



Theale C of E Primary School
Children come first

Poetry Curriculum

Exploring poems and poetry encourages a passion for the written word, development of oracy and thematic engagement with a range of topics – poems create portals to the personally experienced world and the experiences of others. Meaningful opportunities for learning new vocabulary and phrases arise in the study of poetry: the key vocabulary and phrases that we will explore in each poem is shown in bold.

Our poetry curriculum includes poems that will be explored and learnt in each year group across the school year. The learning and performance of these poems will be enjoyed and celebrated during a half-termly assembly.

The poems in our poetry curriculum are connected to the written work around our anchor texts in our reading spine or to annual events, enriching the in-depth learning experience we offer all children at Theale C of E Primary School.



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Progression in poetry and performance

Children should be taught to:

Foundation Stage; ELGs	Year 1	Year 2	Year 3	Year 4	Year 5	Year 6
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Engage in story times. Retell the story, once they have developed a deep familiarity with the text (some as exact repetition, some in own words). Learn rhymes, poems and songs. Sing in a group or on their own, increasingly matching the pitch and melody. Develop storylines in pretend play. <i>Demonstrate understanding of what has been read to them by retelling stories and narratives using their own words and recently introduced vocabulary.</i> <i>Make use of props and materials when role-playing characters in narratives and stories.</i> <i>Invent, adapt and recount narratives and stories with their peers and teachers.</i> <i>Perform songs, rhymes, poems and stories with others, and (where appropriate) try to move in time with the music.</i> 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Recite simple poems by heart. 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Continue to build up a repertoire of poems learnt by heart, appreciating there and reciting some with appropriate intonation to make the meaning clear. 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Prepare and perform poems and playscripts and show some awareness of the audience when reading aloud. Begin to use appropriate intonation and volume when reading aloud. 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Recognise and discuss some different forms of poetry (e.g. free verse or narrative poetry). Prepare and perform poems and playscripts with appropriate techniques (intonation, tone, volume and action) to show awareness of the audience when reading aloud. 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Continually show an awareness of audience when reading aloud, using intonation, tone, volume and action. 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Confidently perform texts (including poems learnt by heart) using a wide range of devices to engage the audience and for effect.



Foundation Stage/ Year 1			
Autumn	<p><i>Firework Poem</i>, James Carter</p> <p>Like to be a FIREWORK? So would I.</p> <p>To DAZZLE like a flower. To SIZZLE in the sky.</p> <p>With a CRACK and a BANG and a BIM BAM BOOM!</p> <p>With a WHIZZ and a FIZZ and a ZIM ZAM ZOOM!</p> <p>And oh, how I'd SPARKLE RED, GOLD, BLUE...</p> <p>as everyone below goes AHHHH and OOOOH!</p>	<p>Poppy Poppy Poppy, poppy what do you say? Wear me on Remembrance Day. Poppy, poppy what do you tell? Many soldiers in battle fell. Poppy, poppy what should we know? That peace on Earth should grow, grow, grow.</p> <p>Nursery Rhyme Week (11th-15th November)</p> <p>Five Currant Buns <i>Five currant buns in a baker's shop. Big and round with a cherry on the top, Along came a boy with a penny one day, Bought a currant bun and took it away Four currant buns in a baker's shop etc...</i></p> <p>Old Mac Donald Old MacDonald had a farm, E-I-E-I-O And on that farm he had a pig, E-I-E-I-O With a oink-oink here and a oink-oink there Here a oink, there a oink, everywhere a oink-oink Duck, Cow, Mouse etc...</p> <p>Incy Wincy Spider Incy Wincy spider climbing up the spout, Down came the rain and washed the spider out. Out came the sunshine and dried up all the rain, And Incy Wincy spider climbed up the spout again.</p> <p>Twinkle Twinkle Twinkle twinkle little star, How I wonder what you are, Up above the world so high Like a diamond in the sky, Twinkle twinkle little star, how I wonder what you are.</p>	<p>The Big Ship Sails The big ship sails on the ally-ally-oh, The ally-ally-oh, the ally-ally-oh. Oh, the big ship sails on the ally-ally-oh On the last day of September Ally ally oh! Ally oh! On the last day of September The captain said it will never, never do, Never, never do, never, never do. The captain said it will never, never do On the last day of September Ally ally oh! Ally oh! On the last day of September The big ship sank to the bottom of the sea, The bottom of the sea, the bottom of the sea. The big ship sank to the bottom of the sea, On the last day of September Ally ally oh! Ally oh! On the last day of September We all dip our heads in the deep blue sea, The deep blue sea, the deep blue sea. We all dip our heads in the deep blue sea, On the last day of September Ally ally oh! Ally oh! On the last day of September</p>



