

Raps and Rhymes about Primary School Times : By Sue Nield

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1. PLEASE SIR, WHAT'S A NATIONAL CRINCKLYBUM?

On the day I started school, I learned a thing or two.
This is how it all began, and every word is true:
We went into this great big hall, and sat down on the floor.
And then the Head, in pinstripe suit, came striding through the door.

He said:

"Good morning, everybody, and welcome here today.
There's one thing that you need to know: You've not come here to play.
WORK is what I want from you, and that is what I'll get.
So do not even THINK of shirking study that's been set.
The Minister for Education says the time has come
To concentrate our efforts on The National Curricu-lum!"

I pondered what this strange thing was, I thought I'd come to learn
To read and write, and problem-solve, to share and take my turn.
I plucked up courage, took deep breaths and went towards the Head,
With heart in mouth - and soggy pants - this is what I said:

'P....P....P....P....P.....Please, sir? Wha....Wha....Wha....Wha....What's?
A Na....Na....National Crinklybum? D....Does it hurt a lot?'

Well, can't you just imagine the look upon his face?
He looked me right between the eyes: what shame and such disgrace!
"National Crinklybum indeed! Your brains are in your toes!
I **said**: 'The National Curriculum!' And this is how it goes":

1. You'll all learn:
Mathematics, number work, subtraction, adding, shapes.
You'll all learn how to multiply and measure up with tapes.
You'll learn of triangles and polygons with angles and degrees.
You'll learn them till you're fit to drop upon your poor old knees.....

IN TOTAL: 7 MORE VERSES

3. TEACHER'S BACK!

School children come in all shapes and sizes
Their craftiness hidden in all sorts of guises,
For they can be sorted into several kinds
According to the intricate ways of their minds.

Each one is unique, some noisy, some shy,
Yet they all have a twinkle in the whites of their eye,
A small hint of mischief that teachers adore,
To make their job interesting and never a bore!

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First, there's the **dawdler** who takes all day long
To go 'you know where' whilst humming a song.
He's last into class both at lunch and at break
And gives the impression he's just not awake.

Then, there's the **fiddler** with habits so vile,
Who sharpens his pencils into a huge pile,
Then breaks up his rubber and picks it to bits,
And generally annoys folk wherever he sits.

Next, there's the **ear bender**, too full of chat,
With questions and stories on this and on that,
Who waits till your desk has a gigantic queue
To come and report what you already knew!

The '**I've left my book in my bag, Miss,**' sort,
Who never remembers to bring in what he's brought,
And keeps leaving class but never can find
Whatever it was that he left behind.

The '**It wasn't me, it was him**' sort of chap
Will always wax innocent, hands on his lap,
Acting as if he could never do wrong,
Especially when there's been a bit of a pong.....

There's always a **beaver** who never stops working.
You won't catch him chatting, you won't find him shirking.
Reliable, industrious, does his best, you can bet,
He always gets on with whatever's been set.....

IN TOTAL: 6 MORE VERSES

5. SOME KIDS DO 'AVE 'EM

Our teacher set work for the holidays,
To do if we were able:
We had to bury some rubbish
To see if it was biodegradable.

She told us to bury an apple core,
A wrapper, some unwanted plastic,
A bit of tissue, a cardboard box,
And a piece of old knicker elastic.

We had to return in a week or two,
And report which bits had degraded.
But I hadn't done it, so Miss asked me why,
And her question could not be evaded.

So I told her.....

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"I couldn't do my homework, Miss,
It was all because of my Dad.
Some of us kids do 'ave 'em, Miss,
It really is too bad.
I did intend to, honest, Miss,
But I'll have to beg your pardon:
I wasn't allowed to bury a thing
'Cos my Dad concreted our garden!"

6. OUR TEACHER'S ON A DIET

Our teacher's on a diet,
She says she needs to slim,
So, every now and then, we like
To tempt her into sin.

"Like a piece of chocolate, Miss,
Or a lovely, creamy éclair?"
'Oh, stop it, do!' Our teacher says,
'It really isn't fair!'

And so, for Christmas every year
We buy her fattening treats:
At least ten thousand calories worth
Of stodgy cakes and sweets.

We love to see her longing looks
As we line them all up in a row,
'Cos after all, they ARE from US,
So she really can't say NO!

'I'll start my diet tomorrow,' she says,
'Because you all insist
On giving me these lovely chocs
You know I can't resist.'

Then the awaited moment arrives
When Miss says, 'Hand them round.'
It's the only time we guarantee
Never to utter a sound!

