



# Hambleton Primary School

## Poetry

### School values

Through sharing, reading, writing and performing rhymes and poems, we aim to build children's emotional connection to language and the world around us. Poems are used throughout our curriculum to develop vocabulary, fluency and prosody, imagination and empathy. We also encourage children to review poetry – to form opinions about their own likes and dislikes and to understand and explain their preferences and respect the thoughts and feelings of others.

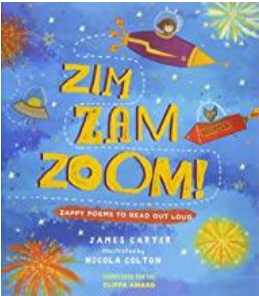
We are committed as a school to developing a love of reading and to reading aloud each day. Alongside our class picture books, novels and non-fiction books, we have two class poetry books to be shared throughout the year. Of course, teachers can add to the core books to further develop children's exposure and enjoyment of poetry.

We have identified a core set of poems for each year group. Each year group will learn by heart two poems to be performed for assembly or to be shared with parents or visitors. Children will also be encouraged to revisit poems previously learnt.

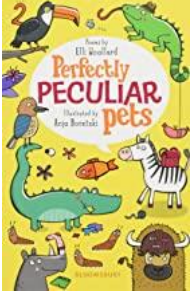

Each year group will encounter a varied selection of poems when used in reading lessons, where vocabulary and meaning can be explored and explained, together with the development of children's wider reading skills.

Poetry also forms part of our writing curriculum and each year group has two forms of poetry to explore and create. This allows children the opportunity to learn more about particular structures of poetry and allows them to write their own poems using a wide range of poetic devices. Children are encouraged to perform their own poetry alongside the poems learnt by their year group.

We also seek opportunities throughout the year for children to watch or hear poets reciting and discussing their own work.

EYFS	
Poems to Share	Rhymes, Poems and Songs to Perform
<p>Poems Out Loud - L Stansfield</p>  <p>Zim Zam Zoom - J Carter &amp; N Colton</p> 	<p>Incy Wincy Spider</p> <p>Dingle Dangle Scarecrow</p> <p>Grand Old Duke</p> <p>Humpty Dumpty</p> <p>Oat and Beans and Barley Grow</p>

Incy Wincy Spider	Oats and Beans and Barley Grow	Dingle, Dangle Scarecrow	Humpty Dumpty
<p>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.</p> <p>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</p> <p style="text-align: center;">The Grand Old Duke of York</p> <p>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.</p> <p>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.</p>	<p>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?</p> <p>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</p> <p>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?</p> <p>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</p> <p>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?</p>	<p>When all the cows were sleeping And the sun had gone to bed Up jumped the scarecrow And this is what he said</p> <p>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</p> <p>When all the hens were roosting And the moon behind a cloud Up jumped the scarecrow And shouted very loud</p> <p>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</p>	<p>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.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>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.</p>

Poems to Share	Poems to Perform	Poems to Read	Poems to Write
<p data-bbox="174 212 492 280">Perfectly Peculiar Pets - E Woollard &amp; A Boretzki</p>  <p data-bbox="174 647 492 716">A First Book of the Sea - N Davies &amp; E Sutton</p> 	<p data-bbox="757 212 972 280">Water - Shirley Hughes</p> <p data-bbox="745 328 983 397">Rickety Train Ride - Tony Mitton</p>	<p data-bbox="1234 212 1514 280">Spaghetti! Spaghetti! - Jack Prelutsky</p> <p data-bbox="1263 328 1485 397">Feasts - Shirley Hughes</p>	<p data-bbox="1839 212 1962 240">Concrete</p> <p data-bbox="1641 292 2145 515">A concrete poem is written in the shape of its subject. As form is the highest consideration here sometimes the poems consist of single words describing their subject rather than complete lines.</p> <p data-bbox="1839 603 1962 632">Rhyming</p> <p data-bbox="1641 683 2119 826">Rhyming patterns can be in couplets where pairs of lines rhyme or can be alternate where every other line rhymes.</p>

Water – Shirley Hughes

I like water.

The shallow, splashy, paddy kind,  
The hold-on-tight-it's-deep kind.

Slosh it out of buckets,  
spray it all around.

I do like water.

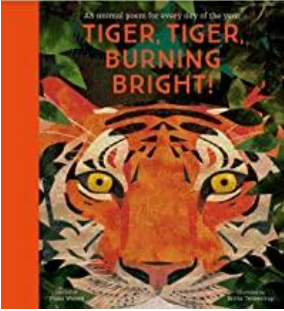
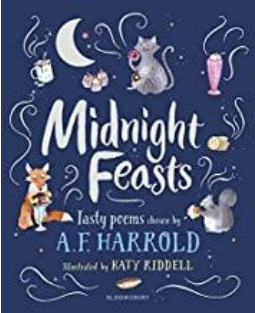
Rickety Train Ride - Tony Mitton

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.

