

Little Papoose - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

LITTLE PAPOOSE.

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Words by Cy Warman. Music by N. T. Kell.

Little papoose, in a wicker of reed, under the willow bough swings;
Catching the music, where, over the mead, rippling the rivulet sings;
Sings where the fairest of flowers are found,
Sings where the summer is all the year 'round:
Here, where the beauties of nature abound, rippling the rivulet sings.

Refrain.

Sleep, sleep, sleep, daylight is dying; sleep, sleep, sleep, mother is here;
Sleep, sleep, sleep, night-winds are sighing; hush-a-by, baby, hush, my dear.

Agate and onyx and malachite beads, plata that's ribbon'd and rolled;
Moccasins made from the hark of the reeds, glittering garters of gold;
Catching the sound with his delicate ear,
Cathing the croon when his mother is near;
Hearing the hoofs of the galloping deer, bounding away o'er the world.-Refrain.

Won't You Play House with Me?

Copyright, 1895, by The S. Brainard's Sons Co.

Words and Music by H. C. Verner.

Of all the games of childhood, there's none so dear to me-
I'm sure you all have played it, in childhood's days so free-
We gather all our playmates, as quiet as a mouse,
And then we find some cosey place, and all play house.

Refrain.

Come now, won't you play house? Won't you play house with me?
I will be mamma, you shall be papa; won't you play house with me?
Do, please, come and play house, we will so happy be;
We'll play with my dolly, won't that be jolly? won't you play house with me?

There's "London bridge Is falling," there's "Oats and barley grows,"
There's "Little Sally Waters," "'Tis you nor no one knows,"
There's "Pussy in the corner," and "Fie, fie, for a shame,"
And then we turn around And tell our true love's name.-Refrain.

Each morning bright and early, as off to school we go.
With books And slates And pencils, and dolly, too, you know;
We slumber through our lessons, but quickly we arouse;
When teacher rings the recess bell, and all play house. -Refrain.