

Cereal by Shel Silverstein

Rice Krispies stay crisp, though they now and then lisp
As they whisper their “Thnap crackle pop” in your bowl,
And though you pour a tall can
Of milk on your All Bran,
It never will turn into glop (so we’re told).

We know Shredded Wheat will say crumbly and neat
Though you soak it a year in the depths of the ocean,
And from breakfast to lunch
Your Post Toasties will crunch
To show you their love and undying devotion.

Oaties stay oaty, and Wheat Chex stay floaty,
And nothing can take the puff out of Puffed Rice.
But we wish they’d invent a cereal for someone
Who likes it
All floppy
And drippy
And droopy
And lumpy
And sloppy
And soggy
And gloopy
And gooey
And mushy
And NICE!

A Funny Thing Happened by David Horner

As we were coming to school today on our school bus

Our driver had an AAAARGGHH!

BLLUPFPFTTT!

CCCCRRRRRUUUUUNNNNNCCCCCHHHHH!

BANGZAPSMASHPOWSPLATDOINGTHUDGERK!

accident with a HIPPOPOTAMUS.

It looked like there were hippo-bits from here

to Minnesota—

When we put them all together, what we got was a

MUS-HIP-POP-OTA.

We thought we ought to have one more go before restarting

our trip—

This time we ended up with a POP-MUS-OTA-HIP.

We were all beginning to wish we'd never bothered to stop

When at the very next attempt we made an OTA-HIP-MUS-POP.

So we climbed back on board, and from the rear of the bus

We saw all four waving—the HIP, the POP, the OTA and the

MUS.

And we all waved back until the POP and the MUS and HIP

and the OTA—

They each grew remoter

and remoter

and remoter

and remoter

If You Go Softly by Jenifer Kelly

If you go softly out to the gum trees

At night, after the darkness falls,

If you go softly and call--

Tch, Tch, Tch,

Tch, Tch, Tch,

They'll come--

the possums!

If you take bread that you've saved

They'll come close up, and stand

And eat right from your hand--

Softly

Snatching,

Nervous--

the possums!

And if you are still, and move slowly,

You can, very softly, pat

Their thick fur, gently, like that--

It's true!

You can!

Really touch them--

the possums!

You can do that all--

If you go softly,

At night,

To the gum trees,

If you go softly

--and call.

Noise Day by Shel Silverstein

Let's have one day for girls and boyses
When you can make the grandest noises.
Screech, scream, holler, and yell--
Buzz a buzzer, clang a bell,
Sneeze—hiccup—whistle—shout,
Laugh until your lungs wear out,
Toot a whistle, kick a can,
Bang a spoon against a pan,
Sing, yodel, bellow, hum,
Blow a horn, beat a drum,
Rattle a window, slam a door,
Scrape a rake across the floor,

Use a drill, drive a nail,
Turn the hose on the garbage pail,
Shout Yahoo—Hurrah—Hooray,
Turn up the music all the way,
Try and bounce your bowling ball,
Ride a skateboard up the wall,
Chomp your food with a smack and a slurp,
Chew—chomp—hiccup—burp.
One Day a year do *all* of these,
The rest of the days—be quiet please.

Minnie by Eleanor Fargeon

Minnie can't make her mind up,
Minnie can't make up her mind!
They ask her at tea,
"Well, what shall it be?"
And Minnie says, "Oh,
Muffins, please! No,
Sandwiches-yes,
Please, egg-and-cress-
I mean a jam one,
Or is there a ham one,
Or is there another kind?
Never mind!
Cake
Is what I will take,
The sort with the citron-rind,
Or p'r'aps the iced one-
Or is there a spiced one,
Or is there the current kind?"
When tea is done
She hasn't begun,
She's always the one behind,
Because she can't make up her mind,
Minnie can't make up her mind!

Small Dawn Song by Philip Gross

This is just to say Thank You

to the tick
of the downstairs clock
like a blind man's stick
tap-tip on through the dark

to the lone
silly blackbird who sang
before dawn when no one
should have been listening

to the wheeze
and chink of the milk float
like an old nightwatchman clinking keys
and clearing his throat

Six o'clock and all's well

Six o'clock and all's well

The night's been going on
so long
so long

This is just to say Thank You.

Weather by Eve Merriam

Dot a dot dot dot a dot dot
Spotting the windowpane.

Spack a spack speck flick a flack fleck
Freckling the windowpane.

A spatter a scatter a wet cat a clatter
A splatter a rumble outside.

Umbrella umbrella umbrella umbrella
Bumbershoot barrel of rain.

Slosh a galosh slosh a galosh
Slither and slather a glide

A puddle a jump a puddle a jump
A puddle a jump puddle splosh

A juddle a pump a luddle a dump
A pudmuddle jump in and slide!

Sybil The Magician's Last Show by Shel Silverstein

Magical Sybil was much too cheap
To buy her rabbit a carrot.
He grew so thin, just bones and skin,
So starved he couldn't bear it--
And so, as she reached into her hat
To grab him by the ears,
She felt a tug, she felt a pull,
and WHAP—she disappeared,
“The greatest act we've ever seen,”
We cheered for Magical Sybil.
But all that remained was a hat and a cape
And the sound of a bunny
Goin', “Nibble...nibble...nibble.”

Boa Constrictor by Shel Silverstein

Oh, I'm being eaten
By a boa constrictor
A boa constrictor
A boa constrictor
I'm being eaten by a boa constrictor
And I don't like it one bit.
Well, what do you know
It's nibblin' my toe.
Oh gee... it's up to my knee.
Oh my... it's up to my thigh.
Oh fiddle,...it's up to my middle.
Oh heck... it's up to my neck.
Oh dread...it's... MMFFF.

Motorway Witch by Max Fatchen

Here comes the witch.
She's not on her broom
But riding a motor bike
Going ZOOM ... ZOOM ...!

She's wearing a helmet
Instead of a hat
And there on the pillion
Is sitting her cat.

Please, no overtaking
For I should explain
With her speed-crazy cat
She prefers the fast lane.

She banished her broom
For that was her wish.
It wouldn't ... ZOOM ... ZOOM ...
But only swish ... swish!

The Dustman by Clive Sansom

Every Thursday morning,
Before you're quite awake,
Without the slightest warning
The house begins to shake
With a Biff!...Bang!
Biff! Bang! Bash!

It's the dustman, who begins
(Bang!...Crash!)
To empty both the bins
Of their rubbish and their ash,
With a Biff!...Bang!
Biff! Bang! Bash!

Night Comes by Beatrice Schenk de Regniers

Night comes
leaking
out of the sky.

Stars come
peeking.

Moon comes
sneaking
silvery-sly.

Who is
shaking,
shivery,
quaking?

Who is afraid
of the night?

Not I.

Section 207 – Choral Speaking Unison Prep & under (Choice 1)

Mr Rabbit by Dixie Wilson

Mr. Rabbit has a habit
That is very cute to see.

He wrinkles up and crinkles up
His little nose at me.

I like my little rabbit,
And I like his little brother,

And we have a lot of fun
Making faces at each other

Section 207 – Choral Speaking Unison Prep & under (Choice 2)

Can't Wait by John Kitching

Not having much fun
At One.

In a cage (like a zoo)
At Two.

Scraping a knee
At Three.

Ever asking for more
At Four.

Busy bee in a hive
At Five.

Playing war with sticks
At Six.

Running is heaven
At Seven.

I can't wait
To be Eight.