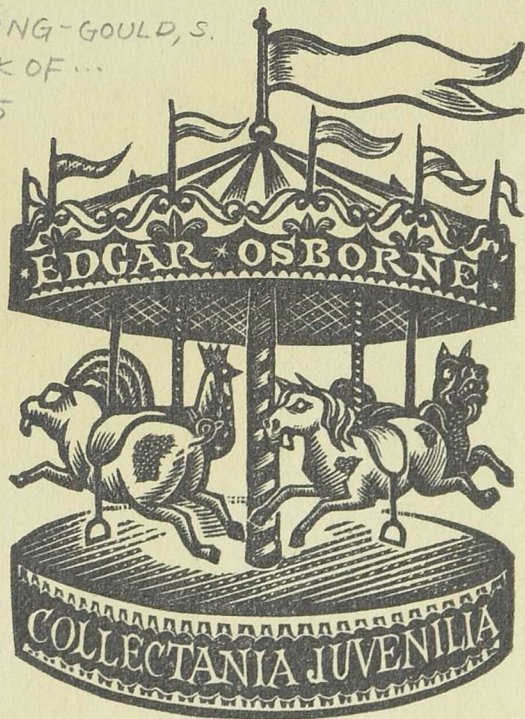




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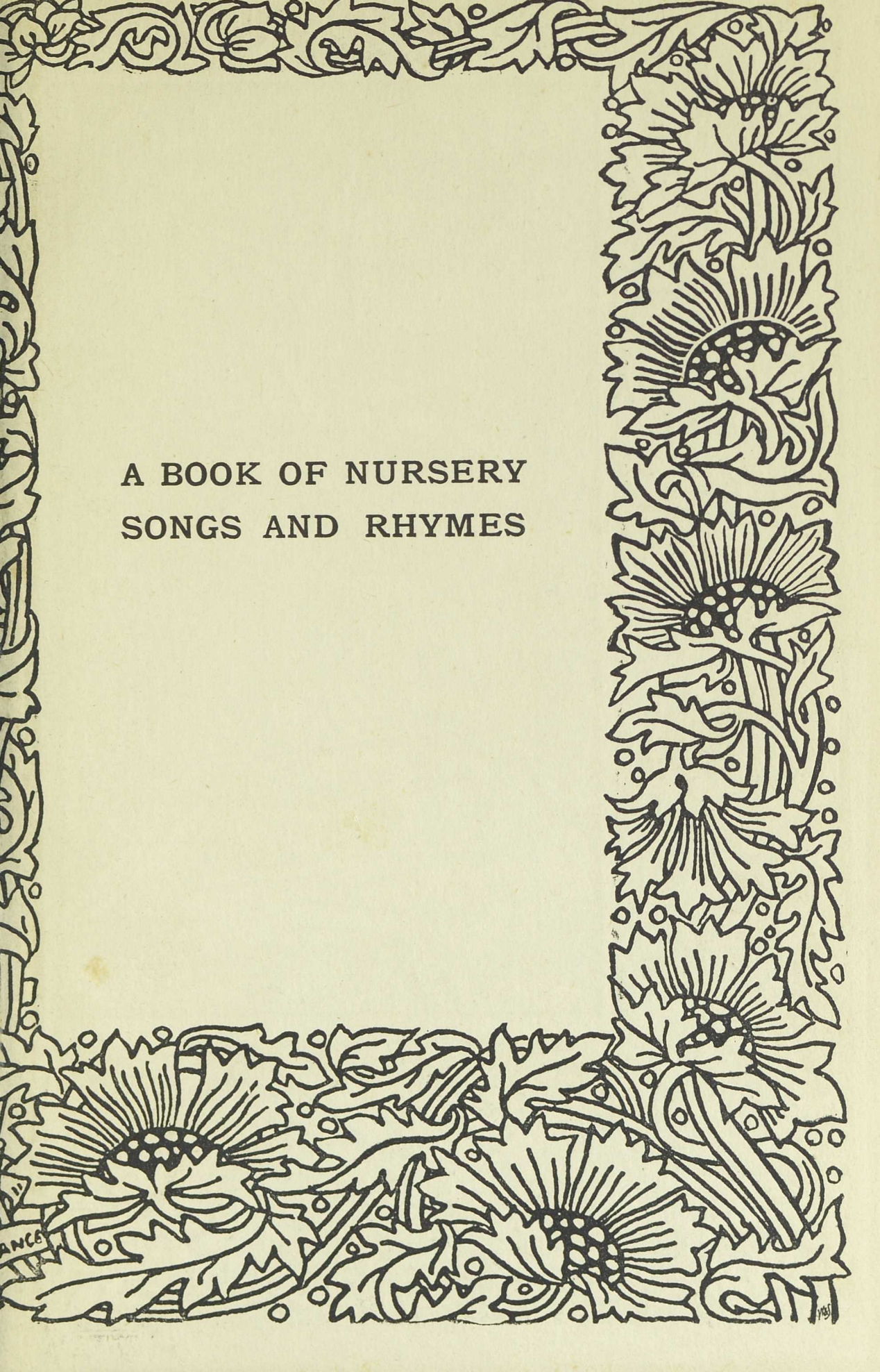
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A BOOK OF NURSERY
SONGS AND RHYMES

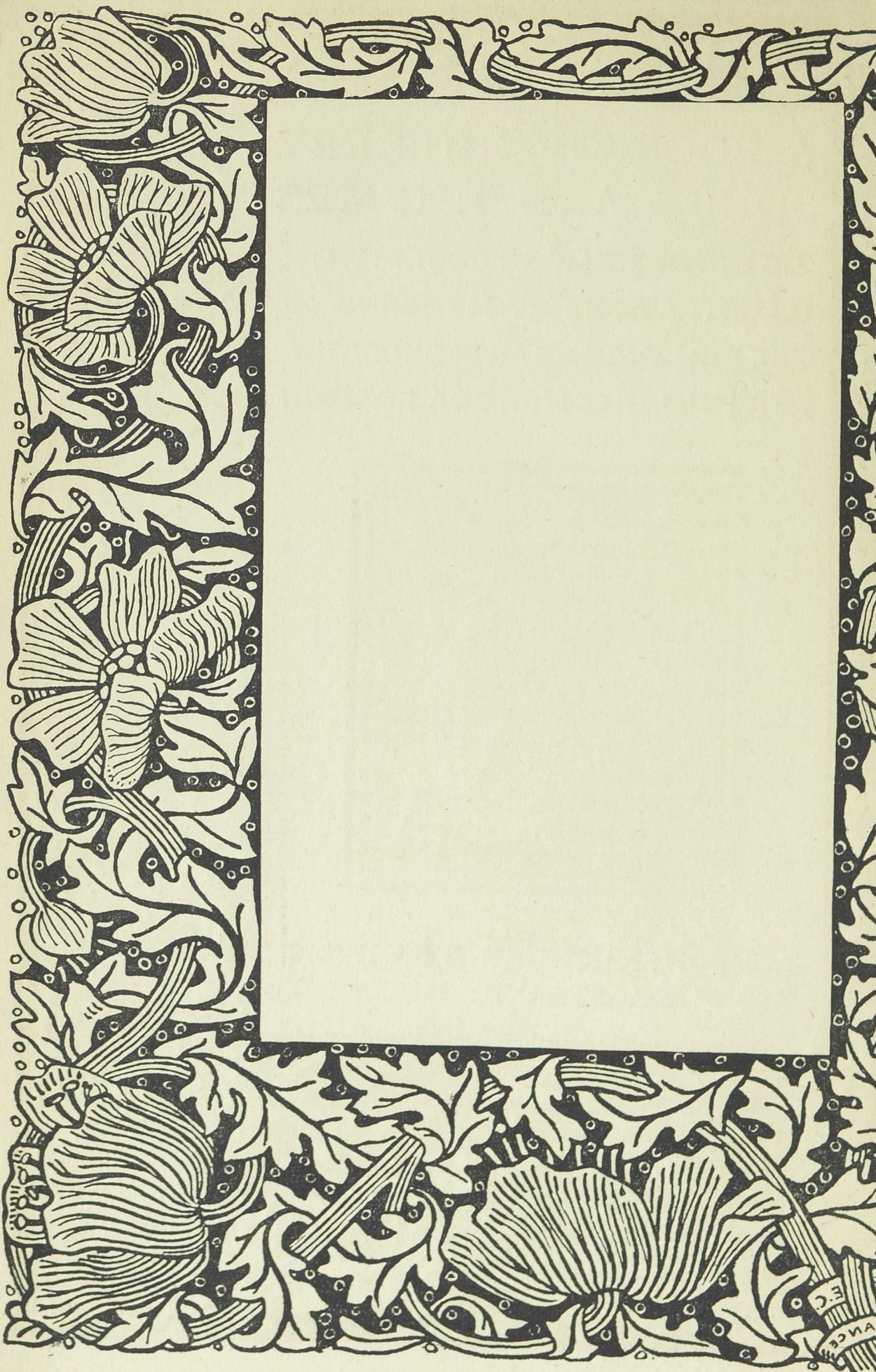


A BOOK OF NURSERY
SONGS AND RHYMES

EDITED BY S. BARING-GOULD: WITH
ILLUSTRATIONS BY MEMBERS OF
THE BIRMINGHAM ART SCHOOL UN-
DER THE DIRECTION OF A. J. GASKIN



LONDON: METHUEN & COMPANY
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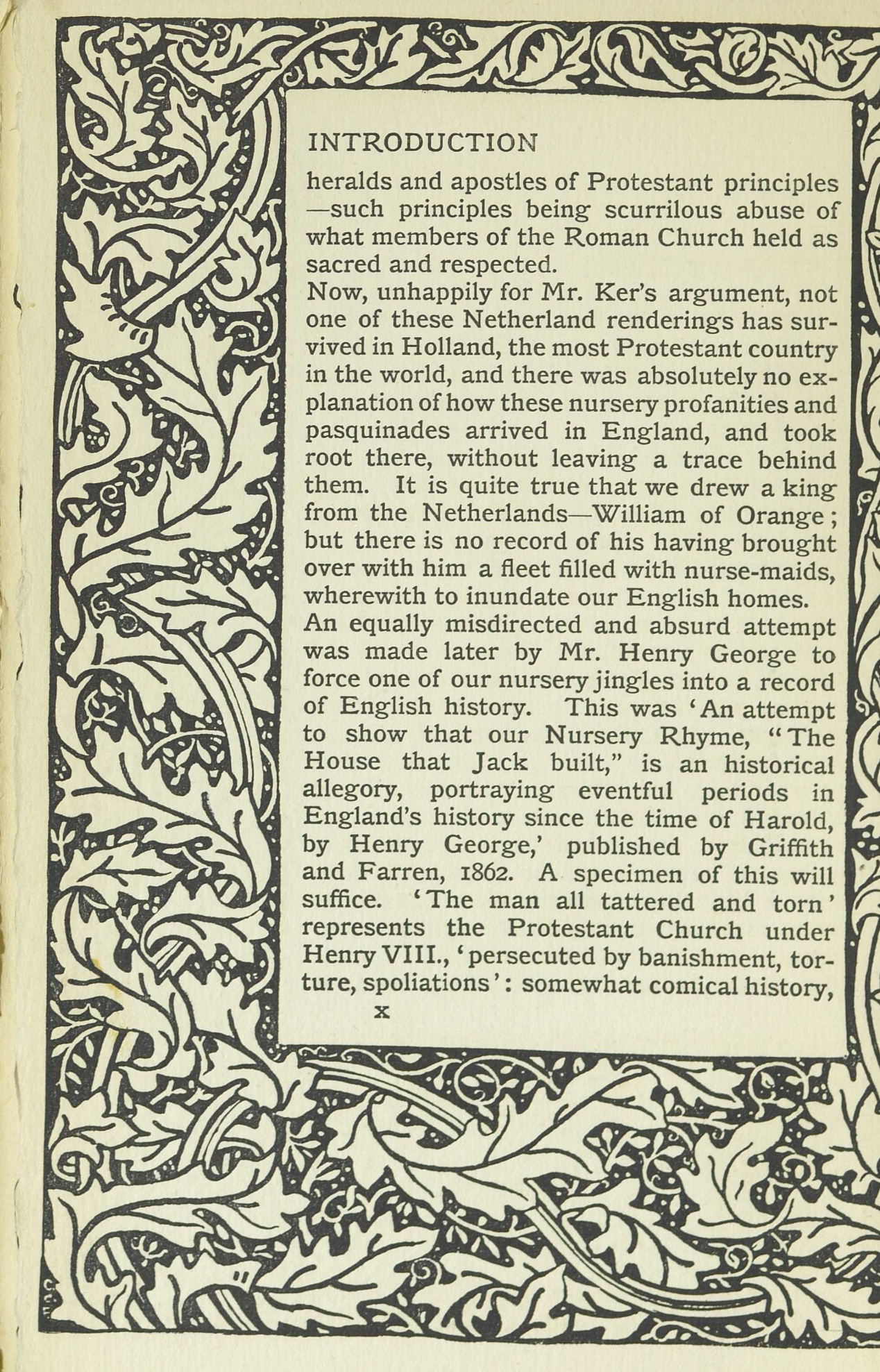
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A decorative border of stylized flowers and leaves surrounds the text. The flowers have multiple petals and a central cluster of small circles. The leaves are pointed and have small circles along their edges. The border is composed of repeating patterns of these floral elements.

INTRODUCTION

IN 1837 Mr. J. B. Ker gave a book to the world in two volumes, entitled 'The Archæology of Nursery Rhymes,' which is, perhaps, one of the oddest instances extant of mis-directed labour.

Mr. Ker started from the point that Nursery Rhymes are usually arrant nonsense. Why should little Miss Muffet sit on a tuffet, and little Jack Horner occupy a corner? He assumed that the English nurse was incapable of composing and singing nonsense, which, it must be allowed, was a large assumption at the outset. Then he convinced himself, and desired to convince others, that a great deal of meaning lurked behind this nonsense. To find out the meaning was his next undertaking, and he discovered that by rendering the Nursery Rhymes of Old England into Dutch words having a resemblance in sound more or less far-fetched, strings of words could be obtained which, with a little arrangement, were capable of being represented as a tirade against monachism, sacerdotalism, catholicism. Consequently the nurses of England were the true



INTRODUCTION

heralds and apostles of Protestant principles—such principles being scurrilous abuse of what members of the Roman Church held as sacred and respected.

Now, unhappily for Mr. Ker's argument, not one of these Netherland renderings has survived in Holland, the most Protestant country in the world, and there was absolutely no explanation of how these nursery profanities and pasquinades arrived in England, and took root there, without leaving a trace behind them. It is quite true that we drew a king from the Netherlands—William of Orange; but there is no record of his having brought over with him a fleet filled with nurse-maids, wherewith to inundate our English homes.

An equally misdirected and absurd attempt was made later by Mr. Henry George to force one of our nursery jingles into a record of English history. This was 'An attempt to show that our Nursery Rhyme, "The House that Jack built," is an historical allegory, portraying eventful periods in England's history since the time of Harold, by Henry George,' published by Griffith and Farren, 1862. A specimen of this will suffice. 'The man all tattered and torn' represents the Protestant Church under Henry VIII., 'persecuted by banishment, torture, spoliations': somewhat comical history,

A decorative border with a repeating floral and leaf pattern in white on a black background, framing the text. The pattern includes stylized flowers, leaves, and vines.

INTRODUCTION

for it was rather the Roman Catholic Church which was despoiled by that monarch. The 'kissing the maiden all forlorn' signifies 'Elizabeth's union of the Churches.' Mr. George also gives the Jewish nursery rhyme found in all passover books, and which he pompously describes as taken out of 'an ancient Jewish hymn in the Bodleian library, Oxford,' and plays the same tricks with it. Undoubtedly Mr. George had read Mr. Ker's book.

The fact really is that which Mr. Ker recognised at the outset: Nursery Rhymes are nonsense. To which we may add, that in a good many cases they never were intended to be otherwise. They owe their origin to the circumstance that children have to be amused and lulled, and that a bit of rhyme, set to an easy tune, will lull them to sleep when peevish, and amuse them in the twilight, when they are tired of romping and racketing.

One thing a nurse would be certain to do, in either case, would be to sing to the child some ditty she herself has heard—probably as a child, and which she remembers imperfectly. A long song thus gets cut down to a couple of verses; and, in another generation, the two verses shrink into one.

An instance in case is that of the song 'All

A decorative border of stylized flowers and leaves surrounds the text. The flowers have multiple petals and prominent stamens, and the leaves are large and pointed. The border is composed of repeating patterns of these floral elements.

INTRODUCTION

in a Misty Morning.' This appears in Durfy's 'Pills to Purge Melancholly,' 1719, in fifteen stanzas. This has as its burden, 'With how do you do? and how do you do? and how do you do again?'

I have heard this sung in a most fragmentary manner, never extending beyond three verses. The story of Jack and Jill exists in a long ballad; of that nothing has remained in the nursery save the lines—

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.

Little Jack Horner is the subject of a very lengthy ballad and chap-book tale. He is a sort of Jack the Giant Killer, and Tom Thumb, and Tom, the Piper's Son with the magic pipes that make all men dance. But what of all that remains? Nothing. Everything is gone, save the solitary incident of his putting his thumb into the Christmas pudding, and belauding himself like the Pharisee. Some old ballads have been mutilated purposely, because indelicate and unfit for children's ears, and in the process of mutilation have lost their significance. They have lived in this condition, whereas

A dense, repeating floral border surrounds the text. The pattern consists of stylized flowers with multiple petals and leaves, arranged in a continuous, interlocking design. The colors are black and white.

INTRODUCTION

the originals have happily disappeared. But in a great majority of cases nursery jingles are due to no other origin than the clashing together of rhymes. Why did

Little Jack Jingle
Use to live single—

save because the rhyme required it. And

Little Jack-a-dandy
Wanted sugar-candy ;

whereas—

Little Billy Cook
Always reads a book,

for no other earthly reason than that 'candy' rhymes with 'dandy,' and 'book' rhymes with 'Cook.'

It is true that some nursery rhymes, and especially game rhymes, have an origin that points back to very early beliefs and usages. This is far more the case in Germany than in England. Nevertheless, there are some of ours that derive from an early period in the history of civilisation.

The counting out rhymes may be, and probably are, a relic of the time when such counting out was employed for selecting a victim for sacrifice. As I have noticed in the notes, Jack and Jill in the nursery rhyme are reminiscences of Hjuki and Bil the two



INTRODUCTION

children in the moon, according to Scandinavian mythology.

Some nursery rhymes have a definite object aimed at,—that of practising a child's memory, or of teaching it the letters of the alphabet, or the numbers of a clock face, or the ordinary numerals.

In Jewish books of prayer for the Paschal Festival, two nursery rhymes are almost always inserted, wherewith the tedium of the service may be lightened to the children. One of these is very similar to our English, 'Sing a song of One, O!' It begins thus:—

Who is one, and who can declare it?
I will teach you it;
One is God in Heaven and on earth.
What is two, and who can declare it?
I will teach you it;
Two are the tables of the Covenant,
One is God in Heaven, etc.
What is three, and who can declare it?
I will teach you it;
Three are the Patriarchs,
Two are the tables, etc.,
One is God, etc.
and so on to twelve.

The other nursery song is like our 'Stick, stick, beat dog.' It begins:—



INTRODUCTION

There was a lamb, a little lamb,
And daddy he did buy it.
There came a nasty pussy cat
And ate the little lambkin.

A dog that was enraged
Because of guiltless blood,
Came hastening swift as arrow,
And tore to death the cat.

A stick stood by the doggie
Had long been used in threat,
The stick it beat the doggie,
And doggie fell down dead.

Upon the hearth the fire,
To avenge the stick it came,
The stick was next consumed
All in the ardent flame.

There bubbled up a fountain,
The water out did well,
It washèd o'er the fire
And quenchèd it as well.

A thirsty ox came thither,
And drew towards the spring,
He drank and drank, and drinking
He drained the well away.

A decorative border of stylized flowers and leaves surrounds the text. The flowers have multiple petals and prominent stamens, and the leaves are broad and pointed. The border is composed of repeating patterns of these elements, creating a rich, textured frame.

INTRODUCTION

A butcher drew up slyly
And in his hand a knife,
He fell upon the oxen,
And took its precious life.

Then ensues a moral. God avenges all violence. Death butchers the butcher, and the butcher butchers the ox, and the ox sucks up the water, and the water quenches the fire, and the fire burns the stick, and the stick beats the dog, and the dog tears the cat, and the cat eats the little lamb that belonged to my daddy, and for which he paid—so much.

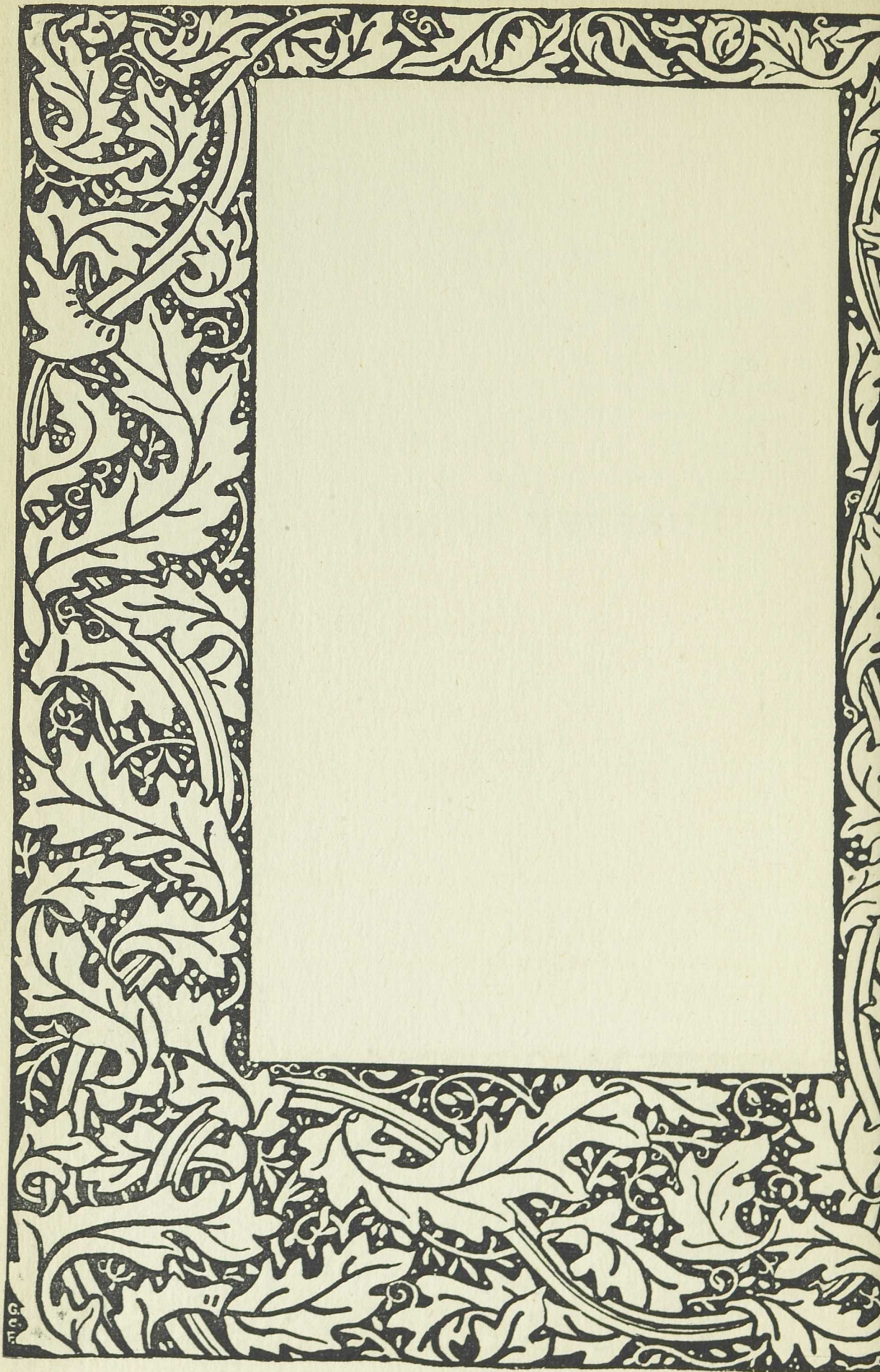
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NURSERY SONGS

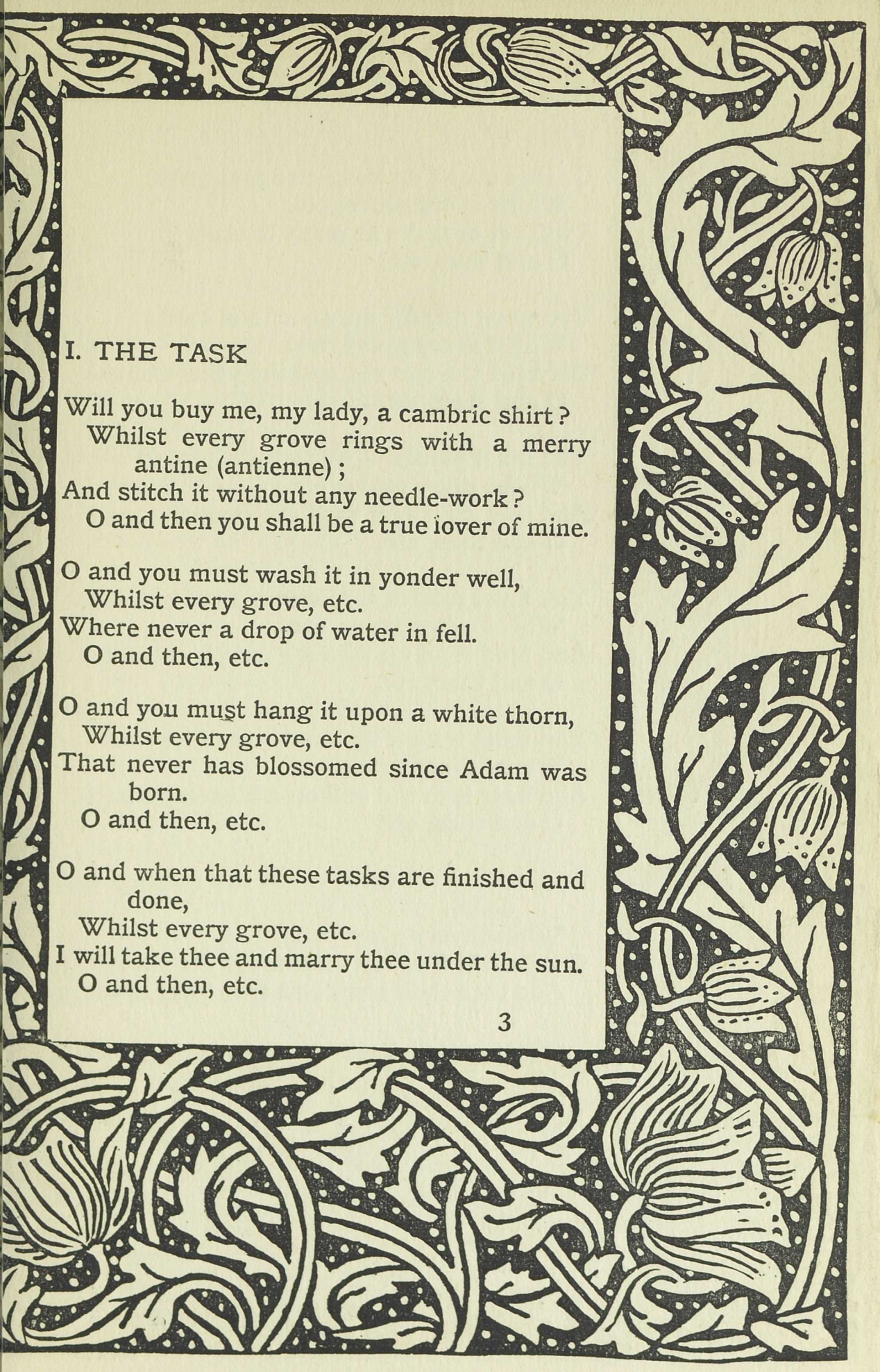
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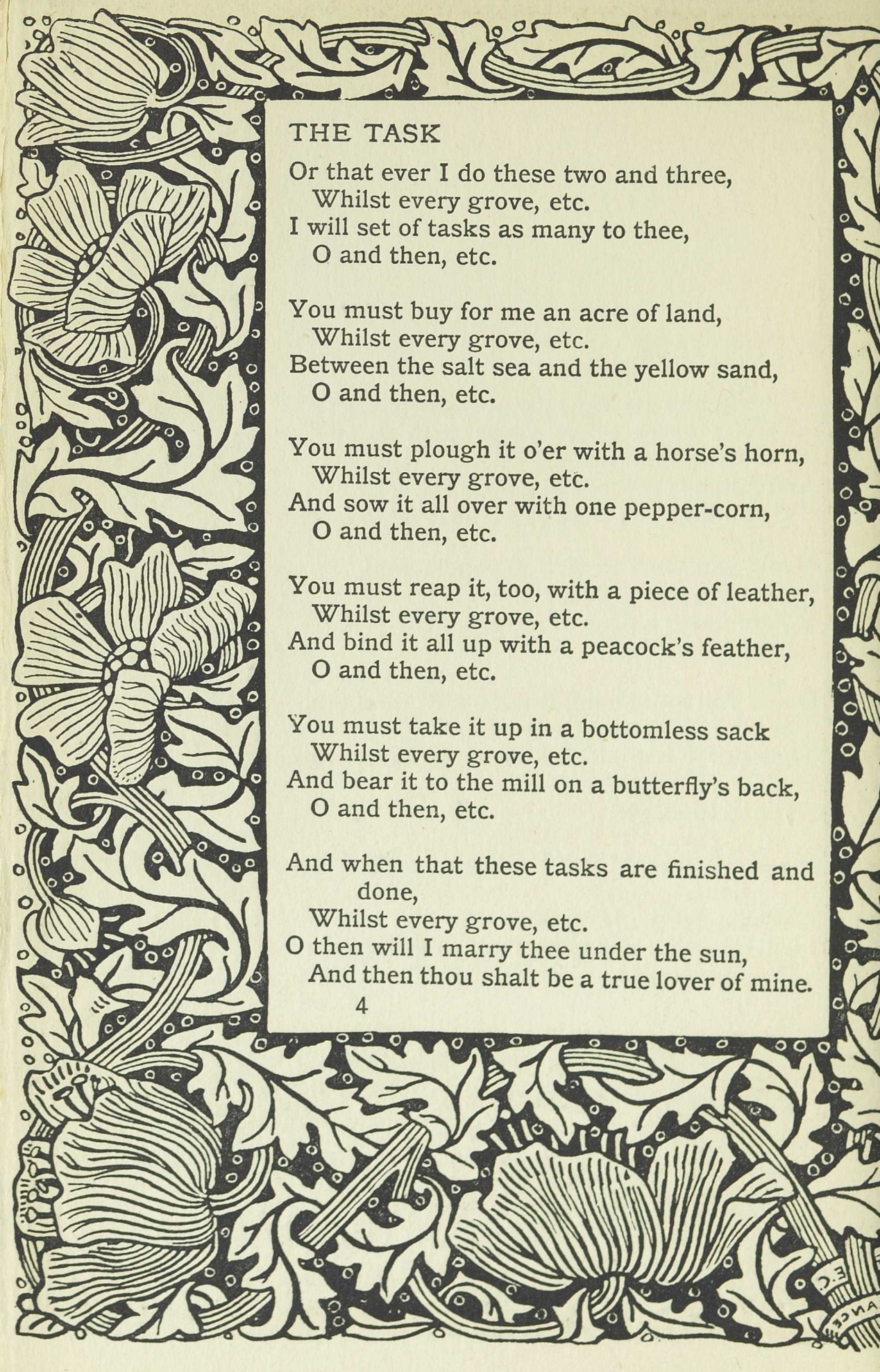
I. THE TASK

Will you buy me, my lady, a cambric shirt?
Whilst every grove rings with a merry
antenne (antienne);
And stitch it without any needle-work?
O and then you shall be a true lover of mine.

O and you must wash it in yonder well,
Whilst every grove, etc.
Where never a drop of water in fell.
O and then, etc.

O and you must hang it upon a white thorn,
Whilst every grove, etc.
That never has blossomed since Adam was
born.
O and then, etc.

O and when that these tasks are finished and
done,
Whilst every grove, etc.
I will take thee and marry thee under the sun.
O and then, etc.



THE TASK

Or that ever I do these two and three,
Whilst every grove, etc.
I will set of tasks as many to thee,
O and then, etc.

You must buy for me an acre of land,
Whilst every grove, etc.
Between the salt sea and the yellow sand,
O and then, etc.

You must plough it o'er with a horse's horn,
Whilst every grove, etc.
And sow it all over with one pepper-corn,
O and then, etc.

You must reap it, too, with a piece of leather,
Whilst every grove, etc.
And bind it all up with a peacock's feather,
O and then, etc.

You must take it up in a bottomless sack
Whilst every grove, etc.
And bear it to the mill on a butterfly's back,
O and then, etc.

And when that these tasks are finished and
done,
Whilst every grove, etc.
O then will I marry thee under the sun,
And then thou shalt be a true lover of mine.

A decorative border with a repeating floral pattern of stylized flowers and leaves, rendered in white against a black background, surrounds the text.

A LYING TALE

II. A LYING TALE

O when I was an infant young,
To London I did go,
Among the French and Spaniards there
My gallantry to show.
And when I came to the Eastern shore,
I let my head hang down,
I tripped along o'er banks and hills
But never touched the ground.
Fal-de-liddle-li-do
Fal-de-liddle-iddle-dee.

So when I reached the Eastern shore,
I met a giant high,
His little feet filled up the street,
His head it touched the sky.
He looked down, and with a frown
He bid me pass his way.
He looked up, and bid me sup
A posset made of whey.

He challenged me to dance and sing,
To whistle or to pipe.
I playéd every instrument
And whipped the giant quite.



A LYING TALE

He challenged me to jump a brook,
He challenged me to run ;
I beat the pride out of his hide,
And killed him when I'd done.

The people all admiring stood,
To see me, not afraid.
They gave to me a salver bright,
A hundred ton it weighed.
I made myself a little box,
'Twas but three acres square,
I filled it up unto the top
With my bright silver ware.

When I did go from London town,
I rode upon an ox,
In by my thigh, in pocket I
Did put my little box.
And when I reached the Western shore,
They kicked me out of door,
They would not trust me for a pint,
Because I looked so poor.

I bought myself a flock of sheep,
I thought they all were wethers.
And some of them they gave me lambs
And some gave only feathers.
Methinks they were the bravest sheep
To give such good increase,
I cut their wool when the moon was full,
And I had two lambs apiece.



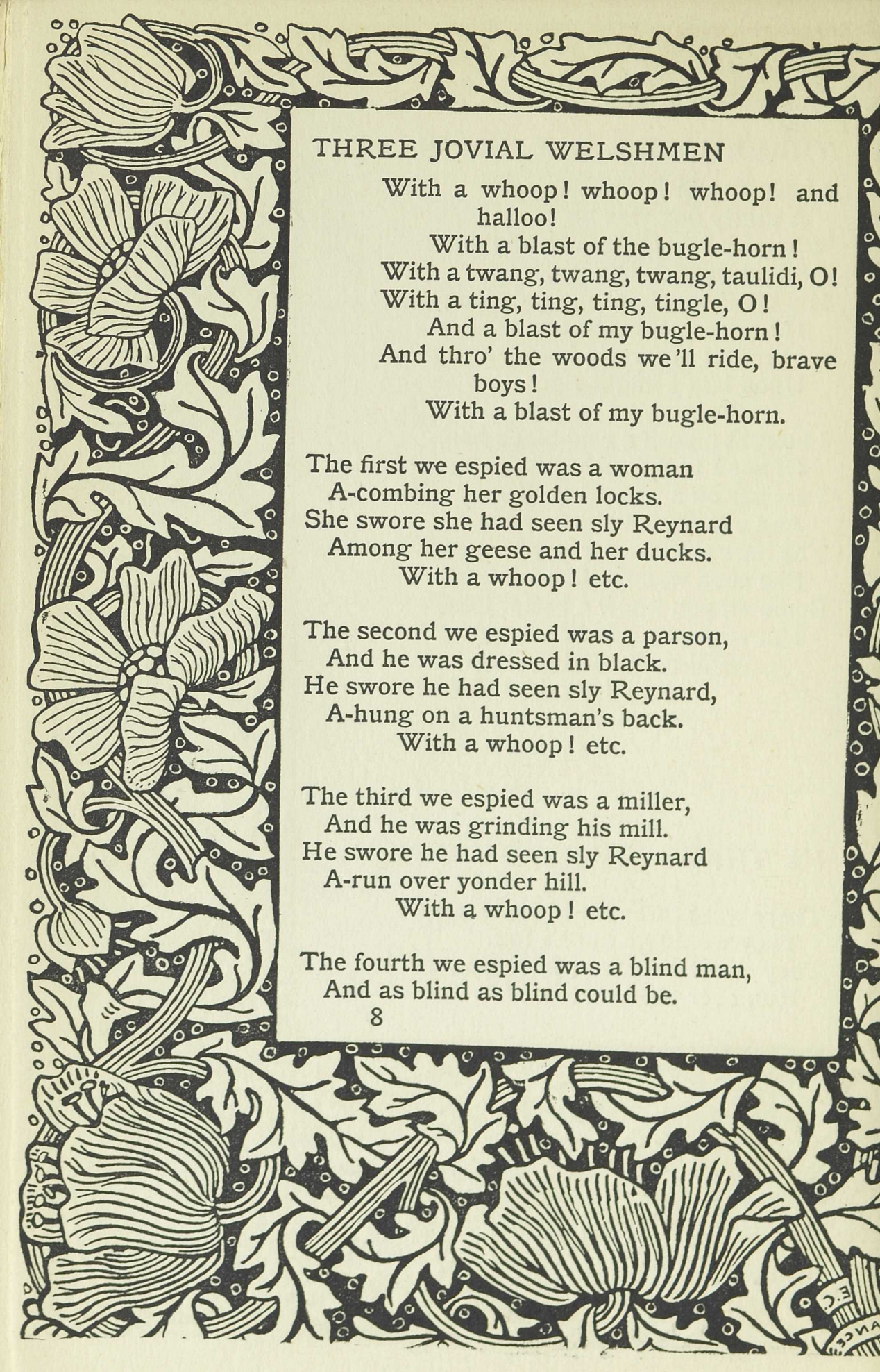
THREE JOVIAL WELSHMEN

I bought a little poodle dog,
A pretty dog was he,
Where'er I went, 'twas his intent
To run and follow me.
His tail it was but ten yards long,
His ears but five feet wide,
And round the world in half a day
Upon him I might ride.

I bought myself a coal-black hen,
Of her I took much care,
I set her on a mussel shell
And out she hatched a hare.
The hare she grew at such a pace,
She soon was ten hands high.
Come—if you know a better joke,
I'm very sure you lie.
Fal-de-liddle-li-do
Fal-de-liddle-iddle-dee.

III. THREE JOVIAL WELSHMEN

There were three jovial Welshmen,
They would go hunt a fox.
They swore they saw sly Reynard,
Run over yonder rocks,

A decorative border of stylized flowers and leaves surrounds the text. The flowers have multiple petals and prominent stamens, and the leaves are broad and pointed. The border is composed of repeating patterns of these floral elements.

THREE JOVIAL WELSHMEN

With a whoop! whoop! whoop! and
halloo!

With a blast of the bugle-horn!
With a twang, twang, twang, taulidi, O!
With a ting, ting, ting, tingle, O!
And a blast of my bugle-horn!
And thro' the woods we'll ride, brave
boys!

With a blast of my bugle-horn.

The first we espied was a woman
A-combing her golden locks.
She swore she had seen sly Reynard
Among her geese and her ducks.
With a whoop! etc.

The second we espied was a parson,
And he was dressed in black.
He swore he had seen sly Reynard,
A-hung on a huntsman's back.
With a whoop! etc.

The third we espied was a miller,
And he was grinding his mill.
He swore he had seen sly Reynard
A-run over yonder hill.
With a whoop! etc.

The fourth we espied was a blind man,
And as blind as blind could be.



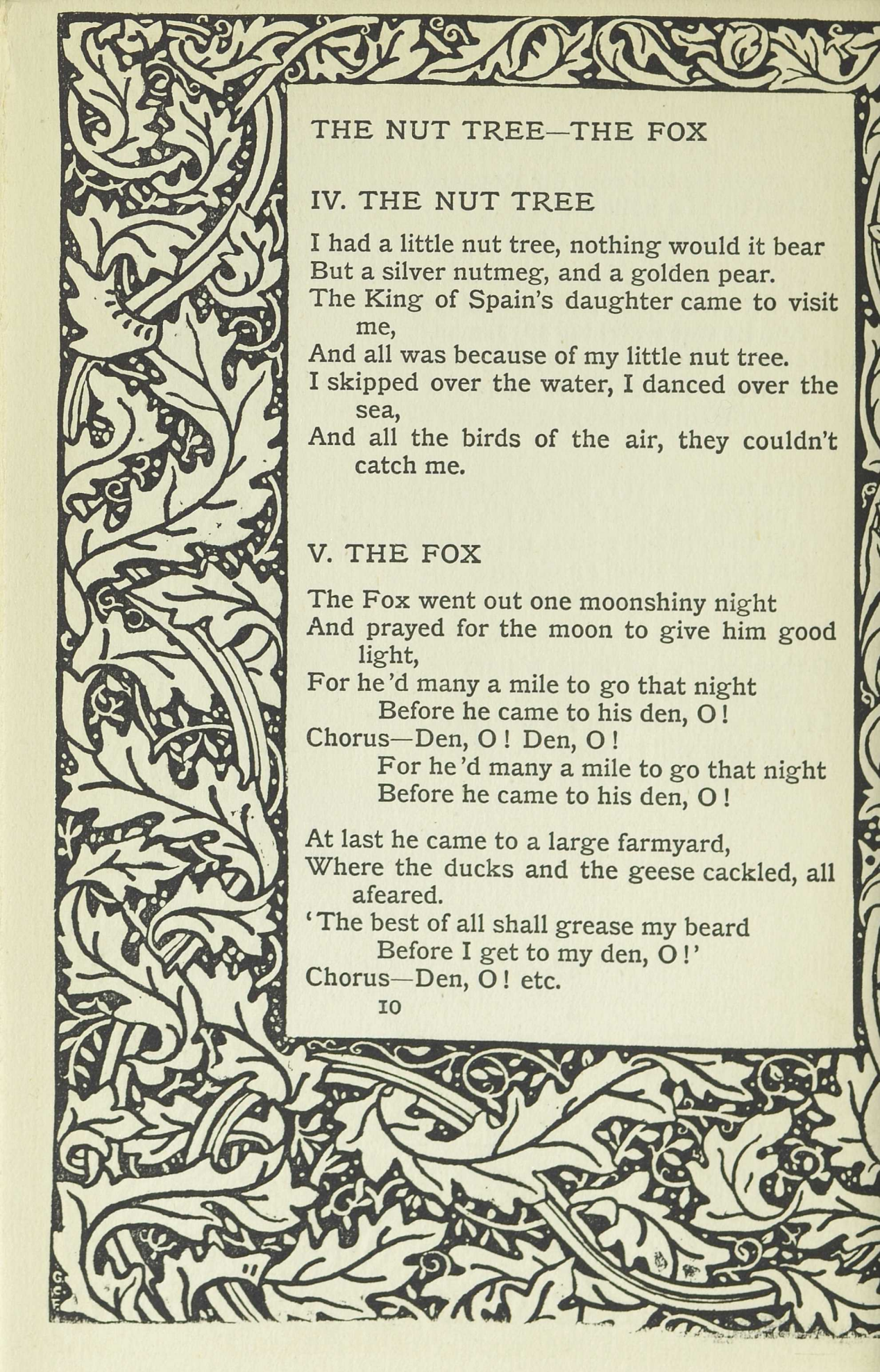
THREE JOVIAL WELSHMEN

He swore he had seen sly Reynard
Run up in a hollow tree.
With a whoop! etc.

