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Class 353 “The Father Mathew Perpetual Challenge Cup”

Advanced Verse-Speaking – 16 Years and Over

a) **THE HAND THAT SIGNED THE PAPER FELLED A CITY**

The hand that signed the paper felled a city;
Five sovereign fingers taxed the breath,
Doubled the globe of dead and halved a country;
These five kings did a king to death.

The mighty hand leads to a sloping shoulder,
The finger joints are cramped with chalk;
A goose’s quill has put an end to murder
That put an end to talk.

The hand that signed the treaty bred a fever,
And famine grew, and locusts came;
Great is the hand that holds dominion over
Man by a scribbled name.

The five kings count the dead but do not soften
The crusted wound nor pat the brow;
A hand rules pity as a hand rules heaven;
Hands have no tears to flow.

Dylan Thomas.

Year of Birth: 2004 or earlier.

b} **Shakespeare:**

Female:

HENRY VI PART 1

Act 5 Scene 3

JOAN LA PUCELLE: The regent conquers, and the Frenchmen fly.

Now help, ye charming spells and periapts;

And ye choice spirits that admonish me

And give me signs of future accidents.

You speedy helpers, that are substitutes

Under the lordly monarch of the north,

Appear and aid me in this enterprise.

(Enter Fiends)

This speedy and quick appearance argues proof

Of your accustom'd diligence to me.

Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd

Out of the powerful regions under earth,

Help me this once, that France may get the field.

(They walk, and speak not)

O, hold me not with silence over-long!

Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,

I'll lop a member off and give it you

In earnest of further benefit,

So you do condescend to help me now.

(They hang their heads)

No hope to have redress? My body shall

Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit.

(They shake their heads)

Cannot my body nor blood-sacrifice

Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?

Then take my soul, my body, soul and all,

Before that England give the French the foil.

(They depart)

See, they forsake me! Now the time is come

That France must vail her lofty-plumed crest

And let her head fall into England's lap.

My ancient incantations are too weak,

And hell too strong for me to buckle with:

Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust.

(Movement is permissible)

Year of Birth: 2004 or earlier.

b) **Shakespeare:**

Male:

KING RICHARD II

Act 3 Scene 2

KING RICHARD: No matter where; of comfort no man speak:
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
Make dust our paper and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth,
Let's choose executors and talk of wills:
And yet not so, for what can we bequeath
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own but death
And that small model of the barren earth
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground
And tell sad stories of the death of kings;
How some have been deposed; some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed;
Some poison'd by their wives: some sleeping kill'd;
All murder'd: for within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king
Keeps Death his court and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp,
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchize, be fear'd and kill with looks,
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
As if this flesh which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable, and humour'd thus
Comes at the last and with a little pin
Bores through his castle wall, and farewell king!
Cover your heads and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence: throw away respect,
Tradition, form and ceremonious duty,
For you have but mistook me all this while:
I live with bread like you, feel want,
Taste grief, need friends: subjected thus,
How can you say to me, I am a king?

(Movement is permissible)

Year of Birth: 2004 or earlier.

c}

THE TELEPHONE

It comes in black
and blue, indecisive
beige. In red and chaperons my life.
Sitting like a strict
and spinstered aunt
spiked between my needs
and need.

It tats the day, crocheting
other people's lives
in neat arrangements,
ignoring me,
busy with the hemming
of strangers' overlong affairs or
the darning of my
neighbours' worn-out
dreams.

From Monday, the morning of the week,
through mid-times
noon and Sunday's dying
light. It sits silent.
Its needle sound
does not transfix my ear
or draw my longing to
a close.

Ring. Damn you!

Maya Angelou.

Performers speak (a) and (b) and recalls (c). Pieces may be read.

Year of Birth: 2004 or earlier.

Sonnet Speaking – 16 Years and Over

a} **THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US**

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;—
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not. Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

William Wordsworth.

b} Own Choice.

Performers speak both poems, which may be read.

Year of Birth: 2004 or earlier.

“The Mollie Barker Memorial Perpetual Cup”
Yeats Verse-Speaking – 16 Years and Over

a}

SAILING TO BYZANTIUM

That is no country for old men. The young
In one another's arms, birds in the trees,
—Those dying generations—at their song,
The salmon-falls, the mackerel-crowded seas,
Fish, flesh, or fowl, commend all summer long
Whatever is begotten, born, and dies.
Caught in that sensual music all neglect
Monuments of unageing intellect.

An aged man is but a paltry thing,
A tattered coat upon a stick, unless
Soul clap its hands and sing, and louder sing
For every tatter in its mortal dress,
Nor is there singing school but studying
Monuments of its own magnificence;
And therefore I have sailed the seas and come
To the holy city of Byzantium.

