

The Acorn and the Squirrel

by Donald A. Fraser

A CHUBBY little acorn
Hung on a limb so high,
And cried, "I'll be an oak tree
Some day by and by."

A frisky little squirrel,
With hop and skip and jump,
Came scrambling up the branches.
And spied the acorn plump.

"Ho, ho!" he cried, "I see you;
You'll never be a tree.
You'll make a lovely dinner,
To go inside of me.

"I will not eat you now, though,
Because you are so plump.
I'll put you in my cellar
Beneath the fir tree stump.

"And then, when comes the winter,
A banquet I shall hold.
I think you'll just taste splendid,
When the weather's keen and cold."

So Squirrel dropped poor Acorn
Upon the ground below,
And scampered down the tree trunk
As fast as he could go.

He stuffed him in his cellar;
Said Acorn: "What a fall!
To be a squirrel's dinner
I do not like at all."

But Squirrel skipped off lively,
And didn't care a rap;
But suddenly he tumbled
Into Tommy Jenkins' trap.

And Tommy took him homeward,
Nor heeded Squirrel's rage;
And kept him for a plaything
Within a wooden cage.

Beneath the fir tree stump,
Poor Acorn lay in doubt;
Then the spring rains fell and soaked
him,
And he began to sprout.

He grew, and grew still greater,
And flourished fair and free;
And so became a grand old oak,
In spite of all, you see.



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