One, two, three

Baby’s on my knee

Rooster crow’s

And away she goes

One, two, three

This is Bill Anderson

This is Tom Sim

Tom went to fight,

And fell over him.

Bill over Tom,

And Tom over Bill.

Over and over as

They fell down the hill!

“Let’s go to the wood,” says the little pig.

“What will we do?” says that little pig.

“Look for my mother,” says this little pig.

“What will we do?” says that little pig.

“Kiss her, kiss her, kiss her!” says this little pig.

The dog says, “Bow wow.”

The cow says, “Moo, moo.”

The lamb says, “Baa, baa.”

The duck says, “Quack, quack.”

And the kitty, “Mee-OW.”

There once was a bumble bee under the barn,

A bag full of cinnamon under each arm,

And when we got there he went, “Bzzzzz!”

There was a little mousie

And he lived right there,

And if anybody touched him,

He went right up there.

Shoe the old horse,

Shoe the old mare.

Pound a nail here,

Pound a nail there,

But let the little colty foot go bare, bare, bare.

“X” marks the spot;

Dot, dot, dot.

Up and down,

‘Round and ‘round,

Ooooooo.

In the evening moonlight stands Pierrot tonight.

Pleading for a pencil so that he may write.

An Claire de la luna, mon ami Pierrot.

Prètes moi ta plume, pour écrire un mot.

On, roll on, my ball, roll on.

On, roll on, my ball, roll on.

En roulant, ma boule roulant.

En roulant, ma boule.

Lullaby my Jamie, softy sleep my child,

Sister rocks you gently, soft her hands and mild.