



Poetry Alive!



Resource Pack

**Teaching ideas to make poetry learning come alive in
your classroom.**

Poetry Alive! Resource Pack

This pack is designed to introduce teaching ideas for poetry and language learning to the general class teacher. It provides lesson ideas, links to lesson plans on the internet and follow up ideas for other subjects. It is aimed for students in mid to upper primary, for all abilities and levels of English learning:

Activity	Subject Link	Poetry Alive! Reference Poem	Target Group	Learning Intention	Duration	Page
Make a Poetry Memory Box	Art	All	Grades 3–6,ESL	To construct and decorate a box containing students own memory poem.	2 x 50 mins	4
Write an Acrostic Poem	Spelling	Alphabet Soup	Grades 3–6,ESL	To provide a visual approach to poetry writing and a solid structure to write from	50 mins	5
Poetry And Percussion	Music	What's in a Locker?	All	To use clapping and body percussion to express the rhythm in poems	30 mins	See attached CD
Poetry Improvisation Ideas	Drama	All	Grades 4-6 ESL	To play word games with rhyme and rhythm, to gain confidence through improvisation.	60 mins	6 - 7
Create A Performance Piece	Drama	The Man From Ironbark	Grades 5-6	To dramatise a Banjo Patterson poem for a school assembly using mime and reading aloud.	ongoing	8 - 9
Make A 'Jabberwocky Mask'	Art	The Jabberwocky	Grades 3-4 ESL	Using ideas from the poem Jabberwocky, make a mask that represents one of the creatures	50 mins	10
Warm Up Activity For Physical Expression	Drama/ movement	The Jabberwocky	Grades 3-6 ESL	To play a fun physical game as a way to begin exploring creativity and imagination.	10 mins	10 - 11
Words Into Action!	Drama / movement	The Jabberwocky	Grades 3-6 ESL	To physically explore the nonsense words from Jabberwocky. A kinesthetic and visual learning activity.	20 mins	11
Make A Class Book	Art/Writing	"In the Ning Nang Nong"	Grades 3-4 ESL	For students to represent their learning of the poem by illustrating and writing each line.	50 mins	12

Activity	Subject Link	Poetry Alive! Reference Poem	Target Group	Learning Intention	Duration	Page
Singing Poems!	Drama/Music	"In the Ning Nang Nong"	Grades 3,4,5,6 ESL	For students to engage with poems by performing them orally.	10 mins	12
Tongue Twisters	Drama	"In the Ning Nang Nong"	Grades 3,4,5,6 ESL	For students to develop articulation skills in preparation for reading aloud	10 mins	13

Appendix:

- List of Poetry Alive! Poems accompanied by Audio and Visual
- List of Poetry Alive! Poems
- List of Banjo Patterson poems that are ideal to Dramatise – page 29 - 35

Poetry in Art - How to Make a Poetry Memory Box

*This lesson is great for **visual** and **kinaesthetic** learners, as it requires them to create a piece of artwork using their poem as a basis.*

1. To begin, use a poem that the students have written themselves; it could be about a memory of a fun event, a day at the beach, a birthday party they had or attended, memories of their home if they are from another country; anything at all as long as they wrote it themselves.
2. The next step is to prepare the box; used cereal boxes work well or any other box that is about the size of an A4 piece of paper.
3. Cut the front of the box off so that it now resembles a tray, depending on the thickness of the box you may need to cut it to make it approximately 2 inches deep.
4. Now that the box is ready, paint brightly using watercolours.
5. When painted put aside for later.
6. Now get the students to write out the poem neatly in quite large print on a blank piece of A4 paper.
7. Trace over the pencil with glue. (Any glue will work, glue sticks can be easier for younger children) Use toothpicks to guide the glue or correct any overflows.
8. Gently sprinkle sand over all of the glue. Wait until dry then shake off excess sand.
9. Now stick the page into the box, you may need to cut around the edges so that it fits.
10. Lastly decorate the edges of the box with any small decorations that you or the students have collected, for example; shells, buttons, photographs that can be cut up, tinsel, glitter, small pieces of fabric...etc

Now you have a memory box!

How to Write an Acrostic Poem

*In Poetry Alive! the actors perform an elaborate version of an acrostic poem:
Alphabet Soup.*

Acrostic poems are a good way to learn the spelling of difficult words. They are a great introduction to poetry writing because they give students a solid structure to work from. *This lesson is great for **visual** learners as students can see the poem as they create it.* To begin decide on a topic or theme for the poems, some examples are: animals, countries, students own name, favourite foods and favourite hobbies.

A good idea is to use a topic that students are currently studying in another subject, for example if they are studying insects in science they could choose an insect to write a poem about.

Then ask students to brainstorm everything they know about this subject, this will help them get thinking.

Next ask students to write the word vertically down the page. Each line must then begin with the corresponding letter.

They can use some of their brainstorming results to write the poem.

Here is an example:

Bright sun
Eats into my skin
As I plunge into the water
Cool at last
How I love the beach!

And finally ask the students to illustrate their page and hang them around the room for all to see!

Read, Write, Think

There are heaps of good websites devoted to acrostic poetry; here is an interactive one that might be fun for an IT lesson. This website guides the student through the process of writing their poem then prints it at the end:

www.readwritethink.org/materials/acrostic

Poetry and Drama

Poetry Improvisation Ideas

*Drama is an excellent way for **kinesthetic** and **aural** learners to connect with text; this lesson provides an experiential process for learning about poetry.*

There are many, many ways you can use poetry in drama for example you can:

- read aloud a poem with the whole class
- divide the class into groups and get each group to read aloud a poem
- act out the poem without speaking
- act out different endings to a poem
- sing a poem and clap to the beat....the list is endless!

For this page we are going to focus on;

Improvisation in Rhyme and Rhythm

The most important thing to remember is that improvisation means making things up as you go along. Students will need to first of all develop the confidence in speaking from the top of their head....here is a warm up activity for this:

Word Association Game

Seat the students in a circle. Write a list of random words (nouns) on the board, these are to use if anyone gets stuck. (E.g.ice-cream, banana, umbrella, photo, vase, shoes, etc.)

You begin by saying a word, and the person on your left must say the first word they think of when they hear the word.

The person next to them says the first word THEY think of when they hear the second word, and on it goes. If someone is shy, gets stuck, or doesn't know the meaning of a word, they can look up on the board and start again with one of the words listed there.

If your class is quite shy this can work well as a partner game first then a class game once the students have gotten the hang of it. The main point of this exercise is to get students thinking and responding quickly. It is also a chance for you to teach them your boundaries with improvisation. Yes you want them to respond freely but they must still observe class rules and not say inappropriate words.

Rhyming Games

Name Game: Students introduce themselves with something that rhymes with their name: for example:

My name is Vikki and I'm a bit Tricky

My name is Rochelle and I like to yell

My name is Deborah and I have a pet Zebra

Rhyming Places: For this game, students must make up a rhyme based on a country or place, for example: *When I went to Spain, it started to rain.*

Depending on the confidence of your students you may want to give students the name of a country or place first, some examples are: France, Greece, Denmark, New York, the moon, the sun, Perth, Chile, Paris. Or you can give a name of a local place, for example: the school, the beach, the park, the shop.....

Rhyming Food: Approach this game in the same way except substitute places for food, for example;

*My mum made me eat meat but it tasted like feet
I ate a pie that tasted like the sky*

At this stage the emphasis is on having fun and giving it a go, it is fine if the rhymes are nonsense!

These games are quick and easy to play. They can be used as a lesson on their own or as a warm up to a creative writing lesson. It is fun to play them often so students can develop more confidence in speaking to the group and making up silly rhymes.

Create a Performance Piece

Banjo Patterson poems are great to perform because they are all about telling stories. There are many images in his poems that can be physicalised and because of their rhythm and rhyme structure they are great to read out loud.

This lesson is great for students who are **kinesthetic and **aural** learners because it encourages students to show images of the poem using their bodies and requires them to speak the poem out loud.*

The following is a guide to using an A.B Patterson poem to create a performance piece. The structure of the piece will be for the students to perform the words of the poem while showing the action in tableaux.

To begin with choose your poem, refer to the list included in this resource pack to help you. or go to this website which is an excellent resource for Banjo Patterson poetry:
<http://www.wallisandmatilda.com.au/banjo-paterson-poems.shtml>

The things you should be looking for when choosing a poem to perform are:

- Imagery – are there a lot of descriptive images in the poem that would be fun to act out?
- Characters – are there characters in the poem that students can act out?
- Length – does it need to be long enough, so that all students can get involved? Or will you choose several poems for small groups to perform?
- Topical – is it linked with any topics you are currently studying?

For the purpose of this guide I will use the Poem “The Man from Ironbark” I think this is an ideal poem because there is a lot of action and a lot of scope for students to be characters (they can be the Man from Ironbark, the barber, the Peeler man, the customers, people in the streets of Sydney etc.)

Now that you have chosen your poem, introduce it to the class by reading it aloud. I always like students to read too but this will depend on the confidence of your students.

**This is a good time to have a discussion about the poem to ensure that all students understand the story line. This could lead to a lesson about Australian early settlers and their way of life, you could show some photos and illustrations of Sydney at this time to help students to visualise the context of the poem.*

Next divide the class into groups of three or four students. Keep in mind that there are eight stanzas so if you can, create eight groups.

Now divide the stanzas amongst the groups. Give each group two stanzas, one is to read aloud, one is to make into a tableaux.

Making a Tableaux

A tableau is a frozen picture of action, like a photograph. An ideal way to teach students how to make a tableau is to find some pictures of people in action and show them to the students. Ask them to be the people in the photo or to re-create the photo with their bodies.

Some good examples of pictures to show are: people at a birthday party, people playing football, people at a wedding...etc.

Once they get confident with this ask them to create a frozen picture of a scene that you tell them: for example:

‘Make a tableau of people in an exercise class’ or

‘Make a tableau of people in the library’

Now that they understand how to make a tableau, give each group a stanza of ‘The man From Ironbark’ and ask them to make a tableau of a moment from that stanza. Make sure everyone in the tableau is doing something to show the action. (Think of facial expression, body positioning...everything!)

Now share these with the class!

Once you are happy with them give each group a stanza to read aloud. The idea is that one group will read out a stanza while another group shows the tableau, then the groups will rotate.

