

Utiliser des poèmes en anglais

- Travailler les dimensions orales et écrites de la langue vivante
- Travailler la phonologie
- Renforcer le travail de mémorisation

Sitographie

<https://learnenglishkids.britishcouncil.org/fr/poems>

<https://www.poetry4kids.com/poems/>

<https://momlovesbest.com/short-poems-for-kids>



WINTER POEMS

Snowball By Shel Silverstein

*I made myself a snowball
As perfect as could be.
I thought I'd keep it as a pet
And let it sleep with me.
I made it some pajamas
And a pillow for its head.
Then last night it ran away,
But first it wet my bed*

Source : <https://www.familyfriendpoems.com/poem/snowball-by-shel-silverstein>

Winter Morning Poem *By Ogden Nash*

*Winter is the king of showmen,
Turning tree stumps into snow men
And houses into birthday cakes
And spreading sugar over lakes.
Smooth and clean and frosty white,
The world looks good enough to bite.
That's the season to be young,
Catching snowflakes on your tongue!
Snow is snowy when it's snowing.
I'm sorry it's slushy when it's going.*

Source : <https://familyfriendpoems.com/poem/122912>

Poems about colours

COLOURS by Leon Garfield

White's clean and cold

Grey's dusty and dead

Yellow's sunshine and daffodils

Blue's sleep and the sky

Red's for pain.

Red's pricked fingers and scrapes and wounds.

What is Pink? By Christina Rossetti

What is pink? A rose is pink
By the fountain's brink.
What is red? A poppy's red
In its barley bed.
What is blue? The sky is blue
Where the clouds float through.
What is white? A swan is white
Sailing in the light.
What is yellow? Pears are yellow,
Rich and ripe and mellow.
What is green? The grass is green,
With small flowers between.
What is violet? Clouds are violet
In the summer twilight.
What is orange? Why, an orange,
Just an orange!

Version cycle 2 :

What is red?

What is red? A rose is red.

What is blue? The sky is blue.

What is white? The snow is
white.

What is yellow? The sun is
yellow.

What is green? The grass is
green.

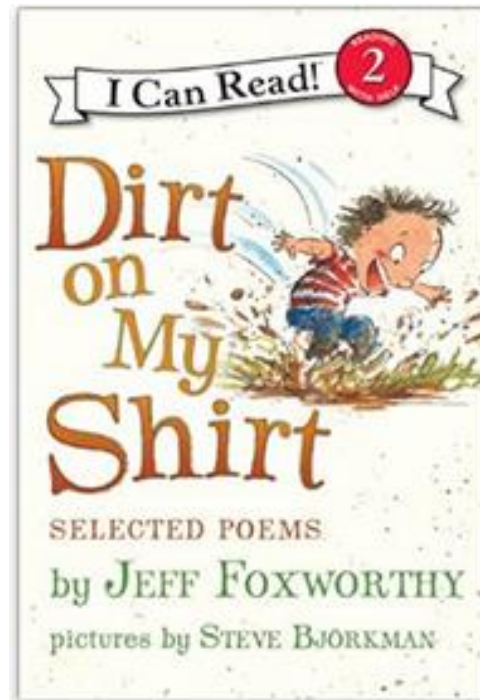
What is orange? An orange is
orange.

Just an orange!

Poèmes de Jeff Foxworthy

Extrait de « Dirt on my shirt »

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dgTLJK3VWp4>



Spare hair

Salamander sitting there
Salamander has no hair
His friend the bear has hair to spare
But bear won't share
And that's not fair!

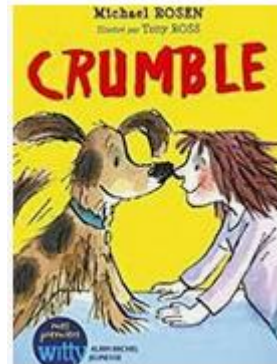
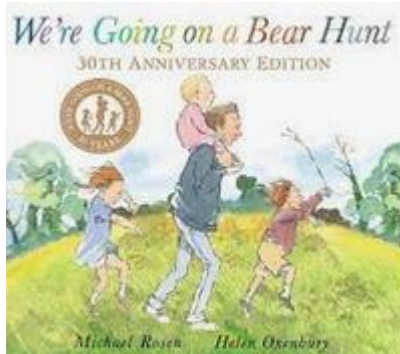
Wishing and fishing

I was just wishing that I could go fishing
What I might catch I don't know
A shark or a whale, or a fish with no tail
No matter 'cause I'll let them go

Bubbles

I like to play and splash and sing
When I take my bath
But it's the bubbles that I make myself
That always make me laugh!

