



Poems expressions

The 4 seasons

Die 4 Jahreszeiten

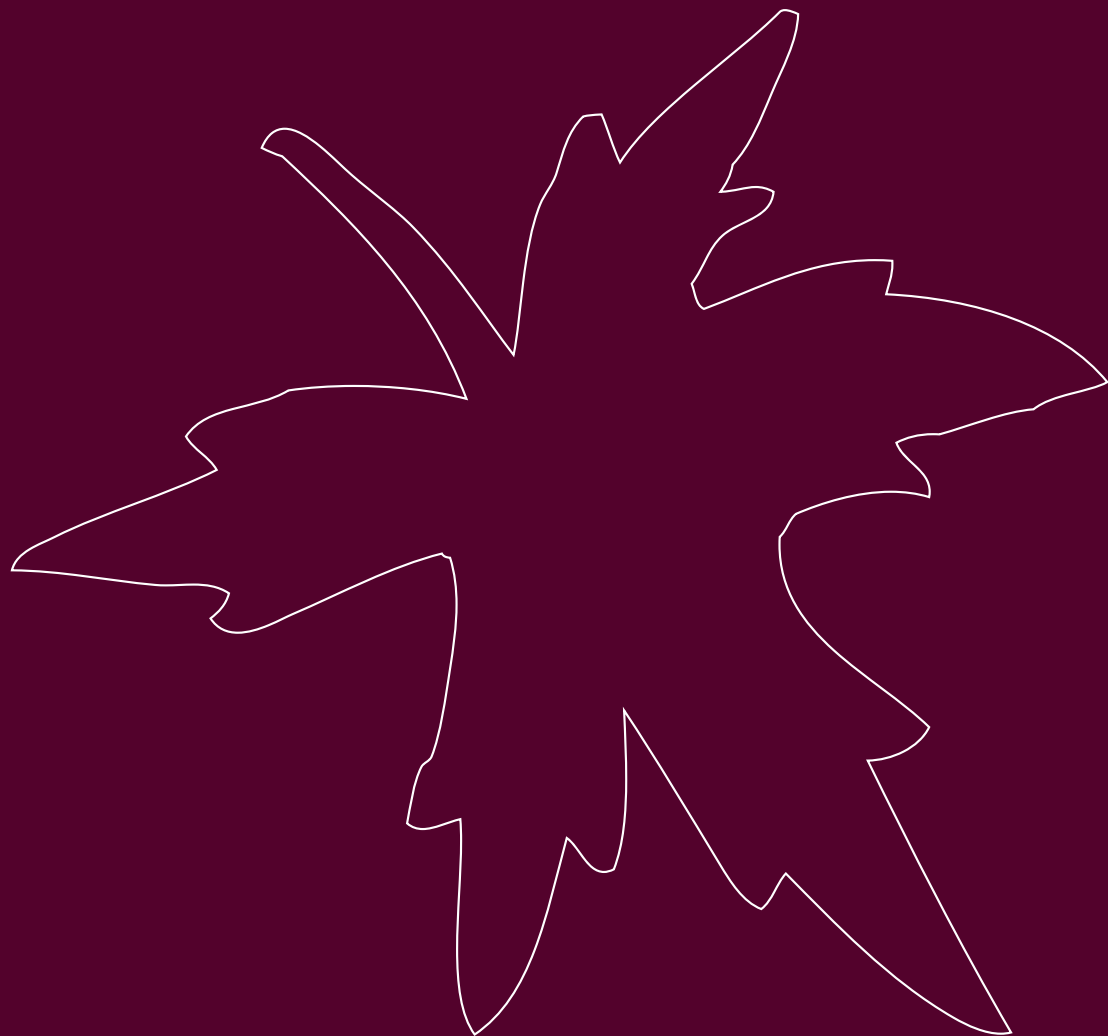
4 hooajal

Les 4 saisons

4 stagioni

4 Joereszäiten

4 sezony



Autumn

Autumn

Autumn

Autumn

Autumn

im Herbst bei kaltem Wetter
fallen vom Baum die Blätter.
Donnerwetter, im Frühjahr dann,
sind sie wieder dran -
sieh mal an.

In the fall during cold weather
The leaves fall from the tree.
Gosh, then in spring,
they turn again -
Look at this.

Dies ist ein Herbsttag

Wie ich keinen sah!

Die Luft ist still, als atmete man
kaum.

Und dennoch fallen raschelnd,
Fern und nah,

Die schönsten Früchte ab von jedem
Baum.

O stört sie nicht, die Feier der
Natur!

Dies ist die Lese, die sie selber
hält,

Denn heute löst sich von den
Zweigen nur,

Was von dem milden Strahl der Sonne
fällt.

Christian Friedrich Hebbel
Gestaltet von Lukas Müller, 4b

*This is an autumn day
I never saw
The air is quiet, as you breathe scarcely,
and yet fall rustling,
near and far;
the best fruits from each tree.
O don't disturb the celebration of the nature!
That is its harvest,
Because today is released from the branches only
what is falling by the gentle rays of the sun.*

BUNT SIND SCHON
DIE WÄLDER
GELB DIE
STOPPELFELDER
UND DER HERBST
BEGINNT

Johann Gaudenz von Salis-Seewis 1762-1834

Sandra, 3b

*The woods are full of colour,
yellow is the stubble
and autumn begins.*

Wie ein Weg im Herbst
KAUM IST ER REIN *gekehrt*,
bedeckt er sich wieder mit
den trockenen Blättern.

Franz Kafka (1883-1924)

gestaltet von Sophia Klasse3b

*Like a path in autumn:
Just about swept and quickly covered
again with dry leaves.*



Sügis

Aga järsku lehed puudel,
värvilised sügiskuudel.
Aias puult saab võtta õuna,
lind see lendab, suunaks lõuna.

Kristopher Ka

Autumn

Colourful leaves hang on the trees in Autumn.

Apples in the garden.

Birds flying south



Sügis

Sügisel lehed langevad maha,
see ei ole üldse paha.
Lehed nüüd värvilised on,
peitu poeb varsti viimne kui konn.

Sügis on külmem kui kevad ja suvi,
meres ujumise vastu puudub huvi.
Sügisel on soojem kui talvel,
alati olen ma akna peal valvel.

Saskia Rior

Autumn

Colourful leaves fall down in Autumn.

The frog slips into hibernation.

Cannot swim and have to look out of the window.

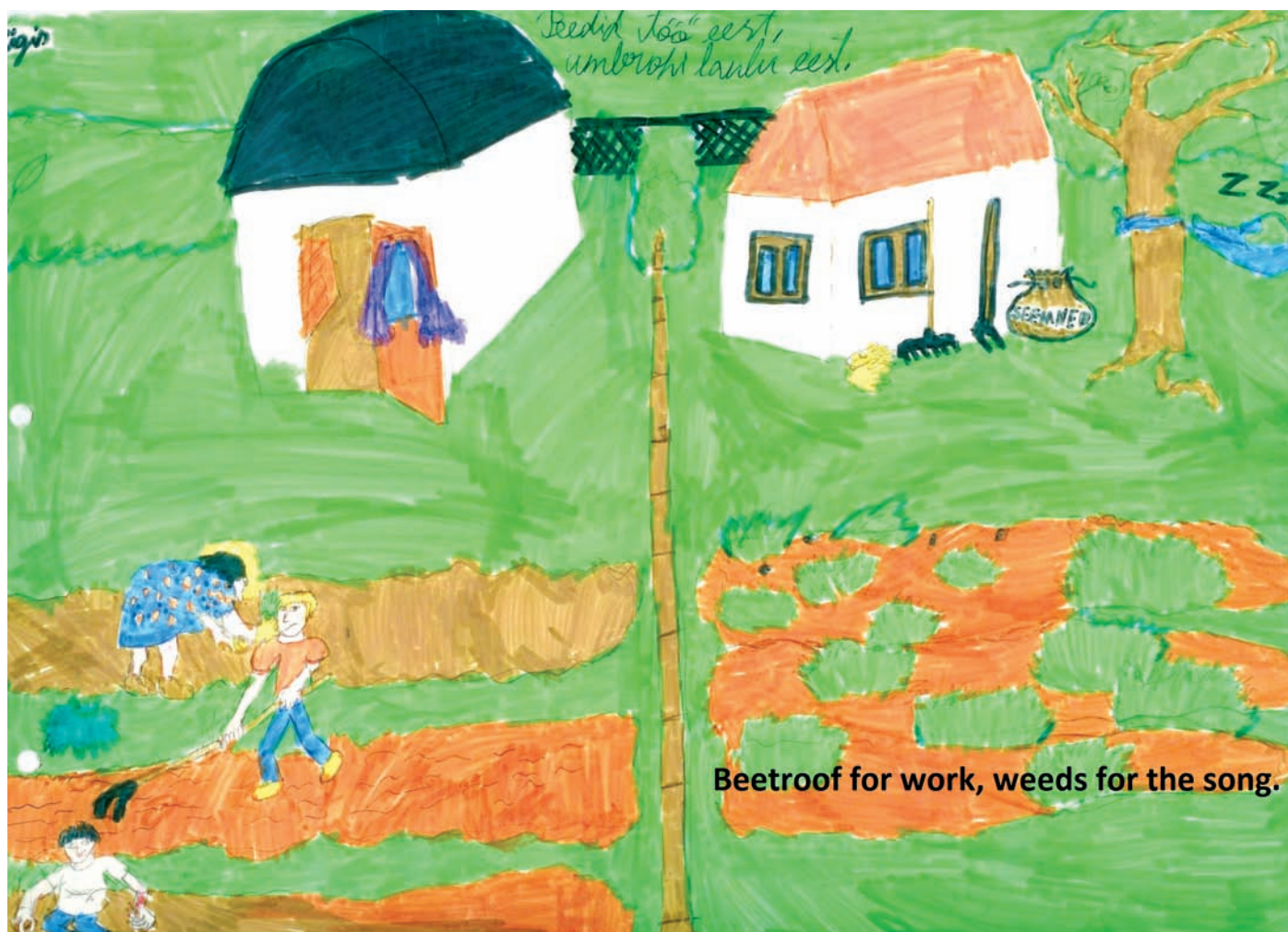
Autumn says: "I have seven tables where to eat."

MUL ON SEITSE
SÖÖMALAUDA!

SÜGIS ÜTLEB: „MUL ON SEITSE SÖÖMALAUDA“

KEISTILIA JANE RÜÜT

56





Automne du matin
Mange du raisin

Automne à midi
Mange du riz

Automne à quatre heure
Joue de bon cœur

Automne du soir
Mange une poire

Automne à minuit
Tout le monde est endormi

Classe de CE2 B

*Fourth year of primary school wrote a poem about autumn:
Although days are becoming shorter, this season bring us his little happiness at every moment*

L'arbre d'automne

Sur mon arbre fantastique

Poussent des légumes.

Rouges comme les tomates et les
poivrons.

Marron comme les champignons.

Orange comme les carottes, les
citrouilles,

les potirons et les potimarrons.

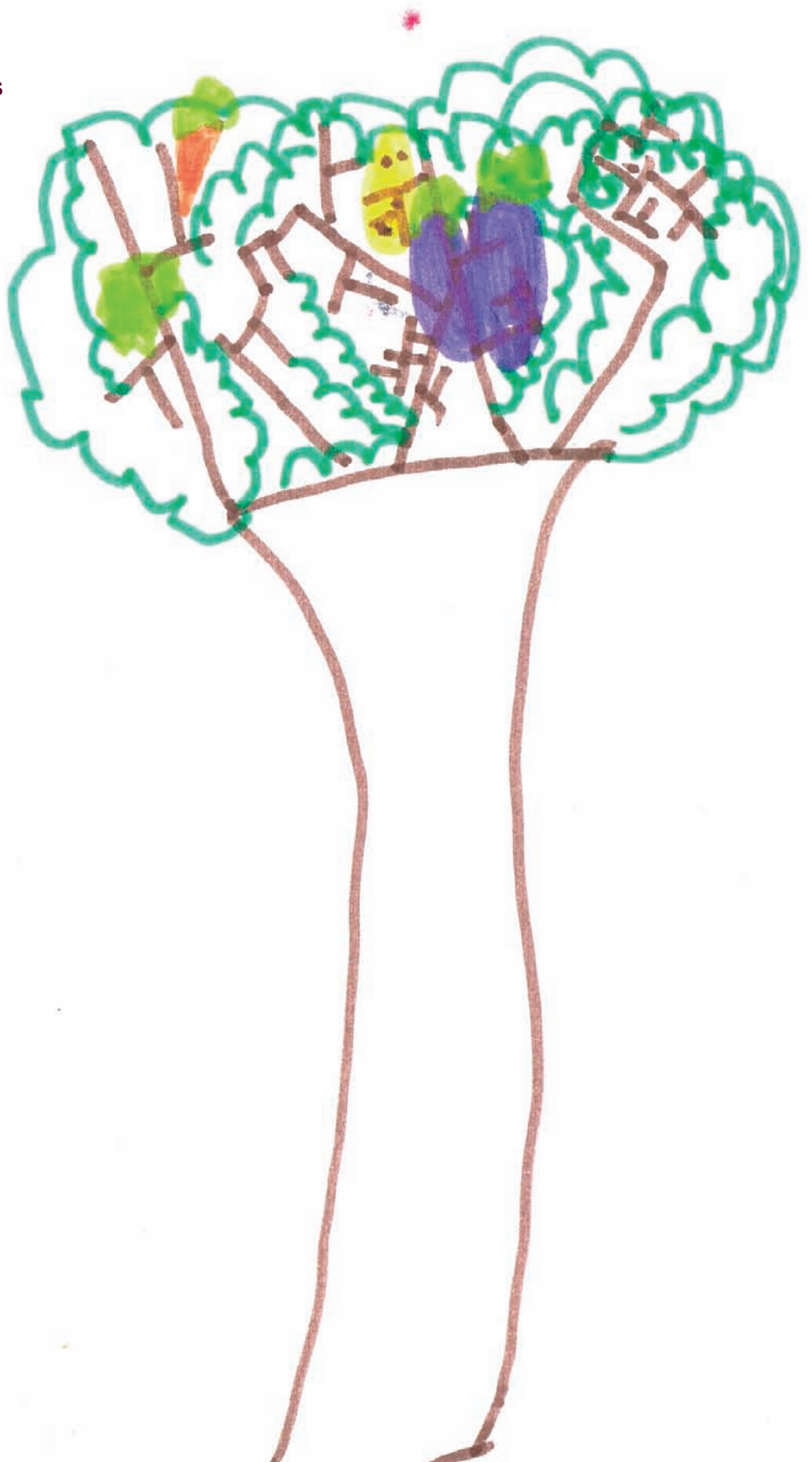
Jaunes comme les choux –
fleurs, les poivrons,

le maïs et les pommes de
terre.

