I'm as free a little bird as I can be,
I'm as free a little bird as I can be,
I'll build my nest in the sour apple tree,
Where those bad boys will never bother me.

Oh, who will shoe your little foot,
And who will glove your little hand,
And who will kiss your sweet rosy cheeks
When I'm gone to that far distant land?

Oh, it's mama will shoe my little foot,
And it's papa will glove my little hand,
And it's you shall kiss my sweet rosy cheeks
When you come from that far distant land.

Take me home, little birdie, take me home,
Take me home by the light of the moon,
With the moon a-shining bright and the stars a-giving light
Take me home to my mama, take me home.

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