



### Baby, Baby, Naughty Baby

Baby, baby, naughty baby,  
Hush, you squalling thing, I say.  
Peace this moment, peace, or maybe  
Bonaparte will pass this way.

Baby, baby, he's a giant,  
Tall and black as Rouen steeple,  
And he breakfasts, dines, rely on't,  
Every day on naughty people.

Baby, baby, if he hears you  
As he gallops past the house,  
Limb from limb at once he'll tear you,  
Just as pussy tears a mouse.

And he'll beat you, beat you, beat you,  
And he'll beat you all to pap,  
And he'll eat you, eat you, eat you,  
Every morsel snap, snap, snap.