



Year 4

Summer 1

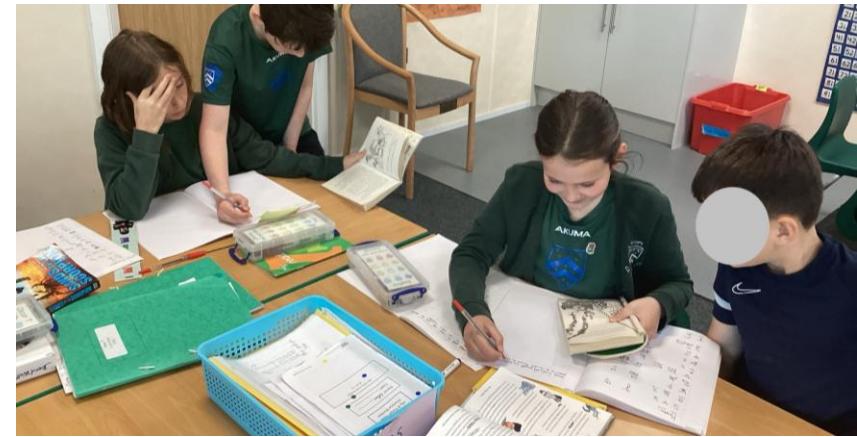


Geography – rivers...



Spelling – partner dictation...





Maypole rehearsals...



The river

The river's a Shark,
a roamer, a gypsy
he can't be still
He's just like a city

The river's a snake
wriggling about while a ball
is flying about
trying to kill it at

The river's a King
holding a chest
he wants all the
treasure more than the rest

The river's a little one
he's bounding around
he needs attention
all from all around.

The river's a rockstar
strumming his song
he plays every day
he can't be from home

The River

The river's an ambler
A vagrant, a heart
It's just like somebody
pushing a blue cart.

The river's an artist's pencil
which whirls like a soft breeze
drawing textures and lines
It's just can't be pleased

The river's a thief
All the things he steals
He sells them
So he can eat his burning meals

The river's an infant
he messes about
he's so naughty
so he goes on time out

The river's a symphony
he sings and composes
he keeps dancing
and doing loads of poses

The River

The River's a shark,
A heart-beat, an eye,
he still keeps buying
stuff with his wage.

The River's a snake
he slithers in cracks
he keeps on going
and he never slacks

The River's a pirate
he stashes and stores
he has lots of riches
but he still wants more

The River's a youngster
he teases and giggles
he stands up quite tall
and wiggles and wiggles and
him

The River

The River's an ambler, roller
a stroller, a gypsy
he goes on and on
he will not miss me

The River's a weaver
like a kite in the breeze
he's swishing and smashing,
he's drifting with ease.

The River's a magpie
he steals and he keeps
he's napping and grabbing
lots, without sleep.

The River's a toddler
he laughs and he smiles
you can hear him
800 hundreds of miles

Poetry inspired by Valerie Bloom...



Our final Commando Joe's Mission...

A visit to St Chad's...







Learning about the Ancient Egyptians at the Ashmolean Museum...

[To see more photos of the trip, please click this link.](#)