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# Ririro

IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

Ririro

## The Roll Of Bread

Once upon a time a little boy named Ted was very hungry.

"I wish I had something to eat," he said;

And his mother gave him a roll of bread.

She had bought the roll that very morning from the busy baker who kept a shop at the corner.

The baker had flour so fine and so white;

Shakity shake, he sifted it light,

To make the roll of nice fresh bread

That Mother gave to little boy Ted.

The baker got the flour from the merry miller whose mill stood by the river side.

The miller was merry, and so was the mill;

Clickety clack, it never was still,

As it ground the flour so fine and white

For the busy baker who sifted it light,

With a shakity shake, to make the bread

That Mother gave to little boy Ted.

The flour was made from the yellow wheat that a friendly farmer brought to the mill.

"Get up! get up!" said Farmer Brown;

As clipety clap, he rode to town

To take the wheat to the miller's mill;

Clickety clack, it never was still

As it ground the wheat into flour white

For the busy baker who sifted it light,



With a shakity shake, to make  
the bread  
That Mother gave to little boy  
Ted.

The wheat grew in the fields  
that the farmer had plowed.  
He plowed the fields, and he  
sowed the grain;  
Then pitter patter, the gentle  
rain

Came in a hurry to help it grow;  
And the sun shone down with its golden glow,  
To ripen the grain for Farmer Brown,  
Who, clipety clapety, rode to  
town

To take the wheat to the  
miller's mill;  
Clickety clack, it never was  
still  
As it ground the wheat into  
flour white  
For the busy baker who sifted  
it light,

With a shakity shake, to make  
the bread

That Mother gave to little boy Ted.

Ted sat down on the kitchen doorstep to eat the roll.

"I like a roll of nice fresh bread,  
Thank you, Mother," said little boy Ted.

