

The Spare Room

It was just the spare room
the nobody there room
the spooks-in-the-air room
the unbearable spare room.

It wasn't the guest room
the four-poster best room,
the designed-to-impress room,
the unuseable guest room.

It wasn't the main room,
the homely and plain room,
the flop-on-the-bed room,
Mum and Dad's own room.

It wasn't the blue room
the sweet lulla-loo room
the creep-on-your-feet room
the baby's asleep room.

It wasn't the bright room
the clothes everywhere room
the music-all-night room
sister's scattered-about room.

U118 (a)
Mixed Voice Choral
P1-P3

It was just the spare room
the nobody there room
the spooks-in-the-air room
the unbearable spare room.

DIANA HENDRY

Dragons Are Back

Alas, alack
The dragons are back
And any time now
They're bound to attack.
The sky will turn
From blue to black
With lightning-flash
And thunder-crack.

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U118 (b)
Mixed Voice Choral
P1-P3

The dragons are back
The dragons are back
The dragons, the dragons
The dragons are back.

They snap their jaws
Snickerty-snack,
Flash their claws
Flickerty-flack,
Twitch their tails
Thwickerty thwack,
Clank their scales
Clickerty-clack.

The dragons are back
The dragons are back
The dragons, the dragons
The dragons are back.

The mill goes still.
The wind is slack.
The cows won't milk.
The ducks don't quack.
We try to talk
But just lose track:
Go mumble jumble
Yakkity-yak.

The dragons are back
The dragons are back
The dragons, the dragons
The dragons are back.

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U118 (b)
Mixed Voice Choral
P1-P3

We dare not stay.
We quickly pack.
But every road's
A cul-de-sac.
The priest has had
A heart attack.
The king's become
A maniac.

The dragons are back
The dragons are back
The dragons, the dragons
The dragons are back.

Nick Toczek

Cat

The fat cat on the mat
may seem to dream
of nice mice that suffice
for him, or cream;
but free, maybe,
walks in thought
unbowed, proud, where loud
roared and fought
his kin, lean and slim,
or deep in den
in the East feasted on beasts
and tender men.

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