

Firework Night

by Enid Blyton

BANG!

What's that?

Bang-Bang! Oh, Hark,
The guns are shooting in the dark!

Little guns and big ones too,

Bang-bang-bang!

What shall I do?

Mistress, Master, hear me yelp,
I'm out-of-doors, I want your help.

Let me in - oh, LET ME IN

Before those fireworks begin

To shoot again - I can't bear that;

My tail is down, my ears are flat,

I'm trembling here outside the door,

Oh, don't you love me anymore?

BANG!

I think I'll die with fright

Unless you let me in to-night.

(Shall we let him in, children?)

Ah, now the door is opened wide,

I'm rushing through, I'm safe inside,

The lights are on, it's warm and grand -

Mistress, let me lick your hand

Before I slip behind the couch.

There I'll hide myself and crouch

In safety till the BANGS are done -

Then to my kennel I will run

And guard you safely all the night

Because you understood my fright.

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From a Railway Carriage

by Robert Louis Stevenson

Faster than fairies, faster than witches,
Bridges and houses, hedges and ditches;
And charging along like troops in a battle
All through the meadows the horses and cattle:
All of the sights of the hill and the plain
Fly as thick as driving rain;
And ever again, in the wink of an eye,
Painted stations whistle by.

Here is a child who clammers and scrambles,
All by himself and gathering brambles;
Here is a tramp who stands and gazes;
And here is the green for stringing the daisies!
Here is a cart runaway in the road
Lumping along with man and load;
And here is a mill, and there is a river:
Each a glimpse and gone forever!

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George

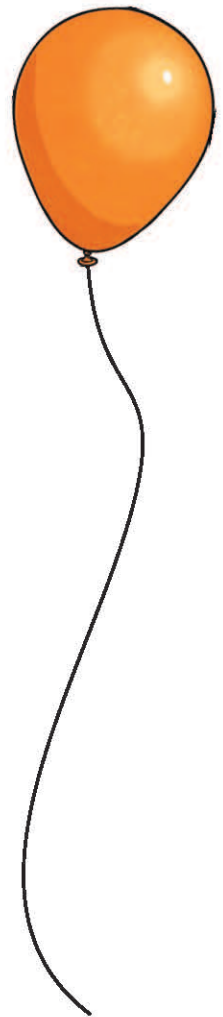
Who Played with a Dangerous Toy, and Suffered a Catastrophe of Considerable Dimensions

by Hilaire Belloc

When George's Grandmamma was told
That George had been as good as gold,
She promised in the afternoon
To buy him an Immense Balloon.

And so she did; but when it came,
It got into the candle flame,

And being of a dangerous sort
Exploded with a loud report!
The lights went out! The windows broke!
The room was filled with reeking smoke.
And in the darkness shrieks and yells
Were mingled with electric bells,
And falling masonry and groans,
And crunching, as of broken bones,
And dreadful shrieks, when, worst of all,
The house itself began to fall!
It tottered, shuddering to and fro,
Then crashed into the street below—
Which happened to be Savile Row.



George

When help arrived, among the dead

Were Cousin Mary, Little Fred,

The Footmen (both of them),

. . . . the Groom,

The man that cleaned the Billiard-Room,

The Chaplain, and

. . . .the Still-Room Maid.

And I am dreadfully afraid

That Monsieur Champignon, the Chef,

Will now be permanently deaf -

And both his aides are much the same;

While George, who was in part to blame,

Received, you will regret to hear,

A nasty lump behind the ear.

If

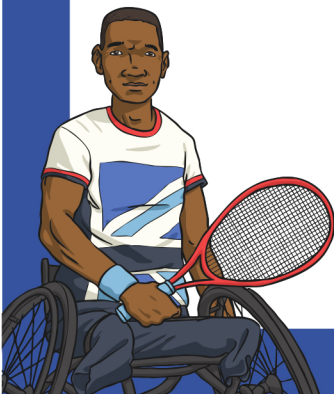
by Rudyard Kipling

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:

If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools:

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: 'Hold on!'

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son!





Leisure

by W. H. Davies

What is this life if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare?

No time to stand beneath the boughs,
And stare as long as sheep and cows:

No time to see, when woods we pass,
Where squirrels hide their nuts in grass:

No time to see, in broad daylight,
Streams full of stars, like skies at night:

No time to turn at Beauty's glance,
And watch her feet, how they can dance:

No time to wait till her mouth can
Enrich that smile her eyes began?

A poor life this if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.

Leisure

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Copy the poem in your neatest handwriting.

A large rectangular area with horizontal blue lines for handwriting practice, set against a background of soft green hills.

The Life Cycle of a Flower

When explaining how plants grow,
There are things you need to know.

In the beginning all you need,
Is a simple, unsuspecting seed.

