

Prep & Under

**Our Cat** by Daphne Lister

Our cat likes apple crumble  
With or without cream,  
She eats it though I've told her  
That it will make her dream,  
And sometimes she eats custard,  
Though it's sure to make her fat,  
Then she purrs and licks her whiskers  
And thinks, 'What a lucky cat!'

**OR**

**After a Bath** by Aileen Fisher

After my bath  
I try, try, try  
to wipe myself  
till I'm dry, dry, dry.  
Hands to wipe  
and fingers and toes  
and two wet legs  
and a shiny nose.  
Just think how much  
less time I'd take  
if I were a dog  
and could shake, shake, shake.

Year 1

**Dinosaurs Don't Like Homework** by *Dulcie Meddows*

I dreamt I owned a dinosaur  
It ate my mum's straw broom!  
Mum got cross and sent us both  
To study in my room.  
That dinosaur ate my furniture!  
And the window curtains too!  
And the window curtains too!  
But it didn't eat my homework.  
No! It wouldn't eat my homework!  
Even when I begged it to!

**OR**

**CREEPY CRAWLY SPIDER** by *Author Unknown*

Big, black, hairy spider  
Hanging from the wall,  
Dangling from its sticky web,  
Careful not to fall.

Big, black, hairy spider,  
Now it's getting bigger,  
Now it's getting closer,  
And I start to shiver.

Big, black, hairy spider,  
Away this creature sped,  
But now I can't get back to sleep,  
It might be in my bed!

Year 2

**THE TEACHER TOOK MY TENNIS BALL** by Libby Hathorn

The teacher took my tennis ball.  
She took it for the day.  
Just because I broke some glass  
She said I couldn't play.

I'd like to try the same with her  
When I think she goes too far –  
"Miss Jones", I'd like to say to her,  
"I'm going to take your car.  
No Miss Jones, I'm sorry,  
You're not allowed to borrow –  
But if you're really good  
You'll get it back tomorrow!  
Maybe".

**OR**

**THE SEA** by John Foster

The sea can be angry.  
The sea can be rough.  
The sea can be wild.  
The sea can be tough.

The sea can rip.  
The sea can tear.  
The sea can roar  
Like a hungry bear.

The sea can be gentle.  
The sea can be flat.  
The sea can be calm  
As a sleeping cat.

The sea can glide  
Over the sand,  
Stroking the beach  
Like a giant hand.

# TOWNSVILLE EISTEDDFOD CHORAL SPEAKING UNISON POEMS 2025

## Year 3

### **DINOSAUR STOMP** by David Harmer

I thought I saw  
A Dinosaur  
Buy a pair of slippers  
In a big shoe-store.

I asked him what  
He bought them for.....  
And he told me.....  
His paw was sore.

And what's more.....  
Began to roar....  
And showed me what  
His teeth were for!

I ran like mad  
Across the floor  
And bolted through  
The shoe-store door....

And nevermore  
NO....nevermore  
Laughed OUT LOUD  
At a dinosaur.

### **THANKS A LOT** by Robin Klein

I placed, in a saucer,  
my tooth overnight  
with an arrow above it,  
the size of a kite.

No way could she miss it!  
And just to make sure,  
I left a huge notice  
pinned outside my door:

One molar – ten dollars  
is O.K. BY ME.  
If you want to leave twenty,  
by all means feel free.

That tooth fairy's either  
tight-fisted or dense –  
she's left in the saucer  
a measly ten cents!

**OR**

YEAR 4

**A DRAGON IN THE CLASSROOM** by *Charles Thomson*

There's a dragon in the classroom:  
Its body is a box,  
its head's a plastic waste bin,  
its eyes are broken clocks,

its legs are cardboard tubes,  
its claws are toilet rolls,  
its tongue's my Dads old tie  
(that's why it's full of holes).

"Oh, what a lovely dragon,"  
our teacher smiled and said.  
"You are a pretty dragon,"  
she laughed and stroked its head.

"Oh now, I'm not," he snorted  
SNAP! SNAP! he moved his jaw  
And chased our screaming teacher  
Along the corridor.

