

## **Set Poems Year 1/2**

### **The Little Turtle *By Vachal Lindsay***

There was a little turtle.  
He lived in a box.  
He swam in a puddle.  
He climbed on the rocks.  
He snapped at a mosquito.  
He snapped at a flea.  
He snapped at a minnow.  
And he snapped at me.

He caught the mosquito.  
He caught the flea.  
He caught the minnow.  
But he didn't catch me.

## **Set Poem Years 3 & 4**

### **If Dogs Could Talk *By Kirk Mann***

If dogs could talk I think our dog  
Would have a lot to say.  
He'd probably tell my little brother,  
"SIT and now just STAY."

He'd probably tell my sister,  
"How about an ice-cream cone?"  
He'd probably tell my mother,  
"Please go get me a big bone."

He'd probably tell my father,  
"Make a left turn up ahead."  
He'd probably tell me,  
"Kid, tonight I'm sleeping in your bed."

## **Set Poems Years 1 & 2**

### **Pancake? *By Shel Silverstein***

Pancake?  
Who wants a pancake,  
Sweet and piping hot?  
Good little Gracie looks up and says,  
"I'll take the one on top."  
Who else wants a pancake,  
Fresh off the griddle?  
Terrible Theresa smiles and says,  
"I'll take the one in the middle."

## **Set Poems Years 3 & 4**

### **The Trampoline *By Shel Silverstein***

Bouncin' upon the trampoline  
So high above the ground,  
Just as I was goin' up  
I saw her – comin' down.

She had a daisy in her hair,  
She wore a silken gown.  
But when she started goin' up,  
I was comin' down.

I tried to say, "Hello- nice day."  
She smiled and spun around.  
"Come up awhile with me," yelled she,  
But I was goin' down.

And so, as yet, we've never met  
Because we've sadly found  
That one is always goin' up  
While one is comin' down.

## Set Poem Year 5 & 6

### The Crocodile by Roald Dahl

“No animal is half as vile  
As Crocky-Wock, the crocodile.  
On Saturdays he likes to crunch  
Six juicy children for his lunch  
And he especially enjoys  
Just three of each, three girls, three boys.  
He smears the boys (to make them hot)  
With mustard from the mustard pot.  
But mustard doesn’t go with girls,  
It tastes all wrong with plaits and curls.  
With them, what goes extremely well  
Is butterscotch and caramel  
It’s such a super marvellous treat  
When boys are hot and girls are sweet  
At least that’s Crocky’s point of view  
He ought to know. He’s had a few  
That’s all for now. It’s time for bed.  
Lie down and rest your sleepy head.  
Ssh. Listen. What is that I hear,  
Galumphing softly up the stair?  
  
Go lock the door and fetch my gun!  
Go on child, hurry! Quickly run!  
No stop! Stand back! He’s coming in!  
Oh, look, that greasy greenish skin!  
The shining teeth, the greedy smile!  
It’s Crocky-Wock, the Crocodile!”

## Set Poem Years 5 & 6

### Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening

By Robert Frost

Whose woods these are I think I know.  
His house is in the village though;  
He will not see me stopping here  
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer  
To stop without a farmhouse near  
Between the woods and frozen lake  
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake  
To ask if there is some mistake.  
The only other sound’s the sweep  
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep,  
But I have promises to keep,  
And miles to go before I sleep,  
And miles to go before I sleep.

## Set Poem Year 7, 8 & 9

### The Tom-Cat *by Don Marquis*

At midnight in the alley

A tom-cat comes to wail,

And he chants the hate of a million years

As he swings his snaky tail.

Malevolent, bony, brindled,

Tiger and devil and bard,

His eyes are coals from the middle of Hell

And his heart is black and hard.

He twists and crouches and capers

And bares his curved sharp claws,

And he sings to the starts of the jungle nights,

Ere cities were, or laws.

Beast from a world primeval,

He and his leaping clan,

When the blotched red moon leers over  
roofs,

Give voice to their scorn of man.

He will lie on a rug to-tomorrow

And lick his silky fur,

And veil the brute in his yellow eyes

And play he's tame, and purr.