Et le vert?

Et bien pour les haricots, les
artichauts, les épinards, les
petits pois, les courgettes, les
poireaux
et les salades toutes coquettes!

C'est l'automne, ils s'envolent,
virevoltent dans le vent puis se
posent dans nos assiettes!



Création poétique des 2 classes de GS

Third year of nursery school fabulated a poem about a fantastic tree!

On this tree some many-coloured vegetables are growing and, even they are fantastics, they will be crunchy!!!

Brouillard d'octobre, pluvieux novembre font bon décembre.
Foggy October, rainy november make good December.



Le vent de novembre arrache la dernière feuille

November's wind pulls up the last leaf



Autunno

Pensa a risate di bimbi la natura
mentre muove i piedi tra secche foglie.
Sussurra al cielo l'autunno: "ecco mi" .
Pennelli di nuvole scrivono parole variopinte
tra le foglie dell'acero.
Grida il vento la vita nel cielo
dove non appare arcobaleno.
Aquiloni di foglie come coriandoli
volano liberi.
Come mani di vecchi scrivono i rami del tiglio
a ritmo di vento.



Ambra, Stefano, Camilla

Autumn

*Nature thinks about children's smiles
while it's moving its feet among dead leaves
Autumn whispers to the sky: "here I am"
Clouds write coloured words among maple leaves
Wind screams the life in the sky
where no rainbow appears*

*Lime branches like old hands write
with a windy rhythm.*

(traduzione di Elisa Sartori)

Autunno colorato

Il vento gioca con i rami
spogliandoli
e la terra si veste di giallo
grazie alle foglie dell'autunno.
Foglie rosse cadono al suolo
e sulle case.
L'autunno è fresco
e un poco nebbioso
con alberi impauriti dalla nebbia buia e stanca.
Il letargo si avvicina



Colourful autumn

*The wind is playing with branches
stripping them
and the land is dressing in yellow
with the autumn leaves
Red leaves are falling on the ground
and on the houses*

*Autumn is cool
and a bit foggy
Trees are frightened by dark tired fog
hibernation is approaching
and a thin rain is falling.
(traduzione di Michela Bruzzi)*



CHI VUOL FARE DEL BUON VINO, ZAPPI E POTI A SAN MARTINO

IF YOU WANT TO MAKE SOME GOOD WINE, HOE AND PRUNE AT SAINT MARTIN

QUANDO OTTOBRE SCROSCIA E TUONA, L'INVERNATA SARA' BUONA
RAIN AND THUNDER IN OCTOBER MEANS GOOD WINTER





Die Vogelscheuche

Die Raben rufen: "Krah, krah, krah!
Wer steht denn da, wer steht denn da?
Wir fürchten uns nicht, wir fürchten uns nicht
vor dir mit deinem Brillengesicht.
Wir wissen ja ganz genau,
du bist nicht Mann, du bist nicht Frau.
Du kannst ja nicht zwei Schritte gehn
und bleibst bei Wind und Wetter stehn.
Du bist ja nur ein bloßer Stock,
mit Stiefeln, Hosen, Hut und Rock.
Krah, krah, krah!"

Christian Morgenstern



10 kleine Wichtel

10 kleine Wichtel gehen in den Wald.
Bruce bleibt im Haus, denn ihm ist kalt.

9 kleine Wichtel suchen ein Versteck
Patricia ist auf einmal weg.

8 kleine Wichtel sammeln bunte Blätter,
Vania denkt bloß: Blödes Herbstwetter!

7 kleine Wichtel bauen ein Baumhaus.
Rick flüchtet vor einer kleinen Maus.

6 kleine Wichtel turnen an einem Ast.
Sarah stolpert über einen Mast.

5 kleine Wichtel machen ein Lagerfeuer.
Dem Noa ist das nicht ganz geheuer.

4 kleine Wichtel sammeln Brombeeren.
Dan isst lieber bunte Gummibären.

3 kleine Wichtel kriechen durch die Hecken.
Luca bleibt plötzlich darin stecken.

2 kleine Wichtel beobachten ein Reh.
Tim fällt in ein Erdloch, oje, o weh !

Wichtel Jil macht den Kopfstand.
Da kommen alle 9 Wichtel angerannt.

10 kleine Wichtel

10 little dwarves want to go the autumn wood together. But this isn't so easy as the dwarves are easily distracted by all kinds of mishaps. In the end only dwarf Jil is left. She makes a handstand in order to gather her nine friends around her again.

Et fiert een duerch eng Zopp.



You drive through a soup. You drive through a thick fog.



Et gëtt Reen,
wann d'Wierm aus dem Buedem kommen.

It looks like rain
when worms leave the ground.



Nie ma słońca,
Co świeci i grzeje,
Nie ma kwiatu,
Co szerzy swe wonie,
Tylko wichur
Po pustym zagonie
Z przeraźliwą monotonią
Wieje.

Jan Kasprówicz

*There is no sun,
Which shines and beats down,*

*Which spreads its scent,
Only gale*

*With frightful monotony
Blows.*



Konczy sie lato w przepych bogate
I zmienia, zmienia piekna swa szate.
Drzewa po swiezej bujnej zieleni
Wdziewaja zlote barwy jesieni.

Bogodnie, cicho i uroczyscie
Splywaja z wolna na sciezke liscie,
A gdy spieszymy do szkoly droga,
Razno szeleszeza, szumia pod noga.

Leopold Staff

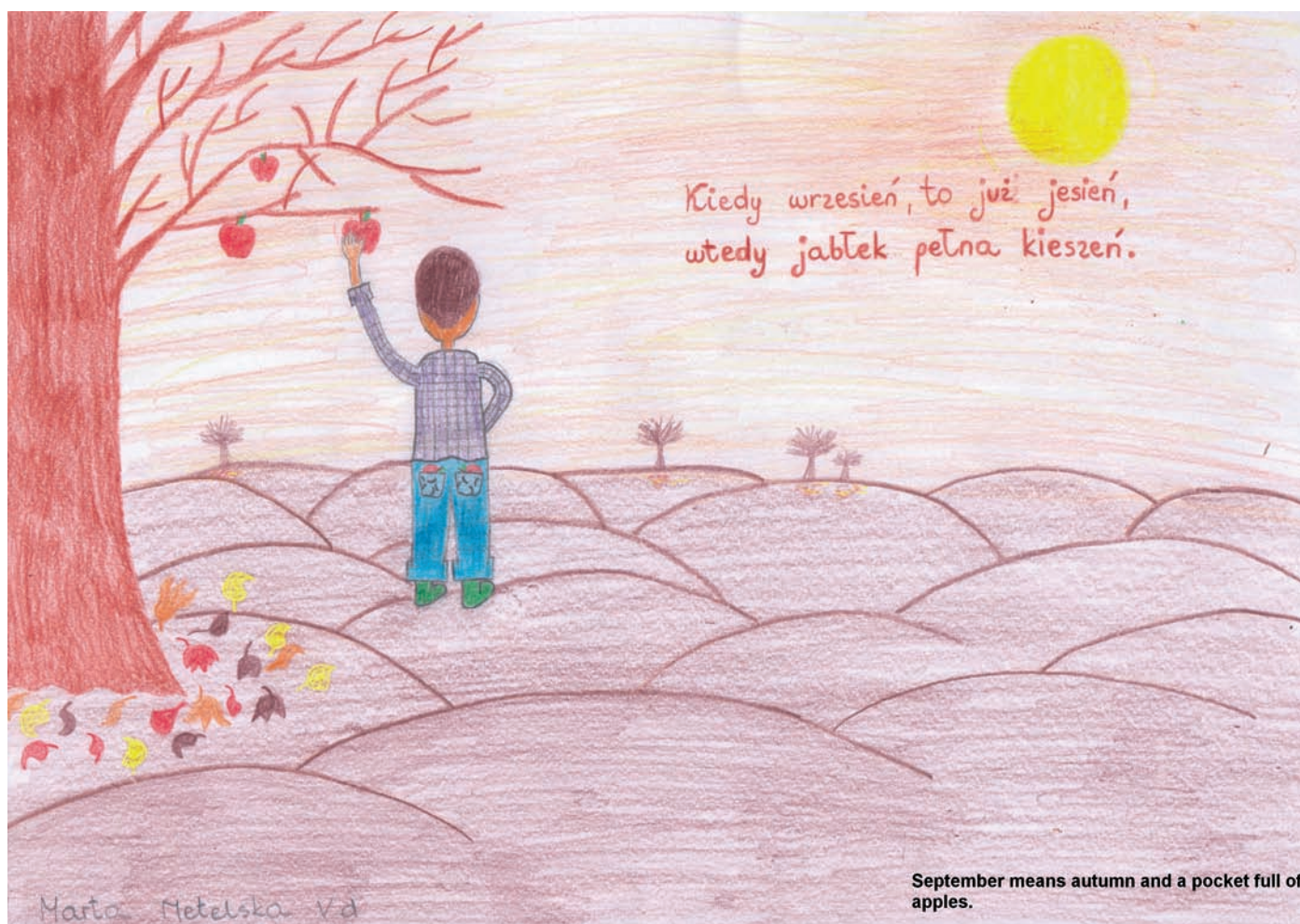
Summer, rich in splendour, ends

*Trees, after fresh, lush green
Dress up gold colours of autumn.
Brightly, quietly and solemnly,
Leaves fall down on a path.
And when we are in a rush to school,
They rustle and hum briskly under a leg.*



Aleksandra Witkowska 10

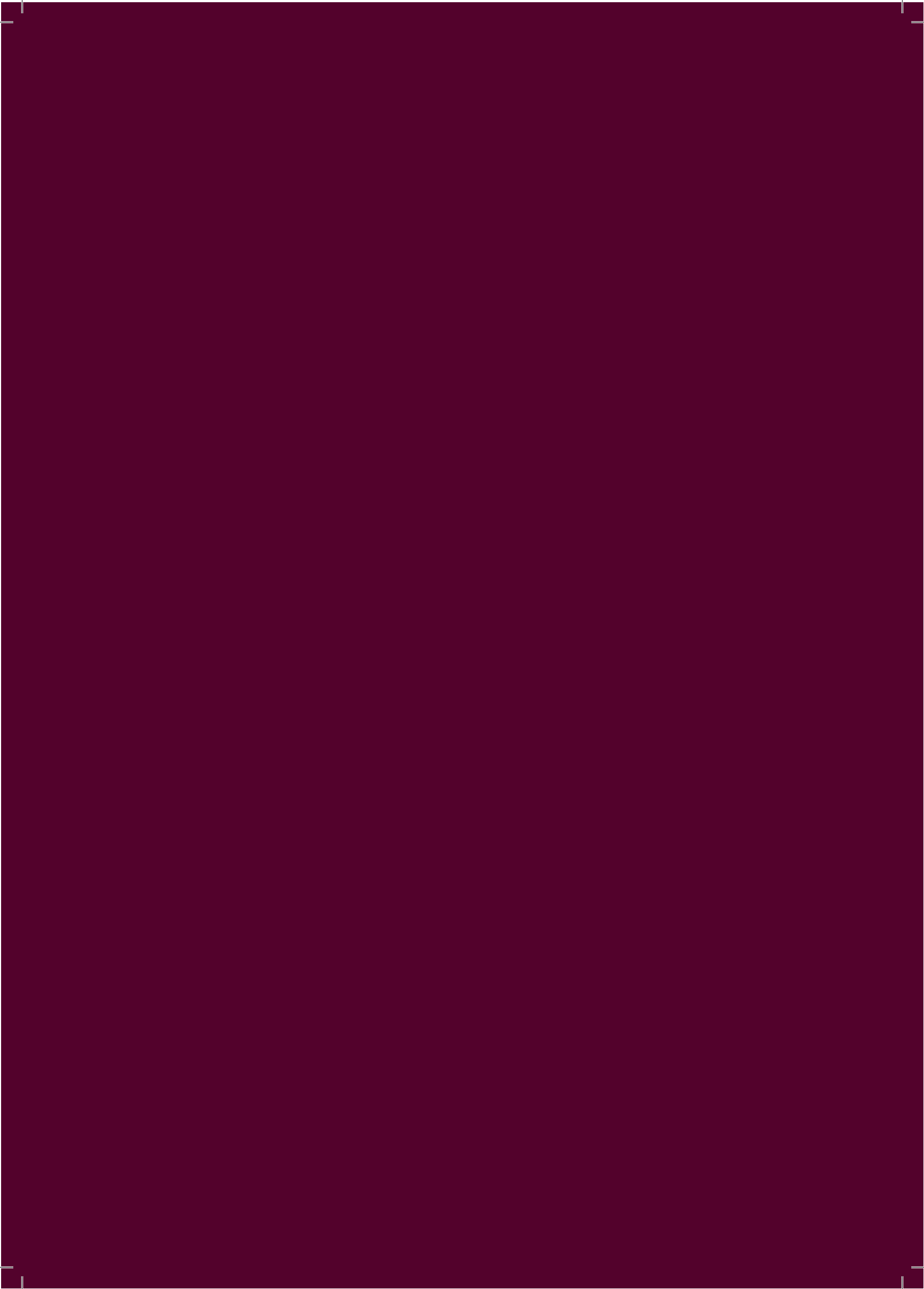
In October thoughts fly away
with birds to the south.



Kiedy wrzesień, to już jesień,
wtedy jabłek pełna kieszeń.

Marta Hetelska Vd

September means autumn and a pocket full of apples.





Winter

Winter

Winter

Winter

Winter

Winter

Winter ist ein Hexenmeister,
macht aus Bäumen weiße Geister,
und aus Häusern Sahnetorten,
Glitzerschnee liegt alleorten,
Zuckerguss auf allen Teichen,
bietet Kurzweil ohnegleichen.
Alte freuen sich und Junge,
wenn der Schnee schmilzt auf der Zunge.
Schnee glänzt schneeweiß,
wenn es schneit,
doch wenn's taut,
macht Schmutz sich breit.



