

Pennoweth  
Poetry  
Collection



## Poems by Year Group

### Year R

Humpty Dumpty  
Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star  
Dinosaur Subtracting  
Grand Old Duke of York  
Incy Wincy Spider  
At the Seaside

### Year 1

Rhythm of Life  
London Bridge is Falling Down  
The 7 Continents Rhyme  
On the Ning Nang Nong  
The North Wind / Snowball  
Dinosaur Rap

### Year 2

Open a Book  
The Music Lesson Rap  
The Owl and the Pussycat  
The Witches' Spell  
Old King Cole  
What is Pink?

### Year 3

Wynken, Blynken and Nod  
The Tyger

# Poetry Spine

Fireflies

There was an Old Lady  
The River  
From a Railway Carriage

### Year 4

El Dorado!  
The Sound Collector  
Pirate Pete  
Tony the Turtle  
Lullaby of the Iroquois  
The Arrow and the Song

### Year 5

Along the Nile  
The Moon (and Flanders Field)  
Boneyard Rap  
Remember  
Daffodils  
Sonnet 18

### Year 6

The Quangle Wangle's Hat  
The Mock Turtle's Song  
Lady Icicle  
I've learned to sing a song of hope  
Anthem for Doomed Youth  
If



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# Humpty Dumpty

Anonymous

Me and My School - Reception

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

He fell off the wall - from the  
highest high - so high!  
All the king's horses and all the king's  
men  
Couldn't put Humpty together again

Humpty Dumpty sat on the ground  
Humpty Dumpty looked all around  
Gone were the chimneys and gone  
with the roofs  
All he could see was horses and hooves

He fell off the wall - from the  
highest high - so high!  
He had a great fall - from the  
highest high - high!  
All the king's horses and all the king's  
men,  
Couldn't put Humpty together again

Anonymous  
1954



Twinkle, twinkle  
little star

Jane Taylor  
Starry Night - Reception

Twinkle, twinkle little star,  
How I wonder what you are!  
Up above the world so high,  
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the blazing sun is gone,  
When he nothing shines upon,  
Then you show your little light,  
Twinkle, twinkle all the night

Then the traveller in the dark,  
Thanks you for your tiny spark  
He could not see which way to go  
If you did not twinkle so.

In the dark blue sky you keep  
And often thro' my curtains peep,  
For you never shut your eye,  
Till the sun is in the sky.

'Tis your bright and tiny spark,  
Lights the traveller in the dark,  
Tho' I know not what you are,  
Twinkle, twinkle, little star



**Jane Taylor**  
1783 - 1824

Twinkle, twinkle little star is an English lullaby. The lyrics are from an early 19<sup>th</sup> century English poem written by Jane Taylor, 'The Star'.



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# Dinosaurs - subtracting

Anonymous  
Dangerous Dinosaurs - Reception

Five enormous dinosaurs letting out a roar; one went away, and then there were four.

Four enormous dinosaurs crashing down a tree; one went away, and then there were three.

Three enormous dinosaurs eating tiger stew; one went away, and then there were two.

Two enormous dinosaurs trying to run; one ran away and then there was one.

One enormous dinosaur, afraid to be a hero; he went away, and then there was zero.

Anonymous  
Date unknown





## Grand old Duke of York

Anonymous  
Dangerous Dinosaurs - Reception

Oh the grand old Duke of York,  
He had ten thousand men;  
He marched them up to the top of the hill,  
And he marched them down again.

When they were up, they were up,  
And when they were down, they were down,  
And when they were only halfway up,  
They were neither up nor down.

Anonymous  
17<sup>th</sup> century

# Incy Wincy Spider

Anonymous  
Creep, Crawl and  
Wriggle - Reception



Incy Wincy Spider  
Climbed up the water spout  
Down came the rain  
And washed poor Incy out.  
Out came the sunshine  
And dried up all the rain  
And Incy Wincy Spider  
Climbed up the spout again.

Anonymous  
(1910)



# At the Seaside

Robert Louis Stevenson  
On the beach - Reception

When I was down beside the sea  
A wooden spade they gave to me  
To dig the sandy shore.  
My holes were empty like a cup,  
In every hole the sea came up,  
Till it could come no more.



Robert Louis Stevenson  
(1850 - 1894)

Stevenson, born in Scotland, was the writer of novels, essays, poems and travel writings. He is best known for some of his books including *Treasure Island*.



# Rhythm of Life

Michael Rosen  
Memory Box - Year 1

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Hand on the bridge  
Feel the rhythm of the train

Hand on the window  
Feel the rhythm of the rain

Hand on your throat  
Feel the rhythm of your talk

Hand on your leg  
Feel the rhythm of your walk

Hand in the sea  
Feel the rhythm of the tide

Hand on your heart  
Feel the rhythm inside

Hand on the rhythm  
Feel the rhythm of the rhyme

Hand on your life  
Feel the rhythm of time  
Hand on your life  
Feel the rhythm of time  
Hand on your life  
Feel the rhythm of time



Michael Rosen  
(1946 - )

Michael Rosen is a British children's author and poet.  
He has written 140 books! He was the Children's  
Laureate from 2007-2009





# London Bridge is falling down

Anonymous  
Bright lights, big city - Year 1

London Bridge is falling down, falling down, falling down,  
London Bridge is falling down, my fair lady.

Build it up with iron bars, iron bars, iron bars,  
Build it up with iron bars, my fair lady.

Iron bars will bend and break, bend and break, bend and  
break,  
Iron bars will bend and break, my fair lady.

Build it up with gold and silver, gold and silver, gold and  
silver  
Build it up with gold and silver, my fair lady.

London Bridge is falling down, falling down, falling down,  
London Bridge is falling down, my fair lady.

Silver and gold will be stolen away, stolen away, stolen  
away,  
Silver and gold will be stolen away, my fair lady

Set a man to watch all night, watch all night, watch all  
night  
Set a man to watch all night, my fair lady

Suppose the man should fall asleep, fall asleep, fall asleep,  
Suppose the man should fall asleep, my fair lady

