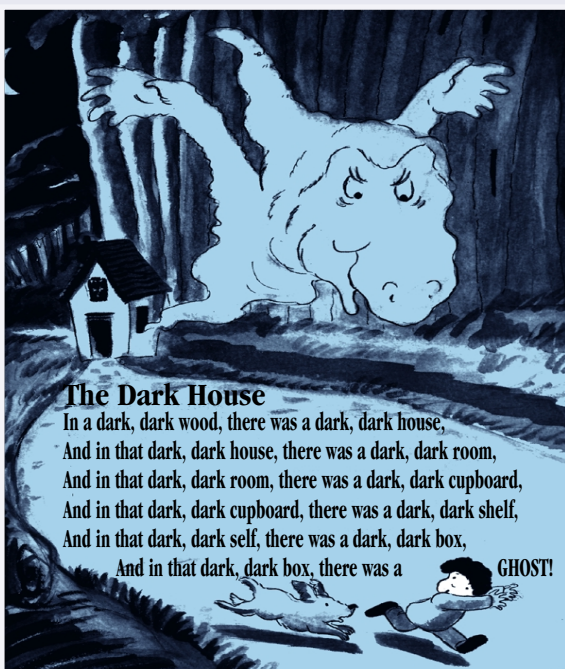


Poetry reading

Approach: Team

Level: Year 8 only

Resources: Model poem *On the Ning Nang Nong*; 8 short poems; 8 long poems. See opposite.



The Dark House
 In a dark, dark wood, there was a dark, dark house,
 And in that dark, dark house, there was a dark, dark room,
 And in that dark, dark room, there was a dark, dark cupboard,
 And in that dark, dark cupboard, there was a dark, dark shelf,
 And in that dark, dark self, there was a dark, dark box,
 And in that dark, dark box, there was a GHOST!



Instructions

Reading out loud is something we can all do. In this activity you will be choosing a poem to read to the rest of the group. There is a good collection of poems here for each of you to choose from.

First of all I want you to choose one of these short poems to read to the group. Choose a poem that you like, then practise reading it to yourself - not out loud. If you need any help with words, just ask me and I'll help you. Here are the poems. Choose one, and practise reading it to yourself - but *not* out loud.

Put out the collection of short poems.

Encourage students to make their selections without wasting time. After a couple of minutes, ask each student to read their poem.

Now it's time for each of you to read your poem aloud to the team.

When you read it, try to read it in a way that will help the others to really enjoy listening to it.

Ask each student in turn to read their poem

Now I want each of you to choose one of these longer poems. Choose a poem that you like, then practise reading it to yourself - not out loud.

If you need help with words, just ask me and I'll help you. Here are the longer poems. Choose one, and practise reading it to yourself — but out loud.

Put out the collection of longer poems.

After each student has read their poem:

To finish off, I would like each of you, in turn, to tell us which poem you enjoyed most, and why you enjoyed it the most.

Ask each student in turn to comment.

% responses

18

Fluent spoken presentation	strong	19
	moderate	67
	weak	14
Expressiveness	strong	10
	moderate	61
	weak	29
Rhythm	strong	17
	moderate	65
	weak	18
Word reading accuracy	strong	36
	moderate	54
	weak	10
Speech clarity	strong	24
	moderate	69
	weak	7

Commentary

The procedures used in this oral reading task were similar for the year 4 task, *Popular Poems*. The sets of poems differed. The results show very little difference on each attribute from year 4 to year 8.

Oh, the grand old Duke of York,
He had ten thousand men.
He marched them up to the top of the hill,
And he marched them down again.
And when they were up they were up,
And when they were down they were down,
And when they were only halfway up,
They were neither up nor down!

The Village Blacksmith

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns what'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

The Owl and the Pussycat 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!
What a beautiful Pussy you are!
Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl,
How charmingly sweet you sing!
Oh! 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.

Cat

Mum couldn't stand the cat next door -
It dumped chewed corpses on our floor:
Mice and lice and moles and voles,
And other things that live in holes,
And birds and bats and dragon-flies,
And squashy things that have no eyes,
Like worms and slugs and snails - which all
Drove Mum, stark-staring, up the wall.
Now Dad's enticed that cat to stay
With us! He gives it cream each day,
And dace and plaice and hake and steak,
Chicken, minced, and chocolate cake;
And now the cat, all cute and twee,
Sits purring on my mother's knee!
- It takes that other stuff next door
And dumps it on their kitchen floor!

A thought

If I were John and John were Me,
Then he'd be six and I'd be three.
If John were Me and I were John,
I shouldn't have these trousers on.

The Dark House

In a dark, dark wood, there was a dark, dark house,
And in that dark, dark house, there was a dark, dark room,
And in that dark, dark room, there was a dark, dark cupboard,
And in that dark, dark cupboard, there was a dark, dark shelf,
And in that dark, dark shelf, there was a dark, dark box,
And in that dark, dark box, there was a GHOST!

"Seagull, seagull,
Riding high,
What do you see
With your bold bright eye?"

"I see the sun
On a winter morning
Over the edge
Of the broad sea burning.
I see the boats
on the harbour smoking;
I see an engine
With the stoker stoking.
I see the town
And a church with its steeple,
And the pavements full
of hurrying people.

The men and women
And girls and boys
Look far, far smaller
Than painted toys.

