



Yet in due time — for I suppose
He was nearly starved — his pattering toes
Were heard again at the little pig's door.
Such a haunted look his visage wore,
When the tale he told
Of the beast that bumped and bounded and rolled,
Up hill, down hill, and everywhere,
And chased him away from the Shanklin Fair !

Then, with all his might,
The little pig laughed outright,
Giving a jocular, scornful shout
With his saucy snout,
As he cried, "O, how would you like to learn
'Twas a churn, and that I was in the churn !"

Then the wolf exclaimed, "I hate your tricks,
Your bolted door and your house of bricks !
I'll eat you anyway — that I'll do !
I'll come down the chimney after you !"

Still, he came again the very next day,
And he knocked and called "Little pig, I pray,
You will go to the Shanklin Fair with me.
Be ready, and I will call at three !"

Now the pig, as he had always done,
Got the start of the wolf, and went at one.
At the fair he bought him a butter churn,
And with it started out to return ;
But who should he meet —
The very first one he chanced to spy —
Upon the street,
But the wolf ! and it frightened him dreadfully.

So he crept inside
His churn to hide ;
It began to roll ; he began to ride ;
Around and around,
Along the ground,
He passed the wolf with a bump and bound.

He was frightened worse than he'd frightened the pig,
By the funny, rumbling rig ;
And he fled in dismay
Far out of his own and the little pig's way.

