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E. JAQUES-DALCROZE

NEW
CHILDREN'S SONGS
AND DANCES

OP. 37

OLD NOTATION

PRICE SIXPENCE NET.

ENGLISH VERSION BY R. H. ELKIN

ENTERED AT STATIONER'S HALL

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NEW CHILDREN'S SONGS

by
E. Jaques-Daleroze.

Op. 37.

English version by R. H. ELKIN.

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I.

Song of the Good Little Birds.

English version by
R. H. Elkin.

Text, Music and arrangement
for the stage by
E. Jaques-Dalcroze.

Allegro ma non troppo.



1. In the woods, on Sun - day morn - ing,
2. In the fields, on Sun - day morn - ing,
3. In the fields, on Sun - day morn - ing,
4. In the woods, on Sun - day morn - ing,
5. In the woods, on Sun - day morn - ing,



Ev' - ry lit - tle crow Hops down from the
Ev' - ry lit - tle duck Waves his white wings
Ev' - ry lit - tle chick Struts a - bout and
Ev' - ry lit - tle finch Strips the blos - soms
Ev' - ry lit - tle dove Makes a wreath of



leaf - y bran - ches, Black as an - y sloe.
like a ban - ner, Full of pride and pluck.
fluffs his fea - thers, With co - quet - tish trick.
off the bran - ches, Strips them inch by inch.
pe - ri win - kle For his la - dy love.




Then they lift their feet to the mea - sure,
Then they lift their feet to the mea - sure,
Then they lift their feet to the mea - sure,
Then they lift their feet to the mea - sure,
Then they lift their feet to the mea - sure,



Dan - cing round a - bout, dan - cing, dan - cing, dan - cing, dan - cing;
Dan - cing round a - bout, dan - cing, dan - cing, dan - cing, dan - cing;
Dan - cing round a - bout, dan - cing, dan - cing, dan - cing, dan - cing;
Dan - cing round a - bout, dan - cing, dan - cing, dan - cing, dan - cing;
Dan - cing round a - bout, dan - cing, dan - cing, dan - cing, dan - cing;




Then they lift their feet to the mea - sure,
 Then they lift their feet to the mea - sure,
 Then they lift their feet to the mea - sure,
 Then they lift their feet to the mea - sure,
 Then they lift their feet to the mea - sure,




Dan - cing round a - bout, round a - bout, round a -
 Dan - cing round a - bout, round a - bout, round a -
 Dan - cing round a - bout, round a - bout, round a -
 Dan - cing round a - bout, round a - bout, round a -
 Dan - cing round a - bout, round a - bout, round a -



- bout. Caw, caw, caw, caw, Oh the lit - tle
 - bout. Quack, quack, quack, quack, Oh the lit - tle
 - bout. Chuck, chuck, chuck, chuck, Oh the lit - tle
 - bout. Twee, twee, twee, twee, Oh the lit - tle
 - bout. Coo, coo, coo, coo, Oh the lit - tle



crows are be - ha - ving ni - cely. Caw, caw, caw,
 ducks are be - ha - ving ni - cely. Quack, quack, quack,
 chicks are be - ha - ving ni - cely. Chuck, chuck, chuck,
 birds are be - ha - ving ni - cely. Twee, twee, twee,
 doves are be - ha - ving ni - cely. Coo, coo, coo,



caw, What a joy to dance When one has been good! Caw, good.
 quack, What a joy to dance When one has been good! Quack, good.
 chuck, What a joy to dance When one has been good! Chuck, good.
 twee, What a joy to dance When one has been good! Twee, good.
 coo, What a joy to dance When one has been good! Coo, good.

II.

Song of the old Grannies.

English version by
R. H. Elkin.

Text, Music and arrangement
for the stage by
E. Jaques-Dalcroze.

Allegretto.



1. Would you know what the gran - nies are say - ing, When
2. Would you know what the gran - nies are say - ing, When
3. Would you know what the gran - nies are say - ing, When
4. Would you know what the gran - nies are say - ing, When



mer - ry spring her face doth show? They are prais - ing, The
mer - ry spring her face doth show? They are prais - ing, The
mer - ry spring her face doth show? They are prais - ing, The
mer - ry spring her face doth show? They are prais - ing, The




gran - nies are prais - ing The good old times of long a -
gran - nies are prais - ing The good old times of long a -
gran - nies are prais - ing The good old times of long a -
gran - nies are prais - ing The good old times of long a -



