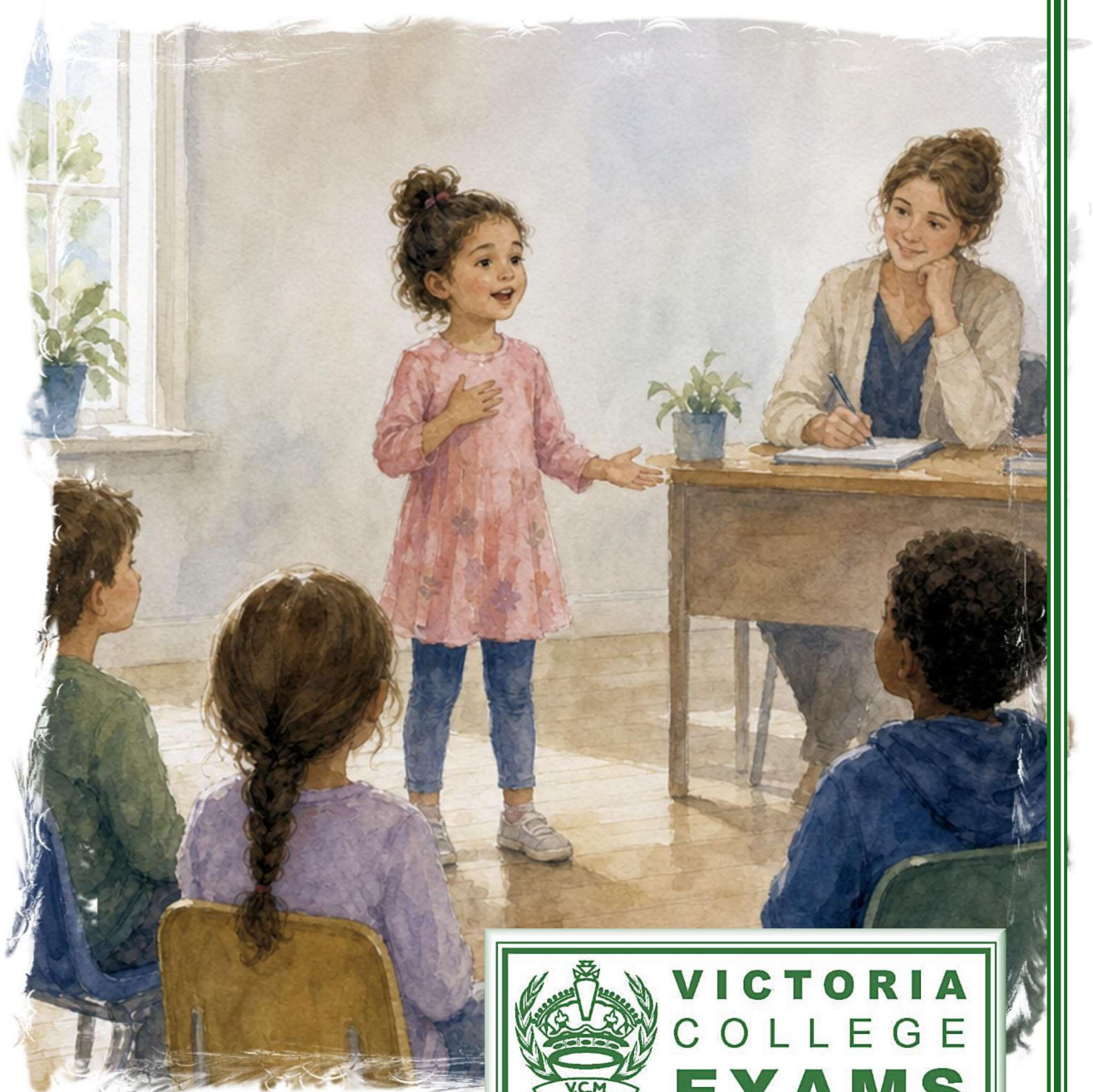


Introductory Anthology



**VICTORIA
COLLEGE
EXAMS**

Introductory A exam pieces

Busy Bee

Buzz buzz bumble bee
What a noise you make.
I can hear you
Buzz all day
Flying close to me
Busy buzzy fuzzy bee
You make me laugh
You tickle me.

Una Warnes

Chips

They don't have any stones
They don't have any pips
They don't have any bones
That's why I like chips.

