

This is the season
When mornings are dark,
And birds do not sing
In the forests and park.

This is the season
When children ski
And Father Frost brings
The New Year Tree!



Clean, but not water,
White, but not snow,
Sweet, but not ice-cream,
What is it?



Many things to learn

Many things to do

It is the place

I come to every day

To meet my teacher



It can tell you every day
Time to sleep and time to play.



An apple a day
keeps him away



When it is dark
He likes to bark.

