

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.

