





MOTHER
GOOSES'
RHYMES

HOWARD DEL



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A carrion crow sat on an oak,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, he ding do,
Watching a tailor shape his coat!
Sing he, sing ho, the old carrion crow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, he ding do.

Wife, bring me my old bent bow,
 Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, he ding do,
 That I may shoot yon carrion crow.
 Sing he, sing ho, the old carrion crow,
 Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, he ding do.

The tailor shot, and he missed his mark,
 Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, he ding do,
 And shot the miller's sow right through the heart.
 Sing he, sing ho, the old carrion crow,
 Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, he ding do.

Wife! oh wife! bring brandy in a spoon,
 Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, he ding do,
 For the old miller's sow is in a swoon
 Sing he, sing ho, the old carrion crow,
 Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, he ding do

Awake, arise, pull out your eyes,
 And hear what time of day;
 And when you have done,
 Pull out your tongue,
 And see what you can say.

[A Chimney.]

Black within, and red without;
 Four corners round about.

Ten little Injuns standing in a line—
One went home, and then there were nine.
Nine little Injuns swinging on a gate—
One tumbled off, and then there were eight.
Eight little Injuns never heard of heaven—
One kicked the bucket, and then there were seven.
Seven little Injuns cutting up tricks—
One went to bed, and then there were six.
Six little Injuns kicking all alive—
One broke his neck, and then there were five.
Five little Injuns on a cellar door—
One tumbled off, and then there were four. (
Four little Injuns out on a spree—
One got drunk, and then there were three.
Three little Injuns out in a canoe—
One fell over-board, and then there were two
Two little Injuns fooling with a gun—
One shot the other, and then there was one.
One little Injun living all alone—
He got married, and then there was none!

He that would thrive
Must rise at five;
He that hath thriven
May lie till seven;
And he that by the plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive.



Daffy-down-dilly has come up
to town,
In a fine petticoat and a green
gown.

I saw a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea;
And, oh! it was all laden
With pretty things for thee!

Deedle, deedle, dumpling, my son John,
He went to bed with his stockings on;
One shoe off, and one shoe on.
Deedle, deedle, dumpling, my son John.



Bye, baby, bunting,
Daddy's gone a-hunting,
To get a little rabbit skin,
To wrap his baby bunting in.

Little Robin Red-breast
Sat upon a hurdle,
With a pair of speckled legs,
And a green girdle.

Little Miss Muffett
 She sat on a tuffett,
 Eating of curds and whey;
 There came a little
 spider,
 Who sat down beside
 her,
 And frightened Miss Muf-
 fett away.



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




Rain, rain, go away,
 Come again another day;
 Little Johnny wants to play.

I'll tell you a story
 About Mary Morey,
 And now my story's begun.
 I'll tell you another
 About her brother,
 And now my story's done.

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 vex'd the fat man of Bombay.

They that wash on Monday
Have all the week to dry ;
They that wash on Tuesday
Are not so much awry ;
They that wash on Wednesday
Are not so much to blame ;
They that wash on Thursday,
Wash for shame ;
They that wash on Friday,
Wash in need ;
And they that wash on Saturday,
Oh ! they're sluts indeed.



Hub a dub, dub,
Three men in a tub ;
And who do you think they be ?
The butcher, the baker,
The candlestick maker ;
Turn 'em out, knaves all three !

Wooley Foster has gone to sea,
With silver buckles at his knee;
When he comes back he'll marry me—
Bonny Wooley Foster!

Wooley Foster has a cow,
Black and white about the mow;
Open the gates and let her through—
Wooley Foster's ain cow!

Wooley Foster has a hen,
Cockle button, cockle ben;
She lay eggs for gentlemen—
But none for Wooley Foster!

[One.]

As I was going to St. Ives,
I met a man with seven wives,
Every wife had seven sacks,
Every sack had seven cats,
Every cat had seven kits:
Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,
How many were there going to St. Ives?

[A Plum Pudding.]

