

The Trumpet



Poems

by children from

Spring Bank Primary school



The Life of a Trumpet

“But the flower crumpled away”
said the man

“We can’t cure the king of fatness
without that flower!”

I heard these men saying this,
SUDDENLY the doors opened
I felt a gush of wind run through me.

The king entered

I played my royal fanfare tune,
the king didn’t like me
he isn’t bothered about my perfect notes
“Oh give me the cure” said the king...

BY BILLY GARMAN

Meet Me

I would like to go back to when the
princess was born,
A cute little face, with a cute little nose.
I had to play the second she was born!
I was shiny and smooth with a little flag.
I remember those days, those happy days.
I was colourful and my sound was
fabulous,
Now I'm broken and tarnished.
I was the star every time I played,
Now there's no star,
No cheering when people hear me.
Come back, I miss you like a feather that
has blown away,
I will never go back to my first days.

By Toot Charutz



The Trumpet!

*I was trembling with excitement
I was waiting, thinking of that day
when someone would pick me up
and blow into me
I could shine in front of my fair
lady, lady guitar
Only kidding I don't have a love,
I am lonely and sad...but then I feel
hands wrap around me
Now I'm not lonely watching James
Nash writing, contently
Sometimes he looks at me with pure
concentration.
Then he writes a few lines on a
piece of paper
I wonder what he's writing, but
although I can't read, I can still
sense what he's thinking of.... ME!*

By Erina Brown!

Old And Ragged

Old And Ragged

I'm old and ragged, I'm rubbish I'm dead, I'm just a stupid thing and theirs no point playing me, I'm an idiotic trumpet, just an idiotic trumpet. I'm surprised I'm not broken in two, sound like I'm hurting a pig.

BY BODHI HEPWORTH



Remember once

I looked like a dazzling queen
Remember me,
You loved me you cared for me,
You played with me,
I was a dazzling bright silver trumpet,
I sparkled in the moonlight
I am the best,
Better than the rest,
But where am I now,
Just stranded on the cold dark road,
Why did you do this to me?
I was your star,
Your heart,
But where are you now,
Jamming in the moonlight,
Please help me,
Save me from the big world

By Elisha Fray

The Trumpet

I was once beautiful, flabbergasting and proficient
Different people played me though a smiling and a sad day,
Sounded like an elegant wolf howling in the distance,
Whenever I played people would be clapping at me
what a delight,
100s of people dancing at my little jingle.
But the person that was there who I called my master
Who played somewhere in the world
he must be still alive
I must search for him or I must slowly rust in pain and
Discriminate my master.



The Golden Trumpet

I used to look very pretty
Silver and smooth,
I also played lots of golden tunes
But now I am nothing
I am all crumpled and squished
But this is who I am now
People used to always play me when I was new,
I loved the old days were I was more loved,
People new the real me,
Now people don't recognise me

By Renee Mutteto

Lost Joy

I was the treasured one
I was smooth, shiny and glimmered in the sunset
I was engraved with flowers, stars and elaborate
patterns
I was the one that everybody treasured
I was the highlight of the day
But it's now lost, hidden somewhere in my past
If I look for long enough though,
I can find a scent of joy again

By Lucas Creaton.



My Beautiful Past

This is me.
The battered thing
I used be shiny,
Beautiful,
The star of the show,
Now I'm old and nobody wants to touch
me.
I can remember when I was brand new,
Henry VIII had his first son
And I got to play him his first song.
Now when a baby hears me they just cry,
Oh why do I have to look like this?
I wish I could go back in time.
The love of me, and my owner shared still
prickles in my pipes.
But now he's gone, it's only me alone,
Oh what a beautiful life I'd had,
And what a misery it is now.
If only I could end my life
And be in peace.

By Nell Kelly.

OLD TRUMPET

I would like to go back when King
Henry got married,
To play the first tune, and have fun!
I was smooth, shinning and complete.
Now I'm tarnished and broken nobody
wants to touch me
I wish I could go back to the happy
days,
Cheering and clapping from all the
people who loved me.
Before everyone wanted to touch me,
Nobody's next to me and my owner
doesn't look after me.

By Simran Gill



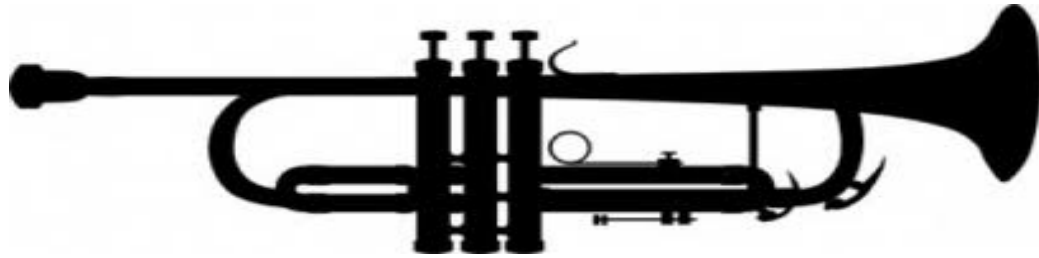
Beheadings and Deaths

I played when Jane Seymour died
I played when Henry became king
I felt scared, proud and shaky all at the
same time
Most of all I was loved
But now I'm not
I'm tattered and jagged
I've lost my colour
I'm no-where to be found.

