**Konkurs Poezji Obcojęzycznej**

**Strona, na której znajdziecie wiele śmiesznych wierszy, wraz z nagraniami, wymową :** [*https://poetry4kids.com/poems/*](https://poetry4kids.com/poems/)

**Przykładowe wiersze**: *My cat is a ninja, Pizza Pizza I love you,* **albo** *I think my dad is Dracula*

**Inne wiersze w języku angielskim dla klas 0-4 SP:**

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| **Caterpillar** by Christina Rossetti C:\Users\Toshiba\Desktop\istockphoto-1323033814-612x612.jpgBrown and furryCaterpillar in a hurry,Take your walkTo the shady leaf, or stalk,Or what not,Which may be the chosen spot.No toad spy you,Hovering bird of prey pass by you;Spin and die,To live again a butterfly. | **Two Little Dicky Birds** **C:\Users\Toshiba\Desktop\images.png**Two Little Dicky Birds,Sat upon a wall.One named Peter,The other named Paul,Fly away Peter.Fly away Paul.Come back Peter!Come back Paul!!  |
| **The itsy bitsy spider****C:\Users\Toshiba\Desktop\360_F_100582278_h1lXCkb26JJej967qas7g2zJOnonQkEx.jpg**The itsy bitsy spider went up the water spout.Down came the rain, and washed the spider out.Up came the sun, and dried up all the rain,and the itsy bitsy spider went up the spout again. | **Rabbit**by Mary Ann Hoberman *C:\Users\Toshiba\Desktop\cartoon-funny-rabbit-sitting-on-white-background-vector.jpg*A rabbitBitA little bitAn itty-bittyLittle bit of beetThen bitBy bitHe bitBecause he liked the taste of it |
| **“Baa, Baa, Black Sheep”** Baa, baa, black sheep,Have you any wool?Yes sir, yes sir,Three bags full.One for the master,One for the dame,And one for the little boyWho lives down the lane | https://cdn.planetspark.in/editor_assets/pictures/4311/content.png**Snowball** by Shel SilversteinI made myself a snowballAs perfect as could be.I thought I'd keep it as a petAnd let it sleep with me.I made it some pajamasAnd a pillow for its head.Then last night it ran away,But first it wet the bed. |
| https://cdn.planetspark.in/editor_assets/pictures/4310/content.png**I’m a Little Teapot** by George Harold SandersI’m a little teapotShort and stoutHere is my handle Here is my spout When I get all steamed upHear me shout“Tip me overand pour me out!” I’m a clever teapot,Yes, it’s trueHere let me show youWhat I can doI can change my handleAnd my spout Just tip me over and pour me out! **Rabbit***by Mary Ann Hoberman*A rabbitBitA little bitAn itty-bittyLittle bit of beetThen bitBy bitHe bitBecause he liked the taste of it**White Sheep**White sheep, white sheep,On a blue hill,When the wind stops,You all stand still.When the wind blows,You walk away slow.White sheep, white sheep,Where do you go? | **Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star** **C:\Users\Toshiba\Desktop\oreillers-de-corps-cartoon-little-star.jpg.jpg***Twinkle, twinkle, little star,**How I wonder what you are.**Up above the world so high,**Like a diamond in the sky.**Twinkle, twinkle, little star,**How I wonder what you are!**When the blazing sun is gone,**When he nothing shines upon,**Then you show your little light,**Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.**Twinkle, twinkle, little star,**How I wonder what you are!**Then the traveler in the dark**Thanks you for your tiny spark;**How could he see where to go?**If you did not twinkle so.**Twinkle, twinkle, little star,**How I wonder what you are!**In the dark blue sky you keep,**While you through my window peep,**And you never shut your eye,**Till the sun is in the sky,**Twinkle, twinkle, little star,**How I wonder what you are!***There Once Was A Man With A Beard***— George Harold Sanders**There was an Old Man with a beard,Who said “It is just how I feared,”Two Owls and a hen,For Larks and a wren,Have all built their nests in my beard* |
