

Prescribed Poems: 2021: Allegretto Inter Provincial Eisteddfod:

Choose **any one** of the following selected poems for each Grade:

Grade R:

<p>Hey Diddle Diddle</p> <p><i>Hey diddle diddle, The Cat and the fiddle, The Cow jumped over the moon, The little Dog laughed to see such sport, And the Dish ran away with the Spoon.</i></p> <p>— <i>Author Unknown</i></p>	<p>Old Mother Hubbard</p> <p><i>Old Mother Hubbard Went to the cupboard, To give the poor dog a bone; When she came there The cupboard was bare, And so the poor dog had none.</i></p> <p>— <i>Author Unknown</i></p>
<p>The Rollercoaster</p> <p>By Kelly Roper</p> <p>Clickity-clackety, clickity-clackety, The rollercoaster went up the track. With a whoosh and a squeal Down the smooth rails of steel, The rollercoaster raced its way back.</p>	<p>Two Little Dicky Birds</p> <p><i>Two Little Dicky Birds, Sat upon a wall. One named Peter, The other named Paul, Fly away Peter. Fly away Paul. Come back Peter! Come back Paul!!</i></p>

Grade 1:

Eletelephony

*Once there was an elephant,
Who tried to use the telephant—
No! No! I mean an elephone
Who tried to use the telephone—*

*(Dear me! I am not certain quite
That even now I've got it right.)
Howe'er it was, he got his trunk
Entangled in the telephunk;*

*The more he tried to get it free,
The louder buzzed the
telephee—
(I fear I'd better drop the song
Of elephop and telephong!)*

— *Laura Elizabeth Richard*

Green Eggs and Ham

by **Dr. Seuss**

Do you like green eggs and ham?

I do not like them, Sam-I-am.
I do not like green eggs and ham!

Would you like them here or there?

I would not like them here or there.
I would not like them anywhere.

I do so like green eggs and ham!
Thank you! Thank you,
Sam-I-am!

Now We Are Six

By A. A. Milne [More A. A. Milne](#)

When I was One,
I had just begun.
When I was Two,
I was nearly new.
When I was Three
I was hardly me.
When I was Four,
I was not much more.
When I was Five,
I was just alive.
But now I am Six,
I'm as clever as clever,
So I think I'll be six now for ever and
ever.



Grade 2:

Our Teacher's a Hippie

Our teacher's a hippie,
like from some old movie.
He likes to say "trippy,"
and "far out," and "groovy!"

He dresses in tie-dye
and bell-bottom pants.
He listens to hi-fi.
"The Twist" is his dance.

He says, "psychedelic!"
He's truly old-school.
He may be a relic,
but, boy, is he cool!

— Kenn Nesbitt

Horton Hatches the Egg

by Dr. Seuss

I meant what I said
And I said what I meant....
An elephant's faithful
One hundred per cent!

And it should be,
it should be, it SHOULD be
like that!
Because Horton was faithful!
He sat and he sat!

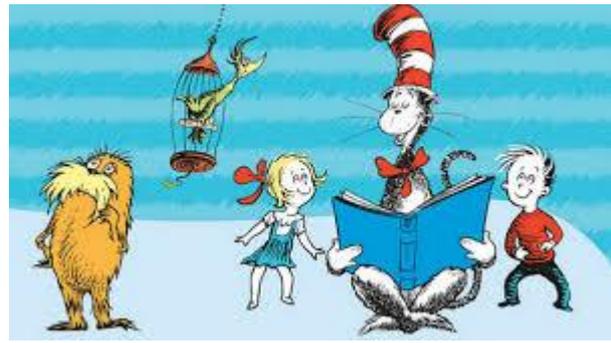
"My goodness! My gracious!"
they shouted. "MY WORD!

"My goodness! My gracious!"
they shouted. "MY WORD!
It's something brand new!
IT'S AN ELEPHANT-BIRD!!

