Folk Songs for Young Folk

More Animals sung by Alan Mills vol. 2

Robert Leidenfrost

Frog went a-Courtin' - The Old Hen Cackled - Robin's Last Will - The Climate
Little Ship - Pop Goes the Weasel - Bold Reynard the Fox - Darby Ram
Ten Little Chickadees - Old Dumpy Moore - Down in Demarara
The Bull-dog & the Bull-frog - Goat Song - Old Woman and the Pedlar
Along came a man, with a dog and a gun,
And shot the little robin, just for fun.
At least that's all the men tell say,
As on the ground the birdie lay,
With a broken wing and a hole in its side,
It fluttered and chirped, and then it died.
I'd rather be a dog or a cat,
Or the meanest kind of an old grey rat,
Than to be the man with the dog and the gun,
That shot the little robin just for fun.

OLD DUMPTY MOORE

Old Dumpty Moore lived way out west, perhaps you all may know him,
He had the finest old grey mare that ever was seen-a-goin',
Hoodie-um-a-dinktum, hoodie-um-a-di-do, Hoodie-um-a-dinktum, Hoodie-um-day.
Hoodie-um-a-dinktum, hoodie-um-a-di-do, Hoodie-um-a-dinktum, Hoodie-um-day.
Hoodie-um-a-dinktum, hoodie-um-a-di-do, Hoodie-um-a-dinktum, Hoodie-um-day.

Sometimes he rode to Providence, sometimes he rode to the mill,
Sometimes he rode to Mulberry Post, or up to Bunker Hill,
Hoodie-um-a-dinktum, hoodie-um-a-di-do, Hoodie-um-a-dinktum, Hoodie-um-day.
Hoodie-um-a-dinktum, hoodie-um-a-di-do, Hoodie-um-a-dinktum, Hoodie-um-day.
Hoodie-um-a-dinktum, hoodie-um-a-di-do, Hoodie-um-a-dinktum, Hoodie-um-day.

This faithful steed, her master served, for twenty years or more,
Admired by all the folks around, whenever they passed their door,
Hoodie-um-a-dinktum, hoodie-um-a-di-do, Hoodie-um-a-dinktum, Hoodie-um-day.
Hoodie-um-a-dinktum, hoodie-um-a-di-do, Hoodie-um-a-dinktum, Hoodie-um-day.
Hoodie-um-a-dinktum, hoodie-um-a-di-do, Hoodie-um-a-dinktum, Hoodie-um-day.

This old grey mare grew very old, this old grey mare grew poor,
Till Dumpty, he get tired of her, and turned her out of doors,
Hoodie-um-a-dinktum, hoodie-um-a-di-do, Hoodie-um-a-dinktum, Hoodie-um-day.
Hoodie-um-a-dinktum, hoodie-um-a-di-do, Hoodie-um-a-dinktum, Hoodie-um-day.
Hoodie-um-a-dinktum, hoodie-um-a-di-do, Hoodie-um-a-dinktum, Hoodie-um-day.

So the old grey mare went down-to-the swamp, and lay down on the sod,
And there she groaned her life away, and her spirit went to God,
Hoodie-um-a-dinktum, hoodie-um-a-di-do, Hoodie-um-a-dinktum, Hoodie-um-day.
Hoodie-um-a-dinktum, hoodie-um-a-di-do, Hoodie-um-a-dinktum, Hoodie-um-day.
Hoodie-um-a-dinktum, hoodie-um-a-di-do, Hoodie-um-a-dinktum, Hoodie-um-day.

The children all rushed down the hill when-they-heard her dyin' moans,
"We'll cook her meat and tan her hide, make soup out of her bones!"
Hoodie-um-a-dinktum, hoodie-um-a-di-do, Hoodie-um-a-dinktum, Hoodie-um-day.
Hoodie-um-a-dinktum, hoodie-um-a-di-do, Hoodie-um-a-dinktum, Hoodie-um-day.
Hoodie-um-a-dinktum, hoodie-um-a-di-do, Hoodie-um-a-dinktum, Hoodie-um-day.

So the old grey mare was barbecued, and on the table spread,
Old Dumpty, he'd be the old man, was seated at the head,
Hoodie-um-a-dinktum, hoodie-um-a-di-do, Hoodie-um-a-dinktum, Hoodie-um-day.
Hoodie-um-a-dinktum, hoodie-um-a-di-do, Hoodie-um-a-dinktum, Hoodie-um-day.
Hoodie-um-a-dinktum, hoodie-um-a-di-do, Hoodie-um-a-dinktum, Hoodie-um-day.

