



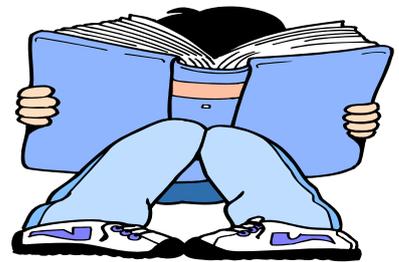
Blue Coat C.E. Infant School

Foundation Stage Core Nursery Rhymes & Stories

In EYFS we recognise the importance of stories, songs and rhymes. Nursery rhymes are important for young children because **they help develop an ear for our language**. Both rhyme and rhythm help children hear the sounds and syllables in words, which helps them to learn to read!

Literacy and child development experts have determined that children who know **at least 8** nursery rhymes by heart by the time they are 4 years old are usually among the best readers and spellers in their class by Year 3.

Nursery



Nursery Rhymes	Nursery Rhyme Origin
	Date first recorded
Twinkle Twinkle Little Star	France 1806
Hey Diddle Diddle	England 1765
Sing a song of sixpence	England 1744
1,2,3,4,5 once I caught a fish alive	England 1765
Polly put the kettle on	England 1803
Mary, Mary quite contrary	England 1744
Humpty Dumpty	England 1803
London Bridge	England 1744



Nursery Stories

[Goldilocks & the Three Bears](#)

[The Three Billy Goats Gruff](#)

[The Enormous Turnip](#)

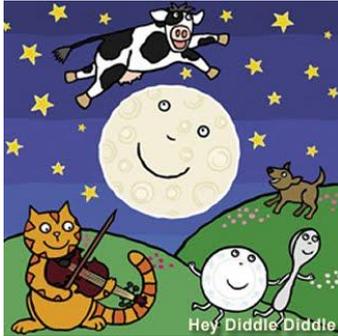
[The Gingerbread Man](#)

Nursery Rhymes



Hey Diddle Diddle

Hey, diddle, diddle, the cat and the fiddle
The cow jumped over the moon
The little dog laughed to see such fun
And the dish ran away with the spoon



1,2,3,4,5 Once I caught a fish alive

One, two, three, four, five,
Once I caught a fish alive.
Six, seven, eight, nine, ten,
Then I let it go again.

Why did you let it go?
Because it bit my finger so.
Which finger did it bite?
This little finger on the right.



Twinkle, twinkle Little Star

Twinkle, twinkle little star
How I wonder what you are
Up above the world so high
Like a diamond in the sky
Twinkle, twinkle little star
How I wonder what you are



Polly Put The Kettle On

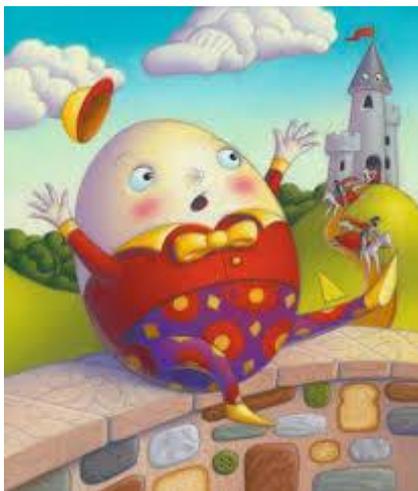
Polly put the kettle on,
Polly put the kettle on,
Polly put the kettle on,
We'll all have tea.

Suki take it off again,
Suki take it off again,
Suki take it off again,
They've all gone away.



Humpty Dumpty

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall
All the king's horses and all the king's men
Couldn't put Humpty together again



London Bridge Is Falling Down

London Bridge is falling down
Falling down, falling down
London Bridge is falling down
My fair lady

Build it up with iron bars
Iron bars, iron bars
Build it up with iron bars
My fair lady

Iron bars will bend and break
Bend and break, bend and break
Iron bars will bend and break
My fair lady

Build it up with gold and silver
Gold and silver, gold and silver
Build it up with gold and silver
My fair lady

Gold and silver we've not got
We've not got, we've not got
Gold and silver we've not got
My fair lady

London Bridge is falling down
Falling down, falling down
London Bridge is falling down
My fair lady





Mary, Mary Quite Contrary

Mary, Mary, quite contrary
How does your garden grow?
With silver bells and cockleshells
And pretty maids all in a row
And pretty maids all in a row

Mary, Mary, quite contrary
How does your garden grow?
With silver bells and cockleshells
And pretty maids all in a row
And pretty maids all in a row



Sing A Song Of Sixpence



Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye,
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie.

