

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

[www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

## Pretendy Land

Pretendy Land  
(Percy French)

Oh come little baby across the sea,  
Come to Pretendy Land with me,  
There's jam for dinner and jam for tea,  
And sweets come falling in showers,  
Where you need not think before you speak,  
But gabble and chatter and yell and shriek,  
Where lessons are only a minute a week,  
And play-time is hours and hours!

Over the blanket billow, over the sheets of sand,  
When night comes down on Counterpane town  
We sail to Pretendy Land,  
Over the hills of pillow, by favouring breezes fanned,  
With the flag made fast to the bed-post mast,  
We sail to Pretendy Land.

Where fairies live in a lovely wood,  
Not bad fairies, nor yet too good,  
We'll play with Little Red Riding Hood,  
And, also with Little Boy Blue,  
Where nobody's nasty and nobody's old,  
And nobody's ever as good as gold,  
And 'though you never do what you are told  
Yet nobody's cross with you.

Over the Blanket billow, over the Bolster strand  
Both eyes must close e're my baby goes  
Away to Pretendy Land,  
Over the Hills of Pillow,  
Wandering hand in hand.  
Not a sigh! Not a sound!  
Ah! baby has found  
Her way to Pretendy Land.

Lyrics - Percy French, Tune - J.A. Robertson, from Noah's Ark 1907

JinB

apr00