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Walter H. Baker & Company

No. 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Massachusetts

A Troublesome Flock

A Mother Goose Play for Children

By
ELIZABETH F. GUPTILL



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BOSTON
WALTER H. BAKER & CO.
1916

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A Troublesome Flock

CHARACTERS

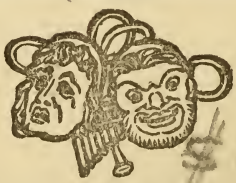
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|--|-----------------------|
| OLD MOTHER GOOSE. | MISS MUFFETT. |
| THE OLD WOMAN THAT LIVED
IN A SHOE. | ROCK-A-BYE-BABY. |
| OLD MOTHER HUBBARD. | BABY BUNTING. |
| THE BACHELOR'S WIFE. | BACHELOR. |
| CONTRARY MARY. | JACK. |
| MILK MAID. | TOMMY TUCKER. |
| CURLY LOCKS. | GEORGIE PORGIE. |
| DINGTY DIDDLETY. | BOY BLUE. |
| CROSS PATCH. | HUMPTY DUMPTY. |
| BETTY BLUE. | JACK HORNER. |
| JILL. | SIMPLE SIMON. |
| BO PEEP. | TOM, THE PIPER'S SON. |
| | WILLIE WINKIE. |

NOTE

Twenty-five characters—ten boys and fifteen girls—are called for but the entertainment can be given by a smaller number by eliminating some parts. The play is so arranged that this can be easily done. No special setting is required. It can be given in any hall or schoolroom.

TIME—About forty-five minutes.

TMP96-006538



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JUL 24 1916

no 1.

COSTUMES

These directions are for those who wish special costumes. These are picturesque and pretty, but not essential. If you do not wish to go to the trouble of making costumes, many of the children may wear their own school suits, being distinguished by what they carry—Bo Peep by her crook, Boy Blue by his horn, etc. Of course, those impersonating the old women must have long dresses.

OLD MOTHER GOOSE wears a quilted yellow skirt, about to her ankles, a red, pointed waist, and pannier overskirt, also of red. The waist has a chemisette of white. Her shoes are high-heeled, low cut black shoes, with large silver buckles and red heels. Her stockings are red. Her hair is powdered, and combed in any old-fashioned way. Her hat is a tall, pointed one, of black, with a red band. She may have her knitting.

THE OLD WOMAN, who lived in a shoe, wears a rusty black dress, made with a straight, full skirt and a basque. She has a white apron and kerchief, old-fashioned square bowed glasses (the frames only, of course), and a white cap, the strings hanging down on either side. Her powdered hair hangs in little curls on each side of her face. She carries a large shoe, cut from pasteboard, and covered with black, which is full to overflowing with dolls. She also has a bunch of switches.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD wears a red skirt, an old-fashioned "polonaise" of some flowered material (large figures), a bib apron, a white kerchief, and either an old-fashioned bonnet, or a ruffled cap. In either case, the strings are tied primly beneath her chin. She might carry a bone. She has black mitts.

THE BACHELOR'S WIFE wears a hoop skirt, and a white dress, the skirt of which is covered with ruffles. The waist may be made in any way that goes well with the skirt. She has a white shawl, white mitts, and a white bonnet trimmed with pink ribbon and rosebuds. This must be bent and soiled by her fall. Her dress must have a mud-stain or two, and be rather rumped. She carries a satchel or carpet bag.

CONTRARY MARY wears a dress of some large-flowered goods. The waist is very short and full, the skirt is straight, and very full, after the Greenaway style, and ends about half-way between her knees and ankles. It has a low round neck, and short puffed sleeves. She wears a long string of shells and beads, of different styles and colors, strung anyhow. She has a ruffled white apron, which she wears behind, tied in a large bow in front. On one foot is a white shoe and black stocking, on the other a black shoe and white stocking. On one hand is a long black mitt, on the other, a tan glove. She has a cap on, with the visor behind. One side

of her hair is in curls, the other in a braid. She may carry a watering pot.

THE MILK MAID wears a dress of pink print or gingham, with the neck cut in a narrow, deep square outline, and edged with a narrow white frill. She has a white bib apron. Her sleeves are rolled above her elbows, and her dress and apron are folded smoothly up and pinned to display a green striped petticoat. She wears white stockings, low black shoes, a coquettish little white sunbonnet, and carries a three-legged milking-stool and a dented pail.

CURLY LOCKS has a white ruffled dress, a pink sash and shoulder ribbons, pink stockings, white shoes, and carries a pink sofa cushion to sit on. She may also have a thimble.

DINGTY DIDDLETY wears a hoop-skirt, and a dress of some material with very large figures. It has a straight, full skirt, gathered on to a plain waist with very full bishop sleeves, gathered into a narrow wristband, which fastens with one button. She has a round collar of lace or linen. At her left side hangs a large outside pocket, or bag. Her hair is parted, combed smoothly down on each side to hide the ears, and gathered into a knot low in the neck. Pin the collar with a large round or oval brooch. Her sleeves and pocket are filled with "gombobbles." These are made by covering balls of wadding or crumpled tissue paper with orange-colored crepe paper. The "gombobbles" should be the size of small oranges, somewhat flatter. Have as many as her sleeves and pocket will hold.

CROSS PATCH wears a short-sleeved red dress, and a full gathered pinafore of red and white print, made after the fashion of the pinafores so commonly worn in England. She wears a sunbonnet of red and white checked gingham, which she takes off, and swings crossly, occasionally. Sometimes she pulls up her apron, and sulks into that.

BETTY BLUE wears an Empire dress of blue, blue stockings, and white shoes. A blue ribbon passes around the very short waist of her dress, and is tied at the left side of the front in four short loops and two long ends which fall to the hem of the skirt. The elbow sleeves are tied around with blue ribbons, as is her hair. She may wear a large hat of shirred blue mull, or no hat, as preferred. When she enters, one shoe is missing.

JILL wears a gingham dress, with a long-sleeved print "tier." One elbow of this is noticeably patched, the other has a good-sized hole. The tier is trimmed at neck, wrists and bottom with ruffles of the print, which are torn and dangling here and there. It has ties, one of which is ripped off, but hangs with the other in a limp, stringy bow. The back is decorated with a large grass stain; the front by an earth stain and a "barn-door" tear. Her hair hangs loose and tumbled, with no hair ribbon. Her feet are bare. If for any reason the bare feet are not liked, her shoes must be well worn, and her stockings torn. A torn petticoat should show a bit.

BO PEEP wears a short, quilted skirt of blue, with a waist and overskirt of white, flowered with blue. The low, square neck, full elbow sleeves, and overskirt are edged with frills of the goods. The overskirt is looped up over the quilted skirt with blue ribbon bows. She has a large leghorn "flat," trimmed with forget-me-nots or daisies, tied down, gipsy fashion, with blue ribbon. She carries a long crook, covered with silver paper, with a large blue bow tied just below the crooked part.

MISS MUFFETT wears a pink dress, with a thin white overdress, with low, round neck and elbow sleeves. The neck, sleeves and bottom of over-slip are edged with ruffles. The slip is caught up a little to show the pink skirt. High under her arms is a broad pink sash, tied in a big bow behind. She has a full mob-cap of the white over pink, with a wired frill, and a pink ribbon passing around crown, and tied in a bow at side or front. Her stockings are pink or white, her shoes white. She carries a spoon.

ROCK-A-BYE-BABY wears a short white dress with a yoke, short white socks, and slippers. Her short sleeves are tied up with ribbons of baby blue, and she may wear a broad sash of the same color. She has a white lawn baby bonnet, with broad ties. She carries a Teddy Bear.

BABY BUNTING is dressed like Rock-a-bye Baby, with pale pink ribbons instead of blue. When she comes in, she wears a coat and bonnet of white bearskin, but as these are too warm to keep on long, Mother Hubbard may help her to remove them before she sits down with Rock-a-bye Baby. She carries a toy rabbit.