- go. Then they will say: When we were young and
- go. Then they will say: When we were young and
- go. Then they will say: When we were young and
- go. Then they will say: When we were young and



pret - ty, All the songs we sang Were tru - ly gay and
smil - ing, Mer - ri - ly we'd chat, With talk the hours be -
tak - ing, We could dance all night, Un - til the day was
slen - der, We were all in love, In - dul - ged in phrases



wit - ty; Now - a - days you sigh, You don't know how to
- guil - ing! Gone are jests and smiles, You don't know how to
break - ing. Who can dance to - day? The dance is a lost
ten - der. All that's done with now! The young folk are too



sing, The sun - shine hurts your eye, You're bored by ev - ry
chat, You cy - cle off for miles, And seem con tent with
art, The young men go their way, The mai - dens sit a -
cold, Or else they are too bold, They don't seem to know



thing! Ah, if you had on - ly heard us, child - ren, Ah,
that! Ah, if you had on - ly heard us, child - ren, Ah,
- part! Ah, if you had on - ly seen us, child - ren, Ah,
how! Ah, if you had on - ly seen us, child - ren, Ah,



if you had on - ly heard us sing!. Tra - la - la -
if you had on - ly heard us chat! Tra - la - la -
if you had on - ly seen us dance! Tra - la - la -
if you had seen us mak - ing love! Tra - la - la -



staccato
la all night and day, ev - er bright and gay; Tra la la
la all night and day, ev - er bright and gay; Tra la la
la all night and day, ev - er bright and gay; Tra la la
la all night and day, ev - er bright and gay; Tra la la



la all night and day, ev - er bright and gay!
la all night and day, ev - er bright and gay!
la all night and day, ev - er bright and gay!
la all night and day, ev - er bright and gay!

III.

Song of the New Skirt.

English version by
R. H. Elkin.

Text, Music and arrangement
for the stage by
E. Jaques-Dalcroze.

Moderato.

8 *mf*

1. Oh, how tru-ly I'm de-light-ed With my skirt that
2. Oh, how tru-ly I'm de-light-ed With my skirt that
3. Oh, how tru-ly I'm de-light-ed With my skirt that
4. Oh, how tru-ly I'm de-light-ed With my skirt that

I a-dore! I'm so hap-py and ex-ci-ted,
I a-dore! I'm so hap-py and ex-ci-ted,
I a-dore! I'm so hap-py and ex-ci-ted,
I a-dore! I'm so hap-py and ex-ci-ted,

I shall wear it ev-er-more. Scarce is the
I shall wear it ev-er-more. When I go
I shall wear it ev-er-more. When I am
I shall wear it ev-er-more. And when my

break of day com-menc-ing, Than my new skirt starts a
out to ga-ther cher-ries, My new skirt will hold the
caught in rain and thun-der, An um-brel-la I am
eyes are wet with sor-row My new skirt I'm glad to

A f
danc-ing.
ber-ries.
un-der.
bor-row.

1-4. Tral-la-la-la-la, tral-la-la-la. Oh how smart, oh how

fine, How I love this skirt of mine, Tral-la-la-la-la, tral-la-la-

B *C* 2 1

la, How I love this skirt of mine, so smart and fine!

IV. Song of the Obliging Shopwoman.

English version by
R. H. Elkin.

Text, Music and arrangement
for the stage by

E. Jaques-Dalcroze.

Allegro.

3 The customer. The shopwoman.

1. Mrs Jones, do you sell a-ny tea? To be sure I do, I've the
2. Mrs Jones, do you sell a-ny shoes? To be sure I do, Look a-
3. Mrs Jones, do you sell a-ny lace? To be sure I do, I've the

The customer. The shopwoman.

best Bo - hea. How much do you ask for a pound? It is
round and choose. How much do you ask for this pair? It will
best in the place. How much do you ask for the lot? It's the

Customer. Shopwoman.

pure and sound, two-and - six the pound. That's too much I fear: Oh but
fit and wear, two and six the pair. That's too much I fear: Oh but
best I've got, two and six the lot. That's too much I fear: Oh but

Customer. Shopwoman. Customer.

that's not dear! That I can - not pay! Sor - ry, Ma'am, good day! I'll
that's not dear! That I can - not pay! Sor - ry, Ma'am, good day! I'll
that's not dear! That I can - not pay! Sor - ry, Ma'am, good day! I'll

ferin Shopwoman.

give you a pen-ny in - stead, won't that do? Al - right then, Ma'am, be -
give you a pen-ny in - stead, won't that do? Al - right then, Ma'am, be -
give you a pen-ny in - stead, won't that do? Al - right then, Ma'am, be -

Customer. Shopwoman.

cause it's you. Here's the pound of tea. Here's the pen - ny piece. Here's the
cause it's you. Here's the pair of shoes. Here's the pen - ny piece. Here's the
cause it's you. Here's the lace then, ma'am. Here's the pen - ny piece. Here's the

Customer. Chorus.

pound of tea. Here's the pen - ny piece.
pair of shoes. Here's the pen - ny piece. Oh oh oh oh oh oh oh This
lace, then, Ma'am. Here's the pen - ny piece.

ex - cel - lent shop I must re - commend. Oh oh oh oh oh oh oh To

1. 2. 3. 2 & 3. Mrs

all who have but a pen ny to spend. Oh, pen - ny to spend.