Julie Holder

Clumsy Clarissa

Clarissa did the washing up:
She smashed a plate and chipped a cup,
And dropped a glass and cracked a mug,
Then pulled the handle off a jug.
She couldn't do much worse, you'd think,
But then she went and broke the sink.

Colin West

Cornish Waking

A sea-bird's shadow went across the wall:
My bedroom faced the sea,
A wordless thought I never shall recall
Escaped scot-free.

Frances Cornford

Cousin Jane

Yesterday my cousin Jane
Said was an aeroplane,
But I wanted further proof –
So I pushed her off the roof.

Colin West

Deborah Delora

Deborah Delora, she liked a bit of fun –
She went to the baker's and bought a penny bun;
Dipped the bun in treacle and threw it at her teacher –
Deborah Delora! What a wicked creature!

Anon.

Felicia Ropps

Funny, how Felicia Ropps
Always handles things in shops!
Always pinching, always poking,
Always feeling, always stroking
Things she has no right to touch!
Goops like that annoy me much!

Gelett Burgess

Happiness

John had
Great Big
Waterproof
Boots on;
John had a
Great Big
Waterproof
Hat;
John had a
Great Big
Waterproof
Mackintosh--
And that
(Said John)
Is
That.

A.A.Milne

The Hidebehind

Have you seen the Hidebehind?
I don't think you will, mind you,
Because as you're running through the dark
The Hidebehind's behind you.

Michael Rosen.

Jammy Jim

Jumping Jim fell plonk
In the jam.
Mummy came and said
"Where's my Jim"?
She picked up the jam pot
And threw it in the bin.

Una Warnes

Little John was not content

Little John was not content
Unless he played with wet cement.
 One day alas in someone's yard,
 He stayed too long and set quite hard.
His mother didn't want him home
So now he's just a garden gnome.

Max Fatchen

Matthew, Mark, Luke and John

Matthew, Mark, Luke and John
Bless the bed that I lie on.
Four corners to my bed,
Four angels round my head.
One to watch and one to pray
And two to bear my soul away.

Thomas Ady

My Teddy

Teddy is my
Favourite bear
He is soft all over
With bright yellow hair.

Big brown eyes and
A soft round nose
He is always with me
Wherever I go.

Una Warnes

The Tide in the River

The Tide in the River,
The Tide in the River,
The Tide in the River runs deep.
I saw a shiver
Pass over the river
As the tide turned in its sleep.

Eleanor Farjeon

Old Joke

“Look at your hands!”
The teacher cried.
“Couldn’t be dirtier
If you tried.
What would you say
If mine were like this?”
‘We’d be too polite
To mention it, Miss!’”

Allan Ahlberg

Pepper and Salt

I peppered my fish and salted my chips
At supper the other night,
Then all of a sudden, my fish gave a sneeze
And I got a terrible fright.

Barbara Ireson

Sing a Song of Sixpence

Sing a Song of Sixpence
A pocket full of rye;
Four and twenty blackbirds,
Baked in a pie.

When the pie was opened,
The birds began to sing;
Was not that a dainty dish
To set before a king?

The king was in his countinghouse
Counting out his money;
The queen was in the parlour
Eating bread and honey.

The maid was in the garden,
Hanging out the clothes,
Along came a blackbird
And snapped off her nose.

Anon.

Though hippos weigh at least a tonne

Though hippos weigh at least a tonne,
They love to wade and wallow,
They never sink.
I sometimes think
A hippo must be hollow!

Doug Macleod.

Tommy Would not Go to Bed

Young Tommy would not go to bed,
Whose nose was terribly bent,
But sat watching TV instead.
One day, I suppose,
As he stayed up to stare,
He could follow his nose,
His face went all square,
And no one would know where he went,
And aeries grew from his head.

Anon

Triolet

I wish I were a jellyfish
That cannot fall downstairs:
Of all the things I wish to wish
I wish I were a jellyfish
That hasn't any cares,
And doesn't even have to wish
'I wish I were a jellyfish
That cannot fall downstairs'

George Coulehan Heseltine.

What Are Heavy?

What are heavy? Sea-sand and sorrow;
What are brief? Today and tomorrow;
What are frail? Spring blossoms and youth;
What are deep? The ocean and truth.

