



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.

Reception



Reception Rhymes links

Origin Date first recorded

Baa, Baa Black Sheep

England 1744

[Three Blind Mice](#)

England 1609

[Here we go round the
mulberry bush](#)

England 1850

[Hickory Dickory Dock](#)

England 1744

[Doctor Foster](#)

England 1844

[Jack and Jill](#)

England 1765

Video Links

[Jack and the Beanstalk](#)

[The Little Red Hen](#)

[The Three Little Pigs](#)

[Little Red Riding Hood](#)

[We're Going on a Bear Hunt](#)

[The Gruffalo](#)

[The Elves and the Shoemaker](#)

Nursery Rhymes are like rocket fuel for a child's development.

- language and communication
- creative expression
- physical development
- numeracy skills
- confidence & independence
- knowledge & understanding

WORLD
Nursery Rhyme Week



Reception



Three Blind Mice

Three blind mice. Three blind mice.
See how they run. See how they
run.

They all ran after the farmer's wife,
Who cut off their tails with a
carving knife,

Did you ever see such a sight in
your life,

As three blind mice?

Hickory Dickory Dock

Hickory Dickory dock,
The mouse ran up the clock,
The clock struck one
The mouse ran down,
Hickory Dickory dock.

I saw him when he ran down.

Hickory Dickory dock,
The mouse ran up the clock,
The clock struck one
The mouse ran down,
Hickory Dickory dock.

Hickory Dickory dock.

I saw him when he ran down.



Doctor Foster

Doctor Foster went to
Gloucester,

In a shower of rain;
He stepped in a puddle,

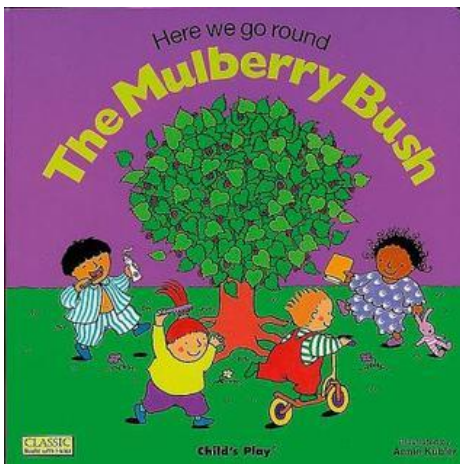
Right up to his middle,
And never went there again.



Jack and Jill



Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water.
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.
Then up got Jack and said to Jill,
As in his arms he took her,
“Brush off that dirt for you’re not
hurt,
Let’s fetch that pail of water.”
So Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch the pail of water,
And took it home to Mother dear,
Who thanked her son and daughter.



Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush

Here we go 'round the mulberry bush
The mulberry bush
The mulberry bush
Here we go 'round the mulberry bush
On a cold and frosty morning
This is the way we wash our face
Wash our face
Wash our face
This is the way we wash our face
On a cold and frosty morning
This is the way we brush our teeth
Brush our teeth
Brush our teeth
This is the way we brush our teeth
On a cold and frosty morning
This is the way we comb our hair
Comb our hair
Comb our hair
This is the way we comb our hair
On a cold and frosty morning
This is the way we put on our clothes
Put on our clothes
Put on our clothes
This is the way we put on our clothes
On a cold and frosty morning
Here we go 'round the mulberry bush
The mulberry bush
The mulberry bush
Here we go 'round the mulberry bush
On a cold and frosty morning

Reception Stories

Reception Video Links

[Jack and the Beanstalk](#)

[The Little Red Hen](#)

[The Three Little Pigs](#)

[Little Red Riding Hood](#)

[We're Going on a Bear Hunt](#)

[The Gruffalo](#)

[The Elves and the Shoemaker](#)

[Jack and the Beanstalk](#)

Once upon a time there was a boy called Jack. He lived with his mother. They were very poor. All they had was a cow.

One morning, Jack's mother told Jack to take their cow to market and sell her. On the way, Jack met a man. He gave Jack some magic beans for the cow.

Jack took the beans and went back home. When Jack's mother saw the beans she was very angry. She threw the beans out of the window.

The next morning, Jack looked out of the window. There was a giant beanstalk. He went outside and started to climb the beanstalk.

He climbed up to the sky through the clouds. Jack saw a beautiful castle. He went inside.

Jack heard a voice. 'Fee, fi, fo, fum!' Jack ran into a cupboard.



An enormous giant came into the room and sat down. On the table there was a hen and a golden harp.

