

THE THREE LITTLE PIGS.



And along came the same wolf as before,
And knocked at the door,
Thump, thump, and cried,
"Little pig, little pig, let me come in!"
But the pig replied,
"No, no, by the hair of my chinny, chin, chin!"
Then the wolf filled his cheeks out on each side,
Like a bellows, to blow,
And he howled, "O ho!
Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in!"

Well, he huffed and he puffed and he huffed,
And he puffed and he huffed and he puffed,
But with all his huffing,



And all his puffing,
The house would *not* fall in!
And so, despite
His appetite,
He was forced to go with never a bite,
And for once, at least, was cheated out
Of the little pig with the saucy snout.
Of the wily kind,
Though, he was, and he whined,
"I know, little pig, where we can find
Some nice fresh turnips!" Pig grunted, "Where?"
"O, over at Smith's, in his home field—
It's not far there.
If it's pleasant weather
Shall we go together
To-morrow at six?" "Yes," piggie squealed.



But what should the little pig contrive
But to rise at five
Next day, and to go through the early dew
To the field where the turnips grew;
They were plenty and sweet,
And he ate of them all he cared to eat,
And took enough for his dinner, and then
Went home again.

The wolf came promptly at six o'clock,
Gave a friendly knock,
And asked the pig, "Are you ready to go?"
"Why, I'd have you know
I've already been there, and beside
I've enough for dinner," the pig replied.