

# Squirrel Nutkin



A poem by F.B. Wood put to a Spanish tune.

Squir - rel Nut - kin has a coat of brown, Quite the lov - li - est in  
Wood - land Town. Two bright eyes look round — to — see,  
Where the sweet — est — nuts may be.

Squirrel Nutkin has a coat of brown,  
Quite the loveliest in Woodland Town.  
Two bright eyes look round to see  
Where the sweetest nuts may be.

Squirrel Nutkin in his coat of brown,  
Scampers up the trees and down.  
Dashing here and swinging there,  
Leaping lightly through the air.

All the live long day he plays,  
In the leafy woodland ways.  
But at night when squirrels rest,  
In their cosy treetop nest.  
*Repeat tune for last section*  
Bushy tail curled round his head,  
Mister Squirrel goes off to bed.