



WALKING OLIVER
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Paul Austin Kelly & Richard Durrant Through Tenderwood

D A Y

One Misty Moisty Morning

Trad. with additional words and music by P.A. Kelly

One Misty, moisty morning
When cloudy was the weather
I chanced to meet an old man
Clothed all in leather.
He began to compliment,
And I began to grin,
How do you do?
How do you do?
How do you do, again?
One misty, moisty morning
While wandering the seaside,
I found an ancient wooden box
That washed up with the high tide.
So curious I opened it
And much to my chagrin,
Now do you know,
Now do you know,
What peered up from within?
One misty, moisty morning
When traveling by horseback
I happened on a poor maid
All tied up on a haystack.
I cut her bonds so gallantly

She kicked me in the shin,
So fare thee well!
So fare thee well!
And fare thee well, again!

Song A Song of Sixpence

Trad. Arr. by P.A. Kelly & R. Durrant

Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye;
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie.
When the pie was opened,
The birds began to sing.
Now, wasn't that a dainty dish
To set before the King?
The King was in the counting house,
Counting out his money.
The Queen was in the parlor
Eating bread and honey.
The maid was in the garden,
Hanging out her clothes.
Along came a blackbird
And snipped off her nose!
They sent for the King's doctor
Who sewed it on again.
He sewed it on so neatly
The seam was never seen.
The blackbird for his naughtiness
Deservedly was slain,
Along came a Jenny wren
Who snapped it off again!

Old King Cole

Trad. Arr. by P.A. Kelly & R. Durrant

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 fi ddlers three.

Every fi ddler had a fi ddle,
And a very fi ne fi ddle had he.
Oh there's none so rare as can compare
With King Cole and his fi ddlers three.
Old King Cole was a slimy little toad
And a warty little oik was he,
His teeth were green and he never had a bath,
And his clothes all smelled of wee.
Every fi ddler was a rotten little fi ddler
And a rotten little fi ddler was he.
Oh, do all that you can to avoid this little man
King Cole and his fi ddlers three.

New King Cole

Trad. Arr. by P.A. Kelly & R. Durrant

Old King Cole was a raunchy old soul
And a raunchy old soul was he;
He called for his pipe,
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fi ddlers three.
Every fi ddler had a very fi ne fi ddle,
And a very fi ne fi ddle had he.
Oh there's none so rare as can compare
With King Cole and his fi ddlers three.
*'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.*

Little Boy Blue

Trad. Arr. by P.A. Kelly & R. Durrant

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.
Will you wake him?
No, not I,
For if I do, he's sure to cry.

Little Boy Blue, come rouse your bones.
Old Bessie is ailing– now hear how she moans.
If she should die before you awake,
Master your job away will take.

Jack and Jill

Trad. Arr. by P.A. Kelly & R. Durrant

Jack & Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water.
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.
Then up got Jack and said to Jill,
As in his arms he took her,
“Brush off that dirt, for you’re not hurt,
Let’s fetch that pail of water.”
Up Jack got and home did trot
As fast as he could caper,
Went to bed to mend his head
With vinegar and brown paper.
Then Jill came in and she did grin
To see Jack’s paper plaster.
Her mother whipped her across her knee
For laughing at Jack’s disaster.

Higgledy-Piggledy

Trad. with additional words and music by P.A. Kelly

Higgledy-piggledy
Here we lie
Picked and plucked
And put in a pie
My first is snapping, snarling, growling
My second’s hard-working, romping, prowling
Higgledy-piggledy
Here we lie
Picked and plucked
And put in a pie.
Wiggledy woggledy
Here we sit

Deep in the middle
Of an old sand pit.
My back is itchin' scritch'n' scratchin'
Down in the pit where the eggs are hatchin'.
Wiggledy woggledy
Here we sit
Deep in the middle
Of an old sand pit.
Hurgly gurgly, here we go,
Down in the river by the big willow.
Her tail is flippin' fl oppin' fl appin'
Swimmin' too close and my face she's slappin'
Hurgly gurgly, here we go,
Down in the river by the big willow.

A Cat Came Fiddling

Trad. with additional words and music by P.A. Kelly

A cat came fiddling out of a barn
With a pair of bagpipes under her arm.
She could sing nothing but fiddle-dee-dee,
The mouse has married the bumblebee.
Pipe, cat, dance, mouse--
We'll have a wedding at our good house.
A pig came waddling out of the barn
With a pair of bongos under his arm.
He could sing nothing but baba-loo-bam,
If you like my bacon, you'll love my ham.
Bacon and ham, bongos and spam--
I make the best sausage in all the land!

