

Life Doesn't Frighten Me

Shadows on the wall
Noises down the hall
Life doesn't frighten me at all.

Bad dogs barking loud
Big ghosts in a cloud
Life doesn't frighten me at all

Mean old Mother Goose
Lions on the loose
They don't frighten me at all

Dragons breathing flame
On my counterpane
That doesn't frighten me at all.

I go boo
Make them shoo
I make fun
At the way they run
I won't cry
So they fly
I just smile
They go wild
Life doesn't frighten me at all.

Tough guys fight
All alone at night
Life doesn't frighten me at all.

Panthers in the park
Strangers in the dark
No, they don't frighten me at all.

That new classroom where
Boys all pull my hair
(Kissy little girls
With their hair in curls)
They don't frighten me at all.

Don't show me frogs and snakes
And listen for my scream,
If I'm afraid at all
It's only in my dreams.

I've got a magic charm
That I keep up my sleeve
I can walk the ocean floor
And never have to breathe.
Life doesn't frighten me at all
Not at all
Not at all
Life doesn't frighten me at all.

By Maya Angelou

Wynken, Blynken and Nod

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe,—
Sailed on a river of crystal light
Into a sea of dew.

"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"

The old moon asked the three.

"We have come to fish for the herring-fish

That live in this beautiful sea;

Nets of silver and gold have we,"

Said Wynken,

Blynken,

And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,

As they rocked in the wooden shoe;

And the wind that sped them all night long

Ruffled the waves of dew;

The little stars were the herring-fish

That lived in the beautiful sea.

"Now cast your nets wherever you wish,—

Never afraid are we!"

So cried the stars to the fishermen three,

Wynken,

Blynken,

And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw

To the stars in the twinkling foam,—

Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,

Bringing the fishermen home:

'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed

As if it could not be;

And some folk thought 'twas a dream they'd

dreamed

Of sailing that beautiful sea;

But I shall name you the fishermen three:

Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed;
So shut your eyes while Mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock in the misty sea
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three:—
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

By Eugene Field

Nature Trail

At the bottom of my garden
There's a hedgehog and a frog
And a lot of creepy-crawlies
Living underneath a log,
There's a baby daddy long legs
And an easy-going snail
And a family of woodlice,
All are on my nature trail.

There are caterpillars waiting
For their time to come to fly,
There are worms turning the earth over
As ladybirds fly by,
Birds will visit, cats will visit
But they always chose their time
And I've even seen a fox visit
This wild garden of mine.

Squirrels come to nick my nuts
And busy bees come buzzing
And when the night time comes
Sometimes some dragonflies come humming,
My garden mice are very shy
And I've seen bats that growl
And in my garden I have seen
A very wise old owl.

My garden is a lively place
There's always something happening,
There's this constant search for food
And then there's all that flowering,
When you have a garden
You will never be alone
And I believe we all deserve
A garden of our own.

By Benjamin Zephaniah

The Dentist And The Crocodile

The crocodile, with cunning smile, sat in the dentist's chair.

He said, "Right here and everywhere my teeth require
repair."

The dentist's face was turning white. He quivered, quaked
and shook.

He muttered, "I suppose I'm going to have to take a look."

"I want you", Crocodile declared, "to do the back ones first.

The molars at the very back are easily the worst."

He opened wide his massive jaws. It was a fearsome
sight—

At least three hundred pointed teeth, all sharp and shining
white.

The dentist kept himself well clear. He stood two yards
away.

He chose the longest probe he had to search out the decay.

"I said to do the back ones first!" the Crocodile called out.

"You're much too far away, dear sir, to see what you're
about.

To do the back ones properly you've got to put your head
Deep down inside my great big mouth," the grinning Crocky
said.

The poor old dentist wrung his hands and, weeping in
despair,

He cried, "No no! I see them all extremely well from here!"

Just then, in burst a lady, in her hands a golden chain.

She cried, "Oh Croc, you naughty boy, you're playing tricks
again!"

"Watch out!" the dentist shrieked and started climbing up the
wall.

