

Grumble Bumble Bee

Grumble Bumble Bee
Was sad and unhappy
As she flew from flower to tree
Making her sweet honey.

Then she stopped to think,
On a rose that was pink,
"Why should I cry, and sigh
When indeed I can fly!

Why I should be glad,
And not so terribly sad.
I can see pretty things!
And I'm a bee with wings."

