

They were still dancing when they passed beside the orchard. There they saw a woman with two great carpet-bags of knitted socks and stockings.

"How am I going to heave these two great bags of knitting all the way to market on a hot day like this?" said the stocking woman.

"Dance, dance, dance to the market!
Cheer up," said Rumbelow, "smile with the day;
Tripping along,
Singing a song –
Waving your stockings
and socks on the way."





So the stocking-woman with her bags of knitting and the tinker with his pots and pans and the flower-girl with her basket full of brightly coloured flowers and the farmer with his lazy pig danced round the orchard with Rumbelow.



They were still dancing when they reached the stepping-stones in the river. There they met an organ-grinder and his cheeky monkey.

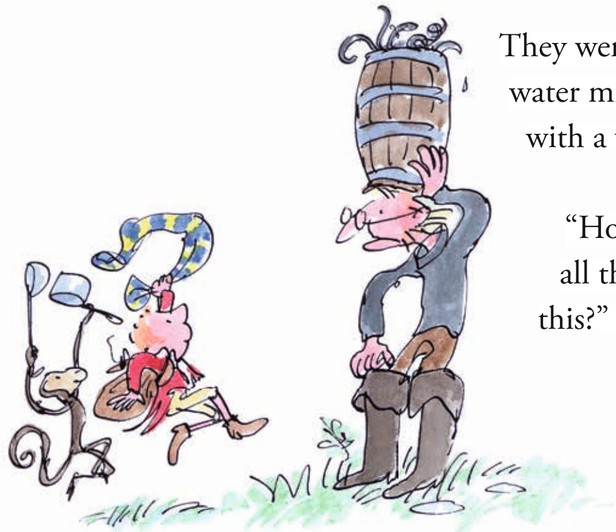
"How am I going to lead this
badly-behaved monkey all the way to
market on a hot day like this?"
said the organ-grinder.

"Dance, dance, dance to the market!
Buck up," said Rumbelow, "welcome the sun;
Bounding along,
Singing a song –
Even the monkey can join in the fun."





So the organ-grinder with his cheeky monkey and the stocking-woman with her bags of knitting and the tinker with his pots and pans and the flower-girl with her basket full of brightly coloured flowers and the farmer with his lazy pig danced across the stepping stones with Rumbelow.

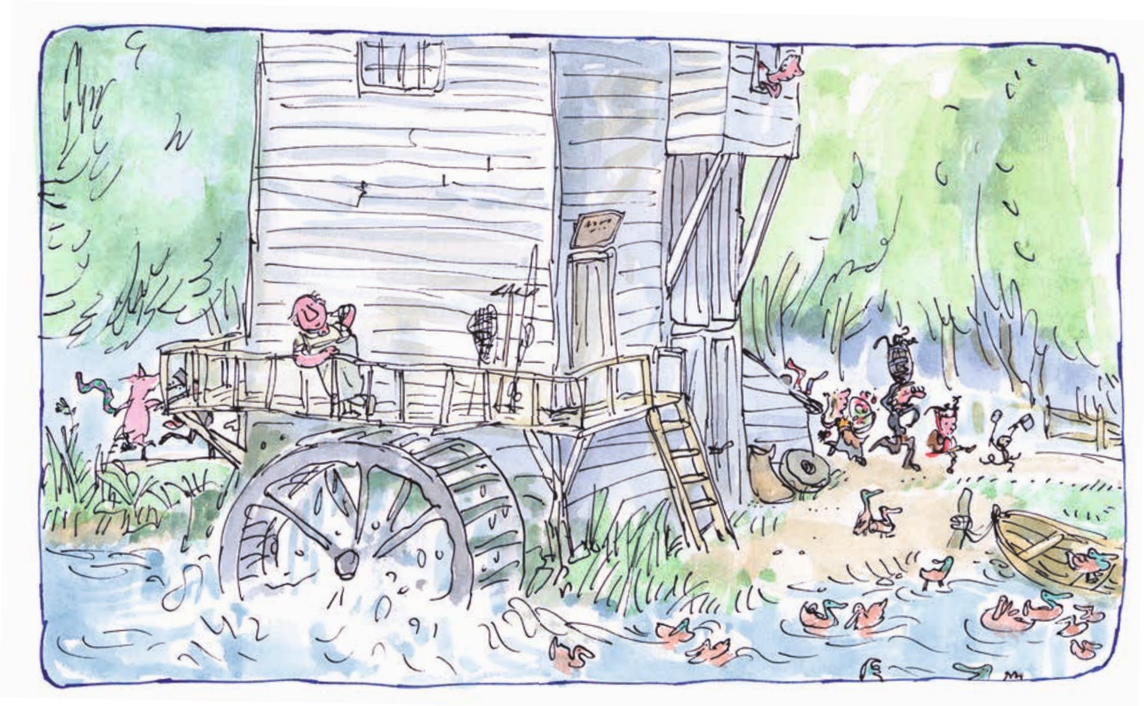


They were still dancing when they reached the water mill. There they met a little old man with a wooden barrel of eels on his head.

"How am I going to balance this barrel all the way to market on a hot day like this?" said the eel-catcher.

"Dance, dance, dance to the market!
Nimbly," said Rumbelow, "don't look so dead;
Gliding along,
Singing a song –
Hundreds of wriggly eels on your head."





So the eel-catcher with his wooden barrel and the organ-grinder with his cheeky monkey and the stocking-woman with her bags of knitting and the tinker with his pots and pans and the flower-girl with her basket full of brightly coloured flowers and the farmer with his lazy pig danced behind the water mill with Rumbelow.



They were still dancing when they reached the hill. There they met a tall lady with a sack full of wooden pegs and washing-lines.

"How am I going to drag this huge sack all the way to market on a hot day like this?" said the clothes-peg lady.

"Dance, dance, dance to the market!
Now then," said Rumbelow, "trust to your legs;
Twisting along,
Singing a song –
Weaving around us with clothes-line and pegs."





So the peg-lady with her huge sack and the eel-catcher with his wooden barrel and the organ-grinder with his cheeky monkey and the stocking-woman with her bags of knitting and the tinker with his pots and pans and the flower-girl with her basket full of brightly coloured flowers and the farmer with his lazy pig danced up the hill with Rumbelow.