

Children's Songs

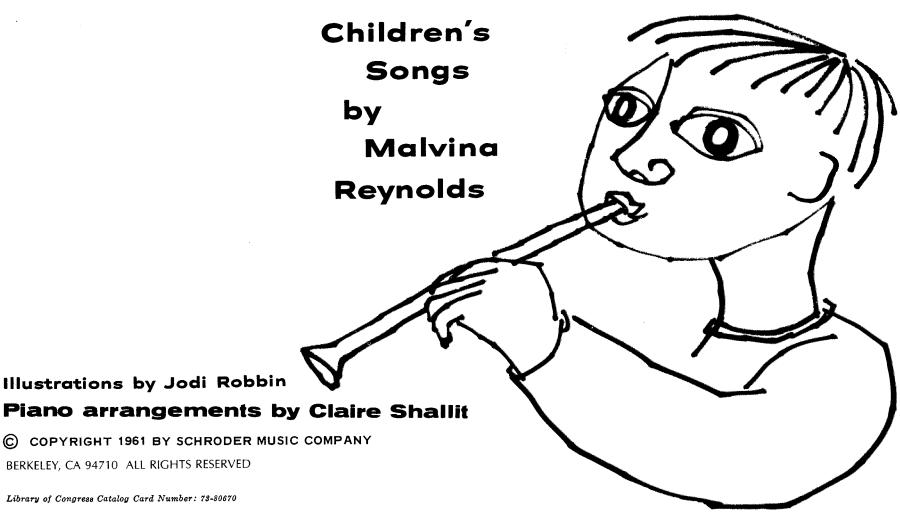
by

Malvina

Reynolds

Illustrations by Jodi Robbin

Tweedles and Foodles for Young Noodles





HELLO

It's not too hard to make a song. You even make a little song when you talk. Listen to the way your voice goes up and down, and how your speaking has a rhythm, so that you could dance to it, or skippetyhop.

The hardest thing about making a song is remembering it afterwards. There are tape recorders that you can sing into, but not everybody has one, and they aren't always around when you feel most like making a song. So it is a good thing to learn how to write down notes and words, so that you can keep your songs, and other people can learn them and enjoy them.

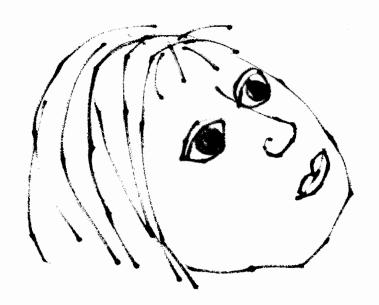
You may find that, after you have learned the songs in this book, you'll have ideas for other verses. Young friends of mine have already made up very good verses for "I Went A-Gathering" and "The Pets".

The songs in "Tweedles and Foodles" were made up by me, and I have sung them for many young people and grown-ups. They are arranged so that you can just sing them, or sing them with guitar or banjo, or play them on the piano.

Malrina

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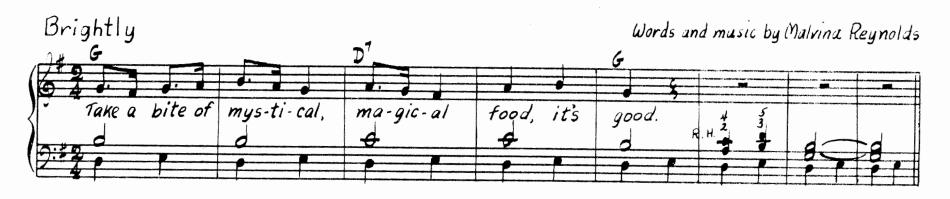
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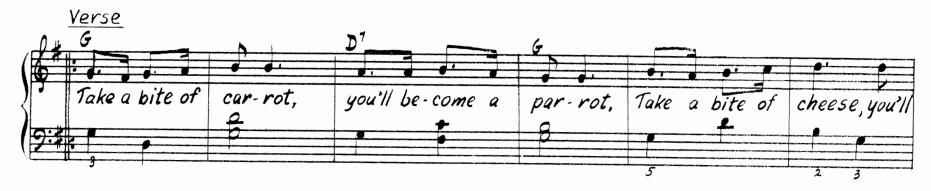


