

VOWEL SOUNDS

OO – Where root and fruit grow in Boot,
Who dares to spoil and shoot?
In Boot love fruit and root,
Do not Yahoo and loot.

OH – The crow lay on the snow,
The ice formed one huge floe,
The oak withstood the blow,
But the prone foal froze below.

AW – We went for a talk,
But the way proved cold,
It was not for the walk,
We went for a talk,
But it ended a stalk,
So dreams were not told,
We went for a talk,
But the way proved cold.

Ō – Tick tock, tick tock,
Says the big old clock;
If you do not wind it up,
It will surely stop.
So if you hear the knock,
Of the tick and of the tock,
Do be sure to wind, not lock,
This grand old ticking oaken clock.

AH – The Queen of Hearts,
She made some tarts,
Half an hour each day.
The Knave of Hearts,
He stole those tarts,
And darted right away.

Ū – The bluff old tough; took his snuff,
And the cuff of this tough was so rough,
Was covered with snuff, which needed a huff,
Counter-buff enough to send flying the stuff.

ER – In Spring the bird awakes, is heard,
Oh, have you never loved its note
Serenely clear! The soul is stirred,
By the song of the bird in the woods.

Ā – A lad, lad laddie,
And a Dad, Dad, Daddy,
Had a fad for a walk in the moonlight,

But sad, sad to tell they didn't do so well,
With their packs on their backs after midnight.
For the two were so callow,
That shadows made them yellow,
And away back home they sped in the starlight.

Ê – If you set your pet fez on your head,
And tread with your friend round the shed,
The fez on your head being red,
And a bull there – you'll soon feel some dread!

AY – You maidens day, who steal away.
Oh! Stay. Oh! Stay.
Come with us! Play among the hay,
And sing with us a roundelay!

Î – The wicked witch sits on the wings of her stick,
And plies all her mischiefs many and thick;
We shiver and quiver, and hope all her ill
Will be quickly punished by good fairies will.

EE – Angeline upon the beach,
Gave each of us a lovely peach,
And then she said, she'd sit and dream,
That she was aye, a dainty queen.

OO – The cook put on a hood,
And she did all she could,
And also, all she would,
To stay the black mishap,
But the soot spread over cook,
Who quickly dropped the book,
And everything forsook without a scrap,
She immediately betook,
Herself toward the brook,
And there herself she shook,
Frightening a big black rook.

EW – When wants are few,
And in the hue,
Of flowers in dew,
We seek anew,
Out happiness,
We prove the worth,
At a moment's view,
Of Godliness.

I – I wandered idly by,
And quickly did espy,
That I was coming nigh,

A field of rye.
I then did glorify,
And lift my voice on high,
To cry that Nature's gifts,
With beauty do lie.

OW – I sat and wound,
On the grassy ground,
Some wool I found,
On a little mound.
I made no sound,
And never frowned,
But nearly wound,
That wool I found,
Which weighed a pound,
Or I'll be crowned.

OY – Oh! Boy, what a coil,
About a little toil, you should enjoy;
Now clear the soil,
Make no turmoil,
And do not spill the jar of oil,
Just to annoy.

EAR – There is fear here at the rear when the queer jeering begins, and we try to steer clear of any interference.

AIR – Bear your chair into the open air, and take care not to stare at the sun; beware of the flare if your head is bare.

OAR – Near the door she tore the dress that touched the floor. He swore he did not snore as of yore.

OOR – Be sure not to be boorish when you go for a tour to the moorlands with your poor friend.

URE – Put the pure water you take for the cure in the ewer. If your ills cannot be cured you must endure them.

OUR – The flowers will welcome the showers, and we will seek shelter in our bower for an hour and discuss the dower house.

IRE – We will hire a lyre from Ireland, if you so desire. His sire seated near the fire, was in great ire, because he wished to be a flyer. He was in dire trouble when his tyre burst in the mire.