DON’T STRESS THE SPAG

And now we're gathered in the hall,   
The tension at its peak  
The test you've been preparing for,  
For thirty two long weeks

Embedded clauses on your mind  
Noun phrases in your brain  
Adverbials, parenthesis,  
They really are a pain

As year 6 kids all gather round,  
In halls across the nation,  
The challenge? Do you know  
Your spelling? Grammar? Punctuation?

Can you put a full stop in its place?  
And use ellipsis well?  
Are semi-colons prevalent?  
When you have tales to tell?

Commas, dashes, question marks,  
All flying round your head,  
The stress of it exhausting,   
As you drag yourself from bed,

To sit down in your seat,  
And spend three quarters of an hour,   
Putting marks on bits of paper,   
To demonstrate the power,

That you hold within your pen,   
To write in standard Oxford English,   
The expectation growing,   
That you really should distinguish,

Between the past, the present, future tense   
And other modes as well,  
To switch your tone and register  
And all before the bell...

And if you don't do well today?   
Will the sky fall down?  
Will the earth fall off it’s axis  
And cease its spinning round?

Of course not.  
Cos it just a test.   
To see what you can do.   
With a tiny part of learning   
That we have to put you through.

It doesn't give you feedback   
On your gorgeous piece of art,   
Or tell you just how well you dance  
And that is just the start.

Cos it's not a measure clearly   
Of how well you kick a ball  
Or that when you run  
It seems that you're not ever caught at all,

The test won't tell you   
How to beat the boss on level three  
Or tell you all those gruesome facts,  
From ancient history,

There's not a question asking,  
How to bake a tasty treat,   
Or sing a song so sweetly,   
That the crowd begins to weep,

It doesn't test your knowledge   
Of the books you read for fun  
It's not a measure of a thousand  
Awesome things you've done

So remember when you sit down  
(And I know you'll do your best)   
And the pressure starts to build  
And you start to feel the stress

That even though you'll get a mark,   
Which might be good or bad,   
It's really no reflection,  
On the great time that you've had,

Learning everyday beside your friends,  
And growing up as one,   
For six great years in primary,   
We have no test of fun.

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