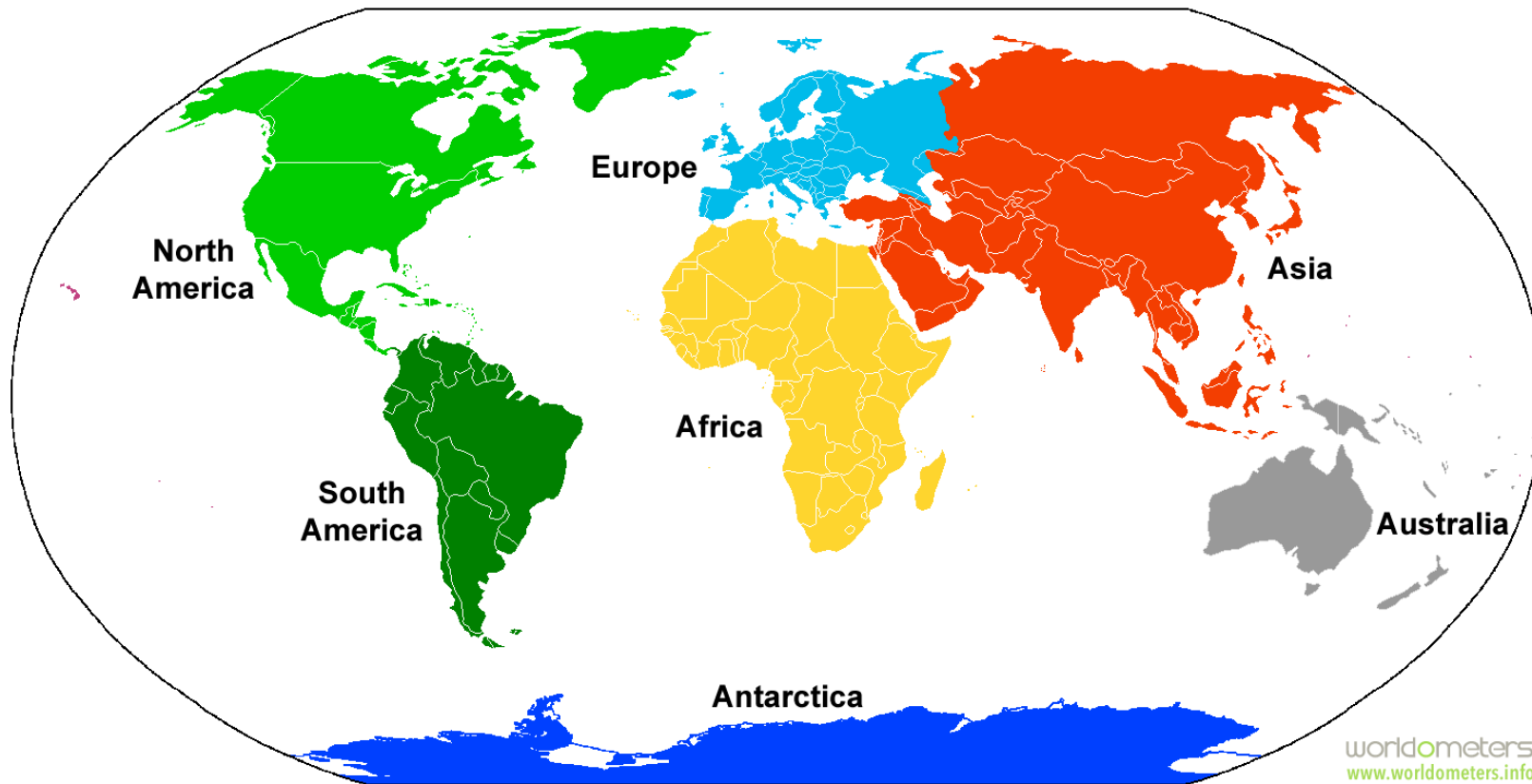
Give him a pipe to smoke all night, smoke all night, smoke  
all night  
Give him a pipe to smoke all night, my fair lady.

**Anonymous  
(1633?)**

# The Seven Continents

Alexander Anderson. Rio De Vida - Year 1

7 Continents



To learn the seven continents,  
Think of the letter 'A'  
And when you're down to only one,  
An 'E' will save the day.  
There's Africa, Antarctica,  
Australia, Asia too.  
The oceans run between them  
With their waters deep and blue.  
There are also two Americas -  
North and South you see,  
Now we're coming to the end -  
Europe starts with 'E'!



Alexander Anderson  
(1845 - 1909)

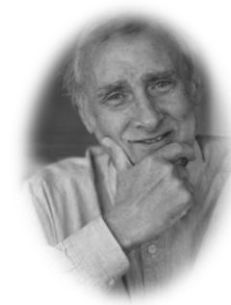
Alexander Anderson was born and raised in Scotland. He worked building railway lines. In his spare time, he studied and taught himself several languages. In 1880 he became the Assistant Librarian at the University of Edinburgh.



On the Ning  
Nang Nong  
Spike Milligan

Year 1  
Paws, claws and whiskers

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 teapots jibber jabber joo.  
On the Nong Ning Nang  
All the mice go Clang  
And you just can't catch 'em when they do!  
So it's Ning Nang Nong  
The cows go Bong!  
Nong Nang Ning  
The trees go Ping!  
Nong Ning Nang  
The mice go Clang!  
What a noisy place to belong  
Is the Ning Nang Ning Nang Nong!!



**Spike Milligan**  
(1918-2002)

Spike Milligan was born in India and was the son of a British Military officer. He spent his childhood in various places around the world. In his lifetime he was famous as an actor, comedian, playwright and poet.



\*The North Wind \*Snowballs

\*Anonymous \*Shel Silverstein  
Splendid Skies - Year 1

## The North Wind (1805) Anonymous

The north wind doth blow,  
And we shall have snow  
And what will the robin do then, poor thing?  
He'll sit in a barn,  
And keep himself warm  
And hide his head under his wing, poor thing!

The north wind doth blow  
And we shall have snow,  
And what will the swallow do then, poor thing?  
Oh, do you not know  
That he's off long ago,  
To a country where he will find spring, poor thing!

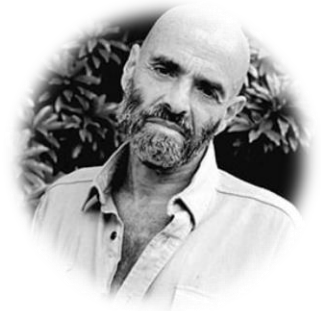
The north wind doth blow,  
And we shall have snow,  
And what will the dormouse do then, poor thing?  
Roll'd up like a ball  
In his nest snug and small  
He'll sleep till warm weather comes in, poor thing!

The north wind doth blow,  
And we shall have snow,  
And what will the honey-bee do then, poor thing?  
In his hive he will stay  
Till the cold is away  
And then he'll come out in the spring, poor thing!

The north wind doth blow,  
And we shall have snow,  
And what will the children do then, poor things?  
When lessons are done  
They will skip, jump and run,  
Until they have made themselves warm, poor things!

## Snowball by Shel Silverstein

I made myself a snowball  
As perfect as could be.  
I thought I'd keep it as a pet  
And let it sleep with me.  
I made it some pyjamas  
And a pillow for his head  
Then last night it ran away,  
But first - it wet the bed



Shel Silverstein  
(1930-1999)

Sheldon Silverstein was an American writer, poet, cartoonist, musician and playwright. He was born and brought up in Chicago, Illinois.



# Dinosaur Rap

John Foster

Dinosaur Planet - Year 1



Come on, everybody, shake a claw.  
Let's hear you bellow, let's hear you roar.  
Let's hear you thump and clump and clap.  
Come and join in. Do the dinosaur rap.  
There's young T-Rex over by the door  
Who's already stamped a hole in the floor.  
There's a whirling, twirling apatosaurus

Encouraging everyone to join in the chorus.  
Come on everybody, shake a claw.  
Let's hear you bellow, let's hear you roar.  
Let's hear you thump and clump and clap.  
Come and join in. Do the dinosaur rap.



