

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES

1707

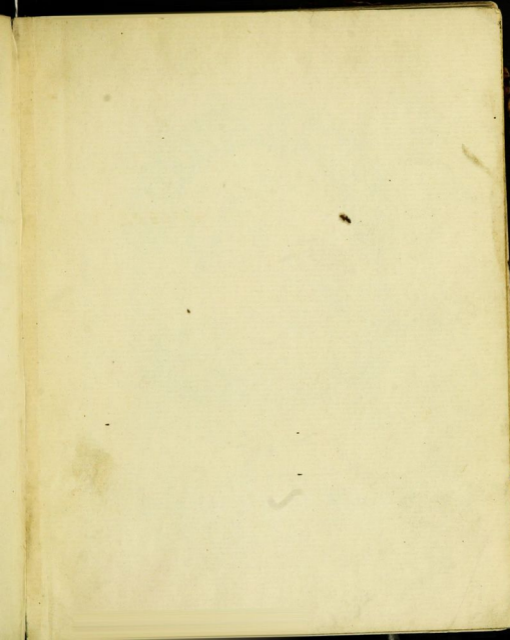


Shelf No.

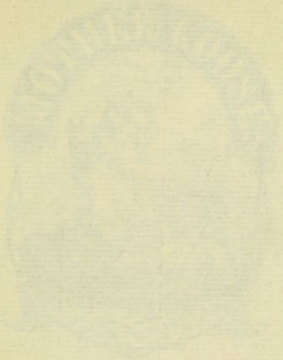
H. 99582

FROM THE
Lawrence Fund.

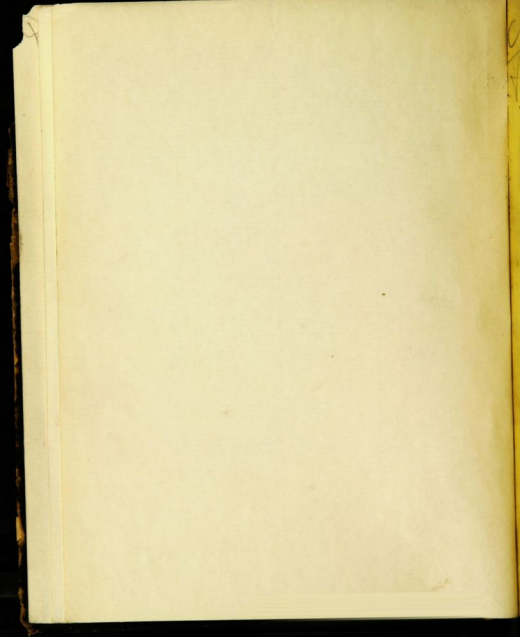
Nov. 28, 1902



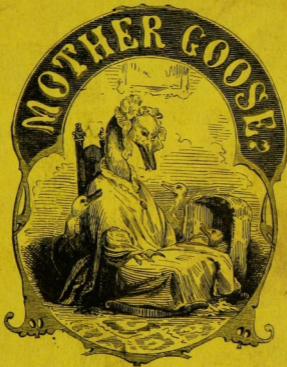
7



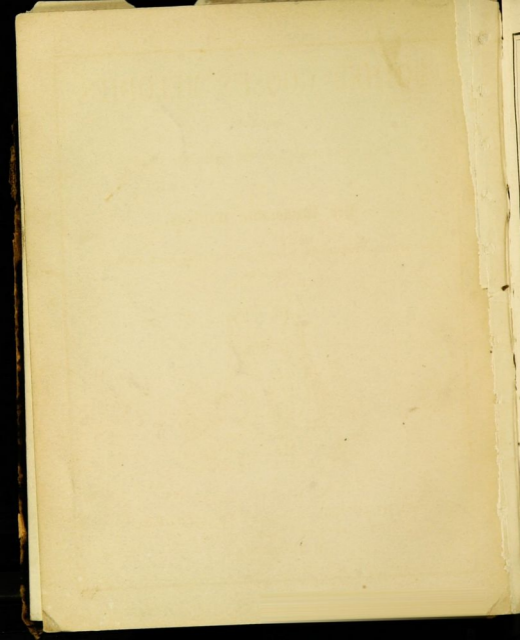
THE
LIBRARY OF THE
MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY
AND
GEOGRAPHY
OF THE
CITY OF LONDON



W H Whitmore



New York:
Published by James Miller,
(SUCCESSOR TO C. S. FRANCIS & CO.)
647 Broadway.



MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

CONTAINING

ALL THAT HAVE EVER COME TO LIGHT

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

OF

Her Memorable Writings.

ILLUSTRATED THROUGHOUT WITH ENGRAVINGS FROM ORIGINAL
DESIGNS.



NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY JAMES MILLER,
(SUCCESSOR TO C. S. FRANCIS & CO.,)
779 BROADWAY.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860,

By JAMES MILLER,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the
Southern District of New York.

Law

Nov. 23, 1902

A

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



TITE, tite, prickly pears,
Jolly Santa Claus, what are your wares?
“ A silver cup for Johnny Bowlyn—
His name engraved around the rim.
A doll for Annie, a drum for you—
I have something for every shoe.”

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

36

HUSH-A-BYE, baby, on the tree-top!
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall,
Down will come baby, cradle, and all.

BYE, oh, my baby!
When I was a lady,
Oh, then my poor babe didn't cry!
But my baby is weeping
For want of good keeping.
Oh, I fear my poor baby will die.

52

HUSH-A-BYE, baby, lie still with thy daddy;
Thy mammy is gone to the mill
To get some wheat, to make some meat,
So pray, my dear baby, lie still.

I HAD a little dog, they called him Buff,
I sent him to the shop for a hap'orth of snuff:
But he lost the bag, and spilt the snuff,
So take that cuff, and that's enough.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



BOYS and girls come out to play,
The moon does shine as bright as day,
Leave your supper, and leave your sleep,
And meet your playfellows in the street;
Come with a whoop, and come with a call,
And come with a good will, or not at all.
Up the ladder and down the wall,
A halfpenny loaf will serve us all.
You find milk and I'll find flour,
And we'll have a pudding in half an hour.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

THE man in the moon
Came down too soon,
And asked his way to Norwich;
He went by the south,
And burnt his mouth
With eating cold plum-porridge.

