

SET POEMS 2021

6 years and under girls	6 years and under boys
<p>Mine <i>Lilian Moore</i></p> <p>I made a sand castle. In rolled the sea. "All sand castles belong to me— to me," said the sea.</p> <p>I dug sand tunnels. In flowed the sea. "All sand tunnels belong to me— to me," said the sea.</p> <p>I saw my sand pail floating free. I ran and snatched it from the sea. "My sand pail belongs to me— to ME!"</p>	<p>The Worm <i>Ralph Bergengren</i></p> <p>When the earth is turned in spring The worms are fat as anything.</p> <p>And birds come flying all around To eat the worms right of the ground.</p> <p>They like the worms just as much as I Like bread and milk and apple pie.</p> <p>And once, when I was very young, I put a worm right on my tongue.</p> <p>I didn't like the taste a bit, And so I didn't swallow it.</p> <p>But oh, it makes my Mother squirm, Because she thinks I ate that worm!</p>

8 years girls	8 years boys
<p>Window Seat <i>Bill Condon</i></p> <p>Just out the window seems to be A better place for you and me There's sunshine there And giant slides And if you're game There's dragon rides!</p> <p>There's trees to climb That reach the moon. And monsters dance in the lagoon, And bunyips bounce On trampolines, And tigers sneak up Unforeseen And strike like lightning At their prey And lick them 'til They're licked away!</p> <p>If only classrooms had lagoons On sleepy Monday afternoons.</p>	<p>Saw My Teacher on a Saturday <i>Dave Crawley</i></p> <p>Saw my teacher on a Saturday! I can't believe it's true! I saw her buying groceries, like normal people do!</p> <p>She reached for bread and turned around, and then she caught my eye. She gave a smile and said, "Hello." I thought that I would die!</p> <p>"Oh, hi...hello Miss Appleton," I mumbled like a fool. I guess I thought that teacher types spend all their time at school.</p> <p>To make the situation worse, my mum was at my side. So many rows of jars and cans. So little room to hide.</p> <p>Oh please, I thought, don't tell my mum what I did yesterday! I closed my eyes and held my breath and hoped she go away.</p> <p>Some people think it's fine to let our teachers walk about. But when it comes to Saturdays, they shouldn't let them out!</p>

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10 years girls	10 years boys
<p>Under My Dragon's Wing <i>Chris Harris</i></p> <p>Nothing can hurt me, Nothing can sting, When I'm hiding under my dragon's wing.</p> <p>No one can find me, No one can fight. Under my dragon's wing, all is all right.</p> <p>I hear them outside, Asking, "Where can she be? Look in the car! Now look in the tree! Check the gazebo, Peek in the wagon. Search everywhere – but don't bother that dragon..."</p> <p>And they'd never guess That the dragon's my friend And I'll hide by his side till the day meets its end.</p> <p>I feel all his strength And his warmth and his guile, And I hear them all calling for me and I smile.</p> <p>For no one says "No" here, And no one tells lies, And here I can dream and I'm just the right size.</p> <p>I'm all that I want; I don't need a thing, Here at home....under my dragon's wing.</p>	<p>Blush <i>Steven Herrick</i></p> <p>At lunchtime on Monday our class played <i>catch and kiss</i>. All the girls chased all the boys. We ran faster than lightning (to be caught would be frightening) and luckily no-one got nabbed! The lunch-bell rang and we all went back to class, boys shaking hands and laughing, girls saying, "you wait until tomorrow". But at lunchtime on Tuesday when our class played <i>catch and kiss</i>, all the boys chased all the girls, and after a few minutes of running, suddenly, as if by plan, all the girls stopped and we couldn't help but catch them even though we tried not to. The boys all panicked, we'd won, and lost! All the girls laughed as we blushed and vowed never to play <i>catch and kiss</i> again!</p>

7 years girls	7 years boys
<p>Treehouse on the Moon <i>Bill Condon</i></p> <p>I planted a tree today. I'll water it every night. I'll watch it grow, So bit, bit slow, Until it gains some height. Then I'll water it A little more I'll talk to it A little more... Until the tree begins to soar!</p> <p>Then I'll climb that tree a bit at a time, Morning, night and noon. And before too long I'll be playing in A treehouse on the moon!</p>	<p>What Ifs <i>Bill Condon</i></p> <p>The light's gone out! And I'm alone.....</p> <p>What if thunder rumbles me? Twists and twangs and tumbles me? What if lightning zigs my room? Then zags behind me and goes BOOM! What if a thousand spiders plop Inside my hair and start to hop? What if shadows skip and dance? And mice invade my underpants? What if my faithful bear grows teeth? Or turns into a cannibal chief?</p> <p>What if daylight doesn't come?MUM!</p>

