

Rose Fyleman

## The Balloon Man



## Rose Fyleman



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!

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