



There Was a Little Man and He Had a Little Gun

There was a little man and he had a little gun
And his bullets were made of lead, lead, lead.
He went to the brook and shot a little duck,
Right through the middle of the head, head, head.

He carried it home to his old wife Joan
And bade her a fire for to make, make, make,
To roast the little duck he had shot in the brook,
And he'd go and fetch her the drake, drake, drake.