

Chester

Kristy Pistilli

Cheeks flushed and rosy,
pockets full of posies.

Flower petals in the snow,
everywhere I went,
the man was sure to go.

Run—run—as fast as I can,
to get away from the gingerbread man.

Over the river, up the hill,
I fall down—he's Jack, I'm Jill.

I may not be nimble
but he is sure quick,
pulling my hair,
poking me with his stick.

Red rover, red rover,
I'll be glad when it's over.

Now I lay here in a heap.
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.