

VI CLASS

Waking Up.

When I wake up in the morning,
And I raise my weary head,
I'm so tired from the last night,
That I wish I was dead.

Ten minutes later it hits me,
I have to go to school.
I fall out of the top bunk,
And end up looking like a fool.

Where's my glove? where's my pants?
Oh God, I need a rest.
Help me Lord, Please help me,
My life is such a mess.

It's 8.45, I have to go.
Can't wait around too long.
I look down, only one shoe on.
What else is bloomin wrong.

At 9 oclock I race out the door,
My cap and gloves I grab.
I wish beside the front door.
Was a turbo charged cab.

Up the hill and in the door.
My teacher shout's and roars,
Now I do not want to go to school anymore.

By: Eric King.

Summer.

I think Summer's the best of the year,
Because when school's out we all run and cheer,
It's the season that means the sun,
It's the season when ice-cream's run.

It's when the farmer's dig up weeds,
It's when the gardeners sometimes sows seeds,
It's when on the trees there are green leaves,
Come now Summer, come now please.

By: Eric King.

Games.

Lots of games can be such fun,
Everybody playing with everyone.
Soccer, rugby, gaelic and hurling,
Sports can sometimes be blook curdling

In games you can run, talk and walk,
And sometimes you might have a squawk,
Oh' yes games are fun,
Playing with everyone.

By: Stephen Hutchinson.

Saddam.

Saddam Hussein I think is very insane.
Firing a missile at Israel.
The killings make me very pale.
Some people think it is only a tale.

Every evening my mother says hush.
Because she wants to listen to Bush.
I think this war is insane.
And so is Saddam Hussein.

By: Gareth Freaney.

June.

June is a month of the year.
But as a name it is a girl.
It has 30 days all warm and clear.
A fresh breeze fills the air.

All the lovely flowers bloom.
Tulips lilies and roses too.
The birds all sing a merry song.
And no one can feel gloom.

By: Fiona Scanlon.

"I like"

I like music.
I like songs,
I would like to
be in a pop band.

I like sweets,
I like honey.
I would like lots of money.

I like trees.
I like flowers.
I would like to be a Galway Rose.

By: Ursula Lennon.