



Harp Tales Children's Poems and Stories

Poem read-along sheets



The Sounds All Around

Pitter, patter, patter, is the sound of the rain.
And a tiny rumble hum must be a passing train.

Woosh, woosh, woosh sway the branches through the breeze.
And drip, drop, plop, drip the raindrops from the leaves.

Twinkle twinkle little star, sings my sisters' baby toy.
And that tiny wail through the wall, must be next door's little boy.

Chucka chucka brumm, as a car starts down the street.
Rustle nuzzle brush, as my toes play with the sheet.

These are all the sounds I hear, moving around my head.
If I stop to listen to the world, whilst lying on my bed.



The Sum of My Class

In my class there are 30 children, so if you think about it, that means there are...

30 mouths, and 30 noses, and 30 chins and heads.

60 eyes, and 60 ears, and 60 arms and legs.

60 hands and 60 feet, means 60 socks and shoes.

And 60 gloves in coat pockets, we are careful not to lose.

This next one I don't think that our teacher even knows.

With 30 children, and 60 feet, my class has 300 toes!

300 fingers too, but some of those are thumbs.

So many amazing things to learn when you're doing sums.



Big Babies

Everyone was a baby once,
Even you and me.
Even your headteacher.
Even your mummy.

Everyone wore nappies once,
And cried when they weren't clean.
Even a brave policeman,
Even the English queen.

Everyone once crawled around,
Before walking on their feet.
Even the fastest runner,
Or an Olympic athlete.

Everyone babbled baby talk,
Not words like you or me.
Even people who sing onstage,
Or the newsreaders on TV.

So if you think little babies are daft,
And they can't copy the things you do.
Remember it wasn't so long ago,
That you were a baby too.

And remember that every grownup,
With the clever things they explain,
Was once a little baby too,
And we all started out the same.



Happy

Happy can be running down a hill extremely fast,

Or it can be lying on a comfy chair, feeling all relaxed.

Happy can be a train ride, off to somewhere new,

Or it can be playing in your bedroom, with a game that's fun to do.

Happy can be dancing at a party with your friends,

Or it can be reading calmly, wondering how the story ends.

Happy can be puddles splashing, or just drawing for a while,

Happy can be anything you do that makes you smile.



Drawing Pictures

Sometimes when I draw a picture,
I try to make it super neat.
I copy what I'm looking at
Until I'm sure it looks complete.

Sometimes when I draw a picture,
I let the colours slip and slide.
In the end it might not look like much
But it is how I feel inside.

When I'm drawing carefully,
I know what it is going to be.
But if I just swirl colours around,
It's like the picture is drawing me.



The Birthday Cake

Candles on the birthday cake,
All lit and flickering bright.
I'll close my eyes and make a wish,
I hope I do it right.

Everyone gathers around to watch,
The lights are turned down low.
It's almost time for them to sing,
And for me to puff and blow.

The singing starts and I feel proud,
As I listen to the song.
The candles make my face feel warm,
Until puff!... all the flames are gone.



The Bubble

Once I caught a bubble,
It wasn't something I had planned.

All the others went pop, pop, pop,
But this one settled in my hand.

It looked all wet like water,
And had a rainbow shine inside.

My friends all gathered around to see,
So I held it up with pride.

Time moved by so slowly,
And then it popped like we all feared.

I tried to catch more in my hands,
But the rest all burst and disappeared.



Hide and Seek

Hide and seek and I'm under the covers,
Trying so hard not to giggle.

The counting's done, and in you come.
I won't move at all, not a wiggle.

Now where could they be? I hear you say,
And the waiting tingles my tummy.

I let out a squeal, now you'll find me for real.

I don't know what makes hiding so funny.



A Million Stars

My mum says our sky is full of millions of stars.

And billions of planets like Earth, Jupiter and Mars.

And though stars all look little, as they twinkle in the night,

closer up they're massive balls of fire, gas and light.

They are actually gigantic suns, like ours that lights up every day.

They just look so small and twinkly, as they are all so far away.

Some stars are ten times bigger than our sun that sets and rises.

And space is a huge mystery, with never ending new surprises.'

One day I'll build a rocket, and I'll go and see them all.

Mum said, 'Space lasts forever, and we're only very small.'

She said there are things and places that we may not ever understand.

But that's why our lives are special, and then she took my hand.

There's always more for us to learn, and more to make us wonder.

And as we watched the stars all twinkle, our eyes were also twinkling under.