



Rowsty Dowt

Rowsty dowt,
My fire is out.
My little maid's not at home!

I'll saddle my cock
And bridle my hen
And fetch my little maid home.

Home she came,
Tritty trot.
She asked for the porridge she left in the pot.

Some she ate
And some she shod
And some she gave to the truckler's dog.

She took up the ladle
And knocked its head
And now poor Dapsy dog is dead!