9. TEACHER LIMERICKS

TEACHER BEING SILLY

There was once a young teacher in school
Who was really decidedly cool.
Her name was Miss Stokes
And she loved to tell jokes,
Then she'd laugh till she fell off her stool!

15. MY PEN'S LEAKING, MISS

"My pen's leaking, Miss,
And it's gone on my book."
'Oh dear! Not again, Wayne!
Let me have a look.
Oh my! What a pity!
And your work was so neat.
Now, fetch me a tissue,
Then sit back in your seat.'

"My pen's leaking, Miss,
And it's gone on my face."
'Go straight to the cloakroom, Wayne.
Your chin's a disgrace!'
"But my cartridge fell out, Miss,
And so did my nib,
I then scratched my chin, Miss
I can't tell a fib!"

"My pen's leaking, Miss,
And it's gone on my tongue."
'That's the third time today, Wayne,
Since lessons have begun.'
"Well, I held it above me, Miss,
To let some ink out,
Then I squeezed it and shook it,
And opened my mouth!"

"Wayne's pen's leaking, Miss.
It's all over the floor.
There's a trail of big blotches
Leading out of the door,
And on to the cloakroom,
And into the loo.
You'll never guess what, Miss –
It's Wayne – he's turned BLUE!"

16. THERE'S A DRAGON IN OUR PLAYGROUND

There's a dragon in our playground.
He lives behind a tree.
He looks a little scary,
But he's friendly as can be.

He's green with little spots of red.
His tail is long and twisty.
He grunts and snorts and puffs out smoke
Which makes our playground misty.

His sparkling eyes are big and round.
His nostrils flared and funny.
He runs and jumps in leaps and bounds,
And he lives on toast and honey.

He hibernates in winter months,
And wakes up in the Spring,
And in the middle of the night,
He loves to dance and sing.

He comes into our classroom
When he wants to read a book,
So we put him in a cupboard
Where our teacher doesn't look.

Then every day at half-past three
When we're all bleary-eyed,
We creep into the cupboard
And we take him back outside.

We love our little dragon.
He's never far away.
We wish he'd never, ever go.
We hope he's here to stay.

23. THE 'EXCUSE ME MISS'.....RAP

'Excuse me, Miss, but I really think I'm.....'
"Wait a minute, Mary, just get into the line.
Now then, Jamie, whatever was I saying?
Were you on fractions or was it weighing?"
'Shape, Miss! You know! Angles and Degrees!'
'Excuse me, Miss, but could I please.....'
"I thought I said, 'Wait', Mary, it's not your turn.
Acute, not obtuse, Jamie! When will you learn?
Angles of triangles always add up to the same –
One eighty degrees; now then, who's next? Ah! Jane!"
'Excuse me, Miss, but I've really got to go.....'
"Yes, Mary! Good, Jane! Three right in a row!
And what about your Tables? Eight, nine and ten?
You don't know them fluently, please learn them again!
Jessica! Subtraction? Ninety-nine take eight?"
'Please, Miss, excuse me, before it's too late.....'
"Mary, dear, what is it now? I'm really very busy.
Can't you see I have a queue and next in line is Lizzie?
It's all very well standing there without your book,
But how can I help you if I don't know where to look?"
'But please, Miss, excuse me, I've got to be quick.....'

IN TOTAL: 5 MORE LINES. I WONDER WHAT THE PUNCHLINES COULD BE!

35. OUR REALLY EDUCATIONAL OUTING

The Santa Maria's a really smart ship.
Our Class went to see it for our Summer school trip.
Sir drove us to the port in the brand new school bus.
Miss followed behind with the rest of us. (In another bus!)

The next day we each had to write a report.
Our work had to contain all the things we were taught.
It needed to be interesting, lively and neat,
Which for some of our Class was no easy feat!

Miss gave us suggestions on what to include,
So, we listened alertly so as not to be rude.
She said: "Mention the parts you remember best
About life on board ship when Columbus sailed West."

So, we did what she said, and we came up with this:

On Monday the 1st, we went on a trip,
And Barry was sick on the way.
But Miss couldn't stop to mop it up
'Cos we were on the motorway.

Sally and Jane ate four packs of sweets,
And they gave their crisps to the boys,
Who keep on singing a ridiculous song
And making a terrible noise.

When we arrived, we were desperate,
So we went off with Miss to the loo!
The one we found was for boys AND girls,
So we formed an orderly queue.

The loos were really not very nice:
There was a mess all over the floor.
Miss got stuck in the one at the end -
She just couldn't open the door!

