

The background features a dark blue night sky with a few stars. In the distance, a city skyline is visible with a prominent building. The middle ground shows a row of houses with gabled roofs. In the foreground, a large fire with bright yellow and orange flames is burning, with white smoke rising from it. The overall scene suggests a fire in a residential area at night.

A Tiny, Burning Flame


Performance Poetry

twinkl

On the second of September,
Hundreds of years ago,
History books still all remember:
London fires grow!

In the early hours of Sunday morn,
Sixteen-sixty-six,
On Pudding Lane, a fire was born:
A street of wood (not bricks).

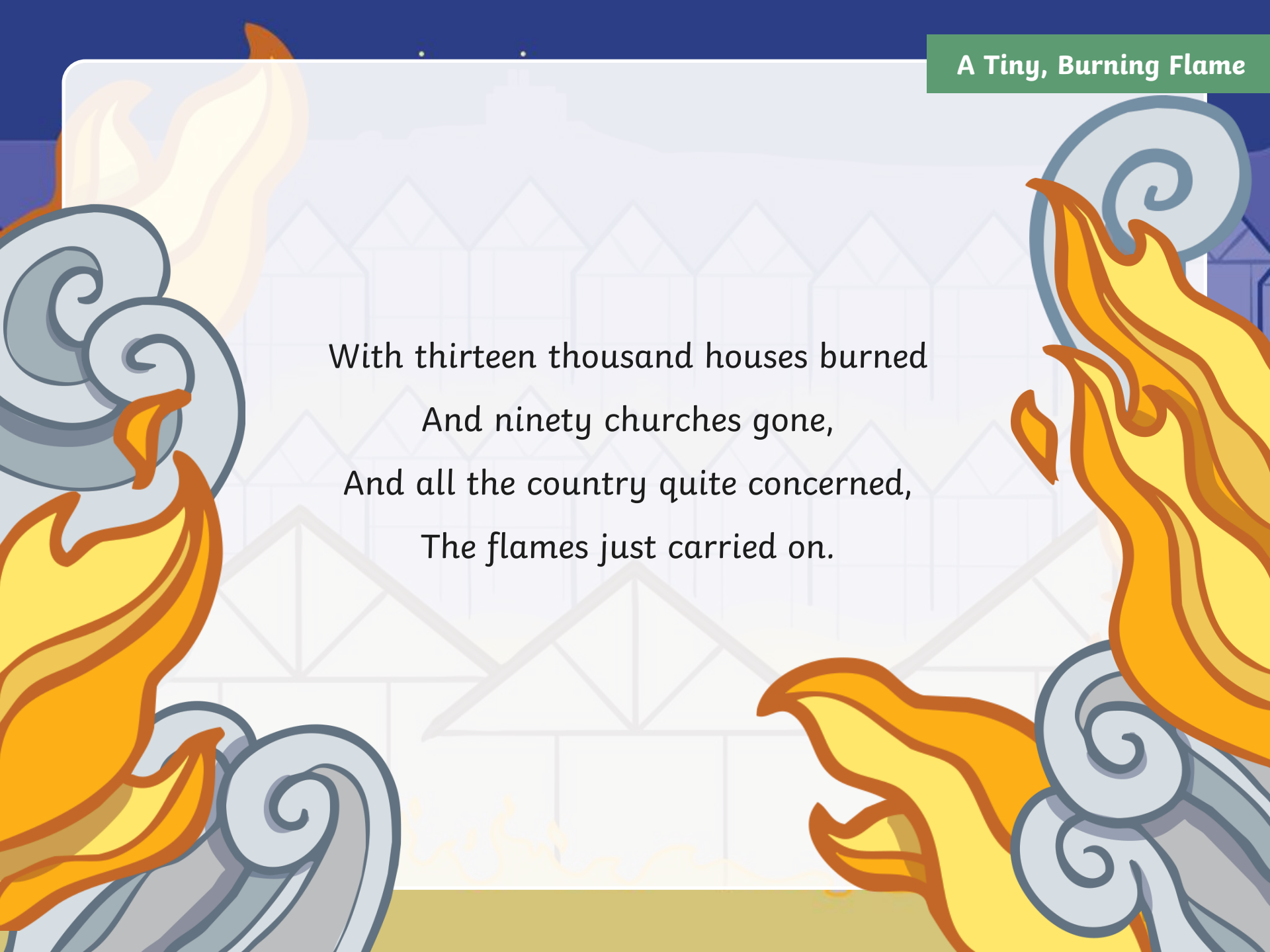
Farriner's bakery was to blame
For starting up the blaze.
One oven, a spark, a tiny flame,
Then fire for four long days!



London town had only just
Recovered from disease.
The fire was carried with the gust;
A blowy, eastern breeze.

The fire spread to another street;
The town was soon alight.
People fled the scorching heat,
With London burning bright!

London had no fire brigade;
The town had no defence.
Lots of people ran and prayed,
Through smoke all dark and dense.