Winter

*Winter is a warlock,
Turns trees into white ghosts,
And turns houses into whip cream cakes,
Glitter snow in all locations,
Icing on all ponds,
Offerd for a short time unparalled.
Old and young people are happy,
When the snow melts on their tongue.
Snow shines snow white,
When it snows,
But when it thaws,
Dirt spreads.*

Ich male mir den Winter

Ich male ein Bild,
ein schönes Bild,
ich male mir den Winter.
Weiß ist das Land,
schwarz ist der Baum,
grau ist der Himmel dahinter.
Sonst ist da nichts,
da ist nirgends was,
da ist weit und breit nichts zu sehen.
Nur auf dem Baum,
auf dem schwarzen Baum
hocken zwei schwarze Krähen.

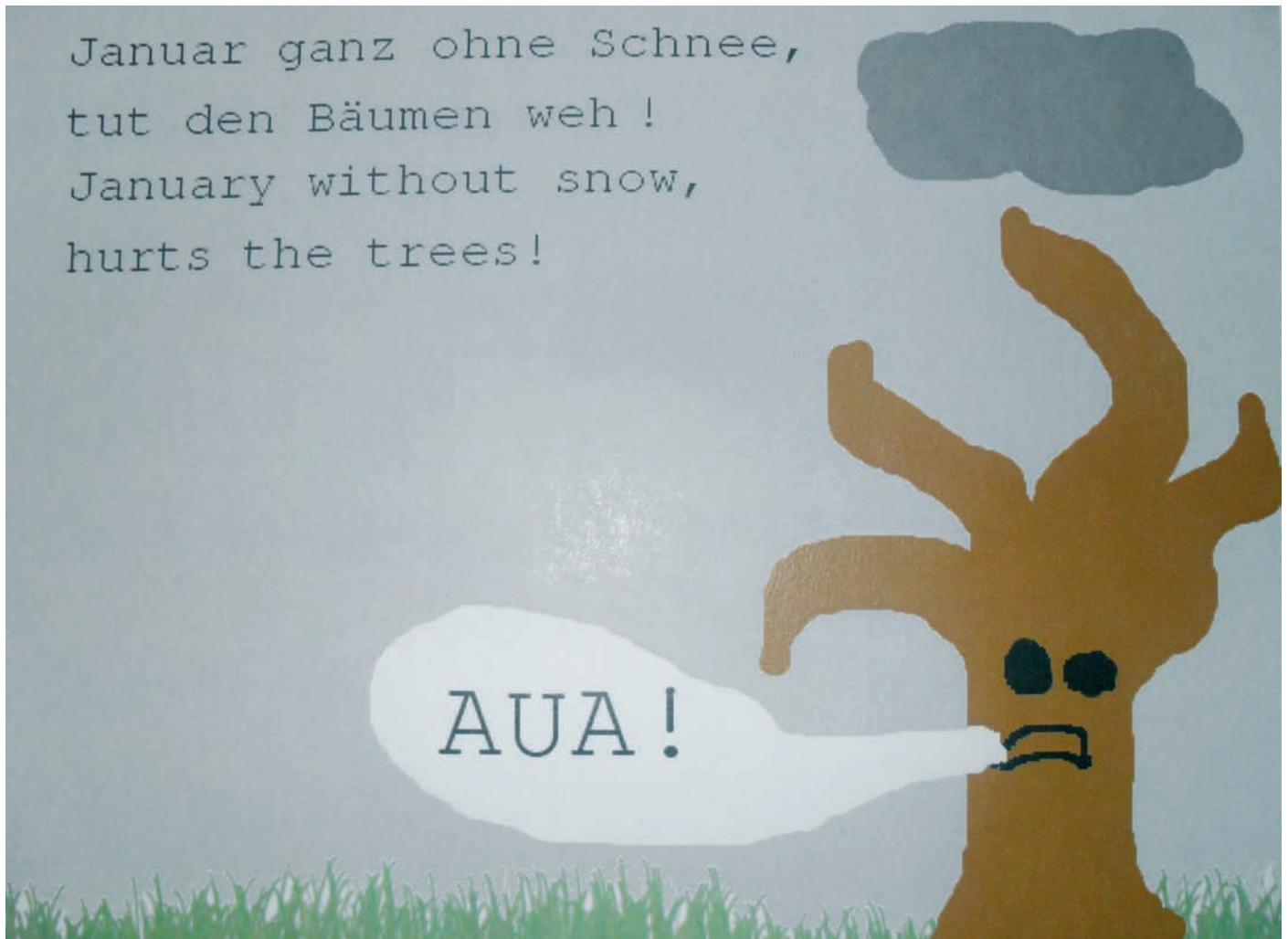


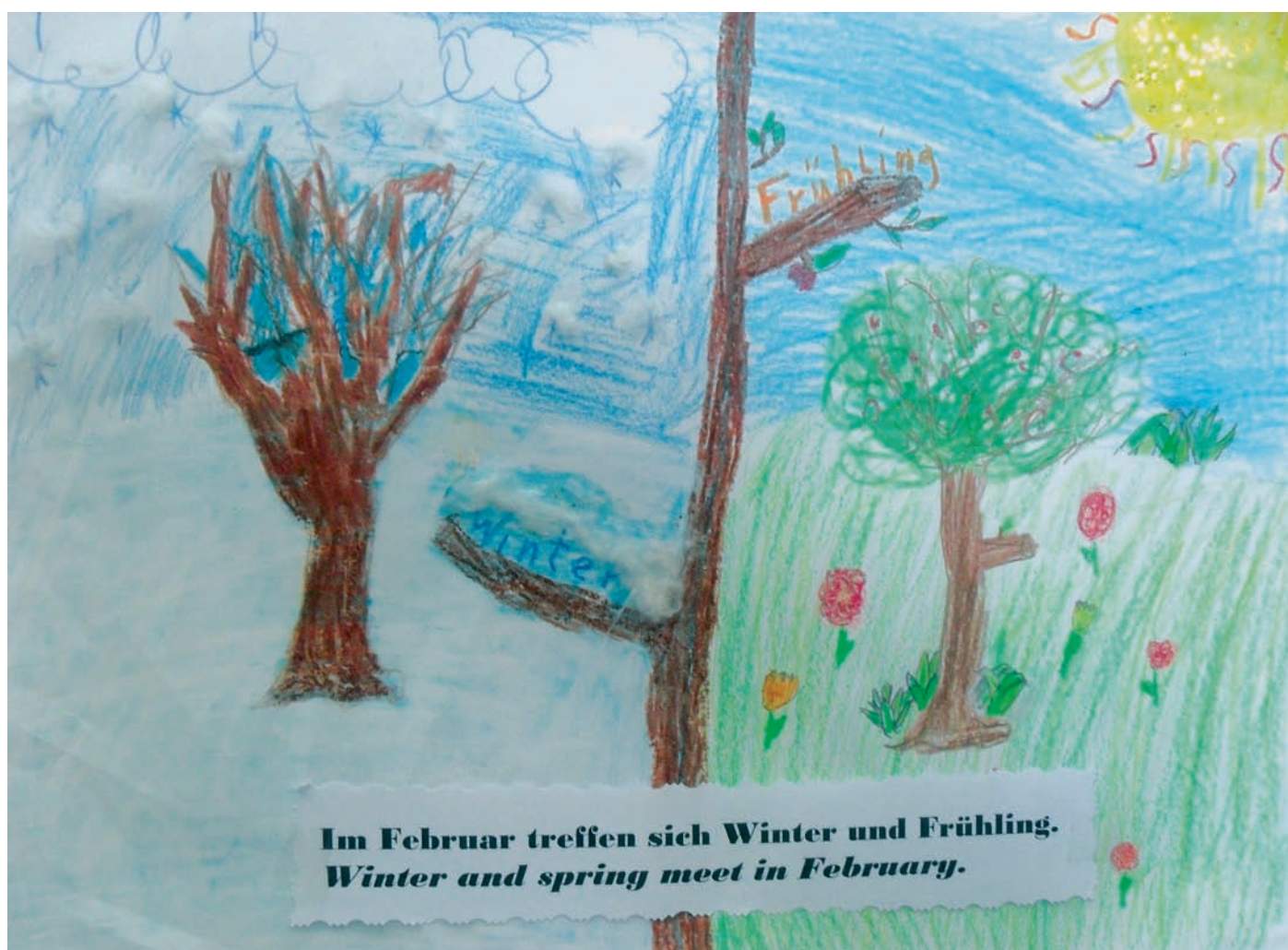
I paint the winter

*I want to paint a picture,
A beautiful picture,
I want to paint the winter.
White is the country,
Black is the tree,
The sky is grey.
There is nothing else,
There is nothing as far as you can see,
Only on the tree,
On the black tree
Are sitting two black crows.*

Januar ganz ohne Schnee,
tut den Bäumen weh !
January without snow,
hurts the trees!

AUA !







Talv

Talvel lumememme teha saab,
kui hakkab külm, tuppa kutsub emme.
Mäest ma alla kelgutan,
raja peal kiiresti suusatan.

Mängime lumesõda nüüd,
kaitseks on meil lumemüür.
Kui on õhtul väljas pime,
siis kusagil sünnib jõuluime.

Saskia Rior

Winter
Children make snowmen in Winter.

It is Winter miracle.



Talv

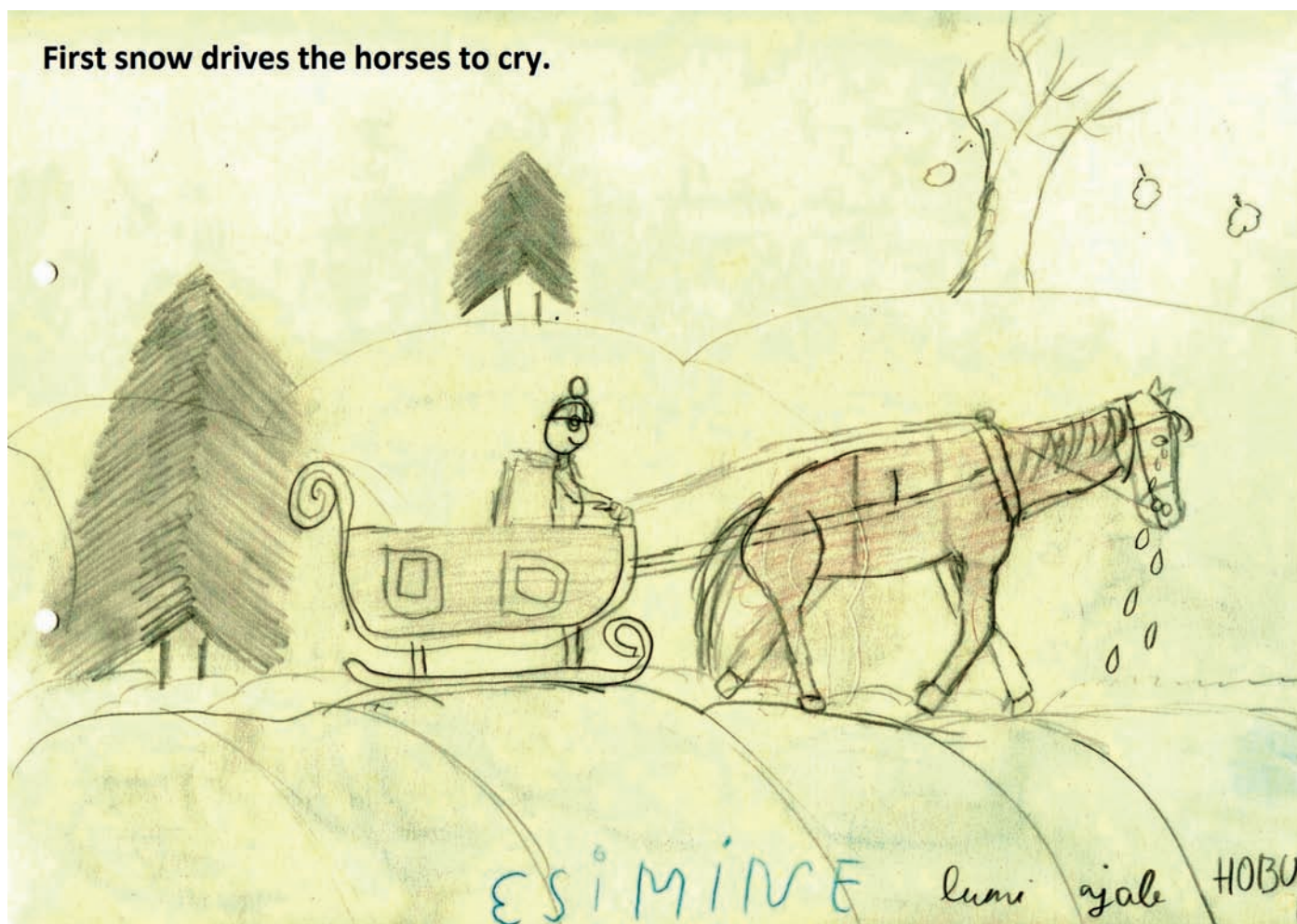
Talv on külm, aga mõnus,
lund on palju, õues lõbus.
Suusatame, kelgutame,
lumepalle veeretame.

Laura Priskus

Winter

*Winter is cold but it is good
to sled, ski and roll snowballs*

First snow drives the horses to cry.







Le matin des neiges

En ce matin d'hiver, je vais dans la neige gelée.
La bise, si glaciale, me glace les os.
Et les animaux dans les bois, ont aussi froid.
Dans ces bois, il y a des lois!
Celle du loup qui veut avoir des joujoux...
Celle du hibou assis sur ses cailloux, qui veut avoir des bijoux...
Mais un jour l'hiver s'en ira, et le printemps
Apparaîtra, et les lois resteront là, dans ces mêmes bois!

Alex

*There are laws in the woods even if it's very cold!
Weather is changing but laws get through seasons.*



L'hiver

En hiver
Tout est recouvert

Tout est gelé
L'eau s'est transformée,
Tout est glacé.
Les enfants tout contents
S'habillent chaudement,
Lancent des boules,
Roulent les boules
Pour faire de beaux bonhommes de neige...
Alors les joues bien rouges,
Ils rentrent dans leur maison,
S'assoient dans le salon
Et dégustent un chocolat bien chaud.
L'hiver, tout est ralenti,
Les arbres sont endormis
Et les animaux aussi !

