



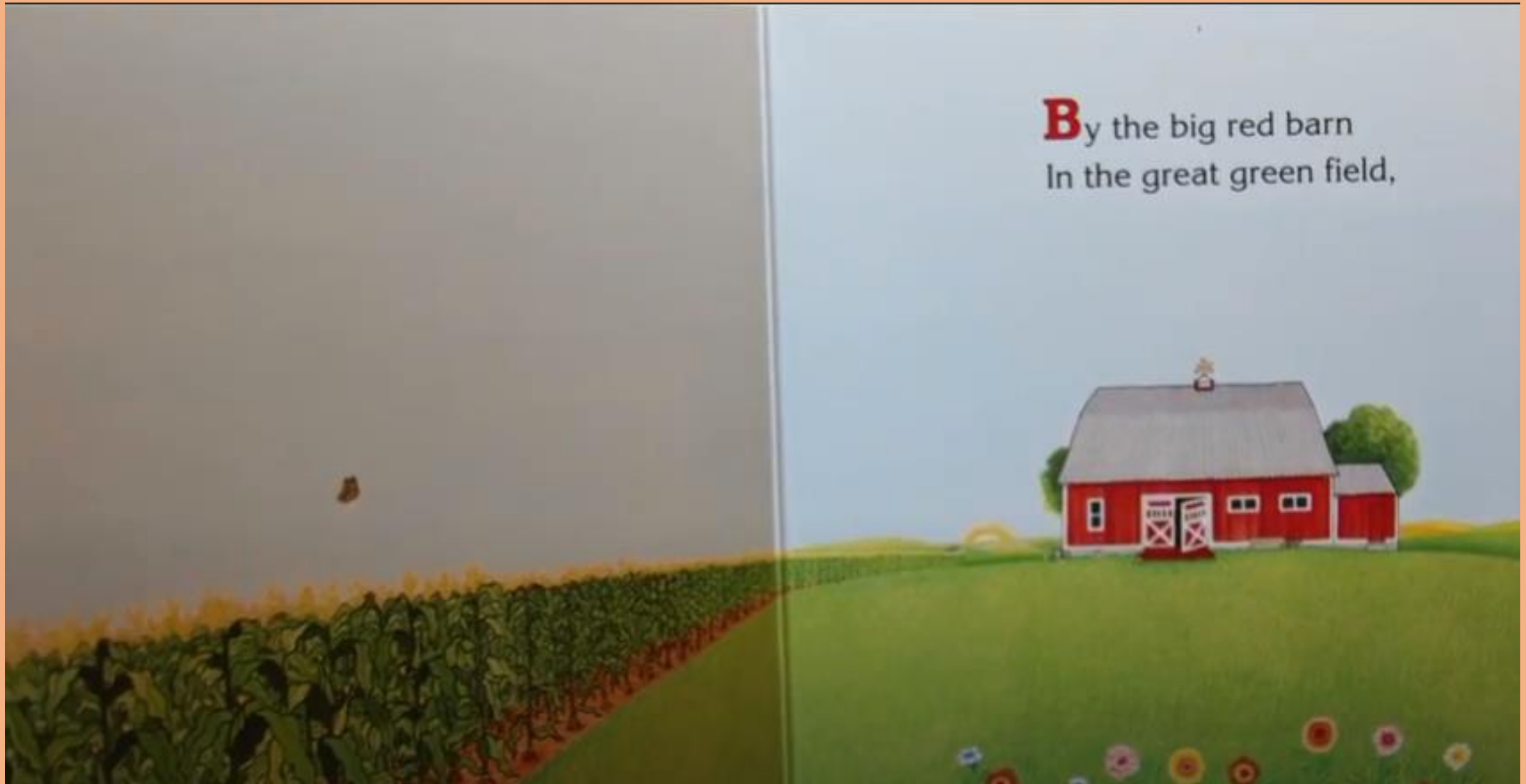
BIG RED BARN

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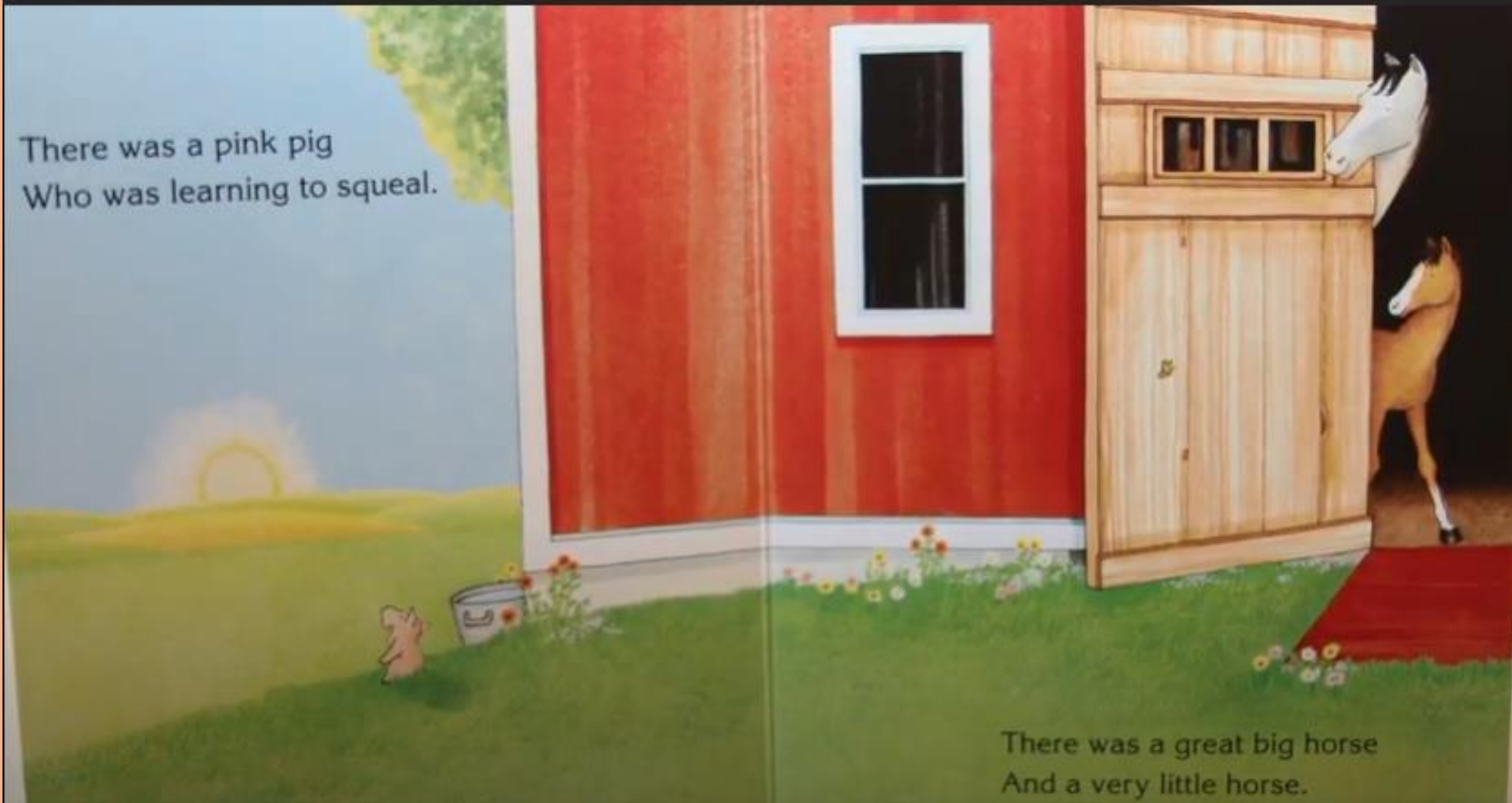
Margaret Wise Brown



By the big red barn
In the great green field,



There was a pink pig
Who was learning to squeal.

