

## Too Many Daves - Dr Seuss

Did I ever tell you that Mrs. McCave  
Had twenty-three sons and she named them all Dave?  
Well, she did. And that wasn't a smart thing to do.  
You see, when she wants one and calls out, "Yoo-Hoo!  
Come into the house, Dave!" she doesn't get one.  
All twenty-three Daves of hers come on the run!  
This makes things quite difficult at the McCaves'  
As you can imagine, with so many Daves.  
And often she wishes that, when they were born,  
She had named one of them Bodkin Van Horn  
And one of them Hoos-Foos. And one of them Snimm.  
And one of them Hot-Shot. And one Sunny Jim.  
And one of them Shadrack. And one of them Blinkey.  
And one of them Stuffy. And one of them Stinkey.  
Another one Putt-Putt. Another one Moon Face.  
Another one Marvin O'Gravel Balloon Face.  
And one of them Ziggy. And one Soggy Muff.  
One Buffalo Bill. And one Biffalo Buff.  
And one of them Sneepy. And one Weepy Weed.  
And one Paris Garters. And one Harris Tweed.  
And one of them Sir Michael Carmichael Zutt  
And one of them Oliver Boliver Butt  
And one of them Zanzibar Buck-Buck McFate ...  
But she didn't do it. And now it's too late.



## Down Behind the Dustbin – Michael Rosen

Down behind the dustbin  
I met a dog called Ted.  
'Leave me alone,' he says,  
'I'm just going to bed.'

Down behind the dustbin  
I met a dog called Roger.  
'Do you own this bin?' I said.  
'No. I'm only a lodger.'

Down behind the dustbin  
I met a dog called Sue.  
'What are you doing here?' I said.  
'I've got nothing else to do.'

Down behind the dustbin  
I met a dog called Jim.  
He didn't know me  
And I didn't know him.

Down behind the dustbin  
I met a dog called Sid.  
He said he didn't know me  
But I'm pretty sure he did.



# These Are The Hands by Michael Rosen

These are the hands  
That touch us first  
Feel your head  
Find the pulse  
And make your bed.

These are the hands  
That tap your back  
Test the skin  
Hold your arm  
Wheel the bin  
Change the bulb  
Fix the drip  
Pour the jug  
Replace your hip

These are the hands  
That fill the bath  
Mop the floor  
Flick the switch  
Soothe the sore  
Burn the swabs  
Give us a jab  
Throw out sharps  
Design the lab.

And these are the hands  
That stop the leaks  
Empty the pan  
Wipe the pipes  
Carry the can  
Clamp the veins  
Make the cast  
Log the dose  
And touch us last.

