

Year 5

Poetry Anthology



From a Railway Carriage **by Robert Louis Stevenson**

Faster than fairies, faster than witches,
Bridges and houses, hedges and ditches;
And charging along like troops in a battle,
All through the meadows the horses and cattle:
All of the sights of the hill and the plain
Fly as thick as driving rain;
And ever again, in the wink of an eye,
Painted stations whistle by.

Here is a child who clambers and scrambles,
All by himself and gathering brambles;
Here is a tramp who stands and gazes;
And there is the green for stringing the daisies!
Here is a cart run away in the road
Lumping along with man and load;
And here is a mill and there is a river:
Each a glimpse and gone for ever!



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 a silver-feathered sleep;
A harvest mouse goes scampering by,
With silver claws and a silver eye;
And moveless fish in the water gleam,
By silver reeds in a silver stream.

Walter de la Mare

Jabberwocky

Lewis Carroll - 1832-1898

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.

“Beware the Jabberwock, my son
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!”

He took his vorpal sword in hand;
Long time the manxome foe he sought—
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
And stood awhile in thought.

And, as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffing through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.

“And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!”
He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.



Goldilocks on CCTV by John Agard

There she was on the news,
Miss Goody Two Shoes
caught on CCTV.

Don't look so shocked.
Of course you know who – who else but Goldilocks!

Broke into a house
of suburban grisslies,
a nuclear family

from the sound of it.
Daddy Bear Mummy Bear
and whiz kid Baby Bear.

There she was, tucking in
to a bowl of their muesli.
Every move on CCTV.

How she vandalised a chair
in the nursery
then tried out their jacuzzi

not to mention the towels
marked His and Hers.
And everywhere a trail

of golden curls mixed with fur.
A forensic goldmine.
It appears the police found her

in perfect slumber
at the scene of the crime – which wasn't very clever.

But the Bears decided to drop
charges for the sake of
happy-ever-after.

And so fairy-tale justice
was seen to be vindicated
and Goldie's parents were sedated.



All of Us Knocking on the Stable Door

Three great kings, three wise men
Tramp across the desert to Bethlehem
Arrive at the inn, don't travel no more
they start knocking at the stable door.

Knocking at the door, knocking at the door
All of us are knocking at the stable door.

I've got myrrh, he's got gold
He's got frankincense and all of us are cold
We stand here shivering, chilled to the core
We're just knocking on the stable door.

The star above it glows in the sky
Burning up the darkness and we know why
A baby king's asleep in the straw
So we start knocking on the stable door.

Travelled some distance, we've travelled far
Melchior, Caspar and Balthazar
We are so wealthy, the baby's so poor

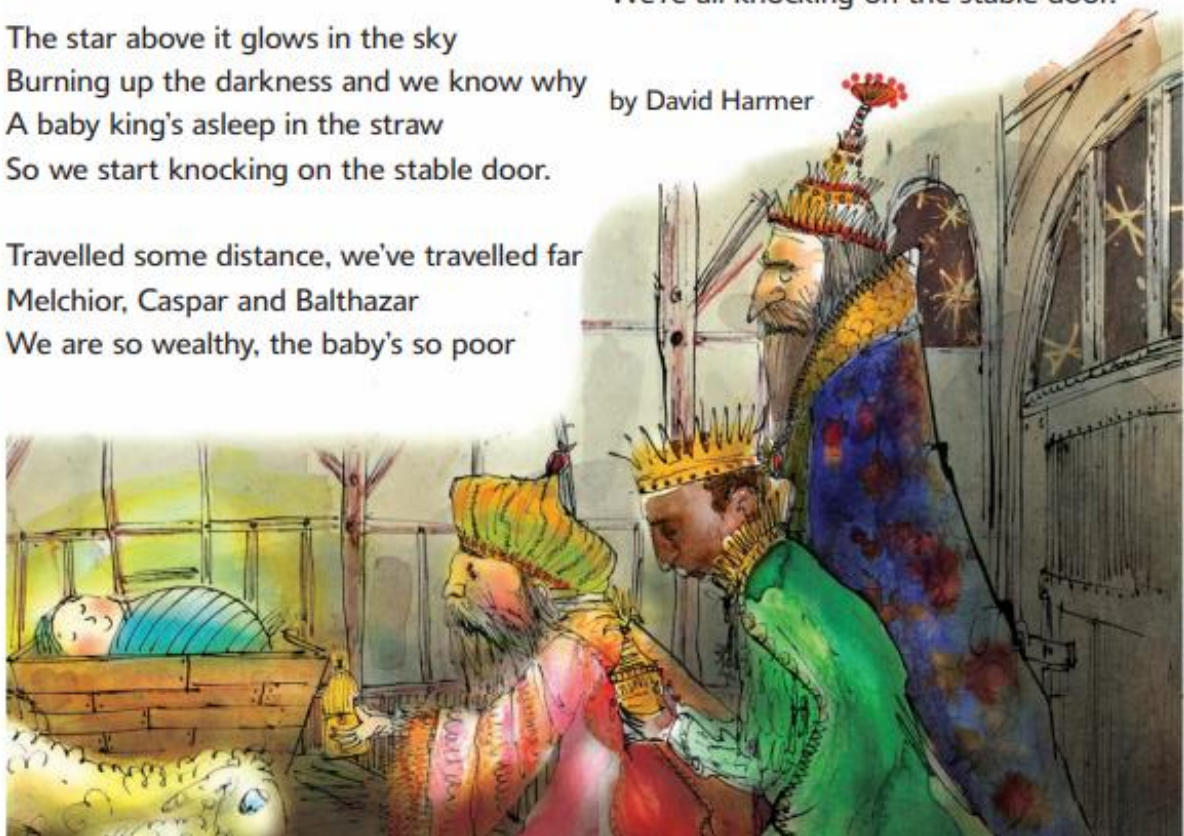
But here we are knocking on the
stable door.

Now is the time, now is the hour
To feel the glory, worship the power
We quietly enter, kneel on the floor
Just the other side of the stable door.

Knocking on the door, knocking on the door
All of us are knocking at the stable door.

Knocking on the door, knocking on the door
We're all knocking on the stable door.

by David Harmer





Adventures of Isabel
Ogden Nash

Isabel met an enormous bear,
Isabel, Isabel, didn't care;
The bear was hungry, the bear was ravenous,
The bear's big mouth was cruel and cavernous.
The bear said, Isabel, glad to meet you,
How do, Isabel, now I'll eat you!
Isabel, Isabel, didn't worry.
Isabel didn't scream or scurry.
She washed her hands and she straightened her hair up,
Then Isabel quietly ate the bear up.