

The bun rolled on and met a wolf.

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

"Don't eat me, wolf!" said the bun. "I will sing you a song."

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,
I got away from the hare, and I'll get away from you!"

And the bun rolled away.