My Best Friend

Abby Jenkins

Black and white
Thick and furry
Fast as the wind
Always in a hurry
Couple of spots
Rub my ears
Always comes when his name he
hears
Loves his ball; it's his favourite thing
What's most fun for him? Everything!
Great big tongue that licks my face
Has a crate, his very own space
Big brown eyes like moon pies
He's my friend till the very end!



Grade 3:

Nicknames

My aunt calls me "Elizabeth."
My grandma calls me "Liz."
My sister calls me "Lisa,"
and the baby calls me "Wiz."

My uncle calls me "Betty,"
while my grandpa calls me "Beth."
My brother calls me "Dizzy Liz"
or sometimes "Lizard Breath."

My teacher calls me "Betsy"
and my friends all call me "Bess."
I find these nicknames more annoying
than you'd ever guess.

I wish that they would call me
by my real name instead.
I simply HATE those nicknames,
see, my real name is Fred.

— Kenn Nesbitt

What is Pink?

*What is pink? A rose is pink
By the fountain's brink.
What is red? A poppy's red
In its barley bed.*

*What is blue? The sky is blue
Where the clouds float through.
What is white? A swan is white
Sailing in the light.*

*What is yellow? Pears are yellow,
Rich and ripe and mellow.
What is green? The grass is green,
With small flowers between.*

*What is violet? Clouds are violet
In the summer twilight.
What is orange? Why, an orange,
Just an orange!*

— Christina Rossetti

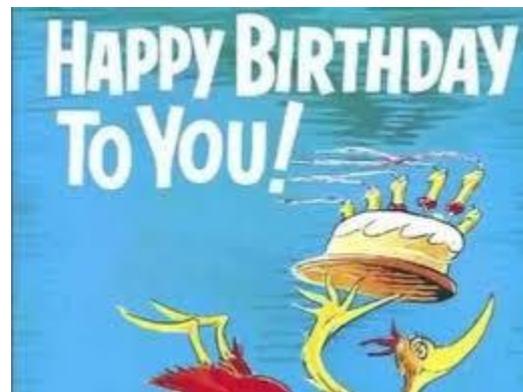
Happy Birthday to You!

by Dr. Seuss

If we didn't have birthdays,
you wouldn't be you.
If you'd never been born,
well then what would you do?
If you'd never been born,
well then what would you be?
You might be a fish!
Or a toad in a tree!
You might be a doorknob!
Or three baked potatoes!
You might be a bag full of
hard green tomatoes.

Or worse than all that...
Why, you might be a WASN'T!
A Wasn't has no fun at all.
No, he doesn't.

A Wasn't just isn't. He just
isn't present. But you...
You ARE YOU!
And, now isn't that pleasant!



Grade 4:

Oh, the Places You'll Go!

by **Dr. Seuss**

You have brains in your head.
You have feet in your shoes.
You can steer yourself
Any direction you choose.
You're on your own. And
you know what you know.
And YOU are the guy who'll
decide where to go.

You'll get mixed up,
of course, as you already know.
You'll get mixed up with
many strange birds as you go.
So be sure when you step.
Step with care and great
tact and remember that
Life's A Great Balancing Act.

And will you succeed?
Yes! You will, indeed!
(98 and $\frac{3}{4}$ percent guaranteed.)

KID, YOU'LL MOVE
MOUNTAINS!

If I Were King



By A. A. Milne

I often wish I were a King,
And then I could do anything.

If only I were King of Spain,
I'd take my hat off in the rain.

If only I were King of France,
I wouldn't brush my hair for aunts.

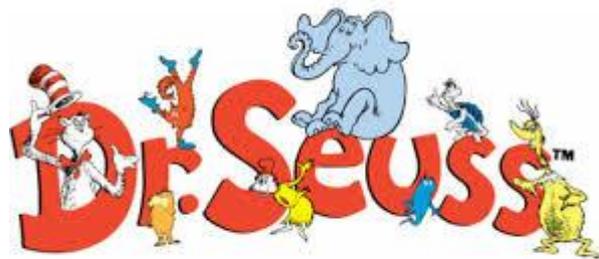
I think, if I were King of Greece,
I'd push things off the mantelpiece.

If I were King of Norway,
I'd ask an elephant to stay.

