



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

Year group	Autumn	Spring	Summer
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	Revolting 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 patterning 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, fury 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 clammers 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.