

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FC 7606

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# NURSERY RHYMES \* GAMES & FOLK SONGS

## SUNG BY CISCO HOUSTON

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*Rosenhouse*

M  
1997  
H843  
N974  
1982

MUSIC LP



London Bridge · My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean · Pumpkin Eater  
 Three Blind Mice · Humpty Dumpty · Peas Porridge Hot  
 What are Little Boys Made of? · Yonder Tree · Frog Went A-Courting  
 My Daddy · Clickety-Clack · Mulberry Bush

*Descriptive notes are inside pocket.*

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# NURSERY RHYMES, GAMES and FOLKSONGS

sung by CISCO HOUSTON



## SIDE I

### Band 1: LONDON BRIDGES

London Bridge is fallin' down, fallin' down,  
fallin' down  
London Bridge is fallin' down, my fair lady.

Take the key and lock her up --

Open the door and let her out --

London Bridge is fallin' down --

Take the key and lock her up --

Open the door and let her out --

London Bridge is fallin' down --

Take the key and lock her up --

Open the door and let her out --

London Bridge is fallin' down --

### Band 2: MY BONNIE

My Bonnie lies over the ocean  
My bonnie lies over the sea  
My bonnie lies over the ocean  
Oh bring back my bonnie to me. (2)

Bring back, bring back oh bring back my  
bonnie to me, to me (2)

### Band 3: PETER, PETER, PUMPKIN EATER

-- same versed

Repeated again.

### Band 4: 3 BLIND MICE

3 blind mice (2) See how they run (2) They all  
ran after the farmer's wife, she cut off their  
tails with a carving knife, and you never saw  
such a sight in your life as 3 blind mice.

(Repeated 4 times)

### Band 5: HUMPTY-DUMPTY

Humpty-Dumpty sat on the wall  
Humpty-Dumpty had a great fall

All the King's horses and all the King's men  
Couldn't put Humpty together again.

(Repeated 3 times)

### Band 6: PEAS PORRIDGE HOT

Peas Porridge hot, peas porridge cold  
Peas Porridge in the pot 9 days old. (2)

Some like it hot, some like it cold  
And some like it in the pot 9 days old. (2)

### Band 7: HERE WE GO 'ROUND THE MULBERRY BUSH

Here we go 'round the mulberry bush  
The mulberry bush, the mulberry bush  
Here we go 'round the mulberry bush  
So early in the morning.

This is the way we wash our face --

This is the way we comb our hair --

This is the way we brush our teeth --

This is the way we put on our clothes --

This is the way we tie our shoes --

And now we hurry off to school --

This is the way we play in the yard --

It's all around the mulberry bush --

### Band 8: WHAT ARE LITTLE BOYS MADE OF?

What are little boys made of, made of  
What are little boys made of, made of  
Pidgeons and nails and puppy dog's tails  
That's what little boys are made of.

What are little girls made of, made of  
What are little girls made of, made of  
Sugar and spice and everything nice  
That's what little girls are made of.

What are young men of --  
Horned toads and flies and funny bow ties --

What are young women made of --  
Rings and jings and all fine things --

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Some notes on me: Born in Virginia 1918, Mother's side of family from Virginias. Father's side from the Carolinas. Family moved to California, when I was two years old, grew up in California. Heard my grandmother sing folksongs as a child, had an interest in them at an early age. Met Woody Guthrie in California in 1939. We traveled up and down California singing together in the Fruit Pickers lamps and Saloons. We have been close friends ever since. We shipped out together in the Merchant Marines during the war. I also have studied acting and have acted in Summer Stock, Broadway, T.V. and Pictures. Have sung in nightclubs, schools, colleges, and concert halls. Had my own T.V. shows and a five day a week radio show over The Mutual Network. Been from coast to coast at least thirty times. Also traveled a good part of the world. Always interested in meeting new people and hearing songs I haven't heard.

What are old men made of --  
Tobacco and brandy, sugar and candy --

What are old women made of --  
Moans and groans and their old achin' bones --

What are little babies made of --  
Sugar and crumbs and cinamon buns --

SIDE II, Band 1: YONDER TREE

Well I had me a bird and the bird pleased me  
And I fed my bird under yonder tree  
And the bird went 321 321 (whistled)

Cat Meow! Meow!

Dog Ruff Ruff

Duck Quack Quack

Rooster Coc ka doodle doo

Pig Oink Oink

Cow Moo Moo

The sounds are cumulative at the end of each verse.

Band 2: FROG WENT A'COURTIN'

Well the frog went a'courtin' and he did ride  
Um-um, Um-hum  
Frog went a'courtin' and he did ride, sword and  
pistle by his side, Um-hm, Um-hm, Um-hm.

He rode til he came to Miss Mousie's door  
He rode til he came to Miss Mousie's door,  
and he gave 3 raps and a very loud roar.

And he said Miss Mouse will ya marry me,  
He said Miss Mouse will ya marry me,  
She said I'll have to wait and see.

She said I really couldn't do that  
She said I really couldn't do that until I ask my  
Uncle Rat

Well where would the wedding supper be  
Where would the wedding supper be, way down  
yonder in a hollow tree.

Well the 1st to come was the bumblebee  
The 1st to come was the bumblebee, with a big  
bass fiddle on his knee.

Well there's lots more verses to this song  
There's lots more verses to this song, I won't sing  
'em it'd take too long.

Band 3: MY DADDY

Well a pretty little girl with a bright shining smile  
Heard the roar of a plane as it sailed through the  
sky  
And to a playmate she said with a bright twinkling  
eye  
"Well my daddy flies that plane in the sky."

Yes my daddy flies that plane in the sky  
Well my daddy flies that plane in the sky  
Well, my mama's not afraid and neither am I  
'Cuz my daddy flies that plane in the sky.

Then a pug-nosed boy as he kicked up his heel  
He said "Well, my daddy works in the iron and  
steel

And my daddy builds planes and they fly through  
the sky  
And that's what keeps your daddy up there so high.

Yes that's what keeps your daddy up there so high  
Well that's what keeps your daddy up there so high  
Well my daddy builds the planes that fly through  
the sky  
And that's what keeps your daddy up there so high.

Then a freckle-faced kid pinched his toe in the sand  
He said "Well my daddy works at that place where  
they land  
So you tell your mama don't be afraid  
'Cuz my daddy'll bring your daddy back home again.

Yes my daddy'll bring your daddy back home again  
Well my daddy'll bring your daddy back home again  
So don't you be afraid if it gets dark and rains  
'Cuz my daddy'll bring daddy back home again.

Band 4: CLICKETY CLACK

Clickety clack along along, the train is comin'  
achung chung  
Clickety clack a mile away, it hasn't a second  
of time to stay.

It sings a noisey rackety song, a rickety, rockety,  
rackety song  
Get off that track, it isn't where you belong.

Over the bridge across the lake a mile a minute it  
has to make  
The cinders fall in a fiery rain the tunnel is waiting  
to swallow the train.

Verse 2

Verse 1

Verse 2

Verse 3

Verse 2

Band 5: CAPE COD GIRLS

Well the Cape Cod girls they have no combs Heave  
away heave away  
They comb their hair with cod-fish bones, Heave  
away heave away.

Heave away my bully bully boys heave away heave  
away

Heave away my bully bully boys we're bound for  
Australia.

Well the Cape Cod boys they have no sleds, heave  
away, heave away  
They slide down-hill on codfish heads, heave away,  
heave away

(CHORUS)

Well the Cape Cod cats they have no tails, heave  
away, heave away  
They were blwon away in mighty gales, heave away,  
heave away.

(CHORUS)

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