

MOTHER GOOSE'S QUARTO,
OF
NURSERY RHYMES.



OLD MOTHER GOOSE
TO ALL GOOD CHILDREN GREETING.



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

2561

Saw

Nov. 23. 1902

A

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



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

When I was a little boy,
I had but little wit,
'Tis a long time ago,
And I have no more yet,
Nor ever, ever shall,
Until that I die,
For the longer I live
The more fool am I.



There was a man in our town,
 And he was wondrous wise,
 He jump'd into a bramble-bush
 And scratch'd out both his
 eyes;
 And when he saw his eyes
 were out,
 With all his might and main
 He jump'd into another bush,
 And scratch'd them in a-
 gain.



✱

To market, to market, to buy a penny bun;
 Home again, home again, market is done.

✱



Bobby Shaftoe's gone to sea,
 Silver buckles on his knee;
 He'll come back and marry me,
 Pretty Bobby Shaftoe

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



Jacky Sprat
Could eat no fat,
His wife
Could eat no lean,
So twixt 'em both
They cleared the
c.oth,
And licked the
platter clean.

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



Snail, snail, come
Out of your hole,
Or else I'll beat you
Black as a coal.



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



This doll baby my papa did give,
And I'll love him as long as I live;
He is my papa, and I am his girl;
He calls me his darling dear little pearl.



Cat on the roof; bow, wow, says Towzer;
Don't hurt Puss, for she is a mouser.



As I was going to sell my eggs,
I met a thief with bandy legs,
Bandy legs and crooked toes,
I tripp'd up his heels, and he fell on his nose.



Hurrah for the pudding! Hurrah for the plums!
Ask in the beggars to eat up the crumbs.
A slice to big Mary, for it is her hobby;
And plenty of sauce to Polly and Bobby.



Polly, Polly,
Pretty Poll,
Where got you your green coat,
For a feather
I will gather,
And pay you a silver groat.



By a baby bunting,
Daddy's gone a hunting,
To get a little rabbit skin,
To wrap the baby up in.



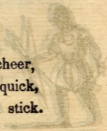
Old Kim-me-kum the Indian chief,
Who, you well know, is a big thief ;
He handles his hatchet rather too handy,
And never drinks water when he gets brandy.



Little Robin Red-breast sat upon
Up went Pussy-cat, and down went he ;
Down came Pussy-cat, and away Robin ran :
says little Robin Red-breast, " Catch me if you can."
Little Robin Red-breast jump'd upon a wall,
Pussy-cat jump'd after him, and almost got a fall.
Little Robin chirp'd and sang, and what did Pussy say ?
Pussy-cat said " Mew," and Robin jump'd away.



Who comes here ? It's me, my dear,
I've been to the tavern, and like the cheer,
You're drunk, you brute, so come in quick,
And I'll trim your jacket with a good stick.





Go to bed Tom, go to bed Tom
Merry or sober, go to bed Tom.



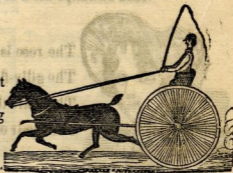
Rock-a-by, baby,
Your cradle is green,
Father's a nobleman,
Mother's a queen,
And Betty's a lady,
And wears a gold ring,
And Johnny's a drummer,
And drums for the king.



Hush-a-by, baby, lie still with thy daddy,
Thy mammy is gone to the mill,
To get some meal to bake a cake ;
So pray, my dear baby, lie still.



Ride away, ride away,
Johnny shall ride,
And he shall have pussy-cat
Tied to one side ;
And he shall have little dog
Tied to the other,
And Johnny shall ride
To see his grandmother.





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



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



Unruly Tom, the piper's son,
Once stole a pig, but not for fun;
The scoundrel stole it from yon
man,
And when he'd stole it, off he
ran.



Tom soon ate the pig,
From the tail to the snout,
For the stealing of which
He was made to roar out;
For at school he was flogg'd
Till he knelt on the floor,
Asking pardon, and promising
Ne'er to steal more.