First with a knife, and then a fork, old Dumpty began to play,
From the top of her head to the tip o' her tail, Old Dumpty ate his way,
Hoodie-um-a-dinktum, hoodie-um-a-di-do, Hoodie-um-a-dinktum, Hoodie-um-day.
Hoodie-um-a-dinktum, hoodie-um-a-di-do, Hoodie-um-a-dinktum, Hoodie-um-day.
Hoodie-um-a-dinktum, hoodie-um-a-di-do, Hoodie-um-a-dinktum, Hoodie-um-day.

FROG WENT A COURTIN' (KIMO)

Frog went a-courtin' and he did ride, Ringtum-body-minchy-cambo.
Sword and buckle by his side, Ringtum-body-minchy-cambo.
Kimanero, down to Cairo, Kimanero Cairo.

He rode right to Miss Mousie's door, Ringtum-body-minchy-cambo.
Found Miss Mousie sweepin' the floor, Ringtum-body-minchy-cambo.
Kimaneero, down to Cairo, Kimaneero Cairo.
Straddle-addy-addy-bobo, ladda-bobo-linkum, Ringtum-body-minchy-cambo.

He took Miss Mousie onto his knee, Ringtum-body-minchy-cambo.
And said: "Miss Mousie, will ye marry me?" Ringtum-body-minchy-cambo.
Kimaneero, down to Cairo, Kimaneero Cairo.
Straddle-addy-addy-bobo, ladda-bobo-linkum, Ringtum-body-minchy-cambo.

Where shall we have the ceremony, Ringtum-body-minchy-cambo.
Way down yonder in a holler tree, Ringtum-body-minchy-cambo.
Kimaneero, down to Cairo, Kimaneero Cairo.
Straddle-addy-addy-bobo, ladda-bobo-linkum, Ringtum-body-minchy-cambo.

What shall the weddin' supper be? Ringtum-body-minchy-cambo.
Fried mosquito and a roasted flea, Ringtum-body-minchy-cambo.
Kimaneero, down to Cairo, Kimaneero Cairo.
Straddle-addy-addy-bobo, ladda-bobo-linkum, Ringtum-body-minchy-cambo.

First to come was a bumble bee, Ringtum-body-minchy-cambo.
Played the banjo on his knee, Ringtum-body-minchy-cambo.
Kimaneero down to Cairo, Kimaneero Cairo.
Straddle-addy-addy-bobo, ladda-bobo-linkum, Ringtum-body-minchy-cambo.

Next to come were two little ants, Ringtum-body-minchy-cambo.
Mixtin' around to have a dance, Ringtum-body-minchy-cambo.
Kimaneero, down to Cairo, Kimaneero Cairo.
Straddle-addy-addy-bobo, ladda-bobo-linkum, Ringtum-body-minchy-cambo.

Next to come was a big black bug, Ringtum-body-minchy-cambo.
On his back was a whiskey jug, Ringtum-body-minchy-cambo.
Kimaneero, down to Cairo, Kimaneero Cairo.
Straddle-addy-addy-bobo, ladda-bobo-linkum, Ringtum-body-minchy-cambo.

Next to come was a big black snake, Ringtum-body-minchy-cambo.
Passin' around the weddin' cake, Ringtum-body-minchy-cambo.
Kimaneero, down to Cairo, Kimaneero Cairo.
Straddle-addy-addy-bobo, ladda-bobo-linkum, Ringtum-body-minchy-cambo.

Next to come was a big tom cat, Ringtum-body-minchy-cambo.
Swallowed the mouse and that was that, Ringtum-body-minchy-cambo.
Kimaneero, down to Cairo, Kimaneero Cairo.
Straddle-addy-addy-bobo, ladda-bobo-linkum, Ringtum-body-minchy-cambo.

Side I Band 8

An Ozark variant of an English hunting song known as
"The Fox Jumped Over the Parson's Gate".

BOLD REYNARD THE FOX

There was a jolly farmer, did go to hunt, the fox,
He thought he saw bold Reynard a-sittin' on a pile o'rocks,
With a hoot-toot-toot sing hi-lo, all amid the merry clan,
With a ran-tan-tan, sing tippy-tippy-tan,
And away with a raw-hoo, bow-wow-wow,
An' a bugle song, an' a hoodoo-doodle-doo,
An' away to the woods we'll run, brave boys,
An' away to the woods we'll run.

Oh, first he come to a lady, a-combin' of her locks,
She swore he saw bold Reynard, among the geese and ducks,
With a hoot-toot-toot sing hi-lo, all amid the merry clan,
With a ran-tan-tan, sing tippy-tippy-tan,
And away with a raw-hoo, bow-wow-wow,
An' a bugle song, an' a hoodoo-doodle-doo,
An' away to the woods we'll run, brave boys,
An' away to the woods we'll run.