"He's after me! He's after you! He's going to eat us all!"

"Don't be a twit," the lady said, and flashed a gorgeous
smile.

"He's harmless. He's my little pet, my lovely crocodile."

By Roald Dahl

I Opened A Book

I opened a book and in I strode.
Now nobody can find me.
I've left my chair, my house, my road,
My town and my world behind me.
I'm wearing the cloak,
I've slipped on the ring,
I've swallowed the magic potion.
I've fought with a dragon,
dined with a king
And dived in a bottomless ocean.
I opened a book and made some friends.
I shared their tears and laughter
And followed their road with its bumps and bends
To the happily ever after.
I finished my book and out I came.
The cloak can no longer hide me.
My chair and my house are just the same,
But I have a book inside me.

By Julia Donaldson

Lester

Lester was given a magic wish
By the goblin who lives in the banyan tree,
And with his wish he wished for two more wishes
So now instead of just one wish, he cleverly had
three.

And with each one of these
He simply wished for three more wishes,
Which gave him three old wishes, plus nine new.

And with each of these twelve
He slyly wished for three more wishes,
Which added up to forty-six -- or is it fifty-two?

Well anyway, he used each wish
To wish for wishes 'til he had
Five billion, seven million, eighteen thousand thirty four.

And then he spread them on the ground
And clapped his hands and danced around
And skipped and sang, and then sat down
And wished for more.

And more...and more...they multiplied
While other people smiled and cried
And loved and reached and touched and felt.

Lester sat amid his wealth
Stacked mountain-high like stacks of gold,
Sat and counted -- and grew old.
And then one Thursday night they found him
Dead -- with his wishes piled around him.
And they counted the lot and found that not
A single one was missing.

All shiny and new -- here, take a few
And think of Lester as you do.
In a world of apples and kisses and shoes
He wasted his wishes on wishing.

By Shel Silverstein

From a Railway Carriage

Faster than fairies, faster than witches,
Bridges and houses, hedges and ditches;
And charging along like troops in a battle
All through the meadows the horses and cattle:
All of the sights of the hill and the plain
Fly as thick as driving rain;
And ever again, in the wink of an eye,
Painted stations whistle by.
Here is a child who clammers and scrambles,
All by himself and gathering brambles;
Here is a tramp who stands and gazes;
And here is the green for stringing the daisies!
Here is a cart runaway in the road
Lumping along with man and load;
And here is a mill, and there is a river:
Each a glimpse and gone forever!

By Robert Louis Stevenson

Sneezles

Christopher Robin
Had wheezles
And sneezles,
They bundled him
Into
His bed.
They gave him what goes
With a cold in the nose,
And some more for a cold
In the head.
They wondered
If wheezles
Could turn
Into measles,
If sneezles
Would turn
Into mumps;
They examined his chest
For a rash,
And the rest
Of his body for swellings and lumps.
They sent for some doctors
In sneezles
And wheezles
To tell them what ought
To be done.
All sorts and conditions
Of famous physicians
Came hurrying round
At a run.
They all made a note
Of the state of his throat,
They asked if he suffered from thirst;
They asked if the sneezles
Came after the wheezles,

Or if the first sneeze
Came first.
They said, "If you teazle
A sneeze
Or wheeze,
A measle
May easily grow.
But humour or pleazle
The wheeze
Or sneeze,
The measle
Will certainly go."
They expounded the reazles
For sneezles
And wheezles,
The manner of measles
When new.
They said "If he freezles
In draughts and in breezles,
Then PHTHEEZLES
May even ensue."
Christopher Robin
Got up in the morning,
The sneezles had vanished away.
And the look in his eye
Seemed to say to the sky,
"Now, how to amuse them to-day?"

By A.A. Milne

Song of The Witches from Macbeth

Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and caldron bubble.
Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the caldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg and howlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.
Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and caldron bubble.
Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

By William Shakespeare

The Sea is a Hungry Dog

The sea is a hungry dog,
Giant and grey.
He rolls on the beach all day.
With his clashing teeth and shaggy jaws
Hour upon hour he gnaws
The rumbling, tumbling stones,
And 'Bones, bones, bones, bones! '
The giant sea-dog moans,
Licking his greasy paws.

