

The Runaway Pumpkin

Once upon a hill,
When the wind blew with a chill
Wandered Buck and Billy Baxter
With their baby sister, Lil.

And there, upon that hillside,
Growing orange, fat, and fine,
The budding Baxters found a pumpkin
On a twisty, twirly vine.

It was big and it was round,
And the boys, their eyes a-gleam,
Gave a whoop, a yell, a holler,
No finer pumpkin had they seen.

Yet little Lil was cautious,
And, of course, she tried to warn them,
But her bumbling, big-head brothers
Snapped the pumpkin from its stem.

And as she watched them roll it,
At first real slow, but then much faster,
Little Lil looked down the hill
And she foresaw disaster!

‘Round and ‘round across the ground
Makin’ a thumpin’ bumpin’ sound
Came that thumpety bumpety
Thumpin’ Bumpin’ Round and roll-y

RUNAWAY PUMPKIN!

A short way down the hillside,
That zooming pumpkin caught the eye
Of mucking Momma Baxter,
Who thought of granny's pumpkin pie
'til it BUSTED through her sty!

'Round and 'round across the ground
Makin' a thumpin' bumpin' sound
Came that thumpety bumpety
Thumpin' Bumpin' Round and roll-y

RUNAWAY PUMPKIN!

A bit farther down the hillside,
Just beyond the chicken coop,
Grampa Baxter saw that pumpkin
And thought of Granny's pumpkin soup
'til it KNOCKED him for a loop!

'Round and 'round across the ground
Makin' a thumpin' bumpin' sound
Came that thumpety bumpety
Thumpin' Bumpin' Round and roll-y

RUNAWAY PUMPKIN!

Now, at the bottom of that hillside,
Where that boundin' pumpkin sped,
Poppa Baxter on his tractor
Thought of Granny's pumpkin bread

But poppa Baxter used his head
and quickly plowed a pumpkin bed!

So at the bottom of the hillside,
Fat and round upon the ground,
That thumpin', bumpin' pumpkin plopped
And didn't make another sound.

And as pigs and hens and Baxters
Gathered 'round where Poppa plowed
Little Lil, she gathered Granny
And pulled her through the waiting crowd.
Buck and Billy looked really proud.

Then thumpety, bumpety, thumpin' bumpin'
Straight to the kitchen
Went that pumpkin.
And soon after came the smell
of dear old Granny cookin' somethin'.

Granny stirred and stewed and baked
Until the bright full moon rose up
And all those hungry Baxters
Sat themselves right down to sup.

And at the center of the table,
Among the soup and bread and pie,
Sat a grinning jack-o'-lantern
With a twinkle in its eye.