Spend some time working on reading aloud skills. Students need to decide if they are going to all read together or one person read one line at a time etc. They must read clearly and be heard by the audience so you may need to devote a bit of time to this step.

Don’t forget to emphasise the rhythm and rhyme of the poem. (Depending on your class you may decide to ask them to *learn* the lines too!)

Finally the last step is to ‘block’ the show. This means to organise the students so that the stanzas are read and performed sequentially. This will need a bit of organisation and shuffling on your part.

So now you are ready to show an audience! Have a think about whether or not you would like to include costumes and props. Early settler’s costumes are easy to find and create so researching and making these could be a fun activity!

Have fun and Good Luck!

Teaching Ideas for The Jabberwocky

The Jabberwocky is a great poem to study because of the imaginative made up language and because it is an action poem. Every line can be read out and discussed, a list drawn up of the made up words and their possible meanings perhaps. In this section we will look at some ideas to help make the poem come alive, so it can be enjoyed by all students.

*These ideas are great for **visual** and **kinesthetic** learners because of their experiential and creative processes.*

Make a Jabberwocky Mask

This is a really quick mask, one that can be made in the general class room. Lesson plans for more elaborate masks can be found on the following website: <http://www.squidoo.com/maskmaking>

There are three made up creatures in the poem they are the;

- *Jabberwocky*
- *Jubjub Bird*
- *Bandersnatch*

It might be fun to discuss each creature and ask the students to brainstorm about what kind of animal they think they are and what they might look like. Then discuss the findings with the class.

1. Once the students have decided which animal to make a mask of, hand out a paper plate to each student. The first step is for the students to cut out holes for their eyes, younger students may need help with this.
2. Next, give students a range of different textures and textiles to decorate their masks, some good examples are: different coloured wool, feathers, bright coloured material, buttons, tin foil, lace, shells, glitter, old magazines, coloured cardboard.
3. Using these materials students must shape the face of their creature.
4. Once created attach a piece of elastic to each mask so that students can comfortably wear them.
5. At the end of the lesson ask volunteers to show their colourful masks to the class.

Whole Class Movement Activity

Now that you have made the mask, the next step in making the poem come alive is for the students to physically explore the language of the poem. For this activity you may need to find an empty space where students can freely move around.

To begin with, ask students if they can identify some movement words from the text, they should come up with: *whiffling, burbled, galumphing*. Write these on the board.

Warm Up Activity – For Physical Expression

When doing any physical activity it is always good to do a warm up to get students ready to be expressive with their bodies. There are many examples of these in the Drama Resource section on our website, (insert link) or you may like to try the following activity:

Yes Lets!

Begin by asking students to walk neutrally around the room, moving in between people, changing direction frequently. When you are satisfied that they are calm and listening to you, ask them to change the way they are walking, for example;

Teacher: Let's move like an elephant!

Student: Yes Lets!

Now everyone must move like elephants.

Repeat this process by asking students to move like a range of animals, for example; horse, hippopotamus, lion, mouse, snake, frog, rabbit etc.

When you feel they are ready invite students to call out other ways of moving. You may want to end this activity by asking students to move like a Bandersnatch, Jubjub bird and Jabberwocky.

Words into Action - Activity

Now that students are warmed up, refer to the words you wrote on the board at the start of the lesson. Discuss with the group what those words could possibly mean, refer to the context of the poem. Are there any other words that suggest movement?

Ask student to get up and walk neutrally around the room again. This time call out each of the three words and any others you discovered and ask students to move in the way that word makes them want to move.

Once you feel that students have a clear distinction for each word regroup on the floor and ask for volunteers to discuss and show (if confident) the different way these words made them move. (This can lead to a discussion about onomatopoeia and can lead in to a lesson on this subject)

Finally, if you feel that your students are confident enough, encourage them to put on their masks. Read the entire poem aloud and simply ask students to mime the action as you read. There should be no judgment in this activity; the focus is simply about expressing physically. Remind students that it is a nonsense poem so their movements can be as imaginative as they like.

Now students are ready for a more in depth study of the poem. We hope that the poem is now alive in their imagination. You may now want to explore the language further; why did the author choose to use made up words? What is onomatopoeia? Why onomatopoeia is useful in writing and reading poems....the list is endless.

Teaching Ideas for “On the Ning Nang Nong”

*These ideas are great for students who are **visual**, **kinesthetic** and **aural learners**, as they require students to experience poetry in physical and creative ways.*

This is a famous nonsense poem that all students love for its humour and imagination. We hope that it will inspire students to write their own nonsense poems, for some good resources and teaching ideas the following websites are great:

<http://www.poetryzone.ndirect.co.uk/howto.htm>

<http://www.poetryarchive.org/poetryarchive/singlePlan.do?planId=47>

In the meantime, here are a couple of other ideas to help this famous poem come alive!

Make a Class Book of “On the Ning Nang Nong” (for younger students)

There are a range of animals and objects in this poem; cows, monkeys, mice, trees, teapots etc. All of them make some silly noise, i.e. Boo, Ping, Clang! Make up a class book by getting pairs of students to write the words to each line on a separate page. Fill it with colourful illustrations and staple together. Now you have a class book.

Singing poems!

A great way to learn a poem off by heart is to sing it! Pick a tune that you know all of the students in your class are familiar with. For example: *Advance Australia Fair*, *Waltzing Matilda*, *Ba Ba Black Sheep*, *Frosty the Snowman*....etc. Now see if you can fit the poem into that tune, it doesn't have to be exact, students will understand and find it funny.

Now sing away!

With a confident class, ask *them* to find a tune for the poem. This can be done in groups so it doesn't get too chaotic.

Tongue Twisters

Tongue twisters are a fun way for students to challenge their speaking and listening skills. Try introducing a new tongue twister every week and challenge students in how fast they can say them without stumbling over the words. Here is a list of some fun ones!

- Tiny Timmy trims the tall tree with tinsel.
- Chilly chipper children cheerfully chant.
- Two trains travel together to Toy land.
- Double bubble gum bubbles double.
- A cup of proper coffee in a copper coffee cup.
- Fresh fried fish, fish fresh fried, fried fish fresh, fish fried fresh.
- Eleven Elves licked eleven little licorice lollipops.
- Big Billy, who had a big belly, was also a big bully.
- Is there a pleasant peasant present?
- A tidy tiger tied a tie tighter to tidy her tiny tail.
- Running reindeer romp round red wreaths.
- A box of biscuits, a batch of mixed biscuits.
- A big black bug bit a big black bear, made the big black bear bleed blood.
- Which witch wished which wicked wish?
- The two twenty two train tore through the tunnel.
- Nine nice night nurses nursing nicely.
- Chips crusts crackle crunchily.
- Give papa a cup of proper coffee in a copper coffee cup.
- Don't pamper damp scamp tramps that camp under ramp lamps.
- Brad's big black bath brush broke.
- The blue bluebird blinks.
- How can a clam cram in a clean cream can?
- I saw Susie sitting in a shoe shine shop. Where she sits she shines, and where she shines she sits.
- The thirty three thieves thought that they thrilled the throne throughout Thursday.
- Can you can a can as a canner can can a can?
- Picky people pick Peter pan peanut butter, 'tis the peanut butter picky people pick.
- There those thousand thinkers were thinking how did the other three thieves go through.
- Green glass globes glow greenly.
- Six sick hicks nick six slick bricks with picks and sticks.

- Sixth sick sheik's sixth sheep's sick.
- Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers. Did Peter Piper pick a peck of pickled peppers? If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers, where's the peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked?
- Red lorry, yellow lorry, red lorry, yellow lorry.
- A big black bug bit a big black bear, made the big black bear bleed blood.
- Six short slow shepherds.
- Twelve twins twirled twelve twigs.
- A fat-free fruit float.
- A quick-witted cricket critic.
- I scream, you scream, we all scream for icecream!

The Poems from Poetry Alive!

These poems are accompanied by audio and visual excerpts from the live show. These audio and visual files can be found on The Song Room Online website.

[Add hyperlink](#)



This poem is accompanied by a video file on The Song Room Online website.

The video of the live performance shows students how poetry can be brought alive through performance; it literally lifts the words off the page and brings the story to life.

Activity Note: This video recording can assist to re-enact *Mulga Bill* in the classroom environment. Once students have learnt the poem – they can break into groups of 3 to dramatise the poem similar to the recording. Encourage students to find props to support their work.

Encourage students to act out and perform the poems in this resource, including the other poems by Banjo Paterson at the end of this resource and also the poems they create themselves.

Mulga Bill by Banjo Patterson

Twas Mulga Bill, from Eaglehawk, that caught the cycling craze;
He turned away the good old horse that served him many days;
He dressed himself in cycling clothes, resplendent to be seen;
He hurried off to town and bought a shining new machine;
And as he wheeled it through the door, with air of lordly pride,
The grinning shop assistant said, "Excuse me, can you ride?"

"See here, young man," said Mulga Bill, "from Walgett to the sea,
From Conroy's Gap to Castlereagh, there's none can ride like me.
I'm good all round at everything, as everybody knows,
Although I'm not the one to talk- I *hate* a man that blows.
But riding is my special gift, my chiefest, sole delight;
Just ask a wild duck can it swim, a wildcat can it fight.
There's nothing clothed in hair or hide, or built of flesh or steel,
There's nothing walks or jumps, or runs, on axle, hoof, or wheel,
But what I'll sit, while hide will hold and girth and straps are tight:
I'll ride this here two-wheeled concern right straight away at sight."

'Twas Mulga Bill, from Eaglehawk, that sought his own abode,
That perched above the Dead Man's Creek, beside the mountain road.
He turned the cycle down the hill and mounted for the fray,
But ere he'd gone a dozen yards it bolted clean away.
It left the track, and through the trees, just like a silver streak,

It whistled down the awful slope towards the Dead Man's Creek.

It shaved a stump by half an inch, it dodged a big white box:
The very wallaroos in fright went scrambling up the rocks,
The wombats hiding in their caves dug deeper underground,
As Mulga Bill, as white as chalk, sat tight to every bound.
It struck a stone and gave a spring that cleared a fallen tree,
It raced beside a precipice as close as close could be;
And then, as Mulga Bill let out one last despairing shriek
It made a leap of twenty feet into the Dead Man's Creek.