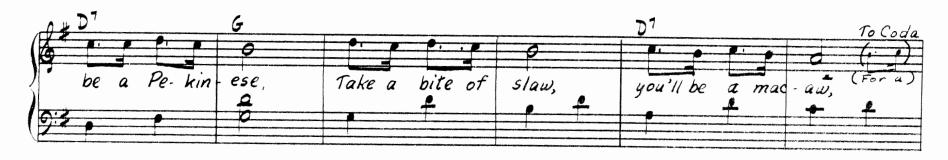


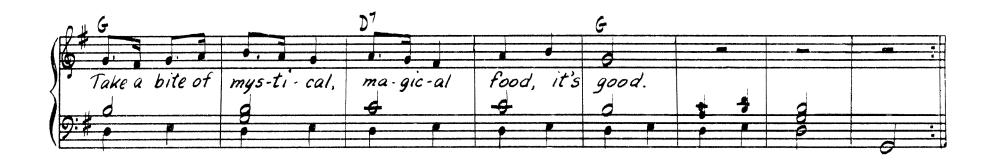


MAGICAL FOOD













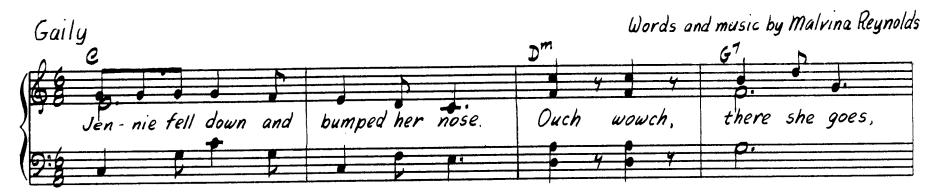
Take a bite of steak,
You'll become a snake,
Take a bite of tea,
You'll become a bee,
Take some macaroni,
You'll become a pony,
Take a bite of mystical, magical food,
It's good.

Take a bite of cider,
You'll become a spider,
Take a bite of veal,
You'll become a seal,
Take a bite of lamb,
You'll become a clam,
Take a bite of mystical, magical food,
It's good.

Take a bite of rice, You'll become a mice, Take a bite of goose, You'll become a moose, Take a bite of egg, You'll sit up and beg For a treat, Of mystical, magical, Something to eat.