SET POEMS 2021

9 years girls	9 years boys
<p>Sarah <i>Steven Herrick</i></p> <p>My name is Sarah. I'm nine years old. I'll be 10 in June. June 25th. (You can send presents to: Sarah 28 Bright Road Wattle Creek 2495)</p> <p>My best friend is Rachel. She's my friend because she smiles a lot she eats a lot she throws things across the room a lot she 30 cm taller than me and she owns a horse.</p> <p>We take turns riding every Saturday. We're learning to do jumps. Well, we're teaching the horse to jump, all we do is hang on tight and pray we don't fall off. Rachel's brother fell off once two years ago and he hasn't been near a horse since then. Rachel's horse is called Mrs Smith (we call her Smithy).</p> <p>I have dreams of horses, and the Olympic Games. I hope one day I'll have horse.</p> <p>A horse would make a good present for a girl.</p> <p>Did I mention my birthday is coming up. In June. June 25th. I'll be ten years old. I'm nine now. Nine, and horseless.</p>	<p>Daddy Fell Into the Pond <i>Alfred Noyes</i></p> <p>Everyone grumbled. The sky was grey. We had nothing to do and nothing to say. We were nearing the end of a dismal day, And there seemed to be nothing beyond, <i>Then</i> <i>Daddy fell into the pond!</i></p> <p>And everyone's face grew merry and bright, And Timothy danced for sheer delight. 'Give me the camera, quick, oh quick! He's crawling out the duckweed.' Click!</p> <p>Then the gardener suddenly slapped his knee, And he doubled up, shaking silently, And the ducks all quacked as if they were daft, And it sounded as if the old drake laughed. Oh, there wasn't a thing that didn't respond, <i>When</i> <i>Daddy fell into the pond!</i></p>

SET POEMS 2021

11 years girls	11 years boys
<p>The Apple Thieves <i>Dorothea Dowling</i></p> <p>The apples were ripe The apples were red The apples were hanging just overhead.</p> <p>The children looked up They gazed at the tree One single thought possessing the three.</p> <p>They stood looking up It wouldn't take long To shake a few down - it couldn't be wrong.</p> <p>There were so many Cluster up there It would hardly be noticed if each took a share.</p> <p>While two stood beneath One climbed up the tree Crawled out on the bough to shake the fruit free.</p> <p>The apples crashed down Ripe, juicy and red! Tumbling in torrents like rain overhead.</p> <p>Eager, excited! They gathered the fruit Like pirates of old collecting their loot.</p> <p>Nobody saw them They giggled with glee At so many apples to share between three.</p> <p>But when they had gone The tree bowed its head And sighed for its apples so shiny and red.</p>	<p>The Silver Fish <i>Shel Silverstein</i></p> <p>While fishing in the blue lagoon, I caught a lovely silver fish, And he spoke to me, 'My boy,' quoth he, 'Please set me free and I'll grant your wish: A kingdom of wisdom? A palace of gold? Or all the fancies your mind can hold?'</p> <p>And I said, 'OK', and I set him free, But he laughed at me as he swam away, And left me whispering my wish Into a silent sea.</p> <p>Today I caught that fish again (That lovely silver prince of fishes), And once again he offered me, If I would only set him free, Any one of a number of wishes If I would throw him back to the fishes.</p> <p>He was delicious.</p>