Les élèves de CPA

*In winter, landscape is transformed. Nature is sleeping.
Children are discovering snow games.*



Un mot gentil peut réchauffer jusqu'à trois mois d'hiver.
A nice word can warm till three months of winter

Si Saint-Nicolas plume ses oies,
l'hiver sera froid.
If Saint-Nicolas plucks his geese,
winter will be cold.



Inverno

Il mondo è freddo,
tutto è silenzioso.
La neve candida
cade dal cielo.
Buia è la notte,

e il vecchio albero
sta lì
addormentato.



Winter

*The world is cold.
Everything is quite.
The white snow
is falling down.
The night is dark,
the river is iced
and the old tree
is asleep.*



Vorrei...

Per Natale vorrei:
 rimuovere la nebbia
 all'orizzonte
 per ammirare
 immacolati paesaggi di panna;
 giocherellare
 con i fiocchi
 che sembrano piume;
 specchiarmi
 nelle lastre ghiacciate.
 Desidererei
 una casa gioiosamente addob-
 bata
 per celebrare
 la nascita del Bambinello.
 Sogno
 un girotondo universale
 di bambini
 che vivono
 senza miserie e ostilità

Produzione della classe 5^B Primaria di Bettola

I would...

*At Christmas I would like:
 to take the fog off the horizon
 to admire the beautiful white sceneries;
 to play with snowflakes which look like feathers; to look at myself in the ice.
 I would like
 a nice house with Christmas decorations
 to celebrate the Child birth.
 I dream a round dance of children living without misery and hostility*



L'INVERNO AL FUOCO E L'ESTATE ALL'OMBRA

WINTER NEAR THE FIRE, SUMMER UNDER A TREE



FEBBRAIO ASCIUTTO, ERBA DAPPERTUTTO

DRIED FEBRUARY, GRASS EVERYWHERE

Et ass Wanter:



Klammen aus dem Bett, a maachen d'Fenster op.
An ech spieren schon, déi äiskal Loft.
Et ass Wanter, 7 Auer fréi
An dobaussen, alles voller Schnéi.
Nach däischter wéi d'Nuecht, a wien hätt daat geduecht,
dass de Wanter schon kennt, also brauch ech waarm Strëmp
Box un, Schaal un, dobaussen ass et ugezunn.
Mutz op, Kaputz drop, alles fir op d'Kopp?
Schwäikal, äiskal, äisglaat a minusgrad
Klimawandel? Egalwat!



Et ass Wanter.
Ob e fréiert oder ziddert,
Ob e schnaddert oder bibbert.
Egal ob kal oder naass
Et mecht trotzdem Spass.



Lo gëtt et awer Zäit, maachen mech op de Wee,
um Glatäis, an duerch Schnéireen.
Et ass kaum ze gleewen, dei hun vergiess ze streeën.
Et ass äiseg, rutscheg, matscheg, kuck mech:
Gesin aus, wéi en Inuit
A fueren gläich matt mengem Schlitt
Gott sei Dank, hun ech waarm Händschen
A bauen, e Schnéimännchen.
Oder schéissen einfach Schnéi,
oh Wanter, ass sou schéin



An am Wanter, do kann e villes maachen
Schoki drénken, oder baken.
Och Kaddoen, där gin et der vill,
gudd waarm doheem bei der Famill,
ënnert dem Beemchen, fir Chrëschttag
oder vum Kleeschen, aus sengem Sak.
A fir d'Fuesend, do sin ech verkleet,
daat ass d'Zäit vun Freed an Dommheet.
Schminken, fierwen, Konfetti, Kamellen
Alles daat bis Buergebrennen



Kleeschen, Kleeschen

Ipp dipp dapp
Ech stelle méng Schlapp
Pling plang plong
Du stells déng Schong
Ech héieren d'Klacke schellen
Gläich gött et Kamellen
Hei hei hei
Lo ass de Kleeschen hei
Ho ho ho
Den Housécker ass do

Ha ha ha
Ech kréie Schokola
O wi gutt
De Bruce kritt eng Rutt
Hey hey hey
D'Rutt deed schéi wéih
Hee hee hee
Den Housécker mëcht sech op de Wee
Hou hou hou
A mir sinn all déck frou.



Kleeschen, Kleeschen

During a cold winter night, a few children are waiting for Santa Claus and his dark companion, the Housécker. Finally the sleigh arrives.

with all kinds of sweets, the "Housécker" punishes the naughty children by merely giving them a rod.



Krëschttag am Kléi,
Ouschteren am Schnéi.

Christmas with clover, Eastern with snow



It is piggy (swinish) cold.



Jest taki ogrod
Zaczarowany,
Po którym chodza
Sniezne balwany.

Choc mroz największy
I sniezek proszy,
Balwanom nigdy
Nie marzna uszy

Tadeusz Kubiak

*There is a magic
Garden,
Where snowy snowmen
Go around.
Though frost intense
And it's snowing lightly,
The snowmen's ears*

Jest w moim Kraju zwyczaj,
że w dzień wigilijny,
Przy wejściu pierwszej gwiazdy
wieczornej na niebie,
Ludzie gniazda wspólnego
łamią chleb biblijny,
Najtkliwsze przekazując uczucia w tym chlebie.

(Cyprian Kamil Norwid)

There is a custom in my Country,
that on Christmas Eve,
when the first evening star
rises in the sky,
People of a common nest
share the biblical bread,
Passing the most tender feelings .





February is coming - hobnail boots!

„Jedna jaskółka
nie czyni wiosny...”
„One swallow does not make spring.”





Spring

Spring

Spring

Spring

Spring

Die Tulpe

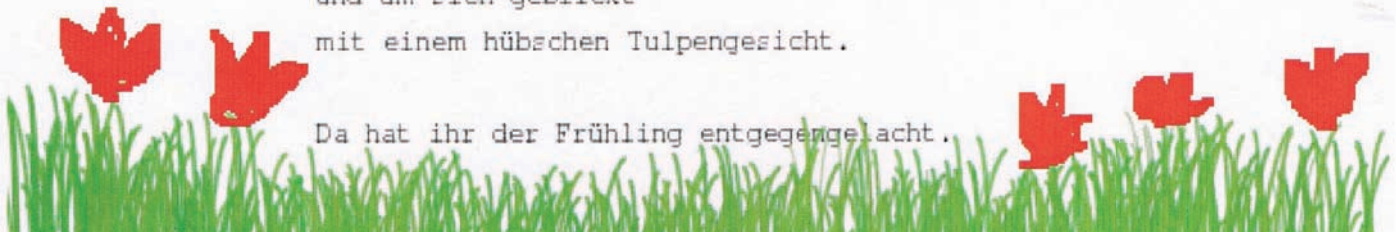
Dunkel
war alles
und Nacht.
In der Erde tief
die Zwiebel schlief,
die braune.



Was ist das für ein Gemunkel,
was ist das für ein Geraune,
dachte die Zwiebel,
plötzlich erwacht.

Was singen die Vögel
da droben und jauchzen und toben?
Von Neugier gepackt,
hat die Zwiebel,
einen langen Hals gemacht
und um sich geblickt
mit einem hübschen Tulpengesicht.

Da hat ihr der Frühling entgegengelacht.



The Tulip

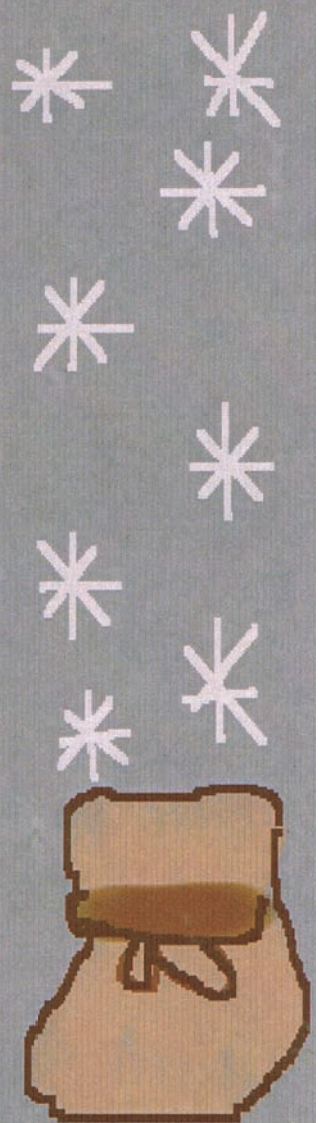
*Dark
Was all
And night.
In the deep Earth
The onion was asleep,
The Brown.*

*What is this whispering,
What's that whispering,
Thought the onion,
Suddenly awakened.*

*What do the birds sing
High above, and shout for joy and rage?
Driven by curiosity,
The onion,
Made a long neck
And looked around
With a pretty tulip face.
And spring welcomed her with a bright smile!*

Frühling

Der Frühling treibt gern
Schabernack. Er bläst auf
seinem Dudelsack. noch einmal
Märzenschnee daher und tut
,als ob es Winter wär. Den
Winter steckt er in den Sack
und holt heraus den Blumenfrack.
Der Frühling treibt gern Schabernack
und trägt den Sommer huckepack.



Spring

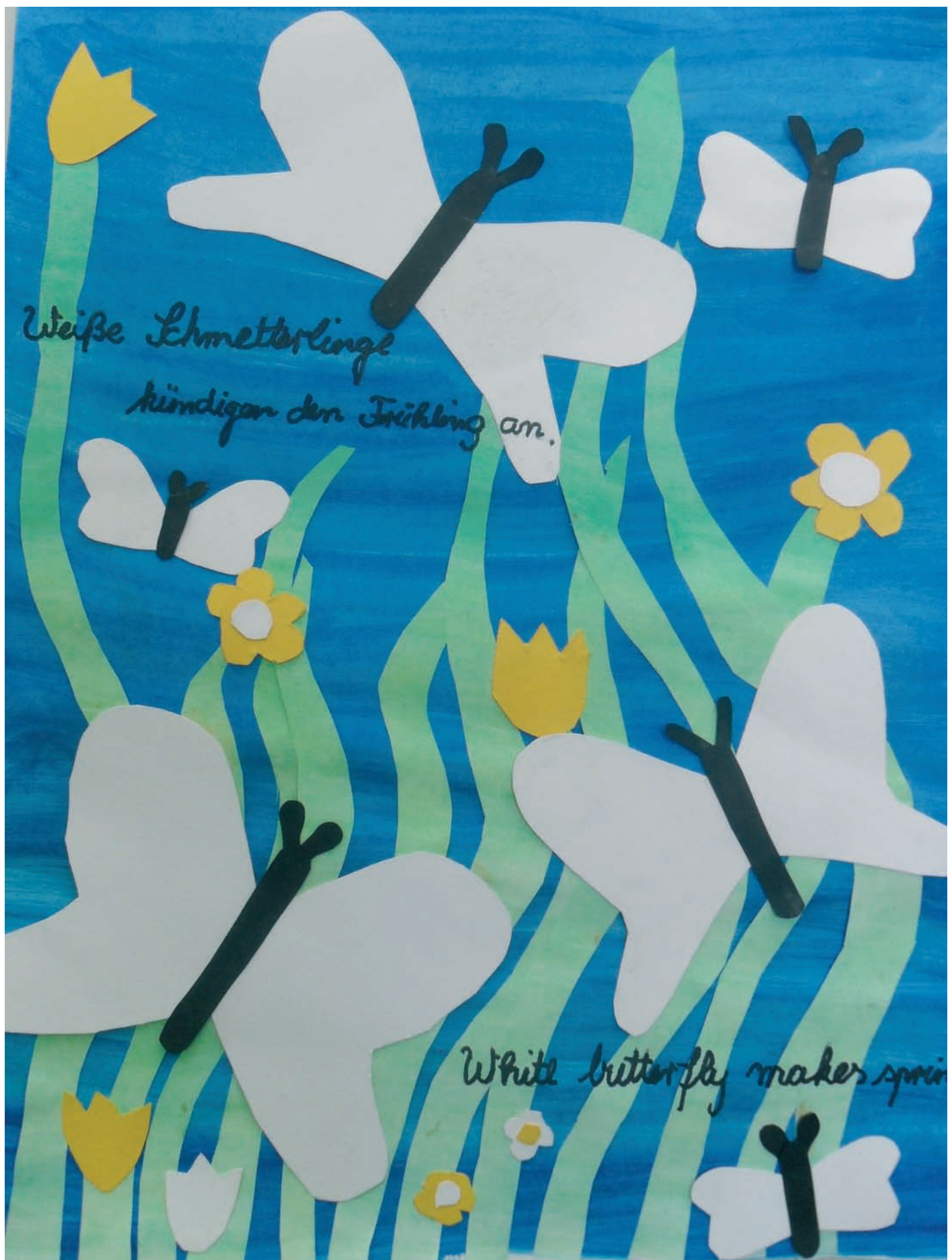
*The spring likes to make pranks.
Once again he blows on his Bagpipes
And calls March snow and pretends
As if it were winter.
He puts the winter in a bag*

*The spring likes to make pranks
And carries the summer piggyback.*



Die Bäume fahren
im Frühling
aus der Haut

The trees jump
out of their skin
in May



Weisse Schmetterlinge
kündigen den Frühling an.

White butterfly makes spring



Kevad

Kevad on üks aastaaeg,
eemal nüüd sõidab laev.
Lumi sulab nii kiiresti nüüd,
kõlab minu kevadehüüd.

Puude peal pungad suured
on siin väikesi ja suuri.
Üks lilleke ilus,
siin puude vilus.