The fifth we espied was a shepherd,
And he was watching his lambs.
He swore that he saw sly Reynard,
So weary he could not stand.
With a whoop! etc.

There never, I trow, was a Reynard
That ran out that day at all.
'Twas naught but a little grey Pussy
Sat purring upon an old wall.
With a whoop! etc.

O then what a world 'tis o' liars
This is as to me appears.
I never will trust but my own eyes,
And only will trust my own ears.
With a whoop! etc.



THE NUT TREE—THE FOX

IV. THE NUT TREE

I had a little nut tree, nothing would it bear
But a silver nutmeg, and a golden pear.
The King of Spain's daughter came to visit
me,
And all was because of my little nut tree.
I skipped over the water, I danced over the
sea,
And all the birds of the air, they couldn't
catch me.

V. THE FOX

The Fox went out one moonshiny night
And prayed for the moon to give him good
light,
For he'd many a mile to go that night
Before he came to his den, O!
Chorus—Den, O! Den, O!
For he'd many a mile to go that night
Before he came to his den, O!

At last he came to a large farmyard,
Where the ducks and the geese cackled, all
afared.

'The best of all shall grease my beard
Before I get to my den, O!'

Chorus—Den, O! etc.



I had a little nut tree
I had a little nut tree and nothing
would it bear
But a silver nutmeg and a golden
The King of Spains Daughter
came to visit me
All for the sake of my little nut tree



THE FOX

He took the grey goose all up by the neck,
He laid a duck also across his back,
And never regarded their quack, quack, quack,
 With the legs of him dangling down, O!
Chorus—Down, O! etc.

Old mother Snipper Snapper jumped out of bed,
And opening the casement popped out her
 old head,
Crying 'John! O John! the grey goose is dead,
 And the Fox is over the down, O!'
Chorus—Down, O! etc.

Then John got up to the top of the hill,
And he blew his horn both lusty and shrill,
'Blow on,' said the Fox, 'sweet music still!
 I wish me home in my den, O!'
Chorus—Den, O! etc.

At last he came to his cosy den,
Where gathered his young ones, nine and ten,
Quoth they, 'Daddy, you must go there
 again,
 For sure 'tis a lucky town, O!'
Chorus—Town, O! etc.

The Fox and his wife without any strife,
They cut up the goose without fork and knife,
And said 'twas the best they'd ate in their life,
 And the young ones picked the bones, O!
Chorus—Bones, O! etc.

A decorative border with a repeating floral pattern of stylized flowers and leaves, rendered in a high-contrast, woodcut style. The border frames the central text area.

THE HERRING'S HEAD

VI. THE HERRING'S HEAD

1st SINGER. As I was a-walking all on the
sea-sand

I picked up a herring all in my right hand,
It was big herrings,
It was little herrings,
All a brought in.

O and what did I make with my jolly herring?

2nd SINGER. 'Hark, hark! how dost thou
lie!'

1st SINGER. 'And so do you as well as I.'

2nd SINGER. 'Why hast thou not told me so?'

1st SINGER. 'So did I, long time ago.'

BOTH TOGETHER. 'Well, well, and well-
a-well,

And so thinks I unto mysel',
Thinks I to myself, 'tis a jolly herring.'

O what do you think I made out of my old
herring's head?

I made a fine oven as ever baked bread.

There are great ovens,

There are little ovens,

And all that's therein.

O and what did I make with my jolly herring?

2nd and 1st SINGERS. 'Hark, hark! how
dost,' etc.



THE HERRING'S HEAD

O what do you think I made out of my old herring's fin?

I made as fine tops as you ever did spin.

There are great tops, etc.

2nd and 1st SINGERS. 'Hark, hark! how dost,' etc.

O what do you think I made out of my old herring's eyes?

I made fifty men's pasties, and five women's pies.

There are great pies, etc.

2nd and 1st SINGERS. 'Hark, hark! how dost,' etc.

O what do you think I made out of my old herring's back?

I made so fine a whip as you ever did crack.

There are great whips, etc.

2nd and 1st SINGERS. 'Hark, hark! how dost,' etc.

O what do you think I made out of my old herring's ribs?

I made fifty horse-stalls and fifty ox-cribs.

There are great cribs, etc.

2nd and 1st SINGERS. 'Hark, hark! how dost,' etc.

THE HERRING'S HEAD

O what do you think I made out of my old herring's tail?

I made so fine a ship as ever did sail.

There are great ships, etc.

2nd and 1st SINGERS. 'Hark, hark! how dost,' etc.

O what do you think I made out of my old herring's breast?

I made sixty good oxen as yoke ever pressed.

There are great oxen, etc.

2nd and 1st SINGERS. 'Hark, hark! how dost,' etc.

O what do you think I made out of my old herring altogether?

I made so fine cobblers as ever sewed leather.

There are great cobblers, etc.

2nd SINGER. 'Hark, hark! how dost thou lie!'

1st SINGER. 'So do you as well as I.'

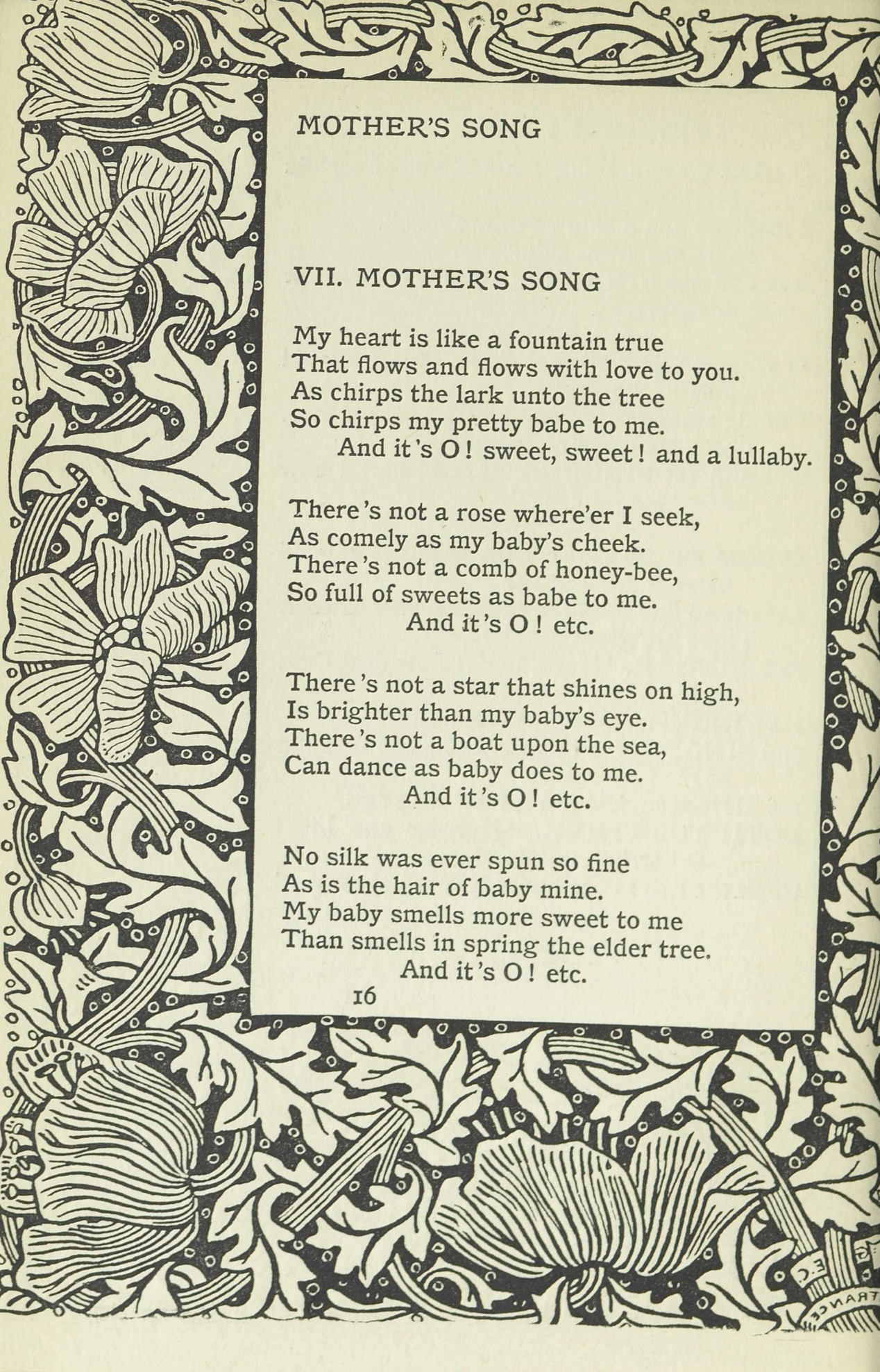
2nd SINGER. 'Why hast thou not told me so?'

1st SINGER. 'So did I, long time ago.'

BOTH TOGETHER. 'Herring and ling!

O herring and ling!

Of all the fish in the sea is Herring the King.'



MOTHER'S SONG

VII. MOTHER'S SONG

My heart is like a fountain true
That flows and flows with love to you.
As chirps the lark unto the tree
So chirps my pretty babe to me.
And it's O! sweet, sweet! and a lullaby.

There's not a rose where'er I seek,
As comely as my baby's cheek.
There's not a comb of honey-bee,
So full of sweets as babe to me.
And it's O! etc.

There's not a star that shines on high,
Is brighter than my baby's eye.
There's not a boat upon the sea,
Can dance as baby does to me.
And it's O! etc.

No silk was ever spun so fine
As is the hair of baby mine.
My baby smells more sweet to me
Than smells in spring the elder tree.
And it's O! etc.



THE FOOLISH BOY

A little fish swims in the well,
So in my heart does baby dwell.
A little flower blows on the tree,
My baby is the flower to me.
And it's O! etc.

The Queen has sceptre, crown, and ball,
You are my sceptre, crown, and all.
For all her robes of royal silk,
More fair your skin, as white as milk.
And it's O! etc.

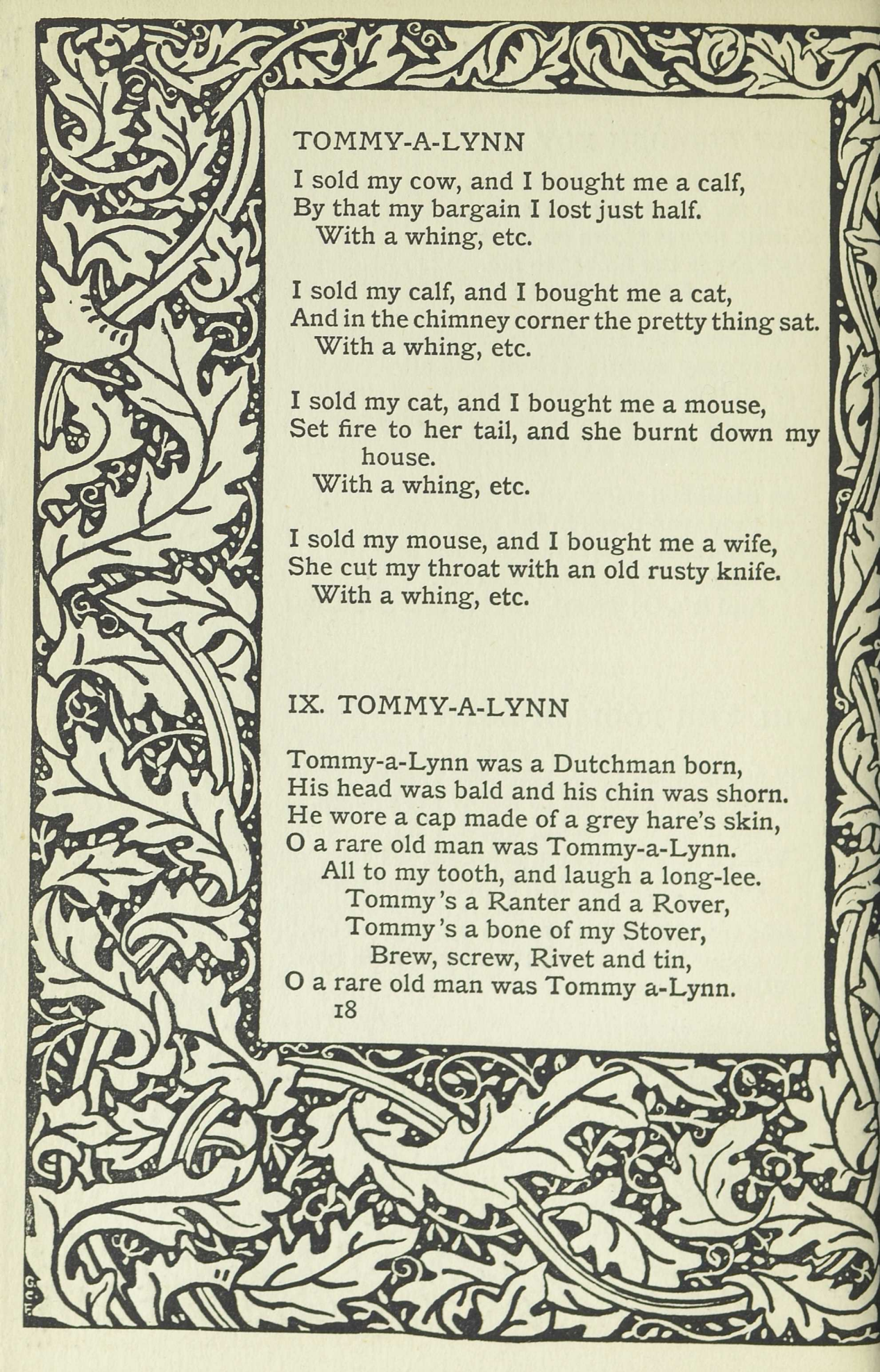
Ten thousand parks where deer run,
Ten thousand roses in the sun,
Ten thousand pearls beneath the sea,
My baby more precious is to me.
And it's O! sweet, sweet! and a lullaby!

VIII. THE FOOLISH BOY

My father died, and I can't tell y' how,
He left me six horses to follow the plough.
With a whing, whing, waddle, O!
With a string, strang, straddle, O!
Blossy boys! Babble, O! under the Broom.

I sold my six horses, and bought me a cow,
I'm going to get money, but I can't tell how.
With a whing, etc.





TOMMY-A-LYNN

I sold my cow, and I bought me a calf,
By that my bargain I lost just half.

With a whing, etc.

I sold my calf, and I bought me a cat,
And in the chimney corner the pretty thing sat.

With a whing, etc.

I sold my cat, and I bought me a mouse,
Set fire to her tail, and she burnt down my
house.

With a whing, etc.

I sold my mouse, and I bought me a wife,
She cut my throat with an old rusty knife.

With a whing, etc.

IX. TOMMY-A-LYNN

Tommy-a-Lynn was a Dutchman born,
His head was bald and his chin was shorn.
He wore a cap made of a grey hare's skin,
O a rare old man was Tommy-a-Lynn.

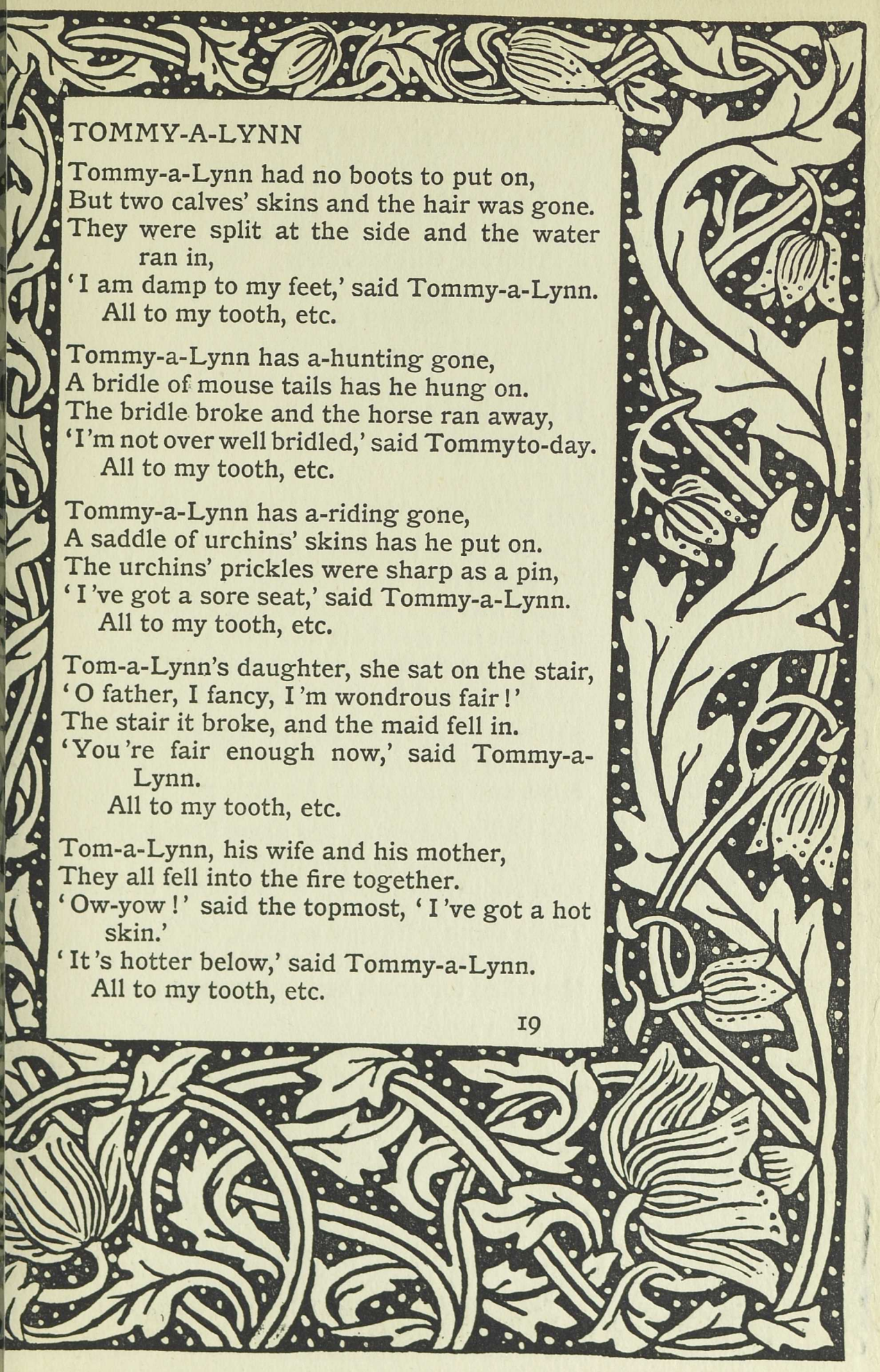
All to my tooth, and laugh a long-lee.

Tommy's a Ranter and a Rover,

Tommy's a bone of my Stover,

Brew, screw, Rivet and tin,

O a rare old man was Tommy a-Lynn.



TOMMY-A-LYNN

Tommy-a-Lynn had no boots to put on,
But two calves' skins and the hair was gone.
They were split at the side and the water
ran in,

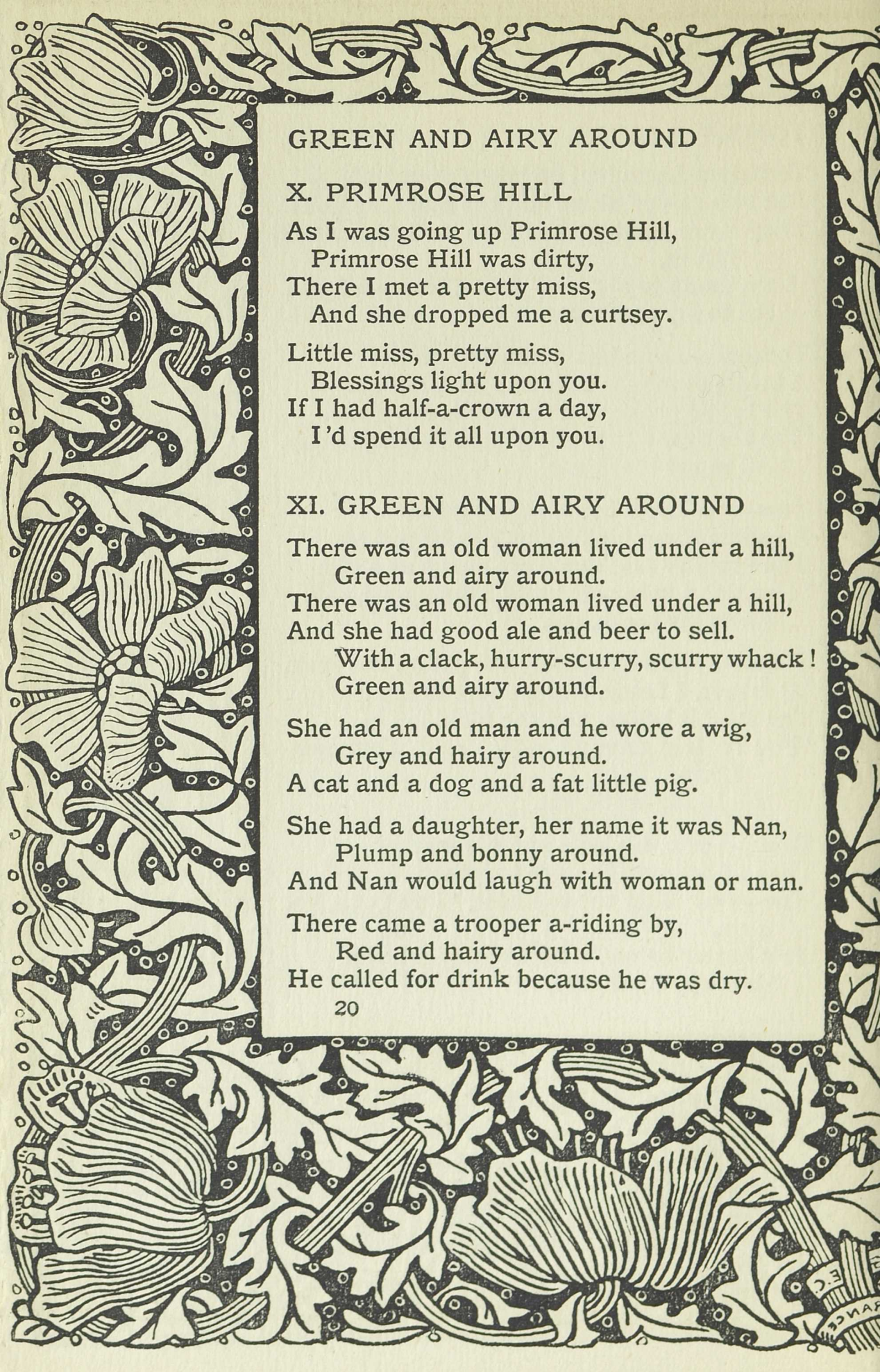
'I am damp to my feet,' said Tommy-a-Lynn.
All to my tooth, etc.

Tommy-a-Lynn has a-hunting gone,
A bridle of mouse tails has he hung on.
The bridle broke and the horse ran away,
'I'm not over well bridled,' said Tommyto-day.
All to my tooth, etc.

Tommy-a-Lynn has a-riding gone,
A saddle of urchins' skins has he put on.
The urchins' prickles were sharp as a pin,
'I've got a sore seat,' said Tommy-a-Lynn.
All to my tooth, etc.

Tom-a-Lynn's daughter, she sat on the stair,
'O father, I fancy, I'm wondrous fair!'
The stair it broke, and the maid fell in.
'You're fair enough now,' said Tommy-a-
Lynn.
All to my tooth, etc.

Tom-a-Lynn, his wife and his mother,
They all fell into the fire together.
'Ow-yow!' said the topmost, 'I've got a hot
skin.'
'It's hotter below,' said Tommy-a-Lynn.
All to my tooth, etc.



GREEN AND AIRY AROUND

X. PRIMROSE HILL

As I was going up Primrose Hill,
Primrose 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.

XI. GREEN AND AIRY AROUND

There was an old woman lived under a hill,
Green and airy around.
There was an old woman lived under a hill,
And she had good ale and beer to sell.
With a clack, hurry-scurry, scurry whack !
Green and airy around.

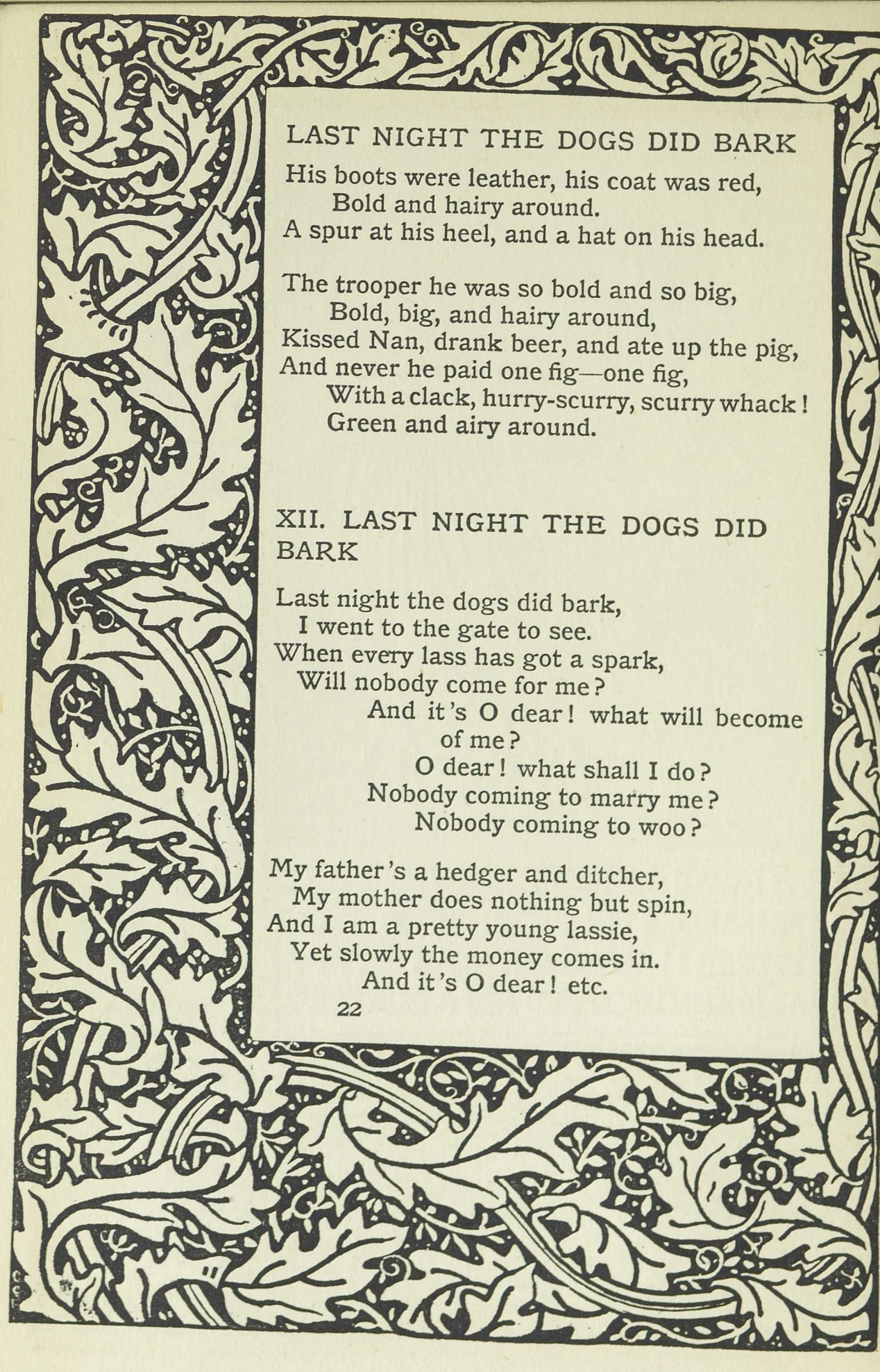
She had an old man and he wore a wig,
Grey and hairy around.
A cat and a dog and a fat little pig.

She had a daughter, her name it was Nan,
Plump and bonny around.
And Nan would laugh with woman or man.

There came a trooper a-riding by,
Red and hairy around.
He called for drink because he was dry.



AS I WAS GOING UP PRIMROSE HILL
PRIMROSE HILL WAS DIRTY; LASS
THERE I MET A SWEET PRETTY
AND SHE DROPPED ME A CURTSEY.



LAST NIGHT THE DOGS DID BARK

His boots were leather, his coat was red,
Bold and hairy around.
A spur at his heel, and a hat on his head.

The trooper he was so bold and so big,
Bold, big, and hairy around,
Kissed Nan, drank beer, and ate up the pig,
And never he paid one fig—one fig,
With a clack, hurry-scurry, scurry whack!
Green and airy around.

XII. LAST NIGHT THE DOGS DID
BARK

Last night the dogs did bark,
I went to the gate to see.
When every lass has got a spark,
Will nobody come for me?
And it's O dear! what will become
of me?
O dear! what shall I do?
Nobody coming to marry me?
Nobody coming to woo?

My father's a hedger and ditcher,
My mother does nothing but spin,
And I am a pretty young lassie,
Yet slowly the money comes in.
And it's O dear! etc.

A decorative border with a repeating floral and vine motif, featuring stylized leaves and flowers, surrounds the text. The border is rendered in a high-contrast, black and white style.

NICE YOUNG MAIDENS

They say that I'm comely and fair,
They say that I'm scornful and proud.
Alas! I must surely despair,
For alack! I am getting quite ou'd.
And it's O dear! etc.

And now I must die an old maid.
O dear! how shocking's the thought.
And alas! all my beauty must fade,
But I'm sure it is none of my fau't.
And it's O dear! etc.

XIII. NICE YOUNG MAIDENS

Here's a pretty set of us,
Nice young maidens,
Here's a pretty set of us,
Nice young maidens.
Here's a pretty set of us,
All for husbands at a loss,
But we cannot tarry thus,
Nice young maidens,
Nice young maidens.

Now I'll give you good advice,
Nice young maidens,
Now I'll give you good advice,
If you won't be over nice,
You'll get husbands in a trice,
Nice young maidens.



AMONG THE GREEN HAY

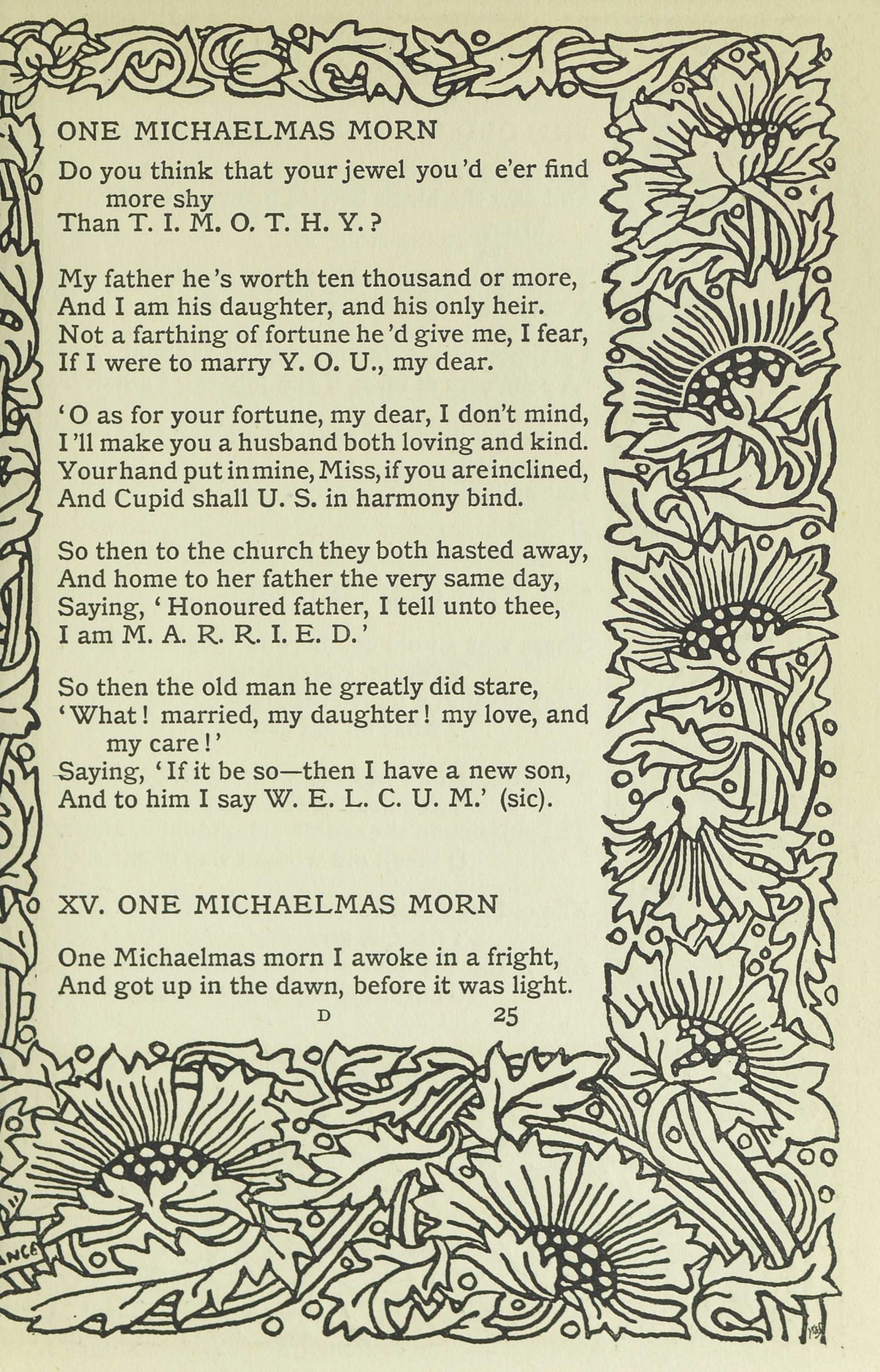
Now I'll recommend a plan,
Nice young maidens,
Now I'll recommend a plan,
If you'll get a little man,
You must do the best you can,
Nice young maidens.

Now I'll leave you all to choose,
Nice young maidens,
Now I'll leave you all to choose,
If you've an offer, don't refuse,
For if you should a husband lose,
You'll die an old maiden,
Fidgety old maiden.

XIV. AMONG THE GREEN HAY

As I was a-walking one morning in spring,
'Twas down in the meadows to hear the birds
sing,
My true love he met me that very same day,
'Twas down in the meadows among the green
hay.

What makes you, my dearest, this morning to
mourn?
I wish to my heart you were not so forlorn.



ONE MICHAELMAS MORN

Do you think that your jewel you'd e'er find
more shy
Than T. I. M. O. T. H. Y. ?

My father he's worth ten thousand or more,
And I am his daughter, and his only heir.
Not a farthing of fortune he'd give me, I fear,
If I were to marry Y. O. U., my dear.

'O as for your fortune, my dear, I don't mind,
I'll make you a husband both loving and kind.
Your hand put in mine, Miss, if you are inclined,
And Cupid shall U. S. in harmony bind.

So then to the church they both hasted away,
And home to her father the very same day,
Saying, 'Honoured father, I tell unto thee,
I am M. A. R. R. I. E. D.'

So then the old man he greatly did stare,
'What! married, my daughter! my love, and
my care!'
Saying, 'If it be so—then I have a new son,
And to him I say W. E. L. C. U. M.' (sic).

XV. ONE MICHAELMAS MORN

One Michaelmas morn I awoke in a fright,
And got up in the dawn, before it was light.



THE OLD COUPLE

I sat myself down the world to admire,
And saw the black berries grow on the green
brier.

Then when I walked further, I chanced to see
A cow and a pretty maid under a tree.

I stepped to the damsel, and to her said I,
'A penn'orth of milk, if you please—I am dry.

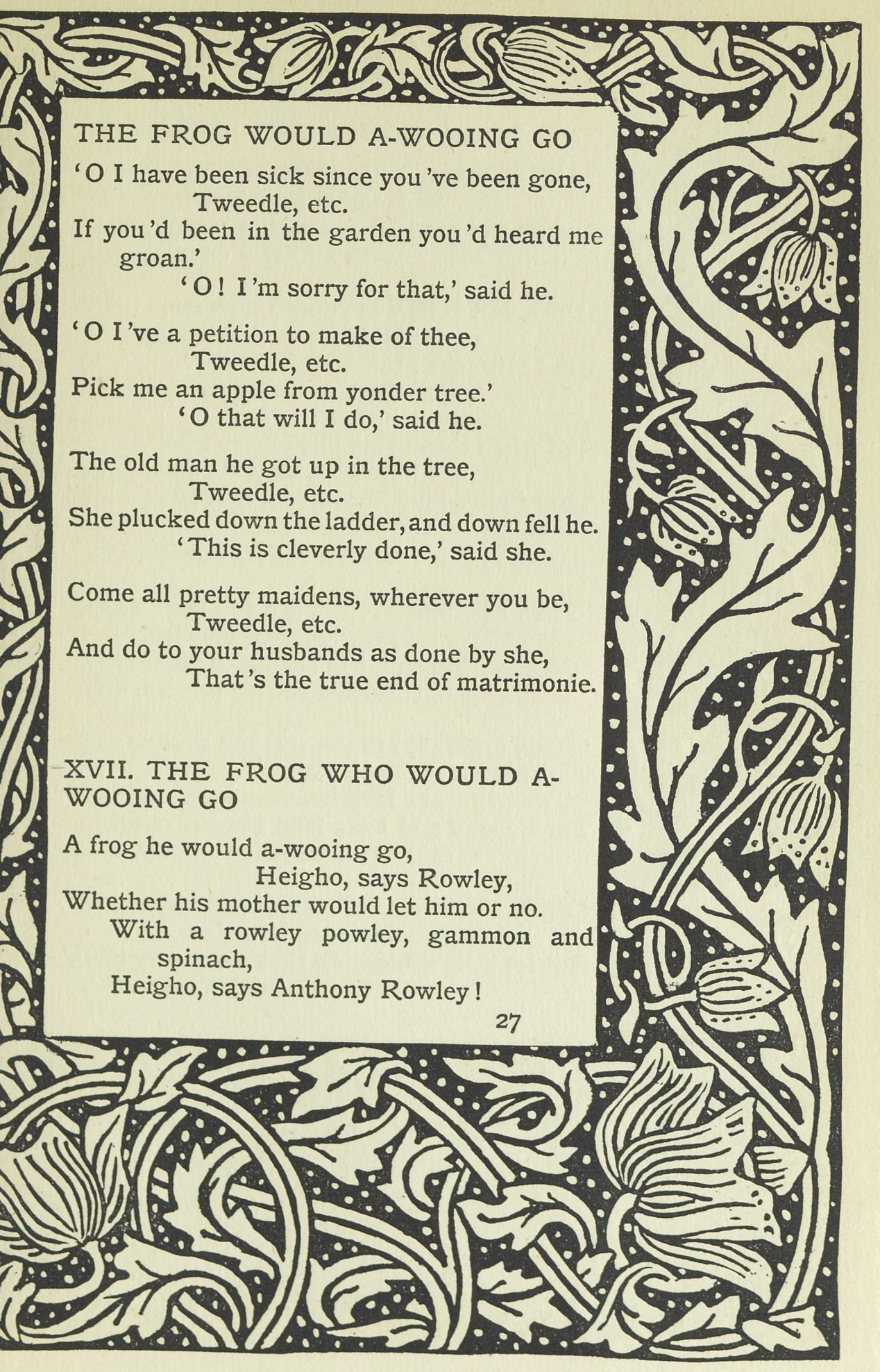
'Look yonder,' she said, 'the black cow with
her tail
Has spilt all the milk and kicked over the pail.'

XVI. THE OLD COUPLE

There was an old couple, and they were poor,
Tweedle, tweedle-dey.
They lived in a house that had but one door,
O what an old couple were they.

The old man he went one day from home,
Tweedle, tweedle-dee.
The old woman she couldn't stay moping alone,
O meek old woman was she.

The old man he did come home at last,
Tweedle, etc.
And found the door and the windows fast,
'O! what is the matter?' quoth he.



THE FROG WOULD A-WOOING GO

'O I have been sick since you've been gone,
Tweedle, etc.

If you'd been in the garden you'd heard me
groan.'

'O! I'm sorry for that,' said he.

