

A decorative border of tulips and bellflowers in shades of orange, yellow, and purple, with green leaves, framing the central text.

Spring Poetry Handwriting Competition

Choose a poem and copy it up
using your most beautiful
handwriting and presentation

Give your copy to Mrs Graves
by Monday 6th March

See Mrs Graves for paper if
needed

Spring Song

Frogs croak,

Rains soak.

Chicks peep,

Crickets leap.

Bees hum,

warm sun.

Birds sing,

it's spring!

Spring is here.

Spring is here.

Spring is here.

Hear the birds.

Hear the birds.

They are busy finding.

They are busy finding.

Big fat worms.

Big fat worms.

Spring Party

Spring is here
And nature cheers,
As blossoms burst
And shoots appear.

Longer days
Bring warm sun rays,
Newborn animals
Frolic and play.

Spring Flowers

Daffodil so proud and tall,
Stooping snowdrop white and small.

Hyacinth your smell so sweet,
Rows of petals, nice and neat.

Crocus short and tulips taller,
Petal bright with lotw of colour.

Bluebells carpet forest floor,
Springtime flowers, we adore.

Springtime Blues

Each year I get the Springtime Blues,

As winter ends and spring ensues.

‘Springtime makes you sad?’ you say,

The opposite, it makes my day!

I love the blue in skies so clear,

Telling us that summer’s near.

The drops of blue in April showers

Nourishing the plants and flowers.

I love the bluebirds singing sweetly,

Busy building nests so neatly.

Bluebells dancing with such ease

In a gentle springtime breeze.

Each year I get the Springtime Blues,

The best of all the springtime hues.

Very Early Spring

The fields are snowbound no longer;
There are little blue lakes and flags of tenderest green.

The snow has been caught up into the sky—
So many white clouds—and the blue of the sky is cold.

Now the sun walks in the forest,
He touches the bows and stems with his golden fingers;

They shiver, and wake from slumber.
Over the barren branches, he shakes his yellow curls.

Yet is the forest full of the sound of tears....

A wind dances over the fields.
Shrill and clear the sound of her waking laughter,
Yet the little blue lakes tremble
And the flags of tenderest green bend and quiver.

Katherine Mansfield

Daffodils

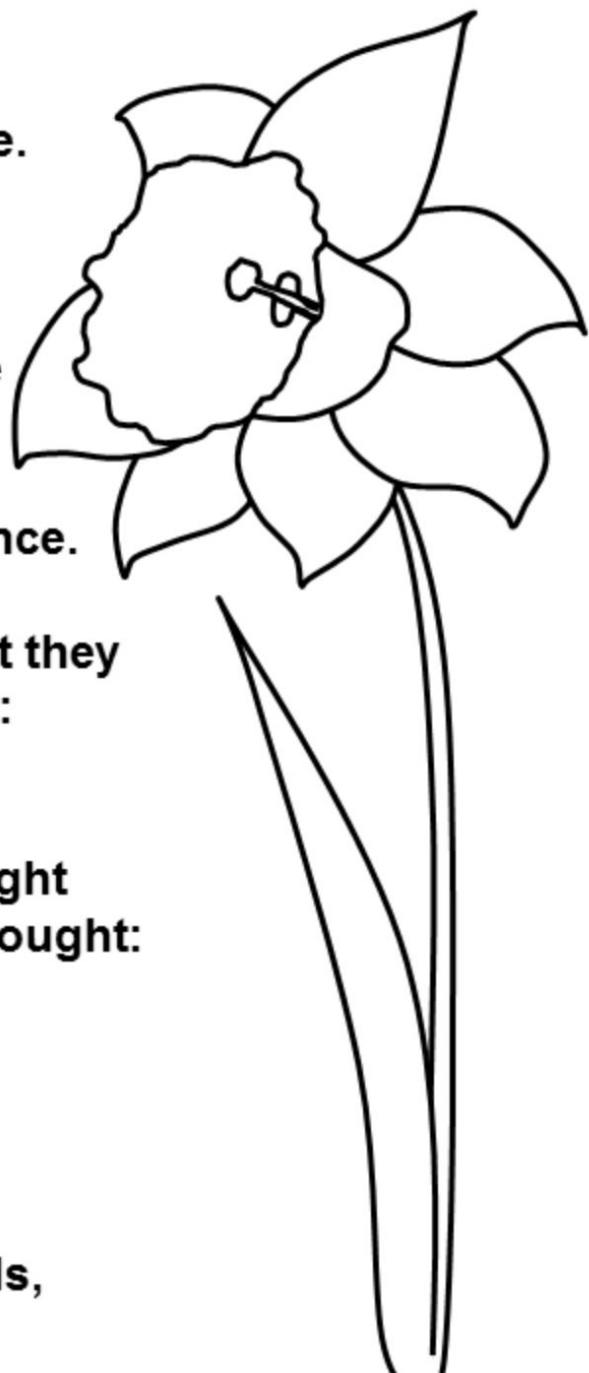
by William Wordsworth

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not be but gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.



Song of Solomon

My beloved spoke, and said to me:

“Rise up, my love, my fair one,

And come away.

For lo, the winter is past,

The rain is over and gone.

The flowers appear on the earth;

The time of singing has come,

And the voice of the turtledove

Is heard in our land.

The fig tree puts forth her green figs,

And the vines with the tender grapes

Give a good smell.

Rise up, my love, my fair one,

And come away!