

A House for Me



Here is a nest for Mrs. Bluebird.
(cup hands together)

Here is a hive for Mr. Bee,
(place fists together)



Here is a hole for Bunny Rabbit
(form circle with thumb and finger)



And here is a house for me.
(form roof shape with fingers)



Poems for Young Children about

Houses and Homes



Compliments of
Family Reading Partnership
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Homes

by Betsy France

Homes can be trailers,
Homes can be boats,
Home is the place
Where you hang your coat.

Homes are apartments
and mansions and tents.
Homes can be wooden
or stone or cement.

Homes can be large,
Homes can be tall,
Homes can be cozy and
friendly and small.

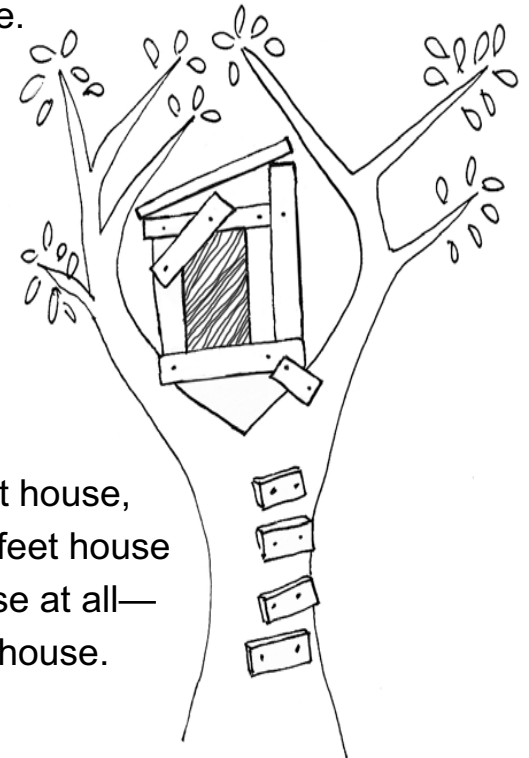
Wherever you live,
If it's old or it's new,
Your home is your
"home sweet home" to you.



Tree House

by Shel Silverstein

A tree house, a free house,
A secret you and me house,
A high up in the leafy branches
Cozy as can be house.



A street house, a neat house,
Be sure to wipe your feet house
Is not my kind of house at all—
Let's go live in a tree house.

The House of the Mouse

by Lucy Sprague Mitchell

The house of the mouse
is a wee little house,
a green little house in the grass,
which big clumsy folk
may hunt and may poke
and still never see as they pass
this sweet little, neat little,
wee little, green little,
cuddle-down hide-away
house in the grass.



Two Little Houses

Two little houses,
Closed up tight.
(close fists)

Let's open the windows,
And let in some light.
(open fists)

There Was A Crooked Man

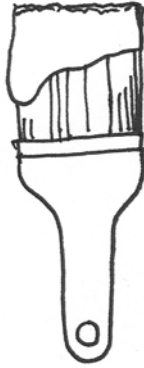
There was a crooked man
And he walked a crooked mile;
He found a crooked sixpence
Beside a crooked stile;
He bought a crooked cat
And it caught a crooked mouse
And they both lived together
In a wee crooked house.



My Houses

by Vivian G. Gouled

If I'd be a painter,
Here's just what I'd do;
I'd paint all the houses
Red, yellow, and blue,
The steps would be purple,
The roof's...pink and white,
And people would look at
My houses all right!



My Little House

I'm going to build a little house
With windows wide and bright.

(stretch arms out to sides)

With chimney tall and curling smoke
Rising out of sight.

(spiral hand upward)

In winter when the snowflakes fall
Or when I hear a storm,

(cup hand behind ear)

I'll go and sit inside my house
Where I'll be snug and warm.

(hug self)



Building a House

by Diane Thom

Building a house is lots of work,
(wipe brow)

First, you dig up lots of dirt.
(pretend to dig)

Then you pour a concrete floor,
(touch floor)

And pound up boards with nails galore.
(pretend to hammer)

Doors and windows go in fast,
(draw squares in air with finger)

Now your house is done at last.
(clasp hands together above head)