THE BACHELOR wears an old-fashioned suit, with long coat, knee breeches, and a ruffled bosom shirt. He has white stockings, low shoes with big buckles, and a tall hat.

JACK wears a checked gingham shirt, and blue overalls, which bear witness to the fact that he "has fallen into a mud-puddle, flat." His overalls are rolled up above his knees, and his feet are bare. There should be a patch or two, also a tear, somewhere about him. A battered straw hat is on the back of his head, his hair is uncombed, and he is none too clean. He and Jill have a battered pail. Jack has it when he enters, but Jill has it part of the time, and sometimes they swing it between them.

TOMMY TUCKER wears gray knickerbockers, a blue Norfolk jacket, blue stockings and cap, and gray belt.

GEORGIE PORGIE wears a brown Greenaway suit, with long trousers buttoned over a short tight waist, in what used to be known as a "broadfall." He has a white frill collar. He carries a large cloth spider by a string.

BOY BLUE wears a blue sailor blouse, blue knickerbockers, a leather belt, to which his horn is fastened by a cord, and a large haymaker's hat, with a blue band.

HUMPTY DUMPTY is the fattest boy obtainable. He wears a blouse and knickerbockers of red, padded well. Pad his stockings, also, and make him look as round and fat as possible.

JACK HORNER wears a gingham "tier" and white frill collar over his trousers in the fashion of little boys of thirty or forty years ago. His trousers come half-way to his ankles, but the tier stops at the knees. It has a strap across the back, and is often below the strap.

SIMPLE SIMON wears a carter's smock frock of brown jean or linen, not too clean, with long loose trousers of the same material. The frock comes to his knees. His hair is mussed. He is eating a pie, which he carries in both hands, with no plate.

TOM, THE PIPER'S SON, wears a Greenaway suit of gray, with a short round jacket of dark red, and a white turn-down collar. His stockings and cap are red. He carries his pipe, a toy flute.

WEE WILLIE WINKIE wears his "nightgown"—one of the sleeping garments cut with legs, in either white or colored outing flannel. This may have feet, or he may wear bed slippers. Better still, he may have his feet bare. Choose a small, mischievous boy for this part.

Impress each child with the character he is supposed to bear, and have him act it out all the time he is on the stage. The old women pronounce their words in an old-fashioned way.

Mother Goose and Mother Hubbard may knit, the Old Woman tend her babies, Jack and Jill nudge and push one another, or tease others. Miss Muffett sulks, Cross Patch strikes at the boys who tease her, etc. The Bachelor occasionally tries to join some group, but is always brought back by his wife, who lectures him in pantomime. Tom Tucker is all taken up with the Milk Maid. Simon, when not eating, stares, open-mouthed, and backs away from Jack Horner, who is inclined to fight with him. Once in a while, Georgie scares one of the girls with his spider. Contrary Mary refuses to be scared, and tries to catch the spider. Occasionally she waters some one with her watering pot. All this should be in pantomime.

The songs, except where otherwise stated, are sung by all on the stage, except the one they are sung *at*. The piano should not be in evidence, but just accompany the children to help them keep the tune.

If given in a schoolroom with no curtain, they may all run out after the final "yell."

The tunes are easily learned by rote, in fact, many of them will be familiar to the children. They can be sung nicely without accompaniment, if given in the schoolroom.

Many of the little boys' suits worn just now are charmingly picturesque, and have a quaint, old-fashioned air, fitting them perfectly to be "Mother Goose Costumes."

A Troublesome Flock

Enter MOTHER GOOSE, advances to front, drops an old-fashioned curtsey.

MOTHER GOOSE.

Good-evenin', good people. I'm sartinly pleased
To see such a company out.
I'm an old-fashioned critter, as old as the hills,
And so are my children, no doubt.
For "Auld lang syne's" sake, you've invited us here
Jest to see ef we be jest the same
As when you were young, and fast friends with us all.
Well, here I be, and glad that I came.
I hope that my children won't show off too much,
But there is no telling! You see,
They are lively young critters, brimful of their pranks,
And they're troublesome comforts to me.
When shet up in a book, they behave fairly well,
But once let 'em loose, and ——— Dear me
What a racket! What can they be up to out there?
Perhaps I had better go see.

(She starts, but the OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE entering, she turns back.)

Was it your young ones making that terrible noise?

OLD WOMAN.

No, it wasn't. 'Twas some of your own girls and boys.
My babies helped, crying a little, you see,
But the poor things are hungry as hungry can be.
I just wish I had that old dog by the ears,
I'd pull 'em, I wager, until I fetched tears!
I'd made a big kettle of broth, rich and good,
When I spied Willie Winkie a-stealing my wood;
And while I was chasing the mischievous tike,
(Such a chase as he led me! You ne'er saw the like!

He was sassy, and called names, too, over and over !)
 Well, while I was chasing o' him, old dog Rover
 Come snooping along ; and he spied out the kettle
 Where I'd sot it a minute, to cool and to settle,
 And he stuck in his nose, that's so long and so lean,
 And jest gobbled away till the kettle was clean.
 My babies all yelled to see their bill of fare
 Going down that dog's neck, but not much did he care
 Till I caught him, and gin him a trouncing. You bet
 That the greedy old critter's hide smarts on him yet.
 'Then I gin Mother Hubbard a piece of my mind
 Till she went away, snuffling. Said I was "unkind" !

MOTHER GOOSE.

There, do stop your jawing ! Just give them some bread.
 I often have told you you should.
 A good slice of bread, spread with butter and jam,
 Is sure to do any child good.

OLD WOMAN.

I never give bread to my babies, you know !
 It isn't good for them, at all.
 'Twould give them the colic ; and only just think
 If they all at once started to squall !

MOTHER GOOSE.

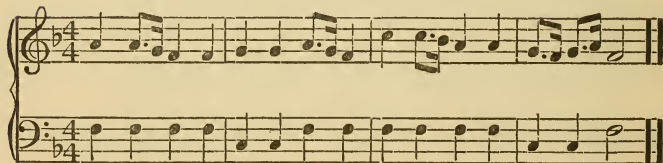
Then they must wait till milking time, it won't be very
 long :
 One's crying now !

OLD WOMAN. I'll spank it.

MOTHER GOOSE. No, soothe it with a song.

(OLD WOMAN *takes up one baby, and sings to it.* *Tune :*
No. 1.)

No. 1. BYE-LOW BABY.



OLD WOMAN (*singing*).

Byelow baby, sleep like a lady,
You shall have milk when the cow comes home.

(*She should fuss over her babies a good deal, as the play progresses, occasionally taking up one to kiss, cuddle, or spank, as the case may be. A bang is heard, then a peal of laughter, followed by a scream.*)

MOTHER GOOSE.

There! That's the twins, you can tell by their noise.
They make as much racket as seventeen boys!

(*JILL runs in, with JACK in pursuit. MOTHER GOOSE seizes him, and JILL turns and makes faces at him.*)

JACK (*struggling*).

Lemme go, Mother. Just let me catch Jill.
I'll fix her!

JILL.

No, sonny, I don't think you will.
O Mother, you ought to have seen him fall flat
In the mud-puddle.

JACK. Jill was to blame, Ma, for that!

JILL. I wasn't!

JACK. You was!

JILL (*illustrating*). Why, you sprawled just like that!

JACK. Well, you stuck out your foot.

MOTHER GOOSE.

That's enough, now, of that.
Have you fetched any water?

JACK. A barrel or two; and we're hungry.

JILL. Oh, give us some pie, Mother, do!

(*She clasps MOTHER GOOSE'S waist.*)

MOTHER GOOSE (*smoothing down her dress and putting back her hair*).

