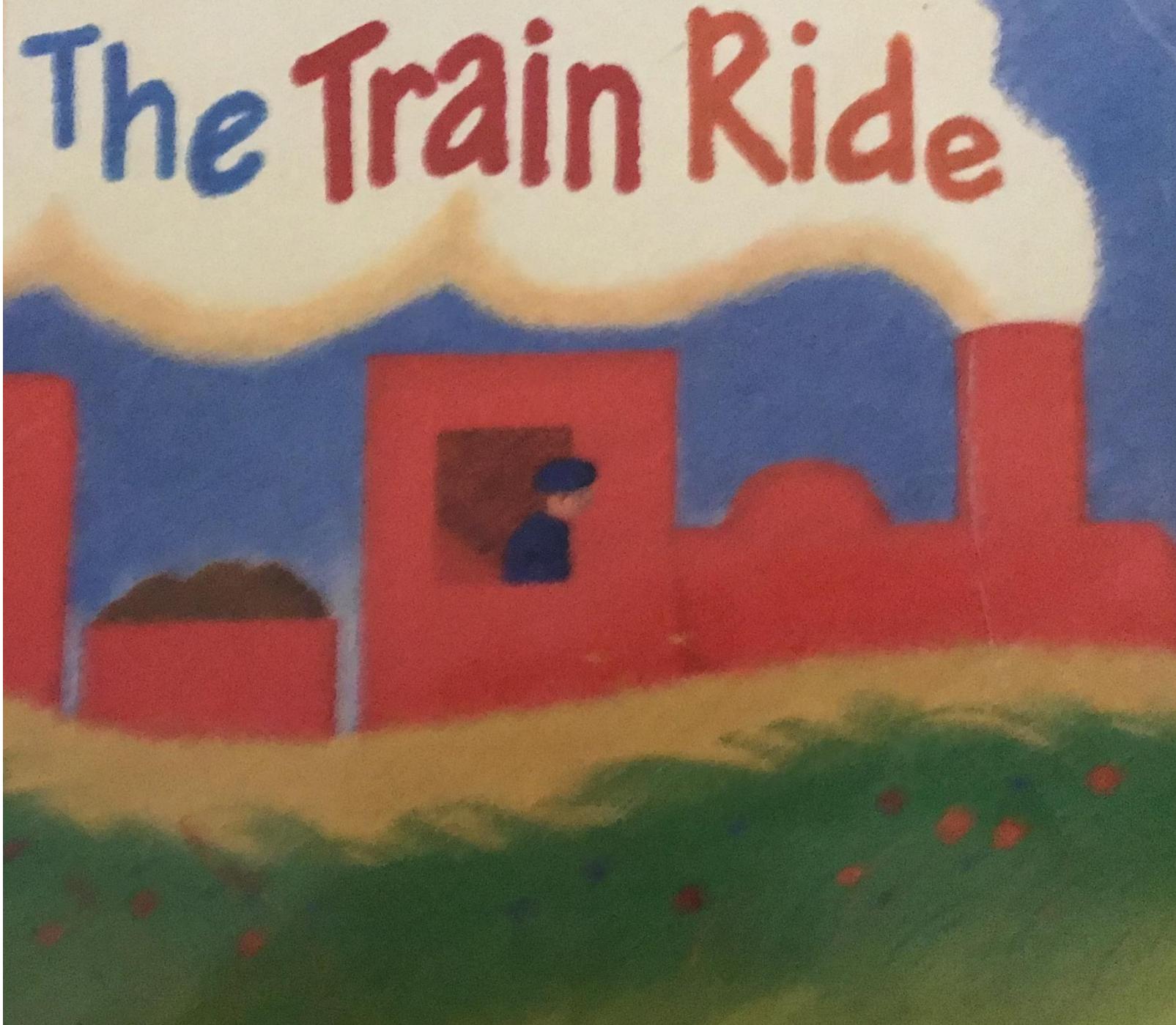