Michael Rosen

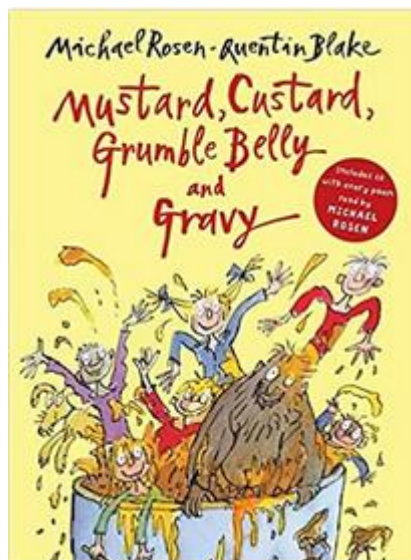


Michael Rosen est connu pour ses albums mais il a également écrit de nombreux poèmes.

C'est un excellent orateur. Vous trouverez de nombreuses vidéos de lui sur youtube.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Akwm2UZJ34o>

Poèmes extraits de « Mustard, Custard, Grumble belly and Gravy »



STAMP STAMP STAMP

You can hide in your house
You can make a camp
You can march all round your house
Stamp stamp stamp

NOSE

You say : let me have your nose
I would like to use it today
And I say : but it's the only one I've got
You can't take my nose away.

SID

Down behind the dustbin
I met a dog called Sid.
He could smell a bone inside
But couldn't lift the lid.

TIFFY TAFFY

Tiffy taffy toffee
On the fle flo floor
Tiffy taffy toffee
On the dee doe door.
Kiffy kaffy coffee
In a mig mag mug.

JIM

Down behind the dustbin
I met a dog called Jim
He didn't know me
And I didn't know him.

SOMETHING'S DRASTIC

Something's drastic
My nose is made of plastic
Something's drastic
My ears are elastic
Something's drastic
Something's drastic
I'm fantastic !

A Dangerous Raisin

A raisin has escaped
from the raisin jar.
It's whooshing
across the table
like a shooting star.
Now, it's leaping in
the air
like a kangaroo.
'Look out Dad,
it's coming for YOU!'

Alligator Problem

If an excavator
excavates
A motivator
motivates
An activator
activates
A rotivator rotivates
A cultivator
cultivates
And an operator
operates
What does an
alligator do?

Move It

You gotta move it
To prove it.
Move it
to prove it.

In the plane
On the train
Take a trip
On a ship

You gotta move it
To prove it
Move it
To prove it.

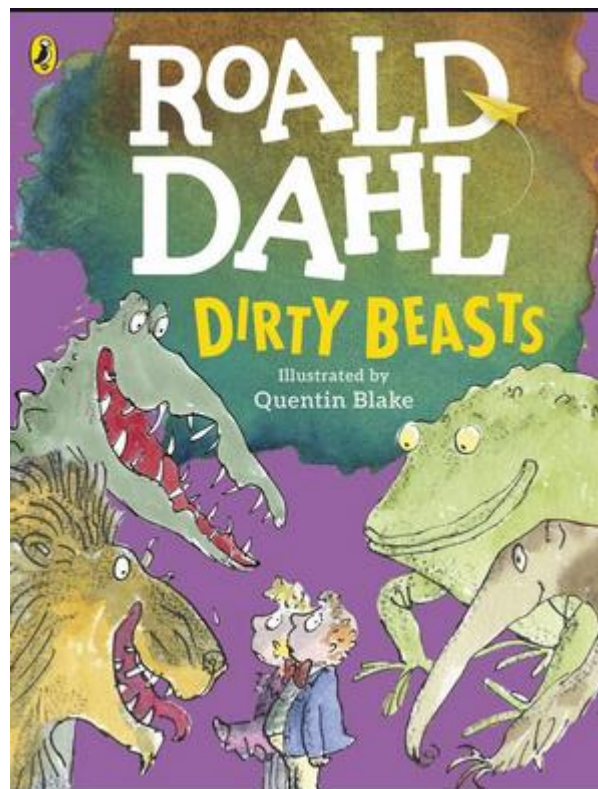
Take a hike
Take a bike
Use your feet
On the street

You gotta move it
To prove it
Move it
To prove it.