O sages standing in God's holy fire
As in the gold mosaic of a wall,
Come from the holy fire, perne in a gyre,
And be the singing-masters of my soul.
Consume my heart away; sick with desire
And fastened to a dying animal
It knows not what it is; and gather me
Into the artifice of eternity.

Once out of nature I shall never take
My bodily form from any natural thing,
But such a form as Grecian goldsmiths make
Of hammered gold and gold enamelling
To keep a drowsy Emperor awake;
Or set upon a golden bough to sing
To lords and ladies of Byzantium
Of what is past, or passing, or to come.

W.B. Yeats.

b}

A Yeats' poem of own choice.

Performers speak both poems, which may be read.

Year of Birth: 2004 or earlier.

Class 356 “The Anne Marie Cotter Perpetual Challenge Cup”

Senior Women – 18 Years and Over

a}

THE RIVER MERCHANT’S WIFE: A LETTER

After Li Po

While my hair was still cut straight across my forehead
I played about the front gate, pulling flowers.
You came by on bamboo stilts, playing horse,
You walked about my seat, playing with blue plums.
And we went on living in the village of Chōkan:
Two small people, without dislike or suspicion.
At fourteen I married My Lord you.
I never laughed, being bashful.
Lowering my head, I looked at the wall.
Called to, a thousand times, I never looked back.

At fifteen I stopped scowling,
I desired my dust to be mingled with yours
Forever and forever, and forever.
Why should I climb the look out?

At sixteen you departed
You went into far Ku-tō-en, by the river of swirling eddies,
And you have been gone five months.
The monkeys make sorrowful noise overhead.

You dragged your feet when you went out.
By the gate now, the moss is grown, the different mosses,
Too deep to clear them away!
The leaves fall early this autumn, in wind.
The paired butterflies are already yellow with August
Over the grass in the West garden;
They hurt me.
I grow older.
If you are coming down through the narrows of the river Kiang,
Please let me know beforehand,
And I will come out to meet you
As far as Chō-fū-Sa.

Ezra Pound.

Performers speak both poems, which may be read.

Year of Birth: 2002 or earlier.

b}

EVE

Eve, with her basket, was
 Deep in the bells and grass,
 Wading in bells and grass
 Up to her knees,
 Picking a dish of sweet
 Berries and plums to eat,
 Down in the bell and grass
 Under the trees.
 Mute as a mouse in a
 Corner the cobra lay,
 Circling round a bough of the
 Cinnamon tall. . . .
 Now to get even and
 Humble proud heaven and
 Now was the moment or
 Never at all.
 'Eva!' Each syllable
 Light as a flower fell,
 'Eva!' he whispered the
 Wondering maid,
 Soft as a bubble sung
 Out of a linnet's lung,
 Soft and most silverly
 'Eva!' he said.
 Picture that orchard sprite,
 Eve, with her body white,
 Supple and smooth to her
 Slim finger tips.
 Wondering, listening,
 Listening, wondering,
 Eve with a berry
 Half-way to her lips.
 Oh had our simple Eve
 Seen through the make-believe!

Had she but known the
 Pretender he was!
 Out of the boughs he came,
 Whispering still her name,
 Tumbling in twenty rings
 Into the grass.
 Here was the strangest pair
 In the world anywhere,
 Eve in the bells and grass
 Kneeling, and he
 Telling the story low. . . .
 Singing birds saw them go
 Down the dark path to
 The Blasphemous Tree.
 O what a clatter when
 Titmouse and Jenny Wren
 Saw him successful and
 Taking his leave!
 How the birds rated him,
 How they all hated him!
 How they all pitied
 Poor motherless Eve!
 Picture her crying
 Outside in the lane,
 Eve, with no dish of sweet
 Berries and plums to eat,
 Haunting the gate of the
 Orchard in vain. . . .
 Picture the lewd delight
 Under the hill to-night -
 'Eva!' the toast goes round,
 'Eva!' again.

Ralph Hodgson.

Performers speak both poems, which may be read.

Year of Birth: 2002 or earlier.

Senior Men – 18 Years and Over

a}

DIGGING

Between my finger and my thumb
The squat pen rests; snug as a gun.

Under my window, a clean rasping sound
When the spade sinks into gravelly ground:
My father, digging. I look down

Till his straining rump among the flowerbeds
Bends low, comes up twenty years away
Stooping in rhythm through potato drills
Where he was digging.

The coarse boot nestled on the lug, the shaft
Against the inside knee was levered firmly.
He rooted out tall tops, buried the bright edge deep
To scatter new potatoes that we picked,
Loving their cool hardness in our hands.

