

Girls/ Boys Poem: 9 years

“Five Eyes”, by Walter de la Mare

In Hans' old mill his three black cats
Watch the bins for thieving rats.
Whisker and claw, they crouch in the night,
Their five eyes smouldering green and bright:
Squeaks from the flour-sacks, squeaks from where
The cold wind stirs on the empty stair,
Squeaking and scampering everywhere.

Then down they pounce, now in, now out,
At whisking tail, and sniffing snout;
While lean old Hans he snores away
Till peep of light at break of day;

Then up he climbs to his creaking mill.
Out come his cats all grey with meal –
Jekkel, and Jessup, and one-eyed Jill.