If I were King of Babylon,
I'd leave my button gloves undone.

If I were King of Timbuctoo,
I'd think of lovely things to do.

If I were King of anything,
I'd tell the soldiers, "I'm the King!"



Grade 5:

Too Many Daves

by Dr. Seuss

Did I ever tell you that Mrs. McCave
Had twenty-three sons and she named them all
Dave?
Well, she did. And that wasn't a smart thing to
do.
You see, when she wants one and calls out,
"Yoo-Hoo!
Come into the house, Dave!" she doesn't get one.
All twenty-three Daves of hers come on the run!
This makes things quite difficult at the McCaves'
As you can imagine, with so many Daves.
And often she wishes that, when they were born,
She had named one of them Bodkin Van Horn
And one of them Hoos-Foos. And one of them
Snimmm.
And one of them Hot-Shot. And one Sunny Jim.
And one of them Shadrack. And one of them
Blinkey.
And one of them Stuffy. And one of them
Stinke.
Another one Putt-Putt. Another one Moon Face.
Another one Marvin O'Gravel Balloon Face.
And one of them Ziggy. And one Soggy Muff.
One Buffalo Bill. And one Biffalo Buff.
And one of them Sneepy. And one Weepy Weed.
And one Paris Garters. And one Harris Tweed.
And one of them Sir Michael Carmichael Zutt
And one of them Oliver Boliver Butt
And one of them Zanzibar Buck-Buck McFate ...
But she didn't do it. And now it's too late.

Mary's Lamb

[Sarah Josepha Hale](#)

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go;
He followed her to school one day—
That was against the rule,
It made the children laugh and play,
To see a lamb at school.

And so the Teacher turned him out,
But still he lingered near,
And waited patiently about,
Till Mary did appear;
And then he ran to her, and laid
His head upon her arm,
As if he said—"I'm not afraid—
You'll keep me from all harm."

"What makes the lamb love Mary so?"
The eager children cry—
"O, Mary loves the lamb, you know,"
The Teacher did reply;—
"And you each gentle animal
In confidence may bind,
And make them follow at your call,
If you are always kind."



Grade 6:

One fish two fish red fish blue fish

One fish
Two fish
Red fish
Blue fish.
Black fish
Blue fish
Old fish
New fish.
This one has a little star.
This one has a little car.
Say! What a lot
Of fish there are.
Yes. Some are red. And some are blue.
Some are old. And some are new.
Some are sad.
And some are glad.
And some are very, very bad.
Why are they
Sad and glad and bad?
I do not know.
Go ask your dad.
Some are thin.
And some are fat.
The fat one has
A yellow hat.
From there to here, from here to there,
Funny things
Are everywhere.

Here are some
Who like to run.
They run for fun
In the hot, hot sun.
Oh me! Oh my!
Oh me! Oh my!
What a lot
Of funny things go by.
Some have two feet
And some have four.
Some have six feet
And some have more.
Where do they come from? I can't say.
But I bet they have come a long, long way.
We see them come.
We see them go.
Some are fast.
And some are slow.
Some are high
And some are low.
Not one of them
Is like another.
Don't ask us why.
Go ask your mother.
Say!
Look at his fingers!
One, two, three...
How many fingers
Do I see?
One, two, three, four,
Five, six, seven,
Eight, nine, ten.
He has eleven!
Eleven!
This is something new.
I wish I had
Eleven, too!

By Dr Seuss

I Think I'm in Love with My Smartphone

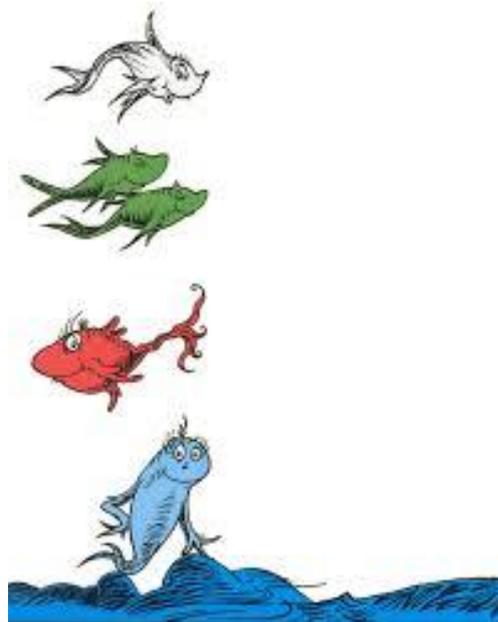
I think I'm in love with my
smartphone.
I've never felt this way before.
I used to be lonely without it.
I don't feel alone anymore.

