



Poetry Reading Spine

EYFS

Poems to read and share:

Poems Out Loud - L Stansfield



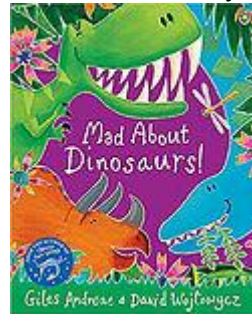
Zim Zam Zoom - J Carter & N Colton



A Great Big Cuddle: Poems for the very young – Michael Rosen and Chris Riddell



Mad About Dinosaurs – Giles Andreae and David Wojtowycz



Rhymes, poems and songs to perform:

Incy Wincy Spider

Dingle Dangle Scarecrow

Grand Old Duke

Humpty Dumpty

Oat and Beans and Barley Grow

EYFS Rhymes, Songs and Poems to Perform

Incy Wincy Spider

Incy wincy spider climbed up the waterspout,
Down came the rain and washed the spider out,
Out came the sun and dried up all the rain,
So Incy wincy spider climbed up the spout again.
Incy wincy spider climbed up the waterspout,
Down came the rain and washed the spider out,
Out came the sun and dried up all the rain,
So Incy wincy spider climbed up the spout again

The Grand Old Duke of York

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.

And when they were up they were up.
And when they were down they were down.
And when they were only half way up,
They were neither up nor down.

Oats and Beans and Barley Grow

Oats and beans and barley grow
Oats and beans and barley grow
Do you or I or anyone know how oats and
beans and barley grow?

First the farmer plants the seeds
Stands up tall and takes his ease
Stamps his feet and claps his hands
And turns around to view his land

Oats and beans and barley grow
Oats and beans and barley grow
Do you or I or anyone know how oats and
beans and barley grow?

Then the farmer watches the ground
Watches the sun shine all around
Stamps his feet and claps his hands
And turns around to view his land

Oats and beans and barley grow
Oats and beans and barley grow
Do you or I or anyone know how oats and
beans and barley grow?

Dingle, Dangle Scarecrow

When all the cows were sleeping
And the sun had gone to bed
Up jumped the scarecrow
And this is what he said

I'm a dingle, dangle scarecrow
With a flippy, floppy hat
I can shake my hands like this
I can shake my feet like that

When all the hens were roosting
And the moon behind a cloud
Up jumped the scarecrow
And shouted very loud

I'm a dingle, dangle scarecrow
With a flippy, floppy hat
I can shake my hands like this
I can shake my feet like that

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.

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.

Humpty Dumpty sat on the ground,
Humpty Dumpty looked all around,
Gone were the chimneys and gone were 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.

Year 1

Poems to read and share:

Hey Little Bug: Poems for little creatures – James Carter



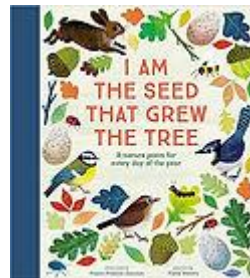
The Puffin Book of Fantastic First Poems – June Crebbin



A First Book of the Sea – Nicola Davies and Emily Sutton



I am the seed that grew the tree - Fiona Waters & Frann Preston-Gannon



Rhymes, poems and songs to perform:

Water - Shirley Hughes

Rickety Train Ride - Tony Mitton

Year 1: Poems to Perform

Water – Shirley Hughes

I like water.
The shallow, splashy, paddly kind,
The hold-on-tight-it's-deep kind.

Slosh it out of buckets,
spray it all around.

I do like water.

Rickety Train Ride - Tony Mitton

I'm taking the train to Ricketywick
Clickety clickety clack

I'm sat in my seat
With a sandwich to eat
As I travel the trickety track.

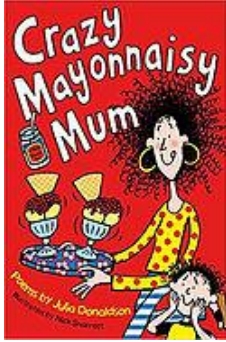
It's an ever so rickety trickety train,
And I honestly thickety think

That before it arrives
At the end of the line
It will tip up my drippety drink.

