

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Little Willie

Little Willie

Little Willie, in bows and sashes
Fell in the fire and was burnt to ashes,
Nowadays when the weather gets chilly
Nobody likes to poke up Willie.

Willie and three other brats
Ate up all the Rough-On-Rats;
Papa said, when Mama cried,
"Don't worry, dear, they'll die outside."

Making toast at fireside,
Nurse fell in the grate and died.
And, what makes it ten times worse
All the toast was burned with Nurse.

Yesterday my gun exploded,
When I thought it wasn't loaded;
Near my wife I pressed the trigger
Chipped a fragment off her figure.
'Course I'm sorry, and all that
But she shouldn't be so fat.

Grandpapa fell down a drain
Couldn't scramble out again
Now he's floating down the sewer
There's one grandpapa the fewer.

Little Willie, mean as hell
Threw his sister in the well
Mama said, when drawing water,
"Gee, it's hard to raise a daughter."

Willie, in a rage insane
Threw his head beneath a train
All were quite surprised to find
How it broadened Willie's mind.

Little Willie, from the mirror
Licked the mercury all off;
Thinking, in his childish error
It would cure the whooping cough.
At the funeral Willie's mother

Said to Mrs. Brown,
"'Twas a chilly day for Willie
When the mercury went down."

Little Willie, feeling mean
Pushed his sister through a screen
Mother stopped his innovations
Said it made for strained relations.

Most of these come from a little volume from the 1890's called
"Ruthless Rhymes for Heartless Homes", pseudonymous author given as
"Col. D. Streamer" (actually Harry Graham)
Sings, more or less, to Turkey in the Straw
RG