My phone is my constant companion.
It loves to just hang out and play.
As long as I plug it in nightly,
it charms and delights me all day.

It likes to play music and movies.
It never says no to a game.
It answers my questions so sweetly.
Without it, life isn't the same.

I hope you don't misunderstand me
or think that I'm some kind of freak,
but I fell in love with my smartphone,
so we're getting married next week.

— Kenn Nesbitt



Grade 7:

Englsh Is A Pane

By Alan Balter

Hear eye sit inn English class; the likelihood is
that eye won't pass
An F on my report card wood bee worse than
swallowing glass
It's knot that eye haven't studied, often till late
at knight
Butt the rules are sew confusing, eye simply
can't get them write

Hour teacher says, "Heed my advice, ewe must
study and sacrifice"
Butt if mouses are mice and louses are lice,
how come blouses aren't blice
The confusion really abounds when adding
esses two nouns
Gooses are geese, butt mooses aren't meese;
somebody scent in the clowns

Two ultimatumms are ultimata, and a couple of
datum are data
Sew wouldn't ewe expect it wood bee correct
fore a bunch of plums to be plata?
And if more than won octopus are octopi, and
the plural of ox is oxen
Shouldn't a couple of busses bee bussi and a
pare of foxes bee foxen?

Let's talk about spelling a wile, specifically
letters witch are silent
Words like "psychologist" and "wreck" shirley
make awl of us violent
And another example quite plane witch is really
hard two explain
If it's eye before e except after sea, then what
about feign and reign?

The final exam will determine how eye due,
weather eye pass ore fail
I halve prepared as much as eye can down two
the last detail
I'm ready two give it my vary best inn just a
little wile
And then isle take a relaxing wrest on a tropical
aisle

Sick

By Shel Silverstein

"I cannot go to school today,"
Said little Peggy Ann McKay.
"I have the measles and the mumps,
A gash, a rash and purple bumps.
My mouth is wet, my throat is dry,
I'm going blind in my right eye.
My tonsils are as big as rocks,
I've counted sixteen chicken pox
And there's one more--that's seventeen,
And don't you think my face looks green?
My leg is cut--my eyes are blue--
It might be instamatic flu.
I cough and sneeze and gasp and choke,
I'm sure that my left leg is broke--
My hip hurts when I move my chin,
My belly button's caving in,
My back is wrenched, my ankle's sprained,
My 'pendix pains each time it rains.
My nose is cold, my toes are numb.
I have a sliver in my thumb.
My neck is stiff, my voice is weak,
I hardly whisper when I speak.
My tongue is filling up my mouth,
I think my hair is falling out.
My elbow's bent, my spine ain't straight,
My temperature is one-o-eight.
My brain is shrunk, I cannot hear,
There is a hole inside my ear.
I have a hangnail, and my heart is--what?
What's that? What's that you say?
You say today is. . .Saturday?
G'bye, I'm going out to play!"



Grade 8:

School by Annika Johnson

Why does a child have to go to school?
Why do we have to spend so much time
working?
This seems simply cruel.
Isn't it just irking?

Some people say school is important for
learning
Couldn't a child learn on their own?
It would cause much less yearning,
After all, we can learn from our phones.

I can somewhat see a parents point in
sending their child to school.
But why would you choose what we
wear?
It just allows us to look like fools,
We may as well come to school bear.

As you can see school is not fair,
So please don't force us to go if you
care

Behind the Selfies by Flora Mae Gudez

I have a very brief confession
that I have to make.
It's about the selfies
and it'll make you break.

