

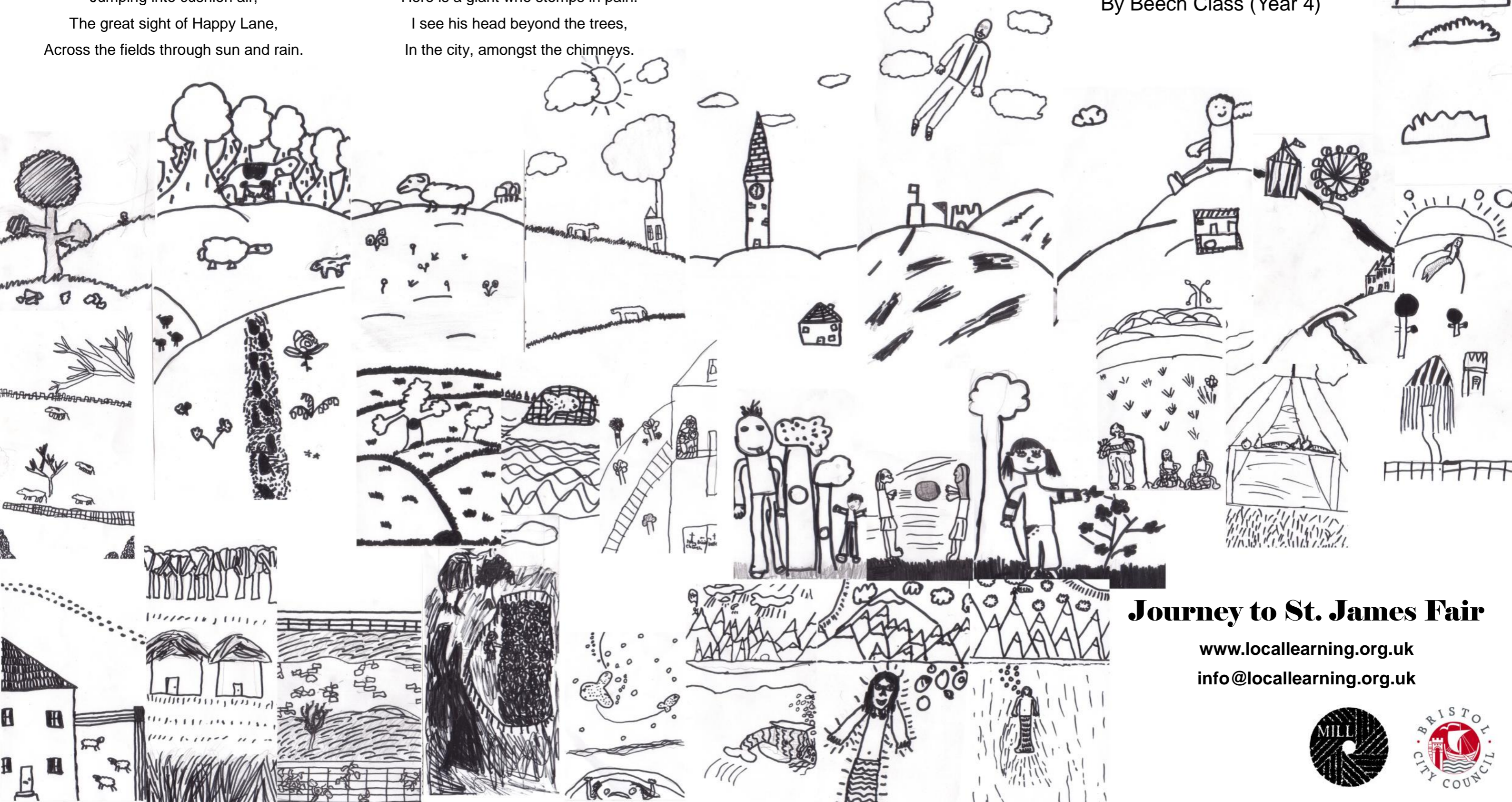
Zooming past barns, whizzing past ditches,
 Houses and hedges, fairs and bridges,
 Faster than horses, faster than smoke,
 All of the sights of the meadows and folk,
 Zooming past giants, farms and fences,
 Saplings and sheep , footpaths and footsteps,
 Whizzing past trees and massive church towers,
 Muddy paths, fields and flowers.
 From Sefton Park all the way to the fair
 Jumping into cushion air,
 The great sight of Happy Lane,
 Across the fields through sun and rain.

Grand houses whistle by,
 Spires towering up in the sky,
 Footprints and meadows, fields and farms,
 Branches and bushes, horses and barns,
 And ever again in the wink of an eye,
 Out of the window the clouds drifting by.
 Here is a lamb that stands and gazes
 And there is a girl who picks the daisies.
 There are some children playing a game,
 Here is a giant who stomps in pain.
 I see his head beyond the trees,
 In the city, amongst the chimneys.

Fields and the windy grass swishing along,
 And all of the sights of the woods and the town.
 Here is a child who plays in the bluebells,
 There is a band playing fair and well.
 Over the fields I see a fair,
 Horses, cattle and sheep are there,
 Nine elm trees up Nine Tree Hill standing high,
 fair and tall,
 English fruit waiting to be eaten, turnips and
 parsnips all in the stall.

Here is a mermaid who slivers and slides,
 All by herself as the sun goes by,
 She flips and flops and scrambles and squeals,
 All by herself, she glitters and gleams.
 It was a pup, we think, caught in a hunt,
 See her struggle, hear her grunt,
 There glistening in the sunlight.
 Think it's a mermaid? Not quite.

By Beech Class (Year 4)



Journey to St. James Fair

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Journey to St. James Fair

By Mango Class (Year 4)

Sefton Park



Infant and Junior Schools

Faster than walking, faster than magic,
Trees and flowers, hedges and houses,
All through the meadows, cattle and hills,
Fields and horses, sheep and wells.

In the background there is a mill,
And nine elms trees on a hill.

Here is a hot air balloon above the churches,
And there is a river beyond the circus.

Here is a giant who swaggers and ambles,
Over trees and through the brambles,
All through the city with his big pride,
He stomps and barges, trudges and strides.

Peeping through windows he stomps and jumps,
And over the trees the giant lumps,
He drinks all the lakes and dodges the stars,
Goes under Uranus and over Mars.

Here is a giant who staggers and groans,
Under the weight of several hard stones.
He tramps and gazes and stands and mutters,
Lumping along he crawls in the gutter.

Here is a mermaid who dances and sings,
Making circles she dives and swims.
All by herself she spins and turns,
As the light dims and the fire burns.

She squirms and shakes and limps and crawls,
Desperate for others to understand her calls.
With tears in her eyes, hungry and tired,
Ever so bored being clapped and admired.

Swimming around she doesn't do a lot,
The cage she's enclosed in is like a big pot.
Here is a mermaid who limps and struggles,
Swimming in a tank, blowing bubbles.

Here is a mermaid who struggles and squeals,
Badly fed with small, fishy meals.
Longing for the sea she bumps and splashes,
Dropping wet tears from her tiny eye lashes.

Thinking of her mother she thrashes and dives,
Boys snigger and laughs come from the guys.
The little mermaid swims round and round,
When you try to spot her she doesn't want to be found.



Scared and depressed, she squeals and shudders,
Surrounded by captors and no loving mothers.
Here is a mermaid who sobs and struggles,
As people laugh at the seal they've smuggled.
She is a beauty, diving and dashing,
But she is so sad, squashed up and splashing.

