

Primary 1

Mr Giraffe by Geoffrey Lapage

O Mister Giraffe, you make me laugh,
You seem to be made all wrong;
Your head is so high up there in the sky
And your neck is so very long
That your dinner and tea, it seems to
me,
Have such a long way to go,
And I'm wondering how they manage to
know
The way to your tummy below.

Primary 2

Upside Down by Aileen Fisher

It's funny how beetles
And creatures like that
Can walk upside down
As well as walk flat:

They crawl on a ceiling
And climb on a wall
Without any practice
Or trouble at all,

While I have been trying
For a year (maybe more)
And still I can't stand
With my head on the floor.

Primary 3

Flying by J.M Westrup

I saw the moon,
One windy night,
Flying so fast –
All silvery white –
Over the sky
Like a toy balloon
Loose from its string –
A runaway moon.
The frosty stars
Went racing past,
Chasing her on
Ever so fast.
Then everyone said,
'It's the clouds that fly,
And the stars and the moon
Stand still in the sky.'
But I don't mind –
I saw the moon
Sailing away
Like a toy
Balloon.

Primary 4

Alphabet Stew by Jack Prelutsky

Words can be stuffy, as sticky as glue,
but words can be tutored to tickle you too,
to rumble and tumble and tingle and sing,
to buzz like a bumblebee, coil like a spring.

Juggle their letters and jumble their sounds,
swirl them in circles and stack them in mounds,
twist them and tease them and turn them
about,
teach them to dance upside down, inside out.

Make mighty words whisper and tiny words
roar
In ways no one ever had thought of before;
cook an improbable alphabet stew,
and words will reveal little secrets to you.

Primary 5

I'd like to be a teabag by Peter Dixon

I'd like to be a teabag,
And stay at home all day –
And talk to other teabags
In a teabag sort of way . . .

I'd love to be a teabag,
And lie in a little box –
And never have to wash my face
Or change my dirty socks . . .

I'd like to be a teabag,
An Earl Grey one perhaps,
And doze all day and lie around
With Earl Grey kind of chaps.

I wouldn't have to do a thing,
No homework, jobs or chores –
Comfy in my caddy
Of teabags and their snores.

I wouldn't have to do exams,
I needn't tidy rooms,
Or sweep the floor or feed the cat
Or wash up all the spoons.

I wouldn't have to do a thing,
A life of bliss – you see . . .
Except that once in all my life

I'd make a cup of tea!

Primary 6

The Wind by Gareth Owen

Listen to the wind awaiting
Rattling the garden gate
Brushing the leaves of the oak tree
Rustling in the grate.

The cat lies flat on the hearth rug
Washing his face with his paws
The dog's asleep in the basket
Everyone's indoors.

It screams along the alleys
It bellows up the street
It groans between the gravestones
It bowls hats along the street.

It's pounding at the windows
Like the hooves of any angry horse
If it blows like this much longer
It'll knock the world off its course.

It's quietened down at bedtime
Snoring loud and deep
At six it rattles the milk crates
And finally falls asleep.

Primary 7

Driving Home by Gerard Benson

Coming back home from Granny's in the car
I try to stay awake, I really do.
I look around to find the evening star
And make a wish. Who knows? It might come true.

I watch the yellow windows whizzing by
And sometimes see a person in a room,
Cutting a loaf of bread, tying a tie,
Stretching, or watching telly in the gloom.

I see the street lamps flash past, one by one,
And watch how people's shadows grow and shrink.
It's like a trick; I wonder how it's done.
I breathe and watch, and settle back to think.

But everything gets mixed and far away;
I feel I'm moving but I don't know where.
I hear a distant voice which seems to say,
'Wake up! (She's fast asleep.) Wake up! We're there!'