

# AUTUMN TO MAY

Oh, once I had a little dog, his color it was brown.  
I taught him how to whistle, to sing, and dance and run.  
His legs they were fourteen yards long, his ears so very wide.  
Around the world in half a day, upon him I could ride.

*Sing tarry-o-day*  
*Sing .....Autumn to May*

Oh, once I had a little frog, he wore a vest of red.  
He leaned upon a silver cane, a top hat on his head.  
He'd speak of far off places, of things to see and do  
And all the Kings and Queens he'd met, while sailing in a shoe.

*Sing tarry-o-day*  
*Sing .....Autumn to May*

Oh, once I had a downy swan, she was so very frail.  
She sat upon an oyster shell, and hatched me out of a snail.  
The snail it changed into a bird, the bird to butterfly.  
And he who tells a bigger tale, would have to tell a lie.

*Sing tarry-o-day*  
*Sing .....Autumn to May*