

JI - Junior Infants

‘Whoops!’ by Judith Nicholls

Our supermarket keeps baked beans
inside a plastic bin.
They used to pile them on the floor
till James picked up the BOTTOM tin!

JI - Junior Infants

‘The roller coaster’ by Marian Swinger

I rode the roller coaster.
It gave me such a scare.
I thought I’d left my tummy
Floating in the air.

SI - Senior Infants

‘The Leader’ by Roger McGough

I wanna be the leader
I wanna be the leader
Can I be the leader?
Can I? I can?
Promise? Promise?
Yippee, I’m the leader
I’m the leader

OK what shall we do?

SI - Senior Infants

Sweet Surprise – Author Unknown

Something smells good in the kitchen,
Sugary, spicy and sweet.
A pudding? A pie? What can it be?
Mum’s making a special treat.

So I peep into the kitchen
And as you all can see,
That sugary, spicy, sweet surprise
Is a Birthday Cake for me!

P1 – First Class

Back to School – by Allan Ahlberg

In the last week of the holidays
I was feeling glum.
I could hardly wait for school to start;
Neither could mum.

Now we've been back a week
I could do with a breather.
I can hardly wait for the holidays;
Teacher can't either

P1 – First Class

'Wrong Trolley' by Eric Finney

Mum, there's cat food in our trolley
And we haven't got a cat!
There's a big bag of potatoes
And we didn't load up that.
Do you remember loading beans
Or peas or cauliflowers?
Mum, I know we're pushing it
But is this trolley ours?

P2 – Second Class

'My new brother' by Eric Finney and John Foster

We used to be three -
Mum, Dad and me.
But now there's another.
My new baby brother.

He cries in the night
And sleeps in the day.
He hasn't any idea
Of how to play.

My baby brother's name is Joe.
I just can't wait for him to grow.

P2 – Second Class

'Night fright' by Marian Swinger

My hair stood on end
And I trembled with fright
When I heard a strange noise
On the stairs in the night.

'CREAK', it went.
'EEK', I went.
What should I do?
Then my brother
leaped into my room
And yelled, 'BOO!'

P3 - Third Class

‘My sister thinks I’m hopeless’ by Valerie Bloom

My sister thinks I’m hopeless,
My sister thinks I’m dim,
She’s given me many lessons,
But still I cannot swim.

I cannot do the backstroke,
I cannot do the crawl,
I cannot do the butterfly
Or the breaststroke, not at all.

My sister’s losing patience,
She’s shown me how to move,
To stretch my arms and kick my legs,
And she says she doesn’t approve

Of how easily I give up,
She says I’m such a knuckle-head.
But I think it’s really very hard
To learn to swim in bed.

P3 - Third Class

‘Using your imagination’ by Gervase Phinn

On Monday Miss More
Said we could paint a picture
And use all our imaginations.
I drew a dragon,
In a dark and dripping cave,
With yellow scaly skin
And slithery, snake-like tail,
Blue fins and bone-white horns,
Red-eyed and breathing purple flames.
But Miss More, when she saw it, sighed and said:
‘Daniel dear, dragons are not yellow
They are green!’

P4 – Fourth Class

‘Strangeways’ by Roger McGough

Granny’s canary
Escaped from its cage
It’s up on the roof
In a terrible rage

Hurling abuse
And making demands
That granny fails
To understand

‘Lack of privacy’
‘Boring old food’
It holds up placards
Painted and rude

It’s not coming down
The canary warns
Till gran carries out
Major reforms

The message has spread
And now for days
Cage-birds have been acting
In very strange ways

P4 – Fourth Class

**The Swing
By Robert Louis Stevenson**

How do you like to go up in a swing,
Up in the air so blue?
Oh, I do think it the pleasantest thing
Ever a child can do!

Up in the air and over the wall,
Till I can see so wide,
River and trees and cattle and all
Over the countryside--

Till I look down on the garden green,
Down on the roof so brown--
Up in the air I go flying again,
Up in the air and down!

P5 – Fifth Class

Susie's New Dog – by: John Ciardi

Your dog? What dog? You mean it? – that!
I was about to leave a note
Pinned to a fish to warn my cat
To watch for a mouse in an overcoat!

So that's a dog! Is it any breed
That anyone ever knew – or guessed?
Oh, a Flea Terrier! Yes indeed.
Well now, I AM impressed!

I guess no robber will try your house
Or even cut through your yard.
Not when he knows you have a mouse
- I mean a dog - like that on guard!

You have to go? I'm glad you came!
I don't see a thing like that
Just every day. Does it have a name?
FANG, eh! Well.....I MUST warn my cat.

P5 – Fifth Class

Concert Night by Katherine Blowen

It's all so exciting, I just can't wait!
Our Drama Concert starts at eight!
Everyone's ready, the house lights are low –
The curtain's opening; it's "On With The Show!"

It's my turn now, time to go on.
My heart is thumping! MY MEMORY'S GONE!
My legs are shaking, it's scary out there;
The stage is so big – will everyone stare?

The spotlights are glaring, the footlights are bright;
Now I know what they mean by STAGE FRIGHT!
I'll take a deep breath before I start...
Ahhhh! That's better!...I've remembered my part!

I'm on the stage...
I know every line...
Wow! This is great!...
I feel
FINE!

P6 – Sixth Class

‘The Magic Pebble’ by Roger McGough

My favourite thing is a pebble
That I found on a beach in Wales
It looks like any other
But its magic never fails.

It does my homework for me
Makes difficult sums seem clear
School dinners taste delicious
It makes teachers disappear

It turns water into lemonade
A bully into a frog
When I’m in need of company
It becomes a friendly dog

Close your eyes, make a wish
And you’re in a foreign land
Space travel is so easy
Simply hold it in your hand

My favourite thing is a pebble
It means all the world to me
I couldn’t bear to be without it
(...But it’s yours for 20p)

P6 Sixth Class

Mrs Mackenzie by Gillian Floyd

Mrs Mackenzie’s quite stern.
She says: ‘You’re not here to have fun,
You’re here to learn,’
When I mess about in class.

And in the corridor, if I run
When she is passing by, she shouts
‘Slow down! You’re not in a race!’
Or ‘More haste, less speed!’ What that means.

I never used to like Mrs Mackenzie much.

But the other day
When my dog died
And she saw me crying
She said ‘Dogs are such good friends,
Aren’t they?’
And she let me stay
In the classroom with her at break time
When all the others went outside
To play.

Mrs Mackenzie’s OK