| **About the Teeth of Sharks***by John Ciardi* *C:\Users\Toshiba\Desktop\pobrane (1).jpg*The thing about a shark is—teeth,One row above, one row beneath.Now take a close look. Do you findIt has another row behind?Still closer—here, I’ll hold your hat:Has it a third row behind that?Now look in and…Look out! Oh my,I’ll never know now! Well, goodbye. | **Once I caught a fish alive** One, two, three, four, five.Once I caught a fish alive.Six, seven, eight, nine, ten.Then I let it go again.**C:\Users\Toshiba\Desktop\images.jpg**Why did you let it go?Because it bit my finger so.Which finger did it bite?This little finger on the right.One, two, three, four, five. |
| **Mary Had a Little Lamb** **C:\Users\Toshiba\Desktop\cartoon-happy-lamb-on-the-grass-vector.jpg***Mary had a little lamb,**Its fleece was white as snow,**And ever where that Mary went,**The lamb was sure to go;**It followed her to school one day,**Which was against the rule;**It made the children laugh and play,**To see a lamb at school,**And so the teacher turned it out,**But still itlingered near,**And waited patiently about,**Till Mary did appear;**“Why does the lamb love Mary so?**The eager children cried;**The “ Why, Mary love the lamb, you know.”**The teacher did reply;* | **Child Of The Days**Monday’s child is fair of face,Tuesday’s child is full of grace,Wednesday’s child is full of woe,Thursday’s child has far to go.Friday’s child is loving and giving,Saturday’s child works hard for a living,Sunday’s child is fun and entertaining.All the days have a child that’s amusing.*C:\Users\Toshiba\Desktop\pobrane.jpg***My Kite***— Graham Cunningham* My kite flies high,I wonder how and why.With a long tail and wings,See how my kite swings!Holding its thread in my hand,I feel so happy and grand. |
| *C:\Users\Toshiba\Desktop\cartoon-crocodile-vector-clip-art-illustration-simple-gradients-all-single-layer-70566542.jpg***The Crocodile -** Lewis Carroll How doth the little crocodileImprove his shining tail,And pour the waters of the NileOn every golden scale!How cheerfully he seems to grin,How neatly spreads his claws,And welcomes little fishes in,With gently smiling jaws! | **At the Zoo***by William Makepeace Thackeray*First I saw the white bear, then I saw the black;Then I saw the camel with a hump upon his back;Then I saw the grey wolf, with mutton in his maw;Then I saw the wombat waddle in the straw;Then I saw the elephant a-waving of his trunk;Then I saw the monkeys—mercy, how unpleasantly they smelt! |
| **Hey Diddle Diddle**Hey diddle diddle,The Cat and the fiddle,The Cow jumped over the moon,The little Dog laughed to see such sport,And the Dish ran away with the Spoon"Hickory, dickory, dock," – by Mother Goose Hickory, dickory, dock,The mouse ran up the clock;The clock struck one,And down he run,Hickory, dickory, dock. | **Jack And Jill** *Jack and JillWent up the hillTo fetch a pail of water,Jack fell downAnd broke his crownAnd Jill came tumbling after.Up Jack gotAnd home did trotAs fast as he could caper,Went to bedTo mend his headWith vinegar and brown paper.* |
| **Easter Is Here***Easter time at last is hereBunnies, chickies, let us cheer(clap and cheer)Easter Bunny hops with joyEggs for every girl and boy(hop around)Easter time at last is hereBunnies, chickies, let us cheer***Teddy bear, teddy bear** Teddy bear, teddy bear, turn around,Teddy bear, teddy bear, touch the ground,Teddy bear, teddy bear, reach up high,Teddy bear, teddy bear, touch the sky,Teddy bear, teddy bear, bend down low,Teddy bear, teddy bear, touch your toes,Teddy bear, teddy bear, go to bed,Teddy bear, teddy bear, rest your head,Teddy bear, teddy bear, turn out the lights,Teddy bear, teddy bear, say "good night". | **The Days of the Months**Thirty days hath September,April, June, and November;February has twenty-eight alone.All the rest have thirty-one,Excepting leap-year—that’s the timeWhen February’s days are twenty-nine. |

