



From a Railway Carriage

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 clammers 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 forever.



Robert Louis Stevenson

Year 5 Poem 1



Beech Leaves

In autumn down the beechwood path
The leaves lie thick upon the ground.
It's there I love to kick my way
And hear their crisp and crashing sound.
I am a giant, and my steps
Echo and thunder to the sky.
How the small creatures of the woods
Must quake and cower as I pass by!
This brave and merry noise I make
In summer also when I stride
Down to the shining, pebbly sea
And kick the frothing waves aside.

James Reeves



Year 5 Poem

2



No breath of wind,
No gleam of sun-
Still the white snow
Whirls softly down-
Twig and bough
And blade and thorn
All in any icy
Quiet, forlorn.
Whispering, rustling,
Through the air,
On sill and stone,
Roof-everywhere,

It heaps its powdery
Crystal flakes;
Of every tree
A mountain makes;
Till pale and faint
At shut of day,
Stoops from the West
One wintry ray.
And, feathered in fire,
Where ghosts the moon,
A robin shrills
His lonely tune.

Walter de la Mare



Temper

The wind's in a temper today,

I say!

He's jostling and bustling

Most rudely; and hustling

Everything here

When it ought to be there,

He's whistling and whooping

And shrieking and shooing,

And slamming the doors:

Now what is the cause?

If I were the wind and could

Live in the treetops; could

Sleep on the hilltops and

Race with the rain,

I'd never-Oh, listen!

What clattering and clanging

And battering and banging-

He's at it again!

I say-

He is in a temper today!

Mary Daunt





The Wind

I can get through a doorway without any key,
And strip the leaves from the great oak tree.
I can drive storm-clouds and shake tall towers,
Or steal through a garden and not wake the flowers.
Seas I can move and ships I can sink;
I can carry a house-top or the sent of a pink.
When I am angry I can rave and riot;
And when I am spent, I like quiet as quiet.

James Reeves



Year 5 Poem 5



Snow in the Suburbs



Every branch bit with it,
Bent every twig with it;
Every fork like a white web-foot;
Every street and pavement mute:
Some flakes have lost their way, and grope back upward, when
Meeting those meandering down they turn and descend again.
The palings are glued together like a wall,
And there is no waft of wind with the fleecy fall.
A sparrow enters the tree,
Whereon immediately
A snow-lump thrice his own slight size
Descends on him and showers his head and eyes,
And overturns him,
And near inurns him,
And lights on a nether twig, when its brush
Starts off a volley of other lodging lumps with a rush.
The steps are a blanched slope
Up which, with feeble hope,
A black cat come, wide-eyed and thin;
And we take him in.

Thomas Hardy

Year 5 Poem 6