*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.*

Grand Old Duke of York

Trad. with additional words by P.A. Kelly

Arr. By R. Durrant

The Grand Old Duke of York,
He had ten thousand men.
He marched them up to the top of the hill
And he marched them down again.
When they were up, they were up,
And when they were down, they were down,
And when they were only halfway up
They were neither up nor down.
The soldiers all agreed that if they got the chance,
They'd have less grief and a far better chief
For soldiering for France.
The horses were so tired from going up and down,
And doing all the bidding of this pompous royal clown.

Fighting for Strangers

Trad. Arr. By R. Durrant

Why did you go away,
Fighting for strangers
When you could be safe at home
Free from all dangers?

*There was an owl lived in an oak,
Wisky, wasky, weedle;
And every word he ever spoke
Was fi ddle, faddle, feedle.
A gunner chanced to come that way,
Wisky, wasky, weedle;
Says he, "I'll shoot you, silly bird,"
Fiddle, faddle, feedle.*

Rain, Rain Go away

Trad. with additional words and music by P.A. Kelly

Rain, Rain Go Away,
Come again some other day.

When you fall down every day
My feelings fall with you.
All my friends have gone away
Because you've made the sky so grey
And you won't let the sun come shining through.
Rain, rain, tell me why,
When you make wet out of dry,
Does your falling from the sky
Bring life to everything?
If it's so, perhaps it's true,
That I have been too hard on you
So please forgive me now for what I sing.
Please come again in the night when I am sleeping
And let the trees and the animals partake.
It's just that I cannot bear to see you weeping
When I'm awake.

Doctor Foster

Trad. with additional words and music by P.A. Kelly

Doctor Foster went to Gloucester
In a shower of rain.
He stepped in a puddle
Right up to his middle,
And never went there again.
Doctor Blunden went to London
In a torrent of hail.
It knocked his noggin crazy
Till his eyeballs went all hazy
So he kept them in a pail.
Doctor Bumbrage went to Tonbridge
In a terrible storm
He didn't take his brolly
Nor his mackintosh or wellies
Or a hat to keep him warm.
Doctor Gorham went to Shoreham
Just to see a patient there.
The weather was ungodly
And it wore his temper badly,
So he tore out all his hair.

Oranges & Lemons

Trad. Arr. by P.A. Kelly & R. Durrant

Oranges & Lemons

Say the bells of St Clements.

Bull's eyes and targets,

Say the bells of St Marg'ret's.

Brickbats and tiles,

Say the bells of St Giles'.

Ha'pence and farthings,

Say the bells of St Martin's.

Pancakes and fritters,

Say the bells of St Peter's.

Two sticks and an apple,

Say the bells of Whitechapel.

Pokers and tongs,

Say the bells of St John's.

Kettles and pans,

Say the bells of St Ann's.

Old Father Baldpate,

Say the slow bells of Aldgate.

You owe me ten shillings,

Say the bells of St Helen's

When will you pay me?

Say the bells of Old Bailey.

When I grow rich,

Say the bells of Shoreditch.

Here comes a candle to light you to bed,

Here comes a chopper to chop off your head.

N I G H T

Winken, Blinken & Nod

Words by Eugene Fields, Music by Lucy Simon

Arr. By P.A. Kelly & R. Durrant

Winken, Blinken, and Nod one night

Sailed off in a wooden shoe—

Sailed off on a river of crystal light

Into a sea of dew.
“Where are you going, and what do you wish?”
The old moon asked the three.
“We have come to fish for the herring fish
That live in the beautiful sea.
Nets of silver and gold have we!”
Said Winken, Blinken, and Nod.
The old moon laughed and sang a song,
As they rocked in their wooden shoe,
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew.
The little stars were the herring fish
That lived in the beautiful sea—
“Now cast your nets wherever you wish,
Never a-fear’d are we”;
So cried the stars to the fishermen three:
Winken, Blinken, and Nod.
All night long their nets they threw
To the stars in the twinkling foam,
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe
Bringing the fishermen home.
‘Twas all so pretty a sail it seemed
As if it could not be,
And some folks thought ‘twas a dream they’d dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea—
But I shall name you the fishermen three:
Winken, Blinken, and Nod.
Winken and Blinken are two little eyes,
And Nod is the little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is the wee one’s trundle-bed.
So close your eyes and dream the dreams
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see all the beautiful things
As you rock in the misty sea,
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three:
Winken, Blinken, and Nod.

