Mother Noose's Nursery Rhymes

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Mother Noose's Nursery Rhymes

by AnonymousWriter2022

Summary

A collection of short rhymes and poems for little monsters

Notes

Little nursery rhymes that exist in the Monster world. I imagine Drac sang them to Mavis as a baby… and also to his twins if you've been keeping up with "Parental Intuition"

See the end of the work for more notes

Hush Little Vampire (in the tune of *Hush Little Baby*)

Hush little vampire don’t say a word,

Papa’s gonna bite off the head of a bird,

And if that bird doesn’t meet his end,

Papa’s gonna make sure to bite it again,

And if that bite doesn’t crack its bones,

Papa’s gonna beat it down with a stone,

And if that stone doesn't break its back,

Papa's gonna give it another attack,

And if that bird isn't dead at all,

Papa's gonna take it and give it a maul,

And if that maul doesn't give it a gash,

Papa's gonna give it a great big smash,

And if that smash doesn’t kill it good,

Papa’s gonna stake it with firewood,

And if that stake goes and makes it dead,

Papa’s gonna make sure his baby is fed

Michael Row Your Corpse Ashore (in the tune of *Michael Row your Boat Ashore*)

Michael roll your corpse ashore, (what's it to ya?)

Michael roll your corpse ashore, (what's it to ya?)

Sister help him set the cist, (what's it to ya?)

Sister help him set the cist, (what's it to ya?)

The river is deep and the river is wide, (what's it to ya?)

A graveyard is on the other side, (what's it to ya?)

Michael roll your corpse ashore, (what's it to ya?)

Michael roll your corpse ashore, (what's it to ya?)

Sister help him set the cist, (what's it to ya?)

Sister help him set the cist, (what's it to ya?)

The river is chilled and the river is cold, (what's it to ya?)

It may as well just steal your soul, (what's it to ya?)

Michael roll your corpse ashore, (what's it to ya?)

Michael roll your corpse ashore, (what's it to ya?)

Sister help him set the cist, (what's it to ya?)

Sister help him set the cist, (what's it to ya?)

The river is deep and the river is wide, (what's it to ya?)

Land of Dead on the other side, (what's it to ya?)

Michael roll your corpse ashore, (what's it to ya?)

Michael roll your corpse ashore, (what's it to ya?)

Sister help him set the cist, (what's it to ya?)

Sister help him set the cist, (what's it to ya?)

Old McWerewolf Had an Axe (in the tune of Old McDonald Had a Farm)

Old McWerewolf had an axe,

Howl, bay, howl, bay, snarl

And with that axe he chopped a deer,

With a chop chop here, and a chop chop there

Here a chop, There a chop, everywhere a chop chop

Old McWerewolf had an axe,

Howl bay howl bay snarl

And with that axe he slashed a bear

With a slash slash here and a slash slash there

Here a slash there a slash everywhere a slash slash

Old McWerewolf had an axe,

Howl bay howl bay snarl

And with that axe he sliced a fox

With a slice slice here and slice slice there

Here a slice there a slice everywhere a slice slice,

Old McWerewolf had an axe

Howl bay howl bay snarl

And with that axe he hacked a moose

With a hack hack here and a hack hack there

Here a hack there a hack everywhere a hack hack

Old McWerewolf had an axe

How bay howl bay snarl

And with that axe he hewed a squirrel

With a hew hew here and hew hew there

Here a hew there a hew everywhere a hew hew

Old McWerewolf had an axe

Howl bay how bay snarl

The Beast from Peru (in the tune of *The Man from Peru*)

There once was a beast from Peru

Who dreamt he was eating a shrew

He woke in the day

And was not in dismay

For he found that it was perfectly true

Vamps Hate the Sun (in the tune of *Hey Diddle Diddle*)

Hey sonny son, the vamps hate the sun

The werewolf bayed at the moon

The little imp roared to scare anyone

And the humans all fled much too soon

Nosferatu (in the tune of *Georgie Porgie*)

Nosferatu, drop and die

Bit the girls and made them cry

When the mob came out to slay

Nosferatu ran away

This Little Fiend (in the tune of *This Little Pig*)

This little fiend went to prison

This little fiend’s mouth foamed

This little fiend had scream cheese

This little fiend had none

And this little fiend went hee-hee-hee

All the way home

Budapest View (in the tune of *Banbury Cross*)

Ride an old train to Budapest view

To see a strange demon and all of his crew

With fangs in his jaws and claws on his toes

He'll have chaos wherever he goes

Scary Scary (in the tune of *Mary Mary*)

Scary Scary quite contrary

How does your garden grow?

WIth moldy seeds and rotten weeds

And coffin beds all in a row

Bone Broil (in the tune of *Pease Porridge*)

Bone broil hot

Bone broil cold

Bone broil in a pot nine days old

The witch likes it hot

The bats like it cold

The zombie likes it in a pot nine days old

The Wheels on the Hearse (in the tune of *The Wheels on the Bus*)

The wheels on the hearse go round and round

Round and round, round and round

The wheels on the hearse go round and round

All through the town

The casket in the back goes up and down

Up and down, up and down

The casket in the back goes up and down

All through the town

The body inside goes thump thump thump

Thump thump thump, thump thump thump

The body inside goes thump thump thump

All through the town

The shovel in the mud goes squish squish squish

Squish squish squish, squish squish squish

The shovel in the mud goes squish squish squish

And the coffin’s lowered down

The dirt on the lid goes pat pat pat

Pat pat pat, pat pat pat

The dirt on the lid goes pat pat pat

As the coffin’s lowered down

End Notes

might add more to this in the future, but that's it for now

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