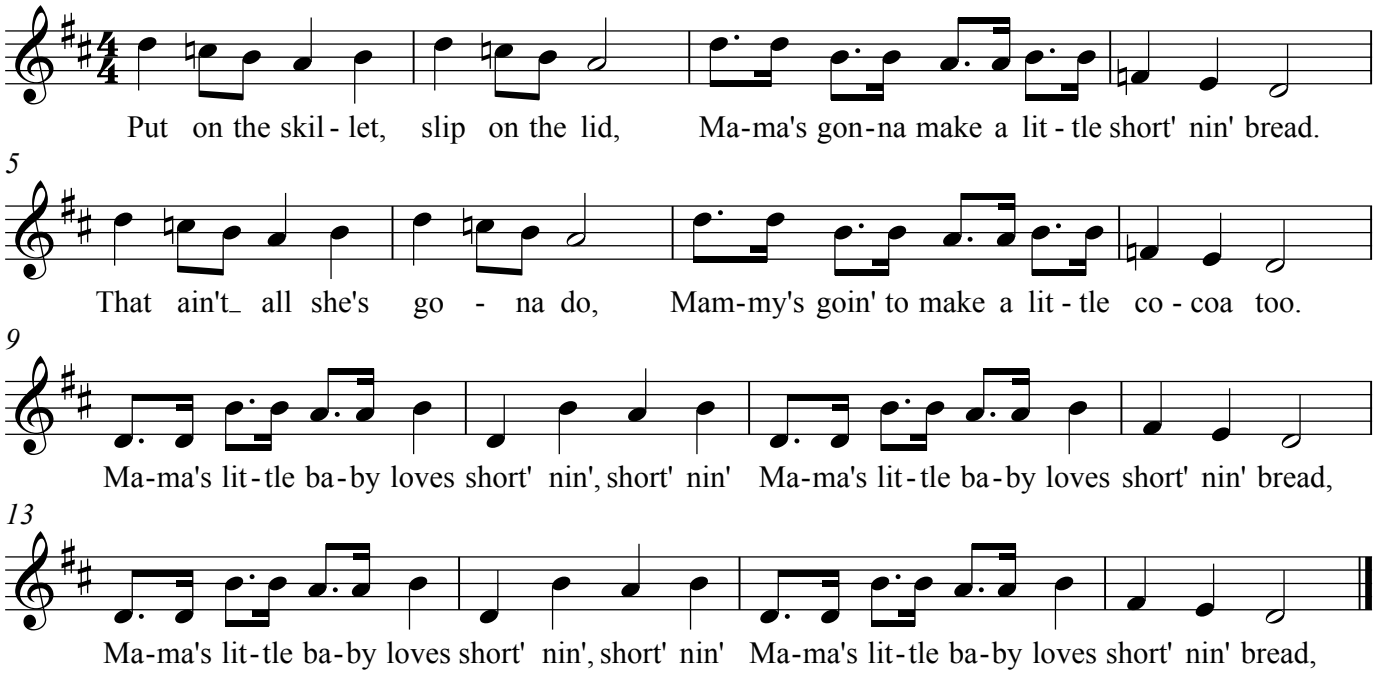
Short'nin' bread

Trad
arr Emyr Rhys



Three little children, lying in bed,
two was sick an' the other 'most dead.
Sent for the doctor, and the doctor said,
give those children some short'nin' bread.

When those children, sick in their bed,
heard that talk about short'nin' bread.
Popped up well to dance and sing,
skipped around and cut the pigeon wing.

Slip to the kitchen, slip up the led,
filled my pockets full of short'nin' bread;
Stole the skillet, stole the led,
stole the gal makin' short'nin' bread.

Caught me with the skillet, caught me with the led,
caught me with the gal makin' short'nin' bread;
Dollar for the skillet, a dollar for the led,
six months in jail eatin' short'nin' bread.