When the pie was opened
The birds began to sing—
Wasn't that a dainty dish
To set before the king?

Nursery stories

Nursery Stories

[Goldilocks & the Three Bears](#)

[The Three Billy Goats Gruff](#)

[The Enormous Turnip](#)

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The Story of Goldilocks and the Three Bears

Once upon a time, there was a little girl named Goldilocks. She went for a walk in the forest. Pretty soon, she came upon a house. She knocked and, when no one answered, she walked right in.

At the table in the kitchen, there were three bowls of porridge. Goldilocks was hungry. She tasted the porridge from the first bowl.

"This porridge is too hot!" she exclaimed.

So, she tasted the porridge from the second bowl.

"This porridge is too cold," she said.

So, she tasted the last bowl of porridge.

"Ahhh, this porridge is just right," she said happily and she ate it all up.

After she'd eaten the three bears' breakfasts, she decided she was feeling a little tired. So, she walked into the living room where she saw three chairs. Goldilocks sat in the first chair to rest.

"This chair is too big!" she exclaimed.

So she sat in the second chair.

"This chair is too big, too!" she whined.

So she tried the last and smallest chair.



"Ahhh, this chair is just right," she sighed. But just as she settled down into the chair to rest, it broke into pieces!

Goldilocks was very tired by this time, she went upstairs to the bedroom. She lay down in the first bed, but it was too hard. Then she lay in the second bed, but it was too soft. Then she lay down in the third bed and it was just right. Goldilocks fell asleep.

As she was sleeping, the three bears came home.

"Someone's been eating my porridge," growled the Papa bear.

"Someone's been eating my porridge," said the Mama bear.

"Someone's been eating my porridge and they ate it all up!" cried the Baby bear.

"Someone's been sitting in my chair," growled the Papa bear.

"Someone's been sitting in my chair," said the Mama bear.

"Someone's been sitting in my chair and they've broken it to pieces," cried the Baby bear.

They decided to look around some more and when they got upstairs to the bedroom, Papa bear growled,

"Someone's been sleeping in my bed."

"Someone's been sleeping in my bed, too" said the Mama bear.

"Someone's been sleeping in my bed and she's still there!" exclaimed the Baby bear.

Just then, Goldilocks woke up. She saw the three bears. She screamed, "Help!" And she jumped up and ran out of the room. Goldilocks ran down the stairs, opened the door, and ran away into the forest. She never returned to the home of the three bears.



The Three Billy-Goats Gruff

A Norwegian Story

Once upon a time there were three Billy-Goats Gruff; Little Billy-Goat, Middle-Sized Billy Goat and Great Big Billy-Goat, who lived in a field in a green valley.

They loved to eat sweet grass, but sadly their field was now brown and barren because they were greedy goats and they'd eaten every last blade of grass.

But they were still hungry.

In the distance, they could see a field that was full of lush sweet scrummy grass, but alas there was only one way to get to it – over a rickety bridge over a stream.

But under the bridge lived a terrifically terrifying terrible troll called Trevor – he was always hungry too. And there was nothing he liked better than to eat a nice juicy billy-goat.

The Little Billy-Goat was the first to reach the bridge. Gingerly, he put one hoof and then another onto the bridge.

But because it was so rickety, however hard he tried, his hoof still went trip trap, trip trap on the wooden planks.

Suddenly there was a huge roar.

'Who's that trip trapping over my bridge?'

And out from under the bridge loomed the Troll.

Quaking in his hooves, Little Billy-Goat Gruff managed to squeak, 'It's only me. I'm only going to look for some grass to eat.'

'Oh no you're not! I'm going to eat you for my breakfast, lunch and tea!'

'Oh no!' said terrified Little Billy-Goat Gruff. 'I'm just Little Billy-Goat Gruff. Why don't you wait for my brother? He's bigger than me and much tastier.'

So the greedy Troll decided to wait and Little Billy-Goat Gruff skipped over the bridge and began to eat the fresh green grass on the other side.

The other goats saw Little Billy-Goat Gruff eating the fresh green grass and were jealous because they wanted some too.

So Middle-Sized Billy-Goat Gruff went down to the bridge and began to cross the stream.

Trip, trap, trip, trap went his middle-sized hooves. Again the Troll loomed out from under the bridge. 'Who's that trip trapping over my bridge?' he roared.



Quaking in his hooves, Middle-Sized Billy-Goat Gruff managed to say in his softest voice, 'It's only me. I'm following my brother, Little Billy-Goat Gruff, so I can eat the sweet grass.'

'Oh no you're not! I'm going to eat you for breakfast, lunch and tea!'