Twas Mulga Bill, from Eaglehawk, that slowly swam ashore:
He said, "I've had some narrer shaves and lively rides before;
I've rode a wild bull round a yard to win a five pound bet,
But this was the most awful ride that I've encountered yet.
I'll give that two-wheeled outlaw best; it's shaken all my nerve
To feel it whistle through the air and plunge and buck and swerve.
It's safe at rest in Dead Man's Creek, we'll leave it lying still;
A horse's back is good enough henceforth for Mulga Bill.



This poem is accompanied by an audio file on the membership website.

Print this out and ask students to join the performers in reading the poem, they can join in and read out loud the words highlighted in **bold**.

What's in a Locker ? by *Fran Harraway*

Tennis shoe
Skateboard **blue**,
book report –
overdue;
Jacket **red**,
cockroach **dead**,
sandwich bag,
week old bread,
paper - **lined**.
grade slip – **signed**.
Oreo.
Orange rind,
Shorts **outgrown**,
Saxophone,
Bubble gum,
Choose your Own
Adventure **old**
sweatband **gold**,
Styling mousse –
super hold;
Donut **looks**
Mouldy, hooks –
everything!
except books



This poem is accompanied by an audio file on the membership website.

Print this out and ask students to join the performers in reading the poem, they can join in and read out loud the words highlighted in **bold**.

On The Ning Nang Nong! by Spike Milligan

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 it's 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!



This poem is accompanied by an audio file on the membership website.

Print this out and ask students to join the performers in reading the poem, their role is to call out the letters of alphabet at the beginning of each sentence. This poem goes very fast and might be difficult for younger students, but they will certainly enjoy trying!

Alphabet Soup by *Daniel Resort*

Another alienation averts avenged arrows
Bending better batteries bridging broken barrows
Callously carrying cleverly covered crowns
Draining dark drones death's destination drowns
Easily eradicated empty errors educated
Fitting fake factions feeling fascinated
Grim guns grapple grabbing generous gems
Helplessly hopeless honing happy hems
I instantly investigate icy ideas
Justifying jokes jumping jester's jeers
Killing kings kindly knights kick karmas
Lessons learned lately lament lit llamas
Merry men make main matters most mean
Nothing new now noted naming nicotine
Ominous omens open our originalities
Praying pain passes past plain principalities
Quiet queens quilt quite queer quips
Ripening rivers revolve resting rips
Spit slick splits slaying sold shallow souls
Telling tried tragedies; tastefully taking tolls
Under until united umbrellas untie
Very vicious venoms vertically verify
Wandering wherever we wonder what
Xenophobic xylophones X marks the spot
Yearning young yobs yell yearly yapping
Zany zooks zigzag zealously zapping

The Poems from Poetry Alive!

The Swimming Song

Chords:

Intro / chorus– G C G D Em Em C D Em C D G

Chorus

G C G
In the summer I went swimming
D Em
In the summer I might have drowned
Em C
But I held my breath, I kicked my feet
D Em
I moved my arms around.
C D G
I moved my arms around.

Verse 1

This summer I swam in the ocean
I swam in the swimming pool,
I salt my wounds, chlorined my eyes
I'm a self-destructive fool.

Chorus

Verse 2

In the summer I did the backstroke
And know that that's not all;
I did the breast-stroke, the butterfly
And the old Australian crawl.

Chorus

Verse 3

In the summer I swam in a public place
And a reservoir to boot.
At the ladder I was informal
At the formal I wore my suit
I wore my swimming suit,....yes I did.

Chorus

Verse 4

In the summer I did the swan dive
And jack-knife for you all.
Once when you weren't looking,
I did a cannonball.
I did a cannonball.

Chorus

I moved my arms around x 2

Jellyspoons

The famous speaker who no one had heard of said:

Ladies and jellyspoons, hobos and tramps,

Cross-eyed mosquitos and bow-legged ant,

I stand before you to sit behind you

To tell you something I know nothing about.

Next Thursday, which is Good Friday,

There's a Mother's Day meeting for fathers only;

Wear ou best clothes if you haven't any.

Please come if you can't; if you can, stay at home.

Admission is free, pay at the door;

Pull up a chair and sit on the floor.

It makes no difference where you sit,

The man in the gallery is sure to spit.

The show is over, but before you go,

Let me tell you a story you already know.

One bright day in the middle of the night,

Two dead boys got up to fight.

One was blind and the other could'nt see,

So they fought in front of referee,

(The blind man went to see fair play;

The mute man went to shout "hooray!")

Back to back they faced each other,

Drew their swords and shot each other.

A deaf policeman heard the noise,

And came and killed the two dead boys.

A paralysed donkey passing by

Kicked the blind man in the eye;

Kocked him though a nine-inch wall.

And the man with no legs walked away.

The Computer's First Christmas Card by *Edward Morgan*

Jollymerry
Hollyberry
Jollyberry
Merryholly
Happyjolly
Jollyjelly
Jellybelly
Bellymerry
Hollyheppy
jollyMolly
marryJerry
merryHarry
hoppyBarry
heppyJarry
boppyheppy
berryjorry
jorryjolly
moppyjelly
Mollymerry
Jerryjolly
Bellyhoppy
Jorryhoppy
Hollymoppy
Barrymerry
Jarryhappy
Happyboppy
Boppyjolly
Jollymerry
Merrymerry
Merrymerry
merryChris
ammerryasa
Chrismerry
asMERRYCHR
YSANTHEMUM

The Hippopotamus *by Ogden Nash*

Behold the hippopotamus!
We laugh at how he looks to us,
And yet in moments dank and grim,
I wonder how we look to him.
Peace, peace, thou hippopotamus!
We really look all right to us,
As you no doubt delight the eye
Of other hippopotami.

Jabberwocky *By Lewis Carroll*

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

`Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!

He took his vorpal sword in hand:
Long time the manxome foe he sought--
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
And stood awhile in thought.

And as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffing through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came!
One, two! One, two! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.

`And has thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!

O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!
He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

The Caterpillar's Song

I've eaten many strange and scrumptious dishes in my time
Like jellied gnats and dandyprats and earwigs cooked in slime,
And mice with rice – they're really nice
When roasted in their prime.
(But don't forget to sprinkle them with just a pinch of grime.)

I've eaten fresh mudburgers by the greatest cooks there are,
And scrambled dregs and stinkbug's eggs and hornets stewed in tar,
And pails of snails and lizards' tails,
And beetles by the jar.
(A beetle is improved by just a splash of vinegar.)

I'm mad for crispy wasp-stings on a piece of buttered toast,
And pickled spines of porcupines. And then a gorgeous roast
Of dragon's flesh, well hung, not fresh –
It costs a pound at most,
(And comes to you in barrels if you order it by post)

I crave the tasty tentacles of octopi for tea
I like hot dogs
I love hot frogs
And surely you'll agree
A plate of soil with engine oils'
A super recipe
I hardly need to mention that
It's practically free

For dinner on my birthday shall I tell you what I chose
Hot noodles made from poodles on a slice of garden hose –
And a rather smelly jelly
Made of armadillo's toes.
(The jelly is delicious, but you have to hold your nose.)
Now comes, (the Centipede declared) the burden of our speech
These foods are rare beyond compare – some are right out of reach;
But there's no doubt I'd go without
A million plates of each
For one small mite,
One tiny bite
Of this FANTASTIC PEACH!

The First Men on Mercury by Edwin Morgan

We come in peace from the third planet.
Would you take us to your leader?
Bawr stretter! Bawr. Bawr. Stretterhaw!
This is a little plastic model
of the solar system, with working parts.
You are here and we are there and we
are now here with you, is that clear?
Gawl horrop. Bawr. Abawrhannahanna!
Where we come from is blue and white
with brown, you see we call the brown
here 'land'. The blue is 'sea', and the white
is 'clouds' over the land and sea, we
live on the surface of the brown land,
all around is sea and clouds. We are 'mem'.
Men come –
Glawp men! Gawrbenner menko. Menhaw!
Men come in peace from the third planet
which we call 'earth'. We are earthmen.
Take us earthmen to your leader.
Thmen? Thmen? Bawr. Bawrhosop.
Yuleeda tan hanna. Harrabost yuleeda.
I am the yuleeda. You see my hands,
we carry no benner, we come in peace.

The spaceways are all stretterhawn.
Glaw'n peacemen all horrabhanna tantko!
Tan come at'mstrossop. Glawp yuleeda!
Atoms are peacegawl in our harraban
Menbat worrabost from tan hannahanna.
You men we know bawrhossopant. Bawr.
We know yuleeda. Go strawg backspetter quick.
We cantantabawr, rantingko bachspetter now!
Banghapper now! Yes, third planet back.
Yuleeda will go back blue, white, brown
nowhanna! There is no more talk.
Gawl han fasthapper?
No. You must go back to your planet.
Go back in peace, take what you have gained
but quickly.
Stretterworra gawl, gawl . . .
Of course, but nothing is ever the same,
now is it? You'll remember Mercury.

Waltzing Matilda by A.B. "Banjo" Paterson
(Written 1895, first published as sheet music 1903.)

Once jolly swagman camped by a billabong,
Under the shade of a Coolibah tree;
And he sang as he looked at the old billy boiling
"Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me."

Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda, my darling.
Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.
Waltzing Matilda and leading a water-bag.
Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Up came the jumbuck to drink at the waterhole,
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee;
And he sang as he put him away in his tucker-bag,
"Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me."

Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda, my darling.
Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Waltzing Matilda and leading a water-bag.
Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Up came the squatter a-riding his thoroughbred;
Up came the policeman - one, two, and three.
"Whose is the jumbuck you've got in the tucker-bag?
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with we."

Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda, my darling.
Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.
Waltzing Matilda and leading a water-bag.
Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Up sprang the swagman and jumped into the waterhole,
Drowning himself by the Coolibah tree;
And his voice can be heard as it sings in the billabongs,
"Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me."

Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda, my darling.
Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.
Waltzing Matilda and leading a water-bag.
Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Gifts by Oodgeroo of the Noonuccal

'I will bring you love,' said the young lover,
'A glad light to dance in your dark eye.
Pendants I will bring of the white bone,
And gay parrot feathers to deck your hair.'

But she only shook her head.
'I will put a child in your arms,' he said,
'Will be a great headman, great rain-maker.
I will make remembered songs about you
That all the tribes in all the wandering camps
Will sing forever.'

But she was not impressed.

'I will bring you the still moonlight on the lagoon,
And steal for you the singing of the birds:
I will bring down the stars of heaven to you,
And put the bright rainbow in your hand.'

'No,' she said, 'bring me tree-grubs.'

