



# Stanley Road Poetry Curriculum Booklet

## Overview of poetry to be studied

	Classic Poetry (must be taught and performed)
Year 1	Cats Sleep Anywhere by Eleanor Farjeon There was an Old Man from Peru by Anonymous The Ning, Nang, Nong by Spike Milligan Twinkle Twinkle Little Star Bed in Summer by RL Stevenson
Year 2	This is the House that Jack Built by Anonymous Daddy Fell into the Pond by Alfred Noyes The Engine Driver by Clive Sansom Now we are Six and Halfway Down by AA Milne
Year 3	The Sound Collector by Roger McGough Wynken, Blynken and Nod by Eugene Field The Land of Counterpane by RL Stevenson Adventures of Isabel by Ogden Nash
Year 4	A Tiger's Tale by John Bennett Mr Nobody by Anonymous From a Railway Carriage by RL Stevenson The Witches' Spell from Macbeth by W Shakespeare
Year 5	The Night Mail by WH Auden I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud by William Wordsworth Leisure by WH Davies Jabberwocky by Lewis Carol
Year 6	Matilda Who Told Lies and Was Burned to Death by Hillaire Belloc The Listeners by Walter De La Mare The Tyger by William Blake The Eagle by Alfred Lord Tennyson Invictus by William Ernest Henley (Leavers' Assembly)

### Note

These poems form the basis of our choral speaking assemblies in each year group and will be studied in class looking at the meaning and vocabulary during reading lessons. Where possible, please watch a video/audio clip of the poem being performed to ensure the rhythm and pronunciation is accurate.

Please give pupils the opportunity to perform at least one previously learned poem as part of the choral speaking assembly as a way of strengthening their memory of the range of poetry studied. This may include poetry from a previous year group.

This BBC article has helpful advice on memorising poetry - [Learning by heart](#)

# Year 1

## Cats Sleep Anywhere

Cats sleep, anywhere,  
Any table, any chair  
Top of piano, window-ledge,  
In the middle, on the edge,  
Open drawer, empty shoe,  
Anybody's lap will do,  
Fitted in a cardboard box,  
In the cupboard, with your frocks-  
Anywhere! They don't care!  
Cats sleep anywhere.

By Eleanor Farjeon

## There was an old man from Peru

There was an old man from Peru  
who dreamed he was eating his  
shoe.  
When he woke in a fright  
in the dark of the night  
he found it was perfectly true.

Anon.

## On the Ning Nang Nong

On the Ning Nang Nong  
Where the cows go Bong!  
and the monkeys all say BOO!  
There's a Nong Nang Ning  
Where the trees go Ping!  
And the teapots jibber jabber joo.  
On the Nong Ning Nang  
All the mice go clang  
And you just can't catch 'em when  
they do!

So it's Ning Nang Nong  
Cows go Bong!  
Nong Nang Ning  
Trees go ping  
Nong Ning Nang  
The mice go clang  
What a noisy place to belong  
is the Ning Nang Ning Nang Nong!!

By Spike Milligan

## 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.

When the blazing sun is gone,  
When he nothing shines upon,  
Then you show your little light,  
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

Then the traveller in the dark  
Thanks you for your tiny spark,  
How could he see where to go,  
If you did not twinkle so?

In the dark blue sky you keep,  
Often through my curtains peep  
For you never shut your eye,  
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark  
Lights the traveller in the dark,  
Though I know not what you are,  
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

By Jane Taylor

### Bed in Summer

In winter I get up at night  
And dress by yellow candle-light.  
In summer, quite the other way,  
I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see  
The birds still hopping on the tree,  
Or hear the grown-up people's feet  
Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,  
When all the sky is clear and blue,  
And I should like so much to play,  
To have to go to bed by day?

By Robert Louis Stevenson

## Year 2

### This is the House That Jack Built

This is the house that Jack built.

