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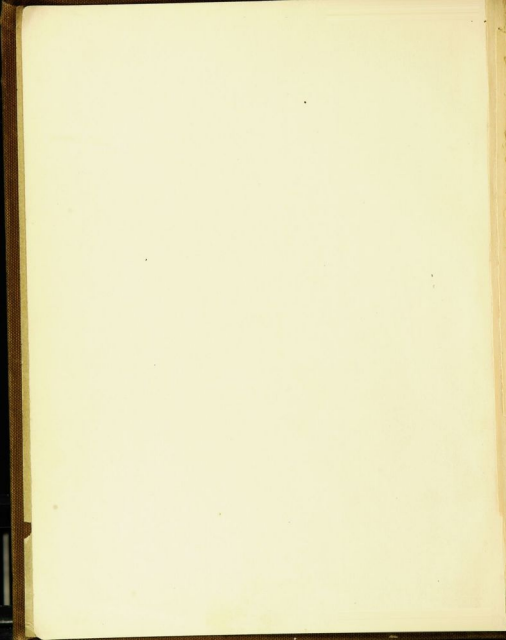
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THE TRUE MOTHER GOOSE

SONGS FOR THE NURSERY; OR, MOTHER
GOOSE'S MELODIES FOR CHILDREN

NOTES AND PICTURES
By BLANCHE McMANUS

The True Text without Addition or Abridgment



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INTRODUCTION

TO claim for any collection of nursery rhymes the title of the "true" Mother Goose, is to throw a glove to the antiquarians; for over the origin and authenticity of these bits of ageless nonsense, as over that of other great classics, lances have splintered and *savants* have disagreed.

It is not, however, the purpose of the present pages to trace the genesis of this inconsequent anthology, some of whose quatrains reach back to the twilight of minstrelsy, but rather to state briefly the various claims of the collectors of these delicious drolleries, and the authority for the present edition.

The name of Mother Goose first shone into literature in France, where in 1697 Charles Perrault, a witty and great-hearted courtier of Louis the Magnificent, published a small volume of fairy tales called "Contes de Ma Mère l'Oye." Perrault—who should be canonized by the children because he rescued from the carelessness of oral transmission the golden chronicles of Cinderella, Puss-in-Boots, the Sleeping Beauty, and the rest of the dear immortals—drew his title from a proverbial expression in France, dating back to the Gallic age of fable, the days of Queen Bertha the Goosefoot, mother of Charlemagne.

His delectable romances were translated into English by Robert Samber about 1729 and crossed the Channel, not only to delight British babies, but to stimulate their elders to similar narration. In London, John Newbery and his successor Thomas Carnan, publishers and booksellers of St. Paul's Churchyard, reissued these translated "Mother Goose Tales" and others drawn from English sources, and finally, in 1780, brought out a collection of folk-lore rhymes entitled "Mother Goose's Melody, or Sonnets for the Cradle." The compiler of this was probably Oliver Goldsmith, who wrote "Goody Two-Shoes" and other tales for Newbery, and whose whimsical nature would have delighted in capturing these fugitive absurdities.

This "Mother Goose Melody" published by Newbery, and Perrault's book, are the first authenticated facts connecting the name of Mother Goose with folk-lore, but between them lies a tradition which, if proved, would be a source of such becoming pride and satisfaction to Americans, that it is impossible not to give it the credence of a hearing.

In the year 1692, so the story runs, Elizabeth Foster, a sprightly maiden of Charlestown, Mass., became the wife of Isaac Goose (sometimes written Vergoose), a worthy Boston widower, and thereby mother of ten stepchildren. With such a flock, and six little ones of her own soon following, the young dame was set to sore shifts to maintain harmony, and she was wont to repeat for the delectation of her brood the old tales and songs and nursery jingles

her mother and grandmother had brought with them from Merrie England and crooned above her cradle, together with fresh fancies of her own. So, doubtless, did many another Boston housewife, but the chance of fate brought Mistress Goose before the public gaze and made posterity her debtor.

This turn of destiny was the marriage in 1715 (at the hands of the Reverend Cotton Mather) of her eldest daughter Elizabeth to Thomas Fleet, a Bristol printer who had come to Boston in 1712 and established a printing-house in Pudding Lane, — now Devonshire Street.

At the advent of the first grandchild, Mistress Goose, now a widow, took up her residence with her daughter, and Fleet — a forceful, keen-witted man, a power in his generation and noted for his *bon-mots*, raillery, and not too delicate joking — discovered the versatile talents of his cheery mother-in-law. All the old runes and croons and babbled nonsense that had hushed her own babies and by-gone generations, the proud grand-dam poured forth upon the infant Fleet, soothing his callow woes and filling his tranquil hours with gurgling joy. This unceasing and ever-varying canticle of quaint conceit and rhythmic foolery ringing daily in the ears of her son-in-law, roused him first to ridicule and scoffing and then to more questioning attention.

If the diverting history of Little Jack Horner and the woful ballade of Ding Dong Bell could soothe his own son and heir in the anguish of colic, and beguile him

through the tedium of teething, they might prove a like panacea in other households not favoured with an *improvisatore* grandmother. And being a man of action as well as thought, he forthwith issued a small volume with—sly poke of fun at his mother-in-law!—a long-necked goose on the cover, and the title, "Songs for the Nursery or Mother Goose's Melody for Children. Printed by T. Fleet at his printing house in Pudding Lane, 1719. Price, 2 coppers."

Such, in substance, is the story given to the public by John Fleet Eliot, the great-grandson of Thomas Fleet, in a letter to the Boston Transcript, January 14, 1860, and incorporated by Mr. W. A. Wheeler, author of "The Noted Names of Fiction," in his preface to an edition of rhymes published by Hurd and Houghton in 1870. It has aroused much controversy and denial, its most vigorous opponent being Mr. W. H. Whittemore, who has recently published a reprint of the Newbery poems, and in an introduction displaying broad research and erudition, given an entire refutation of the Boston claim.

If any such volume was actually issued by Thomas Fleet, it would antedate the English collection by sixty years and prove that Newbery's book was either a curious coincidence of theme and title, or the first instance of international pirating! It would also prove that the use of the name Mother Goose was not a stray gleam from a French myth but a spark of native wit struck from an actual personality, and that to New England, not Old,

belongs the credit of first giving these "airy nothings" which are the birthright of both, "a local habitation and a name."

But alack! this volume from the press in Pudding Lane eludes discovery. Mr. Wheeler based his claim to its existence on the assertion of Mr. Edward Crowninshield of Boston, that he had seen in the library of the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester a copy of this first edition; but subsequent research there and elsewhere have failed to reveal any such book or mention of it. All the facts as to the identity of Elizabeth Goose, the records of her birth, marriage, connection with Old South Church, death and will, have been thoroughly authenticated, and Thomas Fleet and his printing house are notable features in early Boston history. The circumstantial evidence is strong, but until an actual copy of that first edition can be found and placed before the public, the arguments for its existence must perforce be held in abeyance.

But though Elizabeth Goose as the Highpriestess of Nonsense may be simply an alluring tradition, America has a real and valid claim in the gathering and preservation of these child songs. A reprint of Newbery's book was made by Isaiah Thomas of Worcester in 1799 and given to Yankee babies, and in 1824, Edmund Munroe and David Francis, printers and booksellers of Boston, brought out a collection of rhymes called "The Only True Mother Goose," which comprised all but two or three in the Newbery volume, and over a hundred additional ones. From

what sources they drew these new jingles, whether from independent research or from *that lost volume of Thomas Fleet's*, it seems impossible to ascertain. But their book, reissued with some few changes in 1833, contains, with one or two exceptions, all the stanzas of classic rigmarole that form the "Hesperides" of American childhood.

In the rendition of the present volume the editor has aimed to reproduce, substantially (in the letter-press), the Monroe and Francis edition, and much thought and research has been given to determine the exact text and to keep the original quaint form and phraseology. Though nearly all these rhymes are included by the noted British bibliographer, Halliwell, in his anthology of English nursery songs,—which he claims to have compiled from oral tradition,—and though one might go a-straying after them through all the enticing and interminable by-paths of folk-lore, it was on Yankee soil and through Yankee enterprise they were first so comprehensively gathered together. In the sense of being the first large compilation, the Monroe and Francis edition can be called the "true" Mother Goose, and in offering the old delight in new garb to the children, the present publishers trust it may waken interest in the grown folk as well.

