

The Band

by John Foster

Listen to the rhythm!
Listen to the beat!
Here comes the band
Marching down the street.

Hear the trumpets tooting.
Hear the cymbals clang.
Hear the big drum booming.
Bang! Bang! Bang!

Hear the rat-a-tat.
Hear the drums beat.
Hear the tramp, tramp
Of the marching feet.

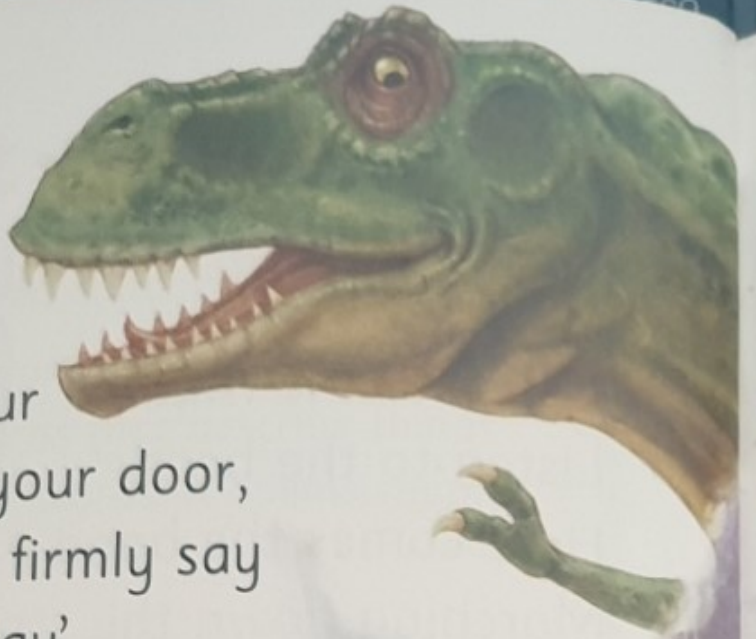
See the baton twirl!
See it thrown up high!
Hear the people cheer
As the band goes by.



Who's There?

by Max Fatchen

If you hear a dinosaur
Knocking loudly on your door,
Through the keyhole firmly say
'Nobody is home today'.
If the bell should start to ring,
Tell the beast, 'No visiting'.
If you see there's more than one,
Turn around and start to run.



Whizz, Bang, Orang-Utan

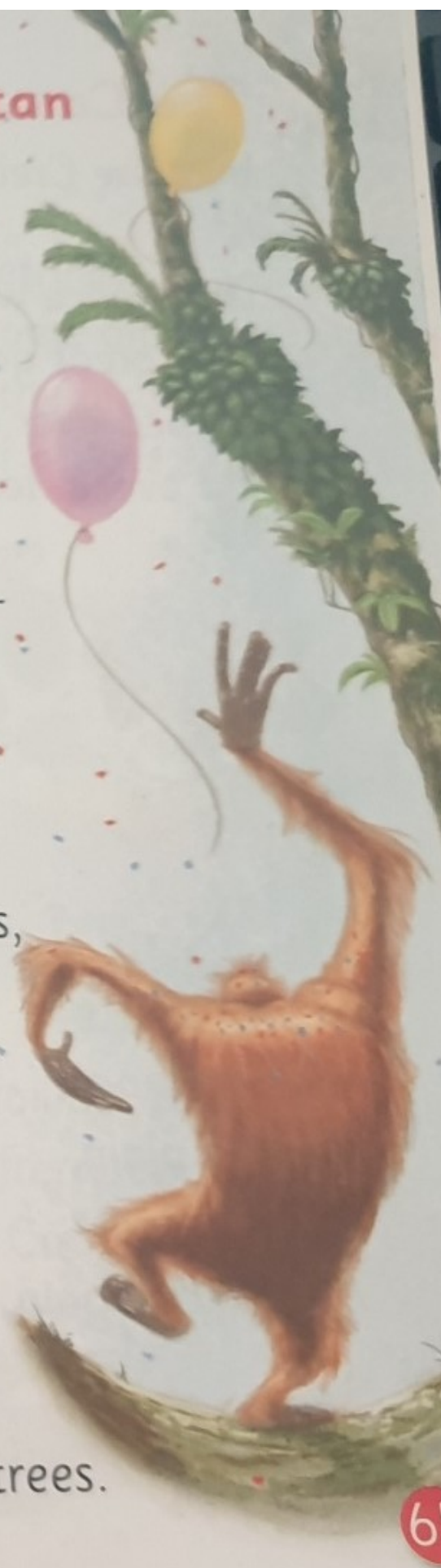
by John Foster

Whizz, bang, orang-utan
Hear his mighty roar
As he stomps and he stomps
On the jungle floor.

