



ROOTED IN GOD'S LOVE, EVERYONE GROWING TOGETHER
TO BECOME THE BEST THAT WE CAN BE

POETRY PATHWAYS

SEPTEMBER 2023/24



Our Vision for Poetry at Barrow URC Primary School

Through sharing, reading, writing and performing rhymes and poems, we aim to build children's emotional connection to language and the world around us. Poems are used throughout our curriculum to develop vocabulary, fluency and prosody, imagination and empathy. We also encourage children to review poetry – to form opinions about their own likes and dislikes and to understand and explain their preferences and respect the thoughts and feelings of others.

We are committed as a school to developing a love of reading and to reading aloud each day. Each class at Barrow has a class library, which hosts a variety of poetry books. Alongside our class guided reading texts, our core text for English text, each class has a selection of age-appropriate poetry books to be shared throughout the year. Of course, teachers can add to the core books to further develop children's exposure and enjoyment of poetry.

We have identified a core set of poems for each year group, which reflects our bespoke curriculum. Each year group will learn by heart poems to be performed for assembly or to be shared with parents or visitors. Children will also be encouraged to revisit poems previously learnt.

Each year group will also study a varied selection of poems during guided reading lessons, where vocabulary and meaning can be explored and explained, together with the development of children's wider reading skills. This will be done in weekly timetabled Poetry sessions.

Poetry also forms part of our writing curriculum, and each year group has different forms of poetry to explore and create. This allows children the opportunity to learn more about structures of poetry and allows them to write their own poems using a wide range of poetic devices. Children are encouraged to perform their own poetry alongside the poems learnt by their year group.

At Barrow we host an annual Poetry Recital, where every child in Key Stage 2 performs a poem of their choice to the class. Three are selected from each class and they then recite their poem at the Key Stage 2 Poetry Competition, an official adjudicator judges the competition and prizes are awarded for outstanding performances.

In addition, we also seek opportunities throughout the year for children to watch or hear poets reciting and discussing their own work.

This year we will be celebrating: National Poetry Day (5th October), World Nursery Rhyme Week (17th November), Barrow Poetry Recital (25th March) and taking part in the CLIPPA Shadowing Scheme for 2024.



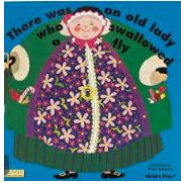
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POETRY PATHWAY:

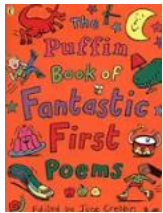
YEAR 1

YEAR 1 – POETRY PATHWAY

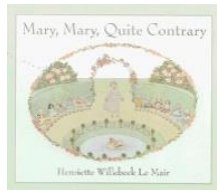
POETRY BOOKS TO SHARE



There was an Old Lady who Swallowed a Fly



The Puffin Book of Fantastic First Poems by June Crebbin



Mary, Mary Quite Contrary

POEMS TO PERFORM

Hickory, Dickory Dock
Mary, Mary
The Robot

POEMS TO READ

I'm a Mouse By Skoolbo
Windmill in Old Amsterdam
Hickory Dickory Dock
Three Blind Mice
Hot Cross Buns
Ladybird, Ladybird fly away home
Row, Row, Row your Boat
Ring a Ring a Roses
There was an Old Lady who Swallowed a Fly
Here we go Round the Mulberry Bush
London Bridge is Falling Down
Rickety Train Ride - Tony Mitton

POEMS TO WRITE

Concrete Poems

A concrete poem is written in the shape of its subject. As form is the highest consideration here sometimes the poems consist of single words describing their subject rather than complete lines.

Innovated poem based on a structure

Use the same structure as in the scaffolded outcome.

Eg.

Hickory, Dickory Dock
Harry ran up/round the _____
The _____ was _____.
Hickory Dickory Dock, tick tock.

YEAR 1: POEMS AND SONGS TO PERFORM

AUTUMN TERM

HICKORY DICKORY DOCK

Hickory Dickory Dock,
The mouse ran up the clock.
The clock struck one,
The mouse ran down!
Hickory Dickory Dock.

Hickory Dickory Dock,
The bird looked at the clock,
The clock struck two 2,
Away she flew,
Hickory Dickory Dock

Hickory Dickory Dock,
The dog barked at the clock,
The clock struck three 3,
Fiddle-de-dee,
Hickory Dickory Dock!

