



The Children's House School  
Easter Performance  
2024

Dear Parents,

Welcome to our Easter Concert!  
We have a packed programme for you today,  
featuring an all star cast of your very own  
Children!

The classes have been working extremely  
hard in rehearsals over the past few weeks  
and I know you are going to enjoy  
every moment.



March 27th 11am

# ORDER OF EVENTS

Each class has chosen a poem or two to recite and a song to sing,  
most of which are linked to their termly themes.

## Reception

Poem: Your Best by Barbara Vance

Song: Puff the Magic Dragon

## Year 1

Poems: When I was Six and Wind on the Hill by A.A. Milne

Song: Home on the Range

## Year 2

Poems: Travel by Book by Laura Mucha, and Wasp on the Tube by Chrissie Gittins

Song: The Locomotion

## Year 3

Poem: Oh, I'd Wish I Looked After Me Teeth, by Pam Ayres

## Year 4

Poem: You Can't Be That! by Brian Patten

The Trojan Horse

## Individual Poetry Recitals

Spring, by Anonymous Juniper Year 2

April Fools, by Anonymous and me, Jack Year 3

The Homework Machine, by Shel Silverstein, Arthur Year 4

Song: Hot Cross Buns, Year 3 & 4, with Ukulele

## Choir

English Country Garden

Whole School Song

Hot Cross Buns, please join in!

# Puff the Magic Dragon

CHORUS:

Puff the magic dragon, lived by the sea, And frolicked in the autumn mist in a land called Honah Lee

VERSE 1:

Little Jackie Paper loved that rascal Puff, And brought him strings band sealing wax and other fancy stuff, oh

CHORUS

VERSE 1:

Together they would travel on a boat with billowed sail, Jackie kept a lookout perched on Puff's gigantic tail  
Noble kings and princes would bow whenever they came, Pirate ships would lower their flags when Puff roared out his name, oh

CHORUS

Puff, the magic dragon, lived by the sea, And frolicked in the autumn mist, in a land called Honah Lee

Puff, the magic dragon, lived by the sea And frolicked in the autumn mist, in a land called Honah Lee





# Your Best

If you always try your best  
Then you'll never have to wonder  
About what you could have done  
If you'd summoned all your thunder.

And if your best  
Was not as good  
As you hoped it would be,  
You still could say,  
"I gave today  
All I had in me."

Barbara Vance



# Home on the range

Oh give me a home, where the buffalo roam  
Where the deer and the antelope play,  
Where seldom is heard, a discouraging word,  
And the skies are not cloudy all day

Home, home on the Range;  
Where the deer and the antelope play;  
Where seldom is heard, a discouraging word,  
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Where the air is so pure and the zephyrs so free  
And the breezes so balmy and light  
That I would not exchange my home on the range  
For all of the cities so bright

Home, home on the range  
Where the deer and the antelope play  
Where seldom is heard, a discouraging word  
And the skies are not cloudy all da



# Wind on the Hill

No one can tell me,  
Nobody knows,  
Where the wind comes from,  
Where the wind goes.  
It's flying from somewhere  
As fast as it can,  
I couldn't keep up with it,  
Not if I ran.  
But if I stopped holding  
The string of my kite,  
It would blow with the wind  
For a day and a night.  
And then when I found it,  
Wherever it blew,  
I should know that the wind  
Had been going there too.  
So then I could tell them  
Where the wind goes...  
But where the wind comes from  
Nobody knows.

A. A. Milne.

# When I was Six

When I was One,  
I had just begun.  
When I was Two,  
I was nearly new.  
When I was Three  
I was hardly me.  
When I was Four;  
I was not much more.  
When I was Five,  
I was just alive.  
But now I am Six,  
I'm as clever as clever;  
So I think I'll be six now for ever and ever

A. A. Milne."





# THE LOCOMOTION

Everybody's doin' a brand new dance now  
(Come on, baby do the locomotion,  
I know you'll get to like it if you give it a chance now  
(Come on, baby do the locomotion,)

My little baby sister can do it with ease  
It's easier than learning your A B C's  
So come on, come on, do the locomotion with me

You gotta swing your hips now  
Come on, baby  
Jump up, jump back  
Well, I think you got the knack, ohh

Now that you can do it, let's make a chain, now  
(Come on, baby do the locomotion,  
Chug-a chug-a motion, like a railway train, now  
(Come on, baby do the locomotion,  
Do it nice and easy now don't lose control  
A little bit of rhythm and a lot of soul  
So come on, come on, do the locomotion with me

# Travel by book

I've travelled the world in a boat on the sea,  
accompanied pirates and lived fancy free,  
I've seen all the things I have wanted to see -  
I did it by reading a book.