This is the malt  
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the rat,  
That ate the malt  
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cat,  
That killed the rat,  
That ate the malt  
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the dog,  
That worried the cat,  
That killed the rat,  
That ate the malt  
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cow with the crumpled  
horn,  
That tossed the dog,  
That worried the cat,  
That killed the rat,  
That ate the malt  
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the maiden all forlorn,  
That milked the cow with the  
crumpled horn,  
That tossed the dog,  
That worried the cat,  
That killed the rat,  
That ate the malt  
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the man all tattered and  
torn,  
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,  
That milked the cow with the  
crumpled horn,  
That tossed the dog,  
That worried the cat,  
That killed the rat,  
That ate the malt  
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the priest all shaven and  
shorn,  
That married the man all tattered  
and torn,  
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,  
That milked the cow with the  
crumpled horn,  
That tossed the dog,  
That worried the cat,  
That killed the rat,  
That ate the malt  
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cock that crowed in the  
morn,  
That waked the priest all shaven  
and shorn,  
That married the man all tattered  
and torn,  
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,  
That milked the cow with the  
crumpled horn,  
That tossed the dog,  
That worried the cat,  
That killed the rat,  
That ate the malt  
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the farmer sowing his corn,  
That kept the cock that crowed in  
the morn,

That waked the priest all shaven  
and shorn,  
That married the man all tattered  
and torn,  
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,  
That milked the cow with the  
crumpled horn,  
That tossed the dog,  
That worried the cat,  
That killed the rat,  
That ate the malt  
That lay in the house that Jack built.

By Anonymous

#### Daddy Fell Into the Pond

Everyone grumbled. The sky was  
grey.  
We had nothing to do and nothing  
to say.  
We were nearing the end of a  
dismal day,  
And there seemed to be nothing  
beyond,  
THEN  
Daddy fell into the pond!

And everyone's face grew merry  
and bright,  
And Timothy danced for sheer  
delight.  
'Give me the camera, quick, oh  
quick!  
He's crawling out of the duckweed.'  
Click!

Then the gardener suddenly slapped  
his knee,  
And doubled up, shaking silently,  
And the ducks all quacked as if they  
were daft

And is sounded as if the old drake  
laughed.

O, there wasn't a thing that didn't  
respond  
WHEN  
Daddy fell into the pond!

By Alfred Noyes

#### The Engine Driver

The train goes running along the  
line,  
Jicketty -can, Jicketty -can.  
I wish it were mine, I wish it were  
mine,  
Jicketty -can, Jicketty -can.  
The engine driver stands in front ---  
He makes it run, he makes it shunt;  
Out of the town,  
Out of the town,  
Over the hill,  
Over the down,  
Under the bridges,  
Across the lea,  
Over the bridges,  
And down to the sea,  
With a Jicketty -can, Jicketty -can,  
Jicketty -can, Jicketty -can,  
Jicketty -can, Jicketty -can...

By Clive Sansom

#### Now We Are Six

When I was one,  
I had just begun.  
When I was two,  
I was nearly new.

When I was three,  
I was hardly me.  
When I was four,  
I was not much more.  
When I was five,  
I was just alive.  
But now I am six,  
I'm as clever as clever.  
So I think I'll be six now  
for ever and ever.

By A.A. Milne

### Halfway Down

Halfway down the stairs  
Is a stair  
Where I sit.  
There isn't any  
Other stair  
Quite like  
It.  
I'm not at the bottom,  
I'm not at the top;  
So this is the stair  
Where  
I always  
Stop.

Halfway up the stairs  
Isn't up  
And it isn't down.  
It isn't in the nursery,  
It isn't in town.  
And all sorts of funny thoughts  
Run round my head.  
It isn't really  
Anywhere!  
It's somewhere else  
Instead!

