

Wiggley Woo

Nothing ever lasts forever except perhaps a good song; worms however can be notoriously short-lived. This song has long been a favourite in the Scouting movement. I have adapted the ending for my amusement; apologies to those out there who prefer a happier outcome – but can we be sure that it was Wiggley Woo that was eaten – don't all worms look the same? You will need to make sure children can distinguish between their left and right sides before learning this song.

Move forefingers to mimic a worms movement.

Arranged and adapted by Dany Rosevear.

There's a worm at the bot - tom of my gar - den, And his name is Wig - gle - y
Woo. There's a worm at the bot - tom of my gar - den, And all that he can
do Is wig - gle all day and wig - gle all night, He
wig - gles to the left and he wig - gles to the right. There's a
worm at the bot - tom of my gar - den, And his name is Wig - gle - y Woo.

Chords: F, C7, F, F, C7, F, G7, C7, Bb, F, Bb, F, C7, F, C7, F.



There's a worm at the bottom of my garden,
And his name is Wiggley Woo.
There's a worm at the bottom of my garden,
And all that he can do
Is wiggle all day and wiggle all night,
He wiggles to the left and he wiggles to the right.
There's a worm at the bottom of my garden,
And his name is Wiggley Woo.

There's a worm at the bottom of my garden,
And his name is Wiggley Woo.
There's a worm at the bottom of my garden,
And all that he can do
Is wiggle along and wiggle around,
And wiggle himself back under the ground.
There's a worm at the bottom of my garden,
And his name is Wiggley Woo.

There's a frog at the bottom of my garden,
And his name is Fiddle-i-fee.
There's a frog at the bottom of my garden,
Just ready for his tea;
He jumps up high, he jumps down low,
The worm pops out to say hallo – GULP!
There's a frog at the bottom of my garden,
A big-bellied Fiddle-i-fee.

There was a worm at the bottom of my garden,
And his name was Wiggley, Wig Wig Wiggely, Wig Wig Wiggely, Woo!

