

# Stanton St Quintin Primary School Poetry Off By Heart 2023

Theme: All things school



## We Love School by Unknown

Happy dappy  
Happy dappy  
Happy dappy school

Funny wunny  
Funny wunny  
Funny wunny school

Learning wearing  
Learning wearing  
Learning wearing school

You love school  
I love school  
We love to go to school!



## Where Teachers Keep Their Pets by Paul Cookson

Mrs Cox has a fox  
nesting in her curly locks.

Mr Spratt's tabby cat  
sleeps beneath his bobble hat.

Miss Cahoots has various newts  
swimming in her zip-up boots.

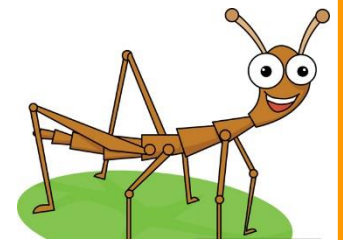
Mr Spry has Fred his fly  
eating food stains from his tie.

Mrs Groat shows off her stoat  
round the collar of her coat.

Mr Spare's got grizzly bears  
hiding in his spacious flares.

And . . .

Mrs Vickers has a stick insect called 'Stickers'  
. . . but no one's ever seen where she keeps it.



## Round and Round by John Kitching

Round and round the playground,  
Marching in a line,  
I'll hold your hand.  
You hold mine.

Round and round the playground  
Skipping in a ring  
Everybody loves it  
When we all sing.

Round and round the playground  
That's what we like:  
Climbing on the climbing frame,  
Riding on the bike.

Round and round the playground,  
All together, friends.  
We're sad, sad, sad  
When the school day ends.



## Where Do All The Teachers Go? by Peter Dixon

Where do all the teachers go  
When it's four o'clock?  
Do they live in houses  
And do they wash their socks?

Do they wear pyjamas  
And do they watch TV?  
And do they pick their noses  
The same as you and me?



Do they live with other people?  
Have they mum and dads?  
And were they ever children?  
And were they ever bad?

Did they ever, never spell right?  
Did they ever make mistakes?  
Were they punished in the corner  
If they stole the chocolate flakes?

Did they ever lose their hymn books?  
Did they ever leave their greens?  
Did they scribble on the desk tops?  
Did they wear old dirty jeans?

I'll follow one back home today  
I'll find out what they do  
Then I'll put it in a poem  
That they can read to you.

## **I Opened a Book by Julia Donaldson**



I opened a book and in I strode  
Now nobody can find me.  
I've left my chair, my house, my road,  
My town and my world behind me.

I'm wearing the cloak, I've slipped on the ring,  
I've swallowed the magic potion.  
I've fought with a dragon, dined with a king  
And dived in a bottomless ocean.

I opened a book and made some friends.  
I shared their tears and laughter  
And followed their road with its bumps and bends  
To the happily ever after.

I finished my book and out I came.  
The cloak can no longer hide me.  
My chair and my house are just the same,  
But I have a book inside me.

## **The Teacher's Day in Bed by David Orme**

Our teacher's having a day in bed –  
She's sent her pets to school instead!  
There's . . .

A parrot to read the register,  
A crocodile to sharpen the pencils,  
A canary to teach singing,  
An adder to teach maths,  
An octopus to make the ink,  
An elephant to Hoover the floor,  
An electric eel to make the computer work,  
A giraffe to look for trouble at the back,  
A tiger to keep order at the front,  
A reed bunting (can't you guess?  
to help with reading, of course!),  
A secretary bird to run the office  
A piranha fish to give swimming lessons  
(Glad I'm off swimming today!),  
A zebra to help with crossing the road,  
Oh, and a dragon to cook the sausages.

I bet that none of you ever knew  
Just how many things a teacher can do!



## **Please Mrs Butler by Allan Ahlberg**

Please Mrs Butler  
This boy Derek Drew  
Keeps copying my work, Miss.  
What shall I do?

Go and sit in the hall, dear.  
Go and sit in the sink.  
Take your books on the roof, my lamb.  
Do whatever you think.

Please Mrs Butler  
This boy Derek Drew  
Keeps taking my rubber, Miss.  
What shall I do?

Keep it in your hand, dear.  
Hide it up your vest.  
Swallow it if you like, love.  
Do what you think best.

Please Mrs Butler  
This boy Derek Drew  
Keeps calling me rude names, Miss.  
What shall I do?

Lock yourself in the cupboard, dear.  
Run away to sea.  
Do whatever you can, my flower.  
But don't ask me!



## **The Supply Teacher by Allan Ahlberg**

Here's the rule for what to do  
If ever your teacher has the flu  
Or for some other reason takes to her bed  
And a different teacher comes instead

When the visiting teacher hangs up her hat  
Writes the date on the board, does this or that  
Always remember, you have to say this,  
OUR teacher never does that, Miss!

