Folk Songs for Young Folk

Animals

vol. 1.
sung by

Alan Mills

The Mallard
Who Killed Cock Robin?

Alphabet Song • One More River • Mistress Bond • Carrion Crow
Robin Sat on a Cherry Tree • The Barnyard Song • Three Little Pigs
Tailor and the Mouse • Bingo • A Frog He Would a-Wooing Go
The Birds' Ball • I Know an Old Lady Who Swallowed a Fly
ANIMALS

The animals went in two by two, THERE'S ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS,
The Crocodile and the Kangaroo, THERE'S ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS.
The animals went in three by three, THERE'S ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS,
The tall Giraffe and the tiny Mice, THERE'S ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS.
The animals went in four by four, THERE'S ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS,
The Hippopotamus stuck in the door, THERE'S ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS.
The animals went in five by five, THERE'S ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS,
The Bee and the Bear for a hive, THERE'S ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS.
The animals went in six by six, THERE'S ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS,
The Monkey was up to his usual tricks, THERE'S ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS.
The animals went in seven by seven, THERE'S ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS,
Said the Ant to the Elephant, "Who're ye shovin'?" THERE'S ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS.
The animals went in eight by eight, THERE'S ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS,
Some were early and some were late, THERE'S ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS.
The animals went in nine by nine, THERE'S ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS,
They all formed fours and marched in line, THERE'S ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS.
The animals went in ten by ten, THERE'S ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS,
If you want any more I will sing it again, THERE'S ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS.
ONE MORE RIVER AND THAT'S THE RIVER OF JORDAN,
ONE MORE RIVER. THERE'S ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS.

ANIMALS

The animals went in one by one, THERE'S ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS,
The Elephant chewing a caraway bun, THERE'S ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS.

SIDE 1, TRACK 2

The story of Noah's Ark has inspired many folk songs. This one lends itself very well to participation. Some also prefer to repeat the chorus after each verse.

Old Noah once he built the ark, THERE'S ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS,
And patched it up with hickory bark, THERE'S ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS.

ONE MORE RIVER AND THAT'S THE RIVER OF JORDAN,
ONE MORE RIVER. THERE'S ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS.

He anchored the ark to a great big rock, THERE'S ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS,
And then he began to load his stock, THERE'S ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS.

ONE MORE RIVER, AND THAT'S THE RIVER OF JORDAN,
ONE MORE RIVER. THERE'S ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS.

The animals went in one by one, THERE'S ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS,
The Elephant chewing a caraway bun, THERE'S ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS.

SIDE 1, TRACK 3

"An English nursery song, to which I have added the last verse, because I wanted the ducklings to win out over Mistress Bond."

MISTRESS BOND

Oh, what shall we have for dinner, Mistress Bond,
There's beef in the larder, and ducks in the pond,
Crying: Dilly-dilly, dilly-dilly, come to be killed!
For you must be stuffed and my customers filled.

"John Osalt, go fetch me a duckling or two,
John Osalt, go fetch me a duckling or two,
Dilly-dilly, dilly-dilly, come to be killed!
For you must be stuffed and my customers filled."

I have been to the ducks that are swimming in the pond;
But they refuse to come to be killed, Mistress Bond;
I cried: "Dilly-dilly, dilly-dilly, come to be killed!
For you must be stuffed and my customers filled."

Mistress Bond, she went down to the pond in a rage,
"With her apron full of onions, and her pocket full of sage,
She cried: "Dilly-dilly, dilly-dilly, come to be killed!
For you must be stuffed and my customers filled."

Said the ducklings politely: "No thank you, Mistress Bond,
We will not come to dinner, we like our little pond,
We are wise little ducklings, we won't be killed,
Toll - We won't be stuffed, nor your customers filled."
One of the best known, and, I think, one of the most beautiful of all children's songs.

WHO KILLED COKK ROBIN?

