

CLASS 406 - POETRY AGES 7-8

DADDY FELL INTO THE POND

Everyone grumbled. The sky was grey.  
We had nothing to do and nothing to say.  
We were nearing the end of a dismal day.  
And there seemed to be nothing beyond,

*Then*

*Daddy fell into the pond!*

And everyone's face grew merry and bright,  
And Timothy danced for sheer delight.  
'Give me the camera, quick, oh quick!  
He's crawling out of the duckweed!' Click!

Then the gardener suddenly slapped his knee,  
And doubled up, shaking silently,  
And the ducks all quacked as if they were daft,  
And it sounded as if the old drake laughed.  
Oh, there wasn't a thing that didn't respond

*When*

*Daddy fell into the pond!*

ALFRED NOYES