When you want to change places or wander  
about  
Or feel like getting the guinea pig out  
Never forget, the message is this,  
OUR teacher always lets us, Miss!



Then, when your teacher returns next day  
And complains about the paint or clay  
Remember these words, you just say this:  
That OTHER teacher told us to, Miss!

## **I Saw My Teacher on a Saturday by Dave Crawley**

Saw my teacher on a Saturday!  
I can't believe it's true!  
I saw her buying groceries,  
like normal people do!

She reached for bread and turned around,  
and then she caught my eye.  
She gave a smile and said, "Hello."  
I thought that I would die!

"Oh, hi...hello, Miss Appleton,"  
I mumbled like a fool.  
I guess I thought that teacher types  
spend all their time at school.

To make the situation worse,  
my mum was at my side.  
So many rows of jars and cans.  
So little room to hide.

Oh please, I thought, don't tell my mum  
what I did yesterday!  
I closed my eyes and held my breath  
and hoped she'd go away.

Some people think it's fine to let  
our teachers walk about.  
But when it comes to Saturdays,  
they shouldn't let them out!



## **Good Morning Mrs Hamster by Kenn Nesbitt**

The teacher performed an experiment  
she probably shouldn't have tried.  
Some chemicals flashed and exploded.  
She ended up frazzled and fried.

Her eyebrows were sizzling and smoking.  
Her clothing was covered with soot.  
She looked like a cartoon coyote  
whose cannon had just gone kaput.  
But something astonishing happened  
as soon as her test went awry.

The teacher was caught by the shock wave,  
and so was her hamster nearby.  
The universe inside the blast zone  
was literally rearranged,  
affecting the teacher and hamster,  
and somehow their brains were exchanged.

The hamster climbed up near the blackboard  
and handed out homework galore.  
The teacher, by contrast, was squeaking  
and crawling around on the floor.

The principal quickly came running  
the instant he learned of the news.  
The hamster said, "Welcome. Please join us."  
Our teacher was sniffing his shoes.

I'm sorry to say our poor teacher  
now sits in a cage eating grass.  
The principal made her our pet,  
and the hamster's in charge of the class.



## And if anyone would like a super challenge...

### **Strict by Michael Rosen**

We had a teacher who was so strict, you weren't allowed to breathe in her lessons.

She used to stand out the front going, "No breathing!" And you had the whole morning to get through.

The weak ones just used to keel over and die, you'd hear them going down behind you!

Ka-boom! Ka-boom! Ka-boom!

And there was always a whiny kid going, "Miss, can I go out and do some breathing?"

And she'd say, "No, you've got all playtime to do it!"

"And oh come on Miss, oh come on!"

Did you know at the beginning of the week there were forty eight kids in my class,

And at the end of the week there were only five of them left.

Yeah, d'you know at the end of the day you'd be stepping over kids just to get out of the room.

Oh no! There's Melanie! That's a shame, she was really nice!

There's Dave. Hard luck Dave, always knew you were a bit weak.

You know people say to me, "If that's true, how come you're here to tell the tale?"

Fair enough and I'll tell you.

It's because, when I was at school, we used to sit at desks.

We didn't sit around tables like you do now, we used to sit at desks, with lids.

And some of us figured out, what you had to do...

...was snatch a quick breath under the desk lid when she wasn't looking.

So once more from the beginning.

"No breathing!"

The weak ones, Ka-bum, ka-bum, ka-bum.

The whiny ones, "Miss, can I go out and do some breathing?"

"No, you've got all playtime to do it!"

"Oh, go on Miss, oh go on!" Us lot,

That was a mistake; slamming the desk lid down!

If you made a noise with the desk, lid it was...

"Out! School Prison!"

There was a school prison underneath the school hall where they used to string you up from the wall bars.

"Miss, I've been up here for 3 weeks! And there's rats... and they're nibblin' my toenails!"

So I figured it out, what you had to do was put your thumb 'round the edge of the desk lid,

so when it went down, it didn't make any noise at all.

So once more from the beginning.

"No breathing!"

The weak ones, Ka-bum, ka-bum, ka-bum.

The whiny ones, "Miss, can I go out and do some breathing?"

"No, you've got all playtime to do it!"

"Oh, go on Miss, oh go on!"

"Out! School Prison!"

"Miss, I've been up here for 3 weeks, and there's... rats!

And they're nibbling... my toenails, Miss!"

Me, thumb 'round the edge of the desk,

No noise at all.

Survival!

Michael Rosen  
performing this  
poem:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=z1cfVQyrQ3Q>