Who killed Cokk Robin?
I, said the Sparrow, with my little arrow.
I killed Cokk Robin.

CHORUS: All the birds in the air fell a-sighin' and a sobbin'.
When they heard of the death of poor Cokk Robin.

When they heard of the death of poor Cokk Robin.

Chorus.

Who saw him die?
I, said the Fly, with my little eye,
I saw him die.

CHORUS

Who will toll the bell?
I, said the Bull, because I can pull.
I'll toll the bell.

CHORUS

Who will make his shroud?
I, said the Beetle, with my thread and needle,
I'll make his shroud.

CHORUS

Who will dig his grave?
I, said the Owl, with my little trowel,
I'll dig his grave.

CHORUS

Who will be the person?
I, said the Hook, with my bell and book,
I'll be the person.

CHORUS

Who will be chief mourner?
I, said the Dove, I'll mourn for my love.
I'll be chief mourner.

CHORUS

THE BARNYARD SONG

A happier song of our feathered friends. This song is very popular in the junior grades of Canadian schools.

THE RAVEN'S BALL

The birdies all said to the nightingale,
I mean to give you birds a ball
Pray invite the birdies all.
The birds and birdies, great and small,

CHORUS: Tra-la-la-la-la, tra-la-la-la-la, Tra-la-la-la-la, Tra-la-la-la-la, Tra-la-la-la-la,

Soon they came from bush and tree,
Singing sweet their songs of glee,
Each one from its cozy nest,
Each one dress'd in its Sunday best... Tra-la-la-la-la......

The wren and the cuckoo danced for life,
The raven walked with the yellow bird's wife,
The swallow flew, and the bashful Jay,
Wished each other a very good day... Tra-la-la-la-la......

Chorus.

Chorus.

The wood pecker came from his hole in the tree,
And brought his bill to the company,
For cherries ripe and berries red,
"Tis a very-long bill!" - so the birdies said... Tra-la-la-la-la-

Chorus.

They danced all day till the sun was low,
Then the mother birds prepared to go,
So one and all, both great and small,
Flew to their nests from the birdies' ball... Tra-la-la-la-la.

THE BARNYARD SONG

I had a Cat and the Cat pleased me,
I fed my Cat under yonder tree, CAT GOES fiddle-fee.

I had a Dog, and the Dog pleased me,
I fed my Dog under yonder tree,
DOG GOES clock-clock-clock-clock, CAT GOES fiddle-fee.

I had a Duck, and the Duck pleased me,
I fed my Duck under yonder tree, DUCK GOES quack-quack,
HEN GOES clock-clock-clock-clock, CAT GOES fiddle-fee.

I had a Goose, and the Goose pleased me,
I fed my Goose under yonder tree,
HEN GOES clock-clock-clock-clock, CAT GOES fiddle-fee.

I had a Sheep and the Sheep pleased me,
I fed my Sheep under yonder tree,
SHEEP GOES baa-baa-baa,
GOOSE GOES swishy-swamy, DUCK GOES quack-quack,
HEN GOES clock-clock-clock-clock, CAT GOES fiddle-fee.

I had a Hog, and the Hog pleased me,
I fed my Hog under yonder tree,
HOG GOES gruffy-gruffy, SHEEP GOES baa-baa-baa,
GOOSE GOES swishy-swamy, DUCK GOES quack-quack,
HEN GOES clock-clock-clock-clock, CAT GOES fiddle-fee.

I had a Cow, and the Cow pleased me,
I fed my Cow under yonder tree,
COW GOES moo-moo,
HOG GOES gruffy-gruffy, SHEEP GOES baa-baa-baa,
GOOSE GOES swishy-swamy, DUCK GOES quack-quack,
HEN GOES clock-clock-clock-clock, CAT GOES fiddle-fee.

