



Rugby Poetry

Here are some poems written about rugby to read aloud as a class

Drop Goal!

A young boy dreams of a famous night,
A time Down Under full of fright,
Where fifteen men with brawn and brain,
Battle hard in wind and rain.
A hero rises dressed in white,
His drop goal falls into the night,
He wins the tie, the day is done,
His Kick, our joy, our Wilkinson!
The child wakes up, it's not a dream,
The Aussies beaten, Webb Ellis gleams.

GRFC

Gloucester rugby are by far the best
Every week they are put to the test
The ball goes high into the air
Olly Morgan will be under there
We know they play at the Kingsholm ground
It is here the rugby family can be found
Cheering like mad within the shed
Come on Glaws, don't lose you head!
Children and adults fill the place
Some have a red and white painted face
I hope one day that I can play
Just like my favourite players of today

Continued

Learning Zone



In the lead!

To my chest my
Hands I clasp
I deeply breathe
I wheeze and gasp
My temples throb
My mouth is dry
My heart beats fast
I'm going to die
My voice has gone
My throat is sore
My hands both shake
I can take no more
I lay my head
Upon my knee
Now blow the whistle
Referee

The best

Gloucester rugby club are the best
They like to win and show great play
We are better than the rest
At the top of the league we shall stay

The Under 10s

In the last match of the season
You of the under ten
Played with the grit and spirit
And with the hearts of men

You tackled and you tackled
You drove, you ran, you scrummed
And through the entire team
Confidence hummed

You will do more important things
Grow sensible and wise
See the game more clearly
Through clever rugby eyes

In the last match of the season
You of the under ten
Played with the grit and spirit
And with the hearts of men



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GLoucester RUGBY

