

# Level 1 Speaking Verse and Prose:

# Grade 1

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## Titles in Level 1 Speaking Verse and Prose: Grade 1

Bed in Summer

The Sandman

Step Dad

The African Lion

Migration

I Tried to Do My Homework

Answer to a Child's Question

Carousel

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## Bed in Summer

In winter I get up at night  
And dress by yellow candle-light.  
In summer, quite the other way,  
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see  
The birds still hopping on the tree,  
Or hear the grown-up people's feet  
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,  
When all the sky is clear and blue,  
And I should like so much to play,  
To have to go to bed by day?

*By Robert Louis Stevenson*

## The Sandman

The Sandman! hark, I hear him!  
He's coming up the stair,  
And everybody near him  
Is nodding, I declare!  
He's peeping in the door now,  
And first of all he spies,  
As he has done before now,  
The little children's eyes!  
Then quickly does he throw it,  
His golden sleepy-sand,  
And all, before they know it,  
Are off for sleepy-land!

*By Evaleen Stein*

## Step Dad

My Step Dad takes me to the park  
He pushes me on the swing  
And chats to me as we sit on the bench  
About life and everything.

He says he really loves my Mum  
And he really loves me too  
And asks what I'd like for tea tonight  
And if sausage and mash will do.

My Step Dad takes me to the park  
We play as time flies by  
My Step Dad is my second Dad  
How lucky, how lucky am I?

*By Debra Bertulis*

## The African Lion

To meet a bad lad on the African waste  
Is a thing that a lion enjoys;  
But he rightly and strongly objects to the taste  
Of good and uneatable boys.

When he bites off a piece of a boy of that sort  
He spits it right out of his mouth,  
And retires with a loud and dissatisfied snort  
To the east, or the west, or the south.

So lads of good habits, on coming across  
A lion, need feel no alarm,  
For they know they are sure to escape with the loss  
Of a leg, or a head, or an arm.

*By A. E. Housman*

## Migration

Where do birds go  
When the ground's covered in snow?  
Far, far away,  
Where the wild lions play  
And the sun's always hot,  
Elephants flop,  
Baboons howl at night,  
The moon's large and bright,  
And crickets form choirs  
Around evening fires –  
That's where they fly,  
Through the dark winter sky,  
That's where they go  
When the ground's covered in snow.

*By Richard Macwilliam*

## I Tried to Do My Homework

I tried to do my homework  
but a show was on TV.  
A song was on the radio.  
A friend was texting me.

My email chimed, and so, of course,  
I had to look at that.  
It linked me to a video  
of someone's silly cat.

I watched a dozen videos,  
and then I played a game.  
I almost didn't hear her  
when my mother called my name.

I looked up at the clock  
and it was time to go to bed.  
I didn't get my homework done;  
just other stuff instead.

I hope my teacher listens  
to the cause of my inaction.  
It's really not my fault the world  
is just one big distraction.

*By Kenn Nesbitt*

## Answer to a Child's Question

Do you ask what the birds say? The sparrow, the dove,  
The linnet, and thrush say, 'I love and I love!'  
In the winter they're silent, the wind is so strong;  
What it says, I don't know, but it sings a loud song.  
But green leaves and blossoms, and sunny warm weather,  
And singing, and loving, all come back together.  
Then the lark is so brimful of gladness and love,  
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,  
That he sings, and he sings, and forever sings he—  
'I love my Love, and my Love loves me!'

*By Samuel Taylor Coleridge*

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## Carousel

On thin golden poles  
gliding up, sliding down,  
a kingdom of horses  
goes spinning around.

Jumper, Brown Beauty,  
Dark Thunder, Sir Snow,  
a medley of ponies  
parade in a row.

Settled in saddles,  
their riders hold on  
to reins of soft leather  
while circling along

on chestnut or charcoal,  
on sleek Arctic white,  
on silver they gallop  
in place day and night.

Such spinning is magic,  
(to dream as you sail)  
with lavender saddle  
and ebony tail,

whirling to music  
in moonlight, spellbound,  
galloping, galloping,  
merrily go round.

*By Rebecca Kai Dotlich*