

1) Here's the complete poem. Follow these steps to practice.

- ✓ Transcribe the poem.
- ✓ Listen and check your transcription. You may want to underline words that sound different from what you have transcribed. [Boyswillbeboys poem.mp3](#)
- ✓ Check your transcription with the key at the end of this document.
- ✓ Listen and practice reading the poem. First, try to shadow the audio and then read it on your own. You may want to record yourself and share your recording with a partner.
- ✓ Enjoy a song of the poem <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gqy8vY5uExc>
- ✓ Be ready to read the poem in our next class

Look at little Peter, isn't he a terror?  
Shooting all the neighbors with his cowboy gun  
Screaming like a jet plane, always throwing something  
I just can't control him. Trouble - he's the one.

Ah but boys will be boys, it's a fact of human nature  
And girls will grow up to be mothers

Look at little Janie, Doesn't she look pretty?  
Playing with her dolly, proper little mum  
Never getting dirty, never being naughty  
Don't punch your sister Peter, now look at what you've done

Ah but boys will be boys, it's a fact of human nature  
And girls will grow up to be mothers

What's come over Janie, Janie's turning nasty  
Left hook to the body, right hook in the eye  
Vicious little hussy, now Peter's started bawling  
What a bloody sissy, who said you could cry

Because boys must be boys, it's a fact of human nature  
And girls must grow up to be mothers

Now things are topsy turvy. Janie wants a football  
Peter just seems happy pushing prams along  
Makes you feel so guilty. Kids are such a worry  
Doctor, doctor, tell me, where did we go wrong

Because boys must be boys, it's a fact of human nature  
And girls must grow up to be mothers



## KEY

/lʊk ət lɪtl pi:tə / ɪznt hi ə terə / ʃʊtɪŋ ɔ:l ðə neɪbəz wɪd hɪz  
kaʊbɔɪ ɡʌn/

/skri:mɪŋ laɪk ə dʒet pleɪn / ɔ:lweɪz θrəʊɪŋ sʌmθɪŋ/  
/aɪ dʒəst kɑ:nt kəntreʊl hɪm/ trʌbl/ hɪz ðə wʌn/

/bɔɪz wɪl bi bɔɪz / ɪts ə fækt əv hju:mən neɪtʃə /  
ən ɡɜ:lz wɪl ɡrəʊ ʌp tə bi mʌðəz /

/lʊk ət lɪtl dʒeɪni / dʌznt ʃi lʊk pɪti /  
/pleɪŋ wɪð hə dɒli/ pɒpə lɪtl mʌm/  
/nevə bi:ɪŋ dɜ:ti / nevə bi:ɪŋ nɔɪzi/  
/dəʊnt tʌtʃ jə sɪstə pi:tə / naʊ lʊk wɒt jəv dʌn/

/bɔɪz wɪl bi bɔɪz / ɪts ə fækt əv hju:mən neɪtʃə /  
ən ɡɜ:lz wɪl ɡrəʊ ʌp tə bi mʌðəz /

/naʊ wɒts kʌm əʊvə dʒeɪni / dʒeɪnɪz tɜ:nɪŋ nɑ:sti/  
/left hʊk tə ðə bɒdi / raɪt hʊk tə ði aɪ/  
/vɪʃəs lɪtl hʌsi / naʊ pi:təz stɑ:tɪd bɔ:lɪŋ/  
/hu: sed jə kəd kraɪ/  
/bɔɪz wɪl bi bɔɪz / ɪts ə fækt əv hju:mən neɪtʃə /  
ən ɡɜ:lz wɪl ɡrəʊ ʌp tə bi mʌðəz /

naʊ ðə wɜ:ld həz ɡɒn tɒpsi tɜ:vi / dʒeɪni wɒnts ə futbɔ:l  
ən pi:tə dʒəst si:mz hæpi pʊʃɪŋ præmz əlɒŋ /  
ɪt meɪks jə fi:l səʊ ɡɪlti / kɪdz ə sʌtʃ ə wʌri /  
dɒktə dɒktə tel mi / weə dɪd wi ɡəʊ rɒŋ /  
bɪkɒz bɔɪz məst bi bɔɪz / ɪt ɪz ə fækt əv hju:mən neɪtʃə /  
ən ɡɜ:lz məst ɡrəʊ ʌp tə bi mʌðəz /