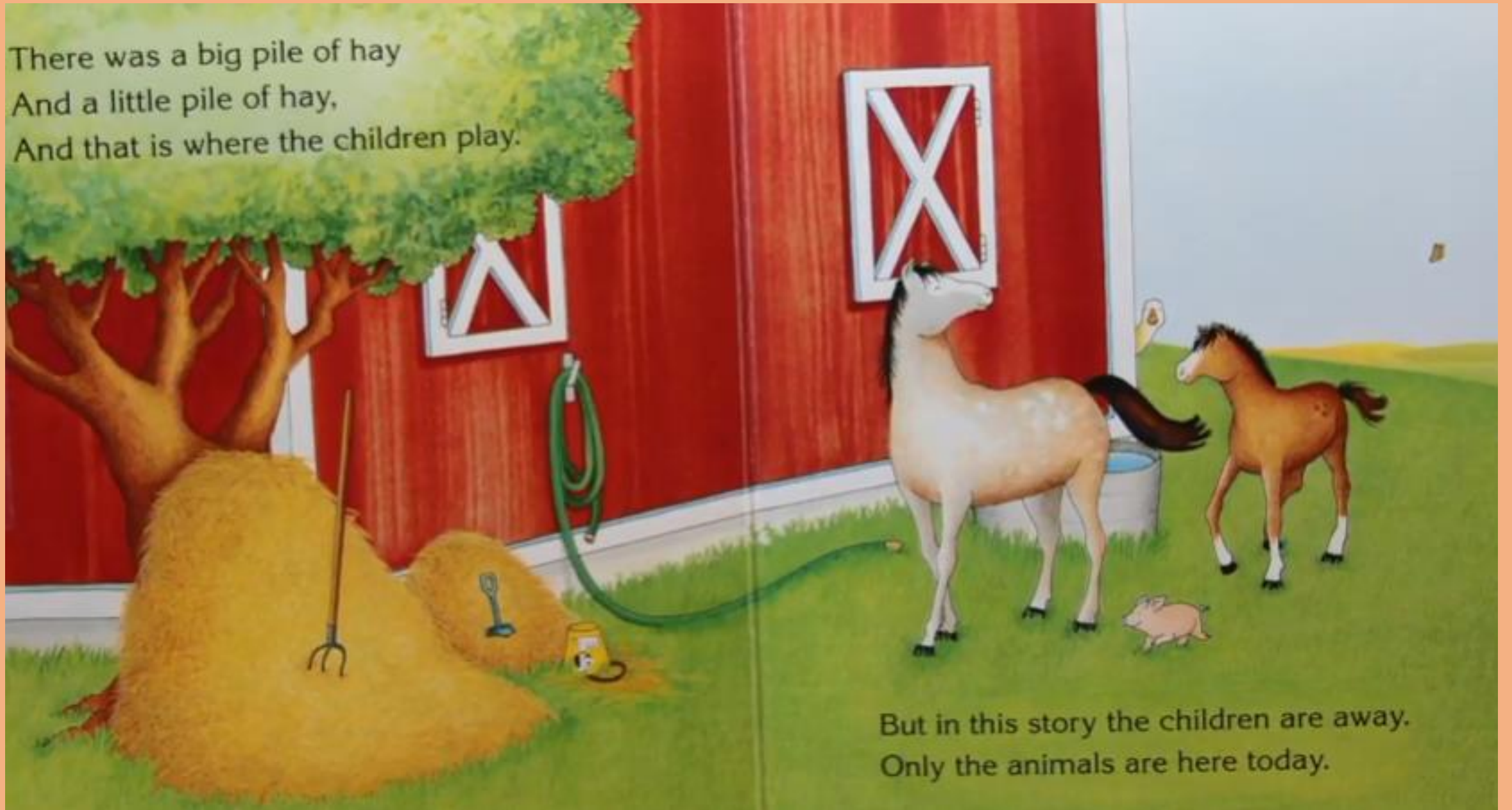


There was a great big horse
And a very little horse.

And on every barn
Is a weather vane, of course—
A golden flying horse.



There was a big pile of hay
And a little pile of hay,
And that is where the children play.



But in this story the children are away.
Only the animals are here today.