Hickory Dickory Dock,
The bear slept by the clock,
The clock struck four 4,
He ran out the door,
Hickory Dickory Dock!

Hickory Dickory Dock,
The bee buzzed round the clock,
The clock struck five 5,
She went to her hive,
Hickory Dickory Dock!

SPRING TERM

MARY, MARY, QUITE CONTRARY

Mary, Mary, quite contrary
How does your garden grow?
With silver bells and cockleshells
And pretty maids all in a row
And pretty maids all in a row

Mary, Mary, quite contrary
How does your garden grow?
With silver bells and cockleshells
And pretty maids all in a row
And pretty maids all in a row

SUMMER TERM

MY ROBOT

My robot must rate as my favourite toy,
A wonderful, whirring, mechanical joy.
My robot can talk, but he'd much rather sing,
Or go to the park and play on the swings!

My robot is silver and very astute.
For instance this week he was learning the flute.
My robot's adept at a number of tests,
Like doing my homework or folding my vests!

My robot tells jokes that will tickle your sides,
Or spin a good story and much more besides.
And with a small spanner I always keep handy,
I unbolt his head to store all my candy!



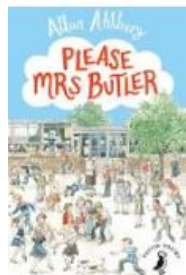
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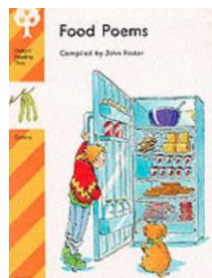
YEAR 2

YEAR 2 – POETRY PATHWAY

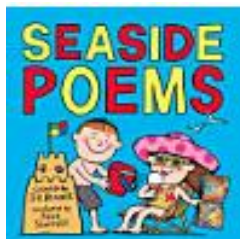
POETRY BOOKS TO SHARE



Please Mr Butler by Allan Ahlberg



Food Poems by ORT



Seaside Poems by Jill Bennett.

POEMS TO PERFORM

When I was six by AA Milne
 Spaghetti, Spaghetti by Jack Prelutsky
 Sea Shoals See Shows in the Sea Bed
 by Paul Cookson

POEMS TO READ

Feast – By Shirley Hushes
 When I was six by AA Milne
 Spaghetti, Spaghetti by Jack Prelutsky
 Black Dot by Libby Houston
 What in the Wild by David Schwartz
 Ducks' Ditty from The Wind in the
 Willows
 Living by the Seaside by Marian
 Swinger
 Se Shoals See Shows in the Sea Bed
 by Paul Cookson

POEMS TO WRITE

Free Verse Poems

This phase will focus on writing a new poetry verse following modelling for a specified audience.

Model writing a free verse poem using the noun phrases created in the gathering content phase.

Acrostic

An acrostic is a poem in which the first letters of each line spell out a word or phrase. Usually, the first letter of each line is capitalised. Acrostics do not have to rhyme and there is not set length or rhythm for each line.

YEAR 2: POEMS AND SONGS TO PERFORM

AUTUMN TERM

WHEN I WAS SIX

When I was One,
I had just begun.
When I was Two,
I was nearly new.
When I was Three
I was hardly me.
When I was Four,
I was not much more.
When I was Five,
I was just alive.
But now I am Six,
I'm as clever as clever,
So I think I'll be six now for ever and ever.

SPRING TERM

SPAGHETTI, SPAGHETTI

Spaghetti! Spaghetti!
You're wonderful stuff,
I love you, spaghetti,
I can't get enough.
You're covered with sauce
And you're sprinkled with cheese,
Spaghetti! Spaghetti!
Oh, give me some more please.

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.

SUMMER TERM

THE OWL & THE PUSSY CAT

The Owl and the Pussy-cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat,
They took some honey, and plenty of money,
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the stars above,
And sang to a small guitar,
'O lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are,
You are!
You are!
What a beautiful Pussy you are!'

Pussy said to the Owl, 'You elegant fowl!'
How charmingly sweet you sing!
O let us be married! too long have we tarried:
But what shall we do for a ring?'
They sailed away, for a year and a day,
To the land where the Bong-tree grows,
And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood
With a ring in the end of his nose,
His nose,
His nose,
With a ring at the end of his nose.

'Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?' Said the Piggy, 'I will.'
So they took it away, and were married next day
By the Turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined on mince, and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon,
The moon,
The moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.



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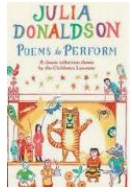
YEAR 3

YEAR 3 – POETRY PATHWAY

POETRY BOOKS TO SHARE



The Oxford Book of Children's Poetry by Michael Harrison



Poems to Perform by Julia Donaldson



A children's garden of verses by Robert Louis Stevenson

POEMS TO PERFORM

The Dog Ate My Homework by Ken Nesbitt

Voices of Water by Tony Mitton

The Lamplighter
By Robert Louis Stevenson

POEMS TO READ

Never Nudge a Budgie by Colin West
The Dog Ate My Homework by Ken Nesbitt

The Penguin in Lost Property by Jan Dean and Roger Stevens.

You Tell Me by Roger McGough and Michael Rosen.

The Dragon with a Big Nose by Kathy Henderson.

Sticky Ends by Jeanne Willis.

Snake Glides by Keith Bosley

The Raindrop by John Travers Moore

Voices of Water by Tony Mitton

The Spider and the Fly by Mary Howitt

The Lamplighter By Robert Louis Stevenson

POEMS TO WRITE

Clerihew

A clerihew is usually a humorous poem written about a specific person. It is a four-line comic verse with two rhyming pairs of lines with the rhyme scheme AABB. The first line of the poem will include the name of the person about whom the poem is written.

List

A list poem collects content in a list form. It can be purely a list without any transitional phrases. List poems don't have any fixed rhyme or rhythmic pattern – this is the poet's choice.

Shape Poems

Shape poetry is a **form of visual poetry in which the text is arranged into a specific shape**, making it perfect for creative writing activities

Calligrams

YEAR 3: POEMS AND SONGS TO PERFORM

AUTUMN TERM

MY DOG ATE MY HOMEWORK

My dog ate my homework.
That mischievous pup
got hold of my homework
and gobbled it up.

My dog ate my homework.
It's gonna be late.
I guess that the teacher
will just have to wait.

My dog ate my homework.
He swallowed it whole.
I shouldn't have mixed it
with food in his bowl.

SPRING TERM

VOICES OF WATER

The water in the rain says *tick tick tack* The
water in the sleet says *slush*
The water in the ice says *crick crick crack*
The water in the snow says *hush*

The water in the sink says *slosh slosh* The
water in the tap says *drip* The water in the
bath says *wash wash* The water in the cup
says *sip*

The water in the pool says *splish splash* The
water in the stream says *trill* The water in
the sea says *crish crash* The water in the
pond stays still.

The water in the soil says *sow, sow* The
water in the cloud says *give* The water in the
plants says *grow, grow* The water in the
world says *live*

SUMMER TERM

THE LAMPLIGHTER

My tea is nearly ready and the sun has left the sky;
It's time to take the window to see Leerie going by;
For every night at teatime and before you take your seat,
With lantern and with ladder he comes posting up the
street.

Now Tom would be a driver and Maria go to sea,
And my papa's a banker and as rich as he can be;
But I, when I am stronger and can choose what I'm to do,
Oh Leerie, I'll go round at night and light the lamps with
you!

For we are very lucky, with a lamp before the door,
And Leerie stops to light it as he lights so many more;
And O! before you hurry by with ladder and with light,
O Leerie, see a little child and nod to him tonight!



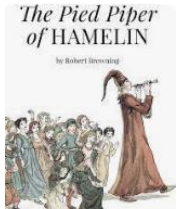
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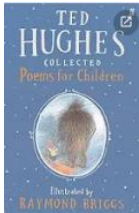
YEAR 4

YEAR 4 – POETRY PATHWAY

POETRY BOOKS TO SHARE



The Pied Piper of Hamelin by Robert Browning



A Collection of Poems for Children by Ted Hughes



A Poem for Every Day of the Year by Allie Esiri

POEMS TO PERFORM

In the Dark, Dark Wood by Anon

The poem Roger the Dog by Ted Hughes

The Fisherman by Abbie Farwell Brown

POEMS TO READ

The Pied Piper of Hamelin illustrated version by Robert Browning and Kate Greenaway.

