A FREE PRINTABLE FROM PIMLO · ORIGINAL POEMS

Bedtime Poems

Eight short goodnight poems to read aloud. Each takes less than a minute; read one, read them all, or read the same favorite again. Written for ages 3 to 8.

Teddy at Rest

The Garden Goes Quiet

Moon at My Window

Goodnight, House

The Little Boat

Rain on the Roof

Tomorrow's Clothes

An Ordinary Day

Teddy at Rest

Teddy has been everywhere today:
to the park, to the shops, to the faraway
end of the garden where the tall weeds grow,
and under the table, and back, and so

now he is tired, and his ears are flat,
and he's lost a button, but never mind that.
I'll tuck him in on the pillow by me,
his paws on the blanket where I can see.

Goodnight, Teddy. Tomorrow we'll explore.
Tonight, let's just sleep, and not one thing more.

The Garden Goes Quiet

The bees have gone home.
The sunflowers bow their heavy heads.
A snail sets out on its slow evening walk,
and the swing stops swinging.

The tomatoes keep their warmth a little longer.
The pond holds one pink cloud,
then lets it go.

Somewhere under the hedge
a hedgehog is waking up.
Everything else
is settling down.

Moon at My Window

The moon came to my window
as I was getting into bed.
It didn't knock. It didn't speak.
It shone on me instead.

It shone across my blanket,
it shone along the floor,
it found my shoes and slippers
and the hook behind the door.

I said goodnight and closed my eyes;
it didn't go away.
It stayed there, round and silver,
until the edge of day.

Goodnight, House

Goodnight to the kitchen, the table, the chairs,
goodnight to the cat curled up on the stairs,
goodnight to the hallway, the coats on their pegs,
goodnight to the dog stretching out his long legs,
goodnight to the bathroom, the tap's final drip,
goodnight to the soap with its slippery slip,
goodnight to the landing, the nightlight's small glow,
goodnight to my room, where the softest things go.

Goodnight, house. You keep us all in.
Goodnight, house, till the morning begins.

The Little Boat

The little boat is tied up tight
beside the wooden stair.
It's sailed all day across the bay,
and now it's resting there.

The water rocks it side to side,
its rope goes creak and sigh;
a gull lands on the harbor wall
to watch the stars go by.

Tomorrow there'll be wind and waves
and somewhere new to be.
Tonight the little boat just rocks,
asleep upon the sea.

Rain on the Roof

Pitter,
patter,
on the roof.
Tap,
tap,
on the glass.
Drip
from the gutter,
drop
on the step,
rush
down the drainpipe,
hush
in the grass.

Warm in my bed
I listen and listen
till the rain and I
are both
asleep.

Tomorrow's Clothes

Tomorrow's clothes are waiting on the chair:
the blue shirt folded with its arms tucked in,
as if it's giving itself a hug;
the socks rolled up into one round ball;
the pants lying flat,
knees bent, as if they're resting too.

They've done nothing all day
but wait for me.
Tonight they wait a little longer,
quiet in the dark,
ready.

An Ordinary Day

Nothing very special happened today.
I had toast. I found a stone.
I played a game, I lost a sock,
I walked a little way back home.

I helped to set the table,
I watched a beetle climb,
I laughed at something Grandma said,
I read my book one more time.

Nothing very special happened;
that's just how some days go.
But it was mine, and it was good,
and now it's time to sleep, and so:
goodnight, ordinary day.