

**SV01 7 years and under**  
**Sock Song by Ian McMillan**

Upstairs  
Downstairs  
Where can they be?  
I can't find my socks  
and they can't find me!

Bedroom  
Bathroom  
Where have they gone?  
I can't find my socks  
and I need to put them on!

Inside  
Outside  
Hanging on the line?  
I can't find my socks  
and I'm running out of time!

One sock  
Two socks  
Silly things to lose  
and when I've found my socks.....

I'll be hunting for my shoes!

**SV02 9 years and under**  
**The Quarrel by Eleanor Farjeon**

I quarreled with my brother,  
I don't know what about,  
One thing led to another  
And somehow we fell out.  
The start of it was slight,  
The end of it was strong,  
He said he was right,  
I knew he was wrong!  
We hated one another.  
The afternoon turned black.  
Then suddenly my brother  
Thumped me on the back,  
And said, "Oh, come on!  
We can't go on all night—  
I was in the wrong."  
So he was in the right.

**SV03 11 years and under**  
**The Scorpion by Roald Dahl**

THE SCORPION by Roald Dahl

You ought to thank your lucky star  
That here in England where you are  
You'll never find (or so it's said)  
A scorpion inside your bed.  
The scorpion's name is Stingaling,  
A most repulsive ugly thing,  
And I would never recommend  
That you should treat him as a friend.  
His scaly skin is black as black  
With armour-plate upon his back.  
Observe his scowling murderous face,  
His wicked eyes, his lack of grace,  
Note well his long and crinkly tail.  
And when it starts to swish and flail,  
Oh gosh! Watch out! Jump back, I say,  
And run till you're a mile away.  
The moment that his tail goes swish  
He has but one determined wish,  
He wants to make a sudden jump  
And sting you hard upon your rump.

**SV04 13 years and under**  
**ABIGAIL by Kay Starbird**

Abigail knew when she was born  
Among the roses, she was a thorn.  
Her quiet mother had lovely looks  
Her quiet father wrote quiet books.  
  
Her quiet brothers, correct though pale,  
Weren't really prepared for Abigail  
Who entered the house with howls and tears  
While both of her brothers blocked their ears

And both of her parents, talking low, Said,  
“Why is Abigail screaming so?”  
Abigail kept on getting worse,  
As soon as she teathed she bit her nurse,

At three, she acted distinctly cool  
Toward people and things at nursery school.  
‘I’m sick of cutting out dolls.’ She said,  
And cut a hole in her dress, instead.

Her mother murmured, ‘she’s bold for three,’  
Her father answered, ‘I quite agree’,  
Her brothers mumbled, ‘We hate to fuss,  
But when will Abigail be like us?’

Abigail going through her teens,  
Liked overalls, and pets and machines.  
In college, hating most of its features,  
She told off all her friends and teachers,

Her brothers, graduating from Yale  
Said ‘Really you’re hopeless, Abigail’.  
And when her mother said, “Fix your looks,”  
Her father added ‘or else write books’

And Abigail asked ‘Is that a dare?’  
And wrote a book that would curl your hair.

**SV05 15 years and under**  
**MIRROR by Sylvia Plath**

I am silver and exact. I have no preconceptions.

Whatever I see I swallow immediately

Just as it is, unmisted by love or dislike.

I am not cruel, only truthful –

The eye of a little god, four-cornered.

Most of the time I meditate on the opposite wall.

It is pink, with speckles. I have looked at it so long

I think it is a part of my heart. But it flickers.

Faces and darkness separate us over and over.

Now I am a lake. A woman bends over me.

Searching my reaches for what she really is.

Then she turns to those liars, the candles or the moon.

I see her back, and reflect it faithfully.

She rewards me with tears and an agitation of hands.  
I am important to her. She comes and goes.  
Each morning it is her face that replaces the darkness.  
In me she has drowned a young girl, and in me an old woman  
Rises toward her day after day, like a terrible fish.

**SV06 18 years and under**  
**The Hero by Siegfried Sassoon**

'Jack fell as he'd have wished.' The Mother said,  
And folded up the letter that she'd read.  
'The Colonel writes so nicely.' Something broke  
In the tired voice that quavered to a choke.  
She half looked up. 'We mothers are so proud  
Of our dead soldiers.' Then her face was bowed.

Quietly the Brother Officer went out.  
He'd told the poor old dear some gallant lies  
That she would nourish all her days, no doubt.  
For while he coughed and mumbled, her weak eyes  
Had shone with gentle triumph, brimmed with joy,  
Because he'd been so brave, her glorious boy.

He thought how 'Jack', cold-footed, useless swine,  
Had panicked down the trench that night the mine  
Went up at Wicked Corner; how he'd tried  
To get sent home, and how, at last, he died,  
Blown to small bits. And no one seemed to care  
Except that lonely woman with white hair.

**SV07 Adult 19 years +**  
**All The World's A Stage: William Shakespeare**

All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players;  
They have their exits and their entrances,

And one man in his time plays many parts,  
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,  
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.  
Then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel  
And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,  
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad  
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,  
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,  
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,  
Seeking the bubble reputation  
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,  
In fair round belly with good capon lined,  
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,  
Full of wise saws and modern instances;  
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts  
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,  
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;  
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide  
For his shrunk shank, and his big manly voice,  
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes  
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,  
That ends this strange eventful history,  
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,  
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.