



# Poetry Anthology

**Intent:** To create a poetry friendly school by developing an environment and an ethos where children have the opportunity to listen to, share and see a range of poems in a range of circumstances. We aim to develop a shared culture and an acceptance that poetry is important and loved.

**Implementation:** Each year group is allocated three types of poetry to learn throughout the year. The children will read, recite and perform the poem.

**Impact:** All pupils read a range of poems as they move through school. These include classic poems and poems from other cultures and traditions, and that poetry chosen is sufficiently challenging.

## Poetry overview for year groups

<b>Year group</b>	<b>Autumn</b>	<b>Spring</b>	<b>Summer</b>
Nursery	Humpty Dumpty	I'm a Little Tea Pot	This old man
Reception	'Hurt No Living Thing' by Christina Rossetti	'A Happy Child' by Anonymous	'The Crocodile' by Lewis Carroll
Y1	'A small dragon' by Brian Patten	'Poor Old Lady' by Anonymous	'Bed in Summer' by Robert Louis Stevenson
Y2	'Now we are six' by A.A.Milne	'Pleasant Sounds' by John Clare	'On the Ning Nang Nong' by Spike Milligan
Y3	'Treasures' by Clare Bevan	'The Sound Collector' by Roger McGough	Revoltin' Rhymes By Roald Dahl
Y4	'The Elf and the Dormouse' by Oliver Herford	'Please Mrs Butler' by Allan Ahlberg	'From a Railway Carriage' by Robert Louis Stevenson
Y5	'Photograph' by Roger Stevens	'The Highway Man' by Alfred Noyes	'Life Doesn't Frighten Me' by Maya Angelou
Y6	'The Tyger' by William Blake	'Sonnet 18' by William Shakespeare + 'How Do I Love Thee?' by Elizabeth Barrett Browning	'The Listeners' by Walter de la Mare

## **Humpty Dumpty**

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,  
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;  
All the king's horses and all the king's men  
Couldn't put Humpty together again.

## **I'm a Little Teapot**

I'm a little teapot,  
Short and stout,  
Here is my handle  
Here is my spout  
When I get all steamed up,  
Hear me shout,  
Tip me over and pour me out!

I'm a very special teapot,  
Yes, it's true,  
Here's an example of what I can do,  
I can turn my handle into a spout,  
Tip me over and pour me out!

## **This Old Man**

This old man, he played one,  
He played knick-knack on my thumb;  
With a knick-knack paddywhack,  
Give the dog a bone,  
This old man came rolling home.

This old man, he played two,  
He played knick-knack on my shoe;  
With a knick-knack paddywhack,  
Give the dog a bone,  
This old man came rolling home.

This old man, he played three,  
He played knick-knack on my knee;  
With a knick-knack paddywhack,  
Give the dog a bone,  
This old man came rolling home.

This old man, he played four,  
He played knick-knack on my door;  
With a knick-knack paddywhack,  
Give the dog a bone,  
This old man came rolling home.

This old man, he played five,  
He played knick-knack on my hive;  
With a knick-knack paddywhack,  
Give the dog a bone,  
This old man came rolling home.

This old man, he played six,  
He played knick-knack on my sticks;  
With a knick-knack paddywhack,  
Give the dog a bone,  
This old man came rolling home.

This old man, he played seven,  
He played knick-knack up in heaven;  
With a knick-knack paddywhack,  
Give the dog a bone,  
This old man came rolling home.

This old man, he played eight,  
He played knick-knack on my gate;  
With a knick-knack paddywhack,  
Give the dog a bone,  
This old man came rolling home.

This old man, he played nine,  
He played knick-knack on my spine;  
With a knick-knack paddywhack,  
Give the dog a bone,  
This old man came rolling home.

This old man, he played ten,  
He played knick-knack once again;  
With a knick-knack paddywhack,  
Give the dog a bone,  
This old man came rolling home.

## **Hurt no living thing**

By Christina Rossetti

Hurt no living thing:  
Ladybird, nor butterfly,  
Nor moth with dusty wing,  
Nor cricket chirping cheerily,  
Nor grasshopper so light of leap,  
Nor dancing gnat, nor beetle fat,  
Nor harmless worms that creep.

## **A Happy Child**

By Anonymous

My house is red - a little house  
A happy child am I.  
I laugh and play the whole day long,  
I hardly ever cry.

