

The Three Little Pigs

The first little pig in a house of straw
heard a tap tap tap on her little green door.
“Little pig, little pig, let me come in,”
said the big bad wolf with a big bad grin.
Then he huffed and he puffed and he huffed some more
and down went the little pig’s house of straw.
The next little pig was taking a nap
in her house of sticks when she heard a tap
and the big bad wolf with a big bad grin
gave a huff and a puff and blew her house in.
Then the big bad wolf, still up to his tricks,
went off to the third little house of bricks.
“Little pig, little pig, let me come in,”
said the big bad wolf with a big bad grin.
And he huffed and he puffed till his face turned red.
“My house is too tough,” the little pig said.
“I’ll come down the chimney,” the wolf yelled, “Now!”
But the fire was lit and the wolf yelled, “Ow!”
and shot straight out in a cloud of smoke
as the third little pig gave the fire a poke.
The wolf blew on his paws with a huff and a puff
and he hobbled off home. He’d had enough.

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