The Bug and the Fly by Deborah Mailman

A dew drop falls and spills itself onto a flowering plant.

A nearby bug complains that this drop has killed his best friend, the ant. Saddened at the sight of this, the bug began to cry.

And slowly the drops became streams of tears that washed onto a fly.

"Excuse me, Sir" said the fly, 'But it seems to me you're hurt.

Please let me help, I tell funny jokes.

By the way, my name is Bert."

And together the Bug and Bert the fly sat beneath a darkened sky

And laughed and laughed and chattered like mates and realized that their friendship was great.

And the sky turned black, the owl came out. And silence had filled the air.

The bug and the fly had fallen asleep,

Now only their dreams were aware.

So if by chance, one day as you walk, you see a bug /and a fly/

Do not be afraid , tell them that you know of them,

Through this poem that I have made.

List of Banjo Patterson Poems that are great to perform!

The Man from Ironbark by A.B. "Banjo" Paterson

It was the man from Ironbark who struck the Sydney town,
He wandered over street and park, he wandered up and down.
He loitered here, he loitered there, till he was like to drop,
Until at last in sheer despair he sought a barber's shop.
"Ere! shave my beard and whiskers off, I'll be a man of mark,
I'll go and do the Sydney toff up home in Ironbark."

The barber man was small and flash, as barbers mostly are,
He wore a strike-your-fancy sash, he smoked a huge cigar;
He was a humorist of note and keen at repartee,
He laid the odds and kept a "tote", whatever that may be,
And when he saw our friend arrive, he whispered, "Here's a lark!
Just watch me catch him all alive, this man from Ironbark."

There were some gilded youths that sat along the barber's wall.
Their eyes were dull, their heads were flat, they had no brains at all;
To them the barber passed the wink, his dexter eyelid shut,
"I'll make this bloomin' yokel think his bloomin' throat is cut."
And as he soaped and rubbed it in he made a rude remark:
"I s'pose the flats is pretty green up there in Ironbark."
A grunt was all reply he got; he shaved the bushman's chin,
Then made the water boiling hot and dipped the razor in.
He raised his hand, his brow grew black, he paused awhile to gloat,
Then slashed the red-hot razor-back across his victim's throat:
Upon the newly-shaven skin it made a livid mark -
No doubt it fairly took him in - the man from Ironbark.

He fetched a wild up-country yell might wake the dead to hear,
And though his throat, he knew full well, was cut from ear to ear,
He struggled gamely to his feet, and faced the murd'rous foe:
"You've done for me! you dog, I'm beat! one hit before I go!
I only wish I had a knife, you blessed murdering shark!
But you'll remember all your life the man from Ironbark."

He lifted up his hairy paw, with one tremendous clout
He landed on the barber's jaw, and knocked the barber out.
He set to work with nail and tooth, he made the place a wreck;
He grabbed the nearest gilded youth, and tried to break his neck.
And all the while his throat he held to save his vital spark,
And "Murder! Bloody murder!" yelled the man from Ironbark.

A peeler man who heard the din came in to see the show;
He tried to run the bushman in, but he refused to go.
And when at last the barber spoke, and said "'Twas all in fun—
'Twas just a little harmless joke, a trifle overdone."
"A joke!" he cried, "By George, that's fine; a lively sort of lark;
I'd like to catch that murdering swine some night in Ironbark."

And now while round the shearing floor the list'ning shearers gape,
He tells the story o'er and o'er, and brags of his escape.
"Them barber chaps what keeps a tote, By George, I've had enough,
One tried to cut my bloomin' throat, but thank the Lord it's tough."
And whether he's believed or no, there's one thing to remark,
That flowing beards are all the go way up in Ironbark.

A Bush Christening by A.B. "Banjo" Paterson

On the outer Barcoo where the churches are few,
And men of religion are scanty,
On a road never cross'd 'cept by folk that are lost,
One Michael Magee had a shanty.

Now this Mike was the dad of a ten-year-old lad,
Plump, healthy, and stoutly conditioned;
He was strong as the best, but poor Mike had no rest
For the youngster had never been christened,

And his wife used to cry, "If the darlin' should die
Saint Peter would not recognise him."
But by luck he survived till a preacher arrived,
Who agreed straightaway to baptise him.

Now the artful young rogue, while they held their colloque,
With his ear to the keyhole was listenin',
And he muttered in fright while his features turned white,
"What the divil and all is this christenin'?"

He was none of your dolts, he had seen them brand colts,
And it seemed to his small understanding,
If the man in the frock made him one of the flock,
It must mean something very like branding.

So away with a rush he set off for the bush,
While the tears in his eyelids they glistened-
"'Tis outrageous," says he, "to brand youngsters like me,
I'll be dashed if I'll stop to be christened!"

Like a young native dog he ran into a log,
And his father with language uncivil,
Never heeding the "praste" cried aloud in his haste,
"Come out and be christened, you divil!"

But he lay there as snug as a bug in a rug,

And his parents in vain might reprove him,
Till his reverence spoke (he was fond of a joke)
"I've a notion," says he, "that'll move him."

"Poke a stick up the log, give the spalpeen a prog;
Poke him aisy-don't hurt him or maim him,
'Tis not long that he'll stand, I've the water at hand,
As he rushes out this end I'll name him.

"Here he comes, and for shame! ye've forgotten the name-
Is it Patsy or Michael or Dinnis?"
Here the youngster ran out, and the priest gave a shout-
"Take your chance, anyhow, wid 'Maginnis'!"

As the howling young cub ran away to the scrub
Where he knew that pursuit would be risky,
The priest, as he fled, flung a flask at his head
That was labelled "Maginnis's Whisky!"

And Maginnis Magee has been made a J.P.,
And the one thing he hates more than sin is
To be asked by the folk who have heard of the joke,
How he came to be christened "Maginnis"!

The Man from Snowy River by A.B. (Banjo) Paterson

There was movement at the station, for the word had passed around
That the colt from old Regret had got away,
And had joined the wild bush horses - he was worth a thousand pound,
So all the cracks had gathered to the fray.
All the tried and noted riders from the stations near and far
Had mustered at the homestead overnight,
For the bushmen love hard riding where the wild bush horses are,
And the stock-horse snuffs the battle with delight.

There was Harrison, who made his pile when Pardon won the cup,
The old man with his hair as white as snow;
But few could ride beside him when his blood was fairly up -
He would go wherever horse and man could go.
And Clancy of the Overflow came down to lend a hand,
No better horseman ever held the reins;
For never horse could throw him while the saddle-girths would stand -
He learnt to ride while droving on the plains.

And one was there, a stripling on a small and weedy beast;
He was something like a racehorse undersized,
With a touch of Timor pony - three parts thoroughbred at least -
And such as are by mountain horsemen prized.
He was hard and tough and wiry - just the sort that won't say die -
There was courage in his quick impatient tread;
And he bore the badge of gameness in his quick and fiery eye,
And the proud and lofty carriage of his head.

But still so slight and weedy, one would doubt his power to stay,
And the old man said, "That horse will never do
For a long and tiring gallop - lad, you'd better stop away,
These hills are far too rough for such as you."
So he waited, sad and wistful - only Clancy stood his friend -
"I think we ought to let him come," he said;
"I warrant he'll be with us when he's wanted at the end,
For both his horse and he are mountain bred.

"He hails from Snowy River, up by Kosciusko's side,
Where the hills are twice as steep and twice as rough;
Where a horse's hooves strike firelight from the flintstones every stride,
The man that holds his own is good enough.
And the Snowy river riders on the mountains make their home,
Where the river runs those giant hills between;
I have seen full many horsemen since I first commenced to roam,
But nowhere yet such horsemen have I seen."

So he went: they found the horses by the big mimosa clump,
They raced away towards the mountain's brow,
And the old man gave his orders, "Boys, go at them from the jump,
No use to try for fancy riding now.
And, Clancy, you must wheel them, try and wheel them to the right.
Ride boldly lad, and never fear the spills,
For never yet was rider that could keep the mob in sight,
If once they gain the shelter of those hills."

So Clancy rode to wheel them - he was racing on the wing
Where the best and boldest riders take their place,
And he raced his stock-horse past them and he made the ranges ring
With the stockwhip, as he met them face to face.
Then they halted for a moment, while he swung the dreaded lash,
But they saw their well-loved mountain full in view,
And they charged beneath the stockwhip with a sharp and sudden dash,
And off into the mountain scrub they flew.

Then fast the horsemen followed, where the gorges deep and black,
Resounded to the thunder of their tread,
And the stockwhips woke the echoes, and they fiercely answered back
From cliffs and crags that beetled overhead.
And upward, ever upward, the wild horses held their way,
Where mountain ash and kurrajong grew wide;
And the old man muttered fiercely, "We may bid the mob good day,
NO man can hold them down the other side."

When they reached the mountain's summit, even Clancy took a pull -

It well might make the boldest hold their breath;
The wild hop scrub grew thickly, and the hidden ground was full
Of wombat holes, and any slip was death.
But the man from Snowy River let the pony have his head,
And he swung his stockwhip round and gave a cheer,
And he raced him down the mountain like a torrent down its bed,
While the others stood and watched in very fear.

He sent the flint-stones flying, but the pony kept his feet,
He cleared the fallen timber in his stride,
And the man from Snowy River never shifted in his seat -
It was grand to see that mountain horseman ride.
Through the stringybarks and saplings, on the rough and broken ground,
Down the hillside at a racing pace he went;
And he never drew the bridle till he landed safe and sound
At the bottom of that terrible descent.

He was right among the horses as they climbed the farther hill,
And the watchers on the mountain, standing mute,
Saw him ply the stockwhip fiercely; he was right among them still,
As he raced across the clearing in pursuit.
Then they lost him for a moment, where two mountain gullies met
In the ranges - but a final glimpse reveals
On a dim and distant hillside the wild horses racing yet,
With the man from Snowy River at their heels.

And he ran them single-handed till their sides were white with foam;
He followed like a bloodhound on their track,
Till they halted, cowed and beaten; then he turned their heads for home,
And alone and unassisted brought them back.
But his hardy mountain pony he could scarcely raise a trot,
He was blood from hip to shoulder from the spur;
But his pluck was still undaunted, and his courage fiery hot,
For never yet was mountain horse a cur.

And down by Kosciusko, where the pine-clad ridges raise
Their torn and rugged battlements on high,



Poetry Alive!



