



There Was a Little Man and He Wooed a Little Maid

There was a little man  
And he wooed a little maid  
And he said, "Little maid, will you wed, wed, wed?  
I have little more to say  
Than will you, yea or nay?  
For the least said is soonest mended, ded, ded."

Then this little maid, she said,  
"Little sir, you've little said  
To induce a little maid for to wed, wed, wed.  
You must say a little more  
And produce a little ore  
Ere I to the church will be led, led, led."

Then the little man replied,  
"If you'll be my little bride  
I will raise my love notes a little higher, higher, higher.  
Though I little love to prate  
Yet you'll find my heart is great  
With the little God of Love all on fire, fire, fire."

Then the little maid replied,  
"If I should be your bride,  
Pray, what must we have for to eat, eat, eat?  
Will the flames that you're so rich in  
Make a fire in the kitchen  
And the little God of Love turn the spit, spit, spit?"

Then the little man he sighed  
And some say a little cried,  
And his little heart was big with sorrow, sorrow, sorrow.  
I'll be your little slave  
And if the little that I have  
Be too little, little dear, I will borrow, borrow, borrow.

Then the little man so gent  
Made the little maid relent  
And set her little soul a-thinking, king, king.  
Though his little was but small,  
Yet she had his little all  
And could have of a cat but her skin, skin, skin.