



The Squirrel

Whisky, frisky, hippity hop,
Up he goes to the treetop.
Whirly, twirly, round and round,
Down he scampers to the ground.
Furly, curly, what a tail,
Tall as a feather, broad as a snail.
Where's his supper? In the shell.
Snap, crack, out it fell.

~Anonymous