Flour of Virginia, fruit of Spain,
Met together in a shower of rain:
Put in a bag tied round with a string,
If you tell me this riddle, I'll give you a pin.



Ride a cock horse
To Banbury Cross,
To see little Jenny
Upon a white horse.
Rings on her fingers,
Bells on her toes,
She shall have music
Wherever she goes.

[NEW VERSION.]

With bells on her gloves,
And bells in her ears,
She shall have music
Where'er she appears.

Cock a doodle doo!

My dame has lost her shoe ;
My master's lost his fiddle stick,
And don't know what to do.

Cock a doodle doo!

What is my dame to do?
Till master finds his fiddle stick,
She'll dance without her shoe.



Shake a leg, wag a leg, when will you gang?
At midsummer, mother, when the days are lang.

To make your candles last
forever,
You wives and maids give
ear-o!
To put them out is the only
way,
Says honest John Boldero.



Shoe the horse, and shoe
the mare,
But let the little colt go
bare.



Old father Grey Beard,
Without tooth or tongue;
If you'll give me your finger,
I'll give you my thumb.

Little Jack Jingle,
He used to live single:
But when he got tired of this
kind of life,
He left off being single, and
liv'd with his wife.

[To be read rapidly.]

Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled pepper;
 A peck of pickled pepper Peter Piper picked;
 If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled pepper,
 Where's the peck of pickled pepper Peter Piper
 picked?

My grandmother sent me a new-fashioned three
 cornered cambric country cut handkerchief. Not an
 old-fashioned three cornered cambric country cut hand-
 kerchief, but a new-fashioned three cornered cambric
 country cut handkerchief.

[Tobacco.]

Make three-fourths of a cross,
 And a circle complete,
 And let two semicircles
 On a perpendicular meet;
 Next add a triangle
 That stands on two feet;
 Next two simicircles,
 And a circle complete.

The fair maid who, the first of May,
 Goes to the fields at break of day,
 And washes in dew from the hawthorn tree,
 Will ever after handsome be.

[A play with the face. The child exclaims:]

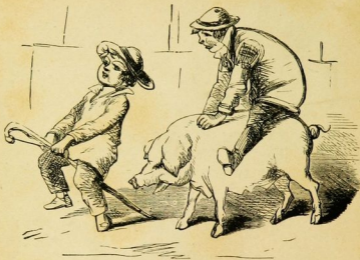
Ring the bell! . . . *giving a lock of its hair a pull.*
 Knock at the door! . . . *tapping its forehead.*
 Draw the latch! . . . *pulling up its nose.*
 And walk in! . . . *opening its mouth and putting
 in its finger.*

[Game on a child's features.]

Here sits the Lord Mayor . . . *forehead.*
 Here sit his two men . . . *eyes.*
 Here sits the cock . . . *right cheek.*
 Here sits the hen . . . *left cheek.*
 Here sit the little chickens . . . *top of nose*
 Here they run in . . . *mouth.*
 Chinchopper, chinchopper,
 Chinchopper, chin! . . . *chuck the chin.*

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?

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



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

I would if I cou'd
If I cou'dn't, how cou'd I?
I cou'dn't, without I cou'd, cou'd I?
Cou'd you, without you cou'd, cou'd ye?
Cou'd ye, cou'd ye?
Cou'd you, without you cou'd, cou'd ye?



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



Lady-bug, lady-bug,
 Fly away home,
 Your house is on fire,
 Your children at home.

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

The sow came in with the saddle,
 The little pig rock'd the cradle
 The dish jump'd up 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 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 Piggy Wiggie.

[To be sung in a high wind.]

Arthur O'Bower has broken his band,
 And he comes roaring up the land,
 King of Scots with all his power
 Never can turn Sir Arthur O'Bower.



I had a little doggy, that used to sit and beg ;
 But doggy tumbled down stairs and broke his little leg.
 Oh ! doggy, I will nurse you, and try to make you well,
 And you shall have a collar with a pretty little bell.