'O I've a petition to make of thee,
Tweedle, etc.

Pick me an apple from yonder tree.'

'O that will I do,' said he.

The old man he got up in the tree,
Tweedle, etc.

She plucked down the ladder, and down fell he.

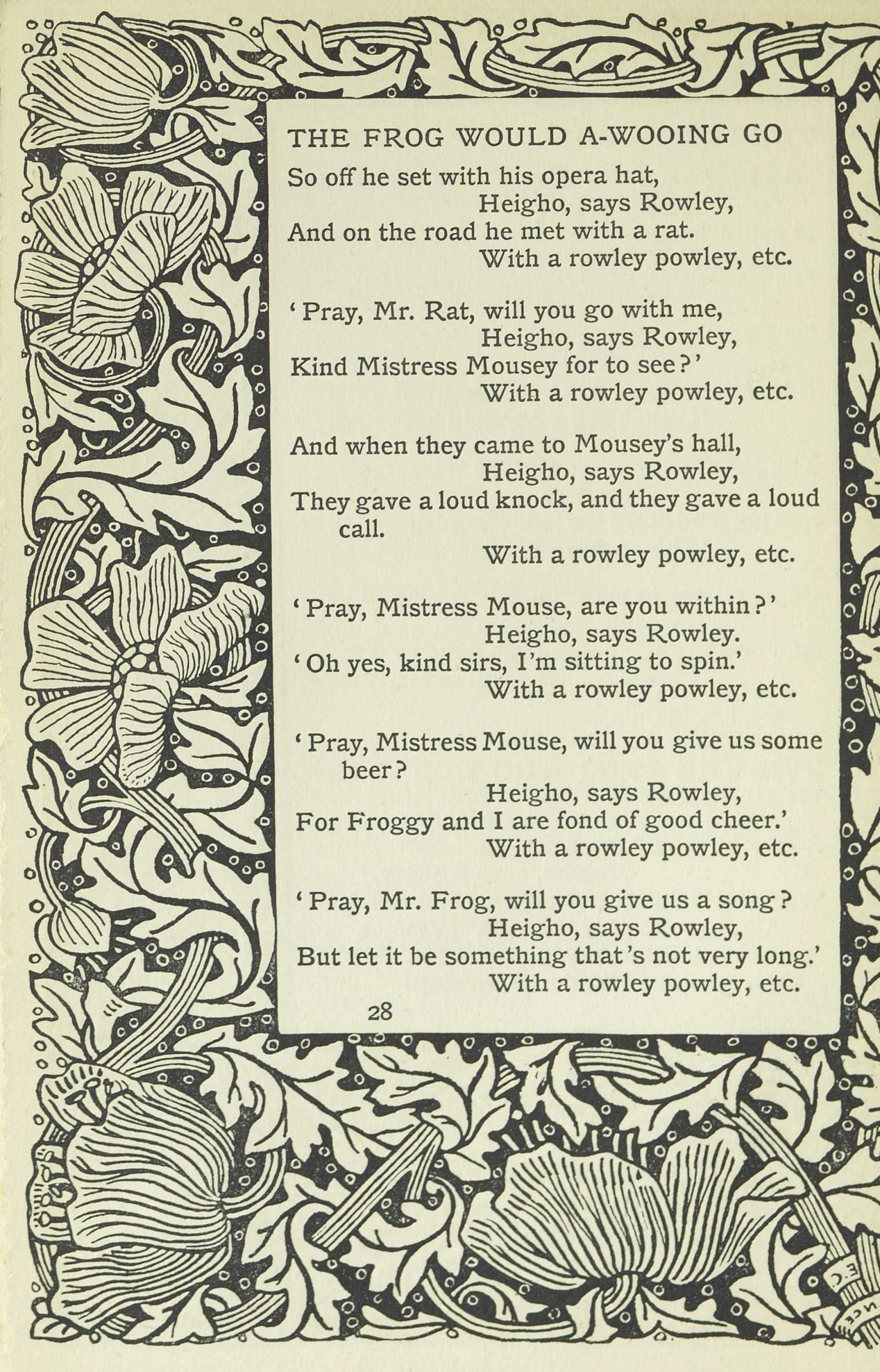
'This is cleverly done,' said she.

Come all pretty maidens, wherever you be,
Tweedle, etc.

And do to your husbands as done by she,
That's the true end of matrimonie.

XVII. THE FROG WHO WOULD A-
WOOING GO

A frog he would a-wooing go,
Heigho, says Rowley,
Whether his mother would let him or no.
With a rowley powley, gammon and
spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!



THE FROG WOULD A-WOOING GO

So off he set with his opera hat,
Heigho, says Rowley,
And on the road he met with a rat.
With a rowley powley, etc.

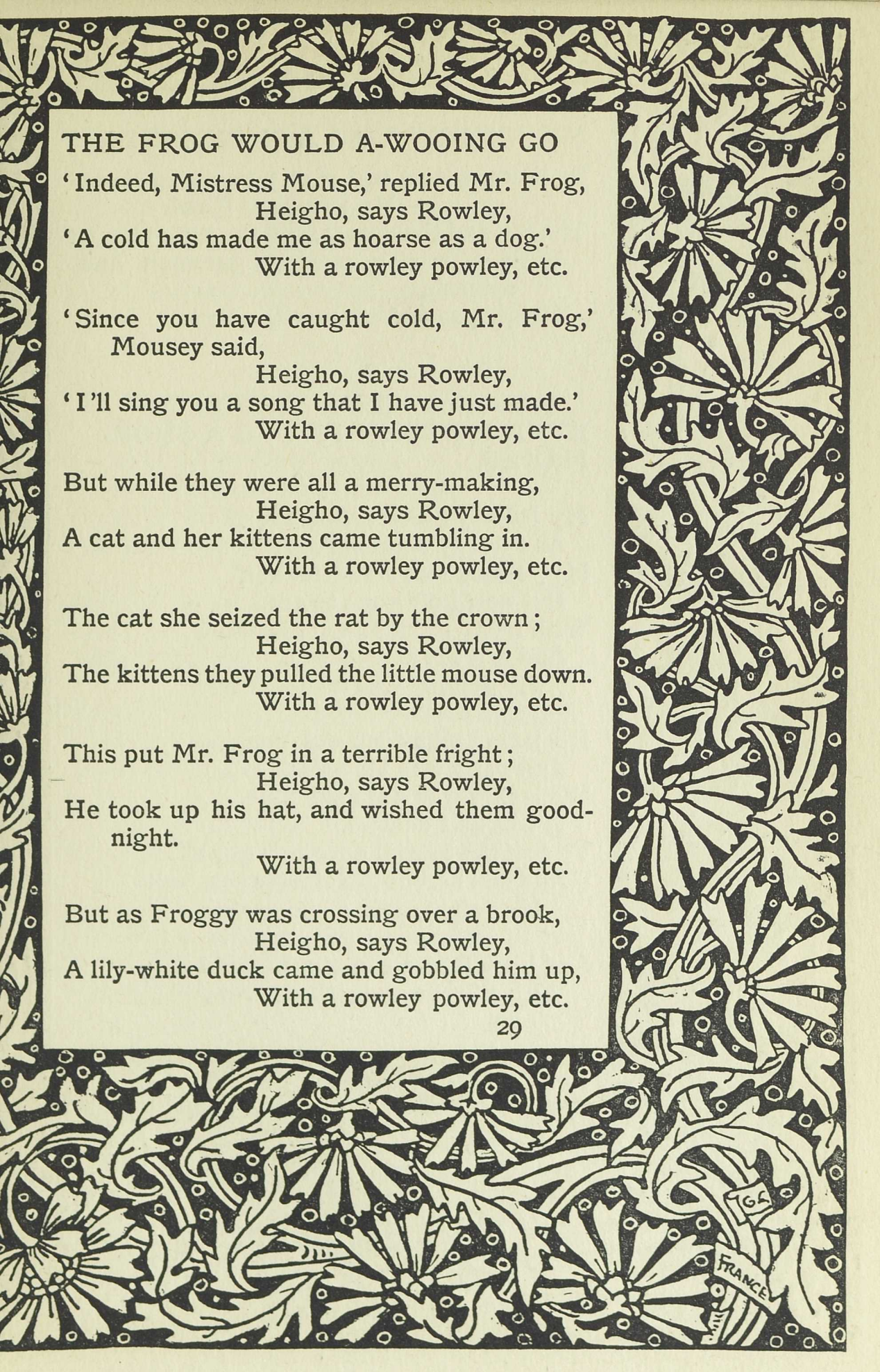
‘Pray, Mr. Rat, will you go with me,
Heigho, says Rowley,
Kind Mistress Mousey for to see?’
With a rowley powley, etc.

And when they came to Mousey’s hall,
Heigho, says Rowley,
They gave a loud knock, and they gave a loud
call.
With a rowley powley, etc.

‘Pray, Mistress Mouse, are you within?’
Heigho, says Rowley.
‘Oh yes, kind sirs, I’m sitting to spin.’
With a rowley powley, etc.

‘Pray, Mistress Mouse, will you give us some
beer?’
Heigho, says Rowley,
For Froggy and I are fond of good cheer.’
With a rowley powley, etc.

‘Pray, Mr. Frog, will you give us a song?’
Heigho, says Rowley,
But let it be something that’s not very long.’
With a rowley powley, etc.



THE FROG WOULD A-WOOING GO

'Indeed, Mistress Mouse,' replied Mr. Frog,
Heigho, says Rowley,
'A cold has made me as hoarse as a dog.'
With a rowley powley, etc.

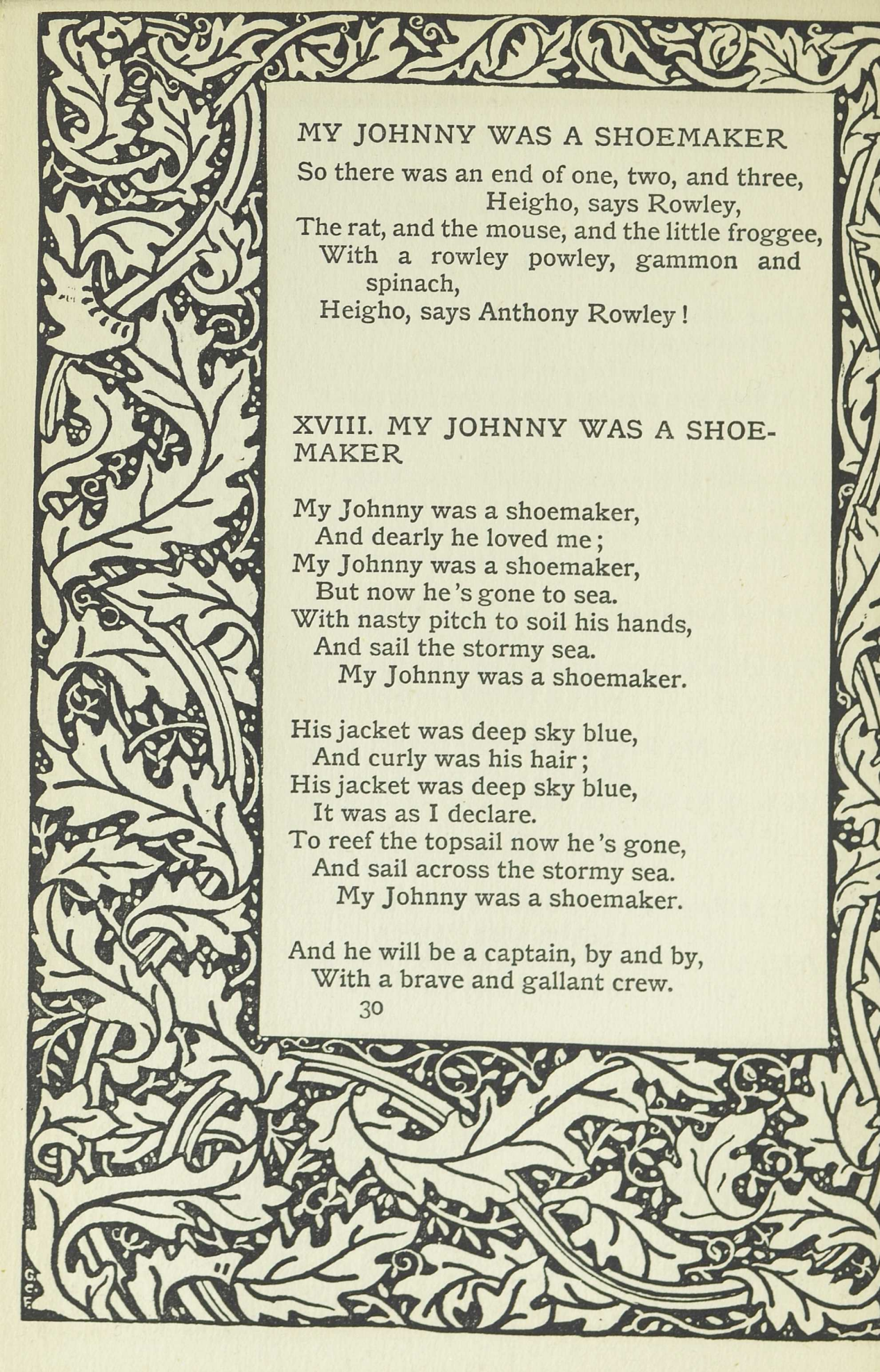
'Since you have caught cold, Mr. Frog,'
Mousey said,
Heigho, says Rowley,
'I'll sing you a song that I have just made.'
With a rowley powley, etc.

But while they were all a merry-making,
Heigho, says Rowley,
A cat and her kittens came tumbling in.
With a rowley powley, etc.

The cat she seized the rat by the crown ;
Heigho, says Rowley,
The kittens they pulled the little mouse down.
With a rowley powley, etc.

This put Mr. Frog in a terrible fright ;
Heigho, says Rowley,
He took up his hat, and wished them good-
night.
With a rowley powley, etc.

But as Froggy was crossing over a brook,
Heigho, says Rowley,
A lily-white duck came and gobbled him up,
With a rowley powley, etc.



MY JOHNNY WAS A SHOEMAKER
So there was an end of one, two, and three,
Heigho, says Rowley,
The rat, and the mouse, and the little froggee,
With a rowley powley, gammon and
spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley!

XVIII. MY JOHNNY WAS A SHOE-
MAKER

My Johnny was a shoemaker,
And dearly he loved me ;
My Johnny was a shoemaker,
But now he's gone to sea.
With nasty pitch to soil his hands,
And sail the stormy sea.
My Johnny was a shoemaker.

His jacket was deep sky blue,
And curly was his hair ;
His jacket was deep sky blue,
It was as I declare.
To reef the topsail now he's gone,
And sail across the stormy sea.
My Johnny was a shoemaker.

And he will be a captain, by and by,
With a brave and gallant crew.

A decorative border with a repeating floral and vine motif surrounds the text. The design is intricate, featuring stylized leaves and flowers in a black and white, woodcut-like style.

THE JACKET AND PETTICOAT

And he will be a captain, by and by,
With a sword and a spyglass too.
And when he is a captain bold
He'll come back to marry me.
My Johnny was a shoemaker.

XIX. THE JACKET AND PETTICOAT

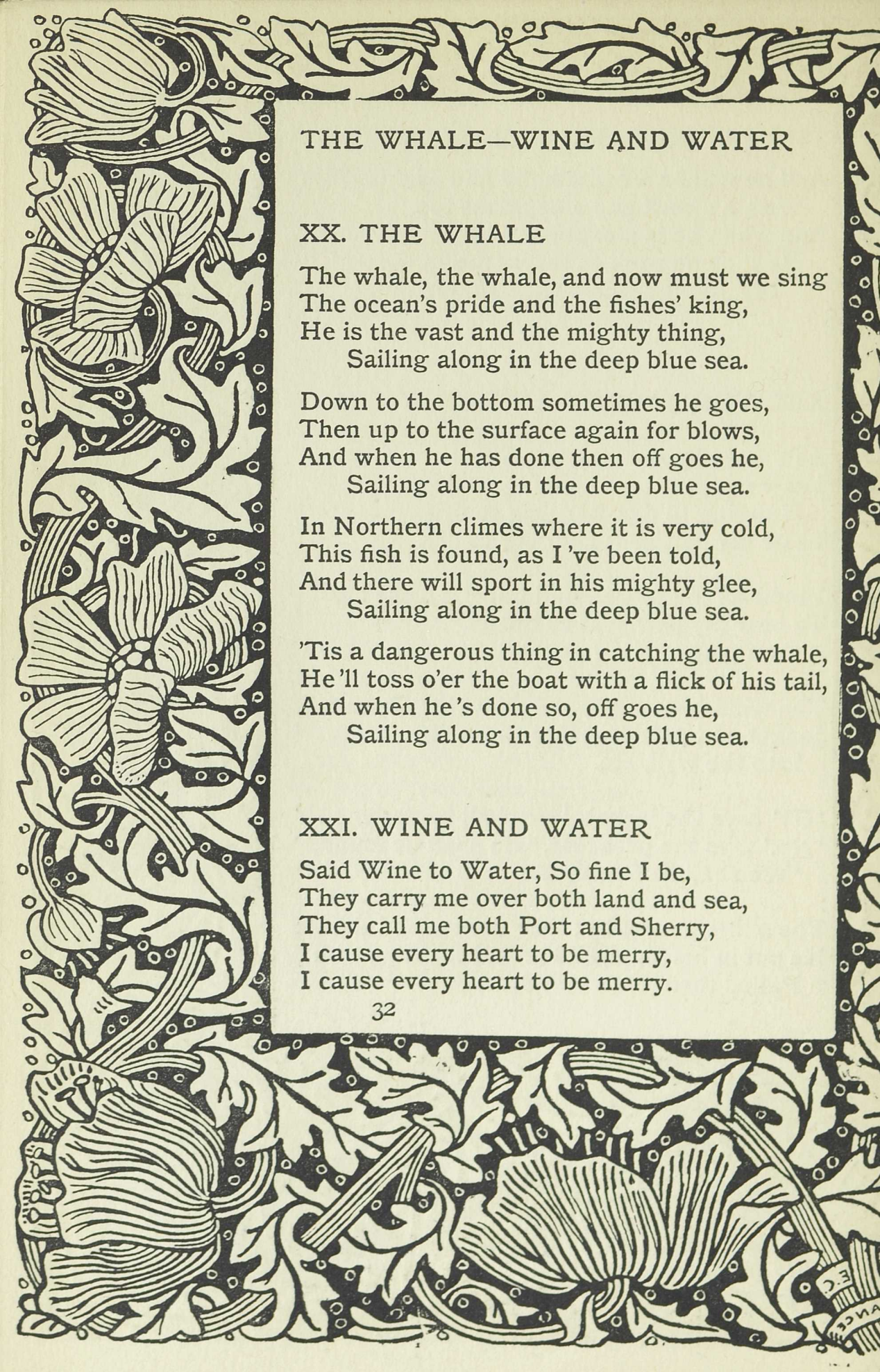
As I went by my little pig-sty,
I saw my petticoat hanging to dry,
Hanging to dry, hanging to dry,
I saw my petticoat hanging to dry.

I took off my jacket, and hung it close by,
To bear my petticoat company,
Company, etc.

The wind blew high, and down they both fell,
Jacket and petticoat into the well,
Into the well, etc.

'O!' says the jacket, 'we shall be drowned!'
'No,' says the petticoat, 'we shall be found,'
'We shall be found,' etc.

The miller passed by; they gave a loud shout;
He put in his hand, and pulled them both out,
Pulled them both out, etc.

A decorative border of stylized flowers and leaves surrounds the text. The flowers have multiple petals and prominent stamens, and the leaves are broad and pointed. The border is composed of repeating patterns of these elements.

THE WHALE—WINE AND WATER

XX. THE WHALE

The whale, the whale, and now must we sing
The ocean's pride and the fishes' king,
He is the vast and the mighty thing,
Sailing along in the deep blue sea.

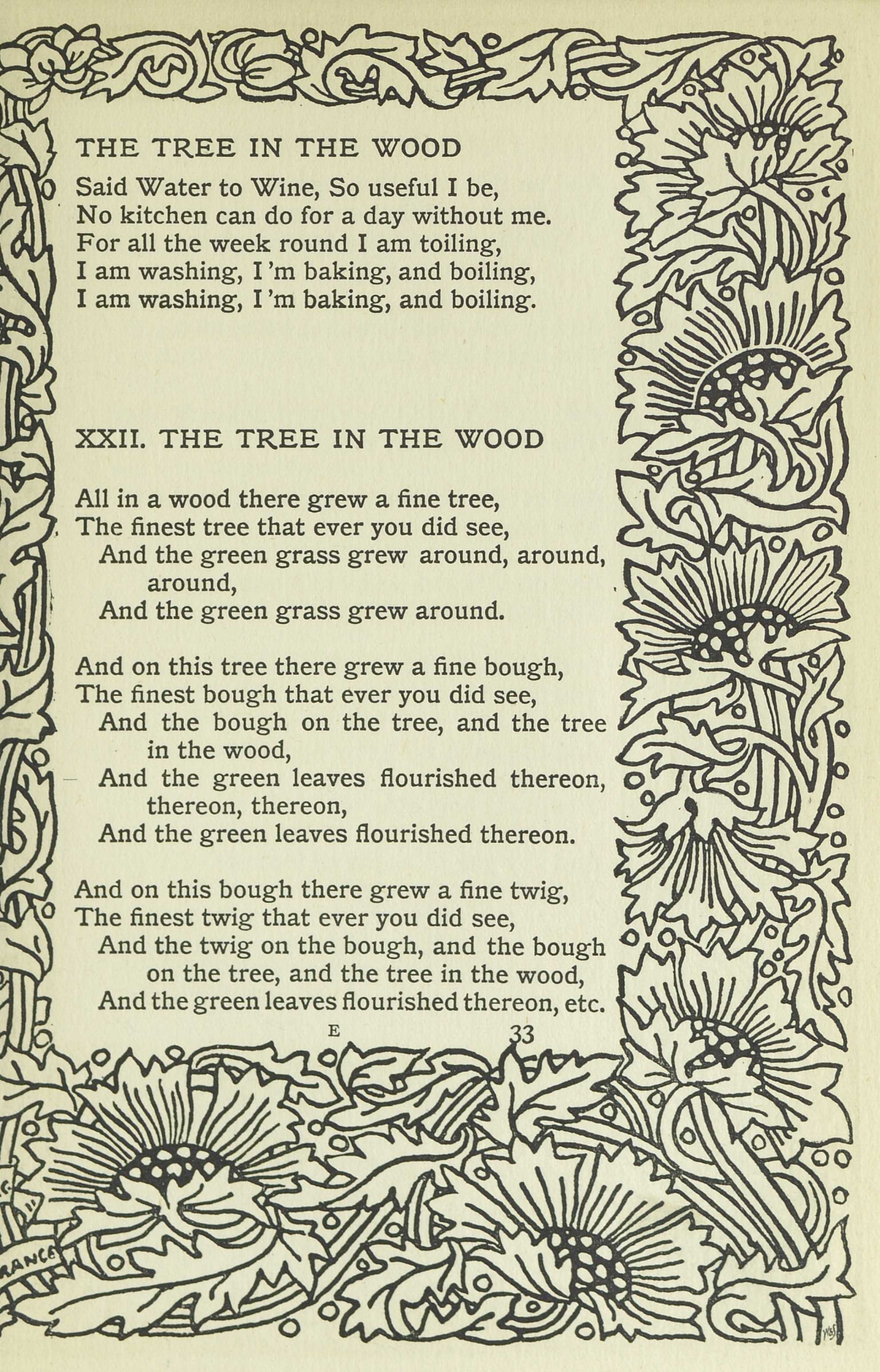
Down to the bottom sometimes he goes,
Then up to the surface again for blows,
And when he has done then off goes he,
Sailing along in the deep blue sea.

In Northern climes where it is very cold,
This fish is found, as I've been told,
And there will sport in his mighty glee,
Sailing along in the deep blue sea.

'Tis a dangerous thing in catching the whale,
He'll toss o'er the boat with a flick of his tail,
And when he's done so, off goes he,
Sailing along in the deep blue sea.

XXI. WINE AND WATER

Said Wine to Water, So fine I be,
They carry me over both land and sea,
They call me both Port and Sherry,
I cause every heart to be merry,
I cause every heart to be merry.

A decorative border of stylized flowers and leaves surrounds the text. The flowers have multiple petals and a central cluster of dots. The leaves are pointed and have small circles on them. The border is composed of repeating patterns of these elements.

THE TREE IN THE WOOD

Said Water to Wine, So useful I be,
No kitchen can do for a day without me.
For all the week round I am toiling,
I am washing, I'm baking, and boiling,
I am washing, I'm baking, and boiling.

XXII. THE TREE IN THE WOOD

All in a wood there grew a fine tree,
The finest tree that ever you did see,
And the green grass grew around, around,
around,
And the green grass grew around.

And on this tree there grew a fine bough,
The finest bough that ever you did see,
And the bough on the tree, and the tree
in the wood,
And the green leaves flourished thereon,
thereon, thereon,
And the green leaves flourished thereon.

And on this bough there grew a fine twig,
The finest twig that ever you did see,
And the twig on the bough, and the bough
on the tree, and the tree in the wood,
And the green leaves flourished thereon, etc.



THE TREE IN THE WOOD

And on this twig there stood a fine nest,
The finest nest that ever you did see,
And the nest on the twig, and the twig on
the bough, etc.

And in this nest there sat a fine bird,
The finest bird, etc.

And on this bird there grew a fine feather,
The finest feather, etc.

And of this feather was made a fine bed,
The finest bed, etc.

And on this bed was laid a fine mother,
The finest mother, etc.

In the arms of this mother was laid a fine babe,
The finest babe, etc.

And the babe he grew up and became a fine
boy,
The finest boy, etc.

And boy put an acorn all into the earth,
The finest acorn, etc.

And out of this acorn there grew a fine tree,
The finest tree, etc.



THE QUAKER SONG

XXIII. THE QUAKER SONG

' O dear me ! I've lost my lover !
Hum-hum-hum-hum-hum !

How shall I his loss recover ?

Hum-hum-hum-hum-hum !'

' Seek him dearest, thou shalt find him,
Fa-la-la-la-la-li-gee-wo.

Seek him when the spirit moves you,
Fa-la-la-la-la-li-gee-wo.'

' O but how he does disdain me !
Hum-hum-hum, etc.

His cruel looks have almost slain me !

Hum-hum-hum,' etc.

' As for looks they need not matter,
Fa-la-la, etc.

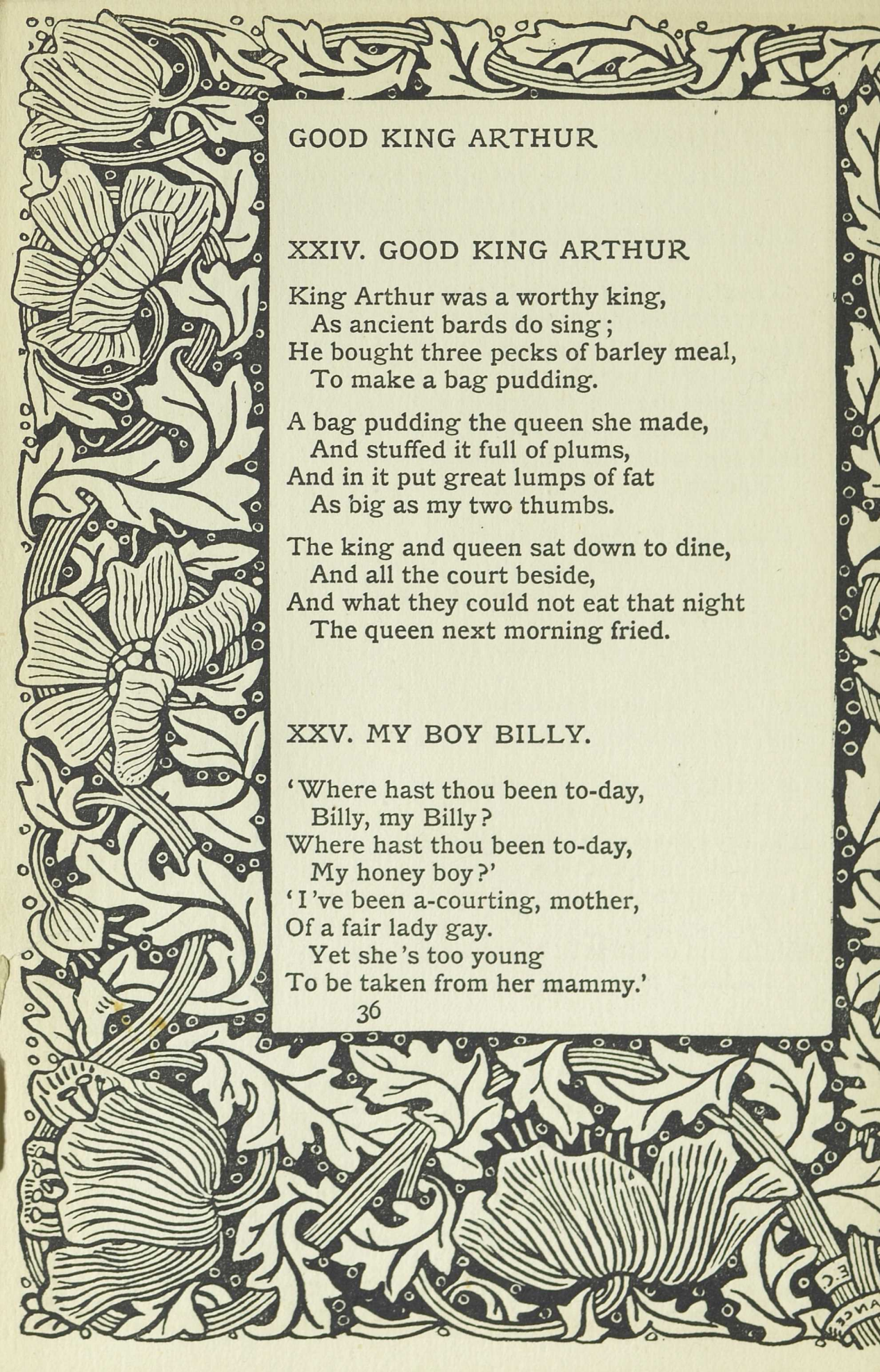
You must learn to fawn and flatter,
Fa-la-la,' etc.

' But that dreadful sin of lying,
Hum-hum-hum, etc.

A guilty conscience when I'm dying,
Hum-hum-hum,' etc.

' Love and conscience ne'er went courting,
Fa-la-la, etc.

Youth and death is ill consorting,
Fa-la-la,' etc.

A decorative border with a repeating pattern of stylized flowers and leaves, possibly poppies, in a woodcut style. The border is composed of several vertical columns of these floral motifs, which are interconnected by a series of small circles or dots. The overall effect is a dense, intricate frame around the text.

GOOD KING ARTHUR

XXIV. GOOD KING ARTHUR

King Arthur was a worthy king,
As ancient bards do sing ;
He bought three pecks of barley meal,
To make a bag pudding.

A bag pudding the queen she made,
And stuffed it full of plums,
And in it put great lumps of fat
As big as my two thumbs.

The king and queen sat down to dine,
And all the court beside,
And what they could not eat that night
The queen next morning fried.

XXV. MY BOY BILLY.

'Where hast thou been to-day,
Billy, my Billy?
Where hast thou been to-day,
My honey boy?'
'I've been a-courting, mother,
Of a fair lady gay.
Yet she's too young
To be taken from her mammy.'



GOOD KING ARTHUR

FRANCE



MY BOY BILLY

'Can she card and can she spin,
Billy, my Billy?

Can she card and can she spin,
My honey boy?'

'Yes, she can card and she can spin,
O and yes, she can do everything.
Yet she's too young,' etc.

'But is she fit to be thy love,
Billy, my Billy?

But is she fit to be thy love,
My honey boy?'

'O she is fit to be my love,
As to the hand befits the glove.
Yet she's too young,' etc.

'Tarry with me, I pray,
Billy, my Billy,

Tarry with me, I pray,
My honey boy.'

'Down in the meadows a-flowering gay,
Waiteth for me that lady gay.
Yet she's too young,' etc.

'But is she fit to be thy wife,
Billy, my Billy?

But is she fit to be thy wife,
My honey boy?'

'O she is fit to be my wife,
As that a sheath befits a knife.
Yet she's too young,' etc.

A decorative border with a repeating floral and vine motif in white on a black background, featuring stylized leaves and flowers.

THE CARRION CROW

'How old may she be,
Billy, my Billy?
How old may she be,
My honey boy?'
'She is twice six, twice seven,
Twice ten, and twice eleven.
Yet she's too young
To be taken from her mammy.'

XXVI. THE CARRION CROW

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

'Wife, bring to me my old crossbow,
Fol-de-riddle, etc.
That I may shoot yon carrion crow ;'
Sing he, sing ho, etc.

The tailor shot, and he missed his mark,
Fol-de-riddle, etc.
He shot the miller's sow right through the
heart,
Sing he, sing ho, etc.

A decorative border surrounds the text, featuring stylized flowers and leaves. The border is composed of repeating floral motifs, including large flowers with prominent stamens and smaller, simpler flowers, all rendered in a woodcut or linocut style. The background of the border is filled with intricate leaf patterns and small circular accents.

THE BABES IN THE WOOD

'Wife! O wife! bring me brandy in a spoon,
Fol-de-riddle, etc.

For the old miller's sow is in a swoon ;'
Sing he, sing ho, the old carrion crow ;
Fol-de-riddle, lol-de-riddle-hi-ding-do.

XXVII. THE BABES IN THE WOOD

Poor babes in the wood, poor babes in the
wood,
So hard was the fate of the babes in the wood.
When a child on the knee, how silent I'd be,
While my mother related the story to me.

My dear, you must know that a long time ago,
Two poor little children whose names I don't
know,
Were stolen away on a fine summer's day,
And left in a wood, as I've heard people say.
Poor babes in the wood, poor babes in the
wood !
So hard was the fate of the babes in the wood.

And when it was night, so bad was their
plight,
The sun it went down, and the stars gave no
light.



I LOVE SIXPENCE

They sobbed and they sighed, and they bitterly
cried,
And the poor little things they lay down and
died.

Poor babes in the wood, etc.

And when they were dead, the robins so red,
Brought strawberry leaves, and over them
spread.

And all the day long, the branches among,
They mournfully whistled, and this was their
song:

Poor babes in the wood, etc.

XXVIII. I LOVE SIXPENCE

I love sixpence, jolly, jolly sixpence,
I love sixpence, dearly as my life.
I spent a penny of it, I lent a penny of it,
I brought fourpence of it home to my wife.
May the pipe and the bowl never leave us;
Kind friends who never deceive us;
And happy the girls who receive us,
When we come rolling home.
Rolling home! Rolling home! Rolling
home,
And happy the girls who receive us
When we come rolling home.



THE LITTLE DANDY

I love fourpence, jolly, jolly fourpence,
I love fourpence, dearly as my life.
I spent a penny of it, I lent a penny of it,
And I brought twopence of it home to my
wife.

May the pipe, etc.

I love twopence, jolly, jolly twopence,
I love twopence, dearly as my life.
I spent a penny of it, I lent a penny of it,
And I brought nothing of it home to my wife.

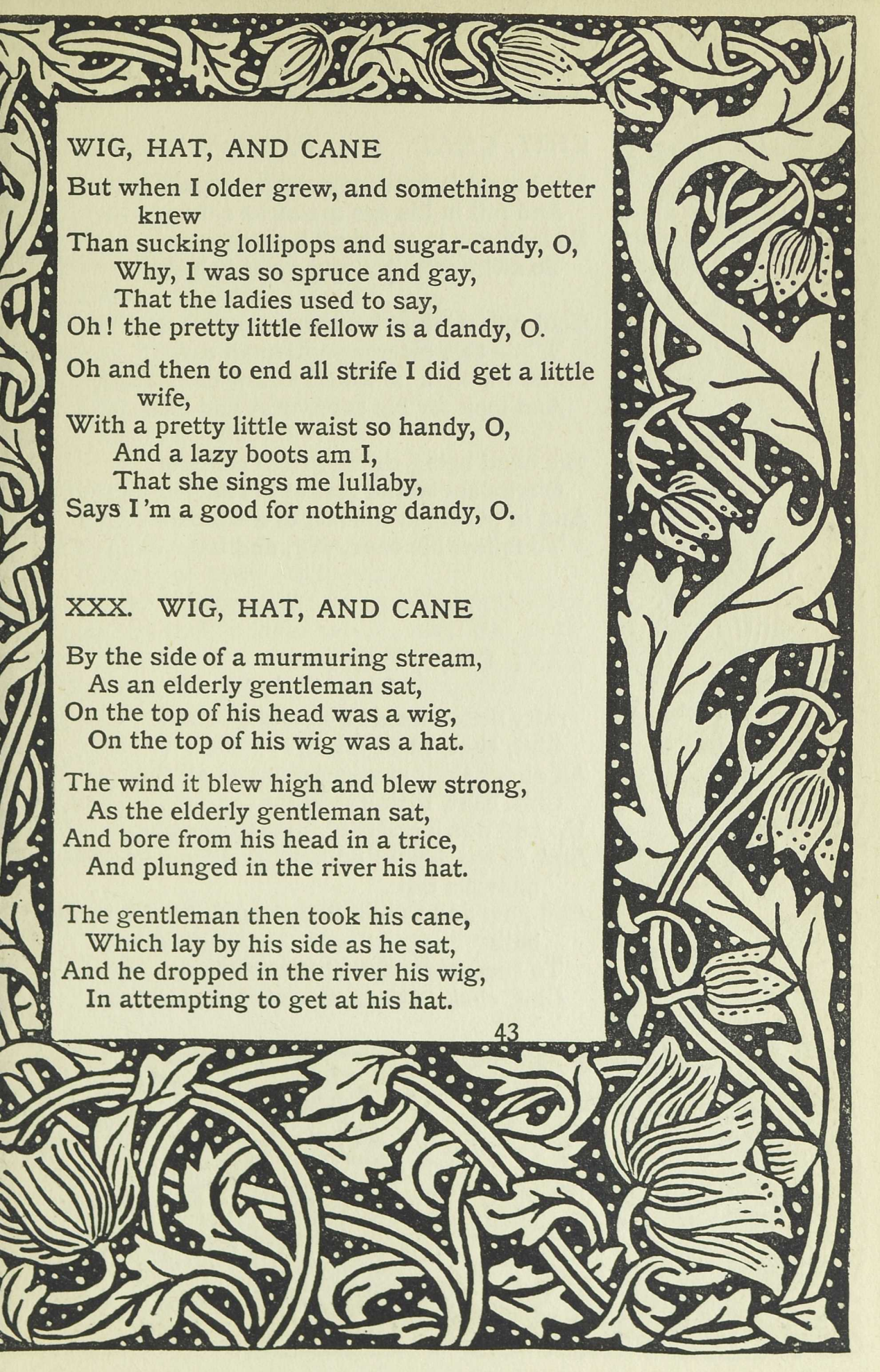
May the pipe, etc.

I love nothing, jolly, jolly nothing,
I love nothing, dearly as my life.
I spent nothing of it, I lent nothing of it,
And I love nothing but my bonny wife.

May the pipe, etc.

XXIX. THE LITTLE DANDY

Oh when I was a boy and a pretty little boy,
With my little curly head of hair so sandy, O,
All the damsels used to cry,
What a funny rogue was I,
And they christened me the pretty little
dandy, O.

A decorative border with a repeating floral and leaf pattern in white on a black background, framing the text.

WIG, HAT, AND CANE

But when I older grew, and something better
knew

Than sucking lollipops and sugar-candy, O,
Why, I was so spruce and gay,
That the ladies used to say,
Oh! the pretty little fellow is a dandy, O.

Oh and then to end all strife I did get a little
wife,

With a pretty little waist so handy, O,
And a lazy boots am I,
That she sings me lullaby,
Says I'm a good for nothing dandy, O.

XXX. WIG, HAT, AND CANE

By the side of a murmuring stream,
As an elderly gentleman sat,
On the top of his head was a wig,
On the top of his wig was a hat.

The wind it blew high and blew strong,
As the elderly gentleman sat,
And bore from his head in a trice,
And plunged in the river his hat.

The gentleman then took his cane,
Which lay by his side as he sat,
And he dropped in the river his wig,
In attempting to get at his hat.

A decorative border of stylized flowers and leaves surrounds the text. The flowers have multiple petals and prominent stamens, and the leaves are broad and pointed. The border is composed of repeating patterns of these floral elements.

