



**Eleven Poems before you're Eleven
Off by Heart
Reception
Five Little Monkeys**

**Five little monkeys jumping on the bed,
One fell down and bumped his head,
Mama called the doctor and the doctor said,
"No more monkeys jumping on the bed!"**

**Four little monkeys jumping on the bed,
One fell down and bumped his head,
Mama called the doctor and the doctor said,
"No more monkeys jumping on the bed!"**

**Three little monkeys jumping on the bed,
One fell down and bumped his head,
Mama called the doctor and the doctor said,
"No more monkeys jumping on the bed!"**

**Two little monkeys jumping on the bed,
One fell down and bumped his head,
Mama called the doctor and the doctor said,
"No more monkeys jumping on the bed!"**

**One little monkey jumping on the bed,
He fell down and bumped his head,
Mama called the doctor and the doctor said,
"No more monkeys jumping on the bed!"**

**No little monkeys jumping on the bed,
None fell down and bumped their head,
Papa called the doctor and the doctor said,
"Put those monkeys right to bed!"**

**No little monkeys jumping on the bed,
None fell down and bumped their heads.
Mama called the doctor and the doctor said:
Put those monkeys straight back to the bed!**

(Nursery Rhyme)

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Year 1

Aliens from Planet Trouble

Hubble bubble double lubble
Aliens from planet trouble
Watch us wriggle, bounce and play
We love making mess all day
See us giggle – see us laugh
Pouring custard in the bath
Hubble bubble double lubble
Aliens from planet trouble
Pots and pans on our heads
Jumping high on our beds
We like to chomp on lots of chocs
Jelly, ice cream, sweaty socks!
Hubble bubble double lubble
Aliens from planet trouble.

by Paul Cookson

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Year 1

Shampoo Sally

Shampoo Sally
Washing her hair
Splashing soapsuds everywhere.

Soapsuds in the water,
Soapsuds in the air,
Soapsuds here and soapsuds there.

Shampoo Sally
Rinsing her hair,
Splashing water everywhere.

Water on the bath mat,
Water on the floor,
Water dripping down the bathroom door.

Shampoo Sally
Washing her hair,
Soapsuds and water everywhere.
Shampoo Sally doesn't care.

by John Foster

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Year 2

Four Jolly Pirates

Four jolly pirates
Splashing in a puddle
Under big umbrellas
In a pirate huddle

Four jolly pirates
Wobbling their bellies
Singing a sea shanty
In their pirate wellies

Four jolly pirates
Going splish and splat
Catching tiny raindrops
In their crossbones hats

Four jolly pirates
Dancing on a plank
Shivering their timbers
And getting very damp

Four jolly pirates
See the sun break through
Then sail into the distance
To do what pirates do.

by Coral Rumble

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Year 2

Eletelephony

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 elephop and telephong!)

by Laura Richards

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Year 3

From a Railway Carriage

**Faster than fairies, faster than witches,
Bridges and houses, hedges and ditches;
And charging along like troops in a battle,
All through the meadows the horses and cattle:
All of the sights of the hill and the plain
Fly as thick as driving rain;
And ever again, in the wink of an eye,
Painted stations whistle by.**

**Here is a child who clambers and scrambles,
All by himself and gathering brambles;
Here is a tramp who stands and gazes;
And there is the green for stringing the daisies!
Here is a cart run away in the road
Lumping along with man and load;
And here is a mill and there is a river:
Each a glimpse and gone for ever!**

by Robert Louis Stevenson

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Year 3

I Opened a Book

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.

By Julia Donaldson



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Year 4

Daffodils

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.
Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.
The waves beside them danced, but they
Out-did the sparkling leaves in glee;
A poet could not be but gay,
In such a jocund company!
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:
For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

by William Wordsworth

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Year 4

Nature Trail

At the bottom of my garden
There's a hedgehog and a frog
And a lot of creepy-crawlies
Living underneath a log,
There's a baby daddy long legs
And an easy-going snail
And a family of woodlice,
All are on my nature trail.

There are caterpillars waiting
For their time to come to fly,
There are worms turning the earth over
As ladybirds fly by,
Birds will visit, cats will visit
But they always chose their time
And I've even seen a fox visit
This wild garden of mine.

Squirrels come to nick my nuts
And busy bees come buzzing
And when the night time comes
Sometimes some dragonflies come humming,
My garden mice are very shy
And I've seen bats that growl
And in my garden I have seen
A very wise old owl.

My garden is a lively place
There's always something happening,
There's this constant search for food
And then there's all that flowering,
When you have a garden
You will never be alone
And I believe we all deserve
A garden of our own.

By Benjamin Zephaniah

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Year 5

Leisure

**WHAT is this life if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.
No time to stand beneath the boughs,
And stare as long as sheep and cows:
No time to see, when woods we pass,
Where squirrels hide their nuts in grass:
No time to see, in broad daylight,
Streams full of stars, like skies at night:
No time to turn at Beauty's glance,
And watch her feet, how they can dance:
No time to wait till her mouth can
Enrich that smile her eyes began?
A poor life this if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.**

by William Henry Davies

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Year 5

The Magic Box

I will put in a 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.

I will put in the box
a snowman with a rumbling belly
a sip of the bluest water from Lake Lucerne
a leaping spark from an electric fish.

I will put into the box
three violet wishes spoken in Gujurati,
the last joke of an ancient uncle,
and the first smile of a baby.

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 the secrets in the corners.
Its hinges are the toe joints of dinosaurs.

I shall surf in my box
on the great high-rolling breakers of the wild Atlantic,
the wash ashore on a yellow beach
the colour of the sun.

by Kit Wright

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Year 6

In Flanders Fields

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.

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.

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.

by John McCrae

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Year 6

Song of The Witches from Macbeth

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.

Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and caldron bubble.
Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

By William Shakespeare