


**TRADITIONAL
NURSERY SONGS**



ARCHER TAYLOR

CHILDREN'S BOOK
COLLECTION

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The Home Treasury.



TRADITIONAL NURSERY SONGS
OF ENGLAND.

WITH PICTURES BY EMINENT MODERN ARTISTS.

EDITED BY

FELIX SUMMERLY.

SECOND EDITION, WITH NUMEROUS ADDITIONS.



LONDON :

JOSEPH CUNDALL, 12, OLD BOND STREET.

1846.

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PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION,

PUBLISHED IN 1843.



O, my dear Madam, you think Nursery Songs mere trash, not worth utterance or remembrance, and beneath the dignity of the “march of mind” of our days! I would bow to your judgment, but you always talk so loud in the midst of a song; look grave at a joke—and the leaves of that copy of Wordsworth’s Poems, presented to you on your birthday—I will not say how many years ago, still remain uncut. Facts like these, and others constantly occurring, prove that your ear cannot relish melody; and that poetry does not touch your feelings. Besides, you are still unmarried, and you say, I record it with regret, “you hate children.” Doubtless you were never born a child yourself.

It is to mothers, sisters, kind-hearted aunts, and even fathers, who are summoned to become

unwilling vocalists at break of day by young gentlemen and ladies of two years old; and to all having the charge of children, who are alive to the importance of cultivating their natural keenness for rhyme, rhythm, melody, and instinctive love for fun, that I offer this First Part of a collection of Traditional Nursery Songs. This Collection has been in progress for more than ten years, and it is now published, after a revision with all the editions by Ritson, and others that I have been able to meet with.

The Pictures, though made especially for the benefit of my young audience, will not, I feel pretty sure, be uninteresting to more advanced connoisseurs. I am not at liberty to mention the names of the artists who in their kind sympathies for children have obliged me with them. It is a mystery to be unravelled by the little people themselves, who, as they advance in a knowledge and love of beauty, will not fail to recognize in the works of some of the best of our painters of familiar life, the pencils of those who gave them early lessons in genuine art.



Traditional Nursery Songs.



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



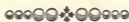
A CARRION crow sat upon an oak,
Fol de rol, de rol, de rol, de ri do,
Watching a tailor cutting out his cloak ;
Sing heigh ho ! the carrion crow,
Fol de rol, de rol, de rol, de ri do.

Wife, wife ! bring me my bow,
Fol de rol, de rol, de rol, de ri do,
That I may shoot yon carrion crow ;
Sing heigh ho ! the carrion crow,
Fol de rol, de rol, de rol, de ri do.

2 *Traditional Nursery Songs.*

The tailor he shot and miss'd his mark,
Fol de rol, de rol, de rol, de ri do ;
And shot his own sow quite through the heart ;
Sing heigh ho! the carrion crow,
Fol de rol, de rol, de rol, de ri do.

Wife, Wife! bring me brandy in a spoon ;
Fol de rol, de rol, de rol, de ri do,
For our old sow has fall'n down in a swoon,
Sing heigh ho! the carrion crow,
Fol de rol, de rol, de rol, de ri do.



A CAT came singing out of a barn,
With a pair of bag-pipes under her arm ;
She could sing nothing but fiddle de dee,
The mouse has married the humble bee ;



A DILLAR 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.

A DUCK and a drake,
A nice barley-cake,
With a penny to pay the old baker ;
A hop and a scotch,
Is another notch,
Slitherum, slatherum, take her.



A LITTLE old man and I fell out ;
How shall we bring this matter about ?
Bring it about as well as you can,
Get you gone, you little old man !



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.



A LONG-TAIL'D pig, or a short-tail'd pig,
Or a pig without a tail ?

Traditional Nursery Songs.

A sow-pig, or a boar pig,
Or a pig with a curly tail ?



A MAN of words and not of deeds
Is like a garden full of weeds ;
And when the weeds begin to grow,
It's like a garden full of snow ;
And when the snow begins to fall,
It's like a bird upon the wall ;
And when the bird away does fly,
It's like an eagle in the sky ;
And when the sky begins to roar,
It's like a lion at the door ;
And when the door begins to crack,
It's like a stick across your back ;
And when your back begins to smart,
It's like a penknife in your heart ;
And when your heart begins to bleed,
You're dead, and dead, and dead, indeed.



A PIE sate on a pear tree,
A pie sate on a pear tree,
A pie sate on a pear tree,
Heigh O ! heigh O ! heigh O !