**OR**

**MAGIC SHOES** by *Brian Moses*

I've got a pair of magic shoes  
they take me to the moon.  
Dad says, 'Watch out for rockets,'  
and Mum says, 'Come back soon.'

I've got a pair of magic shoes  
they take me to the stars,  
and sometimes if I'm early,  
I'll stop for tea on Mars.

I've got a pair of magic shoes  
I can jump as high as a school,  
I can walk up walls like Spiderman  
and act like I'm real cool.

I've got a pair of magic shoes  
I can dance like a disco king,  
they spring me up to the rooftops,  
they let me do anything

But what if I had some magic socks  
some magic underwear too!  
With a magic set of clothes  
there's nothing I couldn't do.

# TOWNSVILLE EISTEDDFOD CHORAL SPEAKING UNISON POEMS 2025

## YEAR 5

### **THE SUPPLY TEACHER** by *Allan Ahlberg*

Here's the rule for what to do  
If ever your teacher has the flu  
Or for some other reason takes to her bed  
And a different teacher comes instead

When the visiting teacher hangs up her hat  
Writes the date on the board, does this or that  
Always remember, you have to say this,  
OUR teacher never does that, Miss!

When you want to change places or wander  
about  
Or feel like getting the guinea pig out  
Never forget, the message is this,  
OUR teacher always lets us, Miss!

Then, when your teacher returns next day  
And complains about the paint or clay  
Remember these words, you just say this:  
That OTHER teacher told us to, Miss!

**OR**

### **THERE'S AN ELF IN OUR GARBAGE BIN**

by *Kylie-Maree Weston Scheuber*

I'll tell you a secret,  
If you keep it to yourself.  
At the bottom of our garbage bin  
There lives a nasty elf.

He's small and green and ugly,  
With awful googly eyes.  
He's small but he is very strong  
For a creature of his size.

Whenever my Dad asks me  
To take the rubbish out,  
"There's an elf at the bottom of the bin.  
He'll eat me up!" I shout.

But Dad says, "Take the rubbish out,  
Or you won't get dessert."  
I say, "The elf will bite me!"  
But Dad says, "It won't hurt."

I take the rubbish out – you see,  
The elf's not *really* there.  
And to miss a chocolate pudding  
Would be more than I could bear!

# TOWNSVILLE EISTEDDFOD CHORAL SPEAKING UNISON POEMS 2025

## YEAR 6

### **THE VIPER** by Doug MacLeod

Inside the Lighthouse Jellybone  
Old Jim the keeper sat alone  
The waves were high, the stars were dim  
And spirits seemed to call to him,  
"Be sure to watch the Jellybone light  
Or sailors' ghosts will rise tonight!"

And then a voice cried, "Keeper Jim!  
I am the *viper*, let me in!  
I'd gladly serve you evermore  
If only you'd unlock this door!"

Now Keeper Jim was brave and bold  
But that strange voice had turned him cold  
"Please go away from here!" he stammered  
And still the *viper* bashed and hammered,  
"I am the *viper*, let me through  
For I've a special job to do  
I'd gladly serve you evermore  
If only you'd unlock this door!"

Jim closed his eyes, he prayed, he cried,  
"Oh save me from that thing outside!"  
The thunder rolled, the lightning flashed  
And still the *viper* hammered and bashed  
The door collapsed in all the din  
And then a stranger wandered in. . .

"I am the *viper*," the stranger piped,  
"Do you want your windows *viped*?"

**OR**

### **ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON**

by Finola Akister

St. George looked at the dragon  
And the much to his surprise,  
He noticed that the dragon  
Had large appealing eyes.  
"Pardon me," said brave St. George  
"I hear you're cruel and sly."  
"Oh no, not me," the dragon said  
"I wouldn't hurt a fly."  
"I've come to slay you," said St. George  
"And save the maiden fair  
That you have captured, and no doubt  
Imprisoned in your lair."  
"I used to be both cruel and sly,  
Of that there is no doubt,"  
Replied the dragon, "but not now,  
My fire has all burnt out.  
The maiden you have come to save  
Has made a pet of me.  
She takes me walkies on a lead  
And feeds me cups of tea.  
So if you want to do brave deeds  
The like of which I've read,  
Please take the maiden home with you,  
And so save me instead."

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