



William Murdoch Primary School

Poetry By Heart

Nursery

Miss Polly Had a Dolly

Miss Polly had a dolly who was sick, sick, sick.
So she phoned for the doctor to come quick, quick, quick.
The doctor came with his bag and his hat,
And knocked at the door with a rat-a-tat-tat.

He looked at the dolly and shook his head,
And said "Miss Polly put her straight to bed.
He wrote a paper for a pill, pill, pill.
I'll be back in the morning with the bill, bill, bill.

Incy Wincy Spider

Incy Wincy spider went up the water spout
Down came the rain and washed the spider out
Out came the sun and dried up all the rain
And the Incy Wincy spider went up the spout again

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Reception

Ask Mummy Ask Daddy

By John Aghard

When I ask Daddy
Daddy says ask Mummy

When I ask Mummy
Mummy says ask Daddy
I don't know where to go

Better ask my teddy
He never says no

If You Should Meet A Crocodile

By Christine Fletcher

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.

Year 1

On The Ning Nang Nong

By Spike Milligan

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!!

Are you Curious?

By Gwen Jones

Are you curious?
Would you like to know?
Do you ever wonder,
Why cat eyes glow?
Are you curious why a cheetah has spots,
Or how a sailor ties his knots.
It is fantastic you use your Brain,
To think or ponder about the rain.
So please be curious and ask why.
It can make you smarter if you try.

Year 2

CAT!

By Eleanor Farjeon

Cat!
Scat!
Atter her, atter her,
Sleeky flatterer,
Spitfire chatterer,
Scatter her, scatter her
Off her mat!
Wuff!
Wuff!

Treat her rough!
Git her, git her,
Whiskery spitter!
Catch her, catch her,
Green-eyed scratcher!
Slathery
Slithery Hisser,
Don't miss her!

Run till you're dithery,
Hithery Thithery
Pfitts! pfitts!
How she spits!
Spitch! Spatch!
Can't she scratch!
Scratching the bark
Of the sycamore-tree,

She's reached her ark
And's hissing at me
Pfitts! Pfitts!
Wuff! Wuff!
Scat,
Cat!
That's
That!

Extinct
By Mandy Coe

We live in books and photographs.
Our stories all begin with 'once'.
Three, two, going...going...gone.
Barbary Lion, Atitlan Grebe
Caribbean Monk Seal, Carolina Parakeet.

We tasted good, our forests were yours
Our horn was magic, you were our furs.
Three, two, going...going...gone.
Javan Tiger, Japanese Sea Lion
Laughing Owl, Passenger Pigeon.

We washed fur with a rasping tongue,
Swam and slept beneath the sun.
Three, two, going...going...gone.
Western Black Rhinoceros, Aldabra Snail
Pyrenean Ibex, Wake Island Rail

Stripes and colours, feathers and song.
Skin, shell, teeth, bone.
Three, two, going...going... gone.

Year 3

Jabberwocky By Lewis Carroll

'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.

'Please do not feed the animals...' (2010)

By Robert Hull

Please do not feed the ostriches sandwiches
or the polar bears éclairs.

Do not offer the wombats kumquats
or the rattle-snakes fruit-cakes.

Remember that piranhas are not allowed bananas or partridges
sausages.

Never approach a stork with things on a fork
or the bustard with a plate of custard.

No leopard
likes anything peppered and meerkats dislike Kit Kats.

Remember that grapes upset apes
and meringues do the same for orang-utans.

Most importantly - do not feed the cheetah your teacher.

Year 4

Do I Know You?

By Micheal Rosen

I'm lost

I'm lost

I don't know where I am

I'm a sock in a washing machine

A strawberry in some jam

I'm a letter in a book

I'm the bubble in some fizz

I'm a pebble on a beach

I'm a question in a quiz

I don't know where you are

You don't know where you are

You don't know when I is

I don't know how you was

You don't know who I wiz.

So find me Find me

Ask me who I am

Get me out the washing machine Fish me out the jam

Open up the book Let out all the fizz

Let's walk on the beach And I'll answer your quiz

Then I'll know where you are You'll know when I is

I'll know how you was And you'll know who I wiz.

My Shadow
By Robert Louis Stevenson

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow –
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller like an india-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.
He stays so close beside me, he's a coward you can see;
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to me!

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.

Year 5

The Tyger By William Blake

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, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And, when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? and 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 watered 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?

Vegan Delight (1994)
By Benjamin Zephaniah

Ackees, chapatties
Dumplings an nan,
Channa an rotis
Onion uttapam,
Masala dosa
Green callaloo
Bhel an samosa
Corn an aloo.
Yam an cassava
Pepperpot stew,
Rotlo an guava
Rice an tofu,
Puri, paratha
Sesame casserole,
Brown eggless pasta
An brown bread rolls.
Soya milked muesli
Soya bean curd,
Soya sweet sweeties
Soya's de word,
Soya bean margarine
Soya bean sauce,
What can mek medicine?
Soya of course.
Soya meks yoghurt
Soya ice-cream,
Or soya sorbet
Soya reigns supreme,
Soya sticks liquoriced
Soya salads
Try any soya dish
Soya is bad.
Plantain an tabouli
Cornmeal pudding
Onion bhajee
Wid plenty cumin,
Breadfruit an coconuts
Molasses tea
Dairy free omelettes
Very chilli.
Ginger bread, nut roast
Sorrell, paw paw,
Cocoa an rye toast
I tek dem on tour,
Drinking cool maubi
Meks me feel sweet,
What was dat question now?
What do we eat?

Year 6

Dulce et Decorum Est

By Wilfred Owen

Bent double, like old beggars under sacks,
Knock-kneed, coughing like hags, we cursed through sludge,
Till on the haunting flares we turned our backs,
And towards our distant rest began to trudge.
Men marched asleep. Many had lost their boots,
But limped on, blood-shod. All went lame; all blind;
Drunk with fatigue; deaf even to the hoots
Of gas-shells dropping softly behind.

Gas! GAS! Quick, boys! - An ecstasy of fumbling
Fitting the clumsy helmets just in time,
But someone still was yelling out and stumbling
And flound'ring like a man in fire or lime. -
Dim through the misty panes and thick green light,
As under a green sea, I saw him drowning.

In all my dreams before my helpless sight,
He plunges at me, guttering, choking, drowning.

If in some smothering dreams, you too could pace
Behind the wagon that we flung him in,
And watch the white eyes writhing in his face, His hanging face, like a devil's sick of sin;
If you could hear, at every jolt, the blood Come gargling from the froth-corrupted lungs,
Obscene as cancer, bitter as the cud
Of vile, incurable sores on innocent tongues, -
My friend, you would not tell with such high zest
To children ardent for some desperate glory,
The old Lie: Dulce et decorum est
Pro patria mori.

Rules (2009)
By Brian Patten

Governments rule most countries,
Bankers rule most banks,
Captains rule their football teams
And piranhas rule fish tanks.
There are rules for gnobling gnomes
And rules for frying frogs,
There are rules for biting bullies
And for vexing vicious dogs.
There are rules for driving motor cars
And crashing into chums,
There are rules for taking off your pants
And showing spotty bums.
There are rules for nasty children
Who tie bangers to old cats,
There are rules for running riots
And rules for burning bats.
There are rules in the classroom.
There are rules in the street.
Some rules are wild and woolly
And some are tame and neat.
And some are pretty sensible
And some are pretty daft;
Some I take quite seriously,
At others I have laughed,
But there is one special rule
You should not be without:
If you do not like the rules
OPEN YOUR MOUTH AND SHOUT!
OPEN YOUR MOUTH AND SHOUT!