



The Poetry Basket

Summer Term

April to July





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I Have a Little Frog

I have a little frog,
His name is Tiny Tim,
I put him in the bathtub,
To see if he could swim.
He drank up all the water,
And gobbled all the soap.
And when he tried to talk,
There were bubbles in his throat.



Dance by Nancy White Carlstrom

Do a dance says one foot.

Other foot says let's jiggle.

Hands say clap, slappity slap.

And all of me says wriggle.



Pitter Patter

Pitter patter falls the rain,
On the roof and window pane.
Softly, softly it comes down,
Makes a stream that runs around.
Flowers lift their heads and say,
“A nice cool drink for us today.”



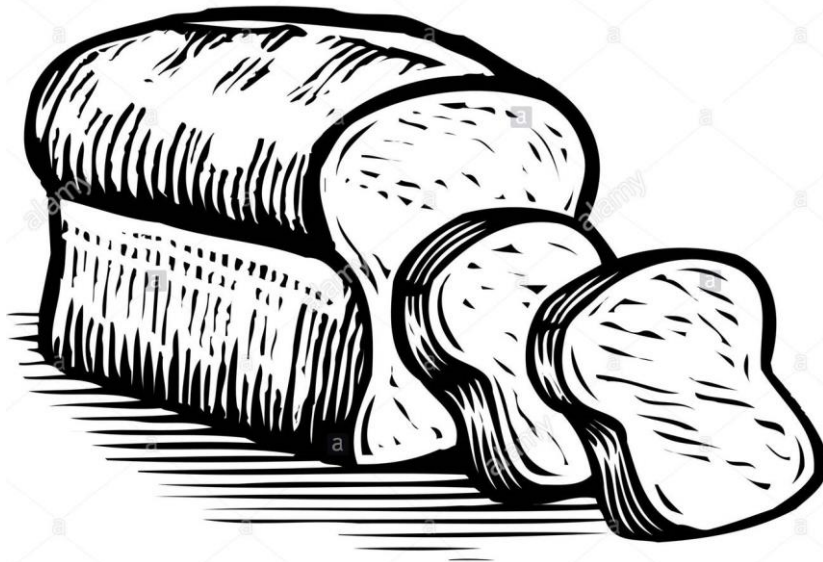
Sliced Bread

Slice, slice, the bread looks nice.

Spread, spread, butter on the bread.

On the top put jam so sweet,

Now it's good enough to eat.



A Little Shell

Once I saw a little shell,
Upon a garden wall.
I tapped upon a little door,
No answer came at all.
But as I turned to go away,
A snail crept out to see,
Who tapped upon his little door,
He waved his horns at me.



Five Little Peas

Five little peas in a pea pod pressed.

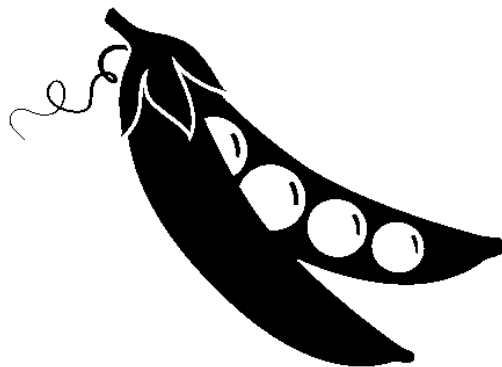
One grew. Two grew.

So did all the rest.

They grew, and they grew,

And they did not stop,

Until one day the pod went POP!



The Fox

The fox is smart,

And sly as can be,

And a great big bushy tail has he.

He can run very fast,

And his fur is red,

And he lives in the woods in his tree trunk bed.



Monkey Babies

by Irene Rawnsley and John Foster

Don't leave your monkey baby sitting by a swamp.

A crocodile might eat him.

Chomp. Chomp. Chomp.

Don't leave your monkey baby sitting in the breeze.

A snake might wrap around him.

