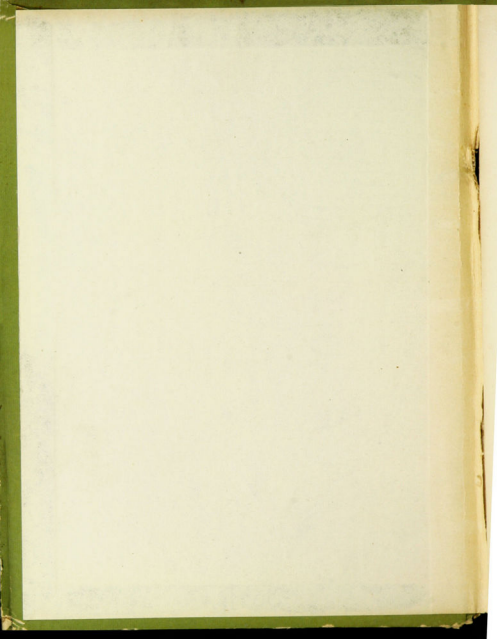
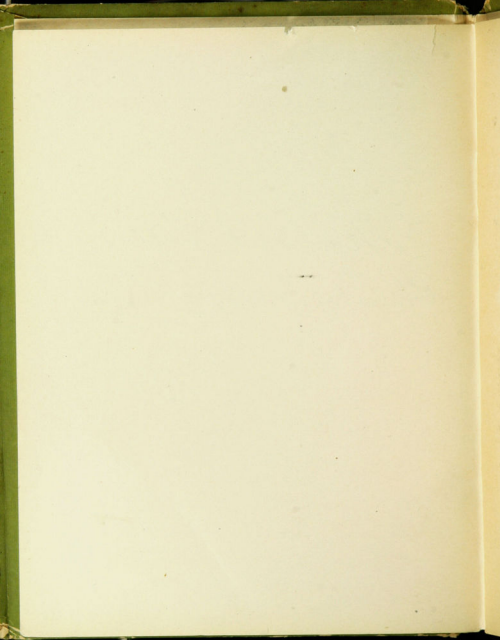


Mother Goose





Margaret Walton -
Christmas 1906.







The Babes in the Wood.



Rosebud Series

Mother Goose

With
Color Plates
and
Black and White Drawings



The Holiday Publishing Company
Buffalo New York

JORDAN

PZB

.3

.M85

1906x

Mother Goose



The Babes in the Wood

MY dear, do you know,
How 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 the wood,
As I've heard people say.

And when it was night,
So sad was their plight,
The sun it went down,
And the moon gave no light!
They sobbed and they sighed,
And they bitterly cried,
And the poor little things,
They lay down and died.

And when they were dead,
The Robins so red
Brought strawberry leaves,
And over them spread;
And all the day long,
They sung them this song:

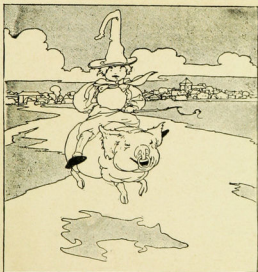
"Poor babes in the wood! poor babes in the wood!
And don't you remember the babes in the wood?"

Old Mother Goose, when
She wanted to wander,
Would rise through the air
On a very fine gander.



To market, to market, to buy a fat pig,
Home again, home again, dancing a jig;
Ride to market to buy a fat hog,
Home again, home again, jiggety jog;

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





The gray
goose she ran
round the
haystack,
"Oho!" said
the fox, "you
are very fat;
You'll grease
my beard, and
ride on my
back
From this
unto yonder wee
town, e-ho?"

Old Gammer Hipple-hopple
hopped out of bed,
She opened the casement
and popped out her
head:

"O husband! O husband!
the gray goose is dead,
And the fox has gone
through the town, O!"



See-saw, Margery Daw
Jenny shall have a new master;
She shall have but a penny a day,
Because she can't work any faster.