I only wear glamorous tops
during my homemade shots,
Since bottoms aren't seen
And only the face is on screen.

I give all my efforts
In putting some makeups
Just to look pretty on my selfie
And wrote on it -- hashtag no makeup.

I put on my lipsticks
And do the sexy duck face,
Then captioned the output with bible
quotes
Though it doesn't relate.

Mom wondered
Why I locked myself in my room.
Oh please, I was just doing a selfie
and surprisingly came out well groomed

Grade 9:

Waiting at The Window

By A. A. Milne

These are my two drops of rain
Waiting on the window-pane.

I am waiting here to see
Which the winning one will be.

Both of them have different names.
One is John and one is James.

All the best and all the worst
Comes from which of them is first.

James has just begun to ooze.
He's the one I want to lose.

John is waiting to begin.
He's the one I want to win.

James is going slowly on.
Something sort of sticks to John.

John is moving off at last.
James is going pretty fast.

John is rushing down the pane.
James is going slow again.

James has met a sort of smear.
John is getting very near.

Is he going fast enough?
(James has found a piece of fluff.)

John has quickly hurried by.
(James was talking to a fly.)

John is there, and John has won!
Look! I told you! Here's the sun!

To Autumn

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eves
run;

To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy
cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drows'd with the fume of poppies, while thy
hook

Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers:
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cyder-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings hours by hours.

Where are the songs of spring? Ay, Where are
they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river shallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly
bourn;
Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft;
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

Grade 10:

As You Go Through Life

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Don't look for the flaws as you go through life;

And even when you find them,
It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind
And look for the virtue behind them.
For the cloudiest night has a hint of light
Somewhere in its shadows hiding;
It is better by far to hunt for a star,
Than the spots on the sun abiding.

The current of life runs ever away
To the bosom of God's great ocean.
Don't set your force 'gainst the river's
course

And think to alter its motion.
Don't waste a curse on the universe--
Remember it lived before you.
Don't butt at the storm with your puny form,
But bend and let it go o'er you.

The world will never adjust itself
To suit your whims to the letter.
Some things must go wrong your whole life
long,
And the sooner you know it the better.
It is folly to fight with the Infinite,
And go under at last in the wrestle;
The wiser man shapes into God's plan
As water shapes into a vessel.

A Naughty Little Comet

There was a little comet who lived near the Milky Way!
She loved to wander out at night and jump about and play.

The mother of the comet was a very good old star;
She used to scold her reckless child for venturing out too far.

She told her of the ogre, Sun, who loved on stars to sup,
And who asked no better pastime than in gobbling comets up.

But instead of growing cautious and of showing proper fear,
The foolish little comet edged up nearer, and more near.

She switched her saucy tail along right where the Sun could see,
And flirted with old Mars, and was as bold as bold could be.

She laughed to scorn the quiet stars who never frisked about;
She said there was no fun in life unless you ventured out.

She liked to make the planets stare, and wished no better mirth
Than just to see the telescopes aimed at her from the Earth.

She wondered how so many stars could mope through nights and days,
And let the sickly faced old Moon get all the love and praise.

And as she talked and tossed her head and switched her shining trail
The staid old mother star grew sad, her cheek grew wan and pale.

For she had lived there in the skies a million years or more,
And she had heard gay comets talk in just this way before.

And by and by there came an end to this gay comet's fun.
She went a tiny bit too far-and vanished in the Sun!

No more she swings her shining trail before the whole world's sight,
But quiet stars she laughed to scorn are twinkling every night.

Grade 11:

Common Cold

By Ogden Nash

Go hang yourself, you old M.D.!
You shall not sneer at me.
Pick up your hat and stethoscope,
Go wash your mouth with laundry soap;
I contemplate a joy exquisite
I'm not paying you for your visit.
I did not call you to be told
My malady is a common cold.

By pounding brow and swollen lip;
By fever's hot and scaly grip;
By those two red redundant eyes
That weep like woeful April skies;
By racking snuffle, snort, and sniff;
By handkerchief after handkerchief;
This cold you wave away as naught
Is the damnedest cold man ever caught!