Ah ! doggy, don't you think you should very faithful be
 For having such a loving friend to comfort you as me ?
 And when your leg is better, and you can run and play,
 We'll have a scamper in the fields, and see them making hay.

But doggy, you must promise, and mind your word you keep
 Not once to tease the little lambs, or run among the sheep ;
 And then the yellow chicks, that play upon the grass—
 You must not even wag your tail to scare them as you pass.



Hey diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon,
The little dog laughed to see such sport,
And the dish ran after the spoon.

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?

[Two of the strongest children are selected, A and B; A stands within a ring of the children, B being outside.]

- A. Who is going round my sheepfold?
 B. Only poor old Jacky Lingo.
 A. Don't steal any of my black sheep.
 B. No, no more I will, only by one,
 Up, says Jacky Lingo. (*Strikes one.*)

[The child struck leaves the ring, and takes hold of B behind; B in the same manner takes the other children, one by one, gradually increasing his tail on each repetition of the verses, until he has got the whole: A then tries to get them back; B runs away with them; they try to shelter themselves behind B; A drags them off, one by one, setting them against a wall, until he has recovered all. A regular tearing game, as children say.]

A cat came fiddling out of a barn,
 With a pair of bag-pipes under her arm:
 She could sing nothing but fiddle cum fee,
 The mouse has married the humble-bee;
 Pipe, cat—dance, mouse,
 We'll have a wedding at our good house.

[A cinder-sifter.]

A riddle, a riddle, as I suppose,
A hundred eyes, and never a nose.

There was an owl lived in an oak,
Wisky, wasky, weedle;
And every word he ever spoke
Was fiddle, faddle, feedle.

A gunner chanced to come that way,
Wisky, wasky, weedle;
Says he, "I'll shoot you, silly bird."
Fiddle, faddle, feedle.

See-saw, sacradown, sacradown,
Which is the way to Boston town?
One foot up, the other foot down,
That is the way to Boston town.

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.



Old Mother Goose,
 When she wanted to
 wander,
 Would ride through the air
 On a very fine gander.

Mother Goose had a house,
 'Twas built in a wood,
 Where an owl at the door
 For sentinel stood.

Jack's goose and her gan-
 der
 Grew very fond ;
 They'd both eat together,
 Or swim in one pond.

This is her son Jack,
 A smart looking lad ;
 He is not very good,
 Nor yet very bad.

She sent him to market—
 A live goose he bought.
 "Here, mother," says he,
 "It will not go for naught."

Then Jack went a-courting
 A lady so gay,
 As fair as a lily,
 And sweet as the May.

Jack found one morning,
 As I have been told,
 His goose had laid him
 An egg of pure gold.

Jack rode to his mother,
 The news for to tell;
 She call'd him a good boy,
 And said it was well.

Jack sold his gold egg
 To a rogue of a Jew,
 Who cheated him out of
 The half of his due.

The Jew and the Squire
 Came close at his back,
 And began to belabor
 The sides of poor Jack.



And then the gold egg Was thrown into the sea; But Jack he jump'd in, And got it back presently.	The Jew got the goose, Which he vow'd he'd kill, Resolving at once His pockets to fill.
---	--

Jack's mother came in,
 And caught the goose soon,
 And mounting its back,
 Flew up to the moon.

Merry are the bells, and merry would they ring,
 Merry was myself, and merry could I sing;
 With a merry sing-song, happy, gay, and free,
 And a merry ding-dong, happy let us be!

Waddle goes your gait, and hollow are your hose,
 Noddle goes your pate, and purple is your nose;
 Merry is your sing-song, happy, gay, and free,
 With a merry ding-dong, happy let us be!

Merry have we met, and merry have we been,
 Merry let us part, and merry meet again;
 With our merry sing-song, happy, gay, and free,
 And a merry ding-dong, happy let us be!

TOM THUMB'S ALPHABET.

