

Poems for the Handwriting Competition Classes C6, C10 and C14.

To enter, download **ONE** of the poems for your age-group and copy it in your best handwriting on A4 size paper. But please don't write your own name anywhere on your paper.

Class C6 for age-group 5-8 years: choose ONE of these 3 poems
C6 Poem number 1

Listen to the MUSTN'TS

Listen to the MUSTN'TS, Child,
Listen to the DON'TS
Listen to the SHOULDN'TS
The IMPOSSIBLES, the WON'TS
Listen to the NEVER HAVES
Then listen close to me –
ANYTHING can happen, child,
ANYTHING can be

By Shel Silverstein

C6 Poem number 2

Clouds

White sheep, white sheep,
On a blue hill,
When the wind stops,
You all stand still.
When the wind blows,
You walk away slow.
White sheep, white sheep,
Where do you go?

By Christina Rossetti

C6 Poem number 3

Little Boy Blue

Little Boy Blue,
Come blow your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow,
The cow's in the corn;
Where is that boy
Who looks after the sheep?
Under the haystack
Fast asleep.
Will you wake him?
Oh no, not I,
For if I do
He will surely cry.

Anonymous

Class C10 for age-group 9-11 years: choose ONE of these 3 poems C10 Poem number 1

What is pink?

What is pink? A rose is pink
By the fountain's brink.
What is red? A poppy's red
In its barley bed.
What is blue? The sky is blue
Where the clouds float through.
What is white? A swan is white
Sailing in the light.
What is yellow? Pears are yellow,
Rich and ripe and mellow.
What is green? The grass is green,
With small flowers between.
What is violet? Clouds are violet
In the summer twilight.
What is orange? Why, an orange,
Just an orange!

By Christina Rossetti

CI0 Poem number 2

If I Were.....

If I were a queen,
I'd rule a mighty land.

If I were a princess,
I'd take a prince's hand.

If I were a soldier,
I'd fight a mighty war.
If I were a hero,
I'd be the best they ever saw.

If I were a dancer,
I'd dance with such grace.
If I were a runner,
I'd win every race!

If I were an actress,
I'd take part in a play,
For I can do anything,
No matter what you say.

By Eva L. Robinson

CI0 Poem number 3

My Mirror Likes to Argue

My mirror likes to argue.
He likes to fight and feud.
He often disagrees with me.
He's regularly rude.

He's fond of making faces,
He loves to sneer and scowl.
And, if I scream and shout at him,
he'll holler, hoot and howl.

I wish I'd never met him.
I wish he'd go away.
I wish I didn't chance upon him
several times a day.

I think perhaps the next time
he starts to disagree,
I'll smile at him to see maybe
if he'll be nice to me.

By Kenn Nesbitt

Class C14 for age-group 12-15 years: choose ONE of these 3 poems

C14 Poem number 1

Sick

“I cannot go to school today,”
Said little Peggy Ann McKay.
“I have the measles and the mumps,
A gash, a rash and purple bumps.
My mouth is wet, my throat is dry,
I’m going blind in my right eye.
My tonsils are as big as rocks,
I’ve counted sixteen chicken pox
And there’s one more - that’s seventeen,
And don’t you think my face looks green?
My leg is cut -- my eyes are blue --
It might be instamatic flu.
I cough and sneeze and gasp and choke,
I’m sure that my left leg is broke --
My hip hurts when I move my chin,
My belly button’s caving in,
My back is wrenched, my ankle’s sprained,
My ‘pendix pains each time it rains.
My nose is cold, my toes are numb,
I have a sliver in my thumb.
My neck is stiff, my voice is weak,
I hardly whisper when I speak.
My tongue is filling up my mouth,
I think my hair is falling out.
My elbow’s bent, my spine ain’t straight,
My temperature is one-o-eight.
My brain is shrunk, I cannot hear,
There is a hole inside my ear.
I have a hangnail, and my heart is--what?
What’s that? What’s that you say?
You say today is.....Saturday?
G’bye, I’m going out to play!”

By Shel Silverstein

CI4 Poem number 2

The Glory of the Garden

Our England is a garden that is full of stately views,
Of borders, beds and shrubberies and lawns and avenues,
With statues on the terraces and peacocks strutting by;
But the Glory of the Garden lies in more than meets the eye.

For where the old thick laurels grow, along the thin red wall,
You'll find the tool- and potting-sheds which are the heart of all
The cold frames and the hot-houses, the dung-pits and the tanks,
The rollers, carts, and drain-pipes, with the barrows and the planks.

And there you'll see the gardeners, the men and 'prentice boys
Told off to do as they are bid and do it without noise;
For, except when seeds are planted and we shout to scare the birds,
The Glory of the Garden abideth not in words.

And some can pot begonias and some can bud a rose,
And some are hardly fit to trust with anything that grows;
But they can roll and trim the lawns and sift the sand and loam,
For the Glory of the Garden occupieth all who come.

Our England is a garden, and such gardens are not made
By singing, "Oh how beautiful," and sitting in the shade
While better men than we go out and start their working lives
At grubbing weeds from gravel-paths with broken dinner-knives.

There's not a pair of legs so thin, there's not a head so thick,
There's not a hand so weak and white, not yet a heart so sick
But it can find some needful job that's crying to be done,
For the Glory of the Garden glorifieth every one.

Then seek your job with thankfulness and work till further orders,
If it's only netting strawberries or killing slugs on borders;
And when your back stops aching and your hands begin to harden,
You will find yourself a partner in the Glory of the Garden.

Oh, Adam was a gardener, and God who made him sees
That half a proper gardener's work is done upon his knees,
So when your work is finished, you can wash your hands and pray
For the Glory of the Garden that it may not pass away!

And the Glory of the Garden it shall never pass away!

By Rudyard Kipling

CI4 Poem number 3

Bridal Song

Roses, their sharp spines being gone,
Not royal in their smells alone,
But in their hue;
Maiden pinks, of odour faint,
Daisies smell-less, yet most quaint,
And sweet thyme true;

Primrose, firstborn child of Ver,
Merry springtime's harbinger,
With her bells dim;
Oxlips in their cradles growing,
Marigolds on death-beds blowing,
Lark's-heels trim;

All dear Nature's children sweet,
Lie 'fore bride and bridegroom's feet,
Blessing their sense!
Not an angel of the air,
Bird melodious or bird fair,
Be absent hence!

The crow, the slanderous cuckoo, nor
The boding raven, nor chough hoar,
Nor chattering pye,
May on our bride-house perch or sing,
Or with them any discord bring,
But from it fly.

By William Shakespeare

Attributions:

These poems were sourced on the website:

<https://www.familyfriendpoems.com>

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