

CORN AVONDALE 10-12 Years

Coach

By Eleanor Farjeon, 1861-1965

There was a yellow pumpkin
Born on a pumpkin-patch,
As clumsy as a 'potamus,
As course as cottage-thatch.

It longed to be a gooseberry
A greengage, or a grape,
It longed to give another scent
And have another shape.

The roses looked askane at it,
The lilies looked away,
"This thing is neither fruit nor flower!"
Their glances seemed to say.

One shiny night of midsummer,
When even fairies poach,
A good one waved her wand and said,
"O Pumpkin! Be a coach!"

A coach of gold! A coach of glass"
A coach with satin lined!

If you should seek a thousand years,
Such you would not find.
The Princess in her crystal shoes
Eager for the dance
Stepped inside the pumpkin-coach
And rolled to her romance.

The roses reached out after it,
The lilies looked its way -
"O that we were pumpkins too!"
Their glances seemed to say.

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The Day that Summer Died

By Vernon Scannell

From all around the mourners came
The day that Summer died
From hill and valley, field and wood
And lake and mountainside.

They did not come in funeral black
But every mourner chose
Gorgeous colours or soft shades
Of russet, yellow, rose.

Horse chestnut, oak and sycamore
Wore robes of gold and red,
The rowan sported scarlet beads
No bitter tears were shed.

Although at dusk the mourners heard,
As a small wind softly sighed
A touch of sadness in the air,
The day that Summer died.

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Teabag

By Peter Dixon

I'd like to be a teabag,
And stay at home all day -
And talk to other teabags
In a teabag sort of way.

I'd love to be a teabag,
And lie in a little box -
And never have to wash my face
Or change my dirty socks...

I'd like to be a teabag,
An Earl Grey one perhaps,
And doze all day and lie around
With Earl grey kind of chaps.

I wouldn't have to do anything,
No homework, jobs or chores -
Comfy in my caddy
Of teabags and their snores.

I wouldn't have to do exams,
I needn't tidy rooms,
Or sweep the floor or feed the cat
Or wash up all the spoons.

I wouldn't have to do a thing,
A life of bliss - you see....
Except that once in all my life

I'd make a cup of tea!