CHIT, CHAT

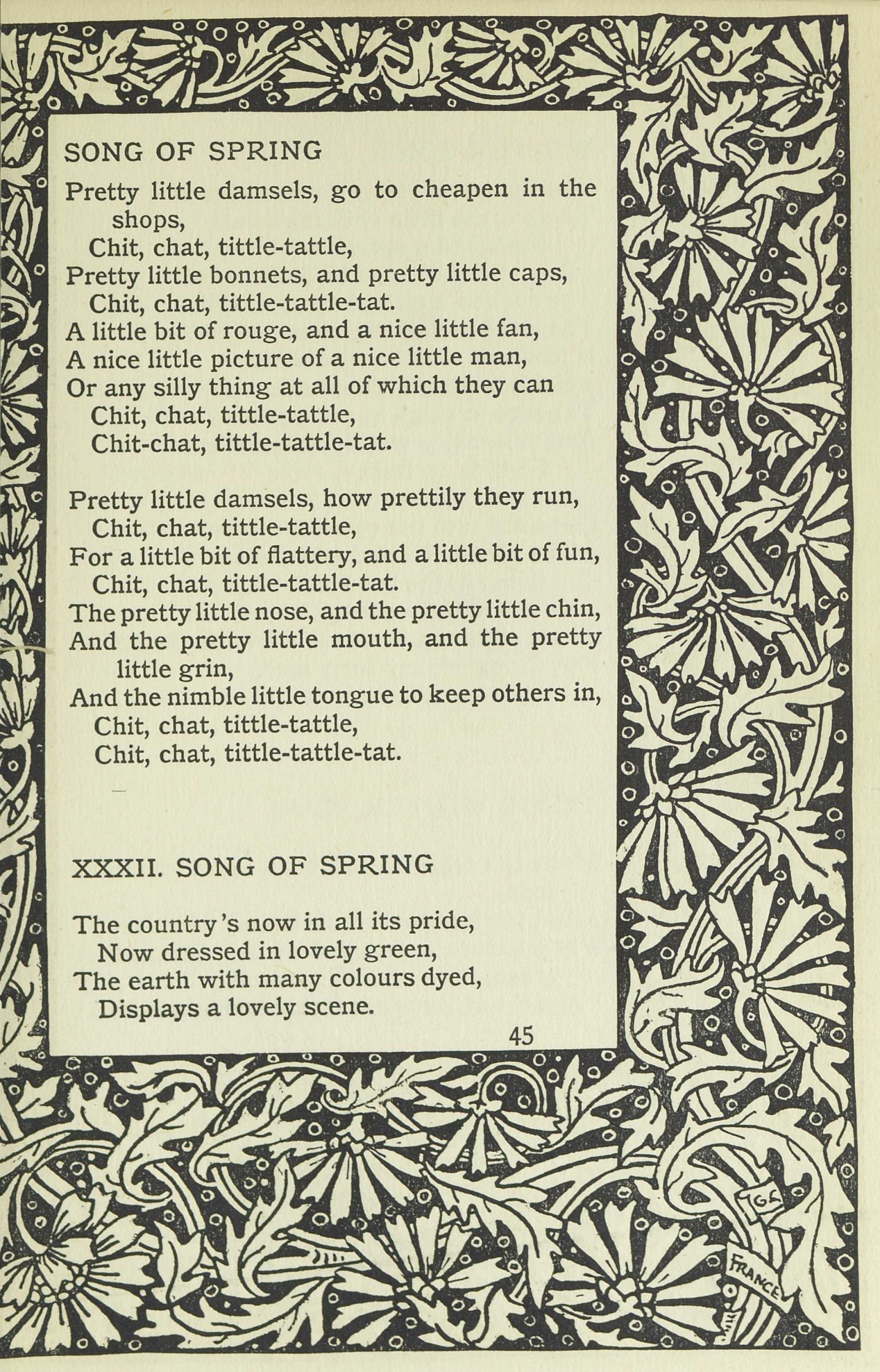
His breast it grew cold with despair,
And full in his eye madness sat,
So he flung in the river his cane,
To swim with his wig and his hat.

Cool reflection at length came across,
While this elderly gentleman sat,
So he thought he would follow the stream,
And look for his cane, wig, and hat.

His head being thicker than common,
O'erbalanced the rest of his fat,
And in plumped the son of a woman,
To follow his cane, wig, and hat.

XXXI. CHIT, CHAT

Pretty little damsels, how they chat,
Chit, chat, tittle-tattle,
All about their sweethearts and all that,
Chit, chat, tittle-tattle-tat.
Up and down the City, how they walk,
And of the beaus and the fashions, how the
damsels talk,
And now and then a little bit of slander is no
balk
To their chit, chat, tittle-tattle,
Chit, chat, tittle-tattle-tat.



SONG OF SPRING

Pretty little damsels, go to cheapen in the
shops,

Chit, chat, tittle-tattle,

Pretty little bonnets, and pretty little caps,

Chit, chat, tittle-tattle-tat.

A little bit of rouge, and a nice little fan,

A nice little picture of a nice little man,

Or any silly thing at all of which they can

Chit, chat, tittle-tattle,

Chit-chat, tittle-tattle-tat.

Pretty little damsels, how prettily they run,

Chit, chat, tittle-tattle,

For a little bit of flattery, and a little bit of fun,

Chit, chat, tittle-tattle-tat.

The pretty little nose, and the pretty little chin,

And the pretty little mouth, and the pretty

little grin,

And the nimble little tongue to keep others in,

Chit, chat, tittle-tattle,

Chit, chat, tittle-tattle-tat.

XXXII. SONG OF SPRING

The country's now in all its pride,

Now dressed in lovely green,

The earth with many colours dyed,

Displays a lovely scene.



WINTER SONG

Ten thousand pretty flowers appear,
To deck the little children's hair,
Fa-la-la-la, fa-la.

The cuckoo's picked up all the dirt.
The trees are all in bloom.
If pleasant music may divert,
Each bush affords a tune.
The pigeon sings in every grove,
And milkmaids warble songs of love,
Fa-la-la-la, fa-la.

Come out into the cowslip-meads,
The pleasant wood and spring,
And listen in the beeches' shades
Where nightingale doth sing.
Sweet nightingale whose warbling throat,
Far, far excels my sorry note,
Fa-la-la-la, fa-la.

XXXIII. WINTER SONG

When the trees are all bare, not a leaf to be
seen,
And the meadows their beauty have lost ;
When nature's disrobed of her garment of
green,
And the streams are fast bound by the frost ;

A decorative border with a repeating floral and leaf pattern in white on a black background, framing the text.

THREE CHILDREN SLIDING

When the shepherd stands idle and shivers
with cold,
As bleak the winds northerly blow ;
When the innocent flocks run for ease to the
fold,
With their fleeces besprinkled with snow.

In the yard when the cattle are foddered with
straw,
And they send forth their breath like a
stream ;
And the neat-looking dairymaid sees she
must thaw
Flakes of ice that she finds in the cream.
Then the lads and the lasses in company join'd,
Round the fireplace gather in glee,
Talk of fairies and witches that ride on the
wind,
And whistle and sing so do we.

XXXIV. THREE CHILDREN SLIDING

Three children sliding on the ice
Upon a summer's day,
As it fell out they all fell in,
The rest they ran away.

A decorative border surrounds the text, featuring stylized flowers and leaves. The border is composed of repeating floral motifs, including large flowers with prominent stamens and leaves, all rendered in a woodcut or linocut style. The background of the border is dark, making the white floral elements stand out.

THREE CHILDREN SLIDING

A lord there was who with the king
A mighty wager makes,
But when he saw he could not win,
He would have drawn the stakes.

He said 'twould bear a man to slide,
And laid a hundred pound ;
The king said 'twould break and not abide,
Where children three were drowned.

Of which one's head was from his should-
ers stuck, whose name was John ;
Who then cried out, as loud as he could,
' Oh lon-a-lon-a-don !'

Thus being drowned, alack ! alack !
Water ran down their throats,
And stopped their breath, three hours by th'
clock,
Ere they could get the boats.

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

Ye parents all, that children have,
And ye that eke have none,
If you would keep them from the grave,
Pray make them stay at home.

A decorative border of stylized flowers and leaves surrounds the text. The flowers have many petals and a central cluster of dots. The leaves are pointed and have small circles on them. The border is composed of repeating patterns of these elements.

IF ALL THE WORLD WERE PAPER

XXXV. IF ALL THE WORLD WERE PAPER

If all the world were paper,
And all the seas were ink,
And all the trees were bread and cheese,
What should we have to drink ?

If all the world were sand-o,
Oh, then, what should we lack-o ?
If, as they say, there were no clay,
How should we take tobacco ?

If all our vessels ran-a,
If none but had a crack ;
If Spanish apes ate all our grapes,
What should we do for sack ?

If all things were eternal,
And nothing their end bringing ;
If this should be, then how should we
Here make an end of singing ?



THE HUNTING OF THE HARE

XXXVI. IF I HAD TWO SHIPS

If I had two ships on the ocean,
Both laden with silver and gold,
I'd give them both to my sweet William,
My sailor so true and so bold.
Both to my Willy, both to my Willy,
My sailor so true and so bold.

If I had two wings of an angel,
To fly o'er the ocean so blue,
I'd fly to the arms of sweet William,
My sailor so bold and so true.
Fly to my William, etc.

XXXVII. THE HUNTING OF THE
HARE

I hunted my Merry all into the hay,
The Hare was before and the hounds 'ware
away!'
With my Hickerly Tout, ticklesome Trout,
Hipperly, tipperly, eversheen, nipperly,
Up the middle, vandigo-van.
'Twas up the hill, down the form,
Here a step, there a turn,
Turn and sing merrily,
Hunt hounds, away!



THE LITTLE MAN

I hunted my Merry all into the barley,
And there the poor puss was pursued by
old Snarley.

With my Hickerly Tout, etc.

I hunted my Merry all into the wheat,
And there the sly puss did attempt us to cheat.
With my Hickerly Tout, etc.

I hunted my Merry all into the rye,
And there the poor hare was constrained to
die.

With my Hickerly Tout, etc.

I hunted my Merry all into the oats
And there I cut off both his paw and his scutt,
With my Hickerly Tout, etc.

XXXVIII. THE LITTLE MAN

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 he saw a little duck,
And he shot it through the head, head, head.



SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE

He carried it home,
To his good wife Joan,
And bid her make a fire for to bake, bake, bake,
To roast the little duck
He had shot in the brook,
And he'd go fetch her next the drake, drake,
drake.

The drake was swimming
With his curly tail,
The little man made it his mark, mark, mark.
But he let off his gun,
And he fired too soon,
So the drake flew away with a quack, quack,
quack.

XXXIX. SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE

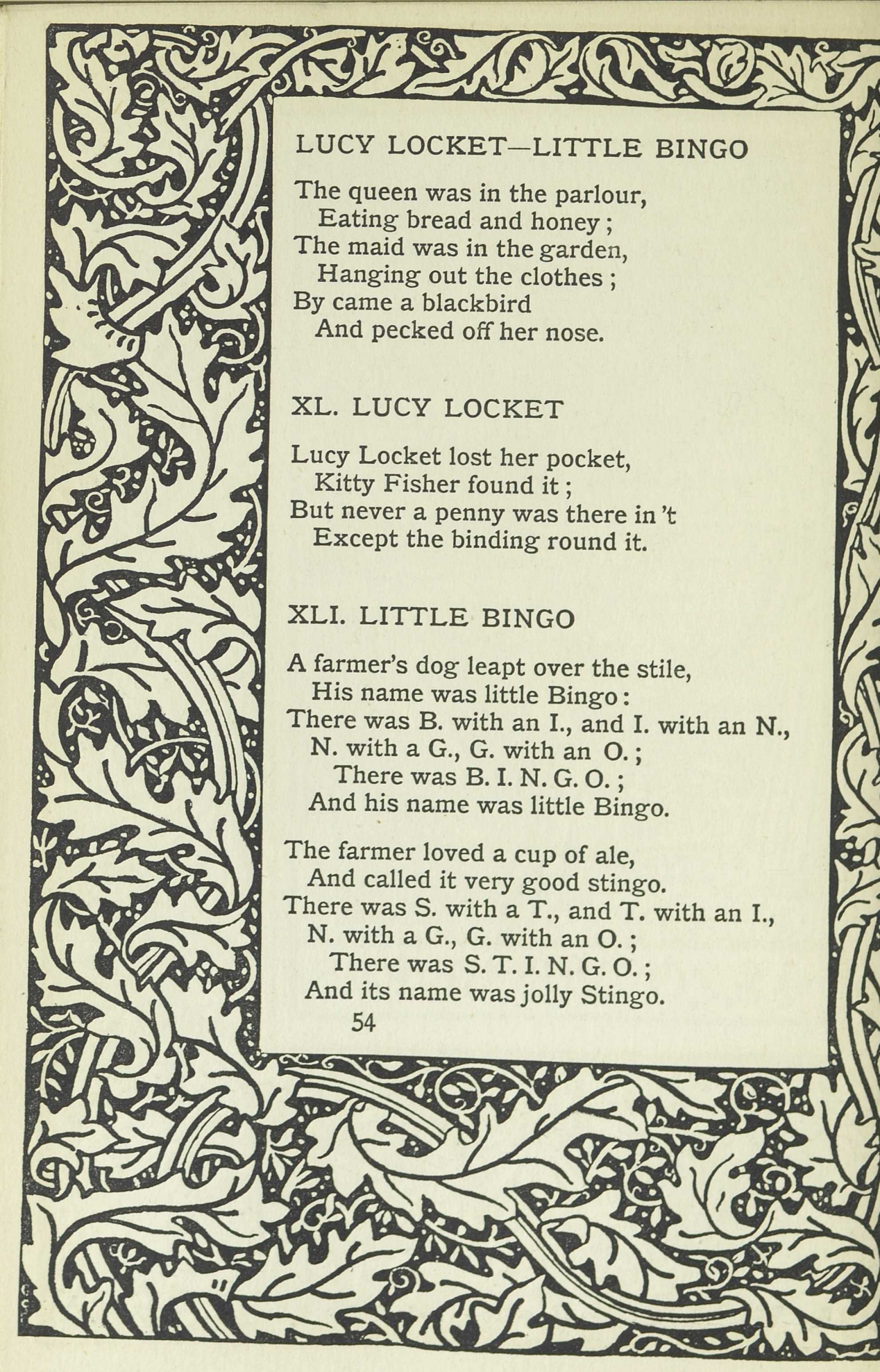
Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye,
Four and twenty blackbirds,
Bakèd in a pie.
When the pie was opened
The birds began to sing,
Was not this a dainty dish
To set before the king?

The king was in his counting-house,
Counting out his money;



4 & 20 BLACKBIRDS.

66
FRANCE



LUCY LOCKET—LITTLE BINGO

The queen was in the parlour,
Eating bread and honey ;
The maid was in the garden,
Hanging out the clothes ;
By came a blackbird
And pecked off her nose.

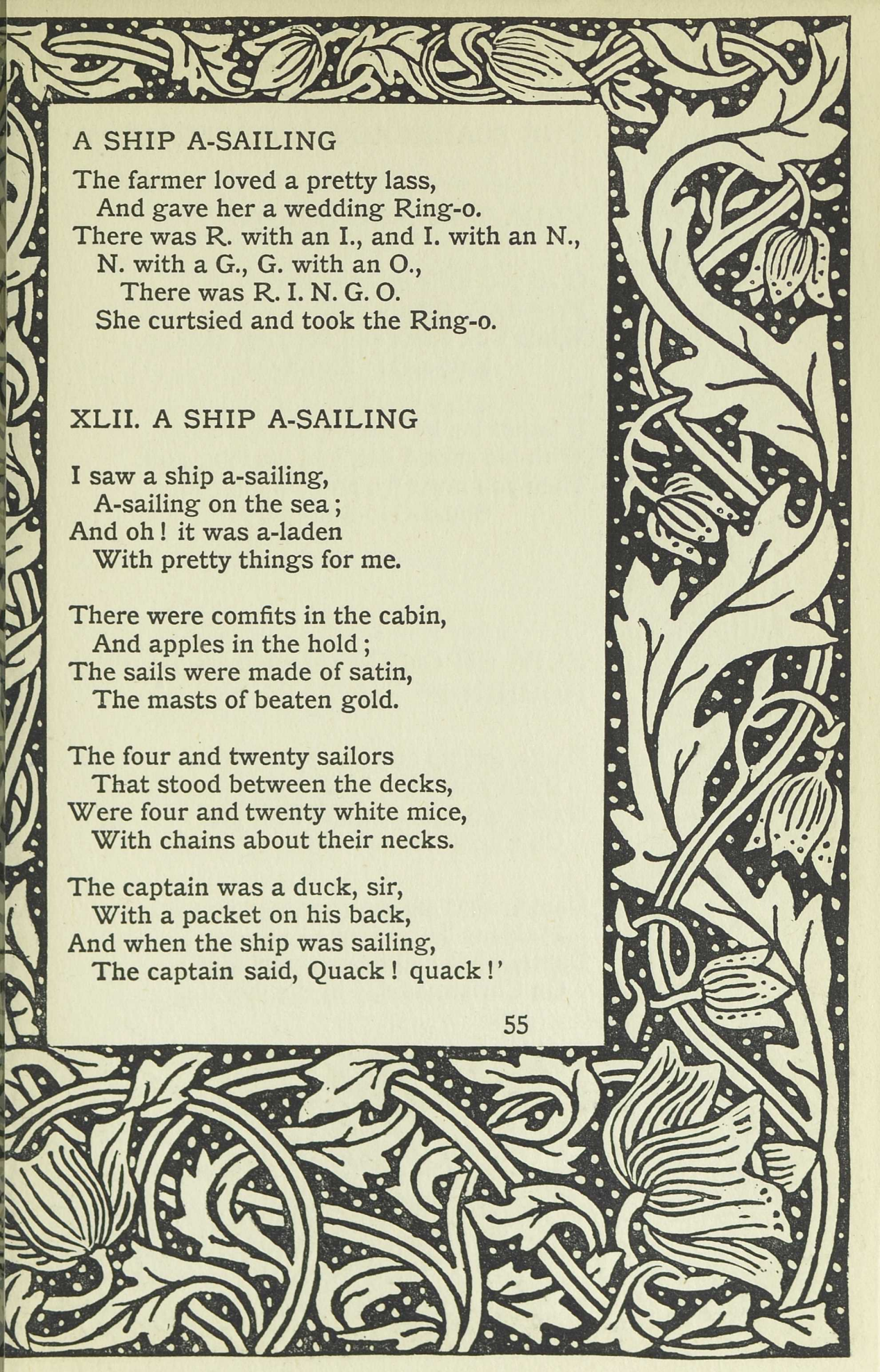
XL. LUCY LOCKET

Lucy Locket lost her pocket,
Kitty Fisher found it ;
But never a penny was there in 't
Except the binding round it.

XLI. LITTLE BINGO

A farmer's dog leapt over the stile,
His name was little Bingo :
There was B. with an I., and I. with an N.,
N. with a G., G. with an O. ;
There was B. I. N. G. O. ;
And his name was little Bingo.

The farmer loved a cup of ale,
And called it very good stingo.
There was S. with a T., and T. with an I.,
N. with a G., G. with an O. ;
There was S. T. I. N. G. O. ;
And its name was jolly Stingo.

A decorative border with a repeating floral and vine motif in white on a black background surrounds the text. The design features stylized leaves, flowers, and scrolling vines.

A SHIP A-SAILING

The farmer loved a pretty lass,
And gave her a wedding Ring-o.
There was R. with an I., and I. with an N.,
N. with a G., G. with an O.,
There was R. I. N. G. O.
She curtsied and took the Ring-o.

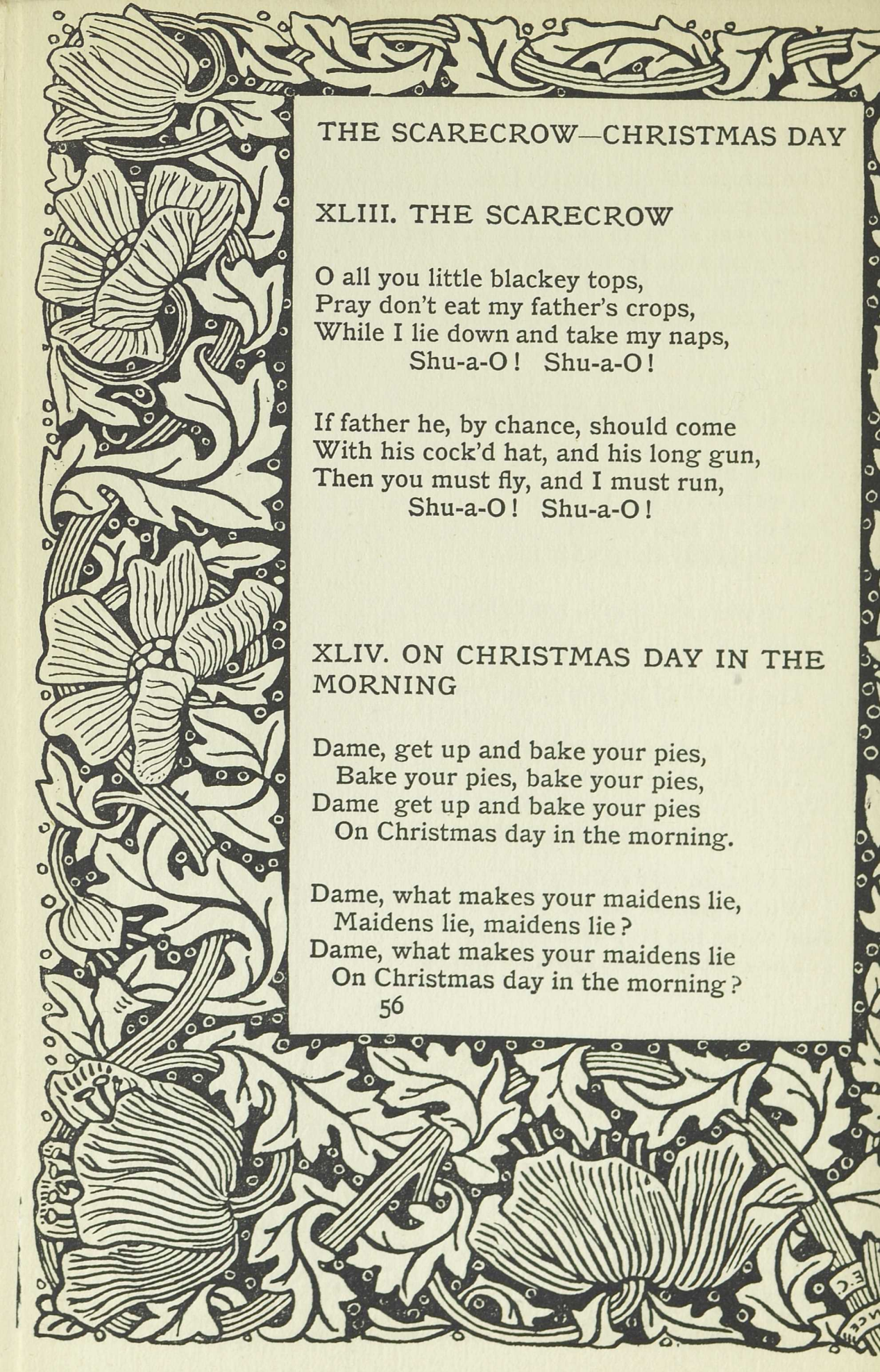
XLII. A SHIP A-SAILING

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

There were comfits in the cabin,
And apples in the hold ;
The sails were made of satin,
The masts of beaten 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, sir,
With a packet on his back,
And when the ship was sailing,
The captain said, Quack ! quack !'



THE SCARECROW—CHRISTMAS DAY

XLIII. THE SCARECROW

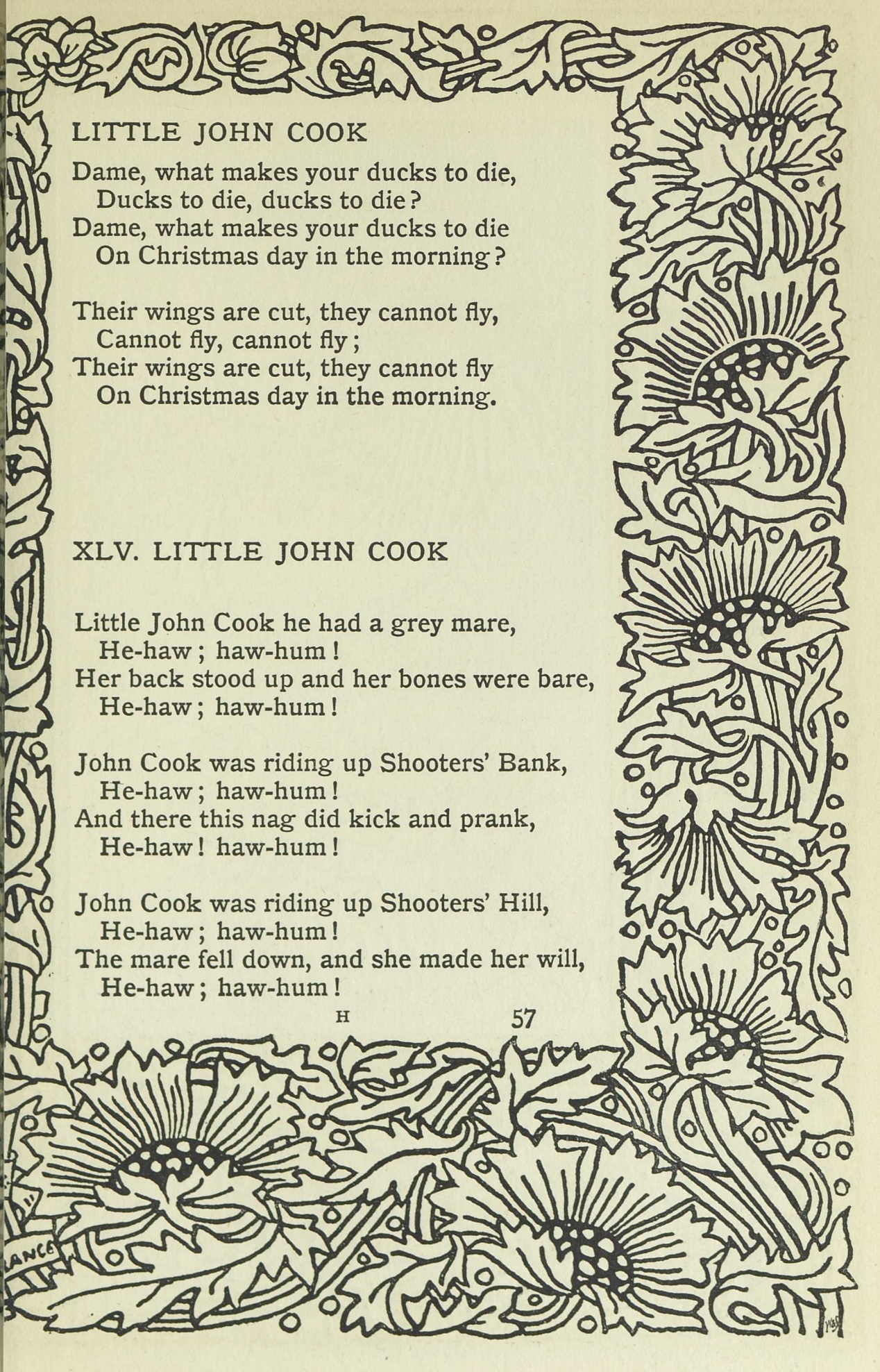
O all you little blackey tops,
Pray don't eat my father's crops,
While I lie down and take my naps,
Shu-a-O! Shu-a-O!

If father he, by chance, should come
With his cock'd hat, and his long gun,
Then you must fly, and I must run,
Shu-a-O! Shu-a-O!

XLIV. ON CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE
MORNING

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?

A decorative border of stylized flowers and leaves surrounds the text. The flowers have many petals and a central cluster of dots. The leaves are pointed and have small circles on them.

LITTLE JOHN COOK

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, they cannot fly,
Cannot fly, cannot fly;

Their wings are cut, they cannot fly
On Christmas day in the morning.

XLV. LITTLE JOHN COOK

Little John Cook he had a grey mare,
He-haw; haw-hum!
Her back stood up and her bones were bare,
He-haw; haw-hum!

John Cook was riding up Shooters' Bank,
He-haw; haw-hum!
And there this nag did kick and prank,
He-haw! haw-hum!

John Cook was riding up Shooters' Hill,
He-haw; haw-hum!
The mare fell down, and she made her will,
He-haw; haw-hum!



LITTLE BO
PEEP

W.G.S. 19

A decorative border with a repeating floral and vine motif in white on a black background, framing the text.

LITTLE BO-PEEP

The bridle and saddle he laid on the shelf,
He-haw; haw-hum!
If you want any more, you may sing it yourself,
He-haw; haw-hum!

XLVI. LITTLE BO-PEEP

Little Bo-peep has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them;
Let them alone, and they'll come home,
And bring their tails behind them.

Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamt she heard them bleating;
But when she woke, she found it a joke,
For they were still a-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 happened one day, as she did stray
Into a meadow hard by;
There she espied their tails side by side,
All hung on a bush to dry.

A decorative border of stylized flowers and leaves surrounds the text. The flowers have multiple petals and prominent stamens, and the leaves are large and pointed. The border is composed of repeating patterns of these elements.

THE MAGPIE—ROBIN REDBREAST

XLVII. THE MAGPIE

A pie sat on a pear tree,
A pie sat on a pear tree,
A pie sat on a pear tree,
 Heigh-ho! heigh-ho! heigh-ho!

And once so merrily hopped she,
And twice so merrily hopped she,
And thrice so merrily hopped she,
 Heigh-ho! heigh-ho! heigh-ho!

XLVIII. ROBIN REDBREAST AND JENNY WREN

'Twas once upon a time
 When Jenny Wren was young,
So daintily she danced
 And so prettily she sung ;
Robin Redbreast lost his heart,
 For he was a gallant bird ;
So he doffed his hat to Jenny Wren,
 Requesting to be heard.

'O dearest Jenny Wren,
 If you will but be mine,
You shall feed on cherry-pie,
 You shall drink red currant wine ;



NEW-YEAR'S DAY

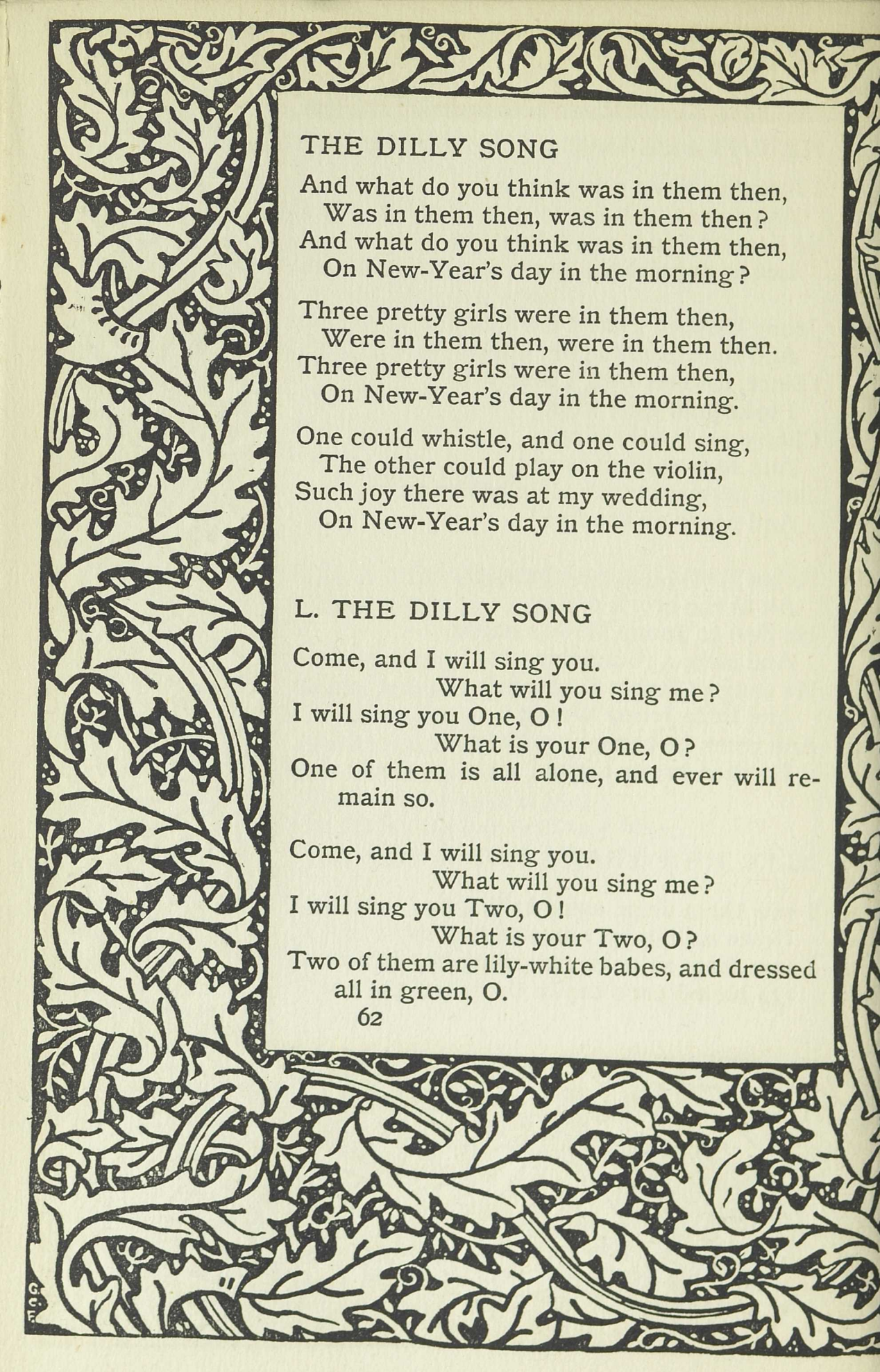
I'll dress you as a goldfinch,
As any peacock gay ;
So dearest Jen if you'll be mine,
Let us appoint the day.'

Jenny blushed behind her fan,
And thus declared her mind :
' Since, dearest Bob, I love you,
I take your offer kind ;
Cherry-pie is very nice,
And so is currant wine ;
But I must wear my plain brown gown,
And never go too fine.'

Robin Redbreast rose betimes,
All at the break of day,
He flew to Jenny Wren's house,
And sang a roundelay.
He sang of Robin Redbreast,
And little Jenny Wren ;
And when he came unto the end,
He then began again.

XLIX. NEW-YEAR'S DAY

I saw three ships come sailing by,
Come sailing by, come sailing by ;
I saw three ships come sailing by,
On New-Year's day in the morning.



THE DILLY SONG

And what do you think was in them then,
Was in them then, was in them then?
And what do you think was in them then,
On New-Year's day in the morning?

Three pretty girls were in them then,
Were in them then, were in them then.
Three pretty girls were in them then,
On New-Year's day in the morning.

One could whistle, and one could sing,
The other could play on the violin,
Such joy there was at my wedding,
On New-Year's day in the morning.

L. THE DILLY SONG

Come, and I will sing you.
What will you sing me?
I will sing you One, O!
What is your One, O?
One of them is all alone, and ever will re-
main so.

Come, and I will sing you.
What will you sing me?
I will sing you Two, O!
What is your Two, O?
Two of them are lily-white babes, and dressed
all in green, O.

A decorative border with a repeating floral and vine motif, featuring stylized leaves and flowers, surrounds the text. The border is composed of white lines on a dark background.

THE DILLY SONG

Come, etc.

I will sing you Three, O!

What is your Three, O?

Three of them are strangers, o'er the wide
world they are rangers.

Come, etc.

I will sing you Four, O!

What is your Four, O?

Four it is the dilly hour, when blooms the
gilly flower.

Come, etc.

I will sing you Five, O!

What is your Five, O?

Five it is the dilly bird, that's never seen,
but heard, O!

Come, etc.

I will sing you Six, O!

What is your Six, O?

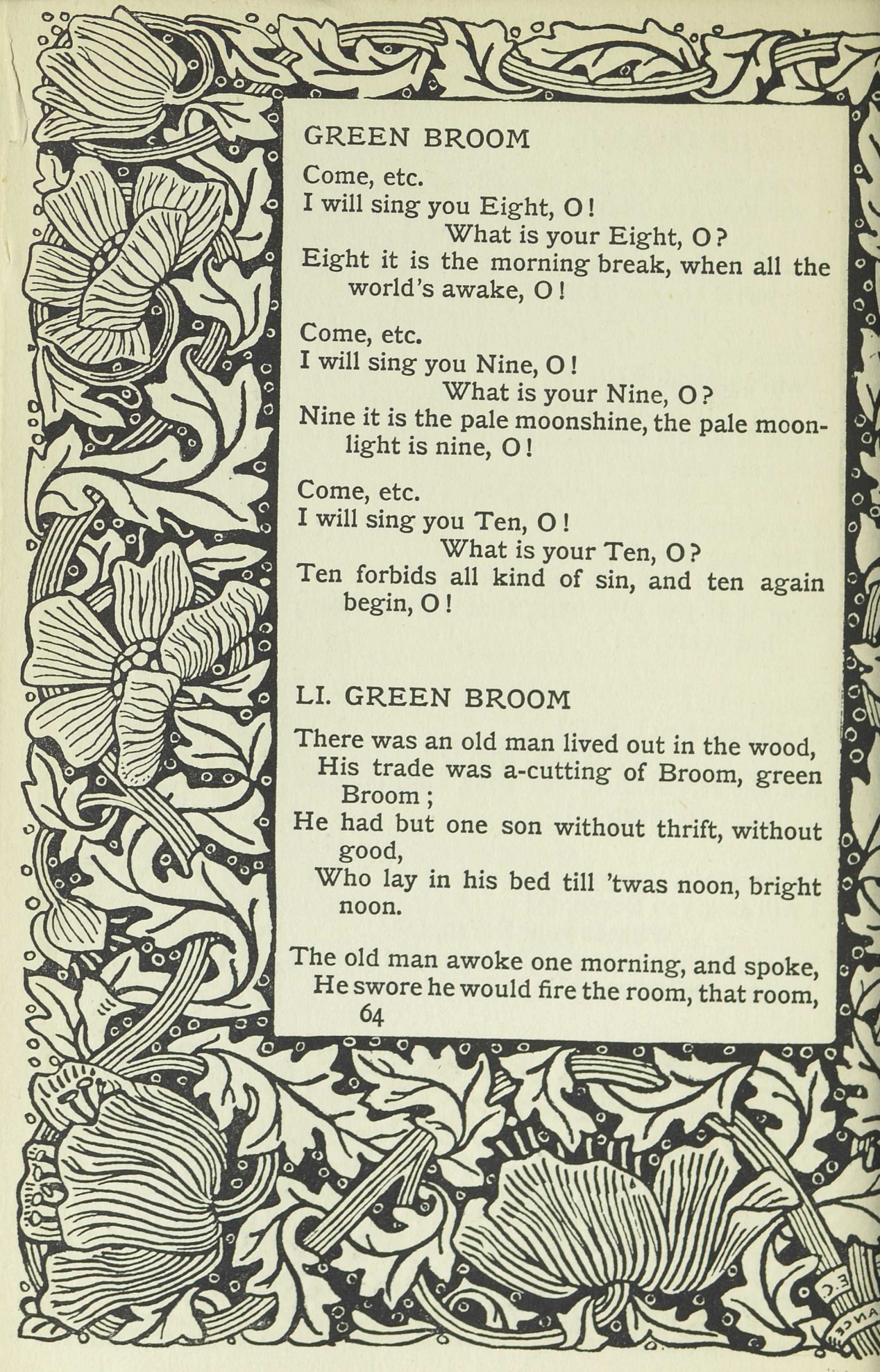
Six the ferryman in the boat, that doth on
the river float, O!

Come, etc.

I will sing you Seven, O!

What is your Seven, O?

Seven it is the crown of Heaven, the shining
stars be seven, O!



GREEN BROOM

Come, etc.

I will sing you Eight, O!

What is your Eight, O?

Eight it is the morning break, when all the
world's awake, O!

Come, etc.

I will sing you Nine, O!

What is your Nine, O?

Nine it is the pale moonshine, the pale moon-
light is nine, O!

Come, etc.

I will sing you Ten, O!

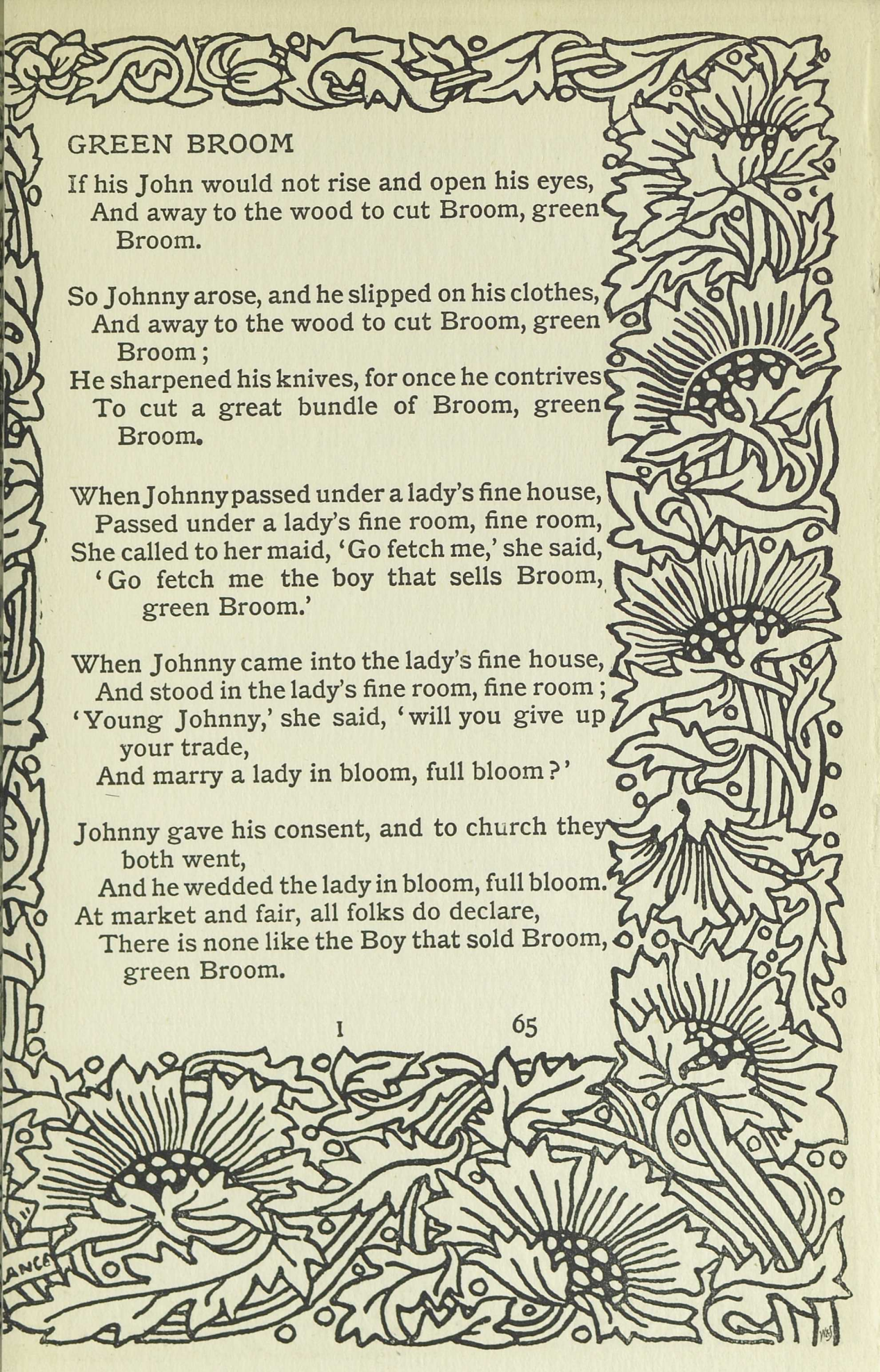
What is your Ten, O?

