



## Poetry-by-Heart Key Stage 2 (Year 3 Year 4)

### Slowly

Slowly the tide creeps up the sand,  
Slowly the shadows cross the land.  
Slowly the carthorse pulls his mile,  
Slowly the old man mounts the stile.

Slowly the hands move round the clock,  
Slowly the dew dries on the dock.  
Slow is the snail – but slowest of all  
the green moss spreads on the old brick wall.

James Reeves.

### Bed in Summer

In winter I get up at night  
And dress by yellow candle-light.  
In summer, quite the other way,  
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see  
The birds still hopping on the tree,  
Or hear the grown-up people's feet  
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,  
When all the sky is clear and blue,  
And I should like so much to play,  
To have to go to bed by day?

Robert Louis Stevenson

### Child's Song In Spring

The silver birch is a dainty lady,  
She wears a satin gown;  
The elm tree makes the old churchyard shady,  
She will not live in town.  
The English oak is a sturdy fellow,  
He gets his green coat late;  
The willow is smart in a suit of yellow,  
While brown the beech trees wait.  
Such a gay green gown God gives the larches –  
As green as He is good!  
The hazels hold up their arms for arches,  
When Spring rides through the wood.  
The chestnut's proud and the lilac's pretty,  
The poplar's gentle and tall,  
But the plane tree's kind to the poor dull city –  
I love him best of all!

E. Nesbit

### 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 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!  
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!

Spike Milligan



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**The door**

Go and open the door.  
Maybe outside there's  
a tree, or a wood,  
a garden,  
or a magic city.

Go and open the door.  
Maybe a dog's rummaging.  
Maybe you'll see a face,  
or an eye,  
or the picture  
of a picture.

Go and open the door.  
If there's a fog  
it will clear.

Go and open the door.  
Even if there's only  
the darkness ticking,  
even if there's only  
the hollow wind,  
even if  
nothing  
is there,  
go and open the door.

At least  
there'll be  
a draught.

Miroslav Holub

**The River**

The River's a wanderer,  
A nomad, a tramp,  
He never chooses 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 goggled up trees  
And he'll swallow you next.

Valerie Bloom



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**Gran Can You Rap?**

Gran was in her chair she was taking a nap  
When I tapped her on the shoulder to see if she could rap.  
Gran can you rap? Can you rap? Can you Gran?  
And she opened one eye and she said to me, Man,  
I'm the best rapping Gran this world's ever seen  
I'm a tip-top, slip-slap, rap-rap queen.  
And she rose from the chair in the corner of the room  
And she started to rap with a bim-bam-boom,  
And she rolled up her eyes and she rolled round her head  
And as she rolled by this is what she said,  
I'm the best rapping gran this world's ever seen  
I'm a nip-nap, yip-yap, rap-rap queen.  
Then she rapped past my Dad and she rapped past my mother,  
She rapped past me and my little baby brother.  
She rapped her arms narrow she rapped her arms wide,  
She rapped through the door and she rapped outside.  
She's the best rapping Gran this world's ever seen  
She's a drip-drop, trip-trap, rap-rap queen.  
She rapped down the garden she rapped down the street,  
The neighbours all cheered and they tapped their feet.  
She rapped through the traffic lights as they turned red  
As she rapped round the corner this is what she said,  
I'm the best rapping Gran this world's ever seen  
I'm a flip-flop, hip-hop, rap-rap queen.  
She rapped down the lane she rapped up the hill,  
And she disappeared she was rapping still.  
I could hear Gran's voice saying, Listen Man,  
Listen to the rapping of the rap-rap Gran.  
I'm the best rapping Gran this world's ever seen  
I'm a -

tip-top, slip-slap,  
nip-nap, yip-yap,  
hip-hop, trip-trap,  
touch yer cap,  
take a nap,  
happy, happy, happy, happy,  
rap-rap-queen.

Jack Ousby



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