

Poems to learn 'Off By Heart'

It is a statutory requirement in the National Curriculum that children learn to recite poems 'off by heart'. This collection of poems have been chosen for this purpose. Some are classic poems, others are more contemporary - all of them are suitable for children to perform and read aloud. Learning to retell a poem from memory is challenging and with this in mind the selected poems have been chosen for their use or rhythm, rhyme and imagery. The collection of poems has been organised by their suitability for each year group. This ensures there is progression in content, style and length of poems.

	Autumn Term	Spring Term	Summer Term
Year N	<u>Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star</u> Twinkle, twinkle, little star, How I wonder what you are! Up above the world so high, Like a diamond in the sky.	<u>Humpty Dumpty</u> 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.	<u>Three Blind Mice</u> 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 thing in your life As three blind mice?
Year R	<u>Tiny Tim</u> I have a little frog, His name is Tiny Tim, I put him in the bathtub, To see if he could swim. He drank up all the water, And gobbled up the soap. And when he tried to talk He had bubbles from his throat.	<u>Chop Chop</u> Chop, Chop, - Choppity Chop. Cut off the bottom and cut off the top. What there is left, We put in the pot. Chop, Chop, Choppity Chop.	<u>Popcorn</u> Pop, pop, popcorn, Popping in the pot! Pop, pop, popcorn, Eat it while it's hot! Pop, pop, popcorn, Butter on the top! When I eat popcorn, I can't stop!
Year 1	<u>Open A Book</u> by Jane Baskwill Open a book And you will find People and places of every kind Open a book And you can be Anything that you want to be Open a book And you can share Wondrous worlds you find in there Open a book And I will too You read to me And I'll read to you	<u>The Little Turtle</u> by Vachel Lindsay There was a little turtle. He lived in a box. He swam in a puddle. He climbed on the rocks. He snapped at a mosquito. He snapped at a flea. He snapped at a minnow. And he snapped at me. He caught the mosquito. He caught the flea. He caught the minnow. But he didn't catch me.	<u>Now We Are Six</u> 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

Poems to learn 'Off By Heart'

It is a statutory requirement in the National Curriculum that children learn to recite poems 'off by heart'. This collection of poems have been chosen for this purpose. Some are classic poems, others are more contemporary - all of them are suitable for children to perform and read aloud. Learning to retell a poem from memory is challenging and with this in mind the selected poems have been chosen for their use of rhythm, rhyme and imagery. The collection of poems has been organised by their suitability for each year group. This ensures there is progression in content, style and length of poems.

	Autumn Term	Spring Term	Summer Term
Year 2	<u>Sneeze</u> Help! Oh, please! I'm going to sneeze. I think it all started When I ate a bit of cheese. One... Two... Let's count to ten. Atishoo! Atishoo! Atishoo once again! Where's the sneeze gone? I'm going to guess: It started in my nose And ended in a mess. by Michael Rosen	<u>Elelephony</u> Once there was an elephant, Who tried to use the telephant. No! No! I mean an elephone, Who tried to use the telephone. (Dear me! I am not certain quite, That even now I've got it right.) Howe-er it was, he got his trunk Entangled in the telephunk. The more he tried to get it free, The louder buzzed the telephee. (I fear I'd better drop the song, Of elehop and telephong!) by Laura Richards	<u>If you should meet a crocodile</u> If you should meet a crocodile, Don't take a stick and poke him. Ignore the welcome in his smile, Be careful not to stroke him. For as he sleeps upon the Nile, He thinner gets and thinner; And whene'er you meet a crocodile He's ready for his dinner. by Christine F Fletcher

Poems to learn 'Off By Heart'

It is a statutory requirement in the National Curriculum that children learn to recite poems 'off by heart'. This collection of poems have been chosen for this purpose. Some are classic poems, others are more contemporary - all of them are suitable for children to perform and read aloud. Learning to retell a poem from memory is challenging and with this in mind the selected poems have been chosen for their use or rhythm, rhyme and imagery. The collection of poems has been organised by their suitability for each year group. This ensures there is progression in content, style and length of poems.