*They went to sea in a Sieve, they did,
In a Sieve they went to sea:
In spite of all their friends could say,*

*On a winter's morn, on a stormy day,
In a Sieve they went to sea!*
(from "The Jumblies" by Edward Lear)

*Wee Willie Winkie runs through the town,
Upstairs and downstairs in his nightgown,
Rapping at the window, crying through the lock,
"Are the children all in bed, for it's now eight o'clock?"*

Boys and Girls Come Out to Play

Trad. Poem with Music by R. Durrant

Arr. By R. Durrant

Boys and Girls Come Out to Play
The moon doth shine as bright as day
Leave your supper and leave your sleep
And join your playfellows in the street.
Come with a whoop and come with a call,
Come with good will or not at all.
Up the ladder and down the wall,
A half-penny loaf will serve us all.
You find milk and I'll find flour,
And we'll have a pudding in half an hour.

Hey, Diddle Diddle

Trad. Poem with Music by R. Durrant

Arr. By R. Durrant

Hey Diddle Diddle
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon.
The little dog laughed to see such fun,
And the dish ran away with the spoon.
I drift out under water
To the land of my slumber
While the ark slides by overhead.
And the animals sing to be in my dream
And the stars make a pillow for my head.

*To make Magic Pie, take
1 cup of music
1/4 cup of glitter
1 tablespoon daisy petals
2 tablespoons imagination
2 grams of rainbow
1gram of clouds
10 peacock feathers
2 cups fairy dust
and 100 grams of fun
(Poem by Zac Manning)*

“And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon, the moon, the moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.”
(from *The Owl and the Pussycat* by Edward Lear)

I See the Moon

Trad. Arr. By P.A. Kelly & R. Durrant

I See the Moon,
The moon sees me
Shining through the branches of the old oak tree.
Please let the light that shines on me
Shine on the one I love.
Over the mountains,
Over the sea,
Back where my heart is longing to be,
Please let the light that shines on me
Shine on the one I love.

There was an Old Woman Tossed up in a Basket

Trad. with additional words and music by P.A. Kelly

There was an old woman tossed up in a basket,
Seventeen times as high as the moon.
Where she was going I couldn't but ask it,
For in her hand she carried a broom.
“Old woman, old woman, old woman,” said I,
“Where are you going to up so high?”
“To brush the cobwebs off the sky!”

“May I go with you?”

“Aye, by-and-by.”

There was an old miser who built his own casket

‘Cause it was cheaper than having it made.

Of wire and string and an old apple basket

He made up the box where his bones would be laid.

“Old miser, old miser, old miser,” I said,

“Why be so mean with your own fi nal bed?”

“What will I care when I’m cold stiff and dead?”

“What are you saving for, whiskey & bread?”

A Man of Words and Not of Deeds

Trad. Poem with Music by R. Durrant

Arr. By R. Durrant

A man of words and not of deeds

Is like a garden full of weeds,

And when the weeds begin to grow,

It’s like a garden full of snow.

And when the snow begins to fall,

It’s like a bird upon the wall,

And when the bird away does fl y,

It’s like an eagle in the sky.

And when the sky begins to roar,

It’s like a lion at the door.

And when the door begins to crack,

It’s like a stick across your back,

And when your back begins to smart,

It’s like a penknife in your heart,

And when your heart begins to bleed,

You’re dead, you’re dead, you’re dead indeed.

Aiken Drum

Trad. with additional words by P.A. Kelly

There was a man lived in the moon

And his name was Aiken Drum

And he played upon a ladle,

And his name was Aiken Drum

His hat was made of curds and whey.

His shirt was made of cheddar cheese.
And he played upon a ladle,
And his name was Aiken Drum.
And his trousers, they were haggis bags.
But all he ate was bangers & mash.
And his name was Aiken Drum.

Who Has Seen the Wind?

Words by Christina Rossetti, Music by P.A. Kelly
Arr. By P.A. Kelly & R. Durrant

Who has seen the wind?
Not I, nor you,
But when the trees bow down their heads
The wind is passing through.
Who has seen the wind?
Not you, nor I,
But when the trees bow down their heads
The wind is passing by.