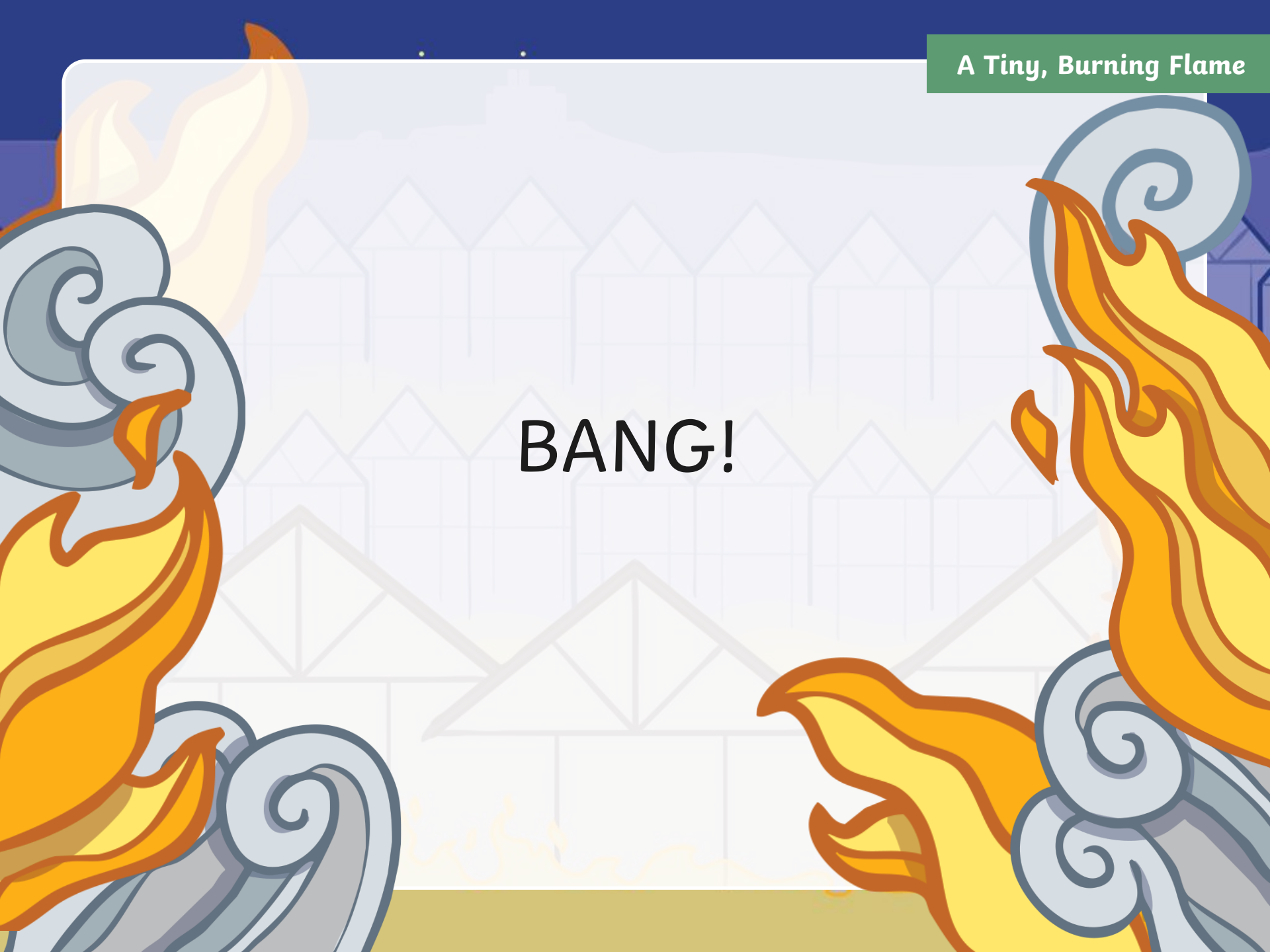
The illustration depicts a house with a white facade and a grey roof, set against a dark blue night sky with a few stars. The house is engulfed in bright yellow and orange flames. Large, stylized grey smoke plumes with spiral patterns rise from the fire on both sides. The overall style is simple and graphic.

With thirteen thousand houses burned
And ninety churches gone,
And all the country quite concerned,
The flames just carried on.

King Charles called up the Duke of York,
And all his army men.

The town was filled with lots of talk
Of what they'd do and when.

BANG!



The houses in the fire's way
Were blown to kingdom come.
Without the wood to burn away,
The flames were overcome.

After many days of fire and smoke,
It started to die down.

“Thank goodness,” said the London folk,
“We’re getting back our town!”

They managed to defeat the heat,
Despite it being fiery.
Samuel Pepys described the feat,
All detailed in his diary.

With lessons learnt but London wrecked,
It really was a shame
That Farriner did not detect
That tiny, burning flame.



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