**Przykładowe wiersze w języku angielskim dla klas 4-8 SP:**

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| **How Not to Have to Dry the Dishes -** *Shel Silverstein*If you have to dry the dishes(Such an awful, boring chore)If you have to dry the dishes(’Stead of going to the store)If you have to dry the dishesAnd you drop one on the floor—Maybe they won’t let youDry the dishes anymore.**Peter Piper** Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers.A peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked.If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers,Where’s the peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked? | **Learning -** *Judith Viorst*I’m learning to say thank you.And I’m learning to say please.And I’m learning to use Kleenex,Not my sweater, when I sneeze.And I’m learning not to dribble.And I’m learning not to slurp.And I’m learning (though it sometimes really hurts me)Not to burp.And I’m learning to chew softerWhen I eat corn on the cob.And I’m learning that it’s muchMuch easier to be a slob.**I Hear You Call, Pine Tree**by Yone NoguchiI hear you call, pine tree, I hear you upon the hill, by the silent pond where the lotus flowers bloom, I hear you call, pine tree.What is it you call, pine tree, when the rain falls, when the winds blow, and when the stars appear, what is it you call, pine tree?I hear you call, pine tree, but I am blind, and do not know how to reach you, pine tree. Who will take me to you, pine tree? |
| **Bed In Summer***In winter I get up at night**And dress by yellow candle-light.**In summer, quite the other way,**I have to go to bed by day.**I have to go to bed and see**The birds still hopping on the tree,**Or hear the grown-up people’s feet**Still going past me in the street.**And does it not seem hard to you,**When all the sky is clear and blue,**And I should like so much to play,**To have to go to bed by day?* | **Rhyme -** *Elizabeth Coatsworth*I like to see a thunderstorm,A dunder storm,A blunder storm,I like to see it, black and slow,Come stumbling down the hill.I like to hear a thunderstorm,A plunder storm,A wonder storm,Roar loudly at our little houseAnd shake the window sills! |
| **Song**by T. S. EliotWhen we came home across the hillNo leaves were fallen from the trees;The gentle fingers of the breezeHad torn no quivering cobweb down.The hedgerow bloomed with flowers still,No withered petals lay beneath;But the wild roses in your wreathWere faded, and the leaves were brown. | **‘**[**From a Railway Carriage**](https://interestingliterature.com/2016/02/18/a-short-analysis-of-stevensons-from-a-railway-carriage/)**’ by Robert Louis Stevenson**Faster than fairies, faster than witches,Bridges and houses, hedges and ditches;And charging along like troops in a battle,All through the meadows the horses and cattle:All of the sights of the hill and the plainFly as thick as driving rain;And ever again, in the wink of an eye,Painted stations whistle by … |
| My Dog Ate My Homework**My dog ate my homework.** — Kenn NesbittMy dog ate my homework.That mischievous pupgot hold of my homeworkand gobbled it up.My dog ate my homework.It’s gonna be late.I guess that the teacherwill just have to wait.My dog ate my homework.He swallowed it whole.I shouldn’t have mixed itwith food in his bowl. [**Wind On The Hill**](https://www.familyfriendpoems.com/poem/wind-on-the-hill-by-a-a-milne) No one can tell me,Nobody knows,Where the wind comes from,Where the wind goes.It's flying from somewhereAs fast as it can,I couldn't keep up with it,Not if I ran.But if I stopped holdingThe string of my kite,It would blow with the windFor a day and a night.And then when I found it,Wherever it blew,I should know that the windHad been going there too.So then I could tell themWhere the wind goes…But where the wind comes fromNobody knows.**The Sisters**Sing me a song—   What shall I sing?—Three merry sisters   Dancing in a ring,Light and fleet upon their feet   As birds upon the wing.Tell me a tale—   What shall I tell?—Two mournful sisters,   And a tolling knell,Tolling ding and tolling dong,   Ding dong bell.**My brother ate my smartphone**https://poetry4kids.com/wp-content/uploads/2017/01/My-Brother-Ate-My-Smartphone-300x268.pngMy brother ate my smartphone.Although it might sound strange,he swallowed it and, bit by bit,his brains began to change.He started getting smarter.He grew so shrewd and wise.And I could see that, suddenly,a light was in his eyes.He knew as much as Google.His IQ was off the charts.I’d never seen someone so keen,with such astounding smarts.He solved the toughest problemswith simplicity and ease,and calculated answerswith unrivaled expertise.It seems he’s now a genius,a perfect brainiac.But I don’t care, or think it’s fair.I want my smartphone back. — Kenn Nesbitt | ***Eletelephony*** *-* [Laura Elizabeth Richards](https://poets.org/poet/laura-elizabeth-richards)Once there was an elephant,Who tried to use the telephant—No! No! I mean an elephoneWho tried to use the telephone—(Dear me! I am not certain quiteThat even now I’ve got it right.)Howe’er it was, he got his trunkEntangled in the telephunk;The more he tried to get it free,The louder buzzed the telephee—(I fear I’d better drop the songOf elephop and telephong!)**Little Jack Horner**Little Jack HornerSat in the cornerEating his Christmas pie,He stuck in his thumbAnd pulled out a plum and said“What a good boy am IWhat a good boy am I”Little Miss MuffetSat on her tuffet,Eating her curd and whey;Along came a spider,And sat down beside her,Frightened Miss Muffet away, oh yeahFrightened Miss Muffet awayLittle Jack HornerSat in the cornerEating his Christmas pie,He stuck in his thumbAnd pulled out a plum and said“What a good boyWhat a good boyWhat a good boy am I” [**Sick**](https://www.familyfriendpoems.com/poem/sick-by-shel-silverstein)[by Shel Silverstein](https://www.familyfriendpoems.com/poet/shel-silverstein/)“I cannot go to school today,"Said little Peggy Ann McKay.“I have the measles and the mumps,A gash, a rash and purple bumps.My mouth is wet, my throat is dry,I’m going blind in my right eye.My tonsils are as big as rocks,I’ve counted sixteen chicken poxAnd there’s one more--that’s seventeen,And don’t you think my face looks green?My leg is cut--my eyes are blue--It might be instamatic flu.I cough and sneeze and gasp and choke,I’m sure that my left leg is broke--My hip hurts when I move my chin,My belly button’s caving in,My back is wrenched, my ankle’s sprained,My ‘pendix pains each time it rains.My nose is cold, my toes are numb.I have a sliver in my thumb.My neck is stiff, my voice is weak,I hardly whisper when I speak.My tongue is filling up my mouth,I think my hair is falling out.My elbow’s bent, my spine ain’t straight,My temperature is one-o-eight.My brain is shrunk, I cannot hear,There is a hole inside my ear.I have a hangnail, and my heart is--what?What’s that? What’s that you say?You say today is. . .Saturday?G’bye, I’m going out to play!” |