

Betty Botter had some butter,

Peter Piper had picked some apples and peppers.

Peter said, "This butter's bitter."

Betty said, "These peppers aren't pickled."

Peter said, "If you bake this bitter butter,

You'll make the batter bitter."

Betty said, "You better go buy some better butter."

While I'll piddle with pickling the peppers."

So Peter went to buy a bit of better butter,

While she picked and pecked at pickling the peppers.

Peter poked and bit the butter he'd bought

And thought it would not make the batter bitter.

And perhaps when he got back, the pepper's he'd picked

Would be pickled and Betty would bake her perfect pickle pie.