By God, the old man could handle a spade.
Just like his old man.

My grandfather cut more turf in a day
Than any other man on Toner’s bog.
Once I carried him milk in a bottle
Corked sloppily with paper. He straightened up
To drink it, then fell to right away
Nicking and slicing neatly, heaving sods
Over his shoulder, going down and down
For the good turf. Digging.

The cold smell of potato mould, the squelch and slap
Of soggy peat, the curt cuts of an edge
Through living roots awaken in my head.
But I’ve no spade to follow men like them.

Between my finger and my thumb
The squat pen rests.
I’ll dig with it.

Seamus Heaney.

Performers speak both poems which may be read.

Year of Birth: 2002 or earlier.

b}

SONG TO BE SUNG BY THE FATHER OF A
FEMALE INFANT CHILD

My heart leaps up when I behold
 A rainbow in the sky;
 Contrariwise, my blood runs cold
 When little boys go by.
 For little boys as little boys,
 No special hate I carry,
 But now and then they grow to men,
 And when they do, they marry.
 No matter how they tarry,
 Eventually they marry.
 And, swine among the pearls,
 They marry little girls.

Oh, somewhere, somewhere, an infant
 plays,
 With parents who feed and clothe him.
 Their lips are sticky with pride and praise,
 But I have begun to loathe him.
 Yes, I loathe with loathing shameless
 This child who to me is nameless.
 This bachelor child in his carriage
 Gives never a thought to marriage,
 But a person can hardly say knife
 Before he will hunt him a wife.

I never see an infant (male),
 A-sleeping in the sun,
 Without I turn a trifle pale
 And think is he the one?
 Oh, first he'll want to crop his curls,
 And then he'll want a pony,
 And then he'll think of pretty girls,
 And holy matrimony.
 A cat without a mouse
 Is he without a spouse.

Oh, somewhere he bubbles bubbles of
 milk,
 And quietly sucks his thumbs.
 His cheeks are roses painted on silk,
 And his teeth are tucked in his gums.
 But alas the teeth will begin to grow,
 And the bubbles will cease to bubble;
 Given a score of years or so,
 The roses will turn to stubble.
 He'll sell a bond, or he'll write a book,
 And his eyes will get that acquisitive look,
 And raging and ravenous for the kill,
 He'll boldly ask for the hand of Jill.
 This infant whose middle
 Is diapered still
 Will want to marry My daughter Jill.

Oh sweet be his slumber and moist his
 middle!
 My dreams, I fear, are infanticiddle.
 A fig for embryo Lohengrins!
 I'll open all his safety pins,
 I'll pepper his powder, and salt his bottle,
 And give him readings from Aristotle.
 Sand for his spinach I'll gladly bring,
 And Tabasco sauce for his teething ring.
 And an elegant, elegant, alligator
 To play with him in his perambulator.
 Then perhaps he'll struggle through fire
 and water
 To marry somebody else's daughter.

Ogden Nash.**Performers speak both poems which may be read.****Year of Birth: 2002 or earlier.**

“The Gloria Joy Perpetual Cup”

17 Years and Under

a}

I SAW CHARLIE CHAPLIN

I saw Charlie Chaplin
In 1924
Playing golf with a walking-cane
Outside our front door.

His bowler was a size too early,
His trousers were a size too late,
His little moustache said one o'clock,
His boots said twenty-past eight.

He whacked at a potato.
It broke in the bouncing air.
“Never mind, Charlie,” I said to him.
“We’ve got some to spare.”

I fetched him out a potato.
He leaned on his S-shaped cane.
“Thanks. kid.” He bowed. He shrugged.
I never saw him again.

My father said Charlie Chaplin
Wasn’t Charlie at all.
He said it was someone in our town
Going to a Fancy Ball.

He said, it couldn’t be Charlie.
That it was Carnival Day.
That Charlie never came to our town,
And he lived in the USA.

Not Charlie Chaplin?
You can tell that tale to the cat.
I don’t care what my father said.
I know better than that:

For I saw Charlie Chaplin
Outside our front door
Playing golf with a walking-cane.
It was in 1924.

Charles Causley.

Performers speak both poems.

Years of Birth: 2003 and later.

15 Years and Under

EITHER:

MILLER’S END

When we moved to Miller’s End,
Every afternoon at four
A thin shadow of a shade
Quavered through the garden-door.

Dressed in black from top to toe
With a veil about her head
To us all it seemed as though
She came walking from the dead.

With a basket on her arm,
Through the hedge-gap she would pass,
Never a mark that we could spy
On the flag stone or the grass.