Christina Rossetti

Introductory B exam pieces

Baby Daisy-Bell

Daisy-Bell lives in a field.
She is a baby brown calf with a
white patch.
Moo-moo she goes;
Daisy-Bell keeps close to her Mummy.
The farmer gives them hay.

Calves like grass and sweet hay to eat.
Daisy-Bell likes to stand under the trees:
it is shady there.

At night Daisy-Bell sleeps in a barn.
There is clean straw to sleep in
and fresh hay to eat.

Una Warnes

Back to School

In the last week of the holidays
I was feeling glum.
I could hardly wait for school to start;
Neither could my mum.
Now we've been back a week,
I could do with a breather.
I can hardly wait for the holidays;
Teacher can't either.

Allan Ahlberg

Black Cat

A cat as black
As blackest coal
Is out upon
His midnight stroll.
His steps are soft
His walk is slow,
His eyes are gold,
They flash and glow.
And so I run
And so I duck,
I do not need
His black-cat luck

Jack Prelutsky

Careless Willie

Willie, with a thirst for gore,
Nailed his sister to the door.
Mother said, with humour quaint:
'Now, Willie dear, don't scratch the paint.'

Anon

Don't Call Alligator Long-Mouth till You Cross River

Call alligator long-mouth
call alligator saw-mouth
call alligator pushy-mouth
call alligator scissors-mouth
call alligator raggedy-mouth
call alligator bumpy-bum
call alligator all dem rude word
but better wait
till you cross river.

John Agard

The Early Morning

The moon on the one hand, the dawn on the other:
The moon is sister, the dawn is my brother.
The moon on my left-hand and the dawn on my right.
My brother, good morning: my sister, goodnight.

Hilaire Belloc

Hippopotamuses

Hippopotamuses never
Put on boots in rainy weather.
To slosh in mud up to their ears
Brings them great joy and merry tears.
Their pleasure lies in being messed up
They just won't play at being dressed up.
In fact a swamp is heaven plus
If you're a hippopotamus.

Arnold Spilka

Humpty Dumpty went to the moon

Humpty Dumpty went to the moon
On a supersonic spoon.
He took some porridge and a tent
But when he landed
The spoon got bent.
Humpty said he didn't care
And for all I know
He's still up there.

Michael Rosen

I Don't Want to Go into School

I don't want to go into school today, Mum,
I don't feel like schoolwork today.
Oh, don't make me go to school today, Mum
Oh, please let me stay home and play.

But you must go to school, my cherub, my lamb.
If you don't it will be a disaster,
How would they manage without you, my sweet,
After all, you are the headmaster!

Colin McNaughton

Ginger The Pussy Cat

Ginger is a pussy cat.
He pushes a red ball.
It rolls on the rug; the rug is blue.
Shh – shh – there is a mouse .

Ginger sneezed,
he frightened the mouse.
The grey mouse dashed off.
He ran away .

Ginger has sharp claws.
He sharpened his claws on the carpet.
Ginger drank his milk.
Splish splash splosh.

Una Warnes

I like soft-boiled eggs

I like soft-boiled eggs
I like liver.
I like chicken legs
And jelly. See it shiver.

I like cabbage –
All kinds of greens.
I like sausages
And bubbling brown baked beans.

John Kitching

Launderama

The clothes go bouncing up and down
The powder seethes and soaps
The load reverses and goes on
The light clicks off and stops.

The drier is as hot as fire
You fold your clothes away
cleaned of their rain and mud and mire
Until another day.

Ian Crichton Smith

Peter

I'm not sitting next to Peter
For he's such a messy eater,
And although he's my own brother,
Can't we swap him for another?
(For I'd much prefer a sibling
Who is not forever dribbling.)

Colin West

Pink Jelly

Pink jelly, yellow jelly,
Shaking with the cold,
It can't stand up
And do what it's told.

But jelly in my tummy
Is warm and cosy there,
It runs about and
Plays nice games
With everything in there .

Una Warnes

Introductory C exam pieces

Bob-Tail Bunnykins

Bunnykins was small.
He was a white baby rabbit and
He lived in a garden.
His Mum and Dad lived there too
With lots of other rabbits.

They all ate their dinner together.
Bunnykins has small teeth.
His teeth are sharp.
He ran in the nettles and
Found some carrots.
He ate them up.
Bunnykins has a bobtail ,
he runs in the cabbages .

