

The Great Fire of London

– *Paul Perro*



The year was 1666,
Late one September night,
The baker's shop in Pudding Lane
Glowed with an orange light.



The baker's oven was on fire
The flames began to spread.
Thomas the baker was upstairs
He was asleep in bed.



Before too long the walls caught fire
There billowed out black smoke.
The fire made such a loud noise
Tom suddenly awoke.



He woke up all his family
And got them out of there.
He called out for the firemen
And called out for the mayor.



The firemen saw the shops nearby
And said “Let's knock these down,
Or else they will catch fire too
And it will spread through town.”



But no, the Mayor would not do that,
He said “Just hang about,
The fire is not that bad, you know
Wee could soon put that out!”



So they tried to put the flames out
But they just grew higher.
Sure enough they spread, soon half of
London was on fire.



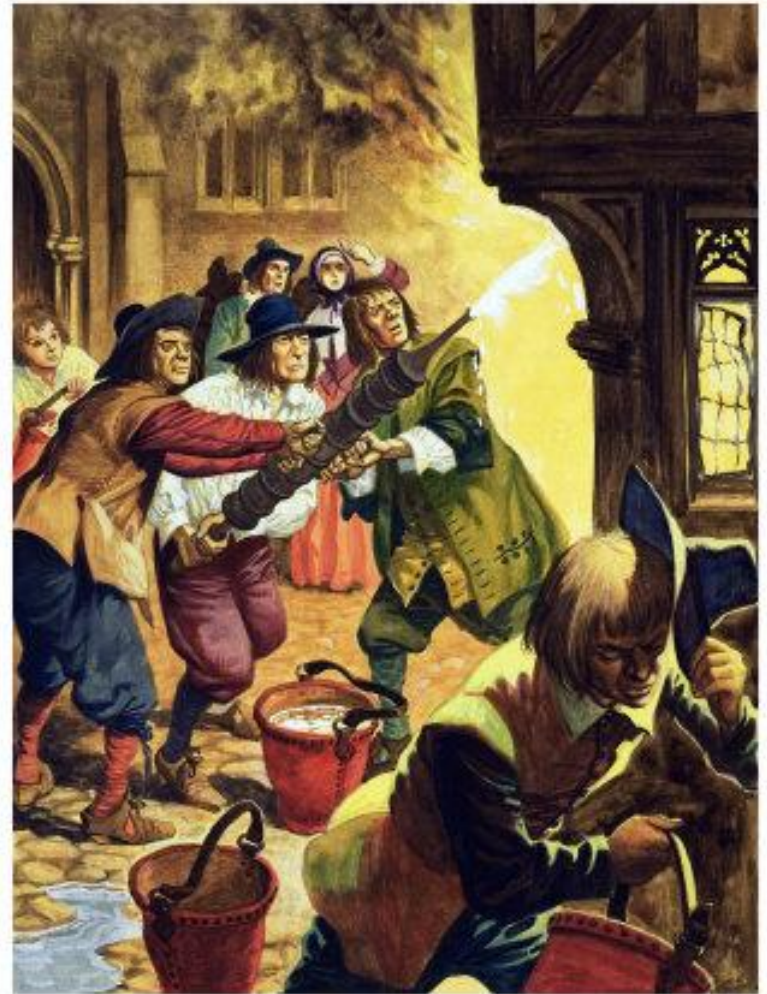
King Charles sitting in his palace
Thought something must be done
He sent out a fire engine
With a big water gun.



They went to the Thames for water
But at the river bank
The fire engine slipped in mud,
Fell in the Thames, and sank!



When the king was told about this
He was really upset.
He realised that the fire posed
A very serious threat.



He decided that he must help,
Put on his boots and cloak,
And he marched out of his palace
Towards the fire and smoke.



He helped some fire-fighters who
Had started to despair,
And everyone was really glad
That the good king was there.



Eventually, the wind died down –
The fire died down too.
London would have to be rebuilt
There was much work to do.



The damage caused would have been less
In sixteen sixty six
If the houses weren't made from wood,
If they were made from bricks.