8
ONE, two, buckle my shoe;
Three, four, shut the door;
Five, six, pick up sticks;
Seven, eight, lay them straight;
Nine, ten, a good fat hen;
Eleven, twelve, who will delve?
Thirteen, fourteen, draw the curtain;
Fifteen, sixteen, the maid's in the kitchen;
Seventeen, eighteen, she's a waiting;
Nineteen, twenty, my plate's empty;
Please, mamma, give me some dinner.

A LONG-TAILED pig,
Or a short-tailed pig,
Or a pig without a tail?
A sow-pig, or a boar-pig,
Or a pig with a curly tail?

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

BAT, bat, come under my hat,
And I will give you a slice of bacon,
And when I bake, I'll give you a cake,
If I am not mistaken.



HUSH-A-BYE, baby,
Daddy is near,
Mammy's a lady,
And that's very clear.

SEESAW, Margery-daw,
Harry shall have a new master;
He shall have but a penny a day,
Because he won't work any faster.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

69
THE girl in the lane,
That couldn't speak plain,
Cried gobble, gobble, gobble :
The man on the hill,
That couldn't stand still,
Went hobble, hobble, hobble.

RIDE a cock-horse to Banbury Cross,
To see an old woman ride on a white horse,
With rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
And she shall have music wherever she goes.

54
SEE-SAW, sacaradown,
Which is the way to London town?
One foot up, the other foot down,
That is the way to London town.

THERE was an old woman
Called Nothing-at-all,
Who rejoiced in a dwelling
Exceedingly small :
A man stretched his mouth
To its utmost extent,
And down at one gulp
House and old woman went.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

ONE, two, three, four, five,
I caught a hare alive;
Six, seven, eight, nine, ten,
And let it go again.



I HAD a little husband, no bigger than my
thumb,
I put him in a pint-pot, and there I bid him drum;
I bought him a little handkerchief to wipe his little
nose,
And a pair of little garters, to tie his little hose.

TO market, to market, to buy a plum bun.
Home again, home again, market is done.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

26
HARK ! hark ! the dogs do bark,
Beggars are coming to town,
Some in jags, and some in rags,
And some in velvet gown.

8
LADY-BIRD, lady-bird,
Fly away home,
Your house is on fire,
Your children will burn.

77
THERE was a piper who had a cow,
But he had no hay to give her ;
So he took his pipes and played a tune,
Consider, old cow, consider !

68
JACK and Jill went up the hill,
To fetch a pail of water ;
Jack fell down and cracked his crown
And Jill came tumbling after.

THE man in the wilderness asked me
How many strawberries grew in the sea ?
I answered him, as I thought good,
As many red herrings as grew in the wood.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

HY diddle diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed
To see such craft,
And the dish ran away with the spoon.



LITTLE Jack Horner
Sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie;

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

He put in his thumb
And pulled out a plum,
And said, "What a brave boy am I!"

HUMPTY DUMPTY sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall,
Not all the king's horses, nor all the king's men,
Could set Humpty Dumpty up again.

75
HICCORY, diccory, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock ;
The clock struck one,
The mouse ran down,
Hiccory, diccory, dock.

36
DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY has come up to town,
In a green petticoat and a bright yellow gown,
And her little blue eyes are peeping around.

81
MARY, Mary,
Quite contrary,
How does your garden grow ?
Silver bells,
And cockle-shells,
And pretty maids all of a row.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

TWO little dogs were basking in the cinders ;
Two little cats were playing in the windows ;
When two little mice popped out of a hole,
And up to a fine piece of cheese they stole.
The two little dogs cried, " Cheese is nice !"
But the two little cats jumped down in a trice,
And cracked the bones of the two little mice.



SING a song of sixpence, a bag full of rye,
Four-and-twenty blackbirds baked in a pie :
When the pie was opened the birds began to sing ;
And wasn't this a dainty dish to set before the king ?

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

The king was in the parlor, counting out his money ;
The queen was in the kitchen, eating bread and
honey ;
The maid was in the garden, hanging out the
clothes ;
There came a little blackbird and nipt off her nose.

74
I WOULD, if I could ;
If I couldn't, how could I ?
I couldn't without I could, could I ?
Could you without you could, could ye ?
Could ye, could ye ?
You couldn't, without you could, could ye ?

AS I was going up Pippen Hill,
Pippen Hill was dirty,
There I met a pretty miss,
And she dropped me a curtsey.

Little miss, pretty miss !
Blessings light upon you !
If I had half-a-crown a day,
I'd spend it all upon you.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



BAH, bah, black sheep,
Have you any wool?
Yes, marry, have I,
Three bags full:
One for my master,
And one for my dame,
And one for the little boy
Who lives in the lane.

IF all the world was apple-pie,
And all the sea was ink,
And all the trees were bread and cheese,
What should we have for drink?
It's enough to make an old man
Scratch his head and think.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



THERE were three crows sat on a stone,
Fal la, la la lal de.
Two flew away, and then there was one,
Fal la, la la lal de.
The other crow finding himself alone,
Fal la, la la lal de.
He flew away, and then there was none,
Fal la, la la lal de.

HIGH diddle doubt, my candle's out,
And my little dame's not come :
So saddle my hog, and bridle my dog,
And fetch my little dame home.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



DANCE, little baby, dance up high,
Never mind, baby, mother is nigh ;
Crow and caper, caper and crow ;
There, little baby, there you go.
Up to the ceiling, down to the ground,
Backwards and forwards, round and round ;
Dance, little baby, and mother will sing,
With the merry coral, ding, ding, ding !

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



8
SNAIL! snail! come out of your hole,
Or else I'll beat you as black as a coal.
Snail! snail! put in your head,
Or else I'll beat you till you're dead.

ROBIN the Bobbin, the big-bellied Ben,
He ate more meat than fourscore men;
He ate a cow, he ate a calf,
He ate a butcher and a half;
He ate a church, he ate a steeple,
He ate the priest and all the people!

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

DIDDLE, diddle, dumpling, my son John
Went to bed with his breeches on ;
One shoe off, the other shoe on,
Diddle, diddle, dumpling, my son John.



TOM, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig and away he ran.
The pig was eat, and Tom was beat,
And Tom ran crying down the street.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

91
TWO little blackbirds sat upon a hill,
One named Jack, the other named Gill ;
Fly away, Jack ; fly away, Gill ;
Come again, Jack ; come again, Gill.

