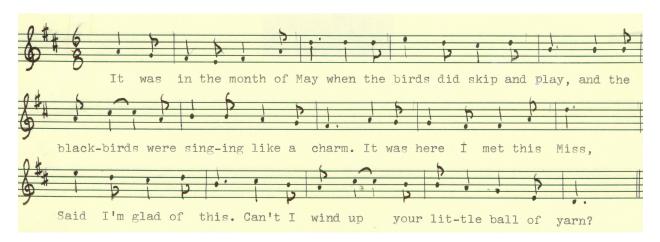
Little Ball of Yarn

As sung by Emery De Noyer 07-27-1941 Rhinelander, WI



Verse 1.

It was in the month of May When the birds did skip and play And the black birds were singing like a charm.

It was here I met this miss Said I'm glad of this, Can't I wind up your little ball of yarn?

Verse 2

"Kind sir," she said to me,
"Oh a stranger I can see.
Perhaps you will do me a lot of harm.
Why don't you go to those
Who have money and fine clothes,
And wind up their little ball of yarn?"

Verse 3.

So he grabbed me round the waist And he gently laid me down And the blackbirds were singing like a charm.

I pulled up my clothes
And he pulled out his long hose
And he wound up my little ball of yarn.

Verse 4.

So quickly I arose From my waist pulled down my clothes, And the blackbirds were singing like a charm.

Feared that I'd been seen, I skipped across the green After winding up my little ball of yarn.

Verse 5.

Now come all you pretty maids
Who dwell beneath the glades
And rise up so early in the morn,
Be like the catbird and the thrush,
Keep your head beneath the brush
And both hands on your little ball of yarn.

Verse 6.

For it was shortly after this
That I went out to piss
And found a pain that caused me quite
alarm.
I found to my mishap
He gave to me a dose of clap
After winding up my little ball of yarn.

Transcription and lyrics from the Helene Stratman-Thomas Collection.

Critical Commentary

Transcription by Peters, p. 266.

HST notes:

In the Professional Papers series:

De Noyer, age 63

Camp entertainer in camp for 35 years. ("Gosh darn it! You know, I don't like to sing dirty songs")

Sources:

Hart, Harold T. The Complete Immortalia. Musical notation by Esther Botwin. New York: Hart Pub. Co., 1971

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Peters, Harry B., ed. Folk Songs out of Wisconsin: An Illustrated Compendium of Words and Music. Madison, WI: The State Historical Society of Wisconsin, 1977.

K.G.