

Don't

Don't do this, don't do that.

Don't scrape your plate.

Don't tease the cat.

Don't pick your nose.

Don't suck your thumb.

Don't scratch your head.

Don't swallow gum.

Don't stick your tongue out.

Don't make that face at me.

Don't wear your socks in bed.

Don't slurp your tea.

Don't touch your father's records.

Don't touch your brother's glue.

So many things I *mustn't* –

Whatever *can* I do?

John Kitching

Don't by John Kitching

Twinkle Twinkle Chocolate Bar – Compiled by John Foster, page 40
Oxford University Press ISBN 9780192755810 / 9780192761255

- First line: Don't do this, don't do that.
- Last line: Whatever *can* I do?

A Dibble-dubble Day

it's wet

dibble-dubble

it's wet

piddle-puddle

it's rained the

whole day long

the roof-top gutters

and the window shutters

splish-splash

with the raindrops song –

‘pitter-patter

potter-putter

split! splat! splot!

spitter-spatter

splotter-splutter

splish! splash! splosh!’

Joan Poulson

A Dibble-dubble Day by Joan Poulson

Twinkle Twinkle Chocolate Bar – Compiled by John Foster, page 79
Oxford University Press ISBN 9780192755810 / 9780192761255

- First line: it's wet
- Last line: splish! splash! splosh!’

The Mud-pie Makers Rhyme

Mud is squidgy,
slippery, sludgy.

Mud is irmy-squirmy goo.

Mud is runny,
squeezezy, funny.

Mud is oozezy-woozezy too.

Mud you can roll flat,
mud you can press.

Mud is the nicest, muddiest mess.

Mud you can make with,
mud you can share.

Our mud-pies are the best anywhere.

Mud is squidgy,
Slippery, sludgy.

Mud is irmy-squirmy goo.

Mud is runny,
squeezezy, funny.

Mud is oozezy-woozezy too.

Janet Paisley

The Mud-pie Makers Rhyme by Janet Paisley

Twinkle Twinkle Chocolate Bar – Compiled by John Foster, page 44
Oxford University Press ISBN 9780192755810 / 9780192761255

- First line: Mud is squidgy,
- Last line: Mud is oozezy-woozezy too.

A Garden

If I should have a garden
I know how it would be,
There'd be daisies and buttercups
And an apple tree.

A dog would chase a ball there,
A bird would sit and sing,
And a little cat could play with
A little piece of string.

And in the very middle
I'd only have to stand
For ladybirds and butterflies
To settle on my hand.

Leila Berg

A Garden by Leila Berg

Twinkle Twinkle Chocolate Bar – Compiled by John Foster, page 60
Oxford University Press ISBN 9780192755810 / 9780192761255

- First line: If I should have a garden
- Last line: To settle on my hand.

Magic Spell

Where magic is, where fairies weave their spell,
What wondrous things will happen, who can tell?

And so to make this charm work now we must
Add several dewdrops and some twinkling dust.

And then before the magic's fully done
We'll stir it with the rays of evening sun.

Now sprinkle on fragments of your favourite dreams
The spell is almost ready now it seems.

The charm's wound up, now spirits for the night
With silver moonbeams fill the room with light

That we may see how goodness conquers all –
Cinderella, you shall go to the ball!

Eleanor McLeod

Magic Spell by Eleanor McLeod

Poems for Children to Enjoy and Teachers Too! By Eleanor McLeod, page 57
CheckPoint Press ISBN 9781906628239

- First line: Where magic is, where fairies weave their spell,
- Last line: Cinderella, you shall go to the ball!

WRITING POEMS

I like writing poems,
The words dance in my head
Then tip toe out, or pirhouette
And onto paper tread.

They might share a feeling
And they might make me smile,
Or they might help a memory
To last a little while.

Sometimes they are horses,
All galloping so fast,
Sometimes they are softest feathers
Which gently flutter past.

They are coloured birds released
From deep inside a cage,
They can leave their little footmarks
On any empty page.

I hope they fly to you
I hope they leap and prance,
I hope they float into your mind
And in your heart they dance.

Eleanor McLeod

Writing Poems by Eleanor McLeod

Even More Poems for Children to Enjoy and Teachers Too by Eleanor McLeod, page 59
New Generation Publishing ISBN 9781803691152

- First line: I like writing poems,
- Last line: And in your heart they dance.

HOLIDAY CHOICES

If you could go on a holiday now,
Where would you choose to go?
For me it would have to be the Alps
With slippery slopes and ski-ing and snow.

My sister says that we would prefer Spain,
That's where she'd choose to be,
With sunshine and sand and a strawberry ice
And a lazy swim in a clear, blue sea.

Dad says Hong Kong for the rugby sevens,
That's where he'd love to fly,
Shouting and cheering and urging them on
As they go thundering down for a try.

But Mum just smiles as we ask her to choose
Her favourite holiday –
No muddy washing, no meals to prepare,
No tidying, no driving – just take me away!

Eleanor McLeod

Holiday Choices by Eleanor McLeod

Even More Poems for Children to Enjoy and Teachers Too by Eleanor McLeod, page 44
New Generation Publishing ISBN 9781803691152

- First line: If you could go on a holiday now,
- Last line: No tidying, no driving – just take me away!

The Ancient Wizard's Daughter

Over hill and dale and water
Flies the Ancient Wizard's daughter.

On her broomstick sits her cat;
On her head, her witch's hat.

She knows all her father's magic
But won't use it, which is tragic

(So her father thinks), but she
Doesn't care, for she can see

All the world spread out below
As she flies. She swoops down low,

Sees the tiniest creatures run
Among the grasses, in the sun.

Flies up high towards the stars,
Visits Venus, Saturn, Mars.

Everywhere she calls her home.
She has all the earth to roam.

All the beauty of the world
Beneath her broomstick is unfurled.

Over the hill and dale and water
Flies the Ancient Wizard's daughter,

Sees the magic in all things:
Needs no spells: her heart has wings.

The Ancient Wizard's Daughter by Pam Gidney

The Works 5 – Chosen by Paul Cookson, pages 105-106

Macmillan ISBN 9780330398701

- First line: Over hill and dale and water
- Last line: Needs no spells: her heart has wings.

Pam Gidney

GOOD MORNING MR MAGPIE

Good morning Mr Magpie,
You are an elegant sight,
Strutting across the rooftops
In your striking black and white.

I'm told that if you're there
All on your very own
That there will be some sorrow,
So please don't come alone.

If you call your friend to fly
And I can meet him too,
I'm told that joy will follow
When there are magpies two.

If you bring all your pals along
The numbers seal our fate,
Three a girl and four a boy,
Make a wish if there are eight!

You might bring us some silver
And six of you bring gold,
And if we're lucky to see nine,
We'll get a kiss I'm told!

Sometimes you bring secrets
Health and riches too,
So please keep on your visiting
I'm always pleased to see you.

Eleanor McLeod

Good Morning Mr Magpie by Eleanor McLeod

Even More Poems for Children to Enjoy and Teachers Too by Eleanor McLeod, page 90
New Generation Publishing ISBN 9781803691152

- First line: Good morning Mr Magpie,
- Last line: I'm always pleased to see you.