By Paris Marie Hawkhead



WHO AM I



**I'm Henry the 18th I am
Henry the 18th I am I am
I got married to the girl next
door
She's been married 17 times
before
Everyone was a Henry
She would not have a
trombone or a sax
I'm her 18th old man called
Henry
Henry the cornet I am.**

By Lee Ingham

**I am nothing but an old battered
trumpet**

Hello, hello, it's me again
The old battered thing
I used to be the kings prized possession
But those days are over
Now all I am is a rusted piece of junk
I am surprised that I am still here today
And not in the tip with the other rusty
Un-respected things.

By Louie Al Dunsford



The Trumpet's Point of view

**Light bouncing off my pipes,
Making me glimmer
As I enter the vast court of King Henry
His beautiful wife sitting by his side.
Oh what a beauty!**

**My heart sank when I found out
It was a funeral
Oh no, what brave soldier has died this time
fighting for his country
Well done you brave man!**

**The mourners carry black roses,
A deep black coffin arrives.**

And I play...

**Oh what a beautiful sound
My notes bouncing off the walls,
Echoing in the room
When I play it's just me
No one else, just me in peace.**

**The cries of despair and pain fill the room, Young
maidens throw themselves weeping Their cries
are torturing me
Making me stop to take in their hurt.**

**The real funeral has begun
Not the coffin carrying, but the pain
Oh what pain!
But I regain my soul
Yet this time I feel their cries
And I deliver my song feeling the emotion.**

Favour Taiwo Y5



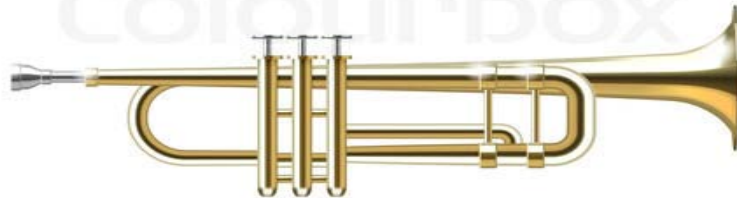
My Luxurious Life Is Over

I am battered, and old,
I'm all broken,
I wish I could go back
Where I was shiny new
And lovely,
Where people loved me,
And where people looked after me,
I wish I could be useful
I was colourful,
Beautiful, but I am not anymore,
I just have to live with it,
I hate my life
why did people not look after me,
I was beautiful and gorgeous,
I don't know who I am anymore
I'm lost I'm lonely

By Hadiqa Hussain

GOLD AND ROYAL

I was gold and royal
I looked amazing
I will blow your mind
When you see me you would
Want to take me and play me
You would want to touch me



BY
JAMIE
LEONARD

Back In Time

Back in time
I was new
not old
I'm now 1000 years old
tattered and smashed.



The Trumpet

I would like to go back to the time
I saw King Henry was happy for once
When he saw his first
Son Edward
But then...Jane Seymour
Dropped to the floor
And I saw tears twirl in his eyes

I saw tears twirl in his eyes
As Jane Seymour
Dropped to the floor
I was sweating with fear
I was trembling like mad
To play for her funeral

By Tom Burkill

The Trupets Life

If I could go back in
time when I would
Want to be able
To make a sound
So I would not be
A big disgrace to every
One in the world and I
Could play in a royal palace

By Uzair Khan

The Trumpet's Life



**I played when Henry
got a girlfriend
I saw them French
kissing.**

**I look like an old
horn and I was once a
beautiful horn
I would want to be in
a tournament and I
would like to be
happy for once before
I get too old.**

By Wilson Bardgett

Back in time

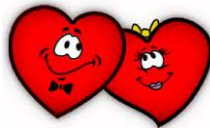
Back in time I went,
I saw myself, clean
And now I am dirty, old and boring.
I looked so beautiful, colourful,
I wished I look like that again.
I used to be gold, smooth, sounded perfec

Written by Zac Korkis.



Love at first sight

I remember wedding bells
Can't believe Henry's getting
married again
Catherine Howard is her
name
Young, kind and caring
Me playing while they finish
their vows
Church Of England beaming
with love and happiness
Hope it lasts!



© funmunch.com

Written By Kelsey Manners-Flanagan

Back In Time

Back in time
I was new
not old
I'm now 1000 years old
tattered and smashed.



My Beautiful Past

This is me.
The battered thing
I used be shiny,
Beautiful,
The star of the show,
Now I'm old and nobody wants to touch
me.
I can remember when I was brand new,
Henry VIII had his first son
And I got to play him his first song.
Now when a baby hears me they just cry,
Oh why do I have to look like this?
I wish I could go back in time.
The love of me, and my owner shared still
prickles in my pipes.
But now he's gone, it's only me alone,
Oh what a beautiful life I'd had,
And what a misery it is now.
If only I could end my life
And be in peace.

By Nell Kelly.

OLD TRUMPET

I would like to go back when King
Henry got married,
To play the first tune, and have fun!
I was smooth, shinning and complete.
Now I'm tarnished and broken nobody
wants to touch me
I wish I could go back to the happy
days,
Cheering and clapping from all the
people who loved me.
Before everyone wanted to touch me,
Nobody's next to me and my owner
doesn't look after me.

By Simran Gill



Beheadings and Deaths

I played when Jane Seymour died
I played when Henry became king
I felt scared, proud and shaky all at the
same time
Most of all I was loved
But now I'm not
I'm tattered and jagged
I've lost my colour
I'm no-where to be found.

By Paris Marie Hawkhead