I like to glide
On my wings and stare
I like to ride
On the pillowy air;
But if you'll throw me
A crust or two,
I'll come right down
and eat with you."

Georgie Porgie, pudding and pie,
Kissed the girls and made them cry;
When the boys came out to play,
Georgie Porgie ran away.

The Legend of Mt Egmont

Then the massive Ruapehu,
Seething with a rage within him,
Seething with a wrath that choked him.
Looked upon bold Taranaki
Taranaki, who had dared to —
Dared to steal his dear wife from him
Dared to love the sweet Pihanga
Thus in rage looked Ruapehu.

Then with anger quickly mounting,
Mounting higher every moment,
Ruapehu kicked his rival,
Kicked him with a force that drove him
Drove him far away forever.
Thus was Taranaki banished
Banished from that world forever.

And unto the white man came he,
Came he to remain thereafter.
And his name was changed to Egmont,
Now in shrouds of tears he slumbers.
Dreaming of his sweet Pihanga
Weeping all the time in sorrow
Thus sits the banished Taranaki.
But the laughing Ruapehu
Laughs in triumph and in glory,
At the conquest of his rival
Whom he banished in his fury.

Higglety pigglety pop

The dog has eaten the mop
The pig's in a hurry
The cat's in a flurry
Higglety pigglety pop

Today I saw a little worm
Wriggling on his belly.
Perhaps he'd like to come inside
And see what's on the Telly.

Cross Canary

He sings when he's happy,
He sings when he's sad,
He sings when he's middling,
But not when he's mad.

He's not singing now
'Cause Mum's covered his cage
With a blanket for bedtime
And he's in a rage.

What are little boys made of?
What are little boys made of?
Frogs and snails and puppy-dogs' tails,
That's what little boys are made of.

What are little girls made of?
What are little girls made of?
Sugar and spice and all things nice,
That's what little girls are made of.

KEY

YEAR 4
YEAR 8
BOTH

If you should meet a crocodile,
Don't take a stick and poke him;
Ignore the welcome in his smile,
Be careful not to stroke him.
For as he sleeps upon the Nile,
He thinner gets and thinner;
But where'er you meet a crocodile
He's ready for his dinner.

The Sea

The sea is a hungry dog,
Giant and grey.
He rolls on the beach all day.
With his clashing teeth and shaggy jaws
Hour upon hour he gnaws
The rumbling, tumbling stones,
And 'Bones, bones, bones, bones!'
The giant sea-dog moans,
Licking his greasy paws.

And when the night wind roars
And the moon rocks the stormy cloud,
He bounds to his feet and snuffs and sniffs,
Shaking his wet sides over the cliffs,
And howls and hollos long and loud.

But on quiet days in May or June,
When even the grasses on the dune
Play no more their reedy tune,
With his head between his paws
He lies on the sandy shores,
So quiet, so quiet, he scarcely snores.

Diddle, diddle, dumpling, my son John
Went to bed with his trousers on;
One show off, the other shoe on,
Diddle, diddle, dumpling, my son John.

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig, and away he run.
The pig was eat, and Tom was beat,
And Tom went roaring down the street.

Incy Wincy Spider climbed up the water spout.
Down came the rain and washed the spider out.
Out came the sunshine, dried up all the rain,
And Incy Wincy Spider climbed up the spout again.

Mummy do monsters clean their teeth?
Yes my darling, they do, they do,
With tubes of slime and sludgy goo—
With an old string mop from a rubbish pile
Which gives them a beautiful slimy green smile.

Mummy do monsters wash their hair?
Yes my darling they wash their hair
With baked beans and porridge rubbed in with care;
And to make it look prettily matted and coarse
They rinse it in mayonnaise and horseradish sauce.

Mummy do monsters make their beds?
Yes my darling they do, it's true,
They jump and they bounce till the springs
come through—
Then they shovel on half of the compost heap
To give them a beautiful nightmarish sleep.

Mummy do monsters wash their clothes?
Yes my darling they wash them well
In a rubbish tin with an ooky smell;
Then they hang them to dry near a forest fire
And they iron them flat with a tractor tyre.

To Market, to market, to buy a fat pig,
Home again, home again, jiggety-jig,
To market, to market to buy a fat hog,
Home again, home again, jiggety-jog.

There were two cats of Kilkenny
Each though there was one cat too many.
So they fought and they fit,
And they scratched and they bit,
Till, excepting their nails,
And the tips of their tails,
Instead of two cats, there weren't any.

Bedtime Cat

There's a lump on my bed,
A bump on my bed,
A furry purry hump on my bed,
And my mother said,
"Put the cat out!"
There's a growl outside,
A yowl outside,
A cold and lonely howl outside,
And my brother cried,
"Let the cat in!"

Sand in your fingernails
Sand between your toes
Sand in your earholes
Sand up your nose!

Sand in your sandwiches
Sand on your bananas
Sand in your bed at night
Sand in your pajamas!
Sand in your sandals
Sand in your hair
Sand in your knickers
Sand everywhere!

Hey diddle diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed
To see such sport,
And the dish ran away
with the spoon.

Oh, do you know the muffin man,
The muffin man, the muffin man.
Oh, do you know the muffin man
That lives in Drury Lane?

Oh, yes, I know the muffin man,
The muffin man, the muffin man.
Oh, yes, I know the muffin man
That lives in Drury Lane.