For here is a fact America can rightfully claim. And it is to be hoped that, ere long, some happy antiquarian delving in a forgotten alcove or cobwebbed garret, may unearth the little quarto printed in Pudding Lane to verify her most beguiling tradition and give the honour that

would then be due, to Elizabeth Foster and Thomas Fleet. So that Boston babies, peering through the railings of Granary Burying Ground where lies the dust of generations of the Vergoose family, may see, some day, an image of the kindly, kerchiefed grand-dam who sang of Tom Tucker and Little Bo-Peep.

Nay — would it not be a worthy inspiration to start the children on a crusade of discovery? Religion, Philosophy — or Nonsense, needs a personality to accentuate its revelation; and these waifs of song, wandering down to us from a hundred grandmothers, would gain an additional touch of tenderness and meaning if they could be gathered under the wing of the dear old Boston dame! And let those who would cavil or sneer at such dignification of these "inconsidered trifles" remember, that if he who makes two blades of grass grow where only one has been, is a benefactor of his race, surely he who can sooth the tears and waken the joy of a little child, merits gratitude and recognition.

Blessed be the laughter-makers! And whatever the origin and whoever the authors, the charm of these felicitous babblings will endure, despite reason and carping, as long as babies coo and cry. Children are the true conservatives: let them claim as heritage, pastime or story or song, and they cherish it with a jealousy that admits no emendation, and hand it down from decade to decade guarded by unwritten laws. They will do their own choosing too, and pass by the most decorous substan-

tiality of logic and ethics, to set some rascally tatterdemalion of phantasy in the choicest corner of their hearts.

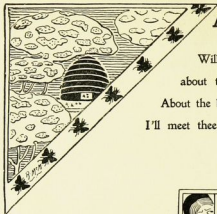
And like the wee maid who adored the story-telling minister "because he had no morals," we children of a larger growth wist sometimes to turn from life's wearying, categorical problems back to the old, delicious nonsense, irrelevant and serene.



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 do?
And how do you do, again?

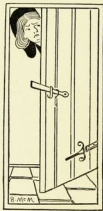


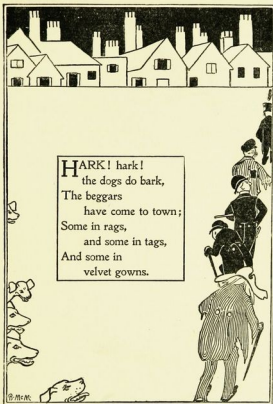
THREE wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl;
And if the bowl had been stronger,
My song had been longer.



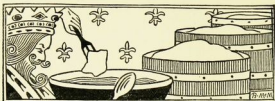
ABOUT
 the bush,
 Willie,
 about the bee-hive,
 About the bush, Willie,
 I'll meet thee alive.

CCROSS Patch,
 draw the latch,
 Sit by the fire and spin;
 Take a cup, and drink it up,
 Then call
 your neighbors in.





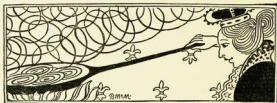
HARK! hark!
the dogs do bark,
The beggars
have come to town;
Some in rags,
and some in tags,
And some in
velvet gowns.



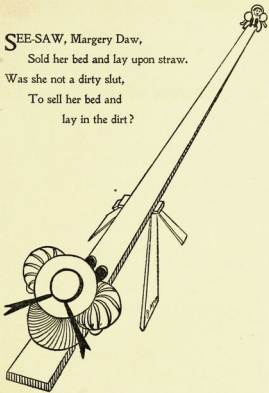
WHEN good King Arthur ruled this land,
He was a goodly king ;
He bought three pecks of barley-meal,
To make a bag-pudding.

A bag-pudding the king did make,
And stuffed 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, Margery Daw,
Sold her bed and lay upon straw.
Was she not a dirty slut,
To sell her bed and
lay in the dirt?

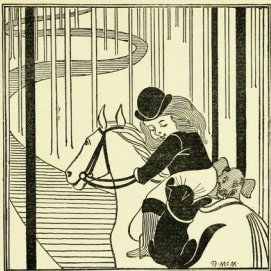




SING a song of sixpence,
a bag full of rye,
Four and twenty blackbirds
baked in a pie.
When the pie was opened,
the birds began to sing ;
And wasn't this a pretty dish
to set before a king ?

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





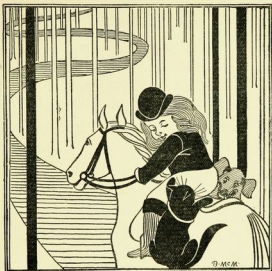
RIDE away, ride away,
Johnny shall ride,
And he shall have pussy-cat
Tied to one side;
And he shall have a little dog
Tied to the other,
And Johnny shall ride
To see his grandmother.



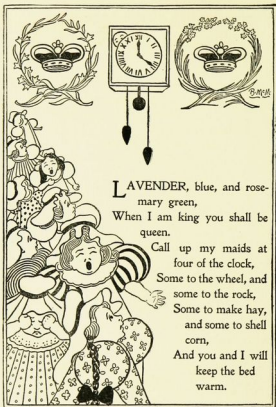
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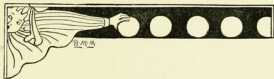


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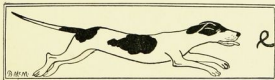
LAVENDER, blue, and rose-
mary green,
When I am king you shall be
queen.

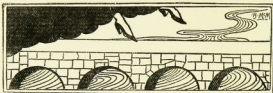
Call up my maids at
four of the clock,
Some to the wheel, and
some to the rock,
Some to make hay,
and some to shell
corn,
And you and I will
keep the bed
warm.



DINGTY diddley, my mammy's maid,
She stole oranges, I'm afraid, —
Some in her pocket, some in her sleeve;
She stole oranges, I do believe.

HOGS in the garden; catch 'em, Towser!
Cows in the cornfield; run, boys, run!
Cats in the cream-pot; run, girls, run, girls!
Fire on the mountains; run, boys, run!





LONDON Bridge is broken down,
Dance over, my Lady Lee.
London Bridge is broken down,
With a gay ladye.

How shall we build it up again?
Dance over, my Lady Lee.
How shall we build it up again?
With a gay ladye.

We'll build it up with gravel and stone;
Dance over, my Lady Lee.
We'll build it up with gravel and stone,
With a gay ladye.

Gravel and stone will be washed away;
Dance over, my Lady Lee.
Gravel and stone will be washed away,
With a gay ladye.

We'll build it up with iron and steel;
Dance over, my Lady Lee.
We'll build it up with iron and steel,
With a gay ladye.

Iron and steel will bend and break;
Dance over, my Lady Lee.
Iron and steel will bend and break,
With a gay ladye.

We'll build it up with silver and gold;
Dance over, my Lady Lee.
We'll build it up with silver and gold;
With a gay ladye.

Silver and gold will be stolen away;
Dance over, my Lady Lee.
Silver and gold will be stolen away,
With a gay ladye.

We'll set a man to watch it then;
Dance over, my Lady Lee.
We'll set a man to watch it then,
With a gay ladye.

Suppose the man should fall asleep?
Dance over, my Lady Lee.
Suppose the man should fall asleep?
With a gay ladye.

We'll put a pipe in his mouth;
Dance over, my Lady Lee.
We'll put a pipe in his mouth,
With a gay ladye.



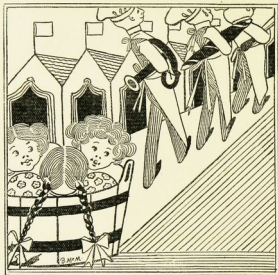


TRIP upon trenchers,
And dance upon dishes,
My mother sent me for some yeast, some yeast.
She bid me tread lightly,
And come again quickly,
For fear the young men would play me some jest.

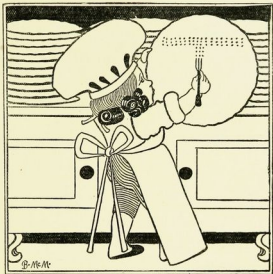
Yet did n't you see? Yet did n't you see?
What naughty tricks they put upon me?
They broke my pitcher and spilt my water,
And huffed my mother, and chid her daughter,
And kissed my sister instead of me.



