

Children's Songs Lyrics

Performed by Susie Tallman & Friends

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I've Been Working On The Railroad

(American Folk Song)

I've been working on the railroad, all the live long day, I've been working on the railroad, just to pass the time away, can't ya hear the whistle blowin' rise up so early in the morn, can't ya hear the Captain shoutin' Dinah blow your horn.

Dinah won't ya blow, Dinah won't ya blow, Dinah won't ya blow your horn, Dinah won't ya blow, Dinah won't ya blow, Dinah won't ya blow your horn.

Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah, someone's in the kitchen I know, someone's in the kitchen with Dinah, strumming on the 'ol banjo. And singing, fee fi, fiddle-e-i-o, fee, fi, fiddle-e-i-o, fee fi fiddle-e-i-o, strumming on the 'ol banjo.

Featuring: Peter Farnan guitars, bass, drums, keyboards, whistle & vocals, Susie vocals, Maude & Jane "toot-toots".

Five Little Ducks

(Traditional)

Five little ducks went out to play, over the hills and far away, mother duck said,
"Quack, quack, quack, quack" but only four little ducks came back.

Four little ducks went out to play, over the hills and far away, mother duck said,
"Quack, quack, quack, quack" but only three little ducks came back.

Three, two, one...and five little ducks came running back.

Featuring Miller, Madeleine, Paul, Brian & Francesca; Mark piano and percussion

The Alphabet Song

(Traditional)

a, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, j, k, l, m, n, o, p, q, r, s, t, u, v, w, x, y, z

now I know my a, b, c's next time won't you sing with me.

A apple

B boy

C cat

D dog

E eel

F flower

G great

H house

I ink

J jack

K kite

L love

M mommy

N night

O orange

P pumpkin

Q queen

R red

S sunshine

T tall

U us

V valentine

W winter

X xylophone

Y yellow

Z zebra

BINGO

(Traditional)

There was a farmer had a dog and Bingo was his name-oh, B-I-N-G-O, B-I-N-G-O, B-I-N-G-O and Bingo was his name-oh.

(Repeat verses by subtracting letters from Bingo's name, starting with the first letter, B.)

Big Rock Candy Mountain

(Traditional)

One evening as the sun went down and the jungle fire was burning

Down the track came the hobo Jack and he said boys I'm not turning, I'm headed for a land that's far away, beside the crystal fountain, so come with me, we'll go and see the big rock candy mountain.

Chorus: Oh the buzzin' of the bees and the peppermint trees from the soda water fountains where lemonade springs and the bluebird sings in the big rock candy mountains.

In the big rock candy mountain, there's a land that's fair and bright, where candy grows on bushes and you sleep out every night, where love is all around you, and the sun shines every day on the birds and the bees and the peppermint trees in the big rock candy mountain.

Chorus

In the big rock candy mountain, all the cops have wooden legs and the bulldogs all have wooden teeth and the hens lay soft-boiled eggs, the farmer's trees are full of fruit and the barns are full of hay, Oh I'm bound to go where there ain't no snow, there ain't no fog and the wind don't blow, in the big rock candy mountain.

Chorus.

Pop Goes The Weasel

(Traditional Rhyme)

All around the cobbler's bench the monkey chased the weasel, the monkey thought it was all in fun, pop goes the weasel.

Say, Say, Oh Playmate

(Traditional)

Say, say, oh playmate, come out and play with me and bring your dolly's three climb
up my apple tree. Cry down my rain barrel, slide down my cellar door, and we'll be jolly
friends forever more, more, more.

De Colores

(Traditional Spanish Song)

De colores, de colores se visten los campos en la primavera

De colores, de colores son los pajaritos que vienen de afuera

De colores, de colores es el arco iris que vemos lucir

Y por eso los grandes amores de muchos colores me gustan a mi

Y por eso los grandes amores de muchos colores me gustan a mi

Canta el gallo, canta el gallo con el quiri quiri, quiri, quiri, quiri

La gallina la gallina con su cara, cara, cara, cara, cara

Los polleuelos, los polluelos con el pio, pio, pio, pio, pi

Translation:

In colors, in colors the fields bloom in spring

In colors, in colors the little birds fly from afar

In colors, in colors, the rainbow arcs so clearly

And for this reason, these great loves of many colors, please be so.

Bumble Bee

(Traditional)

I'm bringing home a baby bumble bee won't my mommy be so proud of me, I'm bringing home a baby bumble bee ouch! It stung me.

I'm mashing up the baby bumble bee, won't my daddy be so proud of me, I'm mashing up the baby bumble bee, ooo, it's messy.

