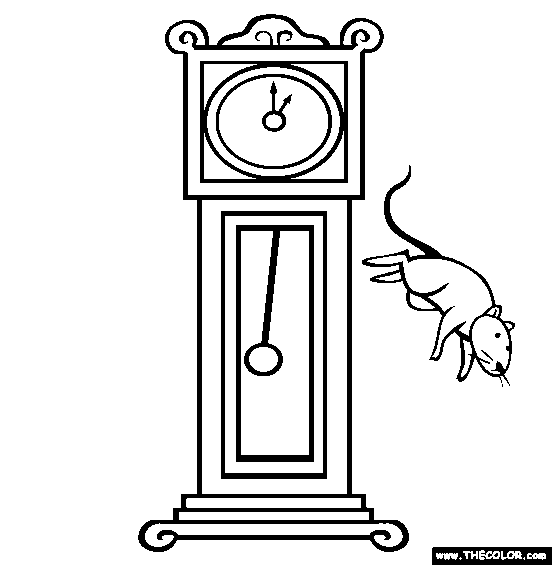
**Incy Wincy Spider**

Incy Wincy spider climbing up the spout

Down came the rain and washed the spider out

Out came the sunshine and dried up all the rain

And Incy Wincy spider climbed up the spout again

**Hickory Dickory Dock**

Hickory dickory dock. The mouse went up the clock  
The clock struck one. The mouse went down  
Hickory dickory dock  
Tick tock, tick tock, tick tock, tick tock

**Sing a Song of Sixpence**

Sing a song of sixpence a pocket full of rye,

Four and twenty blackbirds baked in a pie.

When the pie was opened the birds began to sing,

Oh wasn't that a dainty dish to set before the king?

The king was in his counting house counting out his money,

The queen was in the parlour eating bread and honey

The maid was in the garden hanging out the clothes,

When down came a blackbird and pecked off her nose!

**Alligator – Grace Nichols**

If you want to see an alligator

you must go down the muddy slushy end

of the old Caroony River.

I know an alligator who’s living down there.

She’s a-big. She’s a-mean. She’s a-wild.

She’s a-fierce.

But if you really want to see an alligator

you must go down to the muddy slushy end

of the old Caroony River.

Go down gently to that river and say

‘Alligator Mama

Alligator Mama

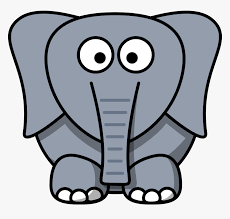
Alligator Mamaaaaaaa.’

And up she’ll rise

but don’t stick around

RUN FOR YOUR LIFE.

**Eletelephony - Laura Elizabeth Richards**

Once there was an elephant,

Who tried to use the telephant—

No! No! I mean an elephone

Who tried to use the telephone—

(Dear me! I am not certain quite

That even now I've got it right.)

Howe'er it was, he got his trunk

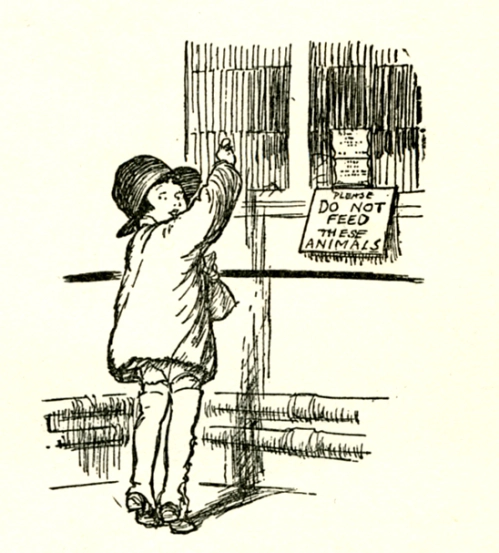
Entangled in the telephunk;

The more he tried to get it free,

The louder buzzed the telephee—

(I fear I'd better drop the song

Of elephop and telephong!)

**Now We Are Six – A.A. Milne**

When I was one,  
I had just begun.  
When I was two,  
I was nearly new.  
When I was three,  
I was hardly me.  
When I was four,  
I was not much more.  
When I was five,  
I was just alive.  
But now I am six,  
I'm as clever as clever.  
So I think I'll be six now  
for ever and ever.

**Saw My Teacher On A Saturday – Dave Crawley**

Saw my teacher on a Saturday

I can’t believe it’s true!

I saw her buying groceries,

like normal people do!

She reached for bread and turned around,

and then she caught my eye.

She gave a smile and said, “Hello.”

I thought that I would die!

“Oh, hi…hello, Miss Appleton,”

I mumbled like a fool.

I guess I thought that teacher types

spend all their time at school.

To make the situation worse,

my mom was at my side.

So many rows of jars and cans.

So little room to hide.

Oh please, I thought, don’t tell my mom

what I did yesterday!

I closed my eyes and held my breath

and hoped she’d go away.

Some people think it’s fine to let

our teachers walk about.

But when it comes to Saturdays,

they shouldn’t let them out!

**Granny is – Valerie Bloom**

Granny is

fried dumplin’ an’ run-dung,

coconut drops an’ grater cake,

fresh ground coffee smell in the mornin’

when we wake.

Granny is

loadin’ up the donkey,

basket full on market day

with fresh snapper the fisherman bring back

from the bay.

Granny is

clothes washin’ in the river

scrubbin’ dirt out on the stone

haulin’ crayfish an’ eel from the water

on her own.

**Granny is continued….**

Granny is

stories in the moonlight

underneath the guangu tree

and a spider web of magic

all round we.

Granny say,

‘Only de best fe de gran’children,

it don’ matter what de price,

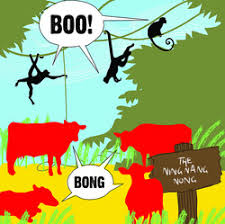
don’t want no one pointin’ finger.’

Granny nice.

**On the Ning Nang Nong – Spike Milligan**

On the Ning Nang Nong

Where the Cows go Bong!

and the monkeys all say BOO!

There's a Nong Nang Ning

Where the trees go Ping!

And the tea pots jibber jabber joo.

On the Nong Ning Nang

All the mice go Clang

And you just can't catch 'em when they do!

So its Ning Nang Nong

Cows go Bong!

Nong Nang Ning

Trees go ping

Nong Ning Nang

The mice go Clang

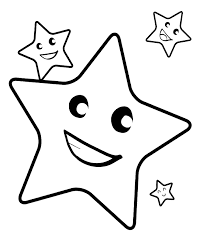
What a noisy place to belong

is the Ning Nang Ning Nang Nong!!

**Stars – Gareth Lancaster**

Look at the stars,

Way up there,

So very far away.

High in the sky,

They shine so white,

And never seem to stray.

Like little dots,

Or specks of paint,

Just floating up above.

I wonder,

What they do up there,

And what they are made of.

Are they just holes,

Poked out the sky,

By giants long ago?

Or maybe they're,

Electric lights,

Strung up to make a show!

So far up there,

I'd like to be,

To take a look first hand.

To just get close,

And have a peek,

That really would be grand!