By A. A. Milne

# Year 3

## The Sound Collector

A stranger called this morning  
Dressed all in black and grey  
Put every sound into a bag  
And carried them away

The whistling of the kettle  
The turning of the lock  
The purring of the kitten  
The ticking of the clock

The popping of the toaster  
The crunching of the flakes  
When you spread the marmalade  
The scraping noise it makes

The hissing of the frying pan  
The ticking of the grill  
The bubbling of the bathtub  
As it starts to fill

The drumming of the raindrops  
On the windowpane  
When you do the washing-up  
The gurgle of the drain

The crying of the baby  
The squeaking of the chair  
The swishing of the curtain  
The creaking of the stair

A stranger called this morning  
He didn't leave his name  
Left us only silence  
Life will never be the same

By Roger McGough

## Wynken, Blynken, and Nod

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one  
night

Sailed off in a wooden shoe,—  
Sailed on a river of crystal light  
Into a sea of dew.  
“Where are you going, and what do  
you wish?”

The old moon asked the three.  
“We have come to fish for the  
herring-fish  
That live in this beautiful sea;  
Nets of silver and gold have we,”  
Said Wynken,  
Blynken,  
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a  
song,  
As they rocked in the wooden  
shoe;

And the wind that sped them all  
night long  
Ruffled the waves of dew;  
The little stars were the herring-fish  
That lived in the beautiful sea.

“Now cast your nets wherever you  
wish,—

Never afraid are we!”  
So cried the stars to the fishermen  
three,

Wynken,  
Blynken,  
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw  
To the stars in the twinkling  
foam,—  
Then down from the skies came the  
wooden shoe,

Bringing the fishermen home:  
'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed  
As if it could not be;  
And some folk thought 'twas a  
dream they'd dreamed  
Of sailing that beautiful sea;  
But I shall name you the fishermen  
three:  
    Wynken,  
    Blynken,  
    And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little  
eyes,  
    And Nod is a little head,  
And the wooden shoe that sailed  
the skies  
    Is a wee one's trundle-bed;  
So shut your eyes while Mother  
sings  
    Of wonderful sights that be,  
And you shall see the beautiful  
things  
    As you rock in the misty sea  
    Where the old shoe rocked the  
fishermen three:—  
    Wynken,  
    Blynken,  
    And Nod.

By Eugene Field

### The Land of Counterpane

When I was sick and lay a-bed,  
I had two pillows at my head,  
And all my toys beside me lay  
To keep me happy all the day.

And sometimes for an hour or so

I watched my leaden soldiers go,  
With different uniforms and drills,  
Among the bed-clothes, through the  
hills;

And sometimes sent my ships in  
fleets  
All up and down among the sheets;  
Or brought my trees and houses  
out,  
And planted cities all about.

I was the giant great and still  
That sits upon the pillow-hill,  
And sees before him, dale and plain,  
The pleasant land of counterpane.

By Robert Louis Stevenson

### The Adventures of Isabel

Isabel met an enormous bear,  
Isabel, Isabel, didn't care;  
The bear was hungry, the bear was  
ravenous,  
The bear's big mouth was cruel and  
cavernous.  
The bear said, Isabel, glad to meet  
you,  
How do, Isabel, now I'll eat you!  
Isabel, Isabel, didn't worry.  
Isabel didn't scream or scurry.  
She washed her hands and she  
straightened her hair up,  
Then Isabel quietly ate the bear up.  
Once in a night as black as pitch  
Isabel met a wicked old witch.  
the witch's face was cross and  
wrinkled,  
The witch's gums with teeth were

sprinkled.  
Ho, ho, Isabel! the old witch  
crowed,  
I'll turn you into an ugly toad!  
Isabel, Isabel, didn't worry,  
Isabel didn't scream or scurry,  
She showed no rage and she  
showed no rancour,  
But she turned the witch into milk  
and drank her.  
Isabel met a hideous giant,  
Isabel continued self-reliant.  
The giant was hairy, the giant was  
horrid,  
He had one eye in the middle of his  
forehead.  
Good morning, Isabel, the giant  
said,  
I'll grind your bones to make my  
bread.  
Isabel, Isabel, didn't worry,  
Isabel didn't scream or scurry.  
She nibbled the zwieback that she  
always fed off,  
And when it was gone, she cut the  
giant's head off.  
Isabel met a troublesome doctor,  
He punched and he poked till he  
really shocked her.  
The doctor's talk was of coughs and  
chills  
And the doctor's satchel bulged  
with pills.  
The doctor said unto Isabel,  
Swallow this, it will make you well.  
Isabel, Isabel, didn't worry,  
Isabel didn't scream or scurry.  
She took those pills from the pill  
concocter,  
And Isabel calmly cured the doctor.

