

THE STAR — LAMDA Verse & Prose Entry-level, Poem 1

by Ann and Jane Taylor

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the blazing sun is gone,
When he nothing shines upon,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

Then the trav'ler in the dark,
Thanks you for your tiny spark,
He could not see which way to go,
If you did not twinkle so.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
And often thro' my curtains peep,
For you never shut your eye,
Till the sun is in the sky.

'Tis your bright and tiny spark,
Lights the trav'ler in the dark:
Tho' I know not what your are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.



THE MAGIC CAT — LAMDA Verse & Prose Entry-level, Poem 2

by Peter Dixon

My mum whilst walking through the door,
Spilt some magic on the floor.
Blobs of this and plots of that,
But most of it upon the cat.

Our cat turned magic, straight away,
And in the garden went to play.
Where it grew two massive wings,
And flew around in fancy rings.

“Oh look!” cried Mother, pointing high,
“I didn’t know our cat could fly.”
Then with a dash of Tibby’s tail,
She turned my mum into a snail.

So now she lives beneath a stone,
And dusts around a different home.
And I’m an ant and Dad’s a mouse,
And Tibby’s living in our house.

