

IV CLASS

Seasons.

Spring is when the buds come out,
And the birds fly home without a doubt.

Summer is when we get our holidays,
And in the fields the cows do graze.

Autumn is when the trees are bare,
And most people don't even care.

Winter is when snow appears,
And the ice really pierces my ears.

By: Mary Francis Beatty.

My Blue Jacket.

I have a blue jacket,
As blue as blue can be.
And when I wear it out,
I feel as proud as proud can be.

Spring Weather.

On Monday the sun shone so bright,
That everything sparkled in its light.

On Thursday the trees grew leaves so green,
That not one branch could be seen.

On Wednesday the birds sang their song,
And lots of others joined along.

Thursday came with such a blast.
But then of course it didn't last.

On Friday flowers bloomed all over.
Until the place looked like Dover.

On Saturday homework we had none.
And because of that I had lots of fun.

Sunday church it did bring.
The most wonderful season and its called SPRING.

Just for you.

Roses are red,
Bluebells are blue,
I wrote this poem,
Just for you.

Jimmy.

Jimmy is a little squirrel,
On his tail he has a curl.
He lives his life in hollow trees,
But not in ones that have honey bees.

By: Clare Lymer.

Cops.

Cops they go from day to night.
Taking in people that always fight,
They put the bad guys in the cell,
And when they die they go to hell.
In the court they say, Aw Maw,
Not I know I hate the law.
Every very long night.
The cops fight from wrong to right
To save our lives,
They do a good job.
Oh! how I like the cops.

By: Clare Lymer.

Matt.

I have a pet bat
His name is Matt.
Matt, he is awake all night,
But not when it is sunny and bright.
He flies at night about the house,
He's much louder than a mouse,
Matt, he is a little brat.
He also is a bat named Matt.

By: Clare Lymer.