Una Warnes

Chester's Undoing

Chester Lester Kirkenby Dale
Caught his sweater on a nail.
As Chester Lester started to travel
So his sweater began to unravel
A great long trail of crinkly wool
Followed Chester down to school.

Then his ears unravelled!
His neck and his nose!

Chester undid from his head
To his toes.

Chester's undone, one un-purl, two un-plain,
Who's got the pattern to knit him again?

Julie Holder.

Circus Elephant

Does the Elephant remember
In the grey light before dawn,
Old noises of the jungle
In mornings long gone?

Does the Elephant remember
The cry of hungry beasts;
The Tiger and the Leopard,
The Lion at his feasts?

Do his mighty eardrums listen
For the thunder of the feet
Of the Buffalo and Zebra
In the dark and dreadful heat?

Does His Majesty remember,
Does he stir himself and dream
Of the long-forgotten music
Of a long-forgotten stream

Kathryn Worth

The common cormorant

The common cormorant (or shag)
Lays eggs inside a paper bag,
You follow the idea, no doubt?
It's to keep the lightning out.
But what these unobservant birds
Have never thought of is that herds
Of wandering bears might come with buns
And steal the bags to hold the crumbs.

Christopher Isherwood

Emergencies

Red Alert! Red Alert!
I've dropped my lolly in the dirt.

S.O.S! S.O.S!
I've spilled some custard down my dress.

999! 999!
My bike's got tangled in the washing line.

Ring the alarm! Ring the alarm!
There's an insect landing on my arm.

Bring First Aid! Bring First Aid!
There's a beetle in my lemonade.

Ambulance! And make it quick!
I think I'm going to be sick.

Tony Mitton

How Doth the Little Crocodile

How doth the little crocodile
Improve his shining tail,
And pour the waters of the Nile
On every golden scale!
How cheerfully he seems to grin,
How neatly spreads his claws,
And welcomes little fishes in
With gently smiling jaws!

Lewis Carroll

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

The Llamas' Holiday

A bunch of adventurous llamas
Dressed up in bright coloured pyjamas
And set off one night
On a holiday flight
To a beach on the balmy Bahamas.

They didn't enjoy themselves fully
When they swam, they were heavy and woolly—
And they might have all drowned,
But the lifeguard came round
And hoisted them out with a pulley!

Gordon Snell

The Night will Never Stay

The night will never stay,
The night will still go by,
Though with a million stars
You pin it to the sky;
Though you bind it with the blowing wind
And buckle it with the moon,
The night will slip away
Like sorrow or a tune.

Eleanor Farjeon

Nina

Wee , experimental Nina
Dropped her mother's Dresden china
From a seventh-story casement,
Smashing, crashing to the basement.
Nina, somewhat apprehensive,
Said: 'This china is expensive,
Yet it proves by demonstration
Newton's law of gravitation.'

Wallace Irwin

Noise

Billy is blowing his trumpet,
Bertie is banging a tin;
Betty is crying for mummy
And Bob has pricked Ben with a pin.
Baby is crying out loudly;
He's out on the lawn in his pram.
I am the only silent one
And I've eaten all of the jam.

James Parker

The Runners

We're hopeless at racing
Me and my friend.
I'm slow at the start,
She's slow at the end.

She has a stitch,
I get sore feet,
And neither one of us
Cares to compete.

But co-operation's
A different case,
You should see us
In the three-legged race!

Allan Ahlberg

Sand

Sand in your fingernails
Sand between your toes
Sand in your earholes
Sand up your nose!

Sand in your sandwiches
Sand on your bananas
Sand in your bed at night
Sand in your pyjamas!

Sand in your sandals
Sand in your hair
Sand in your knickers
Sand everywhere!

John Foster

Sea Song

Seashell, seashell
Murmuring sand,
Murmuring sand.

Seashell, seashell
Far-away land
Far-away land

Seashell, seashell
Sing in my hand
Sing in my hand

Seashell, seashell
I'll understand
You'll understand

James Kirkup

The More It Snows

The more it
SNOWS--tiddely-pom,
The more it
GOES-- tiddely pom
The more it
GOES-- tiddely pom
On
Snowing.

And nobody
KNOWS-- tiddely -pom
How cold my
TOES-- tiddely -pom
How cold my
TOES-- tiddely -pom
Are
Growing

A.A.Milne

Up The Stairs

No one knows that when it's dark
I'm really scared to climb
Our dark, high steep and winding stair

My desk and homework are up there
But monsters lurk upon our stairs.
Dragons too I sometimes see
Peeping through the bannisters,
Just waiting to breathe
Their fire on me.

