Wiggly Woo

There's a worm at the bottom of my garden,
And his name is Wiggly Woo.
There's a worm at the bottom of my garden,
And all that he can do is …

Wiggle all day
And wiggle all night.
The neighbours say he’s a terrible
FRIGHT!

There's a worm at the bottom of my garden,
And his name is Wiggly Woo.

Wind On The Hill
By A. A. Milne

No one can tell me,
Nobody knows,
Where the wind comes from,
Where the wind goes.

It's flying from somewhere
As fast as it can,
I couldn't keep up with it,
Not if I ran.

But if I stopped holding
The string of my kite,
It would blow with the wind
For a day and a night.

And then when I found it,
Wherever it blew,
I should know that the wind
Had been going there too.

So then I could tell them
Where the wind goes…
But where the wind comes from
Nobody knows.