

Songs for Saplings

Careers

song

THE PIEMAN

I'd like to be a pieman, and ring a little bell,
Calling out, "Hot pies! Hot pies to sell!"
Apple-pies and Meat-pies, Cherry-pies as well,
Lots and lots and lots of pies—more than you can tell.
Big, rich Pork-pies! Oh, the lovely smell!
But I wouldn't be a pieman if
I wasn't very well.
Would you?

THE TRAM-MAN

I'd like to be a Tram-man, and ride about all day,
Calling out, "Fares, please!" in quite a 'ficious way,
With pockets full of pennies which I'd make the people pay.
But in the hottest days I'd take my tram down to the Bay;
And when I saw the nice cool sea I'd shout "Hip, hip, hooray!"
But I wouldn't be a tram-man if
I couldn't stop and play.
Would you ?

THE PORTER

I'd like to be a porter, and always on the run,
Calling out, "Stand aside!" and asking leave of none,
Shoving trucks on people's toes, and having splendid fun;
Slamming all the carriage doors and locking every one—
And, when they asked to be let in, I'd say, "It can't be done."
But I wouldn't be a porter if
The luggage weighed a ton.
Would you?

THE POSTMAN

I'd like to be a postman, and walk along the street,
Calling out, "Good Morning, Sir," to gentlemen I meet
Ringing every door-bell all along my beat,
In my cap and uniform so very nice and neat.
Perhaps I'd have a parasol in case of rain or heat;
But I wouldn't be a postman if
The walking hurt my feet.
Would you?

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THE TEACHER

I'd like to be a teacher, and have a clever brain,
Calling out, "Attention, please!" and "Must I speak in vain?"
I'd be quite strict with boys and girls whose minds I had to train,
And all the books and maps and things I'd carefully explain;
I'd make them learn the dates of kings, and all the capes of Spain;
But I wouldn't be a teacher if
I couldn't use the cane.
Would you?

THE BARBER

I'd like to be a barber, and learn to shave and clip,
Calling out, "Next, please!" and pocketing my tip.
All day you'd hear my scissors going, "Snip, Snip, Snip;"
I'd lather people's faces, and their noses I would grip
While I shaved most carefully along the upper lip.
But I wouldn't be a barber if
The razor was to slip.
Would you?

THE SAILOR

I'd like to be a sailor—a sailor bold and bluff—
Calling out "Ship ahoy!" in manly tones and gruff.
I'd learn to box the compass, and to reef and tack and luff;
I'd sniff and sniff the briny breeze and never get enough.
Perhaps I'd chew tobacco, or an old black pipe I'd puff;
But I wouldn't be a sailor if
The sea was very rough.
Would you?