Are we there?
Where?
Are we near?
We're here!

Colour

Take a brush:
the sky is green
the grass is blue
you are purple
the house is silver
the sun is black
the river is gold
the world has
changed.
Did you do that ?



Dirty Beasts is a collection of hilarious animal rhymes from *Roald Dahl*.

The Lion by Roald Dahl

The lion just adores to eat
A lot of red and tender meat
And if you ask the lion what
Is much the tenderest of the lot,
He will not say a roast of lamb
Or curried beef or devilled ham
Or crispy pork or corned beef hash
Or sausages or mutton mash.
Then could it be a big plump hen?
He answers no. What is it, then?
Oh, lion dear, could I not make
You happy with a lovely steak?
Could I entice you from your lair
With rabbit pie or roasted hare?
The lion smiled and shook his head
He came up very close and said,
'The meat I am about to chew
Is neither steak nor chops. IT'S YOU.'

The Scorpion by Roald Dahl

You ought to thank your lucky star
That here in England where you are
You'll never find (or so it's said)
A scorpion inside your bed.
The scorpion's name is Sting-a-ling,
A most repulsive ugly thing,
And I would never recommend
That you should treat him as a friend.
His scaly skin as black as black
With armour-plate upon his back.
Observe his scowling murderous face,
His wicked eyes, his lack of grace,
Note well his long and crinkly tail.
And when it starts to swish and flail,
Oh gosh! Watch out! Jump back, I say,
And run till you're a mile away.
The moment that his tail goes swish
He has but one determined wish,
He wants to make a sudden jump
And sting you hard upon your rump...

POEM FROM AN AFRICAN

Dear white brother,

When I was born, I was black
When I grew up, I was black
When I go sunbathing, I am black
When I am sick, I am black;

Whereas you, white man,

When you were born, you were pink
When you grew up, you were white
When you go sunbathing, you are red
When you are cold, you are blue
When you are afraid, you are green
When you are sick, you are yellow
When you die, you will be grey.

And yet you have the nerve to call me a “colored man”.

Colored Man

Beloved white brother;
When I was born, I was black.
When I grew up, I was black.
When I am in the sun, I am black.
When I fall ill, I am black.
When I die, I will be black.

And meanwhile you;
When you were born, you were pink.
When you grew up, you were white.
When you're in the sun, you turn red.
When you feel cold, you turn blue.
When you feel fear, you turn green.
When you fall ill, you turn yellow.
When you die, you will be gray.
So, which of us is the colored man?

Leopold Senghor
poet of Senegal

HALLOWEEN

<https://www.familyfriendpoems.com/collection/halloween-poems-for-kids/>



In the dark, dark town

There is a dark, dark road,
And in the dark, dark road,
There is a dark, dark house,
And in the dark, dark house,
There is a dark, dark door,
Knock, on the door: “Knock,
Knock, Knock”,
Open the door: “Creak, creak,
Creak”
There is a dark, dark hall,
And in the dark, dark hall,
There is a dark, dark stair,
Go down the stair. Down, down, down
There is a dark, dark cellar,
And in the dark, dark cellar,
There is a dark, dark door,
Open the door...
Aaargh! There’s a ghost!

Strange Tales

People of all ages love tales of the unusual. Here is an old favorite American tale; its fine repetition makes it a great model for new English class tales.