I'm licking up the baby bumble bee won't my mommy be so proud of me, I'm licking up the baby bumble bee ooo, got a tummy ache.

I'm letting go the baby bumble bee won't my daddy be so proud of me, I'm letting go the baby bumble bee, fly away, bye bye.

Featuring: Maude Farnan, Peter Farnan music and arrangement

Five Little Speckled Frogs

(Traditional)

Five little speckled frogs, sittin' on a speckled log eating a most delicious fly, yum,
yum, yum, yum, yum

One jumped into the pool where it was nice and cool then there were four little
speckled frogs. Four, three, two, one

Featuring: Mark guitar, harmonica and drums; Madeleine, Paul, Brian & Francesca
"yumms"

1, 2 Buckle My Shoe

(Traditional Rhyme)

1, 2 buckle my shoe

3, 4 shut the door

5, 6 pick up sticks

7, 8 lay them straight

9, 10 a big fat hen

11, 12 dig and delve

13, 14 maids a courting

15, 16 cool scene

17, 18 finger painting

19, 20 you're so funny

She'll Be Coming 'Round The Mountain

(American Folk Song)

She'll be coming 'round the mountain when she comes, she'll be coming 'round the mountain when she comes, she'll be coming 'round the mountain, she'll be coming 'round the mountain, she'll be coming 'round the mountain when she comes.

She'll be driving six white horses when she comes...

We'll all run out to meet her when she comes...

We'll all have chicken and dumplings when she comes...

Oh she'll have to sleep with grandma when she comes...

She'll be coming 'round the mountain when she comes...

Found A Peanut

(American Traditional)

Found a peanut, found a peanut, found a peanut just now, just now I found a peanut,
found a peanut just now.

Repeat tune with the following verses:

Cracked it open; It was rotten; Ate it anyway; Got a stomach ache; Called the doctor;
Operation; Died anyway; Was a dream; Then I woke up; Found a peanut.

What A Wonderful World

(Written by George Douglas / George David Weiss / Bob Thiele)

I see trees of green, red roses too

I see them bloom for me and you

And I think to myself what a wonderful world

I see skies of blue and clouds of white

The bright blessed day, the dark sacred night

And I think to myself what a wonderful world

The colors of the rainbow so pretty in the sky

Are also on the faces of people going by

I see friends shaking hands saying how do you do

They're really saying I love you

I hear babies crying, I watch them grow

They'll learn much more than I'll never know

And I think to myself what a wonderful world

Yes I think to myself what a wonderful world

Alouette

(Traditional French)

Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai

Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai

Je te plumerai la tete

Je te plumerai la tete

et la tete, et la tete, Alouette, Alouette Ah, Ah

Je te plumerai le bec

Je te plumerai le bec

et le bec, et le bec, et la tete, et la tete, Alouette, Alouette Ah, Ah

Je te plumerai le cou

Je te plumerai le cou

et le cou, et le cou, et le bec, et le bec, et la tete, et la tete, Alouette, Alouette Ah, Ah

Je te plumerai le nez

Je te plumerai le nez

et le nez, et le nez, et le cou, et le cou, et le bec, et le bec, et la tete, et la tete,
Alouette, Alouette

Translation:

Lark, nice Lark, Lark, I will pluck Alouette, nice Alouette, Alouette... I will pluck the nose, the neck and the nozzle etc.

Little Peter Rabbit

(Traditional Camp Song)

Little Peter Rabbit had a fly upon his ear, little Peter Rabbit had a fly upon his ear, little Peter Rabbit had a fly upon his ear and he flicked it till it flew away.

2nd time repeat and omit the word "rabbit"

3rd time repeat and omit the words "rabbit" and "fly"

4th time repeat and omit the words "rabbit," "fly," and "ear"

Last time... Little Peter Rabbit had a fly upon his ear, little Peter Rabbit had a fly upon his ear, little Peter Rabbit had a fly upon his ear and he flicked it till it flew away.

Who Stole The Cookies From The Cookie Jar?

(Traditional Rhyme)

Bob: Who stole the cookies from the cookie jar?

Bungie: You stole the cookies from the cookie jar.

Bob: Who me?

Bungie: Yes you!

Bob: Not me! Couldn't be.

Bungie: Then who?

Bob: Katie stole the cookies from the cookie jar.

Katie: Who me?

Bob: Yes you.

Katie: Not me.

Bob: Then who?

Katie: Doggie stole the cookies from the cookie jar.

Monkeys On A Bed

(Traditional Children's Song)

Four little monkeys jumpin' on the bed, one fell off, and bumped his head. Mama called the doctor and the doctor said "No more monkeys jumpin' on the bed!"

Three little monkeys...