I have a tree, a green, green tree,  
To shade me from the sun;  
And under it I often sit,  
When all my play is done.

## **The Crocodile**

By Lewis Carroll

How doth the little crocodile  
Improve his shining tail,  
And pour the waters of the Nile  
On every golden scale!

How cheerfully he seems to grin,  
How neatly spreads his claws,  
And welcomes little fishes in,  
With gently smiling jaws!

## **A Small Dragon**

**By Brian Patten**

I've found a small dragon in the woodshed.  
Think it must have come from deep inside a forest  
because it's damp and green and leaves  
are still reflecting in its eyes.

I fed it on many things, tried grass,  
the roots of stars, hazel-nut and dandelion,  
but it stared up at me as if to say, I need  
food you can't provide.

It made a nest among the coal,  
not unlike a bird's but larger,  
it is out of place here  
and is quite silent.

If you believed in it I would come  
hurrying to your house to let you share my wonder,  
but I want instead to see  
if you yourself will pass this way.

## **Poor Old Lady**

**By Anonymous**

Poor old lady, she swallowed a fly.  
I don't know why she swallowed a fly.  
Poor old lady, I think she'll die.



Poor old lady, she swallowed a spider.  
It squirmed and wriggled and turned inside her.  
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly.  
I don't know why she swallowed a fly.  
Poor old lady, I think she'll die.

Poor old lady, she swallowed a bird.  
How absurd! She swallowed a bird.  
She swallowed the bird to catch the spider,  
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly,  
I don't know why she swallowed a fly.  
Poor old lady, I think she'll die.

Poor old lady, she swallowed a cat.  
Think of that! She swallowed a cat.  
She swallowed the cat to catch the bird.  
She swallowed the bird to catch the spider.  
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly,  
I don't know why she swallowed a fly.  
Poor old lady, I think she'll die.

Poor old lady, she swallowed a dog.  
She went the whole hog when she swallowed the  
dog.

She swallowed the dog to catch the cat,  
She swallowed the cat to catch the bird,  
She swallowed the bird to catch the spider.  
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly,  
I don't know why she swallowed a fly.  
Poor old lady, I think she'll die.

Poor old lady, she swallowed a cow.  
I don't know how she swallowed a cow.

She swallowed the cow to catch the dog,  
She swallowed the dog to catch the cat,  
She swallowed the cat to catch the bird,  
She swallowed the bird to catch the spider,  
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly,  
I don't know why she swallowed a fly.  
Poor old lady, I think she'll die.

Poor old lady, she swallowed a horse.  
She died, of course.

### **Bed in Summer**

By Robert Louis Stevenson

In winter I get up at night  
And dress by yellow candle-light.  
In summer, quite the other way,  
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see  
The birds still hopping on the tree,  
Or hear the grown-up people's feet  
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,  
When all the sky is clear and blue,

**And I should like so much to play,  
To have to go to bed by day?**

**Now We Are Six**

**By: A.A.Milne**

**When I was one,  
I had just begun.  
When I was two,  
I was nearly new.  
When I was three,  
I was hardly me.  
When I was four,  
I was not much more.  
When I was five,  
I was just alive.  
But now I am six,  
I'm as clever as clever.  
So I think I'll be six now  
for ever and ever.**

## **Pleasant Sounds**

**By John Clare**

The rustling of leaves under the feet in woods and  
under hedges;  
The crumpling of cat-ice and snow down wood-rides,  
narrow lanes, and every street causeway;  
Rustling through a wood or rather rushing, while  
the wind halloos in the oak-top like thunder;  
The rustle of birds' wings startled from their nests or  
flying unseen into the bushes;  
The whizzing of larger birds overhead in a wood,  
such as crows, puddocks, buzzards;  
The trample of robins and woodlarks on the brown  
leaves, and the patter of squirrels on the green moss;  
The fall of an acorn on the ground, the pattering of  
nuts on the hazel  
branches as they fall from ripeness;  
The flirt of the groundlark's wing from the stubbles -  
how sweet such  
pictures on dewy mornings, when the dew flashes  
from its brown feathers.

## **On the Ning Nang Nong**

**By Spike Milligan**

On The Ning Nang Nong  
On the Ning Nang Nong  
Where the Cows go Bong!  
and the monkeys all say BOO!