There's a party in the jungle –
Everyone's there:
The elephant, the tiger,
And the little brown bear.

There's balloons and crackers,
Chocolates and cakes,
Ice-cream and jelly,
And raspberry milk-shakes.

Whizz, bang, orang-utan
Bends his knobbly knees,
Thumps his hairy chest,
As he dances through the trees.



Gone

by Eric Finney

I had it today
For just an hour,
Then, tugged away
By the wind's power,
It sailed off free
Above the crowd,
High as a tree,
High as a cloud,
High as the moon,
High as the sun,
My new balloon
Has gone, gone, gone.



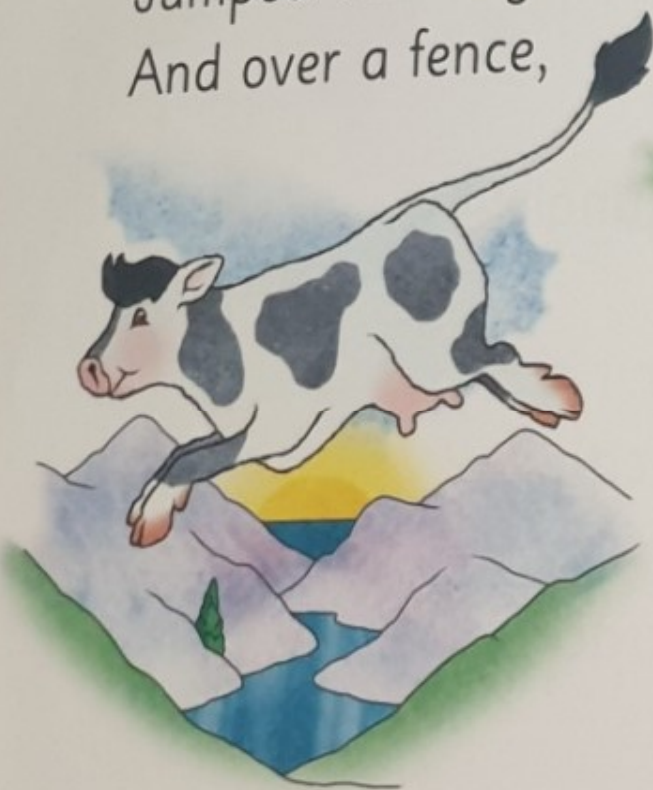
The Cow Who Liked Jumping

by June Crebbin

There once was a cow
With great good sense,
Jumped over a gate
And over a fence,



Over a river,
Over a tree,
Over a mountain,
Over a sea,



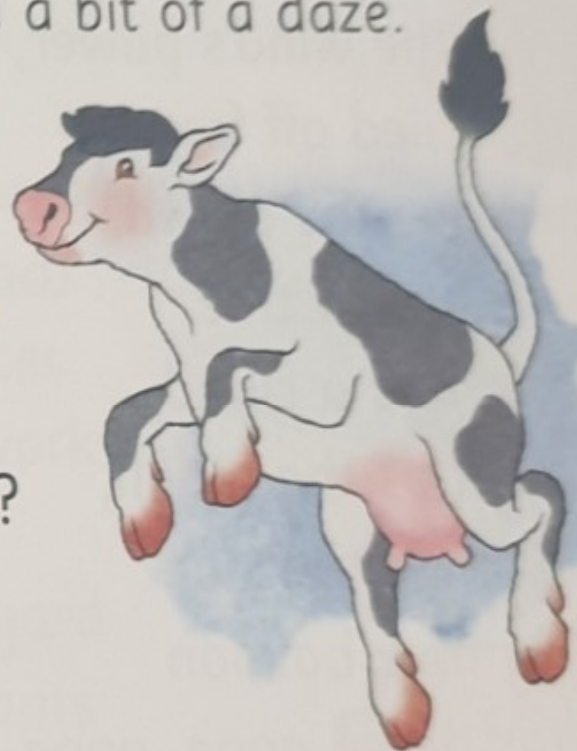
Over a jungle,
Over a plain,
Over a forest,
And back again,



