

**THERE ARE BIG WAVES**

There are big waves and little waves,

Green waves and blue,

Waves you can jump over,

Waves you dive thro',

Waves that rise up

Like a great water wall,

Waves that swell softly

And don't break at all,

Waves that can whisper,

Waves that can roar,

And tiny waves that run at you

Running on the shore.

Eleanor Farjeon

***There Are Big Waves by Eleanor Farjeon***

The Puffin Book of Fantastic First Poems – Edited by June Crebbin, page 75

Puffin ISBN 9780141308982

- First line: There are big waves and little waves,
- Last line: Running on the shore.

## GRANNY GOAT

Eat anything  
will granny goat,  
handkerchiefs,  
the sleeve of your coat,  
sandwiches,  
a ten pound note,  
eat anything  
will granny goat.

Granny goat  
goes anywhere,  
into the house  
if you're not there,  
follows you round,  
doesn't care,  
granny goat  
goes anywhere.

Granny goat  
will not stay  
tied up  
throughout the day,  
chews the rope,  
wants to play,  
granny goat  
won't stay

anywhere you  
want her to,  
she would rather be  
with YOU!

**Granny Goat by Brian Moses**

The Puffin Book of Fantastic First Poems – Edited by June Crebbin, page 16  
Puffin ISBN 9780141308982

- First line: Eat anything
- Last line: with YOU!

Brian Moses

**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

***Bed in Summer by Robert Louis Stevenson***

The Puffin Book of Fantastic First Poems – Edited by June Crebbin, page 103  
Puffin ISBN 9780141308982

- First line: In winter I get up at night
- Last line: To have to go to bed by day?

**The Fox and the Grapes**  
**a fable by Aesop**

Grapes are growing, round and ripe,

High upon the vine.

Fox says, as he licks his lips,

‘Those grapes will soon be mine.’

The grapes look plump and juicy.

The fox, on his hind legs,

Stretches up to reach for them

Just like a dog that begs.

Fox jumps and keeps on jumping

To try and take his treat.

The grapes will be so tasty:

Succulent and sweet.

At last, the hungry fox gives up.  
He's tried for many an hour.  
He cannot reach the fruit and cries:  
'I bet those grapes are sour!'

### MORAL

*If something is good,  
But it's not to be had,  
Don't fool yourself  
By pretending it's bad.*

Celia Warren

***The Fox and the Grapes by Celia Warren***

The Works – Chosen by Paul Cookson, pages 75-76  
Macmillan ISBN 9780330481045 / 9781447273493

- First line: Grapes are growing, round and ripe,
- Last line: *By pretending it's bad.*
- (The line beneath the title not to be recited.)

**SILVER**

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 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.

Walter de la Mare

***Silver by Walter de la Mare***

The Puffin Book of Fantastic First Poems – Edited by June Crebbin, page 99  
Puffin ISBN 9780141308982

- First line: Slowly, silently, now the moon
- Last line: By silver reeds in a silver stream.

**Sounds Like Magic**

I listened to a sea-shell  
and thought I could hear  
the rushing of the waves  
inside my ear.

I held an empty egg-shell  
close against my head  
and thought I heard a pecking chick  
hatching from its bed

I found a hollow coconut  
and listened for a sound  
and thought I heard horses' hooves  
pounding on the ground.

I took an empty teacup  
to see what I might hear  
and thought I heard a giant's voice  
booming in my ear.

Celia Warren

***Sounds Like Magic by Celia Warren***

The Works – Chosen by Paul Cookson, pages 170 – 171

Macmillan ISBN 9780330481045 / 9781447273493

- First line: I listened to a sea-shell
- Last line: booming in my ear.

**A Friend...**

A friend is someone who borrows your ball  
And returns it to you later in the day;  
Who will lend their newest pens – and will play  
Your games. Who'll come round to your house  
and call  
For you in rain as well as when it's fine;  
Who'll listen to your secrets, share your fears,  
lend a shoulder when your eyes are full of tears  
And won't divide things into 'yours' and 'mine'.  
A friend will peel the plaster gently off your cut  
And won't say 'Yuk!'. A friend laughs at your jokes  
When others just go 'Eh?'; who likes you but  
Will tell you when you're wrong; who strokes  
Your favourite pet in spite of all the fleas –  
Who knows your family but, when invited, says  
'Yes, please!'

**Trevor Millum**

A Friend...by Trevor Millum

The Poetry Store – Compiled by Paul Cookson, page 76

Wayland Books ISBN 9780340893869

- First line: A friend is someone who borrows your ball
- Last 2 lines: Who knows your family but, when invited, says  
'Yes, please!'