

## OUR POEMS

Most of the poems below were written "in-house" - we thought you'd like a closer look!



### Daddy ©



Daddy helps me with my reading  
- "Patience" is his middle name -  
And whatever else I'm needing -  
He provides it just the same!

When I'm bored and need distraction  
Daddy's always there to play  
Galvanising into action  
Brightening my dulllest day!

Sometimes, when I'm feeling weepy  
He makes such a fuss of me  
'Til I'm calm and tired and sleepy  
Snuggled up on Daddy's knee

Daddy makes the days seem lighter  
Daddy's love is warm and true  
Daddy's star shines ever brighter  
Dearest daddy  
I Love You!



### Mummy ©



To Mummy who I love so much  
Your loving kiss, your gentle touch  
To Mummy who is there for me  
Laugh and learn and play with glee!

To Mum, I hope you understand  
That I think you are really grand!  
And I just hope that you can see  
That you mean all the world to me.

And so this gift, my dearest Mum  
Long from now, in years to come,  
You'll cherish this and you'll have known  
That-just like me-my love has grown!  
I Love You, Mum!

### My Grandad ©



Papa's knee is so secure  
Grandpa's Heart - an open door  
Gramps's love - a precious gift  
Grandad's hug - a welcome lift

Poppa makes such fun of play  
Grandpa brightens every day  
Grandy is so very strong  
Grandad teaches right from wrong

Poppa loves me - young or old  
Grandpa's love will ne'er grow cold  
Gramp's love is warm and true  
Dearest Grandad  
I Love You!

### My Grandma ©



You take the time to sit and listen  
Home and heart an open door  
You make me feel that I'm important  
Though you've heard it all before!

You take great pride in my achievements  
Whether they are large or small  
But you know what really counts  
Is knowing that you love us all

You've a cup that's full of kindness  
And a smile that's warm and true  
So here's a thanks for being Grandma

And a great big

I Love You!

### Mo Lámhan

Chaneil thu toilichte 's mo lámhan  
beaga luath  
Gu tric a' deanamh milleadh mar tha  
thusa glanadh suas  
Ach a h-uile latha tha mi fàs, 's gu  
dearbha cha bhi e fad  
Gus nach bi cuimhn' agad idir air  
gach nì ni mi an dràs  
Mar sin seo làrach sonraichte de mo  
lámhan beaga dhut  
's bi cuimhn' agad mar bha mi 'n  
uair a rinn mi seo an diugh.

### My Handy Work ©

Lots of little fingerprints  
Grubbing the walls -  
They get painted over when  
The decorator calls!

Smudges on the furniture  
And on the T.V. screen  
Are all removed by polishing  
To leave things sparkling clean

Muddy little footprints trail  
Across the kitchen floor  
But Mrs Mop and bucket come  
And then they are no more!

But little children grow so fast  
And memories of handprints fade  
This souvenir will bring them back  
And as you see - it's all HAND-  
MADE!

### Handprints ©

Handprints left on steamed-up  
windows,  
Fingerprints on clean white doors,  
Grubby smudges on the paintwork,  
Muddy footprints on the floors.

But those prints don't last forever,  
So I've made you some to keep,  
For the future, when I'm older  
Sometimes you can take a peep,  
To remind you of a childhood  
Spent enjoying every day -  
Playing, learning, laughing, singing,  
Loving life in every way!

### Fy olion dwylo ©

Olion dwylo ar ffenestri stemllyd,  
Olion bysedd ar bot drws drwy'r ty,  
Olion sticlyd hyd y paent ym  
Mhobman,  
Olion traed ar hyd y llawr yn llw,  
Olion yw'r rheiny sydd ddim yn para,  
Ond dyma rai fydd yn para'n hir  
I'w cadw pan fyddaf wedi tyfu  
A syllu arnynt i goffio'n glir  
Am ddyddiau hapus fy mh Bentleyndad  
Sydd heddiw mor llawn o hwy! a sbri  
Chwarae, dysgu, chwerthin, canu  
Mwynhad pur yw fy mywyd bach i!

### Sticky Grubby Me

There used to be so many  
Of my fingerprints to see  
On furniture and walls and things  
From sticky, grubby me!

But if you stop and think a while  
You'll see I'm growing fast  
Those little handprints disappear  
You can't bring back what's passed.

So here's a small reminder  
To keep - not wipe away  
Of tiny hands and how they looked  
To make you smile someday!

### Little pictures ©

Little pictures, drawings, paintings -  
All are lost as years go by -  
No reminders of the days when  
Chubby fingers had to try  
To hold a pen or pencil firmly,  
Keep a paintbrush on the page,  
Colour in a stencilled outline  
Sometimes that could take an age!

So I've made a souvenir  
Of how my pictures used to look,  
To keep and use in future years  
And think of the hard work it took!



### A Photographic Memory ©



We all admire a photograph,  
That's taken sharp and clear,  
Especially when the likeness is,  
Of someone near and dear.

The subject might be serious,  
And make us think a while,  
It may bring tears into our eyes,  
Or cause a wistful smile.

Or it might be hilarious,  
And make our laughter start,  
A fit of joyful merriment,  
That comes straight from the heart.

So here's a little souvenir,  
To bring on smiles or tears,  
A Photographic Memory,  
To treasure through the years.