



A CLOSE LOOK AT 'FERN HILL' – THE FIRST VERSES

In groups, read the first stanzas of 'Fern Hill', and decide what you sense Dylan Thomas remembers about his summer holidays there. Use the headings to help you.

Now as I was young and easy under the apple boughs
About the lilting house and happy as the grass was green,
 The night above the dingle starry,
 Time let me hail and climb
 Golden in the heydays of his eyes,
And honoured among wagons I was prince of the apple towns
And once below a time I lordly had the trees and leaves
 Trail with daisies and barley
Down the rivers of the windfall light.

And as I was green and carefree, famous among the barns
About the happy yard and singing as the farm was home,
 In the sun that is young once only,
 Time let me play and be
 Golden in the mercy of his means,
And green and golden I was huntsman and herdsman, the calves
Sang to my horn, the foxes on the hills barked clear and cold,
 And the sabbath rang slowly
 In the pebbles of the holy streams.

NATURE & ANIMALS	THE PLACE ITSELF	TIME	HIS FEELINGS