	Autumn Term	Spring Term	Summer Term
Year 3	<u>On the Ning Nang Nong</u> 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 tea pots jibber jabber joo. On the Nong Ning Nang, All the mice go Clang And you just can't catch 'em when they do! So its 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	<u>Gran Can you Rap?</u> Gran was in her chair she was taking a nap, When I tapped her on the shoulder to see if she could rap. Gran, can you rap? Can you rap? Can you, Gran? And she opened one eye and said to me, Man, I'm the best rapping Gran this world's ever seen, I'm a tip-top, slip-slap, rap-rap queen. And she rose from her chair in the corner of the room, And she started to rap with a bimbam-boom, And she rolled up her eyes and she rolled round her head, I'm the best rapping Gran this world's ever seen! I'm a nip-nap, yip-yap, rap-rap queen. By Jack Ousbey	<u>Bed in Summer</u> 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

Poems to learn 'Off By Heart'

It is a statutory requirement in the National Curriculum that children learn to recite poems 'off by heart'. This collection of poems have been chosen for this purpose. Some are classic poems, others are more contemporary - all of them are suitable for children to perform and read aloud. Learning to retell a poem from memory is challenging and with this in mind the selected poems have been chosen for their use or rhythm, rhyme and imagery. The collection of poems has been organised by their suitability for each year group. This ensures there is progression in content, style and length of poems.

	Autumn Term	Spring Term	Summer Term
Year 4	<u>What's so Funny?</u> There's something no one's telling me. There's something I don't know. I notice people staring at me, Everywhere I go. I ask my friends to clue me in; Not knowing is distressing. But no one says a single word; I find that quite depressing. They point at me and giggle. They point at me and grin. I'll have to find out just what kind of trouble I am in. I check the bathroom mirror to learn the awful truth. I find a piece of lettuce sticking on my front tooth. I rinse the yucky green away. I think that is the end. But then I hear more giggling-- it comes from my best friend. I tell him, "Jack, please help me out, I'm feeling kind of blue." He says, "You've got some toilet paper sticking to your shoe!" by Bruce Lansky	<u>Child's Song In Spring</u> The silver birch is a dainty lady, She wears a satin gown; The elm tree makes the old churchyard shady, She will not live in town. The English oak is a sturdy fellow, He gets his green coat late; The willow is smart in a suit of yellow, While brown the beech trees wait. Such a gay green gown God gives the larches - As green as He is good! The hazels hold up their arms for arches, When Spring rides through the wood. The chestnut's proud and the lilac's pretty, The poplar's gentle and tall, But the plane tree's kind to the poor dull city - I love him best of all! by E. Nesbit	<u>Keep a Poem in Your Pocket</u> Keep a poem in your pocket and a picture in your head and you'll never feel lonely at night when you're in bed. The little poem will sing to you the little picture bring to you a dozen dreams to dance to you at night when you're in bed. So - Keep a poem in your pocket and a poem in your head and you'll never feel lonely at night when you're in bed. by Beatrice Schenk de Regniers

Poems to learn 'Off By Heart'

It is a statutory requirement in the National Curriculum that children learn to recite poems 'off by heart'. This collection of poems have been chosen for this purpose. Some are classic poems, others are more contemporary - all of them are suitable for children to perform and read aloud. Learning to retell a poem from memory is challenging and with this in mind the selected poems have been chosen for their use or rhythm, rhyme and imagery. The collection of poems has been organised by their suitability for each year group. This ensures there is progression in content, style and length of poems.