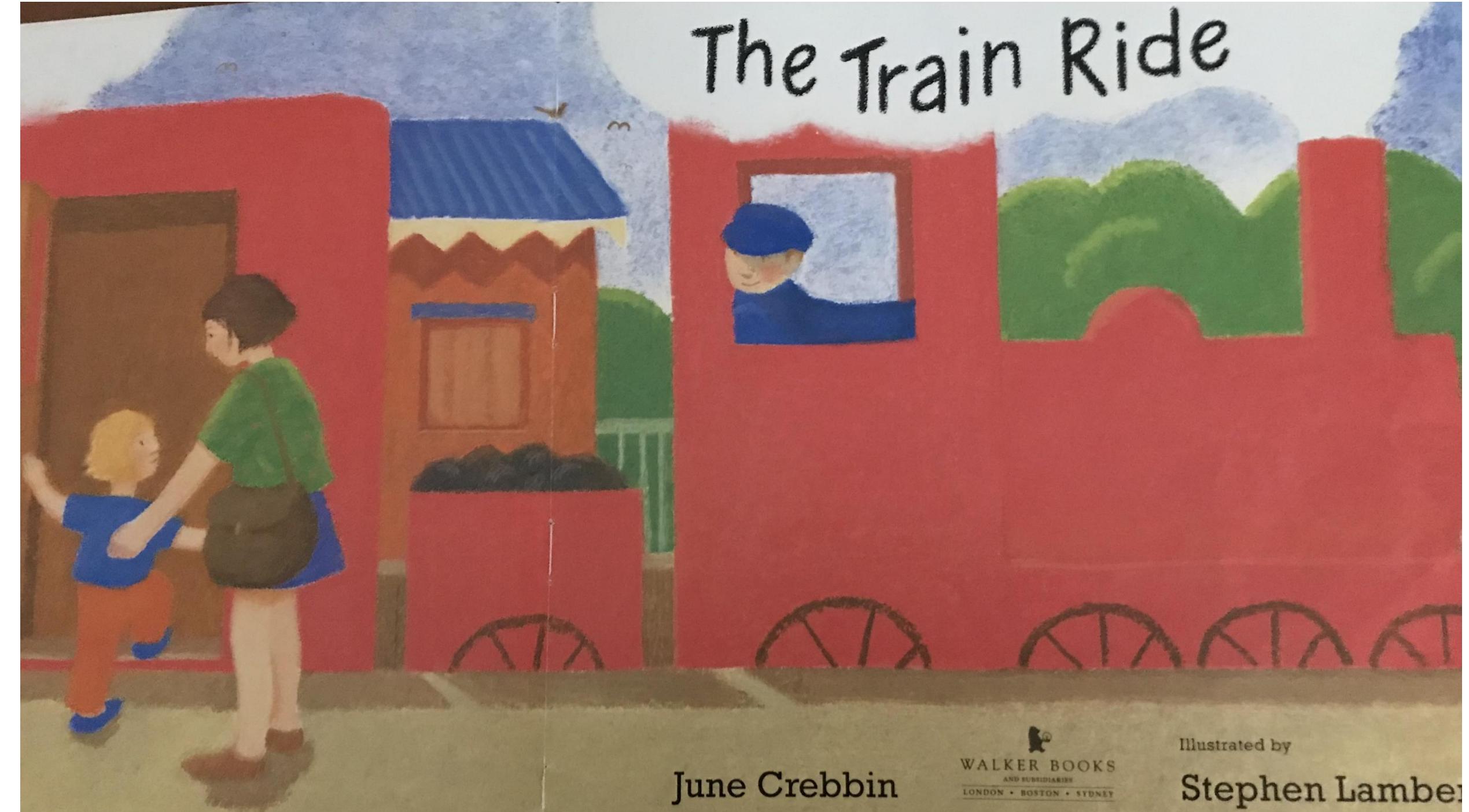


