

Classic Nursery Rhymes Lyrics

Performed by Susie Tallman & Friends

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Six Little Ducks

Six little ducks that I once knew, Big ones, small ones, fair ones too, But the one little duck with the feather on his back, He led the others with a quack, quack, quack! Quack, quack, quack, quack, quack!

He led the others with a quack, quack, quack!

Down to the river they would go, Wobble wobble, wobble wobble, to and fro,

But the one little duck with the feather on his back, He led the others with a quack, quack, quack! Quack, quack, quack, quack, quack, quack!

He led the others with a quack, quack, quack!

Home from the river they would come, Wobble wobble, wobble wobble, ho-hum-hum!

But the one little duck with the feather on his back, He led the others with a quack, quack, quack! Quack, quack, quack, quack, quack, quack!

He led the others with a quack, quack, quack!

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 his money,
The Queen was in the parlour, Eating bread and honey,
The maid was in the garden, Hanging out the clothes,
Then came a little blackbird and pecked off her nose.
They sent for the King's doctor who sewed it on again,
They sewed it on so neatly the seam was never seen.
Sing a song of sixpence, a pocket full of rye,
Four and twenty blackbirds baked in a pie.

Peter Piper

Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers;

A peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked;

If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers,

Where's the peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked?

Hickory Dickory Dock (Mother Goose)

Hickory dickory dock, the mouse ran up the clock,

The clock struck one, the mouse ran down;

Hickory dickory dock.

Hickory dickory doo, the mouse ran in the shoe,

The clock struck two, the mouse went "phew"; Hickory dickory doo.

Hickory dickory dee, the mouse ran up the tree,

The clock struck three, the mouse ran free; Hickory dickory dee.

Featuring: Peter (Maz) Maslen voice & voice-percussion

I'm A Little Teapot

I'm a little teapot, short and stout, here is my handle, here is my spout.

When I get all steamed up, then I shout, Just tip me over and pour me out.

Half past four and time for tea, sweets for you, sweets for me

Peppermint and orange and chamomile, pour some tea and get your fill.

I'm a little teapot full of tea, add some milk and sweet honey

Stir me with a spoon and drink it up, Out of the pot and into your cup.

I'm a little teapot, short and stout, here is my handle, here is my spout.

When I get all steamed up, then I shout, Just tip me over and pour me out.

Little Miss Muffet

Little Miss Muffet, sat on a tuffet
Eating her curds and whey
Along came a spider and sat down beside her
And frightened Miss Muffet away.

Itsy Bitsy Spider

Itsy bitsy spider climbed up the water spout,
down came the rain and washed the spider out,
out came the sun and dried up all the rain,
the itsy bitsy spider went up the spout again.

Georgie Porgie

(1844 J. W. Elliot)

Georgie Porgie, pudding and pie,
Kissed the girls and made them cry.
When the boys came out to play,
Georgie Porgie ran away.

Ten Monkeys In The Bed

There were 10 in the bed and the little one said, "roll over, roll over"

So they all rolled over and 1 fell out.

There were 9 in the bed...

Good night!

Rub-A-Dub-Dub

Rub-a-dub-dub, three men in a tub,

And who do you think they be?

The butcher, the baker, the candle-stick maker,

And all of them gone to sea.

Skidamarink

Skidamarink a dinka dink, skidamarink a doo

I love you!

I love you in the morning and in the afternoon,

I love you in the evening and underneath the moon,

Oh, skidamarink a dinka dink, skidamarink a doo,

I love you!

Three Little Kittens

Once three little kittens they lost their mittens, And they began to cry,

"Oh mother dear, we sadly fear our mittens we have lost." "What! Lost your mittens? You naughty kittens! Then you shall have no pie." "Mee-ow, Mee-ow, Mee-ow, Mee-ow."

Once three little kittens they found their mittens, And they began to cry,

"Oh mother dear, see here, see here, Our mittens we have found."

"What! Found your mittens? You darling kittens! Then you shall have some pie." "Mee-ow, Mee-ow, Mee-ow, Mee-ow."

The three little kittens put on their mittens, And soon ate up the pie;

"Oh mother dear, we greatly fear Our mittens we have soiled."

"What! Soiled your mittens? You naughty kittens!" Then they began to sigh.

"Mee-ow, Mee-ow, Mee-ow, Mee-ow."

The three little kittens they washed their mittens, And hung them up to dry;

"Oh mother dear, look here, look here, Our mittens we have washed."

"What! Washed your mittens? You darling kittens! But I smell a rat close by."

"Mee-ow, Mee-ow, Mee-ow, Mee-ow."

Over In The Meadow

Over in the meadow, in the sand in the sun, Lived an old mother toadie and her little toadie one. "Wink!" said the mother; "I wink!" said the one, So they winked and they blinked in the sand and the sun.

Over in the meadow, where the stream runs blue, Lived an old mother fish and her little fishes two. "Swim!" said the mother; "We swim!" said the two, So they swam and they leaped where the stream runs blue.