Ten forbids all kind of sin, and ten again
begin, O!

LI. GREEN BROOM

There was an old man lived out in the wood,
His trade was a-cutting of Broom, green
Broom ;
He had but one son without thrift, without
good,
Who lay in his bed till 'twas noon, bright
noon.

The old man awoke one morning, and spoke,
He swore he would fire the room, that room,



GREEN BROOM

If his John would not rise and open his eyes,
And away to the wood to cut Broom, green
Broom.

So Johnny arose, and he slipped on his clothes,
And away to the wood to cut Broom, green
Broom;

He sharpened his knives, for once he contrives
To cut a great bundle of Broom, green
Broom.

When Johnny passed under a lady's fine house,
Passed under a lady's fine room, fine room,
She called to her maid, 'Go fetch me,' she said,
'Go fetch me the boy that sells Broom,
green Broom.'

When Johnny came into the lady's fine house,
And stood in the lady's fine room, fine room;
'Young Johnny,' she said, 'will you give up
your trade,
And marry a lady in bloom, full bloom?'

Johnny gave his consent, and to church they
both went,
And he wedded the lady in bloom, full bloom.
At market and fair, all folks do declare,
There is none like the Boy that sold Broom,
green Broom.



TOM, THE PIPER'S SON

LII. TOM, THE PIPER'S SON

Tom, he was a piper's son ;
He learned to play when he was young ;
But all the tunes that he could play,
Was 'Over the hills, and far away.
Over the hills and a great way off,
And the wind will blow my top-knot off.'

Now Tom with his pipe made such a noise,
That he pleaséd both the girls and boys ;
And they all stopped to hear him play
His 'Over the hills, and far away.
Over the hills,' etc.

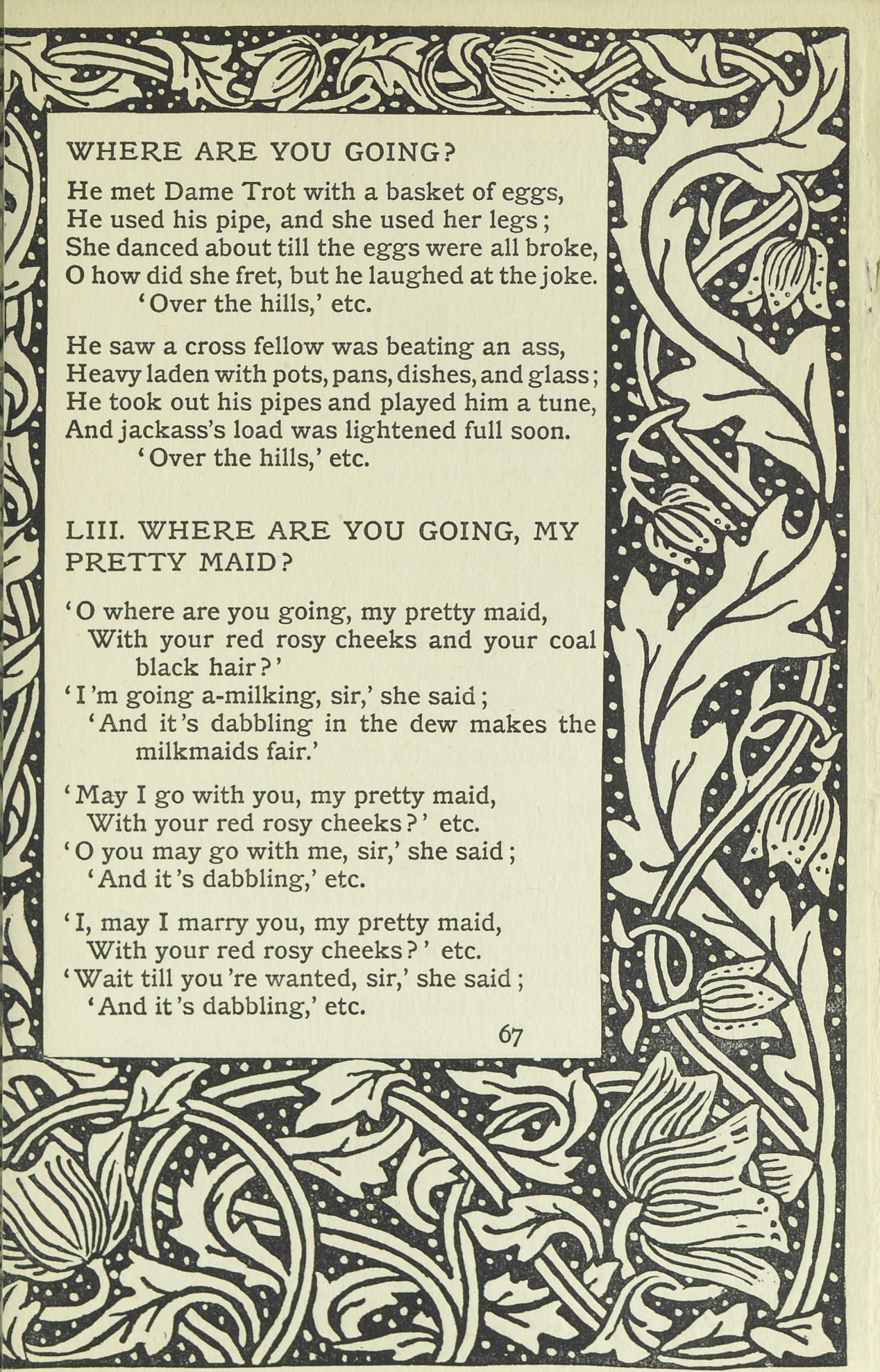
Tom on his pipe did play with such skill,
That those who heard him could not keep still ;
Whenever he played, they began to dance,
E'en pigs on their hind legs would after him
prance.

'Over the hills,' etc.

As Dolly was milking her cow one day,
Tom took out his pipes and began to play,
So Doll and the cow danced 'the Cheshire
round,'

Till the pail was broke, and the milk ran on
the ground.

'Over the hills,' etc.

A decorative border with a repeating floral and vine motif, featuring stylized leaves and flowers, surrounds the text on the page.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

He met Dame Trot with a basket of eggs,
He used his pipe, and she used her legs;
She danced about till the eggs were all broke,
O how did she fret, but he laughed at the joke.

‘Over the hills,’ etc.

He saw a cross fellow was beating an ass,
Heavy laden with pots, pans, dishes, and glass;
He took out his pipes and played him a tune,
And jackass’s load was lightened full soon.

‘Over the hills,’ etc.

LIII. WHERE ARE YOU GOING, MY PRETTY MAID?

‘O where are you going, my pretty maid,
With your red rosy cheeks and your coal
black hair?’

‘I’m going a-milking, sir,’ she said;
‘And it’s dabbling in the dew makes the
milkmaids fair.’

‘May I go with you, my pretty maid,
With your red rosy cheeks?’ etc.

‘O you may go with me, sir,’ she said;
‘And it’s dabbling,’ etc.

‘I, may I marry you, my pretty maid,
With your red rosy cheeks?’ etc.

‘Wait till you’re wanted, sir,’ she said;
‘And it’s dabbling,’ etc.

A decorative border surrounds the page, featuring stylized flowers and leaves. The flowers have multiple petals and prominent stamens, while the leaves are broad and pointed. The border is composed of repeating patterns of these elements, creating a rich, textured frame.

LULLABY

LIV. LULLABY

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Dad is not nigh,
Tossed on the deep,
Lul-lul-a-by!
Moon shining bright,
Dropping of dew,
Owls hoot all night,
To-whit! to-who!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Dad is away,
Tossed on the deep,
Looking for day.
In the hedge-row
Glow-worms alight,
Rivulets flow,
All through the night.

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Dad is afar,
Tossed on the deep,
Watching a star.
Clock going—tick,
Tack,—in the dark.
On the hearth—click!—
Dies the last spark.



THE ROBIN

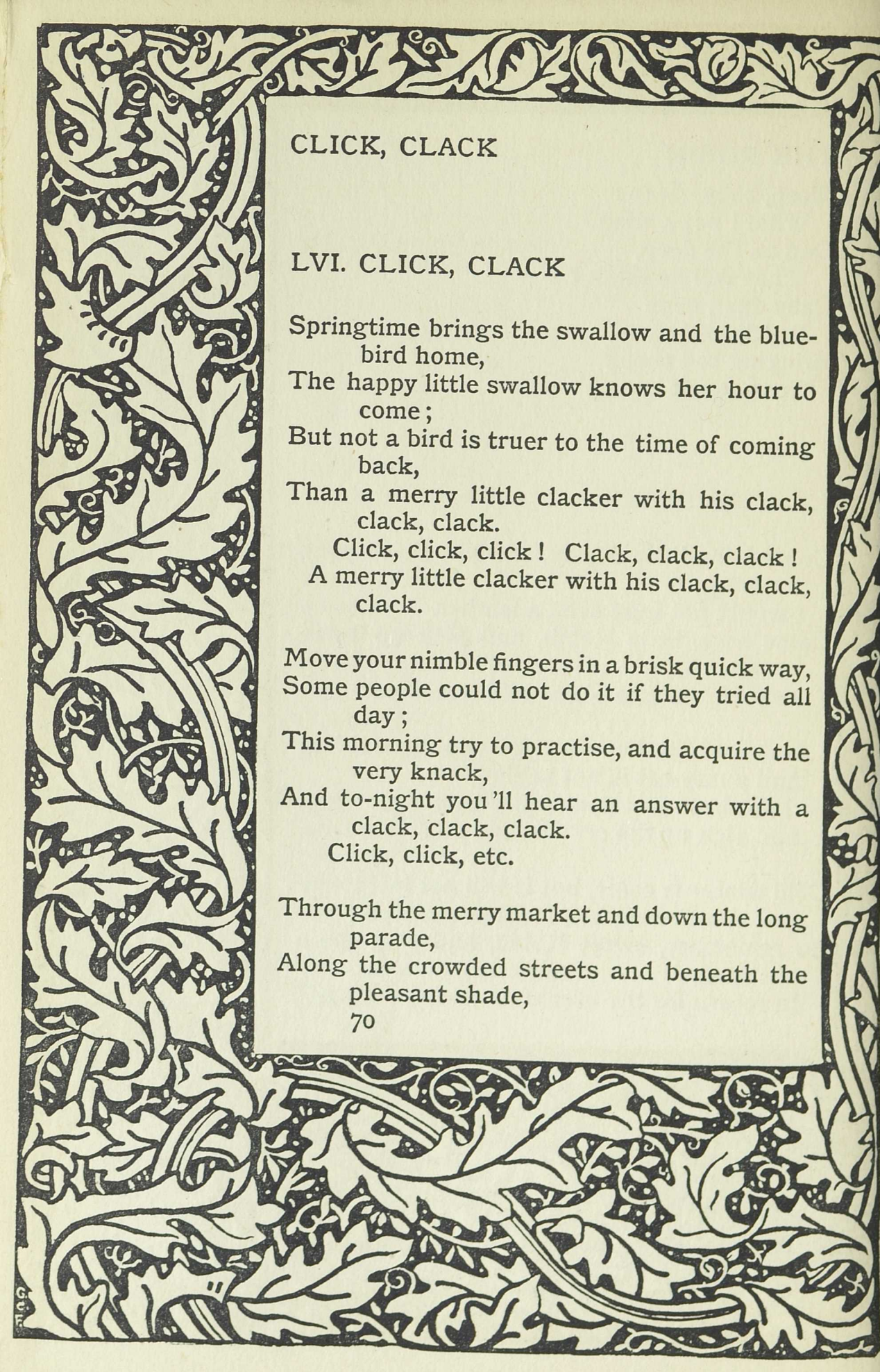
Sleep, baby, sleep!
What! not a wink!
Dad on the deep,
What will he think?
Baby dear, soon
Daddy will come,
Bringing red shoon
For baby at home.

LV. THE ROBIN

Come here, little Robin, and put down your
wing,
I would not hurt even a feather.
Come here, little Robin, and pick up some
crumbs,
To feed you this bitter cold weather.

I don't mean to hurt you, you poor little thing,
And pussy-cat is not behind me.
So hop about pretty, and put down your wing,
And pick up the crumbs and don't mind me.

Cold winter is come, but it will not last long,
And summer we soon will be greeting,
So remember, sweet Robin, and sing me a
song,
In return for the breakfast you're eating.



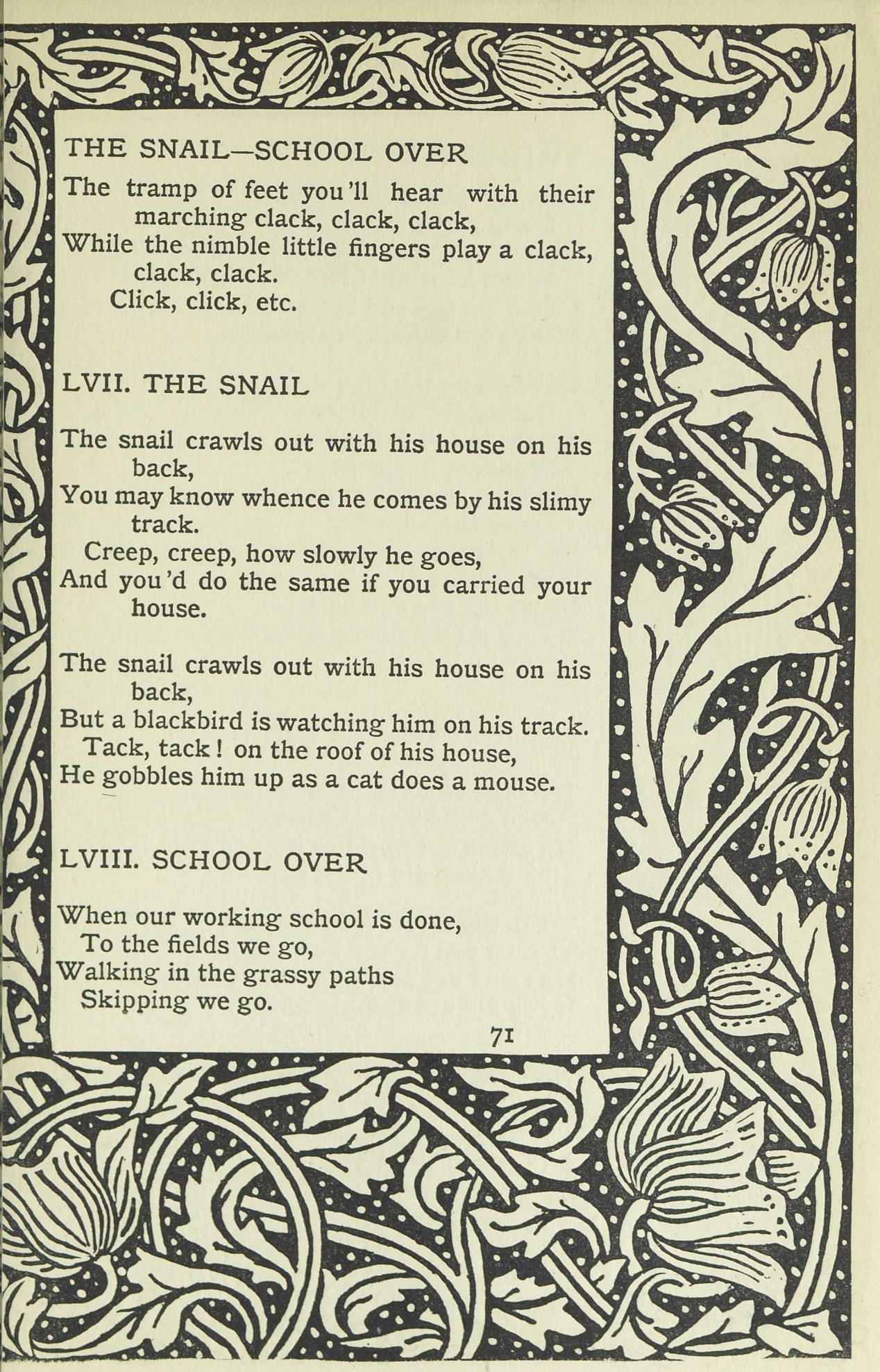
CLICK, CLACK

LVI. CLICK, CLACK

Springtime brings the swallow and the blue-
bird home,
The happy little swallow knows her hour to
come ;
But not a bird is truer to the time of coming
back,
Than a merry little clacker with his clack,
clack, clack.
Click, click, click ! Clack, clack, clack !
A merry little clacker with his clack, clack,
clack.

Move your nimble fingers in a brisk quick way,
Some people could not do it if they tried all
day ;
This morning try to practise, and acquire the
very knack,
And to-night you 'll hear an answer with a
clack, clack, clack.
Click, click, etc.

Through the merry market and down the long
parade,
Along the crowded streets and beneath the
pleasant shade,

A decorative border with a repeating floral and leaf pattern in white on a black background, framing the text.

THE SNAIL—SCHOOL OVER

The tramp of feet you'll hear with their
marching clack, clack, clack,
While the nimble little fingers play a clack,
clack, clack.
Click, click, etc.

LVII. THE SNAIL

The snail crawls out with his house on his
back,
You may know whence he comes by his slimy
track.

Creep, creep, how slowly he goes,
And you'd do the same if you carried your
house.

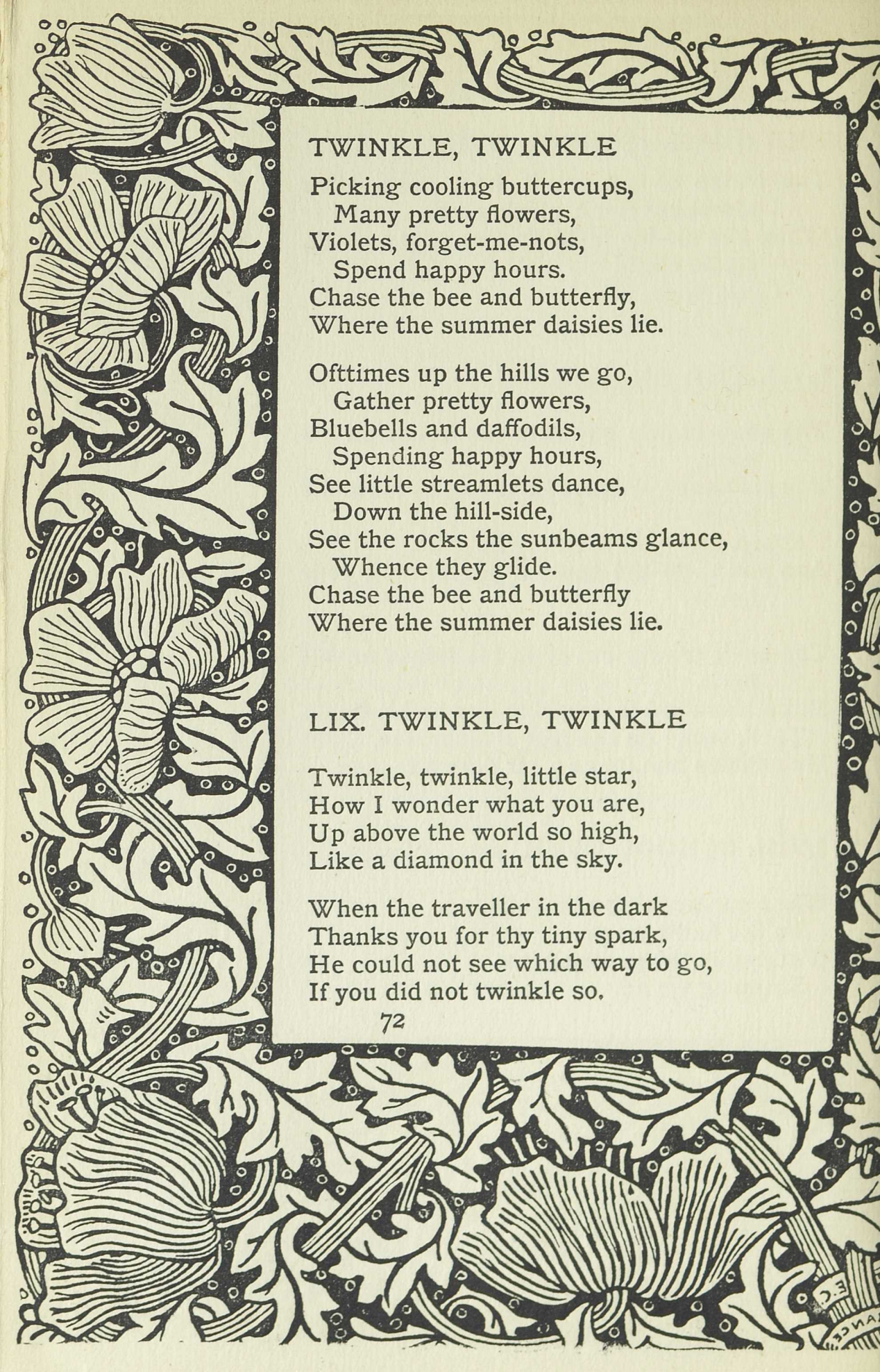
The snail crawls out with his house on his
back,

But a blackbird is watching him on his track.

Tack, tack! on the roof of his house,
He gobbles him up as a cat does a mouse.

LVIII. SCHOOL OVER

When our working school is done,
To the fields we go,
Walking in the grassy paths
Skipping we go.



TWINKLE, TWINKLE

Picking cooling buttercups,
Many pretty flowers,
Violets, forget-me-nots,
Spend happy hours.
Chase the bee and butterfly,
Where the summer daisies lie.

Ofttimes up the hills we go,
Gather pretty flowers,
Bluebells and daffodils,
Spending happy hours,
See little streamlets dance,
Down the hill-side,
See the rocks the sunbeams glance,
Whence they glide.
Chase the bee and butterfly
Where the summer daisies lie.

LIX. TWINKLE, TWINKLE

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the traveller in the dark
Thanks you for thy tiny spark,
He could not see which way to go,
If you did not twinkle so.



GOOD NIGHT AND GOOD MORNING

When the blazing sun is gone,
And he nothing shines upon,
Then appears thy tiny spark,
Twinkle, twinkle, in the dark.

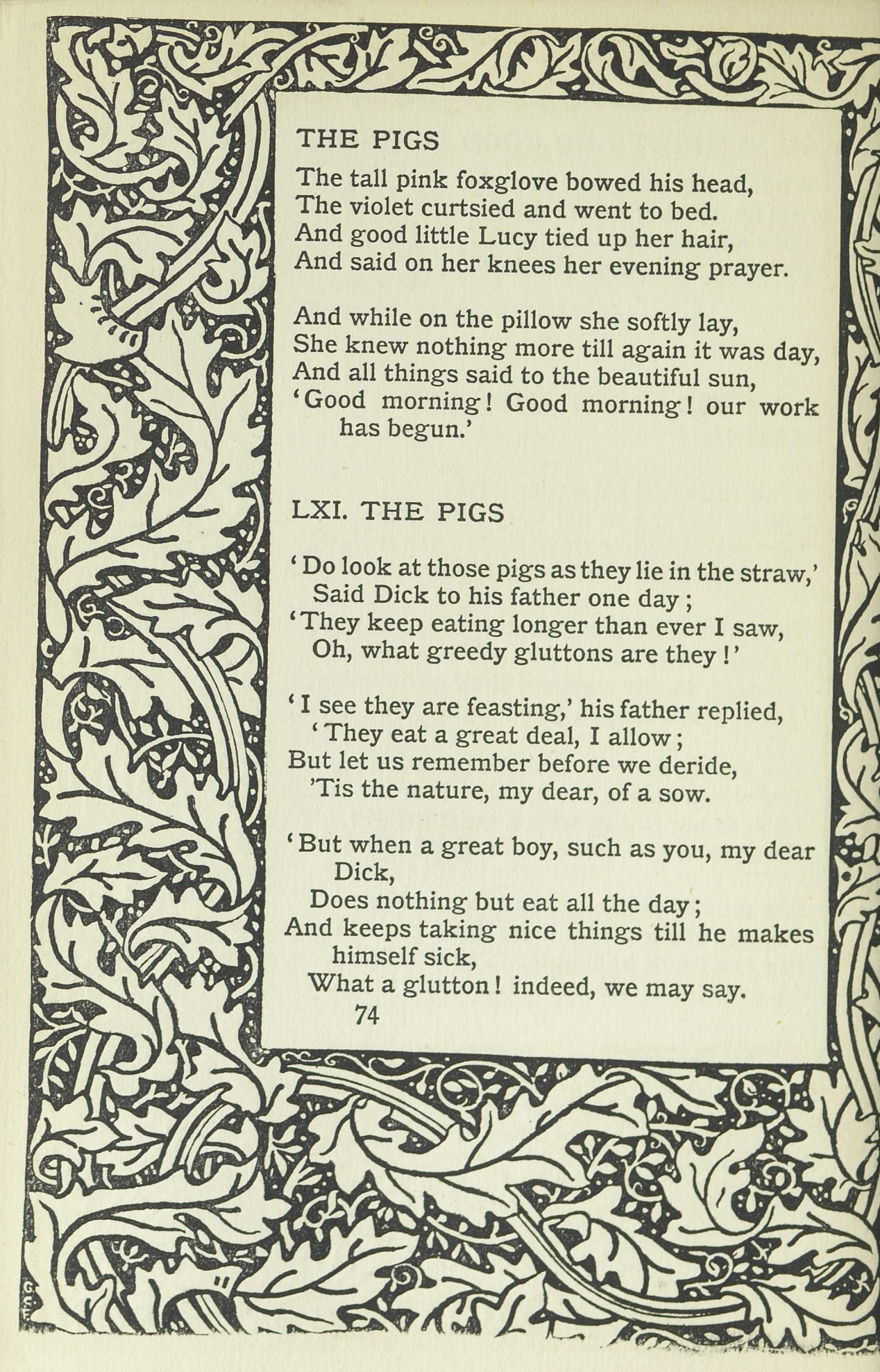
LX. GOOD NIGHT AND GOOD MORNING

A fair little girl sat under a tree
Sewing as long as her eyes could see ;
She smoothed her work and folded it right,
And said, 'Dear work, good night, good night.'

Such a number of rooks flew over her head,
Crying 'Caw! Caw!' on their way to bed,
She said, as she watched their curious flight,
'Little black things, good night, good night.'

The horses neighed and the oxen lowed,
The sheep's bleat, bleat, came over the road,
All seeming to say, with a quiet delight,
'Dear little girl, good night, good night!'

She did not say to the sun Good night,
Though she saw him there like a ball of light,
For she knew he had God's time to keep,
All over the world and never could sleep.



THE PIGS

The tall pink foxglove bowed his head,
The violet curtsied and went to bed.
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said on her knees her evening prayer.

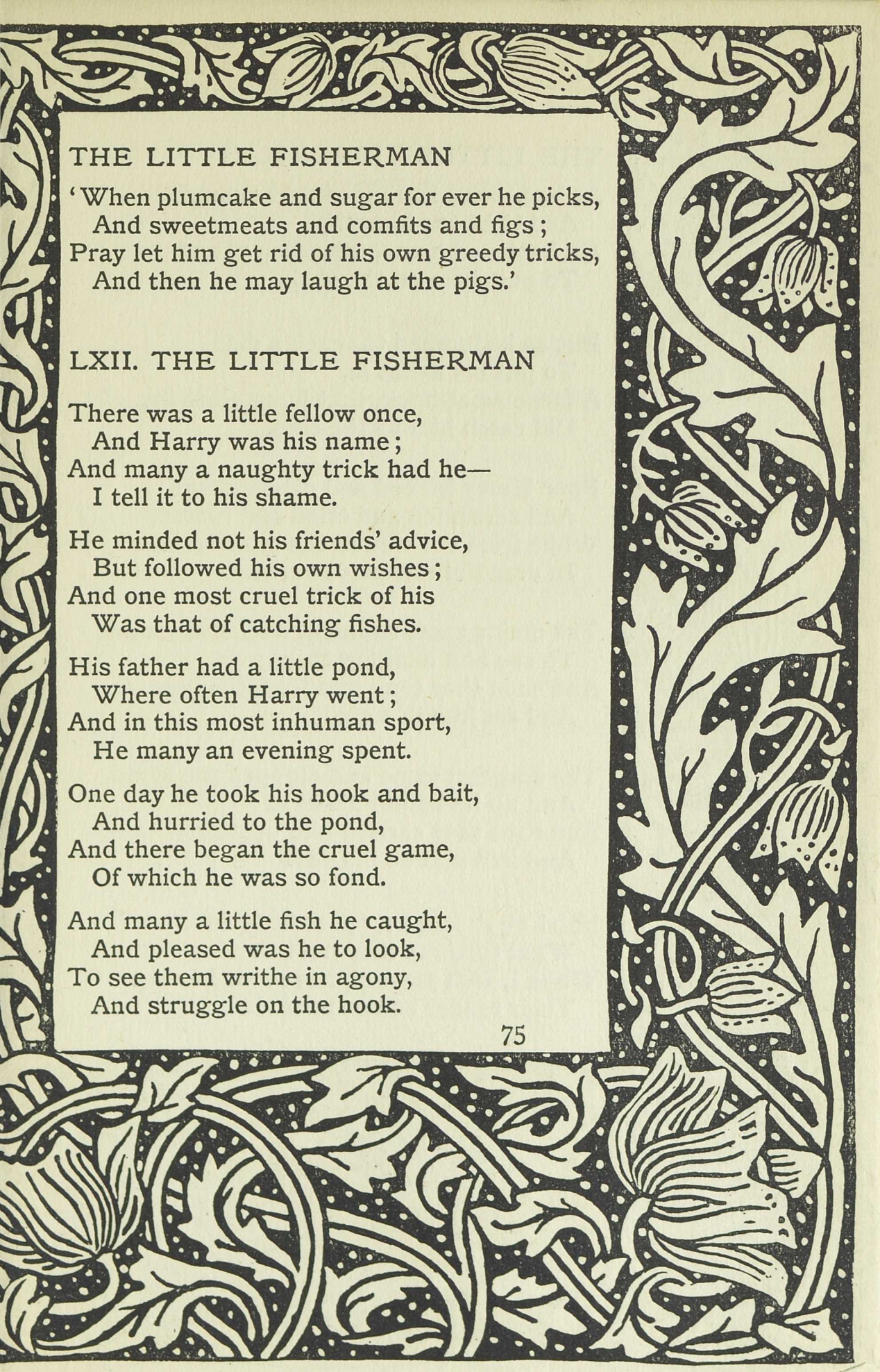
And while on the pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more till again it was day,
And all things said to the beautiful sun,
'Good morning! Good morning! our work
has begun.'

LXI. THE PIGS

'Do look at those pigs as they lie in the straw,'
Said Dick to his father one day;
'They keep eating longer than ever I saw,
Oh, what greedy gluttons are they!'

'I see they are feasting,' his father replied,
'They eat a great deal, I allow;
But let us remember before we deride,
'Tis the nature, my dear, of a sow.

'But when a great boy, such as you, my dear
Dick,
Does nothing but eat all the day;
And keeps taking nice things till he makes
himself sick,
What a glutton! indeed, we may say.

A decorative border with a repeating floral and leaf pattern in white on a black background, framing the text.

THE LITTLE FISHERMAN

'When plumcake and sugar for ever he picks,
And sweetmeats and comfits and figs ;
Pray let him get rid of his own greedy tricks,
And then he may laugh at the pigs.'

LXII. THE LITTLE FISHERMAN

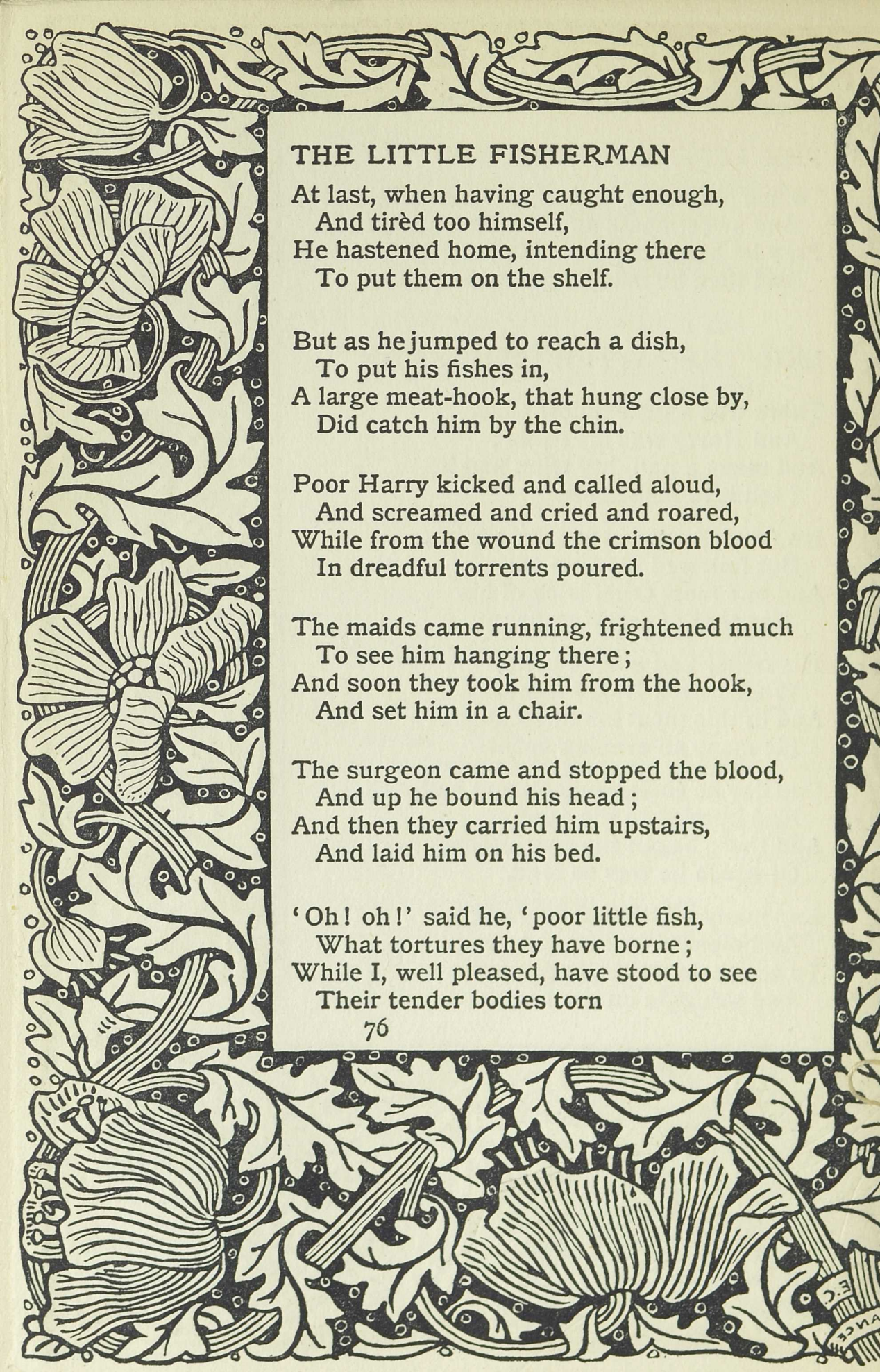
There was a little fellow once,
And Harry was his name ;
And many a naughty trick had he—
I tell it to his shame.

He minded not his friends' advice,
But followed his own wishes ;
And one most cruel trick of his
Was that of catching fishes.

His father had a little pond,
Where often Harry went ;
And in this most inhuman sport,
He many an evening spent.

One day he took his hook and bait,
And hurried to the pond,
And there began the cruel game,
Of which he was so fond.

And many a little fish he caught,
And pleased was he to look,
To see them writhe in agony,
And struggle on the hook.



THE LITTLE FISHERMAN

At last, when having caught enough,
And tired too himself,
He hastened home, intending there
To put them on the shelf.

But as he jumped to reach a dish,
To put his fishes in,
A large meat-hook, that hung close by,
Did catch him by the chin.

Poor Harry kicked and called aloud,
And screamed and cried and roared,
While from the wound the crimson blood
In dreadful torrents poured.

The maids came running, frightened much
To see him hanging there ;
And soon they took him from the hook,
And set him in a chair.

The surgeon came and stopped the blood,
And up he bound his head ;
And then they carried him upstairs,
And laid him on his bed.

'Oh! oh!' said he, 'poor little fish,
What tortures they have borne ;
While I, well pleased, have stood to see
Their tender bodies torn



THE LITTLE OLD WOMAN

' But now I know how great the smart,
How terrible the pain!
As long as I can feel myself
I'll never fish again.'

LXIII. THE LITTLE OLD WOMAN

There was an old woman as I've heard tell,
Fol, lol, did-dle, did-dle, dol.
She went to market, her eggs for to sell,
Fol, lol, did-dle, did-dle, dol.
She went to market upon a fair day,
And she fell asleep on the king's high-way.

There passed a pedlar whose name was Stout,
Fol, lol, etc.
He cut her petticoats round about,
Fol, lol, etc.
He cut her petticoats up to her knees,
Which made the old woman to shiver and
freeze,
Fol, lol, etc.

When the little old woman began to wake,
Fol, lol, etc.
She began to shiver, she began to shake,
Fol, lol, etc.
She began to shake, she began to cry,
O Lawk-a-mercy, this be none of I!
Fol, lol, etc.



THE RIDDLE

If it be I, as I reckon it be,
Fol, lol, etc.

I've a little dog at home, and he knows me,
Fol, lol, etc.

If it be I, he will wag his tail,
If it be not I, he will bark and rail,
Fol, lol, etc.

When the little old woman went home in the
dark,
Fol, lol, etc.

The little dog loudly began to bark,
Fol, lol, etc.

He began to bark, she began to cry,
Lawk-a-mercy! 'Tis none of I!
Fol, lol, etc.

LXIV. THE RIDDLE

I had four brothers over the sea,
Perrie-merry-dixi, do-mi-ne;
And each sent a present unto me,
Petsum, Patsum, Paradixi,
Perrie-merry-dixi, do-mi-ne.

The first sent a chicken without any bone,
Perrie, etc.

The second a cherry without any stone,
Petsum, etc.

A decorative border with a repeating floral and vine pattern surrounds the text. The pattern consists of stylized leaves, stems, and flower buds, rendered in a high-contrast, woodcut-like style. The background of the border is dark, with the floral elements in white.

THE RIDDLE

The third sent a book that no man could read,
Perrie, etc.

The fourth sent a blanket without any thread,
Petsum, etc.

How can there be a chicken without any bone?
Perrie, etc.

How can there be a cherry without any stone?
Petsum, etc.

How can there be a book that no man can
read?
Perrie, etc.

How can there be a blanket without any
thread?
Petsum, etc.

When the chicken is in the egg, it has no
bone,
Perrie, etc.

When the cherry is in the blossom, it has no
stone,
Petsum, etc.

When the book is in the press, no man may it
read.
Perrie, etc.

When the blanket is in the fleece, it has no
thread,
Petsum, etc.

A decorative border of stylized flowers and leaves surrounds the text. The flowers have multiple petals and prominent stamens, and the leaves are large and pointed. The border is composed of repeating patterns of these floral elements.

GIRLS AND BOYS—MRS. BOND

LXV. GIRLS AND BOYS COME OUT
TO PLAY

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

LXVI. MRS. BOND

'Oh, what have you got for dinner, Mrs. Bond?'
'There's beef in the larder, and ducks in the
pond ;'
'Dilly, dilly, dilly, dilly, come to be killed,
For you must be stuffed and my customers
filled !'

'John Ostler, go fetch me a duckling or two,
John Ostler, go fetch me a duckling or two,
Cry, dilly, dilly, dilly, dilly,' etc.



THE LITTLE COCK-SPARROW

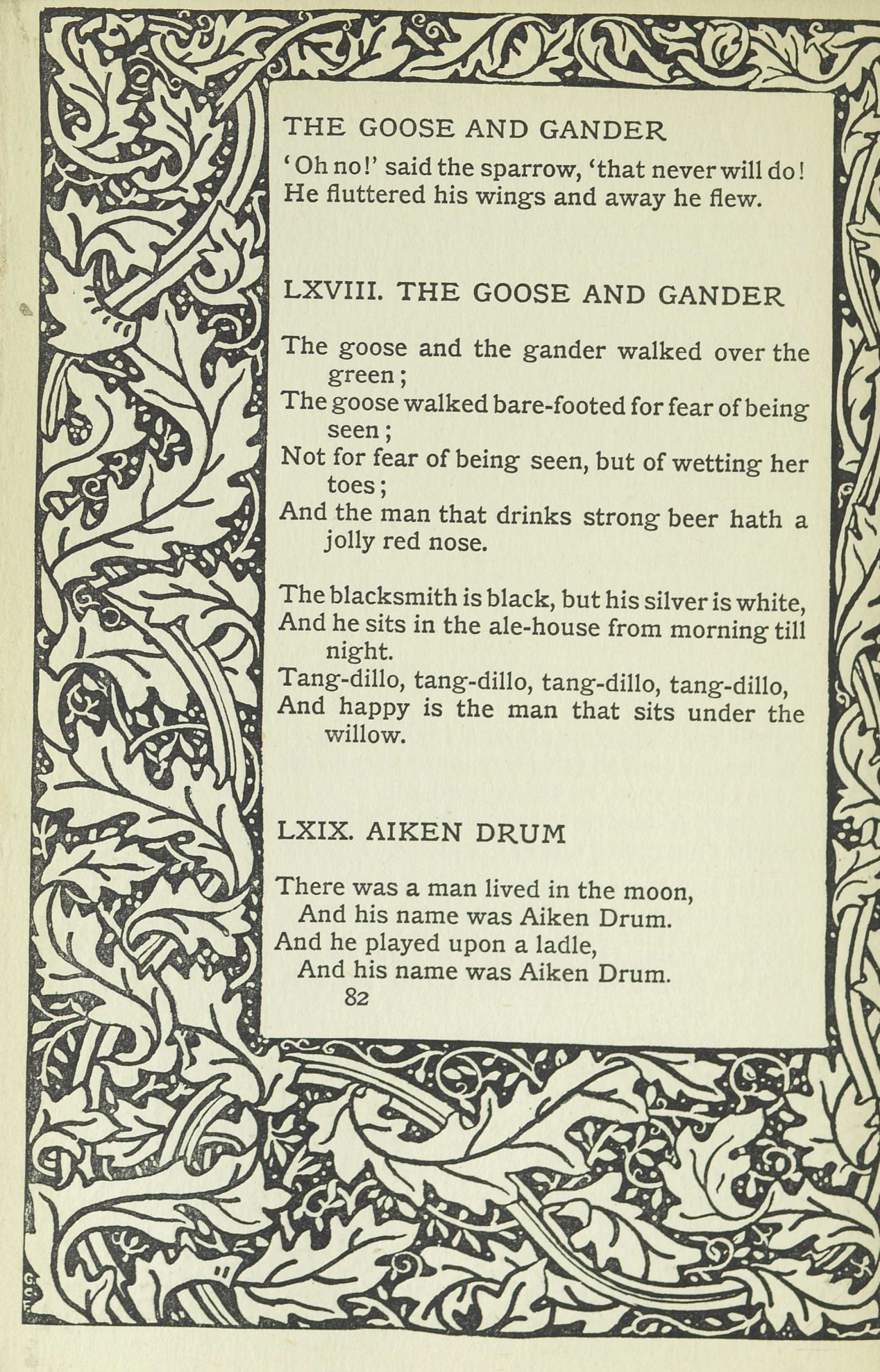
'I have been to the ducks that swim in the pond,
And they won't come to be killed by me, Mrs. Bond;
I cried, Dilly, dilly, dilly,' etc.