When we told the garden boy
How we saw the phantom glide,
With a grin his face was bright
As the pool he stood beside.

“That’s no ghost-walk,” Billy said
“Nor a ghost you fear to stop,
Only old Miss Wickerby,
On a short cut to the shop.”

So next day we lay in wait,
Passed a civil time of day,
Said how pleased we were she came
Daily down our garden way.

Suddenly her cheek it paled,
Turned, as quick, from ice to flame,
“Tell me,” said Miss Wickerby,
“Who spoke of me and my name?”

“Bill, the garden boy.” She sighed,
Said, “Of course, you could not know
How he drowned – that very pool –
A frozen winder – long ago.”

Charles Causley.

Year of Birth: 2005 and later.

Class 359

15 Years and Under

OR:

A SECOND HAND WORLD

What am I bid for a second hand world,
Tattered round the edges?
It's lost some rainforests here and there,
But we're left with a couple of hedges.
It did have a fancy cap of ice
But it melted just like a dream.
Occasionally it rumbles and blows
And sometimes cracks at the seams.
Some of its rich and some of it's poor,
It can spew out gas and oil,
Or yield no crops for years and years
In parched and arid soil.
Its inhabitants scatter their waste,
There's a poisoned stream or two;
The air is heavy with industry,
So you see what we've got to do –
We've got to find someone to bid for it,
Despite the holes in its sky,
What is it worth? And do you want it?
Or shall we just leave it to die?
Going....going.....

Eleanor McLeod.

Year of Birth: 2005 and later.

EITHER:

THE RUM TUM TUGGER

(Stanzas one and two only)

The Rum Tum Tugger is a Curious cat:
If you offer him pheasant he would rather have grouse,
If you put him in a house he would much prefer a flat,
If you put him in a flat then he'd rather have a house.
If you set him on a mouse then he only wants a rat,
If you set him on a rat then he'd rather chase a mouse.
Yes the Rum Tum Tugger is a Curious Cat –
 And there isn't any call for me to shout it:
 For he will do
 As he do do
 And there's no doing anything about it!

The Rum Tum Tugger is a terrible bore:
When you let him in, then he wants to be out;
He's always on the wrong side of every door,
And as soon as he's at home, then he'd like to get about.
He likes to lie on the bureau drawer,
But he makes such a fuss if he can't get out.
Yes the Rum Tum Tugger is a Curious Cat –
 And it isn't any use for you to doubt it:
 For he will do
 As he do do
 And there's no doing anything about it!

T.S. Eliot.

Year of Birth: 2006 and later.

OR:

THE LONER

He leans against the playground wall,
Smacks his hands against the bricks
And other boredom-beating tricks,
Traces patterns with his feet,
Scuffs to make the tarmac squeak,
Back against the wall he stays –
And never plays.

The playground's quick with life,
The beat is strong.
Though sharp as a knife
Strife doesn't last long.
There is shouting, laughter, song,
And a place at the wall
For who won't belong.

We pass him running, skipping, walking,
In slow huddled groups, low talking.
Each in our familiar clique
We pass him by and never speak,
His liveness is his shell and shield
And neither he nor we will yield.

He wasn't there at the wall today,
Someone said he'd moved away
To another school and place
And on the wall where he used to lean
Someone had chalked
"Watch this space."

Julie Holder.

Year of Birth: 2006 and later.

EITHER:

THE GYPSY

A Gypsy lives on Kithurst,
A Gypsy with a dog;
She smokes her pipe inside a barn
And fills the barn with fog.

The rain came down on Kithurst,
There never was such rain!
It blurred the outlines of the hills
And drowned the Sussex plain.

I found the barn on Kithurst
And peered within the gloom:
I cried aloud for shelter,
The Gypsy growled “No room!”

The barn was foul with smells and smoke,
The barn was full of litter
And blackened with unfriendliness:
The rain was not so bitter.

The mongrel howled, the Gypsy scowled –
“No room,” she growled. “No room!”
I turned about and took the rain,
the kindly rain, the friendly rain:
I took the rain on Kithurst
And left her to her gloom.

Eleanor Farjeon.

Year of Birth: 2007 and later.

OR: BLAKE'S TYGER – REVISITED

On hearing that tigers in captivity can gradually lose their colour, losing their camouflaging stripes and fading gradually to white.

Tiger! Tiger! Turning white
In a cage just twice your height
Six paces left, six paces right,
A long slow day, a longer night.

Tiger! Tiger! Dreaming still
Of the scent? The chase? The kill?
And now? No need. No place. No scope.
No space. No point. No hope.

