



Dance, Little Baby, Dance Up High

Dance, little baby, dance up high.
Never mind, baby, mother is by.
Crow and caper, caper and crow,
There, little baby, there you go.

Up to the ceiling, down to the ground,
Backwards and forwards, round and round.
So dance, little baby, and mother shall sing
With a merry gay coral and a ding-a-ding, ding.