I had a Turkey, he pleased me,
I fed my Turkey under yonder tree,
TURKEY GOES gicky-goby, gicky-goby; COW GOES moo-moo,
HOG GOES gruffy-gruffy, SHEEP GOES baa-baa-baa,
GOOSE GOES swishy-swamy, DUCK GOES quack-quack,
HEN GOES clock-clock-clock-clock, CAT GOES fiddle-fee.

THE BIRDS' BALL

The birds come said to the nightingale,
I mean to give you birds a ball
Pray invite the birdies all.
The birds and birdies, great and small,

CHORUS: Tra-la-la-la-la, tra-la-la-la-la, Tra-la-la-la-la, Tra-la-la-la-la, Tra-la-la-la-la,

Now, one day, one of these three little pigs,
To the other two piglets said he:
"From now on, let's always say: 'OCE-OCE-OCE'"
It's so childish to say: 'WEE-WEE-WEE'....

Now, these little piglets grew skinny and lean,
As lean they might very well be,
For somehow they couldn't say: 'OCE-OCE-OCE'
Then these little piggies, they up and they died,
They died of the feel-o-see-see,
From tryin' too hard to say: "OCH-OCH-OCH"
When they only could say: "Waa-waa-waa"...
A moral there is to this and little tale,
A moral that's easy to see,
Just don't ever try to say: "OCH-OCH-OCH"
When you only could say: "Waa-waa-waa"...

A moral that's easy to see,
Just don't ever try to say: "OCH-OCH-OCH"
When you only could say: "Waa-waa-waa"...

An American version of an old English folk song.

THE CARRION CROW

A carrion crow sat on an oak,
Hey-derry-doom-derry-di-so,
Watching a tailor mendin' his cloak,
Caw-caw, the carrion crow, Hey-derry-doom-derry-di-so.

Ow, wife, ow wife, bring here my bow,
Hey-derry-doom-derry-di-so,
That I may shoot that carrion crow,
Caw-caw, the carrion crow, Hey-derry-doom-derry-di-so.

The tailor, he fired, but he missed his mark,
Hey-derry-doom-derry-di-so,
And he shot old sowe right bang thru' the heart,
Caw-caw, the carrion crow, Hey-derry-doom-derry-di-so.

The tailor, he ran to the old sow's side,
Hey-derry-doom-derry-di-so,
And he called to his wife, and then, he cried:
Caw-caw, the carrion crow, Hey-derry-doom-derry-di-so.

"Oh wife, oh wife, bring brushy in a spoon,
Hey-derry-doom-derry-di-so,
For our old sow is down in a noen,
Caw-caw, the carrion crow, Hey-derry-doom-derry-di-so.

But the old sow died, and the bells did toll,
Hey-derry-doom-derry-di-so,
And the little pigs pranced for the old sow's soul,
Caw-caw, the carrion crow, Hey-derry-doom-derry-di-so.

An English folk song.

THE TAILOR AND THE MOUSE

There was a tailor had a mouse, Hi-diddle-un-cum-feedle...
They lived together in one house, Hi-diddle-un-cum-feedle.
Hi-diddle-un-cum-tarun-tanum, thru the town of Bassey.
Hi-diddle-un-cum over the sea, Hi-diddle-un-cum-feedle.

The tailor thought his mouse was ill, Hi-diddle-un-cum-feedle...
So he gave him a part of a little blue pill, Hi-diddle-un-cum-
Hi-diddle-un-cum-tarun-tanum, thru the town of Bassey.
Hi-diddle-un-cum over the sea, Hi-diddle-un-cum-feedle.

The tailor thought his mouse would die, Hi-diddle-un-cum-feedle...
So he baked him in an apple pie, Hi-diddle-un-cum-feedle.
Hi-diddle-un-cum-tarun-tanum, thru the town of Bassey.
Hi-diddle-un-cum over the sea, Hi-diddle-un-cum-feedle.