‘Lay!’ said the giant. The hen laid an egg. It was made of gold. ‘Sing!’ said the giant. The harp began to sing. Soon the giant was asleep.

Jack jumped out of the cupboard. He took the hen and the harp.

Suddenly, the harp sang, ‘Help, master!’

The giant woke up and shouted, ‘Fee, fi, fo, fum!’ Jack ran and started climbing down the beanstalk.

The giant came down after him. Jack shouted, ‘Mother! Help!’

Jack’s mother took an axe and chopped down the beanstalk.

The giant fell and crashed to the ground. Nobody ever saw him again.

With the golden eggs and the magic harp, Jack and his mother lived happily ever after

The Little Red Hen

Once upon a time there was a little red hen who lived on a farm. Early one morning she woke up and went outside. There she found some corn.

“Who will help me plant the corn?” said the little red hen.

“Not I,” said the bull.

“Not I,” said the cat.

“Not I,” said the rat.

“Oh very well, I’ll do it myself,” said the little red hen – and so she did!



Who will help me water the corn?” said the little red hen.

“Not I,” said the bull.

“Not I,” said the cat.

“Not I,” said the rat.

“Oh very well, I’ll do it myself,” said the little red hen – and so she did!

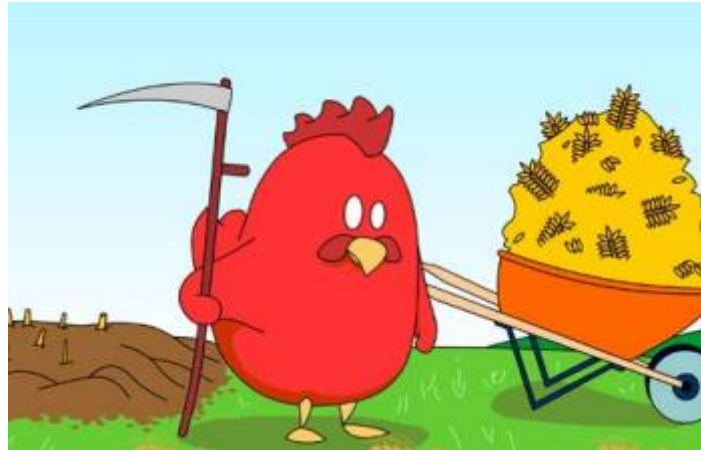
Who will help me cut the corn?" said the little red hen.

"Not I," said the bull.

"Not I," said the cat.

"Not I," said the rat.

"Oh very well, I'll do it myself," said the little red hen – and so she did!



Who will help me carry the corn?" said the little red hen.

"Not I," said the bull.

"Not I," said the cat.

"Not I," said the rat.

"Oh very well, I'll do it myself," said the little red hen – and so she did!

Who will help me grind the corn?" said the little red hen.

"Not I," said the bull.

"Not I," said the cat.

"Not I," said the rat.

"Oh very well, I'll do it myself," said the little red hen – and so she did!

Who will help me knead the bread?" said the little red hen.

"Not I," said the bull.

"Not I," said the cat.

"Not I," said the rat.

"Oh very well, I'll do it myself," said the little red hen – and so she did!

Who will help me bake the bread?" said the little red hen.

"Not I," said the bull.

"Not I," said the cat.

"Not I," said the rat.

"Oh very well, I'll do it myself," said the little red hen – and so she did!



Who will help eat?" said the little red hen.

"I will," said the bull.

"I will," said the cat.

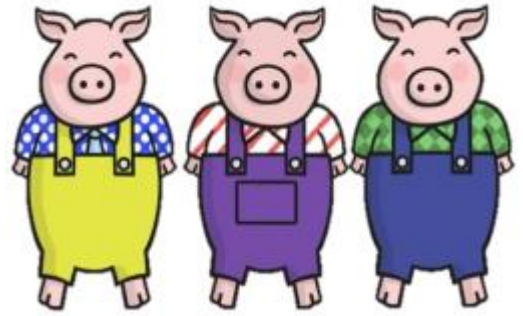
"I will," said the rat.

"Oh no you won't. I'll eat it myself," said the little red hen – and so she did!

The end

The Three Little Pigs

Once upon a time there was a mother pig with three little pigs. When it was time for the little pigs to live on their own, their mother told them, "Whatever you do, do the best you can!"



The first little pig built a house out of straw. It wasn't very strong, but it was quick to build and the little pig could spend more time playing, so he was happy. The second little pig built a house out of sticks. It also wasn't very strong, but it was quick to build and the little pig could spend more time playing, so he was also happy. The third little pig built his house out of bricks. He remembered his mother's words and worked hard to build the best house he could. The brick house was strong and sturdy and the third little pig was very pleased.

