

Section 500 SET POEM

WHISTLING by Gordon Winch

Oh, I can laugh and I can sing,
And I can scream and shout.
But when I try to whistle
The whistle won't come out.

I shape my lips the proper way,
I make them small and round.
But when I blow, just air comes out,
There is no whistling sound.

But I'll keep trying very hard
To whistle loud and clear,
And someday soon I'll whistle tunes
For everyone to hear.

Section 501 SET NURSERY RHYME

WEE WILIE WINKIE

Wee Willie Winkie

Runs through the town,

Upstairs and downstairs

In his night gown.

Rapping at the window

Crying through the lock,

“Are all the children in their beds?”

For now it’s eight o’clock.

Section 502 SET POEM

“HONEY AND JUMBLE” by Margaret Speter

I have two pet rabbits;
Honey and Jumble.
They like to eat grass,
And play games, and tumble!
When I have carrots,
I got to their hutch
To feed them, and pat them.
They're lovely to touch!

They twitch their pink noses,
And sit on their log.
They're not scared of people,
But they don't like our dog!
He chases them round,
And gives them a fright!
But he lies on his rug
And protects them at night...

Section 503 SET NURSERY RHYME

MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB

Mary had a little lamb,
little lamb, little lamb,
Mary had a little lamb,
It's fleece was white as snow.
And everywhere that Mary went,
Mary went, Mary went,
the lamb was sure to go.

It followed her to school one day
school one day, school one day,
It followed her to school one day
which was against the rules.
It made the children laugh and play,
laugh and play, laugh and play,
It made the children laugh and play,
to see a lamb at school.

Section 504 - SET POEM

THE TEACHER TOOK MY TENNIS BALL

By *Libby Hathorn*

The teacher took my tennis ball,
She took it for the day.
Just because it broke some glass
She said I couldn't play.

I'd like to try the same with her
When I think she goes too far.
"Miss Jones" I'd like to say to her,
"I'm going to take your car"

"No, Miss Jones I am sorry
you are not allowed to borrow,
But if you're really good
You'll get it back tomorrow... "

Section 511 -SET POEM

MY HAND WAS IN THE COOKIE JAR

by *Dave Crawley*

My hand was in the cookie jar
When Grandma wandered in. I
knew she'd caught me in the act.
There was no way I'd win.

"It's not my fault!" I blurted out.
"There's nothing I could do.
I heard the cookies calling me
As cookies often do."

"Oatmeal raisins sang to me.
The nut bars did the same.
And chocolate chips may not have lips
But still they called my name.

"Just take a bite. It's quite all right.
Just try us, pretty please!
They pleaded with me, kneeling
On their little cookie knees!"

But Grandma wasn't angry.
No, she wasn't mad at all.
"Kids are not the only ones
To hear the cookies' call."

Carefully, she took the jar
And placed it on the shelf.
"The jar is empty," Grandma said.
"I ate the last myself!"