

The Old Woman and her Pig

The musical score is written on eight staves of music. Each staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a time signature of 6/8. The lyrics are printed below the notes. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some phrases marked with slurs. The lyrics are: "There was an old wo - man to mar - ket did go To pur - chase her - self a pig, When ta - king the lit - - tle por - - ker home He led her an aw - - ful rig. "Oh, my," was the old wo - - man's cry She was in a ter - ri - ble plight The pig he won't jump ov - er the stile; I shall ne - ver get home to - - night."

There was an old wo - man to mar - ket did go

To pur - chase her - self a pig,

When ta - king the lit - - tle por - - ker home

He led her an aw - - ful rig.

"Oh, my," was the old wo - - man's cry

She was in a ter - ri - ble plight

The pig he won't jump ov - er the stile;

I shall ne - ver get home to - - night."

(Accumulating pieces are played on C crochets and quavers to taste!)

There was an old woman to market did go,
To purchase herself a pig.
When taking the little porker home
He led her an awful rig.
"Oh my," was the old woman's cry -
She was in a terrible plight -
The pig he won't jump over the stile;
I shall never get home tonight."

The old woman saw a dog passing by
When she'd waited a little while.
"Good doggie," said she, "will you bite the pig
And make him jump over the stile?"
"Oh my," was the old woman's cry -
She was in a terrible plight -
"Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't jump stile;
I shall never get home tonight."

The old woman saw a stick lying by
When she'd waited a little while.
"Good stick," said she, "will you beat the dog,
For the dog to bite the pig to jump the stile?"
"Oh my," was the old woman's cry -
She was in a terrible plight -
"Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't jump over the stile;
I shall never get home tonight."

The old woman saw a blazing fire
When she'd waited a little while.
"Good fire," said she, "will you please burn the stick,
The stick to beat the dog, the dog to bite the pig,
the pig to jump the stile?"
"Oh my," was the old woman's cry -
She was in a terrible plight -
"Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't jump over the stile;
I shall never get home tonight."

The old woman saw a pool of water
When she'd waited a little while.
"Good water," said she, "will you squinch the fire,
The fire to burn the stick;
The stick to beat the dog;
The dog to bite the pig,
The pig to jump the stile?"
"Oh my," was the old woman's cry -
She was in a terrible plight -
"Water won't squich fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't jump over the stile;
I shall never get home tonight."

The old woman saw an ox passing by
And he came near the stile.
"Good ox," said she, "will you drink the water,
The water to squinch the fire;
The fire to burn the stick;
The stick to beat the dog;
The dog to bite the pig,
The pig to jump the stile?"
"Oh my," was the old woman's cry -
She was in a terrible plight -
"Ox won't drink water;
Water won't squich fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't jump over the stile;
I shall never get home tonight."

[So the old woman saw a butcher passing by
As he came near the stile.]
The butcher began to kill the ox, the ox to drink the water;
The water began to squinch the fire, the fire to burn the stick;
The stick began to beat the dog,
(Spoken) Dog to bite the pig, the pig to jump the stile.
"Oh my," was the old woman's cry,
"I'm not in such a terrible plight."
The little pig he jumped over the stile
And the old woman got home that night.