Then we went on the Santa Maria,
A copy of the real one which sank.
We started our tour on the poop-deck,
Where we heard what the sailors all drank.

First, they had water in barrels,
And when it ran out they drank wine.
They then drank their wee, whilst far out to sea,
Which, to them, seemed perfectly fine!

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39. THEY'RE OFF

Our teacher is mad about horses,
Especially the ones that race.
The Grand National's her favourite of courses.
Especially when run at great pace.
She's hopeless at choosing the winners
And she seldom places a bet,
Saying betting is just for beginners
And something you live to regret.

She watches the racing on telly
Each Saturday afternoon,
Whilst eating her ice-cream and jelly
In an armchair within her front room.
The commentaries she finds rather funny
So she made up this story in verse
About two that were not on the money
When selecting the horse which came first.

It went like this:

1. "Well, here we are at the start of the race
On this bright and frosty day.
There's a nip in the air and the going's good -
Ideal for the horses that stay.
And there's the starter sorting 'em out,
They'll soon be ready to go.
So, let's take a look at the betting, Bert,
Do give us the latest show."

2. 'Well now, Bob, joint favourites at threes
Are Tommy Be Quick and The Lancer.
At nine to two is Buckle My Shoe,
And fourteen to one is The Dancer.
A heavy bet has just been placed
On number thirteen, Bold Strider.
He's down from forties to sixteen to one:
Not bad for a complete outsider.'.....

IN TOTAL: 15 MORE VERSES

40. NOT JUST A PIECE OF CAKE

Of all the days in a teacher's week,
I think it's fair to say:
The one that he or she dreads most
Is playground duty day.

It all starts when the bell is rung,
And the children grab their snacks,
Making a b-line for the exit door,
Then it's 'Teachers, mind your backs!'

"Bagsie first on the climbing frame!"
'I'll race you to the tree!'
"Let's not play that silly game,
Last time I hurt my knee."

Meanwhile, you've got your nice cup of tea,
You're dressed in your warm coat and hat,
Ready to brave all the elements,
When, all of a sudden it's SPLAT!

A whirlwind of whizzing children
Sends you hurtling in a flying spin,
As they run out in every direction
When play is about to begin!

You're hooked by a hand-knitted neck-scarf.
You're caught up in someone's coat zip,
As you sit in an embarrassing position,
Having landed a double front flip!

"Miss, we can see your knickers."
'You're sat in the way of the door.'
"Well, I can't exactly help it, my dear,
Till you let me get up from the floor!"

So, you're sandwiched inside the doorway,
Assisting with coats hung on pegs,
And somewhere amidst the cacophony
Three little hands tug at your legs.

'Please, Miss, can you do up my toggles?
And please do up my laces, too!'
"Miss, can I go and get my crisps out?"
'Miss, can I go to the loo?'

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When you finally make it to the great outdoors,
You're greeted by a small delegation
Of wounded soldiers with wounded pride,
Demanding an investigation:

"Now, who did what to whom, may I ask?"
'It wasn't me, Miss, it was him!
He punched me first, so I hit him back,
And then he flattened Tim!'.....

IN TOTAL: 7 MORE VERSES

45. THE TODDLER IN THE PLAYGROUND RAP

IF ONLY:

I could play with all these great big kids,
I could sort out all the naughty ones who always tell fibs.
I could join in the painting or the lesson on clay,
I could go out at break time and have a nice play.

IF ONLY:

I could go to school and have a nice lunch,
I could give that bully a great big punch.
I could talk about the poems and the books that I've read.
I could watch lots of telly before I go to bed.

IF ONLY.....

IN TOTAL: 5 MORE VERSES

51. CHRISTMAS NATIVITY

"I don't want to be Mary or Joseph, and angels are not really me.
Shepherds and Kings get to follow the star to the scene of the Nativi-ty.
I believe I'd be best as the donkey, or a camel all haughty and proud,
I wouldn't have to remember my lines and could eeyore or grunt out aloud."

'I'd love to be Mary or Joseph, or the Angel who brings the good news.
I love to speak out, sing solos, learn lines, the main part I couldn't refuse.
Even if that was a donkey, or a camel all haughty and proud,
I'd cherish those lifelong memories I'd have of standing out from the crowd.

Christmas is all about giving, about each person playing their part.
The Nativity play is brimming with joy, full of laughter and full of heart.
Performing is not about who's number one, each character makes up the whole:
Each player, each voice, is important and everyone has their role.

