

**Falling Snow**  
**by Anonymous**

*LYRIC POETRY SOLO (81105 – 81118)*

See the pretty snowflakes  
Falling from the sky;  
On the wall and housetops  
Soft and thick they lie.

On the window ledges,  
On the branches bare;  
Now how fast they gather,  
Filling all the air.

Look into the garden,  
Where the grass was green;  
Covered by the snowflakes,  
Not a blade is seen.

Now the bare black bushes  
All look soft and white,  
Every twig is laden,—  
What a pretty sight!

## **Every Time I Climb a Tree**

**by David McCord**

*LYRIC POETRY SOLO (81105 – 81118)*

Every time I climb a tree  
I scrape a leg  
Or skin a knee  
And every time I climb a tree  
I find some ants  
Or dodge a bee  
And get the ants  
All over me.  
And every time I climb a tree  
Where have you been?  
They say to me  
But don't they know that I am free  
Every time I climb a tree?  
I like it best  
To spot a nest  
That has an egg  
Or maybe three.  
And then I skin  
The other leg  
But every time I climb a tree  
I see a lot of things to see  
Swallows rooftops and TV  
And all the fields and farms there be  
Every time I climb a tree  
Though climbing may be good for ants  
It isn't awfully good for pants  
But still it's pretty good for me  
Every time I climb a tree.

## **A Pizza the Size of the Sun**

**By Jack Prelutsky**

*NARRATIVE/DRAMATIC POETRY SOLO (81005 – 81018)*

I'm making a pizza the size of the sun,  
a pizza that's sure to weigh more than a ton,  
a pizza too massive to pick up and toss,  
a pizza resplendent with oceans of sauce.

I'm topping my pizza with mountains of cheese,  
with acres of peppers, pimentos, and peas,  
with mushrooms, tomatoes, and sausage galore,  
with every last olive they had at the store.

My pizza is sure to be one of a kind,  
my pizza will leave other pizzas behind,  
my pizza will be a delectable treat  
that all who love pizza are welcome to eat.

The oven is hot, I believe it will take  
a year and a half for my pizza to bake.  
I hardly can wait till my pizza is done,  
my wonderful pizza the size of the sun

**Nine Mice**

**By Jack Prelutsky**

*NARRATIVE/DRAMATIC POETRY SOLO (81005 – 81018)*

Nine Mice on tiny tricycles  
went riding on the ice,  
they rode in spite of warning signs,  
they rode despite advice

The signs were right, the ice was thin,  
in half a trice, the mice fell in,  
and from their chin down to their toes  
those mice entirely froze.

Nine mindless mice, who paid the price,  
are thawing slowly by the ice  
still sitting on their tricycles  
...nine white and shiny micicles

**Hide and Seek**  
**By Mimi Brodsky**

*NARRATIVE/DRAMATIC POETRY SOLO (81005 – 81018)*

I looked in the house.  
I looked in the yard.  
I looked near the swing.  
I looked very hard.  
I called your name  
And peeked near the stair,  
And searched the garage  
I looked everywhere!  
So, come out! Come out! Wherever you are—  
I know you can't be very far.  
Come out! Come out! Let's start all over.  
It's no fun finding such a rover.  
Aha! I see you! You can't fool me.  
There you are behind the tree.  
Oh, no! Don't say the game is ended.  
I think Hide and Seek is splendid!

**Ickle Me, Pickle Me, Tickle Me Too**  
**by Shel Silverstein**

*LYRIC POETRY SOLO (81105 – 81118)*

Ickle Me, Pickle Me, Tickle Me too,  
Went for a ride in a flying shoe,  
"Hooray!"  
"What fun!"  
"It's time we flew!"  
Said Ickle Me, Pickle Me, Tickle Me too.

Ickle was captain, Pickle was crew,  
And Tickle served coffee and mulligan stew  
As higher  
And higher  
And higher they flew,  
Ickle Me, Pickle Me, Tickle Me too.

Ickle Me, Pickle Me, Tickle Me too,  
Over the sun and beyond the blue. "  
Hold on!"  
"Stay in!"  
"I hope we do!"  
Cried Ickle Me, Pickle Me, Tickle Me too.

Ickle Me, Pickle Me, Tickle Me too  
Never returned to the world they knew,  
And nobody  
knows what's  
happened to  
Dear Ickle Me, Pickle Me, Tickle Me too.

**There's a New Kid on the Block**

**By Jack Prelutsky**

*LYRIC POETRY SOLO (81105 – 81118)*

There's a new kid on the block  
and boy, that kid is tough.  
That new kid punches hard.  
That new kid plays real rough.  
That new kid's big and strong,  
with muscles everywhere.  
That new kid tweaked my arm.  
That new kid pulled my hair.

That new kid likes to fight  
and picks on all the guys.  
That new kid scares me some.  
That new kid's twice my size.  
That new kid stomped my toes.  
That new kid swiped my ball.  
That new kid's really bad.  
I don't care for HER at all.

**maggy and milly and molly and may**

**By e e cummings**

*LYRIC POETRY SOLO (81105 – 81118)*

maggy and milly and molly and may  
went down to the beach(to play one day)

and maggie discovered a shell that sang  
so sweetly she couldn't remember her troubles, and

milly befriended a stranded star  
whose rays five languid fingers were;

and molly was chased by a horrible thing  
which raced sideways while blowing bubbles:and

may came home with a smooth round stone  
as small as a world and as large as alone.

For whatever we lose (like a you or a me)  
its always ourselves we find in the sea



## **The Land of Nod**

**By Robert Louis Stevenson**

*LYRIC POETRY SOLO (81105 – 81118)*

From breakfast on through all the day  
At home among my friends I stay,  
But every night I go abroad  
Afar into the land of Nod.  
All by myself I have to go,  
With none to tell me what to do—  
All alone beside the streams  
And up the mountain-sides of dreams.  
The strangest things are these for me,  
Both things to eat and things to see,  
And many frightening sights abroad  
Till morning in the land of Nod.  
Try as I like to find the way,  
I never can get back by day,  
Nor can remember plain and clear  
The curious music that I hear.

## **The Moon**

**By Robert Louis Stevenson**

*LYRIC POETRY SOLO (81105 – 81118)*

The moon has a face like the clock in the hall;  
She shines on thieves on the garden wall,  
On streets and fields and harbour quays,  
And birdies asleep in the forks of the trees.

The squalling cat and the squeaking mouse,  
The howling dog by the door of the house,  
The bat that lies in bed at noon,  
All love to be out by the light of the moon.

But all of the things that belong to the day  
Cuddle to sleep to be out of her way;  
And flowers and children close their eyes  
Till up in the morning the sun shall arise.

## **Why Nobody Pets The Lion At The Zoo**

**By John Ciardi**

*NARRATIVE/DRAMATIC POETRY SOLO (81005 – 81018)*

The morning that the world began  
The Lion growled a growl at Man.  
And I suspect the Lion might  
(If he'd been closer) have tried a bite.  
I think that's as it ought to be  
And not as it was taught to me.  
I think the Lion has a right  
To growl a growl and bite a bite.  
And if the Lion bothered Adam,  
He should have growled right back at 'im.  
The way to treat a Lion right  
Is growl for growl and bite for bite.  
True, the Lion is better fit  
For biting than for being bit.  
But if you look him in the eye  
You'll find the Lion's rather shy.  
He really wants someone to pet him.  
The trouble is: his teeth won't let him.  
He has a heart of gold beneath  
But the Lion just can't trust his teeth.