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 a chair.



HHEY rub-a-dub, ho rub-a-dub, three maids in a tub,
And who do you think was there?
The butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker,
And all of them gone to the fair.



PAT a cake, pat a cake
Baker's man!
So I do master, fast as I can.
Pat it, and prick it,
And mark it with T,
And then it will serve
For Tommy and me.

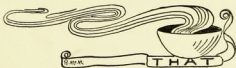


THE Lion and the Unicorn
Were fighting for the Crown ;
The Lion beat the Unicorn
All about the town.
Some gave them white bread,
And some gave them brown ;
Some gave them plum cake,
And sent them out of town.



JACK and Jill went up the hill,
To draw a pail of water ;
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

PEASE porridge hot, pease porridge cold,
Pease porridge in the pot nine days old.
Can you spell that with four letters ?
Yes, I can : T H A T .

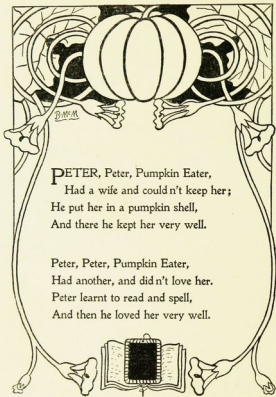




LITTLE Bo-Peep
Has lost her sheep,
And don't know where to find them;
Leave them alone,
And they will come home,
Bringing their tails behind them.



LITTLE Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet
Eating curds and whey;
There came a big spider,
And sat down beside her,
And frightened
Miss Muffet away.



PETER, Peter, Pumpkin Eater,
Had a wife and could n't keep her;
He put her in a pumpkin shell,
And there he kept her very well.

Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater,
Had another, and did n't love her.
Peter learnt to read and spell,
And then he loved her very well.

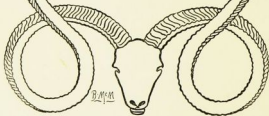


TOM, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig and away he run;
The pig was eat,
And Tom was beat,
And Tom ran crying down the street.



AS I was going to Derby
upon a market day,
I met the finest ram, sir,
that ever fed on hay,
On hay, on hay, on hay,
I met the finest ram, sir,
that ever fed on hay.

This ram was fat behind, sir,
this ram was fat before ;
This ram was ten yards round, sir ;
indeed he was no more,
No more, no more, no more.
This ram was ten yards round, sir,
indeed he was no more.



The horns grew on his head, sir, they were so wondrous
high,
As I've been plainly told, sir, they reached up to the sky,
The sky, the sky, the sky.
As I've been plainly told, sir, they reached up to the sky.

The tail grew on his back, sir, was six yards and an ell,
And 't was sent to Derby to toll the market bell,
The bell, the bell, the bell,
And t'was sent to Derby to toll the market bell.

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

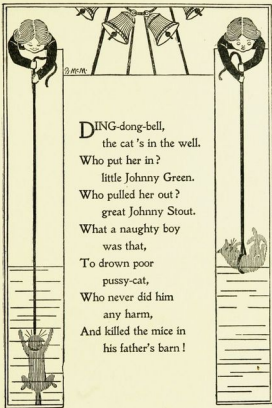




HICKORY, dickory, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock;
The clock struck one, and
down he run.
Hickory, dickory, dock.

SMILING girls, rosy boys,
Come and buy my little toys,
Monkeys made of gingerbread,
And sugar horses painted red.





DING-dong-bell,
the cat 's in the well.
Who put her in?
little Johnny Green.
Who pulled her out?
great Johnny Stout.
What a naughty boy
was that,
To drown poor
pussy-cat,
Who never did him
any harm,
And killed the mice in
his father's barn!



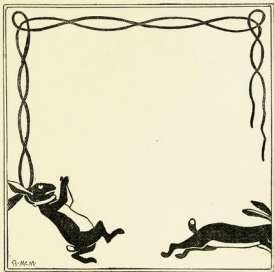
'T WAS once upon a time, when Jenny Wren was young,
So daintily she danced, and so prettily she sung,
Robin Redbreast lost his heart, for he was a gallant bird;
So he doffed his hat to Jenny Wren, requesting to be heard.

" Oh, dearest Jenny Wren, if you will but be mine,
You shall feed on cherry-pie and drink new currant wine,
I'll dress you like a goldfinch or any peacock gay;
So, dearest Jen, if you 'll be mine, let us appoint the day."

Jenny blushed behind her fan, and thus declared her mind :

" Since, dearest Bob, I love you well, I'll take your offer kind.

Cherry-pie is very nice, and so is currant wine;
But I must wear my plain brown gown and never go too fine."



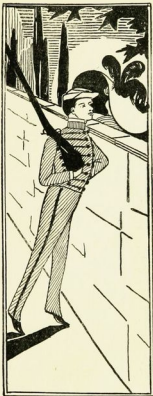
ONE,
Two,
Three,
Four,
Five,
I caught a hare alive.

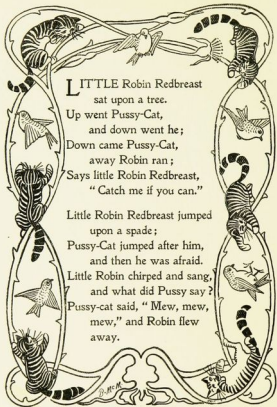
Six,
Seven,
Eight,
Nine,
Ten,
I let it go again.



ROCK-a-bye, 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.

WHEN I was a little
boy,
My mother kept me
in;
Now I am a great boy,
And 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.





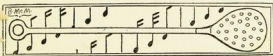
LITTLE Robin Redbreast
sat upon a tree.
Up went Pussy-Cat,
and down went he ;
Down came Pussy-Cat,
away Robin ran ;
Says little Robin Redbreast,
" Catch me if you can."

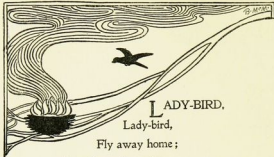
Little Robin Redbreast jumped
upon a spade ;
Pussy-Cat jumped after him,
and then he was afraid.
Little Robin chirped and sang,
and what did Pussy say ?
Pussy-cat said, " Mew, mew,
mew," and Robin flew
away.



IN April's sweet month,
When the leaves 'gin to spring,
Little lambs skip like fairies,
And birds build and sing.

HEIGH ding a ding! What shall I sing?
How many holes in a skimmer?
Four and twenty. I'm half starving!
Mother, pray give me some dinner.





LADY-BIRD,

Lady-bird,

Fly away home ;

Your house is on fire,

And your children will burn.

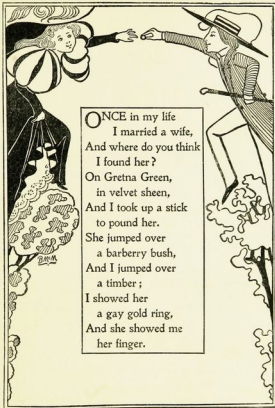
HUSH-a-bye baby upon the tree-top !

When the wind blows, the cradle will rock ;

When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall.

Down tumble cradle, baby and all.





ONCE in my life
I married a wife,
And where do you think
I found her?
On Gretna Green,
in velvet sheen,
And I took up a stick
to pound her.
She jumped over
a barberry bush,
And I jumped over
a timber;
I showed her
a gay gold ring,
And she showed me
her finger.

AS I was going to St. Ives,
I met seven wives.

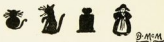


Every wife had
seven sacks,

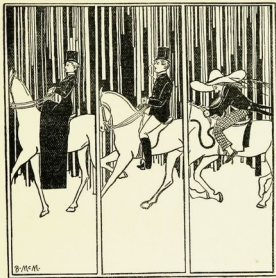
Every sack had
seven cats,



Every cat had
seven kits.



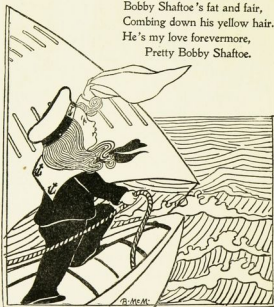
Kits, cats, sacks, wives,
How many were going to St. Ives?