'Oh no, Mr Troll, you wouldn't want to eat me. I'm not big enough to fill you up. Wait until my big brother comes along – he's much tastier than me.'

'Oh all right,' said the Troll and Middle-Sized Billy-Goat Gruff scampered over the bridge and began to eat the sweet green grass with Little Billy-Goat Gruff.

Big bold Billy-Goat Gruff was jealous and couldn't wait to get across the bridge and join his brothers.

So boldly, he put his hooves onto the bridge. Trip, trap, trip, trap.

Suddenly the Troll loomed out from under the bridge.

'Who's that trip trapping over my bridge?' he boomed.

'It's me. Big Billy-Goat Gruff. Who do you think you are?'

'I'm the Troll and I'm going to eat you for breakfast, lunch and tea!'

'Oh no, you're not!'

'Oh yes I am – you'll see!'

Then the Troll rushed at Big Billy-Goat Gruff who bent his head and bravely charged at the Troll, catching him up in his horns and tossing him into the stream below.

The Troll disappeared under the rushing water, never to be seen again.

From then on, anyone could cross the bridge and enjoy the sweet green grass with the Three Billy-Goats Gruff.





The Enormous Turnip

An old man planted a turnip. The turnip grew and grew. It was enormous!

The old man started to pull the turnip out of the ground. He pulled and pulled, but could not pull it out. So he called over his wife.

The old woman took hold of the old man, the old man took hold of the turnip. They pulled and pulled, but could not pull it out. So the old woman called over the granddaughter.

The granddaughter took hold of the old woman, the old woman took hold of the old man, and the old man took hold of the turnip. They pulled and pulled, but could not pull it out.

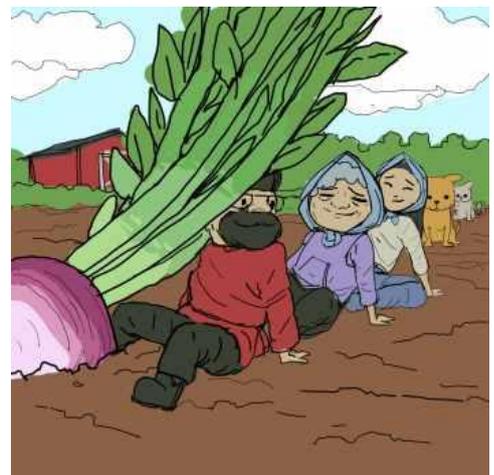
So the granddaughter called over the dog.

The dog took hold of the granddaughter, the granddaughter took hold of the old woman, the old woman took hold of the old man, and the old man took hold of the turnip. They pulled and pulled, but could not pull it out. So the dog called over the cat.

The cat took hold of the dog, the dog took hold of the granddaughter, the granddaughter took hold of the old woman, the old woman took hold of the old man, and the old man took hold of the turnip. They pulled and pulled, but could not pull it out. So the cat called over the mouse.

The mouse took hold of the cat, the cat took hold of the dog, the dog took hold of the granddaughter, the granddaughter took hold of the old woman, the old woman took hold of the old man, and the old man took hold of the turnip.

They pulled and pulled and finally out came the enormous turnip!



The Gingerbread Man

Once upon a time, a little old lady lived with her husband in a cottage. They didn't have any children and the husband was often in the garden, so the old lady was frequently lonely.

One day, she decided to bake some gingerbread. As she was shaping the dough and getting ready to put it in the oven, she decided to mould it into the shape of a man. She gave him chocolate buttons for eyes, sweets for buttons and iced-on a smile.



She put the gingerbread man in the oven and waited for it to bake. It smelled delicious. A while later, she opened the door. Shock! Horror! The gingerbread leapt out, ran across the room and threw himself out of the kitchen window.

'You're our dinner!' shouted the old lady. She ran after the gingerbread man, who was now halfway down the garden path.

The gingerbread turned around, cocked an eyebrow and, still running, shouted: 'Run, run as fast as you can! You can't catch me, I'm the gingerbread man!'

The gingerbread man and the old woman passed the woman's husband, busy in the garden.

'What's going on?' asked the man, watching his wife chase a biscuit.

'He's our dinner!' shouted the wife. 'Help me chase him! He's going to get away!'

