

Where my feet go

<https://riverofsong.uk/>



A poem and movement activity for all seasons.

This poem by Hilda I. Rostrom is sadly nowhere to be found online. It comes from 'Teachers handbooks Language resources' by Scolastics published in 1987 but with no acknowledgement of its origins.

Enjoy this poem as part of story time or other quiet times. Once children know the verses well they can interpret the words to explore different ways of walking.



In Autumn I scuffled in golden leaves,
In Winter I walked on white snow;
In Spring I tiptoed through new green grass
To places where snowdrops grow.

But now it is summer, my feet have fun;
They're running to greet the sea.
I splash on gold sand in the dancing waves
And the tide comes up to greet me.