

My Little Sister.

My little sister is a clown
She runs up stairs,
And knocks me down.
My little sister makes me mad
She is so giddy, she is so bad
When she is bold it is always the same
It is of course me that gets the blame.
She stamped my foot and burst my blister
Oh how I hate my little sister.

There was a thunder storm.

There was a thunder storm the other night,
Flashing lighting shone so very bright.
I stared out the window with a frown
Looking at the rain lashing down.
The lightning and thunder gave me a fright.
In the thunder storm the other night.

The Man Down The Road.

The man down the road beside the oak tree
Is mean and cold-hearted to my friends and me,
That man! the police should arrest.
Because when we pass by him
He gives us six of the best.
When he sees us we are his prey
And when he comes we run away.
He is not very nice you can see,
The man down the road beside the oak tree.

Litter.

Pick it up,
Don't throw it down
Put it in the bin
Keep a tidy town.
Don't throw litter
Down to your feet,
Put it in the bin,
Don't mess your street.
Don't make your country a disgrace
Pick up the litter.
And make a happy face.

It's still a living thing.

Its still a living thing,
An ant or a bee.
Don't kill it,
It's a living thing,
Like you and me.
Don't kill the bear, let it free.
It's a living thing,
Like you and me.
Look at the spiders web
And the birds that sing,
Don't kill it,
Its a living thing.

The Secret thing.

Look at the secret thing,
Out in the wild,
The daisy and the buttercup
Grow so sweet and mild,
The thistle and nettle,
God Himself did grow,
These are some of the secret things,
That you did not know.

A Leaf.

I'd say it was broken,
from a chestnut tree,
Yellow, brown and green,
Are the colours I can see.
The leaves are big,
And hanging slow,
They float in the air,
Swaying to and fro.

The Spider.

I saw a spider,
In my room,
Under the box,
Beside the broom.

BY: Jimmy Bowens.