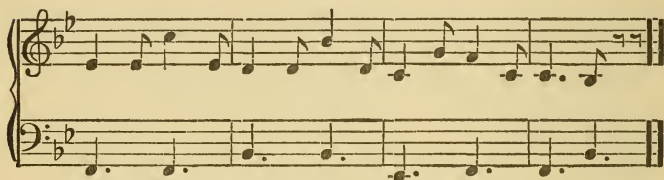
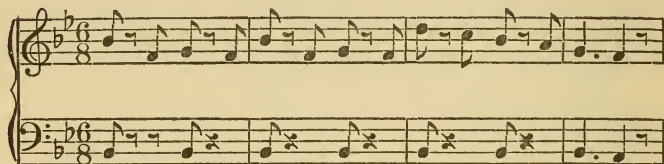
Such a wild-looking child! Come now, listen to me!
Spruce up now! Act pretty! There's strangers here.

See?

Go sing for 'em, nice now, just so they will know
You're not wild critters, even if you do seem so.

JACK } (*advancing, grin, fidget a bit, look at each other and*
 JILL } *giggle, then bow elaborately, and sing. Tune : No. 2).*

No. 2. JACK AND JILL.



JACK AND JILL.

Jack and Jill rolled down the hill
 And spilled their pail of water.
 Ma got mad and spanked the lad,
 And likewise little daughter.

Jack did run to have some fun
 With Jill a-following after.
 Where they're met, there's fun, you bet,
 And jokes and tricks and laughter ;

Quarrels, too—just one or two !
 We spat with all our might, sir.
 Life's not nice without some spice,
 And that is why we fight, sir.

(They turn to audience.)

There ! Now it's your turn.

Enter BACHELOR, *followed by* WIFE.

JACK.

Gee ! Here comes the old Bach
 With his wife trotting after.

JILL. Just look at that thatch !

WIFE (*removing bonnet*).

Look at that ! I should say so ! And look at my gown !
Do I look like a bride that has just come from town ?

BACHELOR (*brushing her dress*).

It will straighten out, Wifey, and look just as well
As ever. Yes, better, perhaps, who can tell ?

WIFE.

Straighten ! My dear, haven't you *any* brain ?
And you're rubbing the mud *in* ! That horrible lane !

OLD WOMAN.

You do look a sight, dearie, yes, so you do,
As if you had been in a terrible stew.
Did you tumble ?

WIFE. He spilled me. A fine bridegroom that !

JILL. Another one fell in the mud-puddle, flat.

MOTHER GOOSE.

But where's the wheelbarrow ? I told you, you know,
To wheel her right carefully. Did you do so ?

BACHELOR.

My bride was so heavy, the wheelbarrow broke.
To wheel such a plump little wife is no joke !
And she's mad ! She just scolded me right out and out,
I'm afraid that her elbows are sharp.

WIFE.

There's no doubt
That you'll find them so, Hubby, if you try that trick
Upon me again. Now you'll just go right quick
And mend that wheelbarrow, and take me to town,
And buy a new bonnet, and likewise a gown.

BACHELOR.

But I can't, my dear love. I have spent all my cash
On the wedding.

WIFE.

Oh, why was I ever so rash
As to trust my new clothes to that wabby wheelbarrow
Where the lanes were all muddy and terribly narrow !

JACK.

Next time, little woman, just use your own feet
And hold up your gown, if you want to keep neat.

OLD WOMAN.

Yes, Shanks' mare is safest. I travel that way.
I don't trust my old bones to wheelbarrow or shay.

WIFE.

Well, as soon as he earns it, he'll buy me a gown
And a bonnet as well. There now, Hubby, don't frown.
Of course you expected to give me your cash,
Or else why get married?

BACHELOR.

Oh, dear! I was rash.
I got me a wife just to keep my house nice,
To cook me my dinner, to drive off the mice,
To sew on my buttons, and sing o'er each task.
I didn't suppose she for money would ask!
Must I give it to her, Mother Goose?

MOTHER GOOSE. Why, of course.

JACK. Don't you do it, old fellow. Spunk up and be boss!

WIFE.

Spunk up and be boss! Pretty good, Jacky dear,
When you know that your twin leads you round by the ear.

JACK. She doesn't!

JILL. I do.

OLD WOMAN. Yes, she sartainly do!

BACHELOR (*to JACK*). Say, let's run away from this crowd,
me and you.

(*WIFE takes BACHELOR by the collar, JILL seizes JACK by the ear.*)

JACK (*pulling JILL's hair*). Here, stop that, you Jill!

BACHELOR. And, my love, please let go!

WIFE.

Not till you promise to stay. Oh, no, no!
I'll be no grass widow. (*Shakes him.*) Do you go or
stay?

BACHELOR. I stay, love, of course.

WIFE (*releasing him*). And you'll do as I say.

JACK. He's henpecked! He's henpecked!

OLD WOMAN. Well, Bub, so be you.

JACK. I ain't!

OLD WOMAN. Yes, you be.

MOTHER GOOSE. Come, stop bickering, do!

(JACK, JILL, and OLD WOMAN sing. *Tune: No. 3.*)

No. 3. THE BACHELOR'S WIFE.

(Also, Dingy Diddley.)

The musical score consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The first system shows the beginning of the piece with a treble staff starting on a G4 and a bass staff starting on a G2. The second system continues the melody and bass line. The third system concludes the piece with a double bar line in both staves.

JACK, JILL, OLD WOMAN.

The Bachelor got him a nice little wife,
And she'll be the joy and the plague of his life.
He'll have to buy bonnets and many a gown,
And do as she bids him with never a frown.

BACHELOR.

Well, that wasn't quite what I reckoned on
When I married, don't you see —

WIFE.

You quite forgot, my Hubby dear,
That you'd have to reckon with me.

(Screams are heard. All listen. MISS MUFFETT runs in, crying, followed by GEORGIE PORGIE.)

MISS M. Ma! Make Georgie Porgie behave! He's
so bad!

OLD WOMAN. That's so. He's a tarrible mischievous lad.

MOTHER GOOSE. And what's he been doing now? Kissing
you?

MISS M. No. It's worser than that.

(He brings spider from behind him, and swings it toward her. She screams.)

Ma, don't let him do so!

MOTHER GOOSE. Now behave, Georgie Porgie!

OLD WOMAN.

He can't let her be.

Why he does want to pester folks so for, beats me!

MISS M.

I was having a party, alone, right out there
On a tuffet, and he gave me such a bad scare!
I broke my new bowl with the border of blue
And spilled all my curds and my whey, Mother, too.
Do whip him! He needs it!

GEORGIE.

Well, she was a pig!
Her bowl was chuck full.

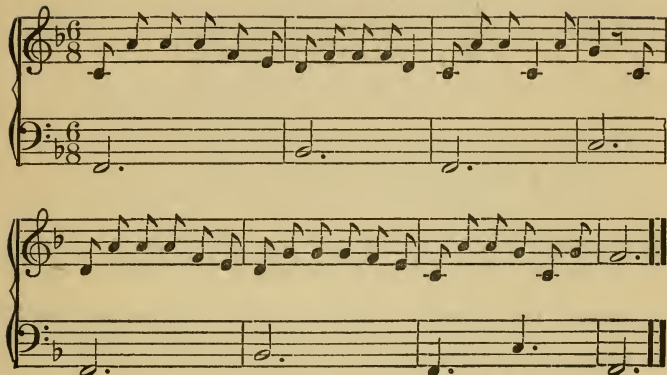
MISS M. Well, 'twas small!

GEORGIE.

No, 'twas big,
And she wouldn't give me the least taste! 'Twasn't fair!
So I crept up behind her, and gave her a scare.
('Twas only a cloth spider, too, honor bright!)
But she scampered off in a terrible fright,
And let the bowl drop. It fell with a crash,
And her feast all ran out, while the bowl went to smash.

