

# Hop, Hop, Hop

♩ = 172



Hop, hop, hop to the butcher's shop  
I dare not stay no longer  
For if I do my mother will say  
I've been playing with the girls down yonder

*Early in the morning, early in the morning  
Early in the morning, before the break of day*

I'll tell my ma of our Mary Ann  
Going down the street with a nice young man  
Laced up boots and a feather in her hat  
That's the way she gets her chap

I made you look, I made you stare  
I made the barber cut your hair  
He cut it long, he cut it short  
He cut it with a knife and fork

Sam, Sam the dustbin man  
Washed his face in a frying pan  
Combed his hair with a donkey's tail  
Scratched his belly with his big toe nail

You know last night and the night before  
Three tom cats came knocking at the door  
One had a fiddle, one had a drum  
One had a pancake stuck to his bum