School Talk

Sherkin Island Marine Station, Sherkin Island, Co Cork, Ireland

Hi everyone,
Here are some poems that children from S.N. Ré Na Scríne, Co. Cork, were good enough to write for the newsletter. Thanks for all your hard work!
Please keep me informed about all those interesting things you see in nature and keep those letters and emails coming in!

Best Wishes, Audrey, The Editor, (editor@naturesweb.ie)

THE WONDERFUL WORLD
All the creatures in our world.
Are made by God above.
He made every single one by hand,
The fox, the deer, the jay, the dove.
He made the crashing thrashing waves.
The birds that sing up on the trees.
The butterflies and the dancing bees
The things he had created
Are more than wonderful.
By Katie - Age 10

THE GREENS
In garden of green
where there's green
grass and brown bark
and the green leaves
waving with the wind
and grass too.

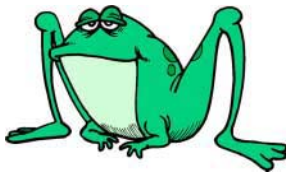
The birds sing, swooping around
and rabbits hopping around.
With bugs and bees
and the honey trees.

The blue sky
with the white clouds
and the aeroplanes
pass over
and the nests on the trees
with baby birds.
By Noel - Age 10

Out in the wind
With the crispy leaves
All different colours
Mixing with the breeze.
Eight little ants racing
In the drains.
Nine woolly lambs chasing
Through the reeds.
And all of this
Stops at once
To watch the sunset
On the rocks.
By Shannon - Age 11

OUT IN THE GARDEN
Out in the garden hear the birds sing.
Out in the yard, hear the bluebells ring.
But deep deep down I'm sure there's
Something to be found.
By Niamh - Age 8

The night fall's
The birds are singing in the trees.
The animals are lying down to sleep
And the frogs are croaking.
Night is coming,
Night is here,
all goes silent.
By Tadhg - Age 10



OUT IN THE SCHOOLYARD
Out in the schoolyard
Hear the birds sing.
Hear the cows moo.
And the bells ring.
Hear the wind blow.
Hear the tree shiver.
Hear the school children play.
And the grass grows.
By Amy - Age 8

CRICKET
Dancing cricket going round and round
Making that cricket noise
making plenty of sound.
As they jump from place to place
With there little little face.
Don't ever pick it
A very little bug, the cricket.
By Patrick - Age 12

ONE NIGHT
One night
Mr. Bright,
The local
glow-worm, had a fright.
He flashed his light oh so bright,
He flashed it on a bee in bed,
He flashed an ant on his head,
He flashed it on a night flight
kite,
He flashed it in the sky so
bright.
Now after all this flashy flashing,
Mr. Flashy flashy bright,
Went to sleep,
And died in the night.
By Maeve - Age 11

SUMMER
During the summer
All the hedges are green
The lawns need to be cut
The ditches in colour
The sound of
Grasshoppers in the air
Going to the beach
And coming home
With sandy feet.
That's summer.
By Michael - Age 11

World going round.
Birds are singing.
Squirrels are squeaking.
Fish are swimming.
Dogs are barking.
Cats are meowing.
That's the world going round.
By Robbie - Age 11

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