

111 Class.

The Burglar.

At night when the house is sleeping,  
Through the shadows the burglar comes creeping,  
Look all your windows, bolt your door,  
If not you lose your treasures while you snore.

Silently, silently not a single creak,  
He fills his booty bag as you sleep,  
When morning comes and your money is gone,  
The burglar is home all his work is done,

By: Andrea Lally.

I like to eat and drink.

I like to eat,  
A lot of sweets,  
And sometimes lean meat  
And bread that's made from wheat.

I like to drink,  
My favourite drink is coke - I think,  
Sometimes when I drink,  
I really have to wink.

By: Aoife Lane.

The Snowman.

There is a little snowman,  
His name is Mo,  
He's made out of snow,  
So he hasn't got a toe.

Then he hears a voice,  
Saying ho! ho! ho!  
And he is in the garden  
all full of snow.

By: Paul Shiel.

The Elephant.

The elephant has a very big trunk,  
He swings it around as if he were drunk,  
He walks around with a very big pound,  
And he makes a great big sound.

No circus would be complete  
Without an elephants big feet.  
With their funny games and tricks,  
They give lots of kicks.

Way out in the African plains,  
You will see the elephant alot,  
But for their valuable tusks they  
are often shot.

By: Johanna Bolton.

My Cat.

My cat's name is Grouser,  
He never wears a trousers,  
His fur is black along his back.

He laps up his milk,  
With is little pink tongue.  
It's funny to watch and  
he is mine, all mine.

By: Julie Ann Keane.

Spring.

The birds are singing sweetly day by day,  
They seem to be saying Spring is on the way,  
Daffodils and tulips sway in the breeze,  
Gently but slowly the sun peeps out from behind the trees,  
The snowdrops pop out and say hello!  
With beautiful colours of white and gold,  
As evening nears the sun disappears,  
And I hope I will enjoy this scene for many years.

By: Jennifer O'Higgins.