

FIRST AND LAST

I like to be first in the playground,
I like to stand by the tree,
I like to imagine that all this space
Belongs entirely to me.

I walk from the tree to the waste-bin,
I walk across to the hedge,
I zig-zag across to the bushes
And then I go right round the edge.

When my friends arrive in the playground,
That's when the real games begin.
But I'm not a very fast runner
So I don't often try to join in.

Sometimes they say, 'Are you playing?'
As I practise bouncing my ball,
But they always ask too many people.
I'd rather stay by the wall.

And when I hear the whistle
At precisely five to nine,
And everyone rushes and pushes,
I choose to be last in the line.

I like to be last in the playground,
I take a last look around, and then,
I promise myself that tomorrow
I'll be first in the playground again.

June Crebbin



NO HICKORY NO DICKORY NO DOCK

Wasn't me
Wasn't me
said the little mouse
I didn't run up no clock

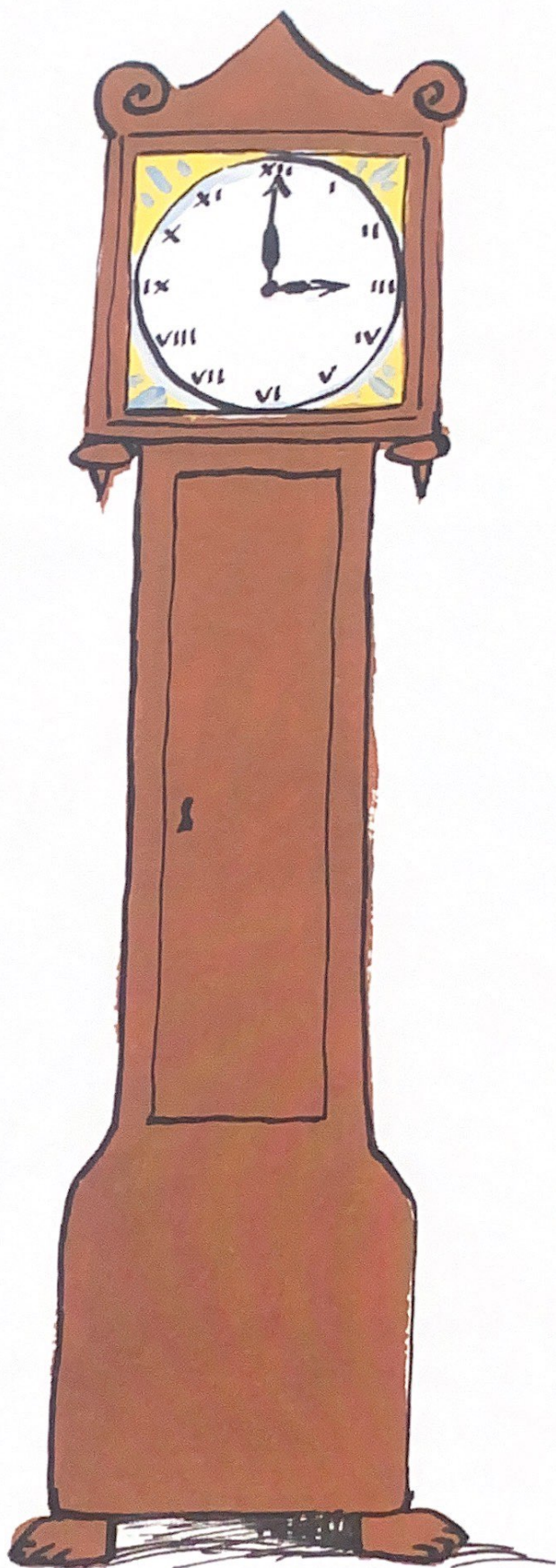
You could hickory me
You could dickory me
or lock me in a dock

I still say
I didn't run up no clock

Was me who ran under your bed
Was me who bit into your bread
Was me who nibbled your cheese

But please please,
I didn't run up no clock
no hickory
no dickory
no dock.

John Agard



ON TOMATO KETCHUP

If you do not shake the bottle,
None'll come, and then a lot'll.

Anon



SOUNDS GOOD!

Sausage sizzles,
crispbreads crack;
hot dogs hiss
and flapjacks snap!

Bacon boils
and fritters fry;
apples squelch
in apple pie.

Baked beans bubble,
gravy grumbles;
popcorn pops,
and stomach rumbles...

I'M HUNGRY!

Judith Nicholls

SPAGHETTI! SPAGHETTI!

Spaghetti! spaghetti!
you're wonderful stuff,
I love you, spaghetti,
I can't get enough.
You're covered with sauce
and you're sprinkled with cheese,
spaghetti! spaghetti!
oh, give me some please.

Spaghetti! spaghetti!
piled high in a mound,
you wiggle, you wriggle,
you squiggle around.
There's slurpy spaghetti
all over my plate,
spaghetti! spaghetti!
I think you are great.

Spaghetti! spaghetti!
I love you a lot,
you're slishy, you're sloshy,
delicious and hot,
I gobble you down
oh, I can't get enough,
spaghetti! spaghetti!
you're wonderful stuff.

Jack Prelutsky





SUMMER DAYS

I'm looking for a hot spot.
 A what spot?
 A hot spot.
 I'm looking for a hot spot.
 To lie out in the sun.
 I'm looking for a hot spot
 To play and have some fun.
 I'm looking for a hot spot
 To hit a ball and run.
 Oh, I'm looking for a hot spot.
 A what spot?
 A hot spot.
 I'm looking for a hot spot
 Now summer has begun.



Anne English