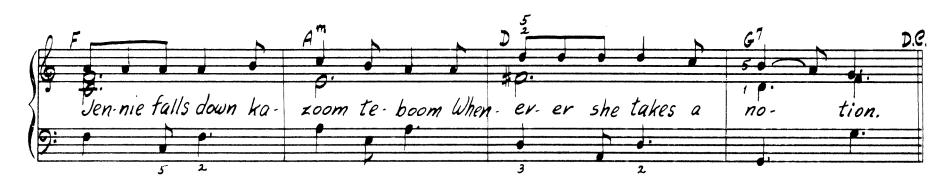


JENNIE FELL DOWN







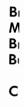


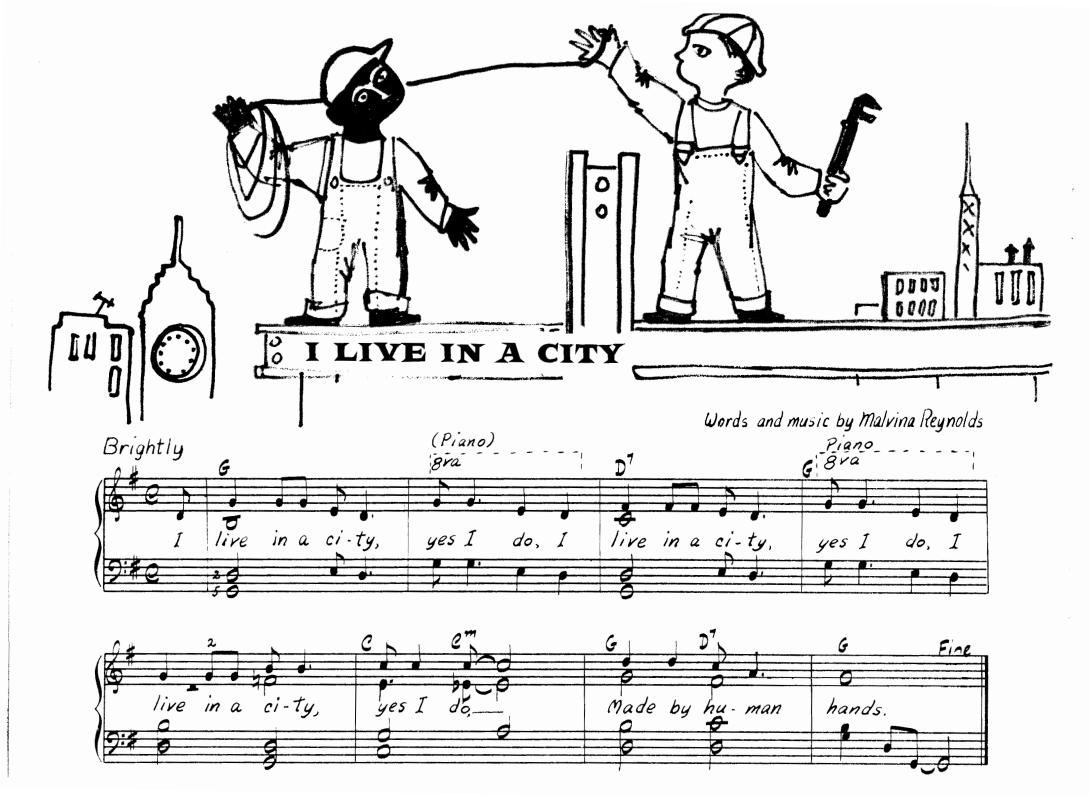
Jennie fell down and bumped her ear. Ouch, wowch, she feels so queer. Pick her up and say, "Oh dear!" Jennie fell down, kazoom.

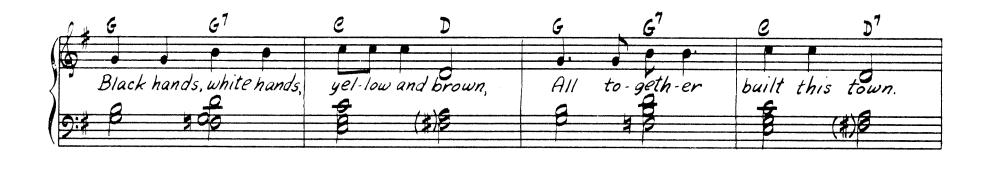
Chorus

Jennie fell down and bumped her head, "Ouch, wowch," is what she said. Pick her up and put her to bed, Jennie fell down, kazoom.

Chorus









Brown hands, yellow hands, white and black, Mined the coal and built the stack, Brown hands, yellow hands, white and black, Built the engine and laid the track.

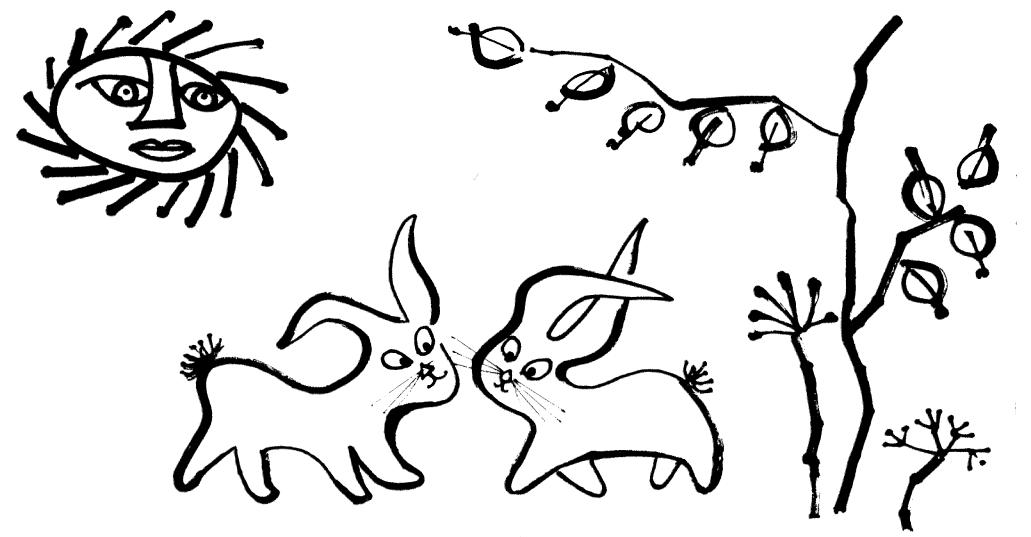
Chorus

Black hands, brown hands, yellow and white, Built the buildings tall and bright, Black hands, brown hands, yellow and white, Filled them all with shining light.