Once so merrily hopp'd she,
Twice so merrily hopp'd she,
Thrice so merrily hopp'd she,
Heigh O! heigh O! heigh O!



A SWARM of bees in May
Is worth a load of hay;
A swarm of bees in June
Is worth a silver spoon;
A swarm of bees in July
Is not worth a fly.



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.



AS I was going to St. Ives,
I met seven wives,
Every wife had a sack,
Every sack had a cat,
Every cat had a kit;

6 *Traditional Nursery Songs.*

Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,
How many were there going to St. Ives?



AS I was going up Phippen-hill,
Phippen-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 on you.



AT the siege of Belle-isle
I was there all the while,
All the while, all the while,
At the siege of Belle-isle,
I was there all the while,
At the siege of Belle-isle.



AH, 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.



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



BONNIE lass ! bonnie lass ! wilt thou be
mine ?
Thou shalt neither wash dishes nor serve the
swine,
But sit on a cushion and sow up a seam,
And thou shalt have strawberries, sugar, and
cream.



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

BYE, O my baby!
 When I was a lady,
 O 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!



CAN you make me a cambric shirt,
 Parsley, sage, rosemary, and
 thyme,
 Without any seam or needle work?
 And you shall be a true lover of mine,

Can you wash it in yonder well,
 Parsley, &c.

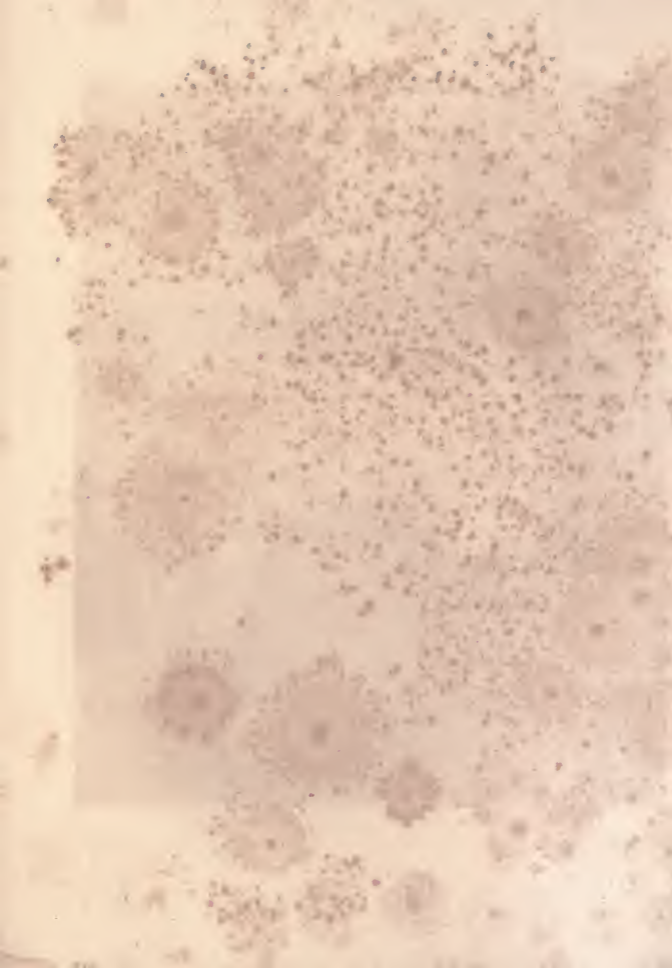
Where never sprung water, nor rain ever fell?
 And you, &c.

Can you dry it on yonder thorn,
 Parsley, &c.

Which never bore blossom since Adam was born?
 And you, &c.

Now you have ask'd me questions three,
 Parsley, &c.





I hope you'll answer as many for me,
And you, &c.

Can you find me an acre of land,
Parsley &c.
Between the salt water and the sea sand?
And you, &c.

Can you plough it with a ram's horn,
Parsley, &c.
And sow it all over with one pepper-corn?
And you, &c.

Can you reap it with a sickle of leather,
Parsley, &c.
And bind it up with a peacock's feather?
And you, &c.

When you have done and finish'd your work,
Parsley, &c.
Then come to me for your cambric shirt,
And you, &c.



CLAP hands all together,
Clap hands away,
This is the way we clap our hands
Upon a holiday.

10 *Traditional Nursery Songs.*

COCK a doodle doo!
My dame has lost her shoe;
Master's broke his fiddling stick,
And don't know what to do.