Tiger! Tiger! Paces. Paces.
Once he flashed through open spaces.
His world once echoed to his roars.
Now he's quiet. He stares. He snores.

An inch of sky glimpsed through the bars.
A puddle. Concrete. Smells of cars.
He sniffs the air. He slumps. He sighs.
And stares and stares through jaundiced eyes.

Michaela Morgan.

Class 363

Girls 12 Years and Under

EITHER:

SHADOW COLLECTOR

On summer afternoons
sometimes evenings
I collect shadows...
mainly people
but sometimes cats and dogs.
I store them away
nice and flat
carefully ironed
between sheets of softest paper,
free from light
and prowling shadow thieves.
I collect my shadows from walls and pavements
playground spaces
beaches
streets
and gloomy places...
Old folk shadows
young and poor
teachers' shadows
(classroom floors).

But one is special.
It's big.
It's tall.
And I found it on a palace wall.

Peter Dixon.

Year of Birth: 2008 and later.

OR:

THE DONKEY

When fishes flew and forests walked
And figs grew upon thorn,
Some moment when the moon was blood
Then surely, I was born;

With monstrous head and sickening cry
And ears like errant wings,
The devil's walking parody
On all four-footed things.

The tattered outlaw of the earth,
Of ancient crookèd will;
Starve, scourge, deride me: I am dumb,
I keep my secret still.

Fools! For I also had my hour;
One far fierce hour and sweet:
There was a shout about my ears,
And palms before my feet.

G. K. Chesterton.

Year of Birth: 2008 and later.

Class 364

Girls 11 Years and Under

EITHER:

NINE-O'CLOCK BELL!

Nine-o'Clock Bell!

Nine-o'Clock Bell!

All the small children and the big ones as well,
Pulling their socks up, snatching their hats,
Cheeking and grumbling and giving back-chats,
Laughing and quarrelling, dropping their things,
These at a snail's pace, and those upon wings,
Lagging behind a bit, running ahead,
Waiting at corners for lights to turn red,

Some of them scurrying,
Others not worrying,
Carelessly trudging or anxiously hurrying,
All through the streets they are coming pell-mell
At the Nine-o'Clock
Nine-o'Clock
Nine-o'Clock
Bell!

Eleanor Farejon.

OR:

THE MOON

The moon has a face like the clock in the hall;
She shines on thieves on the garden wall,
On streets and fields and harbour quays,
And birdies asleep in the forks of the trees.

The squalling cat and the squeaking mouse,
The howling dog by the door of the house,
The bat that lies in bed at noon,
All love to be out by the light of the moon.

But all of the things that belong to the day
Cuddle to sleep to be out of her way;
And flowers and children close their eyes
Till up in the morning the sun shall arise.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

Year of Birth: 2009 and later.

Class 365

Girls 10 Years Under

EITHER:

SAID THE CLOWN

Said the clown in the seven-ring circus
As he dived in a bucket of sand,
“Why nobody claps at my quips and my cracks
Is something I can’t understand.

“The start of my act’s a selection
Of millions and millions of jokes,
Then like a wind and like a fire I whizz down a wire
On a bike with one wheel and no spokes.

“When I fill up my pockets with water
And paint my face red, white and blue,
Folk stare at the ground and they don’t make a sound
I can’t think of the reason. Can you?”

Charles Causley.

OR:

THE DANCING BEAR

Slowly he turns himself round and round,
Lifting his paws with care,
Twisting his head in a sort of bow
To the people watching there.

His keeper, grinding a wheezy tune,
Jerks at the iron chain,
And the dusty, patient bear goes through
His solemn tricks again.

Only his eyes are still and fixed
In a wide, bewildered stare,
More like a child’s lost in woods at night
Than the eyes of a big brown bear.

Rachel Field.

Year of Birth: 2010 and later.

EITHER:

CAT

My cat has got no name,
We simply call him Cat;
He doesn't seem to blame
Anyone for that.

For he is not like us
Who often, I'm afraid,
Kick up quite a fuss
If our names are mislaid.

As if, without a name,
We'd be no longer there
But like a tiny flame
Vanish in bright air.

My pet, he doesn't care
About such things as that:
Black buzz and golden stare
Require no name but Cat.

Vernon Scannell.

OR:

THE WHITE WINDOW

The Moon comes every night to peep
Through the window where I lie:
But I pretend to be asleep;
And watch the Moon go slowly by,
- And she never makes a sound!

She stands and stares! And then she goes
To the house that's next to me,
Stealing by on tippy-toes;
To peep at folk asleep maybe
- And she never makes a sound!

James Stephens.

Year of Birth: 2011 and later.