41
THERE was a man of our town,
And he was wondrous wise :
He jumped into a bramble-bush,
And scratched out both his eyes ;
And when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main
He jumped into another bush,
And scratched them in again.

AS Tommy Snooks and Betsey Brooks
Were walking out one Sunday,
Says Tommy Snooks to Betsey Brooks,
To-morrow will be Monday.

38
GREAT A, little a, bouncing B !
The cat's in the cupboard, and she can't see.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

DINGTY, diddledy, my mammy's maid,
She stole oranges, I am afraid.
Some in her pocket, some in her sleeve,
She stole oranges, I do believe.

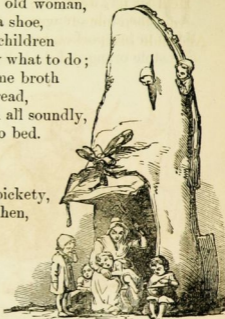


THERE was an old man,
And he had a calf;
And that's half:
He took him out of the stall,
And tied him to the wall,
And that's all.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

34
THERE was an old woman,
She lived in a shoe,
She had so many children
She didn't know what to do;
She gave them some broth
Without any bread,
She whipped them all soundly,
And put them to bed.

HICKETY, pickety,
My black hen,
She lays eggs
For gentlemen;
Gentlemen come
Every day
To see what my
Black hen doth lay.



23
THE north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor Robin do then?
Poor thing!

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

He'll sit in a barn,
And keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing,
Poor thing!



CUSHY Cow bonny, let down your milk,
And I will give you a gown of silk,
A gown of silk and a silver tee,
If you'll let down your milk to me.

AS I was going to sell my eggs,
I met a man with bandy legs,
Bandy legs and crooked toes,
I tripped up his heels, and he fell on his nose.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



LITTLE Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet,
Eating of curds and whey;
There came a little spider,
Who sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away.

69
GOOSEY goosey gander,
Whither dost thou wander?
Up stairs, down stairs,
In my lady's chamber:
There I met an old man
Who would not say his prayers;
I took him by the left leg,
And threw him down stairs.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



A LITTLE boy and a little girl
Lived in an alley.

Said the little boy to the little girl,
"Shall I? oh, shall I?"

Said the little girl to the little boy,
"What will you do?"

Said the little boy to the little girl,
"I will kiss you."

B ARBER, barber, shave a pig ;
How many hairs will make a wig ?
"Four and twenty, that's enough."

Give the poor barber a pinch of snuff.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES

20
I'LL tell you a story
About Jack-a-Nory,
And now my story's begun;
I'll tell you another,
About Jack and his brother,
And now my story's done.



14
FA, Fe, Fi, Fo, Fum!
I smell the blood of an Englishman.
Be he live or be he dead,
I'll grind his bones to make me bread.

THERE was a little one-eyed gunner,
Killed all the birds that died last summer.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



TAFFY was a Welshman,
Taffy was a thief,
Taffy came to my house,
And stole a piece of beef.
I went to Taffy's house,
Taffy wasn't at home,
Taffy came to my house,
And stole a marrow-bone.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

I went to Taffy's house,
Taffy was in bed,
I took the marrow-bone,
And beat about his head.

39
TELL-TALE, tit!
Your tongue shall be slit,
And all the dogs in the town
Shall have a little bit!

63
UP in the green orchard there is a green tree,
The finest of pippins that ever you see;
The apples are ripe, and ready to fall,
And Reuben and Robin shall gather them all.

62
THREE wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl;
And if the bowl had been stronger
My song had been longer.

50. h. 188
MOLLY, my sister, and I fell out,
And what do think it was about?
She loved coffee, and I loved tea,
And that was the reason we couldn't agree.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



LITTLE boy blue, come blow your horn,
 The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn:
 What! is this the way you mind your sheep?
 Under the haycock fast asleep.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

42
OLD Mistress McShuttle
Lived in a coal-scuttle,
Along with her dog and her cat :
What they ate I can't tell,
But 'tis known very well,
That none of the party were fat.



15
ROBIN and Richard were two pretty men,
They lay a-bed till the clock struck ten ;
Then up starts Robin and looks at the sky,
" Oh ! oh ! brother Richard, the sun's very high ;
You go before with bottle and bag,
And I'll follow after on little Jack Nag."

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



MARY had a pretty bird,
Feathers bright and yellow
Slender legs,—upon my word,
He was a pretty fellow.

The sweetest notes he always sung,
Which much delighted Mary,
And often where the cage was hung,
She stood to hear canary.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

37
THERE was an old woman, and what do you think ?

She lived upon nothing but victuals and drink ;
Victuals and drink were the chief of her diet,
Yet this grumbling old woman could never be quiet.

81
WERE three brethren out of Spain,
Come to court your daughter Jane.

My daughter Jane she is too young,
She has no skill in a flattering tongue.
Be she young, or be she old,
It's for her gold she must be sold,
So fare you well, my lady gay,
We shall return another day.

59
JEMMY Jed went into a shed,
And made a ted of straw his bed ;
An owl came out and flew about,
And Jemmy Jed up stakes and fled.
Wasn't Jemmy Jed a staring fool,
Born in the woods to be scared by an owl ?

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



ONCE in my life I married a wife,
And where do you think I found her ?
On Gretna Green, in velvet sheen,
And I took up a stick to pound her.
She jumped over a barberry-bush,
And I jumped over a timber :
I showed her a gay gold ring,
And she showed me her finger.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



WEEP, sweep,
Chimney sweep,
From the bottom to the
top,
Sweep all up,
Chimney sweep,
From the bottom to the
top.

Climb by rope,
Or climb by ladder,
Without either
I'll climb farther.

See p. 82.

LITTLE lad, little lad,
Where were you born?
Far off in Lancashire, under a thorn,
Where they sup buttermilk
With a ram's horn;
And a pumpkin scooped
With a yellow rim,
Is the bonny bowl they breakfast in.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

WHEN I was a little boy, I washed my mam-
my's dishes,
Now I am a great boy I roll in golden riches.