One day, a Big Bad Wolf came upon the first little pig's house of straw. The wolf knocked on the door and said, "Little pig, little pig, let me come in!" The little pig replied, "Not by the hair of my chinny-chin-chin." So the Big Bad Wolf huffed and puffed and blew the house in! The little pig ran all the way to his brother's house of sticks.

The next day, the Big Bad Wolf came upon the second little pig's house of sticks. The wolf knocked on the door and said, "Little pig, little pig, let me come in!" The second little pig replied, "Not by the hair of my chinny-chin-chin." The Big Bad Wolf huffed and puffed and blew the house in! The two little pigs ran all the way to their brother's house of bricks.

The next day, the Big Bad Wolf came upon the third little pig's house of bricks. The wolf knocked on the door and said, "Little pig, little pig, let me come in!" The third little pig replied, "Not by the hair of my chinny-chin-chin."



The Big Bad Wolf huffed and puffed, and he huffed and puffed again, and he huffed and puffed AGAIN! But he couldn't blow down the brick house. The wolf saw the chimney and climbed up on the roof to try and get in. The little pigs quickly lit a fire in the fireplace and put a kettle of water on to boil. The wolf climbed down the chimney and SPLASH, fell into the kettle! The wolf sprang out of the hot water and ran away as fast as he could! That was the end of the little pigs' troubles with the Big Bad Wolf!

The next day the three little pigs invited their mother over for dinner. She said "You see, it is just as I told you. The way to get along in the world is to do things as well as you can." Fortunately for the little pigs learned their lesson and they lived happily ever after!

THE END

Little Red Riding Hood

Once upon a time there lived a little country girl, the prettiest creature who was ever seen. Her mother had a little red riding hood made for her. Everybody called her Little Red Riding Hood.

One day her mother said to her: "Go my dear, and see how your grandmother is doing, for I hear she has been very ill."

Little Red Riding Hood set out immediately.

As she was going through the wood, she met with a wolf. He asked her where she was going.

"I am going to see my grandmother."

"Does she live far off?" said the wolf.

"It is beyond that mill you see there".

It was not long before the wolf arrived at the old woman's house. He knocked at the door.

Tap, tap, tap.

"Who's there?"

"Your grandchild, Little Red Riding Hood," replied the wolf, faking her voice.

The good grandmother called out, "Pull the string, and the latch will go up."

The wolf pulled the string and the door opened, and then he immediately fell upon the good woman and ate her up in a moment.

He then shut the door and got into the grandmother's bed, expecting Little Red Riding Hood, who came some time afterwards and knocked at the door.

Tap, tap, tap.

"Who's there?"

"It is your grandchild, Little Red Riding Hood."

The wolf cried out, "Pull the string, and the latch will go up."

Little Red Riding Hood pulled the string, and the door opened.



“Grandmother, what big arms you have!”

“All the better to hug you with, my dear.”

“Grandmother, what big ears you have!”

“All the better to hear you with, my child.”

“Grandmother, what big eyes you have!”

“All the better to see you with, my child.”

“Grandmother, what big teeth you have got!”

“All the better to eat you up with.”



Fortunately, a hunter was passing near by the hut. He heard the wolf, and recognised him right away. He ran over to the window. He took a good aim, and that was the end of the wolf.

We're Going on a Bear Hunt

We're going on a bear hunt.

We're going to catch a big one.

What a beautiful day!

We're not scared.

Uh-uh! Grass! Long wavy grass.

We can't go over it. We can't go under it.



Oh no! We've got to go through it!

Swishy swashy! Swishy swashy! Swishy swashy!

We're going on a bear hunt.

We're going to catch a big one.

What a beautiful day!

We're not scared.

Uh-uh! A river! A deep cold river.

We can't go over it. We can't go under it



Oh no! We've got to go through it!

Splash splosh! Splash splosh! Splash splosh!

We're going on a bear hunt. We're going to catch a big one.

What a beautiful day! We're not scared.

Uh-uh! Mud! Thick oozy mud.

We can't go over it, We can't go under it.



Oh no! We've got to go through it!

Squelch squerch! Squelch squerch! Squelch squerch!

We're going on a bear hunt. We're going to catch a big one.

What a beautiful day! We're not scared.

Uh-uh! A forest! A big dark forest.

We can't go over it. We can't go under it.



Oh no! We've got to go through it!