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Spring	<p><i>African Animals</i> (link to Handa's surprise)</p> <p>Giraffes are tall with necks so long, Elephants' trunks are big and strong, Zebras have stripes and gallop away, While monkeys in the trees do sway, Old crocodile swims in the pool so deep Or lies in the sun and goes to sleep.</p>	<p><i>Egg Hunt</i>, Sara Fox</p> <p>I'm hunting, I'm searching, It's a race against time. I'm hoping that an Easter Egg Is going to be mine.</p> <p>I hunt beneath the apple trees, Where blossom smells so sweet. I search beside the meadow, Where spring lambs leap and bleat.</p> <p>I peek behind the hen house, Where fluffy chicks stay warm. I peer down by the duck pond, It's brimming with frogspawn.</p> <p>Then, there among the daffodils, Swaying to and fro, I spot something shiny, It's spotty with a bow.</p> <p>An Easter Egg, I've found one! I'm as happy as can be. I can't wait to eat it. "Yippee!" I shout, "Yippee!"</p>
Summer	<p>FS2: <i>Monkey and Me</i>, Emily Gravett (book)</p> <p>Year 1: <i>Hoppity</i>, A. A. Milne Christopher Robin goes Hoppity, hoppity, Hoppity, hoppity, hop. Whenever I tell him Politely to stop it, he Says he can't possibly stop.</p> <p>If he stopped hopping, He couldn't go anywhere, Poor little Christopher Couldn't go anywhere... That's why he always goes Hoppity, hoppity, Hoppity, Hoppity, Hop.</p>	<p><i>Clouds</i>, Christina Rossetti</p> <p>White sheep, white sheep, On a blue hill, When the wind stops You all stand still. When the wind blows You walk away slow. White sheep, white sheep, Where do you go?</p>



Year 2/3		
Autumn	<p><i>Tiger</i>, Leslie Norris</p> <p>He stalks in his vivid stripes The few steps of his cage, On pads of velvet quiet, In his quiet rage.</p> <p>He should be lurking in shadow, Sliding through long grass Near the water hole Where plump deer pass.</p> <p>He should be snarling around houses At the jungle's edge, Baring his white fangs, his claws, Terrorising the village!</p> <p>But he's locked in a concrete cell, His strength behind bars, Stalking the length of his cage, Ignoring visitors.</p> <p>He hears the last voice at night, The patrolling cars, And stares with his brilliant eyes At the brilliant stars.</p>	<p><i>We Shall Keep the Faith</i>, Moina Michael</p> <p>Oh! You who sleep in "Flanders Fields," Sleep sweet—to rise anew! We caught the Torch you threw And, holding high, we keep the Faith With All who died.</p> <p>We cherish, too, the poppy red That grows on fields where valour led; It seems to signal to the skies That blood of heroes never dies, But lends a lustre to the red Of the flower that blooms above the dead In Flanders Fields.</p> <p>And now the Torch and Poppy Red We wear in honour of our dead. Fear not that ye have died for naught; We'll teach the lesson that ye wrought In Flanders Fields.</p>
Spring	<p><i>I'd love to be a fairy's child</i>, Robert Greaves</p> <p>Children born of fairy stock Never need for shirt or frock, Never want for food or fire, Always get their hearts desire: Jingle pockets full of gold, Marry when they're seven years old. Every fairy child may keep Two ponies and ten sheep; All have houses, each his own, Built of brick or granite stone; They live on cherries, they run wild— I'd love to be a Fairy's child.</p>	<p>Haiku: The Japanese haiku translated into English focus on seasons and nature.</p> <p>spring winds hoping the flowers burst out in laughter</p> <p>By Matsuo Basho (1644-1694)</p> <p>Note: The Japanese translations aren't the 5-7-5 you may know, as they are in translation. Conventions and history of haiku: https://www.bbc.co.uk/bitesize/articles/z9jpn9q#zp3dwnb</p>
Summer	<p><i>Cats sleep anywhere</i>, Eleanor Farjeon</p> <p>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.</p>	<p><i>The Adventures of Isabel</i>, Ogden Nash (extract)</p> <p>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.</p>