Poems to Share	Poems to Perform	Poems to Read	Poems to Write
<p data-bbox="165 212 501 280">Tiger Tiger Burning Bright - Fiona Waters</p>  <p data-bbox="87 711 577 783">Midnight Feasts: Tasty poems chosen by A.F. Harrold</p> 	<p data-bbox="689 217 1039 288">Daddy Fell into The Pond – Alfred Noyes</p> <p data-bbox="714 336 1014 408">Cats Sleep Anywhere – Eleanor Farjeon</p>	<p data-bbox="1146 212 1603 244">Footprints in the Sand – B Williams</p> <p data-bbox="1162 292 1588 323">A Tiny Burning Flame - Unknown</p> <p data-bbox="1176 371 1574 403">Owl and the Pussy Cat – E Lear</p> <p data-bbox="1167 451 1588 563">My Lonely Garden from Take off Your Brave – Nadim (aged 4)</p> <p data-bbox="1240 611 1509 643">Cobwebs - Unknown</p>	<p data-bbox="1839 212 1973 244">Diamante</p> <p data-bbox="1644 292 2152 675">A diamante is an unrhymed seven-line poem. The first and seventh line of the poem have one word and this word is a noun. The second and sixth lines have two words and these are adjectives connected to the first noun. The third and fifth lines have three words and these are verbs. The fourth line has four words and these are nouns.</p> <p data-bbox="1850 762 1957 794">Acrostic</p> <p data-bbox="1644 842 2152 1066">An acrostic is a poem in which the first letters of each line spell out a word or phrase. Usually, the first letter of each line is capitalised. Acrostics do not have to rhyme and there is not set length or rhythm for each line.</p>

## Year 2: Poems to Perform

When Daddy Fell into the Pond – Alfred Noyes

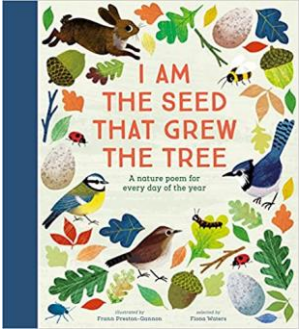

Everyone grumbled. The sky was grey.  
We had nothing to do and nothing to say.  
We were nearing the end of a dismal day,  
And there seemed to be nothing beyond,  
THEN  
*Daddy fell into the pond!*

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.

Poems to Share	Poems to Perform	Poems to Read	Poems to Write
<p data-bbox="100 212 562 280">I Am the Seed That Grew the Tree - F Waters &amp; F Preston-Gannon</p>  <p data-bbox="168 683 497 751">Stars with Flaming Tails - Valerie Bloom</p> 	<p data-bbox="719 217 1005 288">The Sound Collector - Roger McGough</p> <p data-bbox="692 336 1032 408">The Adventures of Isabel - Ogden Nash</p>	<p data-bbox="1223 217 1525 288">The Dragon of Andor – Reading Explorers</p> <p data-bbox="1285 336 1464 408">Mr Moore – David Harmer</p> <p data-bbox="1234 456 1516 528">Ghost in the Garden - Berlie Doherty</p> <p data-bbox="1249 571 1500 643">The Small Dragon - Brian Patten</p> <p data-bbox="1205 691 1545 762">If Anger was an Animal - The Emotional Menagerie</p> <p data-bbox="1245 810 1505 882">The Witch of Axon - Reading Explorers</p> <p data-bbox="1182 930 1568 1002">My Brother Might be Bigfoot- Kenn Nesbitt</p>	<p data-bbox="1877 212 1928 240">List</p> <p data-bbox="1641 292 2112 515">A list poem collects content in a list form. It can be purely a list without any transitional phrases. List poems don't have any fixed rhyme or rhythmic pattern – this is the poet's choice.</p> <p data-bbox="1843 603 1962 632">Clerihew</p> <p data-bbox="1641 683 2157 946">A clerihew is usually a humorous poem written about a specific person. It is a four-line comic verse with two rhyming pairs of lines with the rhyme scheme AABB. The First line of the poem will include the name of the person about whom the verse is written.</p>

### 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

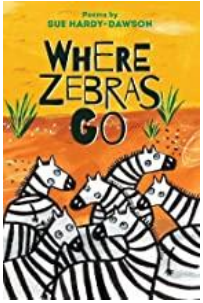
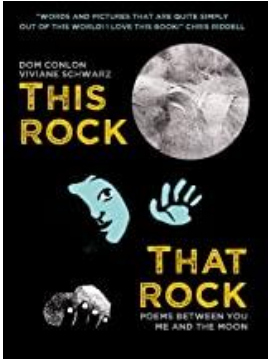
Isabel met an enormous bear,  
Isabel, Isabel, didn't care,  
The bear was hungry, the bear was ravenous,  
The bear's big mouth was cruel and cavernous.  
The bear said, Isabel, glad to meet you,  
How do, Isabel, now I'll eat you!

