

6. évfolyam versei

You can Argue with a Tennis Ball Kenn Nesbitt

You can argue with a tennis ball
Or argue with your hat,
You can argue with bananas
Or a broken baseball bat.

You can argue with your locker.
You can argue with your shoe.
You can argue all day long
Until your face is turning blue.

You can argue with a pickle.
You can argue with a bee.
It's a fact that you can argue
With most anything you see.

You can argue with the football field
Or argue with the bleachers.
But I've found it isn't very smart
To argue with the teachers.

Vespers

*Little boy kneels at the foot of the bed,
Droops on the little hands little gold head.
Hush! Hush! Whisper who dares!
Christopher robin is saying his prayers.*

*God bless, Mummy. I know that's right.
Wasn't it fun in the bath to-night?
The cold's so cold, and the hot's so hot.*

Oh! *God bless Daddy*-I quite forgot.

If I open my fingers a little bit more,
I can see Nanny's dressing-gown on the door.
It's a beautiful blue, but it hasn't a hood.
Oh! *God bless Nanny and make her good.*

Mine has a hood, and I lie in bed,
And pull the hood right over my head,
And I shut my eyes, and I curl up small,
And nobody knows that I'm there at all.

Oh! *Thank you, God, for a lovely day.*
And what was the other I had to say?
I said 'Bless Daddy,' so what can it be?
Oh! Now I remember it. *God bless Me.*

*Little Boy kneels at the foot of the bed,
Droops on the little hands little gold head.
Hush! Hush! Whisper who dares!
Christopher robin is saying his prayers.*

Lines and Squares

Whenever I walk in a London street,
I'm ever so careful to watch my feet;
And I keep in the squares,
And the masses of bears,
Who wait at the corners all ready to eat
The sillies who tread on the lines of the street,
Go back to their lairs,
And I say to them, 'Bears,
Just look how I'm walking in all the squares!'

And the little bears growl to each other, 'He's mine,
As soon as he's silly and steps on a line.'
And some of the bigger bears try to pretend

That they came round the corner to look for a friend;
And they try to pretend that nobody cares
Whether you walk on the lines or squares.
But only the sillies believe their talk;
It's ever so portant how you walk.
And it's ever so jolly to call out, 'Bears,
Just watch me walking in all the squares!'

Missing

Has anybody seen my mouse?

I opened his box for half a minute,
Just to make sure he was really in it,
And while I was looking, he jumped outside!
I tried to catch him, I tried, I tried...
I think he's somewhere about the house.
Has anyone seen my mouse?

Uncle John, have you seen my mouse?

Just a small sort of mouse, a dear little brown one,
He came from the country, he wasn't a town one,
So he'll feel all lonely in a London street;
Why, what could he possibly find to eat?

He must be somewhere. I'll ask Aunt Rose:
Have *you* seen a mouse with a woffelly nose?
Oh, somewhere about-
He's just got out...

Hasn't *anybody* seen my mouse?

If I were a King

I often wish I were a King,

And then I could do anything.

If only I were King of Spain,
I'd take my hat off in the rain.

If only I were King of France,
I wouldn't brush my hair for aunts.

I think, if I were King of Greece,
I'd push things off the mantelpiece.

If I were King of Norway,
I'd ask an elephant to stay.

I were King of Babylon,
I'd leave my button gloves undone.

If I were King of Timbuctoo,
I'd think of lovely things to do.

If I were King of anything,
I'd tell the soldiers. "I'm the king!"

Choosing Names

Author unknown

When God had made the earth and sky
the flowers and the trees.
He then made all the animals
the fish, the birds and bees.
and when was quite the same.
He said, "I'll walk this world of mine
and give each one a name. "

And so He travelled far and wide
and everywhere He went,

a little creature said,
"Dear Lord,
there's not one left for me. "

Kindly, The Father said to him,
"I've left you to the end.
I've turned my own name back to front
and called you dog, My friend. "

The Arrow and the Song

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth. I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in on oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song. From beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

Our Teacher's Multi-Talented

Kenn Nesbitt

Our teacher is multi-talented.
He plays guitar and sings.
He paints impressive pictures
And can juggle twenty rings.

He dances like an expert,

He can mambo, tap and waltz.
He's also quite a gymnast,
Doing airborne somersaults.

He's something of a swimmer,
He's a champion at chess.
It's difficult to find a skill
That he does not possess.

He speaks a dozen languages.
He's great at racing cars.
He's masterful at fighting bulls,
And studying the stars.

He's good at climbing mountains.
He can wrestle with a bear,
The only thing we wish he'd learn
Is how to comb his hair.

THIS MORNING IS OUR HISTORY TEST

This morning is our history test.
I've pinned my notes inside my vest.
Inside my coat I wrote my notes,
including dates and famous quotes.
I've written more upon my hand
that only I can understand,
and in my socks and sleeves I stowed
my scribbled notes in secret code.

I've written down so many names
of winners of Olympic games,
of buildings, people, places too,
from Tennessee to Timbuktu.
I even copied down a piece
on ancient Rome and ancient Greece,

plus everything from Shakespeare's plays
to who invented mayonnaise.

I came to school so well prepared.
I wasn't nervous, wasn't scared.
But here it is, the history test.
I look inside my coat and vest
to get the dates and famous quotes
and find I cannot read my notes.
So much for Shakespeare, Greece and Rome.
I left my glasses back at home.