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 a fine seam,
And feast upon strawberries, sugar and cream!



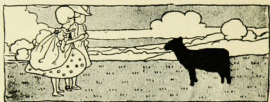
Jack Sprat could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean;
Betwixt them both they cleared the plate,
And licked the platter clean.



Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig and away he run!
The pig was eat, and Tom was beat,
And Tom went roaring down the street.



Doctor Foster went to Gloucester
In a shower of rain;
He stepped in a puddle up to his middle,
And never went there again.



Baa, baa, black sheep
Have you any wool?
Yes, marry, have I,
Three bags full;
One for my master,
And one for my dame,
But none for the little boy
Who cries in the lane.



Ring-a-ring-a-roses,
A pocket full of posies;
Hush — hush — hush,
We'll all tumble down.



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

Dickory, dickory, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock,
The clock struck one,
The mouse ran down,
Hickory, dickory, dock.

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

Little Betty blue
Lost her holiday shoe;
What can little Betty do?
Give her another
To match the other,
And then she may walk in two.

Yankee Doodle came to town,
Mounted on a pony;
He stuck a feather in his cap
And called it macaroni.

Yankee Doodle came to town,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
He stuck a feather in his cap,
And called it sugar candy.



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.



Tom, Tom, the 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.

Cross-patch,
Draw the latch,
Sit by the fire and spin;
Take a cup,
And drink it up,
Then call your neighbors in.



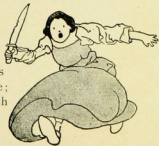
Sing, sing! what shall I sing?
The cat has eat the pudding string!
Do, do! what shall I do?
The cat has bit it quite in two.

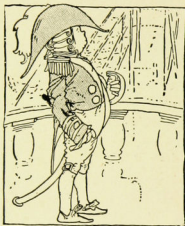


Little Polly Flinders
Sat among the cinders
Warming her pretty little toes!
Her mother came and caught her,
And whipped her little daughter
For spoiling her nice new clothes!



Three blind mice,
three blind mice,
They all ran after the
farmer's wife,
She cut off their tails
with a carving knife;
Did you ever see such
a thing in your life
As three blind mice?





Bobby Shafto's gone to
sea,
With silver buckles at
his knee;
When he comes back
he'll marry me,
Pretty Bobby Shafto.

Bobby Shafto's fat and
fair,
Combing down his
yellow hair;
He's my love for
evermore!
Pretty Bobby Shafto!

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

How many miles is it to Babylon?
Threescore miles and ten.
Can I get there by candle light?
Yes, and back again!
If your heels are nimble and light,
You may get there by candle-light.

Elsie Marley has grown so fine
She won't get up to feed the swine;
She lies in bed till half past nine—
Ay! truly she doth take her time.



There was a crooked man, and he went a crooked mile,
He found a crooked sixpence against a crooked stile:
He bought a crooked cat, which caught a crooked mouse,
And they all lived together in a little crooked house.



As I went through the garden gap!
Who should I meet but Dick Red-cap!
A stick in his hand, a stone
in his throat,
If you'll tell me this riddle,
I'll give you a groat.

A cherry.



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





There were two blackbirds
Sat upon the hill,
The one named Jack,
The other named Jill.

Fly away, Jack!
Fly away, Jill!
Come again, Jack!
Come again, Jill!

When I was a little girl I washed
my mammy's dishes;
Now I am a great girl I roll in
golden riches.

Doctor Faustus was a good man,
He whipped his scholars now and then;
When he whipped them, he made them dance
Out of Scotland into France,
Out of France into Spain,
And then he whipped them back again!

"Lend me thy mare to ride a mile?"
"She is lamed leaping over a stile."
"Alack and I must keep the fair?"
"I'll give thee money for thy mare."
"Oh, oh, say you so?"
"Money will make the mare to go!"



Girls and boys, come out to
play,

The moon doth shine as
bright as day;

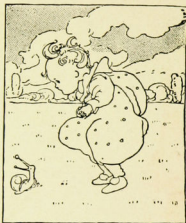
Leave your supper, and
leave your sleep,
And come with your play-
fellows into the street.