Stumble trip! Stumble trip! Stumble trip!

We're going on a bear hunt.

We're going to catch a big one.

What a beautiful day!

We're not scared.

Uh-uh! A snowstorm! A swirling whirling snowstorm.

We can't go over it. We can't go under it.

Oh no! We've got to go through it!

Hoo woow! Hoo woow! Hoo woow!



We're going on a bear hunt. We're going to catch a big one.

What a beautiful day! We're not scared.

Uh-uh! A cave! A narrow gloomy cave.
We can't go over it. We can't go under it.
We've got to go through it!
Tiptoe! Tiptoe! Tiptoe!



WHAT'S THAT!

One shiny wet nose!
Two big furry ears!
Two big goggly eyes!
IT'S A BEAR!



Quick! Back through the cave!
Tiptoe! Tiptoe! Tiptoe!

Back through the snowstorm!
Hoooo woood! Hoooo woood! Hoooo woood!

Back through the forest!
Stumble trip! Stumble trip! Stumble trip!
Back through the mud!
Squelch squerch! Squelch squerch! Squelch squerch!
Back through the river!
Splash splosh! Splash splosh! Splash splosh!
Back through the grass!
Swishy swashy! Swishy swashy! Swishy swashy!
Get to our front door.

Open the door.

Up the stairs.

Oh no!

We forgot to shut the door.

Back down stairs.

Back upstairs.

Into the bedroom

In to the bed

Under the covers

I'm not going on a bear hunt again.



The Gruffalo

A mouse took a stroll through the deep dark wood.

A fox saw the mouse, and the mouse looked good.

"Where are you going to, little brown mouse?

Come and have lunch in my underground house."

"It's terribly kind of you, Fox, but no –
I'm going to have lunch with a Gruffalo."

"A Gruffalo? What's a Gruffalo?"

"A Gruffalo! Why, didn't you know?"



He has terrible tusks, and terrible claws,
And terrible teeth in his terrible jaws."

"Where are you meeting him?"

"Here, by these rocks, And his favourite food is roasted fox."

"Roasted fox! I'm off!" Fox said.

"Goodbye, little mouse," and away he sped.

"Silly old Fox! Doesn't he know,
There's no such thing as a Gruffalo?"



On went the mouse through the deep dark wood.

An owl saw the mouse, and the mouse looked good.

Where are you going to, little brown mouse?
Come and have tea in my treetop house."

"It's terribly kind of you, Owl, but no –
I'm going to have tea with a Gruffalo."

"A Gruffalo? What's a Gruffalo?"

"A Gruffalo! Why, didn't you know?
He has knobbly knees, and turned-out toes,
And a poisonous wart at the end of his nose."

"Where are you meeting him?" "Here, by this stream,
And his favourite food is owl ice cream."

"Owl ice cream!

Toowhit toowhoo!"

"Goodbye, little mouse,"
and away Owl flew.

"Silly old Owl! Doesn't he know,
There's no such thing as a Gruffalo?"

On went the mouse through the deep dark wood.
A snake saw the mouse, and the mouse looked good.



"Where are you going to, little brown mouse?

Come for a feast in my logpile house."

"It's terribly kind of you, Snake, but no –
I'm having a feast with a Gruffalo."

"A Gruffalo? What's a Gruffalo?"

"A Gruffalo! Why, didn't you know?

His eyes are orange, his tongue is black,
He has purple prickles all over his back."

"Where are you meeting him?"

"Here, by this lake,

And his favourite food is scrambled snake."

"Scrambled snake! It's time I hid!"

"Goodbye, little mouse," and away Snake slid.

"Silly old snake! Doesn't he know,

There's no such thing as a gruffal...?" ...OH!"

But who is this creature with terrible claws

And terrible teeth in his terrible jaws?

He has knobbly knees, and turned-out toes,

And a poisonous wart at the end of his nose.

His eyes are orange, his tongue is black,

He has purple prickles all over his back.

"Oh help! Oh no! It's a Gruffalo!"

"My favourite food!" the Gruffalo said.

"You'll taste good on a slice of bread!"



"Good?" said the mouse. "Don't call me good!
I'm the scariest creature in this wood.
Just walk behind me and soon you'll see,
Everyone is afraid of me."

"All right," said the Gruffalo,
bursting with laughter.
"You go ahead and I'll follow after."

They walked and walked till the Gruffalo said,
"I hear a hiss in the leaves ahead."
"It's Snake," said the mouse.
"Why, Snake, hello!"

