

Monday 4th May Resource -Limericks

Choose one or more of these poems to practise, perform, solve and enjoy!

Try to find the rhyme in the limericks when you are performing your chosen poems.

<p><u>Limerick</u></p> <p>A limerick's cleverly versed- The second line rhymes with the first; The third one is short, The fourth's the same sort, And the last line is often the worst.</p> <p>John Irwin</p>	<p><u>Spring Magic</u></p> <p>What a fearless magician is Spring- You really can't teach her a thing! In she sneaks on a breeze, Draws the leaves from their trees... Just when Winter thought <i>he</i> was still King!</p> <p>Judith Nicholls</p>
<p><u>Limerick</u></p> <p>An intrepid young woman from Stock, Climbed a precipitous rock. She fell from the peak And when able to speak, Said, 'That didn't half give me a shock.'</p> <p>Marian Swinger</p>	<p><u>Explosive Tale</u></p> <p>There was a volcano called Dot- Once on maps just a miniscule spot. But, 'I'm hungry!' Dot grumbled As her insides rumbled. 'And what's more, I'm feeling quite hot!'</p> <p>Judith Nicholls</p>

Monday 4th May Resource- Nonsense Poems

The Mock Turtle's Song by Lewis Carroll (author of Alice in Wonderland)

"Will you walk a little faster?"

said a whiting to a snail.

"There's a porpoise close behind us,

and he's treading on my tail.

See how eagerly the lobsters and

the turtles all advance!

They are waiting on the shingle—

will you come and join the dance?

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you,

will you join the dance?

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you,

won't you join the dance?

On The Ning Nang Nong

On the Ning Nang Nong

Where the Cows go Bong!

and the monkeys all say BOO!

There's a Nong Nang Ning

Where the trees go Ping!

And the tea pots jibber jabber joo.

On the Nong Ning Nang

All the mice go Clang

And you just can't catch 'em when they do!

So its Ning Nang Nong

Cows go Bong!

Nong Nang Ning

Trees go ping

Nong Ning Nang

The mice go Clang

What a noisy place to belong

is the Ning Nang Ning Nang Nong!!

Spike Milligan

Tuesday 5th May Resource-Riddles

On April Fool's Day in 1957, the BBC showed a short film about the spaghetti harvest in Switzerland and managed to convince a lot of viewers that spaghetti grew on trees. In the middle ages, a 'fool' was a jester whose job was to entertain the royal family. A jester would tell jokes and riddles to entertain them.

A riddle is a statement or a question with a hidden meaning that forms a puzzle to be solved. Can you solve these riddles? Number 6 is a real challenge! You can send me your answers to Number 6 if you want!

1

I have streets but no pavement,
I have cities but no buildings,
I have forests but no trees,
I have rivers yet no water.

What am I?

3

You may enter, but you may not come in,
I have space, but no room,
I have keys, but open no lock.

What am I?

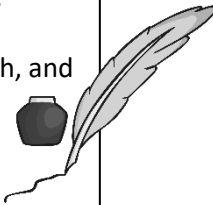
5

I am at your beginning and your end.
I dog your footsteps and cannot be shaken off.
Though I fade from view, you are never alone.
So silent that you often forget me.
I am still there, your constant dark spy and
companion. What am I?

2

I have no colour, not even white
But sometimes I'm wide and blue.
Sometimes I'm still and sometimes I rush, and
sometimes I can fall on you.

What am I?



4

What does man love more than life,
fear more than death or mortal strife,
what the poor have the rich require,
and all contented men desire.
What misers spend and spendthrifts save
and all men carry to the grave?

6. Anglo-Saxon Challenge!

This is an original riddle from the Anglo-Saxon times, can you solve this difficult riddle?

A wonderful warrior exists on earth.
Two dumb creatures make him grow bright
between them.
Enemies use him against one another.
His strength is fierce but a woman can tame
him.
He will meekly serve both men and women
If they know the trick of looking after him
And feeding him properly.
He makes people happy.
He makes their lives better.
But if they let him grow proud
This ungrateful friend soon turns against them.

Tuesday 5th May- Free Verse Poems

Jellyfish

The jellyfish
dances through the water
waving its frilly underwear.

We found one on the beach.

It had become a polythene bag
full of water.

Its frills lay on top
like party ribbons
after the dance is over.

Michael Rosen

Six Facts About Light

At dawn, she climbs over the horizon
to slink between the curtains
and rest her head on your pillow.

You might meet her in a forest gap
growing foxgloves,
or waiting at the exit of a long, concrete tunnel.

Her gaze could scorch your drawings,
set light to the hay,
blind inquisitive eyes.

Sometimes, in summer,
she'll reveal the lucky stripes
in the lining of her raincoat.

She can bounce off a full moon
and land softly at your feet
before you have counted to two.

On foggy nights, when the bare bulb
blows in an empty room, she is still there.
Blinking in the darkness, like an idea.

Poem from My Life as a Goldfish and other poems by Rachel Rooney

Wednesday 6th May- Narrative Poems

The Walrus and the Carpenter poem from Lewis Carroll's Alice

[Audiolink so you listen to the poem and enjoy](#)

"The sun was shining on the sea,
Shining with all his might:
He did his very best to make
The billows smooth and bright —
And this was odd, because it was
The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily,
Because she thought the sun
Had got no business to be there
After the day was done —
"It's very rude of him," she said,
"To come and spoil the fun."