by Ogden Nash

# Year 4

## A Tiger's Tale

There was an ancient Grecian boy  
Who played upon the fiddle,  
Sometimes high, sometimes low,  
Sometimes in the middle;  
And all day long beneath the shade  
He lunched on prunes and  
marmalade;  
But what the tunes were which he  
played  
Is certainly a riddle.

Three tigers, gaunt and ravenous,  
Came from the gloomy wood,  
Intent to slay the fiddler,  
But his music was too good;  
So round about him once they filed,  
Till by the melody beguiled,  
They sat them softly down and  
smiled,  
As only tigers could.

And thus beguiled, the tigers smiled  
Throughout the livelong day  
Until, at length, there was not left  
Another tune to play.

What happened then I do not know;  
I was not there to see.

But when a man runs short on  
tunes,  
*Can* tigers be appeased with prunes,  
Or marmalade and silver spoons?  
That's what perplexes me.

By John Bennett

## Mr. Nobody

I know a funny little man,  
As quiet as a mouse,  
Who does the mischief that is done  
In everybody's house!  
There's no one ever sees his face,  
And yet we all agree  
That every plate we break was  
cracked  
By Mr. Nobody.

'Tis he who always tears out books,  
Who leaves the door ajar,  
He pulls the buttons from our shirts,  
And scatters pins afar;  
That squeaking door will always  
squeak,  
For prithee, don't you see,  
We leave the oiling to be done  
By Mr. Nobody.

He puts damp wood upon the fire  
That kettles cannot boil;  
His are the feet that bring in mud,  
And all the carpets soil.  
The papers always are mislaid;  
Who had them last, but he?  
There's no one tosses them about  
But Mr. Nobody.

The finger marks upon the door  
By none of us are made;  
We never leave the blinds unclosed,  
To let the curtains fade.  
The ink we never spill; the boots  
That lying round you see  
Are not our boots,—they all belong  
To Mr. Nobody.

By Anonymous

### From a Railway Carriage

Faster than fairies, faster than  
witches,  
Bridges and houses, hedges and  
ditches;  
And charging along like troops in a  
battle,  
All through the meadows the horses  
and cattle:  
All of the sights of the hill and the  
plain  
Fly as thick as driving rain;  
And ever again, in the wink of an  
eye,  
Painted stations whistle by.

Here is a child who clammers and  
scrambles,  
All by himself and gathering  
brambles;  
Here is a tramp who stands and  
gazes;  
And there is the green for stringing  
the daisies!  
Here is a cart run away in the road  
Lumping along with man and load;  
And here is a mill and there is a  
river:  
Each a glimpse and gone forever!

By Robert Louis Stevenson

### The Witches' Spell from Macbeth

Double, double toil and trouble;  
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

Fillet of a fenny snake,  
In the cauldron boil and bake;  
Eye of newt and toe of frog,  
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,  
Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,  
Lizard's leg and owlet's wing,  
For a charm of powerful trouble,  
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

Double, double toil and trouble;  
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.  
Cool it with a baboon's blood,  
Then the charm is firm and good.

By William Shakespeare

## YEAR 5

### The Night Mail (abridged)

This is the night mail crossing the  
Border,  
Bringing the cheque and the postal  
order,

Letters for the rich, letters for the  
poor,  
The shop at the corner, the girl next  
door.

Pulling up Beattock, a steady climb:  
The gradient's against her, but she's  
on time.

