

Mother Doesn't Want a Dog

By Judith Viorst

LYRIC POETRY SOLO (81105 – 81118)

Mother doesn't want a dog.
Mother says they smell,
And never sit when you say sit,
Or even when you yell.
And when you come home late at night
And there is ice and snow,
You have to go back out because
The dumb dog has to go.

Mother doesn't want a dog.
Mother says they shed,
And always let the strangers in
And bark at friends instead,
And do disgraceful things on rugs,
And track mud on the floor,
And flop upon your bed at night
And snore their doggy snore.

Mother doesn't want a dog.
She's making a mistake.
Because, more than a dog, I think
She will not want this snake.

Since Hanna Moved Away

By Judith Viorst

LYRIC POETRY SOLO (81105 – 81118)

The tires on my bike are flat.
The sky is grouchy gray.
At least it sure feels like that
Since Hanna moved away.

Chocolate ice cream tastes like prunes.
December's come to stay.
They've taken back the Mays and Junes
Since Hanna moved away.

Flowers smell like halibut.
Velvet feels like hay.
Every handsome dog's a mutt
Since Hanna moved away.

Nothing's fun to laugh about.
Nothing's fun to play.
They call me, but I won't come out
Since Hanna moved away.

Wind On The Hill

By A. A. Milne

LYRIC POETRY SOLO (81105 – 81118)

No one can tell me,
Nobody knows,
Where the wind comes from,
Where the wind goes.

It's flying from somewhere
As fast as it can,
I couldn't keep up with it,
Not if I ran.

But if I stopped holding
The string of my kite,
It would blow with the wind
For a day and a night.

And then when I found it,
Wherever it blew,
I should know that the wind
Had been going there too.

So then I could tell them
Where the wind goes...
But where the wind comes from
Nobody knows.

Be Glad Your Nose Is on Your Face

By Jack Prelutsky

LYRIC POETRY SOLO (81105 – 81118)

Be glad your nose is on your face,
not pasted on some other place,
for if it were where it is not,
you might dislike your nose a lot.

Imagine if your precious nose
were sandwiched in between your toes,
that clearly would not be a treat,
for you'd be forced to smell your feet.

Your nose would be a source of dread
were it attached atop your head,
it soon would drive you to despair,
forever tickled by your hair.

Within your ear, your nose would be
an absolute catastrophe,
for when you were obliged to sneeze,
your brain would rattle from the breeze.

Your nose, instead, through thick and thin,
remains between your eyes and chin,
not pasted on some other place—
be glad your nose is on your face!

Mommy Slept Late and Daddy Fixed Breakfast
By John Ciardi

NARRATIVE/DRAMATIC POETRY SOLO (81005 – 81018)

Daddy fixed the breakfast.
He made us each a waffle.
It looked like gravel pudding.
It tasted something awful.

“Ha, ha,” he said, “I’ll try again.
This time I’ll get it right.”
But what I got was in between
Bituminous and anthracite.

“A little too well done? Oh well,
I’ll have to start all over.”
THAT time what landed on my plate
Looked like a manhole cover.

I tried to cut it with a fork:
The fork gave off a spark.
I tried a knife and twisted it
Into a question mark.

I tried it with a hack-saw.
I tried it with a torch.
It didn’t even make a dent.
It didn’t even scorch.

The next time Dad gets breakfast
When Mommy’s sleeping late,
I think I’ll skip the waffles,
I’d sooner eat the plate!

Try, Try Again

T. H. Palmer

NARRATIVE/DRAMATIC POETRY SOLO (81005 – 81018)

'Tis a lesson you should heed,
If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try again;

Then your courage should appear,
For if you will persevere,
You will conquer, never fear
Try, try again;

Once or twice, though you should fail,
If you would at last prevail,
Try, try again;

If we strive, 'tis no disgrace
Though we do not win the race;
What should you do in the case?
Try, try again

If you find your task is hard,
Time will bring you your reward,
Try, try again

All that other folks can do,
Why, with patience, should not you?
Only keep this rule in view:
Try, try again.

Be Kind**By Alice Joyce Davidson***LYRIC POETRY SOLO (81105 – 81118)*

Just a little bit of kindness
Can go a long, long way,
Just a little bit of tenderness
Can brighten up a day.

Just a bit of praise where it's deserved
Can bring a happy glow,
Just a hand held out can give some hope
To someone feeling low.

A forgiving word, a handshake,
A pat upon the head,
Can take away a heavy heart
And bring a smile instead.

Just a little bit of kindness
Can go a long, long way
In reflecting the benevolence
God shows us every day!

Books Fall Open
By David McCord

LYRIC POETRY SOLO (81105 – 81118)

Books fall open,
you fall in,
delighted where
you've never been;
hear voices not once
heard before,
reach world on world
through door on door;
find unexpected
keys to things
locked up beyond
imaginings.
What might you be,
perhaps become,
because one book
is somewhere? Some
wise delver into
wisdom, wit,
and wherewithal
has written it.
True books will venture,
dare you out,
whisper secrets,
maybe shout
across the gloom
to you in need,
who hanker for
a book to read.

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!

Minnie and Winnie
Alfred, Lord Tennyson

ENGLISH VICTORIAN POETRY SOLO (81311 – 81318)

Minnie and Winnie
slept in a shell.
Sleep little ladies!
And they slept well.

Pink was the shell within,
Silver without;
Sounds of the great sea
Wandered about.

Sleep little ladies!
Wake not soon!
Echo on echo
Die to the moon.

Two bright stars
Peep'd into the shell
What are they dreaming of?
Who can tell?

Started a green linnet
out of the croft;
Wake, little ladies,
The sun is aloft!