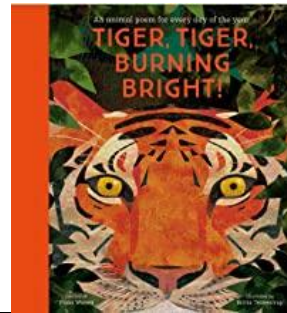
Year 2

Poems to read and share:

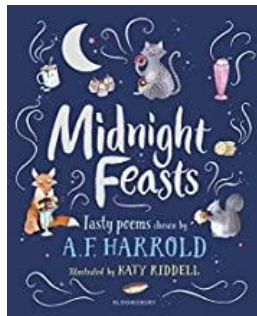
Crazy Mayonnaisy Mum – Julia Doaldson and Nick Sharratt



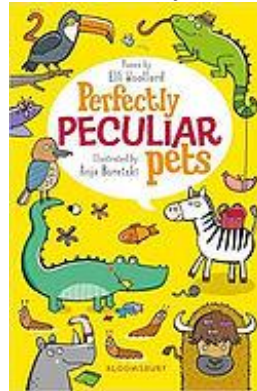
Tiger Tiger Burning Bright - Fiona Waters



Midnight Feasts: Tasty poems chosen by A.F. Harrold



Perfectly Peculiar Pets – Elli Woollard and Anja Boretzki



Rhymes, poems and songs to perform:

Daddy Fell into The Pond – Alfred Noyes

Cats Sleep Anywhere – Eleanor Farjeon

Year 2: Poems to Perform

When Daddy Fell into the Pond – Alfred Noyes

Everyone grumbled. The sky was grey.
We had nothing to do and nothing to say.
We were nearing the end of a dismal day,
And there seemed to be nothing beyond,
THEN
Daddy fell into the pond!

And everyone's face grew
merry and bright,
And Timothy danced for sheer delight.
"Give me the camera, quick, oh quick!
He's crawling out of the duckweed!"
Click!

Then the gardener suddenly
slapped his knee,
And doubled up, shaking silently,
And the ducks all quacked
as if they were daft,
And it sounded as if the old drake laughed.
Oh, there wasn't a thing that didn't respond
WHEN
Daddy fell into the pond!

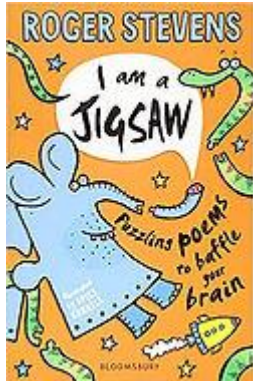
Cats Sleep Anywhere – Eleanor Farjeon

Cats sleep, anywhere,
Any table, any chair
Top of piano, window-ledge,
In the middle, on the edge,
Open drawer, empty shoe,
Anybody's lap will do,
Fitted in a cardboard box,
In the cupboard, with your frocks-
Anywhere! They don't care!
Cats sleep anywhere.

Year 3

Poems to read and share:

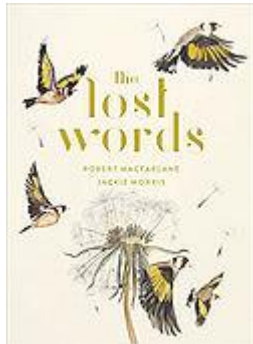
I am a Jigsaw – Roger Stevens



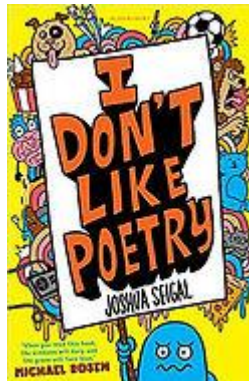
Spaced Out – James Carter



The Lost Words – Robert Macfarlane and Jackie Morris



I Don't Like Poetry - Joshua Seigal



Rhymes, poems and songs to perform:

The Sound Collector - Roger McGough

The Adventures of Isabel - Ogden Nash

Year3: Poems to Perform

The Sound Collector – Roger McGough

A stranger called 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 windowpane
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

The Adventures of Isabel – Ogden Nash

Isabel met an enormous bear,
Isabel, Isabel, didn't care,
The bear was hungry, the bear was ravenous,
The bear's big mouth was cruel and cavernous.
The bear said, Isabel, glad to meet you,
How do, Isabel, now I'll eat you!