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



“**C**OME, let's to bed,” says Sleepy-head;
“Let's stay awhile,” says Slow:
“Put on the pot,” says Greedy-sot,
“We'll sup before we go.”



CROSS patch, draw the latch,
Sit by the fire and spin;
Take a cup, and drink it up,
Then call your neighbours in.



CUSHY cow bonny, let down thy milk,
And I will give thee a gown of silk:

A gown of silk and a silver tee,
If thou wilt let down thy milk to me.



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



DANCE, little baby, dance up high,
Never mind, baby, mother is by ;
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 !



DANCE, Thumbkin, dance,
[*Move the thumb up and down.*]
Dance, ye merrymen, every one :
[*Then all the fingers.*]

But sit in a lap,
And give ye some pap?
Danty baby diddy.



DID you not hear of Betty Pringle's pig!
It was not very little or yet very big;
The pig sat down upon a dunghill,
And there poor piggy he made his will.

Betty Pringle came to see this pretty pig,
That was not very little nor yet very big;
This little piggy it lay down and died,
And Betty Pringle sat down and cried.

Then Johnny Pringle buried this very pretty pig,
That was not very little nor yet very big,
So here's an end of the song of all three,
Johnny Pringle, Betty Pringle, and little Piggy.



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.

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



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.



EYE winker, [*smooth the eyebrows.*
 Nose dropper, [*stroke the nose.*
 Mouth eater, [*press the lips together.*
 Chin chopper, [*shake the chin.*
 Chin chopper.



OUR 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.



AY go up and gay go down,
To ring the bells of London town,
Oranges and lemons,
Say the bells at St. Clement's,

Bull's eyes and targets,
Say the bells of St. Marg'ret's.

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

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

Pancakes and fritters,
Say the bells of St. Peter's.

16 *Traditional Nursery Songs.*

Two sticks and an apple,
Say the bells at Whitechapel.

Pokers and tongs,
Say the bells at St. John's.

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

Old Father Baldpate,
Say the slow bells at Aldgate.

You owe me ten shillings,
Say the bells at St. Helen's.

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

When I grow rich,
Say the bells at Shoreditch.

Pray when will that be?
Say the bells of Stepney.

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

Here comes a candle to light you to bed,
And here comes a chopper to chop off your head.

GIRLS and boys, come out to play,
The moon is shining bright as day;
Leave your supper and leave your sleep,
And come with your playfellows into the street;
Come with a whoop, and come with a call,
Come with a good will, or come not at all.
Up the ladder and down the wall,
A half-penny roll will serve us all:
You find milk and I'll find flour,
And we'll have a pudding in half-an-hour.



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



GO to bed, Tom!
Go to bed, Tom!
Drunk or sober,
Go to bed, Tom!

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



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



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



HERE am I, jumping Joan ;
 When nobody's with me
 I'm always alone.



HERE comes a lusty wooer,
 My a dildin, my a daldin :
 Here comes a lusty wooer,
 Lily bright and shine a'.

Pray, who do you woo,
My a dildin, my a daldin?

Pray, who do you woo,
Lily bright and shine a'?

For your fairest daughter,
My a dildin, my a daldin;

For your fairest daughter,
Lily bright and shine a'.

Then there she is for you,
My a dildin, my a daldin;

Then there she is for you,
Lily bright and shine a'.



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.



HERE stands a fist,
Who set it there?
A better man than you,
Touch him if you dare.

20 *Traditional Nursery Songs.*

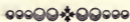
HHEY diddle diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon ;
The little dog laughed
To see such craft,
And the dish ran away with the spoon.



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



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



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

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



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



HUMPTY Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall,
Threescore men, and threescore more,
Cannot place Humpty Dumpty as he was before.



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



HUSH-a-bye, babby, lie still with thy daddy,
Thy mammy is gone to the mill,


22 *Traditional Nursery Songs.*

To get some wheat, to make some meat,
So pray, my dear babby, lie still.



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, bough, cradle and all.



**I**F I was a man as I am,
And you were the stump of a tree,
Why here I could have you,
And there I could have you,
And where could you have me?



IF all the world was apple-pie,
And all the sea was ink,
And all the trees were bread and cheese,
What should we do for drink?



IHAD 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.



I HAD a little moppet,
 I put it in my pocket,
And fed it with corn and hay ;
 Then came a proud beggar,
 And swore he would have her,
And stole little moppet away.