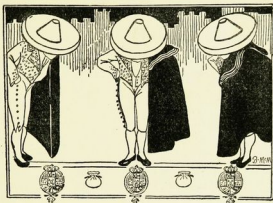


THIS is the way the ladies ride,
Prim, prim, prim.
This is the way the gentlemen ride,
Trim, trim, trim.
Presently come the country folks,
Hobbledy-gee, hobbledy-gee.

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.





"WE're three brethren out of Spain
Come to court your daughter Jane."

"My daughter Jane, she is too young;
She has no skill in a flattering tongue."

"Be she young or be she old,
It's for her gold she must be sold.
So fare you well, my lady gay,
We shall return another day."



BONNY lass ! Bonny lass !
will you be mine ?
You shall neither wash dishes
nor serve the wine,
But sit on a cushion, and sew
up a seam,
And you shall have strawberries,
sugar, and cream.



LITTLE Tommy Tucker,
Sing for your supper.
What shall I sing?
White bread and butter.

How shall I cut it
Without any knife?
How shall I marry
Without any wife?



YOU owe me five shillings,
Say the bells of St. Helen's.

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

When I grow rich,
Say the bells of Shoreditch.

When will that be?
Say the bells of Stepney.

I do not know,
Says the Great bell of Bow.

Two sticks in an apple,
Ring the bells of Whitechapel.

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

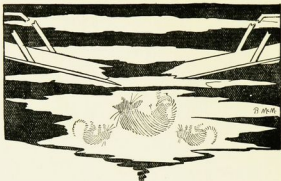
Kettles and pans,
Say the bells of St. Ann's.

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

Old shoes and slippers,
Say the bells of St. Peter's.








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





THE two gray kits
And the gray kits' mother,
All went over
The bridge together.
The bridge broke down ;
They all fell in.
May the rats go with you,
Says Tom Bolin.

TOM, TOM, OF ISLINGTON,

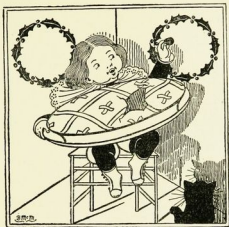
Married a wife on Sunday,	SUN	
Brought her home on Monday,	MON.	
Hired a house on Tuesday,	TUES.	
Fed her well on Wednesday,	WED.	
Sick was she on Thursday,	THURS.	
Dead was she on Friday,	FRI.	
Sad was Tom on Saturday,	SAT.	 <i>B.M.M.</i>

To bury his wife on Sunday.





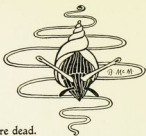
MISS Jane had a bag, and a mouse was in it;
She opened the bag, he was out in a minute.
The cat saw him jump and run under the table;
And the dog said, "Catch him, puss,
as soon as you 're able."



LITTLE Jack Horner
Sat in a corner
Eating a Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb
And pulled out a
plum,
And said, "What a
brave boy am I!"

SNAIL, snail,
Come out of your hole,
Or else I'll beat you
black as a coal.

Snail, snail,
Put out your head,
Or else I'll beat you
till you are dead.

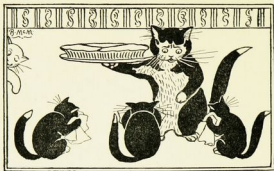


PUSSY sits behind the log ;
How can she be fair ?
Then comes in a little dog.
"Pussy, are you there ?

So so, dear Mistress Pussy,
Pray tell me how you do ?"
"I thank you, little dog,
I'm very well just now."



WHEN I was a little boy, I lived by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I got I put upon a shelf;
The rats and mice they made such a strife,
I was forced to go to London to buy me a wife.
The streets were so broad and the lanes were so narrow,
I was forced to bring my wife home in a wheelbarrow.
The wheelbarrow broke, and my wife had a fall,
And down came wheelbarrow, wife and all.



THREE little kittens lost their mittens;
And they began to cry,
"Oh! mother dear, we very much fear
That we have lost our mittens."
"Lost your mittens! you naughty kittens!
Then you shall have no pie."
"Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow."
"No, you shall have no pie."
"Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow!"

These three little kittens found their mittens,
And they began to cry,
"Oh! mother dear, see here, see here,
See, we have found our mittens."

"Put on your mittens, you silly kittens,
And you may have some pie."

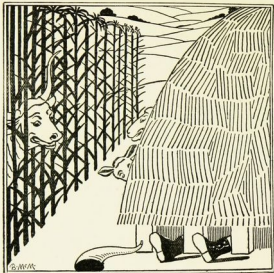
"Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r.
Oh! let us have the pie.
Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r."

The three little kittens put on their mittens
And soon ate up the pie.

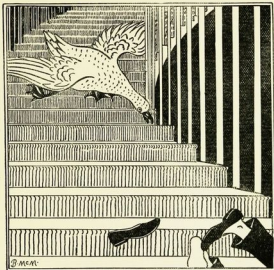
"Oh! mother dear, we greatly fear
That we have soiled our mittens."
"Soiled your mittens! you naughty kittens!"
Then they began to sigh,
"Mi-ow, mi-ow, mi-ow!"
And they began to sigh,
"Mi-ow, mi-ow, mi-ow!"

The three little kittens washed their mittens
And hung them out to dry.

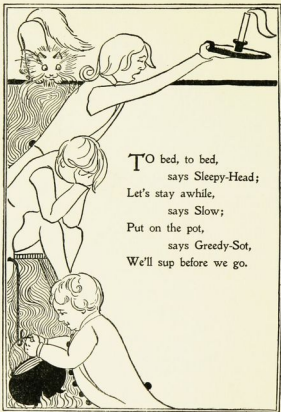
"Oh! mother dear, do not you hear
That we have washed our mittens?"
"Washed your mittens! Oh! you're good kittens.
But I smell a rat close by!"
"Hush! hush! mee-ow, mee-ow!"
We smell a rat close by.
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow!"



LITTLE Boy Blue, come blow your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn,
What! Is this the way you mind your sheep,
Under the haycock fast asleep?



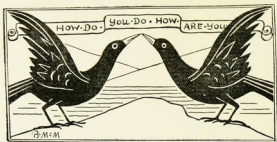
GOOSEY, Goosey, gander, where dost thou wander?
Upstairs and downstairs, and in my lady's chamber;
There I met an old man who would not say his prayers,
I took him by his hind legs and threw him downstairs.



TO bed, to bed,
says Sleepy-Head;
Let's stay awhile,
says Slow;
Put on the pot,
says Greedy-Sot,
We'll sup before we go.



MILK-MAN, milk-man, where have you been?
In Buttermilk Channel, up to my chin,
I spilt my milk, and spoilt my clothes,
And got a long icicle hung to my nose.



THERE were two birds sat upon a stone,
Fal de ral-al-de ral-laddy.
One flew away, and then there was one,
Fal de ral-al-de ral-laddy.
The other flew after, and then there was none,
Fal de ral-al-de ral-laddy.
So the poor stone was left all alone,
Fal de ral-al-de ral-laddy.
One of these little birds back again flew,
Fal de ral-al-de ral-laddy.
The other came after, and then there were two,
Fal de ral-al-de ral-laddy.
Says one to the other, Pray, how do you do,
Fal de ral-al-de ral-laddy.
Very well, thank you, and pray how are you,
Fal de ral-al-de ral-laddy.



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

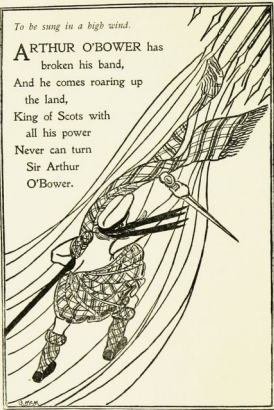
She sucks little birds' eggs
 To make her voice clear,
 And never cries Cuckoo!
 Till the Spring of the year.

DIDDLE diddle dumpling, my son John
 Went to bed with his breeches on,
 One stocking off, and one stocking on,
 Diddle diddle dumpling, my son John.



To be sung in a big wind.

ARTHUR O'BOWER has
broken his band,
And he comes roaring up
the land,
King of Scots with
all his power
Never can turn
Sir Arthur
O'Bower.





CHARLEY WAG,
Ate the pudding and
left the bag.



SING, sing!—What shall I
sing?
The cat's run away with the
Pudding-Bag String.