Year 4/5		
Autumn	<p><i>Little Red Riding Hood & The Wolf</i>, Roald Dahl (extract – full version on drive)</p> <p>As soon as Wolf began to feel That he would like a decent meal, He went and knocked on Grandma's door. When Grandma opened it, she saw The sharp white teeth, the horrid grin, And Wolfie said, "May I come in?" Poor Grandmamma was terrified, "He's going to eat me up!" she cried. And she was absolutely right. He ate her up in one big bite. But Grandmamma was small and tough, And Wolfie wailed, "That's not enough! I haven't yet begun to feel That I have had a decent meal!"</p>	<p><i>There will come soft rains</i>, Sara Teasdale</p> <p>There will come soft rains and the smell of the ground, And swallows circling with their shimmering sound; And frogs in the pools singing at night, And wild plum trees in tremulous white, Robins will wear their feathery fire Whistling their whims on a low fence-wire; And not one will know of the war, not one Will care at last when it is done. Not one would mind, neither bird nor tree If mankind perished utterly; And Spring herself, when she woke at dawn, Would scarcely know that we were gone.</p>
Spring	<p><i>Spellbound</i>, Emily Brontë</p> <p>The night is darkening round me, The wild winds coldly blow; But a tyrant spell has bound me And I cannot, cannot go.</p> <p>The giant trees are bending Their bare boughs weighed with snow. And the storm is fast descending, And yet I cannot go.</p> <p>Clouds beyond clouds above me, Wastes beyond wastes below; But nothing drear can move me; I will not, cannot go.</p>	<p>Haiku: These Japanese haiku translated into English focus on seasons and nature.</p> <p>moons and flowers these are the true ones the masters</p> <p>By Matsuo Basho (1644-1694)</p> <p>Note: The Japanese translations aren't the 5-7-5 you may know, as they are in translation. Conventions and history of haiku: https://www.bbc.co.uk/bitesize/articles/z9jpn9q#zp3dwnb</p>



<p style="writing-mode: vertical-rl; transform: rotate(180deg);">Summer</p>	<p><i>The Magic Box</i>, Kit Wright</p> <p>I will put in the box The swish of a silk sari on a summer night, Fire from the nostrils of a Chinese dragon, The tip of a tongue touching a tooth.</p> <p>I will put in the box A snowman with a rumbling belly A sip of the bluest water from Lake Lucerene, A leaping spark from an electric fish.</p> <p>I will put into the box Three violet wishes spoken in Gujarati, The last joke of an ancient uncle, And the first smile of a baby.</p> <p>I will put into the box A fifth season and a black sun, A cowboy on a broomstick and a witch on a white horse. My box is fashioned from ice and gold and steel, With stars on the lid and secrets in the corners. Its hinges are the toe joints of dinosaurs.</p> <p>I shall surf in my box on the great high-rolling breakers of the wild Atlantic, Then wash ashore on a yellow beach The colour of the sun.</p>	<p><i>Dust of Snow</i>, Robert Frost</p> <p>The way a crow Shook down on me The dust of snow From a hemlock tree</p> <p>Has given my heart A change of mood And saved some part Of a day I had rued.</p>
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	Year 6	
Autumn	<p><i>The Witches' Spell</i>, from Macbeth, William Shakespeare</p> <p>Double, double, toil and trouble; Fire burn and caldron bubble. Fillet of a fenny snake, In the caldron 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 howlet's wing, For a charm of powerful trouble, Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.</p> <p>Double, double toil and trouble; Fire burn and caldron bubble. Cool it with a baboon's blood, Then the charm is firm and good.</p>	<p><i>In Flanders Fields</i>, John McCrea</p> <p>In Flanders fields the poppies blow Between the crosses, row on row, That mark our place; and in the sky The larks, still bravely singing, fly Scarce heard amid the guns below.</p> <p>We are the Dead. Short days ago We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow, Loved and were loved, and now we lie, In Flanders fields.</p> <p>Take up our quarrel with the foe: To you from failing hands we throw The torch; be yours to hold it high. If ye break faith with us who die We shall not sleep, though poppies grow In Flanders fields.</p>