Isabel, Isabel, didn't worry,
Isabel didn't scream or scurry.
She washed her hands and she straightened her hair up,
Then Isabel quietly ate the bear up.

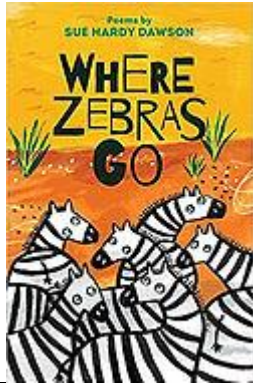
Once in a night as black as pitch
Isabel met a wicked old witch.
The witch's face was cross and wrinkled,
The witch's gums with teeth were sprinkled.
Ho, ho, Isabel! the old witch crowed,
I'll turn you into an ugly toad!

Isabel, Isabel, didn't worry,
Isabel didn't scream or scurry,
She showed no rage and she showed no rancor,
But she turned the witch into milk and drank her

Year 4

Poems to read and share:

Where Zebras Go – Sue Hardy-Dawson



This Rock, That Rock – Dom Conlan

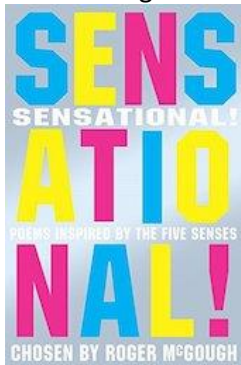


Rhymes, poems and songs to perform:

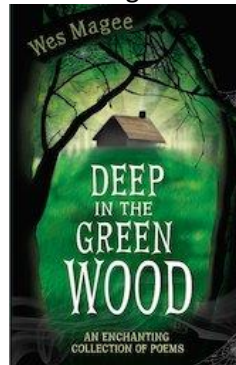
Granny's Sugarcake – John Lyons

From a Railway Carriage – R L Stevenson

Sensational: Poems inspired by the five senses – Roger McGough



Deep in the Green Wood – Wes Magee



Year 4: Poems to Perform

Granny's Sugarcake – John Lyons

Sugarcake!
Sugarcake!
Ah chile sweetie ting
a Trini granny could mek:

She grate de coconut,
put sugar in ah hot pot.
When it bubble-up like crazy
she stir in de coconut;
den she drop in some clove,
ah piece of cinnamon,
an few drops ah vanilla.

She screwin up she face,
keepin she yeye pon it.
She stirrin it,
she stirrin it
an she whole body shakin-up;
ah tellin yuh, meh Granny got riddum.

Wen de sugarcake ready,
she spoon it out
on greaseproof paper,

an is den meh mout begin to water
but de look meh Granny gimeh
tell meh ah got to wait
fuh it to cool down good.

Sugarcake!
Sugarcake!
How ah love de sugarcake
meh Granny does mek

From a Railway Carriage – R L 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.

