

## **PRIMARY**

### **Primary 1**

There are Big Waves by Eleanor Farjeon

### **Primary 2**

When the Giant Comes to Breakfast by John Coldwell

### **Primary 3**

The Wrong Start by Marchette Chute

### **Primary 4**

Story Time by Andrew Collett

### **Primary 5**

Bedtime by Eleanor Farjeon

### **Primary 6**

A Pizza the Size of the Sun by Jack Prelutsky

### **Primary 7**

The Sound Collector by Roger McGough

## **PRIVATE**

### **Class 1: Age Over 4 & Under 5**

Tastes by John Foster

### **Class 2: Age Over 5 & Under 6**

Going Swimming by Alison Chisholm

### **Class 3: Age Over 6 & Under 7**

Jungle Piece by Jacqueline Emery

### **Class 4: Age Over 7 & Under 8**

Missing by A A Milne

### **Class 5: Age Over 8 & Under 9**

Someone by Walter De La Mare

**Class 6: Over 9 & Under 10**

First Day at School by Roger McGough

**Class 7: Over 10 & Under 11**

Silver by Walter de la Mare

**Class 8: Over 11 & Under 12**

Snow by Walter de la Mare

**Class 9: Over 12 & Under 13**

Ghost Teacher by Allan Ahlberg

**Class 10: Over 13 & Under 15**

Beside The Seaside by David Orme

**Class 11: Over 15**

The Song of Wandering Aengus by W B Yeats

**Class 24: Sonnet Over 14**

Upon Westminster Bridge by William Wordsworth

### **There Are Big Waves by Eleanor Farjeon**

There are big waves and little waves,  
Green waves and blue,  
Waves you can jump over,  
Waves you dive through,  
Waves that rise up like a great water wall,  
Waves that swell softly  
And don't break at all,  
Waves that can whisper,  
Waves that can roar,  
And tiny waves that run at you,  
Running on the shore.

### **When the Giant Comes to Breakfast by John Coldwell**

When the giant comes to breakfast  
He eats cornflakes with a spade,  
Followed by a lorry-load  
Of toast and marmalade.

Next, he takes a dustbin,  
Fills it up with tea,  
Drinks it all in a gulp,  
And leaves the mess for me.

**The Wrong Start by Marchette Chute**

I got up this morning and meant to be good,  
But things didn't happen the way that they should.

I lost my toothbrush,  
I slammed the door,  
I dropped an egg on the kitchen floor,  
I spilled some sugar,  
And after that  
I tried to hurry and tripped on the cat.

Things may get better. I don't know when.  
I think I'll go back and start over again.

**Story Time by Andrew Collett**

When our teacher tells us stories

At the end of every day,

We all sit in silence

As she takes us far away

To places where wise wizards

Live in castles in the sky,

To lands where all the children

Have wings so they can fly.

We all sit in silence,

We just sit and stare,

For when teacher tells us stories

She makes us feel we're there.

**Bedtime by Eleanor Farjeon**

Five minutes, five minutes more, please!

Let me stay five minutes more!

Can't I just finish the castle

I'm building here on the floor?

Can't I just finish the story

I'm reading here in my book?

Can't I just finish this bead-chain –

It's almost finished – look!

Can't I just finish this game, please?

When a game's once begun

It's a pity never to find out

Whether you've lost or won.

Can't I just stay five minutes?

Well, can't I stay four?

Three minutes, then? Two minutes?

Can't I stay one minute more?

### **A Pizza the Size of the Sun 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 'til my pizza is done,  
My wonderful pizza the size of the sun.

### **The Sound Collector by Roger McGough**

A stranger called this morning

Dressed all in black and grey

Put every sound into a bag

And carried them away.

The whistling of the kettle

The turning of the lock

The purring of the kitten

The ticking of the clock.

The popping of the toaster

The crunching of the flakes

When you spread the marmalade

The scraping noise it makes.

The hissing of the frying pan

The ticking of the grill

The bubbling of the bathtub

As it starts to fill.

The drumming of the raindrops

On the window pane

When you do the washing up

The gurgle of the drain.

The crying of the baby



**PRIVATE**

**Tastes by John Foster**

Jelly's slippery

Ice-cream's cold.

Toffee's sweet

And sticky to hold.

Curry is hot

And full of spice.

Crisps are crunchy

Chocolate's nice.

**Going Swimming by Alison Chisholm**

Kick off your shoes, pull off your clothes,  
The pool smell tingles up your nose.

That shower is freezing – shiver, shout -  
Leap in the water, splash about.

Doggy paddle, slip and slop,  
Jump and dive and belly flop.

Splash the breaststroke, plunge the crawl,  
Float on your back, and throw a ball.

Before you know an hour's gone by-  
Another shower – a brisk rub dry.

And then the best part of the treat -  
A bag of fish and chips to eat.

### **Jungle Piece by Jacqueline Emery**

Down in the jungle

Late at night,

Whispering voices

Take to flight –

Monkeys chatter,

Parrots squawk,

Snakes are hissing

Tribe drums talk.

Down in the jungle

Shadows creep,

Through the long grass

Bright eyes creep,

Lions are lurking,

Leopards stalk –

Listen hard,

That's Tarzan's call!

AAOOOOOOOOOOOW

### **Missing by A A Milne**

Has anybody seen my mouse?

I opened his box for half a minute,

Just to make sure he was really in it,

And while I was looking he jumped outside

I tried to catch him, I tried, I tried .....

I think he's somewhere about the house.

Has anyone seen my mouse?

Uncle John, have you seen my mouse?

Just a small sort of mouse, a dear little brown one,

He came from the country, he wasn't a town one,

So he'll feel all lonely in a London street,

Why, what could he possibly find to eat?

