



Lyrics for Five Little Oysters!

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It's Raining, It's Pouring - Traditional

Adapted lyrics Sukey Molloy 2018

It's raining, it's pouring,
The old man is snoring,
He bumped his head,
And he went to bed,
The morning, it's raining, it's pouring.
The old Man's dog is snoring,
It bumped his head,
And it went to bed,
And it couldn't 'ruff' in the morning.

The morning, it's raining, it's pouring,
The old man's sheep is snoring,
It bumped his head,
And it went to bed,
And it couldn't 'baa' in the morning.

The morning, it's raining, it's pouring,
The old man's horse is snoring,
It bumped his head,
And it went to bed,
And it couldn't 'neigh' in the morning.

The morning, it's raining, it's pouring,
The old man's cow is snoring,
It bumped his head,
And it went to bed,
And it couldn't 'moo' in the morning.

The morning, it's raining, it's pouring,
The old man's cat is snoring,
It bumped his head,
And it went to bed,
And it couldn't 'meow' in the morning.

And he couldn't get up in the morning.

Do Your Ears Hang Low? Traditional

Adapted lyrics Sukey Molloy 2018

Do your ears hang low?
Do they wobble to and fro?
Can you tie them in a knot?
Can you tie them in a bow?
Can you throw them o'er your shoulder,
Like a continental soldier?
Do your ears hang low?

Do your ears stand high?
Do they reach up to the sky?
Do they droop when they're wet?
Do they itch when they're dry?
Can you wave them at your neighbor
With a very friendly flavor?
Do your ears stand high?

Do your ears flip-flop?
Can you use them as a mop?
Are they stringy at the bottom?
Are they curly at the top?
Can you use them for a swatter?
Can you use them for a blotter?
Do your ears flip-flop?

The Sun Shines on My Body

Sukey Molloy 2016

The sun shines on my body,
The sun shines on my face,
The sun shines all around me,
A special feeling it makes.

The sun shines all around me,
The sun shines on my face,
The sun shines on my body,
A special feeling it makes.

The sun shines on my fingers,
The sun shines on my toes,
The sun shines all around me,
A sometimes it makes me sneeze.

The sun shines on my elbows,
The sun shines on my heels,
The sun shines all around me,
And I love just how it feels.

The sun shines on my shoulders,
The sun shines on my nose,
The sun shines all around me,
And it's warm wherever it goes.

The sun shines on my
The sun shines on my
The sun shines all around me
And it's warm wherever it goes.

The Ants Go Marching - Traditional

Adapted lyrics Sukey Molloy 2018

The ants go marching one by one,
Hurrah, hurrah.
The ants go marching one by one,
Hurrah, hurrah.

The ants go marching one by one,
The little one stopped to – wiggle her thumbs.
And they all go marching,
Down into the ground to get out of the rain.

The ants go marching two by two,
Hurrah, hurrah.
The ants go marching two by two,
Hurrah, hurrah.

The ants go marching two by two,
The little one stopped to – tap on her shoe.
And they all go marching,
Down into the ground to get out of the rain.

The ants go marching three by three,
Hurrah, hurrah.
The ants go marching three by three,
Hurrah, hurrah.

The ants go marching three by three,
The little one stopped to - climb up a tree.
And they all go marching,
Down into the ground to get out of the rain.

The ants go marching four by four,
Hurrah, hurrah.
The ants go marching four by four,
Hurrah, hurrah.

The ants go marching four by four,
The little one stopped to – knock on the door,
And they all go marching,
Down into the ground to get out of the rain.

The ants go marching five by five,
Hurrah, hurrah.
The ants go marching five by five,
Hurrah, hurrah.

The ants go marching five by five,
The little one stopped to – look at a hive.
And they all go marching,
Down into the ground to get out of the rain.

Five Little Oysters - Traditional

Adapted lyrics Sukey Molloy 2018

There were five little oysters,
All cozy in the bed,
And the little one said,
"I'm squished, would you please roll over?"

