

# 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.



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