Two little monkeys...One little monkey..."No more monkey's jumpin' on the bed!"

Apples & Bananas

(Traditional Children's Song)

a-e-i-o-u

Verse 1:

I like to eat, eat, eat apples and bananas, I like to eat, eat, eat apples and bananas...

Verse 2: "a"

I like to ate, ate, ate a-ples and ban-a-nays, I like to ate, ate, ate a-ples and ban-a-nays...

Verse 3: "e"

I like to eet, eet, eet eeples and baneenees, I like to eet, eet, eet eeples and baneenees...

Verse 4: "i"

I like to ite, ite, ite iples and baninyes, I like to ite, ite, ite iples and baninyes...

Verse 5: "o"

I like to oat, oat, oat oaples and banonoes, I like to oat, oat, oat oaples and banonoes...

Verse 6: "u"

I like to ute, ute, ute uples and banunus, I like to ute, ute, ute uples and banunus...

Back home to verse 1

I like to eat, eat, eat apples and bananas, I like to eat, eat, eat apples and bananas...

Featuring: Maz, Susie & Mark

La Cucaracha

(Traditional Spanish Song)

Chorus: La cucaracha, la cucaracha, Ya no puede caminar; Porque no tiene, porque le falta agua pura que tomar.

Con las barbas de Carranza, voy a hacer una tortilla, Pa, ponersela all sombrero de su padre Pancho Villa.

Chorus

Una cosa me da risa; Pancho Villa sin camisa; Ya se van los carrazistas porque vienen los villistas.

Chorus

Ya murio la cucaracha, Ya la llevan a enterrar, entre cuatro zopilotes Y un raton de sacristan.

Chorus

Translation:

the cockroach, the cockroach,

No longer can it walk;

Because it does not have pure drinking water.

Already dead they take the cockroach to be buried,

Between four buzzards

And a sacristan mouse.

With the beards of Carranza,

I am going to make one tortilla.

Pá puts him in his hat

Of his father Pancho Villa.

Something gives me laughter:

Pancho Villa without a shirt;

The carrazistas already go away

Because the Pancho Villa supporters come.

The Hokey Pokey

(Traditional)

You put your left hand in, you pull your left hand out

You put your left hand in, and you shake it all about

You do the hokey pokey then you turn yourself around that's what it's all about.

right hand, left foot, right foot, left hip, right hip, head, whole self

Old MacDonald Had A Farm

(Traditional)

Old MacDonald had a farm, ei, ei, oh

And on that farm he had some chicks, ei, ei, oh

With a chick, chick here and a chick, chick there, here a chick, there a chick, everywhere
a chick, chick. Old MacDonald had a farm, ei ei oh.

cow, ducks, brontosaurus, pigs, horse

Buffalo Gals

(Written by John Hodges aka Cool White in 1844)

As I was walking down the street, down the street, down the street, a pretty little gal I chanced to meet, Oh she was fair to see.

Chorus: Buffalo gals won't you come out tonight, come out tonight, come out tonight, buffalo gals won't you come out tonight, we'll dance by the light of the moon.

I asked her if she'd take a walk, have a talk, take a walk, her feet took up the whole sidewalk as she stood close to me. I asked her "Would you want to dance, want to dance, want to dance?" I thought that I would have a chance to shake a foot with her.

Oh, I danced with the gal with a hole in her stockin' and her hip kept a-rockin' and her toe kept a-knockin' I danced with the gal with a hole in her stockin' and we danced by the light of the moon.

John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmidt

(Traditional Children's Song)

John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmidt, that's my name too. Whenever we go out, the people always shout, there goes John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmidt, da da da da da da da.

Repeat gradually getting softer and softer with loud da da da's in between each verse.

Down In The Valley

(Legend claims it was written by E.V Brody from the Birmingham jail)

Down in the valley, the valley so low, hang your head over, hear the wind blow

Hear the wind blow dear, hear the wind blow, hang your head over, hear the wind blow.

Violets love sunshine, roses love dew, angels in heaven know I love you

Know I love you dear, know I love you, angels in heaven know I love you

My love is true dear, my love is true, come with me darlin' or take me with you. Take my heart with you, when the day's gone, my heart is with you, all the day long.

Down in the valley, the valley so low, hang your head over, hear the wind blow.

Hear the wind blow dear, hear the wind blow, hang your head over, hear the wind blow.

The Ants Go Marching In

(Traditional)

The ants go marching one by one, hurrah, hurrah. The ants go marching one by one, hurrah, hurrah. The ants go marching one by one, the little one stops to suck his thumb and they all go marching down to the ground to get out of the rain boom, boom, boom.

