

Merry-Go-Round

Round, round, merry-go-round,

I wish to have one in my little playground.

Riding on my horse going up and down,

I will be the Queen with my beautiful crown.

All my friends will come to ride, suitably mounted,

And no one can stop us, for no time is counted.

From when the first birds sing 'til the owls open their eyes,

Our laughter can be heard by the angels of the skies.

Wong Hui Ching, Jamie - 4A (32)