

SET POEMS 2022

6 Years & Under Girls

***MAGIC WORD* by Martin Gardiner**

"More jam" said Rosie to her Mum.
"I want more jam!" said she.
But no one heard the magic word.
Mum took a sip of tea.

"The jam! The jam! The jam!!" she cried.
Her voice rang loud and clear.
"I'd like to spread it on my bread"....
But no one seemed to hear.

"Please pass the jam", Rosie said at last.
Now that's the thing to say.
When Mummy heard
The MAGIC WORD
She passed it straight away.

6 Years & Under Boys

***The Spider* by Eva May Moore**

When I watch a spider
Spin her web wider,
And see that to her it's no trouble at all
To add a new window, a door or a wall,
I think: Why can't people build like that,
And add a few rooms at the drop of a hat?

It takes them a good three months – no
less –
To build the tiniest flat;
And just think of the noise,
And the fuss,
And the mess!!
How a spider would laugh at that!

SET POEMS 2022

7 Years Girls

Elizabeth in the Rain (Unknown)

Elizabeth went for a walk in the rain.
I told her she shouldn't again and again.
I begged her to wait 'til the weather was fine
Or take an umbrella; I offered her mine.
I asked her politely, to put on a hat,
Who'd ever have thought she'd go without that!
But when I looked out, she was there in the street
Splish-splashing the puddles all over her feet.
The raindrops were shining like stars in her hair,
And tickling her face with a most knowing air,
And running in little streams down to her toes,
(There was even a drop on the end of her nose).
I thought she'd be sorry for what she had done,
"Oh dear", cried Elizabeth, "wasn't it fun".

7 Years Boys

***Fingummy* by Mike Harding**

Fingummy's fat
And Fingummy's small,
And Fingummy lives
With the boots in the hall.

If Fingummy bites,
If Fingummy rears,
If Fingummy chases you
Up the stairs
Shout
'Bumble-Bee Soup
And Bluebottle Jam'
And run up to bed as
Fast as you can!
'Cos Fingummy lives
Where there's never no light,
And Fingummy makes
The dark sounds of the night,
And Fingummy's fat
And Fingummy's small
 And Fingummy lives
 In the dark.....
 In the hall.....

SET POEMS 2022

8 Years Girls

***Hot Day* by Jacqueline Hamer**

It was too hot to play,
So I lay down.
I listened to the crickets,
Lazing on a stone,

The lizard lay basking
Motionless, without a wink
Of an eye;
His skin shining
Like a diamond.

Slowly the cows moved
As they grazed;
A sudden breeze
Rippled the grass.

The daisy's eye
Stared up,
To where its golden eye
Met the golden eye
Of the sun.

8 Years Boys

***Haircut* by Allan Ahlberg**

I hate having my hair cut;
And when it's done,
I hate going to school next day
And being *told* about it –
By everyone.

'Oh, you've had your hair cut,' they say.
'Oh, you should wear a hat!'
'Oh, you've had a *bare-cut*,' they say.
And silly things like that.

I can stand having my hair cut,
Though I'd rather let it grow.
What I can't stand
Is being *told* I've had it cut –
As if I didn't know!

SET POEMS 2022

9 Years Girls

***Wanted – A Witch’s Cat* by Shelagh McGee**

Wanted – a witch’s cat.
Must have vigour and spite,
Be expert at hissing,
And good in a fight,
And have balance and poise
On a broomstick at night.

Wanted – a witch’s cat.
Must have hypnotic eyes
To tantalize victims
And mesmerize spies,
And be an adept
At scanning the skies.

Wanted – a witch’s cat,
With a sly, cunning smile,
A knowledge of spells
And a good deal of guile,
With a fairly hot temper
And plenty of bile.

Wanted – a witch’s cat,
Who’s not afraid to fly,
For a cat with strong nerves
The salary’s high
Wanted – a witch’s cat;
Only the best need apply.

9 Years Boys

***Poor Old Fish* by Geraldine Frank**

Dad's cut my pocket money –
Ten cents down to five –
Don't know why he did it,
His silly fish is still alive.