SET POEMS 2021

12 years girls	12 years boys
<p>Day Dreams <i>Katherine Blowen</i></p> <p>I lie on the sand as the sea-spray blows with sunbeams dancing on my toes. Thoughts flow peacefully to and fro, day dreams waver, and fade and go... I hold the future in my hand – Through my fingers slip grains of sand. Life stretches before me, endless and wide. Images vanish with the ebbing tide...</p> <p>I dream of travel in countries far, always following the elusive star... Of climbing mountains, and sailing seas, flying through the air on a high trapeze... Acting on stage, film or TV, artistic fields lie open to me... Writing novels...playing in a band... So many dreams to be captured...and planned...</p> <p>I lie on the sand as the sea spray blows... with <i>sunbeams</i> dancing on my toes...</p>	<p>Forbidden Poem <i>Tony Mitton</i></p> <p>This poem is not for children. Keep out! There is a big oak door in front of this poem. It's locked. And on the door is a notice in big red letters. It says: any child who enters here will never be the same again. WARNING. KEEP OUT.</p> <p>But what's this? A key in the keyhole. And what's more, nobody's about.</p> <p>'Go on, look,' says a little voice inside your head. 'Surely a poem cannot strike you dead?'</p> <p>You turn the key. The door swings wide. And then you witness what's inside.</p> <p>And from that day you'll try in vain. You'll never be the same again.</p>

SET POEMS 2021

13 & 14 years	15 & 16 years TWO POEMS
<p>The Way Through the Woods <i>Rudyard Kipling</i></p> <p>They shut the road through the woods Seventy years ago. Weather and rain have undone it again, And now you would never know There was once a road through the woods Before they planted the trees. It is underneath the coppice and heath, And the thin anemones. Only the keeper sees That, where the ring-dove broods, And the badgers roll at ease, There was once a road through the woods.</p> <p>Yet, if you enter the woods Of a summer evening late, When the night-air cools on the trout-ringed pools Where the otter whistles his mate, (They fear not men in the woods, Because they see so few.) You will hear the beat of a horse's feet, And the swish of a skirt in the dew, Steadily cantering through The misty solitudes, As though they perfectly knew The old lost road through the woods. But there is no road through the woods.</p>	<p>Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening <i>Robert Frost</i></p> <p>Whose woods these are I think I know. His house is in the village, though; He will not see me stopping here To watch his woods fill up with snow.</p> <p>My little horse must think it queer To stop without a farmhouse near Between the woods and frozen lake The darkest evening of the year.</p> <p>He gives his harness bells a shake To ask if there's some mistake. The only other sound's the sweep Of easy wind and downy flake.</p> <p>The woods are lovely, dark, and deep, But I have promises to keep, And miles to go before I sleep, And miles to go before I sleep.</p> <p>(and)</p> <p>After English Class <i>Jean Little</i></p> <p>I used to like 'Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening.' I liked the coming darkness, The jingle of harness bells, breaking – and adding to - the stillness, the gentle drift of snow....</p> <p>But today, the teacher told us what everything stood for. The woods, the horse, the miles to go, the sleep – They all have 'hidden meanings.'</p> <p>It's grown so complicated now that, Next time I drive by, I don't think I'll bother to stop.</p>

SET POEMS 2021

OPEN (17 years and over)

SWANS

Roger McGough

Swans have class written all over them.
Oh, I could go on and on
About the beauty of the swan.
Aristocracy and no mistake
The way they lord it round the lake.

Poets love them. The bell-beat
Of their wings. The softness of the breast.
Voiceless and safely distant
Where Beauty is at its best.

Poets love them. But not this one.
What others see as graceful elegance
I see as po-faced arrogance.
With a neck like a stunted giraffe
And a beak that glows like a Satsuma
You'd think they'd enjoy a good laugh
But they're completely devoid of humour.

For instance: Name a cartoon swan.
Can anybody do swan impressions?
Pull a swan face?
Anybody know any swan jokes?

'I say, I say, I say.....
'Why won't a swan go on the lake when it's choppy?'
'Because it can't admire its reflection in the water.'

(I was told that one by a duck.)

All that swans are good for
Is swanning around
Like little girls in pretty dresses
Imitating doomed princesses.

I speak not in jest.

For there's no denying
That swans are at their best
On stage, when dying.

