

# WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL POETRY FESTIVAL



## EDUCATOR GUIDE

with activity sheets

### About William Wilfred Campbell

William Wilfred Campbell (1860-1918) spent his youth living in Wiarton, Ontario and was forever after influenced by the wild grandeur of the lake, land and shore landscapes of the Bruce Peninsula. History remembers him alongside other Confederation poets like Archibald Lampman and Bliss Carman, but the title of "Poet Laureate of The Lakes" remains his alone.

### About the Festival

2014 marked the first William Wilfred Campbell Poetry Festival, the vision of the late Paul Kastner. Now entering its 6<sup>th</sup> year, the festival seeks to both honour Campbell's literary legacy and inspire further creativity in Grey and Bruce Counties.

### Child and Youth Poetry Category

The Child and Youth category is free to enter for all Grey/Bruce students with a deadline of May 27, 2019. Four awards of \$125 each may be distributed, depending on the number of child and youth entries received. Winning poets are invited to read their poem at the Festival, taking place June 23, 2019 1-4pm, at The Meeting Place, Wiarton, ON.

**Theme and style is open but entries cannot be longer than 45 lines.**

### How to Enter

Each poem must be titled, assigned a number that corresponds to the Educator Master List WWC2019 and submitted on letter sized paper in a black, 9- 12 pt font. Do not put the entrant's name on the submitted poem!

Please fill out the "**Educator Master List WWC**" file, place it and all submissions in a letter sized envelope and mail or drop off to the;

WWC Contest Registrar c/o Bruce County Library, Wiarton Branch, Box 250, Wiarton, ON N0H 2T0.

For more information, please visit [www.williamcampbellpoetryfestival.ca](http://www.williamcampbellpoetryfestival.ca)

[Facebook.com/WilliamWilfredCampbellAppreciationSocietyandFestival](https://www.facebook.com/WilliamWilfredCampbellAppreciationSocietyandFestival)

# WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL POETRY FESTIVAL

Campbell was noted for his use of visual imagery and drew inspiration from the landscape of the escarpment. He aimed for simplicity and naturalness, preferred "ordinary" language and was concerned with themes of spirituality, idealism, life and death, and human nature. Feel free to use any of the following activities.

For further reading on Campbell and his work, we recommend Laurel Boone's "William Wilfred Campbell: Selected Poetry and Essays."

## Activity for Group (All-Ages) - Nature

### Canadian Folk Song

The doors are shut, the windows fast;  
Outside the gust is driving past,  
Outside the shivering ivy clings,  
While on the hob the kettle sings.  
Margery, Margery, make the tea,  
Singeth the kettle merrily.

The streams are hushed up where they  
flowered,  
The ponds are frozen along the road,  
The cattle are housed in shed and byre,  
Wile singeth the kettle on the fire,  
Margery, Margery, make the tea,  
Singeth the kettle merrily.

The fisherman on the bay in his boat  
Shivers and buttons up his coat;  
The traveller stops at the tavern door,  
And the kettle answers the chimney's roar.  
Margery, Margery, make the tea,  
Singeth the kettle merrily.

The firelight dances upon the wall,  
Footsteps are heard in the outer hall;  
A kiss and a welcome that full the room,  
And the kettle sings in the glimmer and  
gloom.  
Margery, Margery, make the tea,  
Singeth the kettle merrily.

### Lake Huron

Miles and miles of lake and forest,  
Miles and miles of sky and mist,  
Marsh and shoreland where the rushes  
Rustle, wind and water kissed;  
Where the lake's great face is driving,  
Driving, drifting into mist.

Miles and miles of crimson glories,  
Autumn's wondrous fires ablaze;  
Miles of shoreland red and golden,  
Drifting into dream and haze;  
Dreaming where the woods and vapors  
Melt in myriad musty ways.

Miles and miles of lake and forest,  
Miles and miles of sky and mist,  
Marsh and shoreland where the rushes  
Rustle, wind and water kissed;  
Where the lake's great face is driving,  
Driving, drifting into mist.

### Learning Activity:

**Can you write a small lyric or song about the things we see, hear, feel, or smell outside?**

**Hint – Start by listing your descriptive words and finding other words that rhyme.**

For more information, please visit [www.williamcampbellpoetryfestival.ca](http://www.williamcampbellpoetryfestival.ca)

[Facebook.com/WilliamWilfredCampbellAppreciationSocietyandFestival](https://www.facebook.com/WilliamWilfredCampbellAppreciationSocietyandFestival)

# WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL POETRY FESTIVAL

## Activity for New/Youth Poets - Nature

<b>Walls of Green (Lines 9-12)</b>  Walls of green skirting the high-built heaven, Dusky pines, poplars clapping their hands, Arching elms holding the spaces aloft, Under the wind-swept, dome of the sky.	<b>A Winter's Night (Lines 1-4)</b>  Shadowy white, Over the fields are the sleeping fences, Silent and still in the fading light, As the wintry night commences.
<b>An August Reverie (Lines 24-30)</b>  There are a thousand beauties gathered round: The sounds of waters falling over-night, The morning scents that steam from the fresh ground, The hair-like streaming of the morning light Through early mists and dim, wet woods where brooks Chatter, half-seen, down under mossy nooks.	<b>Learning Activity:</b>  <b>Can you write a small lyric or song about the things we see, hear, feel, or smell outside?</b>  <b>Hint – Start by listing your descriptive words and finding other words that rhyme.</b>

Write your own lyrics below:

For more information, please visit [www.williamcampbellpoetryfestival.ca](http://www.williamcampbellpoetryfestival.ca)

[Facebook.com/WilliamWilfredCampbellAppreciationSocietyandFestival](https://www.facebook.com/WilliamWilfredCampbellAppreciationSocietyandFestival)

# WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL POETRY FESTIVAL

## Activity for Intermediate/Youth Poets - Nature

<p><b>The Song of the Bubbling Pot (Lines 1-12 of 36)</b></p> <p>O sing me the song of a bubbling pot          When the weather is cold and the kitchen is hot,          And the winds outside are moaning;          When the summer is gone and the birds are fled,          And the leaves are shriveled that late were red,          And the beehives are hushed of their droning;</p> <p>O the crackle of wood          Does a boy's heart good          When the snowflakes the haycocks are hooding;          But better than all is the bubbling sound          That comes from the pot when the plate goes round          And rattles down under the pudding.</p>	<p><b>Low-Lying Fields (Lines 1-8)</b></p> <p>Low-lying fields where soft the birds wheel over,          Far from the heights and uplands, bleak and large:          Down to close the earth, beloved of lark and plover,          Shut from the storm winds and the sky's wan marge,          So glad and sweet and kindly warm they gleam,          With all that richness that whole day yields,          That spirit gentle of summer's happiest dream;          Low-lying fields.</p>
<p><b>The Winter Lakes (Lines 1-8)</b></p> <p>Out in a world of death far to the northward lying,          Under the sun and the moon, under the dusk and the day:          Under the glimmer of stars and the purple of sunsets dying,          Wan and waste and white, stretch the great lakes away.</p> <p>Never a bud of spring, never a laugh of summer,          Never a dream of love, never a song of bird;          But only the silence and white, the shores that grow chiller and dumber,          Wherever the ice winds sob, and the griefs of winter are heard.</p>	<p><b>Learning Activity:</b></p> <p><b>Write down short observatory statements about the world around you. When you feel you have enough, assemble them by topic, mood, style, season, experience etc.</b></p> <p><b>With your assembled statements, try to completely define that topic, mood, style, season, experience using only 2-8 Lines</b></p> <p><b>Hint – Keep a journal so you can write down your thoughts as you see/experience them.</b></p>

Write your observations about something you see/hear?

For more information, please visit [www.williamcampbellpoetryfestival.ca](http://www.williamcampbellpoetryfestival.ca)

[Facebook.com/WilliamWilfredCampbellAppreciationSocietyandFestival](https://www.facebook.com/WilliamWilfredCampbellAppreciationSocietyandFestival)

# WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL POETRY FESTIVAL

## Activity for Mature Student Poets – Occult/Folklore

### The Mother (Lines 1-49 of 82)

#### I

It was April, blossoming Spring,  
They buried me when the birds did sing;  
  
Earth in clammy wedging earth,  
They banked my bed with a black, damp girth.  
  
Under the damp and under the mould,  
I kened my breasts were clammy cold.  
  
Out of the red beams, slanting and bright  
I kened my cheeks were sunken and white.  
  
I was a dream, and the world was a dream,  
And yet I kened all things that seemed.  
  
I was a dream, and the world was a dream,  
But you cannot bury a red sunbeam,  
  
For though in the under-grave's doomed-night  
I lay all silent and stark and white,  
  
Yet over my head I seemed to know  
The murmurous moods of wind and snow,  
  
The snows that wasted the winds that blew,  
The rays that slanted, the clouds that drew  
  
The water ghosts up from the lake below,  
And the little flower-souls in the earth that grow.

#### II

From throes of pain they buried me low,  
For death had finished a mother's woe.  
  
But under the sod, in the grave's dread doom,  
I dreamed of my baby in glimmer and gloom.  
  
I dreamed of my babe, and I kened that his rest  
Was broken in wailings on my dead breast.  
  
I dreamed that a rose-leaf hand did cling:  
Oh, you cannot bury a mother in spring.  
  
When the winds are soft and the blossoms are red  
She could not sleep in her cold earth-bed.  
  
I dreamed of my babe for a day and a night,  
And then I rose in my grave-clothes white.  
  
I rose like a flower from my damp earth-bed  
To the world of sorrowing overhead.  
  
Men would have called me a thing of harm,  
But dreams of my babe made me rosy and warm.  
  