The sea was wet as wet could be,
The sands were dry as dry.
You could not see a cloud, because
No cloud was in the sky:
No birds were flying overhead —
There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking close at hand;
They wept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand:
If this were only cleared away,'
They said, it *would* be grand!"

If seven maids with seven mops
Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose,' the Walrus said,
That they could get it clear?'
I doubt it,' said the Carpenter,
And shed a bitter tear.

O Oysters, come and walk with us!'
The Walrus did beseech.
A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach:
We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each.'

The eldest Oyster looked at him,
But never a word he said:
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
And shook his heavy head —
Meaning to say he did not choose
To leave the oyster-bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,
All eager for the treat:
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
Their shoes were clean and neat —
And this was odd, because, you know,
They hadn't any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them,
And yet another four;
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more, and more, and more —
All hopping through the frothy waves,
And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested on a rock
Conveniently low:
And all the little Oysters stood
And waited in a row.

The time has come,' the Walrus said,
To talk of many things:
Of shoes — and ships — and sealing-wax —
Of cabbages — and kings —
And why the sea is boiling hot —
And whether pigs have wings.'

But wait a bit,' the Oysters cried,
Before we have our chat;
For some of us are out of breath,
And all of us are fat!'
No hurry!' said the Carpenter.
They thanked him much for that.

A loaf of bread,' the Walrus said,
Is what we chiefly need:
Pepper and vinegar besides
Are very good indeed —
Now if you're ready, Oysters dear,
We can begin to feed.'

But not on us!' the Oysters cried,
Turning a little blue.
After such kindness, that would be
A dismal thing to do!'
The night is fine,' the Walrus said.
Do you admire the view?

It was so kind of you to come!
And you are very nice!'
The Carpenter said nothing but
Cut us another slice:
I wish you were not quite so deaf —
I've had to ask you twice!'

It seems a shame,' the Walrus said,
To play them such a trick,
After we've brought them out so far,
And made them trot so quick!'
The Carpenter said nothing but
The butter's spread too thick!'

I weep for you,' the Walrus said:
I deeply sympathize.'
With sobs and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size,

Holding his pocket-handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes.

O Oysters, ' said the Carpenter,
You've had a pleasant run!
Shall we be trotting home again?'
But answer came there none —
And this was scarcely odd, because
They'd eaten every one."

Wednesday 6th May- Narrative Poems

The Owl and the Pussy-Cat by Edward Lear

I

The Owl and the Pussy-cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat,
They took some honey, and plenty of money,
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the stars above,
And sang to a small guitar,
"O lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are,
You are,
You are!
What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

II

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl!
How charmingly sweet you sing!
O let us be married! too long we have tarried:
But what shall we do for a ring?"
They sailed away, for a year and a day,
To the land where the Bong-Tree grows
And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood
With a ring at the end of his nose,
His nose,
His nose,
With a ring at the end of his nose.

III

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling

Your ring?" Said the Piggy, "I will."

So they took it away, and were married next day

By the Turkey who lives on the hill.

They dined on mince, and slices of quince,

Which they ate with a runcible spoon;

And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,

They danced by the light of the moon,

The moon,

The moon,

They danced by the light of the moon.

Thursday 7th May- Simile Poem Example

True Friend by Ashley Campbell

A friend is like a star that twinkles and glows

Or maybe like the ocean that gently flows.

A friend is like gold that you should treasure

And take care of forever and ever.

A friend is like an angel that is there to guide you.

A friend is someone you can trust out of a few.

A friend is more than one in a million.

They are one in a ca-zillion,

And you, my friend, are very special

and so it is official.

Metaphor Poem Example- A Strawberry Sundae

A Strawberry Sundae takes the idea of an ice-cream sundae and describes it as a landscape.

The shining peaks of white,

The mountains soaring tall,

Traversed with scarlet rivers,

Multicolored waterfall.

Upon the mountains high,

Bright and vibrant shoots,

Are scattered like the trace,

Of tiny fairy fruits.

But what is this I see?

The mountains are receding,

The sugar river flowing swift,

Is quickly disappearing.

And now there's nothing left,

Of the mountains and the stream,

Except a trace of pinkish snow,

That smells like... ice cream.

Personification Poem Example-Jack Frost in the Garden by *John P. Smeeton*

Jack Frost was in the garden;
I saw him there at dawn;
He was dancing round the bushes
And prancing on the lawn.
He had a cloak of silver,
A hat all shimm'ring white,
A wand of glittering star-dust,
And shoes of sunbeam light.

Jack Frost was in the garden,
When I went out to play
He nipped my toes and fingers
And quickly ran away.
I chased him round the wood-shed,
But, oh! I'm sad to say
That though I chased him everywhere
He simply wouldn't stay.

Jack Frost was in the garden:
But now I'd like to know
Where I can find him hiding;
I've hunted high and low —
I've lost his cloak of silver,
His hat all shimm'ring white,
His wand of glittering star-dust,
His shoes of sunbeam light.