V.

Song of the Seasons.

English version by
R. H. Elkin.

Text, Music and arrangement
for the stage by
E. Jaques-Dalcroze.

Allegro moderato.

Chorus.

1-4. What ho, what hè! who comesthisway?who's

rall. *Solo. a tempo*

com - ing in our gar - den, pray?

1. It is the
2. It is the
3. It is the
4. It is the

rall.

spring in robes of blue, who wants to come in here to
sum - mer bath'd in sun, who wants to come in here to
au - tumn clad in gold, who wants to come in here to
win - ter hoar - y white, who wants to come in here to

Chorus.
a tempo

day.
day.
day.
day.
1-4. But say one thing, what do you bring To make our

rall. *Solo. a tempo*

gar-den bright and gay? 1-3. I've heaps and heaps of flowr's to
4. I've heaps of snow, all pure and

rall. Chorus.
A mf a tempo

day, To make your gar-den bright and gay.
white, To make your gar-den gay and bright. 1-4. Beau-ti-ful



greet - ing.

1. Charm - ing	spring - time,	show your	pret - ty
2. Charm - ing	sea - son,	show your	pret - ty
3. Charm - ing	sea - son,	show your	pret - ty
4. Charm - ing	sea - son,	show your	pret - ty



face,	And	then	the	sum - mer	soon	will	take	your
face,	And	then	the	au - tumn	soon	will	take	your
face,	And	then	the	win - ter	soon	will	take	your
face,	And	then	the	spring - time	soon	will	take	your



place.	Here's	li - lac,	jon - quil	and	for - get - me -
place.	Here's	pan - sy,	li - ly,	pop - py,	eg - lan -
place.	Here's	dah - lia,	as - ter,	and	chry - san - the -
place.	Here's	hol - ly,	mist - le - toe,	fir	and e - ver -



-not,	See	ev' - ry	where,	They	make	your	gar - den
-tine.	See	ev' - ry	where,	They	make	your	gar - den
-mum.	See	ev' - ry	where,	They	make	your	gar - den
-green.	See	ev' - ry	where,	They	make	your	gar - den



fair.	Red	straw - ber - ry	and	cher - - ry
fair.	Black	cur - rant,	plum	and a - - pri -
fair.	Ripe	ap - ple,	pear,	sweet grape and
fair.	Ba - na - na,	date	and	o - - ran -



ripe.	Fall	to	with	haste,	I've	some	for	ev' - ry	taste.
-cot.	Fall	to	with	haste,	I've	some	for	ev' - ry	taste.
nuts.	Fall	to	with	haste,	I've	some	for	ev' - ry	taste.
-ges.	Fall	to	with	haste,	I've	some	for	ev' - ry	taste.

VI.

Song of the Little Dwarfs.

English version by
R. H. Elkin.

Text, Music and arrangement
for the stage by
E. Jaques-Dalcroze.

Allegretto vivace.



1. First they ap-
2. Crouch'd like a
3. In - to the
4. Pou-ring the



5.
Into the garden next they trot,
Pit pat, pit a pat
Busy with rake and wat'ring pot.
Pit pat, pit a pat.
Far in the mountain &c.

Refrain.

6.
Some by the babies vigil keep,
Pit pat, pit a pat
Guard them and rock them off to sleep.
Pit pat, pit a pat.
Far in the mountain &c.

Refrain.

Song of the child who won't eat his food.

English version by
R. H. Elkin.

Text, Music and arrangement
for the stage by
E. Jaques-Dalcroze.

Allegro giusto.

When chil-dren do not grow, but stay quite wee, quite wee, It
shows they don't en-joy their din-ner and their tea. But if they want to grow up
tall, quite tall, quite tall, They've got to eat up ev-ry scrap and all. First
A
they must take their soup, their soup, their soup, their soup, Then
they must eat their meat, their meat, their meat, their meat, Then
they must eat their bread, their bread, their bread, their bread, And
B
they must drink their milk, their milk, their milk, their milk. **A**
they must eat their rice, their rice, their rice, their rice. **A**
fin - ish all they get, they get, they get, they get. **A**
spoon - ful for mam - ma, a spoon - ful for pa - pa, a
mouth - ful for mam - ma, a mouth - ful for pa - pa, a
mouth - ful for mam - ma, a mouth - ful for pa - pa, a
C spoon - ful for their bro - ther, a spoon - ful for their sis - ter. Oh,
mouth - ful for their bro - ther, a mouth - ful for their sis - ter. Oh,
mouth - ful for their bro - ther, a mouth - ful for their sis - ter. Oh,
D
see how tall he grows, oh see how tall he grows! When
see how tall he grows, oh see how tall he grows! When
see how tall he grows, oh see how tall he grows! When

VIII.

