

Winter Poetry Handwriting Competition

We are so proud of how you
have been working on your
handwriting and presentation
- so now show it off!

Choose a poem and copy it
up using your most beautiful
handwriting and presentation

Give your copy to Mrs Graves
by

See Mrs Graves for paper if
needed

I'm a Snowflake

I'm a snowflake.

I'm a snowflake.

In the air.

In the air.

Whirling, twirling, snowflake.

Whirling, twirling, snowflake.

Here and there.

Here and there.

Snowflake, Snowflake

(By Little Learning Corner)

Snowflake, snowflake,

Shining in the sky.

Snowflake, snowflake,

Twirling as you go by.

Snowflake, snowflake,

You're one of a kind.

Snowflake, snowflake,

Oh, I wish you were mine.

Winter's Here

Winter's here
Snow's on the ground.
Children are sledging
All around.
Frozen icicles,
Frosty leaves.
You can feel,
the winter breeze.
Take your coat off,
Scarf and hat,
Wipe your snow boots
On the mat.
Feeling cosy,
In our beds
Now it's time
to rest our heads.

Winter

And the robin flew
Into the air, the air,
The white mist through;
And small and rare
The night-frost fell
Into the calm and misty dell.

And the dusk gathered low,
And the silver moon and stars
On the frozen snow
Drew taper bars,
Kindled winking fires
In the hooded briers.

And the sprawling Bear
Growled deep in the sky;
And Orion's hair
Streamed sparkling by:
But the North sighed low,
"Snow, snow, more snow!"

by Walter de la Mare

White Fields

In winter-time we go
Walking in the fields of snow

Where there is no grass at all;
Where the top of every wall,

Every fence, and every tree,
Is as white as white can be.

Pointing out the way we came
Every one of them the same -

All across the fields there be
Prints in silver filigree;

And our mothers always know,
By the footprints in the snow,

Where it is the children go.

by James Stephens

Picture Books In Winter

Summer fading, winter comes—
Frosty mornings, tingling thumbs,
Window robins, winter rooks,
And the picture story-books.
Water now is turned to stone
Nurse and I can walk upon;
Still, we find the flowing brooks
In the picture story-books.
All the pretty things put by,
Wait upon the children's eye,
Sheep and shepherds, trees and crooks,
In the picture story-books.
We may see how all things are
Seas and cities, near and far,
And the flying fairies' looks,
In the picture story-books.
How am I to sing your praise,
Happy chimney-corner days,
Sitting safe in nursery nooks,
Reading picture story-books?

—*Robert Louis Stevenson*