Mrs. Bond she went down to the pond in a rage,
With plenty of onions and plenty of sage;
She cried, 'Dilly, dilly, dilly,' etc.

She cried, 'Little wag-tails, come and be killed,
For you must be stuffed and my customers filled.'
Dilly, dilly, etc.

LXVII. THE LITTLE COCK-SPARROW

A little cock-sparrow sat on a high tree,
And he chirruped and chirruped so merrily;
He chirruped, he chirruped, etc.
A little cock-sparrow sat on a high tree,
And he chirruped and chirruped so merrily.
A little boy came with his bow and arrow,
Determined to shoot this little cock-sparrow.
For he's going to make me a nice fat stew,
And his giblets will make me a little pie, too.



THE GOOSE AND GANDER

'Oh no!' said the sparrow, 'that never will do!
He fluttered his wings and away he flew.

LXVIII. THE GOOSE AND GANDER

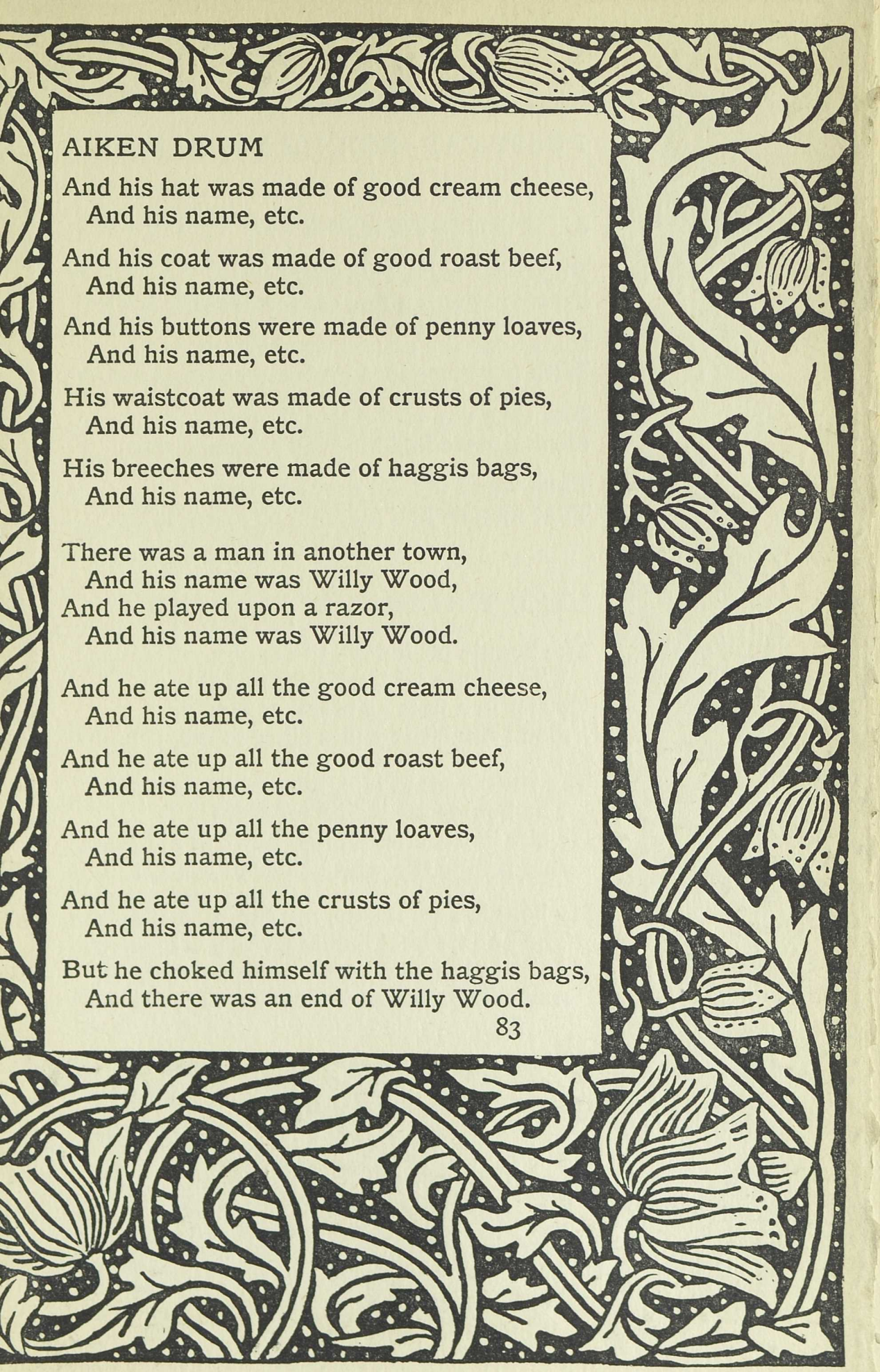
The goose and the gander walked over the
green ;
The goose walked bare-footed for fear of being
seen ;
Not for fear of being seen, but of wetting her
toes ;
And the man that drinks strong beer hath a
jolly red nose.

The blacksmith is black, but his silver is white,
And he sits in the ale-house from morning till
night.

Tang-dillo, tang-dillo, tang-dillo, tang-dillo,
And happy is the man that sits under the
willow.

LXIX. AIKEN DRUM

There was a man lived in the moon,
And his name was Aiken Drum.
And he played upon a ladle,
And his name was Aiken Drum.



AIKEN DRUM

And his hat was made of good cream cheese,
And his name, etc.

And his coat was made of good roast beef,
And his name, etc.

And his buttons were made of penny loaves,
And his name, etc.

His waistcoat was made of crusts of pies,
And his name, etc.

His breeches were made of haggis bags,
And his name, etc.

There was a man in another town,
And his name was Willy Wood,
And he played upon a razor,
And his name was Willy Wood.

And he ate up all the good cream cheese,
And his name, etc.

And he ate up all the good roast beef,
And his name, etc.

And he ate up all the penny loaves,
And his name, etc.

And he ate up all the crusts of pies,
And his name, etc.

But he choked himself with the haggis bags,
And there was an end of Willy Wood.



PUSSY-CAT—BONNIE PIT LADDIE

LXX. PUSSY-CAT

Pussy-cat high, Pussy-cat low,
Pussy-cat was a fine teaser of tow.

Pussy-cat she came into the barn,
With her bag-pipes under her arm.

And then she told a tale to me,
How mousie had married a humble-bee.

Then was I indeed ever so glad,
That mousie had married so clever a lad.

LXXI. THE BONNIE PIT LADDIE

The bonnie pit laddie, the canny pit laddie,
The bonnie pit laddie for me, O!
He sits in a hole as black as a coal,
And brings the white siller to me, O!

The bonnie pit laddie, the canny pit laddie,
The bonnie pit laddie for me, O!
He sits in his cricket, and hews in his jacket,
And brings the white siller to me, O!

My bonnie keel laddie, my canny keel laddie,
The bonnie keel laddie for me, O!
He sits in his keel as black as the deil,
And brings the white siller to me, O!

A dense, repeating floral border surrounds the text. The pattern consists of stylized flowers with multiple petals and leaves, arranged in a continuous, interlocking design.

THE GOLDEN BALL

LXXII. THE GOLDEN BALL

‘Stop, stop, I think I see my mother coming!
O mother, hast thou brought my golden ball,
And come to set me free?’

‘I’ve neither brought thy golden ball,
Nor come to set thee free.
But I have come to see thee hung
Upon this gallows tree.’

‘Stop, stop, I think I see my father coming!
O father, hast thou brought?’ etc.
‘I’ve neither brought,’ etc.

‘Stop, stop, I think I see my brother coming!
O brother, hast thou brought?’ etc.

‘Stop, stop, I think I see my sister coming!
O sister, hast thou brought?’ etc.

‘Stop, stop, I think I see my uncle coming!
O uncle,’ etc.

‘Stop, stop, I think I see my aunt coming!
O aunt,’ etc.

‘Stop, stop, I think I see my cousin coming!
O cousin,’ etc.

‘Stop, stop! I see my sweetheart coming!
Sweetheart, hast thou brought my golden ball,
And come to set me free?’

A decorative border with intricate floral and leaf patterns surrounds the text. The border is composed of repeating motifs of leaves, vines, and flowers, creating a dense and ornate frame.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD

'Ay, I have brought thy golden ball,
And come to set thee free.
I am not come to see thee hung
Upon this gallows tree.'

LXXIII. MRS. MARY

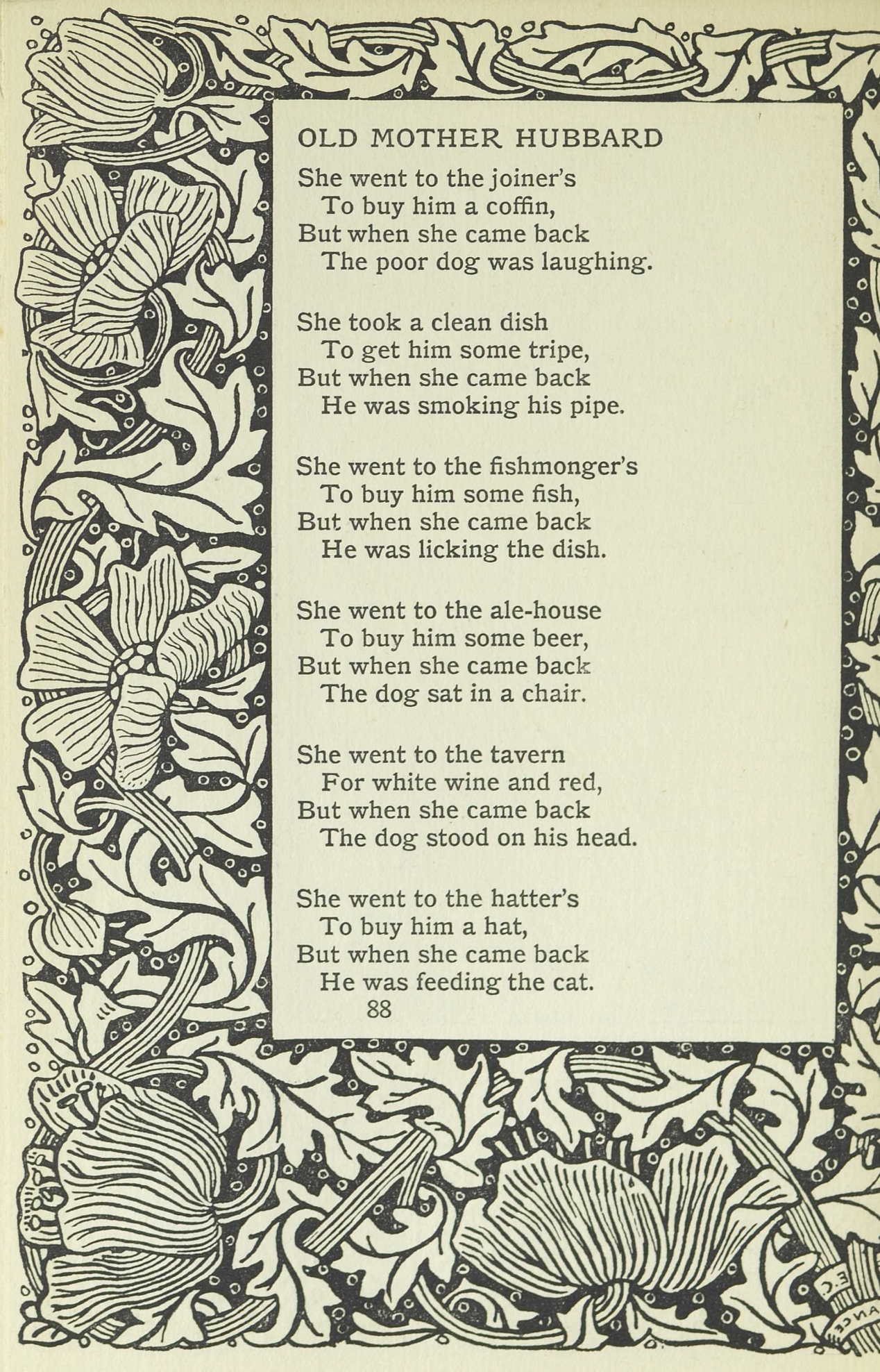
Mistress Mary,
Quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With cockle shells
And silver bells,
And marigolds all in a row.

LXXIV. OLD MOTHER HUBBARD

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard,
To get her poor dog a bone;
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,
But when she came back
The poor dog was dead.





OLD MOTHER HUBBARD

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

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

She went to the fishmonger's
To buy him some fish,
But when she came back
He was licking the dish.

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

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

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



OLD MOTHER HUBBARD

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

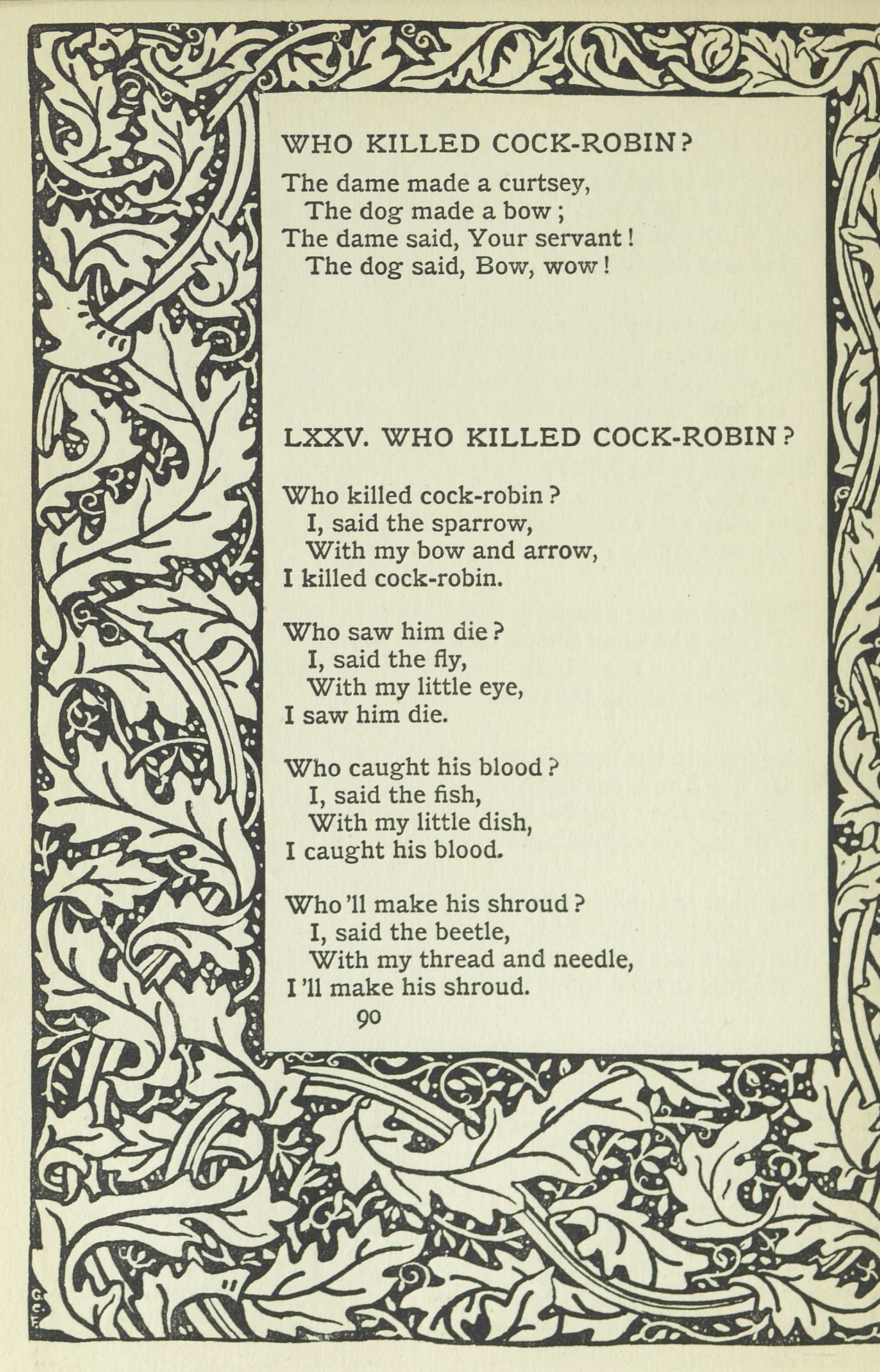
She went to the fruiterer's
To buy him some fruit,
But when she came back
He was playing the flute.

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

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

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

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



WHO KILLED COCK-ROBIN?

The dame made a curtesy,
The dog made a bow ;
The dame said, Your servant !
The dog said, Bow, wow !

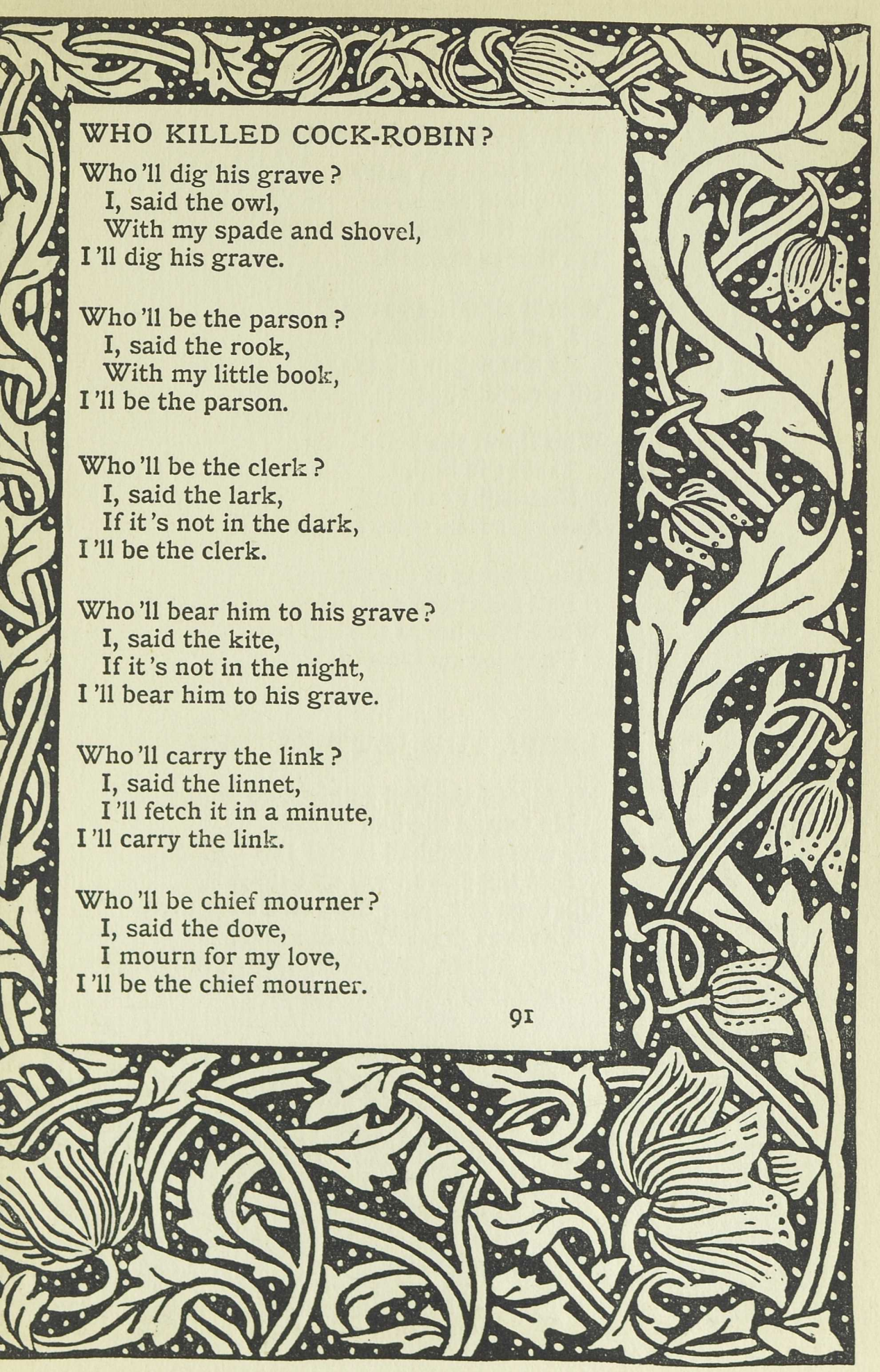
LXXV. WHO KILLED COCK-ROBIN?

Who killed cock-robin ?
I, said the sparrow,
With my bow and arrow,
I killed cock-robin.

Who saw him die ?
I, said the fly,
With my little eye,
I saw him die.

Who caught his blood ?
I, said the fish,
With my little dish,
I caught his blood.

Who 'll make his shroud ?
I, said the beetle,
With my thread and needle,
I 'll make his shroud.



WHO KILLED COCK-ROBIN?

Who 'll dig his grave?

I, said the owl,
With my spade and shovel,
I 'll dig his grave.

Who 'll be the parson?

I, said the rook,
With my little book,
I 'll be the parson.

Who 'll be the clerk?

I, said the lark,
If it's not in the dark,
I 'll be the clerk.

Who 'll bear him to his grave?

I, said the kite,
If it's not in the night,
I 'll bear him to his grave.

Who 'll carry the link?

I, said the linnet,
I 'll fetch it in a minute,
I 'll carry the link.

Who 'll be chief mourner?

I, said the dove,
I mourn for my love,
I 'll be the chief mourner.



THE JEW'S GARDEN

Who'll bear the pall?
We, said the wren,
Both the cock and the hen,
We'll bear the pall.

Who'll sing the psalm?
I, said the thrush,
As she sat in a bush,
I'll sing the psalm.

Who'll toll the bell?
I said the bull,
Because I can pull,
And so, cock-robin, farewell!

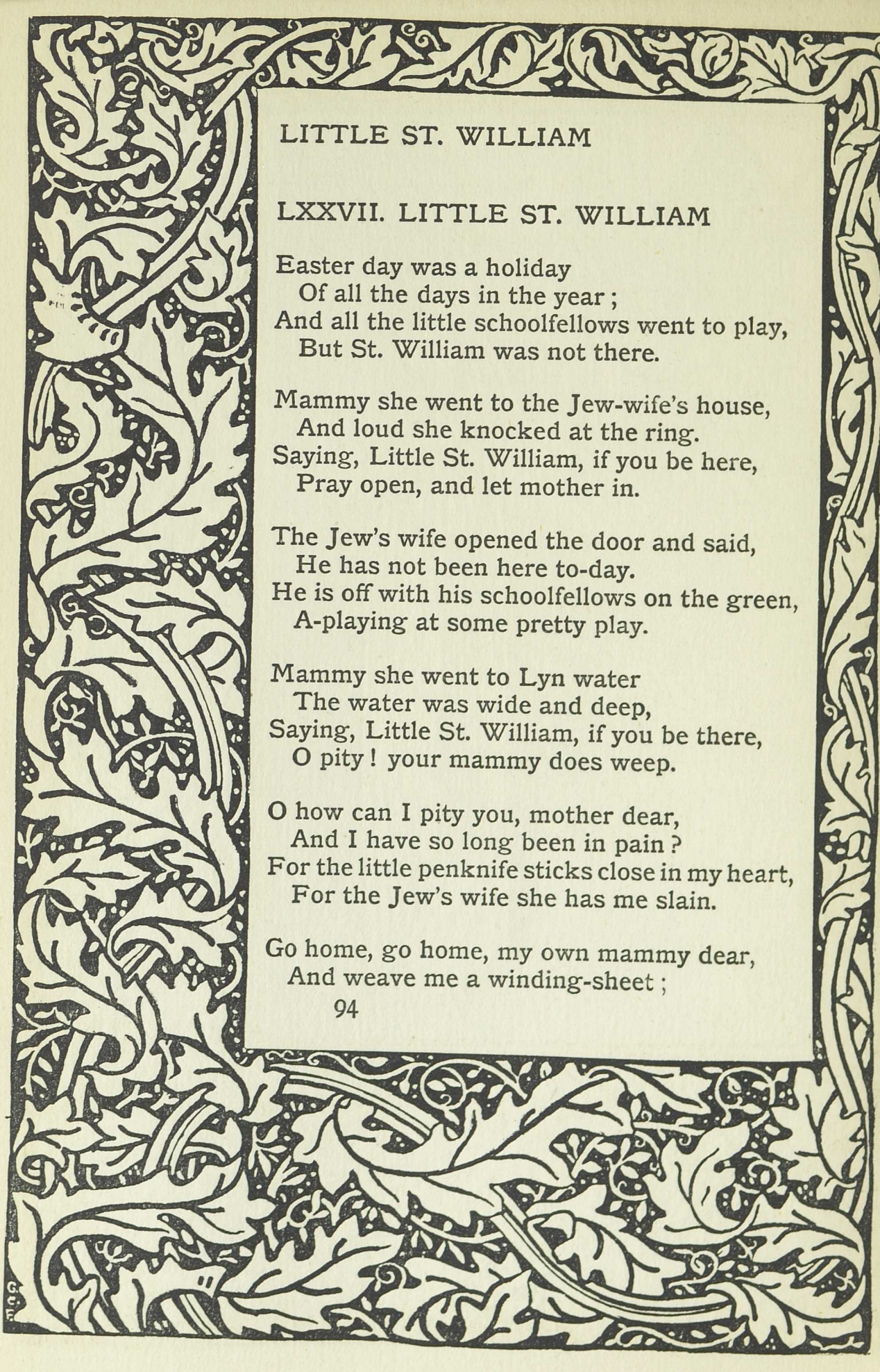
All the birds of the air
Fell a-sighing and a-sobbing,
When they heard the bell toll
For poor cock-robin.

LXXVI. THE JEW'S GARDEN

He tossed the ball so high, so high,
He tossed the ball so low,
He tossed the ball in the Jew's garden,
And the Jews were all below.
Oh, then out came the Jew's daughter,
She was dressed all in green,
'Come hither, come hither, my pretty fellow,
And fetch your ball again.'



AGS
FRANCE



LITTLE ST. WILLIAM

LXXVII. LITTLE ST. WILLIAM

Easter day was a holiday
Of all the days in the year ;
And all the little schoolfellows went to play,
But St. William was not there.

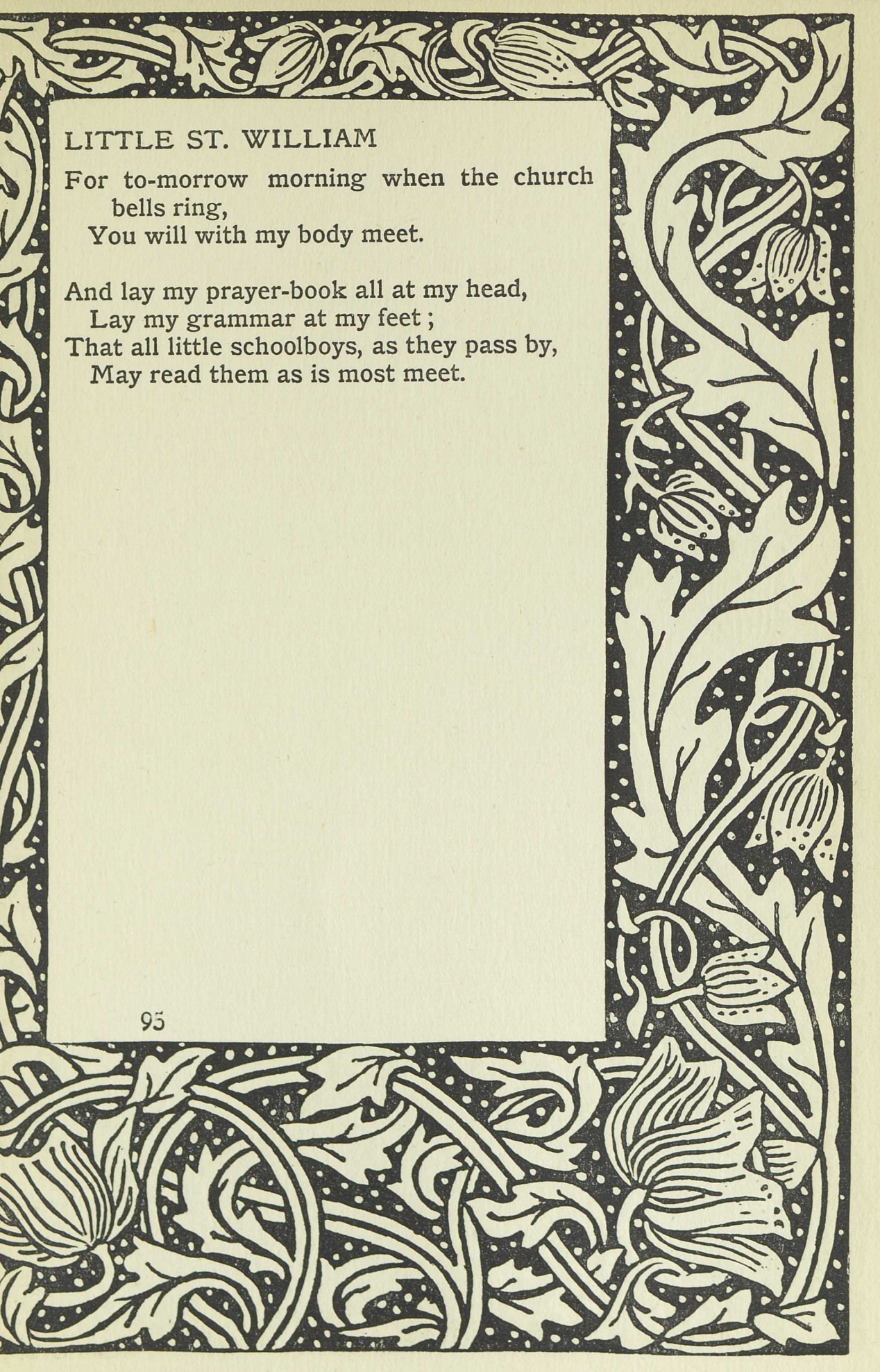
Mammy she went to the Jew-wife's house,
And loud she knocked at the ring.
Saying, Little St. William, if you be here,
Pray open, and let mother in.

The Jew's wife opened the door and said,
He has not been here to-day.
He is off with his schoolfellows on the green,
A-playing at some pretty play.

Mammy she went to Lyn water
The water was wide and deep,
Saying, Little St. William, if you be there,
O pity ! your mammy does weep.

O how can I pity you, mother dear,
And I have so long been in pain ?
For the little penknife sticks close in my heart,
For the Jew's wife she has me slain.

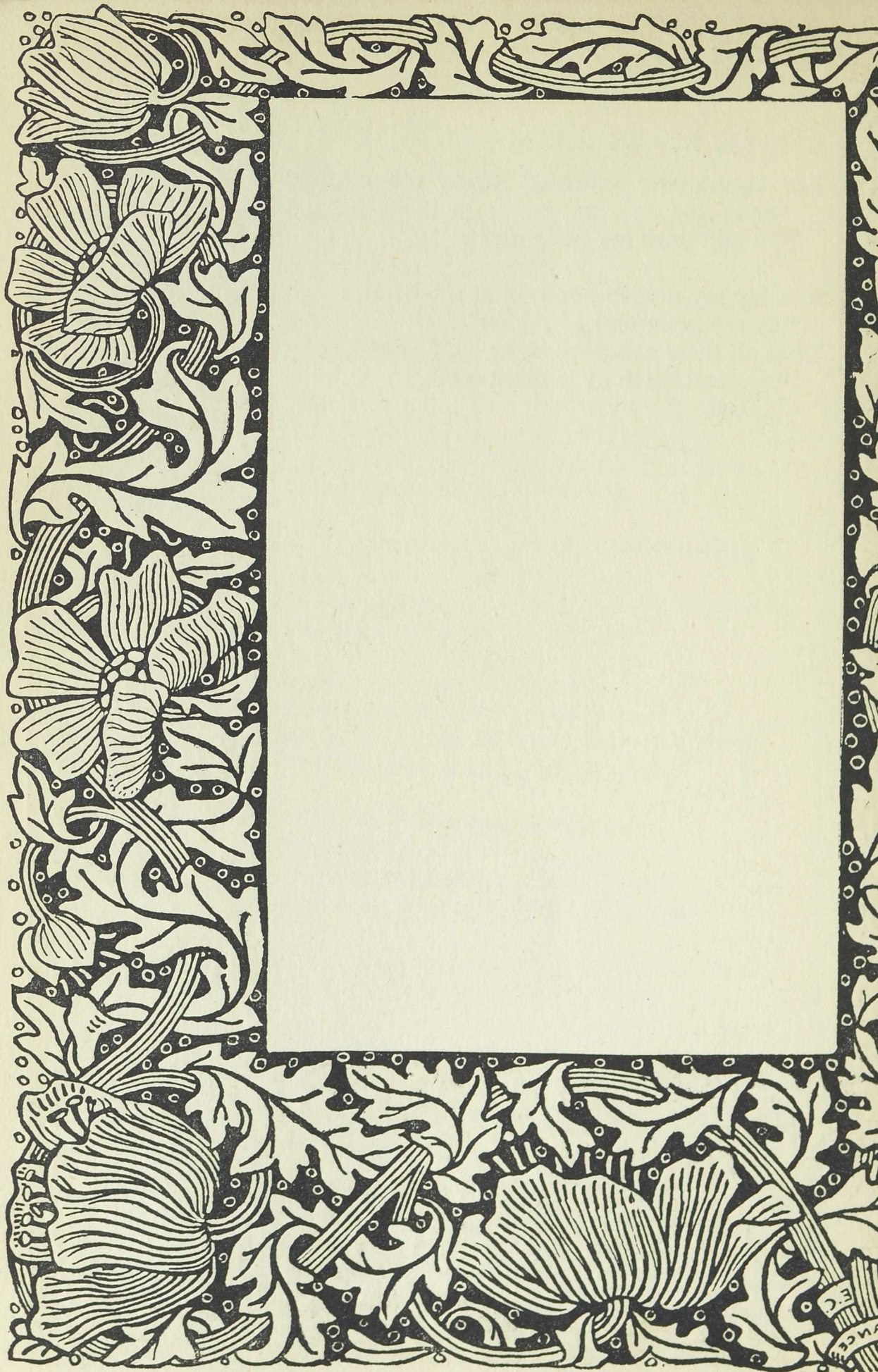
Go home, go home, my own mammy dear,
And weave me a winding-sheet ;



LITTLE ST. WILLIAM

For to-morrow morning when the church
bells ring,
You will with my body meet.

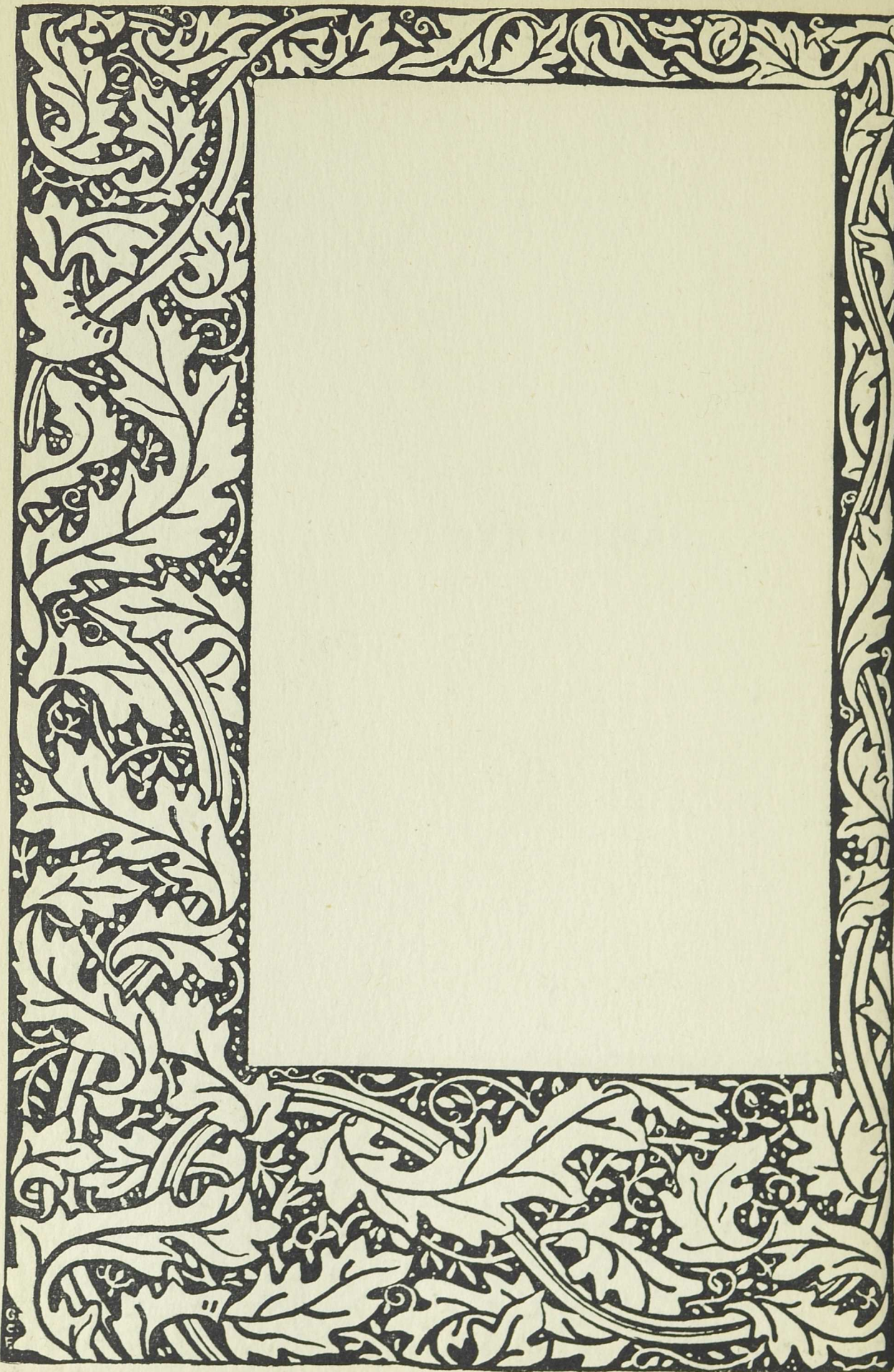
And lay my prayer-book all at my head,
Lay my grammar at my feet ;
That all little schoolboys, as they pass by,
May read them as is most meet.





GAME RHYMES

N



A decorative border with a repeating floral and leaf pattern in white on a black background, surrounding the text area.

I. THREE DUKES A-RIDING

ALL. Here come three dukes a-riding,
A-riding, a-riding, a-riding,
Here come three Dukes a-riding,
To court your daughter Jane.

MOTHER. 'My daughter Jane is all too
young,
To list t' your foolish flattering tongue.'

THE DUKES. 'O, be she young or be she old,
She for her beauty shall be sold.
So fare thee well, my lady gay,
We'll take our horses and ride away,
And call again some other day.'

MOTHER. 'Come back, come back! you
Spanish knight,
And clean your spurs, they are not bright.'

THE DUKES. 'My spurs are bright and
richly wrought,
And in this city they were bought,
And in this city I sha'n't be told
They are not bright; they sha'n't be sold,
Neither for silver, copper, nor gold.'



THREE DUKES A-RIDING

MOTHER. 'Come back, come back! you
Spanish Jack,
And show your boots that are not black.'

THE DUKES. 'O Spanish Jack it is not my
name,
I'll stamp my foot and swear the same.
So fare thee well, my lady gay,
We'll take our horses and ride away,
And call again another day.'

MOTHER. 'Come back, come back! you
Spanish knight,
And choose the fairest in your sight.'

THE DUKES. 'This is the fairest maid I
see,
So pray, young damsel, to walk with me.'

[When all the daughters in turn have been
taken away, they are brought back to their
mother in the same order, the dukes chant-
ing:—]

THE DUKES. 'We've brought your daugh-
ter safe and sound,
And in each pocket a thousand pound,
And on each finger a gay gold ring,
So do not refuse the maid we bring,
But open your door and take her in.'



ORANGES AND LEMONS

MOTHER. 'I'll take her in with all my heart,
For she and I were loth to part.'

II. ORANGES AND LEMONS

Gay go up and gay go down
To ring the bells of London Town.

Bulls' eyes and targets,
Say the bells of St. Marg'et's.

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

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

Oranges and lemons,
Say the bells of St. Clement's.

