at the doorstep
the door kept wide open
The cold wind rushes in
while I’m waiting to share the warmth
of my own little home

The paths have gone to sleep.
The harsh wind blows off the candle
and bangs the door shut.

I sign in silence,
Why hasn’t anyone come today?
BRIGHTEN UP THE CORNER WHERE YOU ARE

- Helen Steiner Rice

We cannot all be famous
or be listed in "WHO'S WHO."
But every person great or small
has important work to do.
For seldom do we realize
the importance of small deeds
Or to that degree of greatness
unnoticed kindness leads.
For it's not the big celebrity
in a world of fame and praise.
But it's doing unpretentiously
in undistinguished ways
The work that God assigned to us,
unimportant as it seems,
That makes our task outstanding
and brings reality to dreams -
So donot sit and idly wish
for wider, new dimensions
Where you can put in practice
your many "GOOD INTENTIONS" -
But at the spot God placed you
being at once to do.
Little things to brighten up
the lives surrounding you
For if everybody brightened up
the spot on which they're standing
By being more considerate
and a little less demanding,
This dark old world would, very soon
eclipse the "Evening Star"
If everybody BRIGHTENED UP
THE CORNER WHERE THEY ARE.