- A was an archer, and shot at a frog,
B was a butcher, and had a great dog.
C was a captain, all covered with lace,
D was a drunkard, and had a red face.
E was an esquire, with pride on his brow,
F was a farmer, and followed the plow.
G was a gamester, who had but ill luck,
H was a hunter, and hunted a buck.
I was an innkeeper, who lov'd to bouse,
J was a joiner, and built up a house.
K was King William, once governed this land,
L was a lady, who had a white hand.
M was a miser, who hoarded up gold,
N was a nobleman, gallant and bold.
O was an oyster wench, and went about town,
P was a parson, and wore a black gown.
Q was a queen, and was fond of good flip,
R was a robber, and wanted a whip.
S was a sailor, and spent all he got,
T was a tinker, and mended a pot.
U was an usurer, a miserable elf,
V was a vintner, who drank all himself.
W was a watchman, and guarded the door,
X was expensive, and so became poor.
Y was a youth, that did not love school,
Z was a zany, a poor harmless fool.



Willy boy, Willy boy, where are you going?
 I will go with you, if I may.
 I am going to the meadows, to see them mowing,
 I am going to see them make the hay.



High diddle doub, my
 candle's out,
 My little maid is not at
 home;
 Saddle my hog, and bridle
 my dog,
 And fetch my little maid
 home.



Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,
 Eating a Christmas pie;
 He put in his thumb, and he took out a plum,
 And said, "What a good boy am I!"



Little Tom Tucker
 Sings for his supper.
 What shall he eat?
 White bread and butter.
 How shall he cut it
 Without e'er a knife?
 How will he be married
 Without e'er a wife?

As I was going to market upon a market day,
I met the finest ram, sir, that ever fed on hay,

On hay, on hay, on hay—

I met the finest ram, sir, that ever fed on hay.

This ram was fat behind, sir; this ram was fat before;
This ram was ten yards round, sir; indeed he was no
more.

No more, no more, no more—

This ram was ten yards round, sir; indeed he was no
more.

The horns grew on his head, sir, they were so wondrous
high,

As I've been plainly told, sir, they reached up to the
sky,

The sky, the sky, the sky—

As I've been plainly told, sir, they reached up to the
sky.

The tail grew on his back, sir, was six yards and an ell,
And it was sent to market to toll the market bell,

The bell, the bell, the bell—

And it was sent to market to toll the market bell.

A-milking, a-milking, my maid,
"Cow, take care of your heels," she said;
"And you shall have some nice new hay,
If you'll quietly let me milk away."

Dame, get up and bake your pies,
Bake your pies, bake your pies;
Dame, get up and bake your pies,
On Christmas-day in the morning.

Dame, what makes your maidens lie,
Maidens lie, maidens lie;
Dame, what makes your maidens lie,
On Christmas-day in the morning?

Dame, what makes your ducks to die,
Ducks to die, ducks to die;
Dame, what makes your ducks to die,
On Christmas-day in the morning?

Their wings are cut and they cannot fly,
Cannot fly, cannot fly;
Their wings are cut and they cannot fly,
On Christmas-day in the morning.

Dance to your daddy,
My little babby;
Dance to your daddy,
My little lamb.

You shall have a fishy
In a little dishy;
You shall have a fishy
When the boat comes in.



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.

Bye, baby bumpkin,
Where's Tony Lumpkin?
My lady's on her death-bed,
With eating half a pumpkin.



Barber, 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.



A little pig found a fifty dollar note,
 And purchased a hat and a very fine coat,
 With trowsers, and stockings, and shoes ;
 Cravat, and shirt-collar, and gold-headed cane ;
 Then proud as could be, did
 he march up the lane.
 Says he, I shall hear all the
 news.



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 comes hush-a-bye, baby, and all,

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 !

I love sixpence, pretty little sixpence,
I love sixpence better than my life ;
I spent a penny of it, I spent another,
And took fourpence home to my wife.

Oh, my little fourpence, pretty little fourpence,
I love fourpence better than my life ;
I spent a penny of it, I spent another,
And I took twopence home to my wife.