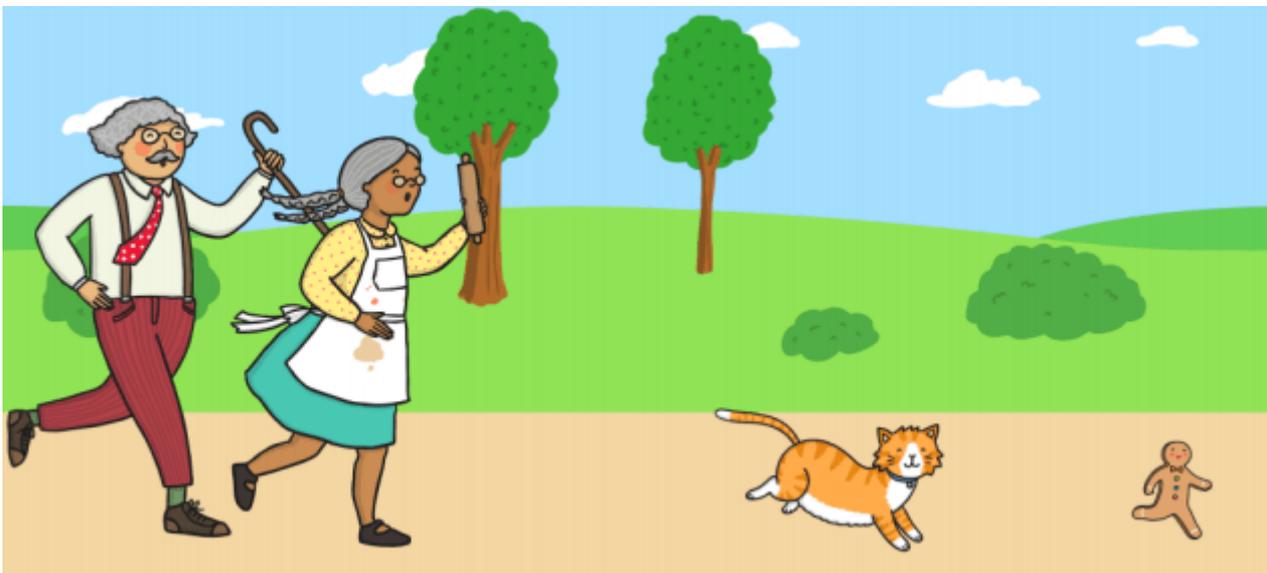
The man put down his trowel and joined in.

The gingerbread man glanced over his shoulder and laughed. 'Run, run as fast as you can!' he called. 'You can't catch me, I'm the gingerbread man!'

The elderly couple ran after the gingerbread man down the lane. The gingerbread man came to a cat. 'You look good enough to eat,' said the cat.

The gingerbread man laughed and called over his shoulder: 'Run, run as fast as you can!' he called. 'You can't catch me, I'm the gingerbread man!'

The cat joined the woman and her husband, and chased the gingerbread man down the lane.



Soon the gingerbread man came to a dog. 'Stop!' said the dog. 'You look tasty!'

Again, the gingerbread man laughed and shouted: 'Run, run as fast as you can!' he called. 'You can't catch me, I'm the gingerbread man!'

The dog joined the cat and the couple in chasing the gingerbread man.

The gingerbread man came to a cockerel. 'Stop,' said the cockerel. 'You look delicious!'

'Run, run as fast as you can!' the gingerbread man called. 'You can't catch me, I'm the gingerbread man!'

The cockerel joined the cat and the dog, the woman and her husband, in chasing the gingerbread man down the lane.

The gingerbread man passed a sty, where a pig was relaxing in the mud. The pig looked up and saw the gingerbread man running down the lane. 'I do fancy a piece of gingerbread for my tea,' said the pig.

The gingerbread man laughed. 'Run, run as fast as you can!' he called. 'You can't catch me, I'm the gingerbread man!'