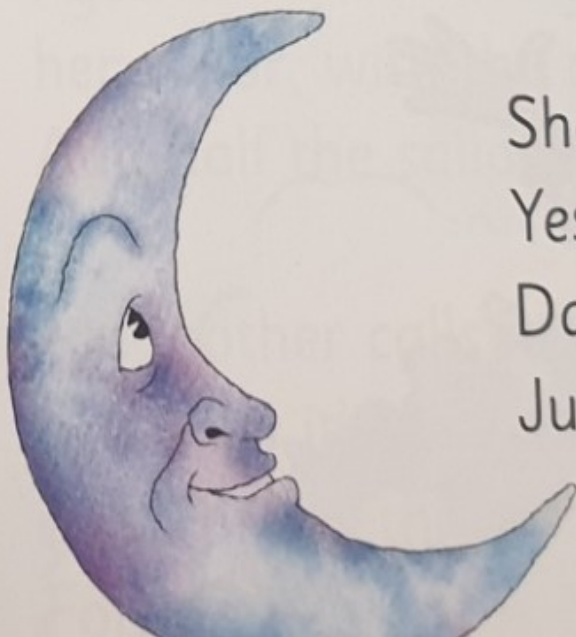


Back to her field
And the same old ways,
Chewing the grass
In a bit of a daze.

So was she content
With the usual scene?
Did she go back
To her normal routine?



NO!



She went for the Big One,
Yes, one afternoon
Daisy the Cow
Jumped over the moon!

Second-hand Toys

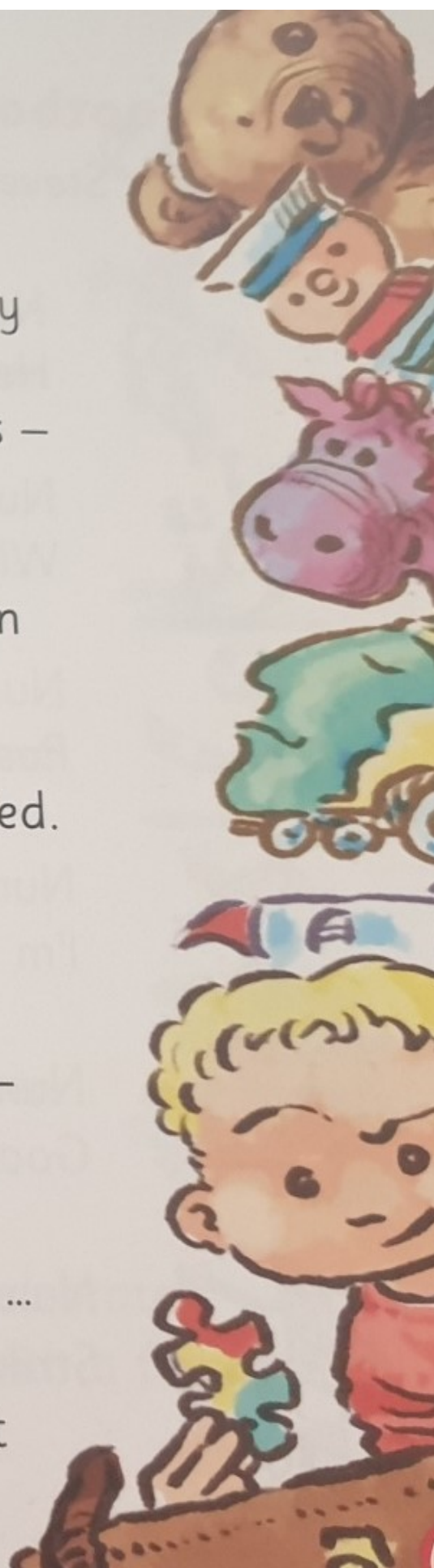
by Peter Dixon

I'm the youngest in the family
I'm the smallest in the line
I always get the hand-downs –
I get them all the time.

I got my cousin's Action Man
(the one without a head)
his jigsaw missing pieces
and his broken clockwork Ted.

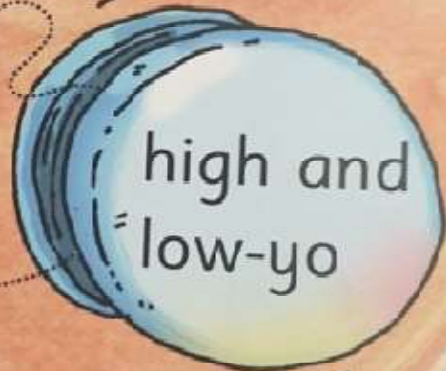
I got my sister's farmyard
I got her cows and goats
her sailor, with the parrot –
And half the sailor's boat.

My mother calls it sharing ...
She says it's nice to do
But I prefer things different
For I prefer things NEW!



Yo-yo

by Jane Clarke



The Football Team

by Roger Stevens

Number One
Here we come



Number Two
White and Blue

Number Three
Pass to me



Number Four
I'm going to score



Number Five
Goalie's dive



Number Six
Striker's tricks





Number Seven
I can head them



Number Eight
Shot too late

Number Nine
That ball's mine



Number Ten
Shoot again

Number Eleven
It's a goal



Celebrate
With a forward roll