



Pinner Park Primary School

POETRY BY HEART

Choose a poem • Learn it by heart • Perform it out loud

Choose a poem from this collection, or you can choose a poem from a poetry book of your own.

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

The Itsy Bitsy Spider

The itsy-bitsy spider
Climbed up the water spout
Down came the rain
And washed the spider out
Out came the sun
And dried up all the rain
And the itsy-bitsy spider
Climbed up the spout again

Big Green Crocodile

A great big green crocodile lay down for a nap.
I lay down beside him until he went...SNAP!
A great big brown lion lay down on the floor.
I lay down beside him until he went...ROAR!
A small furry teddy lay down with a yawn.
I lay down beside him and slept until dawn.

(By Jane Newberry)

Open a book

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

(By Jane Baskwill)

Moon Rocket

Jump into the rocket,
We're going to the moon.
Once around the galaxy
And be back soon.
Ready for the take-off...
Listen for the boom...
5, 4, 3, 2, 1
and ZoooooooM!

(By Jane Newberry)

Now we are six

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.

(By A. A. Milne)

My Hat!

Here's my hat.
It holds my head,
the thoughts I've had
and the things I've read.
It keeps out the wind.
It keeps off the rain.
It hugs my hair
and warms my brain.
There's me below it,
the sky above it.
It's my lid.
And I love it.

(By Tony Mitton)

May time Magic

A little seed
For me to sow...

A little earth
To make it grow...
A little hole,
A little pat...
A little wish,
And that is that.

(By Mabel Watts)

Crick, crack, crocodile!

Crick, crack, crocodile,
what bright shiny teeth,
what a fierce, dark smile.

I wouldn't like to meet you
when you're hungry or sad.
I'd shout: Mr Crocodile,
I taste very bad.

But I'd be glad to see you
in your jungle, by the river –
strong tail, scaly back,
handsome water-dragon.
Crick, crack, crick, crack, snap!

(By Joan Poulson)

Tippy-Tappy

Tippy-tappy
Tippy-tappy
Tap, tap, tap.

Pippy-peppy
Pippy-peppy
Pep, pep, pep.

Mippy-moppy
Mippy-moppy
Mop, mop, mop.

Nippy-nappy
Nippy-nappy
Nap, nap, nap.

Lippy-lippy
Lippy-lippy
Lip, lip, lip.

Hippy-hoppy
Hippy-hoppy
Hop, hop, hop.

Stippy-steppy
Stippy-steppy
Step, step, step.

Dippy-dappy
Dippy-dappy
Dip, dip, dip.

Kippy-cuppy
Kippy-cuppy
Cup, cup, cup.

(By Michael Rosen)

Ippy-uppy
Ippy-uppy
Up, up, up.

Animal Chatter

A bee can buzz,
A dog can bark,
A cow can just say, "Moo!"

A sheep can bleat,
A blackbird sings,
And a cuckoo says, "Cuckoo!"

A bear can growl,
You can hear an owl,
A parrot squawks and squawks!

A cat can mew,
A tiger roars,
But a tadpole never talks!

(By Judith Nicholls)

Spots and Stripes

Stripy tigers, stripy zebras,
stripy fishes in the sea.
Spotty dogs and spotty beetles,
spotty leopards running free...

In the jungle, stripes can hide you,
in the desert spots don't show.
All the animals are hiding
till they jump out
and say...

BOO!!

(By Jane Newberry)

Crayon Poem

With these crayons,
I could draw ...

A crazy,
Purple dinosaur.

An orange mouse
With yellow cheese.

A big black dog
With big brown fleas.

A tall blue house,
A small green door,
4 white windows.

Something more?

Silver raindrops
Golden sun.

Then a RAINBOW
Sounds like fun!

With these crayons,
I could draw

So. Much. More

(By James Carter)

Bubble

Red bubble
Yellow bubble
Orange bubble blue

Pink bubble
Purple bubble
Rainbow bubble too

This bubble
Big bubble
Shiny and round

Float bubble
Fly bubble
Rise from the ground

Up bubble
Up bubble
Up so high

Go bubble
Go bubble
Gone – bye bye!
(by James Carter)

Chat

I have a mum who likes to chat.
She chats to the dog
and she chats to the cat.
She chats about this
and she chats about that.
She chats on the telephone –

CHAT! CHAT! CHAT!