In a dark, dark town, there was a dark, dark street.
In the dark, dark street, there was a dark, dark house.
In the dark, dark house, there was a dark, dark hall.
In the dark, dark hall, there was a dark, dark door.
Behind the dark, dark door, there was a dark, dark room.
In the dark, dark room, there was a dark, dark closet.
In the dark, dark closet, there was a dark, dark chest.
In the dark, dark chest, there was a dark, dark box.
In the dark, dark box, there was a GHOST!

Animals





Dogs



(by Marchette Chute)

The dogs I know

Have many shapes.

For some are big and tall,

And some are long,

And some are thin,

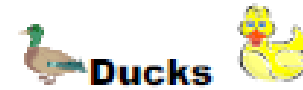
And some

are fat

and small.

And some are little bits of fluff

And have no shape at all.



Ducks

(by Mary Ann Hoberman)

Ducks are lucky,

Don't you think?

When they want to

Take a drink,

All they do is

Duck their bill.

(Doesn't matter

If they spill.)

When they want to

Take a swim,

All they do is

Dive right in;

And they never

Seem to sink.

Ducks are lucky,

Don't you think?

Baa, Baa, Black Sheep

Baa, baa, black sheep,

Have you any wool?

Yes sir, yes sir,

Three bags full.

One for my master,

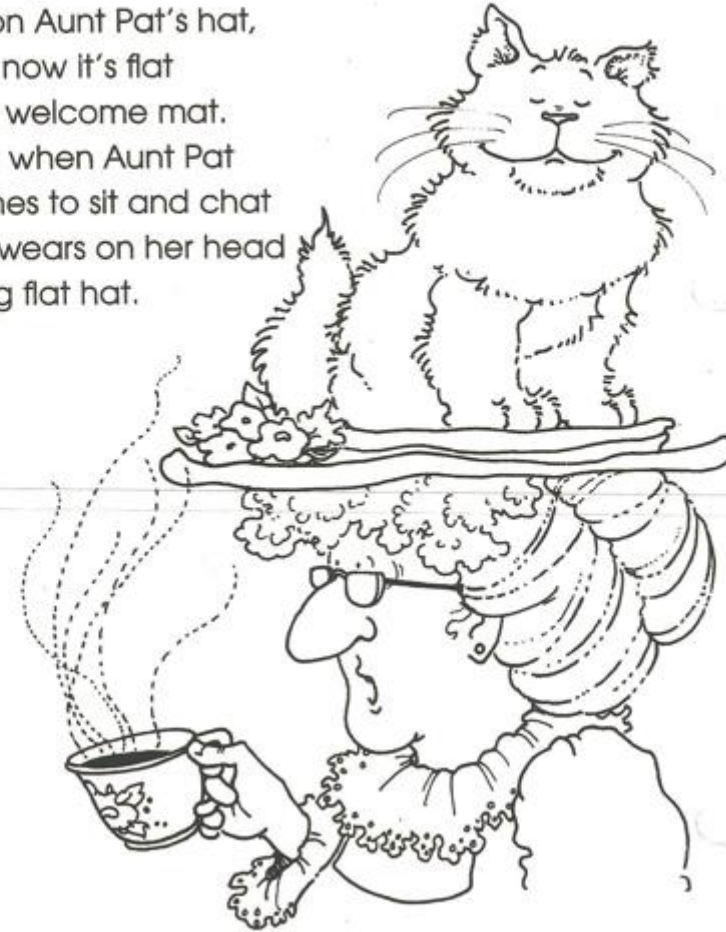
One for my dame,

And one for the little boy

Who lives down the lane.

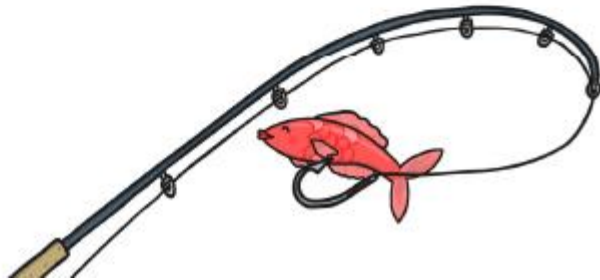
That Cat!

That big fat cat
Sat on Aunt Pat's hat,
And now it's flat
As a welcome mat.
Now when Aunt Pat
Comes to sit and chat
She wears on her head
A big flat hat.



