

# Poet's Corner

Poems and poets in Gryphon's  
Garden

 [www.gryphonsgarden.co.uk](http://www.gryphonsgarden.co.uk) 



Find verses here from some of my very favourite poets. I have also noted more titles from their repertoires that have gone down well with the infant classes I have taught.

Gryphon loves to listen to and recite poetry in his garden

It's a great way to:

- increase verbal skills, expand vocabulary and horizons
- use children's natural response to rhythm and rhyme
- sharpen listening skills
- improve memory
- continue the tradition of children's verse from this and more countries
- be creative, poems can inspire a new generation of poets to write. Have a go!
- above all to have lots of tremendous fun – even the most timid child will follow the rhyme and with the group soon begin to join in.

## Cats *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.

More favourites: There are big waves, Mrs Peck Pigeon, Morning has broken

Pussy willow *Aileen Fisher*

Close your eyes  
And do not peep  
And I'll rub Spring  
Across your cheek –  
Smooth as satin,  
Soft and sleek –  
Close your eyes  
And do not peep.

*Creep round the class stroking a sprig of pussy willow softly across children's cheeks, their eyes firmly closed.*

More favourites: When you see a daffodil

Who's in? *Elizabeth Fleming*

'The door is shut fast  
And everyone's out.'  
But people don't know what they're talking about!  
Say the fly on the wall,  
And the flames on the coals,  
And the dog on his rug,  
And the mice in their holes,  
And the kitten curled up,  
And the spiders that spin –  
'What, everyone's out?  
Why, everyone's in!'

More favourites: The Secret

Mousie, mousie *Rose Fyleman*

Mousie, mousie,  
Where is your wee little housie?  
Here is the door,  
Under the floor,  
Said mousie, mousie.

Mousie, mousie,  
May I come into your housie?  
You can't get in,  
You have to be thin,  
Said mousie, mousie.

Mousie, mousie,  
Won't you come out of your housie?  
I'm sorry to say,  
I'm busy all day,  
Said mousie, mousie.

Rose Fyleman is a wonderful children's poet and you will find many more delightful rhymes for 4-8 year olds in any anthology that includes her work.

More favourites: 'The goblin', 'I think mice are rather nice', 'Wanted'

### Someone *Walter de la Mare*

Someone came knocking  
At my wee small door;  
Someone came knocking  
I'm sure, sure, sure,  
I listened, I opened,  
I looked to left and right,  
But nought there was a-stirring  
In the still dark night;  
Only the busy beetle  
Tap-tapping in the wall,  
Only from the forest  
The screech-owl's call,  
Only the cricket whistling  
While the dewdrops fall,  
So I knew not who came knocking,  
At all, at all, at all.

More favourites:

### Pancakes *Christina Rossetti*

Mix a pancake, Stir a pancake,  
Pop it in the pan;  
Fry the pancake,  
Toss the pancake,  
Catch it if you can.

*Shrove Tuesday is not the same without chanting this classic poem as the pancakes are mixed, made and tossed.*

More favourites: Who has seen the wind? Hurt no living thing

### The milkman *Clive Sansom*

Clink, clink, clinkety, clink,  
The milkman's on his rounds I think.  
Crunch, crunch comes the milkman's feet  
Closer and closer along the street -  
Then clink, clink, clinkety-clink,  
He's left our bottles of milk to drink.

More favourites: The dustman

## Moby Dick *R.C. Scriven*

Moby Dick is the great white whale with  
a tiny little eye and a big black tail.  
He snorts and wallows where the ice-bergs roll  
round and round the huge North Pole.  
The ice at the Pole is ten feet thick.  
What do I care?  
What do I care? – asks Moby Dick.

I'm Moby Dick, the great white whale with  
a tiny little eye and a big black tail  
and I make my breakfast and my dinner  
and my tea  
of all the little fishes in the deep blue sea.

*Lots of opportunities for hand movements*

## The Tickle Rhyme *Ian Serrailier*

'Who's that tickling my back?' said the wall.  
'Me', said a small  
Caterpillar. 'I'm learning  
To crawl.'

*Move left forefinger like a caterpillar from tip of the right hand up the arm to the shoulder.  
Repeat rhyme as the right forefinger moves down from the left shoulder to the hand.*

More favourites: The Mouse in the Wainscot

## Oh, who will wash the tiger's ears? *Shel Silverstein*

Oh, who will wash the tiger's ears?  
And who will comb his tail?  
And who will brush his sharp white teeth?  
And who will file his nails?

Oh, Bobby may wash the tiger's ears?  
And Susy may file his nails?  
And Lucy may brush his sharp white teeth?  
And I'll go down for the mail.

Shel Silverstein is America's best-loved children's poet whose wicked and crazy sense of humour will appeal to children and adults of all ages. Find many great examples on the CD 'Where the Sidewalk Ends' recited, sung and shouted by Shel Silverstein himself.

More favourites: Crocodile's Toothache, Ickle Me, Pickle Me, Tickle Me too, Boa Constrictor, Me-Stew

Goldfish *John Walsh*

One small fish in a  
Polythene bag;  
Can't swim around, can  
Only look sad.  
Take a pair of scissors,  
Snip a big hole;  
Down flops water  
And fish into a bowl!

She waits a little moment,  
Flips her tail free,  
Then off into circles  
As frisk as can be.  
Dash-about—splash-about—  
Do what you wish;  
You're mine, you black-spotted  
Cheeky-eyed  
Fish!

More favourites: The Tiger Eaters

S&D white  
Five little owls Barbara Ireson  
When Daddy fell into the pond Alfred Noyes  
Dan the watchman John D Sheridan  
Two little kittens  
Jack Frost Cecily E. Pike