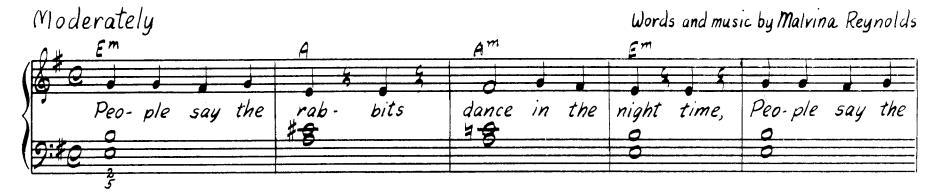
Chorus

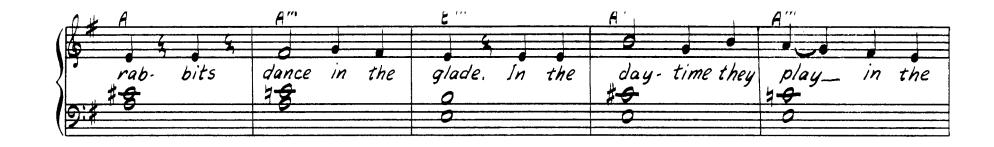
Black hands, white hands, brown and tan, Milled the flour and cleaned the pan, Black hands, white hands, brown and tan, The working woman and the working man.

Chorus



RABBITS DANCE

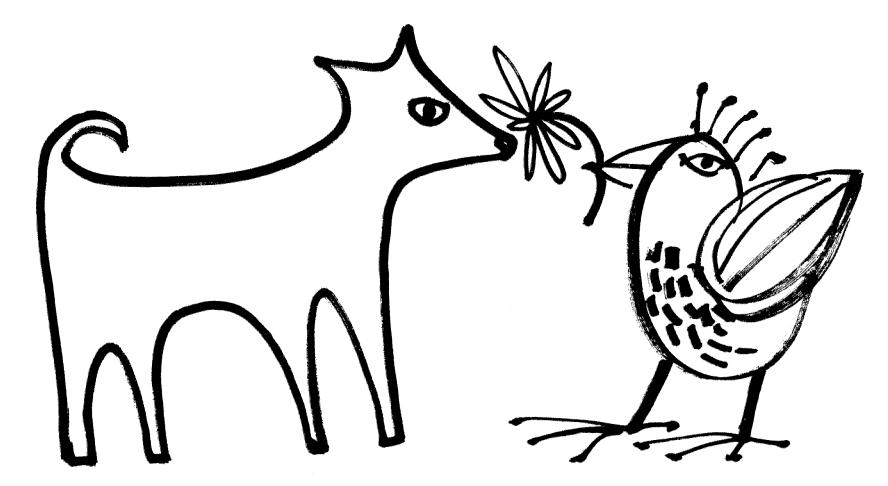






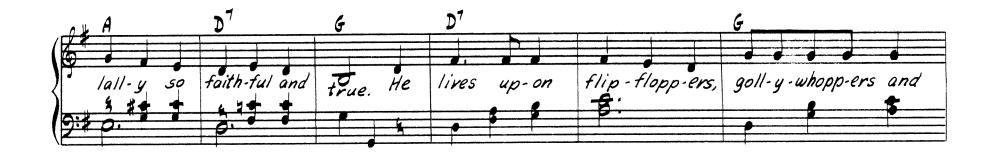






THE PETS







2.
I have a kitty,
Her name is Miss Feedle Faddle,
Oh, fit feedle faddle foot feedle faddle,
Fair as a rose,
She lives upon livers,
And mousey come hithers,
And that's why she slithers
Wherever she goes.

3.
I have a birdie,
His name is Macmurdie,
Oh, wing feather and tail feather
And top feather so bright.
He lives upon prinkles,
And pink periwinkles,
And that's why he twinkles
From morning till night.