Giving the plant the ideal condition,
To germinate must be your mission.

Water, light and soil to sow,
Will help your little plant to grow.

Within no time, you will see a shoot,
Followed by a searching root.

The root will anchor to the ground,
The sprout reaches and light is found.

The plant grows taller; grows a stem,
Growing thicker and thicker, again and again.



The Life Cycle of a Flower

Leaves appear as if overnight,
Spreading out to catch the light.

Once fully grown, a flower is spotted,
With seeds inside and petals dotted.

Flowers pink and blue and red,
Now have seeds they need to spread.

Blown by the wind; carried by a bird,
Caught on fur; it can seem absurd.

But when you are fixed into the ground,
These are the ways to spread around.

No matter how no matter when,
The cycle will now start again.

Once in the soil, the seed is in,
The cycle of life will now begin.



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Matilda

Who Told Lies, and Was Burned to Death

by Hilaire Belloc

Matilda told such Dreadful Lies,
It made one Gasp and Stretch one's Eyes;
Her Aunt, who, from her Earliest Youth,
Had kept a Strict Regard for Truth

Attempted to Believe Matilda:
The effort very nearly killed her,
And would have done so, had not She
Discovered this Infirmary.
For once, towards the Close of Day,
Matilda, growing tired of play,
And finding she was left alone,
Went tiptoe to the Telephone

And summoned the Immediate Aid
Of London's Noble Fire-Brigade.
Within an hour the Gallant Band
Were pouring in on every hand,
From Putney, Hackney Downs, and Bow:
With Courage high and Hearts a-glow,

They galloped, roaring through the Town,
"Matilda's House is Burning Down!"
Inspired by British Cheers and Loud
Proceeding from the Frenzied Crowd,
They ran their ladders through a score
Of windows on the Ball Room Floor;
And took Peculiar Pains to Souse
The Pictures up and down the House,





The Crocodile

Lewis Carroll

How doth the little crocodile

Improve his shining tail,

And pour the waters of the Nile

On every golden scale!

How cheerfully he seems to grin

How neatly spreads his claws,

And welcomes little fishes in,

With gently smiling jaws!



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The Eagle

by Alfred Lord Tennyson

He clasps the crag with crooked hands;

Close to the sun in lonely lands,

Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;

He watches from his mountain walls,

And like a thunderbolt he falls.

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The Listeners

by Walter De La Mare

'Is there anybody there?' said the Traveller,
Knocking on the moonlit door;
And his horse in the silence champed the grasses
Of the forest's ferny floor:
And a bird flew up out of the turret,
Above the Traveller's head:
And he smote upon the door again a second time;
'Is there anybody there?' he said.
But no one descended to the Traveller;
No head from the leaf-fringed sill
Leaned over and looked into his grey eyes,
Where he stood perplexed and still.
But only a host of phantom listeners
That dwelt in the lone house then
Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight
To that voice from the world of men:
Stood thronging the faint moonbeams on the dark stair,
That goes down to the empty hall,
Harkening in an air stirred and shaken
By the lonely Traveller's call.
And he felt in his heart their strangeness,
Their stillness answering his cry,
While his horse moved, cropping the dark turf,
'Neath the starred and leafy sky;
For he suddenly smote on the door, even
Louder, and lifted his head:—
'Tell them I came, and no one answered,
That I kept my word,' he said.
Never the least stir made the listeners,
Though every word he spake
Fell echoing through the shadowiness of the still house
From the one man left awake:
Ay, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,
And the sound of iron on stone,
And how the silence surged softly backward,
When the plunging hoofs were gone.



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The Tyger

William Blake

Tyger Tyger, burning bright,
In the forests of the night;
What immortal hand or eye,
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies.
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand, dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, & what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? & what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain,
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp,
Dare its deadly terrors clasp!

When the stars threw down their spears
And water'd heaven with their tears:
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

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Lined area for handwriting practice, consisting of 20 horizontal lines.



Wind On The Hill

by A.A Milne

No one can tell me,
Nobody knows,
Where the wind comes from,
Where the wind goes.

It's flying from somewhere
As fast as it can,
I couldn't keep up with it,
Not if I ran.

But if I stopped holding
The string of my kite,
It would blow with the wind
For a day and a night.

And then when I found it,
Wherever it blew,
I should know that the wind
Had been going there too.

So then I could tell them
Where the wind goes...
But where the wind comes from
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Windy Nights

by Robert Louis Stevenson

Whenever the moon and stars are set,
Whenever the wind is high,
All night long in the dark and wet,
A man goes riding by,
Late in the night when the fires are out,
Why does he gallop and gallop about?

Whenever the trees are crying aloud,
And ships are tossed at sea,
By, on the highway, low and loud,
By at the gallop goes he.
By at the gallop he goes, and then
By he comes back at the gallop again.

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