SET CHORAL POEMS 2021

CHORAL SPEECH EARLY STAGE 1 (Kinder & K/1)	CHORAL SPEECH STAGE 1 (Yrs 1 & 2)
<p>Jumping Kangaroo <i>Annette Kosseris</i></p> <p>I'm a jumping kangaroo, I can jump THIS high – Can you? Jump so high and jump so far – I can race a motor car! Jumpity-bumpity-jumpity-HOP! I jump like this – and then I stop.</p> <p>Look at my strong tail so thick Like a backyard walking stick! Jumping fast or jumping slow, All together now – Let's GO!</p> <p>Jumpity-bumpity-jumpity-HOP! Jumpity-bumpity-jumpity-HOP! Jumpity-bumpity-jumpity-HOP! I jump like this – And then – I STOP!</p>	<p>Hickory Dickory Dock <i>Katherine Blown</i></p> <p><i>'Hickory Dickory Dock The mouse ran up the clock The clock struck one! The mouse ran down Hickory Dickory Dock ...</i></p> <p>Little mouse, little mouse, Don't run away. Please stay here And we can play!</p> <p>Little mouse, little mouse, Are you there? ... Oh, I can see you Under the chair.</p> <p>Would you like A special treat? I could get you <i>Cheese</i> to eat.</p> <p>Oh! Little mouseie, What was that? ... Quick! Up the clock! It's the neighbour's CAT!</p> <p>Little mouse, little mouse, Now we've met, Will you come again? ... <i>I'd like</i> a pet.</p>
CHORAL SPEECH STAGE 2 (Yrs 3 & 4)	CHORAL SPEECH STAGE 3 (Yrs 5 & 6)
<p>Ickle Me, Pickle Me, Tickle Me Too <i>Shel Silverstein</i></p> <p>Ickle Me, Pickle Me, Tickle Me too Went for a ride in a flying shoe. "Hooray!" "What fun!" "It's time we flew!" Said Ickle Me, Pickle Me, Tickle Me too.</p> <p>Ickle was captain, and Pickle was crew And Tickle served coffee and mulligan stew As higher And higher And higher they flew, Ickle Me, Pickle Me, Tickle Me too.</p> <p>Ickle Me, Pickle Me, Tickle Me too, Over the sun and beyond the blue. "Hold on!" "Stay in!" "I hope we do!" Cried Ickle Me, Pickle Me, Tickle Me too.</p> <p>Ickle Me, Pickle Me, Tickle Me too Never returned to the world they knew, And nobody Knows what's Happened to Dear Ickle Me, Pickle Me, Tickle Me too.</p>	<p>Rivers <i>Max Fatchen</i></p> <p>Rivers will tell you things, Hoping you'll hear, Listening to river birds, The rush of a weir.</p> <p>Rivers will tell you things Where reedbeds sway, So bend down and listen To what rivers say.</p> <p>Spilling down mountain sides, Over the plains, Dwindling in cruel droughts, Swollen in rains.</p> <p>The ripples of morning, The hard glint at noon, The night when a river Can capture the moon.</p> <p>Ducks, dams, and Murray cod. Pelicans afloat, Bridges, wool bales, river pumps, A slow riverboat.</p> <p>Go where the river gums Guard the wide bends. Rivers have tales to tell, But only to friends.</p>

SET CHORAL POEMS 2021

CHORAL SPEECH Students with Additional Needs	CHORAL SPEECH SMALL SCHOOLS
<p>From Drama Time <i>Katherine Blower</i></p> <p>Skip in a circle, around we go, Stop together, and point your toe.</p> <p>Now be a TREE and stretch to the sky With leaves all fluttering as the wind sweeps by. Whooo! Whooooooooo! Whoooooooooooooooooooo!</p> <p>Now be a SNOWFLAKE. Fall to the ground, Swirl and twirl without making a sound ...</p> <p>Now be a SCARECROW. Stretch arms wide. And then relax. Arms by your side.</p> <p>Now be a CATERPILLAR. Crawl along ... Now be SUPERMAN, big and strong.</p> <p>Once more around the room we'll run ... And NOW – Lie like a LIZARD in the sun ...</p> <p>Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh ...</p> <p>Don't peep!</p> <p>Just ... sleep ...</p>	<p>Let's Ride the Bus <i>Lois Lenski</i></p> <p>Bus stops at the corner, Just stand right there and wait; Here it comes, door opens, Hop in and don't be late.</p> <p>Hop in, hop out! Hear the driver shout. There's room for more Don't block the door. Hop in, hop out!</p> <p>Have your money ready, Just drop it in the slot; Find a seat that's empty, Or stand up like as not.</p> <p>Bus starts up. It's going! It can't go very fast. All the trucks and autos And taxi's going past.</p> <p>Now it's going faster, You'd better hang on tight; Going round the corner, Hold on with all your might.</p> <p>Now it's going slower, It's coming to your stop; Time to ring the buzzer, Get up and out you hop.</p> <p>Hop in, hop out! Hear the driver shout! There's room for more, Don't block the door. Hop in, hop out!</p>