To music then Tom
His attention did turn;
And the very first tune
Which he ever did learn,
Was "Hail to the Chief,"
Which he play'd every day;
And the next tune was
"O'er the hills and far away."



In process of time
Tom did play with such skill,
That whoever heard him
Could scarcely stand still ;
His music, so charming,
Did cause them to dance,
And pigs on their hind legs
Did after him prance.



As Nancy was milking
One fine summer's day,
Tom took up his pipe,
And sweetly did play ;
When she and the cow
Danced merrily round,
Till the pailful of milk
Was knock'd o'er on the ground



Tom met Mother Hubbard,
Well laden with eggs ;
Said he, " I will make
The old dame use her legs."
He play'd, and she danc'd,
Till her eggs were all broke ;
Then he left her to fret,
While he laugh'd at the joke.



Tom saw cruel Johnny
Once beating his horse,
Heavy laden with pints,
Plates, dishes, and glass ;
He play'd—and ere Johnny
Knew what was the matter,
They danc'd all the pots
On the ground with a clatter



An old surly dog
Seiz'd a pig by the ear,
He squalled out "murder!"
But Tom being near,
He play'd them a hornpipe,
And they danc'd very well,
Till the pig made a false step
And down he then fell.



Of such foolish amusements
At length Tom grew tired,
And his conduct thereafter
Was greatly admired :
His constant delight
Was in reading his book ;
But in novels, and such like,
He rarely would look.



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.



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





There was an old woman, and what do you think,
She lived upon nothing but victuals and drink ;
Victuals and drink were the chief of her diet,
And yet this old woman scarce ever was quiet.



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

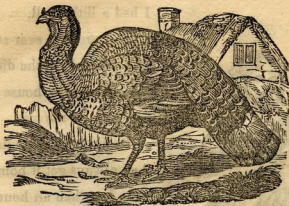


Ride a hobby-horse, to Banbury cross,
To see an old lady upon a white horse,
Rings on her fingers, bells on her toes,
She will have music wherever she goes.

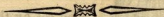
—♦—
The Cuckoo is a bonny bird,
She sings as she flies;
She brings us good tidings,
And tells us no lies.



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



Gobble! gobble! gobble! The Turkey cries,
Eat me at Christmas, along with mince pies.



There were two blackbirds sitting on a hill,
One named Jack and the other named Jill;
Fly away, Jack—fly away Jill,
Come again Jack—Come again, Jill.



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



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



Over the water,
And over the lea,
And over the water
To Charley and me.

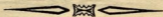


Whenever the moon begins to peep,
Little boys should be asleep ;
The great big sun shines all the day,
That little boys can see to play.





There was an Old Woman toss'd in a blanket,
Seventeen times higher than the moon,
But where she was going no mortal could tell,
For in her hand she carried a broom.
Old Woman, old Woman, old Woman, said I,
Whither! ah, whither! whither so high?
To sweep the cobwebs from the sky,
And I'll be with you by-and-by.



In the month of sweet April,
When leaves begin to spring,
Little lambs do skip like fairies,
Birds do couple, build, and sing.





There was an old woman, she lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she did'nt know what to do;
She gave them some broth, without any bread;
She whipt them all soundly, and sent them to bed.



Bow, wow, wow;
Whose dog art thou ?
I'm my master's dog;
Whose dog art thou ?

DEATH OF COCK ROBIN.



Who kill'd Cock Robin?
I, said the Sparrow,
With my bow and arrow,
And I kill'd Coca Robin.



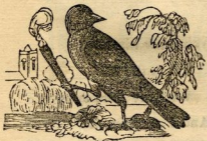
Who saw him die?
I, said the Fly,
With my little eye;
And I saw him die.



Who caught his blood?
I, said the Fish,
With my little dish;
And I caught his blood.



Who'll sing a Psalm ?
I, said the Thrush,
As she sat in a bush ;
And I'll sing a Psalm.



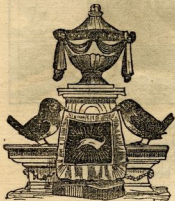
Who will carry the link ?
I, said the Linnet,
I'll fetch it in a minute ;
And I'll carry the link.



