

E32

Live Competition Mode

\$220

Solo Verse Speaking, Non-Open**Primary 6, Girls*****The Cheer-up Song by John Whitworth***

The Works Key Stage 1 – Chosen by Pie Corbett, pages 154-155

Macmillan Children's Books ISBN 9781447274841

- First line: No one likes a boaster
- Last line: Yes it's me! ME! MEEE!

The Cheer-up Song

No one likes a boaster
 And I'm not one to boast,
 But everyone who knows me knows
 That I'm the most.

I'm the most attractive, I'm
 The Media Superstar,
 One hundred per cent in-tell-i-gent
 And pop-u-lar.

All my jokes are funny.
 Every one's a laugh.
 Madonna pays me money for
 My au-to-graph.

For I'm the snake's pyjamas, I'm
 The bumble-bee's patella,
 I'm a juicesome peach at a picnic on the beach, I'm
 The rainmaker's umbrella.

Yes I'm the death-by-chocolate, I'm
 The curried beans on toast,
 And everyone who knows me knows that
 I'm the most.

Tee-rr-eye-double-eff-eye-see
 Triffic! TRIFFIC! TRIFFIC!
 Yes it's me! ME! MEEE!

John Whitworth

E33

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Solo Verse Speaking, Non-Open**Primary 6, Girls*****Cobweb Morning by June Crebbin***

The Puffin Book of Fantastic First Poems – Edited by June Crebbin, page 74
 Puffin Books ISBN 9780141308982

- First line: On a Monday morning
- Last line: The cobweb morning.

COBWEB MORNING

On a Monday morning
 We do spellings and Maths.
 And silent reading.

But on the Monday
 After the frost
 We went straight outside.

Cobwebs hung in the cold air,
 Everywhere.
 All around the playground,
 They clothed the trees,
 Dressed every bush
 In veils of fine white lace.

Each web,
 A wheel of patient spinning.
 Each spider,
 Hidden,
 Waiting.

Inside,
 We worked all morning
 To capture the outside.

Now
 In our patterns and poems
 We remember
 The cobweb morning.

June Crebbin



Primary 6, Girls

Something Told the Wild Geese by Rachel Field

A Poem for Every Autumn Day – Edited by Allie Esiri, page 70

Macmillan Children's Books ISBN 9781529045222

- First line: Something told the wild geese
- Last line: Winter in their cry.
- (The lines beneath the title not to be recited.)

Something Told the Wild Geese

At this time of year, many kinds of birds will migrate south, travelling from their breeding grounds in the north to a warm place for winter. Geese fly in a V-formation in order to reduce air resistance and help them conserve energy for their long flights, which can be many thousands of miles. Rachel Field's poem observes the way in which birds, seemingly mysteriously, know when the seasons are turning, and when they must migrate.

Something told the wild geese
It was time to go.
Though the fields lay golden
Something whispered, – 'Snow.'

Leaves were green and stirring,
Berries, lustre-glossed,
But beneath warm feathers
Something cautioned, – 'Frost.'

All the sagging orchards
Steamed with amber spice,
But each wild breast stiffened
At remembered Ice.

Something told the wild geese
It was time to fly, –
Summer sun was on their wings,
Winter in their cry.