So they all rolled over,
And one rolled out,
Now there are four!

Four little oysters,
All cozy in their bed,
And the little one said,
"I'm squished, would you please roll over?"

Three little oysters,
All cozy in their bed,
And the little one said,
"I'm squished, would you please roll over?"

So they all rolled over,
And one rolled out.
Now there are two!

Two little oysters all cozy in their bed,
And the little one said,
"I'm squished, would you please roll over?"

So they all rolled over,
And one rolled out.
Now there is one!

One little oyster,
All alone in the bed,
And the little oyster said,
"I'm lonely! I'm lonely!"

So that one rolled over,
And that one rolled out.
Now there are none!

No little oysters all cozy in the bed,
And then one of them said,
"We're hiding! We're hiding!"

And the first one came back.
And the second one came back.
And the third one came back.
And the fourth one came back.
And the fifth one came back
Now there are five!

Oh, five little oysters, all cozy in their bed.
Sleep tight!

If I Were a Cat

Sukey Molloy 2018

If I were a cat,
I would lay down on my mat,
With my tail wrapped around me,
And my fur laying flat.

Purring so softly,
I would soon fall asleep,
After licking my fur,
I'd feel all cozy and neat.

Then I would wake up,
From my nice little nap,
And lick my fur,
To make it lay flat.

I'd stretch and yawn,
And get up from my mat,
And meow and hiss,
For I am a cat.

I would chase my own tail,
And with my paws play catch,
And jump and run,
And see what I could catch.

Soon I'd get tired,
And lay down on my mat,
With my tail wrapped around me,
I love being a cat.

She'll Be Coming 'Round the Mountain (traditional)

Adapted lyrics by Sukey Molloy 2018

She'll be coming 'round the mountain when she comes,
She'll be coming 'round the mountain when she comes,
She'll be coming 'round the mountain, she'll be coming 'round the mountain,
She'll be coming 'round the mountain when she comes.

She'll be driving six white horses when she comes,
She'll be driving six white horses when she comes,
She'll be driving six white horses she'll be driving six white horses,
She'll be driving six white horses when she comes.

She will bring her rooster with her when she comes,
She will bring her rooster with her when she comes,
She will bring her rooster with her she will bring her rooster with her,
She will bring her rooster with her when she comes.

We'll be at the door to greet her when she comes,
We'll be at the door to greet her when she comes,
We'll be at the door to greet her we'll be at the door to greet her,
We'll be at the door to greet her when she comes.

She will get a kiss from Grandma when she comes,
She will get a kiss from Grandma when she comes,
She will get a kiss from Grandma she will get a kiss from Grandma,
She will get a kiss from Grandma when she comes

We will have a great big party when she comes,
We will have a great big party when she comes,
We will have a great big party we will have a great big party,
We will have a great big party when she comes.

We'll have apple pie and ice cream when she comes,
We'll have apple pie and ice cream when she comes,
We'll have apple pie and ice cream we'll have apple pie and ice cream,
We'll have apple pie and ice cream when she comes.

This Old Man

Traditional

This old man, he played one,
He played knick-knack on my thumb.

With a knick-knack paddy-whack,
Give a dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home.

This old man, he played two,
He played knick-knack on my shoe.

With a knick-knack paddy-whack,
Give a dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home.

This old man, he played three,
He played knick-knack on my knee.

With a knick-knack paddy-whack,
Give a dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home.

This old man, he played four,
He played knick-knack on my door.

With a knick-knack paddy-whack,
Give a dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home.

This old man, he played five,
He played knick-knack on a beehive.

With a knick-knack paddy-whack,
Give a dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home.

Sunny & Tick Tock Went Out One Day

Sukey Molloy 2018

Sunny and Tick Tock went out one day,
Sunny and Tick Tock went out to play,
Sunny and Tick Tock went out one day,
And they hopped and they jumped and they turned all the way.

