Chapter 1, page: 11–12

Twinkle twinkle little star
Twinkle twinkle little star
How I wonder what you are
Up above the world so high
Like a diamond in the sky
How I wonder what you are
Like a diamond in the sky
Up above the world so high
Twinkle twinkle little star
**Chapter 1, page: 13–14**

**Romeo and Juliet**

**Juliet**
Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

**Romeo**
Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

**Romeo**
O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do:
They pray. Grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

**Romeo**
[Approaching JULIET.]
If I profane with my unworthiest hand
This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this:
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.

**Juliet**
Saints do not move, though grant for prayer’s sake.

**Juliet**
Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

**Romeo**
Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urged!
Give me my sin again.

**Juliet**
Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shows in this;
For saints have hands that pilgrims’ hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers’ kiss.

**Romeo**
Then move not while my prayer’s effect I take.
[Kisses her.]
Thus from my lips, by thine my sin is purged.
Chapter 1, page: 13

Shakespeare’s Sonnet 18

And every fair from fair sometime declines,
And often is his gold complexion dimmed;
And summer’s lease hath all too short a date.
But thy eternal summer shall not fade
By chance, or nature’s changing course untrimmed.
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow’st;
Nor shall death brag thou wand’rest in his shade,
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
Shall I compare thee to a summer’s day?
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
Thou art more lovely and more temperate.
When in eternal lines to time thou grow’st,
Chapter 1, page: 14

Romeo and Juliet 2

[Kisses her.]
And palm to palm is holy palmers’ kiss.
For saints have hands that pilgrims’ hands do touch,
Give me my sin again.
If I profane with my unworthiest hand

Juliet        Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.
Juliet        Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Juliet        Saints do not move, though grant for prayer’s sake.
Juliet        Then have my lips the sin that they have took.
                My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand

Romeo        [Approaching JULIET.]
Romeo        Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?
Romeo        O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do:
Romeo        Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urged!
Romeo        Then move not while my prayer’s effect I take.
                They pray. Grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.
                This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this:
                Thus from my lips, by thine my sin is purged.
                To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.
                Which mannerly devotion shows in this;
Mystery Text

The , then as now, are kitchen which do not sit neatly and demurely on one side of the house as a European herb might, but encircle it with some abandon. often disappear entirely within their verdant, forest-like . Black pepper vines clamber tenaciously up mango , the peppercorns huddling together in bright green clusters like bunches of embryo grapes. Nutmeg fruit hang like tennis balls, ready to split open and offer both their nuts and their special bonus, curls of tangerine-coloured mace. Cinnamon, clove and tamarind compete for a view of the sky while cardamom stays close to the ground, hugging its mother . There are ginger and turmeric plants as well, sending fingers of their tubers into the cool dark . Above all, there are the two that give the foods of Kerala their special character – the sweetly aromatic curry leaf and the arching, swaying coconut palm.
Chapter 1, page: 16–17

a abroad all amid and and and and apples bees bend bless bosom-
friend budding by cease cells clammy close conspiring core cottage-trees
days fill find flowers for for fruit fruitfulness gourd hair has hath
hazel him how kernel later load maturing may mellow mists more more
moss'd never not o'er-brimm'd of of oft plump ripeness round run season
seeks seen set shells soft-lifted sometimes still store summer sun sweet
swell that thatch-eves the the the the the the thee their they
think thy thy to to to to to until vines warm who whoever will wind
winnowing with with with with with

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Chapter 1, page: 16

John Clare’s sonnet ‘I love to see the summer beaming forth’

a about again and and and and and and beaming beetles blobs bright bright bull clear clear clouds clumps come day deep drain flag floating floods flower flowers forth from gold grass half happy hay head hen her her hiding I I I I in in insects its lake lake leaning like like lilies love love love mare meadow meadow moor nest north o’er on place play pushes reed rushes rustle sack sailing see see see seeks shook shore sport stain stand summer summer swings that the the the the the the the the the the the to to to to upon water way when where where white whiten wild willow wind winds wings with wood wool
The Good Pub Guide.

17th a a a a a a also an and and and are at attractive banquettes bar beaten been below black brass bronze built-in button-back century chairs chimney-piece coal coal colours comfortable corner curving decorated end feel finish fire fire great gun-dog hand has has have horse-race houses in inglenook inn into is it its lamp left lived-in lively low mantlepiece modern must now of of of of of of on once one one part plush print problematic red right room shiny small small snug soft spindleback sporting statuette tables taking The the the the the the them there this three two-roomed up village wall warm watercolour what white whole with wooden
# Chapter 1, page: 18

## Nouns/Adjectives/Verbs table

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Keats’ ‘To Autumn’

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eves run;
To bend with apples the moss’d cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For summer has o’er-brimmed their clammy cells.
Chapter 1, page: 19–20

G. M. Hopkins’ ‘Pied Beauty’

Glory be to God for dappled things —
For he of couple-colour a brinded cow;
For rose-moles all in stipple upon trout that swim;
Fresh-fire coal he nut-fall; fin he wing;
Land and beast and pieced — fold, fallow, and plough;
And all trade, their gear and tackle and trim.
All things counter, original, spare, strange;
Whatever is fickle, freckled, (who knows how?)
With swift, slow, sweet, sour; adazzle, dim;
He fathered who was beauty is past change:
Praise him.
Chapter 1, page: 19–20

G. M. Hopkins’ ‘Pied Beauty’

Glory be to God for dappled thing,
For the meadow a brinded cow;
For rose-moles all in tripple upon trout that swim;
For h-fircoal he stands tall; fin he, wing;
Land, ape plotted and pie-ed - fold, fallow, and plough;
And all trade, their gear and tale and trim.

All things counter, original, spare, strange;
Whatever is filed, freckled, (who 'now, how?)
With wif, low; sweet, our; adazzle, dim;
He father, forth whose beauty is past change:
Praise him.
Chapter 1, page: 20

Act IV of Much Ado About Nothing

Benedick: By my sword, Beatrice, thou loveth me.
Beatrice: Do not swear, and eat it.
Benedick: I will swear by it that you love me; and I will make him eat it that says I love not you.
Beatrice: Will you not eat your word?
Benedick: With no sauce that can be devised to it. I protest I love thee.
Beatrice: Why, then, God forgive me!
Benedick: What offence, sweet Beatrice?
Beatrice: You have stayed me in a happy hour: I was about to protest I loved you.
Benedick: And do it with all thy heart.
Beatrice: I love you with so much of my heart that none is left to protest.
Benedick: Come, bid me do any thing for thee.
Beatrice: Kill Claudio.