Saskia Pior

Spring

*Spring is a season,
when snow melts.
Buds sprint from trees and flowers.*



Kevad

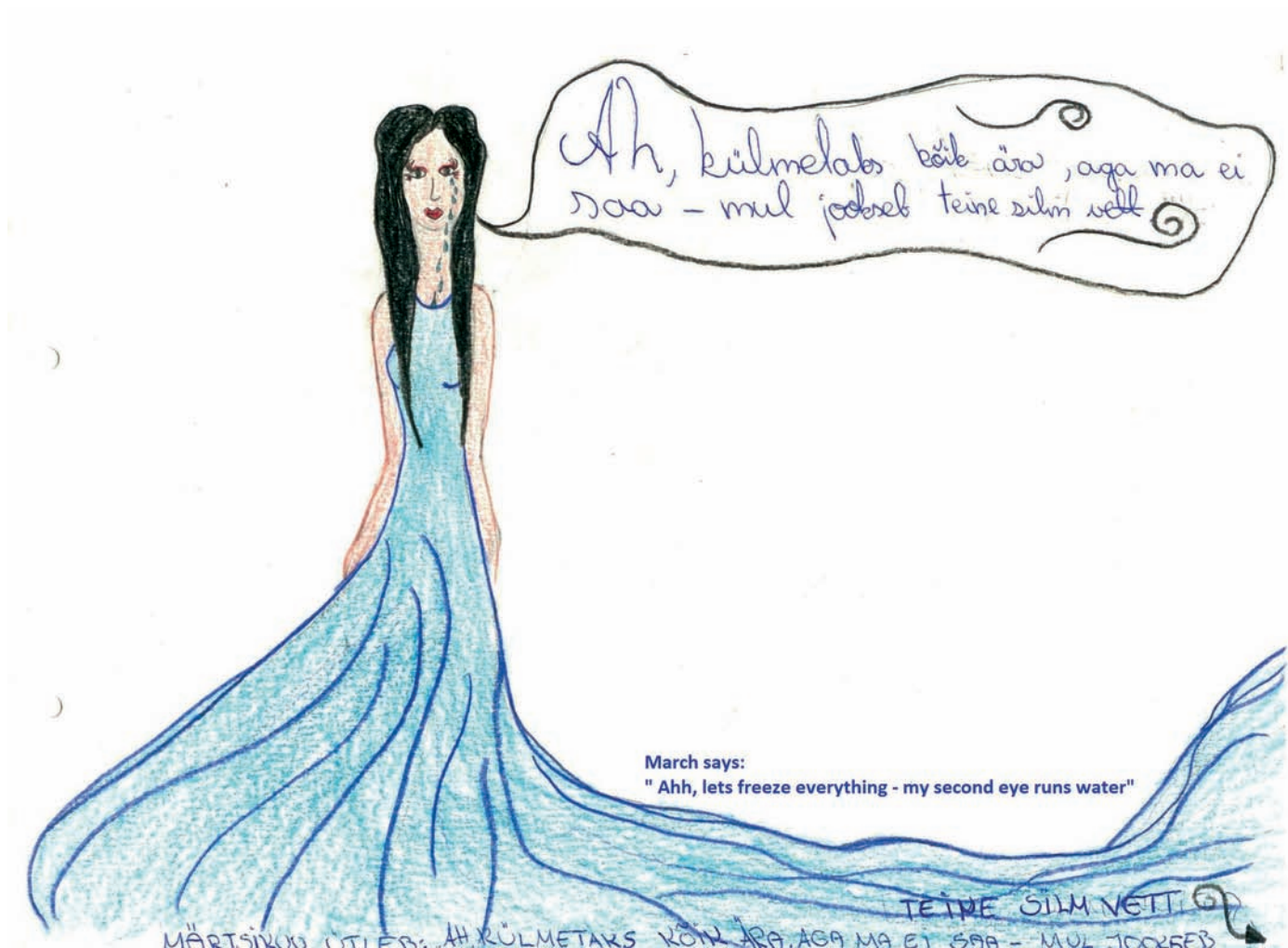
Kevad talveunest ärkab,
lillekene mullast tärkab.
Pilve tagant piilub päike,
laulab linnukene väike.

Kristopher Kask

Spring

Nature wakes in Spring,

and the sun shining in the sky.



Ah, külmelaks kõik ära, aga ma ei
saa - mul jookseb teine silm vett

March says:
"Ahh, lets freeze everything - my second eye runs water"

MÄRTSIKU CITI ER: AH RÜLMETAKS KÕIK ÄRA. AGA MA EI SAA - MUL JOOKSEB
TEINE SILM VETT



Cockoo falls leaves into the tree.

KĀGU KUKU, LEHED

PUSSE.

Le printemps

Te voilà, rire du printemps !
Les thyrses des lilas fleurissent.
Les amantes qui te chérissent
Délivrent leurs cheveux flottants.

Sous les rayons d'or éclatants
Les anciens lierres se flétrissent.
Te voilà, rire du printemps !
Les thyrses de lilas fleurissent.

Couchons-nous au bord des étangs,
Que nos maux amers se guérissent !
Mille espoirs fabuleux nourrissent
Nos cœurs gonflés et palpitants.
Te voilà, rire du printemps !



Théodore de Banville

Spring dressed his new clothes; with him a bright smile witch cures all our troubles.

Le Soleil se rebelle

A l'aube, le jaune du Soleil
S'est déposé comme une goutte de caramel.
L'astre céleste se réveille.
Ce ballon orangé nous appelle.

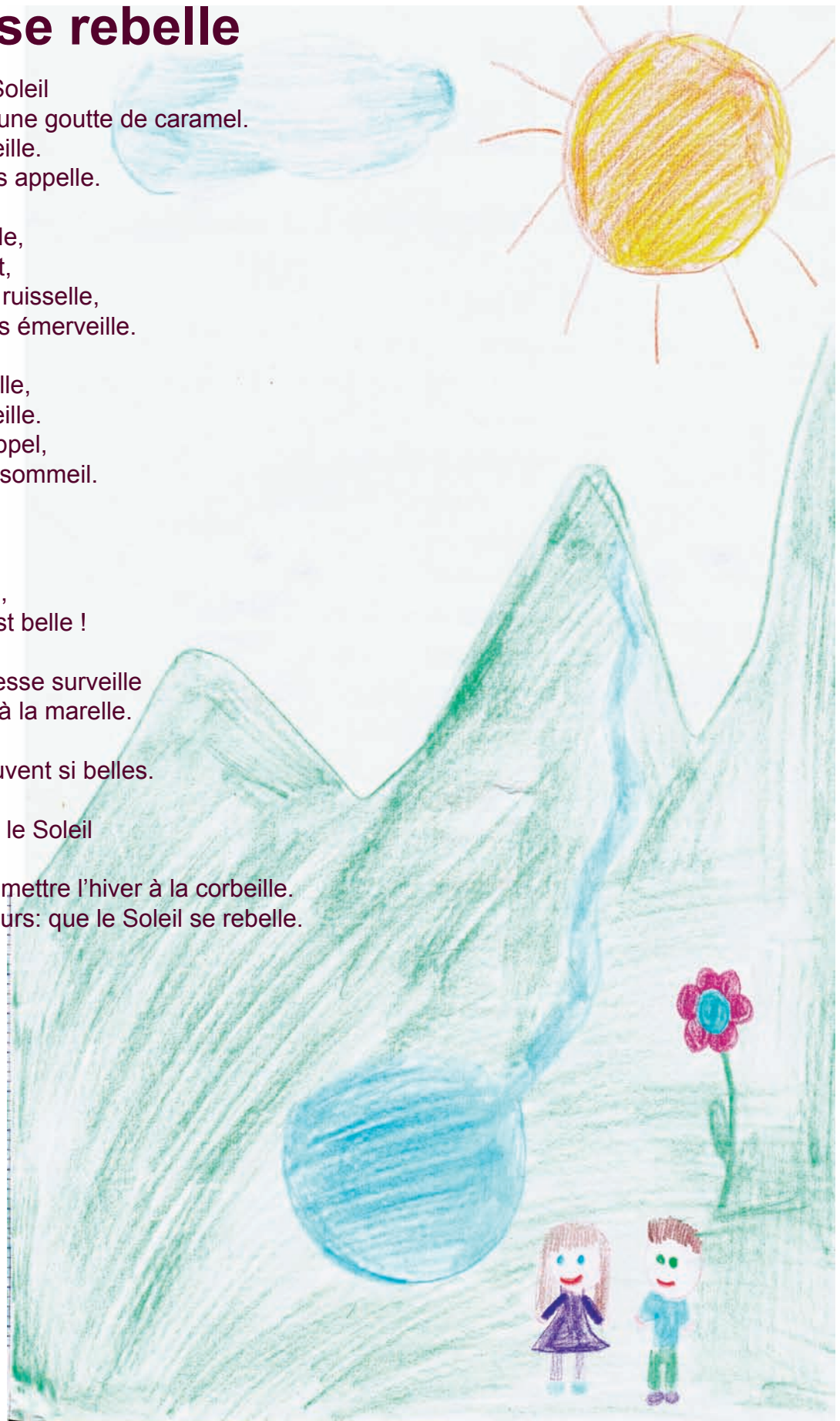
La nature se renouvelle,
Les fleurs se réveillent,
L'eau de la montagne ruisselle,
Tout ce spectacle nous émerveille.

En tournant la manivelle,
La fleur nouvelle s'éveille.
Le printemps est à l'appel,
La nature sort de son sommeil.

L'ours se réveille,
A l'odeur du miel.
L'écureuil s'émerveille,
Que la vie sur Terre est belle !

Dans la cour, la maîtresse surveille
Les élèves qui jouent à la marelle.
Les garçons veillent
Sur les filles qu'ils trouvent si belles.

Les enfants regardent le Soleil
Briller dans le ciel
En se disant qu'il faut mettre l'hiver à la corbeille.
Vivement les beaux jours: que le Soleil se rebelle.

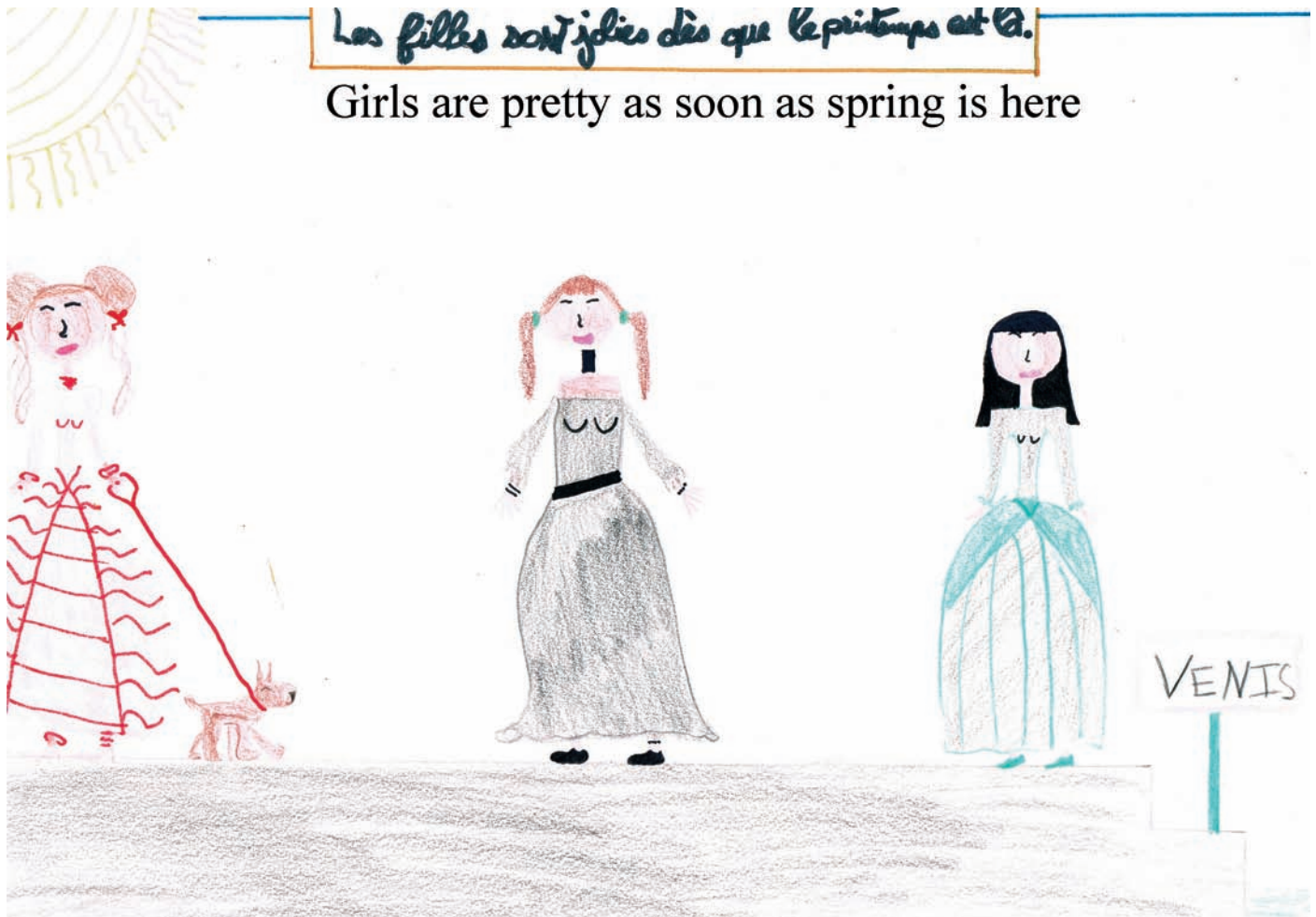


Les élèves de CM1B - Ecole Bradfer Saint Jean-Baptiste.

*Sun is rising in rebellion
Nature is awaking, taking out of sleep. Sun is shining in the sky. He has to throw Winter away.
Fifth year of primary school*

Les filles sont jolies dès que le printemps est là.

Girls are pretty as soon as spring is here



Papillon blanc annonce le Printemps.

White butterfly makes spring.





PRIMAVERA

Una fata
fragile e leggera
si è risvegliata
in un letto di boccioli
sfiorati da gialle farfalle.
A volte
diventa birichina
e trasforma il cielo
in un grigio mantello.
Poi, magicamente,
lo dipinge
con un arco
di sette colori.
Ora la fata
è avvolta
in un velo
di fiori.

Produzione degli alunni cl. 5^A Primaria Bettola

Spring

*A frail and light
Fairy has woken up
in a bed of buds
brushed by yellow butterflies.
Sometimes she becomes impish
and she turns the sky into a grey cloak.
Then, by magic,
she paints it with an arch of seven colours.
Now the fairy is wound by a veil of flowers.*

L'inverno e' passato

L'inverno è già passato e l'ultimo freddo ci ha lasciato;
la primavera è arrivata e il disastro ha riparato.