SWEEP, sweep,
Chimney sweep,
From the bottom to the top,
Sweep all up,
Chimney sweep,
From the bottom to the top.
Climb by rope,
Or climb by ladder,
Without either
I'll climb farther.



THERE was an old man in a velvet coat,
 He kiss'd a maid and gave her a goat;
 The goat was crack'd and would not go.
 Ah, old man, do you serve me so?

LITTLE lad, little lad, where were you born?
 Far off in Lancashire, under a thorn,
 Where they sup buttermilk with a ram's horn;
 And a pumpkin scooped, with a yellow rim,
 Is the bonny bowl they breakfast in.



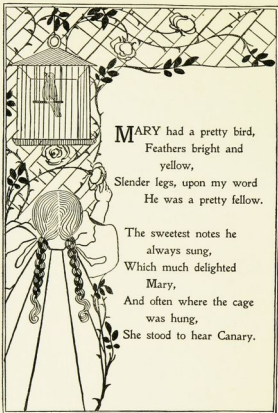


JOG on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily jump the style, boys,
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad one tires in a mile, boys.



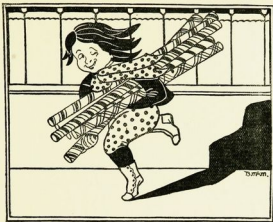
THE little robin grieves
When the snow is on the ground,
For the trees have no leaves,
And no berries can be found.

The air is cold, the worms are hid,
For Robin here what can be done?
Let's strew around some crumbs of bread,
And then he'll live till snow is gone.



MARY had a pretty bird,
Feathers bright and
yellow,
Slender legs, upon my word
He was a pretty fellow.

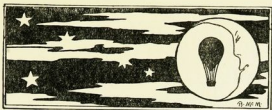
The sweetest notes he
always sung,
Which much delighted
Mary,
And often where the cage
was hung,
She stood to hear Canary.



HANDY-SPANDY, Jacky dandy,
Loves plum-cake and sugar candy.
He bought some at a grocer's shop,
And pleased, away went hop, hop, hop.



TAFFY was a Welchman, Taffy was a thief;
Taffy came to my house, and stole a piece of beef.
I went to Taffy's house; Taffy wa'n't at home.
Taffy came to my house, and stole a marrow-bone.
I went to Taffy's house; Taffy was in bed.
I took the marrow-bone, and beat about his head.



WHAT'S the news of the day,
Good neighbor, I pray?
They say the balloon
Has gone up to the moon.

JEMMY JED went to a shed,
And made of a ted of straw his bed.
An owl came out and flew about,
And Jemmy Jed up stakes and fled.
Wa'n't Jemmy Jed a staring fool,
Born in the woods to be scared by an owl?



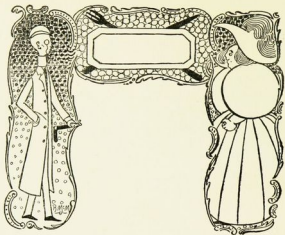


JACKY, come give me your fiddle,
If ever you mean to thrive.
Nay, I'll not give my fiddle
To any man alive.

If I should give my fiddle,
They'll think that I'm gone mad,
For many a joyful day
My fiddle and I have had.



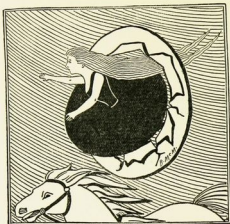
WASH me and comb me
And lay me down softly,
And set me on a bank to dry,
That I may look pretty
When someone comes by.



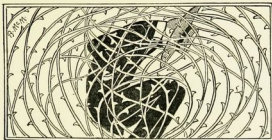
JACK SPRAT could eat no fat;
His wife could eat no lean;
So 'twixt them both they cleared the cloth,
And licked the platter clean.



MISTRESS MARY, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With silver bells, and cockle shells,
And maidens all a row.

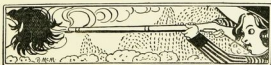


RIDE a cock horse to Charing Cross,—
To see a young woman
Jump on a white horse,
With rings on her fingers
And bells on her toes,
And she shall have music
Wherever she goes.



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 again.

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.





WILLIE boy, Willie boy,
Where are you going?
Oh, let us go with you,
This sunny day.

I'm going to the meadow,
To see them a-mowing;
I'm going to help the girls
Turn the new hay.



DEAR sensibility, O la!

I heard a little lamb cry, "baa!"

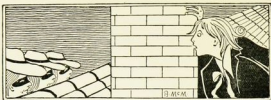
Says I, "So you have lost mamma?" "Ah!"

The little lamb, as I said so,

Frisking about the fields did go,

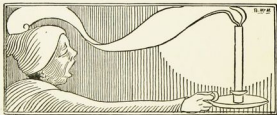
And frisking, trod upon my toe. "Oh!"





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.

GO to bed Tom, go to bed Tom —
Merry or sober, go to bed Tom.



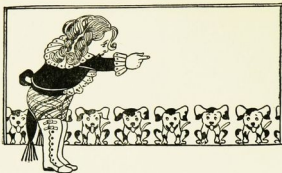


THE man in the wilderness,
Asked me,

How many strawberries
Grew in the sea?

I answered him as I thought good,—
As many red herrings as grew in the wood.





TELL tale tit, your tongue shall be slit,
And all the dogs in our town shall have a bit.

I WILL sing you a song of the days that are long,
Of the woodcock and the sparrow,
Of the little dog that burnt his tail,
And he shall be whipt to-morrow.





HHEY ding-a-ding-ding,
I heard a bird sing,
The Parliament soldiers are gone to the King.

I HAD a little husband,
No bigger than my thumb,
I put him in a pint pot,
And then I bid him drum;
I bought a little
handkerchief
To wipe his little nose,
And a pair of garters
To tie his little hose.



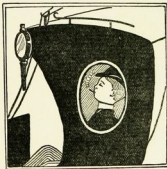


IS Master Smith within?
Yes, that he is.
Can he set a shoe?
Ay, marry, two.
Here a nail, and there a nail,
Tick — tack — too.



WHEN I was a
little boy,
I washed my
mammy's dishes,

Now I am a great
boy
I roll in golden
riches.





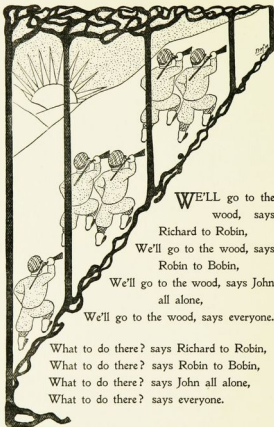
I LIKE little pussy, her coat is so warm,
And if I don't hurt her she'll do me no harm;
So I'll not pull her tail, nor drive her away,
But pussy and I very gently will play.

SATURDAY night shall be my whole care
To powder my locks and curl my hair;
On Sunday morning my love will come in
And marry me then with a pretty gold ring.



OH I am so happy,
A little girl said,
As she sprang like a lark
From her low trundle-bed.
It is morning, bright morning,
Good morning, Papa!
Oh give me one kiss,
For good morning, Mamma!





WE'LL go to the
wood, says
Richard to Robin,
We'll go to the wood, says
Robin to Bobin,
We'll go to the wood, says John
all alone,
We'll go to the wood, says everyone.

What to do there? says Richard to Robin,
What to do there? says Robin to Bobin,
What to do there? says John all alone,
What to do there? says everyone.

We'll shoot a wren, says Richard to Robin,
We'll shoot a wren, says Robin to Bobin,
We'll shoot a wren, says John all alone,
We'll shoot a wren, says everyone.

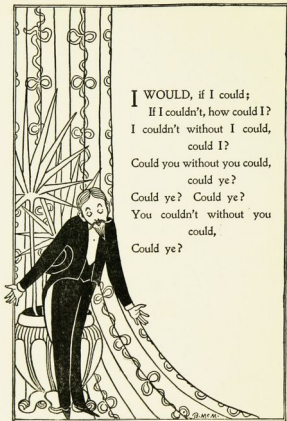
She's dead, she's dead, says Richard to Robin,
She's dead, she's dead, says Robin to Bobin,
She's dead, she's dead, says John all alone,
She's dead, she's dead, says everyone.

How get her home? says Richard to Robin,
How get her home? says Robin to Bobin,
How get her home? says John all alone,
How get her home? says everyone.