But at midnight in the alley

He will crouch again and wail,

And beat the time for his demon's song

With the swing of his demon's tail.

## Set Poem Year 7, 8 & 9

### A Mate Can Do No Wrong

*By Henry Lawson*

We learnt the creed at Hungerford,

We learnt the creed at Bourke;

We learnt it in the good times,

And learnt it out of work.

We learnt it by the harbour-side

And on the billabong:

"No matter what a mate may do,

A mate can do no wrong!"

He's like a king in this respect

(No matter what they do),

And, king-like, shares in storm and shine

The Throne of Life with you.

We learnt it when we were in gaol,

And put it in a song:

"No matter what a mate may do.

A mate can do no wrong!"

They'll say he said a bitter word

When he's away or dead.

We're loyal to his memory,

No matter what he said.

And we should never hesitate,

But strike out good and strong,

And jolt the slanderer on the jaw-

A mate can do no wrong!

## Set Poems 10, 11 & 12

### The Thought-Fox by Ted Hughes

I imagine this midnight moment's forest:  
Something else is alive  
Beside the clock's loneliness  
And this blank page where my fingers move.

Through the window I see no star:  
Something more near  
Though deeper within darkness  
Is entering the loneliness:

Cold, delicately as the dark snow  
A fox's nose touches twig, leaf;  
Two eyes serve a movement, that now  
And again now, and now, and now

Sets neat prints into the snow  
Between trees, and warily a lame  
Shadow lags by stump and in hollow  
Of a body that is bold to come

Across clearings, an eye,  
A widening deepening greenness,  
Brilliantly, concentratedly,  
Coming about its own business

Till, with a sudden sharp hot stink of fox  
It enters the dark hole of the head.  
The window is starless still; the clock ticks,  
The page is printed.

## Set Poems Year 10, 11 & 12

### "THE WINDHOVER" by Gerard Manley Hopkins

I caught this morning's minion, kingdom of daylight's dauphin,

Dapple-dawn-drawn Falcon, in his riding

Of the rolling level underneath, him steady air, and striding

High there, how he rung upon the rein of a wimpling wing

In his ecstasy! Then off, off forth on swing,

As a skate's heel sweeps smooth on a bow-bend: the hurl and gliding

Rebuffed the big wind. My heart in hiding

Stirred for a bird, - the achieve of, the mastery of the thing!

Brute beauty and valour and act, oh, air, pride, plume here

Buckle! AND the fire that breaks from thee then, a billion

Times lovelier, more dangerous, O my chevalier!

No wonder of it: sheer plod makes plough down sillion

Shine, and blue-beak embers, ah my dear,

Fall, gall themselves and gash gold-vermillion.

## PUBLIC SPEAKING TOPICS

### PRIMARY

'If you could choose one superhero power, what would it be and how would you use it to help someone?'

### SECONDARY

'Do you believe social media is having a positive or negative impact on society? Explain your answer.'

### OPEN

'Hindsight is great, given the chance, what life lessons would you share with your 10 year old self?'

## Set Poem Open

### **The Wild Swans at Coole** *By William Butler Yeats*

The trees are in their autumn beauty,  
The woodland paths are dry,  
Under the October twilight the water  
Mirrors a still sky;  
Upon the brimming water among the stones  
Are nine-and-fifty swans.

The nineteenth autumn has come upon me  
Since I first made my count;  
I saw, before I had well finished,  
All suddenly mount  
And scatter wheeling in great broken rings  
Upon their clamorous wings.

I have looked upon those brilliant creatures,  
And now my heart is sore.  
All's changed since I, hearing at twilight,  
The first time on the shore,  
The bell-beat of their wings above my head,  
Trode with a lighter tread.

Unwearied still, lover by lover,  
They paddle in the cold  
Companionable streams or climb the air;  
Their hearts have not grown old;  
Passion or conquest, wander where they will,  
Attend upon them still.

But now they drift on the still water,  
Mysterious, beautiful;  
Among what rushes will they build,  
By what lake's edge or pool  
Delight men's eyes when I awake some day  
To find they have flown away.