Old King Cole

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 had a fiddle, And a very fine fiddle had he; Tweedle dee, tweedle dee went the fiddlers three, And so merry we will be.

REPEAT

And so merry we will be, And so merry we will be, And so merry we will be!

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 ‘twas better Betty Botter Bought a bit of better butter.

HEY!

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 prick it and mark with K.C., Put it in the oven for King Cole and me, For King Cole and me, for King Cole and me, Put it in the oven for King Cole and me. REPEAT TWICE

Polly, Put The Kettle On

Polly, put the kettle on, Polly, put the kettle on, Polly, put the kettle on, The King must have his tea. Sukey, take it off again, Sukey, take it off again, Sukey, take it off again, The King shall have his tea.

REPEAT

HEY!

Sing a Song of Sixpence

Sing a song of sixpence, A pocketful 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?

Pease Porridge Hot

Pease porridge hot, Pease porridge cold, Pease porridge in the pot, Nine days old. Some like it hot, Some like it cold, Some like it in the pot, Nine days old.

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. 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.

Mary Had a Little Lamb

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.

Little Boy Blue

Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn, The sheep’s in the meadow, the cow’s in the corn. Where is the boy who looks after the sheep? He’s under the haystack, fast asleep. REPEAT

Walking Chant

We’re off to a party for Old King Cole, For Old King Cole that merry old soul, We’re off to a party with presents galore, Hup! Two! Three! Four!

Six Little Ducks

Six little ducks that I once knew, Fat ones, skinny 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, quack! He led the others with a quack, quack, quack!

Down to the river they would go, Wibble wobble, wibble 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, Wibble wobble, wibble 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!
There Was A Crooked Man

There was a crooked man,
And he walked a crooked mile,
He found a crooked sixpence
Upon a crooked stile;
He bought a crooked cat,
Which caught a crooked mouse,
And they all lived together
In a crooked little house.

Wibbleton to Wobbleton

From Wibbleton to Wobbleton is fifteen miles.
From Wobbleton to Wibbleton is fifteen miles.
From Wibbleton to Wobbleton, from Wobbleton to Wibbleton,
From Wibbleton to Wobbleton is fifteen miles!

Walking Chant

We’re off to a party for Old King Cole,
For Old King Cole that merry old soul,
How many gifts for him today?
One, two, three… four!

Humpty Dumpty

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.

REPEAT

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 Jack Horner

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,
Eating his Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb and pulled out a plum,
And said, “What a good boy am I!”

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;
With a nick-nack paddy whack, give a dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home.

This old man, he played three,
He played nick-nack on my

knee;
With a nick-nack paddy whack, give a dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home.

This old man, he played four,
He played nick-nack on my door;
With a nick-nack paddy whack, give a dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home.

This old man, he played five,
He played nick-nack on my hive;
With a nick-nack paddy whack, give a dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home.

This old man, he played six,
He played nick-nack on my sticks;
With a nick-nack paddy whack, give a dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home.

This old man, he played seven,
He played nick-nack up in heaven;
With a nick-nack paddy whack, give a dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home.

This old man, he played eight,
He played nick-nack on my gate;
With a nick-nack paddy whack, give a dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home.

This old man, he played nine,
He played nick-nack on my spine;
With a nick-nack paddy whack, give a dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home.

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.

See-saw, sac-ra-down

See-saw, sac-ra-down,
Which is the way to London Town?
One foot up and one foot down,
This is the way to London Town!
Jack Sprat

Jack Sprat could eat no fat,  
His wife could eat no lean,  
And so between them both,  
you see,  
They licked the platter clean.

Little Miss Muffet

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

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 candlestick maker,  
And all of them gone to sea.

Jack, Be Nimble

Jack, be nimble,  
Jack, be quick,  
Jack, jump over  
The candlestick.  
Little Tommy  
Tucker

Little Tommy Tucker  
Sings for his supper;  
What shall we give him?  
White bread and butter.

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?

REPEAT

Old King Cole

Reprise & medley