

Three Billy Goats Gruff

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Once upon a time there were three billy goats, three billy goats gruff.
Once upon a time there was a mean old troll, who made their lives so rough!

They wanted to cross the river
On the way to the meadow, trip trip trup.
“Who’s stomping on the bridge?” said the mean old troll.
“I’m going to gobble you up!”

“Oh, no,” cried the first Billy Goat
Who started to think fast.
“You ought to wait for the second Billy Goat
Who’s coming soon to eat grass.
“Cause he’s even bigger, and will taste even better!”
“Okay,” said the troll, and he let the Billy Goat go.

Along came goat number two to cross the river
On the way to the meadow, trip trip trup.
“Who’s stomping on the bridge?” said the mean old troll.
“I’m going to gobble you up!”

“Oh, no,” cried the second Billy Goat
Who started to think fast.
“You ought to wait for the third Billy Goat
Who’s coming soon to eat grass.
“Cause he’s even bigger, and will taste even better!”
“Okay,” said the troll, and he let the Billy Goat go.

Along came goat number three to cross the river
On the way to the meadow, trip trip trup.
“Who’s stomping on the bridge?” said the mean old troll.
“I’m going to gobble you up!”

“Oh, no,” cried the third Billy Goat
Who started to think fast.
“You ought to wait for the fourth Billy Goat ...
Oh, wait – there is NO fourth Billy Goat – YIKES!”

And so the third Billy goat thought very hard – and he remembered what he could do if
he just tried!

He sang:

“Well, come along, I’ve got two spears
And I’ll poke your eyeballs out of your ears
I’ve got besides two curling-stones
I’ll crush you to bits, body and bones!”

And he sang it again, just to be sure he was understood:

“Well, come along, I’ve got two spears
And I’ll poke your eyeballs out of your ears
I’ve got besides two curling-stones
I’ll crush you to bits, body and bones!”

Spoken: And he looked like he meant it (even though inside he was sort of scared to death). If I were a troll, I wouldn’t hang around, would you?

So the troll said, “Oh! No!” And then the troll said: “Gotta Go!” And with that, the mean old troll skee-daddled down the river!
And the Third Billy Goat said “Phew!”

And he went to the hillside just like that
Where they all ate grass and got so fat.
Snip Snap Snout
This tale’s told out!