

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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on market days
And holds balloons –
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•



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