I've won many battles, I've swum with the sharks,  
I've found buried treasure alone in the dark,  
I've lived in the elm trees of national parks -  
I did it by reading a book.

I've worn my pyjamas whilst flying with birds,  
I've travelled alone and I've followed the herd,  
I've relished, devoured and revelled in words,  
I did it by reading a book.

I've met many people, I've made many friends,  
and though I felt sad when I came to the end  
of the journey I'd made - I can make it again  
with the words of a well-written book.

Laura Mucha



## A top-down view of several decorated Easter eggs on a light pink background. The eggs include a gold egg with white dots, a white egg with gold dots, a gold egg with a textured pattern, a white egg with gold stripes, a pink egg with a textured pattern, and a gold egg with white dots. Small white daisies and pink petals are scattered around the eggs.

those doors banged shut, that was the end of my funnnnnnnnnnnn.

they're all looking up and they think I am dummmmmmmmb.

that boy's going mad and grabbing his MUMMMMMMMMM,

at last, King's Cross, my tube journey's donnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnne.

By Chrissie Gittins

The background is a solid light blue color. Scattered around the edges are various Easter-themed items: several colorful eggs in shades of blue, yellow, pink, and white, some with gold or black patterns like wavy lines or hearts; a few small white speckled eggs; and two white bunny ears at the bottom center.

# Hot Cross Buns

Hot cross buns  
Hot cross buns  
One a penny, two a penny,  
Hot cross buns

If you have no daughters,  
Give them to your sons,  
One a penny, two a penny,  
Hot cross buns

Oh, I wish I'd looked after me teeth,  
And spotted the dangers beneath  
All the toffees I chewed,  
And the sweet sticky food.  
Oh, I wish I'd looked after me teeth.

I wish I'd been that much more willin'  
When I had more tooth there than fillin'  
To give up gobstoppers,  
From respect to me choppers,  
And to buy something else with me shillin'.

When I think of the lollies I licked  
And the liquorice allsorts I picked,  
Sherbet dabs, big and little,  
All that hard peanut brittle,  
My conscience gets horribly pricked.

# Oh, I wish I'd looked after my teeth

My mother, she told me no end,  
'If you got a tooth, you got a friend.'  
I was young then, and careless,  
My toothbrush was hairless,  
I never had much time to spend.  
Oh I showed them the toothpaste all right,  
I flashed it about late at night,  
But up-and-down, brushin'  
And pokin' and fussin'  
Didn't seem worth the time - I could bite!

Pam Ayres

If I'd known, I was paving the way  
To cavities, caps and decay,  
The murder of fillin's,  
Injections and drillin's,  
I'd have thrown all me sherbet away.

So I lie in the old dentist's chair;  
And I gaze up his nose in despair;  
And his drill it do whine  
In these molars of mine.  
'Two amalgam,' he'll say, 'for in there.'

How I laughed at my mother's false teeth,  
As they foamed in the waters beneath.  
But now comes the reckonin'  
It's methey are beckonin'  
Oh, I wish I'd looked after me teeth.





# You Can't be That!

I told them:  
When I grow up

I'm not going to be a scientist  
Or someone who reads the news on TV.  
No, a million birds will fly through me.  
**I'M GOING TO BE A TREE.**

They said,  
You can't be that. No, you can't be that.

I told them:  
When I grow up  
I'm not going to be an airline pilot.  
A dancer, a lawyer or an MC.  
No, huge whales will swim in me.  
**I'M GOING TO BE AN OCEAN!**

They said,  
You can't be that. No, you can't be that.

I told them:  
I'm not going to be a DJ.  
A computer programmer, a musician, or beautician.  
No, streams will flow through me.  
I'll be the home of eagles;  
I'll be full of nooks, crannies, valleys and fountains.  
**I'M GOING TO BE A RANGE OF MOUNTAINS**

They said,  
You can't be that. No, you can't be that.

By Brian Patten

I asked them:  
Just what do you think I am?  
Just a child, they said,  
And children always become  
At least one of the things  
We want them to be.

They do not understand me.  
I'll be a stable if I want, smelling of fresh hay,  
I'll be a lost glade in which unicorns still play.  
They do not realize I can fulfill any ambition.  
They do not realize among them  
walks a magician.





Happy Easter  
from everyone at  
The Children's House School



Please download the Easter 2024  
Performance Program