Macavity: The Mystery Cat (Old Possum's Cats) by T.S. Eliot and Arthur Robins

Mr Mistoffelees: The Conjuring Cat (Old Possum's Cats) by T.S. Eliot and Arthur Robins

Skimbleshanks: The Railway Cat (Old Possum's Cats) by T.S. Eliot and Arthur Robins

Water Dance by Thomas Locker

Water, Water Everywhere by James Casey

Waterfall by James Casey

The Fisherman by Abbie Farwell Brown

Peter and the Wolf on the Boosey and Hawkes

My Mother Saw a Dancing Bear by Charles Causley

The Fox's Forey

POEMS TO WRITE

Kennings

Kennings are phrases of two words that replace a noun in poetry, often found in Anglo-Saxon and Norse poems. We explore kennings in poetry for primary school students. Kennings can be a type of poem and like a riddle. Kennings are commonly used in poetry to describe something without saying what it is.

Riddles

Riddles are most commonly posed as questions that often have a double meaning. They are considered a type of puzzle as they require a lot of thought and have, more often than not, an answer that you wouldn't expect.

YEAR 4: POEMS AND SONGS TO PERFORM

AUTUMN TERM

IN THE DARK, DARK, WOOD

In the dark, dark wood,
 there was a dark, dark house.
 And in that dark, dark house,
 there was a dark, dark room.
 And in that dark, dark room,
 there was a dark, dark cupboard.
 And in that dark, dark cupboard,
 there was a dark, dark shelf.
 And on that dark, dark shelf,
 there was a dark, dark box.
 And in that dark, dark box,
 there was a ghost.
 Hoo-hoo-hoo!
 Haa-haa-boo!

SPRING TERM

ROGER THE DOG

Asleep he wheezes at his ease.
 He only wakes to scratch his fleas.

 He hogs the fire, he bakes his head
 As if it were a loaf of bread.

 He's just a sack of snoring dog.
 You can lug him like a log.

 You can roll him with your foot,
 He'll stay snoring where he's put.

 I take him out for exercise,
 He rolls in cowclap up to his eyes.

 He will not race, he will not romp,
 He saves his strength for gobble and chomp.

 He'll work as hard as you could wish
 Emptying his dinner dish.

 Then flops flat, and digs down deep,
 Like a miner, into sleep.

SUMMER TERM

THE FISHERMAN

The fisherman goes out at dawn
 When every one's abed,
 And from the bottom of the sea
 Draws up his daily bread.

 His life is strange ; half on the shore
 And half upon the sea --
 Not quite a fish, and yet not quite
 The same as you and me.

 The fisherman has curious eyes ;
 They make you feel so queer,
 As if they had seen many things
 Of wonder and of fear.

 They're like the sea on foggy days, --
 Not gray, nor yet quite blue ;
 They 're like the wondrous tales he tells
 Not quite -- yet maybe -- true.

 He knows so much of boats and tides,
 Of winds and clouds and sky !
 But when I tell of city things,
 He sniffs and shuts one eye !



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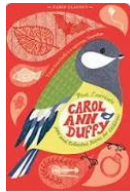
YEAR 5

YEAR 5 – POETRY PATHWAY

POETRY BOOKS TO SHARE



A Visit from St Nicholas by Clement Clarke Moore



New and Collected Poems for Children by Carol Ann Duffy



Ramshackle Rainbow: Poems for Year 5 chosen by Pie Corbett

POEMS TO PERFORM

A Visit from St Nicholas by Clement Clarke Moore.

Please Mr Butler by Allan Alberg

Don't Be Scared by Carol Ann Duffy

POEMS TO READ

King John's Christmas by AA Milne.
 Chip the glasses and crack the plates,
 JRR Tolkien YouTube clip (here).
 Timothy Winters by Charles Causley
 Where My Wellies Take Me by Clare and Michael Morpurgo
 The Lost Words by Robert Macfarlane and Jackie Morris
 Winter Morning by Sue Cowling
 Winter and Snow by Vasko Popa
 A Poem to be Spoken Silently by Pie Corbett
 Sunset by Gina Douthwaite
 Smiles Like Roses by Helen Dunmore
 Cat Began by Andrew Matthews
 Don't be Scared by Carol Ann Duffy
 In I Am the Seed that Grew the Tree selected by Fiona Waters

POEMS TO WRITE

Haiku

Haiku are seventeen syllable poems with the following structure:

Line 1: 5 syllables

Line 2: 7 syllables

Line 3: 5 syllables

The lines are separate and each contains a new thought. A haiku describes one moment of time. Haiku are visual poems usually about the natural world, and leave the reader with a picture.