4.
I have a donkey,
His name is Old Klonkey,
Oh, hip hoppity clip cloppity
All over town.
He lives upon thistles,
And tin penny whistles,
And that's why he whoops
Like a merry-go-round.

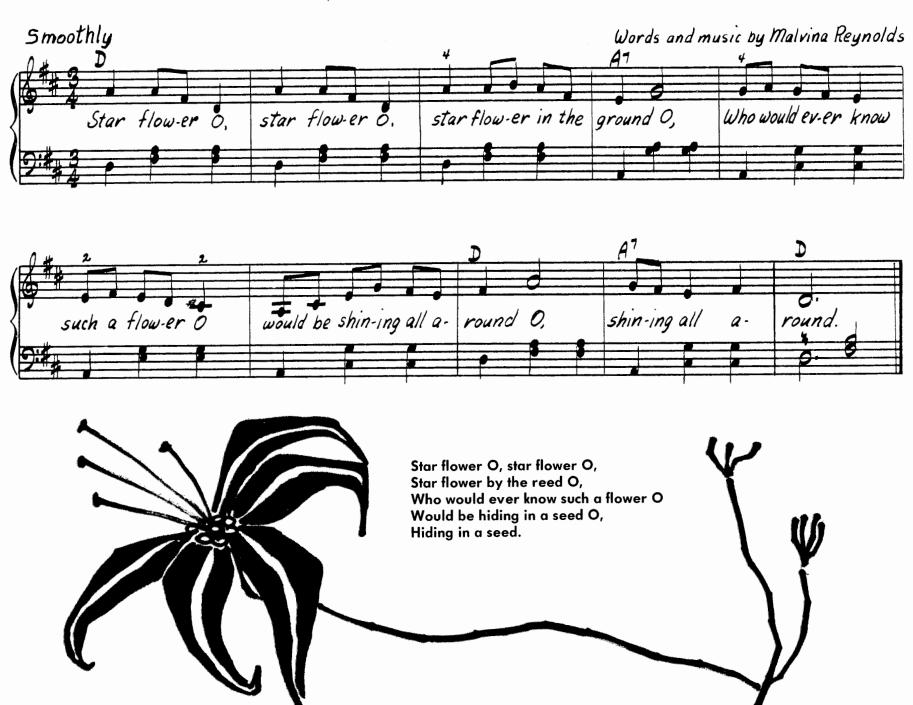
5.
I have a barnacle,
His name is McGonigle,
Oh, wish washery slish sloshery
Under my boat.
He lives on the boring
Of old teakwood flooring,
And when he is snoring
He can't sing a note.

