

All In Red by Eileen Mathias

Red for Santas fur-lined cloak
And his scarlet hood.
Red for the holly berries
Gleaming in the wood.
Red for the breast
Of the bravest little bird,
R-E-D for the brightest Christmas word.

Red for the glow of the yule-log light
And the little crimson slippers
That Santa left last night.
Red for the paper lanterns
Hanging from the wall.
Of the many Christmas colours
Red's the best of all.

Here are 8 poems
about winter and
Christmas.

For the
competition you
need to learn one
off by heart.
Remember to take
your time saying it
and to use your
voice to make the
poem enjoyable
for the listener.

In The Wood by Eileen Mathias

Cold winter's in the wood,
I saw him pass
Crinkling up fallen leaves
Along the grass.

Bleak winter's in the wood
The birds have flown
Leaving the naked trees
Shivering alone.

King Winter's in the wood,
I saw him go
Crowned with a coronet
Of crystal snow.

The Carol Singers
by Margaret G. Rhodes

Last night the carol-singers came
 When I had gone to bed
Upon the crisp white path outside
 I heard them softly tread.

I sat upright to listen, for
 I knew they came to tell
Of all the things that happened on
 The very first Noel.

Upon my ceiling flickering
 I saw their lantern glow
And then they sang their carols sweet
 Of Christmas long ago.

And when at last they went away,
 Their carol-singing done,
There was a little boy who wished
 They'd only just begun.

PUDDING CHARMS
By Charlotte Druitt Cole

Our Christmas pudding was made in November,
All they put in it I quite well remember:
Currants and raisins, and sugar and spice,
Orange peel, lemon peel - everything nice
Mixed up together and put in a pan.
"When you've stirred it," said Mother, "as much as you can,
We'll cover it over, that nothing may spoil it,
And then, in the copper, tomorrow we'll boil it."
That night when we children were all fast asleep,
A real fairy godmother came crip-a-creep!
She wore a red cloak and a tall steeple hat
(Though nobody saw her but Tinker the cat!)
And out of her pocket a thimble she drew,
A button of silver, a silver horseshoe,
And whisp'ring a charm, in the pudding pan popped them
Then flew up the chimney directly she dropped them;
And even old Tinker pretended he slept
(With Tinker a secret is sure to be kept!)
So nobody knew, until Christmas came round,
And there, in the pudding, these treasures we found.

White Fields
by James Stephens

In winter-time we go
Walking in the fields of snow;

Where there is no grass at all;
Where the top of every wall,

Every fence, and every tree,
Is as white as white can be.

Pointing out the way we came -
Every one of them the same -

All across the fields there be
Prints in silver filigree:

And our mothers always know
By the footprints in the snow,

Where it is the children go.

Jack Frost In The Garden
By John P. Smeeton

Jack Frost was in the garden;
I saw him there at dawn;
He was dancing around the bushes
And prancing on the lawn.
He had a cloak of silver,
A hat all shimm'ring white,
A wand of glittering star-dust,
And shoes of sunbeam light.

Jack Frost was in the garden,
When I went out to play
He nipped my toes and fingers
And quickly ran away.
I chased him round the wood-shed,
But, oh! I'm sad to say
That though I chased him everywhere
He simply wouldn't stay.

The Christmas Party
by Adeline White

We're going to have a party
And a lovely Christmas tea,
And flags and lighted candles
Upon the Christmas tree!

And silver balls and lanterns,
Tied on with golden string,
Will hide among the branches
By little bells that ring.

And then there will be crackers
And caps and hats and toys,
A Christmas cake and presents
For all the girls and boys.

With dancing, games and laughter,
With music, songs and fun,
We'll make our Christmas Party
A joy for everyone.

Who Has Seen The Wind?
by Christina Rossetti

Who has seen the wind?
Neither I nor you;
But when the leaves hang trembling,
The wind is passing through.

Who has seen the wind?
Neither you nor I;
But when the trees bow down their heads,
The wind is passing by.

O Wind, why do you never rest,
Wandering, whistling to and fro,
Bringing rain out of the west,
From the dim north bringing snow?