Limerick poems

A limerick poem is a type of poem where the first, second and fifth lines have the same rhyme and rhythm. The third and fourth lines within a limerick will rhyme too

YEAR 5: POEMS AND SONGS TO PERFORM

AUTUMN TERM

A VISIT FROM ST NICHOLAS

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
 Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
 The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
 In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
 The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
 While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
 And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
 Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,
 When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
 I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.
 Away to the window I flew like a flash,
 Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
 The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
 Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below,
 When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
 But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,
 With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
 I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
 More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
 And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name;
 "Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!
 On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Donder and Blitzen!
 To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
 Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!"
 As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
 When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky;

SPRING TERM

PLEASE MR. BUTLER

Please Mrs Butler
 This boy Derek Drew
 Keeps copying my work, Miss.
 What shall I do?

 Go and sit in the hall, dear.
 Go and sit in the sink.
 Take your books on the roof, my lamb.
 Do whatever you think.

 Please Mrs Butler
 This boy Derek Drew
 Keeps taking my rubber, Miss. What shall I do?

 Keep it in your hand, dear.
 Hide it up your vest.
 Swallow it if you like, love.
 Do what you think best.

 Please Mrs Butler
 This boy Derek Drew
 Keeps calling me rude names, Miss.
 What shall I do?

 Lock yourself in the cupboard, dear.
 Run away to sea.
 Do whatever you can, my flower.
 But don't ask me!

SUMMER TERM

DON'T BE SCARED

The dark is only a blanket
 for the moon to put on her bed.

 The dark is a private cinema
 for the movie dreams in your head.

 The dark is a little black dress
 to show off the sequin stars.

 The dark is the wooden hole
 behind the strings of happy guitars.

 The dark is a jeweller's velvet cloth
 where children sleep like pearls.

 The dark is a spool of film
 to photograph boys and girls,

 so smile in your sleep in the dark.
 Don't be scared.

So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of Toys, and St. Nicholas too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of Toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a pedler just opening his pack.
His eyes—how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;
He had a broad face and a little round belly,
That shook when he laughed, like a bowlful of jelly.
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself;
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread;
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose;
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle,
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night."



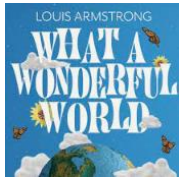
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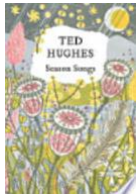
YEAR 6

YEAR 6 – POETRY PATHWAY

POETRY BOOKS TO SHARE



What a Wonderful World by Louis Armstrong



The Warm and the Cold by Ted Hughes



The Lion and Albert by Marriott Edgar

POEMS TO PERFORM

The Highway Man by Alfred Noyes

The Sea by James Reeves

The Lion and Albert by Marriott Edgar

POEMS TO READ

The Highway Man

Imagine by John Lennon.

Blowin' in the Wind by Bob Dylan.

Eleanor Rigby by Lennon and McCartney

Bridge over Troubled Water by Simon and Garfunkel

A Little Help from my Friends by Lennon and McCartney

Autumn Leaves by Paolo Nutini.

Owl by Pie Corbett

City Jungle by Pie Corbett

The Sea by James Reeves

Beach by John Coldwell

The Warm and the Cold by Ted Hughes

POEMS TO WRITE

Cinquain

A cinquain consists of five unrhymed lines. Each line has a set number of syllables: Line 1: 2 syllables

Line 2: 4 syllables

Line 3: 6 syllables

Line 4: 8 syllables

Line 5: 2 syllables

Blackout Poetry

Blackout poetry is a form of 'found poetry' where the poet selects words from a printed text and redacts the unwanted words. The chosen words will form a new poem - giving the original text a whole new meaning.