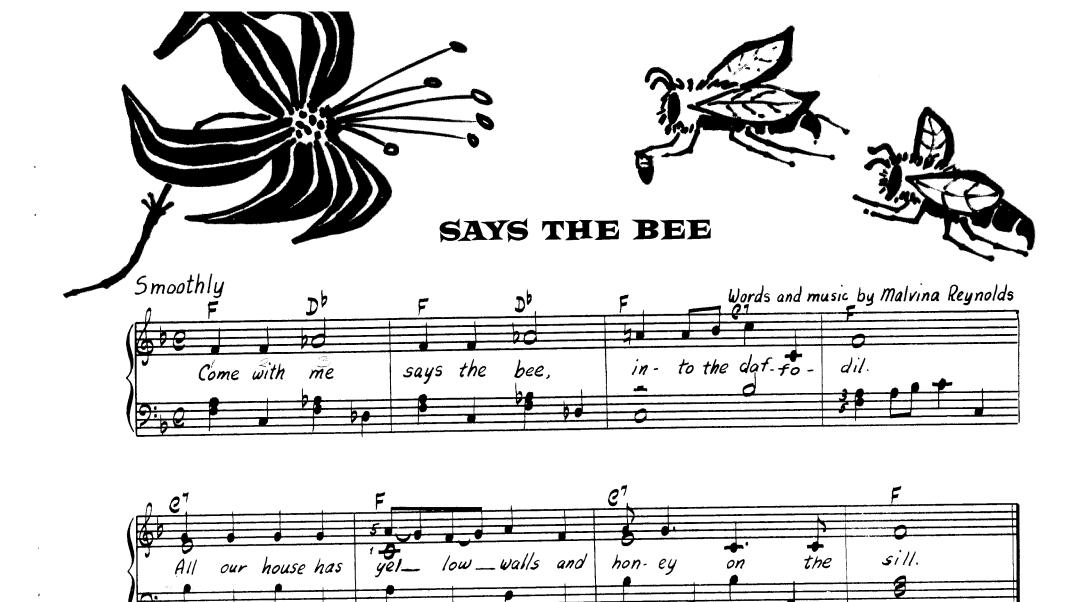
LITTLE BOAT





STAR FLOWER





Come with me, says the bee, Into the open rose, Perfume curtains all around, And pollen on your toes. Come with me, says the bee, Into the lily flower. Sun in your window every sunny day, Umbrella for a shower.

DON'T BOTHER ME





I WENT A-GATHERING





I went a-gathering, a-gathering, a-gathering, I went a-gathering, and what did you find?

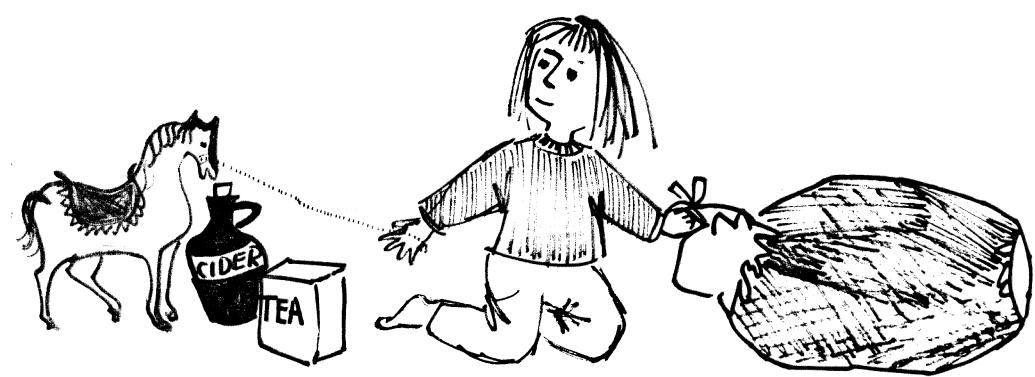
A packet from a tea-store,
A shell upon the sea shore,
A baby on a see-saw, and I left them all behind.

I went a-gathering, a-gathering, a-gathering, I went a-gathering, and what did you find?

A web without the spider,

A jug without the cider,

A horse without the rider, and I left them all behind.



EVERYBODY SAYS



Everybody says, "Be good, be good." Everybody says, "Be good, be good." If they understood, I'm as good as good, 'Cause dancing around is what I should. Everybody says, "What's wrong? What's wrong?" Everybody says, "What's wrong? What's wrong?" Well, there's nothing wrong when I sing my song, But you'd better look out if I'm quiet long.



TO - RO MARCH

Words and Music by Malvina Reynolds



A left foot and a right foot and a one, two, three, Here we come a marching, a gallant company. They'll all be there to meet us and they'll all be glad to know

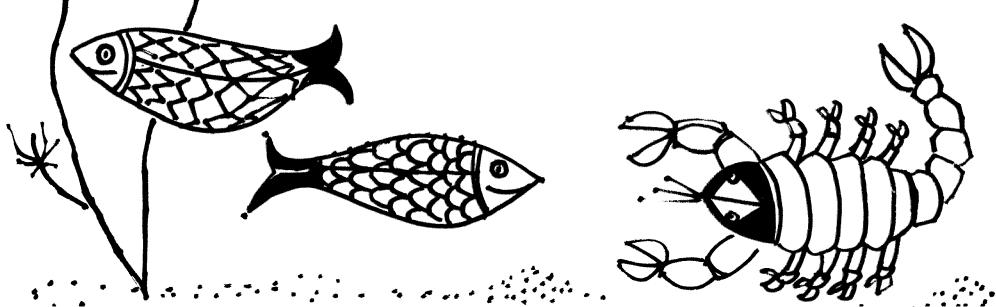
We'll get there in a bundle with a to-ro-ro.