Past cotton-grass and moorland  
boulder  
Shovelling white steam over her  
shoulder,

Snorting noisily as she passes  
Silent miles of wind-bent grasses.

Birds turn their heads as she  
approaches,  
Stare from bushes at her blank-  
faced coaches.

Sheep-dogs cannot turn her course;  
They slumber on with paws across.

In the farm she passes no one  
wakes,  
But a jug in a bedroom gently  
shakes.

III

Letters of thanks, letters from  
banks,  
Letters of joy from girl and boy,  
Receipted bills and invitations  
To inspect new stock or to visit  
relations,  
And applications for situations,  
And timid lovers' declarations,  
And gossip, gossip from all the  
nations,  
News circumstantial, news financial,  
Letters with holiday snaps to  
enlarge in,  
Letters with faces scrawled on the  
margin,  
Letters from uncles, cousins, and  
aunts,  
Letters to Scotland from the South  
of France,  
Letters of condolence to Highlands  
and Lowlands  
Written on paper of every hue,  
The pink, the violet, the white and  
the blue,  
The chatty, the catty, the boring,  
the adoring,  
The cold and official and the heart's  
outpouring,  
Clever, stupid, short and long,  
The typed and the printed and the  
spelt all wrong.

IV

Asleep in working Glasgow, asleep  
in well-set Edinburgh,  
Asleep in granite Aberdeen,  
They continue their dreams,  
But shall wake soon and hope for  
letters,  
And none will hear the postman's  
knock  
Without a quickening of the heart,  
For who can bear to feel himself  
forgotten?

By WH Auden

I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud

I wandered lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd,  
A host, of golden daffodils;  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the milky way,  
They stretched in never-ending line  
Along the margin of a bay:  
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced; but  
they  
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:  
A poet could not but be gay,  
In such a jocund company:  
I gazed—and gazed—but little  
thought  
What wealth the show to me had  
brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude;  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils.

By William Wordsworth

Leisure

What is this life if, full of care,  
We have no time to stand and  
stare?

No time to stand beneath the  
boughs,  
And stare as long as sheep and  
cows:

No time to see, when woods we  
pass,  
Where squirrels hide their nuts in  
grass:

No time to see, in broad daylight,  
Streams full of stars, like skies at  
night:

No time to turn at Beauty's glance,  
And watch her feet, how they can  
dance:

No time to wait till her mouth can  
Enrich that smile her eyes began?

A poor life this if, full of care,  
We have no time to stand and stare.

By W. H. Davies

## Jabberwocky

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
Did gyre and gimble in the  
wabe:  
All mimsy were the borogoves,  
And the mome raths  
outgrabe.

“Beware the Jabberwock, my  
son!

The jaws that bite, the claws  
that catch!  
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun  
The frumious Bandersnatch!”

He took his vorpal sword in hand;  
Long time the manxome foe  
he sought—  
So rested he by the Tumtum tree  
And stood awhile in thought.

And, as in uffish thought he  
stood,  
The Jabberwock, with eyes of  
flame,  
Came whiffling through the  
tulgey wood,  
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through  
and through  
The vorpal blade went  
snicker-snack!  
He left it dead, and with its head  
He went galumphing back.

“And hast thou slain the  
Jabberwock?  
Come to my arms, my  
beamish boy!  
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!”  
He chortled in his joy.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
Did gyre and gimble in the  
wabe:  
All mimsy were the borogoves,  
And the mome raths  
outgrabe.

