One, two, three

Baby’s on my knee

Rooster crow’s

And away she goes

One, two, three

Here come three kings a riding,

A riding, a riding.

Here come three kings a riding

With a rancy tancy tiddy-i-o.

“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!”

Tommy Thumb is up.

Tommy Thumb is down.

Tommy Thumb is dancing

All around the town.

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.

Ring-o, Ring-o, Rang-o,

See the children three-o,

Sitting by the lilac bush,

All together, hush, hush, hush.

Toora, loora, loora,

Oh, toora, looralie,

Toora, loora, loora,

Hush now, don’t you cry.

Toora, loora, loora,

Oh, toora, looralie,

Toora, loora, loora,

That’s an Irish lullaby.