

VI CLASS

My Subjects.

I hate Irish it's such a bore,
With Fuisseal Ginldeacht and Amarech,
It has some funny verbs and nouns,
Like Dhun and Dun, bother and tra.
There are some words that do amaze,
Like dom and duit, orm and ort.

Now History as well it makes no sense,
With Bruce, Fitzgeralds' and Vinegar Hill,
With cannons and guns and loads of guts,
It's enough to put you in a huff.

By: Ross Kelly.

The Gulf War.

The scud missiles are in the air,
The tanks are on the ground,
Does Saddam really care,
That troops are coffin bound.

The Americans are led by Bush,
Who, people cannot understand.
Why he was in such a rush.
To get those troops on that sand.

We watched it all on the box,
The siren sounds at night,
The once buildings are now rocks.
And the people stare in fright.

They burst the oil fields and let it flow,
Into the sea, now dirty and black.
The animals have nowhere to go,
I wish I could put that dirty oil back.

They haven't got a clue,
When the bombs are going to drop,
Nobody knows what to do,
I just wish it would all stop.

By: Una Houlihan.

The Weekend.

Friday is my favourite day,
Because in a big way,
It's good to me as,
I like to play.

Saturday is my day off,
I lie in and get told off,
My mum and dad they go to work,
While I play with my friend Burke.

Sunday is when I go to church,
To pray and visit my Aunt Birch,
She gives me sweets which I adore,
Then I go home to eat and snore.

By: Una Houlihan.

Morning.

I wake up in the morning,
Thinking school is boring,
As I rise from bed,
I bump my head.

I hit the clock,
Which goes tik-et-ee-tock.
Oh no! it's ten to nine.
I'll be late for school.

By: Paul O'Dea.

Irish.

I love Irish.
It's my favourite subject.
When we stop doing it.
I want to object.

Buail liom comhra,
Buntus too.
Lionta projector.
And "ce he bhfuil tu?"

That is why,
I love my Irish.
And I'm very proud.
To be so Irish.

By: Niamh Coppinger.

Time for School.

Jump out of bed,
Bump my head,
Wash my face,
Tie my lace.
Down the stairs like a shot,
My mind is twisted in a knot.
I jump out the door,
My head still sore,
Trembling and stumbling into the car,
Think I'm still in one piece so far.
Look at my watch "Oh no", I'm late.
What will I do I'm in a state.
At the school at ten to nine,
After all everything's fine.

By: Lisa Griffin.