EITHER:

GRANDPA DROPPED HIS GLASSES

Grandpa dropped his glasses once
In a pot of dye,
And when he put them on again
He saw a purple sky.
Purple birds were rising up
From a purple hill,
Men were grinding purple cider
At a purple mill.
Purple Adeline was playing
With a purple doll,
Little purple dragonflies
Were crawling up the wall.
And at the supper table
He got crazy as a loon
From eating purple apple dumplings
With a purple spoon.

Leroy F. Jackson.

OR:

THE PEOPLE UPSTAIRS

The people upstairs all practise ballet.
Their living room is a bowling alley.
Their bedroom is full of conducted tours.
Their radio is louder than yours.
They celebrate weekends all week.
When they take a shower, your ceilings leak.
They try to get their parties to mix
By supplying their guests with Pogo sticks,
And when their orgy at last abates,
They go to the bathroom on roller skates.
I might love the people upstairs wondrous
If instead of above us, they just lived under us.

Ogden Nash.

Year of Birth: 2012 and later.

EITHER:

BALLET LESSON

They've sent me to ballet,
Yes honestly – me!
With two left feet
And a graze on my knee.
They've given me pink shoes,
All satin and smooth,
I'd prefer trainers,
But I couldn't choose.
My leotard is mauve
I look like a plum.
Ballet's not a good idea
And I wish I hadn't come.

Eleanor McLeod.

OR:

GIVE YOURSELF A HUG

Give yourself a hug
when you feel unloved

Give yourself a hug
when people put on airs
to make you feel a bug

Give yourself a hug
when everyone seems to give you
a cold-shoulder shrug

Give yourself a hug –
a big big hug

And keep on singing,
“Only one in a million like me
Only one in a million-billion-thrillion-zillion like me.”

Grace Nichols.

Year of Birth: 2013 and later.

Class 369

Girls 6 Years and Under

EITHER:

HURT NO LIVING THING

Hurt no living thing,
Ladybird nor butterfly,
Nor moth with dusty wing,
Nor cricket chirping cheerily,
Nor grasshopper, so light of leap,
Nor dancing gnat,
Nor beetle fat,
Nor harmless worms that creep.

Christina Rossetti.

OR:

MY PUPPY

It's funny
My puppy
Knows just how I feel.

When I'm happy
He's yappy
And squirms like an eel.

When I'm grumpy
He's slumpy
And stays at my heel.

It's funny
My puppy
Knows such a great deal.

Aileen Fisher.

Year of Birth: 2014 and later.

Class 370

Girls 5 Years and Under

EITHER:

NEW SHOES

My shoes are new and squeaky shoes,
They're very shiny, creaky shoes,
I wish I had my leaky shoes
That Mummy threw away.

I liked my old brown leaky shoes
Much better than these creaky shoes,
These shiny, creaky, squeaky shoes
I've got to wear today.

Anonymous.

OR:

HOW A PUPPY GROWS

I think it's very funny
The way a puppy grows -
A little on his wiggle-tail
A little on his nose,
A little on his tummy
And a little on his ears;
I guess he'll be a dog all right
In half a dozen years.

Leroy F. Jackson.

Year of Birth: 2015 and later.

EITHER:

AN ELEPHANT REMEMBERS

I was Rajah
Emperor of all elephants,
On the feasts of Dasera and Diwali
I was clothed like a king
In sumptuous trappings
Of gold and silver brocade.
My howdah was covered with silk,
Blue as the royal peacock,
Beautiful girls rode on my back,
Their black hair fragrant
With frangipani blossoms,
Their laughter bright as temple bells.
How majestically I swayed
Through streets seething with people,
The scent of sandalwood and jasmine,
Cardamom and Cumin,
The riot of morning glory flowers
And the hot dust.
I am old now
And stiff in my bones,
But I can still feel
The soft touch of a sari,
Turn my head to the chime
Of bell and gong.

Theresa Heine.

Year of Birth: 2006 and 2007.

OR:

PRINCE KANO

In a dark wood Prince Kano lost his way
And searching in vain through the long summer's day.
At last, when night was near, he came in sight
Of a small clearing filled with yellow light.
And there, bending beside his brazier, stood
A charcoal burner wearing a black hood.
The Prince cried out for joy: "Good friend, I'll give
What you will ask: guide me to where I live."
The man pulled back his hood: he had no face –
Where it should be there was an empty space.

