

English poems



What I'll be

When I think of what I will be,
It is something that puzzles me.
When I am a grown man,
Shall I drive a lorry or a van?
Shall I be an electrician,
And fix everybody's television?
When I think of what I'll be,
It is something that puzzles me.



I want to be

I want to be an actor, Dad. I want to go on stage.
You should be a banker, Tom, and earn a decent wage.
I want to be a barber, Dad. I want to do people's hair.
You should be a pilot Tom, and work for British Air.
I want to be a clown, Dad. I think I am very funny.
You should be a driver, Tom, and earn a lot of money.
I want to be a barman, Dad, so I can drink a lot of beer!
A barman! You are joking, Tom. That isn't a career!
I want to go into politics, Dad, and put the country right.
I think that's an excellent idea.
Let's tell your mother tonight.



The Spring

The bells of spring are ringing,
Are ringing loud and gay.

To hills and forests they are bringing
Sweet melody today.

The bells of spring are ringing,
Are ringing far and wide.

Nice days they are bringing
To people and the countryside.

