

Soon, the bun met a hare.

"Little bun, I will eat you up!" said the hare.

"Don't eat me, hare! I will sing you a song instead."

The bun sang: "I was scraped from the cupboard, swept from the bin,
kneaded with sour cream, fried in butter, and cooled on the sill.

I got away from Grandpa, I got away from Grandma, and I'll get away from you!"

And the bun rolled away!