Oh, next he come to a miller, a-grindin' at his mill,
He swore he saw bold Reynard, over on yonder hill,
With a hoot-toot-toot sing hi-lo, all amid the merry clan,
"I'm going to make my testament;" said Robin with a sigh,
"I'm going to make my testament, this day before I die."
Too-ra-loo, too-ra-loo, too-ra-loo-ra-too-ra-loo.

"I'll give my pretty head, it is both round and small,
Unto the boys of Garrick to play at the football."
Too-ra-loo, too-ra-loo, too-ra-loo-ra-too-ra-loo.

"I'll give my pretty legs, they are both slim and tall,
Unto the Bridge of Garrick, for I hear it's going to fall."
Too-re-loo, too-ra-loo, too-ra-loo-ra-too-ra-loo.

As little Robin ended, he closed his pretty eyes,
And down he dropped unto the ground, ne'ermore to rise,
Too-ra-loo, too-ra-loo, too-ra-loo-ra-too-ra-loo.

Side II  Band 1

A counting game-song

TEN LITTLE CHICKADEES

Ten little chickadees sitting in a line,
One flew away, and then there were nine,
Nine little chickadees on a farmer's gate,
One flew away and then there were eight.

Eight little chickadees, a-lookin' up to heav'n,
One flew away and then there were seven.
Seven little chickadees, perched on sticks,
One flew away and then there were six.

Six little chickadees learn'in' how to dive,
One flew away and then there were five.
Five little chickadees, sitting at the door,
One flew away and then there were four.

Four little chickadees sitting in a tree
One flew away and then there were three.
Three little chickadees didn't know what to do,
One flew away and then there were two.

Two little chickadees sitting in the sun,
One flew away and then there was one.
One little chickadee sitting all alone,
He got so lonesome that he flew home.

Side II  Band 2

A Scottish folk song brought to Canada by Maxwell
Dunbar, a Professor of Zoology at Montreal's McGill
University, who sings folk songs to his own guitar
accompaniments as a hobby.

WEE COCK SPARRA'

A wee cock sparra sat in a tree,
A wee cock sparra sat in a tree,
A wee cock sparra sat in a tree,
Whistlin' away as blithe as could be.

Along cam a boy wi' a wee bow an' arra,
Along cam a boy wi' a wee bow an' arra,
Along cam a boy wi' a wee bow an' arra,
Sez he: "I'll go shoot you wee cock sparra!"

The wee cock sparra sez: "This'll nae dae at a'!
The wee cock sparra sez: "This'll nae dae at a'!
The wee cock sparra sez: "This'll nae dae at a'!
An' he cockit his tail an' flew over the wa'.

The boy wi' the arra let fly at the sparra,
The boy wi' the arra let fly at the sparra,
The boy wi' the arra let fly at the sparra,
The boy wi' the arra let fly at the sparra,
The boy wi' the arra let fly at the sparra,
The boy wi' the arra let fly at the sparra,
The boy wi' the arra let fly at the sparra,
The boy wi' the arra let fly at the sparra,
The boy wi' the arra let fly at the sparra,
The boy wi' the arra let fly at the sparra,
The boy wi' the arra let fly at the sparra,
The boy wi' the arra let fly at the sparra,
The boy wi' the arra let fly at the sparra,
The boy wi' the arra let fly at the sparra,
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The boy wi' the arra let fly at the sparra,
The boy wi' the arra let fly at the sparra,
The boy wi' the arra let fly at the sparra,
The boy wi' the arra let fly at the sparra,
The boy wi' the arra let fly at the sparra,
An old English folk song.

OLD WOMAN AND THE PEDLAR

There was a little man, as I've heard tell, Fa-la-diddle-diddle-day.
She went to market, her eggs for to sell, Fa-la-diddle-diddle-day.
She went to market all on a market day, Fa-la-diddle-diddle-day.
But she fell asleep on the King's Highway, Fa-la-diddle-diddle-day.

There came along a pedlar whose name was Stout, Fa-la-diddle-diddle-day.
He cut her petticoats round about, Fa-la-diddle-diddle-day.
He cut her petticoats up to her knees, Fa-la-diddle-diddle-day.
Which made the little woman to shiver and sneeze, Fa-la-diddle-diddle-day.