Snake took one look at the Gruffalo.
"Oh crumbs!" he said,
"Goodbye, little mouse!"
And off he slid to his logpile house.
"You see?" said the mouse. "I told you so."
"Amazing!" said the Gruffalo.

They walked some more till the Gruffalo said,
"I hear a hoot in the trees ahead."
"It's Owl," said the mouse. "Why, Owl, hello!"
Owl took one look at the Gruffalo.

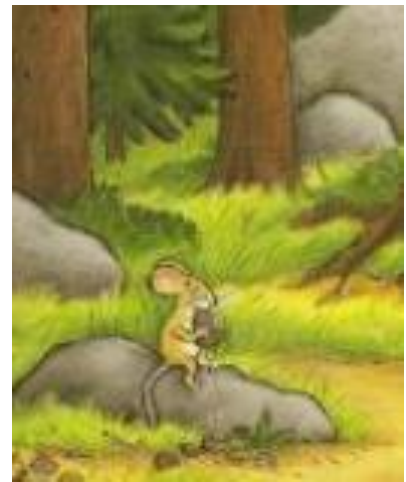


"Oh dear!" he said, "Goodbye, little mouse!"
And off he flew to his treetop house.
"You see?" said the mouse. "I told you so."
"Astounding!" said the Gruffalo.



They walked some more till the Gruffalo said,
"I can hear feet on the path ahead."
"It's Fox," said the mouse. "Why, Fox, hello!"
Fox took one look at the Gruffalo.
"Oh help!" he said, "Goodbye, little mouse!"
And off he ran to his underground house.

"Well, Gruffalo," said the mouse. "You see?
Everyone is afraid of me!
But now my tummy's beginning to rumble.
My favourite food is – Gruffalo crumble!"



"Gruffalo crumble!" the Gruffalo said,
And quick as the wind he turned and fled.

All was quiet in the deep dark wood.
The mouse found a nut and the nut was good.

The Elves and the Shoemaker

A shoemaker, by no fault of his own, became so poor that at last he had nothing left but enough leather for one pair of shoes. So in the evening, he cut the leather into the shape of the shoes, and he left his work on the table to finish in the morning. He lay down quietly in his bed, and before he fell asleep he asked God to help him.



In the morning, just as he was about to sit down to work, he saw the two shoes standing quite finished on his table. He was astounded, and did not know what to make of it. He took the shoes in his hands to look at them more closely and he saw that they were so neatly made that there was not one bad stitch in them. It was just as if they were intended as a masterpiece.

Soon after, a customer came in to the shop, and as the shoes pleased him so well, he paid more than the usual price. Now the shoemaker had enough money to buy leather for two pairs of shoes.

That night, he cut out the leather, and the next morning he was about to set to work with fresh hope for the future when he saw that the shoes were already made. There was no shortage of customers who wanted the shoes, and the shoemaker soon had enough to buy leather for four pairs of shoes.

The following morning he found the four pairs were made – and so it went on; any leather that he cut out in the evening was finished by the morning. Soon he was no longer poor, and he even became quite rich.

Now one evening, not long before Christmas, the man finished cutting out the leather as usual. This time he said to his wife: “Let’s stay up tonight to see who it is that lends us this helping hand?”

The woman liked the idea, and lighted a candle. Then they hid themselves in a corner of the room behind some clothes which were hanging up there, and watched.

When it was midnight, two little elves came into the room, both without any clothes on, and sat down by the shoemaker's table. They took all the work which was cut out before them and began to stitch, sew, and hammer so skillfully and so quickly with their little fingers that the shoemaker could not turn away his eyes for astonishment. They did not stop until all was done and stood finished on the table, and then they ran quickly away.

The next morning the woman said: "The little men have made us rich, and we really must show that we are grateful for it. They run about so, but have nothing on, and must be cold. I'll tell you what I'll do: I will make them little shirts, coats, vests, and trousers, and knit both of them a pair of stockings. You can help too – make them two little pairs of shoes."

The man said: "I shall be very glad to do it." One night, when everything was ready, they laid their presents altogether on the table instead of the cut out work. Then they hid themselves to see what the little men would do.

At midnight they came bounding in, wanting to get to work at once, but as they did not find any leather cut out, but only the pretty little articles of clothing, they were at first puzzled – and then delighted. They dressed themselves very quickly, putting the pretty clothes on, and singing,

"Now we are boys so fine to see,
Why should we longer cobblers be?"

They danced and skipped and leaped over chairs and benches. At last they danced out of the doors. From that time on they came no more, but as long as the shoemaker lived, all went well with him, and all his business prospered.