THERE was an old woman went up in a basket,
Seventy times as high as the moon ;
What she did there, I could not but ask it,
But in her hand she carried a broom.
“ Old woman, old woman, old woman,” said I,
“ O whither, O whither, O whither so high ?”
“ To sweep the cobwebs from the sky,
And I shall be back again by and by.”

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



RIDE away, ride away,
Johnny shall ride,
And he shall have pussy-cat
Tied to one side ;

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

And he shall have little dog
Tied to the other,
And Johnny shall ride
To see his grandmother.

THERE was a little man,
And he had a little gun,
And his bullets were made of lead, lead, lead ;
He went to the brook,
And saw a little duck,
And he shot it through the head, head, head.
He carried it home
To his old wife Joan,
And bid her a fire to make, make, make ;
To roast the little duck
He had shot in the brook,
And he'd go and fetch her the drake, drake, drake

A CAT came fiddling out of a barn,
With a pair of bagpipes under her arm ;
She could sing nothing but " Fiddle de dee,
The mouse has married the humble-bee."

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

JACK SPRAT would eat no fat,
His wife would eat no lean ;
Now was not this a pretty trick
To make the platter clean ?

25
THE two gray kits,
And the gray kits' mother,
All went over
The bridge together.
The bridge broke down,
They all fell in,
"May the rats go with you,"
Says Tom Bowlin.

27
DOGS in the garden, catch 'em Towser ;
Cows in the cornfield, run, boys, run ;
Cats in the cream-pot, run girls, run girls ;
Fire on the mountains, run, boys, run.

81
SHOE the horse, shoe the colt,
Shoe the wild mare ;
Here a nail, there a nail,
Yet she goes bare.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



RAIN, rain, go away,
Come again another day,
Little Harry wants to play.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

I WILL sing you a song
Of the days that are long,
Of the woodcock and the sparrow,
Of the little dog that burnt his tail,
And he shall be whipped to-morrow



23
COLD and raw the north winds blow
Bleak in the morning early ;
All the hills are covered with snow,
And winter's now come fairly.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



POOOR old Robinsen Crusoe! poor old Robinsen
Crusoe!
They made him a coat, of an old Nanny goat:
I wonder how they could do so!

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

With a ring a ting tang, and a ring a ting tang,
Poor old Robinson Crusoe.



LAZY Tom with jacket
blue,
Stole his father's gouty shoe.
The worst of harm that dad
can wish him,
Is that his gouty shoe may fit
him.

CHARLEY loves good
cake and ale,
Charley loves good candy,
Charley loves to kiss the
girls,
When they are clean and
handy.

14

THERE were two blind men went to see
Two cripples run a race,
The bull did fight the humble-bee,
And scratched him in the face.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

38

THE little black dog ran round the house,
And set the bull a roaring,
And drove the monkey in the boat,
Who set the oars a rowing,
And scared the cock upon the rock,
Who cracked his throat with crowing.



WHEN I was a little he,
My mother took me on her knee;
Smiles and kisses gave with joy,
And called me oft her darling boy.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

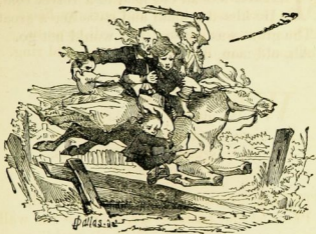
39
SATURDAY night shall be my whole care
To powder my locks and curl my hair:
On Sunday morning my love will come in,
And marry me then with a pretty gold ring.

WHEN little Fred went to bed,
He always said his prayers;
He kissed mamma, and then papa,
And straightway went up stairs.

50
LITTLE king Boggen, he built a fine hall,
Pie-crust and pastry-crust, that was the wall;
The windows were made of black puddings and
white,
And slated with pancakes—you ne'er saw the like.

53
PRETTY John Watts,
We are troubled with rats,
Will you drive them out of the house?
We have mice too in plenty,
That feast in the pantry,
But let them stay and nibble away,
What harm in a little brown mouse?

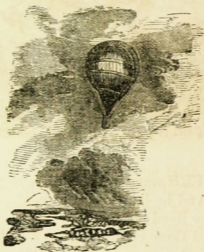
MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



THERE was a mad man,
 And he had a mad wife,
 And they lived all in a mad lane !
 They had three children all at a birth,
 And they too were mad every one.
 The father was mad,
 The mother was mad,
 The children all mad beside ;
 And upon a mad horse they all of them got,
 And madly away did ride.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

61
THERE was an old man in a velvet coat,
He kissed a maid and gave her a groat;
The groat was cracked and would not go.
Ah, old man, do you serve me so?



61
WHAT'S the news of the day,
Good neighbor, I pray?
They say the balloon
Has gone up to the moon.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



WASH me and comb me,
And lay me down softly,
And set me on a bank to dry,
That I may look pretty,
When some one comes by.

THERE was an old woman lived under the hill,
And if she's not gone she lives there still.
Baked apples she sold, and cranberry pies,
And she's the old woman that never told lies.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

47

I WON'T be my father's Jack,
I won't be my father's Jill,
I will be the fiddler's wife,
And have music when I will.
T'other little tune, t'other little tune,
Prythee, love, play me t'other little tune.



RIGADOON, rigadoon, now let him fly,
Sit upon mother's foot, jump him up high.

HERES A, B, C, D, E, F, and G,
H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, and P,
Q, R, S, T, U, V, W, X, Y, and Z;
And here is good mamma, who knows
This is the fount whence learning flows.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

87

WHAT care I how black I be !
Twenty pounds will marry me.
If twenty won't, forty shall,
I'm my mother's bouncing girl.



AWAY, pretty robin, fly home to your nest,
To make you my captive I still should like best,
And feed you with worms and bread :
Your eyes are so sparkling, your feathers so soft,
Your little wings flutter so pretty aloft,
And your breast is all covered with red.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

59
HOW many miles to Babylon?
Threescore miles and ten.
Can I get there by candle-light?
Yes, and back again.

PETER, Peter, pumpkin-eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her;
He put her in a pumpkin-shell,
And then he kept her very well.
Peter, Peter, pumpkin-eater,
Had another and didn't love her:
Peter learned to read and spell,
And then he loved her very well.

