

The Balloon Man

He always comes on market days
And holds balloons a lovely bunch
And in the market square he stays,
And never seems to think of lunch.

They're red and purple, blue and green,
And when it is a sunny day
The carts and people get between
You see them shining far away.

And some are big and some are small,
All tied together with a string.

And if there is a wind at all
They tug and tug like anything.

Some day perhaps he'll let them go
And we shall see them sailing high,
And stand and watch them from below
They would look pretty in the sky!