Oh, my little twopence, my pretty little twopence,
I love twopence better than my life ;
I spent a penny of it, I spent another,
And I took nothing home to my wife.

Oh, my little nothing, my pretty little nothing,
What will nothing buy for my wife ?
I have nothing, I spend nothing,
I love nothing better than my wife.

[An Egg.]

In marble walls as white as milk,
Lined with a skin as soft as silk;
Within a fountain crystal clear,
A golden apple doth appear.
No doors there are to this stronghold—
Yet thieves break in and steal the gold.

Heigh ding-a-ding, what shall I sing?
How many holes in a skimmer?
Four and twenty. I'm half starving!
Mother, pray give me some dinner.

O that I was where I would be,
Then would I be where I am not!
But where I am I must be,
And where I would be I cannot.

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;
This tiresome old woman could never be quiet.



There was an old man of Tobago,
 Who lived on rice, gruel, and sago,
 Till, much to his bliss,
 His physician said this,
 To a leg, sir, of mutton
 you may go.

Peas 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.





Simple Simon met a pieman,
Going to the fair.
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Let me taste your ware."

Says the pieman to Simple Simon
"Show me first your penny."
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Indeed, I have not any."

Simple Simon went a-fishing,
For to catch a whale;
All the water he had got,
Was in his mother's pail.

Simple Simon went to look
If plums grew on a thistle;
He pricked his fingers very much,
Which made poor Simon whistle.

Then Simple Simon went a-hunting,
For to catch a hare;
He rode on a goat about the street,
But could not find one there.

He went for water in a sieve,
But soon it all run through;
And now poor Simple Simon
Bids you all adieu!

As Tommy Snooks and Bessy Brooks
Were walking out one Sunday,
Says Tommy Snooks to Bessy Brooks,
"To morrow will be Monday."

A was an apple-pie;
B bit it;
C cut it;
D dealt it;
E eat it;
F fought for it;
G got it;
H had it;
J joined it;
K kept it;
L longed for it;
M mourned for it;
N nodded at it;
O opened it;
P peeped in it;
Q quartered it;
R ran for it;
S stole it;
T took it;
V viewed it;
W wanted it;
X, Y, Z, and amperse-and,
All wish'd for a piece in hand.

Shoe the wild horse, and shoe the gray mare;
If the horse won't be shod, let him go bare.



The man in the moon,
Came tumbling down,
And asked the way to Norwich.
He went by the south,
And burnt his mouth,
With eating cold pease porridge

Fiddle-de-dee, fiddle-de-dee,
The fly shall marry the humble-bee.
They went to the church, and married was she,
The fly has married the humble-bee.



Cry, baby, cry,
Put your finger in your
eye,
And tell your mother it
wasn't I.



Tell tale, tit!
Your tongue shall be slit.
And all the dogs in the
town
Shall have a little bit.

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



My true love lives far from me,
 Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Dominic.
 Many a rich present he sends to me,
 Petrum, Partrum, Paradise, Temporie,
 Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Dominic.

He sent me a goose without a bone;
 He sent me a cherry without a stone.
 Petrum, &c.

He sent me a Bible no man could read;
 He sent me a blanket without a thread.
 Petrum, &c.

How could there be a goose without a bone?
 How could there be a cherry without a stone?
 Petrum, &c.

How could there be a Bible no man could read?
 How could there be a blanket without a thread?
 Petrum, &c.

When the goose is in the egg-shell there is no bone;
 When the cherry is in the blossom there is no stone.
 Petrum, &c.

When the Bible is in the press no man it can read;
 When the wool is on the sheep's back there is no thread.
 Petrum, &c.

[This is said to be a certain cure for the hiccough if repeated in one breath.]

When a twister a-twisting, will twist him a twist,
For the twisting of his twist, he three times doth intwist;
But if one of the twines of the twist do untwist,
The twine that untwisteth, untwisteth the twist.

Untwirling the twine that untwisteth between,
He twirls, with the twister, the two in a twine;
Then twice having twisted the twines of the twine,
He twisteth the twine he had twined in twain.