**There's a Nong Nang Ning  
Where the trees go Ping!  
And the tea pots jibber jabber joo.  
On the Nong Ning Nang  
All the mice go Clang  
And you just can't catch 'em when they do!  
So its Ning Nang Nong  
Cows go Bong!  
Nong Nang Ning  
Trees go ping  
Nong Ning Nang  
The mice go Clang  
What a noisy place to belong  
is the Ning Nang Ning Nang Nong!!**

## **The Treasures** **By Clare Bevan**

**Who will bring me the hush of a feather?  
"I," screeched the Barn Owl. "Whatever the weather."**

**Who will bring me the shadows that flow?  
"I," snarled the Tiger. "Wherever I go."**

**Who will bring me the colours that shine?  
"I," shrieked the Peacock. "Because they are mine."**

**Who will bring me the crash of the wave?  
"I," sang the Dolphin, "Because I am brave."**

**Who will bring me the secrets of night?  
"I," called the Bat. "By the moon's silver light."**

**Who will bring me the scent of the flower?  
"I," hummed the Bee. "By the sun's golden power."**

Who will bring me the waterfall's gleam?  
"I," sighed the Minnow. "By river and stream."

Who will bring me the strength of the small?  
"I," cried the Spider. "When webs line your wall."

Who will bring me the shiver of snow?  
"I," howled the Wolf Cub. "When icicles grow."

And who will bring me a nest, furry warm?  
"I," squeaked the Rat, "When we hide from the storm...  
But who will care for the treasures we give?"

"I," said the Child. "For as long as I live."

### **The Sound Collector**

**By Roger McGough**

A stranger came this morning  
Dressed all in black and grey  
Put every sound into a bag  
And carried them away  
The whistling of the kettle  
The turning of the lock  
The purring of the kitten  
The ticking of the clock  
The popping of the toaster  
The crunching of the flakes  
When you spread the marmalade  
The scraping noise it makes  
The hissing of the frying-pan  
The ticking of the grill  
The bubbling of the bathtub  
As it starts to fill  
The drumming of the raindrops  
On the window-pane  
When you do the washing-up  
The gurgle of the drain  
The crying of the baby  
The squeaking of the chair  
The swishing of the curtain

The creaking of the stair  
A stranger called this morning  
He didn't leave his name  
Left us only silence  
Life will never be the same.

## **Revolting Rhymes - Little Red Riding Hood and the Wolf**

By Roald Dahl

As soon as Wolf began to feel  
That he would like a decent meal,  
He went and knocked on Grandma's door.  
When Grandma opened it, she saw  
The sharp white teeth, the horrid grin,  
And Wolfie said, "May I come in?"  
Poor Grandmamma was terrified,  
"He's going to eat me up!" she cried.  
And she was absolutely right.  
He ate her up in one big bite.  
But Grandmamma was small and tough,  
And Wolfie wailed, "That's not enough!  
I haven't yet begun to feel  
That I have had a decent meal!"  
He ran around the kitchen yelping,  
"I've got to have a second helping!"

Then added with a frightful leer,  
"I'm therefore going to wait right here  
Till Little Miss Red Riding Hood  
Comes home from walking in the wood."

He quickly put on Grandma's clothes,  
(Of course he hadn't eaten those).  
He dressed himself in coat and hat.  
He put on shoes, and after that,  
He even brushed and curled his hair,  
Then sat himself in Grandma's chair.

In came the little girl in red.  
She stopped. She stared. And then she said,  
"What great big ears you have, Grandma."

**"All the better to hear you with," the Wolf replied.  
"What great big eyes you have, Grandma."  
said Little Red Riding Hood.  
"All the better to see you with," the Wolf replied.  
He sat there watching her and smiled.  
He thought, I'm going to eat this child.  
Compared with her old Grandmamma,  
She's going to taste like caviar.**

**Then Little Red Riding Hood said, "  
But Grandma, what a lovely great big  
furry coat you have on."**

**"That's wrong!" cried Wolf.  
"Have you forgot  
To tell me what BIG TEETH I've got?  
Ah well, no matter what you say,  
I'm going to eat you anyway."**

**The small girl smiles. One eyelid flickers.  
She whips a pistol from her knickers.  
She aims it at the creature's head,  
And bang bang bang, she shoots him dead.**