(All sing, while Miss M. sulks. Tune : No. 4.)

No. 4. LITTLE MISS MUFFETT.



ALL. Little Miss Muffet
 Sat on a tuffet,
 Selfish as she could be.
 Never she's sharing,
 No tiny bit sparing.
 A cute little piggie is she.

MISS M. Ma, make 'em stop! They're plaguing me!
 MOTHER GOOSE. Well, you should have shared with him,
 you see.

(All sing, as before.)

ALL. Look at the spider,
 Who sat beside her!
 Isn't he queer and fat?
 He's only a cloth one,
 Oh, she is a soft one
 To be so much frightened at that!

MISS M. Ma! Ma! Do make 'em stop!
 MOTHER GOOSE. Don't whine.
 MISS M. Well, some of 'em's teasing me all the time.

(All sing, as before.)

ALL. Little Miss Muffet
Never can rough it;
Always she'll howl and yell.
Be careful to please her,
For if you should tease her,
She'll run to Ma, bawling, and tell.

MISS M.
I don't like any of you girls and boys,
And that isn't singing. It's just a big noise.

(GEORGIE swings spider at WIFE. She screams, and clasps her hands around BACHELOR'S arm.)

WIFE. Oh, save me, dear, save me! The horrible beast!

BACHELOR.
It's just a cloth spider, can't hurt in the least.
Stop scaring my wife, sir! Take that thing away.

(He swings it toward shoe.)

OLD WOMAN. And don't scare my babies. Go 'way, now
I say!

GEORGIE. I'll kiss 'em all round, then.

OLD WOMAN.
You just let 'em be.
They're frightened o' you, 'cause you plague 'em, you see.

GEORGIE. Then I'll kiss Tomboy Jill.

JILL.
Ho! You don't dare! You know
That I slap your face well when you bother me so.

GEORGIE. Well, to kiss a new bride's quite the thing, don't
you see.

BACHELOR. No, it isn't! Her kisses belong, sir, to me.

GEORGIE.
Ho! 'Tis every one's privilege to kiss a bride.

(Kisses her cheek with a loud smack.)

Gee! Wasn't that sweet? I must kiss t'other side.

(Does so.)

BACHELOR. You've insulted my wife! An apology's due.

GEORGIE. No apologies here, Bach.

BACHELOR.

Then I challenge you

To a duel, to-morrow, at quarter past nine.

Just pick out your second, and I will name mine.

Is it pistols or swords, sir?

(He has started toward GEORGIE, but his WIFE takes him by the collar and marches him back.)

WIFE.

Here! You come right back!

I'm sure I should not look at all well in black.

'Twas only a kiss, and besides, don't you see,

If you're killed, who'll buy dresses and bonnets for me?

(All sing. Tune: No. 5.)

No. 5. GEORGIE PORGIE.

(Also, Cross Patch.)

The musical score consists of two systems of piano accompaniment. Each system has a treble clef on the top staff and a bass clef on the bottom staff. The time signature is 6/8. The first system contains four measures of music, and the second system also contains four measures, ending with a double bar line. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, while the bass clef provides a simple harmonic accompaniment.

ALL. Georgie Porgie, pudding and pie,
Kissed the girls, and made them cry.

When he kissed the bride—too bad !
Hubby did get awful mad.

(CONTRARY MARY *runs in, backward, turns around, runs up to BACHELOR, and kisses him.*)

WIFE.

Here ! Stop that, you impertinent Miss !
It isn't the groom, it's the bride they kiss.
What a forward young snip !

BACHELOR.

Well, Wife, I vow
I liked it.

OLD WOMAN. The shoe's on t'other foot, now.

MARY.

I never do things the way other folks do.
That's the reason I kissed him instead of you.

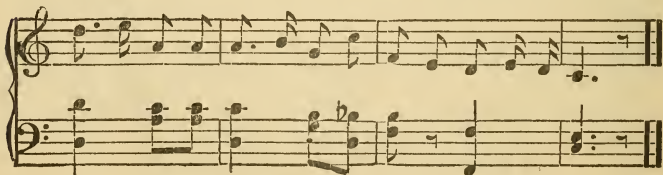
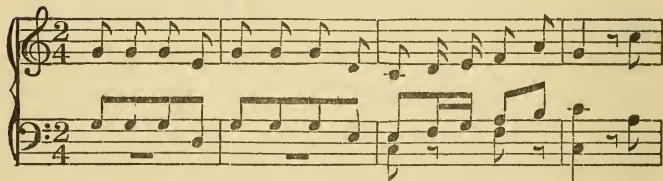
WIFE. Well, I —

MOTHER GOOSE.

There, there, now ! Don't fuss. It's just Contrary Mary.
If you mind her, she'll do something still more contrary.

(*All sing. Tune : No. 6.*)

No. 6. MISTRESS MARY.



ALL. Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
 How does your garden grow?

MARY (*singing*).
 With silver bells and cockle shells
 And fair maids all in a row.

ALL (*singing*).
 Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
 Do you your garden tend?

MARY (*singing*).
 Whene'er it rains I take the pains
 To water it, my friend.

ALL (*singing*).
 Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
 What of a sunny day?

MARY (*singing*).
 I open nine umbrellas fine
 To keep the heat away.

ALL (*singing*).
 Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
 How do your blossoms grow?

MARY (*singing*).
 They bloom at night, and that's all right,
 For no one sees, you know.

ALL (*singing*).
 Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
 May we your garden see?

MARY (*singing*).
 No, not to-day. It's far away,
 Where no one knows but me.

Enter HUMPTY DUMPTY, rubbing knees and elbows, and whimpering.

HUMPTY.

Mother, I got an awful fall
Down from the top of a high stone wall.
My elbows and knees are all bruised. Look at that !

(Shows elbow.)

MOTHER GOOSE. Well, no bones can be broken because
you're too fat.

HUMPTY. Wal, it hurt me just dretful !

MOTHER GOOSE.

I told you to stay
On the ground when you fell from the shed, yesterday.
Now what were you up to, up there on the wall ?

HUMPTY. I warn't up to nothin'—no mischief at all.

ROCK-A-BYE BABY (*running in*).

He was up to my twee, hanging on to my bough,
But he couldn't get up, he's so fat.
He b'longs on the gwound, like a big hoppytoad.

JACK. Ho, ho ! What a good one was that !

ROCK-A-BYE BABY.

He did look as funny as funny tould be,
Hanging on by his hands to the bough of my twee,
And kicking his fat legs !

JACK. I bet that he did.

HUMPTY. Keep still, can't you, Baby ? You're such a
fresh kid !

ROCK-A-BYE BABY.

He *did* look funny, Jacky. I laughed right out loud,
And Humpty got dweffully mad.
He said a big swear word ! He did, truly, Ma,
And called me a name that was bad.

HUMPTY. I never, Ma, honest !

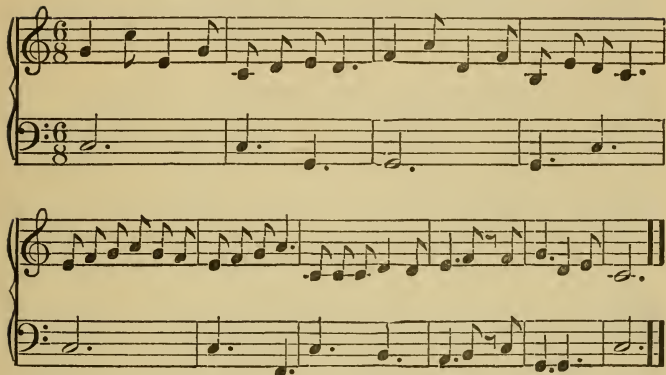
ROCK-A-BYE BABY.

You did, too. You called
Me a gweat gwinning monkey, so there !
And you said "By Jiminy !" when you fell down,
And that was a dwefful big swear.