Resource Pack

**Teaching ideas to make poetry learning come alive in
your classroom.**

Poetry Alive! Resource Pack

This pack is designed to introduce teaching ideas for poetry and language learning to the general class teacher. It provides lesson ideas, links to lesson plans on the internet and follow up ideas for other subjects. It is aimed for students in mid to upper primary, for all abilities and levels of English learning:

Activity	Subject Link	Poetry Alive! Reference Poem	Target Group	Learning Intention	Duration	Page
Make a Poetry Memory Box	Art	All	Grades 3–6,ESL	To construct and decorate a box containing students own memory poem.	2 x 50 mins	4
Write an Acrostic Poem	Spelling	Alphabet Soup	Grades 3–6,ESL	To provide a visual approach to poetry writing and a solid structure to write from	50 mins	5
Poetry And Percussion	Music	What's in a Locker?	All	To use clapping and body percussion to express the rhythm in poems	30 mins	See attached CD
Poetry Improvisation Ideas	Drama	All	Grades 4-6 ESL	To play word games with rhyme and rhythm, to gain confidence through improvisation.	60 mins	6 - 7
Create A Performance Piece	Drama	The Man From Ironbark	Grades 5-6	To dramatise a Banjo Patterson poem for a school assembly using mime and reading aloud.	ongoing	8 - 9
Make A 'Jabberwocky Mask'	Art	The Jabberwocky	Grades 3-4 ESL	Using ideas from the poem Jabberwocky, make a mask that represents one of the creatures	50 mins	10
Warm Up Activity For Physical Expression	Drama/ movement	The Jabberwocky	Grades 3-6 ESL	To play a fun physical game as a way to begin exploring creativity and imagination.	10 mins	10 - 11
Words Into Action!	Drama / movement	The Jabberwocky	Grades 3-6 ESL	To physically explore the nonsense words from Jabberwocky. A kinesthetic and visual learning activity.	20 mins	11
Make A Class Book	Art/Writing	"In the Ning Nang Nong"	Grades 3-4 ESL	For students to represent their learning of the poem by illustrating and writing each line.	50 mins	12

Activity	Subject Link	Poetry Alive! Reference Poem	Target Group	Learning Intention	Duration	Page
Singing Poems!	Drama/Music	"In the Ning Nang Nong"	Grades 3,4,5,6 ESL	For students to engage with poems by performing them orally.	10 mins	12
Tongue Twisters	Drama	"In the Ning Nang Nong"	Grades 3,4,5,6 ESL	For students to develop articulation skills in preparation for reading aloud	10 mins	13

Appendix:

- List of Poetry Alive! Poems accompanied by Audio and Visual
- List of Poetry Alive! Poems
- List of Banjo Patterson poems that are ideal to Dramatise – page 29 - 35

Poetry in Art - How to Make a Poetry Memory Box

*This lesson is great for **visual** and **kinaesthetic** learners, as it requires them to create a piece of artwork using their poem as a basis.*

1. To begin, use a poem that the students have written themselves; it could be about a memory of a fun event, a day at the beach, a birthday party they had or attended, memories of their home if they are from another country; anything at all as long as they wrote it themselves.
2. The next step is to prepare the box; used cereal boxes work well or any other box that is about the size of an A4 piece of paper.
3. Cut the front of the box off so that it now resembles a tray, depending on the thickness of the box you may need to cut it to make it approximately 2 inches deep.
4. Now that the box is ready, paint brightly using watercolours.
5. When painted put aside for later.
6. Now get the students to write out the poem neatly in quite large print on a blank piece of A4 paper.
7. Trace over the pencil with glue. (Any glue will work, glue sticks can be easier for younger children) Use toothpicks to guide the glue or correct any overflows.
8. Gently sprinkle sand over all of the glue. Wait until dry then shake off excess sand.
9. Now stick the page into the box, you may need to cut around the edges so that it fits.
10. Lastly decorate the edges of the box with any small decorations that you or the students have collected, for example; shells, buttons, photographs that can be cut up, tinsel, glitter, small pieces of fabric...etc

Now you have a memory box!

How to Write an Acrostic Poem

*In Poetry Alive! the actors perform an elaborate version of an acrostic poem:
Alphabet Soup.*

Acrostic poems are a good way to learn the spelling of difficult words. They are a great introduction to poetry writing because they give students a solid structure to work from. *This lesson is great for **visual** learners as students can see the poem as they create it.* To begin decide on a topic or theme for the poems, some examples are: animals, countries, students own name, favourite foods and favourite hobbies.

A good idea is to use a topic that students are currently studying in another subject, for example if they are studying insects in science they could choose an insect to write a poem about.

Then ask students to brainstorm everything they know about this subject, this will help them get thinking.

Next ask students to write the word vertically down the page. Each line must then begin with the corresponding letter.

They can use some of their brainstorming results to write the poem.

Here is an example:

Bright sun
Eats into my skin
As I plunge into the water
Cool at last
How I love the beach!

And finally ask the students to illustrate their page and hang them around the room for all to see!

Read, Write, Think

There are heaps of good websites devoted to acrostic poetry; here is an interactive one that might be fun for an IT lesson. This website guides the student through the process of writing their poem then prints it at the end:

www.readwritethink.org/materials/acrostic

Poetry and Drama

Poetry Improvisation Ideas

*Drama is an excellent way for **kinesthetic** and **aural** learners to connect with text; this lesson provides an experiential process for learning about poetry.*

There are many, many ways you can use poetry in drama for example you can:

- read aloud a poem with the whole class
- divide the class into groups and get each group to read aloud a poem
- act out the poem without speaking
- act out different endings to a poem
- sing a poem and clap to the beat....the list is endless!

For this page we are going to focus on;

Improvisation in Rhyme and Rhythm

The most important thing to remember is that improvisation means making things up as you go along. Students will need to first of all develop the confidence in speaking from the top of their head....here is a warm up activity for this:

Word Association Game

Seat the students in a circle. Write a list of random words (nouns) on the board, these are to use if anyone gets stuck. (E.g.ice-cream, banana, umbrella, photo, vase, shoes, etc.)

You begin by saying a word, and the person on your left must say the first word they think of when they hear the word.

The person next to them says the first word THEY think of when they hear the second word, and on it goes. If someone is shy, gets stuck, or doesn't know the meaning of a word, they can look up on the board and start again with one of the words listed there.

If your class is quite shy this can work well as a partner game first then a class game once the students have gotten the hang of it. The main point of this exercise is to get students thinking and responding quickly. It is also a chance for you to teach them your boundaries with improvisation. Yes you want them to respond freely but they must still observe class rules and not say inappropriate words.

Rhyming Games

Name Game: Students introduce themselves with something that rhymes with their name: for example:

My name is Vikki and I'm a bit Tricky

My name is Rochelle and I like to yell

My name is Deborah and I have a pet Zebra

Rhyming Places: For this game, students must make up a rhyme based on a country or place, for example: *When I went to Spain, it started to rain.*

Depending on the confidence of your students you may want to give students the name of a country or place first, some examples are: France, Greece, Denmark, New York, the moon, the sun, Perth, Chile, Paris. Or you can give a name of a local place, for example: the school, the beach, the park, the shop.....

Rhyming Food: Approach this game in the same way except substitute places for food, for example;

*My mum made me eat meat but it tasted like feet
I ate a pie that tasted like the sky*

At this stage the emphasis is on having fun and giving it a go, it is fine if the rhymes are nonsense!

These games are quick and easy to play. They can be used as a lesson on their own or as a warm up to a creative writing lesson. It is fun to play them often so students can develop more confidence in speaking to the group and making up silly rhymes.

Create a Performance Piece

Banjo Patterson poems are great to perform because they are all about telling stories. There are many images in his poems that can be physicalised and because of their rhythm and rhyme structure they are great to read out loud.

This lesson is great for students who are **kinesthetic and **aural** learners because it encourages students to show images of the poem using their bodies and requires them to speak the poem out loud.*

The following is a guide to using an A.B Patterson poem to create a performance piece. The structure of the piece will be for the students to perform the words of the poem while showing the action in tableaux.

To begin with choose your poem, refer to the list included in this resource pack to help you. or go to this website which is an excellent resource for Banjo Patterson poetry:

<http://www.wallisandmatilda.com.au/banjo-paterson-poems.shtml>

The things you should be looking for when choosing a poem to perform are:

- Imagery – are there a lot of descriptive images in the poem that would be fun to act out?
- Characters – are there characters in the poem that students can act out?
- Length – does it need to be long enough, so that all students can get involved? Or will you choose several poems for small groups to perform?
- Topical – is it linked with any topics you are currently studying?

For the purpose of this guide I will use the Poem “The Man from Ironbark” I think this is an ideal poem because there is a lot of action and a lot of scope for students to be characters (they can be the Man from Ironbark, the barber, the Peeler man, the customers, people in the streets of Sydney etc.)

Now that you have chosen your poem, introduce it to the class by reading it aloud. I always like students to read too but this will depend on the confidence of your students.

**This is a good time to have a discussion about the poem to ensure that all students understand the story line. This could lead to a lesson about Australian early settlers and their way of life, you could show some photos and illustrations of Sydney at this time to help students to visualise the context of the poem.*

Next divide the class into groups of three or four students. Keep in mind that there are eight stanzas so if you can, create eight groups.

Now divide the stanzas amongst the groups. Give each group two stanzas, one is to read aloud, one is to make into a tableaux.

Making a Tableaux

A tableau is a frozen picture of action, like a photograph. An ideal way to teach students how to make a tableau is to find some pictures of people in action and show them to the students. Ask them to be the people in the photo or to re-create the photo with their bodies.

Some good examples of pictures to show are: people at a birthday party, people playing football, people at a wedding...etc.

Once they get confident with this ask them to create a frozen picture of a scene that you tell them: for example:

‘Make a tableau of people in an exercise class’ or

‘Make a tableau of people in the library’

Now that they understand how to make a tableau, give each group a stanza of ‘The man From Ironbark’ and ask them to make a tableau of a moment from that stanza. Make sure everyone in the tableau is doing something to show the action. (Think of facial expression, body positioning...everything!)

Now share these with the class!

Once you are happy with them give each group a stanza to read aloud. The idea is that one group will read out a stanza while another group shows the tableau, then the groups will rotate.