He must be somewhere, I'll ask Aunt Rose;

Have you seen a mouse with a woffelly nose?

He just got out.....

Hasn't anybody seen my mouse?

**Someone by Walter de la Mare**

Someone came knocking  
At my wee small door,  
Someone came knocking,  
I'm sure – sure – sure;  
I listened, I opened,  
I looked to left and right,  
But nought there was a-stirring  
In the still dark night;  
Only the busy beetle  
Tap – tapping in the wall,  
Only from the forest  
The screech – owl's call,  
Only the cricket whistling  
While the dewdrops fall,  
So I know not who came knocking,  
At all, at all, at all.

### **First Day at School by Roger McGough**

A millionbillionmillion miles from home

Waiting for the bell to go. (To go where?)

Why are they all so big, other children?

So noisy? So much at home they

Must have been born in uniform

Lived all their lives in playgrounds

Spent the years inventing games

That don't let me in. Games

That are rough, that swallow you up.

And the railings;

All around, the railings.

Are they to keep out wolves and monsters?

Things that carry off and eat children?

Things you don't take sweets from?

Perhaps they're to stop us getting out

Running away from the lessins. Lessin.

What does a lessin look like?

Sounds small and slimy.

They keep them in glassrooms.

Whole rooms made out of glass. Imagine.

I wish I could remember my name

Mummy said it would come in useful

Like wellies. When there's puddles.

Yellowwellies. I wish she was here.

I think my name is sewn on somewhere

Perhaps the teacher will read it for me.

Tea – cher. The one who makes the tea.

**Silver by Walter de la Mare**

Slowly, silently, now the moon  
Walks the night in her silver shoon;  
This way, and that, she peers, and sees  
Silver fruit upon silver trees;  
One by one the casements catch  
Her beams beneath the silvery thatch;  
Couched in his kennel, like a log,  
With paws of silver sleeps the dog;  
From their shadowy cote the white breasts peep  
Of doves in a silver-feathered sleep;  
A harvest mouse goes scampering by;  
With silver claw and silver eye;  
And moveless fish in the water gleam,  
By silver reeds in a silver stream.

### **Snow by Walter de la Mare**

No breath of wind,  
No gleam of sun -  
Still the white snow  
Whirls softly down  
Twig and bough  
And blade and thorn  
All in an icy  
Quiet, forlorn.  
Whispering, rustling,  
Through the air,  
On sill and stone,  
Roof – everywhere,  
It heaps its powdery  
Crystal flakes,  
Of every tree  
A mountain makes;  
Till pale and faint  
At shut of day,  
Stoops from the west  
One wint'ry ray.  
And, feathered in fire,  
Where ghosts the moon,  
A robin shrills  
His lonely tune.

### **The Ghost Teacher by Allan Ahlberg**

The school is closed, the children gone,  
But the ghost of a teacher lingers on.  
  
As the daylight fades, as the daytime ends,  
As the night draws in and the dark descends,  
She stands in the classroom, as clear as glass,  
And calls the names of her absent class.

The school is shut, the children grown,  
But the ghost of the teacher, all alone,  
Puts the date on the board and moves about  
[as the night draws in and the stars come out]  
Between the desks – a glow in the gloom -  
And calls for quiet in the silent room.

The school is a ruin, the children fled,  
But the ghost of the teacher, long time dead,  
As the moon comes up and the first owls glide,  
Puts on her coat and steps outside.  
  
In the moonlit playground, shadow free,  
She stands on duty with a cup of tea.

The school is forgotten – the children forget -  
But the ghost of a teacher lingers yet.  
  
As the night creeps up to the edge of the day,  
She tidies the plasticine away;  
Counts the scissors – a shimmer of glass -

And says, 'Off you go!' to her absent class.

She utters the words that no one hears,

Picks up her bag...

And

Disappears.

**Beside the Seaside by David Orme**

Oh, I do like to be beside the seaside,  
I do like to be beside the sea;  
I do like to walk along the sewage pipe  
Where the sand's got lumps  
And the air smells ripe.  
  
I do wish the sea would give the beach a wipe  
Beside the seaside  
Beside the sea.

Oh, I do like to walk beside the seaside,  
I do like to walk beside the sea,  
I do like to see what the tides brought in,  
A plastic bag or two, a rusty tin,  
A long dead fish with a ghastly grin  
Beside the seaside  
Beside the sea.

Oh, I do like to paddle by the seaside,  
I do like to paddle in the sea,  
The sea's so dirty now that no one knows  
What is oozing stickily around your toes.  
  
You'll have a lovely time if you hold your nose  
Beside the seaside  
Beside the sea.

### **The Song of Wandering Aengus by W B Yeats**

I went out to the hazel wood,  
Because a fire was in my head,  
And cut and peeled a hazel wand,  
And hooked a berry to a thread;  
And when white moths were on the wing,  
And moth-like stars were flickering out,  
I dropped the berry in a stream  
And caught a little silver trout.

When I had laid it on the floor  
I went to blow the fire aflame,  
But something rustled on the floor,  
And someone called me by my name.  
It had become a glimmering girl  
With apple blossom in her hair  
Who called me by name and ran  
And faded through the brightening air.

Though I am old with wandering  
Through hollow lands and hilly lands,  
I will find out where she has gone,  
And kiss her lips and take her hands;  
And walk among long dappled grass,  
And pluck till time and times are done,  
The silver apples of the moon,  
The golden apples of the sun.

### **Composed upon Westminster Bridge by William Wordsworth**

Earth has not anything to show more fair;  
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by  
A sight so touching in its majesty:  
This city now doth, like a garment, wear  
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,  
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie  
Open unto the fields, and to the sky;  
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.  
Never did sun more beautifully steep  
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;  
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!  
The river glideth at his own sweet will:  
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;  
And all that mighty heart is lying still!