Song of the Bridal Pair.

English version by
R. H. Elkin.

Text, Music and arrangement
for the stage by
E. Jaques-Dalcroze.

Allegro moderato.

Chorus.

Here comes the hap - py bride, all
hail, all hail! And the groom at her side; May their
luck ne'er fail! Your eye - lids droop, my dear, This
is the hap - py day: Pass a - long, with - out
fear on your bliss - ful way. Come in, blush - ing
And the blush - ing
bride, To the al - tar - side, Come in blush - ing
bride at the al - tar - side, And the blush - ing
bride and ans - wer "yes?" Mis - ter bride - groom
bride made ans - wer "yes?" Mis - ter bride - groom
now, Tis for you to vow; Will he too say
now, He has made his vow; Has ans - wer - ed

B Chorus.

The bride. Chorus. Bridegroom.

"yes"! yes! yes! yes! yes! Yes, she will say
 "yes"! yes! yes! yes! yes! Yes, she has said,

yes, she will say yes and she will be
 yes, she has said yes and now she is

mar - ried; Yes, he will say yes, he will say
 mar - ried; Yes, he has said yes, he has said

yes, and will mar - ried be. From the old church
 yes and he's mar - ried now!

tow - er now there steals The sound of hap - py

peals, From the old church tow - er now there

C dong and ding ding

steals The sound of hap - py peals. Ding

dong, and ding ding dong, and ding ding ding ding dong.
 dong, ding dong and ding ding dong.

IX.

Song of the Doctor's Visit.

English version by
R. H. Elkin.

Text, Music and arrangement
for the stage by
E. Jaques-Dalcroze.

Allegretto.

Chorus (mysteriously.)
Here's the doc - tor for my

The Patient.
la - dy! Oh dear! Oh dear me! He has

The Patient.
come to see what ails ye! Oh dear!
Oh dear!
Oh dear!

The Doctor.
Oh dear me! Let me feel your pulse, my la - dy...
Oh dear me! Let me see your foot, my la - dy...
Oh dear me! Let me see your eyes, my la - dy...

The Patient.
Oh dear!
Oh dear!
Oh dear!

The Doctor.
Oh dear me! Let me see your tongue my

la - dy. Oh dear! Oh dear me! Now cough, like

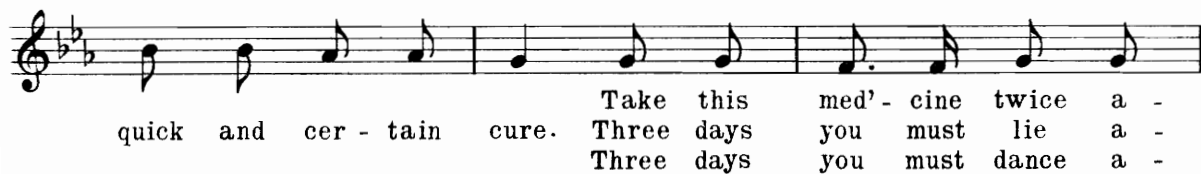
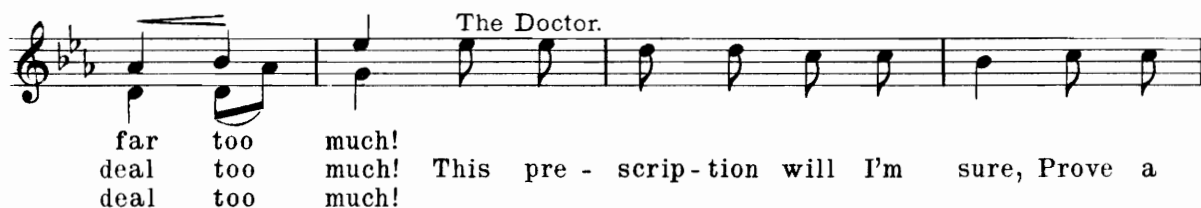
this! I see what is a - miss: You've ea - ten
I see what is a - miss: You've danced a
I see what is a - miss: You've slept a

far too much, my la - dy, ea - ten far too
deal too much, my la - dy, danced a deal too
deal too much, my la - dy, slept a deal too