THERE was an old woman
Sold puddings and pies,
She went to the mill,
And the dust flew in her eyes.
While through the streets,
To all she meets,
She ever cries,
Hot Pies—Hot Pies.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

MILK-MAN, milk-man, where have you been ?
In Buttermilk channel up to my chin ;
I spilt my milk, and spoilt my clothes,
And got a long icicle hung to my nose.



ROUND about, round about,
Gooseberry-pie,
My father loves good ale,
And so do I.

WILLY boy, Willy boy, where are you going ?
Oh let me go with you this sunshiny day.
I'm going to the meadow to see them a-mowing,
I'm going to help the girls turn the new hay.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



ROSS-PATCH, draw the
latch,
Sit by the fire and spin;
Take a cup, and drink it
up,
Then call your neighbors
in

HOW many days has my baby to play?
Saturday, Sunday, Monday,
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,
Saturday, Sunday, Monday.

BYE, baby bunting,
Father's gone a-hunting,
To get a little rabbit-skin,
To wrap baby bunting in.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

THE Cuckoo 's a bonny bird,
She sings as she flies,
She brings us good tidings,
And tells us no lies.

She sucks little birds' eggs,
To make her voice clear,
And never cries Cuckoo!
Till Spring of the year.



NOSE, nose, jolly red nose,
And what gave you that jolly red nose?
Nutmegs and cinnamon, spices and cloves,
And they gave me this jolly red nose.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

36
YOU owe me five shillings,
Say the bells of St. Helen's.

When will you pay me ?
Say the bells of Old Bailey.

When I grow rich,
Say the bells of Shoreditch.

When will that be ?
Say the bells of Stepney.

I do not know,
Says the great bell of Bow.

Two sticks in an apple,
Ring the bells of Whitechapel.

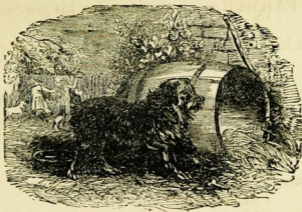
Halfpence and farthings,
Say the bells of St. Martin's.

Kettles and pans,
Say the bells of St. Ann's

Brickbats and tiles,
Say the bells of St. Giles.

Old shoes and slippers,
Say the bells of St. Peter's.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



BOW, wow, wow, whose dog art thou?
Little Tom Tinker's dog, bow, wow, wow.

PUSSY sits behind the log,
How can she be fair?
Then comes in the little dog,
Pussy, are you there?
So, so, dear Mistress Pussy,
Pray tell me how do you do;
I thank you, little dog,
I'm very well just now;
How are you?

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

95
A FARMER went trotting upon his gray mare,
Bumpety bumpety bump,
With his daughter behind him so rosy and fair,
Lumpety lumpety lump.

A raven cried croak, and they all tumbled down
Bumpety bumpety bump ;
The mare broke her knees and the farmer his crown,
Lumpety lumpety lump.

The mischievous raven flew laughing away,
Bumpety bumpety bump,
And vowed he would serve them the same next day,
Lumpety lumpety lump.

BESSEY kept the garden gate,
And Mary kept the pantry ;
Bessey always had to wait,
While Mary lived in plenty.

BLOW, wind, blow ! and go, mill, go,
That the miller may grind his corn,
That the baker may take it,
And into rolls make it,
And send us some hot in the morn.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



LOOMIS

ROBERT BARNES, fellow fine,
Can you shoe this horse of mine,
So that I may cut a shine?
Yes, good sir, and that I can,
As well as any other man;
There a nail, and here a prod,
And now, good sir, your horse is shod.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

THIRTY days hath September,
April, June, and November,
February has twenty-eight alone,
And the rest have thirty-one,
Excepting leap-year, that's the time,
When February's days are twenty-nine.

THERE was a fat man of Bombay,
Who was smoking one sunshiny day,
When a bird, called a snipe,
Flew away with his pipe,
Which vexed the fat man of Bombay.

IF all the seas were one sea,
What a great sea that would be!
And if all the trees were one tree,
What a great tree that would be!
And if all the axes were one axe,
What a great axe that would be!

50 128
MY little man and I fell out;
I'll you what 'twas all about:
I had money, and he had none,
And that's the way the row begun.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

TRIP and go, heave and hoe,
Up and down, to and fro;
From the town to the grove,
Two and two let us rove,
A-maying, a-playing;
Love hath no gainsaying;
So merrily trip and go,
Merrily trip and go!



BONNY lass! Bonny lass!
Will you be mine?
You shall neither wash dishes
Nor serve the wine,
But sit on a cushion and sew up a seam,
And you shall have strawberries, sugar, and cream.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

ONCE I saw a little bird
Come hop, hop, hop ;
So I cried, little bird,
Will you stop, stop, stop ?
And was going to the window,
To say, how do you do ?
But he shook his little tail,
And far away he flew.

HUSH baby, my doll, I pray you don't cry,
And I'll give you some bread and some milk
by and by ;
Or, perhaps you like custard, or maybe a tart,—
Then to either you're welcome, with all my whole
heart.

ST. DUNSTAN, as the story goes,
Once pulled the devil by the nose,
With red-hot tongs, which made him roar,
That he was heard ten miles or more.

WHEN I was a little boy I had but little wit,
It is a long time ago, and I've no more yet ;
Nor ever ever shall, until that I die,
For the longer I live, the more fool am I.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



SMILING girls, rosy boys,
Come and buy my little toys,
Monkeys made of gingerbread,
And sugar horses painted red.

MATTHEW, Mark, Luke, and John,
Guard the bed that I lay on!
Four corners to my bed,
Four angels round my head;
One to watch, one to pray,
And two to bear my soul away!

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

THREE blind mice, see how they run!
They all ran after the farmer's wife,
Who cut off their tails with the carving-knife:
Did you ever see such fun in your life?
Three blind mice.

SOLOMON GRUNDY,

Sept 76

Born on a Monday,
Christened on Tuesday,
Married on Wednesday,
Took ill on Thursday,
Worse on Friday,
Died on Saturday;
This is the end
Of Solomon Grundy.

THERE was an old woman had nothing,
And there came thieves to rob her;
When she cried out she made no noise,
But all the country heard her.

THERE was a butcher cut his thumb,
When it did bleed, then blood did come.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



WHEN I was a little boy, I lived by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I got I put
upon a shelf;

The rats and the mice, they made such a strife,
I was forced to go to London to buy me a wife.
The streets were so broad, and the lanes were so
narrow,

I was forced to bring my wife home in a wheel-
barrow;

The wheelbarrow broke, and my wife had a fall,
And down came the wheelbarrow, my wife and all

CHARLEY WAG,
Ate the pudding and left the bag.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

86
MISS JANE had a bag, and a mouse was in it,
She opened the bag, he was out in a minute;
The cat saw him jump, and run under the table,
And the dog said, "Catch him, puss, soon as you're
able."



WHEN I was a little boy, my mother kept
me in,
Now I am a great boy, and fit to serve the king;
I can handle a musket, I can smoke a pipe,
I can kiss a pretty girl at ten o'clock at night.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



LITTLE Tommy Tucker,
Sing for your supper:
What shall I sing?
White bread and butter.

How shall I cut it
Without any knife?
How shall I marry
Without any wife?

THERE was a rat, for want of stairs,
Went down a rope to say his prayers.

THERE was a jolly Miller
Lived on the River Dee,
Said he, I care for nobody,
If nobody cares for me.

IHAVE a little sister; they call her Peep, Peep
She wades in the water, deep, deep, deep;
She climbs the mountains, high, high, high.
Poor little thing! she has but one eye.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



THERE was an old woman, as I've heard tell,
She went to the market her eggs for to sell;
She went to the market, all on a market day,
And she fell asleep on the king's highway.

There came a little pedler, his name it was Stout,
He cut off her petticoats all round about;
He cut off her petticoats up to her knees,
Until her poor knees began for to freeze.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

When the little old woman began to awake,
She began to shiver, and she began to shake;
Her knees began to freeze, and she began to cry,
"Oh lawk! oh mercy on me! this surely can't be I.

If it be not I, as I suppose it be,
I have a little dog at home, and he knows me;
If it be I, he will wag his little tail,
But if it be not I, he'll bark and he'll rail."

Up jumped the little woman, all in the dark,
Up jumped the little dog, and he began to bark;
The dog began to bark, and she began to cry,
"Oh lawk! oh mercy on me! I see it is not I."

THREE little kittens lost their mittens;
And they began to cry,
Oh! mother dear, we very much fear
That we have lost our mittens.
Lost your mittens! you naughty kittens!
Then you shall have no pie.
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.
No, you shall have no pie.
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



I HAD a little pony,
His name was Dapple Gray,

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

I lent him to a lady,
To ride a mile away.

She whipped him, she lashed him,
She rode him through the mire:
I would not lend my pony now,
For all the lady's hire.



HERE we go up, up, up,
And here we go down, down, downy,
And here we go backwards and forwards,
And here we go round, round, roundy.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

73
THE sow came in with the saddle,
The little pig rocked the cradle,
The dish jumped on the table
To see the pot swallow the ladle.
The spit that stood behind the door
Threw the pudding-stick on the floor.
"Odsplut!" said the gridiron,
"Can't you agree?
I'm the head constable,
Bring them to me."

LITTLE blue Betty lived in a den,
She sold good ale to gentlemen:
Gentlemen came there every day,
And little blue Betty hopped away.
She hopped up stairs to make her bed,
And she tumbled down and broke her head.

THERE was an old woman of Leeds,
Who spent all her time in good deeds;
She worked for the poor,
Till her fingers were sore,
This pious old woman of Leeds!

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



IS Master Smith within?—Yes, that he is.
Can he set a shoe?—Ay, marry, two.
Here a nail, and there a nail,
Tick—tack—too.

OH, I am so happy!
A little girl said,
As she sprang like a lark
From her low trundle-bed.
It is morning, bright morning,
Good morning, papa!
Oh, give me one kiss,
For good morning, mamma!

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

84
I LIKE little pussy, her coat is so warm,
And if I don't hurt her, she'll do me no harm;
So I'll not pull her tail, nor drive her away,
But pussy and I very gently will play.

I HAD a little doll,
The prettiest ever seen,
She washed me the dishes,
And kept the house clean.
She went to the mill,
To fetch me some flour.
And always got it home
In less than an hour.
She baked me my bread,
She brewed me my ale,
She sat by the fire,
And told many a fine tale.

33
WHO comes here? A grenadier.
What do you want? A pot of beer.
Where's your money? I forgot.
Get you gone, you drunken sot.

TO market, to market, to buy a penny bun:
Home again, home again, market is done.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



THIS is the way
the ladies ride;
Tri, tre, tre, tree,
Tri, tre, tre, tree.

This is the way the
ladies ride,
Tri, tre, tre, tree,
tri-tre-tre-tree!



This is the way the
gentlemen ride;
Gallop-a-trot,
Gallop-a-trot!

This is the way the
gentlemen ride,
Gallop-a-gallop-a
trot!



This is the way the
farmers ride;
Hobbledy-hoy,
Hobbledy-hoy!

This is the way the
farmers ride,
Hobbledy, hob-
bledy-hoy!

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

WERE all dry with drinking on't,
We're all dry with drinking on't.
The piper kissed the fiddler's wife,
And I can't sleep for thinking on't.

FOUR-and-twenty tailors
Went to kill a snail,
The best man among them
Durst not touch her tail.
She put out her horns
Like a little Kyloe cow :
Run, tailors, run,
Or she'll kill you all e'en now.

78
HANDY-SPANDY, Jack-a-Dandy
Loves plum-cake and sugar-candy.
He bought some at a grocer's shop,
And pleased, away went, hop, hop, hop.

BLESS you, bless you, bonnie bee :
Say, when will your wedding be ?
If it be to-morrow day,
Take your wings and fly away.

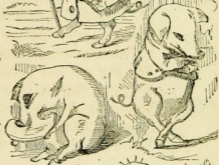
MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

[*A Song set to fingers
or toes.*]

1. **T**HIS pig went
to market;



2. This pig staid at
home;



3. This pig had plen-
ty to eat,

4. But this pig had
none,



5. And this little pig
said, "Wee, wee,
wee!"
All the way home.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

64
sh.
JOG on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily jump the stile, boys:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad one tires in a mile, boys.

84
sh.
62
TOM, Tom, of Islington,
Married a wife on Sunday,
Brought her home on Monday,
Hired a house on Tuesday,
Fed her well on Wednesday,
Sick was she on Thursday,
Dead was she on Friday,
Sad was Tom on Saturday,
To bury his wife on Sunday.