He was twying to get in my cwadle to swing,
 But the bough wouldn't hold him at all.
 It bwoke, with the cwadle and Humpty and me,
 And he got a dwefful bad fall.

(All sing. Tune : No. 7.)

No. 7. HUMPTY DUMPTY.



ALL.

Humpty Dumpty hung from a tree,
 Waving slim legs gracefully.
 Down came the bough and the cradle and all —
 Dear little Humpty Dumpty set up a loud squall.

HUMPTY. I didn't squall, did I, Baby B.?

ROCK-A-BYE BABY. No. He swore, but he didn't bawl.

HUMPTY. "By Jiminy" ain't a swear word.

OLD WOMAN. Well, it be n't a nice word, boy, at all.

MOTHER GOOSE. Were you hurt, Rock-a-bye Baby?

ROCK-A-BYE BABY. No, I felled on a big feather-bed.

HUMPTY. You fell on me. You know you did.

ROCK-A-BYE-BABY.

Why yes—dat's what I said.

My Teddy was up in my cwadle with me,

But he didn't bwoke—he's all right, you see.

(Sways Teddy Bear to and fro in a cradle made of her hands and sings. Tune: No. 8.)

No. 8. ROCK-A-BYE, TEDDY.

ROCK-A-BYE-BABY.

Wock-a-bye, Teddy, on a twee top.
 When the wind blows, our cwadle will wock.
 When Humpty Dumpty comes, we will fall.
 He is so heavy he'll take twee and all.

(MILK MAID comes in.)

MAID.

Mother, that pesky old crumpled cow
 Kicked over the pail again!
 She won't be milked. She's out there now
 A-frolicking in the lane.

JILL. A crumpled cow! What's a crumpled cow?

MAID.

Well, a cow with a crumpled horn.
 She's worse than Boy Blue's cows, I avow!
 I wish she had never been born!

I've petted and coaxed, but she won't be good
And be properly milked, as a good cow should.

MISS M. Here comes Tommy Tucker.

(TOMMY TUCKER *is heard whistling.* MAID *begins to*
"fix" her hair.)

GEORGIE.

Ho! See our Milk Maid
Priming up for Tom Tucker! We're all in the shade.

Enter TOMMY, who sings. Tune: No. 9.

No. 9. THE MILK MAID SONG.

The musical score consists of three systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The piece concludes with a double bar line at the end of the third system.

TOMMY.

Where are you going, my little honey, oh,
Where are you going, my pretty maid?

MAID (*singing*).

I'm going milking, kind sir, she answered him,
I'm going milking, kind sir, she said.

TOMMY (*singing*).

May I go with you, my little honey, oh,
May I go with you, my pretty maid?

MAID (*singing*).

Yes, if you'll milk my cow, kind sir, she answered him,
Yes, if you'll milk my cow, kind sir, she said.

TOMMY (*singing*).

I'll do so, gladly, my little honey, oh,
I'll do so, gladly, my pretty maid.

MAID.

She'll kick you over, kind sir, she answered him,
She'll kick you over, kind sir, she said.

TOMMY (*singing*).

Then let us wait a while, my little honey, oh,
Then let us wait a while, my pretty maid.

MAID (*singing*).

There is no hurry, sir, quickly she answered him,
I've milked her once to-night, kind sir, she said.

(*They sit down together on stool. Soon he finds it too close quarters, and sits on the floor by her side.*)

(*All sing. Tune: No. 10.*)

No. 10. LITTLE TOMMY TUCKER.

The musical score for 'Little Tommy Tucker' is presented in two systems. Each system consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff, both in 2/4 time. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The melody is primarily in the treble staff, featuring eighth and sixteenth notes with a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes followed by a quarter note. The bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line in both staves.

ALL.

Little Tommy Tucker, sing for your supper.
Sing for some milk with your bread and butter.
But will you get it? We don't think you will.
Her cow's a kicker that never stands still.

TOMMY.

I know how to fix that old crumpled-horn cow,
It's a dandy plan, you will agree.
I'll tie her hind legs to two well-planted posts,
And the milk will be safe, as you see.

(WILLIE WINKIE *runs in, laughing.*)

WILLIE.

My, but I've had heaps of fun! I hid Jack Horner's pie,
Where he'll never think of looking. I tormented Simple Si,
I made sweet Cross Patch awful mad, and teased old
Mother Hubbard.

When next she finds old Rover, she'll have an empty cup-
board!

I howled just like a hungry wolf, and scared Miss Bo
Peep's sheep,

And let the bars down for Boy Blue, while he was fast
asleep.

I've just been busy all the day a-putting mischief through.
I hadn't time to dress myself, I had so much to do.

OLD WOMAN.

Yes, naughty boy, and you stole my wood!
I'd like to get a holt of you!

WILLIE. Don't you wish you could?

(*She tries to catch him. He dodges in and out, and
GEORGIE begins to tease her babies, which brings her back
to them.*)

OLD WOMAN.

Your boys, Mother Goose, air as bad as kin be.
I'd wallop 'em well, if they b'longed to me.

(All sing. Tune : No. 11.)

No. 11. WEE WILLIE WINKIE

The musical score for 'Wee Willie Winkie' is presented in two systems. Each system consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The melody in the treble staff is characterized by eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a simple accompaniment of quarter and eighth notes.

ALL.

Wee Willie Winkie ran through the town,
Up hill and down hill in his nightgown ;
Getting into mischief, fast as he could go.
Naughty Willie Winkie needs whipping, we all know.

OLD WOMAN.

Yes, yes, that he do ! He needs it bad.
I wish I'd the training of that little lad.

WILLIE. Well, you haven't.

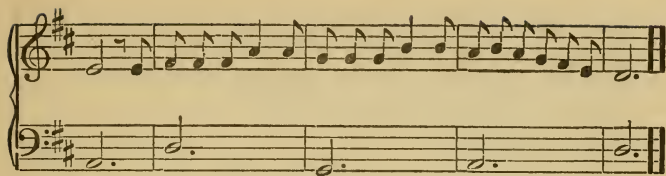
OLD WOMAN. No, boy ; and it's lucky for you.

WILLIE. And lucky for you, Old Woman, too !

Enter MOTHER HUBBARD. *All sing.* Tune : No. 12.

No. 12. OLD MOTHER HUBBARD.

The musical score for 'Old Mother Hubbard' is presented in two systems. Each system consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The key signature is two sharps (D major) and the time signature is 6/8. The melody in the treble staff is a simple, repetitive eighth-note pattern, while the bass staff provides a simple accompaniment of quarter notes.



ALL.

Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard
To get her poor doggie some bread.
When she got there, the cupboard was bare,
So she ate the poor doggie instead.

MOTHER HUBBARD.

I'd have to be a starving before I'd eat old Rover,
The dearest doggie in the land. He's worth you all,
twice over.

OLD WOMAN.

Wal, who'd 'a' thunk it? That old thief!
You mark my words—he'll come to grief.

MOTHER HUBBARD.

Now just hear that old critter jaw,
Back-bitin' a poor old hound
When he ain't here to defend himself!
It's slander, I'll be bound.
Ef I ketch her agin a-floggin' my dog, I'll —

OLD WOMAN.

Wal, what will you do?
Ef he robs my babies agin, look out!
I may flog both of you.

MOTHER HUBBARD. You sassy old thing!

OLD WOMAN.

Old thing yourself!
You're in your dotage now,
Or you never would plague your neighbors
With a thieving cur, I vow!
He et my babies' broth all up
And licked the kittle clean!

MOTHER HUBBARD.

Wal, you might 'a' gin him a plateful.
I wouldn't be so mean!

JILL. Go it, Old Woman, I bet on you!

MARY. I bet on Old Mother Hubbard.

GEORGIE. She doesn't know where her dog is now.