In a cart and six horses, says Richard to Robin,
In a cart and six horses, says Robin to Bobin,
In a cart and six horses, says John all alone,
In a cart and six horses, says everyone.

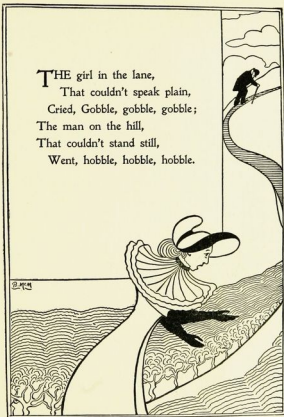
How shall we dress her? says Richard to Robin,
How shall we dress her? says Robin to Bobin,
How shall we dress her? says John all alone,
How shall we dress her? says everyone.

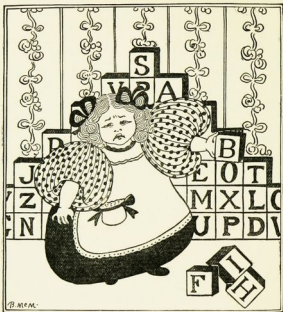
We'll hire seven cooks, says Richard to Robin,
We'll hire seven cooks, says Robin to Bobin,
We'll hire seven cooks, says John all alone,
We'll hire seven cooks, says everyone.



I WOULD, if I could;
If I couldn't, how could I?
I couldn't without I could,
could I?
Could you without you could,
could ye?
Could ye? Could ye?
You couldn't without you
could,
Could ye?

THE girl in the lane,
That couldn't speak plain,
Cried, Gobble, gobble, gobble;
The man on the hill,
That couldn't stand still,
Went, hobble, hobble, hobble.





HERE'S A, B, C, D, E, F, and G,
 H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P,
 Q, R, S, T, U, W, V, X, Y, and Z.
 And oh! Dear me,
 When shall I learn my A, B, C?

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,

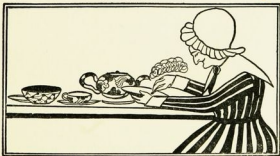


She sat by the fire
And told many a fine tale.



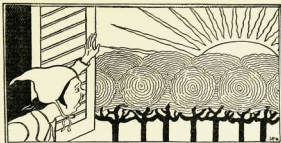
OLD Mistress McShuttle
Lived in a coal-scuttle,
Along with her dog and her cat;
What they ate I can't tell,
But 'tis known very well,
That none of the party were fat.

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 lady scarce ever was
quiet.



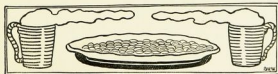


THERE was a mad man,
And he had a mad wife,
And they lived all in a mad lane;
They had three children all at a birth,
And they too were mad every one.
The father was mad,
The mother was mad,
The children all mad beside;
And upon a mad horse they all of them got,
And madly away did ride.



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

ROUND about, round about, Gooseberry Pie,
My father loves good ale,
And so do I.





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.

THERE were two blind men went to see,
Two cripples run a race,
The bull did fight the bumblebee
And scratched him in the face.



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



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





RIDE a cock-horse to Banbury-cross
 To see what Tommy can buy;
 A penny white loaf, a penny white cake,
 And a two-penny apple pie.

RIDE a cock-horse to Shrewsbury-cross,
 To buy little Johnny a galloping horse;
 It trots behind and it ambles before,
 And Johnny shall ride till he can ride no more.





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

HUSH-A-BYE 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.





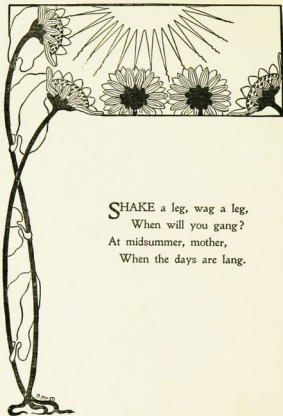
A FARMER went
travelling upon
his grey mare,
Bumpety, bumpety,
bump,
With his daughter be-
hind him, so rosy
and fair,
Lumpety, lumpety,
lump.

A raven cried croak, and they all tumbled down,
Bumpety, bumpety, bump;

The mare broke her knees and the farmer his crown,
Lumpety, lumpety, lump.

The mischievous raven
flew laughing
away,
Bumpety, bumpety,
bump,
And vowed he would
serve them the
same next day,
Lumpety, lumpety,
lump.



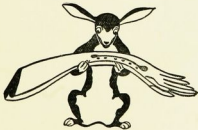


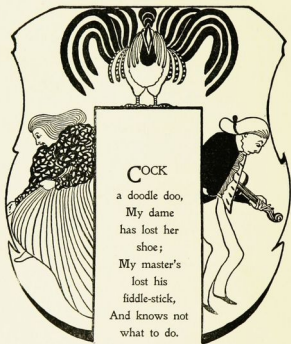
SHAKE a leg, wag a leg,
When will you gang?
At midsummer, mother,
When the days are lang.



DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY is new come to town,
 With a petticoat green, and a bright yellow gown,
 And her little white blossoms are peeping around.

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.





COCK

a doodle doo,
My dame
has lost her
shoe;
My master's
lost his
fiddle-stick,
And knows not
what to do.



Hen. — **C**OCK, Cock, Cock, Cock,
I've laid an egg,
Am I gang ba-are foot.

Cock. — Hen, Hen, Hen, Hen,
I've been up and down,
To every shop in town,
And cannot find a shoe
To fit your foot,
If I'd crow my hea-art out.

*To be said very quickly except the last two words in each verse,
which are to be screamed out.*

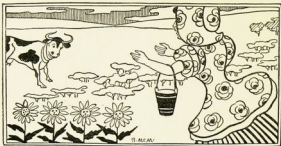


THERE was a Piper had a Cow,
And he had naught to give her,
He pulled out his pipes and played her
a tune,
And bade the cow consider.

The cow considered very well,
And gave the piper a penny,
And bade him play the other tune,
"Corn rigs are bonny."

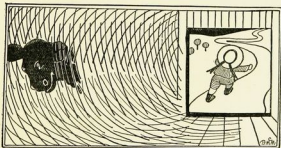
ROBERT BARNES, fellow fine,
Can you shoe this horse of
mine,
So that I may cut a shine?
Yes, good sir, and that I can,
As well as any other man;
There a nail, and here a prod,
And now, good sir, your horse is
shod.





CUSHY Cow bonny, let down your milk,
And I will give you a gown of silk,
A gown of silk and a silver tee,
If you'll let down your milk to me.

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



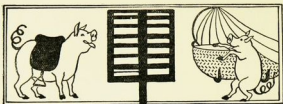


JOHN O'GUDGEON he was a wild man,
He whipt his children now and then,
When he whipt them, he made them dance,
Out of Ireland into France.

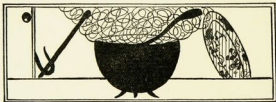
MY little Pink,
I suppose you think
I cannot do without you.

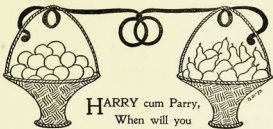
I'll let you know
Before I go,
How little I care about you.





THE sow came in with the saddle,
The little pig rocked the cradle,
The dish jumped up on the table
To see the pot swallow the ladle.
The spit that stood behind the door
Threw the pudding stick on the floor.
Odsplut! said the gridiron,
Can't you agree?
I'm the head constable,
Bring them to me!

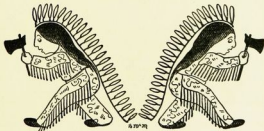




HARRY cum Parry,
When will you
marry?

When apples and pears are ripe,
I'll come to your wedding without any bidding,
And stay with the bride all night.

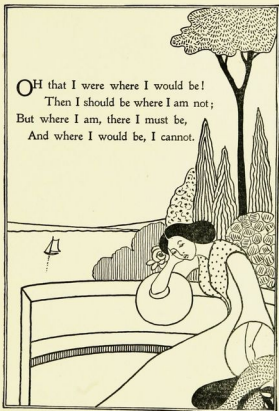
TOM BROWN'S two little Indian boys,
One ran away, the other wouldn't stay,
Tom Brown's two little Indian boys.

