This Adapted Literature resource is available through the Sherlock Center Resource Library.

The text and graphics are adapted from the original source. These resources are provided for teachers to help students with severe disabilities participate in the general curriculum. Please limit the use and distribution of these materials accordingly.

Paul V. Sherlock Center on Disabilities @ Rhode Island College
600 Mt. Pleasant Avenue, Providence RI 02908
401 456-8072 Ph. 401 456-8773 TDD 401 456-8150 FAX
www.sherlockcenter.org
A little old lady lived all by herself, with a table and chairs and a jug on the shelf.
A wise old man heard her grumble and grouse,

“There’s not enough room in my house. Wise old man, won’t you help me please? My house is a squash and a squeeze.”
“Take in your hen,” said the wise old man
“Take in my hen? What a curious plan.”
Well, the hen laid an egg on the fireside rug,
And flapped around the room knocking over the jug.
The little old lady cried, “What shall I do? It was pokey for one and it's tiny for two. My nose has a tickle and there's no room to sneeze. My house is a squash and a squeeze.”
And she said, “Wise old man, won’t you help me please? My house is a squash and a squeeze.”
“Take in your goat,” said the wise old man.
“Take in my goat? What a curious plan.”
Well, the goat chewed the curtains and trod on an egg,
Then sat down to nibble on the table leg.
The little old lady cried, "Glory be! It was tiny for two and it’s itchy for three. The hen pecks the goat and goat’s got fleas. My house is a squash and a squeeze."
And she said, “Wise old man, won’t you help me, please? My house is a squash and a squeeze.”
“Take in your pig,” said the wise old man.
“Take in my pig? What a curious plan.”
So she took in the pig who kept chasing the hen,
And raiding the larder again and again.
The little old lady cried, “Stop I implore! It was itchy for three and it's teeny for four. Even the pig in the larder agrees. My house is a squash and a squeeze.”
And she said, “Wise old man, won’t you help me, please? My house is a squash and a squeeze.”
“Take in your cow,” said the wise old man.
“Take in my cow? What a curious plan.”
The little old lady cried, “Heavens alive! It was teeny for four and it’s weeny for five. I’m tearing my hair out, I’m down on my knees. My house is a squash and a squeeze.”
Well, the cow took one look and charged straight at the pig, then jumped on the table and tapped out a jig.
And she said, “Wise old man, won’t you help me, please? My house is a squash and a squeeze.”
“Take them all out,” said the wise old man. “But then I’ll be back where I first began.”
So she opened the window and out flew the hen. “That’s better -

at last I can sneeze again.”
She shooed out the goat and she shoved out the pig. “My
	house is beginning to feel pretty big.”
She huffed and she puffed and she pushed out the cow. “Just look at my house, it’s enormous now.”
“Thank you, old man, for the work you have done. It was weeny for five, it’s gigantic for one. There’s no need to grumble and there’s no need to grouse. There’s plenty of room in my house.”
And now she’s full of frolics and fiddle-de-dees. It isn’t a squash and it isn’t a squeeze.
Yes, she’s full of frolics and fiddle-de-dees. It isn’t a squash and a squeeze.