When the pie was cut, the mouse ran out, Hi-diddle-un-cum...
The tailor followed him all about, Hi-diddle-un-cum-feedle,
Hi-diddle-un-cum-tarun-tanum, thru the town of Bassey,
Hi-diddle-un-cum over the sea, Hi-diddle-un-cum-feedle.

The mouse ran here, the mouse ran there, Hi-diddle-un-cum...
Until he tripped and fell downstairs, Hi-diddle-un-cum-feedle.
Hi-diddle-un-cum-tarun-tanum, thru the town of Bassey,
Hi-diddle-un-cum over the sea, Hi-diddle-un-cum-feedle.

The tailor found that his mouse was dead, Hi-diddle-un-cum...
So he caught another one in his stead, Hi-diddle-un-cum-feedle.
Hi-diddle-un-cum-tarun-tanum, thru the town of Bassey.
Hi-diddle-un-cum over the sea, Hi-diddle-un-cum-feedle.

One of the many variants of a 16th century English folk song
that was first published under the title "The Marriage of the
Frogs and the Mouse.

A FROG HE WOULD A-WOOGING GO

A frog he would a-wooging go, Hey-ho says Foley,
A frog he would a-wooging go,
Whether his mother would let him or no,
With a role-played, gommon and spinach, Hey-ho says Anthony Foley.
So off he set with his opera hat, Hey-ho says Foley,
So off he set with his opera hat,
And on the way he met Mr. Rat,
With a role-played, gommon and spinach, Hey-ho says Anthony Foley.
They rode till they came to Mousey Hall, Hey-ho says Foley,
They rode till they came to Mousey Hall,
And there they both did knock and call,
With a role-played, gommon and spinach, Hey-ho says Anthony Foley.

Pray Mistress Mouse are you within? - Hey-ho says Foley,
Pray Mistress Mouse are you within?
"Oh yes, sir, here I sit and spin".
With a role-played, gommon and spinach, Hey-ho says Anthony Foley.
Then Mistress Mouse she did come down, Hey-ho says Foley,
Then Mistress Mouse she did come down,
All smartly dressed in a russet gown,
With a role-played, gommon and spinach, Hey-ho says Anthony Foley.

"Pray Mister Frog, will you sing me a song?" Hey-ho says Foley,
Pray Mister Frog, will you sing me a song,
It needs be short, and it needs be long,
With a role-played, gommon and spinach, Hey-ho says Anthony Foley.
I'm sorry I can't, replied Mr. Frog, Hey-ho says Foley,
I'm sorry I can't, replied Mr. Frog,
For-a-cold has made me as harmless as a hog,
With a role-played, gommon and spinach, Hey-ho says Anthony Foley.

"Since you have a cold, the little mouse said, Hey-ho says Foley,
Since you have a cold, the little mouse said,
Then I will sing you a song instead,
With a role-played, gommon and spinach, Hey-ho says Anthony Foley.
Then, all at once, with a terrible din, Hey-ho says Foley,
Then, all at once, with a terrible din,
The cat and the kittens came tumbling in,
With a role-played, gommon and spinach, Hey-ho says Anthony Foley.
The cat, she seated Mr. Rat by the crown, Hey-ho says Foley,
The cat, she seated Mr. Rat by the crown,
The kittens, they pulled Miss Mouse down,
With a role-played, gommon and spinach, Hey-ho says Anthony Foley.
This put Mr. Frog in a terrible fright, Hey-ho says Foley,
This put Mr. Frog in a terrible fright,
So he picked up his hat, and he wished them "goodnight"
With a role-played, gommon and spinach, Hey-ho says Anthony Foley.

But as he was hoppin' over the brook, Hey-ho says Foley,
But as he was hoppin' over the brook,
A lily-white duck came and grabbed him up
With a role-played, gommon and spinach, Hey-ho says Anthony Foley.
So there's an end of one-two-and-three, Hey-ho says Foley,
So there's an end of one-two-and-three,
Hi the rat, the mouse, and the little frogs.
With a role-played, gommon and spinach, Hey-ho says Anthony Foley.
An English game song of the cumulative variety, it can be made longer by adding wings, neck, head, tail, etc.