She chats in the kitchen
and chats in the street.
She chats to the neighbours
and people she meets.
She chats about this
and she chats about that.
She chats on the internet –

CHAT! CHAT! CHAT!

She chats in the morning
and chats in the night.
She chats when it's dark
and she chats when it's light.
She chats about this
and she chats about that.
She chats in the supermarket –

CHAT! CHAT! CHAT!

I have a mum who likes to chat.
She chats to my aunt
and to Great Uncle Pat.
She chats about this
and she chats about that.
All she ever does is

CHAT! CHAT! CHAT!

(By Joshua Seigal)

Lucky Pants

Lucky pants
Wear them tight

Lucky pants
Feel just right

Lucky pants
Make me smile

Lucky pants
Just my style

Lucky pants
Blue and red

Lucky pants
On my head

Lucky pants
While I sleep

Lucky pants
Mine to keep!

(By Joshua Seigal)

Teachers Are Human Too

They cook, they clean
They read, they dream
They eat ice cream
Teachers are human too

They sing and clap
They jog, they nap
With dog on lap
Teachers are human too

They laze about
They preen, they pout
They're full of doubt
Teachers are human too

They make a brew
They're just like you
They sometimes even
Use the loo

(It's true!)

Because teachers
Are human too.

(By Joshua Seigal)

Yeti on the Settee

There's a yeti
on the settee
as of yet he
won't get off

It seems petty
but he's sweaty
(I regret he
has a cough)

With my threat he
is beset, he
gets upset, he
tries to fight

So I'll let the
sweaty yeti
on my settee
stay the night

(By Joshua Seigal)

Sleeping Out

What it is we cats get up to
when we don't come home?

What do we do? Where do we go?
Bet you humans would like to
know.

Do we make a magic circle
recite poetry, dance and chortle?

Do we form an ancient pack
and prey along the railway track?

Do we set the night on fire
eyes emerald, sapphire?

Do we have a brawling, fur-flying,
caterwauling old knees-up?

Do we find a partner
and have a lovey-dovey smooch-
up?

Or do I, bit-of-a-loner,
slink off under the warmth
of a parked car for shelter?

That's for me to know and you to
wonder.

(By Grace Nichols)

Air

The yawn in the morning filling
your mouth
with no one to start you yawning

air in my hair
air in the air
ffffffffffffffff
The swing in the playground
swinging
with no one on the swing to swing
it

air in my hair
air in the air
ffffffffffffffff

The balloon with its skin blown up
tight
with no one blowing to tighten the
skin

air in my hair
air in the air
ffffffffffffffff

The open window where the cool
blows in
with no one to blow the cool

(By Michael Rosen)

Frost

Overnight, a giant spilt icing sugar on the ground,
He spilt it in the hedgerows, and the trees without a sound,
He made a wedding-cake of the haystack in the field,
He dredged the countryside and the grass was all concealed,
He sprinkled sugar on the roofs, in patches not too neat,
And in the morning when we woke, the world around was sweet.

(By Valerie Bloom)

How to Turn Your Teacher Purple!

Heebie Geebie, Hurple Burple
Time to turn my teacher...PURPLE!

Simply chant this magic spell
soon your teacher looks unwell:
purple cheeks and purple nose
purpleness from head to toes

Feed her beetroot every hour
see her fill with purple power
bloomin' like a purple flower
how she'll scream
when in the shower!!!

(By James Carter)

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!

(By Spike Milligan)

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!

Please Mrs Butler

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?

(By Allan Ahlberg)

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.

I Am The Song

I am the song that sings the bird.
I am the leaf that grows the land.
I am the tide that moves the moon.
I am the stream that halts the sand.
I am the cloud that drives the storm.
I am the earth that lights the sun.
I am the fire that strikes the stone.
I am the clay that shapes the hand.
I am the word that speaks the man.

(By Charles Causley)

The sound collector

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

(By Roger McGough)

Indian Cooking (1993)

The bottom of the pan was a
palette– paprika, cayenne, dhania
haldi, heaped like powder-paints.

Melted ghee made lakes, golden
rivers.
The keema frying, my mother
waited for the fat to bubble to the
surface.

Friends bought silver-leaf.
I dropped it on khir – special rice
pudding for parties.

I tasted the landscape, customs
of my father's country–
its fever on biting a chilli.