The twain that, in twining, before in the twine,
As twines were intwisted, he now doth untwine:
'Twixt the twain intertwisting a twine more between,
He, twirling his twister, makes a twist of the twine.

Rowley Powley, pudding and pie,
Kissed the girls and made them cry;
When the girls begin to cry,
Rowley Powley runs away.

There was a man, and his name was Dob,
And he had a wife, and her name was Mob,
And he had a dog, and he called it Cob,
And she had a cat, called Chitterabob.



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

Up Jack got and home did trot,
 As fast as he could caper;
 Dame Jill had the job to plaster his knob,
 With vinegar and brown paper.



See, saw, Margery Daw,
 Sold her bed, and lay upon
 straw.

Was not she a dirty slut,
 To sell her bed and live in
 dirt.



Little boy blue, come blow your horn;
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn.
Where's the little boy that looks after the sheep?
He's under the hay-cock, fast a-sleep.
Will you wake him? no, not I;
For if I do, he'll be sure to cry.

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

A cow and a calf,
An ox and a half,
A church and a steeple,
And all the good people,

And yet he complain'd that his stomach was'nt full.

Barney Bodkin broke his nose;
Without feet we can't have toes.
Crazy folks are always mad,
Want of money makes us sad.

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

I saw a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea;
And, oh! it was all laden
With pretty things for thee!

There were comfits in the cabin,
And apples in the hold;
The sails were made of silk,
And the masts were made of gold.

The four-and-twenty sailors,
That stood between the decks,
Were four-and-twenty white mice,
With chains about their necks.

The captain was a duck,
With a packet on his back;
And when the ship began to move,
The captain said, "Quack! quack!"

[One child holds a wand to the face of another, repeating these lines, and making grimaces, to cause the latter to laugh, and so to the others; those who laugh paying a forfeit.]

Buff says Buff to all his men,
And I say Buff to you again;
Buff neither laughs nor smiles,
But carries his face
With a very good grace,
And passes the stick to the very next place!



Little Tommy grace
had a pain in his
face,

So bad he could not
learn a letter

When in came Dicky
Long,

Singing such a fun-
ny song,

That Tommy laughed,
and found his face
much better.



Pitty Patty Polt,
Shoe the wild colt ;
Here a nail,
And there a nail
Pitty Patty Polt.



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?



The North Wind doth blow,
 And we shall have snow,
 And what will poor Robin
 do then?

He will hop to a barn,
 And to keep himself warm,
 Will hide his head under
 his wing,
 Poor thing!

There was a man and he was mad,
And he jump'd into a pea-swad ;*
The pea-swad was over-full,
So he jump'd into a roaring bull ;
The roaring bull was over-fat,
So he jump'd into a gentleman's hat ;
The gentleman's hat was over-fine,
So he jumped into a bottle of wine ;
The bottle of wine was over-dear,
So he jump'd into a bottle of beer ;
The bottle of beer was over-thick,
So he jump'd into a club-stick ;
The club-stick was over-narrow,
So he jump'd into a wheel-barrow ;
The wheel-barrow began to crack,
So he jump'd on to a hay-stack ;
The hay-stack began to blaze,
So he did nothing but cough and sneeze!

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

* The pod or shell of a pea.

There was an old woman
Lived under a hill;
She put a mouse in a bag,
And sent it to mill.

The miller declar'd
By the point of his knife,
He never took toll
Of a mouse in his life.

Hogs in the garden, catch'em Towser;
Cows in the corn-field, run boys, run;
Cat's in the cream-pot, run girls, run girls;
Fire on the mountains, run boys, run.

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.

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.



Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, where have you been?
 I've been to London to visit the Queen!
 Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, what did you there?
 I frighten'd a little mouse under his chair.

[A Horseshoer.]

What shoemaker makes shoes without leather.
 With all the four elements put together?
 Fire and water, earth and air;
 Ev'ry customer has two pair.



