

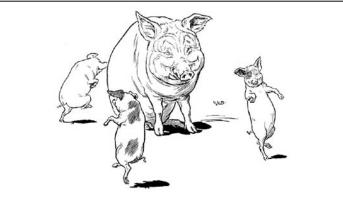
p.1.

Illustrations by: http://www.coloring-book.info/coloring/coloring_page.php?id=89

A Mother Pig, with her children three,
Was a very poor old sow was she;
Robust and perky little pink ones,
Were the Mother Pig's three little sons;
With a small amount of food or treat,
The sons did not have enough to eat;
One day the Mother Pig had to speak,
"My sons, your fortune you must now seek;"
Into the world, the three sons were sent,
And three little pigs made their descent.

Trotting along, the first piggy saw,
A peddler holding a bag of straw;
"I need some straw for a house and bed,"
The first little piggy bravely said;
The straw was purchased, the work begun,
And in a short while the house was done.

The second pig feeling in a fix,
Met a peddler with a bag of sticks;
"I need some sticks for a house and bed,"
The second little pig boldly said.
The sticks were purchased, the work begun,
And in a short while the house was done.



Leslie Brook Illustration. The Golden Goose Book. London: Frederick Warne, 1905.

http://www.surlalunefairytales.com/illustrations/threepigs/brookepigs2.html







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The third little pig tramped down the road, And met a peddler with bricks - a load; "I need some bricks for a house and bed," The third little pig daringly said; The bricks were purchased, the work begun, And in a short while the house was done.

While the first pig was sweeping the floor, A wolf came knocking at his front door; "Little piggy pig, let me inside," The haughty-wolf roared so smug with pride; "Not by the hair of my chinny, chin, chin!" "Then I'll huff and puff and blow your house in!"

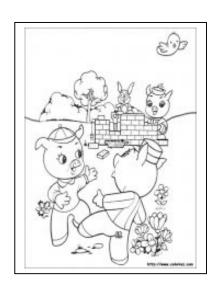
The wolf was big and had a fierce grin, He huffed and puffed to blow the house in: Like a wind storm, the wolf blew and blew, He howled and yowled as he called "woo, woo." He puffed till there was a rattling sound, And the house of straw fell to the ground.



Tales.. New York: Macmillan Company, 1918.

http://www.surlalunefairytales.com/illustrations/threepigs/rackhampigs1.html









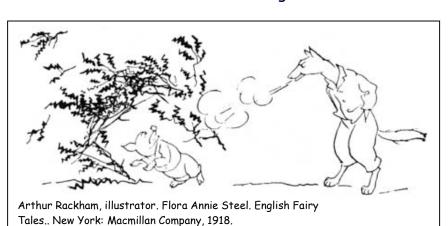
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The first little pig fled the back door, And dashed to the house of sticks next door; "Open up! A wolf is after me!" His brother took him in graciously.

And so in spite of his appetite,
The wolf went home without a bite.
As for now, he was bamboozled out,
Of eating one pig with a savory snout.

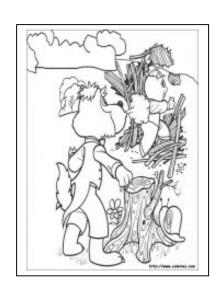
While the second pig was washing the floor,
The wolf came knocking at his front door;
"Little piggy pig, let me inside,"
The haughty-wolf roared so smug with pride;
"Not by the hair of my chinny, chin, chin!"
"Then I'll huff and puff and blow your house in!"

The wolf was big and had a fierce grin,
He huffed and puffed to blow the house in;
Like a wind storm, the wolf blew and blew,
He howled and yowled as he called "woo, woo."
He puffed till there was a rattling sound,
And the house of sticks fell to the ground.













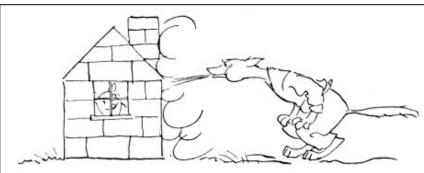
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The two little pigs fled the back door, And dashed to the house of bricks next door; "Open up! The wolf forced us to flee!" Their brother took them in graciously.

And so in spite of his appetite,
The wolf went home without a bite.
As for right now, he was on the outs,
Of eating two pigs with savory snouts.

While the third pig was buffing the floor,
The wolf came knocking at his front door;
"Little piggy pig, let me inside,"
The haughty-wolf roared so smug with pride;
"Not by the hair of my chinny, chin, chin!"
"Then I'll huff and puff and blow your house in!"

The wolf was big and had a fierce grin,
He huffed and puffed to blow the house in;
Like a wind storm, the wolf blew and blew,
He howled and yowled as he called "woo, woo."
He puffed but heard no rattling sound,
The house of bricks still stood on the ground.



Arthur Rackham, illustrator. Flora Annie Steel. English Fairy Tales.. New York: Macmillan Company, 1918.

http://www.surlalunefairytales.com/illustrations/threepigs/rackhampigs3.html









Illustrations by: http://www.coloring-book.info/coloring/coloring_page.php?id=89

And so in spite of his appetite,
The wolf went home without a bite.
As for right now, he was on the outs,
Of eating three pigs with savory snouts.

The wolf called, "I'm tired of your tricks, Your fastened door, and your house of bricks! I will eat you all - just wait and see, I will come for you - down your chimney!

The three little pigs laughed, danced, and played, Shouting retorts at the wolf's tirade.
They built a fire, crackling hot,
And filled with water a cooking pot;
Unbeknownst to him, the wolf slid down,
Into the water and almost drown.
But he sprang back up with force and might,
Ran to the woods and fled in the night.

The three little pigs laughed, danced, and then, They shouted as the wolf took off, "Don't come back again!" END.