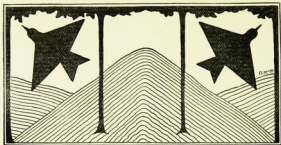




AWAY, pretty robin, fly home
to your nest,
To make you my captive
I still should like the best,
And feed you with worms and
with bread:
Your eyes are so sparkling,
Your feathers so soft,
Your little wings flutter so pretty
aloft,
And your breast is all covered
with red.

OH that I were where I would be!
Then I should be where I am not;
But where I am, there I must be,
And where I would be, I cannot.

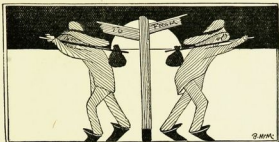




THERE were two blackbirds sitting on a hill,
One name Jack, the other name Jill:
Fly away, Jack, — Fly away, Jill;
Come again, Jack, — Come again, Jill.

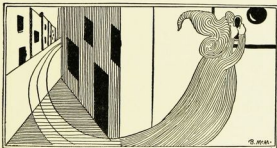
THERE was an old man, and he had a calf,
And that's half;
He took him out of the stall and put him on the wall,
And that's all.





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

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



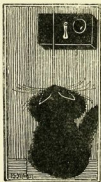


CHARLEY loves good cake and ale,
Charley loves good candy,
Charley loves to kiss the girls,
When they are clean and handy.



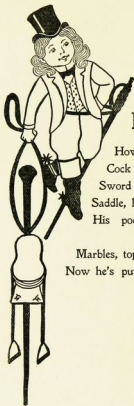
WHEN I was a little he,
My mother took me on
her knee,
Smiles and kisses gave with
joy,
And called me oft, her darling
boy.

GREAT A, little a, bouncing B,
The cat's in the Cupboard,
and she can't see.



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

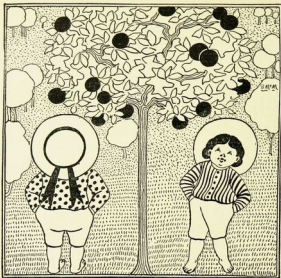




LITTLE Jack Nory
Told me a story,
How he tried
Cock horse to ride,
Sword and scabbard by his side,
Saddle, leaden spurs, and switches,
His pocket tight with cents all
bright,
Marbles, tops, puzzles, props,
Now he's put in jacket and breeches.



A COW and a calf,
An ox and a half,
Forty good shillings and three,
Is not that enough tocher
For a shoemaker's daughter,
A bonny sweet lass
With a coal-black ee?



UP in a green orchard there is a green tree,
The finest of pippins that ever you see,
The apples are ripe, and ready to fall,
And Reuben and Robin shall gather them all.



BYE, Baby bunting,
Father's gone a
hunting,
Mother's gone a milk-
ing,
Sister's gone a silking,
And brother's gone to
buy a skin,
To wrap the Baby
bunting in.



THERE was an old woman, lived under the hill,
And if she's not gone, she lives there still.
Baked apples she sold, and cranberry pies,
And she's the old woman that never told lies.



THERE was an old woman
 Sold puddings and pies,
She went to the mill
 And the dust flew in her eyes.
While through the streets
 To all she meets,
 She ever cries,
Hot pies, — Hot pies.



THE little black dog
ran round the
house,
And set the bull a-
roaring,
And drove the monkey
in the boat,
Who set the oars a-
rowing,
And scared the cock
upon the rock,
Who cracked his throat
with crowing.



LITTLE Johnny Pringle had a little Pig;
It was very little, so was not very big.
As it was playing beneath the shed,
In half a minute poor Piggie 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 Piggie Wiggle.



PRETTY John Watts,
We are troubled with rats,
Will you drive them out of the house?
We have mice too in plenty,
That feast in the pantry,
But let them stay and nibble away,
What harm in a little brown mouse?

LAZY Tom, with jacket blue,
Stole his father's gouty shoe,
The worst of harm that dad can
wish him,
Is, his gouty shoe may fit him.



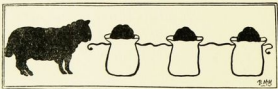
OH, what a sweet little white Mouse!
Oh, what a dear little bright Mouse!
With his eye of pink,
Going winky-wink,
Oh, what a sweet little
white Mouse!





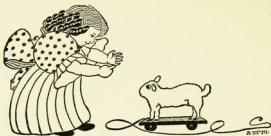
SHOE the colt,
Shoe the colt,
Shoe the wild mare;
Here a nail,
There a nail,
Colt must go bare.

BAA, baa, black sheep, have you any wool?
Yes, marry have I, three bags full,
One for my master, and one for my dame,
And one for the little boy that lives in the lane.





I WON'T be my father's Jack,
I won't be my father's Jill,
I will be the fiddler's wife,
And have music when I will.
T'other little tune, t'other little tune,
Prythee, love, play me t'other little tune.



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

HOP away, skip away, my baby wants to play.
My baby wants to play every day.



BOW, wow, wow, whose dog are
thou?

Little Tom Tinker's dog,
bow, wow, wow.



LITTLE King Boggen he built a fine hall,
Pie-crust and pastry-crust, that was the wall;

The windows were made
of black-pudding and
white,

And slated with pancakes
— you ne'er saw the
like.

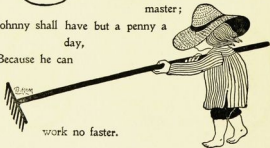




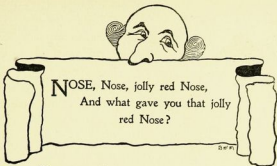
FA, Fe, Fi, Fo, Fum!
I smell the blood of an
Englishman.
Be he live, or be he dead,
I'll grind his bones to make me
bread.

SEE Saw, Jack-a-daw,
Johnny shall have a new
master;

Johnny shall have but a penny a
day,
Because he can



work no faster.



NOSE, Nose, jolly red Nose,
And what gave you that jolly
red Nose?

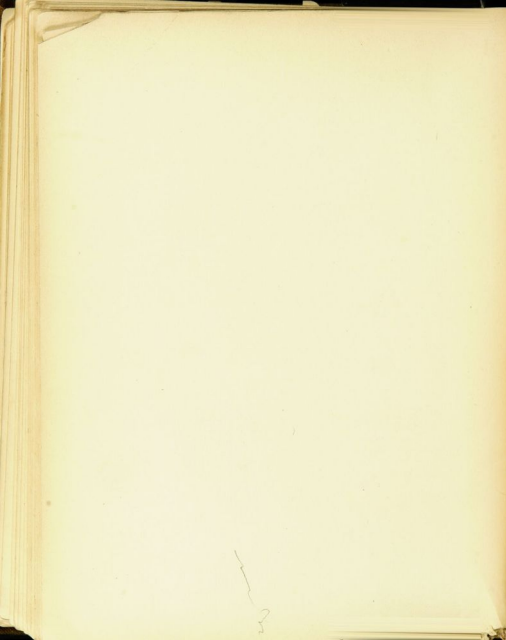
Nutmegs and cinnamon, spices and cloves,
And they gave me this jolly red Nose.



I'LL tell you a story
About Mary Morey,
And now my story's
begun.

I'll tell you another
About her brother,
And now my story's
done.





