

WHEN MY BROTHER PLAYS HIS TRUMPET

We don't like but have to lump it
When my brother plays his trumpet

He huffs and puffs and hoots and honks
Squeaks and parps and toots and squonks

The baby cries, the puppy howls
The budgie shrieks, the kitten yowls

Dad puts socks into his ears
Mummy's eyes are full of tears

We all wish he'd go and dump it
When my brother plays his trumpet

WHEN MY LITTLE SISTER SINGS

When my little sister sings
I'd like to think of lovely things
Morning birdsong, angel wings
A nightingale, a bell that rings
Music fit for queens and kings
When my little sister sings

But these are not the sounds she brings
More like boingy rusty springs
The noises caused by nettle stings
Or cats that scratch on violins
Then scrape their claws on broken strings
Creaking chains on squeaking swings

I'd rather hear *anything*
Than listen to my sister sing