John Foster  
(1941 - )

John Foster is a children's poet a who has edited over a hundred anthologies and published twelve books of his own poems

# Open a book

Janes Baskwill  
Street Detectives - Year 2



Open a book  
And you will find  
People and places of every kind;  
Open a book  
And you can be  
Anything that you want to be;  
Open a book  
And you can share  
Wondrous worlds you find in there;  
Open a book  
And I will too  
You read to me  
And I'll read to you.



Jane Baskwill  
(1953 - )

Jane Baskwill used to be a teacher and a headteacher. She has written three picture books and has published many poems. She lives in Canada.

# The Music Lesson Rap

Clare Bevan  
Beat Band Boogie - Year 2

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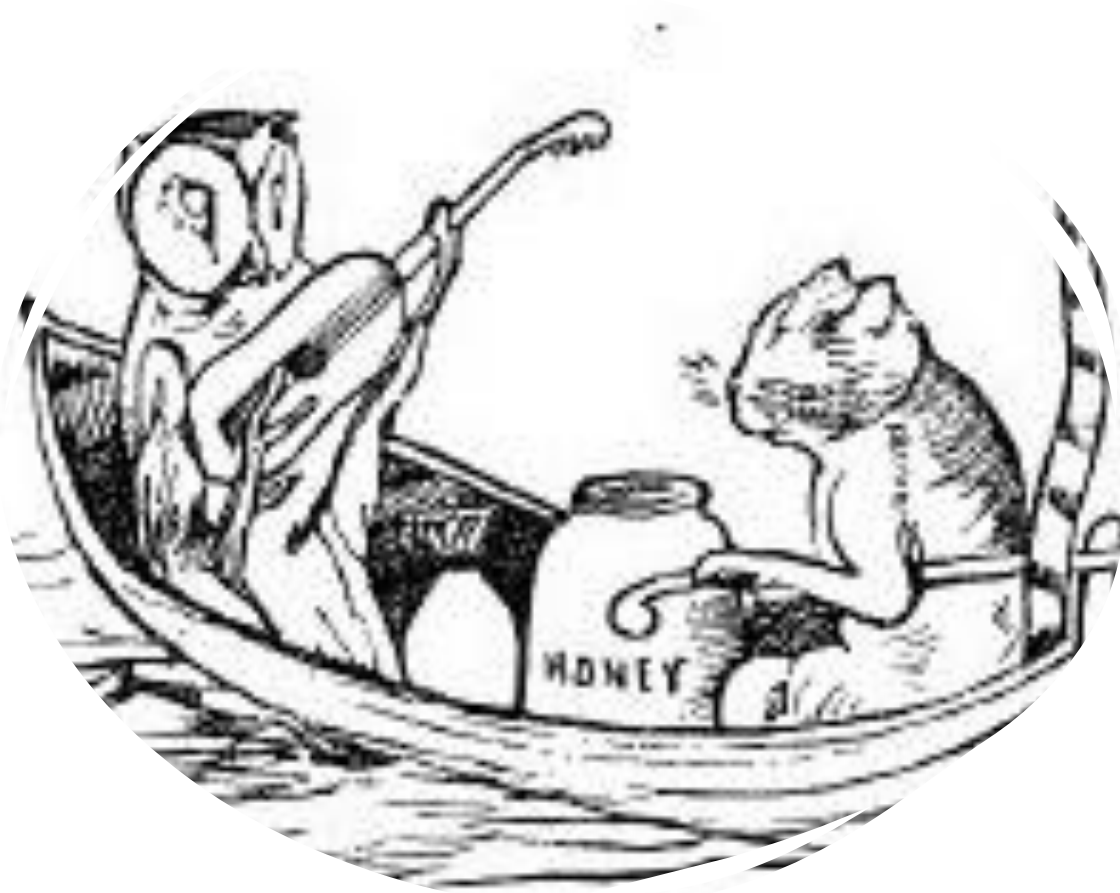


I'm the bongo kid  
I'm the big drum-beater  
I'm the click-your-sticks  
I'm the tap-your-feeter  
When the lesson starts  
When we clap our hands  
Then it's me who dreams  
Of the boom-boom bands  
And it's me who stamps  
And it's me who yells  
For the biff-bang gong  
Or the ding-dong bells  
Or the cymbals (large)  
Or the cymbals (small)  
Or the tubes that chime  
Round the bang-crash hall  
Or the tambourine  
Or the thunder-maker-  
But all you give me  
Is a sshh-sssh shaker!



Clare Bevan  
(?)

Clare is an author who lives in Bracknell. She has written many books for children and also writes poetry. She used to be a primary school teacher.



# The Owl and the Pussycat

Edward Lear  
Land Ahoy - Year 2

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The Owl and the Pussycat went to sea  
In a beautiful pea-green boat  
They took some honey, and plenty of money,  
Wrapped up in a five-pound note  
The Owl looked up to the stars above  
And sang to a small guitar  
'O lovely Pussy! O Pussy my love,  
What a beautiful Pussy you are,  
You are, you are!  
What a beautiful Pussy you are!'

Pussy said to the Owl, 'You elegant fowl!  
How charmingly sweet you sing!  
O let us be married! Too long we have tarried:  
But what shall we do for a ring?'  
They sailed away for a year and a day  
To the land where the Bong-Tree grows  
And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood  
With a ring at the end of his nose,  
His nose, his nose  
With a ring at the end of his nose

'Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling  
Your ring' said the Piggy, 'I will'  
So they took it away and were married next day  
By the Turkey who lives on the hill  
They dined on mince, and slices of quince  
Which they ate with a runcible spoon,  
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand  
They danced by the light of the moon  
The moon, the moon  
They danced by the light of the moon



Edward Lear  
(1812-1888)

Born in London, Edward Lear was the 21<sup>st</sup> of 22 children. Even though he lived to 75, his health was always delicate; he had poor eyesight and suffered from breathing problems.



# The Witches' Spell

William Shakespeare

Muck, mess and mixtures - Year 2



Double, double toil and trouble  
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.  
Fillet of a fenny snake  
In the cauldron boil and bake;  
Eye of newt and toe of frog  
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,  
Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting  
Lizard's leg and howlet's wing  
For a charm of powerful trouble  
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble

Double, double toil and trouble;  
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.  
Cool it with a baboon's blood  
Then the charm is firm and good



William Shakespeare  
(1564 - 1616)

Shakespeare was an English playwright, poet and actor . He is widely thought to be the greatest writer in the English language. He is often called England's 'national poet' and 'the Bard'



# Old King Cole

Anonymous  
Towers, tunnels and turrets - Year 2

Old King Cole  
Was a merry old soul  
And a merry old soul was he;  
He called for his pipe  
And he called for his bowl,  
And he called for his fiddlers three!  
And every fiddler, he had a fine fiddle,  
And a very fine fiddle had he.  
Twee tweedled dee, tweedle dee, went the fiddlers  
Oh there's none so rare  
As can compare  
With King Cole and his fiddlers three

Anonymous  
(1708)

# What is pink?

Christina Rossetti  
Scented Garden - Year 2



What is pink? A rose is pink  
By the fountain's brink  
What is red? A poppy's red  
In its barley bed  
What is blue? The sky is blue  
Where the clouds float thro'  
What is white? A swan is white  
Sailing in the light  
What is yellow? Pears are yellow,  
Rich and ripe and mellow  
What is green? The grass is green  
With small flowers between  
What is violet? Clouds are violet  
In the summer twilight  
What is orange? Why, an orange  
Just an orange!