INDEX

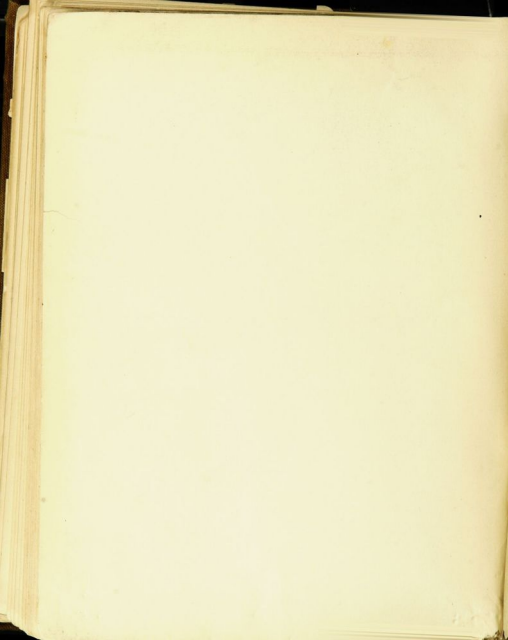
- About the bush, Willie, 4
 Arthur O'Bower has broken his
 band, 58
 As I was going to Derby, 24
 As I was going to St. Ives, 36
 As I was going to sell my eggs, 117
 Away, pretty robin, fly home to
 your nest, 112
- Baa, baa, black sheep, have you any
 wool? 128
 Bobby Shaftoe's gone to sea, 38
 Bonny lass! bonny lass! 40
 Bow, wow, wow, whose dog are
 thou? 131
 Bye, Baby bunting, 121
- Charley loves good cake and ale, 116
 Charley Wag, 59
 Cock a doodle doo, 102
 Cock, Cock, Cock, Cock, 103
 Cow and a calf, A, 119
 Cross Patch, draw the latch, 4
 Cuckoo is a bonny bird, The, 57
 Cushy Cow bonny, let down your
 milk, 106
- Daffy-down-dilly is new come to
 town, 101
 Dear sensibility, O la! 75
 Diddle diddle dumpling, my son
 John, 57
 Ding-dong-bell, the cat's in the well,
 27
 Dingty diddlety, my mammy's maid,
 11
- Fa, Fe, Fi, Fo, Fum! 132
 Farmer went travelling upon his grey
 mare, A, 98, 99
- Girl in the lane, The, 87
 Goosey, Goosey, gander, where dost
 thou wander? 53
 Go to bed Tom, go to bed Tom,
 76
 Great A, little a, bouncing B, 117
- Handy-spandy, Jacky dandy, 65
 Hark! hark! the dogs do bark, 5
 Harry cum Parry, 111
 Heigh ding-a-ding, what shall I sing?
 33

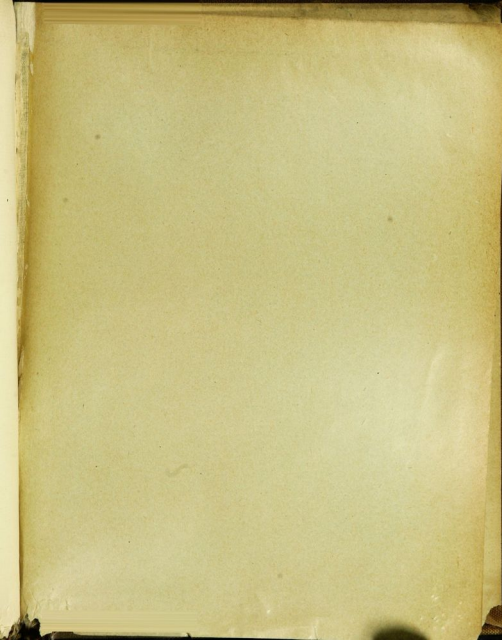
- Here's A, B, C, D, E, F, and G,
88
- Hey rub-a-dub, ho rub-a-dub, 16
- Hey ding-a-ding-ding, I heard a bird
sing, 79
- Hickory, diccory, dock, 26
- Hogs in the garden, catch 'em Tow-
ser! 11
- Hop away, skip away, my baby
wants to play, 130
- How many days has my baby to
play? 130
- How many miles to Babylon? 115
- Hush-a-bye, baby, lie still with thy
daddy, 97
- Hush-a-bye, baby, upon the tree top,
34
- I had a little doll, 89
- I had a little husband no bigger than
my thumb, 79
- I like little pussy, her coat is so
warm, 82
- I'll tell you a story, 133
- In April's sweet month, 33
- Is Master Smith within? 80
- I will sing you a song, 78
- I won't be my father's Jack, 129
- I would, if I could, 86
- Jack and Jill went up the hill, 19
- Jack Sprat could eat no fat, 70
- Jacky, come give me your fiddle, 68
- Jemmy Jed went to a shed, 67
- Jog on, jog on, the footpath way, 62
- John O'Gudgeon he was a wild
man, 108, 109
- Lady-bird, lady-bird, 34
- Lavender blue, and rosemary green,
10
- Lazy Tom, with jacket blue, 127
- Lion and the Unicorn, The, 18
- Little black dog ran round the house,
The, 124
- Little Bo-peep, 20
- Little Boy Blue, come blow your
horn, 52
- Little Jack Horner, 47
- Little Jack Nory, 118
- Little Johnny Pringle had a little pig,
125
- Little King Boggen he built a fine
hall, 131
- Little lad, little lad, where were you
born? 61
- Little Miss Muffet, 21
- Little Robin grieves, The, 63
- Little Robin Redbreast sat upon a
tree, 32
- Little Tommy Tucker, 41
- London Bridge is broken down, '2,
13
- Man in the moon came down too
soon, The, 25
- Man in the Wilderness, The, 77
- Mary had a pretty bird, 64
- Milk-man, milk-man, where have you
been? 55

- Miss Jane had a bag, and a mouse
was in it, 46
- Mistress Mary, quite contrary, 71
- My little Pink, 109
- Nose, Nose, jolly red Nose, 133
- Oh, I am so happy, 83
- Oh, that I were where I would be!
113
- Oh, what a sweet little white Mouse!
124
- Old Mistress McShuttle, 90
- Once in my life I married a wife, 35
- One misty, moisty morning, 2
- One, two, three, four, five, 29
- Pat a cake, pat a cake, 17
- Pease porridge hot, pease porridge
cold, 19
- Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater, 22
- Pretty John Watts, 126
- Pussy cat, pussy cat, where have
you been? 15
- Pussy sits behind the log, 48
- Richard and Robin were two pretty
men, 93
- Ride a cock-horse to Banbury-cross,
96
- Ride a cock-horse to Charing-cross,
72
- Ride a cock-horse to Shrewsbury-
cross, 96.
- Ride away, ride away, 9
- Robert Barnes, fellow fine, 105
- Rock-a-bye, baby, your cradle is
green, 30
- Rose is red, the violet blue, The,
101
- Round about, round about, Goose-
berry Pie, 93
- Saturday night shall be my whole
care, 82
- See-saw, Jack-a-daw, 132
- See-saw, Margery Daw, 7
- See-saw, sacradown, sacradown, 94
- Shake a leg, wag a leg, 100
- Shoe the colt, 128
- Sing a song of sixpence, 8
- Sing, sing! What shall I sing? 59
- Smiling girls, rosy boys, 26
- Snail, snail, come out of your hole,
48
- Sow came in with the saddle, The,
110
- Sweep, sweep, Chimney sweep, 60
- Taffy was a Welchman, Taffy was
a thief, 66
- Tell tale tit, your tongue shall be
slit, 78
- There was a little boy went into a
barn, 107
- There was a little man and he had a
little gun, 73
- There was a mad man, 92
- There was a man and he had naught,
76

- There was a man in our town, 73
 There was an old man, and he had
 a calf, 114
 There was an old man in a velvet
 coat, 61
 There was an old woman, and what
 do you think? 91
 There was an old woman lived under
 the hill, 122
 There was an old woman, she lived
 in a shoe, 1
 There was an old woman sold pud-
 dings and pies, 123
 There was a Piper had a Cow, 104
 There were two birds sat upon a
 stone, 56
 There were two blackbirds sitting on
 a hill, 114
 There were two blind men went to
 see, 94
 This is the way the ladies ride, 37
 Three little kittens lost their mittens,
 50, 51
 Three wise men of Gotham, 3
 To bed, to bed, says Sleepy-Head,
 54
 To market, to market, to buy a penny
 bun, 95
 Tom Brown's two little Indian boys,
 111
 Tom, Tom, of Islington, 45
 Tom, Tom, the piper's son, 23
 Trip upon trenchers, 14
 'Twas once upon a time, when Jenny
 Wren was young, 28
 Two grey kits, The, 44
 Up in a green orchard there is a
 green tree, 120
 Wash me and comb me, 69
 Wee Willie Winkie runs through the
 town, 115
 We'll go to the wood, says Richard
 to Robin, 84, 85
 We're three brethren out of Spain,
 39
 What care I how black I be? 97
 What's the news of the day? 67
 When good King Arthur ruled this
 land, 6
 When I was a little boy, I lived by
 myself, 49
 When I was a little boy, I washed
 my mammy's dishes, 81
 When I was a little boy, my mother
 kept me in, 31
 When I was a little he, 116
 Who comes here? a Grenadier, 95
 Willie boy, Willie boy, 74
 You owe me five shillings, 42, 43

to
by
sided
number
en, 4
2, 4







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