(By Moniza Alvi)

Maggie And Milly And Molly And May

maggie and milly and molly and may
went down to the beach(to play one day)

and maggie discovered a shell that sang
so sweetly she couldn't remember her troubles, and

milly befriended a stranded star
whose rays five languid fingers were;

and molly was chased by a horrible thing
which raced sideways while blowing bubbles:and

may came home with a smooth round stone
as small as a world and as large as alone.

For whatever we lose (like a you or a me)
it's always ourselves we find in the sea

(By E.E.Cummings)

Bedtime

Five minutes, five minutes more, please!
Let me stay five minutes more!
Can't I just finish the castle
I'm building here on the floor?
Can't I just finish the story
I'm reading here in my book?
Can't I just finish this bead-chain —
It almost is finished, look!
Can't I just finish this game, please?
When a game's once begun
It's a pity never to find out
Whether you've lost or won.
Can't I just stay five minutes?
Well, can't I just stay just four?
Three minutes, then? two minutes?
Can't I stay one minute more?

(By Eleanor Farjeon)

From A Railway Carriage

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!

(By Robert Louis Stevenson)

King of the Dinosaurs

I'm the king of the dinosaurs, number one reptile,
tyrannosaurus rex can't touch my style.
I'm dressed to kill, got the sharpest suit,
when I rip you apart, my friend, you won't find it cute.

Don't laugh at me cos I'm mean,
the ugliest lizard you ever seen.
No point trying to run away,
I'll only eat you another day.

I got teeth cut like a razor, so do yourself a favour,
unless you want to be my breakfast, lunch, or tea,
make sure you stay well away from me.

Don't talk to me about no ice age,
you wouldn't like me in a rage.
Extinction's just a rumour,
and I ain't in the humour,
for hearing that the party's done,
my fun's only just begun.

(By Aoife Mannix)

Please do not feed the animals...

Please do not feed the ostriches
sandwiches
or the polar bears
éclairs.

Do not offer the wombats
kumquats
or the rattle-snakes
fruit-cakes.

Remember that piranhas
are not allowed bananas
or partridges
sausages.

Never approach a stork
with things on a fork
or the bustard
with a plate of custard.
No leopard
likes anything peppered
and meerkats
dislike Kit Kats.

Remember that grapes
upset apes
and meringues
do the same for orang-utans.

Most importantly—
do not feed the cheetah
your teacher.

(By Robert Hull)

Sun, You're a Star

Millions
billions
trillions of stars -
all keeping
their distance

Only you, Sun,
came with your
shimmering dance -
cutting a yellow path
through the dark

My kind of star
cheering us with your glitz
Your autograph -
a flourish of sunbeams
across our skin.

(By Grace Nichols)

The Sea

The sea is a hungry dog,
Giant and grey.
He rolls on the beach all day.
With his clashing teeth and shaggy
jaws
Hour upon hour he gnaws
The rumbling, tumbling stones,
And 'Bones, bones, bones, bones!'
The giant sea-dog moans,
Licking his greasy paws.

And when the night wind roars
And the moon rocks in the stormy
cloud,
He bounds to his feet and snuffs
and sniffs,
Shaking his wet sides over the
cliffs,
And howls and hollos long and
loud.

But on quiet days in May or June,
When even the grasses on the dune
Play no more their reedy tune,
With his head between his paws
He lies on the sandy shores,
So quiet, so quiet, he scarcely
snores.

(By James Reeves)

A Poem to be Spoken Silently...

It was so silent that I heard
my thoughts rustle
like leaves in a paper bag . . .

It was so peaceful that I heard
the trees ease off
their coats of bark . . .

It was so still that I heard
the paving stones groan
as they muscled for space . . .

It was so silent that I heard
a page of this book
whisper to its neighbour,
'Look he's peering at us again . . .'

It was so still that I felt
a raindrop grin
as it tickled the window's pane . . .

It was so calm that I sensed
a smile crack the face
of a stranger . . .

It was quiet that I heard
the morning earth roll over
in its sleep and doze
for five minutes more . . .