It's all that lovely licorice –
I dropped into its bowl,
All the water (and the fish)
Turned as black as coal!

Because it's Daddy's favourite fish
(his pil-or-an-e-pant-elope)
I took it from the water
AND SCRUBBED IT DOWN WITH SOAP.

But just then Dad came along,
And oh, was his face red —
First he cut my pocket money
Then sent me off to bed!

SET POEMS 2022

10 Years Girls

Under my Bed by Nicholas Tulloch

Under my bed
Is a monstrous creature,
My sister described
His every feature.
His teeth are black, his eyes are red,
He fills me with the darkest dread.
His ears are gnarled, his tongue is green,
He really is a nasty fiend.
I hope he never captures me,
For that would be a tragedy.
He'd grunt and growl, and crush my
bones,
Ignoring all my fearful groans.

But then again,
To tell the truth,
I've never actually
Seen the brute.
I take my sister's word for it,
About this creature and his pit.
Now is she telling
Little lies,
And making
Sneaky alibis?
She's eager that I get out soon;
Does she want my safety,
Or
My
Room?

10 Years Boys

A pizza the size of the... by Jack Prelutsky

I'm making a pizza the size of the sun,
a pizza that's sure to weigh more than a
ton,
a pizza too massive to pick up and toss,
a pizza resplendent with oceans of sauce.
I'm topping my pizza with mountains of
cheese,
with acres of peppers, pimentos, and
peas,
with mushrooms, tomatoes, and sausage
galore,
with every last olive they had at the store.
My pizza is sure to be one of a kind,
my pizza will leave other pizzas behind,
my pizza will be a delectable treat
that all who love pizza are welcome to
eat.
The oven is hot. I believe it will take
a year and a half for my pizza to bake.
I hardly can wait till my pizza is done,
my wonderful pizza the size of the **sun**

SET POEMS 2022

11 Years Girls

***Kitten with a ping-pong ball* by Stan Beckensall**

Here comes a kitten with a ping-pong ball
 Streaking through the dining-room
 And scuffling in the hall,
Dribbling with its little paws from side to
 side,
 Scoring goals against the wall,
 Then rushing off to hide.

 A pair of twitching whiskers,
 A pair of shining eyes,
 Pointed ears bolt upright,
 Springs wound up inside,
Watches the ball as it rolls to rest,
 Can't resist it-the little pest;
Scratches at the covers on the old arm-
 chair,
Bolts across the carpet, leaps into the air,
 Captures the ping-pong ball
 And takes it to his lair

11 Years Boys

***The Waltzing Disease* by Doug McLeod**

My Auntie from Spain had a nasty
complaint,
It made her feel dizzy and tired and faint,
She went to the doctor and said, "Cure me
please!"
He said, "There's no cure for this waltzing
disease."

As soon as he said it, my Aunt lost control
And waltzed herself into a telegraph pole,
The cables came down on my poor
Auntie's head
And every TV in the country went dead.

She waltzed over people who stood in her
way
She waltzed in the bullring and shouted,
"Ole!"
She waltzed round the bull as if in a
trance,
And graciously showed him the steps of
the dance.

The toreador cheered as they waltzed all
about,
The matador chortled and almost passed
out,
The people joined in till the bullring was
full
Of made waltzing couples, my Aunt and a
bull.

My Auntie got married, I'm happy to say,
The wedding took place on St. Valentines
Day,
And if you believe that my tale is untrue
My Uncle, the Bull, may go waltzing with
you

SET POEMS

12 Years Girls

The Shark by John Ciardi

My sweet, let me tell you about the Shark.
Though his eyes are bright, his thought is dark.

He's quiet - that speaks well of him.
So does the fact that he can swim.

But though he swims without a sound,
Wherever he swims he looks around
With those two bright eyes, prideful stroke

And one dark thought.
He has only one but he thinks it a lot.

And the thought he thinks but can never complete

Is his long dark thought of something to eat.

Most anything does.

