

The bun rolled on and met a fox.

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

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

"What a wonderful song!" said the fox.

"But little bun, I am hard of hearing.

Come sit on my snout and sing your song again a little louder."

The bun jumped up on the fox's snout and sang his song.

"I'd like to hear it again. Come sit on my tongue
and sing it," said the fox, sticking out her tongue.

The bun foolishly jumped onto her tongue
and- snap! - she ate him up!

