# Year 1 Literature Spine



### Year 2 Literature Spine





The Quangle Wangle's Hat

On the top of the Crampetty Tree The Quangle Wangle sat, But his face you could not see.



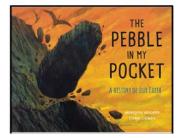








# Year 3 Literature Spine







TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

> Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house Not a creature was stirring, net even a mouse: The stockings were hung by the chimney with care in hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there "

> > 2.



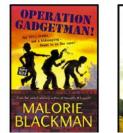
And what can be the use of him is more than I can se He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head And I see him same before me, when I same into my

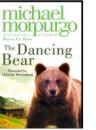
My Shadow

The funniest thing about him is the way be likes to g Not at all like proper children, which is always very a For be sumetimes shorts up tabler like an India-rubb And he sumetimes gets so little that there's near of 1

He ham't got a notion of how children ought to play, And can only make a fool of noe in every sort of way. He stays so close beside me, he's a coward you can see; Ed think shame to stick to nursie as that shafees sticks to the meaning way each before the sum any m

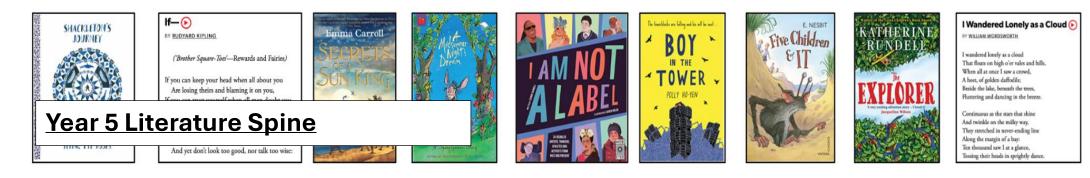
One morning, very early, before the sam was up, I rose and found the thining dew on every buttercup; But my lazy little shadow, bie an arment sleepy-head, Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed











#### Year 6 Literature Spine











**KATHERIN** RUNDELI



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n Flanders on the Christmas morn is transled frommu lay, is desmas and the Britan born, of it was Christmas Tay.	
he red sus come us fields accurat, he gray for fiel away: at reliber reced to fice the first, or it was thristne bey:	
tey called from each to each accoust to hideous dismiray. or terrible has been their loam: Dh, this is Christmas Day!"	
twir villae all they set anide, en impulse to obey: Youn just the mon on either side, int Den — and Christman Dey.	
tey dug the graves for all their dead of over them did gray: ad Englishmen and Sectors said: New excesses a Christman Dey!"	



#### SONNET 27

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed, The dear repose for limbs with travel tired; But then begins a journey in invihead. To work my mind, when body's work's expired: For then my thoughts (from far where I abide) intend a zealous pligninage to thee, And keep my drosping eyelids open wide, Looking on darkness which the blind do see: Save that my soul's imaginary sight Presents thy shadow to my sightless view, Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night, Makes black high! beauteous and her old face new Lo, thus, by day my limba, by night my mind, For thee, and for myself, no quiet find.

Jabberwocky TITNIS CARROLL Iwas brillig, and the slithy towes Did gyre and gimble in the water All ordering wave the heavyprove. And the mome raths outgrabe. Beware the Jabberwock, my son! The jaws that bite, the class that careft' leware the Jubjub bird, and aban

The framious Bundenmands' He took his vorpal sword in hand: Long time the manxome foe he sought-

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And mood sublic in threads: