



WITH GOOD
MELODIES.



PHILADELPHIA
WILLIS P. HAZARD.

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Mother Goose's

MELODIES.



BYE, baby bunting,
Daddy's gone a hunting,
To get a little hare's skin,
To wrap a baby bunting in.

WHISKUM whaskum over
the knee;
Thank you, mamma, for
slapping of me.

(5)



I HAD a little pony,
 His name was Dapple Gray,
 I lent him to a lady,
 To ride a mile away.

She whipp'd him, she lash'd him,
 She rode him through the mire;
 I would not lend my pony now
 For all the lady's hire.



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.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



THREE children sliding on the ice,
Upon a summer's day ;
It so fell out, they all fell in,
The rest they ran away.

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

You parents that have children dear,
And eke you that have none,
If you would have them safe abroad,
Pray keep them safe at home.

THIS pig went to market.
Squeak mouse, mouse, mousey ;
Shoe, shoe, shoe the wild colt.
And here's my own doll, Dowsy.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



THERE were two birds sat upon
a stone,

Fa, la, la, la, la, de;

One flew away, and then there was
one,

Fa, la, la, la, la, de;

The other flew after, and then there
was none,

Fa, la, la, la, la, de;

And so the poor stone it was left
all alone,

Fa, la, la, la, la, de!

Of these two birds one back again
flew,

Fa, la, la, la, la, de;

The other came after, and then there
were two,

Fa, la, la, la, la, de;

Said one to the other, Pray how
do you do?

Fa, la, la, la, la, de;

Very well, thank you, and pray
how do you?

Fa, la, la, la, la, de!

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

I HAD a little husband,
No bigger than my thumb,
I put him in a pint pot,
And there I hid him drum.

I bought a little horse,
That galloped up and
down;
I bridled him and saddled
him,
And sent him out of town.



I gave him some garters,
To garter up his hose,
And a little handkerchief,
To wipe his pretty nose.



HIE hie, says Anthony,
Pass in the pantry
Gnawing, gnawing
A mutton mutton-bone;
See how she tumbles it,
See how she mumbles it,
See how she tosses
The mutton mutton-bone.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



The queen of hearts,
She made some tarts,
All on a summer's day;
The knave of hearts
He stole those tarts,
And with them ran away:
The king of hearts
Call'd for those tarts,
And beat the knave full sore,
The knave of hearts
Brought back those tarts,
And said he'd ne'er steal more.



The king of spades
He kiss'd the maids,
Which vex'd the queen full sore;
The queen of spades
She beat those maids
And turn'd them out of door;
The knave of spades
Grieved for those jades,
And did for them implore;
The queen so gent,
She did relent,
And vow'd she'd ne'er strike more.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

The king of clubs
He often drubs
His loving queen and wife;
The queen of clubs
Returns him snubs,
And all is noise and strife;
The knave of clubs
Gives winks and rubs,
And swears he'll take her part;
For when our kings
Will do such things,
They should be made to smart.



The diamond king
I fain would sing,
And likewise his fair queen,
But that the knave,
A haughty slave,
Must needs stop in between.
" Good diamond king,
With hempen string
This haughty knave destroy,
Then may your queen,
With mind serene,



MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



DANCE to your daddy,
My bonny laddy,
Dance to your nunny,
My sweet lamb;
You shall have a fishy
In a little dishy,
And a whirligiggy,
And some nice jam.

HUMPTY DUMPTY sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall,
Not all the king's horses, nor all the king's
men,
Could set Humpty Dumpty up again.



LITTLE Tom Tucker
Sings for his supper:
What shall he eat?
White bread and butter.
How shall he eat it
Without e'er a knife?
How will he be married
Without e'er a wife?

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



Taffy was a Welshman,
Taffy was a thief,
Taffy came to my house,
And stole a piece of beef.
I went to Taffy's house,
Taffy wasn't at home,
Taffy came to my house,
And stole a marrow bone.
I went to Taffy's house,
Taffy was in bed,
I took the marrow bone,
And beat about his head.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



LITTLE maid, pretty maid,
whither goest thou?
Down in the forest to milk
my cow.
Shall I go with thee? No,
not now;
When I send for thee, then
come thou.

LITTLE lad, little lad,
where wast thou born?
Far off, in Lancashire, under
a thorn,
Where they sup sour milk in
a ram's horn.



THERE was an old woman went up in a basket,
Seventy times as high as the moon ;
What she did there I could not but ask it,
For in her hand she carried a broom.
“ Old woman, old woman, old woman,” said I,
“ Whither, oh whither, oh whither, so high ?”
“ To sweep the cobwebs from the sky,
And I shall be back again by and by.”



I HAD a little moppet,
I put it in my pocket,
And fed it with corn and hay ;
Then came a proud beggar,
And swore he would have her
And stole little moppet away.

MOTHER GOOSE S MELODIES.



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



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

A LITTLE boy and a little girl
Lived in an alley.
Said the little boy to the little girl,
Shall I? oh, shall I?
Said the little girl to the little boy,
What will you do?
Said the little boy to the little girl,
I will kiss you.



MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



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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,
 Yet this grumbling old woman could never be quiet.



HEY, the dusty miller,
 And his dusty coat,
 He'll earn a shilling
 Or he'll spend a groat.
 Dusty was the coat,
 Dusty was the colour,
 Dusty was the kiss
 That I got from the miller.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



JOHN COOK had a little grey mare; he, haw, hum!
Her back stood up, and her bones they were bare; he,
haw, hum!

John Cook was riding up Shuter's bank; he, haw, hum!
And there his nag did kick and prank; he, haw, hum!
John Cook was riding up Shuter's hill; he, haw, hum!
His mare fell down and she made her will; he, haw, hum!
The bridle and saddle were laid on the shelf; he, haw,
hum!

If you want any more you may sing it yourself; he,
haw, hum!



DINGTY, diddety, my
mummy's maid,
She stole oranges, I am
afraid,
Some in her pocket, some
in her sleeve,
She stole oranges, I do
believe.



IF I'd as much money as I could spend,
I never would cry old chairs to mend;
Old chairs to mend, old chairs to mend;
I never would cry old chairs to mend.

If I'd as much money as I could tell,
I never would cry old clothes to sell;
Old clothes to sell, old clothes to sell;
I never would cry old clothes to sell.

MULTIPLICATION is vexation,
Division is as bad;
The Rule of Three doth puzzle me,
And Practice drives me mad.



BARNABY BRIGHT he was a sharp ear,
He always would bark if a mouse did but stir;
But now he's grown old, and can no longer bark,
He's condemn'd by the parson to be hang'd by the clerk.

THE man in the wilderness asked me
How many strawberries grow in the sea?
I answered him as I thought good,
As many as red herrings grow in the wood.

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.

LITTLE Nell Etticoat,
In a white petticoat,
And with a red nose;
The longer she stands
The shorter she grows.

I'll sing you a song,
It's not very long:
The woodcock and the sparrow,
The little dog has burnt his tail,
And he shall be hang'd to-morrow.



LITTLE Dicky Dilver
Had a wife of silver.
He took a stick and broke her back,
And sold her to the miller;
The miller wouldn't have her,
So he threw her in the river.



HERE'S a poor couple from Babylon,
 With six poor children all alone;
 One can bake, and one can brew,
 One can shape, and one can sew,
 One can sit at the fire and spin,
 One can bake a cake for the king:
 Come choose you east, come choose you west,
 Come choose the one that you love best.

BRAVE news is come to town,
 Brave news is carried;
 Brave news is come to town,
 Jimmy Dawson's married.

First he got a porridge-pot,
 Then he bought a ladle;
 Then he got a wife and child,
 And then he bought a cradle.





Old King Cole
Was a merry old soul,
 And a merry old soul was he;
He call'd for his pipe,
And he call'd for his bowl,
 And he call'd for his fiddlers three.
Every fiddler, he had a fine fiddle,
 And a very fine fiddle had he;
Twee tweedle dee, tweedle dee, went the fiddlers,
 Oh, there's none so rare
 As can compare
With King Cole and his fiddlers three



LITTLE Miss Muffet,
 She sat on a tuffet,
 Eating of curds and whey ;
 There came a great spider,
 Who sat down beside her,
 And frighten'd Miss Muffet away.

LITTLE Miss, pretty Miss,
 Blessings rest upon you ;
 If I had half-a-crown a day
 I'd spend it all upon you.



ONE, two, buckle my
 shoe,
 Three, four, open the
 door ;
 Five, six, pick up
 sticks ;
 Seven, eight, lay them
 straight ;



ZICKETY, dickety,
dock,

The mouse ran up the
clock;

The clock struck one,
Down the mouse run,
Zickety, dickety, dock.

HUB a dab dub,
Three men in a tub;
And how do you think
they got there?

The butcher, the baker,
The candlestick maker
They all jump'd out of
a roasted potato.

'Twas enough to make
a man stare!

THERE was a man in our town,
And he was wond'rous 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.

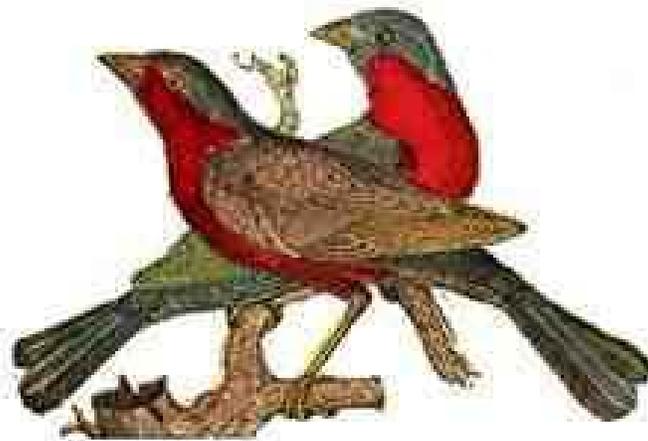


IS John Smith with-
in?
Yea, that he is;
Can he set a shoe?
Ay, marry, two;
Here a nail, there a
nail,
Tick, tack, too

LITTLE King Boggan he built a fine hall,
Pie-crust, and pastry-crust, that was the wall;
The windows were made of black puddings and white,
And slated with pancakes—you ne'er saw the like.

RIDE, baby, ride,
Pretty baby shall ride,
And have a little puppy-dog tied
to her side,
And have little pussy-cat tied to
the other,
And away she shall ride to see her
grandmother;
To see her grandmother,
To see her grandmother, in Ger-
mantown.





THERE were two blackbirds
Sitting on a hill,
The one named Jack,
The other nam'd Jill,
Fly away, Jack!
Fly away Jill!
Come again, Jack!
Come again, Jill!

AWAY birds, away!
Take a little, and leave a little,
And do not come again;
For if you do,
I will shoot you through,
And there is an end of you.





THERE was a little man, and he had a little gun,
 And his bullets they were made of lead, lead, lead,
 He went unto the brook, and shot a little duck,
 And he hit her right through the head, head, head
 Then he went home unto his wife Joan,
 And bid her a good fire make, make, make;
 For to roast the little duck he had shot at the brook,
 And he'd go and fetch home the drake, drake, drake.



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



Mary had a pretty bird,
Feathers bright and yellow,
Slender legs, upon my word
He was a pretty fellow.
The sweetest notes he always sang,
Which much delighted Mary
And often where the cage was hung,
She stood to hear Canary.

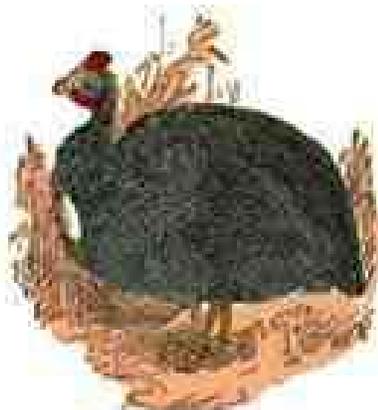


THERE was an old man
 Who liv'd in Middle Row,
 He had five hens,
 And a name for them, oh!
 Bill and Ned and Battock,
 Cut-her-foot, and Pattock,
 Chuck, my lady Prattock,
 Go to thy nest and lay.

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.

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

DICKERY, dickery dare,
The Stork flew up in the air;
The man in brown soon brought
him down,
Dickery, dickery dare.



HICKETY, pickety, my guinea hen,
She lays eggs for gentlemen;
Gentlemen come every day
To see what my black hen doth lay.

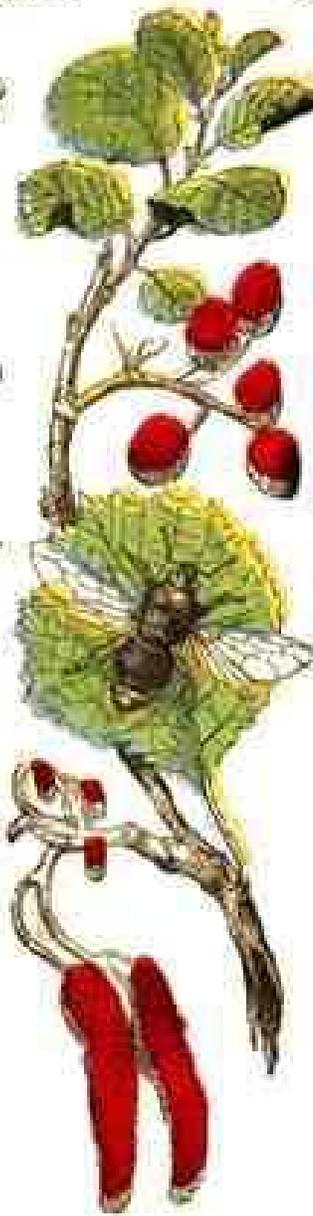
JOHNNY ARMSTRONG kill'd a
calf,
Peter Henderson got the hulf;
Willy Wilkinson got the head,
Ring the bell, the calf is dead!

BURNIE bee, burnie bee,
 Tell me when 'll your wedding be?
 If it be to-morrow day,
 Take your wings and fly away.

SNAIL, snail
 Robbers are coming to pull down
 your wall;
 Snail, snail,
 Put out your horn,
 Robbers are coming to steal your
 corn,
 Coming at four o'clock in the morn.

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

JACK SPRAT could eat no fat,
 His wife could eat no lean;
 And so, betwixt them both, you see,
 They lick'd the platter clean.





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

Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamt she heard them bleating ;
When she awoke, she found it a joke,
For still they all were fleeting.

Then up she took her little crook,
Determin'd for to find them ;
She found them indeed, but
it made her heart bleed,
For they'd left their tails
behind them.

It happen'd one day, as
Bo-peep did stray
Unto a meadow hard by :
There she espied their tails
side by side,
All hung on a tree to dry.



She heaved a sigh, and wiped her eye,
And over the hillocks she raced;
And tried what she could, as a shepherdess should,
That each tail should be properly placed.

HEY diddle, dinkety, poppety, pet,
The merchants of London they wear scarlet;
Silk in the collar and gold in the hem,
So merrily march the merchantmen.



THE fox and his wife they had a great strife,
They never eat mustard in all their whole life;
They eat their meat without fork or knife,
And loved to be picking a bone. e-oh!

The fox jumped up on a moonlight night;
The stars were shining, and all things bright;
Oh, ho! said the fox, it's a very fine night
For me to go through the town, e-oh!

The fox when he came to yonder stile,
He lifted his lugs and he listened a while!
Oh, ho! said the fox, it's but a short mile
From this unto yonder wee town, e-oh!



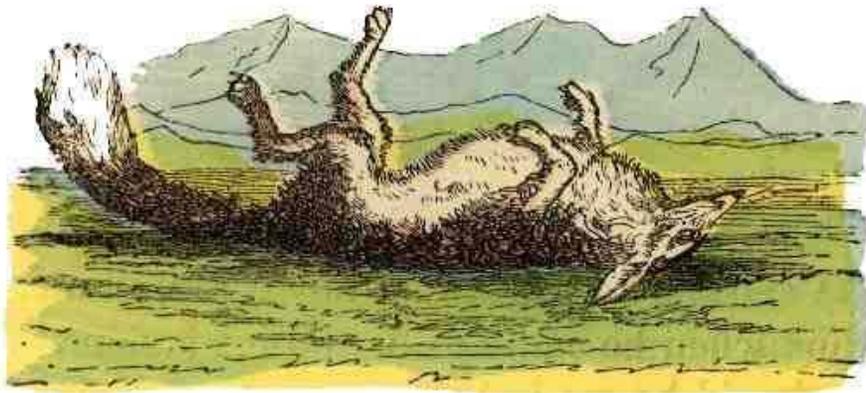
The fox when he came to the farmer's gate,
Who should he see but the farmer's drake;
I love you well for your master's sake,
And long to be picking your bone, e-oh!

The grey goose she ran round the hay-stack.
Oh, ho! said the fox, you are very fat;

You'll grease my beard and ride on my back
From this into yonder wee town, e-oh!

The farmer's wife she jump'd out of bed,
And out of the window she popped her head:
Oh, husband! oh, husband! the geese are all dead,
For the fox has been through the town, e-oh!

The farmer he loaded his pistol with lead,
And shot the old rogue of a fox through the head;
Ah, ha, said the farmer, I think you're quite dead;
And no more you'll trouble the town, e-oh!



DIDDLE, diddle, dumpling, my boy John
Went to bed with his stockings on;
One shoe off, and one shoe on,
Diddle, diddle, dumpling, my son, John.

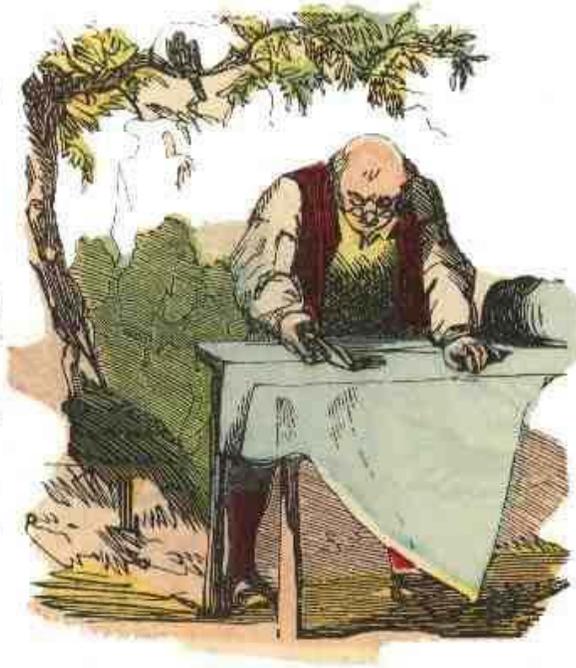
MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



TO market, to market, to buy a plum-bun;
Home again, come again, market is done.

HUSH a bye, baby, on the tree top,
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock;
When the bough bends, the cradle will fall,
Down will come baby, bough, cradle, and all.

A CARRION crow sat
 upon an oak,
 Fol de rol, de rol, de rol,
 de ri do,
 Watching a tailor cutting
 out his cloak;
 Sing heigh ho! the carrion
 crow,
 Fol de rol, de rol, de rol,
 de ri do.



Wife, wife! bring me my bow,
 Fol de rol, de rol, de rol, de ri do,
 That I may shoot yon carrion crow;
 Sing heigh ho! the carrion crow,
 Fol de rol, de rol, de rol, de ri do.

The tailor he shot and miss'd his mark,
 Fol de rol, de rol, de rol, de ri do;
 And shot his own sow quite through the heart,
 Sing heigh ho! the carrion crow,
 Fol de rol, de rol, de rol, de ri do.



Wife, wife! bring me
brandy in a spoon;
Fol de rol, de rol, de rol,
de ri do,
For our old sow has fall'n
down in a swoon,
Sing heigh ho! the car-
rion crow,
Fol de rol, de rol, de rol,
de ri do.

A PRETTY little girl in a round-eared cap
I met in the streets t'other day;
She gave me such a thump,
That my heart it went bump;
I thought I should have fainted away!
I thought I should have fainted away!

IN a marble as white as milk,
Lined with skin as soft as silk;
Within a fountain crystal clear,
A golden apple doth appear,
No doors there are to this strong-hold,
Yet things break in and steal the gold.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



THE nightingale sings when we're at rest;
The nightingale sings when we're at rest;
The little bird climbs the tree for his nest,
With a hop, step, and a jump.

The miller he grinds his corn, his corn;
The miller he grinds his corn, his corn;
The little boy blue comes winding his horn,
With a hop, step, and a jump.

The carter he whistles aside his team;
The carter he whistles aside his team;
And Dolly comes tripping with nice clouted cream
With a hop, step, and a jump.

The damsels are churning for curds and whey;
 The damsels are churning for curds and whey;
 The lads in the fields are making hay,
 With a hop, step, and a jump.



THERE was an old woman had
 nothing,
 And there came thieves to
 rob her;
 When she cried out she made
 no noise,
 But all the country heard
 her,

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

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 lass with a black
 e'e?



BESSYBELL and Mary
Gray,
They were two bonny
lasses:
They built their houses
upon the lea,
And cover'd it with
rushes.

Bessy kept the garden gate,
And Mary kept the pantry:
Bessy always had to wait,
While Mary lived in plenty

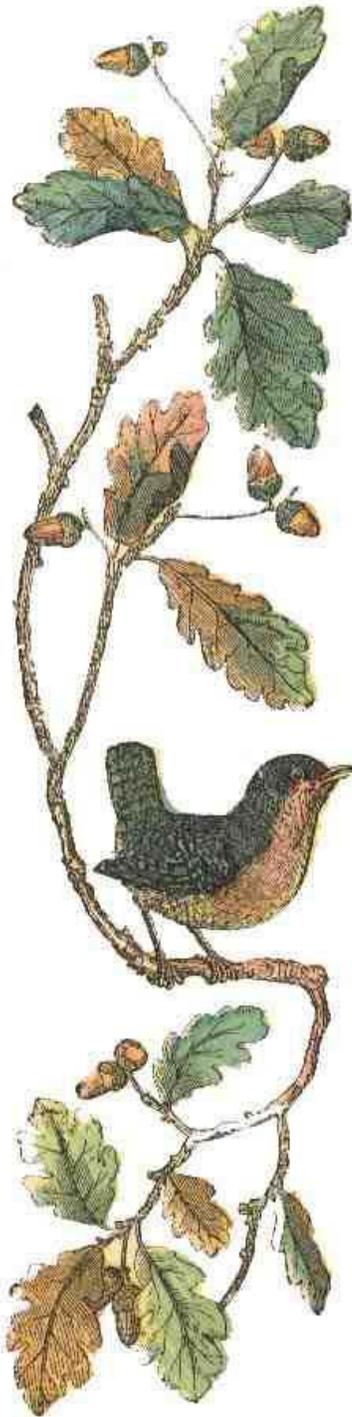
HUSH-A-BYE, baby, lie still with thy mammy,
Thy daddy is gone to the mill,
To get some meal to bake a cake;
So pray, my dear baby, lie still.

I HAD a little nut tree, nothing would it bear
But a silver nutmeg and a golden pear;
The king of Spain's daughter came to visit me,
And all was because of my little nut tree.
I skipp'd over water, I dauced over sea,
And all the birds in the air couldn't catch me.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

LITTLE Jenny Wren fell sick
upon a time;
In came Robin Redbreast, and
brought her cake and wine.
Eat of my cake, Jenny, and drink
of my wine.
Thank you, Robin, kindly, you
shall be mine.

Jenny she got well, and stood upon
her feet,
And told Robin plainly, she lov'd
him not a bit.
Robin he was angry, and hopped
upon a twig;
Saying, Out upon you, fy upon you
bold-faced jig!



MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



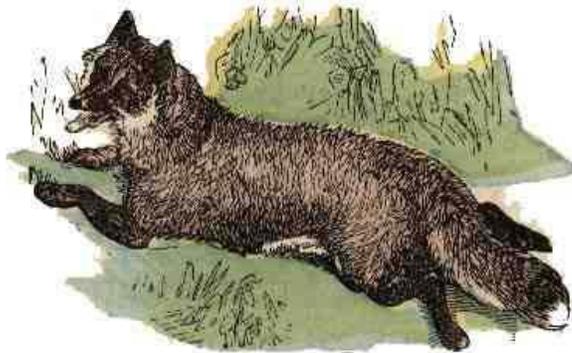
But Jenny Wren fell sick again, and Jenny wren did die!
The doctors said they'd cure her, or know the reason why;
Doctor Hawk felt her pulse, and, shaking his head,
Said—I fear I can't save her, because she's quite dead!



Doctor Cat said —Indeed, I don't think she's dead;
I believe, if I try, she may yet be bled!
You need not a lancet, Miss Pussy. indeed,
Your claws are enough a poor wren to bleed.



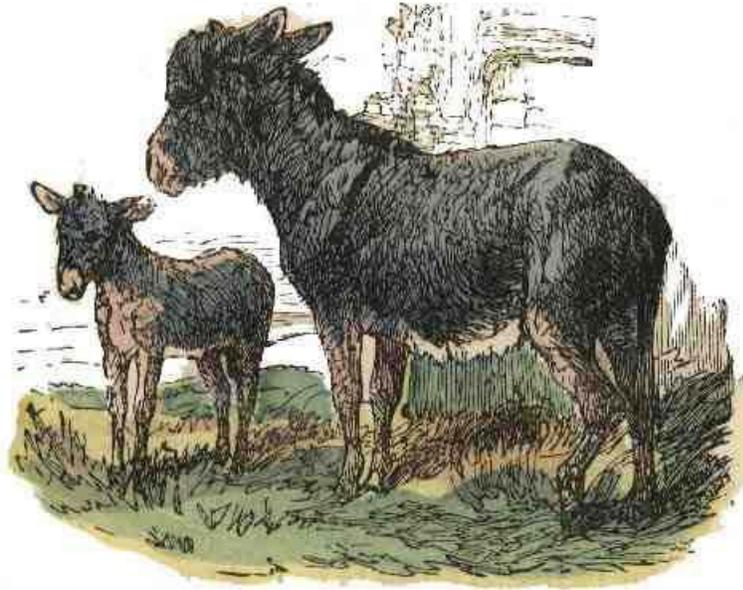
Why, Puss, you're quite foolish, exclaimed doctor Goose;
To bleed a dead wren can be of no use!
Ah, doctor Goose, you're very wise;
Your learning profound might ganders surprise.



She'll do very well yet, exclaim'd doctor Fox,
If she'll take but two pills from out of this box!

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

Ah, doctor Fox, you are very cunning;
But if she's dead, you'll not get one in.



Doctor Jackass advanced—See this balsam: *I* make it;
She yet may survive, if you get her to take it!
What you say, doctor Ass, may be very true,
But I ne'er saw the dead drink—pray, doctor, did you?
Says Robin, Get out! you're a parcel of quacks;
Or I'll put this good stick about each of your backs,
So Robin began to bang them about;
They stay'd for no fees, but were glad to get out.

Cock Robin long for Jenny grieves,
At last he covered her with leaves;
And o'er the place a mournful lay
For Jenny Wren sings every day.



COME hither, little puppy dog,
 I'll give you a new collar, collar,
 If you will learn to read your book,
 And be a clever scholar.
 No, no! replied the puppy dog,
 I've other fish to fry;
 For I must learn to guard your
 house,
 And bark when thieves come
 nigh.

With a tingle tangle titmouse!
 Robin knows great A,
 And B, and C, and D, and E,
 F, G, H, I, J, K.

Come hither, pretty cockatoo,
 Come and learn your letters;
 And you shall have a knife and fork
 To eat with, like your betters.
 No, no; the cockatoo replied,
 My beak will do as well;
 I'd rather eat my victuals thus,
 Than go and learn to spell.
 With a tingle, tangle, titmouse!
 Robin knows great A,
 And B, and C, and D, and E,
 F, G, H, I, J, K.



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 straw-
 berries,
 Sugar, and cream

I WONT be my father's Jack,
 I wont 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.





PRETTY John Gratz
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?

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 crack'd his throat with crowing.

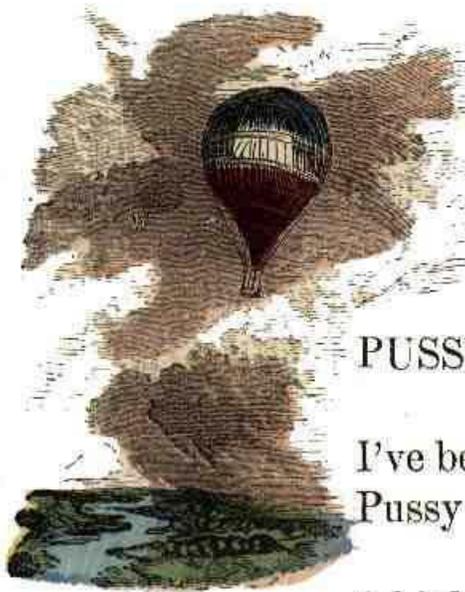
HOW many miles to Baby-
lon?

Threescore miles and ten.
Can I get there by candle-
light?

Yes, and back again.



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.



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

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.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



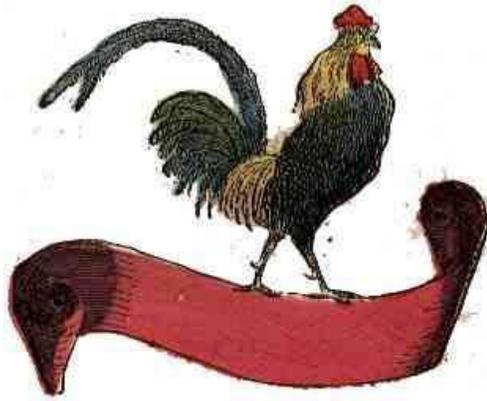
LITTLE Jack Jelf
Was put on the shelf
Because he would not spell pie;
When his aunt, Mrs. Grace,
Saw his sorrowful face,
She could not help saying, O fie!

—
And since Master Jelf
Was put on the shelf
Because he would not spell pie,
Let him set there so grim,
And no more about him,
For I wish him a very good-bye!

—
OF all the birds that ever I see,
The owl is the fairest in her degree:
For all the day long she sits in a tree.
And when night comes, away flies
she!

Te whit, te whow!
Sir knave to thou,
This song is well sung, I make you a
vow,
And he is a knave that drinketh now.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



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

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

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.

HEY ding a ding, ding, I
heard a bird sing,
The parliament soldiers are
gone to the king.



MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



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

GREAT A, little a,
Bouncing B;
The cat's in the cup-
board
And she can't see.

MISTRESS Mary, quite con-
trary,
How does your garden grow?
With silver bells and cockle
shells,
And cowslips all a row.

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



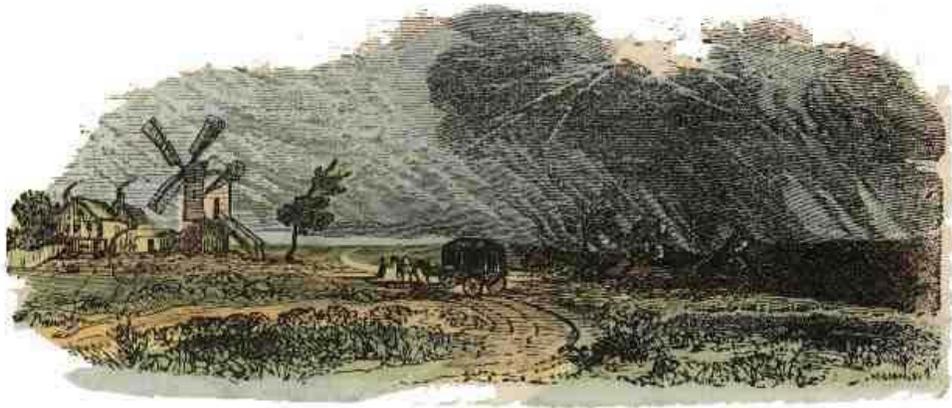
MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



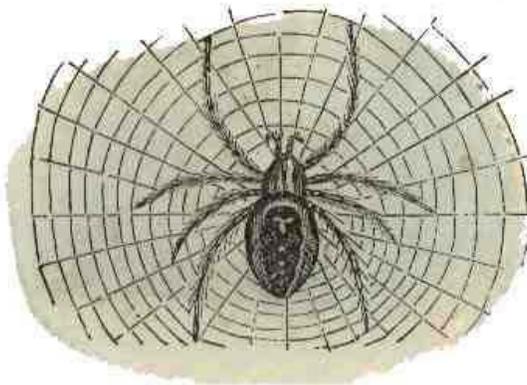
RIDE a cock horse to Banbury Cross,
To see a young woman jump on a white horse,
With rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
And she shall have music wherever she goes.

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.





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 send us some hot in the morn.



JENNY, good spinner,
Come down to your dinner,
And taste the leg of a
frog;
Then all you good people,
Look over the sseuple,
And see the cat play with
the dog.



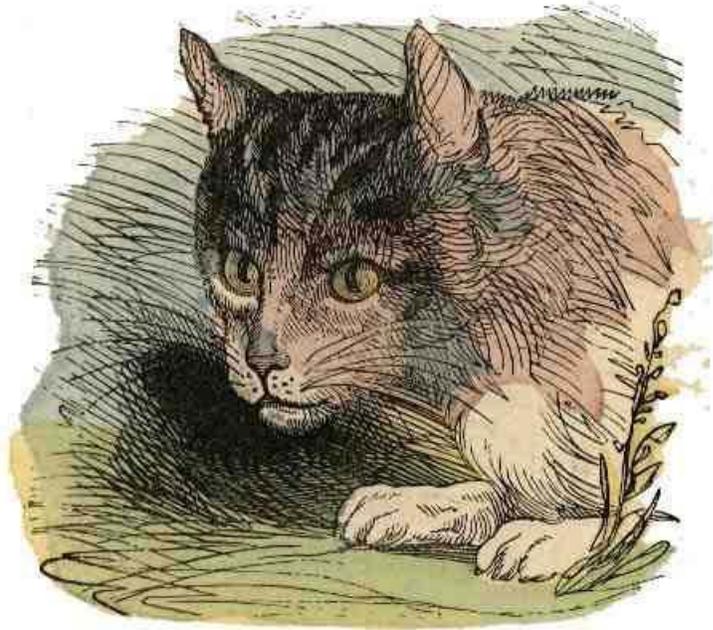
THE north wind doth
blow,
And we shall have
snow,
And what will poor
Robin do then?
Poor thing!

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

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.



MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



PUSSY cat, pussy cat, with a white foot,
Tomorrow is my wedding, won't you come to 'it.
I've cakes to bake, and beer to brew,
Oh! pussy cat, pussy cat, what shall I do?

AWAY, pretty robin, fly home to your nest,
To make you my captive I still should like 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 cover'd with red.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



A DUCK and a drake,
A nice barley cake,
With a penny to pay the old baker;
A hop and a scotch,
Is another notch,
Slitherum, slatherum, take her.

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 and baby and all.



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

PUSSY sits behind the log, how can she be fair?
 Then comes in the 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.

A LITTLE old man and I
 fell out;
 How shall we bring this
 matter about?
 Bring it about as well as
 you can,
 Get you gone, you little old
 man!



MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



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?

FATHER SHORT came down the lane,
Oh! I'm obliged to hammer and smite
From four in the morning till eight at night,
For a bad master and a worse dame.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



COME hither, sweet Robin,
and be not afraid,
I would not hurt even a feather;
Come hither, sweet Robin, and
pick up some bread,
To feed you this very cold wea-
ther.

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

But now the wind blows, and
I must not stay long,
I shall let all the snow and the
sleet in;
So remember next summer to
give me a song,
To pay for the breakfast you're
eating.
I don't mean to frighten you,
poor little thing,

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

And pussy-cat is not behind me ;
So hop about pretty, and drop down your wing
And pick up some crumbs, and don't mind me.



THREE little mice sat down to spin,
Pussy passed by and she peep'd in ;
What are you at my fine little men ?
Making coats for gentlemen ?
Shall I come in and cut off your thread ?
No! no! Miss Pussy, you'll bite off our head.

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



ROBIN the Bobbin the
big-bellied Ben,
He ate more meat than
fourscore men ;
He ate a cow, he ate a
calf,
He ate a butcher and a
half ;
He ate a church, he ate
a steeple,
He ate the priest and
all the people !

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

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

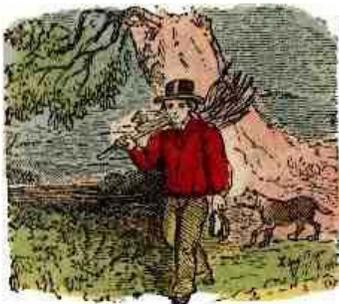
Bobby Shaftoe's fat and fair,
Combing down his yellow hair,
He's my love forevermore,
Pretty Bobby Shaftoe.



MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

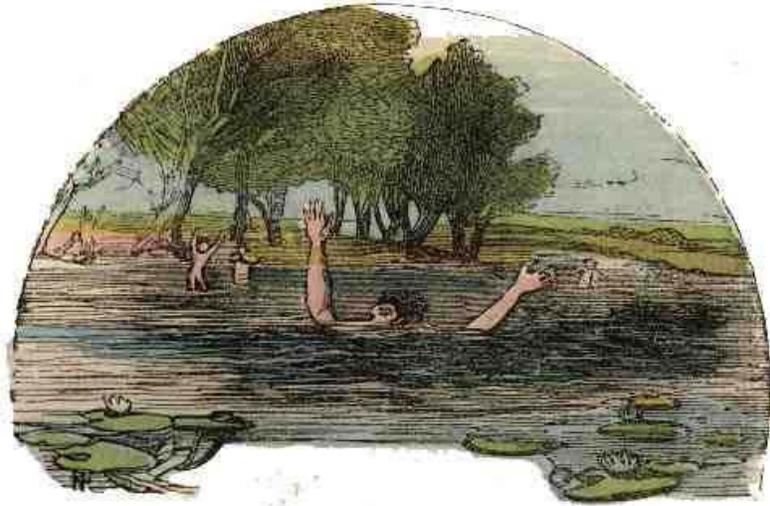


BOYS and girls come out to play,
The moon does shine as bright as day,
Leave your supper and leave your sleep,
And meet your playfellows in the street;
Come with a whoop, and come with a call
And come with a good will, or not at all.
Up the ladder and down the wall,
A halfpenny roll will serve us all.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



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.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



THERE was an old woman had three sons,
Jeffery, Jemmy and John ;
Jeffery was hung, and Jemmy was drowned,
And Johnny was never more found :
So there was an end of these three sons,
Jeffery, Jemmy, and John.

THREE little dogs were basking in the cinders
Three little cats were playing in the windows ;
Three little mice popped out of a hole,
And a piece of cheese they stole.
The three little cats jumped down in a trice
And cracked the bones of the three little mice.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



OH! mother, I shall be married to
Mr. Punchinello.

To Mr. Punch, to Mr. Joe,
To Mr. Nell, to Mr. Lo,
Mr. Punch, Mr. Joe,
Mr. Nell, Mr. Lo,
To Mr. Punchinello.

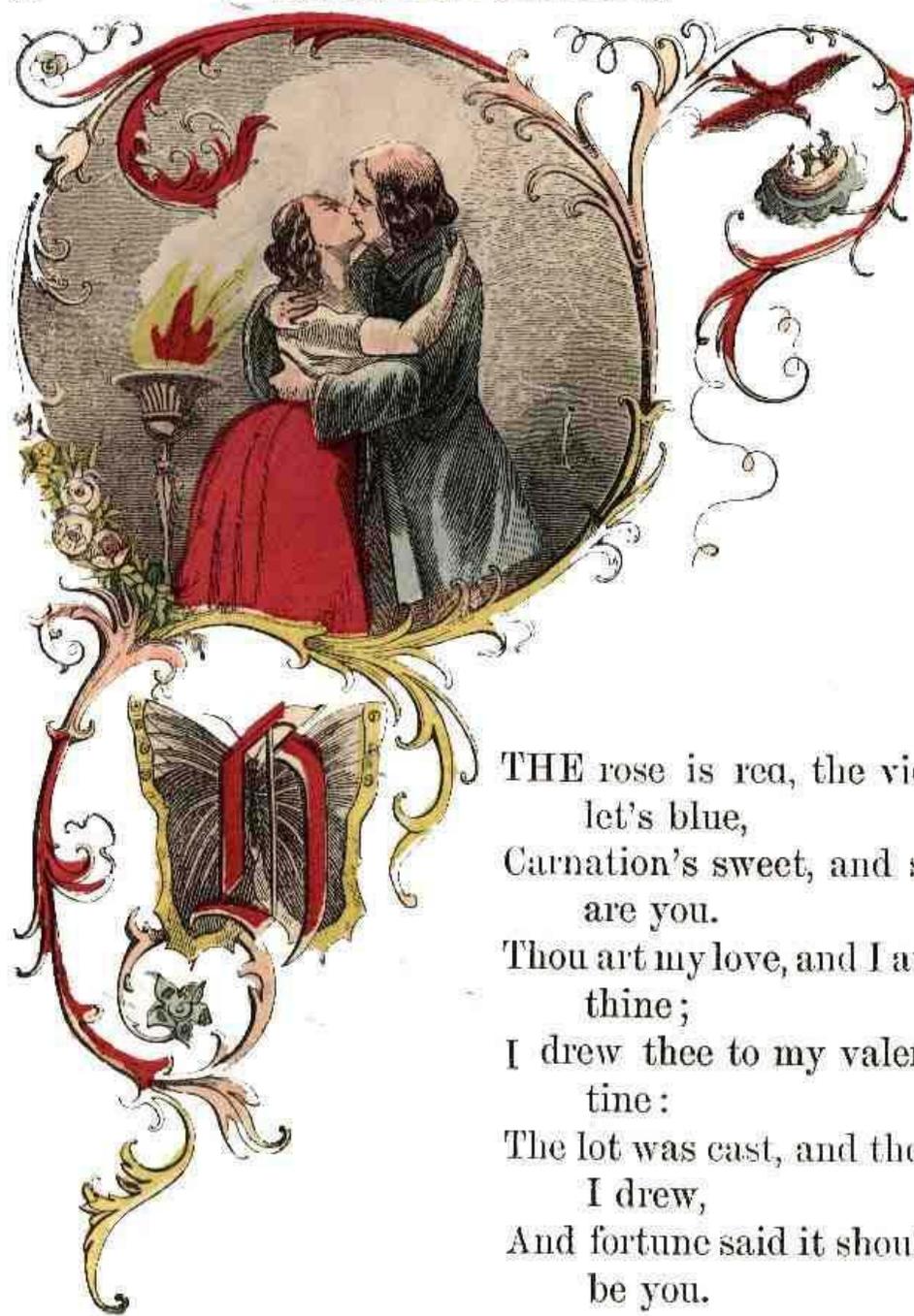
MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