Half dead with fear the Prince staggered away,
Rushed blindly through the wood till break of day;
And then he saw a large clearing, filled
With houses, people; but his soul was chilled.
He looked around for comfort, and his search
Led him inside a small, half-empty church
Where monks prayed. "Father," to one he said,
"I've seen a dreadful thing; I am afraid."
"What did you see, my son?" "I saw a man
Whose face was like..." and, as the Prince began,
The monk drew back his hood and seemed to hiss,
Pointing to where his face should be, "Like this?"

Edward Lowbury.

Year of Birth: 2006 and 2007.

Mother, there's a strange man
waiting at the door –
With a familiar sort of face
You feel you've seen before.

Says he's name is Jesus
Can we spare a couple of bob?
Says he's been made redundant
And now can't find a job.

Yes I think he is a foreigner
Egyptian or a Jew
Oh aye, and that reminds me
He'd like some water too.

Well shall I give him what he wants'
Or send him on his way?
OK I'll give him 5p
Say that's all we've got today.

And I'll forget about the water
I suppose it's a bit unfair
But honest, he's filthy dirty
All beard and straggly hair.

Mother, he asked about the water
I said the tank had burst
Anyway I gave him the money
That seemed to quench his thirst.

He said it was little things like that
That kept him on the rails
Then he gave me his autographed picture
And these three rusty nails.

Roger McGough.

OR:

REMEMBER ME

Remember Me?
I am the boy who sought friendship;
The boy you turned away.
I the boy who asked you
If I too might play.
I the face at the window
When your party was inside.
I the lonely figure
Who walked away and cried.
I the one who hung around,
A punch bag for your games.
Someone you could kick and beat,
Someone to call names.
But how strange is the change
After time has hurried by,
Four years have passed since then,
Now I'm not so quick to cry.
I'm bigger and I'm stronger,
I've grown a foot in height.
Suddenly I'M popular
And YOU'RE left out the light.
I could, if I wanted,
Be so unkind to you.
I would only have to say
And the other boys would do.
But the memory of my pain
Holds back the revenge I'd planned
And instead I feel much stronger
By offering you my hand.

Ray Mather.

Year of Birth: 2008 and later.

EITHER:

CARGOES

Quinquireme of Nineveh from distant Ophir,
Rowing home to haven in sunny Palestine,
With a cargo of ivory,
And apes and peacocks,
Sandalwood, cedarwood, and sweet white wine.

Stately Spanish galleon coming from the Isthmus,
Dipping through the Tropics by the palm-green shores,
With a cargo of diamonds,
Emeralds, amethysts,
Topazes, and cinnamon, and gold moidores.

Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smoke stack,
Butting through the Channel in the mad March days,
With a cargo of Tyne coal,
Road-rails, pig-lead,
Firewood, iron-ware, and cheap tin trays.

John Masefield.

OR:

THE PRINCESS'S CAT

The true story of the Cat adopted by Princess Caroline of Monaco.

Once on a time a sad little cat
Lived in a drab alley slum
He had little to eat
But the scraps in the street,
He scavenged for every small crumb.

At night he would curl
On the rubbish thrown out
And sheltered from cold and from storm,
He'd never known comfort
And never had love
In winter he couldn't keep warm.

If the little cat walked on the pavement
He was pelted by children with stones,
They thought it was fun
To see the Puss run
And laughed at his thinly-clad bones.

But at last came a time
When his luck was to change
He was picked up by the stray catcher man
And strange though it seem
For it sounds like a dream
A new life for the Tabby began.

It happened one day
That a Princess came by
And she fell for the sad little cat,
She gave him a home,
No more does he roam
FOR he lives in the Princess's Flat.

Enid Barraclough.

Year of Birth: 2009 and later.

Class 379

Boys 10 Years and Under

EITHER:

HAUNTED HOUSE

There's a house upon a hilltop
We will not go inside
For that is where the witches live,
Where ghosts and goblins hide.

Tonight they have a party,
All the lights are burning bright,
But oh we will not go inside
The haunted house tonight.

The demons there are whirling
And the spirits swirl about.
They sing their songs to Hallowe'en
"Come join the fun," they shout.

But we do not want to go there
So we run with all our might
And oh we will not go inside
The haunted house tonight.

Jack Prelutsky.

Year of Birth: 2010 and later.

OR: MY BROTHER IS MAKING A PROTEST ABOUT BREAD

My brother is making a protest about bread.
“Why do we always have wholemeal bread?
You can’t spread the butter on wholemeal bread,
you try to spread the butter on
and it just makes a hole right through the middle.”

He marches out of the room and shouts
Across the landing and down the passage.
“It’s always the same in this place.
Nothing works.
The volume knob’s broken on the radio you know,
it’s been broken for months and months you know.”

