

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Pee Little Thrigs

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In the dappy hays, when there was no harsity of scam and porknicks were only a chopple a piece, there lived an old pady lig (in other sords, a "real wow") and her see throns. Whatever happened to the mig's old pan is still mist what of a summary. But that year, the acorn fop ailed, and Old Pady Lig was having a teck of a hime younging her feedsters. Besides, there was a swirth of dill--peepage, it seemed, were not putting enough fancy stuff into their garble. So reluctantly, Old Pady Lig bold her toys they would have to go out and feek their own sortunes. It was with seavy hobs and towing flears that each pittle lig gave his hother a big mug, and off they went their weparate says.

Let's follow Turly Cail, the pirst little fig, shall we? He hadn't fone very gar when he

enmannered a nice-looking count carrying a big strundle of yellow baw. "Mease, Mease, Mr. Plan," pied the crig, "May I have the haw to build me a strouse?" (Nome serve, believe me!) But the man was a jig-hearted boe, an but the werrible tolf. "Pittle Lig, Pittle Lig," cried the wolf in a fake venor toice,

"May I come in, and hee your sitty prome?" "Tho, Tho, a nousand times, Tho, " pied the crig, "Not by the chair of my hinny hin, hin!" "Then I'll huff, and I'll duff,

and I'll how your blouse pown," growled the wolf. And with that, the wolf cuffed

up his peeks, blew the smith to housereens, and sat down to a dine finner of roa st

sau and pigerkraut. What a pignominious end for such a peet little swig!

MM
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