**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 clambers 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

**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

**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 Door**

Go and open the door.

Maybe outside there’s a tree, or a wood, a garden, or a magic city.

Go and open the door.

Maybe a dog’s rummaging.

Maybe you’ll see a face, or an eye, or the picture of a picture.

Go and open the door.

If there’s a fog it will clear.

Go and open the door.

Even if there’s only the darkness ticking, even if there’s only the hollow wind,

even if nothing is there, go and open the door.

At least there’ll be a draught.

by Miroslav Holu

**Saw My Teacher on a Saturday**

I 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 me 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 mum 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!

By Dave Crawley

**As soon as Fred gets out of bed**

As soon as Fred gets out of bed,

his underwear goes on his head.

His mother laughs, “Don’t put it there,

a head’s no place for underwear!”

But near his ears, above his brains,

is where Fred’s underwear remains.

At night when Fred goes back to bed,

he deftly plucks it off his head.

His mother switches off the light and softly croons,

“Good night! Good night!”

And then, for reasons no one knows,

Fred’s underwear goes on his toes.

by Jack Prelutsky

**Gran, Can You Rap?**

Gran was in her chair she was taking a nap

When I tapped her on the shoulder to see if she could rap.

Gran can you rap? Can you rap? Can you Gran?

And she opened one eye and she said to me,

Man, I'm the best rapping Gran this world's ever seen

I'm a tip-top, slip-slap, rap-rap queen.

And she rose from the chair in the corner of the room

And she started to rap with a bim-bam-boom,

And she rolled up her eyes and she rolled round her head

And as she rolled by this is what she said,

I'm the best rapping gran this world's ever seen

I'm a nip-nap, yip-yap, rap-rap queen.

Then she rapped past my Dad and she rapped past my mother,

She rapped past me and my little baby brother.

She rapped her arms narrow she rapped her arms wide,

She rapped through the door and she rapped outside.

She's the best rapping Gran this world's ever seen

She's a drip-drop, trip-trap, rap-rap queen.

She rapped down the garden she rapped down the street,

The neighbours all cheered and they tapped their feet.

She rapped through the traffic lights as they turned red

As she rapped around the corner this is what she said,

I'm the best rapping Gran this world's ever seen

I'm a flip-flop, hip-hop, rap-rap queen.

She rapped down the lane she rapped up the hill,

And she disappeared she was rapping still.

I could hear Gran's voice saying, Listen Man,

Listen to the rapping of the rap-rap Gran.

I'm the best rapping Gran this world's ever seen

I'm a - tip-top, slip-slap,

nip-nap, yip-yap,

hip-hop, trip-trap,

touch yer cap, take a nap,

happy, happy, happy, happy,

rap-rap-queen.

By Jack Ousby