THE MALLARD

Oh I have a set, oh what a set I've at the toe of my mallard,
A toe-toe, a toe-toe, nipper and all,
Oh I have a set of me mallard-o, so good it was my mallard.

Oh I have a set, oh what a set I've at the foot of my mallard,
A foot-foot, a toe-toe, nipper and all,
Oh I have a set of me mallard-o, so good it was my mallard.

Oh I have a set, oh what a set I've at the leg of my mallard,
A leg-leg, a foot-foot, a toe-toe, nipper and all,
Oh I have a set of me mallard-o, so good it was my mallard.

Oh I have a set, oh what a set I've at the knee of my mallard,
A knee-knee, a leg-leg, a foot-foot, a toe-toe, nipper and all,
Oh I have a set of me mallard-o, so good it was my mallard.

Oh I have a set, oh what a set I've at the thigh of my mallard,
A thigh-thigh, a knee-knee, a leg-leg, a foot-foot, a toe-toe, nipper and all,
Oh I have a set of me mallard-o, so good it was my mallard.

I know an old lady who swallowed a bird,
How, how absurd...to swallow a bird,
She swallowed the bird to catch the spider,
That wriggled and wriggled and tickled inside her.
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly,
But I don't know why she swallowed the fly....I guess she'll die.

I know an old lady who swallowed a cat!
How, fancy that!...to swallow a cat!
She swallowed the cat to catch the bird,
She swallowed the bird to catch the spider,
That wriggled and wriggled and tickled inside her.
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly,
But I don't know why she swallowed the fly....I guess she'll die.

I know an old lady who swallowed a dog!
My, what a hog!...to swallow a dog!
She swallowed the dog to catch the cat,
She swallowed the cat to catch the bird,
She swallowed the bird to catch the spider,
That wriggled and wriggled and tickled inside her.
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly,
But I don't know why she swallowed the fly....I guess she'll die.

I know an old lady who swallowed a goat!
She just opened her throat and swallowed a goat!
She swallowed the goat to catch the dog,
She swallowed the dog to catch the cat,
She swallowed the cat to catch the bird,
She swallowed the bird to catch the spider,
That wriggled and wriggled and tickled inside her.
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly,
But I don't know why she swallowed the fly....I guess she'll die.

I know an old lady who swallowed a cow!
I don't know how she swallowed a cow!
She swallowed the cow to catch the goat,
She swallowed the goat to catch the dog,
She swallowed the dog to catch the cat,
She swallowed the cat to catch the bird,
She swallowed the bird to catch the spider,
That wriggled and wriggled and tickled inside her.
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly,
But I don't know why she swallowed the fly....I guess she'll die.

I know an old lady who swallowed a horse!
She's dead...of course!.....

A spelling song.

LITTLE BINGO

A farmer's dog jumped over the stile,
His name was Little Bingo.
B - I - N - G - O - , his name was Little Bingo.

The farmer loved a pretty young lass,
She bought her a wedding ring-o.
S - I - N - G - O - , she bought her a wedding ring-o.

The farmer had a very good voice,
And he did like to sing-o.
S - I - N - G - O - , and he did like to sing-o.

Now, isn't this a jolly good song,
I think it is, by jingo!
S - I - N - G - O - , I think it is, by jingo!

A nonsensical song of the cumulative variety, with a surprise ending that never fails to get a laugh.

I KNOW AN OLD LADY WHO SWALLOWED A FLY by Alan Hills

I know an old lady who swallowed a fly,
I don't know why she swallowed a fly....I guess she'll die.

I know an old lady who swallowed a spider,
That wriggled and wriggled and tickled inside her,
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly,
But I don't know why she swallowed the fly....I guess she'll die.