

Verse Speaking Set Poems – 2016

Make sure your child clearly says the poem name and poet. E.g. “Two Funny Men. By Spike Milligan,” before beginning. Pay close attention to punctuation and italics to help with expression. In most cases, the adjudicators discourage actions. Your voice and face need to tell the story.

Each year group have two poem choices.

Class 1 - Year 1

Two Funny Men

By Spike Milligan

I know a man

Who's upside down

And when he goes to bed

His head's not on the pillow, no!

His feet are there instead.

I know a man

Who's back to front,

The strangest man *I've* seen

He can't tell where he's going

But *he* knows where he's been

OR

Somersaults

By Jack Prelutsky

It's fun turning somersaults
and bouncing on the bed.

I walk on my hands
And I stand on my head.

I swing like a monkey
And I tumble and I shake,
I stretch and I bend,
but I never, never break.

I wiggle like a worm
And I wriggle like an eel
I hop like a rabbit
And I flop like a seal.

I leap like a frog
And I jump like a flea
There must be rubber
inside of me.

Class 2 - Year 2

Jemima

By Gareth Owen

Running down the garden path

Jemima, seven years old

Lifts her eyes to watch the sun

Drown in clouds of gold.

Sees her friend smiling down

Through the chestnut tree

Her face among the branches smiles

White as ivory.

Jemima tells her secrets

Her breath is like a sigh

Wishing on a star that falls

Dying through the sky.

Jemima up the garden path

Through twilight bright as noon

Tells anyone who'll listen

'I've been talking to the moon.'

OR

Zoo Manners

By Eileen Mathias

Be careful what

You say or do

When you visit the animals

At the Zoo.

Don't make fun

Of the Camel's hump –

He's very proud

Of his noble bump.

Don't laugh too much

At the Chimpanzee –

He thinks he's as wise

As you or me.

And the Penguins

Strutting around the lake

Can understand

Remarks you make.

Treat them as well

As they do you,

And you'll always be welcome

At the Zoo.

Class 3 - Year 3

Good Company

By Leonard Clark

I sleep in a room at the top of the house
With a flea and a fly and a soft-scratching mouse,
And a spider who hangs on a thread from the ceiling,
Who gives me each day such a curious feeling
When I watch him at work on his beautiful weave
Of his web that's so fine, I can hardly believe,
It won't all end up in such terrible tangles,
For he sways as he weaves, and spins as he dangles.
I cannot get up to that spider, I know,
And I hope he won't get down to me here below,
And yet, when I wake in the chill morning air,
I'd miss him if he were not still swinging there,
For I have in my room such good company,
There's him, and the mouse and the fly and the flea.

OR

Magic Cat

By Peter Dixon

My mum whilst walking through the door

spilt some magic on the floor.

Blobs of this

and spots of that

but most of it upon the cat.

Our cat turned magic, straight away

and in the garden went to play

where it grew two massive wings

and flew around in fancy rings.

"Oh look!" cried Mother, pointing high,

"I didn't know our cat could fly."

Then with a dash of Tibby's tail

she turned my mum into a snail!

So now she lives beneath a stone

and dusts around a different home.

And I'm an ant

and Dad's a mouse

and Tibby's living in our house.

Class 4 – Year 4

The Painting Lesson

By Trevor Harvey

"What's THAT, dear?" asked the new teacher.
"It's Mummy," I replied.
"But mums aren't green and orange!
You really haven't TRIED.
You don't just paint in SPLODGES
You're old enough to know
You need to THINK before you work...
Now - have another go."
She helped me draw two arms and legs,
A face with sickly smile,
A rounded body, dark brown hair,
A hat-and in a while,
She stood back
(with her face bright pink):
"That's SO much better –
Don't you think?"
But she turned white
At ten to three
When an orange-green blob
Collected me.
"Hi, Mum!"

OR

Only Snow

By Allan Ahlberg

Outside, the sky was almost brown

The clouds were hanging low.

Then all of a sudden it happened:

The air was full of snow.

The children rushed to the windows.

The teacher let them go,

Though she teased them for their foolishness.

After all, it was only snow.

It was only snow that was falling,

Only out of the sky,

Only onto the turning earth

Before the blink of an eye.

What else could it do from up here,

But fall in its usual way?

It was only weather, really.

What else could you say?

The teacher sat at her desk

Putting ticks in a little row,

While the children stared through the steamy glass

At the only snow.

Class 5 – Year 5

Four O'Clock Friday

By John Foster

Four o' clock Friday, I'm home at last.
Time to forget the week that's past.
On Monday, in break they stole my ball.
And threw it over the playground wall.
On Tuesday afternoon, in games,
They threw mud at me and called me names.
On Wednesday, they trampled my books on the floor,
So Miss kept me in because I swore.
On Thursday, they laughed at me after the test
'Cause my marks were lower than the rest.
Four o'clock Friday, at last I'm free,
For two whole days they can't get at me.

Four o'clock Friday, I'm home at last.
Time to relive the week that's past.
On Monday morning, they said I swore,
But I won't put up with their lies anymore.
On Monday, they teased me and messed with my brain.
In my tummy, I could feel the pain.
On Tuesday, I told them to go away.
But then they punched me and there I lay.
On Tuesday at last, I said: "Stop it now!"
To end this bullying I made a vow
On Wednesday, I told the teachers
That inside the bullies were vicious creatures.
On Thursday, I decided to tell my friend.
He said: "Don't worry I will make this end."
Four o'clock Friday, I'm home at last.
I know this pain is in the past.

Watch Your French

By Kit Wright

When my mum tipped a pan full of red-hot fat
Over her foot, she did quite a little chat,
And I won't tell you what she said
But it wasn't:
'Fancy that!
I must try in future to be more careful
With this red-hot scalding fat!

OR

When my dad fell over and landed – splat!
With a trayful of drinks (he'd tripped over the cat)
I won't tell you what he said
But it wasn't:
'Fancy that!
I must try in future to be more careful
To step *round* our splendid cat!

When Uncle Joe brought me a cowboy hat
Back from the States, the dog stomped it flat,
And I won't tell you what I said
But Mum and Dad yelled:
'STOP THAT!
Where did you learn that appalling language?
Come on where?'
'I've no idea,' I said,
'No idea.'

Class 6 – Year 6

Rainbows

By Khalil Gibran

If I could catch a rainbow
I would do it just for you.
And share with you its beauty
On the days you're feeling blue.
If I could build a mountain
You could call your very own.
A place to find serenity
A place to be alone.
If I could take your troubles
I would toss them in the sea
But all these things I'm finding
Are impossible for me,
I cannot build a mountain
Or catch a rainbow fair
But let me be... what I know best,
A friend that's always there.

OR

EMPTY HOUSE

By Gareth Owen

I hate our house when there's no one in
I miss my family and I miss the din.
The rooms and the hallway seem cold and bare
And the silence hangs like dust in the air.
What's that sound upstairs that makes me start
Driving Fear like an icicle through my heart?
I'm imagining things, there's nobody there –
But I have to make sure so I creep up the stair.
I stand holding my breath by the bedroom door
And hear something rustling across the floor.
Then a scratching sound, a tiny cry!
I can't seem to breathe, my throat is dry.
In the silence I hear my own heart beating
And the rumble of water in the central heating.
I should go in but I just don't dare
So I call aloud, 'Is anyone there?'
Nobody answers. I push open the door
A fluttering shadow crosses the floor.
And now I see him, now understand
And I gather him gently in my hands.
'I won't hurt you, my friend. Don't flutter, don't start.'
But his body beats wild like a feathered heart.
Out through the window, watch him wheel and fly
Carrying my fear across the sky.