Sunny and Tick Tock went out one night,
Under the moon and the stars so bright,
Sunny and Tick Tock went out one night,
And they gazed at the moon and the soft starlight.

Sunny and Tick Tock went out one day,
Sunny and Tick Tock went out to play,
Sunny and Tick Tock went out one day,
And they danced and they sang and they laughed all the way.

I've Been Working on the Railroad
Traditional

I've been working on the railroad
All the livelong day
I've been working on the railroad
Just to pass the time away

Can't you hear the whistle blowing
Rise up so early in the morn
Can't you hear the captain shouting
Dinah, blow your horn

Dinah, won't you blow
Dinah, won't you blow
Dinah, won't you blow your horn
Dinah, won't you blow
Dinah, won't you blow
Dinah, won't you blow your horn

Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah
Someone's in the kitchen I know
Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah
Strumming on the old banjo, and singing

Fie, fi, fiddly i o
Fie, fi, fiddly i o
Fie, fi, fiddly i o
Strumming on the old banjo

**Simple Gifts -
Traditional**

'Tis a gift to be simple,
'Tis a gift to be free,
'Tis a gift to come down where we ought to be,
And when we find ourselves in the place just right,
We will be in the valley of love and delight.

When true simplicity is gained,
To bow and to bend we will not be ashamed.
To turn, to turn will be our delight,
And by turning, turning, we'll come 'round right.

The Story of Little Flame in the Arctic

Sukey Molloy 2018

This is the story of Little Flame in the Arctic.

Little Flame is a little flame who lives far to the north in the Arctic. During the season when the days are very short, and the nights are very long, Little Flame shines her light through the nighttime sky, helping all those who need it to see.

Little Flame shares a special moment each night, which only a few have ever seen. When Little Flame's friend, the Great Arctic Wind, comes blowing into the night, Little Flame begins to dance.

Little Flame loves to dance with the wind. She moves and bends, sways and turns, soars up and down, and side to side, soaring far above the ground.

But one night, Little Flame forgot something. She forgot to watch over her own little flame as she danced. And the wind blew and blew, and blew Little Flame far, far away, where she had never been before.

And suddenly, everything became still. Little Flame found herself all alone, lost in the darkness, and her flame had begun to go out. She lay down beneath a tall, ice covered rock and slowly drifted off to sleep.

While she slept, she dreamed of the hearth where she was born, and the many Arctic friends she had come to know.

Little Flame dreamed of the Arctic birds, flying high overhead, calling to the young in their nests.

Little Flame dreamed of the great caribou with their strong, tall antlers, feeding and chewing and stomping out on the tundra.

Little Flame dreamed of the Arctic foxes, with their babies, rustling in the brush to keep warm in their nests.

And Little Flame dreamed of the Arctic seals, diving and bathing, barking and lounging together out on the ice at play.

Each one of Little Flame's arctic friends depended on her bright little light to shine in the nighttime sky.

Remembering this in her dream, Little Flame woke up! She knew what to do. She would ask her Arctic friends to point the way home! She flickered and flickered, and as she peeked out from the ice covered rock...

...Who should appear but the Arctic birds pointing their wings north toward Little Flame's home under the stars in the distance!

Little Flame thanked them, and started out on her way.

Little Flame came to her caribou friends who pointed their antlers north toward her home under the stars in the distance.

Little Flame thanked them and continued on her way.

Little Flame came to the fox family who pointed their ears north toward her home under the stars in the distance.

Little Flame thanked them and continued on her way.

And Little Flame came to the seals who pointed their flippers north toward her home under the stars in the distance.

Little Flame thanked them and continued on her way.

And as she neared home, Little Flame felt her flame growing warmer, and brighter...

And when the Great Arctic Wind began to blow, Little Flame began to dance. And as she danced, she promised she would never again let the wind grow stronger than the little flame that glows inside.

And that is the story of Little Flame in the Arctic.