Christina Rossetti  
(1830 - 1894)

Christina Rossetti was part of a very artistic and creative family. Her brother, Dante Gabriel was a poet and famous painter. Christina famously wrote the Christmas carol 'In the Bleak Midwinter'



# Wynken, Blynken and Nod

Eugene Field

Year 3  
Tribal Tales

Wynken, Blynken and Nod one night  
Sailed off in a wooden shoe -  
Sailed on a river of crystal light,  
Into a sea of dew.  
'Where are you going, and what do you wish?'  
The old moon asked the three.  
'We have come to fish for the herring-fish  
That live in this beautiful sea;  
Nets of silver and gold have we!'  
Said Wynken,  
Blynken  
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,  
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,  
And the wind that sped them all night long  
Ruffled the waves of dew.  
The little stars were the herring fish  
That lived in the beautiful sea -  
'Now cast your nets wherever you wish -  
Never afraid are we';  
So cried the stars to the fishermen three:  
Wynken,  
Blynken  
And Nod.



**Eugene Field**  
1850 - 1895

Eugene Field was born in St Louis, in the state of Missouri, USA.

He rarely wrote poetry for adults. In his own lifetime he became known as 'The Poet of Childhood.'

He died unexpectedly in Chicago in 1895, aged only 45 years old.



# The Tyger

William Blake

Predator - Year 3



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, and what art  
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?  
And when thy heart began to beat  
What dread hand? And 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 starts threw down their spears  
And water'd heaven with their tears,  
Did he smile his work to see?  
Did he who make the Lamb make thee?

Tyger! Tyger! Burning bright  
In the forests of the night  
What immortal hand or eye  
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?



**William Blake**  
1757 - 1827

William Blake is often associated with the poets of the English Romantic movement. He was a poet, engraver, illustrator and was influenced by the French Revolution



# Fireflies

Tremors - Year 3

Little lamps of the dusk  
You fly low and good  
When the summer evening  
Starts to unfold  
So that all the insects  
Now, before you pass  
Will have light to see by  
Undressing in the grass

But when night has flowered  
Little lamps a gleam  
You fly over tree-tops  
Following a dream  
Men wonder from their windows  
That a firefly goes so far  
They do not know your longing  
To be a shooting star

**Carolyn Hall**  
(not known)



# The River

Valerie Bloom  
Flow - Year 3

The river's a wanderer  
A nomad, a tramp  
He doesn't choose one place  
To set up his camp

The River's a winder  
Through valley and hill  
He twists and he turns  
He just cannot be still

The River's a hoarder  
And he buries down deep  
Those little treasures  
That he wants to keep

The River's a baby  
He gurgles and hums  
And sounds like he's happily  
Sucking his thumbs

The River's a singer  
As he dances along  
The countryside echoes  
The notes of his song

The River's a monster  
Hungry and vexed  
He's gobbled up trees  
And he'll swallow you next



**Valerie Bloom**  
(not known)

Valerie Bloom was born in Jamaica, the oldest of nine children. She began writing poetry in primary school. She became a teacher and in 1979 came to Britain.



There was an old lady  
who swallowed a fly  
Anonymous

Year 3  
Scrumdiddlyumptious

There was an old lady who swallowed a fly.  
My! My!  
Poor old lady, she'll surely die.

There was an old lady who swallowed a spider.  
Whoops! It went right down inside her.  
She swallowed the spider to eat up the fly.  
My! My!  
Poor old lady, she'll surely die.

There was an old lady who swallowed a bird.  
How absurd! She swallowed a bird.  
She swallowed the bird to eat up the spider.  
Whoops! It went right down inside her.  
She swallowed the spider to eat up the fly.  
My! My!  
Poor old lady, she'll surely die.

There was an old lady who swallowed a cat.  
Fancy that! She swallowed a cat.  
She swallowed the cat to eat up the bird.  
How absurd! She swallowed a bird.  
She swallowed the bird to eat up the spider.  
Whoops! It went right down inside her.  
She swallowed the spider to eat up the fly.  
My! My!  
Poor old lady, she'll surely die.

There was an old lady who swallowed a dog.  
The hog! To swallow a dog.  
She swallowed the dog to eat up the cat.  
Fancy that! She swallowed a bird.  
She swallowed the bird to eat up the spider.  
Whoops! It went right down inside her.  
She swallowed the spider to eat up the fly.  
My! My!  
Poor old lady, she'll surely die.

There was an old lady who swallowed a cow.  
How now! She swallowed a cow.  
She swallowed the cow to eat up the dog.  
The hog! She swallowed a dog.  
She swallowed the dog to eat up the cat.  
Fancy that! She swallowed a cat.  
She swallowed the cat to eat up the bird.  
How absurd! She swallowed a bird.  
She swallowed the bird to eat up the spider.  
Whoops! It went right down inside her.  
She swallowed the spider to eat up the fly.  
My! My!  
Poor old lady, she'll surely die.

There was an old lady  
Who swallowed a horse.  
She died of course.

Anonymous  
1953





# From a Railway Carriage

Robert Louis Stevenson  
Mighty Metals - Year 3

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 for ever!



Robert Louis Stevenson  
(1850 - 1894)

Stevenson is best known as the author of the children's classic 'Treasure Island' written in 1882. He was born in Edinburgh, Scotland.



# El Dorado

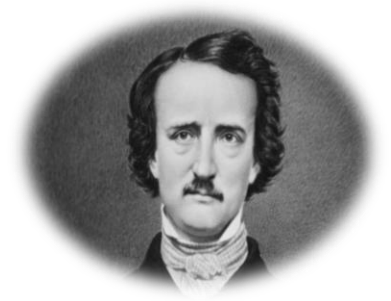
Edgar Allan Poe  
I am Warrior - Year 4

Gaily bedight  
A gallant knight  
In sunshine and in shadow  
Had journeyed long  
Singing a song  
In search of Eldorado

But he grew old  
This knight so bold  
And o'er his heart a shadow  
Fell as he found  
No spot of ground  
That looked like Eldorado

And as his strength  
Failed him at length  
He met a pilgrim shadow  
'Shadow' said he  
'Where can it be-  
This land of Eldorado?'

