

YEAR 2

THE AIRMAN

Anonymous

RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR

The engine roars,
The Propeller spins.
“Close the doors!”
Our flight begins.

ZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ

The plane rises;
It skims the trees.
Over the houses
We fly at our ease.

MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM

ZOOM goes the plane,
The engine hums.
Then home again,
And down it comes.....

MMMMM

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ZRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR

YEAR 3

DOWNHILL

by Sheila Simmons

I'm rushing
I'm dashing
Through puddles
I'm splashing,
Feet on the handlebars
Hands clinging tight.
I'm gliding
I'm sliding
Hair flying
I'm trying
To keep on the saddle
The bridge is in sight.

I'm singing
Bell ringing
Wind whipping
I'm slipping
About the corner
So fast I could scream!
Still faster! Disaster!
Brakes failing
I'm sailing
Over the handlebars
Into the stream!

YEAR 4

I'M JUST GOING OUT FOR A MOMENT

by Michael Rosen

I'm just going out for a moment.

Why?

To make a cup of tea.

Why?

Because I'm thirsty.

Why?

Because it's hot.

Why?

Because the sun's shining.

Why?

Because it's summer.

Why?

Because it's summer.

Why?

Because that's when it is.

Why?

Why don't you stop saying why?

Why?

YEAR 5

TODAY IS VERY BORING

by Jack Prelutsky

Today is very boring.
It's a very boring day.
There is nothing much to look at,
There is nothing much to say,
There's a peacock on my sneakers,
There's a penguin on my head,
There's a dormouse on my doorstep,
I am going back to bed.

Today is very boring,
It is boring through and through,
There is absolutely nothing
That I think I want to do,
I see giants riding rhinos,
And an ogre with a sword,
There's a dragon blowing smoke rings,
I am positively bored.

Today is very boring,
I can hardly help but yawn,
There's a flying saucer landing
In the middle of my lawn,
A volcano just erupted
Less than half a mile a way,
And I think I felt an earthquake,
It's a very boring day.

YEAR 6

BRAVADO

by Enid Barraclough

Who says I'm afraid because it's dark?
There's nothing out there in the hall—
There's only a clock going tickety-tock,
I'm really not frightened at all.

Who says I'm scared when the lights are out?
I don't mind the shadows outside;
It's easy to see it's only a tree
So there's really no need to hide.

Who says I'm frightened of something queer
That's crouching right under my bed?
There's nothing there, so why should I scare—
And why should I bother my head?

Afraid of the dark?
Of course I'm not,
And of course my heart doesn't knock—
For why should I fear when all I can hear
Is that friendly old tickety-tock.

YEAR 7

NIGHT

by Enid Barraclough

Outside the sky is darkly blue,
The trees black shadows
Cast in silhouette—
Late birds twitter
Distant traffic hums,
The grass is shadowy now
No longer green.
The daffodils are standing
Sentinels—
Each one a yellow torch
Piercing the dark,
Till night time is complete
And all will sleep.
In these few moments
Swift the blackness comes—
Somewhere far away
The busy traffic hums.

YEARS 8 & 9

HOLIDAYS AT HOME

by Elizabeth Jennings

There was a family who, every year,
Would go abroad sometimes to Italy,
Sometimes to France. The youngest did not dare
To say, "I much prefer to stay right here."

You see, abroad there were no slot-machines,
No bright pink rock with name going through it,
No rain, no boarding-houses, no baked beans
No landladies, and no familiar scenes.

And George, the youngest boy, so longed to say.
"I don't like Greece, I don't like the views;
I don't like having fierce sun every day,
And, most of all, I detest the way

The food is cooked - that garlic and that soup,
Those strings of pasta, and no cakes at all."
The family wondered why George seemed to droop
And looked just like a thin hen in a coop.

They never guessed why when they said,
"Next year We can't afford abroad, we'll stay right
here,"
George looked so pleased and soon began to dream
Of piers, pink rock, deep sand, and Devonshire
cream.

YEARS 10, 11 & 12

AFTER WE'VE GONE

by Fran Landesman

Who will live in our house
After we've gone
Will they have green plastic
Instead of a lawn?

Who will live in our house
After the wars?
Will there be mutations
That crawl on all fours?

Will the shiny robot workers
Be dreaming strange, new dreams?
Will the pigeons, big as turkeys
Roost on our ancient beams?

Who will use our kitchens?
What will they cook?
Who will sleep in our room
And how will they look?

Will they feel our ghosts disturbing
Their cybernetic years
With the echoes of our laughter
And the shadows of tears?



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