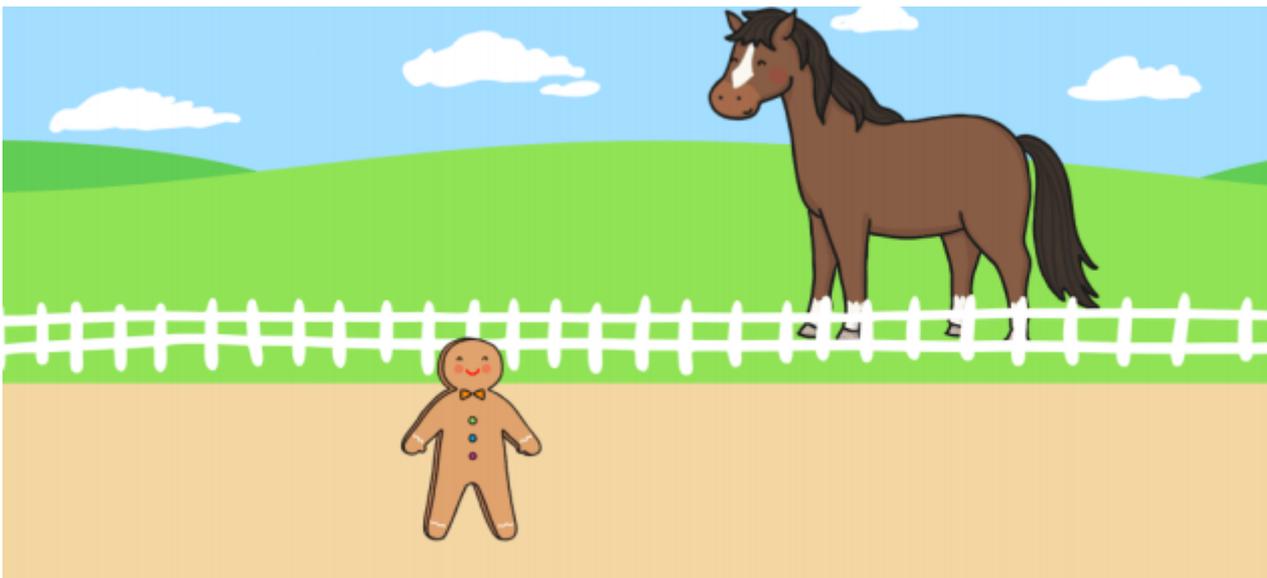
The pig was very hungry, so it pulled itself up from the mud and joined the cockerel, the dog, the cat, the old woman and her husband, chasing the gingerbread man.

The gingerbread man passed a cow, grazing in a nearby field. The cow looked up. 'That looks like a very tasty gingerbread man,' said the cow. 'I fancy him for my tea.'

The gingerbread man laughed and called over his shoulder: 'Run, run as fast as you can!' he called. 'You can't catch me, I'm the gingerbread man!'

Always one for a challenge, the cow leapt over the fence and joined the pig, the cockerel, the dog, the cat, the old woman and her husband, chasing the gingerbread man.

The gingerbread man ran further down the lane, past a stable. A horse was trotting in the paddock. He looked up and saw the gingerbread man.



'That looks like a very delicious piece of gingerbread,' said the horse.

The gingerbread man laughed. 'Run, run as fast as you can!' he called. 'You can't catch me, I'm the gingerbread man!'

The horse was a very proud horse. He jumped over the fence in one leap and joined the cow, the pig, the cockerel, the dog, the cat, the old woman and her husband, chasing the gingerbread man.

Then, the gingerbread man came to a boy. 'You look delicious,' said the boy.

'Run, run as fast as you can!' said the gingerbread man. 'You can't catch me, I'm the gingerbread man!'

The boy saw the horse, the cow, the pig, the cockerel, the dog, the cat, the old woman and her husband, all chasing the gingerbread man. He was hungry, so he joined in.

Soon, the gingerbread man ran past a girl.

'Wow,' said the girl. 'I'd love that gingerbread man for my tea.'

The gingerbread man laughed again. 'Run, run as fast as you can!' he called. 'You can't catch me, I'm the gingerbread man!'

The girl got up and followed the boy, the horse, the cow, the pig, the cockerel, the dog, the cat, the old woman and her husband, in chasing the gingerbread man.



But then, the gingerbread man reached the edge of a river. It was fast-flowing, deep, and the gingerbread man couldn't swim.

'Do you need a ride?' asked a voice.

The gingerbread man turned. Standing behind him was a fox.

'You just want to eat me too!' said the gingerbread man.

The fox laughed. 'You're nowhere near substantial enough for me,' said the fox. 'You're not even a snack. Look, I'm crossing the river anyway. If you want help, feel free to climb on my back. But make your mind up - I haven't got all day.'

The gingerbread man didn't have all day either. The pig, the horse, the cow, the woman and her husband were all hot on his heels. He climbed on the fox's back and the fox started to swim across the water.

But this was a very sly fox. After a while, the fox started to complain that his back was hurting. 'Would you mind moving a bit further up and sitting on my neck?' he asked.

'Sure!' said the gingerbread man. The gingerbread man wiggled up the fox's back until he was sitting on his neck.

'That's better!' said the fox, but soon he was complaining about his neck too. 'You know, it would be much easier if you came and sat on my snout,' he said.

'Sure!' said the gingerbread man. 'Whatever works for you.'



He climbed over the fox's head and sat on his snout. Immediately, the fox flicked his head back, tossed the gingerbread man up in the air and swallowed him in one bite.

And that was the end of the gingerbread man.