3rd place

Teach-dren’s Rhyme-Poem
by John Kenneth Y. Asuncion, Grade VII, RCSHS

I
(to the tune of Ten Little Indians)
One little two little three little students
Four little five little six little hands
Seven little eight little nine little workers
We are the hopes of the world.

II
Teachers, teachers, teachers,
They are the builders
Builders of us dreamers
Dreams that will make the future brighter.

III
(to the tune of Row, Row, Row Your Boat)
Row, row, row your dreams
Gently down to them
Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily
Your dream will be achieved.

IV
Teachers are terror
But they can be better
If you would think like someone wise
They can give you something nice.

V
(to the tune of twinkle, Twinkle Little Star)
Twinkle, twinkle, our teachers
They are our parents’ saviors
Up above the school so high

VI
Like a diamond when we finish
Twinkle, twinkle, our teachers
Sorry for all the things we did.

VII
Though others say we’re weak and poor
You’re always there to make us allured
Though you’re not our parents
You’re always there to support us.

VIII
The teacher from the hell
The teacher from h’ven
Heigh ho, the derry oh,
We’ll respect them all.

IX
Respect is earned,
Not burned
For all the teachers that we’ll meet
We should give them a warm-hearted greet.

X
Teachers, thank you
Thank you, thank you
Teachers, thank you
For all the things
You’ve taught [shared]
(repeat 2x)