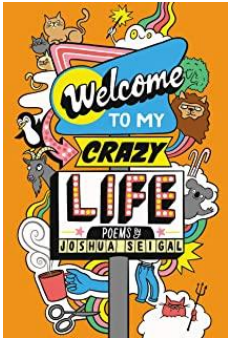
Here is a child who clammers and scrambles,
All by himself and gathering brambles;
Here is a tramp who stands and gazes;
And there is the green for stringing the daisies!
Here is a cart run away in the road
Lumping along with man and load;
And here is a mill and there is a river:
Each a glimpse and gone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

Year 5

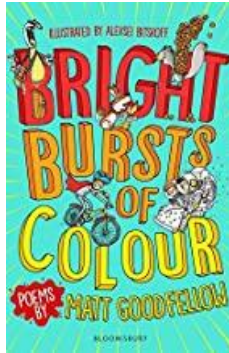
Poems to read and share:

Rhymes, poems and songs to perform:

Welcome to My Crazy Life – Joshua Seigal



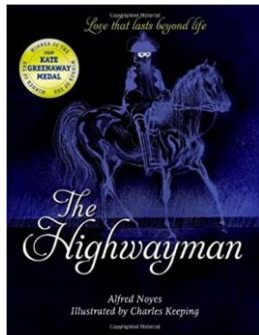
Bright Bursts of Colour – Matt Goodfellow



Leisure – W H Davies

Walking with My Iguana – Brian Moses

The Highwayman – Alfred Noyes



Be the Change – Liz Brownlee



Year 5: Poems to Perform and Write

Walking with My Iguana – Brian Moses

I'm walking with my iguana.
I'm walking with my iguana.
When the temperature rises to above eighty-five,
my iguana is looking like he's coming alive.
So we make it to the beach,
my iguana and me,
then he sits on my shoulder as we stroll by the sea . . .
and I'm walking with my iguana.

I'm walking with my iguana.
Well if anyone sees us we're a big surprise,
my iguana and me on our daily exercise,
till somebody phones the local police
and says I have an alligator tied to a leash.

When I'm walking with my iguana.
I'm walking with my iguana.
It's the spines on his back that make him look grim,
but he just loves to be tickled under his chin.
And I know that my iguana is ready for bed
when he puts on his pyjamas and lays down his sleepy head.

And I'm walking with my iguana.
Still walking with my iguana.
With my iguana...with my iguana...
and my piranha, and my Chihuahua, and my chinchilla, and my gorilla, my
caterpillar...
and I'm walking...with my iguana...with my iguana...with my iguana.

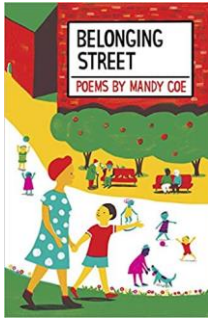
Leisure – William Henry Davies

What is this life if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare?-
No time to stand beneath the boughs
And stare as long as sheep or cows:
No time to see, when woods we pass,
Where squirrels hide their nuts in grass:
No time to see, in broad daylight,
Streams full of stars, like skies at night:
No time to turn at Beauty's glance,
And watch her feet, how they can dance:
No time to wait till her mouth can
Enrich that smile her eyes began?
A poor life this if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.

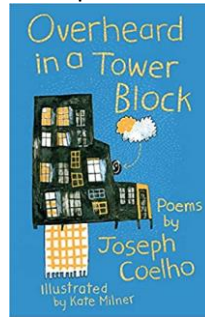
Year 6

Poems to read and share:

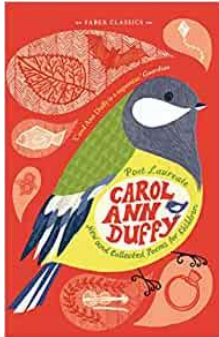
Belonging Street – Mandy Coe



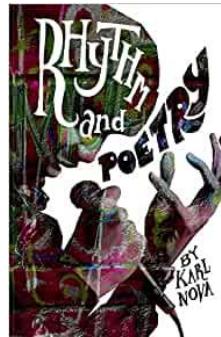
Overheard in a Tower Block – Joseph Coelho



New and Collected Poems for Children – Carol Ann Duffy



Rhythm and Poetry – Karl Nova



Rhymes, poems and songs to perform:

The River – Valerie Bloom

In Flanders' Fields – John McCrea

Year 6: Poems to Perform

The River – Valerie Bloom

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.

In Flanders' Fields – John McCrea

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.