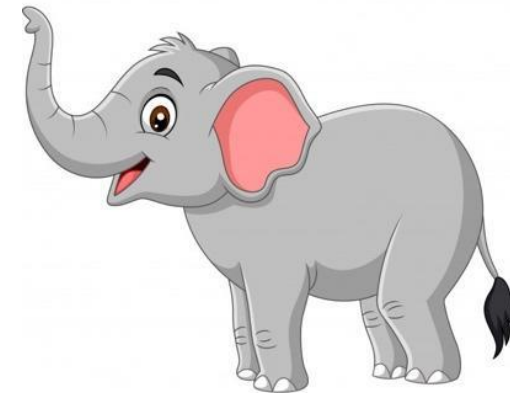
1, 2, 3, 4, 5 Once I Caught A Fish Alive

One, two, three, four, five,
Once I caught a fish alive.
Six, seven, eight, nine, ten,
Then I let it go again.
Why did you let it go?
Because it bit my finger so.
Which finger did it bite?
This little finger on my right.



The elephant

The elephant goes
Like this, like that.
He's terribly big
And he's terribly fat.
He has no fingers
He has no toes
But goodness gracious
What a nose !



Daisy the snail

Daisy is a brainy snail
She can drive a train
And bring the mail
She can sail a ship or follow a trail
Yes, Daisy is a brainy snail

(Sue Palmer et Mickaela Morgan)



NATURE





Autumn wind



(by Helen Howland Prommel)

Blow, wind –

Blow the leaves along!

Blow, wind –

Sing your little song!

Rattle all the red leaves,

Shake them till they fall,

But make the brittle brown leaves

Rattle best of all.

Blow, wind –

Blow the leaves away

Sing a little song, wind ,

For an autumn day!

Let's Preserve Our Nature

The sun is shining,

The sky is blue,

The birds are flying,

And the breeze is so cool.

Mother Nature is trying her best
To give nothing but beautifulness,
But what do we do ?
Make her a mess.

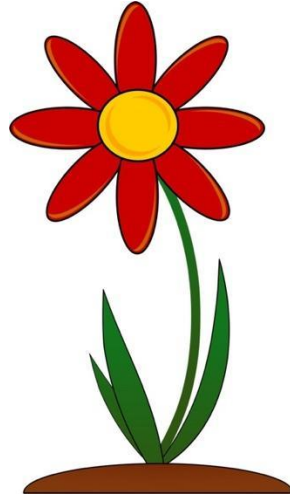
Let's make her the best
By polluting less and less,
And preserve her green dress
For our kids and the rest.

Autumn

The leaves are falling
One by one
The sunny days
Will soon be gone
Yellow, orange, brown and green
The colors of Autumn
Can be seen
The wind, the rain
The sun shines through
It's colder now
For me and you

Little seed

I plant a little seed
In the ground,
Out comes the sun
Big and round.
Down come the rain drops
Soft and slow,
Up comes a flower
Grow, grow, grow !



A little seed
(by Mabel Watts)

A little seed
For me to sow ...

A little earth
To make it grow ...

A little hole,
A little pat ...
A little wish,
And that is that.

A little sun,
A little shower ...

A little while,
And then – a
flower!

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FtCvkEZAaEM>

Water

Water is clearly a mystery to me

A solid ?

A liquid ?

A gas ?

It's all three.

Freeze it

Warm it

Boil it

You'll see.

Water is clearly a mystery to me !

(Amy Ludwig VanDerwater)

If I could catch a rainbow

If I could catch a rainbow

I would do it just for you

And share with you its beauty

On the days you're feeling blue

If I could build a mountain

You call your very own

A place to find serenity

A place to be alone

If I could take your troubles

I would toss them in the sea

But all these things I'm finding

Are impossible for me

I cannot build a mountain

Or catch a rainbow fair

But let me be what I know the best

A friend that's always there.

Other poems

My Teddy Bear

(by Marchette Chute)

A teddy bear is a faithful friend.

You can pick him up at either end.

His fur is the color

Of breakfast toast,

And he's always there

When you need him most.