Over the mountains  
Of the moon  
Down the Valley of the Shadow  
Ride, boldly ride  
The shade replied,  
'If you seek for Eldorado!'



Edgar Allan Poe  
(1809 - 1849)

Edgar Allan Poe was an American writer, poet, author, editor and literary critic who is best known for his poetry and short stories.



# The Sound Collector

Roger McGough  
Playlist - Year 4

A stranger called this morning  
Dressed all in black and grey  
Put every song into a bag  
And carried it 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



Roger McGough  
(1939 - 2021)

Roger McGough was born in Lancashire and studied French and Geography at the University of Hull. He published many poems and had a strong personal connection to the Beatles.

# Pirate Pete

James Carter  
Traders and Raiders - Year 4

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Pirate Pete  
Had a ship on the sea  
Had a fish for his tea  
Had a peg for a knee  
and a tiny little parrot called...Polly

Pirate Pete  
Had a book with a map  
Had a skull on his cap  
Had a cat on his lap  
and another little parrot called...Dolly

Pirate Pete  
Had a trunk full of treasure  
Had a belt made of leather  
Had a cap with a feather  
and another little parrot called...Jolly

Pirate Pete  
Had a patch on his eye  
Had a flag he would fly  
Had a plank way up high  
and another little parrot called...Molly


So Pirate Pete  
And the parrots fourt  
They sailed the world  
From shore to shore -  
Collecting gold  
And gifts galore  
And that's their tale-  
There is no more!



**James Carter**  
(1959- )

James Carter was born in Reading, England. As a child he loved to play music.  
Carter has published many poetry collections for children. He has also written books for teachers to use in schools





Tony the Turtle

E V Rieu  
Blue Abyss - Year 4

Tony was a turtle,  
Very much at ease  
Swimming in the sunshine  
Through the summer seas,  
And feeing on the fishes  
Irrespective of their wishes,  
With a 'by your leave' and 'thank you'  
And a gentlemanly squeeze.

Tony was a turtle  
Who loved a civil phrase;  
Anxious and obliging,  
Sensitive to praise  
And to hint that he was snappy  
Made him thoroughly unhappy  
For Tony was a Turtle  
With most engaging ways

Tony was a turtle  
Who thought, before he fed  
Of other people's comfort,  
And as he ate them said;  
'If I seem a little grumpy,  
It is not that you are lumpy.'  
For Tony was a Turtle  
Delicately bred



**E V Rieu**  
(1887 - 1972)

Emile Victor Rieu was born in London.

# Lullaby of the Iroquois

E Pauline Johnson (1912)

Year 4  
Road Trip USA



Little brown baby-bird, lapped in your nest,  
Wrapped in your nest,  
Strapped in your nest,  
Your straight little cradle-board rocks you to rest;  
Its hands are your nest;  
Its bands are your nest;  
It swings from the down-bending branch of the oak;  
You watch the camp flame, and the curling grey  
smoke;  
But, oh, for your pretty black eyes sleep is best,-  
Little brown baby of mine, go to rest.

Little brown baby-bird swinging to sleep,  
Winging to sleep,  
Singing to sleep,  
Your wonder-black eyes that so wide open keep,  
Shielding their sleep,  
Unyielding to sleep,  
The heron is homing, the plover is still,  
The night-own calls from his haunt on the hill,  
Afar the fox barks, afar the stars peep,-  
Little brown baby of mine, go to sleep.



**E Pauline Johnson**  
1861 - 1913

E Pauline Jackson was born in Six Nations in the region of Ontario, Canada. Six Nations is an area of land that is owned by indigenous people who lived on the land before European settlers arrived in what is now Canada.

Johnson often wrote about her mixed heritage in her poetry. She told stories and legends from her indigenous background, but using traditional forms of writing poetry that would have been familiar to English-speaking audiences



# The Arrow and the Song

Henry Wadsworth-Longfellow  
1066 - Year 3

I shot an arrow into the air  
It fell to earth, I knew not where;  
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight  
Could not follow it in its flight

I breathed a song into the air  
It fell to earth, I know not where;  
For who has sight so keen and strong,  
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak  
I found the arrow, still unbroke;  
And the song, from beginning to end,  
I found again in the heart of a friend



Henry Wadsworth Longfellow  
(1807 - 1882)

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was one of the most widely known and best-loved American poets of the 19<sup>th</sup> century. He is one of the few American writers honoured in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey



# Along the Nile

Henry Abbey  
Pharaohs - Year 5

We journey up the storied Nile  
The timeless water seems to smile  
The slow and swarthy boatman sings;  
The dahabeah spreads her wings  
We catch the breeze and sail away  
Along the dawning of the day  
Along the East, wherein the morn  
Of life and truth was gladly born

We sail along the past, and see  
Great Thebes with Karnak at her knee  
To Isis and Osiris rise  
The prayers and smoke of sacrifice  
Mid rites of priests and pomp of kings  
Again the seated Memnon sings  
We watch the palms along the shore  
And dream of what is here no more

The gliding Cleopatra Nile  
With glossy windings, mile on mile  
Suggests the asp; in coils compact  
It hisses at the cataract  
Thence on again we said and strand  
Upon the yellow Nubian sand  
Near Aboo Simble's rock-hewn fane  
Which smiles at time with calm disdain

Who cut the stone joy none can tell  
He did his work, like Nature, well  
At one with Nature, godlike, these  
Bland faces of great Rameses.  
'T is seemly that that the noble mind  
Somewhat of permanence may find  
Whereon with patience, may be wrought  
A clear expression of its thought

The artist labours while he may  
But finds at best too brief the day  
And, tho' his works outlast the time  
And nation that they make sublime  
He feels and sees that Nature knows  
Nothing of time in what she does  
But has a leisure infinite  
Wherein to do her work at night

The Nile of virtue overflows  
The fruitful lands through which it goes  
It little cares for smile or slight  
But in its deeds takes sole delight  
And in them puts its highest sense  
Unmindful of the recompense  
Contented calmly to pursue  
Whatever work it finds to do

Howadji with sweet dreams full fraught  
We trace this Nile through human thought  
Remains of ancient grandeur stand  
Along the shores on either hand  
Like pyramids, against the skies  
Loom up the old philosophies  
And the Greek King, who wandered long  
Smiles from uncrumbling rock of song



Henry Abbey  
(1842 - 1911)

Henry Abbey was an American poet who is best remembered for the poem, 'What do we plant when we plant a tree?'





# The Moon

Robert Louis Stevenson  
Stargazers - Year 5

The moon has a face like the clock in the hall;  
She shines on thieves on the garden wall,  
On streets and fields and harbour quays  
And birdies asleep in the forks of the trees

The squalling cat and the squeaking mouse  
The howling dog by the door of the house,  
The bat that lies in bed at noon,  
All love to be out by the light of the moon.

