

The Three Billy Goats Gruff (Retold by Debbie Pullinger)
(Verses One and Two)

There were once three goats in a field by a stream:

One big, one little and one in between.

The Billy Goats Gruff, as they liked to be known,

Had a beautiful meadow, all of their own.

Trippetty trap, trippetty truff,

One, two, three, Billy Goats Gruff.

Now over the bridge and across the stream,

Little Goat knew that the grass was green -

And grass is always, far and wide,

Much greener on the other side.

Trippetty trap, trippetty truff,

One, two, three, Billy Goats Gruff.

Trippetty trap, trippetty truff,

One, two, three, Billy Goats Gruff.

While Big and Middle Goats took their nap,

He climbed the bridge - trippetty trap.

Then a grumpy old voice said, "Who's that? Go back!

I'm the terrible troll, and I fancy a snack."

"Well, I'm rough and I'm tough, but I'm hardly enough

For a meal," said the goat, "Wait for Middle Goat Gruff."

The troll gave a snort and thought it over,

So Little Goat skipped into the clover.

Trippetty trap, trippetty truff,

One, two, three, Billy Goats Gruff.