A - round and 'round the cob - bler's bench, the mon - key chased the wea - sel. The mon - key thought 'twas all in fun, Pop! Goes the wea - sel. A pen - ny for a spool of thread, a pen - ny for a need -dle, that's the way the mon - key goes, Pop! Goes the wea - sel. A half a pound of tu - pen - ny rice, a half a pound of tea -cle. Mix it
up and make it very nice, Pop! Goes the weasel.

Up and down the London road, in and out of the Eagle,

that's the way the money goes, Pop! Goes the weasel.

I've no time to plead and pine, I've no time to wheedle,

kiss me quick and then I'm gone, Pop! Goes the weasel.