Year 3

Year 4

Year 5

Everyone Sang – Siegfried Sassoon

Year 6

Dreadful Menace

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| **Year 1** | **Year 2** | **Year 3** | **Year 4** |
| On Flanders Fields – John McRae | Cats Sleep Anywhere – Eleanor Farjeon | Please Mrs Butler – Allan Ahlberg | Sea-Fever – John Masefield |
| Take a Poem -James Carter | Remember – Christina Rossetti | Leisure – WH Davies | Warning – Jenny Joseph |
| Trees – (Alfred) Joyce Kilmer | Sonnet 18 – William Shakespeare | Friendship – Elizabeth Jennings | Blackberry Picking – Seamus Heaney |

**Year 1:**

**In Flanders Fields**

BY [JOHN MCCRAE](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/john-mccrae)

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.

# Take a Poem

*Poem from Zim Zam Zoom! by James Carter*

Why not take a poem

wherever you go?

Pop it in your pocket

nobody will know

Take it to your classroom

stick it on the wall

tell them about it

read it in the hall

Take it to the bathroom

tuck it up in bed

take the time to learn it

keep it in your head

Take it for a day trip

take it on a train

fold it as a hat

when it starts to rain

Take it to a river

fold it as a boat

pop it on the water

hope that it will float

Take it to a hilltop

fold it as a plane

throw it up skywards

time and time again

Take it to a mailbox

send it anywhere

out into the world

with

        tender

                     loving

                                care.

**Trees**

BY [JOYCE KILMER](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/joyce-kilmer)

I think that I shall never see

A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest

Against the earth’s sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day,

And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in Summer wear

A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;

Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,

But only God can make a tree.

**Year 2:**

# Cats Sleep Anywhere

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.  
  
Eleanor Farjeon (1881 - 1965)

# Remember

BY [CHRISTINA ROSSETTI](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/christina-rossetti)

Remember me when I am gone away,

         Gone far away into the silent land;

         When you can no more hold me by the hand,

Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay.

Remember me when no more day by day

         You tell me of our future that you plann'd:

         Only remember me; you understand

It will be late to counsel then or pray.

Yet if you should forget me for a while

         And afterwards remember, do not grieve:

         For if the darkness and corruption leave

         A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,

Better by far you should forget and smile

         Than that you should remember and be sad.

# Sonnet 18: Shall I compare thee to a summer’s day?

BY [WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/william-shakespeare)

Shall I compare thee to a summer’s day?

Thou art more lovely and more temperate:

Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,

And summer’s lease hath all too short a date;

Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,

And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;

And every fair from fair sometime declines,

By chance or nature’s changing course untrimm'd;

But thy eternal summer shall not fade,

Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow’st;

Nor shall death brag thou wander’st in his shade,

When in eternal lines to time thou grow’st:

   So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,

   So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

**Year 3:**

# Please Mrs Butler

Please Mrs Butler  
This boy Derek Drew  
Keeps copying my work, Miss.  
What shall I do?

Go and sit in the hall, dear.  
Go and sit in the sink.  
Take your books on the roof, my lamb.  
Do whatever you think.

Please Mrs Butler  
This boy Derek Drew  
Keeps taking my rubber, Miss.  
What shall I do?

Keep it in your hand, dear.  
Hide it up your vest.  
Swallow it if you like, my love.  
Do what you think is best.

Please Mrs Butler  
This boy Derek Drew  
Keeps calling me rude names, miss.  
What shall I do?

Lock yourself in the cupboard, dear.  
Run away to sea.  
Do whatever you can, my flower.  
But don’t ask me.

## **Leisure** W. H. 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 and 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.

##### **Friendship – Elizabeth Jennings**

Such love I cannot analyse;  
It does not rest in lips or eyes,  
Neither in kisses nor caress.  
Partly, I know, it’s gentleness

And understanding in one word  
Or in brief letters. It’s preserved  
By trust and by respect and awe.  
These are the words I’m feeling for.

Two people, yes, two lasting friends.  
The giving comes, the taking ends.  
There is no measure for such things.  
For this all Nature slows and sings.

**Year 4:**

# Sea Fever

BY [JOHN MASEFIELD](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/john-masefield)

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,

And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by;

And the wheel’s kick and the wind’s song and the white sail’s shaking,

And a grey mist on the sea’s face, and a grey dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide

Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;

And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,

And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,

To the gull’s way and the whale’s way where the wind’s like a whetted knife;

And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,

And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick’s over.

# Warning

Jenny Joseph

When I am an old woman I shall wear purple  
With a red hat which doesn’t go, and doesn’t suit me.  
And I shall spend my pension on brandy and summer gloves  
And satin sandals, and say we’ve no money for butter.  
I shall sit down on the pavement when I’m tired  
And gobble up samples in shops and press alarm bells  
And run my stick along the public railings  
And make up for the sobriety of my youth.  
I shall go out in my slippers in the rain  
And pick flowers in other people’s gardens  
And learn to spit.

You can wear terrible shirts and grow more fat  
And eat three pounds of sausages at a go  
Or only bread and pickle for a week  
And hoard pens and pencils and beermats and things in boxes.

But now we must have clothes that keep us dry  
And pay our rent and not swear in the street  
And set a good example for the children.  
We must have friends to dinner and read the papers.

But maybe I ought to practise a little now?  
So people who know me are not too shocked and surprised  
When suddenly I am old, and start to wear purple.

**Blackberry-Picking**

BY [SEAMUS HEANEY](https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/seamus-heaney)

*for Philip Hobsbaum*

Late August, given heavy rain and sun

For a full week, the blackberries would ripen.

At first, just one, a glossy purple clot

Among others, red, green, hard as a knot.

You ate that first one and its flesh was sweet

Like thickened wine: summer's blood was in it

Leaving stains upon the tongue and lust for

Picking. Then red ones inked up and that hunger

Sent us out with milk cans, pea tins, jam-pots

Where briars scratched and wet grass bleached our boots.

Round hayfields, cornfields and potato-drills

We trekked and picked until the cans were full,

Until the tinkling bottom had been covered

With green ones, and on top big dark blobs burned

Like a plate of eyes. Our hands were peppered

With thorn pricks, our palms sticky as Bluebeard's.

We hoarded the fresh berries in the byre.

But when the bath was filled we found a fur,

A rat-grey fungus, glutting on our cache.

The juice was stinking too. Once off the bush

The fruit fermented, the sweet flesh would turn sour.

I always felt like crying. It wasn't fair

That all the lovely canfuls smelt of rot.

Each year I hoped they'd keep, knew they would not.