



The Night Will Never Stay

The night will never stay,
The night will still go by,
Though with a million stars
You pin it to the sky;
Though you bind it with the blowing wind
And buckle it with the moon,
The night will slip away
Like sorrow or a tune.

Eleanor Farjeon





If You Should Meet a Crocodile

If you should meet a Crocodile
Don't take a stick and poke him;
Ignore the welcome in his smile,
Be careful not to stroke him.
For as he sleeps upon the Nile,
He thinner gets and thinner;
So when you meet a Crocodile
He's ready for his dinner.

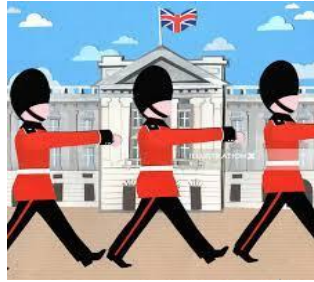
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Year 3 Poem 2



Buckingham Palace



They're changing guard at Buckingham
Palace-

Christopher Robin went down with
Alice.

Alice is marrying one of the guards.

'A soldier's life is terrible hard,'

Says Alice.

They're changing guard at Buckingham
Palace-

Christopher Robin went down with
Alice.

We saw a guard in a sentry-box.

'One of the Sergeants looks after their
socks,'

Says Alice.

They're changing guard at Buckingham

They're changing guard at
Buckingham Palace-

Christopher Robin went down with
Alice.

They've great big parties inside the
grounds.

'I wouldn't be King for a hundred
pounds,'

Says Alice.

They're changing guard at
Buckingham Palace-

Christopher Robin went down with
Alice.

A face looked out, but it wasn't the
King's.

'He's much too busy a-singing
things,'

Says Alice.

Year 3 Poem 3



Mr Nobody

I know a funny little man,
As quiet as a mouse,
Who does the mischief that is
done
In everybody's house!
There's no one ever sees his
face,
And yet we all agree
That every plate we break was
cracked
By Mr Nobody
'Tis he who always tears our
books,
Who leaves the door ajar,
He pulls the buttons from our



He puts damp wood upon the
fire
That kettles cannot boil;
His are the feet that bring in
mud,
And all the carpets soil.
The papers always are misled;
Who had them last, but he?
There's no one tosses them
about
But Mr Nobody.
The finger marks upon the door
By none of us are made;
We never leave the blinds
unclosed,
To let the curtains fade.
The ink we never spill; the boots



Mr Nobody-Questions
Some One

Some one came knocking
At my wee, small door;
Some one came knocking,
I'm sure-sure-sure;
I listened, I opened,
I looked to left and right,
But naught there was a-stirring
In the still dark night.
Only the busy beetle
Tap-tapping in the wall,
Only from the forest
The screech-owl's call,
Only the cricket whistling
While the dewdrops fall,
So I know not who came
knocking,
At all, at all, at all.

Walter de la Mare



Year 3 Poem 4



Wind on the Hill

No one can tell me,
Nobody knows,
Where the wind comes
from,
Where the wind goes.
It's flying somewhere
As fast as it can,
I couldn't keep up with it,
Not if I ran.

But if I stopped holding
The string of my kite,
It would blow with the
wind
For a day and a night.
And then when I found
it,
Wherever it blew,
I should know that the



Year 3 Poem 4