Upstairs I creep on tippy toes.
They are not there,
They must be sleeping in their lair.

My bedroom at last
The light is on—
When morning comes
The dragons are gone.

Una Warnes

Introductory D exam pieces

Amelia Mixed the Mustard

Amelia mixed the mustard,
She mixed it good and thick;
She put it in the custard
And made her mother sick,
And showing satisfaction
By many a loud huzza
'Observe,' said she, 'the action
Of mustard on Mamma.'

A. E. Housman

Aristotle

There was a boy called Aristotle,
Who drank green liquid from a bottle.
He wasn't old enough, or able,
To read the writing on the label –

NOT TO BE TAKEN

A pity that he couldn't read.
It made him very sick indeed.

Alison Winn

A Crack Band

Early morning boiler gives a bagpipe bellow,
starts to heat the water,
makes it chuckle like a cello,

radiators wake up with a tinging and a ping
pizzicato plucking of a violin,

metal's making music on a xylophone,
pipes are groaning notes like an old trombone,

castanets are clacking,
there's a clanging from a gong
as the house warms up
and the band plays on.

Gina Douthwaite

Bedtime

When I go upstairs to bed,
I usually give a loud cough.
This is the scare
the Monsters off.

When I come to my room
I usually slam the door right back,
This is to squash The Man in Black
Who sometimes hides there.

Nor do I walk to the bed,
But usually run and jump instead.
This is to stop The Hand –
Which is under there all right–
From grabbing my ankles.

Allan Ahlberg

Billy's Bath

Billy was having a bath

Tra la

With a Yodel, a yell and a laugh

Tra la

He swallowed the soap,

which hung from a rope,

The whole cake, not even a half,

Tra la

And he bubbled a bit, and dribbled a bit

Then a fountain of bubbles blew out,

Tra la

And they bounced down the stairs,

and they took unawares

All the family sitting at tea,

Tra la.

And they spread over the table,

and no one was able, to eat,

Because they couldn't see,

Tra la

And they looked high and low, in the bubbles, like snow

For young Bill; they're still looking today,

Tra la

And if you shine a bright light in the black of the night

You can see him there floating away,

Tra la.

Clive Riche

Dressing Up

When I dress up
I always feel just like a queen
in Mum's high heels.

I want to look
my queenly best,
so I'll put on
Mum's new long dress.

Crown jewels next.
Now, let me see,
where does Mum keep her jewellery?
On royal lips,
the queen then slicks
a nice thick layer of Mum's lipstick.

Uh oh! Here's Mum,
I fear the worst.
The queen forgot
to ask Mum first.

Jane Clarke

Fidgety Frank

Frank never, never would keep still,
His fidgets made his mother ill.

‘Oh, do leave off!’ the folks would say,
Or you will fidget right away!’

He wore out holes in all his boots,
And in the knees of all his suits;

With fidgeting he grew so thin,
He soon looked only bone and skin.

At bedtime when he had his bath,
He was no bigger than a lath;

He fidgeted in bed at night,
Until he looked a shadow quite

Thus, bit by bit, from day to day,
He fidgeted himself away;
And now he’s got so tiny small,
There’s nothing left of him at all!

Clifton Bingham.

Furry Bear

If I were a bear,
And a big bear too,
I shouldn't much care
If it froze or snowed;
I shouldn't much mind If it snowed or friz –
I'd be all fur-lined
With a coat like his!
For I'd have fur boots and a brown fur wrap,
And brown fur knickers and a big fur cap.
I'd have a fur muffle-ruff to cover my jaws,
And brown fur mittens on my big brown paws.
With a big brown furry-down up to my head,
I'd sleep all the winter in a big fur bed.

A.A.Milne

Jonathan

There was a boy called Jonathan
Who dreamt that he could fly.
He made himself some paper wings,
Determined he would try.
He stood upon the windowsill,
Stretched out his arms and flew.
He got a bump upon his head,
A leg in plaster too.

Alison Winn

Just a Skin Thing

This is the skin
That I've grown up in.
I've filled every part
And look pretty smart.
It starts at my head,
Reaches down to my feet,
It stretches so I can
Sit down on a seat.
It's got a few freckles
That others can see,
And fingerprint markings
To prove that I'm me.
Skin comes in all sizes
And colours and shades,
And proves, without doubt,
We're all brilliantly made!