Over in the meadow, in a hole in a tree, Lived an old mother bluebird and her little birdies three, "Sing!" said the mother; "We sing!" said the three, So they sang and were glad in a hole in a tree.

Over in the meadow, in the reeds on the shore, lived an old mother muskrat and her little ratties four, "Dive!" said the mother; "We Dive" said the four, So they dived and they burrowed in the reeds on the shore.

Over in the meadow, in a snug beehive, lived a mother honeybee and her little bees five, "Buzz!" said the mother; "We buzz!" said the five, So they buzzed and they hummed in the snug beehive.

Over in the meadow, in a nest built of sticks, lived a black mother crow and her little crows six, "Caw!" said the mother; "We caw!" said the six, So they cawed and they called in their nest built of sticks.

Over in the meadow, where the grass is so even, lived a gay mother cricket and her little crickets seven, "Chirp!" said the mother; "We chirp!" said the seven, So they chirped cheery notes in the grass soft and even.

Over in the meadow, by the old mossy gate, lived a brown mother lizard and her little lizards eight, "Bask!" said the mother; "We bask!" said the eight, So they basked in the sun on the old mossy gate.

Over in the meadow, where the quiet pools shine, lived a green mother frog and her little froggies nine, "Croak!" said the mother; "We croak!" said the nine, So they croaked and they splashed where the quiet pools shine.

Over in the meadow, in a sly little den, lived a gray mother spider and her little spiders ten, "Spin!" said the mother; "We spin!" said the ten, So they spun lacy webs in their sly little den.

Humpty Dumpty (Mother Goose)

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall, Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;

All the king's horses and all the king's men, couldn't put Humpty together again.

This Old Man

This Old Man, he played one, He played nick-nack on my thumb; With a nick-nack
Paddy whack, give a dog a bone, This old man came rolling home.

This Old Man, he played two, He played nick-nack on my shoe;

This Old Man, he played three, He played nick-nack on my knee;

This Old Man, he played four, He played nick-nack on my door;

This Old Man, he played five, He played nick-nack on my hive;

This Old Man, He played six, He played nick-nack on my sticks;

This Old Man, He played seven, He played nick-nack up in heaven;

This Old Man, He played eight, He played nick-nack on my gate;

This Old Man, He played nine, He played nick-nack on my spine;

This Old Man, He played ten, He played nick-nack once again; With a nick-nack
Paddy whack, give a dog a bone, This old man came rolling home.

There Was A Crooked Man

There was a crooked man, and he walked a crooked mile,
He found a crooked sixpence up a crooked stile;
He bought a crooked cat, which caught a crooked mouse,
And they all lived together in a crooked little house.

Mary Had A Little Lamb (Mother Goose)

Mary Had A Little Lamb, little lamb, little lamb,

Mary had a little lamb, Its fleece was white as snow.

And everywhere that Mary went, Mary went, Mary went,

Everywhere that Mary went the lamb was sure to go.

It followed her to school one day; school one day, school one day,

It followed her to school one day which was against the rule;

It made the children laugh and play, laugh and play, laugh and play,

It made the children laugh and play to see a lamb at school.

And so the teacher turned it out, turned it out, turned it out

And so the teacher turned it out but still it lingered near,

And waited patiently about, patiently about, patiently about

It waited patiently about till Mary did appear.

"Why does the lamb love Mary so? Mary so, Mary so?

Why does the lamb love Mary so?"

The eager children cried.

"Why, Mary loves the lamb you know, lamb you know, lamb you know

Why, Mary loves the lamb you know," the teacher did reply.

Betty Botter

Betty Botter bought some butter,
"But," she said, "the butter's bitter;
If I put it in my batter, It will make my batter bitter,
But a bit of better butter,
That would make my batter better."
So she bought a bit of butter,
Better than her bitter butter,
And she put it in her batter,
And the batter was not bitter.
So t'was better Betty Botter
Bought a bit of better butter.

Diddle Diddle Dumpling

Diddle diddle dumpling, my son John

Went to bed with his stockings on;

One shoe off and one shoe on,

Diddle diddle, dumpling, my son John

Hey Diddle Diddle

Hey, diddle, diddle! The cat and the fiddle! The cow jumped over the moon;
the little dog laughed, to see such sport, And the dish ran away with the spoon.

Three Blind Mice

Three blind mice, three blind mice, see how they run, see how they run,
They all ran after the farmer's wife, who cut off their tails with a carving knife;
Did you ever hear such a thing in your life? As three blind mice.

Old King Cole (Mother Goose)

Old King Cole was a merry old soul And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe And he called for his bowl And he called for his fiddlers three!
Every fiddler he had a fine fiddle, And a very fine fiddle had he;
Oh, there's none so rare as can compare With King Cole and his fiddlers three!

Old King Cole was a merry old soul And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe And he called for his bowl And he called for his mandolines
three!

Every player had a fine mandoline, and a fine mandoline had he; Oh, there's none so
rare as can compare With King Cole and his mandolines three!

Old King Cole was a merry old soul And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe And he called for his bowl And he called for his bass players
three!

