

WIERSZE DLA KLAS I-III

Bunnies

Bunnies are brown
Bunnies are white
Bunnies are always
An Easter delight.

Bunnies are cuddly
The large and the small.
But I like chocolate ones
The best of them all.

Easter Everywhere

Rabbits soft and cuddly
Baby chickens, too.
Easter eggs for baskets
White and pink and blue.
Easter cards of greeting,
Music in the air,
Lilies just to tell us
It's Easter everywhere.

Hop, Hop, Hop

Hop, hop, hop,
Hop my bunny hop,
Hop along my little bunny
You look sweet and very funny
On this Easter day.

Look and see,
Where the eggs may be,
Here is one and here's another,
Here's a lovely one for mother.
Let us look and see,
Where the eggs may be.

Easter

The Easter Bunny's feet
Go hop, hop, hop,
While his big pink ears
Go flop, flop, flop.
He is rushing on his way
To bring our eggs on Easter Day,
With a hop, flop, hop, flop, hop.

Five Brown Eggs

Five brown eggs in a nest of hay,
One yellow chick popped out to play.
Four brown eggs in a nest of hay,
Another yellow chick cheep-cheeped Good day.
Three brown eggs in a nest of hay,
Crack went another one, Hip hooray.
Two brown eggs in a nest of hay,
One more chick pecked his shell away.
One brown egg in a nest of hay,
The last yellow chick popped out to say,
Happy Easter!

Five Baby Bunnies

Five baby bunnies hopping out to play,
Hopping in the forest on happy Easter Day.

The first baby bunny carried his new cane,
He twirled as he came hopping down the lane.

The second baby bunny came to the river's brink.
Tasted the cool water and took a long, long drink.

The third baby bunny tied her bonnet so new,
Under her chin, a bow of pink, white, and blue.

The fourth baby bunny skipped down the shady lane.
He opened his umbrella just in case of rain.

The fifth baby bunny said, "Look what I see"
Lots and lots of coloured eggs hiding near the tree.

Mr. Bunny

Mr. Bunny, Mr. Bunny,
Won't you stop, stop, stop?
"No," said Mr. Bunny,
I must hop, hop, hop.
Easter is coming, and there is lots to do.
Eggs must be colored green, pink, and blue.
I'll tie each basket with a pretty bow.
Children are waiting so I must go!"

Some Things That Easter Brings

Easter duck and Easter chick,
Easter eggs with chocolate thick.

Easter hats for one and all,
Easter Bunny makes a call!

Happy Easter always brings
Such a lot of pleasant things.

Elsie Parrish

Jelly Beans

"I like white ones."

"Here are two."

"I like black."

"But there are so few."

"I want pink ones."

"Two for you."

"I like orange."

"WHAT shall we do-
there isn't an orange,

I've looked them through."

"Awwwww."

"Wait! here's a red,
and a yellow too-
THAT'LL make orange
when you get through."

Aileen Fisher

Finding a Treat

Hippity hop, hippity hop,
Will the Easter Bunny stop?
Will he leave a treat behind
An Easter basket for me to find?

I'll look over here, I'll look over there,
I'll look behind things, I'll look everywhere.
I'll look until I find my treat,
And then I'll sit right down and eat.

Easter Surprise

Easter eggs,
Yellow and blue,
Easter eggs,
For me and you.

Easter eggs,
Candy sweet,
Easter eggs,
Are good to eat.

Easter eggs,
Pretty and funny,
But...
WHERE OH WHERE IS THE EASTER BUNNY?

Colouring Easter Eggs

I take an egg
All shiny white
And then I dip
It out of sight.

I leave it there
Within the cup
Then after a minute
I pick it up.

And oh!
It's a lovely
Shade of green!
The prettiest Easter egg
I've ever seen.

Sarah Benedetti

Hildy

My hen, Hildy, has a secret
Of the most amazing kind,
For Easter she laid patterned eggs
That she, herself, designed:
Eggs with diamonds,
Eggs with stars,
Eggs with twinkly-winkly bars,
Eggs with crescents,
Eggs with flowers,
And two eggs with rainbow showers!

My hen, Hildy, is a marvel.
She's a darling and a dear.
Best of all, she's promised me
To lay them every year!

Jeanene Engelhardt

Egg Hunt

(to the tune of "Clementine")

Easter morning, Easter morning, Easter morning dawning fine
Have to find the Easter eggs now, I've already picked up nine.

Fill the basket, fill the basket, fill the basket every time
Candy eggs and jelly beans are tucked behind each growing pine.

Bend and scramble, bend and scramble, bend and scramble, reach and climb.
Find each hidden Easter treat now, pick them up and they'll be mine.

See them glow and see them glisten, see them glow and see them shine.
Join me with my Easter candy and together we will dine.

He Hopped So Very Quietly

We didn't hear the Easter Bunny
Hopping down the hall ---
He hopped so very quietly,
He made no noise at all.
But on the breakfast table
He left bright Easter toys ---
Downy chicks for little girls
And rabbits for the boys.
Then we found bright Easter eggs
Tucked behind the chairs
Upon the windowsill and in
The corners of the stairs.

Easter Bunny

Easter bunny soft and white
Hopping quickly out of sight.
Thank you for the eggs you bring
At Easter time to welcome spring.