And when the night wind roars
And the moon rocks in the stormy cloud,
He bounds to his feet and snuffs and sniffs,
Shaking his wet sides over the cliffs,
And howls and hollos long and loud.

But on quiet days in May or June,
When even the grasses on the dune
Play no more their reedy tune,
With his head between his paws
He lies on the sandy shores,
So quiet, so quiet, he scarcely snores.

by James Reeves

The Magic Box

I will put in the box
the swish of a silk sari on a summer night,
fire from the nostrils of a Chinese dragon,
the tip of a tongue touching a tooth.

I will put in the box

a snowman with a rumbling belly
a sip of the bluest water from Lake Lucerene,
a leaping spark from an electric fish.

I will put into the box

three violet wishes spoken in Gujarati,
the last joke of an ancient uncle,
and the first smile of a baby.

I will put into the box

a fifth season and a black sun,
a cowboy on a broomstick
and a witch on a white horse.

My box is fashioned from ice and gold and steel,
with stars on the lid and secrets in the corners.
Its hinges are the toe joints of dinosaurs.

I shall surf in my box
on the great high-rolling breakers of the wild
Atlantic,
then wash ashore on a yellow beach
the colour of the sun.

by Kit Wright

The Dragon who ate our School

The day the dragon came to call, she ate the gate,
the playground wall
And slate by slate, the roof and all, the staff room,
gym and entrance hall
And ev'ry classroom big or small. So.....

She's undeniably great.
She's absolutely cool,
The dragon who ate, the dragon who ate
The dragon who ate our school.

Pupils panicked, teachers ran. She flew at them
with wide wingspan.
She slew a few and then began to chew clean
through the lollipop man,
Two parked cars and a transit van. Wow !

She's undeniably great.
She's absolutely cool,
The dragon who ate, the dragon who ate
The dragon who ate our school.

She bit off the head of the head.
She said she was sad he was dead !
He bled and he bled and he bled.
And as she fed, her chin went red and then she
swallowed the cycle shed. Oh.....

She's undeniably great.
She's absolutely cool,
The dragon who ate, the dragon who ate
The dragon who ate our school.

It's thanks to her that we've been freed.
We needn't write, we needn't read.
Me and my mates are all agreed, we're very
pleased with her indeed.

So clear the way, let her proceed. Cos....

She's undeniably great.

She's absolutely cool,

The dragon who ate, the dragon who ate

The dragon who ate our school.

There was some stuff she couldn't eat.

A monster forced to face defeat,

She spat it out along the street the dinner ladies'

veg and meat

And that pink muck that they serve for sweet. But..

She's undeniably great.

She's absolutely cool,

The dragon who ate, the dragon who ate

The dragon who ate our school.

by Nick Toczek

In Flanders Fields

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

by John McCrae

Walking with my Iguana

I'm walking
with my iguana

I'm walking
With my iguana

When the temperature rises
to above eighty-five,
my iguana is looking
like he's coming alive.

So we make it to the beach,
my iguana and me,
then he sits on my shoulder
as we stroll by the sea.....

and I'm walking
with my iguana

I'm walking
With my iguana

Well if anyone sees us
we're a big surprise,
my iguana and me
on our daily exercise,

till somebody phones
the local police
says I've got an alligator
tied to a leash.

when I'm walking
with my iguana

I'm walking
With my iguana

It's the spines on his back
that make him look grim,
but he just loves to be tickled
under his chin.

And I know that my iguana
is ready for bed
when he puts on his pyjamas
and lays down his sleepy head.

And I'm walking
with my iguana

still walking
With my iguana

With my iguana...
with my iguana...
and my piranha
and my chihuahua
and my chinchilla,
with my gorilla,
my caterpillar...
and I'm walking...
with my iguana...
with my iguana...
with my iguana...

By Brian Moses