(By Pie Corbett)

Me in the morning

The alarm's just gone
In comes my mum
'Come on young boy it's time to arise'

This is not possible with a ton of sleep in my eyes
Not for me the slothful sliding out of slumber
Nay instead the bombastic bursts of Big Ben's thunder

Oh where's my shoes, oh where's my socks?
Oh who on Earth invented clocks?
Oh where's my pants? My brain's awry
Oh God I feel I surely must die

What shirt to wear? Which tie will match?
Decisions, decisions oh I think I'll have a scratch
A comb, a comb, my kingdom for a comb

It's gone, it's gone, my comb's left home
Stolen, I suppose, by some comb-loving gnome

The sheet's warmth comforts my sorrow
I'll go to school but on the morrow

(By Lynford French)

Night Walker

There is a place (believe me,
she said) where if, if
you go beyond
the street lights, to the lane's end,
then (and don't look back)
walk on...

(One flash could nix your night-sight,
the spark of a car on the hill
a mile away
or a patio light's twitchy sensor
shocking empty gardens
with fake day.)

Just walk, she told me once. You'll see
what owl-eyes, fox-eyes, know:
there is a place
behind the darkness. It's like coming home,
she said, believe me. I hope
it was true.

Look up. The height of it! More stars
than anyone has seen. And once
small speck called you
among the millions. And you're spinning
upwards (she said, the last time
we saw her) through

the brilliant dark, the depth, of space.

(By Philip Gross)

Jabberwocky

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

“Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!”

He took his vorpal sword in hand;
Long time the manxome foe he sought—
So rested he by the Tumtum tree
And stood awhile in thought.

And, as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffling through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.

“And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!”
He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

(By Lewis Carroll)

Harriet Tubman

Harriet Tubman didn't take no stuff
Wasn't scared of nothing neither
Didn't come in this world to be no slave
And wasn't going to stay one either

"Farewell!" she sang to her friends one night
She was mighty sad to leave 'em
But she ran away that dark, hot night
Ran looking for her freedom

She ran to the woods and she ran through the woods
With the slave catchers right behind her
And she kept on going till she got to the North
Where those mean men couldn't find her

Nineteen times she went back South
To get three hundred others
She ran for her freedom nineteen times
To save Black sisters and brothers

Harriet Tubman didn't take no stuff
Wasn't scared of nothing neither
Didn't come in this world to be no slave
And didn't stay one either

And didn't stay one either

(By Eloise Greenfield)

Macavity: The Mystery Cat

Macavity's a Mystery Cat: he's called the Hidden Paw —
For he's the master criminal who can defy the Law.
He's the bafflement of Scotland Yard, the Flying Squad's despair:
For when they reach the scene of crime — Macavity's not there!

Macavity, Macavity, there's no one like Macavity,
He's broken every human law, he breaks the law of gravity.
His powers of levitation would make a fakir stare,
And when you reach the scene of crime – Macavity's not there!
You may seek him in the basement, you may look up in the air –
But I tell you once and once again, Macavity's not there!

Macavity's a ginger cat, he's very tall and thin;
You would know him if you saw him, for his eyes are sunken in.
His brow is deeply lined with thought, his head is highly domed;
His coat is dusty from neglect, his whiskers are uncombed.
He sways his head from side to side, with movements like a snake;
And when you think he's half asleep, he's always wide awake.

Macavity, Macavity, there's no one like Macavity,
For he's a fiend in feline shape, a monster of depravity.
You may meet him in a by-street, you may see him in the square –
But when a crime's discovered, then Macavity's not there!

He's outwardly respectable. (They say he cheats at cards.)
And his footprints are not found in any file of Scotland Yard's.
And when the larder's looted, or the jewel-case is rifled,
Or when the milk is missing, or another Peke's been stifled,
Or the greenhouse glass is broken, and the trellis past repair –
Ay, there's the wonder of the thing! Macavity's not there!

And when the Foreign Office find a Treaty's gone astray,
Or the Admiralty lose some plans and drawings by the way,
There may be a scrap of paper in the hall or on the stair –
But it's useless to investigate – Macavity's not there!
And when the loss has been disclosed, the Secret Service say:
'It must have been Macavity!' – but he's a mile away.
You'll be sure to find him resting, or a-licking of his thumbs,
Or engaged in doing complicated long division sums.

Macavity, Macavity, there's no one like Macavity,
There never was a Cat of such deceitfulness and suavity.
He always has an alibi, and one or two to spare:
At whatever time the deed took place – MACAVITY WASN'T THERE!
And they say that all the Cats whose wicked deeds are widely known
(I might mention Mungojerrie, I might mention Griddlebone)
Are nothing more than agents for the Cat who all the time
Just controls their operations: the Napoleon of Crime!

(By T.S. Eliot)