YEAR 6: POEMS AND SONGS TO PERFORM

AUTUMN TERM

THE HIGHWAY MAN

Part One

I

The wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty trees, The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas, The road was a ribbon of moonlight, over the purple moor, And the highwayman came riding- Riding-riding- The highwayman came riding, up to the old inn-door.

II

He'd a French cocked-hat on his forehead, a bunch of lace at his chin, A coat of the claret velvet, and breeches of brown doe-skin; They fitted with never a wrinkle: his boots were up to the thigh! And he rode with a jewelled twinkle, His pistol butts a-twinkle, His rapier hilt a-twinkle, under the jewelled sky.

III

Over the cobbles he clattered and clashed in the dark inn-yard, And he tapped with his whip on the shutters, but all was locked and barred; He whistled a tune to the window, and who should be waiting there But the landlord's black-eyed daughter, Bess, the landlord's daughter, Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black hair.

SPRING TERM

THE SEA

The sea is a hungry dog,
Giant and grey.
He rolls on the beach all day.
With his clashing teeth and shaggy jaws
Hour upon hour he gnaws
The rumbling, tumbling stones,
And 'Bones, bones, bones, bones!'
The giant sea-dog moans,
Licking his greasy paws.

And when the night wind roars
And the moon rocks in the stormy cloud,
He bounds to his feet and snuffs and sniffs,
Shaking his wet sides over the cliffs,
And howls and hollos long and loud.

But on quiet days in May or June,
When even the grasses on the dune
Play no more their reedy tune,
With his head between his paws

He lies on the sandy shores,
So quiet, so quiet, he scarcely snores.

SUMMER TERM

THE LION AND ALBERT

There's a famous seaside place called Blackpool,
That's noted for fresh air and fun,
And Mr and Mrs Ramsbottom
Went there with young Albert, their son.

A grand little lad was young Albert,
All dressed in his best; quite a swell
With a stick with an 'orse's 'ead 'andle,
The finest that Woolworth's could sell.

They didn't think much to the Ocean:
The waves, they was fiddlin' and small,
There was no wrecks and nobody drowned,
Fact, nothing to laugh at at all.

So, seeking for further amusement,
They paid and went into the Zoo,
Where they'd Lions and Tigers and Camels,
And old ale and sandwiches too.

There were one great big Lion called Wallace;
His nose were all covered with scars —
He lay in a somnolent posture,
With the side of his face on the bars.

Now Albert had heard about Lions,
How they was ferocious and wild —
To see Wallace lying so peaceful,
Well, it didn't seem right to the child.

So straightway the brave little feller,
Not showing a morsel of fear,
Took his stick with its 'orse's 'ead 'andle
And pushed it in Wallace's ear.

You could see that the Lion didn't like it,
For giving a kind of a roll,
He pulled Albert inside the cage with 'im,
And swallowed the little lad 'ole.

Then Pa, who had seen the occurrence,
And didn't know what to do next,
Said 'Mother! Yon Lion's 'et Albert',
And Mother said 'Well, I am vexed!'

Then Mr and Mrs Ramsbottom —
Quite rightly, when all's said and done —
Complained to the Animal Keeper,
That the Lion had eaten their son.

The keeper was quite nice about it;
He said 'What a nasty mishap.
Are you sure that it's your boy he's eaten?'
Pa said "Am I sure? There's his cap!"

The manager had to be sent for.
He came and he said 'What's to do?'
Pa said 'Yon Lion's 'et Albert,
'And 'im in his Sunday clothes, too.'

Then Mother said, 'Right's right, young feller;
I think it's a shame and a sin,
For a lion to go and eat Albert,
And after we've paid to come in.'

The manager wanted no trouble,
He took out his purse right away,
Saying 'How much to settle the matter?'

And Pa said "What do you usually pay?"

But Mother had turned a bit awkward
When she thought where her Albert had gone.
She said 'No! someone's got to be summonsed' —
So that was decided upon.

Then off they went to the P'lice Station,
In front of the Magistrate chap;
They told 'im what happened to Albert,
And proved it by showing his cap.

The Magistrate gave his opinion
That no one was really to blame
And he said that he hoped the Ramsbottoms
Would have further sons to their name.

At that Mother got proper blazing,
'And thank you, sir, kindly,' said she.
'What waste all our lives raising children
To feed ruddy Lions? Not me!'