

The Davidsons



Here is the home of the rich Davidsons,
Parents, a baby and two rowdy sons.

A solid brick chimney, a roof made of wood,
You would all like to live up the hill if you could.

Have a close look. Do you think it is new?
Stand on the veranda. Wow, what a view!

Inside the front door, in the front room,
There's a cosy warm fire, to stop the cold and the gloom.

Can you see the tall clock, and the sheep-tallow candle?
Above the fireplace, on top of the mantle?

The parlour is special, these folk had the lot,
There's a table and chairs and a strange old tea pot.

Look in all of the rooms, have a bit of a peep,
Can you figure-out where muma and dad sleep?

There's a baby cot here, just inside the door,
And look on the dresser there are bottles galore.

In the children's room, there are beds and some toys,
Who sleeps in here? Are they girls or young boys?

There's a toilet in here, believe it or not,
Under the bed, PEW!! A chamber pot!

The kitchen is tiny, it is quite small and pokey,
There is not much room here and the stove looks so smoky.

Out in the back yard, there is no garden hose,
But there is a small shed where you wash all your clothes.

A fire was built to heat up the copper,
It's the only way to wash your clothes if you're proper.

The school is next door, but so is their loo,
It's got a long drop and it smells, "Phew!"

Would you like to live here? I'm not sure you would,
In the Davidson's house, the one made of wood.