

What's the point of poetry anyway?

Sitting at this desk with all this stuff to do for homework,
This isn't how I'd choose to spend my day.

I like my maths and science, but all this rhyming makes my head
hurt.

What is the reason we're stuck here, why can't I make this poetry
go away?

The words float about, they won't stick in my head.
And I don't see any point in reading poets who're dead.

They can't have anything to say to me today.
What's the point of poetry anyway?

Will it help me learn to cook?

I've got a recipe book!

Will it help me fix my bike?

Here's the manual I like!

Will it help me learn to code?

I've got a friend down the road!

What's the point of poetry anyway?

It's all full of words that I don't understand,
And I can't be bothered trying, I've got far better plans.
There's nothing in these books that makes me want to stay.

What's the point of poetry anyway?

Will it help me with my maths?

I've got an app for that!

Will it help with my construction?

No, I'll read the instructions!

Will it help me to get home?

I'll ring my mum on the phone!

What's the point of poetry anyway?

Give me science or a project, there's a purpose to that.
All these rhyming words in couplets sounds like so much chat.

It won't help me, I don't like it,

Which is why I say

What's the point of poetry anyway?

Will it help me to get strong?

Join our gym club! Come on!

Will it help me play a tune?

Why don't you take up the bassoon!

Will it come outside to play?

I'll come with you, any day!

What's the point of, what's the point of poetry anyway?

Words escape

Swirling, tumbling, spinning in my head

And I'm staggering, stumbling,

Filling me with dread,

Words are shifting, jumbling,

Seeping from the pages and

Muttering, mumbling,

What is it they said?

Now they're echoing, rumbling,

They move with heavy tread and I'm

Running, crumbling,

Don't let them get me or I'm dead!

Jabberwocky

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

"Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!"

He took his vorpal sword in hand;
Long time the manxome foe he sought—
So rested he by the Tumtum tree
And stood awhile in thought.

And, as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffing through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.

"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!"
He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

Tyger Tyger

Tyger Tyger, burning bright,
In the forests of the night;
What immortal hand or eye,
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies.
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand, dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, & what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? & what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain,
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp,
Dare its deadly terrors clasp!

When the stars threw down their spears
And water'd heaven with their tears:
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

First verse repeated

The Golden Boy

In March he was buried, and nobody cried.
Buried in the dirt, nobody protested.
Where grubs and insects that nobody knows
With outer space faces that nobody loves,
Can make him their feast, as if nobody cared.

But the Lord's mother, full of her love,
Found him underground and wrapped him with love.
As if he were her baby, her own born love.
She nursed him with miracles and starry love.
And he began to live, and to thrive on her love.

He grew night and day and his murderers were glad.
He grew like a fire, and his murderers were happy.
He grew lithe and tall and his murderers were joyful,
He toiled in the fields and his murderers cared for him.
He grew a gold beard, and his murderers laughed.

With terrible steel they slew him in the furrow,
With terrible steel they beat his bones from him.
With terrible steel they ground him to powder.
They baked him in ovens, they sliced him on tables.
They ate him, they ate him, they ate him,
They ate him.

Thanking the Lord,
Thanking the wheat,
Thanking the bread for bringing them life.
Today and tomorrow, out of the dirt.

Charge of the Light Brigade

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
"Charge for the guns!" he said:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismay'd?
Not tho' the soldier knew
Someone had blunder'd:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wonder'd:
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right thro' the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the sabre stroke
Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honour the charge they made,
Honour the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred.

From a railway carriage

Faster than fairies, faster than witches,
Bridges and houses, hedges and ditches;
And charging along like troops in a battle
All through the meadows the horses and cattle:
All of the sights of the hill and the plain
Fly as thick as driving rain;
And ever again, in the wink of an eye,
Painted stations whistle by.
Here is a child who clammers and scrambles,
All by himself and gathering brambles;
Here is a tramp who stands and gazes;
And here is the green for stringing the daisies!
Here is a cart runaway in the road
Lumping along with man and load;
And here is a mill, and there is a river:
Each a glimpse and gone forever!

The King's Breakfast

The King asked
The Queen, and
The Queen asked
The Dairymaid:
"Could we have some butter for
The Royal slice of bread?"
The Queen asked
The Dairymaid,
The Dairymaid
Said, "Certainly,
I'll go and tell
The cow
Now
Before she goes to bed."

The Dairymaid
She curtsied,
And went and told
The Alderney:
"Don't forget the butter for
The Royal slice of bread."

The Alderney
Said sleepily:
"You'd better tell
His Majesty
That many people nowadays
Like marmalade
Instead."