67
JOHN O'Gudgeon he was a wild man,
He whipt his children now and then:
When he whipt them he made them dance,
Out of Ireland into France.

72
THERE was a little boy went into a barn,
And lay down on some hay;
A calf came out, and smelt about,
And the little boy ran away.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



TO market, to market, to buy a fat pig,
Home again, home again, jiggety gig.
To market, to market, to buy a fat hog,
Home again, home again, jiggety jog.

IF you are to be a gentleman, as I suppose you
to be,
You'll neither laugh nor smile for a tickling of the
knee.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

55
BOBBY SHAFTOE'S gone to sea,
Silver buckles on his knee;
He'll come back and marry me,
Pretty Bobby Shaftoe.

Bobby Shaftoe's fat and fair,
Combing down his yellow hair,
He's my love forevermore,
Pretty Bobby Shaftoe.

60
TRIP upon trenchers,
And dance upon dishes,
My mother sent me for yeast, some yeast,
She bid me tread lightly,
And come again quickly,
For fear the young men would play me some jest.

Yet didn't you see, yet didn't you see,
What naughty tricks they put upon me?
They broke my pitcher, and spilt my water,
And huffed my mother, and chid her daughter,
And kissed my sister instead of me.

70
HEY ding a ding, ding, I heard a bird sing,
The parliament soldiers are gone to the king.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



HERE'S A, B, C, D,
E, F, and G,
H, I, J, K,
L, M, N, O, P,
Q, R, S, T,
U, W, V,
X, Y, and Z.
And oh, dear me,
When shall I learn
My A, B, C?

A DILLER, a dollar,
A ten o'clock scholar,
What makes you come so soon?
You used to come at ten o'clock,
But now you come at noon.

DOCTOR Foster went to Gloster,
In a shower of rain;
He stepped in a puddle up to the middle,
And never went there again.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

MULTIPLICATION is vexation,
Division is as bad ;
The Rule of Three it puzzles me,
And Practice drives me mad.

A, B, C, and D, pray playmates agree.
E, F, and G, well so it shall be.
J, K, and L, in peace we will dwell.
M, N, and O, to play let us go.
P, Q, R, and S, love may we possess.
T, U, and V, come let us agree.
W, X, and Y, we'll not quarrel or lie.
Z, and ampherse-and, go to school at command.

GO to bed, Tom, go to bed, Tom—
Merry or sober, go to bed, Tom.

UPON my word and honor,
As I was going to Bonner,
I met a pig,
Without a wig,
Upon my word and honor.

VINEGAR, veal, and venison,
Are very good victuals, I vow.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



29

LITTLE Johnny Pringle had a little Pig,
It was very little, so was not very big.
As it was playing beneath the shed,
In half a minute poor Piggy was dead.
So Johnny Pringle he sat down and cried,
And Betty Pringle she laid down and died.
There is the history of one, two, and three,
Johnny Pringle, Betty Pringle, and Piggie Wiggie

AS round as an apple, as deep as a cup,
And all the king's horses can't pull it up.
[A well]

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

52
LITTLE boy, pretty boy, where were you born?
In Lincolnshire, master, come blow the cow's
horn.

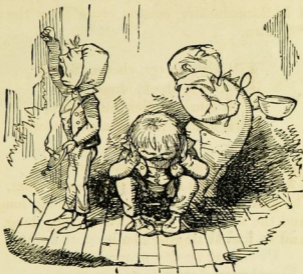
EGGS, butter, cheese, bread,
Stick, stock, stone, dead.
Stick him up, stick him down,
Stick him in the old man's crown.

AS I was going along, long, long,
A singing a comical song, song, song,
The lane that I went was so long, long, long,
And the song that I sung was so long, long, long,
And so I went singing along.

GREEN cheese, yellow laces,
Up and down the market-places,
Turn, cheeses, turn!

DICKERY, dickery, dare,
The pig flew up in the air;
The man in brown
Soon brought him down,
Dickery, dickery, dare.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



“COME, let's to bed,” says Sleepy-head ;
“Tarry a while,” says Slow ;
“Put on the pot,” says Greedy-gut,
“We'll sup before we go.”

SEE, see. What shall I see ?
A horse's head where his tail should be.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



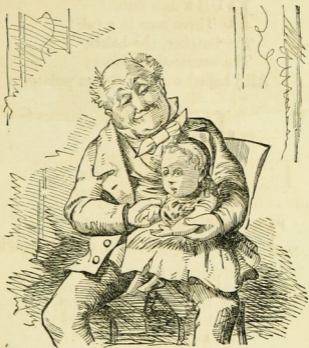
THREE children sliding on the ice
Upon a summer's day;
It so fell out, they all fell in,
The rest they ran away.

Now, had these children been at home,
Or sliding on dry ground,
Ten thousand pounds to one penny,
They had not all been drowned.

ALL of a row,
Bend the bow,
Shot at a pigeon,
And killed a crow.

KISS me asleep, and kiss me awake.
Kiss me for dear Willie's sake.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



PAT-A-CAKE, pat-a-cake, baker's man;
So I will, master, as fast as I can:
Pat it, and prick it, and mark it with B,
Put it in the oven for Baby and me.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

Sup 90

RUB a dub dub,
Three men in a tub ;
The butcher, the baker,
The candlestick-maker ;
All jumped out of a rotten potato.

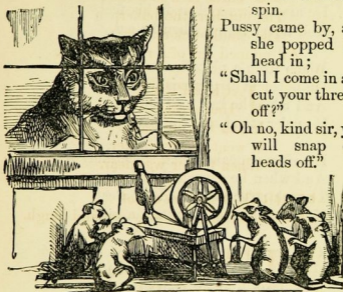
JACK SPRAT,
Had a cat,
It had but one ear,
It went to buy butter,
When butter was dear.

THREE straws on a staff
Would make a baby cry and laugh.

LITTLE Betty Blue
Lost her holiday shoe,
What can little Betty do ?
Give her another
To match the other,
And then she may walk in two.

UP she goes and down she comes,
If you haven't got apples, I'll give you some
plums.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



SOME little mice
sat in a barn to
spin.

Pussy came by, and
she popped her
head in ;

“Shall I come in and
cut your threads
off?”

