

Cheese of the Evening

Down the road and through the woods
Step Farmer Bommer's wondrous goods
Cheeses clad in coats with canes
Go marching briskly down the lane
As you can see, no natural cheese
Can compare with cheese like these
As the road comes to an end
The cheeses go 'round different bends
Some go left, some go right
Vanishing into the night
And stepping smartly, lest they fall
They march 'cross bridges, where they stall
To check their maps, and then depart
To hurry down the hill quite smart
Finally, come to a door
Of a house, may it be rich or poor
And lay themselves upon the ground
Quietly, without a sound
These are much better than delivery trucks
They deliver themselves, what wondrous luck!