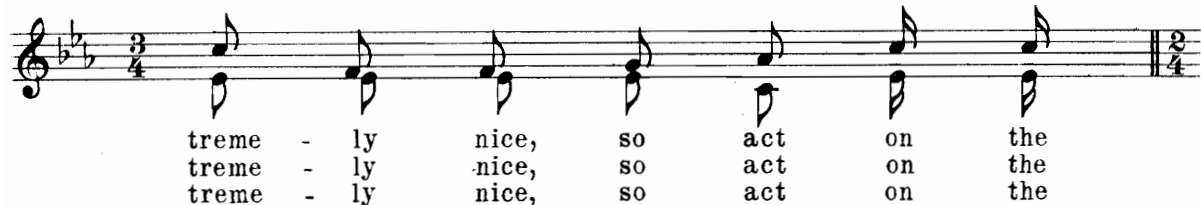
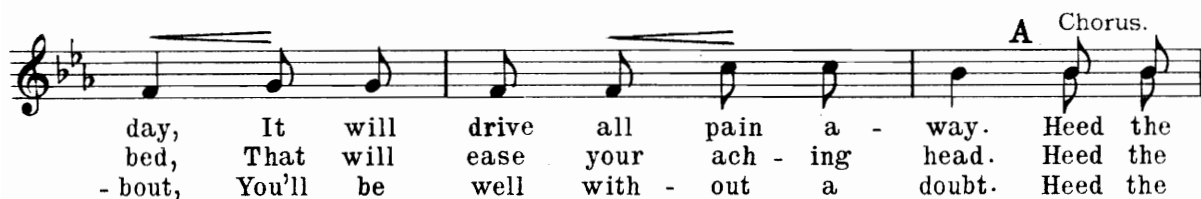
Chorus.



The Doctor.



A Chorus.



X.

Song of the Bleating Lambkin.

English version by
R. H. Elkin.

Text, Music and arrangement
for the stage by
E. Jaques-Dalcroze.

Moderato.



1. Lit-tle lamb-kin, say, what's the mat-ter with you, pray That you're
2. Lit-tle lamb-kin, say, can't we drive your tears a-way And pre-
3. Lit-tle lamb-kin, say, can't we drive your tears a-way And pre-
4. Lit-tle lamb-kin, say, can't we drive your tears a-way And pre-



bleat-ing, bleat-ing, bleat-ing so sore? Have you pain or smart, In your
vent your bleat-ing, bleat-ing so sore? From the field be-yond We will
vent your bleat-ing, bleat-ing so sore? From the field be-yond We will
vent your bleat-ing, bleat-ing so sore? From the field be-yond We will



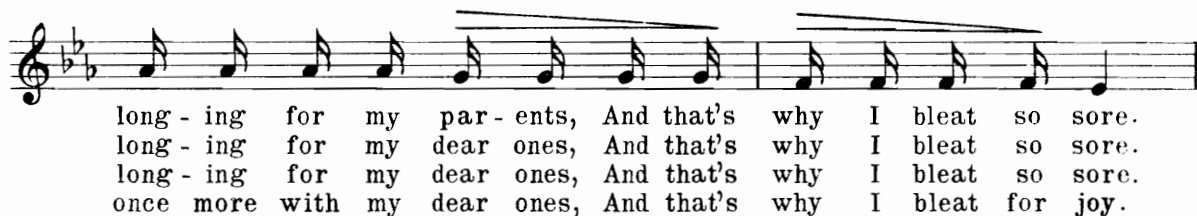
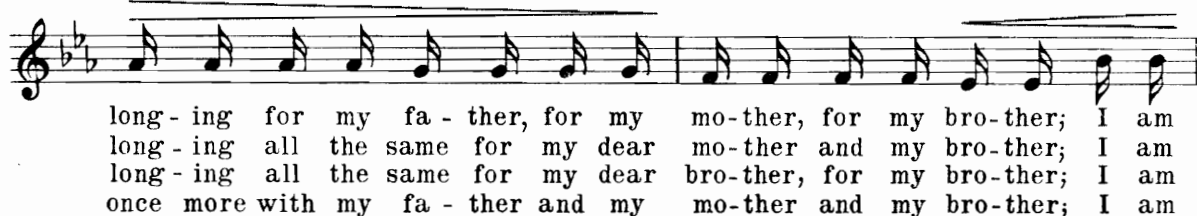
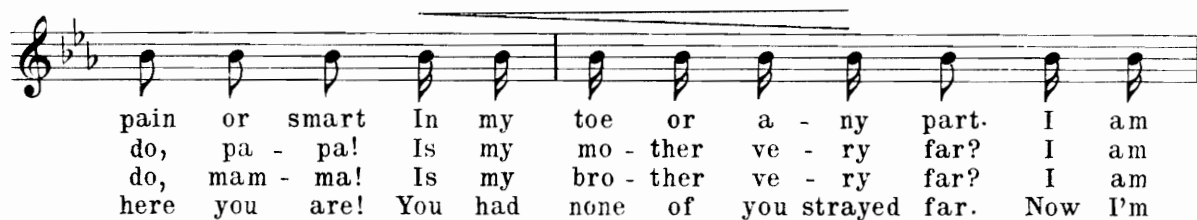
toe or a - ny part? Tell us where it is, Don't cry
fetch your fa - ther fond. He is com - ing here, your poor
fetch your mo - ther fond. She is com - ing here, your poor
fetch your bro - ther fond. He is com - ing here, your poor



a - ny more! Lambkin. Baa, baa, baa, baa, I've not a - ny pain, In my
heart to cheer. Father. Baa, baa, baa, baa, I am ne - ver far, what a
heart to cheer. Mother. Baa, baa, baa, baa, I am ne - ver far, what a
heart to cheer. Brother. Baa, baa, baa, baa, I am ne - ver far, what a