**A few weeks later, in the wood,  
I came across Miss Riding Hood.  
But what a change! No cloak of red,  
No silly hood upon her head.  
She said, "Hello, and do please note  
My lovely furry wolfskin coat."**

### **The Elf and The Dormouse**

**By Oliver Herford**

**Under a toadstool crept a wee Elf,  
Out of the rain to shelter himself.**

**Under the toadstool, sound asleep,  
Sat a big Dormouse all in a heap.**

**Trembled the wee Elf, frightened and yet**



**Fearing to fly away lest he get wet.**

**To the next shelter—maybe a mile!  
Sudden the wee Elf smiled a wee smile.**

**Tugged till the toadstool toppled in two.  
Holding it over him, gaily he flew.**

**Soon he was safe home, dry as could be.  
Soon woke the Dormouse—"Good gracious me!**

**"Where is my toadstool?" loud he lamented.  
—And that's how umbrellas first were invented.**

**Please Mrs Butler  
by Allan Ahlberg**

**Please Mrs Butler  
This boy Derek Drew  
Keeps copying my work, Miss.  
What shall I do?  
Go and sit in the hall, dear.  
Go and sit in the sink.  
Take your books on the roof, my lamb.  
Do whatever you think.  
Please Mrs Butler  
This boy Derek Drew  
Keeps taking my rubber, Miss.  
What shall I do?  
Keep it in your hand, dear.  
Hide it up your vest.  
Swallow it if you like, my love.**

Do what you think is best.  
Please Mrs Butler  
This boy Derek Drew  
Keeps calling me rude names, miss.  
What shall I do?  
Lock yourself in the cupboard, dear.  
Run away to sea.  
Do whatever you can, my flower.  
But don't ask me.

**From a Railway Carriage**

By Robert Louis Stevenson

Faster than fairies, faster than witches,  
Bridges and houses, hedges and ditches;  
And charging along like troops in a battle,  
All through the meadows the horses and cattle:  
All of the sights of the hill and the plain  
Fly as thick as driving rain;  
And ever again, in the wink of an eye,  
Painted stations whistle by.

Here is a child who clambers and scrambles,  
All by himself and gathering brambles;  
Here is a tramp who stands and gazes;  
And there is the green for stringing the daisies!  
Here is a cart run away in the road  
Lumping along with man and load;  
And here is a mill and there is a river:  
Each a glimpse and gone forever!

## **Photograph**

By Roger Stevens

Here's the photo I took  
Last year on the beach  
Dad, wearing the tie  
I bought him for his birthday  
Billy drinking lemonade  
The straw up his nose  
And Mum, huddled up in her coat  
Against the seaside wind

Now Dad's in France  
And our beach is covered in concrete  
And tangled barbed wire  
And land mines  
In case the Germans invade

But on that day  
We'd just made  
The world's grandest sandcastle  
And watched the tide  
Rush in  
Filling the moat  
Gradually washing  
The sandcastle away

## **The Highwayman**

By Alfred Noyes

### **Part 1**

The wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty trees.  
The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas.  
The road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,  
And the highwayman came riding—

Riding—riding—  
The highwayman came riding, up to the old inn-door.

He'd a French cocked-hat on his forehead, a bunch of lace at  
his chin,

A coat of the claret velvet, and breeches of brown doe-skin.  
They fitted with never a wrinkle. His boots were up to the  
thigh.

And he rode with a jewelled twinkle,  
His pistol butts a-twinkle,  
His rapier hilt a-twinkle, under the jewelled sky.

Over the cobbles he clattered and clashed in the dark inn-yard.  
He tapped with his whip on the shutters, but all was locked and  
barred.

He whistled a tune to the window, and who should be waiting  
there

But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,  
Bess, the landlord's daughter,  
Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black hair.

And dark in the dark old inn-yard a stable-wicket creaked  
Where Tim the ostler listened. His face was white and peaked.

His eyes were hollows of madness, his hair like mouldy hay,

But he loved the landlord's daughter,

The landlord's red-lipped daughter.

Dumb as a dog he listened, and he heard the robber say—

“One kiss, my bonny sweetheart, I'm after a prize to-night,  
But I shall be back with the yellow gold before the morning  
light;

Yet, if they press me sharply, and harry me through the day,  
Then look for me by moonlight,

Watch for me by moonlight,

I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the  
way.”