Yellow eggs and blue and red
In the grass and flower bed
We will hunt them everywhere
Is it really you who put them there?

Sky Bunnies

The sky is full of bunny clouds
So soft and fat and white,
I wonder if they're hiding eggs
For stars to find at night.

Because it's Easter Eve, you know,
And there's no reason why
There shouldn't be an Easter hunt
In meadows in the sky.

Happy Easter Day

The tulips in the garden
Are wearing yellow hats;
The pussywillows by the brook
Have fur like any cats'.
The bee is honey hunting;
The robin's chirp is gay;
And all the world is singing,
"Oh, happy Easter Day!"

Spring, Almost

The sunshine gleams so bright and warm,
The sky is blue and clear.
I run outdoors without a coat,
And spring is almost here.

Then before I know it,
Small clouds have blown together,
Till the sun just can't get through them,
And again, it's mitten weather.

Hello Spring

(to the tune of "Goodnight Ladies")

Hello spring,
Hello spring,
Hello spring,
We hope you're here to stay.

*replace the word "spring" with other spring words
eg: green grass, robins, rainbow, flowers, butterflies, etc.*

Spring

(to the tune of "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star")

Spring, spring is coming soon,
Grass is green and flowers bloom,
Birds returning from the south,
Bees are buzzing all about,
Leaves are budding everywhere,
Spring, spring is finally here!

March

March is an in between month,
When wintry winds are high.
But milder days remind us all,
Spring's coming by and by.

March Wind

March wind is a jolly fellow;
He likes to joke and play.
He turns umbrellas inside out
And blows men's hats away.
He calls the pussy willows
And whispers in each ear,
"Wake up you lazy little seeds,
Don't you know that spring is here.

Winds Of March

Winds of March, we welcome you,
There is work for you to do.
Work and play and blow all day,
Blow the winter cold away.

March Wind

The wind is pushing
Against the trees,
He'll take off your hat
Without asking you "please",
He rattles the windows
And puffs at a cloud,
Then scoots down the chimney
And laughs aloud.

March

Never mind March, we know
You're not really mad

Or angry or bad.
You're only blowing the winter away
To get the world ready
For April and May.

Making Kites

The winds of March begin to blow,
And it is time for kites, you know.
Here's the way I make my kite,
Watch and help me do it right.
I cross two sticks so thin and long,
Tied together good and strong.
A string I fasten to each end,
And across the middle to make it bend.
I measure and cut the paper straight,
And glue along the edge and wait.
A ball of string to hold my kite,
When it sails almost out of sight.
And here's my kite all ready to go,
Please March wind begin to blow!

April

April is a rainbow month,
Of sudden springtime showers.
Bright with golden daffodils
and lots of pretty flowers.

April

The roofs are shining from the rain,
The sparrows twitter as they fly,
And with a windy April grace
The little clouds go by.

Yet the backyards are bare and brown
With only one unchanging tree--
I could not be so sure of Spring
Save that it sings in me.

Sara Teasdale

May

May's a month of happy sounds,
The hum of buzzing bees,
The chirp of little baby birds
And the song of a gentle breeze.

The grass is green.
Flower blossoms I have seen.
The days are warm.
By evening it cools.
It's time to find the garden tools.

Surprise

Close your eyes
And do not peek
And I'll rub "spring"
Across your cheek.

Soft as velvet
Smooth and sleek
Close your eyes
And do not peek.

My Spring Garden

Here is my little garden,
Some seeds I'm
Going to sow.

Here is my rake
To rake the ground,
Here is my handy hoe.

Here is the big
Round yellow sun,
The sun warms everything.
Here are the rain clouds
In the sky,
The birds will start to sing.

Little plants will
Wake up soon,

And lift their sleepy heads.
Little plants will
Grow and grow
From their warm earth beds.

Spring

I love the spring.
For every day
There's something new
That's come to stay.
Another bud
Another bird
Another blade
The sun has stirred.

What the Robin Told

The wind
told the grasses,
And the grasses
told the trees.
The trees
told the bushes,
And the bushes
told the bees.
The bees
told the robin,
And the robin
sang out clear:
Wake up!
Wake up!
Spring is here!

Spring

Spring makes the world a happy place
You see a smile on every face.
Flowers come out and birds arrive,
Oh, isn't it grand to be alive?

Springtime

A small green frog
On a big brown log;
A black and yellow bee
In a little green tree;
A red and yellow snake
By a blue-green lake,
All sat and listened
To red bird sing,
"Wake up, everybody,
It's spring! It's spring!"

Spring is Here

Spring is here,
In the air,
You can smell it coming,
On the trees,
Leaves are green,
Caterpillars sunning.

Birds are back,
Grass is out,
Busy bees are humming,
On the trees,
Leaves are green,
Caterpillars sunning.

Kite Flying

On many spring days I wish that I
Could be a kite flying in the sky.
I would climb high toward the sun
And chase the clouds. Oh, what fun!
Whichever way the wind chanced to blow
Is the way that I would go.
I'd fly up, up, up. I'd fly down, down, down.
Then I'd spin round and round and round.
Finally I'd float softly to the ground.

Who Has Seen the Wind?

Who has seen the wind?
Neither I nor you;
But when the leaves hang trembling
The wind is passing through.

Who has seen the wind?
Neither you nor I;
But when the trees bow down their heads
The wind is passing by.

Christina G. Rossetti