Spend some time working on reading aloud skills. Students need to decide if they are going to all read together or one person read one line at a time etc. They must read clearly and be heard by the audience so you may need to devote a bit of time to this step.

Don’t forget to emphasise the rhythm and rhyme of the poem. (Depending on your class you may decide to ask them to *learn* the lines too!)

Finally the last step is to ‘block’ the show. This means to organise the students so that the stanzas are read and performed sequentially. This will need a bit of organisation and shuffling on your part.

So now you are ready to show an audience! Have a think about whether or not you would like to include costumes and props. Early settler’s costumes are easy to find and create so researching and making these could be a fun activity!

Have fun and Good Luck!

Teaching Ideas for The Jabberwocky

The Jabberwocky is a great poem to study because of the imaginative made up language and because it is an action poem. Every line can be read out and discussed, a list drawn up of the made up words and their possible meanings perhaps. In this section we will look at some ideas to help make the poem come alive, so it can be enjoyed by all students.

*These ideas are great for **visual** and **kinesthetic** learners because of their experiential and creative processes.*

Make a Jabberwocky Mask

This is a really quick mask, one that can be made in the general class room. Lesson plans for more elaborate masks can be found on the following website: <http://www.squidoo.com/maskmaking>

There are three made up creatures in the poem they are the;

- *Jabberwocky*
- *Jubjub Bird*
- *Bandersnatch*

It might be fun to discuss each creature and ask the students to brainstorm about what kind of animal they think they are and what they might look like. Then discuss the findings with the class.

1. Once the students have decided which animal to make a mask of, hand out a paper plate to each student. The first step is for the students to cut out holes for their eyes, younger students may need help with this.
2. Next, give students a range of different textures and textiles to decorate their masks, some good examples are: different coloured wool, feathers, bright coloured material, buttons, tin foil, lace, shells, glitter, old magazines, coloured cardboard.
3. Using these materials students must shape the face of their creature.
4. Once created attach a piece of elastic to each mask so that students can comfortably wear them.
5. At the end of the lesson ask volunteers to show their colourful masks to the class.

Whole Class Movement Activity

Now that you have made the mask, the next step in making the poem come alive is for the students to physically explore the language of the poem. For this activity you may need to find an empty space where students can freely move around.

To begin with, ask students if they can identify some movement words from the text, they should come up with: *whiffling, burbled, galumphing*. Write these on the board.

Warm Up Activity – For Physical Expression

When doing any physical activity it is always good to do a warm up to get students ready to be expressive with their bodies. There are many examples of these in the Drama Resource section on our website, (insert link) or you may like to try the following activity:

Yes Lets!

Begin by asking students to walk neutrally around the room, moving in between people, changing direction frequently. When you are satisfied that they are calm and listening to you, ask them to change the way they are walking, for example;

Teacher: Let's move like an elephant!

Student: Yes Lets!

Now everyone must move like elephants.

Repeat this process by asking students to move like a range of animals, for example; horse, hippopotamus, lion, mouse, snake, frog, rabbit etc.

When you feel they are ready invite students to call out other ways of moving. You may want to end this activity by asking students to move like a Bandersnatch, Jubjub bird and Jabberwocky.

Words into Action - Activity

Now that students are warmed up, refer to the words you wrote on the board at the start of the lesson. Discuss with the group what those words could possibly mean, refer to the context of the poem. Are there any other words that suggest movement?

Ask student to get up and walk neutrally around the room again. This time call out each of the three words and any others you discovered and ask students to move in the way that word makes them want to move.

Once you feel that students have a clear distinction for each word regroup on the floor and ask for volunteers to discuss and show (if confident) the different way these words made them move. (This can lead to a discussion about onomatopoeia and can lead in to a lesson on this subject)

Finally, if you feel that your students are confident enough, encourage them to put on their masks. Read the entire poem aloud and simply ask students to mime the action as you read. There should be no judgment in this activity; the focus is simply about expressing physically. Remind students that it is a nonsense poem so their movements can be as imaginative as they like.

Now students are ready for a more in depth study of the poem. We hope that the poem is now alive in their imagination. You may now want to explore the language further; why did the author choose to use made up words? What is onomatopoeia? Why onomatopoeia is useful in writing and reading poems....the list is endless.

Teaching Ideas for “On the Ning Nang Nong”

*These ideas are great for students who are **visual**, **kinesthetic** and **aural learners**, as they require students to experience poetry in physical and creative ways.*

This is a famous nonsense poem that all students love for its humour and imagination. We hope that it will inspire students to write their own nonsense poems, for some good resources and teaching ideas the following websites are great:

<http://www.poetryzone.ndirect.co.uk/howto.htm>

<http://www.poetryarchive.org/poetryarchive/singlePlan.do?planId=47>

In the meantime, here are a couple of other ideas to help this famous poem come alive!

Make a Class Book of “On the Ning Nang Nong” (for younger students)

There are a range of animals and objects in this poem; cows, monkeys, mice, trees, teapots etc. All of them make some silly noise, i.e. Boo, Ping, Clang! Make up a class book by getting pairs of students to write the words to each line on a separate page. Fill it with colourful illustrations and staple together. Now you have a class book.

Singing poems!

A great way to learn a poem off by heart is to sing it! Pick a tune that you know all of the students in your class are familiar with. For example: *Advance Australia Fair*, *Waltzing Matilda*, *Ba Ba Black Sheep*, *Frosty the Snowman*....etc. Now see if you can fit the poem into that tune, it doesn't have to be exact, students will understand and find it funny.

Now sing away!

With a confident class, ask *them* to find a tune for the poem. This can be done in groups so it doesn't get too chaotic.

Tongue Twisters

Tongue twisters are a fun way for students to challenge their speaking and listening skills. Try introducing a new tongue twister every week and challenge students in how fast they can say them without stumbling over the words. Here is a list of some fun ones!

- Tiny Timmy trims the tall tree with tinsel.
- Chilly chipper children cheerfully chant.
- Two trains travel together to Toy land.
- Double bubble gum bubbles double.
- A cup of proper coffee in a copper coffee cup.
- Fresh fried fish, fish fresh fried, fried fish fresh, fish fried fresh.
- Eleven Elves licked eleven little licorice lollipops.
- Big Billy, who had a big belly, was also a big bully.
- Is there a pleasant peasant present?
- A tidy tiger tied a tie tighter to tidy her tiny tail.
- Running reindeer romp round red wreaths.
- A box of biscuits, a batch of mixed biscuits.
- A big black bug bit a big black bear, made the big black bear bleed blood.
- Which witch wished which wicked wish?
- The two twenty two train tore through the tunnel.
- Nine nice night nurses nursing nicely.
- Chips crusts crackle crunchily.
- Give papa a cup of proper coffee in a copper coffee cup.
- Don't pamper damp scamp tramps that camp under ramp lamps.
- Brad's big black bath brush broke.
- The blue bluebird blinks.
- How can a clam cram in a clean cream can?
- I saw Susie sitting in a shoe shine shop. Where she sits she shines, and where she shines she sits.
- The thirty three thieves thought that they thrilled the throne throughout Thursday.
- Can you can a can as a canner can can a can?
- Picky people pick Peter pan peanut butter, 'tis the peanut butter picky people pick.
- There those thousand thinkers were thinking how did the other three thieves go through.
- Green glass globes glow greenly.
- Six sick hicks nick six slick bricks with picks and sticks.

- Sixth sick sheik's sixth sheep's sick.
- Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers. Did Peter Piper pick a peck of pickled peppers? If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers, where's the peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked?
- Red lorry, yellow lorry, red lorry, yellow lorry.
- A big black bug bit a big black bear, made the big black bear bleed blood.
- Six short slow shepherds.
- Twelve twins twirled twelve twigs.
- A fat-free fruit float.
- A quick-witted cricket critic.
- I scream, you scream, we all scream for icecream!

The Poems from Poetry Alive!

These poems are accompanied by audio and visual excerpts from the live show. These audio and visual files can be found on The Song Room Online website.

[Add hyperlink](#)



This poem is accompanied by a video file on The Song Room Online website.

The video of the live performance shows students how poetry can be brought alive through performance; it literally lifts the words off the page and brings the story to life.

Activity Note: This video recording can assist to re-enact *Mulga Bill* in the classroom environment. Once students have learnt the poem – they can break into groups of 3 to dramatise the poem similar to the recording. Encourage students to find props to support their work.

Encourage students to act out and perform the poems in this resource, including the other poems by Banjo Paterson at the end of this resource and also the poems they create themselves.

Mulga Bill by Banjo Patterson

Twas Mulga Bill, from Eaglehawk, that caught the cycling craze;
He turned away the good old horse that served him many days;
He dressed himself in cycling clothes, resplendent to be seen;
He hurried off to town and bought a shining new machine;
And as he wheeled it through the door, with air of lordly pride,
The grinning shop assistant said, "Excuse me, can you ride?"

"See here, young man," said Mulga Bill, "from Walgett to the sea,
From Conroy's Gap to Castlereagh, there's none can ride like me.
I'm good all round at everything, as everybody knows,
Although I'm not the one to talk- I *hate* a man that blows.
But riding is my special gift, my chiefest, sole delight;
Just ask a wild duck can it swim, a wildcat can it fight.
There's nothing clothed in hair or hide, or built of flesh or steel,
There's nothing walks or jumps, or runs, on axle, hoof, or wheel,
But what I'll sit, while hide will hold and girth and straps are tight:
I'll ride this here two-wheeled concern right straight away at sight."

'Twas Mulga Bill, from Eaglehawk, that sought his own abode,
That perched above the Dead Man's Creek, beside the mountain road.
He turned the cycle down the hill and mounted for the fray,
But ere he'd gone a dozen yards it bolted clean away.
It left the track, and through the trees, just like a silver streak,

It whistled down the awful slope towards the Dead Man's Creek.

It shaved a stump by half an inch, it dodged a big white box:
The very wallaroos in fright went scrambling up the rocks,
The wombats hiding in their caves dug deeper underground,
As Mulga Bill, as white as chalk, sat tight to every bound.
It struck a stone and gave a spring that cleared a fallen tree,
It raced beside a precipice as close as close could be;
And then, as Mulga Bill let out one last despairing shriek
It made a leap of twenty feet into the Dead Man's Creek.