52. SNOW DAY in East Devon

Snow falls once or twice a year, yet seldom does it stay.
So, when it does, we go outside to celebrate 'Snow Day'.
We go for walks, we marvel at the glistening, gleaming sight.
We capture the scene, in pictures and words, of this sparkling wonder of white.

Then, after break, the hour begins for us to work together,
Making the most of magical moments of 'once upon a snowtime' weather,
Creating snowmen and angels, whilst building the best of teams,
Learning life skills, having fun, whilst fulfilling our childhood dreams.

Gathering sticks and fallen leaves for making hair and noses,
Listening to ideas and plans each one of us proposes,
Looking after little ones with chattering teeth, cold fingers,
Keeping warm by working hard to fight the frost that lingers.

Snow Day is a special time when everyone is equal:
A joyful treat that's quite unique, a story without sequel.
From tiny snowballs rolled to shapes, do mighty snowmen grow,
When children play together, just like angels in the snow.

54. VICTORIAN ASSEMBLY

1. This morning in our Assembly
Let's journey back in time,
To a period in our history
Full of poverty, full of crime.
When children had to work all day,
At the age of eight or nine,
Sweeping roads or sooty chimneys
Or down a cold and dirty mine.

2. Some would work as bootblacks.
Others would sell flowers.
Some made matches, some sold buns,
They worked for hours and hours.
They had to work to pay their way,
Or else they'd starve and die.
And if they couldn't work, they'd beg
Or steal from rich passers-by.

3. So, open your eyes and picture the scene
In England one cold winter's morn.
The year is eighteen forty-eight,
Long before we were born.
The pickpockets are out in force,
Picking a pocket or two.
The streets are dirty, the houses poor,

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They don't even have a loo!.....

13. There are many children still in the world
Without water, without food and clothes,
Without homes or crops, without love or care,
Now our thoughts must go out to those.
Let's think of the present and think of the past
And learn our lesson today.
Let's do something now to help those in need,
And let's think of the poor as we pray.

55. WAITING OUTSIDE THE HEAD'S DOOR!

"Now we've blown it,
There's a hole in the wall,
We're really going to get **done**."
'Speak for yourself, you stood on that shelf
Then legged it as fast as you could run!'

"Well, no one could've seen.
Besides, what does 'done' mean?
I've asked but nobody knows."
'It means.....
You prop up the wall, just in case you should fall
Then you quake from your head to your toes!'

'Ohhhh...'

"Go on, knock on the door.
Go straight inside.
Why are you making such a fuss?
I wonder what goes on in there.
D'you think she's heard about **us**?"

'**You** knock on the door,
And **you** look inside.
Why does it have to be me?'
"Because **you** are the one who locked the loo door
And then ran away with the key.".....

IN TOTAL: 6 MORE VERSES

57. THE LANGUAGE RULES! (Well, some of them, anyway!)

Language is such a tricky thing,
It takes time to fully learn.
And sometimes it's quite impossible
To know which way to turn.

But luckily for the human race,
We learn when we are young
To speak in things called **sentences**

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Which give us so much fun.

Till, one fine day when we hit four,
We arrive in our new schools,
And unpick all the words we've learned
To learn the language rules.

We learn that **nouns** are naming words,
Like 'sofa', 'chair' or 'mouse'.
Common nouns name objects, things,
Like 'field', 'tree', 'flower' and 'house'.....

IN TOTAL: 28 MORE FUN-FILLED AND INFORMATIVE VERSES

58. APOSTROPHE CATASTROPHE!

I wonder who invented apostrophes: Those strange little commas up high.
They certainly wanted to catch us all out, make it hard for us all to get by.
My guess was that someone quite lazy must've wanted to take some short cuts,
Which has since caused us all to go crazy, with our 'what ifs' and 'maybes' and 'buts'....

IN TOTAL: 4 MORE VERY INFORMATIVE VERSES!

60. WHAT DOES GOOD LOOK LIKE?

Good is in wonder of sunshine and rain,
In rivers that flow to the seas,
In story books, teddy bears, bouncing Spring lambs,
In creatures from rhinos to fleas.
Good is in happiness, the laughter of friends,
Celebrations, triumphant feats,
In holding hands, or just playing in sand,
Or enjoying great birthday treats.....

IN TOTAL: 8 MORE VERSES – GREAT FOR ASSEMBLIES OR PSHE!

This is just a taster of 'Raps and Rhymes about Primary School Times'. If you like what you see, you can order a copy of the book from : www.authorhouse.co.uk or from Amazon.

Alternatively, you may like to purchase my e-book version, which is only available at Authorhouse.

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