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



I HAD a little wife, the prettiest ever seen,
 She washed all the dishes and kept the house
 clean ;

24 *Traditional Nursery Songs.*

She went to the mill to fetch me some flour,
She brought it home safe in less than an hour,
She baked me my bread, she brewed me my ale,
She sat by the fire and told a fine tale.



I'LL sing you a song,
It's not very long :
The woodcock and the sparrow,
The little dog has burnt his tail,
And he shall be hanged to-morrow.



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.



IN fir tar is,
In oak none is.
In mud eel is,
In clay none is.

IS John Smith within?

Yes that he is.

Can he set a shoe?

Ay, marry, two.

Here a nail, there a nail,

Tick, tack, too.



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.



JACKY, come give me thy fiddle,

If ever thou mean to thrive.

Nay ; I'll not give my fiddle

To any man alive.

If I should give my fiddle,

They'll think that I'm gone mad ;

For many a joyful day

My fiddle and I have had.

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



JOE Dobson was an Englishman
In days of Robin Hood,
A country farmer eke was he,
 In forest of Sherwood.

Joe Dobson said unto his dame,
 “ I vow that I could do,
More household work in any day,
 Than you could do in two.”

She quick replied, “ I do declare
 Your words you shall fulfill,
To-morrow you my place shall take,
 I'll to the plough or mill.”

Next morning came ; they sallied forth,
 Each sure of doing well ;
She with a whip, he with a pail,
 The rest I soon will tell,

To milk the cow Joe Dobson went,
His business to begin ;
She tossed the pail, and kicked his leg,
The blood ran down his shin.

To boil the pot next Dobson went,
The fire he had forgot,
He ran with chips and burnt his head,
Oh ! grievous was his lot.

He found the dough his wife had set
The household bread to make,
But stooping down to knead it well,
His back did sorely ache.

Joe Dobson then sat down to reel
The yarn his rib had spun,
But puzzled and perplex'd was he,
He swore it was no fun.

And now he tried to wash the clothes,
But sore against his will ;
The water scalded both his hands,
Bad luck pursued him still.

He went to hang the clothes to dry,
It was a lovely day,

28 *Traditional Nursery Songs.*

But oh! alas! a magpie came
And stole his wig away.

Poor Joe look'd up with doleful face,
It was his Sunday wig,
The magpie flew with rapid flight,
And left it on a twig.

Now loud the hens and turkeys screamed,
The ducks and geese loud quack'd,
Enraged for food, which Joe forgot,
He was by all attack'd.

Across the yard in haste he ran
The little pigs to feed,
The old sow tripp'd him in the mud,
In spite of all his heed.

Quite out of heart, and sorely vex'd,
In piteous case was he,
While from her work his wife came back,
As blythe as blythe could be.

Now Mrs. Dobson, tidy soul,
Soon set all neat and right,
Prepared the meat, and drew the ale,
They bravely fared that night.

And as they at their supper sat,
Joe sullenly confess'd,
He was convinced that wives could do
The household business best.



LADY-Bird, Lady-Bird,
Fly away home,
Your house is on fire,
Your children will burn.



1. LET us go to the wood, says this pig ;
2. L What to do there ? says that pig ;
3. To look for my mother, says this pig ;
4. What to do with her ? says that pig ;
5. To kiss her to death, says this pig.

Note. This is said to each finger.



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.

30 *Traditional Nursery Songs.*

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

Then up she took her little crook,
Determin'd 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.



LITTLE boy blue, come blow me your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in
the corn ;
Where is the little boy tending the sheep ?
Under the haycock fast asleep.



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

He put in his thumb,
And pull'd out a plum,
And said, "What a good boy am I!"



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.



LITTLE Jenny Wren fell sick upon a time,
When in came Robin Redbreast and brought
her sops and wine,
"Eat, Jenny, drink, Jenny, all shall be thine!"
"Thank you, Robin, kindly, you shall be mine."
Then Jenny Wren got better, and stood upon
her feet,
And said to Robin Redbreast, "I love thee not
a bit."
Then Robin he grew angry, and jumped upon
a twig,
"Hoot upon thee! fie upon thee! you bold
Fizgig!"

32 *Traditional Nursery Songs.*

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



LITTLE Nan Etticoat
In a white petticoat
And a red nose ;
The longer she stands,
The shorter she grows.



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 jumped 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 hopp'd away.

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 ?



LONDON bridge is broken down,
Dance o'er my lady lee ;
London bridge is broken down,
With a gay lady.