The Train Ride



The Train Ride



June Crebbin

WALKER BOOKS
AND SUBSIDIARIES
LONDON • BOSTON • SYDNEY

Illustrated by
Stephen Lambert



We're off on a journey

Out of the town –



What shall I see?

What shall I see?



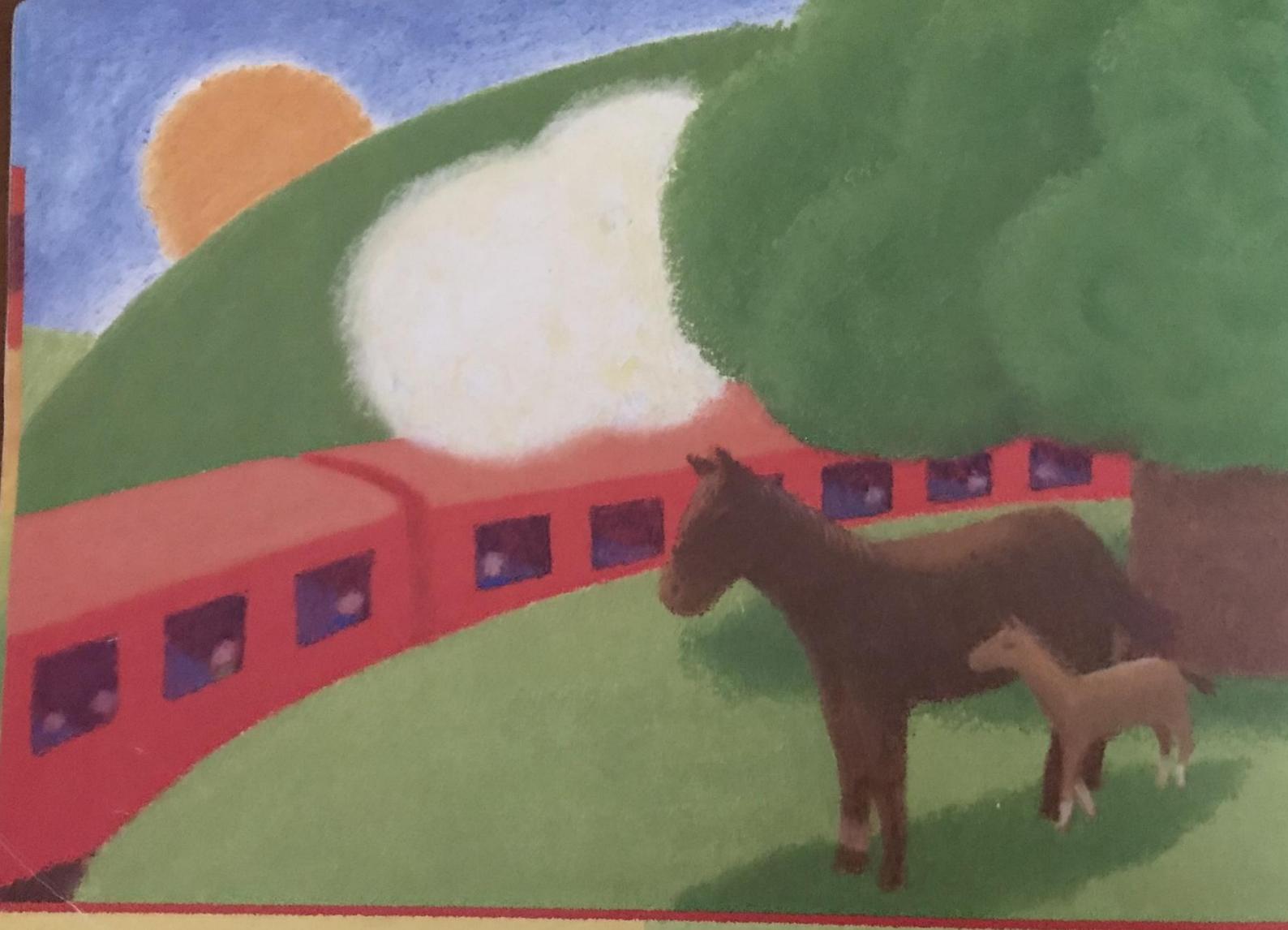
Sheep running off
And cows lying down,

That's what I see,
That's what I see.



Over the meadow,
Up on the hill,

What shall I see?
What shall I see?



A mare and her foal
Standing perfectly still,

That's what I see,
That's what I see.



There is a farm
Down a bumpety road -

What shall I see?
What shall I see?