The Dairymaid
Said, "Fancy!"
And went to
Her Majesty.
She curtsied to the Queen, and
She turned a little red:
"Excuse me,
Your Majesty,
For taking of
The liberty,
But marmalade is tasty, if
It's very
Thickly
Spread."

The Queen said
"Oh!"
And went to
His Majesty:
"Talking of the butter for
The Royal slice of bread,
Many people
Think that
Marmalade
Is nicer.
Would you like to try a little
Marmalade
Instead?"

The King said,
"Bother!"
And then he said,

"Oh, dear me!"
The King sobbed, "Oh, deary me!"
And went back to bed.

"Nobody,"
He whimpered,
"Could call me
A fussy man;
I only want
A little bit
Of butter for
My bread!"

The Queen said,
"There, there!"
And went to
The Dairymaid.
The Dairymaid
Said, "There, there!"
And went to the shed.
The cow said,
"There, there!
I didn't really
Mean it;
Here's milk for his porringer
And butter for his bread."

The Queen took
The butter
And brought it to
His Majesty;
The King said,
"Butter, eh?"
And bounced out of bed.

"Nobody," he said,
As he kissed her
Tenderly,
"Nobody," he said,
As he slid down
The banisters,
"Nobody,
My darling,
Could call me
A fussy man—
BUT

I do like a little bit of butter to my bread!"

1,2,1,2

1,2,1,2,1,2,1,2

7 billion people in the world, and there's only one of you.

To you, to you, to you and you

If I can do it, you can do, I said, if I can do it, you can too. (repeat)

1,2,1,2,1,2,1,2

7 billion people in the world, and there's only one of you.

(repeat)

This goes out to you, to you, to you and you.

If I can do it, you can too, if I can do it, you can too.

You, eh, you, yeah, you and you.

If I can do it, you can too, if I can do it, you can too.

1,2,1,2,1,2,1,2

If I can do it, can I tell you a little story?

See life? Life is a moment.

The story doesn't need the writer's involvement.

So edit this for me. Don't embellish or twist it, please.

Don't embed it in mysteries.

I hope my credit and history amounts to more than my credit

history!

Aye, edit this for me.

1,2,1,2,1,2,1,2 if I can do it, eh, if I can do it!

1,2,1,2,1,2,1,2,

7 billion people in the world, and there's only one you.

Aye, make them learn, make them learn

Ask my elders, they'll confirm how we had to stand at the stake
and burn.

Now my 2 feet are taking turns and its one foot forward.

Now the other one. That's the first step.

Make another one. Repeat the process.

Pretty soon you'll notice you're moving forward.

And it's all good!

Aye, testing, 1,2,1,2,1,2,1,2

7 billion people in the world, and there's only one you.

1,2,1,2,1,2,1,2

7 billion people in the world, and there's only one you.

This goes out to you, to you, to you and you.

If I can do it you can too, if I can do it, you can too.

I said you, you, you and you.

If I can do it you can too. I said if I can do it you can too.

Thank you, thank you.

Dry your eyes, the damage is done.

The damage is done, but in life challenges come.

What makes you think you can't manage this one?

You'd better wear your pain with pride.

I want to see that strength in your stride!

I know you're sick of the grind, but a wall is built one brick at a
time.

I said look, the damage is done, the damage is done, but in life
challenges come.

What makes you think you can't manage this one?

Put one foot, eh, and then the other one.

There's your first step. Make another one.

Repeat the process. Pretty soon you'll notice you're moving

forward. And it's all good.

And we're telling them

1,2,1,2,1,2,1,2

7 billion people in the world, and there's only one you.

Poetry is the music of the soul

There's rhyme and rhythm and simile,

There's meaning and message and imagery.

Personification and alliteration, there's couplets, description and
mimicry.

Iambic pentameters, nonsense verse,

Narrative, metaphor, assonance.

They all have their part to play,

Some are quite hard to say

Like onomatopoeia, (which doesn't rhyme,

Or even scan, but never mind!)

But what I am trying to say is

Poetry is the music of the soul.

Poetry makes you feel good,

Takes the wounded, makes them whole.

And if you're searching for life's meaning

Poems tell the thoughts you're feeling.

Poems, in a few words, change the world.

For poetry is the music, is the music

Of the soul.

If you want to say 'I love you'.

If you want to paint a picture in words.

If you want to be transported to a place far from home,

If you want to live inside another's world.

If you want someone to understand your message,

If you're feeling down and blue.

Look inside the book, I will guarantee there's a poem there for
you. 'Cause

Chorus twice