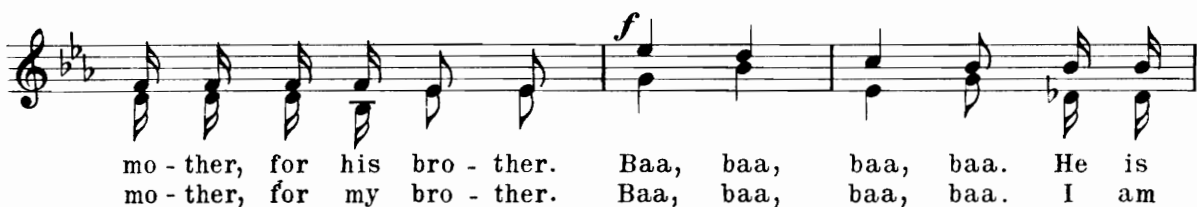


toe or in my paw. Baa, baa, baa, baa. I've no
fool - ish lamb you are. Baa, baa, baa, baa. How d'you
fool - ish lamb you are. Baa, baa, aa, baa. How d'you
fool - ish lamb you are. Baa, baa, baa, baa. Bro - ther



1. Chorus.

A 2. Lambkin.



Song of the Brave Little Soldiers.

English version by
R. H. Elkin.

Text, Music and arrangement
for the stage by
E. Jaques - Dalcroze.

Tempo di marcia.

Rub - a-dub! grand - ly we're march-ing, tho' some peo-ple say:
Rub - a-dub! grand - ly we're march-ing, tho' some peo-ple say:

We're too small! No such thing! No one is ev-er too lit-tle to fight
We're too small! No such thing! No one is ev-er too lit-tle to fight

for his king. Mark time, good sol - diers all, The drums do
for his king. On us you may re - ly, The drums do

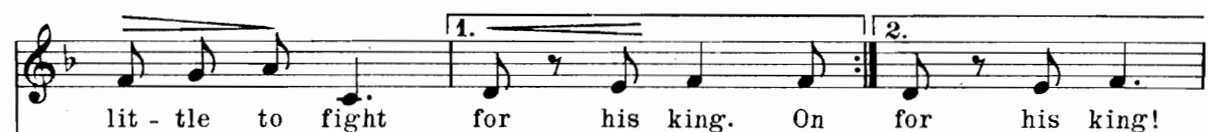
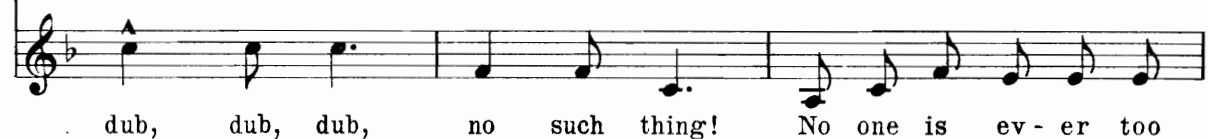
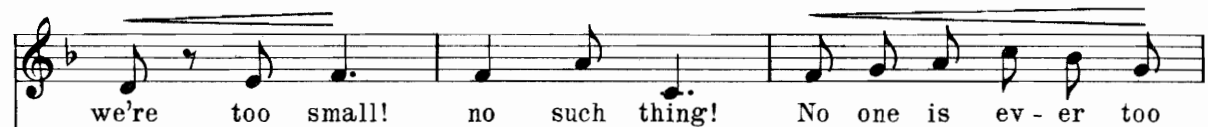
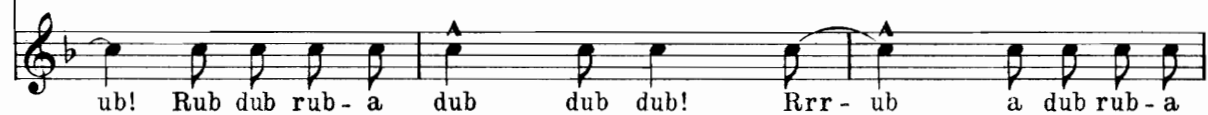
beat, The trum - pets call, Rub-a dub, Mark time good sol - diers
beat, The trum - pets call, Rub-a dub, On us you may re -

all, and ral - ly at your coun - try's call. Rub - a-dub;
ly, at sight of us the foe will fly. Rub - a-dub;

grand - ly we're march-ing tho' some peo - ple say: we're too small!
grand - ly we're march-ing tho' some peo - ple say: we're too small!

