

MY TEDDY

I have a little Teddy,
As cosy as can be.
He warms me every night,
And sits upon my knee.

His name is Johnny,
He's brown and furry too.
His ears are very floppy,
He is very cuddly too.

I love him very much.
He gives me a gentle touch.
When I am lonely,
I think of him only.

By: Tara White.

A MAGICAL LAND

While the winds they blow,
And the seas are rough.
How cliffs they clash
With the old man's cuff.

And the ships they rock,
While the waves they roar,
From the land beyond,
Known as Core.

As it silently calms,
Around the rocks,
And the wonderful land,
Beyond the docks.

While the horses foam,
On the boulders beneath,
And the fish look at wonders,
For a mermaid they meet.

By: Ruth McInerney.

THE BLACK CAT

The black cat sleeps on a mat; what do you thinkk of that ?
He drinks milk out of a bowl; then starts to roar.

"Do I have to drink this again and again ?
It dries up my mouth like a water-pipe drain".

I wish I could tell her it is killing me
Why should I tell her again, you see.

I wish I could tell her about this nonsense,
Because it dries up my belly, dries up my tonsils.
But now she is giving me food, you see
Why is she giving me food ? YIPPEE! YIPPEE!

By: Emma Fenlon.

THE BUSY ANT

Busy ant, busy ant,
Working all day long.
Busy ant, busy ant,
Singing a merry song.
Busy ant, busy ant,
Apple fell on his head,
Dizzy ant, dizzy ant,
Has to go to bed.

By: Fiona Sands.

PLANETS

There's a planet called Mars,
And its way out in the stars,
And way up there,
they really stare
At the strange little planet,
Called earth.

By: Liam Breathnach.

WITCHES AND SPELLS

Witches make spells,
With ding-dongs,
And bells in them.
Some spells make you fall,
Some make you crawl.
If I were you I'd stay
a few miles away.
From witches and spells,
Because witches make spells,
With ding-dongs,
And bells in them.

By: Martha O'Toole.