

This Little Pig Went To Market - song lyrics

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This Little Pig Went to Market.

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Words by J. Cheever Goodwin. Music by Gustave Kerker.

When shades of night begin to fall, and in the quiet skies
The little stars peep shyly out, like baby angels eyes.
When ev'ry bird has ceased its song and slumbers on its nest.
My little girl with sunny hair gets ready for her rest;
We romp together for a time and then she sits her down.
And takes her shoes and stockings off, with many a dainty frown,
Then climbs upon my knee and says, "Please, papa, one more time,
Tell me about the little pigs, and so I sing the rhyme:

Chorus.

This little pig went to market, this little pig stayed at home,
This little pig he had roast-beef, this little pig he had none,
This little pig cried, wheek! wheek! wheek! I cannot find my way home,
This little pig cried, wheek! wheek! wheek! I cannot find my way home.

Five little dainty, rosy toes, I count them each in turn.
And all in vain the baby tries the jingling rhyme to learn;
She mixes all the pigies up and misses half the toes,
But still she tries, and ev'ry time is sure that now she knows;
She thinks I'm very mean to laugh, And then a frown appears,
And then her lips begin to pout, her eyes to fill with tears,
But long before the teardrops fall I kiss them all away.
And once again I count the toes, and once again I say:-Chorus.

She makes one last endeavor now. she says it very slow,
But still there's not enough of pigs, or else an extra toe,
she don't know what's the matter, And she guesses that will do,
She says, "I don't think anyway that pigs are nice, do you?"
Her little eyes grow heavy and she thinks she'll go to bed,
So kneeling in her gown of white, the "Now I lay me's "said,
A last good-night to one and all, a last kiss, long and sweet.
And as I leave her to her dreams, I hear her still repeat:-Chorus.