Poetry To Learn by Heart

It is a statutory requirement in the National Curriculum that children learn to recite poems by heart.

Spend 5 minutes learning the poem by heart each day. 1 poem every half term by heart.

Included are a variety of classic and contemporary poems.

Year Groups	Autumn 1	Autumn 2	Spring 1	Spring 2	Summer 1	Summer 2
EYFS	Poetry Basket	Poetry Basket	Poetry Basket	Poetry Basket	Poetry Basket	Poetry Basket
Y1	Soggy Greens By John Cunliffe	Snowball By Shel Silverstein	Cats By Eleanor Farjeon	The Little Plant Kate L. Brown	Bed in Summer Robert Louis Stevenson	Now We Are Six By A.A Milne
Y2	The Schoolkids' Rap John Foster	The Christmas Pine Julia Donaldson	Opened A Book Julia Donaldson	Song of the Train David McCord	Bluebottle Judith Nicholls	Please Do not Feed the Animals Robert Hull
Y3	Autumn Gilt Valerie Bloom	A parade of Beast Doodles	Alligator Problem Micheal Rosen	A Special Badger Matt Goodfellow	If All the World Were Paper Joseph Coelho	The River Valerie Bloom
Y4	The Thought Fox Ted Hughes	You Are Valerie Bloom	Thought Machine Laura Mucha	Air Micheal Rosen	A Life in Dreams Jacob Sam-La Rose	If you Could see Laughter Mandy Coe
Y5	School Day Lesley Gibbes	Silver Walter De La Mare	Daffodils William Wordsworth	The Magic Box Kit Wright	The Tyger William Blake	Gran, Can you Rap? Jack Ousby
Y5 & 6	The Highwayman Alfred Noyes	Life Doesn't Frighten Me Maya Angelou	Daffodils William Wordsworth	Matilda Hilary Belloc	Gran, Can you Rap? Jack Ousby	Strest Matt Goodfellow
Y6	Hope Nicola Davies	What the teacher said when asked John Agyard	Jabberwocky Lewis Carroll	Gone Jennifer Watson	Choose Love Nicola Davies	Strest Matt Goodfellow

The Children's Poetry Archive - Listen to the world's best children's poetry read out loud.

Children | Poetry Foundation

Year 1

Soggy Greens

by John Cunliffe

"Oh soggy greens, I hate you,

I hate your sloppy slush;

And if my mum would let me,

I'd throw you in a bush.

Oh apple pie, I love you

I love your crunchy crust

And if my mum would let me

I'd eat you till I bust."

Snowball

by Shel Silverstein

I made myself a snowball

As perfect as could be,

I thought I'd keep it as a pet,

And let it sleep with me.

I made it some pyjamas,

And a pillow for its head,

Then last night it ran away,

But first—it wet the bed!

Cats

By 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.

The Little Plant

by Kate L. Brown

In the heart of a seed

Buried deep, so deep,

A little plant

Lay fast asleep.

"Wake!" said the sunshine,

"And creep to the light,"

"Wake!" said the voice

Of the raindrops bright.

The little plant heard

And it rose to see

What the wonderful

Outside world might be.

Bed in Summer

by Robert Louis Stevenson

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?

Now We Are Six

by A.A Milne

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.

Key Stage Two

School Day

by Lesley Gibbes

Alarm clock rings. No time to rest.

Jump out of bed. Get up, get dressed.

Collect your bag. Pack up your lunch.

Apples and cheese. Carrots to crunch.

Say bye to Mum. Race down the street.

Start of the year. New kids to meet.

Hear the bell ring. Run to the gate.

First day of school. Do not be late.

Find your new class. Sit in your seat.

Unpack your pens. Make your desk neat.

Rule up a page. Time for a test.

Science and maths. Just do your best.

Read a great book. Listen and spell.

Add and subtract. Do your sums well.

Put on a smock . Set out the glue.

Cut up and paste. Colour-in too.

Watch the clock tick. Hear the bell chime.

Race out the door. Now it’s playtime.

Everyone cheers. It’s a sports day!

Time for cricket. Your turn to play.

Run down the pitch. Bowl a fast ball.

Catch someone out. Don’t let it fall.

Three o’clock comes. Now your day ends.

Grab your schoolbag. Say bye to friends.

Race home to Mum. Everything’s cool.

What a great day. Can't wait for school!

BIRKWOOD PRIMARY SCHOOL

Silver

by Walter de la Mare

Slowly, silently, now the moon

Walks the night in her silver shoon;

This way, and that, she peers, and sees

Silver fruit upon silver trees;

One by one the casements catch

Her beams beneath the silvery thatch;

Couched in his kennel, like a log,

With paws of silver sleeps the dog;

From their shadowy cote the white breasts peep

Of doves in a silver-feathered sleep;

A harvest mouse goes scampering by,

With silver claws, and silver eye;

And moveless fish in the water gleam,

By silver reeds in a silver stream.

Daffodils

by William Wordsworth

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not be but gay,
In such a jocund company:
I gazed'and gazed'but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie

In vacant or in pensive mood,

They flash upon that inward eye

Which is the bliss of solitude;

And then my heart with pleasure fills,

And dances with the daffodils.

The Magic Box

by Kit Wright

I will put in the box

the swish of a silk sari on a summer night,

fire from the nostrils of a Chinese dragon,

the tip of a tongue touching a tooth.

I will put in the box

a snowman with a rumbling belly

a sip of the bluest water from Lake Lucerene,

a leaping spark from an electric fish.

I will put into the box

three violet wishes spoken in Gujarati,

the last joke of an ancient uncle,

and the first smile of a baby.

I will put into the box

a fifth season and a black sun,

a cowboy on a broomstick

and a witch on a white horse.

My box is fashioned from ice and gold and steel,

with stars on the lid and secrets in the corners.

Its hinges are the toe joints of dinosaurs.

I shall surf in my box

on the great high-rolling breakers of the wild Atlantic,

then wash ashore on a yellow beach

the colour of the sun.

The Tyger

by William Blake

Tyger Tyger, burning bright,

In the forests of the night;

What immortal hand or eye,

Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies.

Burnt the fire of thine eyes?

On what wings dare he aspire?

What the hand, dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, & what art,

Could twist the sinews of thy heart?

And when thy heart began to beat.

What dread hand? & what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain,

In what furnace was thy brain?

What the anvil? what dread grasp.

Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears

And water'd heaven with their tears:

Did he smile his work to see?

Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tyger Tyger burning bright,

In the forests of the night:

What immortal hand or eye,

Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

Gran Can you Rap?

by Jack Ousbey

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 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 her 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

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 dip-drop, trip-trap, rap-rap queen.

She rapped down the lane she rapped up the hill,

And as 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