



C-O-F-F-E-E

Coffee is not for me

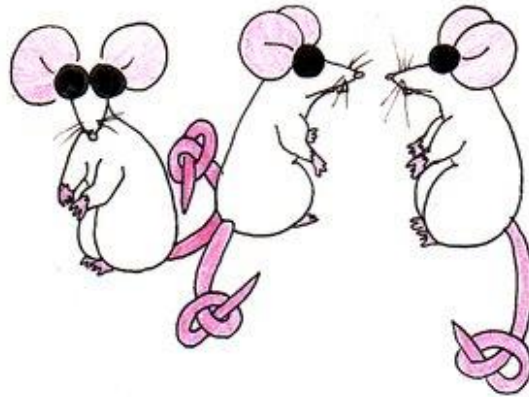
It's a drink some people wake up with

That it makes them nervous

Is no myth

Slaves to a coffee cup

They can't give coffee up



THREE BLIND MICE:

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



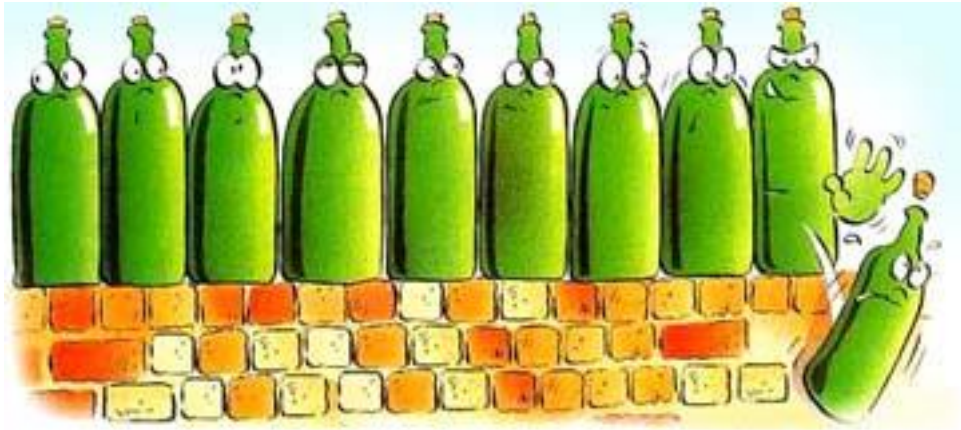
Pop! Goes The Weasel

Half a pound of tu'penny rice

Half a pound of treacle

That's the way the money goes

Pop! Goes the weasel



One Bottle of Pop

Part A:

One bottle pop, two bottle pop, three bottle pop, four bottle
pop,

Five bottle pop, six bottle pop, seven bottle, bottle pop!

Part B:

Fish and chips and vinegar, vinegar, vinegar.

Fish and chips and vinegar, pepper, pepper, pepper, salt!

Part C:

Don't throw your trash in my back yard, my back yard, my
back yard.

Don't throw your trash in my back yard. My back yard's full!



ONE LOLLIPOP

One lollipop, two lollipop, three lollipop, four lollipop,

Five lollipop, six lollipop, seven lolli - lolli - lollipop!

Hot dog, pickle relish, mustard, mustard, mustard.

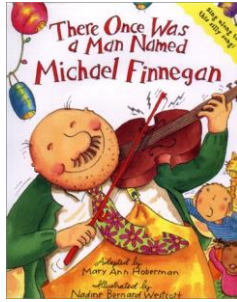
Hot dog, pickle relish, mustard,

French fries, salt and pepper too!

Don't chuck your muck in my back pack, my back pack, my
back pack.

Don't chuck your muck in my back pack.

My back pack's full!



MICHAEL FINNEGAN

There was an old man named Michael Finnegan
He had whiskers on his chin-ne-gan
The wind blew them off and blew them on again
Poor old Michael Finnegan, Begin Again

There was an old man named Michael Finnegan
He went fishing with a pinnegan
Sat all day reeled it in again
Poor old Michael Finnegan, Begin Again

There was an old man named Michael Finnegan
He looked up and saw those twins again
He turned 'round and there they were again
Poor old Michael Finnegan, Begin Again

There was an old man named Michael Finnegan
Ate his dinner from a tin again
Was so good he ate some more again
Poor old Michael Finnegan, Begin Again

There was an old man named Michael Finnegan
He grew fat wanted to be thin again
Went on a diet and got thin again
Poor old Michael Finnegan, Begin Again

There was an old man named Michael Finnegan
He was so clumsy banged his shin again
He shouted loud oh what a din again!
Poor old Michael Finnegan, Begin Again

There was an old man named Michael Finnegan
Heard this song and began to sing again
Hurt my ears so don't begin again
And that's the end of Michael Finnegan!
And that's the end of Michael Finnegan!



THIS OLD MAN

This old man, he played one
He played knick-knack on my thumb
Knick-knack paddywhack, give your dog a bone
This old man came rolling home

This old man, he played two
He played knick-knack on my shoe
Knick-knack paddywhack, give your dog a bone
This old man came rolling home

This old man, he played three
He played knick-knack on my knee
Knick-knack paddywhack, give your dog a bone
This old man came rolling home

This old man, he played four
He played knick-knack on my door
Knick-knack paddywhack, give your dog a bone
This old man came rolling home

This old man, he played five
He played knick-knack on my hive
Knick-knack paddywhack, give your dog a bone
This old man came rolling home

This old man, he played six
He played knick-knack on my sticks
Knick-knack paddywhack, give your dog a bone
This old man came rolling home

This old man, he played seven
He played knick-knack up in heaven
Knick-knack paddywhack, give your dog a bone
This old man came rolling home

This old man, he played eight
He played knick-knack on my gate
Knick-knack paddywhack, give your dog a bone
This old man came rolling home

This old man, he played nine
He played knick-knack on my spine
Knick-knack paddywhack, give your dog a bone
This old man came rolling home

This old man, he played ten
He played knick-knack once again
Knick-knack paddywhack, give your dog a bone
This old man came rolling home



Wayfaring stranger

I'm just a poor wayfaring stranger
 I'm traveling through this world of woe
 Yet there's no sickness, toil nor danger
 In that bright land to which I go
 I'm going there to see my father
 I'm going there no more to roam
 I'm just a-going over Jordan
 I'm just a-going over home

I know dark clouds will gather 'round me
 I know my way is rough and steep
 Yet golden fields lie just before me
 Where God's redeemed shall ever sleep
 I'm going there to see my mother
 She said she'd meet me when I come
 I'm only going over Jordan
 I'm only going over home

I want to wear a crown of glory
 When I get home to that good land
 I want to shout salvation's story
 In concert with the blood-washed band
 I'm going there to meet my Saviour
 To sing his praise forever more
 I'm just a-going over Jordan
 I'm just a-going over home



Scarborough Fair

Are you going to Scarborough Fair?

Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;

Remember me to the one who lives there,

For once she was a true love of mine.

Tell her to make me a cambric shirt,

Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme