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Opening extract from

Michael Rosen's Book of Very Silly Poems

Written by

Various

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Michael Rosen is a funny one,
He's got a nose like a pickled onion,
He's got a face like a squashed tomato,
And feet like fried fish.

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Festering Food



Gunerania's wedding cake

The king he baked a wedding cake upon a sunny day,
The king he baked a wedding cake, it was in the month of May,
The king he baked a wedding cake, he filled it with old clocks,
A cabbage, and an octopus, some apples and red socks.
He mixed it, he whisked it, he threw it on the floor,
He crushed it, he mushed it, and it slithered out the door.

The king he baked a wedding cake and the glue he used was runny,
The king he baked a wedding cake with spiders and some honey,
The king he baked a wedding cake, he filled it with rusty nails,
A crocodile, a felt-tip pen, and a pinch of powdered snails.
He folded it, he moulded it, he squeezed it through his toes,
He sliced it, and diced it, 'til the flour went up his nose.

The king he baked a wedding cake, he added ripe bananas,
The king he baked a wedding cake, it was striped like his pyjamas,
The king he baked a wedding cake, it was sixty-one feet high,
It weighed ten tons, it squashed his thumbs, which made the poor king cry.
He iced it, he sliced it, he packed it with black slugs,
He covered it in manky moss, and a crust of orange bugs.

The king he baked a wedding cake with rats and cats and bats,
The king he baked a wedding cake with a thousand buzzing gnats,
The king he baked a wedding cake, he gave it to the queen,
It made her sick for fifty years and turned her blue and green.
She bashed him, she thrashed him, she hit him with a frog,
She swung him, she flung him, and slapped him with a log.

Robert Soulsby and class 1S, Brookvale Junior School



'Neath the crust of the old apple pie

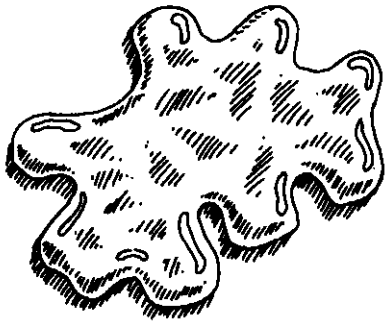
'Neath the crust of the old apple pie
There is something for you and for I;
It may be a pin that the cook has dropped in,
Or it may be a dear little fly, (dear little fly).
It may be an old rusty nail,
Or a piece of dear puppy dog's tail,
But whatever it be, it's for you and for me,
'Neath the crust of the old apple pie.

Traditional North American

Quick, quick

Quick, quick,
The cat's been sick,
Where, where,
Under the stair,
Hasten, hasten,
Fetch a basin,
Alas alack, 'tis all in vain,
Pussy's eaten it up again.

Traditional



School dinners

School dinners,
School dinners,
Iron beans,
Iron beans,
Sloppy semolina,
Sloppy semolina,
I feel sick,
Get a bowl quick.

Traditional

Peanut butter

There are three ways
to get peanut butter off
the roof of your mouth:





One way is to shake your
head back and forth.



If that doesn't work,
you could kind of whistle.



If that doesn't work,
you could scrape it off
with your first finger.

There are three ways
to get peanut butter off
your finger.





One way is to shake it off.



Another way is to blow it off.



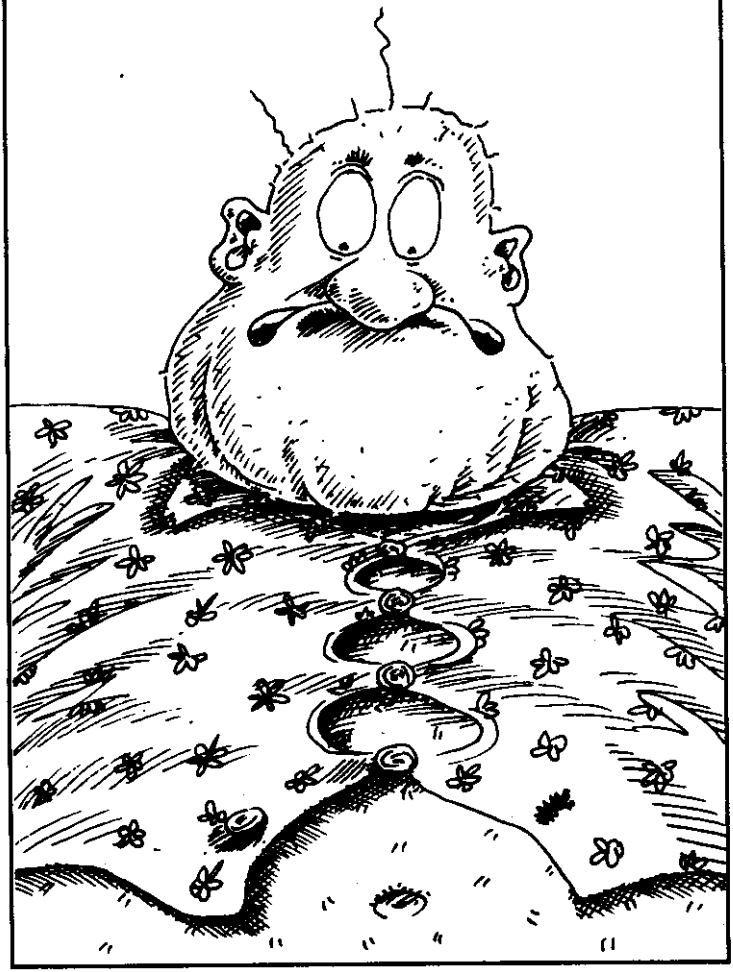
If that doesn't work,
you can scrape it off
with your two front teeth.

There are three ways
to get peanut butter off
the roof of your mouth . . .



Traditional

Clothes for Clots



I can't do my bally bottom button up

I can't do my bally bottom button up,
Can't do my bally bottom button up.
It's so tight, serves me right,
I must have eaten too much grub last night.
I can't do my bally bottom button up,
And though you think it's fun,
What's the use of buttoning the other bally
buttons,
When the bally bottom button's undone?

J. P. Long

Black socks

Black socks, they never get dirty,
The longer you wear them the stronger they get.
Sometimes I think I should wash them,
But something inside me keeps saying,
'Not yet, not yet, not yet, not yet, not yet.'

Traditional



Undressed

We're walking through the air,
I've lost my underwear,
I'm going to Mothercare
to buy another pair
to wear . . .

Anon

Personal Peculiarities

