What is a rhyming word?

Can you think of a word that rhymes with...



Reception L.O: To explore poetry and form an opinion.

Must: Can listen to a poem with attention.

Should: Can verbally explain why they dis/like about the

poem.

Could: Can write a sentence about their favourite poem.

Year 1 L.O: To explore poetry and form an opinion.

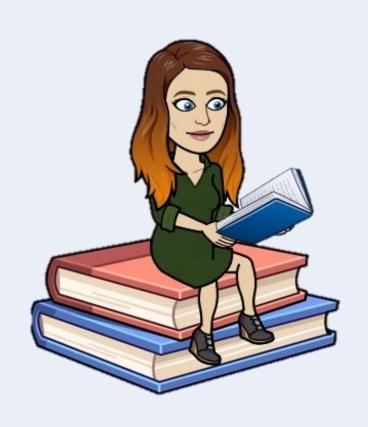
Must: Understand what rhyming is.

Should: Share my thoughts and ideas with a partner.

Could: Quote part of the poem to justify their opinion.

Today we are going to explore some poetry.

Can you think of any poems or nursery rhymes?



FIRST AND LAST

I like to be first in the playground,
I like to stand by the tree,
I like to imagine that all this space
Belongs entirely to me.

I walk from the tree to the waste-bin,
I walk across to the hedge,
I zig-zag across to the bushes
And then I go right round the edge.

When my friends arrive in the playground,
That's when the real games begin.
But I'm not a very fast runner
So I don't often try to join in.

Sometimes they say, 'Are you playing?'
As I practise bouncing my ball,
But they always ask too many people.
I'd rather stay by the wall.

And when I hear the whistle
At precisely five to nine,
And everyone rushes and pushes,
I choose to be last in the line.

I like to be last in the playground,
I take a last look around, and then,
I promise myself that tomorrow
I'll be first in the playground again.



June Crebbin

NO HICKORY NO DICKORY NO DOCK

Wasn't me Wasn't me said the little mouse I didn't run up no clock

You could hickory me You could dickory me or lock me in a dock

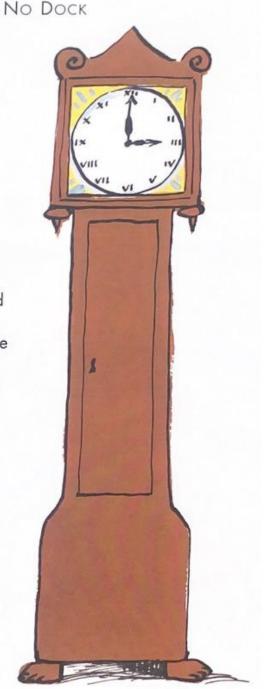
I still say I didn't run up no clock

Was me who ran under your bed Was me who bit into your bread Was me who nibbled your cheese

But please please,
I didn't run up no clock
no hickory
no dickory
no dock.

John Agard





ON TOMATO KETCHUP

If you do not shake the bottle, None'll come, and then a lot'll.

Anon





SOUNDS GOOD!

Sausage sizzles, crispbreads crack; hot dogs hiss and flapjacks snap!

Bacon boils and fritters fry; apples squelch in apple pie.

Baked beans bubble, gravy grumbles; popcorn pops, and stomach rumbles...

I'M HUNGRY!

Judith Nicholls

SPAGHETTI! SPAGHETTI!

Spaghettil spaghettil
you're wonderful stuff,
I love you, spaghetti,
I can't get enough.
You're covered with sauce
and you're sprinkled with cheese,
spaghettil spaghettil
oh, give me some please.

Spaghettil spaghettil
piled high in a mound,

Spaghetti! spaghetti!
piled high in a mound,
you wiggle, you wriggle,
you squiggle around.
There's slurpy spaghetti
all over my plate,
spaghetti! spaghetti!
I think you are great.

Spaghetti! spaghetti!
I love you a lot,
you're slishy, you're sloshy,
delicious and hot,
I gobble you down
oh, I can't get enough,
spaghetti! spaghetti!
you're wonderful stuff.

Jack Prelutsky



SUMMER DAYS

I'm looking for a hot spot.
A what spot?
A hot spot.
I'm looking for a hot spot.
To lie out in the sun.
I'm looking for a hot spot
To play and have some fun.
I'm looking for a hot spot
To hit a ball and run.
Oh, I'm looking for a hot spot.
A what spot?
A hot spot.
I'm looking for a hot spot
Now summer has begun.





Task:

Pick 2 of your favourite poems from the anthologie using the word **because**.

Challenge:

Can you include part of the poem in your answer.

My favourite poem is Sounds
Good! Because it uses alliteration like popcorn pops.

My favourite poem is



big elephants can always understand small elephants

