



# Laxman Public School

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Website: www.laxmanpublicschool.com



अमृति-शीघ्र LAXMAN MEMORIAL INTERSCHOOL COMPETITION  
11<sup>th</sup> November 2016

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## JUNIOR GROUP

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### FREEDOM

Freedom from fear is the freedom  
I claim for you my motherland!  
Freedom from the burden of the ages, bending your head,  
breaking your back, blinding your eyes to the beckoning  
call of the future;  
Freedom from the shackles of slumber wherewith  
you fasten yourself in night's stillness,  
mistrusting the star that speaks of truth's adventurous paths;  
freedom from the anarchy of destiny  
whose sails are weakly yielded to the blind uncertain winds,  
and the helm to a hand ever rigid and cold as death.  
Freedom from the insult of dwelling in a puppet's world,  
where movements are started through brainless wires,  
repeated through mindless habits,  
where figures wait with patience and obedience for the  
master of show,  
to be stirred into a mimicry of life.

– Rabindranath Tagore



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### MY DEAR SOLDIERS

Oh! Defenders of borders  
You are great sons of my land  
When we are all asleep  
You still hold on to your deed  
Windy season or snowy days  
Or scorching sun's sweltering rays  
You are there guarding all the time awake  
Treading the lonely expanses as yogis  
Climbing the heights or striding the valleys  
Defending the deserts or guarding the marshes  
Surveillance in seas and by securing the air  
Prime of your youth given to the nation!!  
Wind chimes of my land vibrate your feat  
We pray for you brave men!!  
May the Lord bless you all!!

– A.P.J. Abdul Kalam



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## MIDDLE GROUP

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### TO INDIA – MY NATIVE LAND

My country! In thy days of glory past  
A beauteous halo circled round thy brow  
and worshipped as a deity thou wast—  
Where is thy glory, where the reverence now?  
Thy eagle pinion is chained down at last,  
And grovelling in the lowly dust art thou,  
Thy minstrel hath no wreath to weave for thee  
Save the sad story of thy misery!  
Well—let me dive into the depths of time  
And bring from out the ages, that have rolled  
A few small fragments of these wrecks sublime  
Which human eye may never more behold  
And let the guerdon of my labour be,  
My fallen country! One kind wish for thee!

– Henry Louis Vivian Derozio



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## MIDDLE GROUP

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### THE PATRIOT

It was roses, roses, all the way,  
With myrtle mixed in my path like mad:  
The house-roofs seemed to heave and sway,  
The church-spires flamed, such flags they had,  
A year ago on this very day.  
    The air broke into a mist with bells,  
    The old walls rocked with the crowd and cries.  
    Had I said, "Good folk, mere noise repels---  
    But give me your sun from yonder skies!"  
    They had answered, "And afterward, what else?"  
Alack, it was I who leaped at the sun  
To give it my loving friends to keep!  
Nought man could do, have I left undone:  
And you see my harvest, what I reap  
This very day, now a year is run.  
    There's nobody on the house-tops now--  
    Just a palsied few at the windows set;  
    For the best of the sight is, all allow,  
    At the Shambles' Gate – or, better yet,  
    By the very scaffold's foot, I trow.  
I go in the rain, and, more than needs,  
A rope cuts both my wrists behind;  
And I think, by the feel, my forehead bleeds,  
For they fling, whoever has a mind,  
Stones at me for my year's misdeeds.  
    Thus I entered, and thus I go!  
    In triumphs, people have dropped down dead.  
    'Paid by the world, what dost thou owe  
    Me?' – God might question; now instead,  
    'Tis God shall repay: I am safer so.

– Robert Browning



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### SENIOR GROUP

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#### THE SOLDIER'S DREAM

Our bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had lower'd,  
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;  
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd;  
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw  
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,  
At the dead of the night a sweet Vision I saw;  
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array  
Far, far, I had roam'd on a desolate track:  
'Twas Autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way  
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft  
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;  
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,  
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore  
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;  
My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,  
And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fullness of heart.

'Stay—stay with us!—rest!—thou art weary and worn!'—  
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;—  
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,  
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

— Thomas Campbell



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## SENIOR GROUP

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### THE SOLITUDE OF ALEXANDER SELKIRK

I am monarch of all I survey;  
My right there is none to dispute;  
From the centre all round to the sea  
I am lord of the fowl and the brute  
O Solitude! Where are the charms  
That sages have seen in thy face?  
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,  
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach;  
I must finish my journey alone;  
Never hear the sweet music of speech;  
I start at the sound of my own;  
The beasts that roam over the plain  
My form with indifference see;  
They are so unacquainted with man,  
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, Friendship, and Love  
Divinely bestow'd upon man,  
Oh had I the wings of a dove  
How soon would I taste you again!  
My sorrows I then might assuage  
In the ways of religion and truth,  
Might learn from the wisdom of age,  
And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth.



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Ye winds that have made me your sport,  
Convey to this desolate shore  
Some cordial endearing report  
Of a land I shall visit no more.  
My friends, do they now and then send  
A wish or a thought after me?  
O tell me I yet have a friend,  
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind!  
Compared with the speed of its flight,  
The tempest itself lags behind,  
And the swift-wingèd arrows of light.  
When I think of my own native land,  
In a moment I seem to be there;  
But, alas! recollection at hand  
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,  
The beast is laid down in his lair;  
Even here is a season of rest,  
And I to my cabin repair.  
There's mercy in every place;  
And mercy—encouraging thought!  
Gives even affliction a grace,  
And reconciles man to his lot.

– William Cowper