He rose upright in the stirrups. He scarce could reach her hand,  
But she loosened her hair in the casement. His face burnt like a  
brand

As the black cascade of perfume came tumbling over his breast;  
And he kissed its waves in the moonlight,

(O, sweet black waves in the moonlight!)  
Then he tugged at his rein in the moonlight, and galloped  
away to the west.

**Life Doesn't Frighten Me**

by Maya Angelou

Shadows on the wall  
Noises down the hail  
Life doesn't frighten me at all  
Bad dogs barking loud  
Big ghosts in a cloud  
Life doesn't frighten me at all.  
Mean old Mother Goose  
Lions on the loose  
They don't frighten me at all  
Dragons breathing flame  
On my counterpane  
That doesn't frighten me at all.  
I go boo  
Make them shoo  
I make fun  
Way they run  
I won't cry  
So they fly  
I just smile  
They go wild  
Life doesn't frighten me at all.  
Tough guys in a fight  
All alone at night  
Life doesn't frighten me at all.  
Panthers in the park  
Strangers in the dark  
No, they don't frighten me at all.  
That new classroom where  
Boys pull all my hair

(Kissy little girls  
With their hair in curls)  
They don't frighten me at all.  
Don't show me frogs and snakes  
And listen for my scream,  
If I'm afraid at all  
It's only in my dreams.  
I've got a magic charm  
That I keep up my sleeve,  
I can walk the ocean floor  
And never have to breathe.  
Life doesn't frighten me at all  
Not at all  
Not at all  
Life doesn't frighten me at all.

## **The Tyger**

By William Blake

Tyger Tyger, burning bright,  
In the forests of the night;  
What immortal hand or eye,  
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies.  
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?  
On what wings dare he aspire?  
What the hand, dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, & what art,

Could twist the sinews of thy heart?  
And when thy heart began to beat,  
What dread hand? & what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain,  
In what furnace was thy brain?  
What the anvil? what dread grasp,  
Dare its deadly terrors clasp!

When the stars threw down their spears  
And water'd heaven with their tears:  
Did he smile his work to see?  
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tyger Tyger burning bright,  
In the forests of the night:  
What immortal hand or eye,  
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

**Sonnet 18: Shall I compare thee to a summer's  
day?**

**By William Shakespeare**

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?  
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:  
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,  
And summer's lease hath all too short a date;  
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;  
And every fair from fair sometime declines,  
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;  
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,  
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st;  
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,  
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st:  
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,  
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

## **How Do I Love Thee? (Sonnet 43)**

**By Elizabeth Barrett Browning**

**How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.  
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height  
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight  
For the ends of being and ideal grace.  
I love thee to the level of every day's  
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.  
I love thee freely, as men strive for right.  
I love thee purely, as they turn from praise.  
I love thee with the passion put to use  
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.  
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose  
With my lost saints. I love thee with the breath,  
Smiles, tears, of all my life; and, if God choose,  
I shall but love thee better after death.**



# **The Listeners**

## **By Walter de la Mare**

'Is there anybody there?' said the Traveller,  
Knocking on the moonlit door;  
And his horse in the silence champed the grasses  
Of the forest's ferny floor:  
And a bird flew up out of the turret,  
Above the Traveller's head:  
And he smote upon the door again a second time;  
'Is there anybody there?' he said.  
But no one descended to the Traveller;  
No head from the leaf-fringed sill  
Leaned over and looked into his grey eyes,  
Where he stood perplexed and still.  
But only a host of phantom listeners  
That dwelt in the lone house then  
Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight  
To that voice from the world of men:  
Stood thronging the faint moonbeams on the dark stair,  
That goes down to the empty hall,  
Harkening in an air stirred and shaken  
By the lonely Traveller's call.  
And he felt in his heart their strangeness,  
Their stillness answering his cry,  
While his horse moved, cropping the dark turf,  
'Neath the starred and leafy sky;  
For he suddenly smote on the door, even  
Louder, and lifted his head:—  
'Tell them I came, and no one answered,  
That I kept my word,' he said.  
Never the least stir made the listeners,  
Though every word he spake  
Fell echoing through the shadowiness of the still house  
From the one man left awake:  
Ay, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,  
And the sound of iron on stone,  
And how the silence surged softly backward,  
When the plunging hoofs were gone.