

Who's Afraid of Big Bad Wolf (page 1)

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 Tra la la la la.

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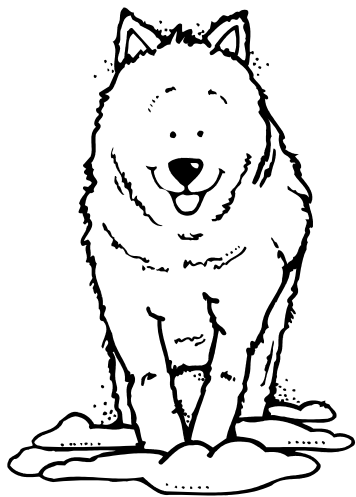
Long ago there were three pigs
 Little handsome piggy-wigs
 For the big, bad very big very bad wolf
 They didn't give three figs.

Number one was very gay
 And he built his house of hay
 With a hey hey toot
 Hey blew on his flute
 And he played around all day.

Number two was fond of jigs
 And so he built his house with twigs
 Heigh diddle-diddle
 He played on his fiddle
 And danced with lady pigs.

Number three said "Nix on tricks
 I will build my house with bricks."
 He had no chance
 to sing and dance
 'Cause work and play don't mix.

Ha ha ha! The two little
 Do little pigs just winked and laughed. Ha ha!



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Came the day when fate did frown
And the wolf blew into town.
With a gruff "puff-puff" he puffed just enough
And the hay house fell right down.

One and two were scared to death
of the big bad wolfie's breath.
"By the hair of your chin-ny-chin,
I'll blow you in."
And the twig house answered yes.

No one left but number Three
To save the piglet family.
When they knock
He fast unlocked
And said, "Come in with me!"

Now they all were safe inside
And the bricks hurt wolfie's pride
So, he slid down the chimney
And, oh, by Jimney
In the fire he was fried.

Ha ha ha!
The three little, free little pigs rejoice and laughed.
Ha ha!

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