WILLIE. I shut him in her cupboard.

MOTHER HUBBARD.

You pesky young one! He'll eat up
Every bit of food that's there!

WILLIE.

Oh, no, he won't, because, you see,
The cupboard was quite bare.

MOTHER GOOSE.

Why don't you feed him up, yourself,
So he wouldn't want to steal?

MOTHER HUBBARD.

Why, you can't fill a hound dog up, Mother Goose,
'Twould cost fifty dollars a meal.

MOTHER GOOSE.

Then buy a strong chain and hitch him up
If you can't teach him to mind.

MOTHER HUBBARD.

There! Nobody loves my poor old dog!
I think you are very unkind.

Enter BABY BUNTING.

BABY BUNTING.

I loves old Wover. Him and me
Togedder went a-hunting.

MOTHER HUBBARD.

He's a nice old doggie, isn't he?
And you're a nice Baby Bunting.

GEORGIE. What did you hunt for, Baby B.?

WILLIE. And did you have a gun?

BABY BUNTING.

We hunted for some wabbits.
It was a lot of fun.
We caught a big wabbit for Wover,

And a little bwoon bunny for me.
I'm a-going to keep mine always,
He's cute as he can be.

ROCK-A-BYE BABY. Did Wover keep his bunny, too?

BABY BUNTING.

No, he put his paw wight on it,
And ate it up! He didn't leave
Enough to make a bonnet.
He ate it, bones and fur and all!
He weally did, you know,
And when I came away, I left him
Twyng to catch a cwow.

(All sing. Tune: No. 13.)

No. 13. BABY BUNTING.

The musical score consists of two systems of piano accompaniment. Each system has a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff, both in the key of D major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The first system contains 8 measures of music, and the second system contains 8 measures, ending with a double bar line. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with a simple bass line in the bass clef.

ALL.

Little Baby Bunting,
She went out a-hunting,
And got a wild brown rabbit skin
That had a little bunny in.

BABY BUNTING.

'Course it had a bunny in.
It's going to stay there, too.
My bunny's got a nice fur coat,
And a nice fur bonnet, too.

ROCK-A-BYE BABY.

I wish I had a bunny !
I've got a Teddy Bear,
And you shall take him, Baby,
If you'll your bunny share.

(They go, hand in hand, to one side, where they sit down on the floor together, and exchange pets. They continue to play with them, and exchange them occasionally.)

(CROSS PATCH runs in, evidently in a temper.)

CROSS PATCH.

Now where's that Willie Winkie ?
I'll teach him a thing or two ! *(She spies him.)*
You horrid boy !

(She seizes him, and begins to shake him. MOTHER GOOSE takes her away.)

MOTHER GOOSE.

Here, let him be ! What has he done to you ?

(CROSS PATCH, when she can no longer reach WILLIE, turns furiously on MOTHER GOOSE, who holds her out from her and shakes her.)

Now don't you come clawing and scratching at me,
Or I'll teach you better, this way, you see.

(Takes her across knee and spansks her. CROSS PATCH screams loudly, then stands with clenched fists, and stamps her feet.)

Now stop that, you Cross Patch. Keep still, I say,
Or you'll get another one, right away.

(All sing. Tune: No. 5.)

ALL.

Cross Patch, Cross Patch, mad as could be,
Clawed and stamped and yelled, you see,
'Cause of Willie Winkie's prank,
Naughty Cross Patch got a spank.

CROSS PATCH.

Yes, I always get spanked ! It's not fair, I think,
To spank me instead of that mean Willie Wink !

MOTHER GOOSE.

Then don't be a spitfire. Don't claw and fight,
Instead of answering me aright.

MOTHER HUBBARD.

Willie is a mischievous young 'un, that's true.
What was he a-doing, Cross Patch, to you?

CROSS PATCH.

I was having a game with your dog, Mother Hubbard,
And Willie just shut us both into your cupboard.

WILLIE.

Why, really now, Cross Patch, was that you there?
I thought it was two ugly dogs, I declare!

CROSS PATCH.

You know I was there! You pushed me in!
And I struck against something, and barked my shin!

(Stoops and rubs shin, glaring at WILLIE.)

JILL. Say, tell us, Cross Patch, did you find a thing to eat in
there?

JACK. Yes, tell us. Wasn't that old cupboard absolutely
bare?

CROSS PATCH.

I found a jar of jam, and Rover found a butter ball.
He didn't care for jam, it seemed, and so I ate it all.

MOTHER HUBBARD.

Ate all my jam? My raspberry jam?
Now, gal, that wasn't nice.

CROSS PATCH.

Yes, 'twas real nice, Mother Hubbard,
And that cake with plums and spice.
Old Rover ate his half of that, and all the butter, too.

MOTHER HUBBARD. I'm glad your mother spanked you!

CROSS PATCH.

Well, spank your old dog, too!
Cross Patch, yourself! That lemon pie
Went well with jam and cake.

MOTHER HUBBARD.

I jest hope all that stuff you et
Will make your stomick ache !

CROSS PATCH.

Then Rover'll have a pain, too.
Perhaps he'll have the colic.

BABY BUNTING.

If doggie has a pain, Ma Goose
Will give him paregoric.

WILLIE. But how did you get out again ?

CROSS PATCH.

Oh, don't you wish you knew ?
But don't you fret. I'll pay you back.
There's a rod in pickle for you.

(SIMPLE SIMON *comes slowly in, eating a large pie.*)

MOTHER GOOSE. Why, here comes Simple Simon with Jacky
Horner's pie !

WILLIE. I don't see how he found it.

SIMON.

I found it way up high.
It grew in a gombobble tree,
It did, upon my word !
And perched right in the middle
Was a little chippy bird ;
An' three old crows sat on a limb
A-pickin' at the pie.
I flung a rock among 'em,
And off they all did fly.
Then up I flings another.
" I'll pick that fruit," says I,
And kep' on till I hit it,
And down fell that ere pie.
It bruk the plate, o' course, but then
I didn't keer fer that,
Fer I never did eat plates, you know,
'N the pie was big and fat.

Gombobble pie is awful good !
 I'm goin' to find another
 As soon as I've et this all up.
 It's better'n mince pie, Mother.

MOTHER GOOSE.

It looks like mince pie, Si, to me.
 I fear it's Jacky Horner's.

SIMON.

No, 'tisin't, Ma. He always keeps
 His pie around in corners.

(All sing. Tune : No. 14.)

No. 14. SIMPLE SIMON.

The musical score for 'Simple Simon' is presented in two systems. Each system consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff, both in the key of D major (two sharps) and 2/4 time. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The first system ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment, also ending with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

ALL.

Simple Si, he found a pie
 A-growing in a tree,
 And robbed the bird. Upon my word
 A robber fierce is he.

SIMON.

You bet I be when pie's around.
 A better pie I never found.
 Of all the dandy pies, says I,
 The best of all's gombobble pie.

MOTHER GOOSE. 'Twas funny how that pie got there !

SIMON. It grew there, Ma.

MOTHER HUBBARD.

Wal, I declare,
I wish I could find sech a tree !
Old Rover'd wag his tail with glee.

MOTHER GOOSE.

There's a mystery somewhere. Willie Wink,
You're at the bottom of this, I think.

WILLIE.

No, Ma. I never saw a pie
A-growing in a tree-top high.

MOTHER GOOSE. Who put it there, I know quite well.

SIMON.

P'raps the little bird could tell,
Or one of them old big black crows.

WILLIE. Perhaps it's crow pie, Si, who knows ?

SIMON.

I knows it's good as good can be,
And that is quite enough fer me.

JILL. Give us a bite, Si ?

SIMON.

No, sirree !
This pie ain't quite enough fer me.
Go hunt fer one, like I did, Jill,
On a gombobble tree.

JILL (*contemptuously*).