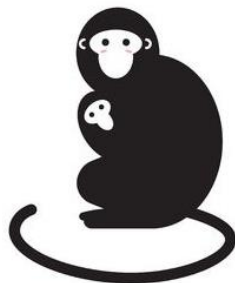
Squeeze. Squeeze. Squeeze.

Don't leave your monkey baby sitting on the track.

A lion might be lurking.

Snack. Snack. Snack.

Keep your monkey baby high up in the trees,
Feed him on bananas and pick off all his fleas.



Thunderstorm

Boom. Bang. Boom. Bang

Rumpety, lumpety, bump.

Zoom. Zam. Zoom. Zam.

Clipperty, clapperty, clump.

Rustles and bustles, and swishes and zings.

What wonderful noises a thunderstorm brings.



Five Little Owls

Five little owls in an old elm tree,
As fluffy and puffy as owls could be.
Blinking and winking their big round eyes,
At the big round moon that hung in the skies.
As I walked beneath, I could hear one say,
"They'll be mouse for supper, there will be today."
Then all of them hooted, "Tu-witt, tu-whoo.
Yes, mouse for supper, Hoo-hoo. Hoo-hoo."



If I Were So Very Small

If I were so very tall,
I'd walk amongst the trees.

And stretch to reach the top most leaf,
As easy as you please.

And if I were so very small,
I'd hide myself away.

And creep into a buttercup,
To spend a summer's day.



Under a Stone

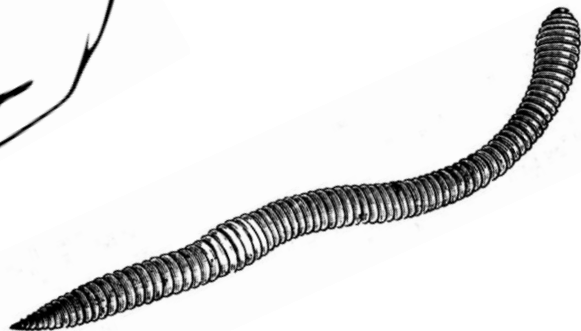
Under a stone where the earth was firm,

I found a wiggly, wiggly worm.

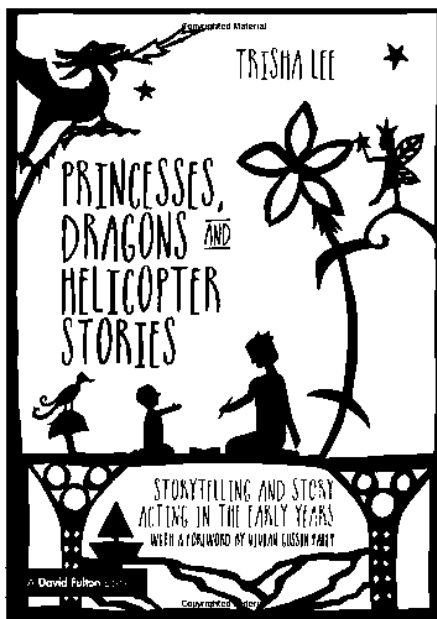
"Good morning," I said.

"How are you today?"

But the wiggly worm just wriggled away.



The following publications are also available from
www.makebelievearts.co.uk

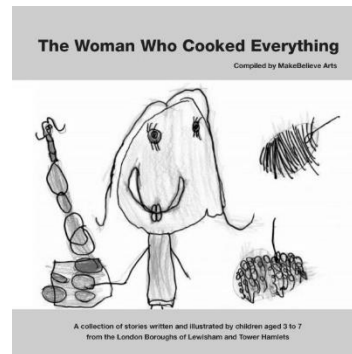


Princesses, Dragons and Helicopter Stories

A how to manual for bringing Helicopter Stories into your classroom or setting.

The Woman Who Cooked Everything

Stories taken during Helicopter Stories sessions. Dictated and illustrated by 3 to 7-year olds.



A great way to introduce stories around the stage.