No such thing! No one is ev - er too lit - tle to fight
No such thing! No one is ev - er too lit - tle to fight

for his king! Brave tho' we are, 'tis not our taste
for his king! Long a - go in the days gone by,



XII.

Song of the little Prisoner.

English version by
R. H. Elkin.

Text, Music and arrangement
for the stage by
E. Jaques-Dalcroze.

Allegretto moderato.



1. Ding - a - ding - a - ding, Bir - die caught up - on the
2. Ding - a - ding - a - dong, Now to us you do be -
3. Ding - a - ding - a - ding, If you'll stay with us and
4. Ding - a - ding - a - dey, Lit - tle bir - die since you



wing, Won't you stay with us and sing, Ding a ding, ding a
long; We will nev - er do you wrong, Ding a dong, ding a
sing, Seed and ground-sel we will bring, Ding a dey, ding a
say It will break your heart to stay, Ding a dey, ding a



der - ry, Ding a ding a ding, We will love you poor wee
der - ry, Ding a ding a dong, In a cage that's warm and
der - ry, Ding a ding a ding, Su - gar, bis - cuits, ev' - ry
der - ry, Ding a ding a dey, We will let you have your

Coda.

(after the last verse.)



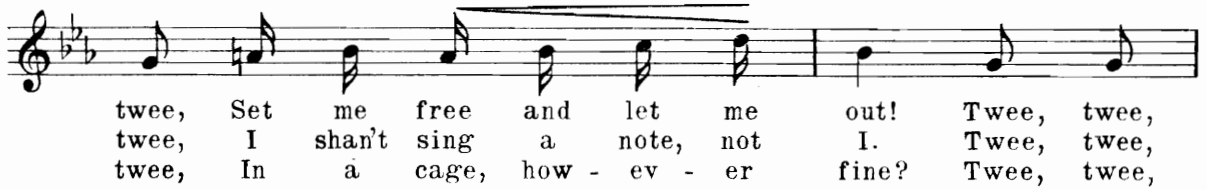
thing, If you'll on - ly stay and sing, Ding a der - ry, ding a
strong, You shall trill your sweet - est song, Ding a der - ry, ding a
thing; We will feed you like a king, Ding a der - ry, ding a
way. Fare - well bir - die fly a - way, Ding a der - ry, ding a

1. **A**

The Bird.



ding. Twee,twee, twee, If you real - ly care for me so fond - ly, Twee,twee,
dong. Twee,twee, twee, If in - side a hor rid cage you clap me. Twee,twee,
ding. Twee,twee, twee, Do you think my food will give me plea - sure, Twee,twee,



Coda.

(after the last verse.)



XIII.

Song of the little doggie.

English version by
R. H. Elkin.

Text, Music and arrangement
for the stage by
E. Jaques-Dalcroze.

Allegro ma non troppo.

The Master.



1. When my dog-gie was a pup, Hewas ea-sy to bring
2. When my dog-gie was a pup, Hewas aw ful to bring



up, But since he is big and strong, He's naugh-ty all day long. He is
up, But since he is big and strong, He's charm-ing all day long. He's in-



gree-dy till he's sick, He is ve-ry of-ten snap-py, ne-ver
-dus-tri-ous and good, Gives his paw and begs with plea-sure, ne-ver



The Dog.

tries to learn a trick, I'm quite un-hap-py! What you say is no doubt
mes-sy with his food, He's quite a trea-sure! What you say is no doubt



true, I've been bad-ly trained by you. Up then, o-ver, dog-gie
true, I've been nice-ly trained by you. Up then, o-ver, dog-gie



dear. Since you have been trained so bad-ly, Tis your Master's fault I
dear. Since you have been trained so nice-ly, Show that you can per-se-



fear. Up then o-ver! dog-gie dear. Up then o-ver! dog-gie
vere. Up then o-ver! dog-gie dear. Up then o-ver! dog-gie



Master's fault I fear. Up then o-ver, dog-gie dear!
you can per-se-vere. Up then o-ver, dog-gie dear!

When my

Song of the Kind Maiden.

