

Turn Around

Where are you going my little one, little one
Where are you going, my baby, my own?
Turn around and you're two,
Turn around and you're four,
Turn around and you're a young girl going out of my
door.

Turn around, turn around, turn around
And you're a young girl going out of my door.

Where are you going, my little one, little one
Little dirndls and petticoats
Where have you gone?
Turn around and you're tiny
Turn around and you're grown
Turn around and you're a young wife
With babes of your own.

Turn around, turn around, turn around
And you're a young girl going out of my door.