Two by two...the little one stops to tie his shoe

Three by three...the little one stops to climb a tree

Four by four...the little one stops to shut the door

Five by five...the little one stops to clap high five

Six by six...the little one stops to do some tricks

Seven by seven...the little one stops to contemplate heaven

Eight by eight...the little one, man he's always late

Nine by nine...the little one stops to bust a rhyme

Ten by ten...and this is the end of the song, amen.

Do Your Ears Hang Low?

(Traditional Camp Song)

Do your ears hang low? Do they wobble to and fro?

Can you tie them in a knot? Can you tie them in a bow?

Can you throw them over your shoulder like a continental soldier?

Do your ears hang low?

Do your ears flip flop? Can you use them for a mop?

Are they stringy at the bottom? Are they curly at the top?

Can you use them for a swatter? Can you use them for a blotter?

Do your ears hang low?

Wheels On The Bus

(Traditional)

The wheels on the bus go round and round, round and round, round and round, the wheels on the bus go round and round all through the town.

The money on the bus goes ching a ling a ling

The driver on the bus says "Move on back"

The wipers on the bus go swish, swish, swish

The people on the bus go up and down,

The horn on the bus goes beep, beep, beep

The baby on the bus says "wahh, wahh, wahh"

The parents' on the bus go "shh, shh, shh"

The wheels on the bus go round and round, round and round, round and round, the wheels on the bus go round and round all through the town.

If You're Happy And You Know It

(Traditional)

If you're happy and you know it clap your hands

If you're happy and you know it clap your hands

If you're happy and you know it and you really want to show it

If you're happy and you know it clap your hands

Stomp your feet; Snap your fingers; Shout I am

Do all four

Oh When The Saints Go Marching In

(Traditional)

Oh when the saints go marching in, oh when the saints go marching in, Oh I want to be in that number when the saints go marching in.

Oh when those bells begin to chime, oh when those bells begin to chime, Oh how I want to be in that number, when those bells begin to chime.

Oh when the sun begins to shine, oh when the sun begins to shine, Oh how I want to be in that number, when the sun begins to shine.

London Bridges

(Traditional Rhyme)

London Bridges falling down, falling down, falling down, London Bridges falling down,
my fair lady.

Take the key and lock her up, lock her up, lock her up, take the key and lock her up, my
fair lady.

Iron bars will bend and break, bend and break, bend and break, iron bars will bend and
break, my fair lady.

Build it up with silver and gold, silver and gold, silver and gold, build it up with silver
and gold, my fair lady.

Be Kind To Your Web-Footed Friends

(Traditional)

Be kind to your web-footed friends, for a duck may be somebody's mother, you may think that is the end of the song...well, it is!

Featuring: Bungie

Farmer In The Dell

(Traditional Rhyme)

The farmer in the dell, the farmer in the dell, hi ho the dairy oh the farmer in the dell.

The farmer takes a wife...

The wife takes a child...

The child takes the nurse...

The nurse takes the dog...

The dog takes the cat...

The cat takes the rat...

The rat takes the cheese...

The cheese stands alone...

The farmer in the dell, the farmer in the dell, hi ho the dairy oh the farmer in the dell.

Have You Ever Seen A Lassie?

(Traditional English)

Did you ever see a lassie, a lassie, a lassie, did you ever see a lassie go this way and that? Go this way and that way, go this way and that way, did you ever see a lassie go this way and that?

Did you ever see a laddie, a laddie, a laddie, did you ever see a laddie go this way and that?

Red River Valley

(Traditional American Folk Song)

From this valley they say you are going, I will miss your bright eyes and sweet smile,
For they say you are taking the sunshine, that has brightened our pathways a while.

Come and sit by my side if you love me, Do not hasten to bid me adieu, But remember
the Red River Valley, and the one who has loved you so true.

Sur Le Pont D'Avignon

(Traditional French Song)

Sur le pont d'Avignon, on y danse, on y danse, sur le pont d'Avignon on y danse tous en rond.

Translation:

On the bridge of Avignon, one dances there, one dances there, on the bridge of Avignon one dances all around.

Kookaburra

(Traditional Australian)

Kookaburra sits on the old gum tree, merry, merry king of the bush is he, laugh
kookaburra, laugh kookaburra, save some there for me ha ha ha ha.

Kookaburra sits on the old gum tree, eating all the gum drops he can see, stop
kookaburra, stop kookaburra, save some there for me ha ha ha ha.

Row, Row, Row Your Boat

(Traditional Round)

Row, row, row your boat, gently down the stream, merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily, life is but a dream.

Featuring: Susie & Mark arrangement & percussion, chorus sung by Madeleine, Paul, Brian and Francesca