But all of the things that belong to the day  
Cuddle to sleep to be out of her way;  
And flowers and children close their eyes  
Till up in the morning the sun shall arise



**Robert Louis Stevenson**  
(1850 - 1894)

Stevenson is best known as the author of the children's classic 'Treasure Island' written in 1882. He was born in Edinburgh, Scotland.



# In Flanders Fields

by John McCrae (1915)  
For Remembrance Day - Years 5&6



In Flanders fields the poppies blow  
Between the crosses, row on row,  
That mark our place; and in the sky  
The larks, still bravely singing, fly  
Scarce heard amid the guns below

We are the Dead. Short days ago  
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,  
Loved and were loved, and now we lie,  
In Flanders fields

Take up our quarrel with the foe:  
To you from failing hands we throw  
The torch; be yours to hold it high.  
If ye break faith with us who die  
We shall not sleep, though poppies  
grow  
In Flanders Fields



**John McCrae**  
1872 - 1918

John McCrae joined the war as an older man, in his early forties. In his life before the war he received basic military training but was also interested in medicine.

McCrae's 'In Flanders Fields' was immensely popular upon publication as a poem that promoted heroism and nobility in conflict.

However as the war went on, he became increasingly disillusioned and exhausted, finding solace in writing. He died of pneumonia in Boulogne, France, in early 1918



Der Doctor Schnabel von

...tis, als eine fabel.  
...bitur vom Doctor schnabel,  
...it die Contagion  
...et seinen Lohn darvon  
...era sucht er zu fristen,  
...wie der Corvus auf der Misten,  
...dite, wihet nicht dort hin,  
...ROMA regnat die Pestin.

Quis non  
für seiner  
qua loqui  
und deut  
Wie man  
das ihm t  
Marsupiu  
und au

I. Columbina, ad vivum delineavit.

**Kleidung wider den Tod zu Rom. Anno 16**  
gehen die Doctores Medici dahin zu Rom, wann sie die ande  
besuchen, sie zu curiren und fragen, sich wider den Ditt zu sichern, ein  
im Guch ihr Angesicht ist verlarvt, für den Augen haben sie grosse Tröf  
einen langen Schnabel voll verriechender Spereij, in der Hände, welche  
wol versehen ist, eine lange Kütche und darmit deuten sie, was man thun, i

# The Boneyard Rap

Peasants, Princes and Pestilence - Year 5

This is the rhythm  
Of the boneyard rap,  
Knuckle bones click  
And hand bones clap  
Finger bones flick  
And thigh bones slap  
When you're doing the rhythm  
Of the boneyard rap  
Woooooooooo!

It's the boneyard rap  
And it's a scare  
Give your bones a shake-up  
If you dae  
Rattle your teeth  
And waggle your jaw  
And let's do the boneyard rap  
Once more

This is the rhythm  
Of the boneyard rap  
Elbow bones clink  
And backbones snap  
Shoulder bones chink  
And toe bones tap  
When you're doing the rhythm  
Of the boneyard rap  
Woooooooooo!

It's the boneyard rap  
And it's a scare  
Give your bones a shake-up  
If you dare  
Rattle your teeth  
And waggle your jaw  
And let's do the boneyard rap  
Once more

This is the rhythm of the boneyard rap  
Ankle bones sock  
And arm bones flap  
Pelvic bones knock  
And knee bones zap  
When you're doing the rhythm  
Of the boneyard rap  
Woooooooooo!



Wes Magee  
(1939 - 2021)

Wes Magee wrote poems and stories for children for over twenty years. He began when, as a primary school teacher, he couldn't find any poems about dinosaurs - so he wrote some of his own.



# Remember

Matt Goodfellow  
Time Traveller - Year 5

When shadows creep across your mind  
And smiles are thin and tight  
When you do what you believe in  
But question if it's right  
When you focus not on what you've got  
But all the things you lack  
There may be rain at the front of the house  
But sunshine round the back

When you can't remember where you found  
The words you used to say  
When your heartbeat is the music  
That you listen to each day  
When you turn away from talent  
In case you lose the knack  
There may be rain at the front of the house  
But sunshine round the back



**Matt Goodfellow**  
(not known)

Matt wrote songs from the age of 13. While he hoped for a musical career, that didn't happen. He chose to become a teacher and the songs he wrote became poems.

He spent 10 years as a year 6 teacher. He now writes and performs poetry and has performed his own poems at venues all over the UK





# Daffodils

William Wordsworth  
Allotment - Year 5

I wandered lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and hills  
When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host, of golden daffodils;  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the milky way,  
They stretched in never-ending line  
Along the margin of a bay;  
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in a sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they  
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:  
A poet could not be but gay,  
In such a jocund company;  
I gazed - and gazed - but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had brought

For oft, when on my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude;  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils.



**William Wordsworth**  
(1770 - 1850)

Wordsworth was born in the Lake District in Northern England. He became an orphan at the age of 13  
'Daffodils' is probably the most well-known work of Wordsworth