How shall we build it up again ?
Dance o'er my lady lee ;
How shall we build it up again ?
With a gay lady.

Build it up with silver and gold,
Dance o'er my lady lee ;
Build it up with silver and gold,
With a gay lady.

34 *Traditional Nursery Songs.*

Silver and gold will be stole away,
 Dance o'er my lady lee ;
Silver and gold will be stole away,
 With a gay lady.

Build it up again with iron and steel,
 Dance o'er my lady lee ;
Build it up with iron and steel,
 With a gay lady.

Iron and steel will bend and brake,
 Dance o'er my lady lee ;
Iron and steel will bend and brake,
 With a gay lady.

Build it up with wood and clay,
 Dance o'er my lady lee ;
Build it up with wood and clay,
 With a gay lady.

Wood and clay will wash away,
 Dance o'er my lady lee ;
Wood and clay will wash away,
 With a gay lady.

Build it up with stone so strong,
 Dance o'er my lady lee ;

Huzza! 'twill last for ages long,
With a gay lady.



LONG legs, crooked thighs,
Little head and no eyes.
What's that?



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



NEEDLES and pins, needles and
pins,
When a man marries his trouble
begins.



OLD King Cole
Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he ;
He called for his pipe,

36 *Traditional Nursery Songs.*

And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.
Every fiddler, he had a fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he ;
Twee tweedle dee, tweedle dee, went the fiddlers.
Oh, there's none so rare,
As can compare
With King Cole and his fiddlers three !



OLD mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard,
To give her poor dog a bone ;
But when she came there
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.

She went to the baker's
To buy him some bread,
And when she came back
The poor dog was dead.

She went to the joiner's
To buy him a coffin,
And when she came back
The poor dog was laughing.





She took a clean dish
To get him some tripe,
And when she came back
He was smoking his pipe.

She went to the ale-house
To get him some beer,
And when she came back
The dog sat in a chair.

She went to the tavern
For white wine and red,
And when she came back
The dog stood on his head.

She went to the hatter's
To buy him a hat,
And when she came back
He was feeding the cat.

She went to the barber's
To buy him a wig,
And when she came back
He was dancing a jig.

She went to the fruiterer's
To buy him some fruit,

38 *Traditional Nursery Songs.*

And when she came back
He was playing the flute.

She went to the tailor's
To buy him a coat,
And when she came back,
He was riding a goat.

She went to the cobbler's
To buy him some shoes,
And when she came back
He was reading the news.

She went to the sempstress
To buy him some linen,
And when she came back
The dog was spinning.

She went to the hosier's
To buy him some hose,
And when she came back
He was dressed in his clothes.

The dame made a curtsy,
The dog made a bow ;
The dame said, " Your servant,"
The dog said, " Bow, wow."

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, maids a courting ;
Fifteen, sixteen, maids in the kitchen ;
Seventeen, eighteen, maids a waiting ;
Nineteen, twenty, I'm very empty ;
Please, Mamma, give me some dinner.



ONE, two, three, four, five,
1, 2, 3, 4, 5,
I caught a hare alive ;
Six, seven, eight, nine, ten ;
6, 7, 8, 9, 10,
And let it go again.



ONE misty moisty morning,
When cloudy was the weather,
There I met an old man
Clothed all in leather ;

40 *Traditional Nursery Songs.*

Clothed all in leather,
With cap under his chin,
How do you do, and how do you do,
And how do you do again?



ONE-ERY, two-ery,
Ziccary zan ;
Hollow bone, crack a bone,
Ninery, ten :
Hink, spink, the puddings stink,
The fat begins to fry,
Nobody at home, but jumping Joan,
Father, mother, and I.
Stick, stock, stone dead,
Blind man can't see,
Every knave will have a slave,
You or I must be HE.

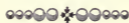


PAT a cake, pat a cake, baker's man,
So I will, master, as fast as I can ;
Pat it, and prick it, and mark it
with B.
And toss it in the oven for Baby and
me.

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



PRAY remember
The fifth of November,
Gunpowder treason and plot ;
I see no reason
Why gunpowder treason
Should ever be forgot.



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.

RAIN, rain,
 Go away,
 Come again
 Another day ;
 Little Johnny
 Wants to play.



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



ROBERT Barnes, fellow fine,
 Can you shoe this horse of mine ?
 Yes, good Sir, that I can,
 As well as any other man ;
 There's a nail, and there's a prod,
 And now, good Sir, your horse is shod.



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."



