

Peter Combe

"Jack And the Beanstalk"

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Fe Fi Fo Fum
I smell the blood of an Englishman
Be he alive, or be he dead
I'll grind his bones to make my bread

Jack climbed the beanstalk, he was only ten years old
And watched as the giant was counting up his gold
The giant soon got sleepy, he soon began to snore
Jack grabbed a bag of gold and quickly scampered out
the door

And down the beanstalk Jack scurried
Close to the ground he jumped and hurried
Back to his mum who was very worried
Look mum we don't have to be poor anymore

Fe Fi Fo Fum
I smell the blood of an Englishman
Be he alive, or be he dead
I'll grind his bones to make my bread

Jack climbed the beanstalk on the very next day again
He found the giant wide awake and talking to his hen
Lay me a golden egg he heard the giant say
And when the giant fell asleep Jack stole the hen away

And down the beanstalk Jack scurried
Close to the ground he jumped and hurried
Back to his mum who was very worried
Look mum we don't have to be poor anymore

Fe Fi Fo Fum
I smell the blood of an Englishman
Be he alive, or be he dead
I'll grind his bones to make my bread

Jack's mother begged him to never climb up again
But Jack said just one more time and that will be the
end
He crept up to the giant who was playing a magic harp
And quick as a flash and without a sound he snatched

it in the dark

And down the beanstalk Jack scurried
Close to the ground he jumped and hurried
Back to his mum who was very worried
One blow with the axe down under
The giant fell with a crash like thunder
Jack said look mum, the giant's dead
We don't have to be poor anymore

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