

Hey Diddle Diddle

(part of the CD Classic Collection 2 CRCD0501-15)
or cassette CR8904)

Sing a song of sixpence

Sing a song of sixpence a pocket full of rye
Four and twenty blackbirds baked in a pie
When the pie was opened the birds began to sing
Wasn't that a dainty dish to set before the King

The King was in his counting house counting out the money
The Queen was in the parlour eating bread and honey
The maid was in the garden hanging out some clothes
When down came a blackbird and pecked off her nose.

She made such a commotion that little Jenny Wren
Flew down into the garden and popped it on again

Bobby Shafto

Bobby Shafto's gone to sea silver buckles on his knee
He'll come back and marry me, bonny Bobby Shafto
Bobby Shafto's bright and fair, combing down his yellow hair
He's my love for ever more, bonny Bobby Shafto

Ride a cock horse

Ride a cock horse to Banbury Cross to see a fine lady upon a white horse
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes and she shall have music wherever she goes

Ring a ring o roses

Ring a ring o' roses, a pocket full of posies
A-tish-oo. A-tish-oo, we all fall down

The King has sent his daughter to fetch a pail of water
A-tish-oo. A-tish-oo, we all fall down

The bird upon the steeple sits high above the people
A-tish-oo. A-tish-oo, we all fall down

There was a crooked man

There was a crooked man and he walked a crooked mile
He found a crooked sixpence against a crooked style
He had a crooked cat which caught a crooked mouse
And they all lived together in a little crooked house.

Hey Diddle Diddle

Hey diddle diddle the cat and the fiddle, the cow jumped over the moon
The little dog laughed to see such fun and the dish ran away with the spoon

Twinkle Twinkle Little Star

Twinkle twinkle little star how I wonder what you are
Up above the world so high, like a diamond in the sky

Twinkle twinkle little star how I wonder what you are

When the blazing sun is gone, when he nothing shines upon
Then you show your little light, twinkle twinkle all the night
Twinkle twinkle little star how I wonder what you are

In the dark blue sky you keep, while you through my curtains peep
And you never shut your eye, 'till the sun is in the sky
Twinkle twinkle little star how I wonder what you are

Oranges and lemons

Oranges and lemons say the bells of St Clement's
You owe me five farthings say the bells of St Martin's
When will you pay me say the bells of Old Bailey
When I grow rich say the bells of Shoreditch
Pray when will that be? Say the bells of Stepney
I do not know, says the Great Bell of Bow
Old father Baldpate say the slow bells of Aldgate
Pokers and togs say the bells of St John's
Pancakes and fritter say the bells of St Peter's
Two sticks and an apple say the bells of Whitechapel
Kettles and pans say the bells of St Anne's
Brickbats and tiles say the bells of St Giles'
Here comes a candle to light you to bed
And here comes a chopper to chop off your head!

Baa baa black sheep

Baa baa black sheep have you any wool?
Yes Sir, yes Sir, three bags full
One for the master and one for the dame
And one for the little boy who lives down the lane

Hush a bye baby

Hush a bye baby on the tree top
When the wind blows the cradle will rock
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall
Down will come baby cradle and all

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 on a cold and frosty morning

This the way we clap our hands.....etc
This is the way we stamp our feet.....etc

This is the way we wash our clothes.....etc
This is the way we iron our clothes.....etc
This the way we sweep the floor.....etc

Little Bo Peep

Little Bo peep has lost her sheep
And can't tell where to find them
Leave them alone and they'll come home
Bringing their tails behind them

Little Bo peep fell fast asleep
And dreamt she heard them bleating
But when she awoke she found it a joke
For they were still a-fleeting

Little Bo peep has lost her sheep
And can't tell where to find them
Leave them alone and they'll come home
Bringing their tails behind them

Jack and Jill

Jack and Jill went up the hill to fetch a pail of water
Jack fell down and broke his crown
And Jill came tumbling after

Up Jack got and home did trot as fast as he could caper
Went to bed to mend his head
With vinegar and brown paper
Jill came in how she did grin to see Jack's paper plaster
Mother vexed did smack her next
For causing Jack's disaster

Jack and Jill went up the hill to fetch a pail of water
Jack fell down and broke his crown
And Jill came tumbling after

Mary Mary, quite contrary

Mary Mary, quite contrary
How does your garden grow?
With silver bells and cockle shells
And pretty maids all in a row

I saw three ships

I saw three ships come sailing by on Christmas Day, on Christmas Day
I saw three ships come sailing by on Christmas Day in the morning

And what do you think was in them then, was in them then, was in them then
And what do you think was in them then, on Christmas Day in the morning

Three pretty girls were in them then, were in them then, were in them then
Three pretty girls were in them then, on Christmas Day in the morning

And one could whistle and one could sing and one could play on the violin
Such joy there was at my wedding on Christmas Day in the morning

Little Jack Horner

Little Jack Horner, sat in the corner
Eating his Christmas pie.
He put in his thumb and pulled out a plum
And said, 'What a good boy am I!'