Twas Mulga Bill, from Eaglehawk, that slowly swam ashore:
He said, "I've had some narrer shaves and lively rides before;
I've rode a wild bull round a yard to win a five pound bet,
But this was the most awful ride that I've encountered yet.
I'll give that two-wheeled outlaw best; it's shaken all my nerve
To feel it whistle through the air and plunge and buck and swerve.
It's safe at rest in Dead Man's Creek, we'll leave it lying still;
A horse's back is good enough henceforth for Mulga Bill.



This poem is accompanied by an audio file on the membership website.

Print this out and ask students to join the performers in reading the poem, they can join in and read out loud the words highlighted in **bold**.

What's in a Locker ? by *Fran Harraway*

Tennis shoe
Skateboard **blue**,
book report –
overdue;
Jacket **red**,
cockroach **dead**,
sandwich bag,
week old bread,
paper - **lined**.
grade slip – **signed**.
Oreo.
Orange rind,
Shorts **outgrown**,
Saxophone,
Bubble gum,
Choose your Own
Adventure **old**
sweatband **gold**,
Styling mousse –
super hold;
Donut **looks**
Mouldy, hooks –
everything!
except books



This poem is accompanied by an audio file on the membership website.

Print this out and ask students to join the performers in reading the poem, they can join in and read out loud the words highlighted in **bold**.

On The Ning Nang Nong! by Spike Milligan

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 it's 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!



This poem is accompanied by an audio file on the membership website.

Print this out and ask students to join the performers in reading the poem, their role is to call out the letters of alphabet at the beginning of each sentence. This poem goes very fast and might be difficult for younger students, but they will certainly enjoy trying!

Alphabet Soup by *Daniel Resort*

Another alienation averts avenged arrows
Bending better batteries bridging broken barrows
Callously carrying cleverly covered crowns
Draining dark drones death's destination drowns
Easily eradicated empty errors educated
Fitting fake factions feeling fascinated
Grim guns grapple grabbing generous gems
Helplessly hopeless honing happy hems
I instantly investigate icy ideas
Justifying jokes jumping jester's jeers
Killing kings kindly knights kick karmas
Lessons learned lately lament lit llamas
Merry men make main matters most mean
Nothing new now noted naming nicotine
Ominous omens open our originalities
Praying pain passes past plain principalities
Quiet queens quilt quite queer quips
Ripening rivers revolve resting rips
Spit slick splits slaying sold shallow souls
Telling tried tragedies; tastefully taking tolls
Under until united umbrellas untie
Very vicious venoms vertically verify
Wandering wherever we wonder what
Xenophobic xylophones X marks the spot
Yearning young yobs yell yearly yapping
Zany zooks zigzag zealously zapping

The Poems from Poetry Alive!

The Swimming Song

Chords:

Intro / chorus– G C G D Em Em C D Em C D G

Chorus

G C G
In the summer I went swimming
D Em
In the summer I might have drowned
Em C
But I held my breath, I kicked my feet
D Em
I moved my arms around.
C D G
I moved my arms around.

Verse 1

This summer I swam in the ocean
I swam in the swimming pool,
I salt my wounds, chlorined my eyes
I'm a self-destructive fool.

Chorus

Verse 2

In the summer I did the backstroke
And know that that's not all;
I did the breast-stroke, the butterfly
And the old Australian crawl.

Chorus

Verse 3

In the summer I swam in a public place
And a reservoir to boot.
At the ladder I was informal
At the formal I wore my suit
I wore my swimming suit,....yes I did.

Chorus

Verse 4

In the summer I did the swan dive
And jack-knife for you all.
Once when you weren't looking,
I did a cannonball.
I did a cannonball.

Chorus

I moved my arms around x 2

Jellyspoons

The famous speaker who no one had heard of said:

Ladies and jellyspoons, hobos and tramps,

Cross-eyed mosquitos and bow-legged ant,

I stand before you to sit behind you

To tell you something I know nothing about.

Next Thursday, which is Good Friday,

There's a Mother's Day meeting for fathers only;

Wear ou best clothes if you haven't any.

Please come if you can't; if you can, stay at home.

Admission is free, pay at the door;

Pull up a chair and sit on the floor.

It makes no difference where you sit,

The man in the gallery is sure to spit.

The show is over, but before you go,

Let me tell you a story you already know.

One bright day in the middle of the night,

Two dead boys got up to fight.

One was blind and the other could'nt see,

So they fought in front of referee,

(The blind man went to see fair play;

The mute man went to shout "hooray!")

Back to back they faced each other,

Drew their swords and shot each other.

A deaf policeman heard the noise,

And came and killed the two dead boys.

A paralysed donkey passing by

Kicked the blind man in the eye;

Kocked him though a nine-inch wall.

And the man with no legs walked away.

The Computer's First Christmas Card by *Edward Morgan*

Jollymerry
Hollyberry
Jollyberry
Merryholly
Happyjolly
Jollyjelly
Jellybelly
Bellymerry
Hollyheppy
jollyMolly
marryJerry
merryHarry
hoppyBarry
heppyJarry
boppyheppy
berryjorry
jorryjolly
moppyjelly
Mollymerry
Jerryjolly
Bellyhoppy
Jorryhoppy
Hollymoppy
Barrymerry
Jarryhappy
Happyboppy
Boppyjolly
Jollymerry
Merrymerry
Merrymerry
merryChris
ammerryasa
Chrismerry
asMERRYCHR
YSANTHEMUM

The Hippopotamus *by Ogden Nash*

Behold the hippopotamus!
We laugh at how he looks to us,
And yet in moments dank and grim,
I wonder how we look to him.
Peace, peace, thou hippopotamus!
We really look all right to us,
As you no doubt delight the eye
Of other hippopotami.

Jabberwocky *By Lewis Carroll*

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

'Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!'

He took his vorpal sword in hand:
Long time the manxome foe he sought--
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
And stood awhile in thought.

And as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffing through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came!
One, two! One, two! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.

'And has thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!

O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!
He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

The Caterpillar's Song

I've eaten many strange and scrumptious dishes in my time
Like jellied gnats and dandyprats and earwigs cooked in slime,
And mice with rice – they're really nice
When roasted in their prime.
(But don't forget to sprinkle them with just a pinch of grime.)

I've eaten fresh mudburgers by the greatest cooks there are,
And scrambled dregs and stinkbug's eggs and hornets stewed in tar,
And pails of snails and lizards' tails,
And beetles by the jar.
(A beetle is improved by just a splash of vinegar.)

I'm mad for crispy wasp-stings on a piece of buttered toast,
And pickled spines of porcupines. And then a gorgeous roast
Of dragon's flesh, well hung, not fresh –
It costs a pound at most,
(And comes to you in barrels if you order it by post)

I crave the tasty tentacles of octopi for tea
I like hot dogs
I love hot frogs
And surely you'll agree
A plate of soil with engine oils'
A super recipe
I hardly need to mention that
It's practically free

For dinner on my birthday shall I tell you what I chose
Hot noodles made from poodles on a slice of garden hose –
And a rather smelly jelly
Made of armadillo's toes.
(The jelly is delicious, but you have to hold your nose.)
Now comes, (the Centipede declared) the burden of our speech
These foods are rare beyond compare – some are right out of reach;
But there's no doubt I'd go without
A million plates of each
For one small mite,
One tiny bite
Of this FANTASTIC PEACH!

The First Men on Mercury by Edwin Morgan

We come in peace from the third planet.
Would you take us to your leader?
Bawr stretter! Bawr. Bawr. Stretterhaw!
This is a little plastic model
of the solar system, with working parts.
You are here and we are there and we
are now here with you, is that clear?
Gawl horrop. Bawr. Abawrhannahanna!
Where we come from is blue and white
with brown, you see we call the brown
here 'land'. The blue is 'sea', and the white
is 'clouds' over the land and sea, we
live on the surface of the brown land,
all around is sea and clouds. We are 'mem'.
Men come –
Glawp men! Gawrbenner menko. Menhaw!
Men come in peace from the third planet
which we call 'earth'. We are earthmen.
Take us earthmen to your leader.
Thmen? Thmen? Bawr. Bawrhosop.
Yuleeda tan hanna. Harrabost yuleeda.
I am the yuleeda. You see my hands,
we carry no benner, we come in peace.

The spaceways are all stretterhawn.
Glaw'n peacemen all horrabhanna tantko!
Tan come at'mstrossop. Glawp yuleeda!
Atoms are peacegawl in our harraban
Menbat worrabost from tan hannahanna.
You men we know bawrhossopant. Bawr.
We know yuleeda. Go strawg backspetter quick.
We cantantabawr, rantingko bachspetter now!
Banghapper now! Yes, third planet back.
Yuleeda will go back blue, white, brown
nowhanna! There is no more talk.
Gawl han fasthapper?
No. You must go back to your planet.
Go back in peace, take what you have gained
but quickly.
Stretterworra gawl, gawl . . .
Of course, but nothing is ever the same,
now is it? You'll remember Mercury.

Waltzing Matilda by A.B. "Banjo" Paterson
(Written 1895, first published as sheet music 1903.)

Once jolly swagman camped by a billabong,
Under the shade of a Coolibah tree;
And he sang as he looked at the old billy boiling
"Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me."

Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda, my darling.
Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.
Waltzing Matilda and leading a water-bag.
Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Up came the jumbuck to drink at the waterhole,
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee;
And he sang as he put him away in his tucker-bag,
"Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me."

Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda, my darling.
Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Waltzing Matilda and leading a water-bag.
Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Up came the squatter a-riding his thoroughbred;
Up came the policeman - one, two, and three.
"Whose is the jumbuck you've got in the tucker-bag?
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with we."

Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda, my darling.
Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.
Waltzing Matilda and leading a water-bag.
Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Up sprang the swagman and jumped into the waterhole,
Drowning himself by the Coolibah tree;
And his voice can be heard as it sings in the billabongs,
"Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me."

Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda, my darling.
Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.
Waltzing Matilda and leading a water-bag.
Who'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me.

Gifts by Oodgeroo of the Noonuccal

'I will bring you love,' said the young lover,
'A glad light to dance in your dark eye.
Pendants I will bring of the white bone,
And gay parrot feathers to deck your hair.'

But she only shook her head.
'I will put a child in your arms,' he said,
'Will be a great headman, great rain-maker.
I will make remembered songs about you
That all the tribes in all the wandering camps
Will sing forever.'

But she was not impressed.

'I will bring you the still moonlight on the lagoon,
And steal for you the singing of the birds:
I will bring down the stars of heaven to you,
And put the bright rainbow in your hand.'

