



# Poetry

*“You can find poetry in your everyday life, your memory, in what people say on the bus, in the news, or just what’s in your heart.”*

*Carol Ann Duffy*

*“A poet is, before anything else, a person who is passionately in love with language.” —W. H. Auden*

*“Poetry is the rhythmical creation of beauty in words.” —Edgar Allan Poe*

## **What we believe:**

At Hayton, we are committed to developing a love of reading. Alongside our reading books, 'Reading Without Limits' books, picture books, novels and non-fiction books, we have poetry books which are shared throughout the year. These are only a starting point; teachers will add to these throughout the year to further develop children's exposure and enjoyment of poetry.

Through sharing, reading, writing and performing rhymes and poems, we aim to build children's emotional connection to language and the world around us.

Each year group/class will encounter a varied selection of poems 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 from Year 1 onwards, has different forms of poetry to explore and create, some linked to the poetry they read, study and enjoy and some linked to their wider writing outcomes. This allows children the opportunity to learn more about how poetry can be structured and 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 class.

Poems are also used throughout our curriculum to develop vocabulary, fluency and prosody, imagination and empathy. Wherever they are encountered in school, our children are urged 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 have identified a core set of poems for each year group. Each year group will learn by heart at least two poems to be performed and shared with their peers, parents or visitors. Children will also be encouraged to revisit poems previously learnt. We also seek opportunities throughout the year for children to watch or hear poets reciting and discussing their own work.

## **How we know if it has had an impact:**

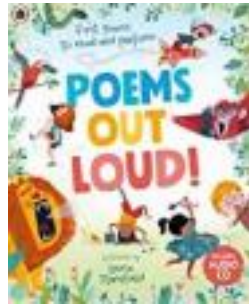
- ✓ Developing a poetry friendly classroom and school that inspires, excites and enthuses children and celebrates the value of poetry and language.
- ✓ Knowing about and being confident to write and read poetry in a range of models. Understanding that there are many forms, shapes and sizes of poetry and it doesn't always have to rhyme!
- ✓ Providing many and varied opportunities to lift poems from the page and bring them to life– reading poetry aloud, performing, dramatising, joining in and hearing poets perform their own work.
- ✓ Encouraging talk about and connecting to children's personal experience, giving children permission and opportunities to share and write about themselves, their feelings and important events using poetic forms.
- ✓ Developing teachers' knowledge, confidence and expertise in their own poetry repertoire and about the teaching of poetry.
- ✓ Appreciating that poetry study supports reading, phonics and language development across all year groups.
- ✓ Working with professional poets so that children can understand the process of poetry creation, performance and presentation.
- ✓ Understanding the importance of art, drama, music and dance to support and enhance children's poetry writing and develop responses.
- ✓ Giving children's own poetry an audience using a variety of forms.

How we do it:



## Poems to Share

Poems Out Loud  
L Stansfield



Zim Zam Zoom –  
J Carter & N Colton



## Rhymes, Poems and Songs to Perform

- Incy Wincy Spider
- Dingle Dangle Scarecrow Grand Old Duke
  
- Humpty Dumpty
- Oat and Beans and Barley Grow

## 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

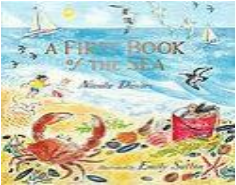

## Humpty Dumpty

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 Share	Poems to Perform	Opportunities to write poetry	
 <p>A First Book of the Sea Nicola Davies &amp; Emily Sutton</p>  <p>The Puffin Book of Fantastic First Poems</p>	<p>Water by Shirley Hughes</p> <p>At The Seaside by Robert Louis Stevenson</p>	<a href="#">Linked texts</a>	<a href="#">Types of Poetry</a>
		<p>Old Bear Hermelin Where the Wild Things Are</p> <p>The Secret of Black Rock</p>	<p>List Poem List Poem Pairs List Poem; Senses Poem; Kenning Alliterative Phrases Poem</p>

Year 1: Poems to Perform	
<p><b>Water – Shirley Hughes</b></p> <p>I like water. The shallow, splashy, paddly kind, The hold-on-tight-it's-deep kind.</p> <p>Slosh it out of buckets, spray it all around.</p> <p>I do like water.</p>	<p><b>At The Seaside- Robert Louis Stevenson</b></p> <p>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.</p>

Year 2: Poems to Share	Poems to Perform	Opportunities to write poetry	
<p data-bbox="129 215 470 284">Tiger Tiger Burning Bright Fiona Waters</p>  <p data-bbox="136 667 465 735">Weird, Wild &amp; Wonderful James Carter</p> 	<p data-bbox="595 215 1039 284">Daddy Fell into The Pond – Alfred Noyes</p> <p data-bbox="618 336 1032 405">Cats Sleep Anywhere – Eleanor Farjeon</p> <p data-bbox="562 458 920 568">In Flanders Fields John McCrae (Remembrance Assembly)</p>	<a href="#">Linked texts</a>	<a href="#">Types of Poetry</a>
		A River	Alliteration Poem
		The Night Gardener	Simile Poem
		The Bog Baby	Description Poem
		Grandad's Island	Descriptive poem
		The King who Banned the Dark	Conjunction Poem
		Rosie Revere Engineer	Descriptive Poem



