

Grade 1

Poetry

Name:

Willaby Wallaby Woo

adapted from "Willoughby Wallaby Woo" by Dennis Lee

Willaby wallaby woo,
An elephant sat on you.
Willaby wallaby wee,
An elephant sat on me.

From "Willoughby Wallaby Woo" by Dennis Lee © Dennis Lee, 1974, 2006. Published by
Key Porter Books.

Hippopotamus Stew

by Joan Horton

Quickly, tell me, what would you do
If a hippo were stomping around in your stew,
Trampling on carrots and squashing the peas
And splashing the gravy clear up to his knees?
Would you say, "This is silly. Get out of my stew,"
And then cart the hippo right off to the zoo?
Or would you, perhaps, dip your spoon in your bowl
And scoop him right up and swallow him whole?

"Hippopotamus Stew" from *Hippopotamus Stew and Other Silly Animal Poems* by Joan Horton. Text copyright © 2006 by Joan Horton. Reprinted by arrangement with Henry Holt and Company, LLC. All rights reserved.

Bippity Boppity Bumblebee

author unknown

Bippity boppity bumblebee
Will you say your name for me?

Kitty Caught a Caterpillar

by Jack Prelutsky

Kitty caught a caterpillar,
Kitty caught a snail,
Kitty caught a turtle
by its tiny turtle tail,
Kitty caught a cricket
with a sticky bit of thread,
she tried to catch a bumblebee,
the bee caught her instead.

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Listen

by Margaret Hillert

Scrunch, scrunch, scrunch,
Crunch, crunch, crunch,
Frozen snow and brittle ice
Make a winter sound that's nice
Underneath my stamping feet
And the cars along the street.
Scrunch, scrunch, scrunch,
Crunch, crunch, crunch.

"Listen" copyright © 1994 by Margaret Hillert appears in *Weather: Poems for All Seasons*
published by HarperCollins Publishers.

In a Winter Meadow

by Jack Prelutsky

In a winter meadow
icy breezes blow,
snowshoe hares are running
softly through the snow.

Up and down they scurry,
darting left and right,
snowshoe hares are running,
dressed in winter white.

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Kick a Little Stone

by Dorothy Aldis

When you are walking by yourself
Here's something nice to do:
Kick a little stone and watch it
Hop ahead of you.

The little stone is round and white,
Its shadow round and blue.
Along the sidewalk over the cracks
The shadow bounces too.

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The Little Turtle

by Vachel Lindsay

There was a little turtle
He lived in a box.
He swam in a puddle.
He climbed on the rocks.

He snapped at a mosquito.
He snapped at a flea.
He snapped at a minnow.
And he snapped at me.

He caught the mosquito.
He caught the flea.
He caught the minnow.
But he didn't catch me.

"The Little Turtle" by Vachel Lindsay appears in *Read-Aloud Rhymes for the Very Young*,
copyright © 1986, edited by Jack Prelutsky and published by Random House Children's Books.

Mice

by Rose Fyleman

I think mice
Are rather nice.

Their tails are long,
Their faces small,
They haven't any
Chins at all.
Their ears are pink,
Their teeth are white,
They run about
The house at night.
They nibble things
They shouldn't touch
And no one seems
To like them much.

But I think mice
Are nice.

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Caterpillars

by Aileen Fisher

What do caterpillars do?

Nothing much but chew and chew.

What do caterpillars know?

Nothing much but how to grow.

They just eat what by and by
will make them be a butterfly,

But that is more than I can do
however much I chew and chew.

“Caterpillars” from *Cricket In a Thicket* by Aileen Fisher. Copyright © 1963, 1991 by Aileen Fisher.
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The Secret Song

by Margaret Wise Brown

Who saw the petals
 drop from the rose?
I, said the spider,
But nobody knows.

Who saw the sunset
 flash on the bird?
I, said the fish,
But nobody heard

Who saw the fog
 come over the sea?
I, said the pigeon,
Only me.

Who saw the first
 green light of the sun?
I, said the night owl,
The only one.

Who saw the moss
 creep over the stone?
I, said the grey fox,
All alone.

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