"Little Bo-Peep and her sheep, before she lost them."

LITTLE Bo-PEEP has lost her sheep,
And cannot tell where to find 'em;
Leave them alone, and they'll come home,
And bring their tails behind 'em.

Little Bo-Peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamt she heard them bleating;
When she awoke, she found it a joke,
For still they all were fleeting.

Then up she took her little crook,
Determined for to find them;
She found them indeed, but it made her heart bleed,
For they'd left their tails behind them.

It happen'd one day, as Bo-Peep did stray,
Unto a meadow hard by—
There she espied their tails side by side,
All hung on a tree to dry.

She heaved a sigh, and wiped her eye,
And over the hillocks she raced;
And tried what she could, as a shepherdess should,
That each tail should be properly placed.

Rock-a-bye, baby, thy cradle is green;
Father's a nobleman, mother's a queen;
And Betty's a lady, and wears a gold ring;
And Johnny's a drummer, and drums for the king.

Little Jack a Dandy
 Wanted sugar candy,
 And fairly for it cried ;
 But little Billy Cook
 Who always reads his
 book,
 Shall have a horse to ride.

Come dance a jig
 To my Granny's pig,
 With a rawdy, rowdy, dow-
 dy ;
 Come dance a jig
 To my Granny's pig,
 And pussy-cat shall crowdy.

Tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee
 Resolved to have a battle,
 For tweedle-dum said tweedle-dee
 Had spoiled his nice new rattle.
 Just then flew by a monstrous crow,
 As big as a tar-barrel,
 Which frightened both the heroes so,
 They quite forgot their quarrel.

There was a little nobby colt,
 His name was Nobby Gray ;
 His head was made of pounce straw,
 His tail was made of hay.
 He could ramble, he could trot,
 He could carry a mustard-pot,
 Round the town of Woodstock.
 Hey, Jenny, hey!



There was a little man, and he had a little gun,
 And his bullets were made of lead, lead, lead ;
 He shot Johnny King through the middle of his wig
 And knocked it right off his head, head, head.

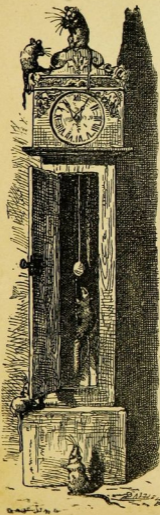


Multiplication is vexation,
 Division is as bad,
 The Rule of Three perplex-
 es me,
 And Practice drives me mad.

Leg over leg,
 As the dog went to Dover,
 When he came to a stile,
 Jump he went over.

Dickory, Dickory, Dock.

Allegro.



mf

Dick-o-ry, dick-o-ry, dock; The

mf *l.u.*

mouse ran up the clock; The

fz *>* clock struck One, The mouse ran down,

ten. *ten.*

Dick-o-ry, dick-o-ry, dock.

p *fz* *>*

[The "Three Knights of Spain" is a game in which the children form themselves in two parties, one representing a courtly dame and her daughters, the other the suitors of the daughters. The last party, moving backwards and forwards, with their arms entwined, approach and recede from the mother party, which is stationary, singing to a very sweet air.]

Suitors.

We are three brethren out of Spain,
Come to court your daughter Jane.

Mother.

My daughter Jane she is too young,
And has not learned her mother tongue.

Suitors.

Be she young, or be she old,
For her beauty she must be sold.
So fare you well, my lady gay,
We'll call again another day.

Mother.

Turn back, turn back, thou scornful knight,
And rub thy spurs till they be bright.

Suitors.

Of my spurs take you no thought,
For in this town they were not bought—
So fare you well, my lady gay,
We'll call again another day.

Mother.

Turn back, turn back, thou scornful knight,
And take the fairest in your sight.

Suitor.

The fairest maid that I can see,
Is pretty Nancy,—come to me.

Here comes your daughter safe and sound,
Every pocket with a thousand pound;
Every finger with a gay gold ring;
Please to take your daughter in.