He stamps back into the kitchen
stares at the loaf of bread and says:
“Wholemeal bread – look at it, look at it.
You put the butter on
and it rolls up,
you put the butter on
and it all rolls up.”

Michael Rosen.

Class 380

Boys 9 Years and Under

EITHER:

THE LONELY SCARECROW

My poor old bones – I've only two –
A broomshank and a broken stave,
My ragged gloves are a disgrace,
My one peg-foot is in the grave.

I wear the labourer's old clothes;
Coat, shirt and trousers all undone.
I bear my cross upon a hill
In rain and shine, in snow and sun.

I cannot help the way I look.
My funny hat is full of hay.
- O, wild birds, come and nest in me!
Why do you always fly away?

James Kirkup.

OR:

GREEDY DOG

This dog will eat anything.
Apple cores and bacon fat,
Milk you pour out for the cat.
He likes the string that ties the roast
And relishes hot buttered toast.
Hide your chocolates! He's a thief,
He'll even eat your handkerchief.
And if you don't like sudden shocks,
Carefully conceal your socks.
Leave some soup without a lid,
And you'll wish you never did.
When you think he must be full,
You find him gobbling bits of wool,
Orange peels and paper bags,
Dusters and old cleaning rags.
This dog will eat anything,
Except for mushrooms and cucumber,
Now what is wrong with those, I wonder?

James Hurley.

Year of Birth: 2011 and later.

EITHER:

GUS THE HAMSTER

Gus is out! Don't move! Don't
shout!
Gus the classroom hamster's out!
He's left his cage. He's lost
somewhere –
Search high and low, search here
and there!
Inside the cupboards, behind each
book,
Everywhere we can look.
But Gus is gone. No sign of him
Until.....
.....a rustling from the bin
Then there he is, the smart escaper!
Surrounded by the class waste paper.
It's Gus! He's found! Hooray!
We shout,
We leap for joy and dance about,
Safe in his cage, Gus looks at us
As if to say: "what's all the fuss?"

Mark Burgess.

OR:

THE FROGOLOGIST

I hate it when grown-ups say,
"What do you want to be?"
I hate the way they stand up
there
And talk down to me.
I say:
"I want to be a frogologist
And study the lives of frogs,
I want to know their habitat
And crawl about in bogs,
I want to learn to croak and
jump
And catch flies with my
tongue
And will they please excuse
me 'cause
Frogologists start quite
young."

Brian Patten.

Year of Birth: 2012 and later.

EITHER:

WET PETS

Fish are easy.
Fish don't talk,
They don't need taking
For a walk.

They don't leave hairs,
They never roam
Or eat you out of
House and home.

If they get moods
They never show it
If they wee,
You'd never know it.

They don't do much
Apart from swim.
You give them names
Like Jaws and Jim.

Sometimes I sit
And watch them bubble.
Get a wet pet.
They are no trouble.

Kaye Umansky.

OR:

KNIGHT-IN-ARMOUR

Whenever I'm a shining Knight
I buckle on my armour tight;
And then I look about for things,
Like Rushings-out, and Rescuings,
And Savings from the Dragon's Lair,
And fighting all the Dragons there.
And sometimes when our fights begin,
I think I'll let the Dragons win...
And then I think perhaps I won't
Because they're Dragons, and I don't.

A.A. Milne.

Year of Birth: 2013 and later.

EITHER:

**MY BABY BROTHER'S
SECRETS**

When my baby brother
Wants to tell me a secret
He comes right up close.
But instead of putting his lips
Against my ear,
He presses his ear
Tightly against my ear.
Then, he whispers so softly
That I can't hear
A word he is saying.

My baby brother's secrets
Are safe with me.

John Foster.

OR:

THE GOOPS

The Goops they lick their fingers,
And the Goops they lick their
knives;
They spill their broth on the
tablecloth
Oh, they lead disgusting lives!
The Goops they talk while eating,
And loud and fast they chew;
And that is why I'm glad that I
Am not a Goop – are you?

Gelett Burgess.

Year of Birth: 2014 and later.

EITHER:

GOLDIE

Goldie the guinea pig
Lives in a hutch.
She sits and snuffles
But she doesn't do much.
I give her food and water.
I change her straw.
But most of all, I love her.
That's what she's for.

Tony Mitton.

OR:

THE LITTLE TURTLE

There was a little turtle.
He lived in a box.
He swam in a puddle.
He climbed on the rocks.

He snapped at a mosquito.
He snapped at a flea.
He snapped at a minnow.
And he snapped at me.

He caught the mosquito.
He caught the flea.
He caught the minnow.
But he didn't catch me.

Vachel Lindsay.

Year of Birth: 2015 and later.