

To my sister Maureen who loves to create rhymes.
S. M. B.

To my niece and book lover Evie.
M. B.

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THE KING'S HATS



SHEILA MAY BIRD
Illustrated by Mark Beech

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The King put on his heavy crown.
It felt so hot and tight.
His dear Mama had worn it well,
On her it looked just right.



His wife said, 'Do not worry, dear,
I know your job is new,
but go and find your Happy Place
and work out what to do.'



The garden was his Happy Place,
he'd potter there for hours
with honey bees and birds and trees,
and butterflies and flowers.





His old friend, Tom, the gardener,
said, 'Sire, why do you frown?'
The King replied, 'I've tried and tried,
to wear this heavy crown.'

Said Tom, 'Sit here upon this chair,
we'll have a little chat.
Remember kings do many things
and wear all kinds of hat.'



'You can wear my sunhat,
when you come and weed the path,
and when you get all muddy
wear your shower cap in the bath.'