ROBIN HOOD, Robin Hood,
Is in the forest wood!
Little John, Little John,
He to the town is gone.

Robin Hood, Robin Hood,
Is telling of his beads,
All in the green wood,
Among the grassy weeds.

Little John, Little John,
If he comes no more,
Robin Hood, Robin Hood,
He will fret full sore!



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!

44 *Traditional Nursery Songs.*

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 wasn't
full.



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



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.



EE-SAW, Jack-a-daw,
Johnny shall have a new master ;
Johnny shall have but a penny a day,
Because he can't work any faster.

SEE-SAW, Margery Daw
Sold her bed, and lay upon straw ;
Was not she a dirty slut,
To sell her bed and lie in the dirt ?



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



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



SING ! sing ! what shall I sing ?
The cat's run away with the pudding-bag
string.



SING a song of sixpence, a pocket full of rye,
Four and twenty blackbirds baked in a pie.
When the pie was opened the birds began to sing,
And was not that a dainty dish to set before the
king ?

46 *Traditional Nursery Songs.*

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



SNAIL! Snail! come out of your hole,
Or else I'll beat you as black as a coal.

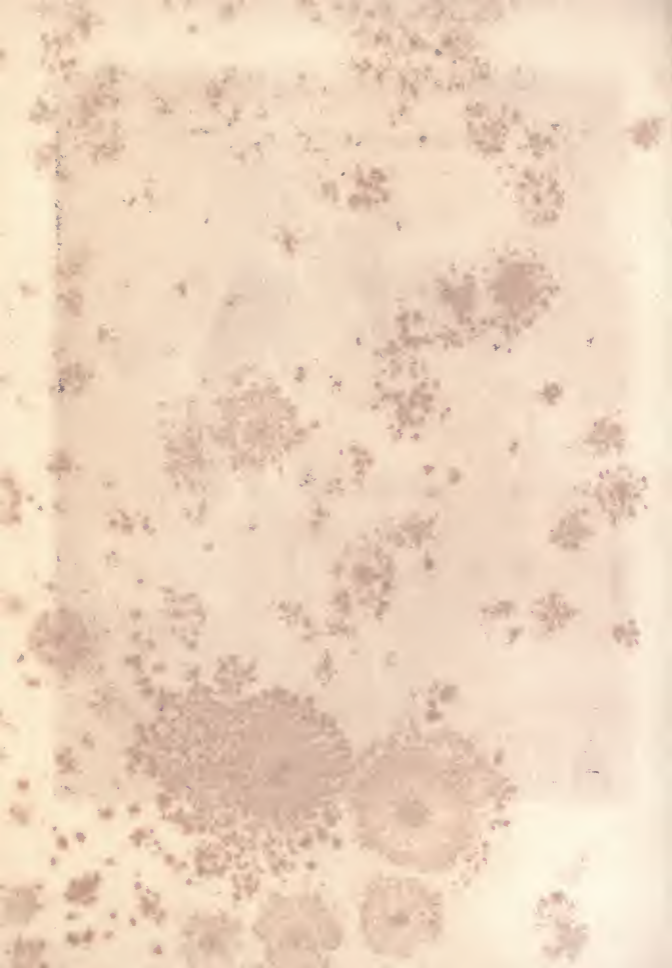


SWING! swong! the days are long ;
The woodcock and the sparrow ;
The little dog has burnt his tail,
And he shall be hanged to-morrow.
To-morrow, to-morrow.



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



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



THE cat sat asleep by the fire,
The mistress snored loud as a pig,
Jack took up his fiddle by Jenny's desire,
And struck up a bit of a jig.
“Ods bobs,” said the dame, jumping up from
her chair,
“Such music, dear Johnny, as that
Compels one to dance;” but John called out,
“Beware,
Or you'll tread on the tail of the cat.”

48 *Traditional Nursery Songs.*

The fiddler's kind warning proved totally vain,
The happy old lady danced round,
She trod on poor pussy, who squalled with the
 pain,
And tumbled the dame to the ground.

“ Why, Goody,” cried Gaffer, “ you're rather
 too big,
 Like a baby, to lie sprawling there.”
But while he thus joked her, Poll twitched off
 his wig,
And left his poor noddle quite bare.

Poll flew with the prize quite delighted about,
While Gaffer most loudly did roar ;
When quick from the saucepan the pudding
 jumped out,
And danced in the sand on the floor.

The dame began laughing, the parrot laughed
 too ;
The pudding bounced open the door ;
The door being open, Poll out of it flew,
And they fear'd they should see her no more.