Give ear, you scientific fossil!
Here is the genuine Cold Colossal;
The Cold of which researchers dream,
The Perfect Cold, the Cold Supreme.
This honored system humbly holds
The Super-cold to end all colds;
The Cold Crusading for Democracy;
The Führer of the Streptococcracy.

Bacilli swarm within my portals
Such as were ne'er conceived by mortals,
But bred by scientists wise and hoary
In some Olympic laboratory;
Bacteria as large as mice,
With feet of fire and heads of ice
Who never interrupt for slumber
Their stamping elephantine rumba.

A common cold, gadzooks, forsooth!
Ah, yes. And Lincoln was jostled by Booth;
Don Juan was a budding gallant,
And Shakespeare's plays show signs of talent;
The Arctic winter is fairly coolish,
And your diagnosis is fairly foolish.
Oh what a derision history holds
For the man who belittled the Cold of Colds!

A Lady Who Thinks She Is Thirty

Unwillingly Miranda wakes,
Feels the sun with terror,
One unwilling step she takes,
Shuddering to the mirror.

Miranda in Miranda's sight
Is old and gray and dirty;
Twenty-nine she was last night;
This morning she is thirty.

Shining like the morning star,
Like the twilight shining,
Haunted by a calendar,
Miranda is a-pining.

Silly girl, silver girl,
Draw the mirror toward you;
Time who makes the years to whirl
Adorned as he adored you.

Time is timelessness for you;
Calendars for the human;
What's a year, or thirty, to
Loveliness made woman?

Oh, Night will not see thirty again,
Yet soft her wing, Miranda;
Pick up your glass and tell me, then--
How old is Spring, Miranda?

Grade 12:

Little Red Riding Hood and The Wolf

By Roald Dahl

As soon as Wolf began to feel
That he would like a decent meal,
He went and knocked on Grandma's door.
When Grandma opened it, she saw
The sharp white teeth, the horrid grin,
And Wolfie said, 'May I come in?'
Poor Grandmamma was terrified,
'He's going to eat me up!' she cried.
And she was absolutely right.
He ate her up in one big bite.
But Grandmamma was small and tough,
And Wolfie wailed, 'That's not enough!
I haven't yet begun to feel
That I have had a decent meal!
He ran around the kitchen yelping,
'I've got to have a second helping!'

Then added with a frightful leer,
'I'm therefore going to wait right here
Till Little Miss Red Riding Hood
Comes home from walking in the wood.'

He quickly put on Grandma's clothes,
(Of course he hadn't eaten those).
He dressed himself in coat and hat.
He put on shoes, and after that,
He even brushed and curled his hair,
Then sat himself in Grandma's chair.

In came the little girl in red.
She stopped. She stared. And then she said,
'What great big ears you have, Grandma.'
'All the better to hear you with,'
the Wolf replied.
'What great big eyes you have, Grandma.'
said Little Red Riding Hood.
'All the better to see you with,'
the Wolf replied.
He sat there watching her and smiled.
He thought, I'm going to eat this child.
Compared with her old Grandmamma,
She's going to taste like caviar.

Then Little Red Riding Hood said, '
But Grandma, what a lovely great big
furry coat you have on.'

'That's wrong!' cried Wolf.
'Have you forgot
To tell me what BIG TEETH I've got?
Ah well, no matter what you say,
I'm going to eat you anyway.'

The small girl smiles. One eyelid flickers.
She whips a pistol from her knickers.
She aims it at the creature's head,
And bang bang bang, she shoots him dead.

A few weeks later, in the wood,
I came across Miss Riding Hood.
But what a change! No cloak of red,
No silly hood upon her head.
She said, 'Hello, and do please note
My lovely furry wolfskin coat.'

All the World's A Stage

By William Shakespeare

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the
infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
And then the whining school-boy, with his
satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like
snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a
soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the
pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in
quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the
justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age
shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on
side,
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too
wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly
voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans
everything.