Who'll carry him to the grave ?
I, said the Kite,
If 'tis not in the night ;
And I'll carry him to the grave



Who will dig his grave?
I, said the Owl,
With my spade and shove.;
And I'll dig his grave.



Who will bear the pall?
We, said the Wren,
Both the cock and the hen;
And we will bear the pall.



Who'll toll the bell?
I, said the Bull,
Because I can pull;
So, Cock Robin, farewell.

Then all the birds fell
To sighing and sobbing,
When they heard the bell toll
For poor Cock Robin.



Three wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl:
And if the bowl had been stronger,
My song would have been longer.



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



Stop that Fox,
Stop the goose,
Drop her, rogue
Let her loose,
What will we do
On Christmas day
If our goose
Is stole away.



See saw, sacradown, sacradown,
Which is the way to Boston town?
One foot up, the other foot down,
That is the way to Boston town.
Boston town's changed into a city,
But I've no room to change my ditty.





I had a little pony,
They call'd it Dapple Gray;
I lent him to a lady,
To ride a mile away.

She whipp'd it, she lash'd it,
She drove it thro' the mire;
I wadna give my pony yet
For all the lady's hire.

Come let us play
Says Tommy Gay,
I'll roll the hoop
Says Sally Troop,
With a hard blow
Just see our hoops go.
Roly poly may be seen,
Those children playing on
the green.





Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, Baker's man,
So I will, master, as fast as I can ;
Pat it, and prick it, and mark it with T,
Put it into the oven for Tommy and me



How many miles to Babylon ?
Three score miles and ten.
Can I get there by candle light ?
Yes, and back again.





Hey diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon ;
The little dog laughed to see such sport,
While the dish ran away with the spoon.



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.



Here's Pretty Poll sitting on a tree,
And I do believe he's looking at me,
This here Parrot gives himself airs,
And is very fond of apples and pears:
Strut away Poll, nobody cares,
When you grow old, you wont have
grey hairs.



Song set to Five Fingers.

1. This little pig went to market ;
2. This little pig staid at home ;
3. This little pig had a bit of bread and butter ;
4. This little pig had none ;
5. This little pig said, Wee, wee, wee ! I can't find my way home.

Song set to Five Toes.

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



When I was a little boy,
I wash'd my mammy's dishes,
I put my finger in my eye,
And pull'd out golden fishes.



When good King Arthur ruled this land,
He was a goodly king ;
He stole three pecks of barley meal
To make a bag pudding.
A bag pudding the king did make,
And stuff'd it well with plums,
And in it put great lumps of fat,
As big as my two thumbs.
The King and Queen did eat thereof,
And noblemen beside ;
And what they could not eat that night,
The Queen next morning fried.



See-saw, teater-torter,
I'm a son, and you're a daughter.
You go up, and I'll come down,
Tumble off, and crack my crown.



Me? No!
You? Yes!
I? Ah! no.
Well? Well!
Ha! He! Ho!



HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT



This is the House that Jack built.



This is the Malt, that lay in the House that Jack built.



This is the Rat, that eat the Malt, that lay in the House that Jack built.

This is the Cat, that caught the Rat, that eat the Malt, that lay in the House that Jack built.



This is the Dog, that worried
the Cat, that caught the Rat, that
eat the Malt, that lay in the
House that Jack built.



This is the Cow with the
crumpled horn, that tossed the
Dog, that worried the Cat, that
caught the Rat, that eat the
Malt, that lay in the House that
Jack built.



This is the Maiden all for-
lorn, that milked the Cow with
the crumpled horn, that tossed
the Dog, that worried the Cat,
that caught the Rat, that eat the
Malt, that lay in the House
that Jack built.



This is the Man all tattered and torn, that kissed the Maiden all forlorn, that milked the Cow with the crumpled horn, that tossed the Dog, that worried the Cat, that caught the Rat, that eat the Malt, that lay in the House that Jack built.

There was a Priest all shaven and shorn, that married the Man all tattered and torn, that kissed the Maiden all forlorn, that milked the Cow with the crumpled horn, that tossed the Dog, that worried the Cat, that caught the Rat, that eat the Malt, that lay in the House that Jack built.