Up the ladder and down
the wall;
A halfpenny loaf will serve
us all;

You find milk, and I'll find
flour
And we'll have a pudding
in half an hour.

Come with a whoop, and come with
a call,
Come with a good will or come not
at all.





Snail, snail, come out
of your hole,
Or else I'll beat you
as black as a coal.
Snail, snail, put out
your horns,
Here comes a thief to
pull down your walls.

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

Thomas A'Tattamus took two T's
To tie two tups to two tall trees,
To frighten the terrible Thomas A'Tattamus!
Tell me how many T's there are in that.

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

One.

Shoe the colt, shoe!
Shoe the wild mare,
Put a sack on her back,
See if she'll bear,
If she'll bear
We'll give her some grains;
If she won't bear,
We'll dash out her brains.



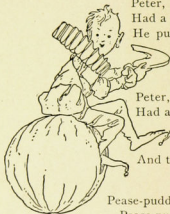
You shall have an apple,
You shall have a plum,
You shall have a rattle basket,
When your dad comes home.



There was a little boy and little girl
Lived in an alley;
Says the little boy to the little girl,
"Shall I, oh! shall I?"

Says the little girl to
the little boy,
"What shall we do?"
Says the little boy to
the little girl,
"I will kiss you."





Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her;
He put her in a pumpkin shell,
And there he kept her very
well.

Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater,
Had another and didn't love her;
Peter learned to read and
spell,
And then he loved her very well.

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.

Poor old Robinson Crusoe!
Poor old Robinson Crusoe!
They made him a coat
Of an old nanny-goat,
I wonder how they could do so!
With a ring-a-ting tang,
And a ring-a-ting tang,
Poor old Robinson Crusoe!



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

Little Bo-peep fell fast
asleep,
And dreamed she
heard them bleat-
ing;
But when she awoke,
she found it a joke,
For they were still
a-fleeing.

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 all their tails behind 'em.





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

Poor thing!

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

Poor thing.

There was an old woman tossed up in a basket
Seventeen times as high as the moon,
Where she was going I couldn't but ask it,
For in her hand she carried a broom.

"Old woman, old woman, old woman," quoth I,
"Where are you going up to so high?"
"To brush the cobwebs out of the sky!"
"May I go with thee?" "Aye, by-and-by."

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.

A-milking, a-milking, my maid.

"Cow, take care of your heels," she said,

"And you shall have some nice new hay,

If you'll quietly let me milk away."



One, two, three,
I love coffee,
And Billy loves tea.
How good you be
One, two, three,
I love coffee,
Billy loves tea.



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



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

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 will play.



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



Come when you're called,
Do what you're bid,
Shut the door after you,
Never be chid.



Come, dance a jig
To my granny's pig,
With a rowdy, rowdy, dowdy;
Come dance a jig
To my granny's pig,
And pussy-cat shall crowdy.



Blow, wind, blow, and
go, mill, go,
That the miller may
grind his corn;
That the baker may
take it,
And into rolls make it,
And bring us some hot
in the morn.

Charley, Charley, stole
the barley
Out of the baker's shop;
The baker came out, and gave
him a clout,
And made poor Charley hop.

My little man and I fell out,
I'll tell you what t'was all about:
I had money and he had none,
And that's the way
the row begun.



Oh, dear! what can the matter be?
Two old women got up an apple tree;
One came down,
And the other stayed till Saturday.

Pussy sits beside the fire,
How can she be fair?
In comes the little dog,
"Pussy are you there?
So, so, dear Mistress Pussy,
Pray tell me how do you do?"
"Thank you, thank you, little dog,
I'm very well just now."

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 all that's nice;
And that's what little girls are made of, made of.

What is the rhyme for porringer?
The king he had a daughter fair,
And gave the Prince of Orange her.

a.
d/9

10