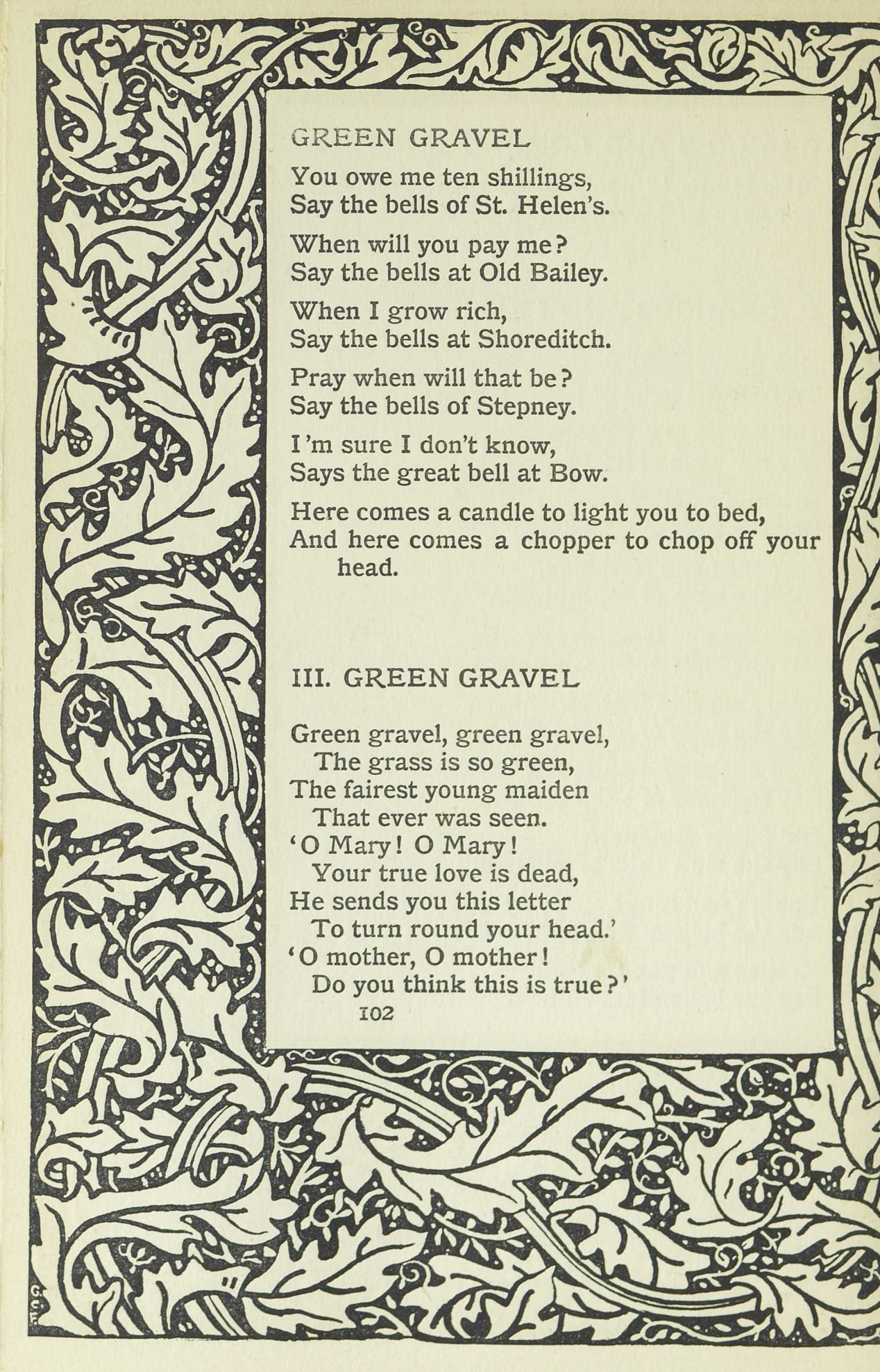
Pancakes and fritters,
Say the bells of St. Peter's.

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

Old father Baldpate,
Say the slow bells of Aldgate.

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

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



GREEN GRAVEL

You owe me ten shillings,
Say the bells of 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'm sure I don't 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.

III. GREEN GRAVEL

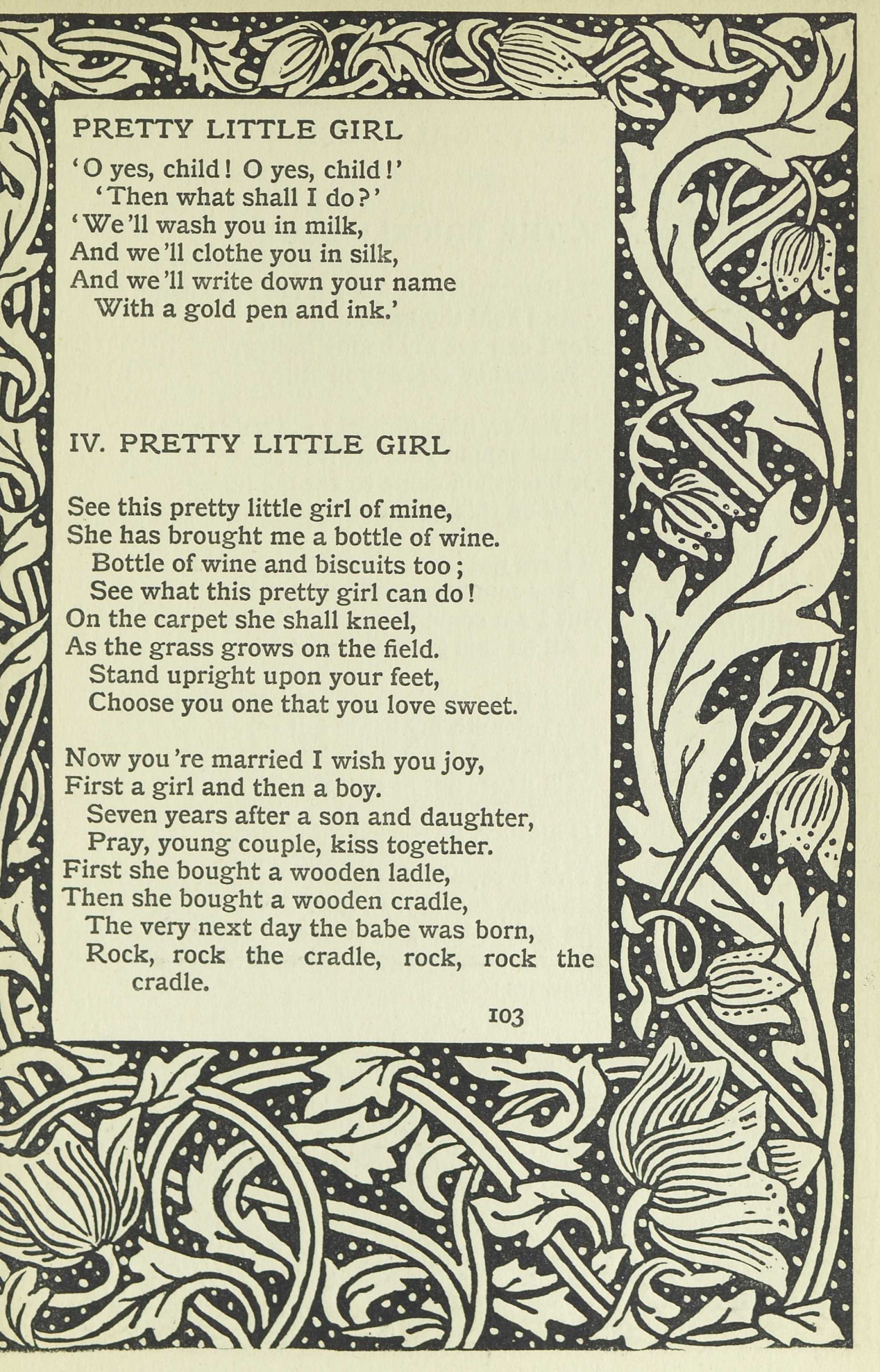
Green gravel, green gravel,
The grass is so green,
The fairest young maiden
That ever was seen.

'O Mary! O Mary!

Your true love is dead,
He sends you this letter
To turn round your head.'

'O mother, O mother!

Do you think this is true?'

A decorative border with a repeating floral and vine pattern in white on a black background, featuring stylized leaves and flowers.

PRETTY LITTLE GIRL

'O yes, child! O yes, child!'

'Then what shall I do?'

'We'll wash you in milk,
And we'll clothe you in silk,
And we'll write down your name
With a gold pen and ink.'

IV. PRETTY LITTLE GIRL

See this pretty little girl of mine,
She has brought me a bottle of wine.

Bottle of wine and biscuits too ;
See what this pretty girl can do !

On the carpet she shall kneel,
As the grass grows on the field.

Stand upright upon your feet,
Choose you one that you love sweet.

Now you're married I wish you joy,
First a girl and then a boy.

Seven years after a son and daughter,
Pray, young couple, kiss together.

First she bought a wooden ladle,
Then she bought a wooden cradle,
The very next day the babe was born,
Rock, rock the cradle, rock, rock the
cradle.

A decorative border of stylized flowers and leaves surrounds the text. The flowers have multiple petals and prominent stamens, while the leaves are broad and pointed. The border is composed of repeating patterns of these elements, creating a rich, textured frame.

THE PRICKLY BUSH

V. THE PRICKLY BUSH

'O hangman! hangman, hold thy hand,
And hold thy hand a while.
For I can see my bonny father
A-coming across yon stile.

'O father, hast brought my golden ball,
And come to set me free?
Or hast thou come to see me hung
All on this gallows tree.'

'I have not brought thy golden ball,
Nor come to set thee free.
But I am come to see thee hung
All on this gallows tree.'

'Oh! the prickly bush! the prickly bush,
It pricketh my heart full sore!
If ever that I get out of the bush,
I'll never get in no more.'

'O mother, hast brought?' etc.

[This is repeated several times. The mother is asked, and replies that she has not brought the golden ball, then the brother, next the sister. Finally the sweetheart is asked, and answers:—]



JINNY, JAN

'Yes, I have brought thy golden ball,
And am come to set thee free.
I am not come to see thee hung
All on this gallows tree.

'Oh! the prickly bush! the prickly bush,
It pricked my heart full sore!
And now that I'm out o' the prickly bush,
I'll never get in no more.'

VI. JINNY, JAN

MOTHER. 'Come to see Jinny, Jan?
Jinny, Jan? Jinny, Jan?

Come to see Jinny?'

SUITOR. 'Can I see her now?'

MOTHER. 'Jinny is washing,
Washing, washing, Jan.

Jinny is washing,
Jan, you can't see her now.'

Chorus—'Morning, ladies and gentlemen,
'Morning, ladies and gentlemen, too.

Come to see Jinny, Jan? Jinny, Jan? Jinny,
Jan?

Cometo see Jinny? You can't see her now.

MOTHER. 'Come to see Jinny, Jan?' etc.

SUITOR. 'Can I see her now?'

MOTHER. 'Jinny is married,
Married, married, Jan.

A decorative border with intricate floral and vine patterns surrounds the text. The border is composed of repeating motifs of leaves, flowers, and scrolling vines, creating a rich, textured frame.

JINNY, JAN

Jinny is married,
Jan, she's naught to you now.'
Chorus—'Morning, ladies, etc.

MOTHER. 'Come to see Jinny, Jan?' etc.

SUITOR. 'Can I see her now?'

MOTHER. 'Jinny is dead indeed,

Dead indeed, dead indeed,
Jinny is dead indeed,

Jan, I swear and I vow.'

Chorus—'Morning, etc.

MOTHER. 'Come to see Jinny, Jan?' etc.

SUITOR. 'Can I see her now?'

MOTHER. Jinny is buried,

Is buried, is buried, Jan.

Jinny is buried,

To all our woe.'

Chorus—'Morning, etc.

MOTHER. 'Come to see Jinny, Jan?' etc.

SUITOR. 'Where lies she now?'

MOTHER. 'Jinny's grave is green,

Grass is green, grass is green,

Jinny's grave is green,

With the tears that flow.

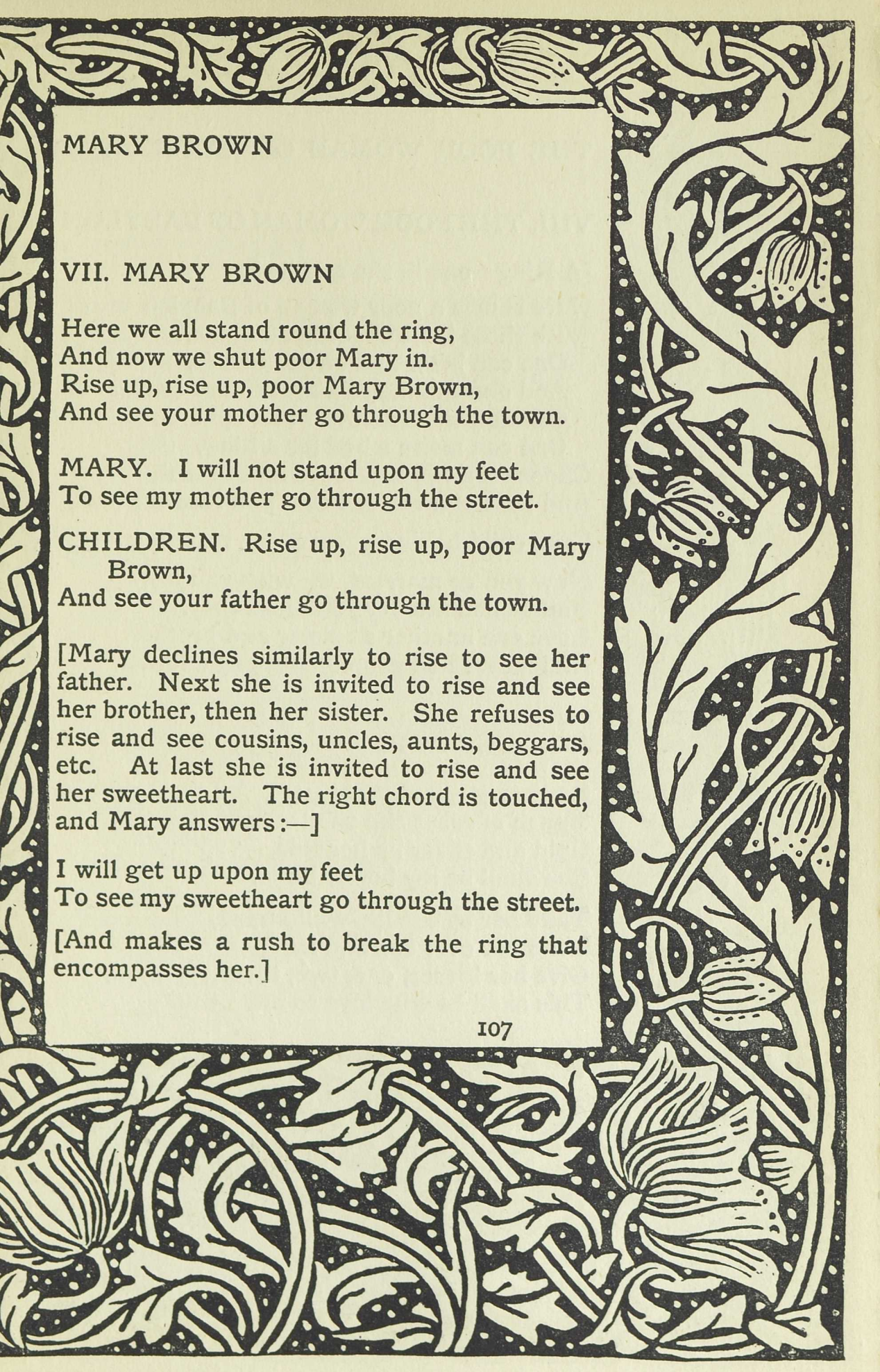
Chorus—'Morning, ladies and gentlemen,

'Morning, ladies and gentlemen, too!

Come and weep for Jinny, weep for Jinny,

weep for Jinny,

And let your salt tears flow.

A decorative border with a repeating floral and leaf pattern in white on a black background, framing the text.

MARY BROWN

VII. MARY BROWN

Here we all stand round the ring,
And now we shut poor Mary in.
Rise up, rise up, poor Mary Brown,
And see your mother go through the town.

MARY. I will not stand upon my feet
To see my mother go through the street.

CHILDREN. Rise up, rise up, poor Mary
Brown,
And see your father go through the town.

[Mary declines similarly to rise to see her father. Next she is invited to rise and see her brother, then her sister. She refuses to rise and see cousins, uncles, aunts, beggars, etc. At last she is invited to rise and see her sweetheart. The right chord is touched, and Mary answers:—]

I will get up upon my feet
To see my sweetheart go through the street.

[And makes a rush to break the ring that encompasses her.]



THE POOR WOMAN OF BABYLON

VIII. THE POOR WOMAN OF BABYLON

[A Ring—one in the middle.]

Here comes a poor woman of Babylon
With three little children all alone.

One can brew and one can bake,
And one can make a nice round cake.

One can sit in a bower and spin,
One can make a bed for a king,

Choose the one and leave all the rest,
And take you the one that you love the best.

[The child having chosen, the rest sing :—]

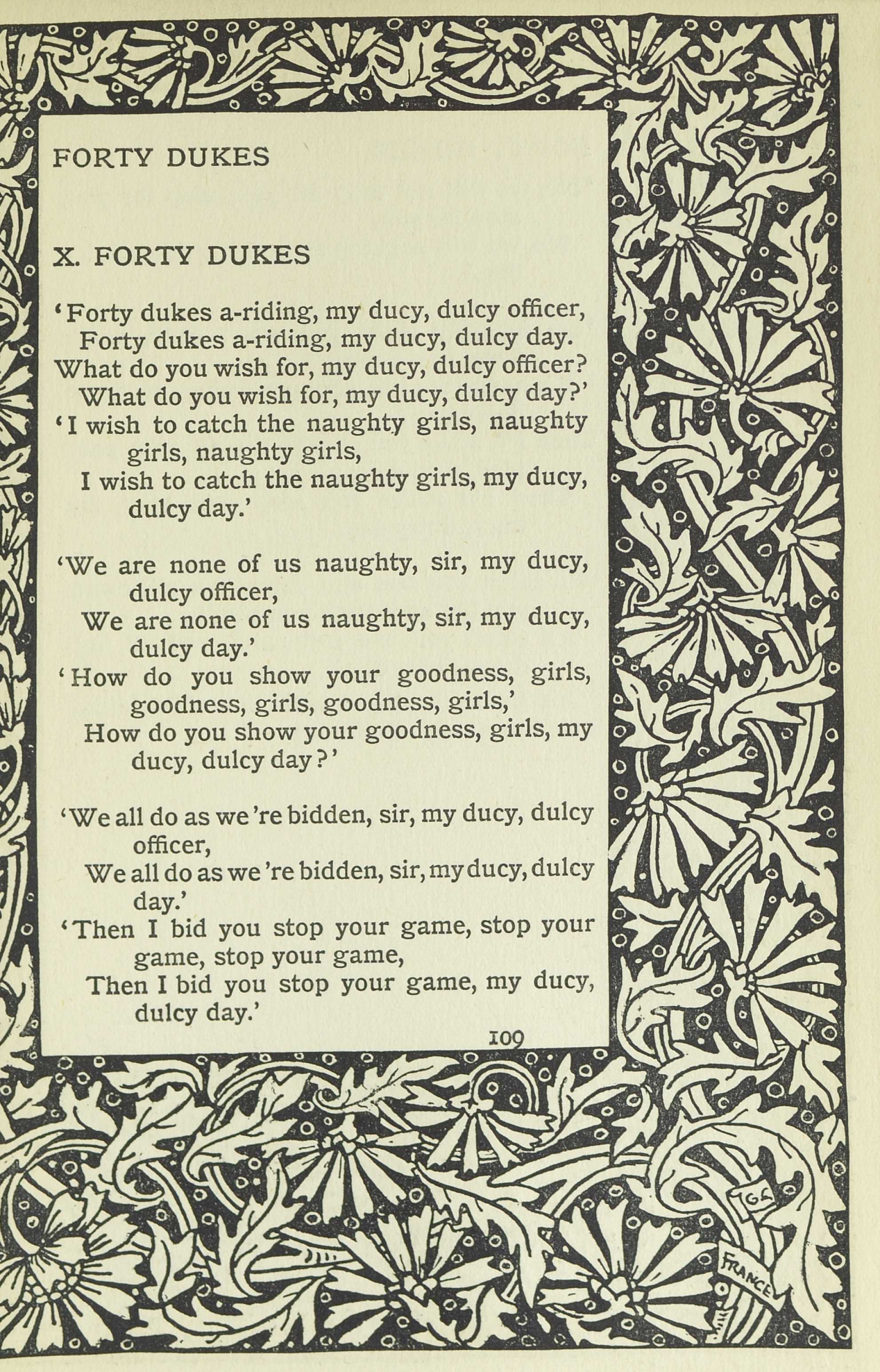
Now you're married, we wish you joy,
Father and mother you must obey.

Love one another as sister and brother,
And now, good people, kiss one another.

IX. ROSY APPLE

Rosy apple, mellow pear,
Bunch of roses she shall wear ;
Gold and silver by her side,
She shall be my bonny bride.

Take her by the lily-white hand,
Lead her over sea and land,
Give her kisses, one, two, three,
This shall be true love to me.



FORTY DUKES

X. FORTY DUKES

'Forty dukes a-riding, my ducy, dulcy officer,
Forty dukes a-riding, my ducy, dulcy day.

What do you wish for, my ducy, dulcy officer?

What do you wish for, my ducy, dulcy day?'

'I wish to catch the naughty girls, naughty
girls, naughty girls,

I wish to catch the naughty girls, my ducy,
dulcy day.'

'We are none of us naughty, sir, my ducy,
dulcy officer,

We are none of us naughty, sir, my ducy,
dulcy day.'

'How do you show your goodness, girls,
goodness, girls, goodness, girls,'

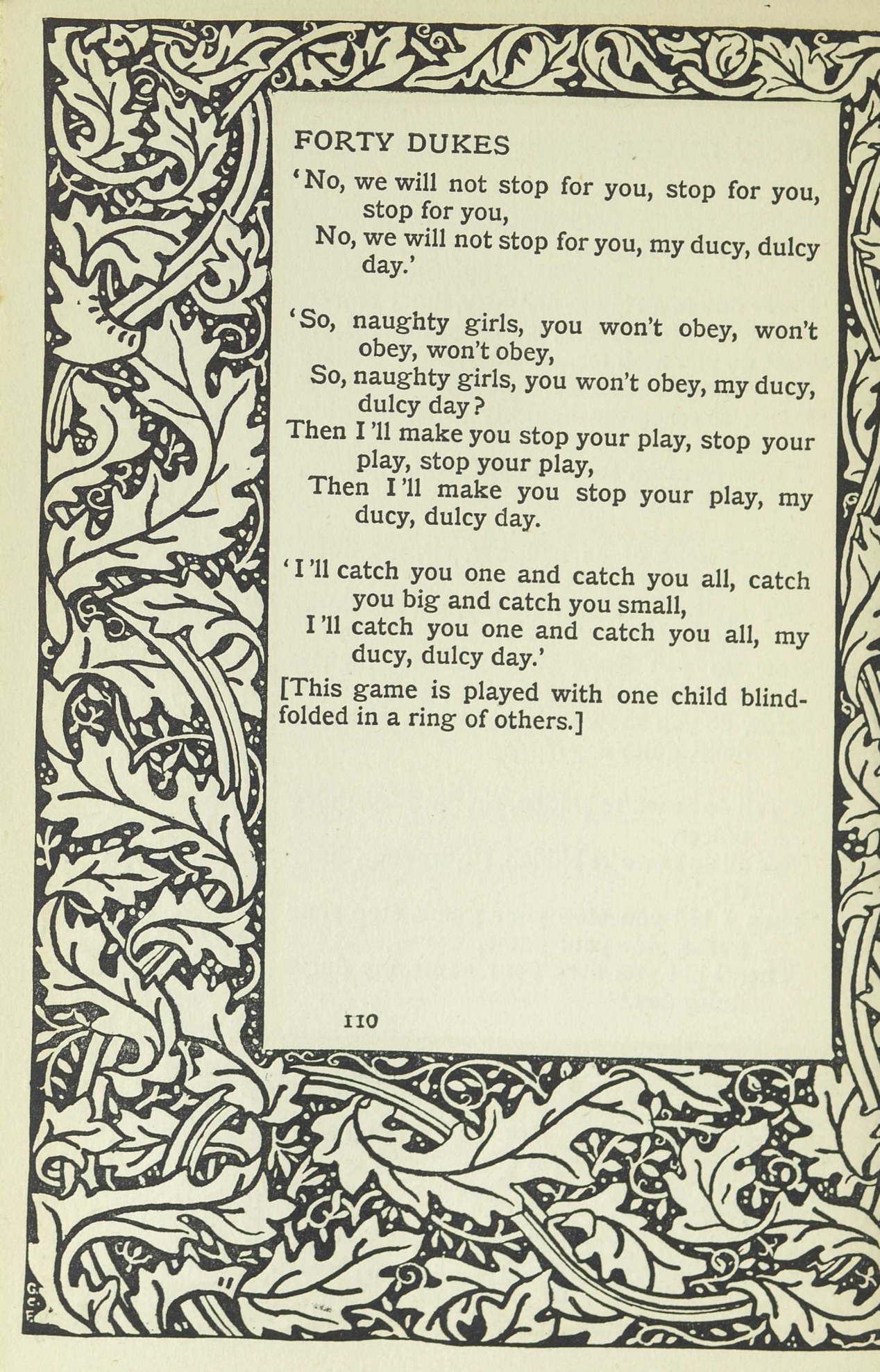
How do you show your goodness, girls, my
ducy, dulcy day?'

'We all do as we're bidden, sir, my ducy, dulcy
officer,

We all do as we're bidden, sir, my ducy, dulcy
day.'

'Then I bid you stop your game, stop your
game, stop your game,

Then I bid you stop your game, my ducy,
dulcy day.'



FORTY DUKES

'No, we will not stop for you, stop for you,
stop for you,
No, we will not stop for you, my ducy, dulcy
day.'

'So, naughty girls, you won't obey, won't
obey, won't obey,
So, naughty girls, you won't obey, my ducy,
dulcy day?

Then I'll make you stop your play, stop your
play, stop your play,
Then I'll make you stop your play, my
ducy, dulcy day.

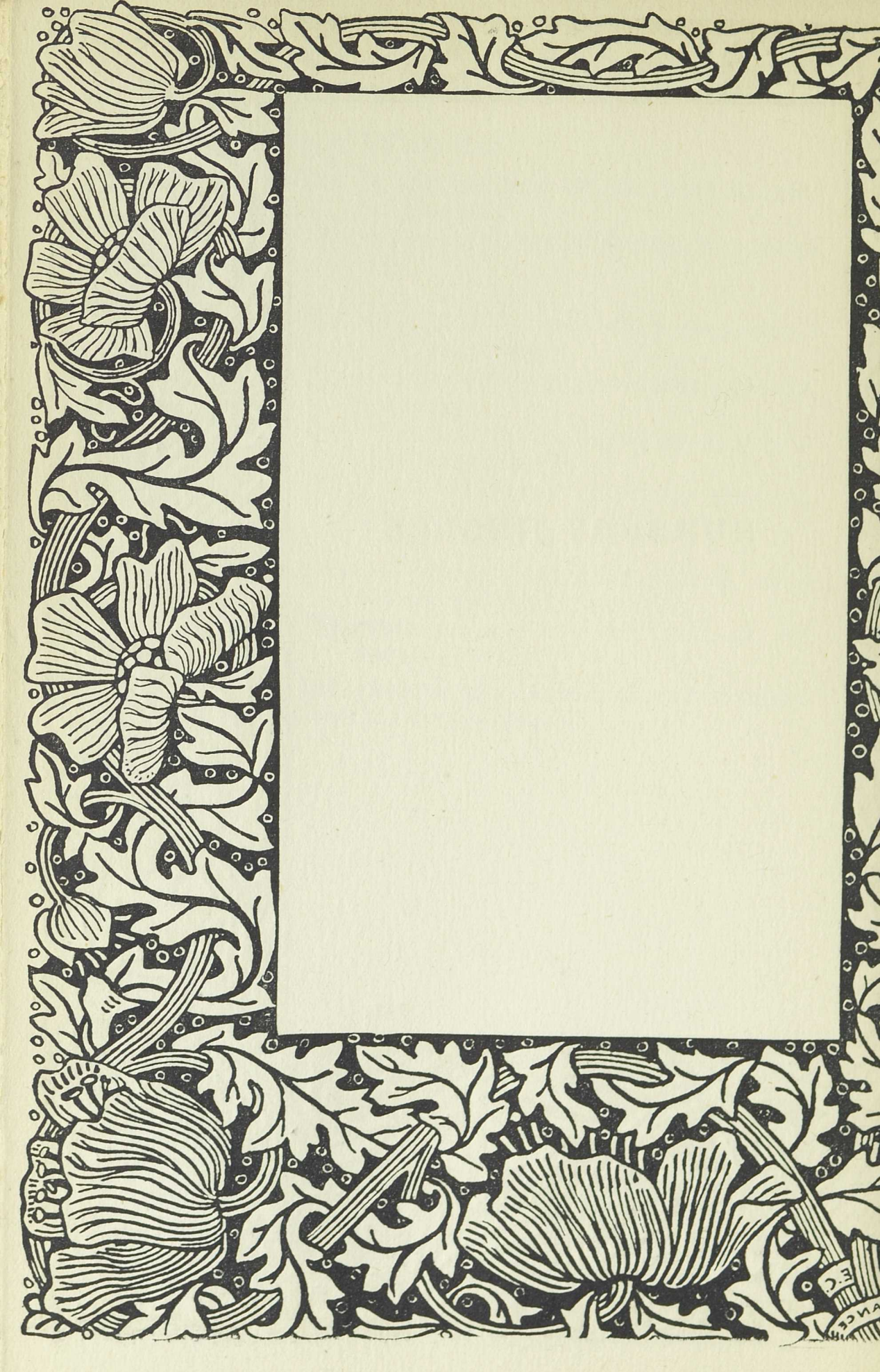
'I'll catch you one and catch you all, catch
you big and catch you small,
I'll catch you one and catch you all, my
ducy, dulcy day.'

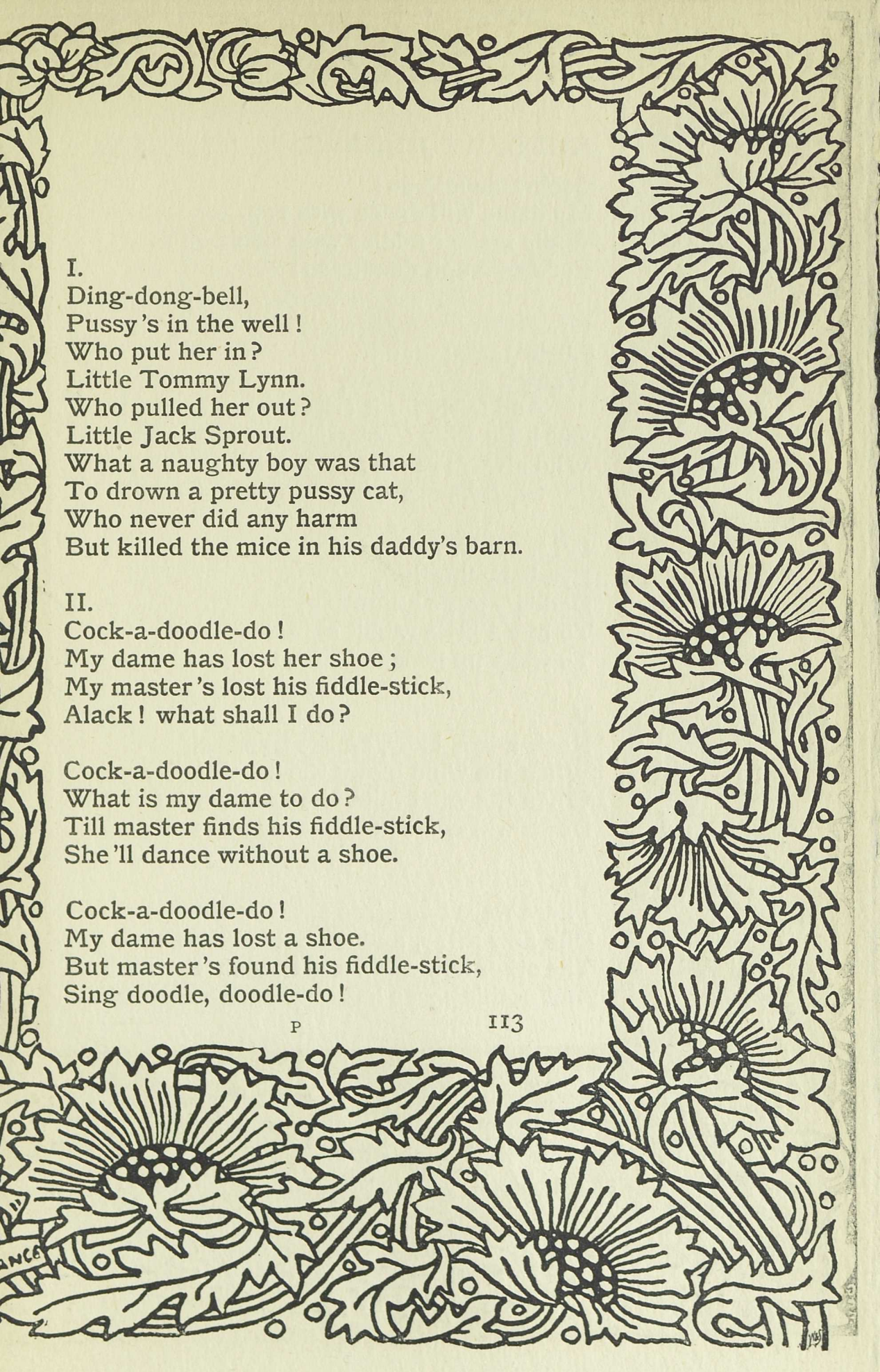
[This game is played with one child blind-
folded in a ring of others.]

A decorative border in a stylized, Art Nouveau or Arts and Crafts style surrounds the central text. It features intricate, black-and-white line drawings of various plants, including lily-like flowers, leaves, and stems, set against a background of small white dots on a black field. The border is composed of a top section, a bottom section, and vertical sections on the left and right sides.

NURSERY JINGLES

III



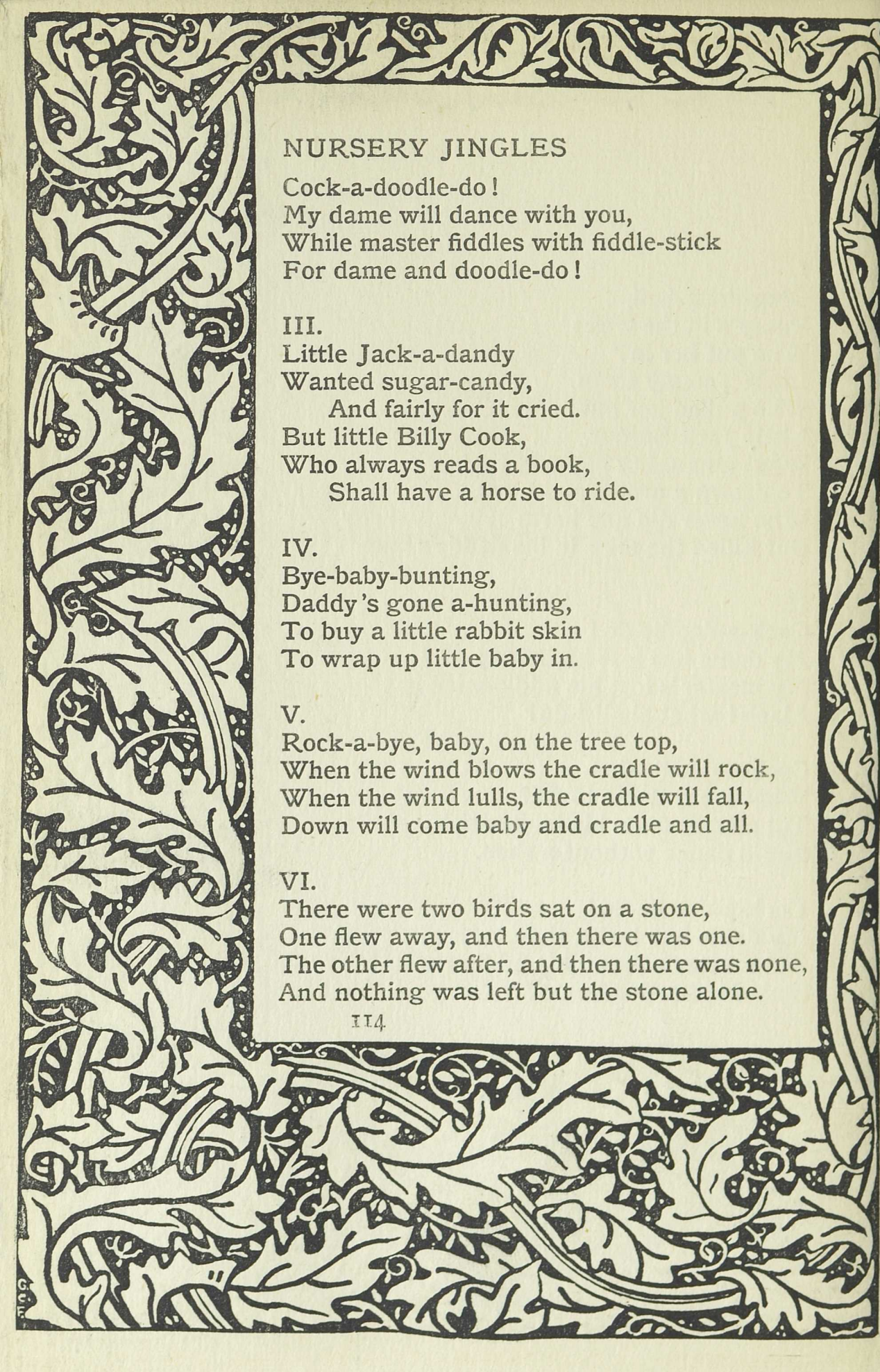


I.
Ding-dong-bell,
Pussy's in the well!
Who put her in?
Little Tommy Lynn.
Who pulled her out?
Little Jack Sprout.
What a naughty boy was that
To drown a pretty pussy cat,
Who never did any harm
But killed the mice in his daddy's barn.

II.
Cock-a-doodle-do!
My dame has lost her shoe;
My master's lost his fiddle-stick,
Alack! what shall I do?

Cock-a-doodle-do!
What is my dame to do?
Till master finds his fiddle-stick,
She'll dance without a shoe.

Cock-a-doodle-do!
My dame has lost a shoe.
But master's found his fiddle-stick,
Sing doodle, doodle-do!



NURSERY JINGLES

Cock-a-doodle-do!
My dame will dance with you,
While master fiddles with fiddle-stick
For dame and doodle-do!

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

Rock-a-bye, baby, on the tree top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock,
When the wind lulls, the cradle will fall,
Down will come baby and cradle and all.

VI.

There were two birds sat on a stone,
One flew away, and then there was one.
The other flew after, and then there was none,
And nothing was left but the stone alone.



NURSERY JINGLES

VII.

I'll sing you a song :
The days are so long.

The woodcock and the sparrow :
The little dog has burnt his tail,
And he must be hanged to-morrow.

VIII.

There was an old woman tossed in a blanket,
Seventeen times as high as the moon.
But where she was going no mortal could tell,
For under her arm she carried a broom.

Old woman ! old woman ! old woman ! said I,
Whither, oh whither, oh whither so high ?
I'm going to sweep cobwebs out of the sky,
And I will be with you by and by.

IX.

Three wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl,
If the bowl had been stronger
My story had been longer.

X.

Sing hey 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.



NURSERY JINGLES

XI.

The rose is red, the violet's blue,
The honey's sweet, and so are you.
Thou art my love, and I am thine,
I draw thee for my Valentine.
The lot was cast, and then I drew,
And Fortune said it should be you.

XII.

Robin and Richard were two pretty men,
They lay in bed till the clock struck ten ;
Then up starts Robin and looks at the sky,
O brother Richard, the sun is high !
You go before with your bottle and bag,
And I will come after on little Jack Nag.

XIII.

Rub-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, they're knaves all three.

XIV.

Little Dicky Diller,
Married a wife of siller,
He took a stick and broke her back
And sold her to the miller.
The miller said he wouldn't have her,
So he threw her into the river.



NURSERY JINGLES

XV.

A cow and a calf,
An ox and a half,
Forty shillings good and three.
Is that not a tocher
For a shoemaker's daughter,
A bonny lass with a bright black e'e?

XVI.

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

XVII.

Bah! bah! Black Sheep,
Have you any wool?
Yes, marry, have I
Three bags full.
There's one for my master,
And one for my dame,
But none for the naughty boy
Who cries in the lane.

XVIII.

Pat-a-cake! Pat-a-cake! Baker's man;
Pat it and bake it as fast as you can.
Prick it and prick it, and mark it with C,
And that will do purely for Charlie and me.



As Tommy Snooks & Bessie Brooks
Were walking out one Sunday
Says Tommy Snooks to Bessie Brooks
"To-morrow will be Monday."

A decorative border with a repeating floral and vine motif in white on a black background, framing the text. The design includes stylized leaves, flowers, and scrolling vines.

NURSERY JINGLES

XIX.

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

XX.

