

The Night Will Never Stay

The night will never stay,
The night will still go by,
Though with a million stars
You pin it to the sky;
Though you bind it with the blowing wind
And buckle it with the moon,
The night will slip away
Like sorrow or a tune.

Eleanor Farjeon



If You Should Meet a Crocodile

If you should meet a Crocodile
Don't take a stick and poke him;
Ignore the welcome in his smile,
Be careful not to stroke him.
For as he sleeps upon the Nile,
He thinner gets and thinner;
So when you meet a Crocodile
He's ready for his dinner.

Anonymous



Buckingham Palace



They're changing guard at Buckingham Palace-

Christopher Robin went down with Alice.

Alice is marrying one of the guards.

'A soldier's life is terrible hard,'

Says Alice.

They're changing guard at Buckingham Palace-

Christopher Robin went down with Alice.

We saw a guard in a sentry-box.

'One of the Sergeants looks after their socks,'

Says Alice.

They're changing guard at Buckingham Palace-

Christopher Robin went down with Alice.

We looked for the King, but he never came,

'Well, God take care of him, all the same,'

Says Alice.

They're changing guard at Buckingham Palace-

Christopher Robin went down with Alice.

They've great big parties inside the grounds.

'I wouldn't be King for a hundred pounds,'

Says Alice.

They're changing guard at Buckingham Palace-

Christopher Robin went down with Alice.

A face looked out, but it wasn't the King's.

'He's much too busy a-singing things,'

Says Alice.

They're changing guard at Buckingham Palace-

Christopher Robin went down with Alice.

'Do you think the King knows all about me?'

'Sure to, dear, but it's time for tea,'

Says Alice.

A.A. Milne

Mr Nobody-Questions

He puts damp wood upon the fire
That kettles cannot boil;
His are the feet that bring in mud,
And all the carpets soil.
The papers always are misled;
Who had them last, but he?
There's no one tosses them about
But Mr Nobody.
The finger marks upon the door
By none of us are made;
We never leave the blinds unclosed,
To let the curtains fade.
The ink we never spill; the boots
That lying round you see
Are not our boots, - they all belong
To Mr Nobody.

Anonymous

Some One

Some one came knocking
At my wee, small door;
Some one came knocking,
I'm sure-sure-sure;
I listened, I opened,
I looked to left and right,
But naught there was a-stirring
In the still dark night.
Only the busy beetle
Tap-tapping in the wall,
Only from the forest
The screech-owl's call,
Only the cricket whistling
While the dewdrops fall,
So I know not who came
knocking,
At all, at all, at all.

Walter de la Mare



Wind on the Hill

No one can tell me,
Nobody knows,
Where the wind comes from,
Where the wind goes.
It's flying somewhere
As fast as it can,
I couldn't keep up with it,
Not if I ran.
But if I stopped holding
The string of my kite,
It would blow with the wind
For a day and a night.
And then when I found it,
Wherever it blew,
I should know that the wind
Had been going there too.
So then I could tell them