Coral Rumble

Lazy Lawrence

Lazy Lawrence loves his bed,
Lies there like a sleepy-head.
When he's called, he gives a snore,
Turns and goes to sleep once more.

Home to dinner he will crawl,
Like a fat snail up a wall.
When he gets a holiday
He's too lazy, far, to play:

Cricket, football, all are one,
Lazy Lawrence cannot run.
Other boys ten sums can do
In the time that he does two.

Be a man some day? ... Oh, no!
He's too lazy, far, to grow!

Clifton Bingham

Our Mother

Our mother is a detective.
She is a great finder of clues.
She found the mud and grass on our shoes,
When we were told not to go in the park -
Because it would be getting dark -
But come straight home.

She found the jam on our thumbs,
And in our beds the tiniest crumbs
From cakes we said we had not eaten.
When we blamed the cat for breaking the fruit bowl-
Because we did not want any fuss-
She *knew* it was us.

Allan Ahlberg

Porridge

Dorothea, Dolly, Dot,
wouldn't eat her porridge hot.
Left it sitting on the table, said,
'I'll eat it when I'm able.'

'Eat it now,'
her mother said.
'Or you'll go straight back to bed.'

'NO,' said one.
'YES,'
Said the other. 'Dorothea I'm your mother
simply do as you are told.'
'No,' said
Dolly Dot.
'It's cold.'

Peggy Dunstan

Quiet Fun

My son Augustus, in the street, one day,
Was feeling quite exceptionally merry.
A stranger asked him: 'Can you show me, pray,
The quickest way to Brompton Cemetery?'
'The quickest way? You bet I can!' said Gus,
And pushed the fellow underneath a bus.

Whatever people say about my son,
He does enjoy his little bit of fun.

Harry Graham

School is great

When I'm at home, I just can't wait
To get to school – I think it's great!

Assemblies I could do without,
But I love it, giving hymnbooks out.

Writing's fun, when you try each letter,
But sharpening the pencils first – that's better!

Football leaves me with the stitch,
But I'd miss my playtime to mark the pitch.

Cooking cakes gives you a thrill,
But cleaning the bowl out's better still.

Story's nice at the end of the day,
But I'd rather empty the rubbish away.

Yes, school's great – though I'll tell you what:
Going-home-time beats the lot!

Snarl

When Dave Dirt left the dentist,
He thought he'd better stop
And check out what the man had done.
He chose a darkened shop
He thought was shut for dinner.

He snarled in at the pane
To see his teeth reflected there
And then he snarled again.

But suddenly he noticed,
As he forced his lips out wide,
A cobbler staring at him who
Was mending shoes inside.

The cobbler looked quite horrified.
Dave looked as though he'd eat him.
He turned and ran off down the street.
Dave didn't want to meet him!

Kit Wright

Some One

Some one came knocking
 At my wee, small door;
Some one 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 on the wall,
Only from the forest
 The screech-owl's call,
Ony the cricket whistling
 While the dewdrops fall,
 So I know not who came knocking;
At all, at all, at all.

Walter de la Mare

The Stickleback

The stickleback's a spiky chap,
Worse than a bit of a briar.
Hungry Pike would sooner swallow
Embers from a fire.

The stickleback is fearless in
The way he loves his wife.
Every minute of the day
He guards her with his life.

She, like him, is dressed to kill
In stiff and steely prickles,
And when they kiss, there bubbles up
The laughter of the tickles

Ted Hughes

The Witch's Brew

Into my pot there now must go
Leg of lamb and a green frog's toe.

Old men's socks and dirty jeans,
A rotten egg and cold baked beans.

Hubble bubble at the double
Cooking pot stir up some trouble.

One dead fly and a wild wasp's sting,
The eye of a sheep and the heart of a King.

A stolen jewel and mouldy salt
And for good flavour a jar of malt.

Hubble bubble at the double
Cooking pot stir up some trouble.

Wing of bird and head of mouse,
Screams and howls from a haunted house

And don't forget the pint of blood
Or the sardine tin and the clod of mud.

Hubble bubble at the double
Cooking pot stir up some trouble.

Wes Magee

A good way to learn a poem is to copy it out, either on paper or onto a device. Illustrating it with a picture will give you something to keep and remind you.

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