Now, when this little woman did first awake, Fa-la-diddle-diddle-day.
She began to shiver, and she began to shake, Fa-la-diddle-diddle-day.
She began to wonder, and she began to cry, Fa-la-diddle-diddle-day.
"Oh dearie-dear-me, this cannot be!" Fa-la-diddle-diddle-day

But if it be I, as I hope it be, Fa-la-diddle-diddle-day.
I've a little dog at home that I'm sure knows me, Fa-la-diddle-diddle-day.
And if it be I, he will wag his tail, Fa-la-diddle-diddle-day.
And if it isn't I, he will bark and wall, Fa-la-diddle-diddle-day.

Home went the little woman, all in the dark, Fa-la-diddle-diddle-day.
Up got her little doggie and began to bark, Fa-la-diddle-diddle-day.
He began to bark, and she began to cry, Fa-la-diddle-diddle-day.
Oh, dearie-dear-me, this cannot ee I, Fa-la-diddle-diddle-day.

A popular students' song, best performed in a group with suitable actions to fit the words.

POP GOES THE WEASEL

A penny for a spool of thread, a penny for a needle,
That's the way the money goes, POP GOES THE WEASEL.
Johnny's got the whooping cough, Jenny's got the measles,
That's the way the money goes! POP GOES THE WEASEL.

All around the cobbler's bench, the monkey chased the weasel,
The monkey thought 'twas all in fun, POP GOES THE WEASEL.
I've no time to wait or sigh, no time to wheedle,
Only time to say goodbye, POP GOES THE WEASEL.

All around the chicken coop, ran the little weasel,
The monkey thought he had him when POP GOES THE WEASEL.
Round and round monkey ran till he began to wheedle,
Come and catch me if you can, POP GOES THE WEASEL.

And then the cow jumped over the moon, the cat played the fiddle,
They all began to sing the tune: POP GOES THE WEASEL.
No time to sing have I, No time to wheedle,
Kiss me quick, I'm off! - Goodbye! - POP GOES THE WEASEL!

The tail was sixty yards, sir, as near as I could tell,
They sent it off to London Town and tied it to a bell,
And if you don't believe me, and think I tell a lie,
Just you go down to Darby and you'll see the same as I.

The men that killed this ram, sir, was drown-ded in the blood,
And the little boy that held the pail was carried away in the flood,
And if you don't believe me, and think I tell a lie,
Just you go down to Darby and you'll see the same as I.

An American variant of a well known English folk song.

DARBY RAM

As I went down to Darby Town, t'was on a market day,
I saw the finest ram, sir, that ever was fed on hay,
And if you don't believe me and think I tell a lie,
Just you go down to Darby and you'll see the same as I.

The wool upon his back, sir, it weighed ten thousand pounds,
It made a handsome coat, sir, for every man in town,
And if you don't believe me and think I tell a lie,
Just you go down to Darby and you'll see the same as I.

Oh, every tooth this ram had, would hold a bushel o'corn,
And every foot he stood on did cover an acre o'ground,
And if you don't believe me, and think I tell a lie,
Just you go down to Darby and you'll see the same as I.

The horns upon this ram's head, they reached to the moon,
The butcher went up in January and never came down till June,
And if you don't believe me, and think I tell a lie,
Just you go down to Darby and you'll see the same as I.

A popular students' song, best performed in a group with suitable actions to fit the words.

DOWN IN DEMARARA

There was a man who had a horse-alum, horse-alum, horse-alum,
There was a man who had a horse-alum, down in Demarara.
And here we sit in the wilderness, Birds... Birds...
Here we sit in the wilderness, Down in Demarara.

Now that poor horse he fell a-sickalum, fell a-sickalum,
That poor horse, he fell a-sickalum, Down in Demarara.
And here we sit in the wilderness, Birds... Birds...
Here we sit in the wilderness, Down in Demarara.

So that poor man, he called a doctorum, called a doctorum,
That poor man he called a doctorum, Down in Demarara.
And here we sit in the wilderness, Birds... Birds...
Here we sit in the wilderness, Down in Demarara.

But that poor horse, he went and die-ed-em, went and die-ed-em,
That poor horse, he went and die-ed-em, Down in Demarara.
And here we sit in the wilderness, Birds... Birds...
Here we sit in the wilderness, Down in Demarara.

But 'ere he died, he wrote his willi-um, wrote his willi-um,
'Ere he died, he wrote his willi-um, Down in Demarara.
Now here we sit and flaps our wingsalem, Flaps... Flaps...
Here we sit and flaps our wingsalem, Down in Demarara.

And now we sing this silly song-a-lem, silly song-a-lem, song-a-lem,
Now we sing this silly song-a-lem, Down in Demarara.
But still we sit and flaps our wingsalem, Flaps... Flaps...
Still we sit and flaps our wingsalem, Down in Demarara.