

The Sound of Music

by Clare Bevan

The singing of the violin
Is like a spiky silver pin.

The whisper of the sideways flute
Slips and slithers like a newt.

The growling of the double bass
Prowls around a gloomy place.

The clatter of the xylophones
Rattles like a box of bones.

The grand piano wistfully
Ripples like a moonlit sea.

The oboe echoes round the hall,
Mournful as a mermaid's call.

But drums are like a firework night,
Setting all my thoughts alight.

Note to teachers: see teaching notes for this poem.

Note to parents or carers: your child's teacher has been reading this poem aloud to your child's class so that they grow up with a love of poetry. You can help by reading this poem aloud to your child.

Do not ask your child to read the poem to you as it is above their reading level.