

**MARKHAM FAIR**  
**SCHOOL CHILDREN'S COMMITTEE CATEGORIES #1-7 - PRINTING - WRITING**  
**ALL SUBMISSIONS MUST BE COPIED AS SHOWN**

**GRADE 1**

**Question**

Do you love me  
Or do you not?  
You told me once  
But I forgot.

**GRADE 2**

**The Blackbird**

In the far corner,  
close by the swings,  
every morning  
a blackbird sings.

His bill's so yellow,  
his coat's so black,  
that he makes a fellow  
whistle back.

by Humbert Wolfe

**GRADE 3**

**The Caterpillar**

Brown and furry  
Caterpillar in a hurry;  
Take your walk  
To the shady leaf or stalk.

May no toad spy you,  
May the little birds pass by you;  
Spin and die,  
To live again a butterfly.

by Christina G. Rossetti

**GRADE 4**

**Birch Trees**

The night is white,  
The moon is high,  
The birch trees lean  
Against the sky.

The cruel winds  
Have blown away  
Each little leaf  
Of silver gray.

O lonely trees  
As white as wool...  
That moonlight makes  
So beautiful.

by John Richard Moreland

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**GRADE 5**

**Who Has Seen The Wind?**

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 leaves bow down their heads,  
The wind is passing by.

by Christina G. Rossetti

**GRADE 6**

**Mice**

I think mice  
Are rather nice.  
Their tails are long,  
Their faces small,  
They haven't any  
Chins at all.  
Their ears are pink,  
Their teeth are white,  
They run about  
The house at night.  
They nibble things  
They shouldn't touch  
And no one seems  
To like them much.  
But I think mice  
Are nice.

by Rose Fyleman

**GRADE 7**

**At Husking Time**

At husking time the tassel fades  
To brown above the yellow blades,  
Whose rustling sheath enswathes the corn  
That bursts its chrysalis in scorn  
Longer to lie in prison shades.

Among the merry lads and maids  
The creaking ox-cart slowly wades  
Twixt stalks and stubble, sacked and torn  
At husking time.

The prying pilot crow persuades  
The flock to join in thieving raids;  
The sly raccoon with craft inborn  
His portion steals; from plenty's horn  
His pouch the saucy chipmunk lades  
At husking time.

by E. Pauline Johnson

**GRADE 8**

**O CANADA!**

O Canada!  
Terre de nos aïeux,  
Ton front est ceint  
De fleurons glorieux!

Car ton bras sait porter l'épée,  
Il sait porter la croix!

Ton histoire est une épopée  
Des plus brillants exploits.

Et ta valeur, de foi trempée,  
Protègera nos foyers et nos droits.

Protègera nos foyers et nos droits.