### 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!*

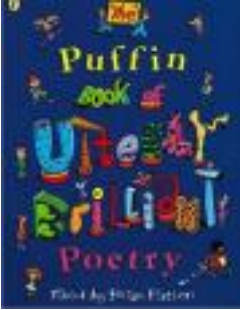

And everyone's face grew  
merry and bright,  
And Timothy danced for sheer delight.  
"Give me the camera, quick, oh quick!  
He's crawling out of the duckweed!"  
*Click!*

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 Share	Poems to Perform	Opportunities to write poetry	
<p>The Puffin Book of Utterly Brilliant Poetry Edited by Brian Patten</p>  <p>Stars with Flaming Tails by Valerie Bloom</p> 	<p>The Sound Collector - Roger McGough</p> <p>The Adventures of Isabel – Ogden Nash</p>	<a href="#">Linked texts</a>	<a href="#">Types of Poetry</a>
		The Iron Man	Kenning poem
		Fox	Simile Poem
		Rhythm of the Rain	Kenning Poem
		Jemmy Button	Simile Poem
		Into the Forest	Personification Poem

### 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

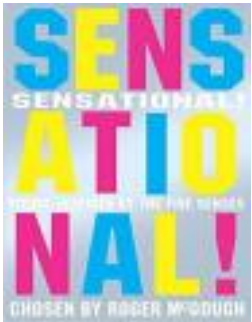
### The Adventures of Isabel – Ogden Nash

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	Opportunities to write	
<p>Sensational Edited by Roger McGough</p>  <p>Where Zebras Go Sue Hardy-Dawson</p> 	<p>Granny's Sugarcake – John Lyons</p> <p>From a Railway Carriage – R. L. Stevenson</p>	<a href="#">Linked texts</a>	<a href="#">Types of Poetry</a>
		The Whale	Simile Poem
		Leaf	Preposition Poem
		Arthur and the Golden Rope	Abstract Noun Poem
		The Lost Happy Endings	Character Poem
		The Journey	Contrast Poem
		Manfish	Setting Poem

## 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.

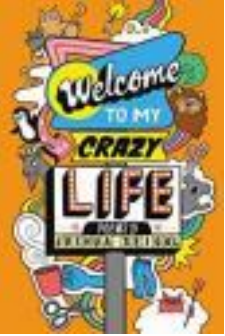

Wen de sugarcake ready,  
she spoon it out  
on greaseproof paper,  
an is den meh mout begin to water  
but de look meh Granny gimme  
tell meh ah got to wait  
fuh it to cool down good.

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 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!

Year 5: Poems to Share	Poems to Perform	Opportunities to write	
<p data-bbox="125 261 501 336">Welcome to My Crazy Life J Seigal</p>  <p data-bbox="165 719 472 794">Bright Bursts of Colour M Goodfellow</p> 	<p data-bbox="584 261 734 336">Leisure – W H Davies</p> <p data-bbox="629 384 972 496">Walking with My Iguana – Brian Moses</p>	<a href="#">Linked texts</a>	<a href="#">Types of Poetry</a>
		When we Walked on the Moon	Contrast Poem
		FaRther	Personification Poem
		The Hound of the Baskervilles	Description Poem
		The Promise	Narrative Poem
		The Lost Book of Adventure	Setting Poem
		King Kong	Simile Poem

### 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	Poems to Perform	Opportunities to write	
<p data-bbox="107 300 495 376">Collected Poems for Children Charles Causley</p> <p data-bbox="197 730 423 807">Belonging Street Mandy Coe</p> 	<p data-bbox="564 300 904 331">The River – Valerie Bloom</p> <p data-bbox="584 384 1048 416">The Listeners – Walter De La Mare</p>	<a href="#">Linked texts</a>	<a href="#">Types of Poetry</a>
		Rose Blanche	Contrast Poem
		A Story Like the Wind	Onomatopoeia Poem
		On the Origin of the Species	Spine Poem
		Shackleton	Atmosphere Poem
		Hansel and Gretel	Perspective Poem



## 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.

### The Listeners – Walter De La Mare

Is there anybody there?' said the Traveller,  
Knocking on the moonlit door;  
And his horse in the silence champed the grasses  
Of the forest's ferny floor:  
And a bird flew up out of the turret,  
Above the Traveller's head:  
And he smote upon the door again a second time; 'Is  
there anybody there?' he said.  
But no one descended to the Traveller;  
No head from the leaf-fringed sill  
Leaned over and looked into his grey eyes,  
Where he stood perplexed and still.  
But only a host of phantom listeners  
That dwelt in the lone house then  
Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight  
To that voice from the world of men:  
Stood thronging the faint moonbeams on the dark stair, That  
goes down to the empty hall,  
Harkening in an air stirred and shaken  
By the lonely Traveller's call.  
And he felt in his heart their strangeness,  
Their stillness answering his cry,  
While his horse moved, cropping the dark turf,  
'Neath the starred and leafy sky;  
For he suddenly smote on the door, even

Louder, and lifted his head:—

‘Tell them I came, and no one answered,  
That I kept my word,’ he said.

Never the least stir made the listeners,  
Though every word he spake

Fell echoing through the shadowiness of the still house  
From the one man left awake:

Ay, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,

And the sound of iron on stone,

And how the silence surged softly backward,

When the plunging hoofs were gone.