Every player he had a fine bass, and a very fine bass had he; Oh, there's none so rare
as can compare With King Cole and his bass players three!

Old King Cole was a merry old soul And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe And he called for his bowl And he called for his guitars three!
Every player had a fine guitar, and a fine guitar had he; Oh, there's none so rare as can
compare With King Cole and his guitar players three!

Mary, Mary

Mary, Mary, quite contrary, how does your garden grow?

With silver bells and cockleshells and pretty maids all in a row.

Pat-A-Cake

Pat a cake, pat a cake, baker's man, Bake me a cake just as fast as you can;
Pat it and pat it and mark it with B, Put it in the oven for baby and me,
For baby and me, for baby and me, Put it in the oven for baby and me.

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 and she did grin to see his paper plaster
Mother vexed, did scold her next, For causing Jack's disaster.

Frere Jacques

Frère Jacques,

Frère Jacques,

Dormez vous?

Dormez vous?

Sonnez les matines,

Sonnez les matines,

Din, don, din!

Din, don, din!

Doctor Foster

Doctor Foster went to Gloucester
In a shower of rain;
He stepped in a puddle right up to his middle
And never went there again.

It's Raining It's Pouring/Rain Rain Go Away

It's raining it's pouring the old man is snoring, went to bed, bumped his head, wouldn't get up until morning.

Rain, rain, go away, come again some other day.

It's raining it's pouring the old man is snoring, went to bed, bumped his head, wouldn't get up until morning.

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 wagging 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 still they all were fleeting.

Then up she took her little crook,

determined for to find them;

She found them indeed, but it made her heart bleed, For they'd left their tails behind them.

Going To St. Ives

AS I was going to St. Ives, I met a man with seven wives;
Each wife had seven sacks, Each sack had seven cats,
Each cat had seven kits, Kits, cats, sacks and wives,
How many were going to St. Ives? (answer: one)

Little Nut Tree

I had a little nut tree, nothing would it bear,
But a silver nutmeg and a golden pear.
The king of Spain's son the prince,
Came to visit me, And all for the sake of my little nut tree.

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.

Baa Baa Black Sheep

Baa, baa, black sheep, have you any wool? Yes, sir, yes, sir, three bags full;

One for my master, one for my dame, and one for the little boy who lives down the lane.

Baa, baa, black sheep, have you any wool? Yes, sir, yes, sir, three bags full;

One for my master, one for my dame, and one for the little boy who lives down the lane.

There Was An Old Woman

There was an old woman tossed up in a basket, Seventeen times as high as the moon;
And where she was going I couldn't but ask it, For in her hand she carried a broom.
"Old woman, old woman, old woman," said I, "Oh whither, oh whither, oh whither so
high?" "To sweep the cobwebs off the sky." "May I go with you?" "Aye, by and by."

The Owl And The Pussycat

The Owl and the Pussycat went to sea
In a beautiful light-green boat,
They took some honey, and plenty of money,
Wrapped up in a five pound note.
The Owl looked up to the stars above,
And sang to a small guitar,
"O lovely Kitty! O Kitty, my love,
What a beautiful Kitty you are, you are, you are,
What a beautiful Kitty you are."
Kitty said to the Owl "You elegant fowl,
How charmingly sweet you sing.
O let us be married, too long we have tarried;
But what shall we do for a ring?"
They sailed away, for a year and a day,
To the land where the Palm-tree grows,
And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood
With a ring at the end of his nose, his nose, his nose,
With a ring at the end of his nose.
"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling your ring?"
Said the Piggy, "I will"
So they took it away, and were married next day
By the Turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined on mince, and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon.
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand.

They danced by the light of the moon, the moon, the moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.

Lavender's Blue

Lavender's blue, diddle diddle Lavender's green
When I am King diddle, diddle, You shall be Queen
My fair love true diddle, diddle, singing to me
Days filled with you diddle, diddle happy are we.
Lavender's blue, diddle diddle Lavender's green
You are my King diddle, diddle, I am your Queen
My fair love true diddle, diddle, singing to me
Days filled with you diddle, diddle happy are we

Wynken, Blynken, And Nod

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe,
Sailed on a river of crystal light
Into a sea of dew.

"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three. "We
have come to fish for the herring fish that live
in the beautiful sea; Nets of silver and gold
have we," Said Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe; And the
wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew; The little stars were
the herring fish that lived in the beautiful sea.
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish,
Never afeared are we!" So cried the stars
to the fishermen three, Wynken, Blynken, and
Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
to the stars in the twinkling foam,
then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home: 'Twas all so
pretty a sail, it seemed As if it could not be;
And some folk thought 'twas a dream they'd
dreamed Of sailing that beautiful sea;
But I shall name you the fishermen three,
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.

Wynken, Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head, And the wooden shoe
that sailed the skies Is a wee one's trundle-bed;
So shut your eyes while Mother sings
of wonderful sights that be, And you shall see
the beautiful things as you rock on the misty sea
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three,
Wynken, Blynken, and Nod.