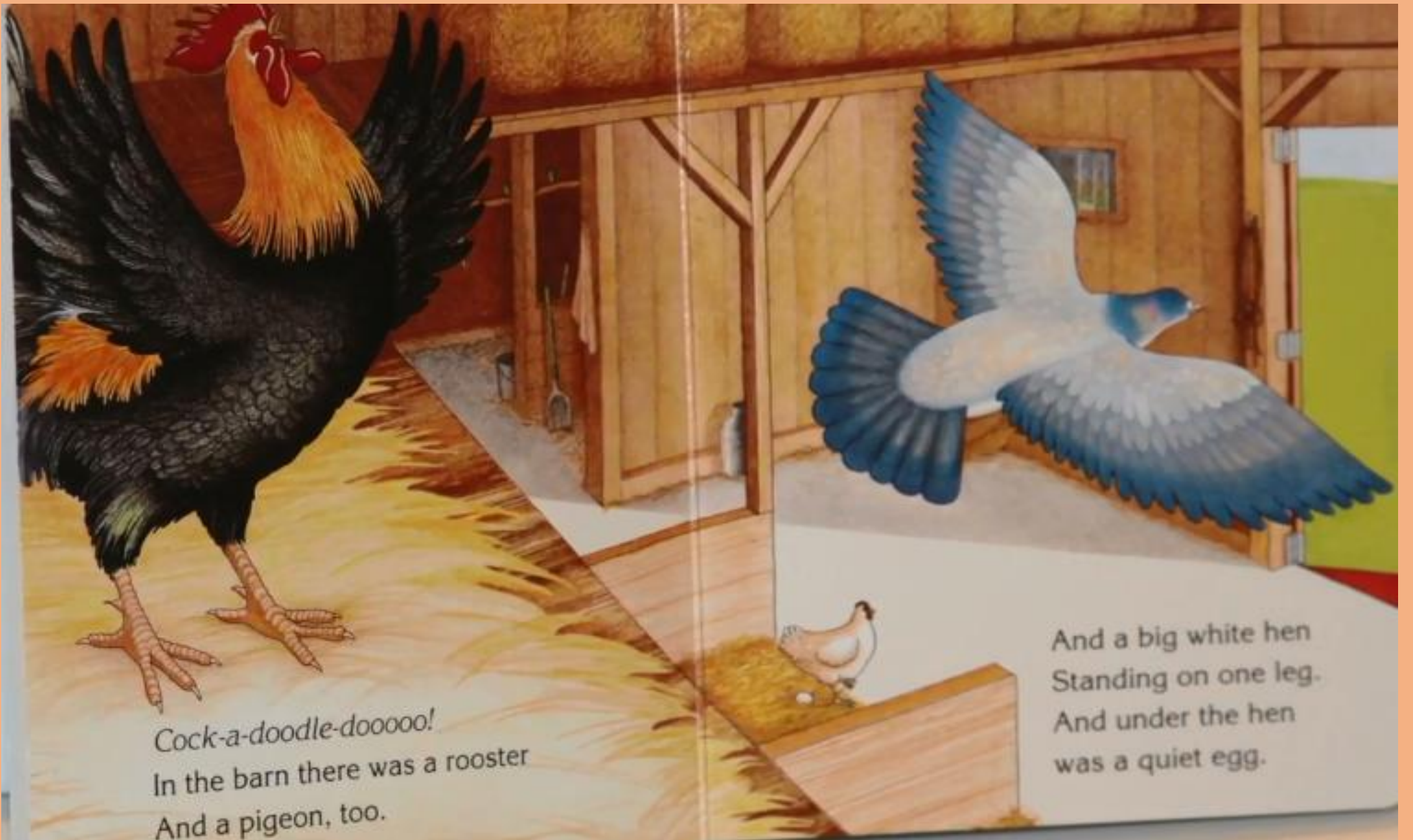
The sheep and the donkey,
The geese and the goats,
Were making funny noises
Down in their throats.

An old scarecrow
Was leaning on his hoe.
And a field mouse was born . . .





In a field of corn.



Cock-a-doodle-dooooo!
In the barn there was a rooster
And a pigeon, too.

And a big white hen
Standing on one leg.
And under the hen
was a quiet egg.



There was a bantam rooster
And a little bantam hen
With a big clutch of eggs.
Count them. There are ten.

Cock-a-doodle-doo!
Moooooooooooo! Moo!
There was a big brown cow
And a little brown cow.





There was an old black cat,
Meow! Meow!
And a tiger tomcat,
Yeow! Yeow!

There was a big red dog,
Bow! Wow!
With some little puppy dogs
All round and warm.

And they all lived together
In the big red barn.

And they played all day
In the grass and in the hay.



When the sun went down
In the great green field,
The big cow lowed,
The little pig squealed.



The horses stomped in the sweet warm hay,
And the little donkey gave one last bray.