## Sonnet 18

William Shakespeare  
Beast Creator - Year 5

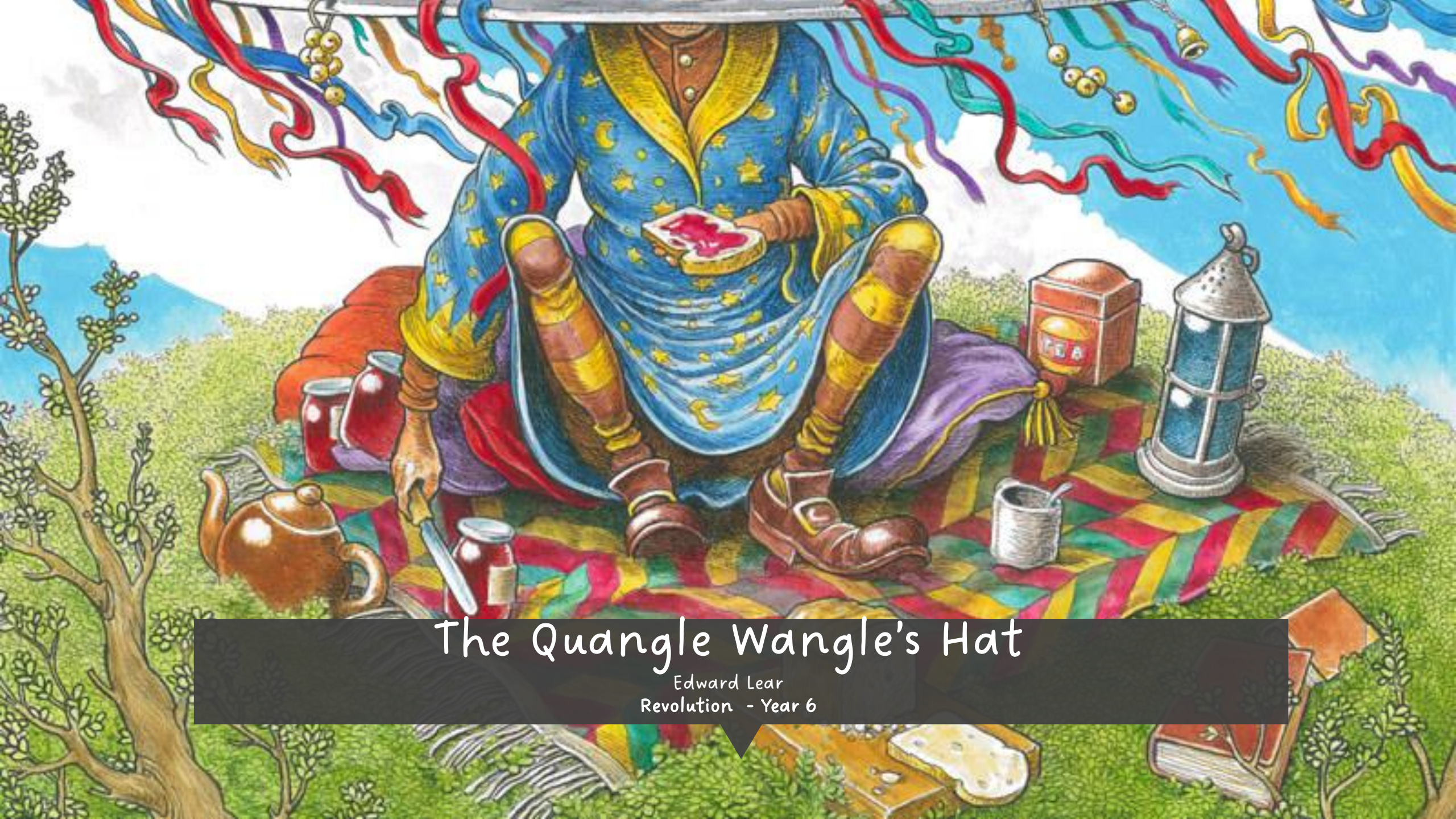


Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?  
Thou art more lovely and more temperate;  
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,  
And summer's lease hath all too short a date;  
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
And often is his gold complexion dim'd;  
And every fair from fair sometime 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.



William Shakespeare  
(1564 - 1616)

Shakespeare was an English playwright, poet and actor . He is widely thought to be the greatest writer in the English language. He is often called England's 'national poet' and 'the Bard'



# The Quangle Wangle's Hat

Edward Lear  
Revolution - Year 6

On the top of the Crumpetty Tree  
The Quangle Wangle sat,  
But his face you could not see,  
On account of his Beaver Hat.  
For his Hat was a hundred and two feet wide,  
With ribbons and bibbons on every side  
And bells, and buttons, and loops, and lace  
So that nobody ever could see the face  
Of the Quangle Wangle Quee.

The Quangle Wangle said  
To himself on the Crumpetty Tree:  
'Jam; and jelly; and bread;  
Are the best food for me!  
But the longer I live on this Crumpetty Tree  
The plainer than ever it seems to me  
That very few people come this way  
And that life on the whole is far from gay!'   
Said the Quangle Wangle Quee.

But there came to the Crumpetty Tree,  
Mr and Mrs Canary;  
And they said, - 'Did ever you see  
Any spot so charmingly airy?  
May we build a nest on your lovely Hat?  
Mr Quangle Wangle grant us that!  
O please let us come and build a nest  
Of whatever material suits you best,  
Mr Quangle Wangle Quee!'

And the Golden Grouse came there,  
And the Pobble who has no toes,  
And the small Olympian bear  
And the Dong with a luminous nose.  
And the Blue Baboon, who played the flute,  
And the Orient Calf from the Land of Tute,  
And the Attery Squash, and the Bisky Bat,  
All came and built on the lovely Hat  
Of the Quangle Wangle Quee.

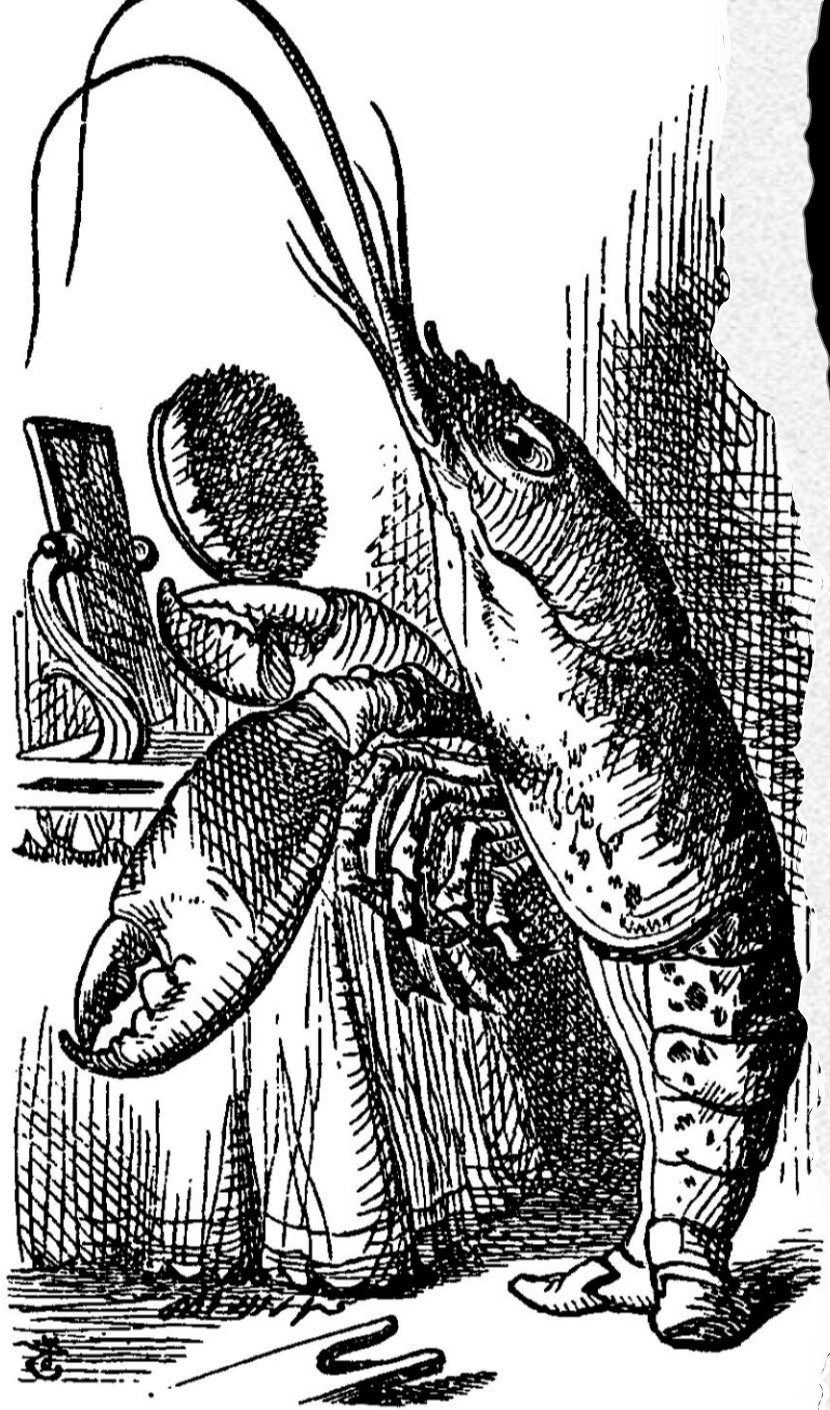
And the Quangle Wangle said  
To himself on the Crumpetty Tree:  
'When all these creatures move  
What a wonderful noise there'll be!'   
And at night by the light of the Mulberry  
moon  
They danced to the Flute of the Blue Baboon,  
On the broad green leaves of the Crumpetty  
Tree  
And all were as happy as happy could be,  
With the Quangle Wangle Quee.