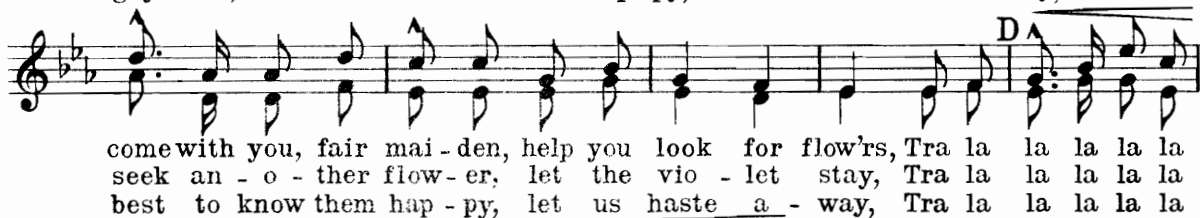
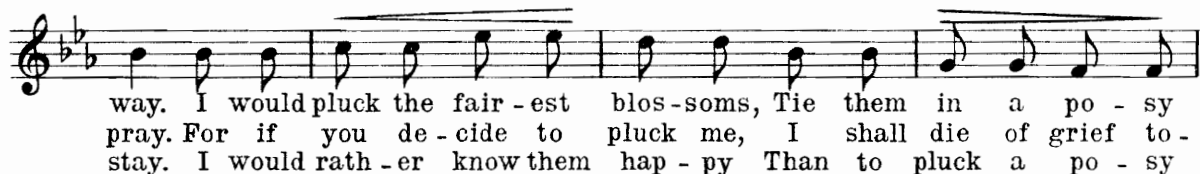
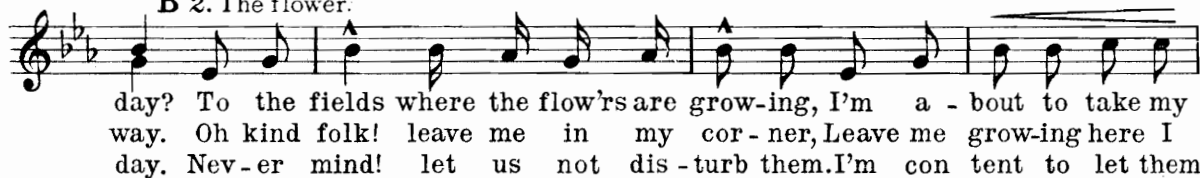
English version by
R. H. Elkin.

Text, Music and arrangement
for the stage by
E. Jaques-Dalcroze.



1. Pret-ty maid, whither are you go-ing, Out so ear-ly this fine
2. Let us pluck, oh it is so charming, This sweet violet by the
(Last Verse The maiden.) But a-las! not a sin-gle flow-er Wants to go with me to

1. The maiden.
B 2. The flower.



In verses 3, 4, 5, 6 etc. change the name of the flower, substituting "proud lily" "wild rose-bud" "red poppy" "gay tulip" "white heather" etc. etc.

XV.

Song of the Good Workmen.

English version by
R. H. Elkin.

Text, Music and arrangement
for the stage by
E. Jaques-Dalcroze.

Allegro.



1.-7. He who would at this ta-vern stay, Tra la la



la, tra la la la. Ne-ver must fail his ac-count to



pay; Life, he will find is not all play, And he must



work hard at his trade To pay for his lod-ging and dai-ly



bread.

1. Come	car - pen - ter,	work	your
2. Come	wood - cut - ter,	work	your
3. Come	cab - driv - er,	drive	your
4. Come	black - smith and	work	your



best,	with	your	plane	and	saw,	with	your	plane	and
best,	with	your	trust - y		axe,	with	your	trust - y	
best,	with	your	crack - ing		whip,	with	your	crack - ing	
best,	with	your	might - y		tools,	with	your	might - y	




saw. And sing as your trade you ply. Those who sing at
 axe. And sing as your trade you ply. Those who sing at
 whip. And sing as your trade you ply. Those who sing at
 tools. And sing as your trade you ply. Those who sing at

(imitating the noise of a saw)



work, find the min - utes fly! Ssss, ssss, ssss,
 work, find the min - utes fly! Chip, chop, chip,
 work, find the min - utes fly! Crick, crack, crick,
 work, find the min - utes fly! Ding, ding, ding,



ssss, with your plane and saw, with your plane and saw. Ssss,
 chop, with your trust - y axe, with your trust - y axe. Chip,
 crack, with your crack - ing whip, with your crack - ing whip. Crick,
 ding, with your might - y tools, with your might y tools. Ding,



ssss, ssss, sing as your trade you ply and the time will fly.
 chop, chip, sing as your trade you ply and the time will fly.
 crack, crick, sing as your trade you ply and the time will fly.
 ding, ding, sing as your trade you ply and the time will fly.

5.

A) Come, tailor and work your best,
 With your wax and thread; (*bis*)
 And sing as your trade you ply
 Those who sing at work, find the minutes fly!
 Snip, snap, snip, snap, etc.

6.

A) Come, baker'sman, work your best,
 With your floury dough; (*bis*)
 And sing as your trade you ply
 Those who sing at work, find the minutes fly!
 Pit, pat, pít, pat, etc.

7.

A) Come, roadmender work your best,
 With your hard grey stones; (*bis*)
 And sing as your trade you ply
 Those who sing at work, find the minutes fly!
 Chip, chip, chip, chip, etc.

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