This is the Cock that crowed in the morn. that wakened the Priest all shaven and shorn, that married the Man all tattered and torn, that kissed the Maiden all forlorn, that milked the Cow with the crumpled horn, that tossed the Dog, that worried the Cat, that caught the Rat, that eat the Malt, that lay in the House that Jack built.



Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,
Eating of Christmas pie ;
He, with his thumb, took out a plum,
And said, what a good boy am I.



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



Mother will tend
Her baby dear,
Do not cry sweet,
You've nothing to fear.
We've come down
The green hill,
And now for the water
Mother will take care
Of her dear little
daughter.

— * —
A, B, C, D,
E, F, G, H,
I, J, K, L,
M, N, O, P,
Q, R, S, T,
U, V, W,
X, Y, Z, &

Richard and Robin were two pretty men,
They laid abed till the clock struck ten :
Robin starts up and looks at the sky,
Oh ho ! brother Richard, the sun's very high,
Do you go before with the bottle and bag,
And I'll follow after on little Jack Nag



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

What care I
How black I be,
Twenty pounds
Will marry me.
If twenty wont,
Why forty shall,
For I am mamma's
Darling girl.

—*—
One, two,

Three, four, five,
I caught a hare alive.
Six, seven,
Eight, nine, ten,
I let her go again.

—◆◆◆—
Noah's Ark, rat-a-tat,
Landed on top of Ararat;
The dove flew out, the dove flew in,
And never minded a single pin.





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

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

Here we go up, up, up,
And here we go down, down,
downy.





Here's A, B, C, D, E, F, and G,
H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, and P,
Q, R, S, T, U, V, W, X, Y
and Z;

And here is good Mama, who
knows,

This is the fount whence learn-
ing flows.

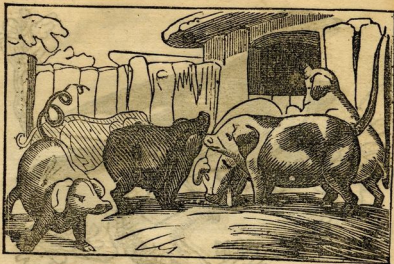
Bless you, bless you, busy Bee,
-ay, when will your wedding be?

If it be to-morrow day,

Take to your wings, and fly
away.



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



A long-tail'd pig, or short tail'd pig,
Or a pig without e'er a tail;
A little pig, or a big pig,
Or a pig with a curling tail.



The man in the moon came down too soon,
To inquire the way to Norwich;
The man in the south, he burnt his mouth
With eating cold plum-porridge.





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

Poor Thing !

He'll sit in the barn,
And keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing.

Poor Thing .



There was a little man, he had a little gun,
The bullets were made of lead ;
He went to the brook, and he shot a little duck,
And the bullet went through its head.
He carried it home to his wife Joan,
And a fire he made her make,
To dress the little duck, while he went to the brook,
And shot, shot, shot the drake.



When the wind blows,
Then the mill goes,
And our hearts
Are light, and are merry.



I had a little Husband,
No bigger than my thumb
I put him in a quart pot,
And there I bid him drum.



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



It blew
It snowed
It froze
on
Christmas
Day,
so
merry
they say.



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



There was a man and he had naught,
And robbers came to rob him;
He crept up to the chimney top,
And then they thought they had him.
But he got down on t'other side,
And then they could not find him:
He ran fourteen miles in fifteen days,
And never looked behind him.



The Lion and the
Unicorn,
Were fighting for
the Crown,
The Lion beat the
Unicorn
All about the
town.
Some gave them
white bread,
Some gave them
brown,

Some gave them plum cake,
And sent them out of town.

— — — — —
Daffy down dilly, is just come to town,
With a red shawl, and a pink gown,
And all the blossoms are smiling around.



— — — — —
Pussy-Cat pray tell me,
If you know your A, B, C.
When you know it by heart
You shall have a nice tart.
Sugar is sweet, tarts are
sour,
How many can you eat in an
hour.