I guess I will !
Here comes Jacky Horner, now,
And he looks real mad.

WILLIE. There'll be a row.

JACK HORNER.

Well, of all the cheek ! Say, Simple Si,
Where in the world did you find my pie ?

SIMON.

This be n't your pie. It b'longs to me.
It growed on a gombobble tree.

JACK HORNER.

A gombobble tree! There's no such thing!
And pies don't grow on trees.

SIMON.

This here pie did. So, Master Jack,
It's not yours, if you please.

JACK HORNER.

I've hunted for mine through field and wood,
My rich mince pie, so plummy and good!
And that, Simple Simon, looks like my pie.

SIMON. But this is a gombobble pie, says I.

JACK HORNER.

A "gone gobble" pie, you mean, I guess!
I'm going to taste and see.
Here, give me a bite and I can tell
If it belongs to me.

(SIMON backs away. JACK HORNER grabs at the pie, and gets a piece, which he tastes.)

It is! I knew it all the time.
You give it here, now, Si!

(He makes a sudden dive at SIMON, and captures the pie.)

SIMON.

Ma, make him gin it back to I,
He's eating my gombobble pie!

MOTHER GOOSE (*capturing the pie, although JACK manages to get a good bite first*).

I'll keep the pie till we find out
Just which does own the pie.
Now, Jack, I'll hear your story. (SIMON tries to speak.)
No, not now, Simple Si.
I know just how you found it,
But what I want to know
Is just how Jacky lost his.

JACK HORNER.

It is my pie, I know.
 I was sitting in a corner,
 A-sticking in my thumb,
 When along came Willie Winkie,
 Just as I found a plum.
 He said there was a bushful
 Beneath a big pine tree ;
 So I hid it in some waving ferns
 Just while I went to see.
 The bush was full of leaves, Ma !
 He laughed and ran away.
 I chased him out into the woods
 And there I lost my way.
 And when I did get back again,
 My pie had vanished, quite.
 Do give it to me, Mother,
 I've only had one bite !

MOTHER GOOSE.

'Tis plain that Willie Winkie
 Hid it up in the tree.
 And so it's really Jacky's.

SIMON (*crying*).

That pie belongs to me.
 Oh, dear, I wants my pie, I does !
 I likes gombobble pie.

JACK HORNER.

You've had a lot already,
 You greedy Simple Si.

(*While MOTHER GOOSE has been holding the pie, her hands behind her, the other children have stolen up, and taken bits, till, when she holds it out to JACK HORNER, but very little remains.*)

MOTHER GOOSE.

Here, Jacky Horner, take your pie.
 Why, what's become of it? (*Other children laugh.*)

JACK HORNER.

There now ! Of all my lovely pie,
 There's only left a bit !

SIMON.

Well, 'twasn't your gombobble pie, anyway,
And I'm glad you lost it, that's what I say.

JACK HORNER. 'Twas mince!

SIMON. 'Twas gombobble!

(JILL sneaks up, and gets a bit.)

JACK HORNER.

Stop, Jill, I say!
I'll eat the rest of it, anyway.

(Goes over into corner, sits down and finishes pie.)

(All sing. Tune: No. 15.)

No. 15. LITTLE JACK HORNER.

The musical score for 'Little Jack Horner' is presented in two systems. Each system consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff, both in the key of D major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The first system ends with a double bar line, and the second system continues the melody and accompaniment, also ending with a double bar line.

ALL. Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,
Eating gombobble pie.
Wee Willie Wink's a cute one, we think,
And so is our dear Simple Si.

(BO PEEP comes in, shading her eyes, and calling
"Co'nanny, co'nanny!")

BO PEEP.

Mother, there's wolves around here!
I heard one howl, I did,
And so did my sheep. They were scared to death,
And all ran away and hid.

I've hunted and hunted, and called and called,
And all I've found, alas !
Is just their tails, spread out as if
To bleach upon the grass.
I fear the wolf has got them all !

WILLIE.

Ho ! Wouldn't you like to know
That I was the wolf that scared your sheep,
And you, Bo Peep, also ?

BO PEEP. And did you cut their tails off ?

WILLIE.

Those weren't real tails you found.
Did you pick them up ?

BO PEEP.

No, I left them there
All spread out on the ground.

WILLIE.

They were only cotton batting.
I put 'em there for fun.
Your sheep all had their tails on fast,
When they went off on the run.

BO PEEP. And where are they now ?

WILLIE. Oh, I don't know. They must be far away.

BO PEEP.

Well, you just march off and find them.
Mustn't he, Mother, say ?

MOTHER GOOSE. Why didn't you follow them, Bo Peep ?

BO PEEP. 'Cause—I didn't know the way.

WILLIE.

She heard a wolf, and, in a fright,
She hid herself in the hay.

BO PEEP. Well, it's mean to play tricks, Willie Winkie !

WILLIE.

And it's lazy to go to sleep
In broad daylight, and then, besides,
You should have watched your sheep.

(All sing. Tune: No. 16.)

No. 16. LITTLE BO PEEP.

The image shows a musical score for the song 'Little Bo Peep'. It consists of two systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The melody is simple and repetitive, with a bass line providing harmonic support. The piece ends with a double bar line.

ALL. Little Bo Peep has lost her sheep,
And don't know where to find them.
Wee Willie Wink knows where, we think.
He ran along behind them.

BO PEEP.

I think so, too. He's a naughty boy!
To tease some one is his great joy.
He should be spanked and put to bed!

OLD WOMAN. Yes, that is what I've always said.

(BOY BLUE runs in, tooting horn.)

BOY BLUE.

Has any one seen my cows to-day?
While I was asleep, they ran away.
Which one of you let down the meadow bars?

BO PEEP. That bad Willie Winkie.

MOTHER HUBBARD.

Oh, my stars!
What will he do next, the mischievous child?
Was ever a young one so naughty and wild?

BOY BLUE.

Did you let those bars down, Willie Wink?
Then you may hunt up the cows, I think.

WILLIE. I will, if you'll lend me your horn, Boy Blue.

BOY BLUE.

I see myself lending my horn to you !
'Twould be filled with mud or be broken, or bent,
Or else I would find in it many a dent.

WILLIE. I'd be careful, truly, Boy Blue !

BOY BLUE.

Oh, no !
My horn goes with me wherever I go.

WILLIE. I think you're real mean !

BO PEEP. That's what we think of you.

MOTHER GOOSE.

You see, Willie Wink, so much mischief you do,
That no one believes that you can be good.

WILLIE.

Your cows are all stuck in the swamp past the wood !

BOY BLUE.

Oh, no, Willie Winkie, you can't fool me !
I've just come through the swamp, you see.
My cows are in some farmer's field of corn.
I'm as sure of that as I am of my horn.

MOTHER GOOSE.

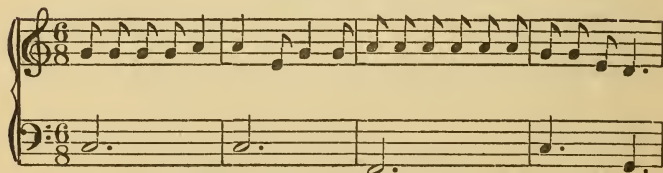
Little folks should not in the daytime sleep.
You've lost your cows, and Bo Peep her sheep.

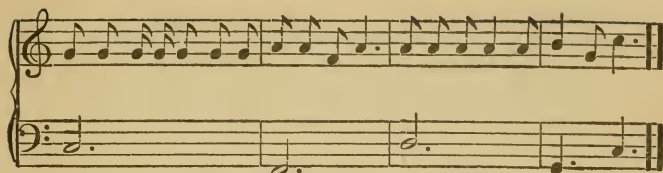
BOY BLUE. Then maybe we'll find them all together.

BO PEEP. And I'll just tie up that old bell-wether !

(All sing. Tune : No. 17.)

