Lovereading4kids.co.uk

Helping you choose books for children

0-5 5-7 7-9 9-12 12+

Opening extract from

Collected Poems

Written by

Allan Ahlberg

Published by

Puffin Books

All text is copyright of the author

Please print off and read at your leisure.



Teachers' Prayer

Let the children in our care
Clean their shoes and comb their hair;
Come to school on time – and neat,
Blow their noses, wipe their feet.
Let them, Lord, *not* eat in class
Or rush into the hall *en masse*.
Let them show some self-control;
Let them slow down; let them *stroll!*

Let the children in our charge
Not be violent or large;
Not be sick on the school-trip bus,
Not be cleverer than us;
Not be unwashed, loud or mad,
(With a six-foot mother or a seven-foot dad).
Let them, please, say 'drew' not 'drawed';
Let them *know the answers*, Lord.

Please Mrs Butler

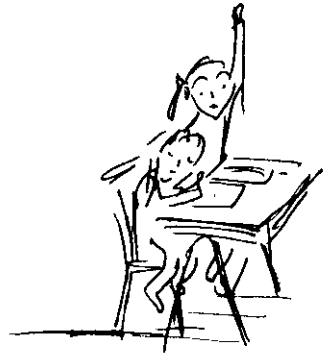
Please Mrs Butler
This boy Derek Drew
Keeps copying my work, Miss.
What shall I do?

Go and sit in the hall, dear.
Go and sit in the sink.
Take your books on the roof, my lamb.
Do whatever you think.

Please Mrs Butler
This boy Derek Drew
Keeps taking my rubber, Miss.
What shall I do?

Keep it in your hand, dear.
Hide it up your vest.
Swallow it if you like, my love.
Do what you think best.





Please Mrs Butler
This boy Derek Drew
Keeps calling me rude names, Miss.
What shall I do?

Lock yourself in the cupboard, dear.
Run away to sea.
Do whatever you can, my flower.
But *don't ask me!*

The Slow Man

The phone rings
But never long enough
For the Slow Man.

By the time
The set's switched on
His favourite programme's over.

His tea grows cold
From cup to lip,
His soup evaporates.

He laughs, eventually,
At jokes long since
Gone out of fashion.

Sell-by dates
And limited special offers
Defeat him.

He comes home
With yesterday's paper
And reads it . . . tomorrow.



The Vampire and the Hound

Towards the distant mountains flying,
Closer, closer,
In darkness, wind and rain;
Above the ancient castle sighing,
Nearer, nearer,
The Vampire comes again.

In at my Lady's window staring,
Closer, closer,
His pale eyes calm and dead,
Watching the beeswax candle flaring,
Nearer, nearer,
Beside my Lady's bed.

Over the golden carpet going,
Closer, closer,
His black cloak furled and wet,
Up to the bed where, all unknowing,
Nearer, nearer,
My Lady's sleeping yet.

Come at last to his monstrous calling,
Closer, closer,
Unchecked by keep or moat,
The Vampire, swooning low and falling,
Nearer, nearer,
Towards my Lady's throat.

Wakes to a nightmare foul, and screaming,
Murder, murder!
My Lady, silken-gowned.
Up from the hearth-rug, damply steaming,
Save her, save her!
Lottie, my Lady's Hound.