'No,' she said, 'bring me tree-grubs.'

The Bug and the Fly by Deborah Mailman

A dew drop falls and spills itself onto a flowering plant.

A nearby bug complains that this drop has killed his best friend, the ant. Saddened at the sight of this, the bug began to cry.

And slowly the drops became streams of tears that washed onto a fly.

"Excuse me, Sir" said the fly, 'But it seems to me you're hurt.

Please let me help, I tell funny jokes.

By the way, my name is Bert."

And together the Bug and Bert the fly sat beneath a darkened sky

And laughed and laughed and chattered like mates and realized that their friendship was great.

And the sky turned black, the owl came out. And silence had filled the air.

The bug and the fly had fallen asleep,

Now only their dreams were aware.

So if by chance, one day as you walk, you see a bug /and a fly/

Do not be afraid , tell them that you know of them,

Through this poem that I have made.

List of Banjo Patterson Poems that are great to perform!

The Man from Ironbark by A.B. "Banjo" Paterson

It was the man from Ironbark who struck the Sydney town,
He wandered over street and park, he wandered up and down.
He loitered here, he loitered there, till he was like to drop,
Until at last in sheer despair he sought a barber's shop.
"Ere! shave my beard and whiskers off, I'll be a man of mark,
I'll go and do the Sydney toff up home in Ironbark."

The barber man was small and flash, as barbers mostly are,
He wore a strike-your-fancy sash, he smoked a huge cigar;
He was a humorist of note and keen at repartee,
He laid the odds and kept a "tote", whatever that may be,
And when he saw our friend arrive, he whispered, "Here's a lark!
Just watch me catch him all alive, this man from Ironbark."

There were some gilded youths that sat along the barber's wall.
Their eyes were dull, their heads were flat, they had no brains at all;
To them the barber passed the wink, his dexter eyelid shut,
"I'll make this bloomin' yokel think his bloomin' throat is cut."
And as he soaped and rubbed it in he made a rude remark:
"I s'pose the flats is pretty green up there in Ironbark."
A grunt was all reply he got; he shaved the bushman's chin,
Then made the water boiling hot and dipped the razor in.
He raised his hand, his brow grew black, he paused awhile to gloat,
Then slashed the red-hot razor-back across his victim's throat:
Upon the newly-shaven skin it made a livid mark -
No doubt it fairly took him in - the man from Ironbark.

He fetched a wild up-country yell might wake the dead to hear,
And though his throat, he knew full well, was cut from ear to ear,
He struggled gamely to his feet, and faced the murd'rous foe:
"You've done for me! you dog, I'm beat! one hit before I go!
I only wish I had a knife, you blessed murdering shark!
But you'll remember all your life the man from Ironbark."

He lifted up his hairy paw, with one tremendous clout
He landed on the barber's jaw, and knocked the barber out.
He set to work with nail and tooth, he made the place a wreck;
He grabbed the nearest gilded youth, and tried to break his neck.
And all the while his throat he held to save his vital spark,
And "Murder! Bloody murder!" yelled the man from Ironbark.

A peeler man who heard the din came in to see the show;
He tried to run the bushman in, but he refused to go.
And when at last the barber spoke, and said "'Twas all in fun—
'Twas just a little harmless joke, a trifle overdone."
"A joke!" he cried, "By George, that's fine; a lively sort of lark;
I'd like to catch that murdering swine some night in Ironbark."

And now while round the shearing floor the list'ning shearers gape,
He tells the story o'er and o'er, and brags of his escape.
"Them barber chaps what keeps a tote, By George, I've had enough,
One tried to cut my bloomin' throat, but thank the Lord it's tough."
And whether he's believed or no, there's one thing to remark,
That flowing beards are all the go way up in Ironbark.

A Bush Christening by A.B. "Banjo" Paterson

On the outer Barcoo where the churches are few,
And men of religion are scanty,
On a road never cross'd 'cept by folk that are lost,
One Michael Magee had a shanty.

Now this Mike was the dad of a ten-year-old lad,
Plump, healthy, and stoutly conditioned;
He was strong as the best, but poor Mike had no rest
For the youngster had never been christened,

And his wife used to cry, "If the darlin' should die
Saint Peter would not recognise him."
But by luck he survived till a preacher arrived,
Who agreed straightaway to baptise him.

Now the artful young rogue, while they held their colloque,
With his ear to the keyhole was listenin',
And he muttered in fright while his features turned white,
"What the divil and all is this christenin'?"

He was none of your dolts, he had seen them brand colts,
And it seemed to his small understanding,
If the man in the frock made him one of the flock,
It must mean something very like branding.

So away with a rush he set off for the bush,
While the tears in his eyelids they glistened-
"'Tis outrageous," says he, "to brand youngsters like me,
I'll be dashed if I'll stop to be christened!"

Like a young native dog he ran into a log,
And his father with language uncivil,
Never heeding the "praste" cried aloud in his haste,
"Come out and be christened, you divil!"

But he lay there as snug as a bug in a rug,

And his parents in vain might reprove him,
Till his reverence spoke (he was fond of a joke)
"I've a notion," says he, "that'll move him."

"Poke a stick up the log, give the spalpeen a prog;
Poke him aisy-don't hurt him or maim him,
'Tis not long that he'll stand, I've the water at hand,
As he rushes out this end I'll name him.

"Here he comes, and for shame! ye've forgotten the name-
Is it Patsy or Michael or Dinnis?"
Here the youngster ran out, and the priest gave a shout-
"Take your chance, anyhow, wid 'Maginnis'!"

As the howling young cub ran away to the scrub
Where he knew that pursuit would be risky,
The priest, as he fled, flung a flask at his head
That was labelled "Maginnis's Whisky!"

And Maginnis Magee has been made a J.P.,
And the one thing he hates more than sin is
To be asked by the folk who have heard of the joke,
How he came to be christened "Maginnis"!

The Man from Snowy River by A.B. (Banjo) Paterson

There was movement at the station, for the word had passed around
That the colt from old Regret had got away,
And had joined the wild bush horses - he was worth a thousand pound,
So all the cracks had gathered to the fray.
All the tried and noted riders from the stations near and far
Had mustered at the homestead overnight,
For the bushmen love hard riding where the wild bush horses are,
And the stock-horse snuffs the battle with delight.

There was Harrison, who made his pile when Pardon won the cup,
The old man with his hair as white as snow;
But few could ride beside him when his blood was fairly up -
He would go wherever horse and man could go.
And Clancy of the Overflow came down to lend a hand,
No better horseman ever held the reins;
For never horse could throw him while the saddle-girths would stand -
He learnt to ride while droving on the plains.

And one was there, a stripling on a small and weedy beast;
He was something like a racehorse undersized,
With a touch of Timor pony - three parts thoroughbred at least -
And such as are by mountain horsemen prized.
He was hard and tough and wiry - just the sort that won't say die -
There was courage in his quick impatient tread;
And he bore the badge of gameness in his quick and fiery eye,
And the proud and lofty carriage of his head.

But still so slight and weedy, one would doubt his power to stay,
And the old man said, "That horse will never do
For a long and tiring gallop - lad, you'd better stop away,
These hills are far too rough for such as you."
So he waited, sad and wistful - only Clancy stood his friend -
"I think we ought to let him come," he said;
"I warrant he'll be with us when he's wanted at the end,
For both his horse and he are mountain bred.

"He hails from Snowy River, up by Kosciusko's side,
Where the hills are twice as steep and twice as rough;
Where a horse's hooves strike firelight from the flintstones every stride,
The man that holds his own is good enough.
And the Snowy river riders on the mountains make their home,
Where the river runs those giant hills between;
I have seen full many horsemen since I first commenced to roam,
But nowhere yet such horsemen have I seen."

So he went: they found the horses by the big mimosa clump,
They raced away towards the mountain's brow,
And the old man gave his orders, "Boys, go at them from the jump,
No use to try for fancy riding now.
And, Clancy, you must wheel them, try and wheel them to the right.
Ride boldly lad, and never fear the spills,
For never yet was rider that could keep the mob in sight,
If once they gain the shelter of those hills."

So Clancy rode to wheel them - he was racing on the wing
Where the best and boldest riders take their place,
And he raced his stock-horse past them and he made the ranges ring
With the stockwhip, as he met them face to face.
Then they halted for a moment, while he swung the dreaded lash,
But they saw their well-loved mountain full in view,
And they charged beneath the stockwhip with a sharp and sudden dash,
And off into the mountain scrub they flew.

Then fast the horsemen followed, where the gorges deep and black,
Resounded to the thunder of their tread,
And the stockwhips woke the echoes, and they fiercely answered back
From cliffs and crags that beetled overhead.
And upward, ever upward, the wild horses held their way,
Where mountain ash and kurrajong grew wide;
And the old man muttered fiercely, "We may bid the mob good day,
NO man can hold them down the other side."

When they reached the mountain's summit, even Clancy took a pull -

It well might make the boldest hold their breath;
The wild hop scrub grew thickly, and the hidden ground was full
Of wombat holes, and any slip was death.
But the man from Snowy River let the pony have his head,
And he swung his stockwhip round and gave a cheer,
And he raced him down the mountain like a torrent down its bed,
While the others stood and watched in very fear.

He sent the flint-stones flying, but the pony kept his feet,
He cleared the fallen timber in his stride,
And the man from Snowy River never shifted in his seat -
It was grand to see that mountain horseman ride.
Through the stringybarks and saplings, on the rough and broken ground,
Down the hillside at a racing pace he went;
And he never drew the bridle till he landed safe and sound
At the bottom of that terrible descent.

He was right among the horses as they climbed the farther hill,
And the watchers on the mountain, standing mute,
Saw him ply the stockwhip fiercely; he was right among them still,
As he raced across the clearing in pursuit.
Then they lost him for a moment, where two mountain gullies met
In the ranges - but a final glimpse reveals
On a dim and distant hillside the wild horses racing yet,
With the man from Snowy River at their heels.

And he ran them single-handed till their sides were white with foam;
He followed like a bloodhound on their track,
Till they halted, cowed and beaten; then he turned their heads for home,
And alone and unassisted brought them back.
But his hardy mountain pony he could scarcely raise a trot,
He was blood from hip to shoulder from the spur;
But his pluck was still undaunted, and his courage fiery hot,
For never yet was mountain horse a cur.

And down by Kosciusko, where the pine-clad ridges raise
Their torn and rugged battlements on high,