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| The Ghost by Gareth Lancaster"Boo", said the ghost,But it really didn't scare,'Cause I couldn't take my eyes,Off his vivid ginger hair.It's really not the same,If head to toe's not white.Well, it isn't going to work,When they try to spook and fright.But he tried and he tried,Even though the cause was lost.And he even sprayed it silver,Like a pumpkin tinged with frost.But I suppose I shouldn't laugh,As he puffs and sighs and moans.So I told him what to do......a white wig he now owns!**Alligator by Grace Nichols** If you want to see an alligatoryou must go down the muddy slushy endof the old Caroony River.I know an alligatorwho’s living down there.She’s a-big. She’s a-mean. She’s a-wild.She’s a-fierce.But if you really want to see an alligatoryou must go down to the muddy slushy endof the old Caroony River.Go down gently to that river and say‘Alligator MamaAlligator MamaAlligator Mamaaaaaaa.’And up she’ll risebut don’t stick aroundRUN FOR YOUR LIFE**One Ring** **by J. R. R. Tolkien** *Ash nazg durbatulûk, ash nazg gimbatul,Ash nazg thrakutulûk agh burzum-ishi krimpatul.*Three Rings for the Elven-kings under the sky,Seven for the dwarf-lords in their halls of stone,Nine for Mortal Men doomed to die,One for the Dark Lord on his dark throne,In the Land of Mordor where the Shadows lie.One Ring to rule them all, One Ring to find them,One Ring to bring them all and in the darkness bind themIn the Land of Mordor where the Shadows lie. **Disorder by Gamaliel Bradford (1863-1932)**My life is governed by the clock,All duly mapped and plotted;And only with a nervous shockI miss the time allotted.My course without has always beenSet straight to hedge and border;But I confess that all withinIs vast and vague disorder.**She walks in Beauty by Lord Byron** She walks in beauty, like the nightOf cloudless climes and starry skies;And all that's best of dark and brightMeet in her aspect and her eyes:Thus mellow'd to that tender lightWhich heaven to gaudy day denies.One shade the more, one ray the less,Had half impair'd the nameless graceWhich waves in every raven tress,Or softly lightens o'er her face;Where thoughts serenely sweet expressHow pure, how dear their dwelling-place.And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,The smiles that win. the tints that glow,But tell of days in goodness spent,A mind at peace with all below,A heart whose love is innocent!**Love and Friendship** **by Emily Bronte**Love is like the wild rose-briar,Friendship like the holly-tree --The holly is dark when the rose-briar bloomsBut which will bloom most constantly?The wild-rose briar is sweet in the spring,Its summer blossoms scent the air;Yet wait till winter comes againAnd who will call the wild-briar fair?Then scorn the silly rose-wreath nowAnd deck thee with the holly's sheen,That when December blights thy browHe may still leave thy garland green. | **Cinderella by Loraine Lotter** If my name was CinderellaYou could be the princeI could wear my sparkling prom dressWe could fall in love the moment our eyes meetIf my name was CinderellaIf my name was CinderellaWe could have a songAnd dance in the silver moonlightYou could hold me tight and spin me in the airIf my name was CinderellaIf my name was CinderellaYou could pick me upIn your gold and diamond carriageYou could be the hero of this fairytaleAnd I could be the oneIf my name was CinderellaBut I can’t breathe, whenever you’re with me.Can you feel my heartbeat in my chestIt’s getting faster every secondTime slows down, you are better than the bestBut would you feel the sameIf my name was CinderellaI can’t breathe‘Cause I’m not CinderellaUntil you’re here with meI’m not CinderellaYou touch my lipsI’m not CinderellaThen you show me with a kissThat I’m your Cinderella**A Fairy Song by William Shakespeare** Over hill, over dale,Thorough bush, thorough brier,Over park, over pale,Thorough flood, thorough fire!I do wander everywhere,Swifter than the moon's sphere;And I serve the Fairy Queen,To dew her orbs upon the green;The cowslips tall her pensioners be;In their gold coats spots you see;Those be rubies, fairy favours;In those freckles live their savours;I must go seek some dewdrops here,And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.**Evening Star by Edgar Allan Poe**Twas noontide of summer,And mid-time of night;And stars, in their orbits,Shone pale, thro' the lightOf the brighter, cold moon,'Mid planets her slaves,Herself in the Heavens,Her beam on the waves.I gazed awhileOn her cold smile;Too cold- too cold for me-There pass'd, as a shroud,A fleecy cloud,And I turned away to thee,Proud Evening Star,In thy glory afar,And dearer thy beam shall be;For joy to my heartIs the proud partThou bearest in Heaven at night,And more I admireThy distant fire,Than that colder, lowly light.**How Do I Love Thee? by Elizabeth Barrett Browning** How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.I love thee to the depth and breadth and heightMy soul can reach, when feeling out of sightFor the ends of Being and ideal Grace.I love thee to the level of every day'sMost quiet need, by sun and candlelight.I love thee freely, as men strive for right;I love thee purely, as they turn from praise.I love thee with the passion put to useIn my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.I love thee with a love I seemed to loseWith my lost saints -- I love thee with the breath,Smiles, tears, of all my life! -- and, if God choose,I shall but love thee better after death. |