



Hey diddle diddle,
The cat had a fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon.
The little boy laughed, to see such fun,
And the dish ran away from the spoon.

Hey daddle diddle,
The cat lost his fiddle,
The cow became ill in mid-June.
The little boy paused, confused by this riddle,
And the dish had a row with the spoon.

Hey diddle daddle,
The cat went skedaddle,
The cow passed away far too soon.
The little boy sobbed, to see that she'd gone,
And the dish broke apart from the spoon.

Hey diddle diddle,
The cat found his fiddle,
The calf he was born around noon.
The little boy giggled, to see life unriddled,
And the dish made it up with the spoon.

With no rhyme or reason,
Our life can change season,
Come winter the snow will abound.
But the laughter once lost, because of the frost,
Just lies hidden, and in spring, will be found.

Selina Jones