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 Share	Poems to Perform	Poems to Read	Poems to Write
<p>Where Zebras Go – S Hardy-Dawson</p>  <p>This Rock, That Rock - D Conlon</p> 	<p>Granny's Sugarcake – John Lyons</p> <p>From a Railway Carriage – R L Stevenson</p>	<p>It Couldn't Be Done - Edgar A Guest</p> <p>Hey Diddle Diddle</p> <p>The Jaberwocky – Lewis Carroll</p> <p><a href="#">Add more</a></p>	<p>Kennings</p> <p>Kennings are a means of referring to people or objects without naming them directly. A Kenning names something by describing its qualities in a two-word compound expression (often consisting of a noun and a verb made into a noun using an -er ending). Kennings can be developed into a poem or a riddle.</p> <p>Free Verse</p> <p>Free verse poems have no rhyming structure and often don't have a particular rhythm or syllable patterns. Poets use line breaks, punctuation and the use of shorter and longer lines to convey meaning.</p>

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 gimme  
tell meh ah got to wait  
fuh it to cool down good.

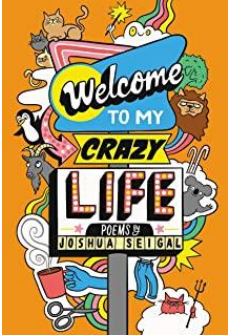
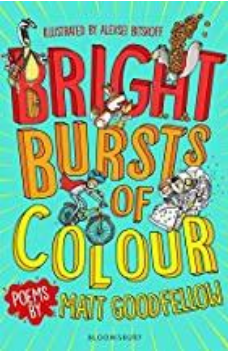
Sugarcake!  
Sugarcake!  
How ah love de sugarcake  
meh Granny does mek

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 Share	Poems to Perform	Poems to Read	Poems to Write
<p>Welcome to My Crazy Life – J Seigal</p>  <p>Bright Bursts of Colour – M Goodfellow</p> 	<p>Leisure – W H Davies</p> <p>Walking with My Iguana – Brian Moses</p>	<p>Storm in a Rainforest – Sally Garland</p> <p>Autumn leaves – James Mcinerney</p> <p>The Sky Artist – Grace Nichols</p> <p>The British – Ben Zephaniah</p> <p>Whispering Waves – National Poetry Library</p> <p>Twas the night before Christmas - Clement Clarke Moore</p> <p>A Poem to be Spoken Silently – Pie Corbett</p>	<p>Haiku</p> <p>Haiku are seventeen syllable poems with the following structure: Line 1: 5 syllables Line 2: 7 syllables Line 3: 5 syllables The lines are separate and each contains a new thought. A haiku describes one moment of time. Haiku are visual poems usually about the natural world, and leave the reader with a picture.</p> <p>Blackout</p> <p>Blackout poetry is a form of ‘found poetry’ where the poet selects words from a printed text and redacts the unwanted words. The chosen words will form a new poem - giving the original text a whole new meaning.</p>

## 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.

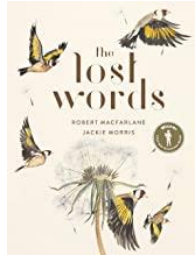
Leisure – William Henry Davies

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 Share

The Lost Words –  
R Macfarlane & J Morris



Belonging Street – M Coe



Poems to Perform

The River – Valerie Bloom  
In Flanders' Fields – John McCrea

Poems to Read

The Book –  
Michael Rosen  
My Grandma's Bonsai Tree –  
Ben Mayoh  
The Highwayman –  
Alfred Noyes  
The Listeners –  
Walter de la Mare  
The Hill We Climb –  
Amanda Gorman  
Raven –  
R Macfarlane  
Cloud Busting –  
Malorie Blackman

Poems to Write

Spoken Word  
Characterized by rhyme, repetition, improvisation, and word play, spoken word poems frequently refer to issues of social justice, politics, race, and community. Spoken word may draw on music, sound, dance, or other kinds of performance to connect with audiences.  
Narrative  
Narrative poems tell a story, usually about a very specific moment in time. They can be written in rhyme and with strict rhythmic pattern but are most often in free verse.

## 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.