One, Two, Buckle my shoe

One, two, buckle my shoe;

Three, four, shut the door;

Five, six, pick up sticks;

Seven, eight, lay them straight;

Nine, ten, a big fat hen.

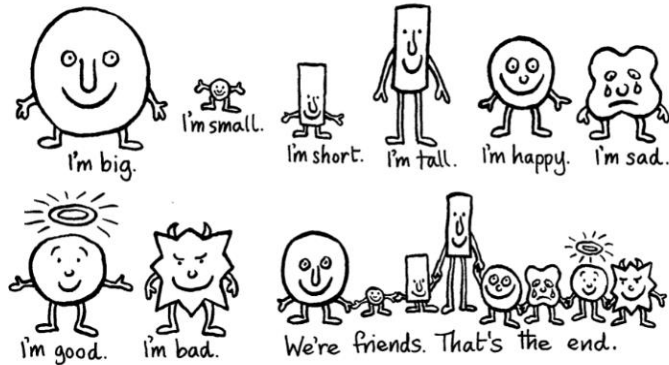
Blow, Wind, Blow!

Blow, wind, blow! And go, mill, go!
That the miller may grind his corn;
That the baker may take it,
And into rolls make it,
And send us some hot in the morn.

I'm big, I'm small

I'm big
I'm small
I'm short
I'm tall
I'm happy
I'm sad
I'm good
I'm bad
We're friends
That's the end

(extrait d'Oxford University Press)



My Eyes Can See

My eyes can see.
My mouth can talk.
My ears can hear.
My feet can walk.
My nose can sniff.
My teeth can chew.
My lids can flutter.
My arms can hug you.



Open a book

Open a book
And you will find
People and places of every kind.

Open a book
And you can be
Anything you want to be.

Open a book
And you can share
Wondrous words you find in there.

Open a book
And I will too,
You read to me
And I'll read to you !



© PhotoLibrary.com

The Clock

There's a neat little clock
In the schoolroom it stands.
And it points to the time
With its two little hands.

And may we, like the clock,
Keep a face clean and bright
With hands ever ready
To do what is right.



Ation

If we meet and I say « Hi »

That's a salut**ation**.

If you ask me how I feel

That's consider**ation**.

If we stop and talk awhile

That's convers**ation**.

If we understand each other,

That's communic**ation**.

If we argue, scream and fight,

That's an alterc**ation**.

If later we apologize

That's reconciali**ation**.

If we help each other home,

That's cooper**ation**.

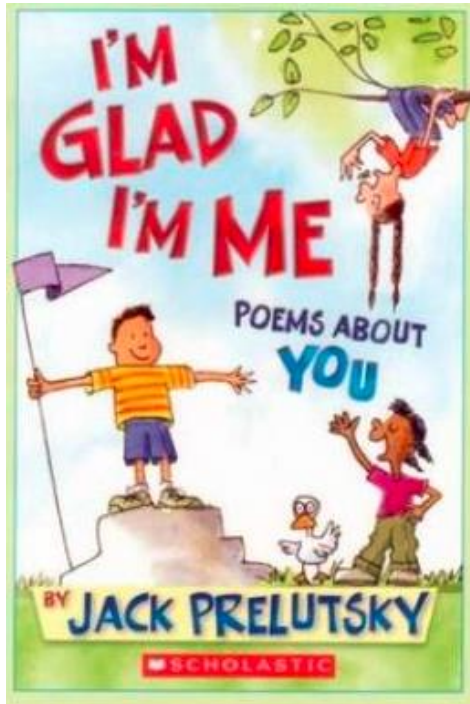
And all these *ations* added up

Make civiliz**ation**.

And if I say this is a wonderful poem,

Is that exagger**ation** ?

My creature *By Ogden Nash*



MY CREATURE

I made a creature
out of clay,
just what it is
is hard to say.
Its neck is thin,
its legs are fat,
it's like a bear
and like a bat.



It's like a snake
and like a snail,
it has a little
curly tail,
a shaggy mane,
a droopy beard,
its ears are long,
its smile is weird.

It has four horns,
one beady eye,
two floppy wings
(though it can't fly),
it only sits
upon my shelf—
just think, I made it
by myself!