And I have to add
That when he eats, his manners are bad.
He's a gulper, a ripper, a snatcher, a grabber.

Yes, his manners are drab. But his thought is drabber.

That one dark thought he can never complete

Of something - anything - somehow to eat.

Be careful where you swim, my sweet.

12 Years Boys

Don't Panic by Eric Finney

That beating at my bedroom pane:
It's only wind and driving rain.
Relax.

That awful blind and blurry mass:
Nothing but rain streaks on the glass.
Harmless.

That monstrous shadow leaning in,
Wearing an evil twisted grin:
It's just the ivy plant that's all
Bobbing and tossing on the wall.
Don't panic.

That scratching from my bedroom floor:
It's just a mouse, he's been before.
No sweat.

That rustling - is it just the draught?
Or giant spiders? Don't be daft!
Couldn't be.

The loops this new wallpaper makes:
Just loops, not coiled and deadly snakes.
Absurd!

Suppose there are though - snakes, I mean,
And evil spirits sidling in,
And ghosts and blobs and phantom riders
And armies of advancing spiders,
And vampires stalking through the gloom,
All closing in upon my room...
HELP!

SET POEMS 2022

13 & 14 Years

Poem About Writing a Poem by Eric Finney

'Write a poem,' she says
'About anything you like.'
You practically feel the class all thinking,
'On your blooming bike!'
A poem! I'll tell you one thing:
Mine's not going to rhyme.
A poem between now and playtime!
There's not the time.
In half an hour she'll say.
'Have you done? Hand papers in
And go out.'
I mean, does she have the slightest idea
What writing a poem's about?
I mean, it's agony:
It's scribbling thoughts
And looking for rhymes
And ways to end and begin;
And giving it up in total despair –
'I'm chucking it in the bin.'
But tomorrow it pulls you back again,
And hey, a bit of it clicks!
And you sweat with the words
But it's hopeless again
And it sticks.
And you put it away forever.....

But it nags away in the back of your head
And the bits of it buzz and roam,
And maybe – about a century later –
You've got a kind of a poem.

15 Years & Over

A Satirical Elegy on the Death of a Late Famous General, 1722 by Jonathan Swift

"His Grace! impossible! what, dead!
Of old age too, and in his bed!
And could that mighty warrior fall,
And so inglorious, after all?
Well, since he's gone, no matter how,
The last loud trump must wake him now;
And, trust me, as the noise grows
stronger,
He'd wish to sleep a little longer.
And could he be indeed so old
As by the newspapers we're told?
Threescore, I think, is pretty high;
'Twas time in conscience he should die!
This world he cumbered long enough;
He burnt his candle to the snuff;
And that's the reason, some folks think,
He left behind so great a stink.
Behold his funeral appears,
Nor widows' sighs, nor orphans' tears,
Wont at such times each heart to pierce,
Attend the progress of his hearse.
But what of that? his friends may say,
He had those honours in his day.
True to his profit and his pride,
He made them weep before he died

Come hither, all ye empty things!
Ye bubbles raised by breath of kings!
Who float upon the tide of state;
Come hither, and behold your fate!
Let pride be taught by this rebuke,
How very mean a thing's a duke;
From all his ill-got honours flung,
Turn'd to that dirt from whence he
sprung"

SET POEMS 2022

CHORAL SPEECH (ALL AGES)

Popcorn by Dulcie Meddows

Granny wanted popcorn,
so she found a cooking pot
and put it on the hot plate –
but without the lid on top.

Then she turned the heat up
underneath that popcorn pot,
but popcorn popped up everywhere
without the lid on top.

Pop! Pop! Pop! went popcorn
as the hot plate glowed red hot.
It cooked and it expanded
and into the air it shot!

There was popcorn on the ceiling
and on the floor ... dot! dot!
That popcorn fell as hot snow
into every niche and spot.

It covered half the kitchen,
and beyond as like as not!
While Granny searched in cupboards
for the lid that she'd forgot!

The moral to this story is
if you like your popcorn hot,
don't cook it in a popcorn pot
without the lid on top!