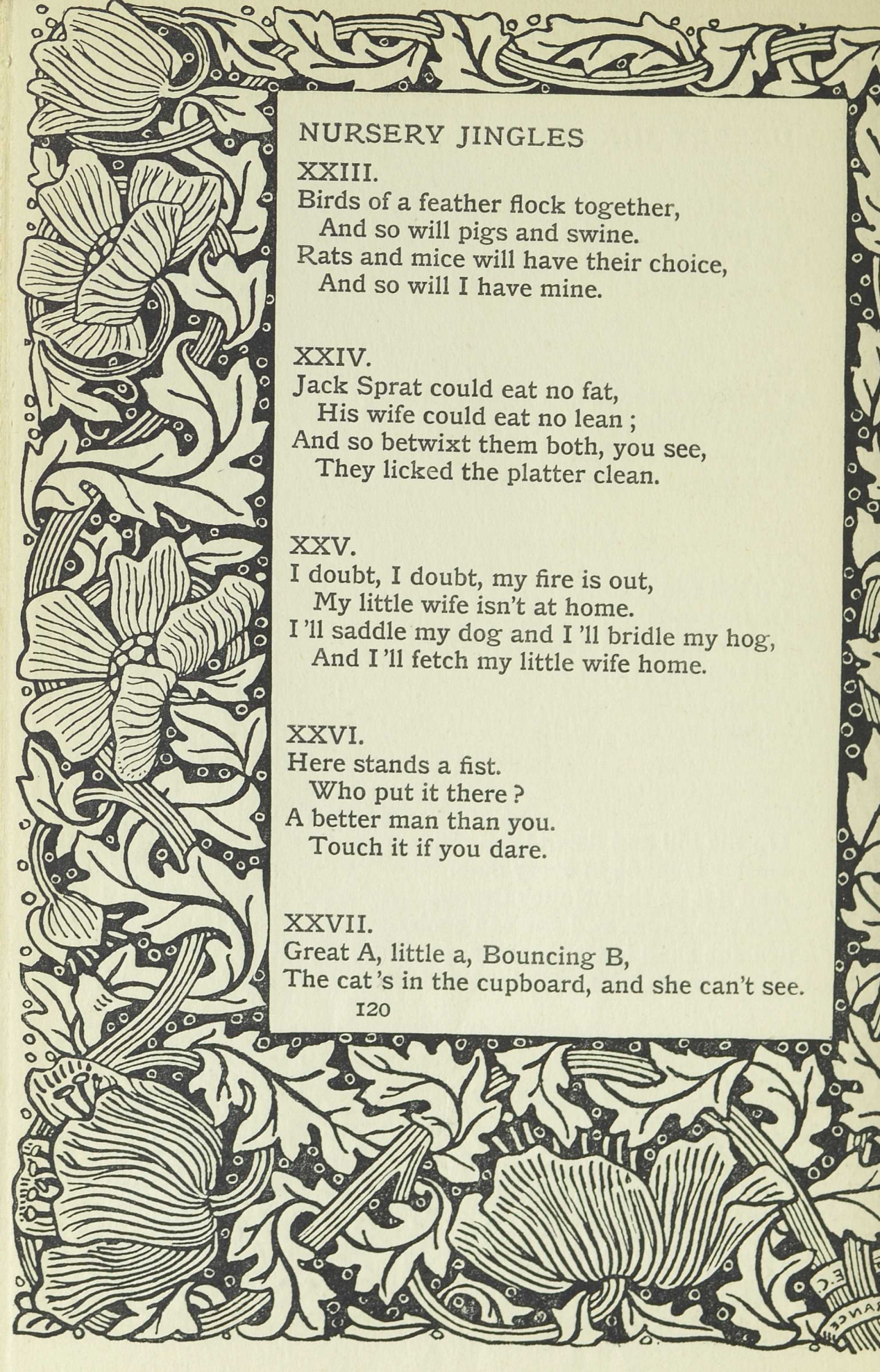
As Tommy Snooks and Bessie Brooks
Were walking out one Sunday,
Says Tommy Snooks to Bessie Brooks,
'To-morrow will be Monday.'

XXI.

I'll tell you a story
Of Jack-a-Nory.
And now my story's begun,
I'll tell you another
About Jack's brother,
And now my story is done.

XXII.

Up the hill and down the vale,
Butter is made in every dale.
And if it be that Nancy Crook,
She can churn and she can cook,
Then she shall butter make anon
Before her grandmother is an old man.



NURSERY JINGLES

XXIII.

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.

XXIV.

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

XXV.

I doubt, I doubt, my fire is out,
My little wife isn't at home.
I'll saddle my dog and I'll bridle my hog,
And I'll fetch my little wife home.

XXVI.

Here stands a fist.
Who put it there ?
A better man than you.
Touch it if you dare.

XXVII.

Great A, little a, Bouncing B,
The cat's in the cupboard, and she can't see.

A decorative border of stylized flowers and leaves surrounds the text. The flowers have multiple layers of petals and prominent centers. The leaves are pointed and have small circles on them.

NURSERY JINGLES

XXVIII.

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.

XXIX.

The man in the moon
Came tumbling down,
And asked his way to Norwich,
The man of the south
He burnt his mouth
By eating hot pease porridge.

XXX.

Little Poll Parrot
Sat up in a garret,
Eating toast and tea.
A little brown mouse
Jumped into the house
And stole it all away.

XXXI.

See saw, Marjory Daw,
She sold her bed to lie upon straw,
Was not she a nasty slut
To sell her bed and lie in the dirt.



NURSERY JINGLES

XXXII.

Shoe the colt,
Shoe the colt,
Shoe the wild mare.
But for the little foal,
Let her run bare.

XXXIII.

Ride a cock horse
To Banbury Cross,
To see an old woman
Upon a grey horse,
With rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
And she shall make music wherever she goes.

XXXIV.

Ride a cock horse
To Banbury Cross,
To see what Tommy can buy.
A white penny loaf,
A white penny cake,
And a twopenny apple pie.

XXXV.

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,
And she whipped 'em all round and sent 'em
to bed.

RIDE·A·COCK·HORSE



RIDE·A·COCK·HORSE·
·TO·BAMBURY·CROSS·
·TO·SEE·A·FINE·LADY·
·GET·ON·A·WHITE·HORSE·
·WITH·RINGS·ON·HER·FINGERS·
·AND·BELLS·ON·HER·TOES·
·SHE·SHALL·HAVE·MUSIC·
·WHEREVER·SHE·GOES·

A decorative border of stylized flowers and leaves surrounds the text. The flowers have many petals and are arranged in a repeating pattern. The leaves are large and have a central vein. The entire border is rendered in a black and white line-art style.

NURSERY JINGLES

XXXVI.

Four-and-twenty tailors went to kill a snail,
The bravest man among them durstn't touch
its tail.

The snail put out its horns, like a little duncow,
Run, tailors, run, or she'll kill you all now.

XXXVII.

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.

XXXVIII.

I see the moon, and the moon sees me,
God bless the moon, and God bless me!

XXXIX.

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner,
Eating his Christmas pie.
He put in his thumb,
And he pulled out a plum,
And said, What a good boy am I!

XL.

Ladybird, ladybird
Fly away home;
Your house is on fire,
Your children will burn.



Little Jack Horner sat in the corner
Eating his Christmas pie
He put in his thumb & pulled out a plum
And said "What a good boy am I."



1865

FRANCE



NURSERY JINGLES

XLI.

Rain, rain, go to Spain!
And when we want you, come again.

XLII.

What care I how black I be?
Twenty pounds will marry me.
If twenty won't, then forty shall,
I am my mammy's bouncing gall.

XLIII.

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

XLIV.

Goosie, goosie gander,
Whither do you wander?
Upstairs, downstairs, in my lady's chamber.
With a quack, quack, quack.
Call for a cup of sack
And a little sugar and ginger.

XLV.

There was an old woman lived under a hill,
She put a mouse into a bag and sent it to the
mill.
The miller he swore by the point of his knife,
He never took toll of a mouse in his life.



Goosey, Goosey, Gander,
Whither do you wander?
Upstairs and downstairs,
And in my ladies' chamber



NURSERY JINGLES

XLVI.

Little boy Blue, blow your horn,
The cow's in the meadow, the sheep in the
corn.

But where is the little boy tending the sheep?
He's under the hayrick fast asleep.

XLVII.

Humpty-dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty-dumpty had a great fall ;
Not all the king's horses, nor all the king's men
Can put Humpty-dumpty on the wall again.

XLVIII.

Daddy-daddy longlegs
Wouldn't say his prayers.
Take him by the left leg
Throw him downstairs.

XLIX.

Yanky Doodle came to town,
How do you think they served him?
One took his bag, another his gown,
The quicker for to starve him.

L.

Tom Thumb, the Piper's son,
Stole a pig and away did run.
The pig was eat, and Tom was beat,
Till he ran crying down the street.



LITTLE BOY BLUE COME
BLOW YOUR HORN THE
SHEEPS IN THE MEADOW
THE COWS IN THE CORN



NURSERY JINGLES

LI.

Hark! hark! the dogs do bark,
The beggars are coming to town,
Some in jags, and some in rags,
And others in velvet gowns.

LII.

I had a little husband no bigger than my
thumb,
I put him in a pint-pot and told him there to
drum.
I bought a little horse that galloped up and
down,
I bridled him and saddled him, and sent him
out of town.
I gave him yellow garters to garter up his hose,
And little silken handkerchief for the wiping
of his nose.

LIII.

There were two blackbirds sat on a hill,
One named Jack, and the other named Jill.
Fly away, Jack! fly away, Jill!
Come back, Jack! come back, Jill!

LIV.

The rose is red, the violet's blue,
The violet's sweet, and so are you;
These the words you bade me say,
For a pair of gloves on Easter day.



NURSERY JINGLES

LV.

Little Brown Betty, lived at the Gold Can,
Where she brewed good ale for gentlemen ;
The gentlemen they came every day,
Till little Brown Betty she hopped away.

LVI.

Dickery, dickery, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock.
The clock struck one,
And down he run ;
Dickery, dickery, dock !

LVII.

The cuckoo is a pretty bird,
She sings as she flies,
She brings us good tidings,
And never tells lies.
She sucketh sweet flowers
To make her voice clear,
And when she sings cuckoo,
The summer draweth near.

LVIII.

There was an old woman lived under a hill,
And if she's not gone she lives there still.

A decorative border of stylized flowers and leaves surrounds the text. The flowers have multiple petals and prominent stamens, and the leaves are large and pointed. The border is composed of repeating patterns of these floral elements.

NURSERY JINGLES

LIX.

On Saturday night be all my care
To powder my locks and curl my hair :
And Sunday morning my love will bring
To marry me fair with a golden ring.

LX.

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 play.

LXI.

Little Tom Tucker
Sings for his supper.
What shall he have to eat ?
White bread and butter.
How shall he cut it
Without e'er a knife ?
How can he marry
Without e'er a wife ?

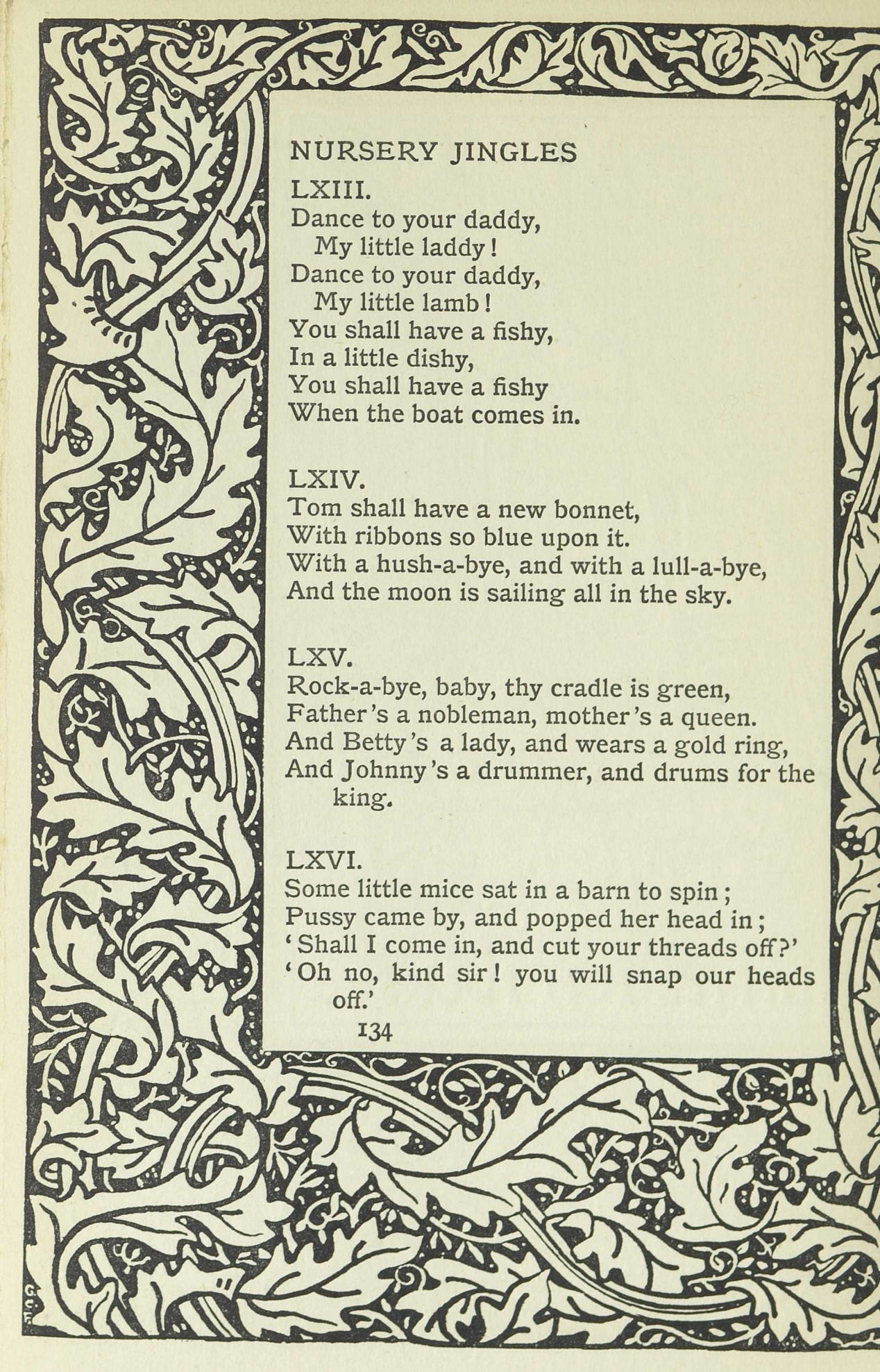
LXII.

Wee Willie Winkie runs through the town,
Upstairs and downstairs in his night gown,
Tapping at the window, crying at the lock,
'Are the babes in their beds, for it's now ten
o'clock ?'



LITTLE TOM TUCKER &

G.A.
FRANCE



NURSERY JINGLES

LXIII.

Dance to your daddy,
My little laddy!
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.

LXIV.

Tom shall have a new bonnet,
With ribbons so blue upon it.
With a hush-a-bye, and with a lull-a-bye,
And the moon is sailing all in the sky.

LXV.

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.

LXVI.

Some little mice sat in a barn to spin;
Pussy came by, and popped her head in;
'Shall I come in, and cut your threads off?'
'Oh no, kind sir! you will snap our heads
off.'

A decorative border with a repeating floral and vine pattern in white on a black background, framing the text.

NURSERY JINGLES

LXVII.

Grey goose and gander, waft your wings
together,
And carry the good king's daughter over the
one-strand river.

LXVIII.

Old King Cole
Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he.
He called for his pipe,
And he called for his glass,
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.

LXIX.

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!'



WILLY BOY WILLY BOY WHERE
ARE YOU GOING? I WILL GO
WITH YOU IF THAT I MAY. I'M
GOING TO THE MEADOWS
TO SEE THEM A MOWING;
I'M GOING TO HELP THEM
TO MAKE THE HAY

A decorative border of stylized flowers and leaves surrounds the text. The flowers have many petals and a central cluster of dots. The leaves are pointed and have small circles on them. The border is drawn in a simple, line-art style.

NURSERY JINGLES

LXX.

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.

LXXI.

Cobbler, cobbler, mend my shoe,
Give it a stitch, and that will do.
Here's a nail, and there's a prod,
And now my little maid's well shod.

LXXII.

'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.'

LXXIII.

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.





Little Pollie Flinders sat among
the cinders warming her pretty
little toes. Her mother came and
caught her and whipped her lit-
tle daughter for spoiling her in
nice new clothes. ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

A decorative border with a repeating floral and leaf pattern in white on a black background, framing the text.

NURSERY JINGLES

LXXIV.

Little Polly Flinders
Sat among the cinders
Warming her pretty little toes.
Her mother came and caught her,
And scolded her little daughter
For spoiling her nice new clothes.

LXXV.

What are little boys made of, made of,
What are little boys made of?
Snaps and snails, and puppy-dogs' tails;
And that's what little boys are made of, made
of.

What are little girls made of, made of,
What are little girls made of?
Sugar and spice, and things that are nice;
And that's what little girls are made of, made
of.

LXXVI.

There was a little man,
And he wooed a little maid,
And he said, 'Little maid, will you wed, wed,
wed?
I have no more to say,
Then will you, yea or nay,
For the least said is soonest mended, ded, ded,'



NURSERY JINGLES

The little maid she sighed,
And very soon replied,
'But what shall we have for to eat, eat, eat?
Will the flame that you're so rich in
Make a fire in the kitchen?
Or the little god of love turn the spit, spit,
spit?'

LXXVII.

Solomon Grundy, born on a Monday,
Christened on Tuesday, married on Wednesday,
Took ill on Thursday, worse on Friday,
Died on Saturday, buried on Sunday,
This is the end of Solomon Grundy.

LXXVIII.

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 up the marrow-bone
And flung it at his head !

A decorative border with a repeating floral pattern of stylized flowers and leaves, rendered in white against a dark background, surrounds the text.

NURSERY JINGLES

LXXIX.

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.

LXXX.

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



NURSERY JINGLES

LXXXI.

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 a thing in your life?
Three blind mice!

LXXXII.

This little pig went to market;
This little pig stayed at home;
This little pig had a bit of meat;
And this little pig had none;
This little pig said, Wee, wee, wee!
I can't find my way home.

LXXXIII.

1, 2 One, two, buckle my shoe;
3, 4 Three, four, shut the door;
5, 6 Five, six, pick up sticks;
7, 8 Seven, eight, lay them straight;
9, 10 Nine, ten, a good fat hen;
11, 12 Eleven, twelve, who will delve?
13, 14 Thirteen, fourteen, draw the curtain;
15, 16 Fifteen, sixteen, maids in the kitchen;
17, 18 Seventeen, eighteen, who is waiting?
19, 20 Nineteen, twenty, my stomach's
empty,
Please, mamma, give me some dinner.

A decorative border with a repeating floral and vine motif in white on a black background, framing the text.

NURSERY JINGLES

LXXXIV.

Shoe the little horse,
And shoe the little mare,
And let the little colt
Run bare, bare, bare.

LXXXV.

The Queen of Hearts she made some
tarts,
All on a summer's day.
The Knave of Hearts he stole those tarts,
And hid them clean away.
The King of Hearts he missed those tarts,
And beat the Knave right sore,
The Knave of Hearts brought back the
tarts,
And vowed he'd steal no more.

LXXXVI.

As I was going to St. Ives,
I met seven wives ;
Each wife had seven sacks,
Each sack had seven cats !
Each cat had seven kittens !
Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,
How many were there going to St. Ives ?

A decorative border of stylized flowers and leaves surrounds the text. The flowers have multiple petals and prominent stamens, and the leaves are broad and pointed. The border is composed of repeating patterns of these floral elements.

NURSERY JINGLES

LXXXVII.

To market, to market,
To buy a plum bun :
Home again, home again,
Market is done.

LXXXVIII.

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 ?

LXXXIX.

Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
Bless the bed that I lie on,
Four corners to my bed,
Four angels round my head ;
One to watch, and one to pray,
Two to bear my soul away.

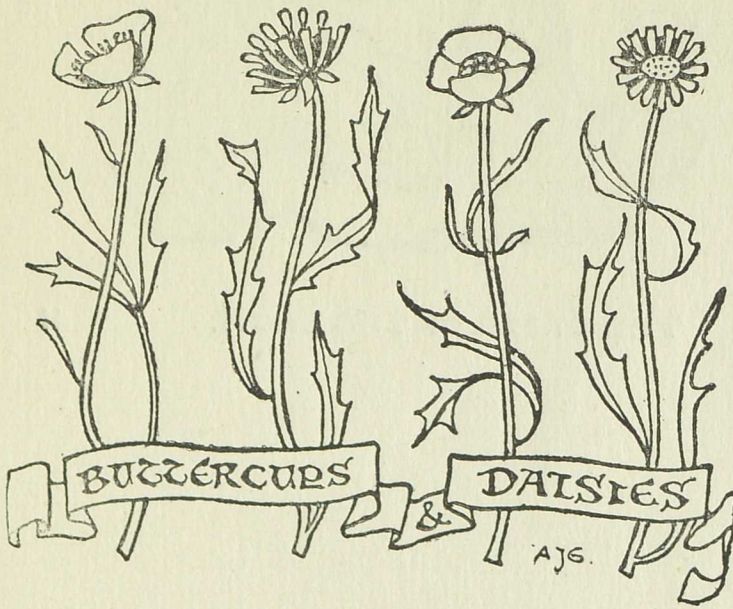
XC.

Cushy cow bonny, let down your milk,
And I will give you a gown of silk ;
A gown of silk and a golden fee,
If you will let down your milk for me.

NURSERY JINGLES

XCI.

The cat sat asleep by the side of the fire,
The mistress snored loud as a pig ;
Jack took up his fiddle, at Jenny's desire,
And struck up a bit of a jig.





S

THE ORDER OF THE BATH.

H

A decorative border in a black and white Art Nouveau style surrounds the page. It features stylized, flowing lines representing leaves and flowers, with a background of small white dots on a black field. The central area is a plain, light-colored rectangle.

NOTES



NOTES

I. THE TASK

This is known under various forms throughout England. In Northumberland it is called 'Whittingham Fair,' and begins:—

Are you going to Whittingham Fair,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme?
Remember me to one who loves thee,
For once she was a true lover of mine.

'Northumbrian Minstrelsy,' p. 79; Broadwood and Maitland, 'Country Songs,' as 'Scarborough Fair,' a Yorkshire version; Halliwell's 'Nursery Rhymes,' pp. 109, 241. I give a Cornish version as the most complete of all. In Cornwall formerly it formed a portion of a sort of play, and was sung by a young man and a young woman. The story was that she was engaged to him, he died, and his ghost came to claim her. She escapes through setting the ghost tasks, after he has set her others, which are impossible of accomplishment.

II. A LYING TALE

This odd song was taken down from a Cornishman. Lying tales are favourite nursery entertainments for children, and there exists a great variety of them.

III. THREE JOVIAL WELSHMEN

In a collection of 'Forty Early Ballad Books' in the British Museum, No. 21 is 'The Woods' Chorister,' and this contains the 'Three Jovial Welshmen.' The last verse is:—

Old Reynard, being wet and weary,
He scarce could go or stand,
Came boldly to the Huntsmen,
To be at their command.
With a hoop! hoop! etc.

I have added verses seven and eight, to give some finish to the song—as singers add as suits their fancy and their powers of rhyme, ad lib. See also Halliwell's 'Nursery Rhymes,' p. 161.



NOTES

IV. This was thought by Mr. Halliwell to refer to the visit of Joanna of Castile to England in 1506.

V. THE FOX

This is traditional throughout England. It appears in 'The Opera; or, Cabinet of Song,' published by Sheafe at Edinburgh in 1832, edited by James Ballantyne. Also, Logan, 'The Pedlar's Pack,' p. 291; 'Notes and Queries,' 1854, where it is given as a Cornish song; Halliwell's 'Nursery Rhymes,' p. 84. It occurs on Broad-sides by Harkness of Preston, etc.

VI. THE HERRING'S HEAD

This 'lying tale' is known and sung throughout Devon and Cornwall.

VII. MOTHER'S SONG

A West of England lullaby. The fish in the well is a purely Celtic conception. It is the mystic fish that never dies.

VIII. THE FOOLISH BOY

This song is known in every nursery through England. There are various alterations in the burden. One is:—

'Whimma whimme wobble, O!

Jigga-jiggee-joggle, O!

Little boys a wobble, O! lived under the gloam.'

This from Somersetshire; another from Yorkshire is:—

'Withamy, widy, waddle, O!

Jack has sold his saddle, O!

Bubble ho! pretty boy, over the brow.'

See Halliwell, 'Nursery Rhymes,' p. 92, 'The Baby's Opera.'

IX. TOMMY-A-LYNN

This curious song is known throughout England, and delights children. Sometimes Bryan-a-Lynn is sung in place of Tommy-a-Lynn, sometimes he is 'a Scotchman,' sometimes 'a gentleman,' in Cornwall he is 'Harry Trewin.' It is printed in 'The Distracted Sailor's Garland'; also in Ritson's 'North Country Chorister,' 1809; also Halliwell's 'Popular Rhymes,' 1849, and his 'Nursery Rhymes.' A similar song, 'Jean de Nivelles' is sung in Gascony, where it is a dance song (Bladé, 'Poésies Populaires de la Gascoyne,' 1887); also in Canada among the French Canadians (Gagnosi, 'Chansons Populaires du Canada,'

NOTES

Quebec, 1865). It is known and sung also in Languedoc as 'Jean de Reulo' or 'Jean de Nibélo.' The song was sung by Mr. Purcell's 'Irish Vocalists,' and is given at length in 'The Dublin Comic Songster' (Dublin, 1841). There are often sung several other verses besides those given above, which were taken down in Devonshire. What 'a bone of my Stover' signifies, I do not know.

XI. GREEN AND AIRY AROUND

This is an old nursery and schoolboy song. It occurs in a collection of Garlands in the British Museum (II, 621, 6, 18).

XII. LAST NIGHT THE DOGS DID BARK

An old English song. It occurs with music in 'The Thrush, Crosby, London, 1827. There is a popular nursery version:—

'Hark! hark! the dogs do bark,
The beggars are coming to town,
Some in Rags, and some in Jags,
And others in Velvet Gowns,'

which is supposed to be a Jacobite jingle in derision of the House of Hanover.

'Hark! hark! the dogs do bark,
My wife is coming in,'

went anciently to 'The Devil's Dream,' which is given in the 'Dancing Master,' 6th ed., 1675.

XIII. NICE YOUNG MAIDENS

This was sung to an old lady by her grandmother some sixty years ago. It appears in 'The Universal Songster,' 1826. It was very popular in London in 1820, when J. P. Hodgson wrote words like these: 'Smart Young Bachelors.' J. Blewett composed the music, but Mrs. Humby sang the other words to the probably traditional air, and this entirely put out Blewett's tune. The song reached Scotland, where Buchan picked it up, and tacked on to it the words of his own:—

'But we'll apply to James the Third,
Puir auld maidens,
And our petition mawn be heard,
And for ilk dame a man secured
To puir auld maidens';



NOTES

and he asserted, 'This curious ditty was written down during the sovereignty of James the Third of Scotland, and is, consequently, nearly 400 years old' (P. Buchan, 'Ancient Songs of Scotland,' 1878). Christie, in his 'Traditional Ballad Airs,' 1876, gives the air as now attached to 'Puir Auld Maidens' in Scotland. Although I have said that Mrs. Humby sang 'Here's a Pretty Set of Us' to the traditional air (probably), it is quite possible, though not probable, that she composed it. The song and the tunes cannot be traced earlier than the beginning of this century.

XIV. AMONG THE GREEN HAY

This is an old nursery song that I have had from an old lady in Devon, who heard it from her grandmother. She forgot two of the verses, but Miss L. E. Broadwood has kindly supplied me with them from a Hampshire singer.

XV. ONE MICHAELMAS MORN

A Devonshire nursery song.

XVI. THE OLD COUPLE

Pretty universally known in England. Halliwell, 'Nursery Tales and Rhymes,' p. 270, with 'Fa-la-fa-la-la' in place of 'Tweedle, tweedle dee.' We have given it with music in 'The Garland' (Methuen, 1894).

XVII. THE FROG WHO WOULD A-WOOING GO

This song was composed and sung by Liston at Covent Garden Theatre, and took the place of the far earlier song on the same lines of 'The Frog and Mouse,' concerning which, see Chappell's 'English Popular Music of the Olden Time,' and my 'Garland of Country Songs.'

XVIII. MY JOHNNY WAS A SHOEMAKER

From 'The Besom-Maker, and other Country Songs,' collected by Mr. Heywood Sumner.

XIX. THE JACKET AND PETTICOAT

This is taken from Miss M. H. Mason's 'Nursery Rhymes and Country Songs,' p. 29. Also in Laurie and Marby's 'Rhymes and Jingles.'



NOTES

XX. THE WHALE

Taken down from a Devonshire nurse.

XXI. WINE AND WATER

Taken down from the same nurse as the preceding song.

XXII. THE TREE IN THE WOOD

This favourite song is given in 'Songs of the West,' together with music, and an account of its diffusion.

XXIII. THE QUAKER SONG

From a Devonshire nurse.

XXIV. GOOD KING ARTHUR

Sometimes this is sung of King Stephen.

XXV. MY BOY BILLY

This wide-spread rhyme is only one portion of a long story. The youth who is dissuaded from going a-courting by his mother persists, and is poisoned by the lady with a fish. Then follows the rest of the song, which consists of a dialogue with the mother, and he says:—

'Make my bed soon,
For I am sick to the heart, mother,
Fain would lie down.'

This, with its proper air, I have given in 'A Garland of Country Songs.' The complete story in both parts is found in Scotland. Both songs are very well known in Devonshire. They were sung about 1835 by a west-country nurse. There are Swedish and other versions, for which see Professor Child's 'English Ballads,' ii. 244. See for a further account of it 'The Garland of Country Songs' (Methuen, 1894).

XXVI. THE CARRION CROW

A very old folk and nursery song. It is given in Halliwell; also in Crane's 'Baby's Bouquet'; also in 'The Garland of Country Songs.'

XXVII. THE BABES IN THE WOOD

A rewriting and condensation of the old ballad, made about the beginning of this century. It is given with the air in



NOTES

Miss Mason's 'Nursery Rhymes,' and in Laurie and Marby's 'Rhymes, Jingles, and Songs.'

XXVIII. I LOVE SIXPENCE

An old song I remember as a child. I took it down again from a white-haired tanner who died three years ago. It is given by Miss Mason in her 'Nursery Rhymes,' p. 28; also in 'The Baby's Bouquet.'

XXIX. THE LITTLE DANDY

This little song appeared in 'The Convivial Companion,' by G. Woodward, n.d., but about 1763, as there is in it a song describing the Coronation of George IV. It was printed and published at Norwich. In this there are four verses: the tune is 'Darby, O.'

XXX. WIG, HAT, AND CANE

A song that appears in the garlands and song-books of the end of last century and the beginning of this.

XXXI. CHIT, CHAT

Also from the garlands and song-books of the same period as the last.

XXXII. SONG OF SPRING

Three verses out of an old song composed to the air, 'To all you Ladies now on Land.' Scraps are still to be heard sung by country singers. It is found complete in 'The Convivial Songster,' n.d., but about 1760, and in other collections of last century.

XXXIII. WINTER SONG

Two verses of an old English song, and a very pleasant one, not absolutely dead even now, though it is some 200 years old.

XXXIV. THREE CHILDREN SLIDING

A very old song. In the original it consists of twenty-one verses. It occurs in 'Merry Drollery Complete,' 1670. It was sung to 'Chevy Chase,' and to 'The Lady's Fall.' In the form in which it last comes to us there is reference to the fire on London Bridge in 1683, and the great frost on the Thames in 1684.

NOTES

XXXV. IF ALL THE WORLD WERE PAPER

Four out of the six verses of this very old nursery song, which was published in 1640; the tune was printed in Playford's 'Dancing Master,' in 1651. It has been republished in 'The Baby's Bouquet.'

XXXVI. IF I HAD TWO SHIPS

Taken down from a tramp-woman, singing it to her babe.

XXXVII. HUNTING THE HARE

This old song is given, along with the music to which it is traditionally sung, in 'Songs of the West' (Methuen, 1892).

XXXVIII. THE LITTLE MAN

Ritson gives two verses only in his 'Gammer Gurton Garland,' which appeared in 1783.

XXXIX. SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE

A very old nursery song. It is quoted in Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Bonduca,' Act v. Sc. 2, published in 1647.

XL. LUCY LOCKET

Lucy Locket and Kitty Fisher were well-known personages in the time and about the Court of Charles II. The tune is that appropriated by the Americans for 'Yanky Doodle.' It will be found in 'The Baby's Bouquet.'

XLI. LITTLE BINGO

The air to this little nursery rhyme was printed in the first number of the 'Early English Musical Magazine,' January 1891.

XLII. I SAW A SHIP A-SAILING

This favourite nursery song, along with its air, will be found in 'The Baby's Bouquet.'

XLIII. THE SCARECROW

This is given, with the air, in Laurie and Marby's 'Rhymes, Jingles, and Songs,' and also in 'The Baby's Bouquet.'

XLIV. ON CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE MORNING

This, with the air to which it is traditionally sung, is given in 'The Baby's Opera.'



NOTES

XLV. LITTLE JOHN COOK

In Ritson's 'Gammer Gurton's Garland.'

XLVI. LITTLE BO-PEEP

Ritson gives this with a fifth verse in his 'Gammer Gurton's Garland.' The 'lambs' tails' are, of course, the catkins on the hazel-trees. The air is given in 'The Baby's Opera.'

XLVII. THE MAGPIE

Known, with its familiar air, in every nursery.

XLVIII. ROBIN REDBREAST AND JENNY WREN

The air will be found in 'The Baby's Opera.'

XLIX. NEW YEAR'S DAY

The air is given by Mr. Crane in 'The Baby's Opera.'

L. THE DILLY SONG

For this curious song, with its air and its history, see 'Songs of the West,' and Miss Broadwood's 'Country Songs.'

LI. GREEN BROOM

For this and its air and history see 'Songs of the West.'

LII. TOM, THE PIPER'S SON

'Tom, the Piper's Son' is the equivalent in England of the Fiddler in Germany with the marvellous fiddle that makes all dance, and, indeed, the 'Pied Piper of Hamelin.' The air of 'Over the Hills and Far Away' is given by Chappell in his 'Popular Music of the Olden Time,' also in 'The Baby's Opera.'

LIII. WHERE ARE YOU GOING, MY PRETTY MAID?

A widely-known song. In the original form it was much longer and objectionable. Accordingly, at the beginning of this century, fresh words were written and a new tune composed, so that, like the Irishman's knife, it was made all new. It existed in the old Cornish language. The old air is in 'Songs of Four Nations,' by Bolton and Somervell.

LIV. LULLABY

Words and charming melody in 'Songs of the West.'

NOTES

LV. THE ROBIN

Taken down from a Devonshire nurse.

LVI. CLICK, CLACK

Although taken down from an English nurse, this is probably an American nursery rhyme; it has none of the freshness of a genuine English folk nursery song.

LVII. THE SNAIL

Taken down from a Devonshire nurse.

LVIII. SCHOOL OVER

A modern composition, unquestionably.

LIX. TWINKLE, TWINKLE

Known everywhere.

LX. GOOD NIGHT AND GOOD MORNING

By the late Lord Houghton.

LXI. THE PIGS

From 'Original Poems for Infant Minds,' published about 1830.

LXII. THE LITTLE FISHERMAN

From the same.

LXIII. THE LITTLE OLD WOMAN

Found in old song-books of the beginning of the nineteenth century, not older; with tune in 'The Baby's Bouquet,' by Walter Crane.

LXIV. THE RIDDLE

A very ancient Riddle Song. Two versions in Miss Mason's 'Nursery Rhymes,' one in Mr. Crane's 'Baby's Bouquet.' A portion of it has got attached—why, I cannot say—to 'Don't you go a-rushing, Maids, in May.'

'I'll give you a chicken that has no bone,
I'll give you a cherry without any stone,
I'll give you a ring without any rim,
I'll give you an oak that has no limb.'

The ring has no rim when the gold is being melted, and the oak has no limb when in the acorn.

NOTES

I got another version in Devon, where a verse runs:—

'I'll give you a house wherein you may be,
Where you may be kept fast without any key.'

The answer is:—

'O my heart is the house wherein you may abide,
And not a key is wanted to keep you inside.'

LXV. GIRLS AND BOYS

Very generally known. Halliwell's 'Nursery Rhymes'; Crane's 'Baby's Opera,' etc.

LXVI. MRS. BOND

This appears with music in 'The Nightingale,' 1831, p. 285. It is given in Mr. Crane's 'Baby's Opera.'

LXVII. THE LITTLE COCK-SPARROW

The air in 'The Baby's Bouquet,' etc.

LXVIII. THE GOOSE AND GANDER

Miss Mason's 'Nursery Rhymes,' with air. This rhyme is quite new to me, and is probably north-country.

LXIX. AIKEN DRUM

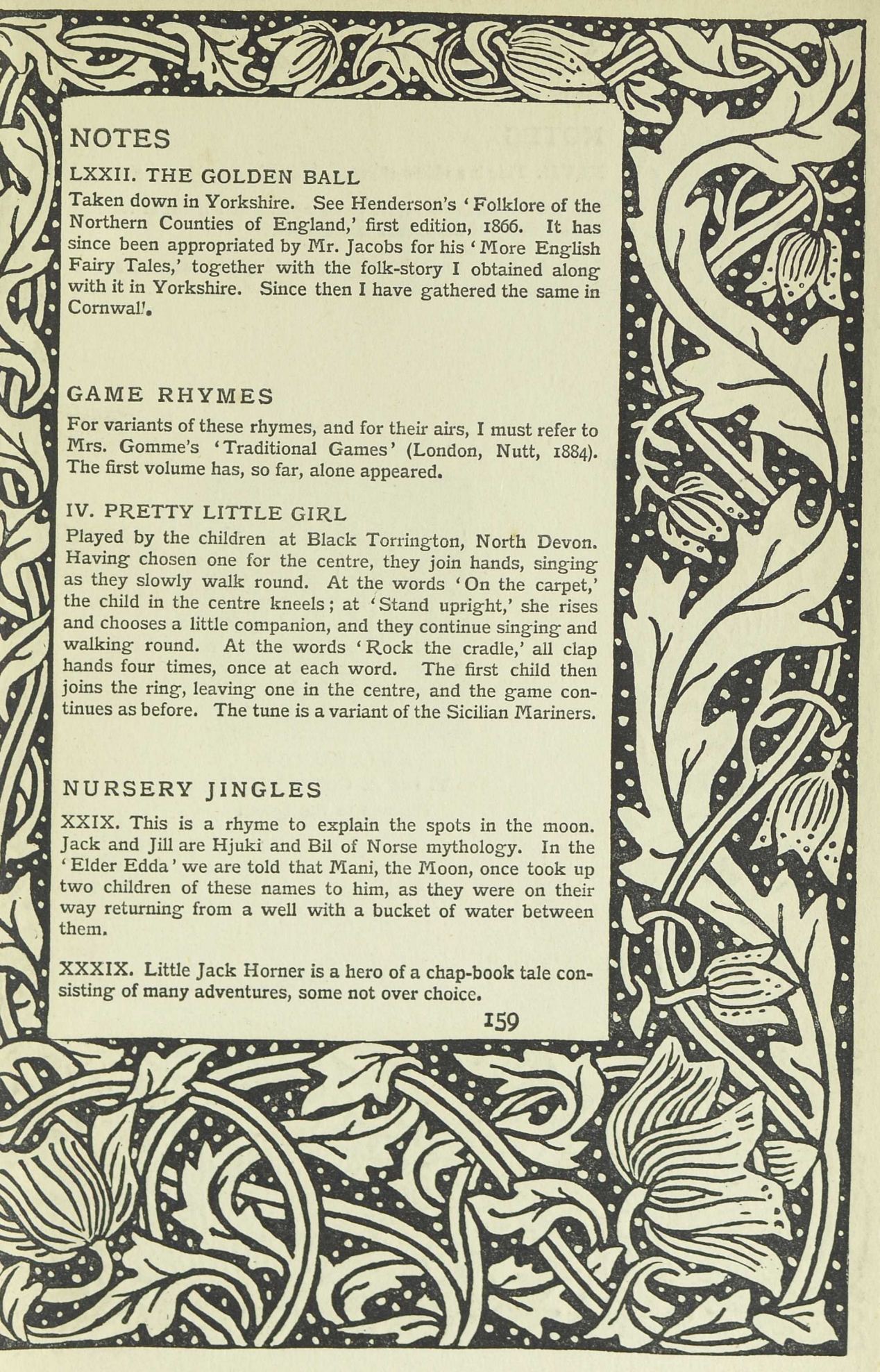
A north-country nursery song. The air in 'The Baby's Bouquet.'

LXX. PUSSY-CAT

The air also in 'The Baby's Bouquet.'

LXXI. THE BONNIE PIT LADDIE

A north-country colliers' wives' song, given by Mr. J. Stagg in the 'Early English Musical Magazine' for March 1891. This promising periodical unhappily expired for lack of sufficient support. Mr. Stagg says that this song is quoted in a play, 'The Love-Sick King,' which was printed in 1655. This play was by Anthony Brewer, and was on the story of Cartismandua.

A decorative border with a repeating floral and leaf pattern in white on a black background, framing the text.

NOTES

LXXII. THE GOLDEN BALL

Taken down in Yorkshire. See Henderson's 'Folklore of the Northern Counties of England,' first edition, 1866. It has since been appropriated by Mr. Jacobs for his 'More English Fairy Tales,' together with the folk-story I obtained along with it in Yorkshire. Since then I have gathered the same in Cornwall'.

GAME RHYMES

For variants of these rhymes, and for their airs, I must refer to Mrs. Gomme's 'Traditional Games' (London, Nutt, 1884). The first volume has, so far, alone appeared.

IV. PRETTY LITTLE GIRL

Played by the children at Black Torrington, North Devon. Having chosen one for the centre, they join hands, singing as they slowly walk round. At the words 'On the carpet,' the child in the centre kneels; at 'Stand upright,' she rises and chooses a little companion, and they continue singing and walking round. At the words 'Rock the cradle,' all clap hands four times, once at each word. The first child then joins the ring, leaving one in the centre, and the game continues as before. The tune is a variant of the Sicilian Mariners.

NURSERY JINGLES

XXIX. This is a rhyme to explain the spots in the moon. Jack and Jill are Hjuki and Bil of Norse mythology. In the 'Elder Edda' we are told that Mani, the Moon, once took up two children of these names to him, as they were on their way returning from a well with a bucket of water between them.

XXXIX. Little Jack Horner is a hero of a chap-book tale consisting of many adventures, some not over choice.

NOTES

XLVII. This is a riddle-rhyme. Humpty-dumpty is an egg.

LI. This has been thought to be a Jacobite rhyme, in ridicule of the advent of the House of Hanover.

LIV. A rhyme for winning a pair of gloves from the first saluted on Easter morning.



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