“Oh no, kind sir, you
will snap our
heads off.”

A, B, C, tumble down D,
The cat's in the cupboard and can't see me.

I F wishes were horses, beggars would ride ;
If turnips were watches, I would wear one by
my side.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

THERE was a little guinea pig,
Who, being little, was not big,
He always walked upon his feet,
And never fasted when he eat.

When from a place he ran away,
He never at that place did stay ;
And when he ran, as I am told,
He ne'er stood still for young or old.

He often squeaked, and sometimes vi'lent,
And when he squeaked he ne'er was silent ;
Though ne'er instructed by a cat,
He knew a mouse was not a rat.

One day, as I am certified,
He took a whim and fairly died ;
And, I am told by men of sense,
He never has been living since.

LITTLE Robin Redbreast
Sat upon a rail :
Niddle noddle went his head,
And waggle went his tail

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

HEY, my kitten, my kitten,
And hey, my kitten, my deary,
Such a sweet pet is this
Was neither far nor neary.

24

WEE Willie Winkie
Runs through the town,
Up stairs and down stairs,
In his night-gown ;
Tapping at the window,
Crying at the lock,
"Are the babes in their bed ?
For it's now ten o'clock."

92

PUSSY-CAT, pussy-cat, where have you been ?
I've been to London to see the queen.
Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, what did you there ?
I frightened a little mouse under the chair.

56

BELL horses, bell horses,
What time of day ?
One o'clock, two o'clock,
Off and away.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

28
THE lion and the unicorn
Were fighting for the crown—
The lion beat the unicorn
All about the town.
Some gave them white bread,
And some gave them brown,
Some gave them plum-cake,
And sent them out of town.

IN April's sweet month,
When the leaves begin to spring,
Little lambs skip like fairies,
And pretty birds build and sing.

35
HEY rub-a-dub, ho rub-a-dub, three maids in a
tub,
And who do you think was there?
The butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker,
And all of them gone to the fair.

37
THE rose is red, the violet blue,
The gilly-flower sweet—and so are you.
These are the words you bade me say
For a pair of new gloves on Easter-day.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



O H ! beautiful,
beautiful
things!

How they range at
will through the
sky!

Dear Mary, if I
could have
wings,

Oh! wouldn't I,
wouldn't I fly?

But see, sis, the
sweet little crea-
tures

Have each a straw
in his beak;

A lesson of duty to
teach us,

As plainly as birds
can speak.

THERE was a navy went into Spain,
When it returned, it came again.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

28
LAVENDER blue, and Rosemary green,
When I am king you shall be queen,
Call up my maids at four of the clock,
Some to the wheel, and some to the rock,
Some to make hay, and some to shell corn,
And you and I will keep the bed warm.

90
A COW and a calf,
An ox and a half,
Forty good shillings and three :
Is not that enough tocher
For a shoemaker's daughter,
A bonny sweet lass
With a coal-black ee ?

90
THE little Robin grieves
When the snow is on the ground,
For the trees have no leaves,
And no berries can be found.

The air is cold, the worms are hid,
For Robin here what can be done ?
Let's strew around some crumbs of bread,
And then he'll live till snow is gone.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

WHEN the wind is in the east,
'Tis neither good for man nor beast ;
When the wind is in the north,
The skilful fisher goes not forth ;
When the wind is in the south,
It blows the bait in the fishes' mouth ;
When the wind is in the west,
Then 'tis at the very best.

PPETER WHITE will ne'er go right,
Would you know the reason why ?
He follows his nose where'er he goes,
And that stands all awry.

THERE was a crooked man, and he went a
crooked mile.
He found a crooked sixpence against a crooked stile :
He bought a crooked cat, which caught a crooked
mouse,
And they all lived together in a little crooked house.

TOMMY kept a chandler's shop,
Richard went to buy a mop,
Tommy gave him such a knock,
That sent him out of his chandler's shop.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

28
THE white dove sat on the castle wall,
I bend my bow, and shoot her I shall;
I put her in my glove, both feathers and all;
I laid my bridle upon the shelf,
If you will any more, sing it yourself.

9
FOR every evil under the sun,
There is a remedy, or there is none.
If there be one, try and find it;
If there be none, never mind it.

IF a man who turnips cries
Cries not when his father dies,
It is a proof that he would rather
Have a turnip than his father.

9
OF all the gay birds that e'er I did see,
The owl is the fairest by far to me;
For all the day long she sits on a tree,
And when the night comes, away flies she.

HEY ding a ding, what shall I sing?
How many holes in a skimmer?
Four-and-twenty—my stomach's empty;
Pray, mamma, give me some dinner.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

LITTLE Robin Red-breast sat upon a tree,
Up went Pussy-cat, and down went he ;
Down came Pussy-cat, and away Robin ran :
Says little Robin Red-breast, "Catch me if you can."
Little Robin Red-breast hopped upon a wall,
Pussy-cat jumped after him, and almost got a fall.
Little Robin chirped and sang, and what did Pussy
say ?

Pussy-cat said, "Mew," and Robin flew away.

PEAIS-PUDDING hot,
Peas-pudding cold,
Peas-pudding in the pot,
Nine days old.
Some like it hot,
Some like it cold,
Some like it in the pot,
Nine days old.

ONE misty, moisty morning,
When cloudy was the weather,
I chanced to meet an old man clothed all in leather
He began to compliment, and I began to grin,
How do you do, and how do you do ?
And how do you do again ?

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

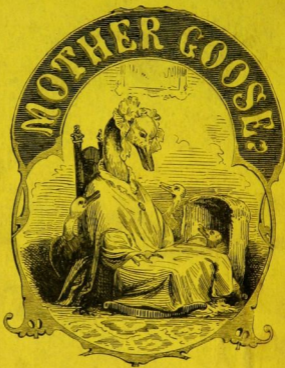
2846



DING, dong bell,
Pussy's in the well!
Who put her in?—
Little Johnny Green.
Who pulled her out?
Little Johnny Stout.
Oh! what a naughty
boy was that,
To drown his poor
grand-mammy's cat,
Which never did
him any harm,
But killed the mice in
his father's barn.







New York:
Published by James Miller,
(SUCCESSOR TO C. S. FRANCIS & CO.)
647 Broadway.



[Faint, illegible handwriting, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.]