Il sole raggiante,
di un giallo splendente e l'acqua fresca del ruscello,

Gli animali ancora addormentati
escono nei prati a correre e a respirare
la calda brezza che porta primavera.



Valentina Obertelli (Scuola Secondaria 1° Bettola)

Winter is over

*The last cold has left us
The spring has just begun And the damage has repaired.
The bright yellow sun, And the fresh water of the stream,*

*The sleepy animals
Come to the meadows
To run and to breathe
The warm breeze Which announces the spring. (by Carlo Ferrari)*



CHI DI MARZO NON POTA LA SUA VIGNA, PERDE LA VENDEMMIA

WHO DOES NOT PRUNE IN MARCH, DOES NOT HARVEST ANY GRAPES







D'Blummen kommen erëm

D'Blummen kommen erëm
Hier Bléien gin ëmmer méi op
Mäer iessen dobaussen
D'Blummen kommen erëm

D'Jongen spillen dobaussen Fussball
D'Blummen kommen erëm
Hier Bléien gin ëmmer méi op



April is a fool, the sun shines first,
there is mud soon afterwards.

Et gëtt Reen, wann d'Gänse sech bueden.



It looks like rain when geese are taking a bath.



Spotkałem wiosnę
Wiencem
Oplotła mi zazwyczaj rece.

We włosy wplotła mi
Ziela i trawy,
Co rośnie dokola.

Woczy rzuciła stokrotki,
Pod nogi –
Bystre strumienie,
Czekając,
Aż w szumną wiosnę
I ja się w końcu
Przemienię.

Józef Ratajczak

*I met spring,
At once she twisted a wreath
Around my arms.
She plaited my hair
With grass and herbs,
Which grew around.
She threw daisies into my eyes,
Under my legs –
Swift streams,
Waiting,
Until I exchange
Into lush
Spring too.*

Niech śpiewa z wichrów i burz,
pieśń moja młoda, radosna!
Miła, przyniosę ci bukiet róż!
To wiosna, miła, to wiosna!
(Władysław Broniewski)

May my young, cheerful song,
sounds from winds and storms!
My sweetheart, I'll bring you a bunch of roses!
That's spring, honey, that's spring!

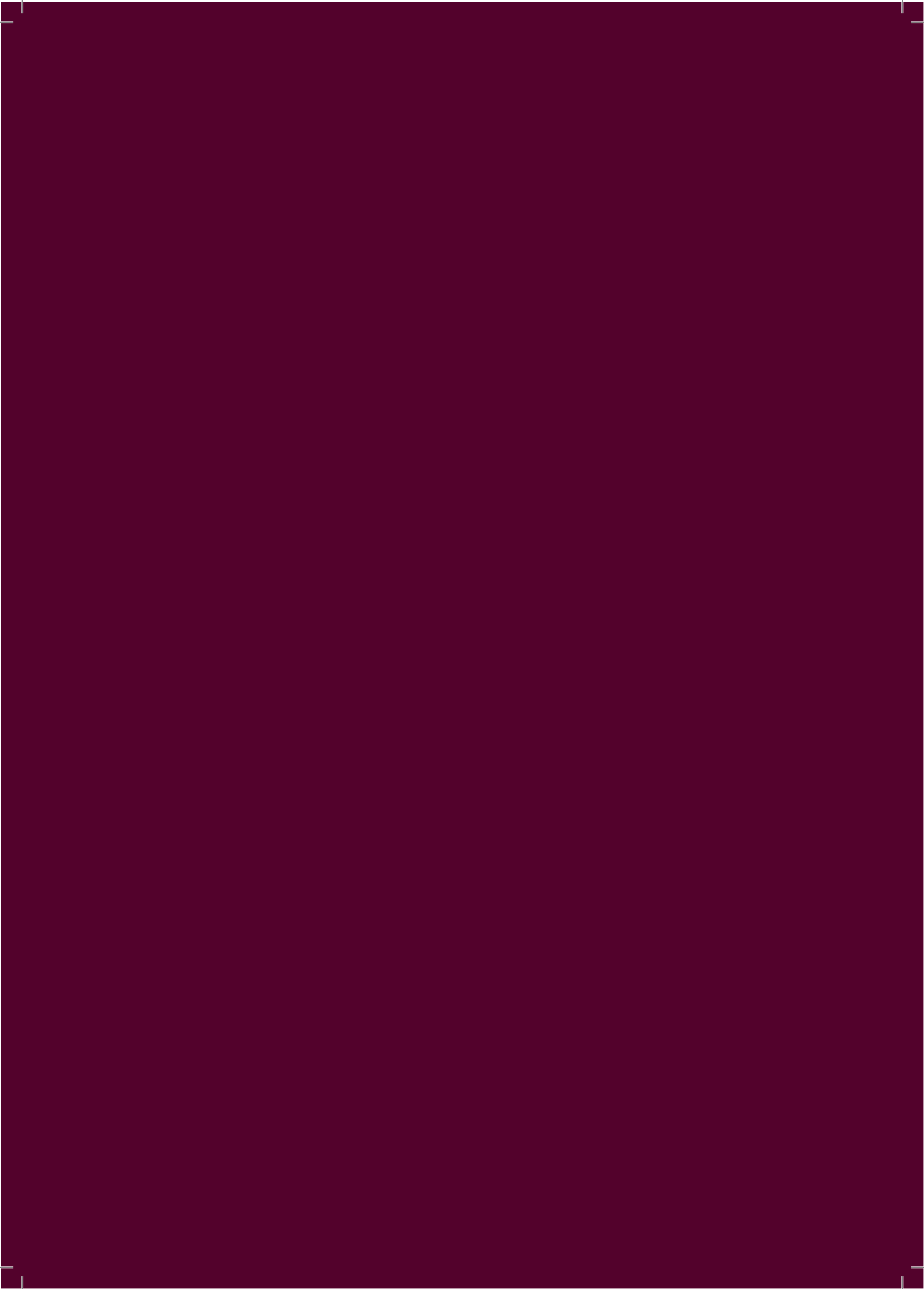


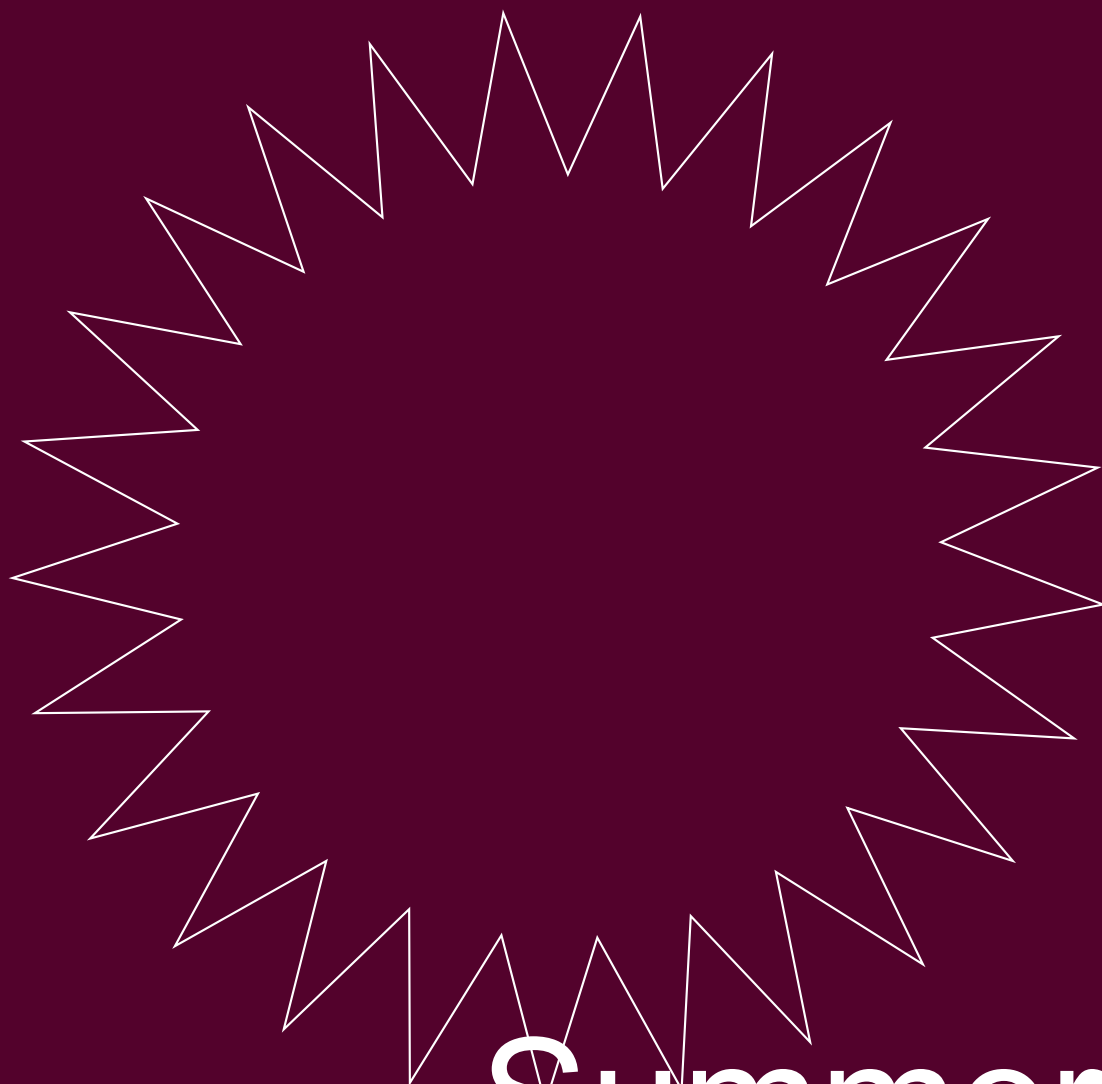


maju jak w raju

"THERE IS LIFE IN PARADISE IN MAY."







Summer

Summer

Summer

Summer

Summer

Sommer

Am Meer

Spritze Papa nass

GEHE LECKERES EIS ESSEN

Ferien!

Summer

At sea

Splashing my dad

EATING DELICIOUS ICE CREAM

Holidays!

Sommer

Endlich Ferien

Das Eis schmilzt

Die Sonne ist heiß

Toll!

Tobias, ComCom-AG

Summer

Finally Holidays

ice is melting

The sun is hot

Great!

Regnets im

Juli in den

Roggen,

BLEIBT DER

Weizen auch

Nicht trocken!

Sommer  ist die Zeit,
in der es zu heiß ist,
um das zu tun, **WOZU ES**
im YINTER zu kalt war.

Mark Twain 1835-1910

Marius, 3c

*Summer is the time
When it's too hot to do
What you didn't get done in winter
because it was too cold.*

Suvi

Suvi see on ilus kuu,
nagu minu õunapuu.
Suvel õitsevad kõik lilled
Ja ei puhu üldse tuul.

Lapsed mängivad igal pool,
kõik sõbrad on siis koos.
Lapsed jooksevad kõik õues,
Väsimus kadunud nende põuest



Laura Priskus

Summer

Summer is a beautiful season.

Flowers bloom and the wind does not blow.

The children play outside all day long.



Suvi

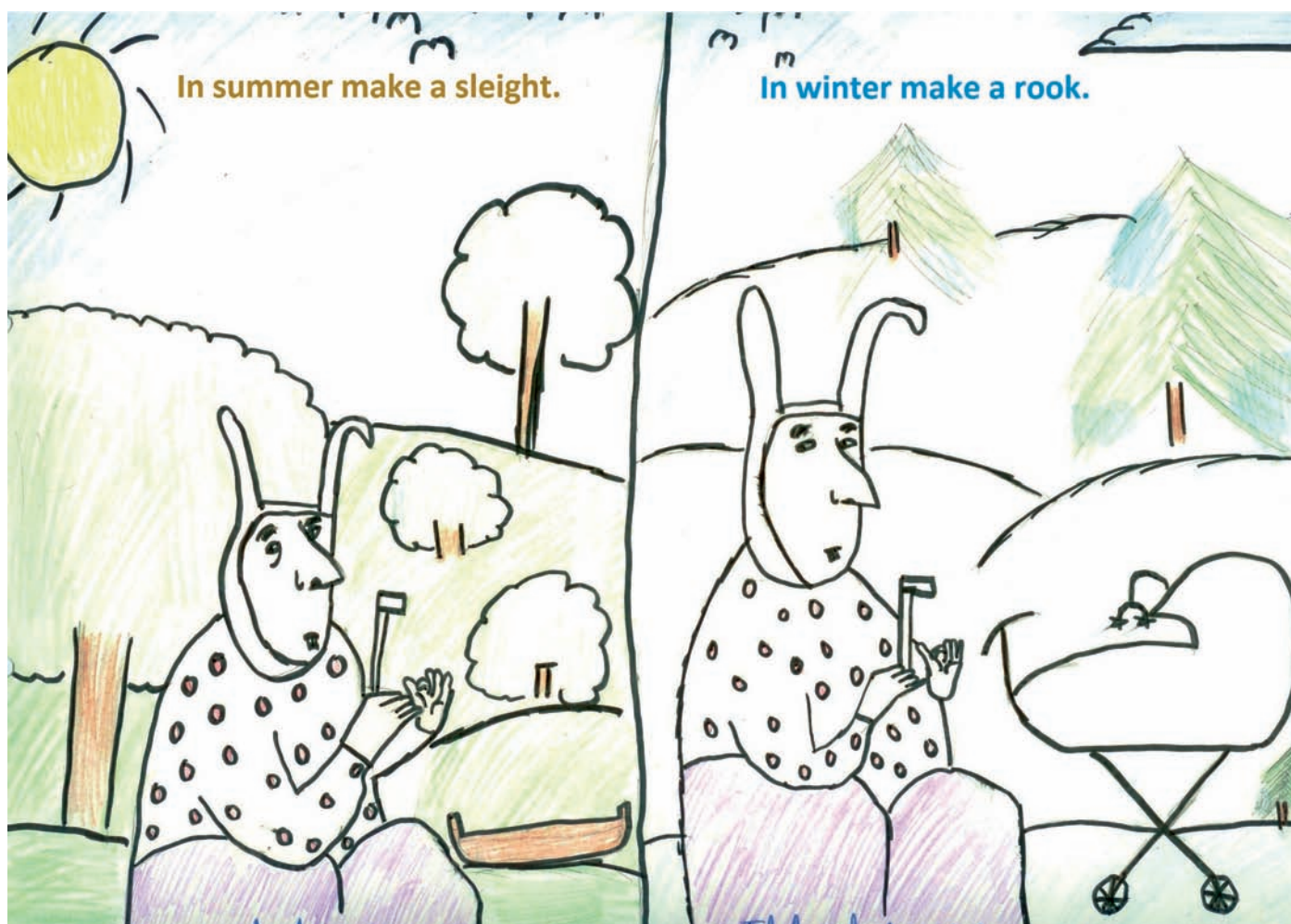
Suvi on ilus aastaeg,
siis rõkkab laste naer.
Põllul nüüd kasvavad maasikad head,
koduste töödega ei vaeva ma pead.