[The man had one eye, and the tree two apples upon it.]

There was a man who had no eyes,
He went abroad to view the skies;
He saw a tree with apples on it,
He took no apples off, yet left no apples on it.

Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With cockle-shells, and silver bells,
And maidens all a row.

Away, birds, away!
 Take a little, and leave a
 little,
 And do not come again;
 For if you do,
 I will shoot you through,
 And then there will be an
 end of you.



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."

There
 She v
 She v
 And
 There
 He c
 He c
 Whic
 Whe
 She



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

There came by a peddler, whose name was Stout,
He cut her petticoats all round about;
He cut her petticoats up to the knees,
Which made the old woman to shiver and freeze.

When the little old woman first did wake,
She began to shiver, and she began to shake;

She began to wonder, and she began to cry,
"Lauk a mercy on me, this can't be I!

"But if it be I, as I hope it be,
I've a little dog at home, and he'll know me:
If it be I, he'll wag his little tail,
And if it be not I, he'll loudly bark and wail."

Home went the little woman all in the dark,
Up got the little dog, and he began to bark;
He began to bark, so she began to cry,
"Lauk a mercy on me, this is none of I."

John Cook had a little gray mare; he, haw, hum!
Her back stood up, and her bones they were bare; he,
haw, hum!

John Cook was riding up Shuter's bank; he, haw, hum!
And there his nag did kick and prank; he, haw, hum!

John Cook was riding up Shuter's hill; he, haw, hum!
His mare fell down, and she made her will; he, haw, hum!

The bridle and saddle where laid on the shelf; he,
haw, hum!

If you want any more you may sing it yourself; he,
haw, hum,

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.

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.

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

If I'd as much money as I could spend,
I never would cry old chairs to mend;
Old chairs to mend, old chairs to mend;
I never would cry old chairs to mend.

If I'd as much money as I could tell,
I never would cry old clothes to sell;
Old clothes to sell, old clothes to sell;
I never would cry old clothes to sell.



Jack Sprat could eat no fat,
 His wife could eat no lean;
 And so betwixt them both, you see,
 They licked the platter clean.



See a pin and pick it up,
 All the day you'll have good
 luck.
 See a pin and let it lay,
 Bad luck you'll have all the day.

"John, come sell thy fiddle,
 And buy thy wife a gown."
 "No, I'll not sell my fiddle,
 For ne'er a wife in town."

There
 She h
 She g
 She v



There was an old woman who 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 round, and sent them to bed.

Johnny shall have a new bonnet,
 And Johnny shall go to the fair,
 And Johnny shall have a blue ribbon
 To tie up his bonny brown hair.

And why may not I love Johnny?
 And why may not Johnny love me?
 And why may not I love Johnny,
 As well as another body?

And here's a leg for a stocking,
 And here is a leg for a shoe,
 And he has a kiss for his daddy,
 And two for his mammy, I trow.

And why may not I love Johnny?
 And why may not Johnny love me?
 And why may not I love Johnny,
 As well as another body.

[In the following, the various parts of the countenance are touched as the lines are repeated; and at the close the chin is struck playfully, that the tongue may be gently bitten.]

Eye winker,
 Tom Tinker,
 Nose dropper.
 Mouth eater,
 Chin chopper,
 Chin chopper.

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 a fire for 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.

About the bush, Willie, about the bee-hive,
About the bush, Willie, I'll meet thee alive.

Birds of a feather flock together,
And so will pigs and swine;
Rats and mice will have their choice,
And so will I have mine.

Johnny Armstrong kill'd a calf,
Peter Henderson got the half;
Willy Wilkinson got the head,—
Ring the bell, the calf is dead!



I had a little hobby horse,
And it was dapple gray,
Its head was made of pea-straw,
Its tail was made of hay.
I sold it to an old woman
For a copper groat ;
And I'll not sing my song again
Without a new coat.

Hop away, skip away, my baby wants to play ;
My baby wants to play every day.

...

...

...

ay;