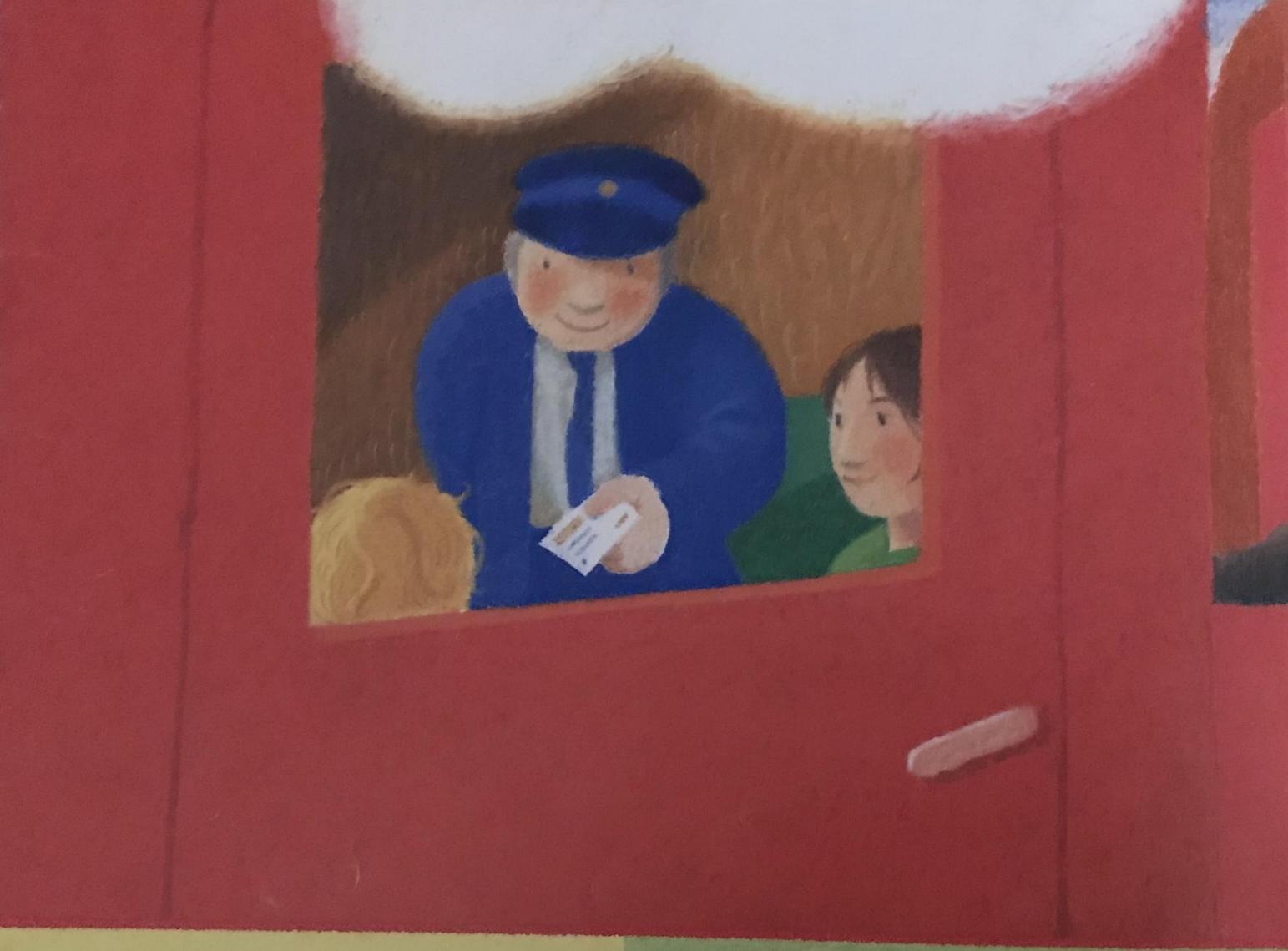
A shiny red tractor
Pulling its load,

That's what I see,
That's what I see.



Here in my seat,
My lunch on my knee,

What shall I see?
What shall I see?



A ticket collector
Smiling at me,

That's what I see,
That's what I see.



Into the tunnel,
Scary and black –

What shall I see?
What shall I see?



My face in a mirror,
Staring back,

That's what I see,
That's what I see.



After the tunnel –
When we come out –

What shall I see?
What shall I see?



A gaggle of geese
Strutting about,

That's what I see,
That's what I see.



Over the treetops,
High in the sky,

What shall I see?
What shall I see?



A giant balloon
Sailing by,

That's what I see,
That's what I see.