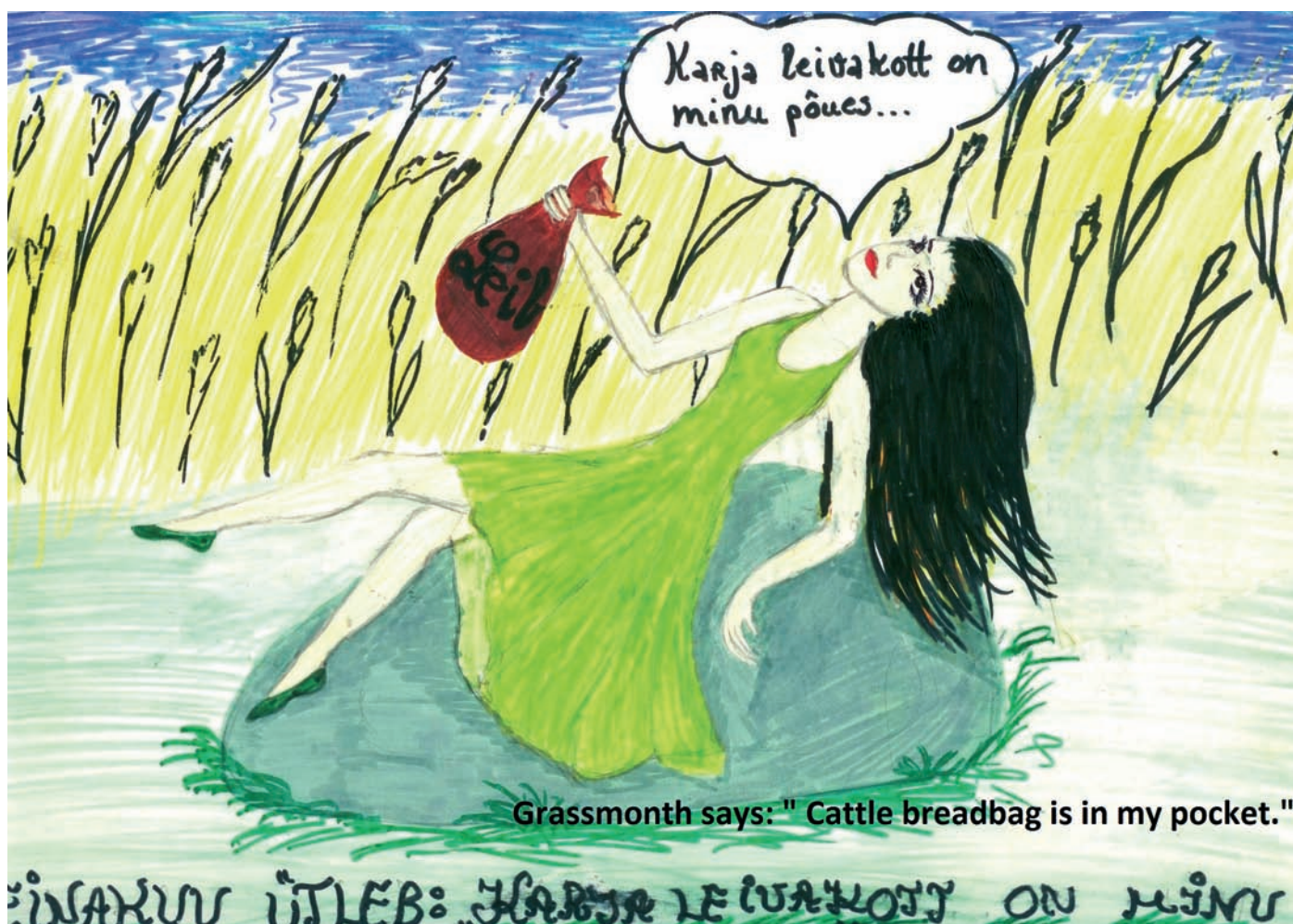
Taevas ma näha võin ilusat kuud,
ei taha ma midagi muud.
Suvele järgneb nüüd sügisekuu,
lähen ma kooli, mis teha mul muud.

Saskia Rior

Summer

*Summer is the season, when children are playing cheerfully.
They are not doing schooll-work and are enjoying beautiful weather.*





Pensées d'été

Tiède est la mer
Chaud le Soleil
Brûlantes les pierres
Douces les abeilles

Blanc est le vent
Jaunes les abeilles
Verts sont les champs
Rouges les groseilles

Odeurs de fleurs
Parfum de terre
Embruns, senteurs
Très bon est l'air

Belle la lavande
Joli le thym
Bonnes les amandes
Bien le chemin
Soleil suis moi
Journées pour toi
Nuits à croquer
Pluie à chanter

Odeur du vent
Embruns de mer
Senteurs des champs
Parfum de l'air

Tiède est la mer
Chaud le Soleil
Brûlantes les pierres
Douces les abeilles

Douces les abeilles...
Douces les abeilles...





En été, on est joyeux!

Ah la chaleur,
Les fleurs...!
Ca y est!
La piscine est installée!
Vite en maillot pour aller se baigner!

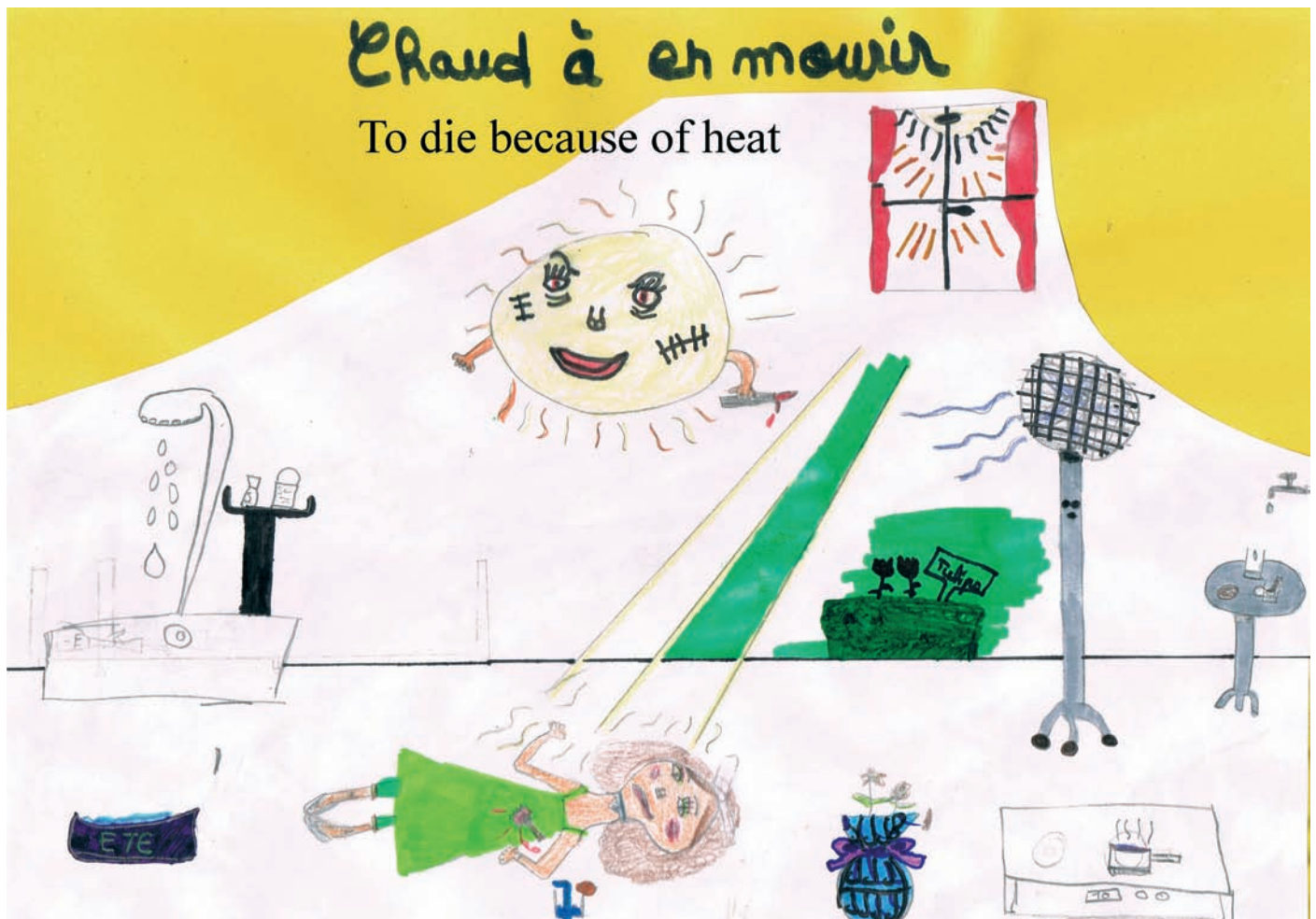
Y'a du soleil!
Y'a des abeilles!
Vite mon appareil...
Pour faire un joli cliché,
de l'été!

Sophie Carl

In Summer, we're happy: swimming-pool, sun, bathing and taking photos!

Chaud à en mourir

To die because of heat



Summer sows,
L'ÉTÉ SÈME



winter eats.

L'HIVER MANGE



Estate = Vacanze

Foto, cartoline, conchiglie
spiaggia mare, gioco di biglie
scogli, navi, palloni
agosto, passeggiate, bastoni
sole, turisti, gelati
sdraio, onde, occhi incantati;
verde di erba, di foglie, ramarri e rane
giallo di sole, di luna e di stelle

rosso di tramonti, di fragoline, ciliegie e
pomodoro
azzurri di mare, di cielo, farfalle e costumi
suoni di voci, di giochi e risate

odore di bosco, di legno, di fungo
con lampi e tuoni, brezza e calma
viva l'estate: è un'avventura.



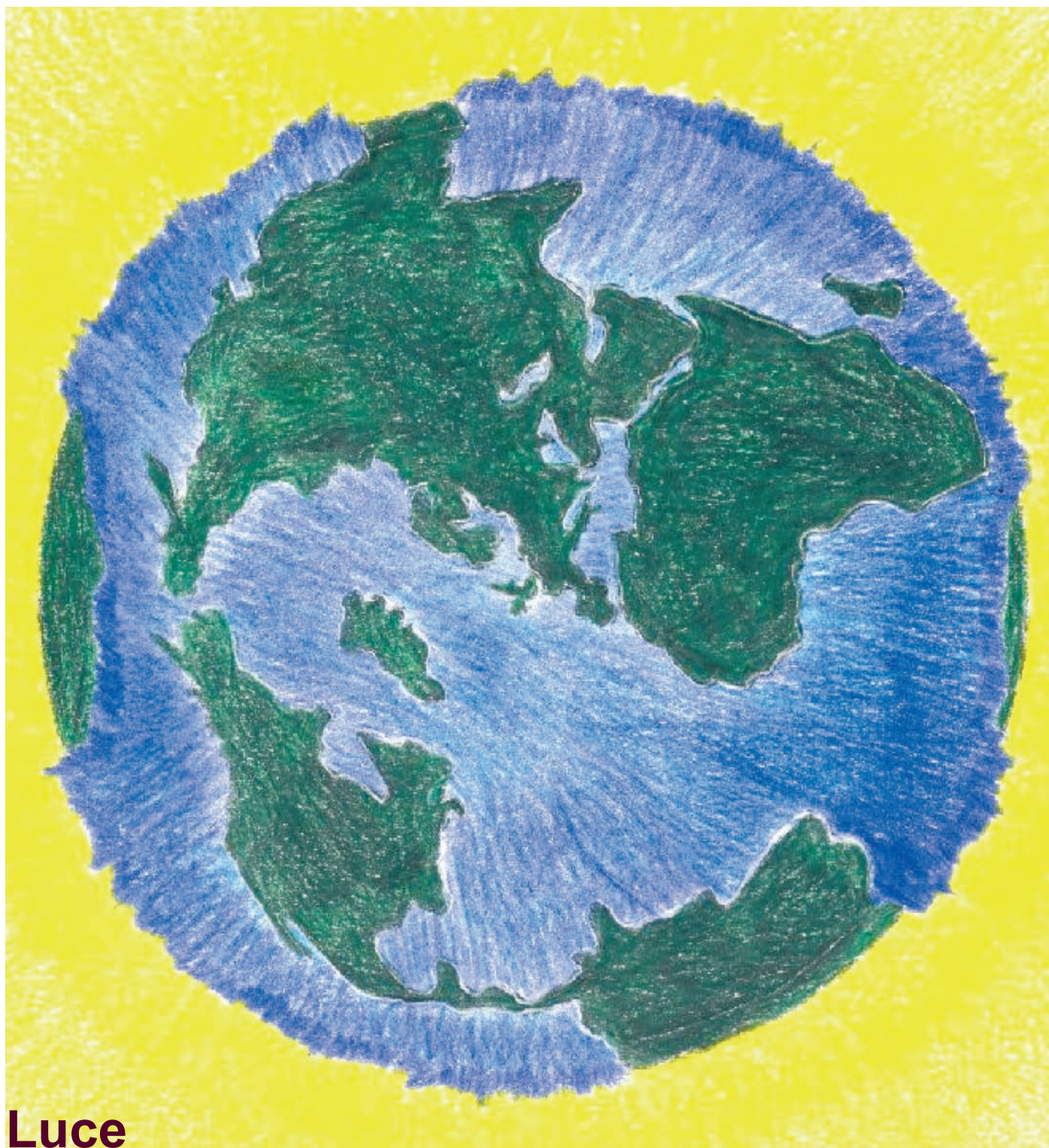
Andrea, Camilla, Matteo, Stefano

Summer = Holidays

*Photos, postcards, shells
beach, sea, marble playing
rocks, ships, balls
august, walks, sticks
sun, tourists, ice-cream
deckchairs, waves, enchanted eyes;
green of grass, of leaves, green lizards and frogs*

*yellow of sun, of moon, of stars
red of sunset, of strawberries, cherries and tomatoes*

*sounds of voices, of games and laughs
smells of hay, of pasta, of basilic
smell of forest, of wood, of mushrooms
with lightnings and thunders, breeze and calm
hurray for the summer: it's an adventure. (by Sara Vaccaroni)*



Luce

Il sole inonda la Terra.
Luce sugli uomini.
Non fa differenza
che tu sia bianco o nero
delinquente o innocente
cristiano o mussulmano

educato o villano:
non esiste distinzione
se il sommo giudice
si chiama Sole.
Luce sui prati in fiore
sulle fronde d'albero in frutto

sull'acqua d'una fonte
sugli animali spensierati.
Perfino il più piccolo stelo
d'erba
Appare diamante.

