

THE ROBBER

Por, A.N.B.

Out of the night
And into the day,
Into the sunshine
In the month of May,
There comes a humming
And buzzing sound;
I wonder what makes it
As I look around.
A brown-winged fairy
Is over there,
Sipping the nectar
From flowers rare.
Stealing the sweets that are stored away.

A woolly coat with bars of gold
Is flung around this robber bold.
As I come nearer, what do I see?
Why, it's only a great, big Bumble Bee!