

WIERSZE DLA KLAS IV-V

Patience

Chocolate Easter bunny
In a jelly bean nest,
I'm saving you for very last
Because I love you best.
I'll only take a nibble
From the tip of your ear
And one bite from the other side
So that you won't look queer.
Yum, your'e so delicious!
I didn't mean to eat
Your chocolate tail till Tuesday.
Oops! There go your feet!
I wonder how your back tastes
With all that chocolate hair.
I never thought your tummy
Was only filled with air!
Chocolate Easter bunny
In a jelly bean nest,
I'm saving you for very last
Because I love you best.

Bobbie Katz

Hopping Herbie

Down the trail old Herbie hops.
At every house he makes a stop
Looking for a ready basket
Into which the candy drops.

Easter morning, faces pop
Out the door of every stop,
Smiling children see with pleasure
All the treats that Herbie drops.

At the end, his tired ears flop.
Herbie heads back to his shop,
Eggs and paint are all around him.
But his Easter work was tops!

Secret Information

Would you like to know a secret?
Well, I'll tell you one I know:
The Easter's Bunny's coming,
My mama told me so.

He'll bring a basket filled with eggs
And leave it in my yard,
And I will find it Easter morn,
If I look very hard.

I shouldn't tell my secret,
But I think it should be shared.
You ought to know that Bunny's coming,
So you can be prepared!

Meeting the Easter Bunny

On Easter morn at early dawn before the roosters were crowing,
I met a bob-tail bunnykin and asked where he was going,
"Tis in the house and out the house a-tipsy, tipsy toeing,
Tis round the house and 'bout the house a-lightly I am going."
"But what is that of every hue you carry in your basket?"
"Tis eggs of gold and eggs of blue;"
I wonder that you ask it.
"Tis chocolate eggs and bonbon eggs
And eggs of red and gray,
For every child in every house on bonny Easter Day."
He perked his ears
And winked his eye
And twitched his little nose;
He shook his tail-
What tail he had-
And stood up on his toes.
"I must be gone before the sun;
The East is growing gray;
"Tis almost time for bells to chime."
So he hippety-hopped away.

Rowena Bennett

Springtime (I)

(to the tune of "The Muffin Man")

Springtime is garden time,
Garden time, garden time,

Get your spades and come outdoors,
Springtime is here!

Springtime is planting time,
Planting time, planting time,
Get your seeds and come outdoors,
Springtime is here!

Springtime is jumping time,
Jumping time, jumping time,
Get your ropes and come outdoors,
Springtime is here!

Springtime is singing time,
Singing time, singing time,
Children sing a happy song,
Springtime is here!

Young Lambs

The spring is coming by a many signs;
The trays are up, the hedges broken down
That fenced the haystack, and the remnant shines
Like some old antique fragment weathered brown.
And where suns peep, in every sheltered place,
The little early buttercups unfold
A glittering star or two - till many trace
The edges of the blackthorn clumps in gold.
And then a little lamb bolts up behind
The hill, and wags his tail to meet the yoe;
And then another, sheltered from the wind,
Lies all his length as dead - and lets me go
Close by, and never stirs, but basking lies,
With legs stretched out as though he could not rise.

John Clare

Springtime (II)

My eyes can see it's springtime, it's springtime, it's springtime
My eyes can see it's springtime, the grass is so green
The green grass, the flowers, the sunshine and showers
My eyes can see it's springtime, and I am so glad.
My ears can hear it's springtime, it's springtime, it's springtime
My ears can hear it's springtime, the birds sweetly sing
The birds sing, the lambs bleat, the frogs croak, the bees buzz
My ears can hear it's springtime, and I am so glad.

My body feels it's springtime, it's springtime, it's springtime,
My body feels it's springtime, the air is so warm.
The warm air, the breezes, no frost and no freezes
My body can feel it's springtime, and I am so glad.

~ Author Unknown ~

Spring

One of four siblings,
the youngest of course.
Or am I the oldest?
Not really sure.

I bring new life
and herald the warmth,
but hay fever, too,
is in my source.

Autumn has color
but tinged with decay.
Some call her Fall.
I think she's OK.

Not like my bother,
cold in his breath.
Winter his name,
in darkness brings death.

Summer's the one
that gets all the glory,
but brush fires and sunburn
are in her story.

So, season of choice,
who will win?
The one with potential,
of course; it's Spring.

Martin Taylor

Spring The Season Of Joy

The spring is here and the sun is bright,
Everyone is playful they are not having anyone's fright.
I could see the little birds swaying their wings,
I could hear the pretty flowers sing.

The green leaves that are dancing in the air,
Are fearless from everyone present here.
Tip! tip! tip! the water falls,
Sweep! sweep! sweep! the caterpillar crawls.
And when the playful squirrels run,
They seem that they are having so much fun.
As the small kids are swinging high,
Their rosy pink cheeks get shy.
Jumping, jumping come the rabbits,
I really praise their lovely habits.
As they play with their long ears,
Everyone forgets their cries and tears.
But lets wait for the butterflies,
Who keep on flying in the endless skies.
But now mam taps on the door,
And it's the time to go indoor.
I'm always eager for the spring to come,
Because it brings along so much fun.

Rahat Sandhu

The Easter Parade

What shall I wear for the Easter Parade?
A dress that's the color of marmalade
With a border embroidered
in light blue cornflowers
Like the edge of a meadow
after spring showers
And a matching hat round
as a top you can spin
And elastic to hold it on under my chin
And brand-new shoes
whiter than newly-poured cream
With heart-shaped,
golden buckles that gleam;
And I'll carry a small purse
of butterfly blue
With a penny for me and a penny for you
To buy us both glasses of cold lemonade
When we walk, hand in hand,
in the Easter Parade.

William Jay Smith

The Easter Bunny

There's a story quite funny,
About a toy bunny,
And the wonderful things she can do;
Every bright Easter morning,
Without warning,
She colors eggs, red, green, or blue.

Some she covers with spots,
Some with quaint little dots,
And some with strange mixed colors, too
-- Red and green, blue and yellow,
But each unlike his fellow
Are eggs of every hue.

And it's odd, as folks say,
That on no other day
In all of the whole year through,
Does this wonderful bunny,
So busy and funny,
Color eggs of every hue.

If this story you doubt
She will soon find you out,
And what do you think she will do?
On the next Easter morning
She'll bring you without warning,
Those eggs of every hue.

Josephine Todd, 1909