	Autumn Term	Spring Term	Summer Term
Year 5	<u>Wanted: Wizard's Assistant</u> QUALIFICATIONS Candidate must be: proficient at palm puzzling scroll scribbling and potent potion pondering spiffing at spell spotting good at goblin gobbling a champion at chanting and wonderful with wobsicles JOB DESCRIPTION Includes, but not limited to: magic marshmallow making on Mondays tea leaf translating on Tuesdays wand wobbling on Wednesdays thunder formation on Thursdays frightening frogs on Fridays DEADLINE FOR APPLICATIONS Yesterday by Laura Mucha	<u>The Months</u> <i>January</i> brings the snow, makes our feet and fingers glow. <i>February</i> brings the rain, Thaws the frozen lake again. <i>March</i> brings breezes loud and shrill, stirs the dancing daffodil. <i>April</i> brings the primrose sweet, Scatters daises at our feet. <i>May</i> brings flocks of pretty lambs, Skipping by their fleecy dams. <i>June</i> brings tulips, lilies, roses, Fills the children's hand with posies. Hot <i>July</i> brings cooling showers, Apricots and gillyflowers. <i>August</i> brings the sheaves of corn, Then the harvest home is borne. Warm <i>September</i> brings the fruit, Sportsmen then begin to shoot. Fresh <i>October</i> brings the pheasants, Then to gather nuts is pleasant. Dull <i>November</i> brings the blast, Then the leaves are whirling fast. Chill <i>December</i> brings the sleet, Blazing fire, and Christmas treat. by Sara Coleridge	<u>The River</u> The River's a wanderer, A nomad, a tramp, He doesn't choose one place To set up his camp. The River's a winder, Through valley and hill He twists and he turns, He just cannot be still. The River's a hoarder, And he buries down deep Those little treasures That he wants to keep. The River's a baby, He gurgles and hums, And sounds like he's happily Sucking his thumbs. The River's a singer, As he dances along, The countryside echoes The notes of his song. The river's a monster Hungry and vexed, He's gobbled up trees And he'll swallow you next. by Valerie Bloom

Poems to learn 'Off By Heart'

It is a statutory requirement in the National Curriculum that children learn to recite poems 'off by heart'. This collection of poems have been chosen for this purpose. Some are classic poems, others are more contemporary - all of them are suitable for children to perform and read aloud. Learning to retell a poem from memory is challenging and with this in mind the selected poems have been chosen for their use or rhythm, rhyme and imagery. The collection of poems has been organised by their suitability for each year group. This ensures there is progression in content, style and length of poems.

	Autumn Term	Spring Term	Summer Term
Year 6	<u>Mr Kartoffel</u> Mr Kartoffel's a whimsical man; He drinks his beer from a watering-can, And for no good reason that I can see He fills his pockets with china tea. He parts his hair with a knife and fork, And takes his ducks on a Sunday walk. Says he, "If my wife and I should choose To wear our stockings outside our shoes, Plant tulip bulbs in the baby's pram And eat tobacco instead of jam, And fill the bath with cauliflowers, That's nobody's business at all but ours." Says Mrs. K., "I may choose to travel With a sack of grass or a sack of gravel, Or paint my toes, one black, one white, Or sit on a bird's nest half the night — But whatever I do that is rum or rare, I rather think that is my affair. So fill up your pockets with stamps and string, And let us be ready for anything!" Says Mr. K. to his whimsical wife, "How can we face the storms of life, Unless we are ready for anything? So if you've provided the stamps and the string, Let us pump up the saddle and harness the horse And fill him with carrots and custard and sauce, Let us leap on him lightly and give him a shove And it's over the sea and away, my love!" by James Reeves	<u>Written in March</u> The cock is crowing, The stream is flowing, The small birds twitter, The lake doth glitter The green field sleeps in the sun; The oldest and youngest Are at work with the strongest; The cattle are grazing, Their heads never raising; There are forty feeding like one! Like an army defeated The snow hath retreated, And now doth fare ill On the top of the bare hill; The plowboy is whooping- anon-anon: There's joy in the mountains; There's life in the fountains; Small clouds are sailing, Blue sky prevailing; The rain is over and gone! by William Wordsworth	<u>Sonnet 18: Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?</u> Shall I compare thee to a summer's day? Thou art more lovely and more temperate: Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May, And summer's lease hath all too short a date; Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines, And often is his gold complexion dimmed; And every fair from fair sometime declines, By chance or nature's changing course untrimmed; But thy eternal summer shall not fade, Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st; Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade, When in eternal lines to time thou growest: So long as men can breathe or eyes can see, So long lives this, and this gives life to thee. by William Shakespeare