By Lewis Carroll

## Year 6

### Matilda Who Told Lies, And Was Burned to Death

Matilda told such Dreadful Lies,  
It made one Gasp and Stretch one's  
Eyes;  
Her Aunt, who, from her Earliest  
Youth,  
Had kept a Strict Regard for Truth,  
Attempted to Believe Matilda:  
The effort very nearly killed her,  
And would have done so, had not  
She  
Discovered this Infirmary.  
For once, towards the Close of Day,  
Matilda, growing tired of play,  
And finding she was left alone,  
Went tiptoe to the Telephone  
And summoned the Immediate Aid  
Of London's Noble Fire-Brigade.  
Within an hour the Gallant Band  
Were pouring in on every hand,  
From Putney, Hackney Downs, and  
Bow.  
With Courage high and Hearts a-  
glow,  
They galloped, roaring through the  
Town,  
'Matilda's House is Burning Down!'  
Inspired by British Cheers and Loud  
Proceeding from the Frenzied  
Crowd,  
They ran their ladders through a  
score  
Of windows on the Ballroom Floor;  
And took Peculiar Pains to Souse  
The Pictures up and down the  
House,  
Until Matilda's Aunt succeeded

In showing them they were not  
needed;  
And even then she had to pay  
To get the Men to go away,  
It happened that a few Weeks later  
Her Aunt was off to the Theatre  
To see that Interesting Play  
The Second Mrs. Tanqueray.  
She had refused to take her Niece  
To hear this Entertaining Piece:  
A Deprivation Just and Wise  
To Punish her for Telling Lies.  
That Night a Fire did break out--  
You should have heard Matilda  
Shout!  
You should have heard her Scream  
and Bawl,  
And throw the window up and call  
To People passing in the Street--  
(The rapidly increasing Heat  
Encouraging her to obtain  
Their confidence) -- but all in vain!  
For every time she shouted 'Fire!'  
They only answered 'Little Liar!'  
And therefore when her Aunt  
returned,  
Matilda, and the House, were  
Burned.

By Hillaire Belloc

### The Listeners

'Is there anybody there?' said the  
Traveller,  
Knocking on the moonlit door;  
And his horse in the silence champed  
the grasses  
Of the forest's ferny floor:  
And a bird flew up out of the turret,  
Above the Traveller's head:

And he smote upon the door again a  
second time;  
'Is there anybody there?' he said.  
But no one descended to the  
Traveller;  
No head from the leaf-fringed sill  
Leaned over and looked into his grey  
eyes,  
Where he stood perplexed and still.  
But only a host of phantom listeners  
That dwelt in the lone house then  
Stood listening in the quiet of the  
moonlight  
To that voice from the world of  
men:  
Stood thronging the faint moonbeams  
on the dark stair,  
That goes down to the empty hall,  
Harkening in an air stirred and  
shaken  
By the lonely Traveller's call.  
And he felt in his heart their  
strangeness,  
Their stillness answering his cry,  
While his horse moved, cropping the  
dark turf,  
'Neath the starred and leafy sky;  
For he suddenly smote on the door,  
even  
Louder, and lifted his head:—  
'Tell them I came, and no one  
answered,  
That I kept my word,' he said.  
Never the least stir made the  
listeners,  
Though every word he spake  
Fell echoing through the shadowiness  
of the still house  
From the one man left awake:  
Ay, they heard his foot upon the  
stirrup,  
And the sound of iron on stone,

And how the silence surged softly  
backward,  
When the plunging hoofs were  
gone.

By Walter De La Mare  
The Tyger

Tyger Tyger, burning bright,  
In the forests of the night;  
What immortal hand or eye,  
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies.  
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?  
On what wings dare he aspire?  
What the hand, dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, & what art,  
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?  
And when thy heart began to beat,  
What dread hand? & what dread  
feet?

What the hammer? what the chain,  
In what furnace was thy brain?  
What the anvil? what dread grasp,  
Dare its deadly terrors clasp!

When the stars threw down their  
spears  
And water'd heaven with their tears:  
Did he smile his work to see?  
Did he who made the Lamb make  
thee?

Tyger Tyger burning bright,  
In the forests of the night:  
What immortal hand or eye,  
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

By William Blake

## The Eagle

He clasps the crag with crooked  
hands;  
Close to the sun in lonely lands,  
Ring'd with the azure world, he  
stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;  
He watches from his mountain walls,  
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

By Alfred, Lord Tennyson