Poll flew with her prize to the top of a tree ;
Gaffer pelted with dirt and with stones ;

When Goody, enraged that the parrot was free,
Protested she'd break all his bones.

Gaffer swore in his rage, and he look'd like a
fool,

He vowed he would go for his gun ;
And a host of young urchins, returning from
school,

Hurrahed at the glorious fun.

Poll wickedly into a pond dropp'd the wig,
By the side of which grew a tall tree ;
Gaffer cut a long bough, and fish'd for his wig ;
The boys danced and shouted with glee.

At last Gaffer managed to hook out his wig,
Which suspended his desperate rage ;
Jack struck up a tune, and they all danced a jig,
And the Parrot flew back to her cage.



THE cuckoo is a bonny bird,
He sings as he flies ;
He brings us good tidings,
He tells us no lies.

50 *Traditional Nursery Songs.*

He sucks little birds' eggs,
To make his voice clear ;
And never cries " cuckoo !"
Till the spring time is near.



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.



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,
Some gave them brown,
Some gave them plumcake,
And sent them out of town.



THE man in the moon,
Came down too soon,
And ask'd his way to Norwich ;
He went by the south

And burnt his mouth
With eating cold plum-porridge.



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.



THE north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor Robin do then?
Poor thing!
He'll sit in a barn,
And keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing.
Poor thing!



THE queen of hearts,
She made some tarts,
All on a summer's day;
The knave of hearts
He stole those tarts,
And with them ran away:

52 *Traditional Nursery Songs.*

The king of hearts
Call'd for those tarts,
And beat the knave full sore ;
The knave of hearts
Brought back those tarts,
And said he'd ne'er steal more.

The king of spades
He kiss'd the maids,
Which vex'd the queen full sore ;
The queen of spades
She beat those maids
And turn'd them out of door ;
The knave of spades
Grieved for those jades,
And did for them implore ;
The queen so gent
She did relent,
And vow'd she ne'er strike more.

The king of clubs
He often drubs
His loving queen and wife ;
The queen of clubs
Returns him snubs,
And all is noise and strife :

The knave of clubs
Gives winks and rubs,
And swears he'll take her part ;
For when our kings
Will do such things,
They should be made to smart.

The diamond king
I fain would sing,
And likewise his fair queen,
But that the knave,
A haughty slave,
Must needs step in between.
“ Good diamond king,
With hempen string
This haughty knave destroy,
Then may your queen,
With mind serene,
Your royal love enjoy.”



THERE was a little boy went into a barn,
And lay down on some hay ;
An owl came out and flew about,
And the little boy ran away.

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

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

He often squeak'd, and sometimes violent,
 And when he squeak'd 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, as I'm told by men of sense,
 He never has been living since.



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 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.



THERE was a little woman, as I've heard tell,
She went to market her eggs for to sell,
She went to market, 'twas on a market day,
She fell asleep on the king's highway.

There came a little pedlar, whose name was
Stout,

He cut her petticoats all round about ;
He cut her petticoats up above her knees,
Until her little knees began for to freeze.

When the little woman began to awake,
She began to shiver, and she began to shake ;
Her knees began to freeze, and she began to cry,
O lawk ! O 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 ;

56 *Traditional Nursery Songs.*

If it be I, he will wag his little tail,
But if it be not I, he'll bark and he'll rail.

Up jump'd the little woman, all in the dark,
Up jump'd the dog, and he began to bark ;
The dog began to bark, and she began to cry,
O lawk ! O mercy on me ! I see it is not I.



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



THERE was a ship, a stately ship,
Set sail upon the main,
And strange and wondrous things befel
Ere she return'd again.

Her sails were all of satin fine,
Her masts they were all gold ;

There were comfits in the cabin,
Barley-sugar in the hold.

There were fourteen little sailors,
All skipping on the deck,
And each were little white mice,
With collars round their neck.

Their captain was a noble drake,
With jacket on his back,
Who, as the ship went sailing on,
Sang quack, quack, quack.

At length arose a fearful storm
Of wind, and hail, and rain ;
The golden masts were broken,
The sails were torn in twain.

The fourteen little sailors were
All huddled on the decks,
And could not think of any plan
Whereby to save their necks.

The captain he declared that they
Must either drown or swim ;
And they wept and pray'd him sorely,
For they'd no help but him.

58 *Traditional Nursery Songs.*

Then bestir yourselves, he cried,
And jump upon my back ;
And he landed them all safely,
And sung, quack, quack, quack.