No. 17. LITTLE BOY BLUE.





ALL. Little Boy Blue, you should not sleep,
And let your old cows run away with the sheep.
While you're asleep, Willie Winkie's awake,
And trouble he's always sure to make.

(CURLY LOCKS *comes in*. BOY BLUE *looks at her admiringly*.)

MOTHER GOOSE. What have you been up to, Curly Locks?
CURLY LOCKS. Embroidering my new silk socks.

OLD WOMAN.

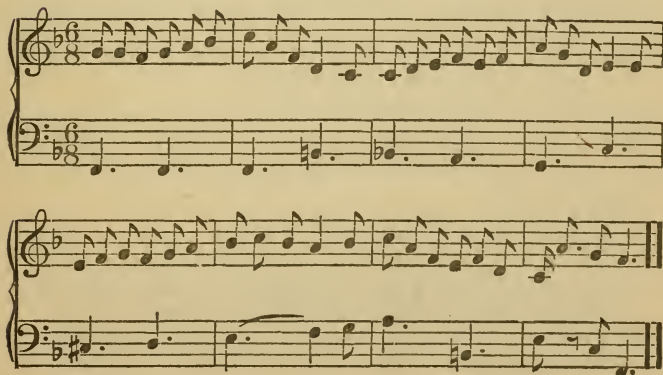
One wasn't in mischief! Who'd think it, now?
I'll put a red mark down for that, I vow!

(JILL *turns toward* OLD WOMAN, *and makes a face*.)

You stop making faces, young sass-box, at me!
You're homely enough, young gal, as you be.

(BOY BLUE *who has been "making up" to* CURLY LOCKS, *sings*. *Tune: No. 18.*)

No. 18. CURLY LOCKS.



BOY BLUE.

Curly Locks, Curly Locks, wilt thou be mine?
 Thou shalt not wash dishes, nor yet feed the swine;
 But sit on a cushion and sew up a seam,
 And feast upon strawberries, sugar, and cream.

CURLY LOCKS.

H'm! When your old cows ran away,
 Where then would be the cream?
 And they'd tramp upon the strawberries;
 And as for sewing a seam,
 I'd rather embroider or hemstitch
 Than mend an ugly tear,
 Or sew on ugly patches
 When holes in your elbows you wear.
 Besides, you sleep by the haystack
 When you ought to be at work.
 I do not care for you, Boy Blue.
 I can't abide a shirk!

BOY BLUE.

And I can't abide a snob, so we
 Are even, as you must agree.
 Fine looks do not mean fine manners, I see,
 And you are not the girl, after all, for me.

MOTHER HUBBARD. "Handsome is as handsome does,"
 says I.

CURLY LOCKS (*tossing her curls*). "Sour grapes," said the
 fox, when the vine was too high!

(BETTY BLUE *comes in, crying.*)

BETTY BLUE.

I wish you'd whip Tom, Ma, I do!
 He's made me lose my nice new shoe.
 I've danced with a hoptoad and danced with a linnet,
 While he kept that pipe going every minute.
 I've danced with a snake and I've danced with a clam,
 I've danced with a cow and I've danced with a lamb!

I've danced with old Rover, his long hanging ears
 Going flippety-flop, while he smiled through his tears !
 And I'd have been dancing yet, truly, Ma Goose,
 If something in that old pipe hadn't come loose !

(All sing. Tune : No. 19.)

No. 19. LITTLE BETTY BLUE.

(Also, Sing a Song of Sixpence.)

The musical score for 'Little Betty Blue' is presented in three systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The melody in the treble staff is characterized by eighth-note patterns and triplet-like groupings. The bass staff provides a simple accompaniment with quarter and eighth notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

ALL.

Little Betty Blue, oh, she lost her pretty shoe,
 Dancing with a hound dog, poor Betty Blue !
 Polkas, jigs and two-steps, waltzes, hornpipes, reels,
 Turkey trots and tango too. Tom made her shake her
 heels !

Enter TOM, THE PIPER'S SON, laughing. All sing. Tune:
No. 20.

No. 20. TOM, TOM, THE PIPER'S SON.

The musical score is written for piano in 2/2 time with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It consists of two systems of music. The first system has a treble clef staff with a melody of eighth and quarter notes, and a bass clef staff with a simple accompaniment of half notes. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment, ending with a double bar line.

ALL.

Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son,
Stole a pig, and away he run.
He taught that pig to dance, they say,
Over the hills and far away.

TOM.

Yes, he's a-dancing yet, I think,
Unless he's stopped to rest.
You ought to see your sheep, Bo Peep !
They danced their very best.
The crumpled-horn cow and the old bell-wether
Danced the Virginia Reel together.

Sweet Betty Blue danced with a clumsy clam !
It was funny as it could be,
When she danced with a beautiful striped snake
Who curled most fantastically !
And a toad and a polliwog danced in the shade
With the butcher's boy and the barber's maid.
Let's have a dance, now ! (*Puts pipe to lips.*)

MOTHER GOOSE (*taking pipe away*).

Oh, no, you don't!

Sir Tom, I rather think we won't.

I'll keep for a while this pretty toy.

My joints are too stiff to prance, my boy.

TOM (*taking shoe from pocket, and handing it to BETTY BLUE*).

Here's your new shoe, sweet Betty Blue.

BETTY BLUE (*taking it and striking him with it*). I think you're a horrid boy, I do!

(DINGTY DIDDLETY *comes in*. All sing. *Tune: No. 3.*)

ALL.

Here's Dingty Diddlety, my Mammy's maid.

Oh, she stole oranges, I am afraid!

There's some in her pocket, and some in her sleeve,

For she stole oranges, I do believe!

DINGTY. I didn't! I didn't, Ma!

MOTHER HUBBARD.

Undo your sleeve,

And turn out your pocket.

OLD WOMAN.

I raily believe

Thet she did! They're a terrible set, you see,

All but this dear little maid by me.

(*Smiles at CURLY LOCKS.*)

MOTHER GOOSE. It's just a foolish little song.

OLD WOMAN. H'm! I've mistrusted her all along!

(*Two of the boys seize her arms and unbutton her sleeves, while a third seizes her bag and opens it. The gombobbles roll out.*)

ALL. Oranges! Oranges! We told you so!

DINGTY. They're not! They're gombobbles!

SIMON. They be! I know.

DINGTY.

They sing that silly song at me

Till they really believe it! I found a tree

Out here in the wood, that was rather queer,

So I picked some fruit for you, Mother dear.

I met the old man dressed all in leather,
And we had a nice little chat together.
He says they're gombobbles, and make nice pie.

CHILDREN. Do make some, Mother!

MOTHER GOOSE. Pick them up, and I'll try.

(CHILDREN *scramble for them and pick them up. Some of them pretend to taste, and make wry faces.*)

SIMON. They be n't good a bit! I don't like 'em!

SEVERAL OTHERS. Nor I!

DINGTY.

The old man said that they made good pie.
They are not good raw. It's well it's so,
Or we wouldn't get any pie, I know.

MOTHER GOOSE (*to audience*).

I hope they've amused you, each lassie and lad.
Though they're not very good, still, they're not very bad!
Jest a troublesome flock, like your own, I dare say,
Up to some mischief the most of the day;
Yet you wouldn't spare one, and neither would I.
Now I must go make them that gombobble pie.
Come again, folks, to see us. Come often, now do!
Good-bye. Hey? Good wishes? The same, friends,
to you!

(*All sing. Tune: No. 17.*)

ALL.

Sing a song of sixpence, a pocket full of rye,
Mother's going to make us gombobble pie!
When the pie is baked, we will all begin to sing.
Maybe we a piece or two to you, good folks, will bring.

(*As curtain goes down, they shout.*)

Hi, hi, hi! Gombobble pie!
We're a jolly flock of geese! Hi, hi, hi!

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