Listen! The engine
Is slowing down –

What shall I see?
What shall I see?



A market square,
A seaside town,

That's what I see,
That's what I see.

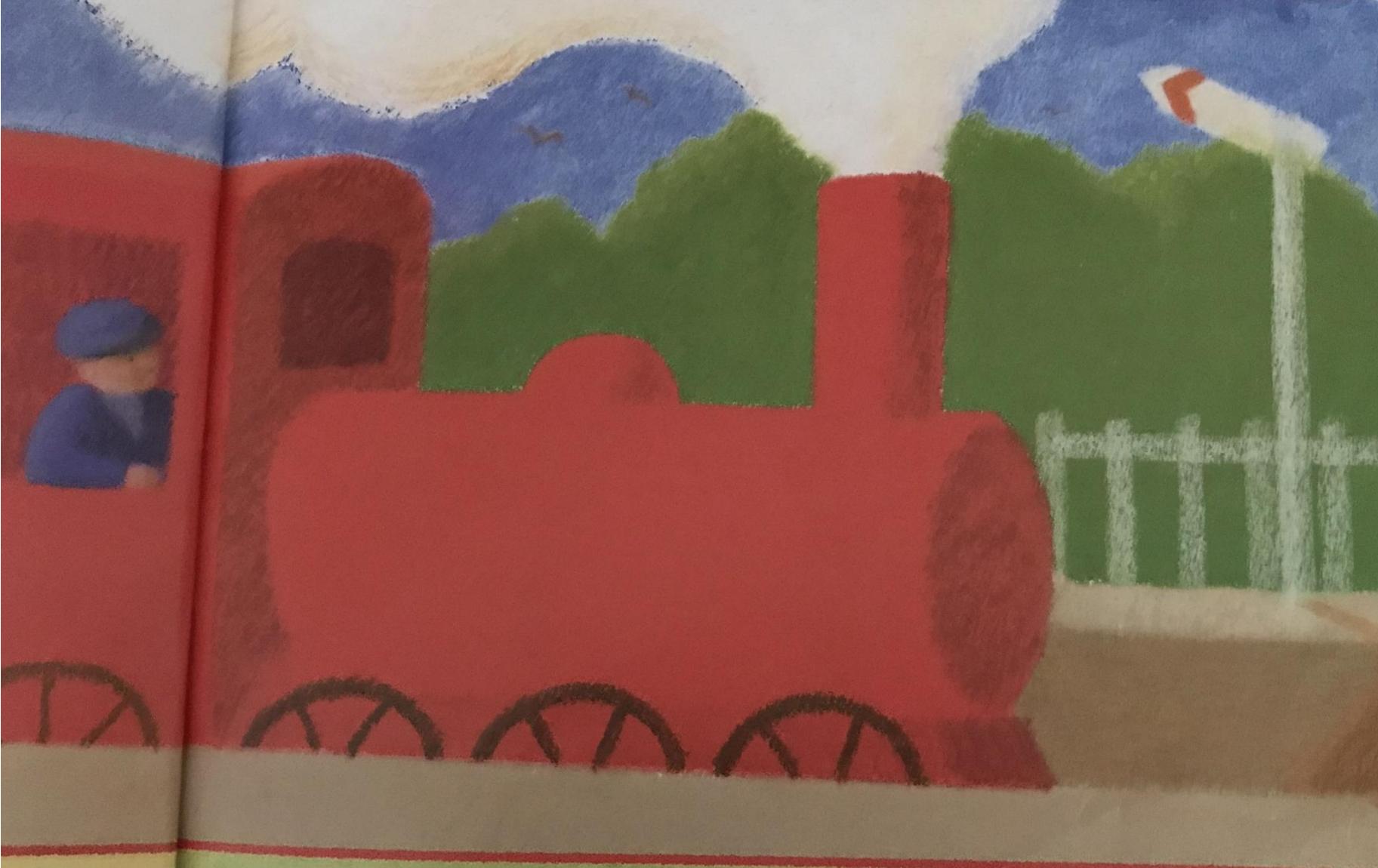


There is the lighthouse,

The sand and the sea...



Here is the station –



Who shall I see?



There is my grandma



Welcoming me...



Welcoming



me.