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



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,
For in her hand she carried a broom.
“ Old woman, old woman, old woman,” said I,
“ Whither, oh whither, oh whither, so high ?”
“ Only to sweep the cobwebs off the sky,
And I shall be back again by and by.”

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,
And yet this old woman could never be quiet.



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 soundly and sent them to bed.



THERE was an old woman lived under a hill,
And if she ben't gone, she lives there still.



THERE was an old woman had three sons,
Jeffery, Jemmy, and John ;

Jeffery was hung, and Jemmy was drowned,
And Johnny was never more found :

So there was an end of these three sons,
Jeffery, Jemmy, and John.

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

The cow considered very well,
For she gave the piper a penny,
That he might play the tune again,
Of corn rigs are right bonnie !



THERE were two little birds sat on a stone,
Fal la, la la lal de.
One flew away, and then there was one,
Fal la, la la lal de.
The other flew after, and then there was none,
Fal la, la la lal de.
So the poor stone was left all alone,
Fal la, la la lal de.



1. **T**HIS is the house that Jack built.
2. **T**his is the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

3. This is the rat
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.
4. This is the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.
5. This is the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.
6. This is the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.
7. This is the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,

62 *Traditional Nursery Songs.*

That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

8. This is the man all tatter'd and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

9. This is the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tatter'd and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

10. This is the cock that crow'd in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tatter'd and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,

That milk'd the cow with the crumpled
horn,

That tossed the dog,

That worried the cat,

That killed the rat,

That ate the malt

That lay in the house that Jack built.

11. This is the farmer sowing his corn,
That kept the cock that crow'd in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tatter'd and torn,
That kiss'd the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled
horn,

That tossed the dog,

That worried the cat,

That killed the rat,

That ate the malt

That lay in the house that Jack built.



1. **T**HIS little pig went to market ;
2. This little pig stayed at home ;
3. This little pig had a bit of bread and butter ;

64 *Traditional Nursery Songs.*

4. This little pig had none ;
5. This little pig said " Wee, wee, wee,"
I can't find my way home !

Note. Addressed to the five toes.



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.

You parents that have children dear,
And eke you that have none ;
If you would have them safe abroad,
Pray keep them safe at home.



THREE little dogs were basking in the cin-
ders ;
Three little cats were playing in the windows ;
Three little mice popped out of a hole,
And a piece of cheese they stole.

The three little cats jumped down in a trice,
And cracked the bones of the three little mice.



THREE little mice sat down to spin,
Pussy pass'd by, and she peep'd in ;
“ What are you at, my little men ?”
“ Making coats for gentlemen ?”
“ Shall I come in, and cut off your thread ?”
“ No ! no ! Miss Pussy, you'll bite off our head.”



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



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



TRIP upon trenchers, and dance upon dishes,
My mother sent me for some barm, some
barm ;
She bid me tread lightly, and come again quickly,
For fear the young men should do me some harm.

66 *Traditional Nursery Songs.*

Yet didn't you see, yet didn't you see,
What naughty tricks they put upon me :
They broke my pitcher,
And spilt the water,
And huff'd my mother,
And chid her daughter,
And kiss'd my sister instead of me.



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.



UP the hill urge me not,
Down the hill ride me not,
Along the level spare me not,
In the stable forget me not.



WE'RE all dry with drinking on't,
We're all dry with drinking on't ;
The piper kiss'd the fiddler's wife,
And I can't sleep for thinking on't.

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



WHEN good king Arthur ruled this land,
He was a goodly king ;
He stole three pecks of barley-meal,
To make a bag-pudding.

A bag-pudding the king did make,
And stuff'd it well with plums :
And in it put great lumps of fat,
As big as my two thumbs.

The king and queen did eat thereof,
And noblemen beside ;
And what they could not eat at night,
The queen next morning fried.



WHEN the wind 's in the east,
'Tis neither good for man nor beast ;
When the wind is in the north,
The skilful fisher then goes not forth ;

68 *Traditional Nursery Songs.*

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.



WHEN I was a batchelor,
I lived by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I got,
I put upon the shelf.
The rats and the mice they made such a strife,
I was forced to go to London to buy me a wife :
The roads were so bad, and the lanes were so
narrow,
I was forced to bring my wife home in a wheel-
barrow.
The wheel-barrow broke, and my wife had a fall,
Down came wheel-barrow, wife and all.

THE END.