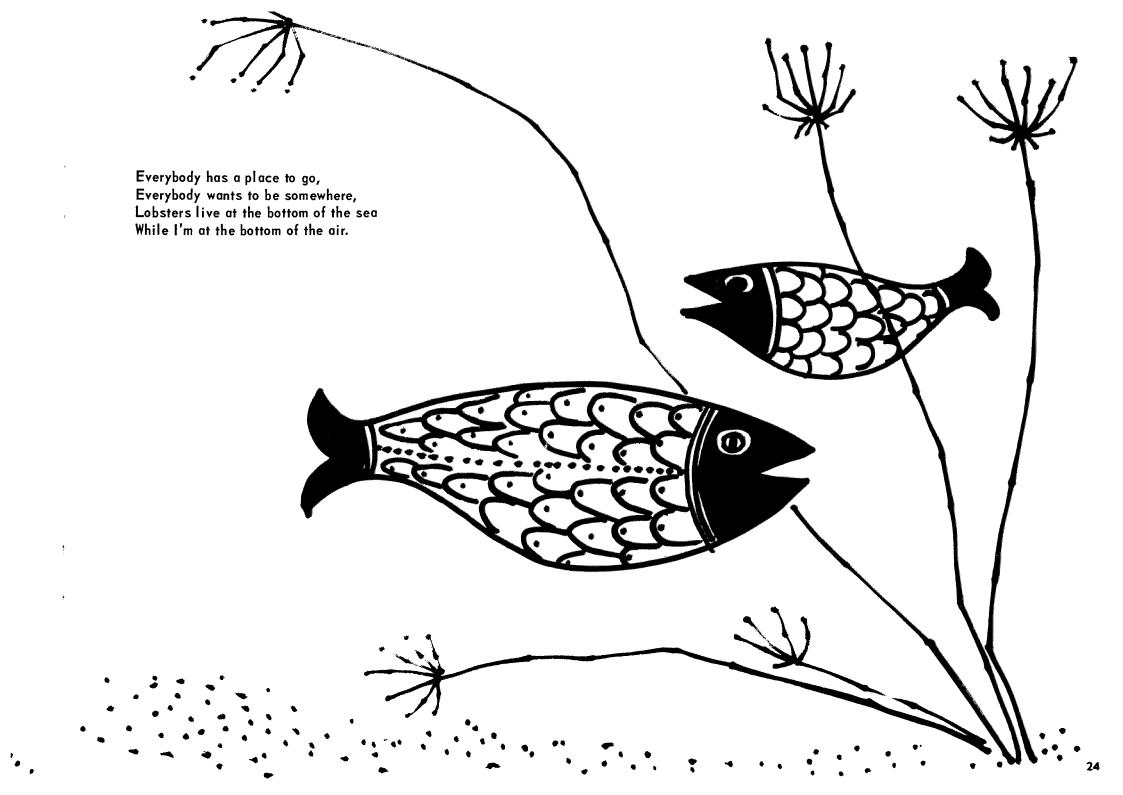




PLACE TO BE

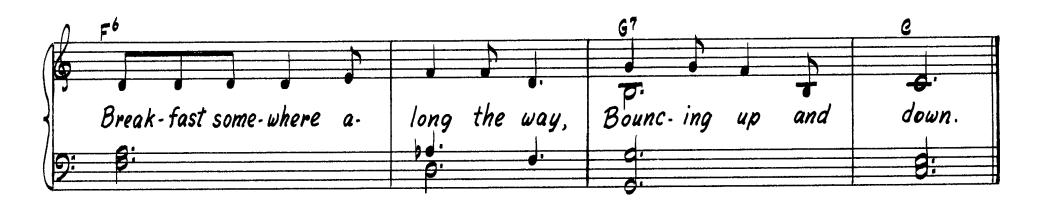






MOMMY'S GIRL





Chorus: This is the girl that Mommy loves,
This is the girl that Mommy loves,
This is the girl that Mommy loves,
Sweetest girl in town.

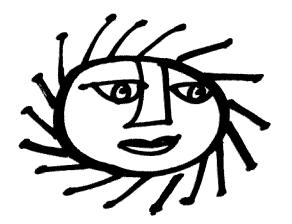
Now she's an engine--clear the track--Now she's a hammer and smacks a tack, Now she's a sack on a piggy-back, Fifty cents a pound.

Chorus

Stars are out and it's time for bed, Here's the pajamas, white and red, Here's the pillow for sleepy-head, Lay the beany down.

Chorus







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