<p style="writing-mode: vertical-rl; transform: rotate(180deg);">Spring</p>	<p><i>Jabberwocky</i>, Lewis Carroll</p> <p>'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves Did gyre and gimble in the wabe: All mimsy were the borogoves, And the mome raths outgrabe.</p> <p>"Beware the Jabberwock, my son! The jaws that bite, the claws that catch! Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun The frumious Bandersnatch!"</p> <p>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.</p> <p>And, as in uffish thought he stood, The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame, Came whiffling through the tulgey wood, And burbled as it came!</p> <p>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.</p> <p>"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock? Come to my arms, my beamish boy! O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!" He chortled in his joy.</p> <p>'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves Did gyre and gimble in the wabe: All mimsy were the borogoves, And the mome raths outgrabe.</p>	<p>Haiku: These Japanese haiku translated into English focus on seasons and nature.</p> <p>first blossoms seeing them extends my life seventy-five more years</p> <p>By Matsuo Basho (1644-1694)</p> <p>Note: The Japanese translations aren't the 5-7-5 you may know, as they are in translation. Conventions and history of haiku: https://www.bbc.co.uk/bitesize/articles/z9jpn9q#zp3dwnb</p>
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<p style="writing-mode: vertical-rl; transform: rotate(180deg);">Summer</p>	<p><i>Apostrophe</i>, Roger McGough</p> <p>'twould be nice to be an apostrophe floating above an s hovering like a paper kite in between the its eavesdropping, tiptoeing high above the thats an inky comet spiralling the highest tossed of hats</p>	<p><i>Gran can you rap?</i> John Ousby</p> <p>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 she 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.</p> <p>And she rose from her chair in the corner of the room And she started to rap with a bim-bam-boom, And she rolled up her eyes and she rolled round her head And as she rolled by this is what she said, I'm the best rapping Gran this world's ever seen I'm a nip-nap, yip-yap, rap-rap queen.</p> <p>Then she rapped past my dad and she rapped past my mother, She rapped past me and my little baby brother. She rapped her arms narrow she rapped her arms wide, She rapped through the door and she rapped outside. She's the best rapping Gran this world's ever seen She's a drip-drop, trip-trap, rap-rap queen.</p> <p>She rapped down the garden she rapped down the street, The neighbours all cheered and they tapped their feet. She rapped through the traffic lights as they turned red As she rapped round the corner this is what she said, I'm the best rapping Gran this world's ever seen I'm a flip-flop, hip-hop, rap-rap queen.</p> <p>She rapped down the lane she rapped up the hill, And as she disappeared she was rapping still. I could hear Gran's voice saying, Listen, Man, Listen to the rapping of the rap-rap Gran. I'm the best rapping Gran this world's ever seen</p> <p>I'm a – tip-top, slip-slap nip-nap, yip-yap, hip-hop, trip-trap, touch yer cap, take a nap, happy, happy, happy, happy, rap____rap____ queen.</p>
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