

Firework Night By Enid Blyton

BANG!

What's that?

Bang-Bang! Oh, Hark,

The guns are shooting in the dark!

Little guns and big ones too,

Bang-bang-bang!

What shall I do?

Mistress, Master, hear me yelp,

I'm out-of-doors, I want your help.

Let me in - oh, LET ME IN

Before those fireworks begin

To shoot again - I can't bear that;

My tail is down, my ears are flat,

I'm trembling here outside the door,

Oh, don't you love me anymore?

BANG!

I think I'll die with fright

Unless you let me in to-night.

(Shall we let him in, children?)

Ah, now the door is opened wide,

I'm rushing through, I'm safe inside,

The lights are on, it's warm and grand -

Mistress, let me lick your hand

Before I slip behind the couch.

There I'll hide myself and crouch

In safety till the BANGS are done -

Then to my kennel I will run

And guard you safely all the night

Because you understood my fright.