I felt my breasts swell under my shroud:  
No stars shone white, no winds were loud;  
  
But I stole me past the graveyard wall.  
For the voice of my baby seemed to call;  
  
And I kened me a voice, through my lips were  
dumb; Hush, baby, hush! For mother is come.

### Learning Activity:

Write a poem from the perspective of someone or something that does not have a human voice. This can be an animal, an object, or from the perspective of someone no longer living.

For more information, please visit [www.williamcampbellpoetryfestival.ca](http://www.williamcampbellpoetryfestival.ca)

[Facebook.com/WilliamWilfredCampbellAppreciationSocietyandFestival](https://www.facebook.com/WilliamWilfredCampbellAppreciationSocietyandFestival)

## Activity for All ages – Blackout Poetry

Printing out Campbell poems and encouraging students to “edit” the page with black marker, stroking out words to find new meaning is another fun entry point to both Campbell’s work and creating poetry.

**William Wilfred Campbell /Snow.**

Down out of heaven,  
Frost-kissed  
And wind driven,  
Flake upon flake,  
Over forest and lake,  
Cometh the snow.

Folding the forest,  
Folding the farms,  
In a mantle of white;  
And the river's great arms,  
Kissed by the chill night  
From clamor to rest,  
Lie all white and shrouded  
Upon the world's breast.

Falling so slowly  
Down from above,  
So white, hushed, and holy,  
Folding the city  
Like the great pity  
Of God in His love;  
Sent down out of heaven  
On its sorrow and crime,  
Blotting them, folding them  
Under its rime.

Fluttering, rustling,  
Soft as a breath,  
The whisper of leaves,  
The low pinions of death,  
Or the voice of the dawning,  
When day has its birth,  
Is the music of silence  
It makes to the earth.

Thus down out of heaven,  
Frost-kissed  
And wind driven,  
Flake upon flake,  
Over forest and lake,  
Cometh the snow.


Down out of heaven,  
Frost-kissed,  
And wind driven,  
Flake upon flake,  
Over forest and lake,  
Cometh the snow.

Folding the forest,  
Folding the farms,  
In a mantle of white,  
And the river's great arms,  
Kissed by the chill night  
From clamor to rest,  
Lie all white and shrouded  
Upon the world's breast.

Falling so slowly  
Down from above,  
So white, hushed, and holy,  
Folding the city  
Like the great pity  
Of God in His love;  
Sent down out of heaven  
On its sorrow and crime,  
Blotting them, folding them  
Under its rime.

Fluttering, rustling,  
Soft as a breath,  
The whisper of leaves,  
The low pinions of death,  
Or the voice of the dawning,  
When day has its birth,  
Is the music of silence  
It makes to the earth.

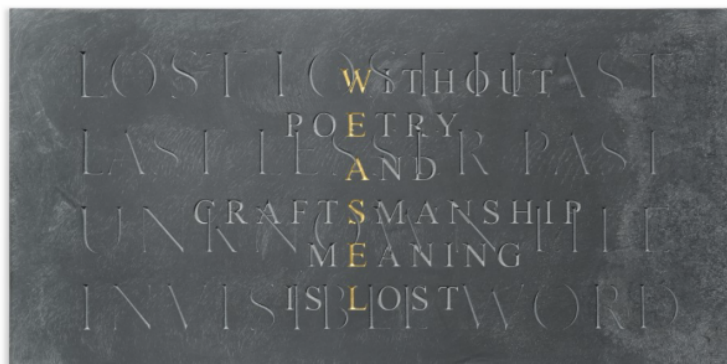
Thus down out of heaven,  
Frost-kissed  
And wind driven,  
Flake upon flake,  
Over forest and lake,  
Cometh the snow.





## Activity for All ages – Acrostic Poetry

Acrostic poems are a fun way to catalyze language use and organize thoughts around a central theme, and many kids find them less intimidating than a blank page! The theme is arranged vertically and each letter becomes the prompt for the next line of the poem.



Carving by Mark Noad, words by Michelle de Bruin, Copyright 2018.

### Learning Activity:

Suggested acrostic words that relate to Campbell and Nature are;

LAKES, WATERS, WINTER, SPRING, SUMMER, FALL, TREES...the variations are endless!

## For Additional Poetry Prompts

Please visit the League of Canadian Poets website at [poets.ca](http://poets.ca) for further information about National Poetry Month and for fantastic resources to further encourage poetry in the classroom.

EDUCATOR MASTER ENTRANT LIST

WWC Festival Year:

Teacher's Name\_\_\_\_\_

School:\_\_\_\_\_

Grade:\_\_\_\_\_ Total # of Entries \_\_\_\_\_

Entry #	Student's First Name/Last Initial	Title of Poem



EDUCATOR MASTER ENTRANT LIST

WWC Festival Year:

Teacher's Name\_\_\_\_\_

School:\_\_\_\_\_

Grade:\_\_\_\_\_ Total # of Entries \_\_\_\_\_

Entry #	Student's First Name/Last Initial	Title of Poem