Light

*The sun brightens the earth,
light
on the men
there is no difference
if you are white or black
delinquent or innocent*

*christian or muslim
polite or unpolite:
there is no difference
if the highest judge
is called sun.
Light
on the flowers field*

*on the branches of a fruit tree
on the carefree animals
even the smallest
stem of grass
looks like a diamond.*

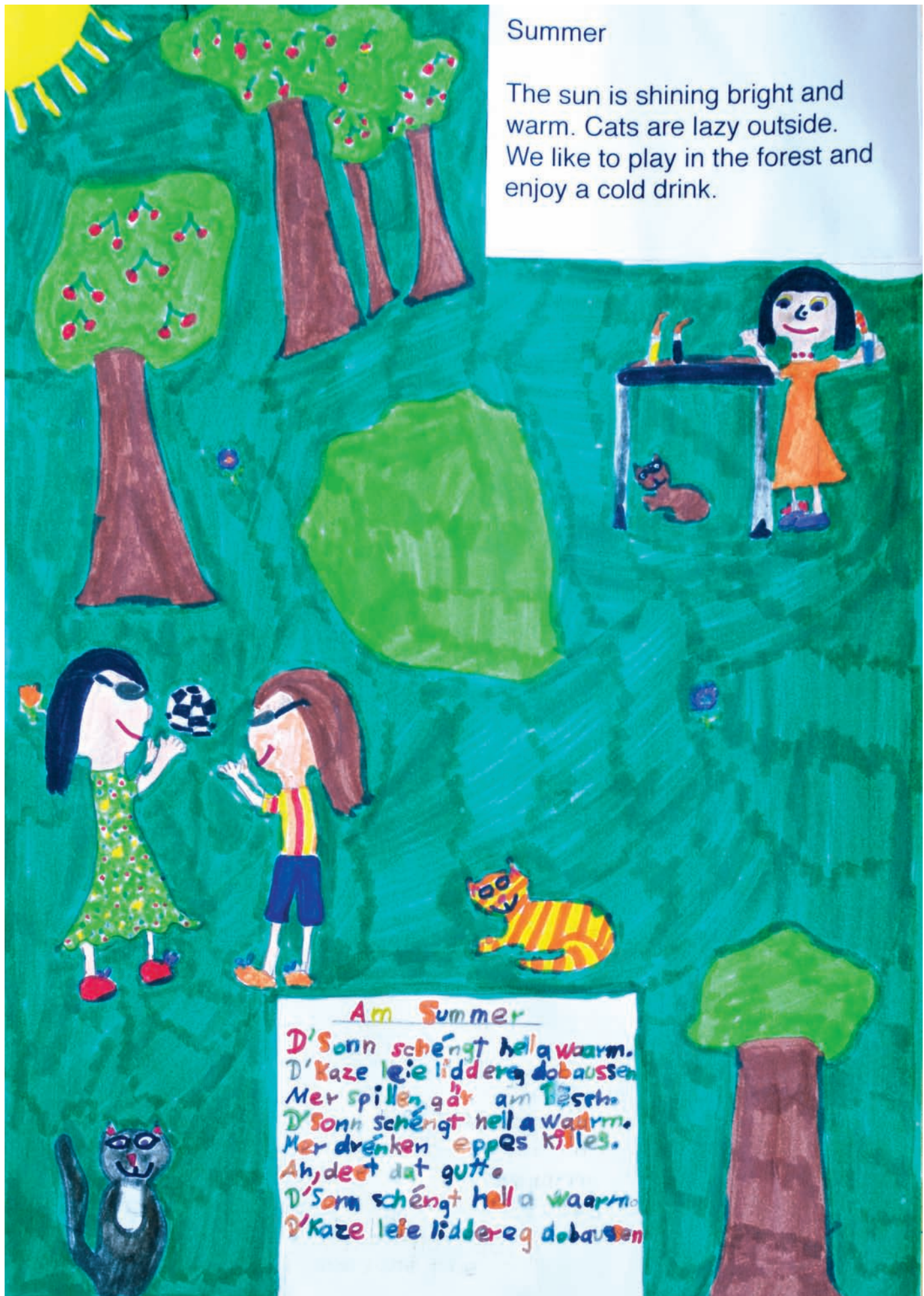
(traduzione di Anita Buzzetti)





Summer

The sun is shining bright and warm. Cats are lazy outside. We like to play in the forest and enjoy a cold drink.



Am Summer

D'Sonn schéngt hell a waarm.
D'Kaze leie liddereg dobaussen.
Mer spillen gar am Bäsch.
D'Sonn schéngt hell a waarm.
Mer drénken eppes kille.
Ah, deet dat guut.
D'Sonn schéngt hell a waarm.
D'Kaze leie liddereg dobaussen.



D'Grouss Vakanz

Yuppi, d'Schoul ass aus,
 Mär ginn aus dem Gebai eraus.
 An der Vakanz hu mer eis Rou,
 A sinn doriwwer megafrou!
 Mär sinn doheem, d'Gedrénks ass gekillt,
 An d'Mettwurscht gëtt vum Papp gegrillt.
 Dann endlech pake mär de Koffer,
 Denke scho laang net méi un d'Joffer.
 Lo geet et endlech lass!
 Mamm, vergies net mäi Pass!
 Mär fléien a Portugal
 A spillen dohanne ganz vill mam Ball.
 Italien, Spuenien, Däitschland
 Do leie mär de ganzen Dag am Sand.
 Mee egal a wéi engem Land
 Iwwerall kritt een e Sonnebrand.
 Rëm z'rëck zu Lëtzebuerg, an dat ass wouer
 Freet sech all Mensch op d'Schueberfouer!
 Do gëtt et vill Spiller, lessen an nach vill méi,
 Et huet ee Spass, a fro net wéi!
 De 15. September geet et dann rëm lass,
 Jiddfereen geet rëm a seng Klass!

D'Grouss Vakanz

This is a poem about the summer holidays.

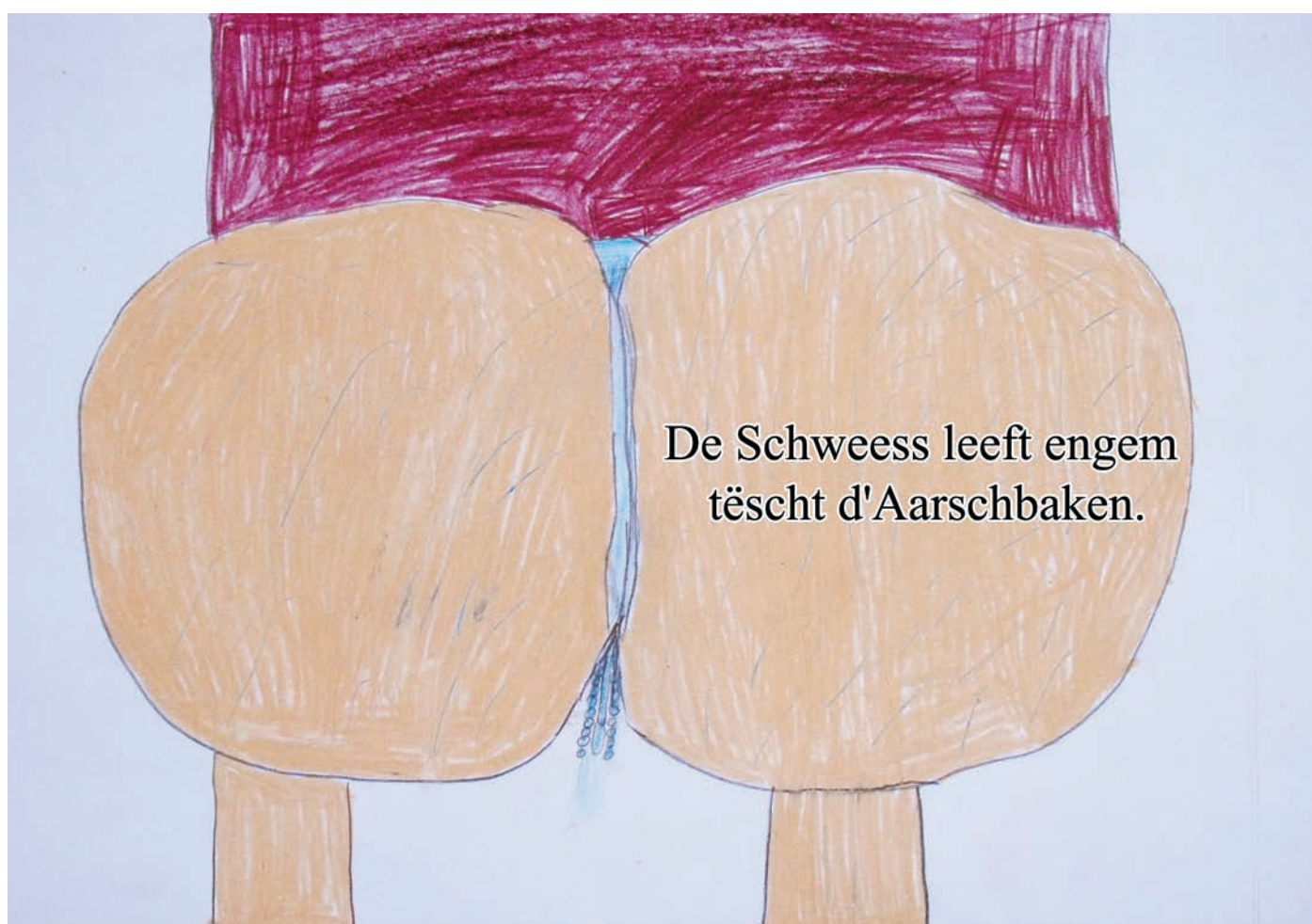
The children are looking forward to organizing grill parties with their parents, packing their suitcases and spending their holidays in Portugal, Italy, Spain or

Germany. Their favourite activities abroad are playing soccer and sunbathing. Back in Luxembourg, the children are looking forward to having a good time at the „Schouerfouer“, the biggest fairground around. The poem ends with the reunion of the children on their first school day, the 15th of September.

Wann d'Onke sangen,
gëtt gutt Wieder.



When toads are singing, the weather will be fine.



De Schweess leeft engem
tëscht d'Aarschbaken.

The sweat is running down between one's buttocks.



Slonce ! Slonce !

I makow purpurowych
Kwiece !
Drzacych lanow poszumy,
Pszczol grajace roje,
I usta calowane,
Drogie usta twoje –
I w lipowych alejach
Kwietniane zamiecie!

Kazimiera Zawistowska

Sun! Sun!
And purplish red poppy
flowers!
Humming of trembling fields!
Playing swarm of bees,
And kissed mouth,
Your dear mouth –
And flowery blizzards
In lime – tree avenues.

**Kocham te barwne kwiaty na łące,
Kocham te łany kłosem szumiące,
Które mię żywią, które mię stroją,
I które zdobią Ojczyznę moją.
(Władysław Bełza)**

**I love these colourful flowers in a meadow,
I love these fields humming with ears of corn,
Which feed me, which dress up me,
And which decorate my Homeland.**

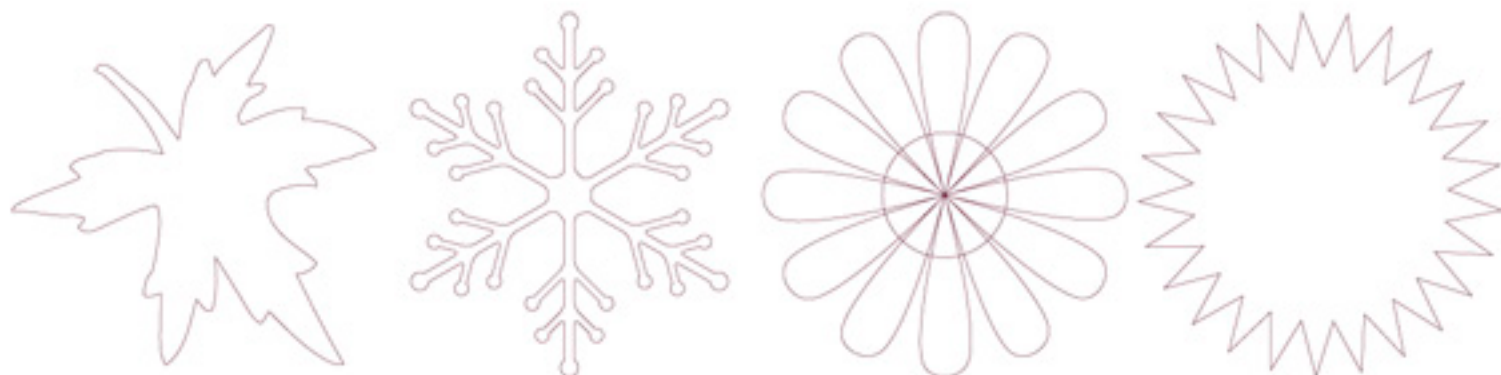






Aleksandra Kutakowska Vd

June gives hot days, a scythe clinks in a meadow.



The partners

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