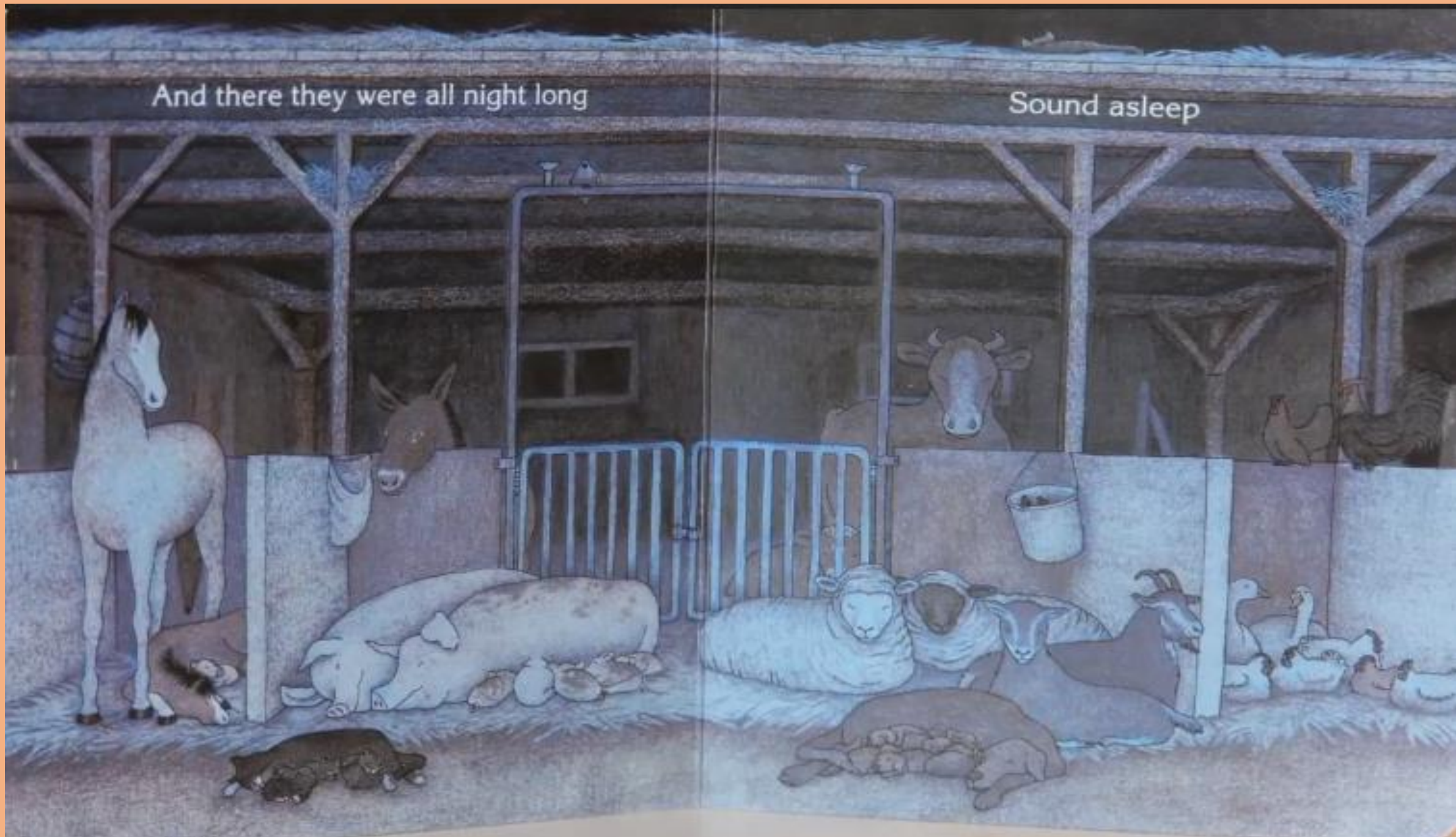


The hens were sleeping on their nests.
Even the roosters took a rest.
The little black bats flew away
Out of the barn at the end of the day.



And there they were all night long

Sound asleep



In the big red barn.



Only the mice were left to play,
Rustling and squeaking in the hay,



While the moon sailed high

In the dark night sky.