**Edward Lear**  
1812 - 1888

Edward Lear was born in London. His family had very little money and he suffered from poor health throughout his life.

Lear was a talented poet. His first book of poetry, *A book of nonsense* was published in 1846. His best-known poem, 'The Owl and the Pussycat' was published in 1871. Lear particularly enjoyed writing 'nonsense verse'.



# The Mock Turtle's Song

Lewis Carroll

Year 6  
Darwin's Delights

"Will you walk a little faster?" said a whiting to a snail.  
"There's a porpoise close behind us, and he's treading on my tail.  
See how eagerly the lobsters and turtles all advance!  
They are waiting on the shingle - will you come and join the dance?  
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?  
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?"

"You can really have no notion how delightful it will be,  
When they take us up and throw us, with the lobsters, out to sea!"  
But the snail replied, "Too far, too far!" and gave a look askance  
Said he thanked the whiting kindly, but he would not join the dance.  
Would not, could not, would not, could not, would not join the dance.  
Would not, could not, would not, could not, could not join the dance.

"What matters it how far we go?" his scaly friend replied.  
"There is another shore, you know, upon the other side.  
The further off from England the nearer is to France-  
Then turn not pale, beloved snail, but come and join the dance?  
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?  
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?"



**Lewis Carroll**  
1832 - 1898

Lewis Carroll was the pseudonym used by Charles Dodgson, who lectured in maths at Oxford University. He is best known for his surreal novels 'Alice's Adventures in Wonderland' and 'Through the Looking Glass' but he also wrote popular poems eg 'Jabberwocky' and 'The Hunting of the Snark', short stories and books on logic.



# Lady Icicle

E Pauline Johnson

Year 6  
Frozen Kingdom



Little Lady Icicle is dreaming of the north-land  
And gleaming in the north-land, her pillow all a-glow;  
For the frost has come and found her  
With an ermine robe around her  
Where little Lady Icicle lies dreaming in the snow.

Little Lady Icicle is waking in the north-land,  
And shaking in the north-land her pillow to and fro;  
And the hurricane a-skirling  
Sends the feathers all a-whirling  
Where little Lady Icicle is waking in the snow.

Little Lady Icicle is laughing in the north-land,  
And quaffing in the north-land her wines that  
overflow;  
All the lakes and rivers crusting  
That her finger-tips are dusting,  
Where little Lady Icicle is laughing in the snow.

Little Lady Icicle is singing in the north-land  
And bringing from the north-land a music wild and  
low;  
And the fairies watch and listen  
Where her silver slippers glisten,  
As little Lady Icicle goes singing through the snow



**E Pauline Johnson**  
1861 - 1913

E Pauline Jackson was born in Six Nations in the region of Ontario, Canada. Six Nations is an area of land that is owned by indigenous people who lived on the land before European settlers arrived in what is now Canada.

Johnson often wrote about her mixed heritage in her poetry. She told stories and legends from her indigenous background, but using traditional forms of writing poetry that would have been familiar to English-speaking audiences



I've learned to sing a song of hope

Georgia Douglas Johnson  
Bloodheart - Year 6

I've learned to sing a song of hope,  
I've said goodbye to despair  
I caught the note in a thrush's throat,  
I sang - and the world was fair!  
I've learned to sing a song of joy  
It bends the skies to me,  
The song of joy is the song of hope  
Grown to maturity.

I've learned to laugh away my tears  
As through the dark I go,  
For love and laughter conquer fears  
My heart has come to know.

I've learned a song of happiness  
It is a song of love,  
For love alone is happiness  
And happiness is love.



Georgia Douglas Johnson  
(1880 - 1966)

Johnson was born in Atlanta, Georgia. She graduated from Atlanta University and went on to study music further. She published her first poems in 1916 and wrote numerous plays.



# Anthem for Doomed Youth

Wilfred Owen  
A Child's War - Year 6

What passing bells for those who die as cattle?  
Only the monstrous anger of the guns.  
Only the stuttering rifles' rapid rattle  
Can patter out their hasty orisons.  
No mockeries now for them; no prayers nor bells;  
Nor any voice of mourning save the choirs, -  
The shrill, demented choirs of wailing shells;  
And bugles calling for them from sad shires.

What candles may be held to speed them all?  
Not in the hands of boys, but in their eyes  
Shall shine the holy glimmers of goodbyes.  
The pallor of girls' brows shall be their pall;  
Their flowers the tenderness of patient minds,  
And each slow dusk, a drawing down of blinds.



Wilfred Owen  
(1893 - 1913)

Wilfred Owen was an English poet and soldier. He was one of the leading poets of the First World War. His poetry focused on the horrors of trenches and gas warfare. Owen was killed in action on the 4<sup>th</sup> November 1918, a week before the war's end, at the age of 25.



If

T

Joseph Rudyard Kipling  
Tomorrow's World - Year 6

If you can keep your head when all about you  
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;  
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,  
But make allowance for their doubting too;  
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,  
Or, being lied about, don't deal in lies,  
Or, being hated, don't give way to hating,  
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

If you can dream - and not make dreams your master;  
If you can think - and not make thoughts your aim;  
If you can meet with triumph and disaster  
And treat those two imposters just the same;  
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken  
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,  
Or watch the things you gave your life to broken  
And stoop and build them up with wornout tools;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings  
And risk it on one turn of pitch and toss,  
And lose, and start again at your beginnings  
And never breathe a word about your loss;  
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew  
To serve your turn long after they are gone,  
And so hold on when there is nothing in you  
Except the will which says to them: 'hold on'

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,  
Or walk with kings - nor lose the common touch;  
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you;  
If all men count with you, but none too much;  
If you can fill the unforgiving minute  
With sixty seconds worth of distance run

-  
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,  
And - which is more - you'll be a man, my son!



Joseph Rudyard Kipling  
(1865 - 1936)

Rudyard Kipling was born in Bombay but educated in England. He return to India as a young man and worked for Anglo-Indian newspapers. A prolific writer, he became famous very quickly. He is perhaps most known for his classic children's work, 'The Jungle Book'.



