

Englisches Weihnachtsgedicht

Beitrag von „Helga“ vom 4. November 2003 21:02

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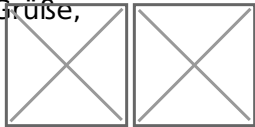
Liebe Listler!

Für die Adventszeit suche ich ein einfaches Gedicht in Englisch. Es sollte für 3./4. Klassen geeignet sein.

Bin für jeden Tipp dankbar!

Viele Grüße,

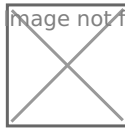
Helga



Beitrag von „Petra“ vom 4. November 2003 23:14

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öööhhh, sowas meinst du sicher nicht, oda?



When the last Kalender-sheets
flattern trough the Winterstreets
and Dezemberwind is blowing,
then ist everybody knowing
that it is not allzuweit:
she does come - the Weihnachtszeit

All the Menschen, Leute, people
flippen out of ihr warm Stueble,
run to Kaufhof, Aldi, Mess,
make Konsum and business.
Kaufen this und jene things

and the Churchturmglöcke rings

Manche holen sich a Taennchen,
when this brennt, they cry "Attention".

Rufen for the Feuerwehr:

"Please come quick to loeschen her!"

Goes the Taennchen off in Rauch,
they are standing on the Schlauch.

In the kitchen of the house
mother makes the Christmasschmaus.

She is working, schufts and bakes
the hit is now her Yoghurtkeks.

And the Opa says als Tester:

"We are killed bis to Silvester".

Then he fills the last Glas wine
yes, this is the christmastime!

Day by day does so vergang,
and the Holy night does come.
You can think, you can remember,
this is immer in Dezember.

Then the childrenlein are coming
candle-Wachs is abwaerts running.

Bing of Crosby Christmas sings
while the Towerglocke rings
and the angels look so fine -
well this is the Weihnachtstime.

Baby-eyes are big and rund,
the familiy feels kerngesund
when unterm Weihnachtsbaum they're hocking
then nothing can them ever shocking.
They are so happy, are so fine -
this happens in the Christmastime!



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Petra

Beitrag von „wolkenstein“ vom 5. November 2003 05:44

lachtränen aus den Augen wisch

Mag ja nichts für GS sein... aber für meine 11 ist das geklaut!

Klasse!

w.

Beitrag von „Helga“ vom 6. November 2003 13:23

Für die Klasse passt´s zwar nicht, aber für die Lehrerfeier! Wenn nur das Auswendiglernen nicht wär....

Beitrag von „Lelaina“ vom 6. November 2003 16:25

Das hier ist zwar kein einfaches Gedicht, darf aber in der Aufzählung keinesfalls fehlen 😊

'Twas the Night Before Christmas

or Account of a Visit from St. Nicholas

by Major Henry Livingston Jr. (1748-1828)

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;

The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled down for a long winter's nap,

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,

Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.

The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below,
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,

With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name;

"Now, DASHER! now, DANCER! now, PRANCER and VIXEN!
On, COMET! on CUPID! on, DONNER and BLITZEN!
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!"

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too.

And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my hand, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.

He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.

His eyes -- how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow;

The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;
He had a broad face and a little round belly,
That shook, when he laughed like a bowlful of jelly.

He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself;
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread;

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose;

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO ALL, AND TO ALL A GOOD-NIGHT!"