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



BARBER, barber, shave a pig,
How many hairs will make a wig?
Four and twenty; that's enough.
Give the poor barber a pinch of snuff.



THE rose is red, the vio-
let's blue,
Carnation's sweet, and so
are you.
Thou art my love, and I am
thine ;
I drew thee to my valen-
tine :
The lot was cast, and then
I drew,
And fortune said it should
be you.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

DING — dong — bell, pussy
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.

THERE was an owl lived in
a tree,
Wisky, wasky, weedle,
And all the words he ever
spoke,
Were fiddle, faddle, feedle.
A gunner chanced to come
that way,
Wisky, wasky weedle;
Said he, I'll shoot you, silly
bird,
With your fiddle, faddle,
feedle.



MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



HINK, minx! the old witch winks,
The fat begins to fry:
There's noboby at home but jumping Joan,
Father, mother, and I.



My love.

ON Saturday night,
 Shall be all my care
 To powder my locks
 And curl my hair.
 On Sunday morning
 My love will come in,
 When he will marry
 me
 With a gold ring.



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.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



LITTLE blue Betty lived in a den,
She sold good ale to gentlemen :



Gentlemen came
every day,
And little blue
Betty hopp'd away.
She hopp'd upstairs
to make her bed,
And she tumbled
down and broke her
head.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



Whoop, whoop, and hollow,
Good dogs won't follow,
Without the hare cries "pee wit."



NUMBER number nine,
This hoop's mine;
Number number ten,
Take it back again.

GREEN cheese, yellow laces,
Up and down the market
places,
Turn, cheeses, turn!

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



HEY my kitten, my kitten,
And hey my kitten my
deary,
Such a sweet pet as this
Was neither far nor ne ry.

Here we go up, up, up,
And here we go down, down,
downy,
Here we go backward and for-
ward,
And here we go round,
round, roundy.

Where was a jewel and pretty,
Where was a sugar and
spicy?

Hush a bye baby in the cradle,
And we'll go abroad in a tricy.

Did his papa torment it?
And vex his own baby will he?
Give me a hand and I'll beat him,
With your red coral and whistle.

Here we go up, up, up,
And here we go down, down, downy,
And here we go backward and forward,
And here we go round, round, roundy.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

THERE was an old woman
in Surrey,
Who was morn, noon, and
night in a hurry ;
Call'd her husband a fool,
Drove the children to school,
The worrying old woman of
Surrey.

THE lion and the unicorn
Were fighting for the crown ;
The lion beat the unicorn
All round about the town.
Some gave them white
bread,
Some gave them brown,
Some gave them plumcake,
And sent them out of town.

WE'RE all dry with drink-
ing on't,
We're all dry with drinking
on't ;
The piper kiss'd the fiddler's
wife,
And I can't sleep for think-
ing on't.

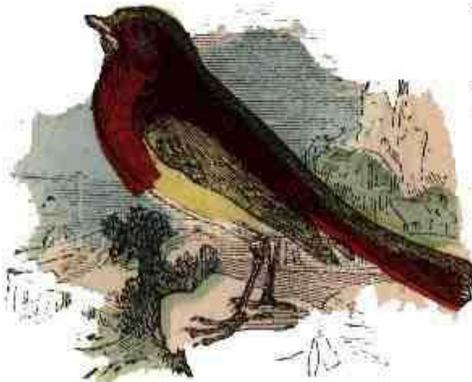


MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



WHEN the snow is
on the ground,
Little Robin Red
breast grieves ;
For no berries can be
found,
And on the trees there
are no leaves.

The air is cold, the
worms are hid ;
For this poor bird
what can be done ?
We'll strew him here
some crumbs of bread.
And then he'll live till
the snow is gone.



LITTLE Robin Redbreast sat
upon a rail,
He nodded with his head, and
waggled with his tail ;
He nodded with his head and
waggled with his tail,
As little Robin Redbreast sat
upon a rail.

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

Then to my ten shillings
 Add you but a groat,
 I'll go to Newcastle,
 And buy a new coat.

Five and five shillings,
 Five and a crown ;
 Five and five shillings
 Will buy a new gown.



Five and five shillings,
 Five and a groat ;
 Five and five shillings
 Will buy a new coat.

THERE was a Piper had a Cow,
 And he had naught to give her,
 He pull'd out his pipes and play'd 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."

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



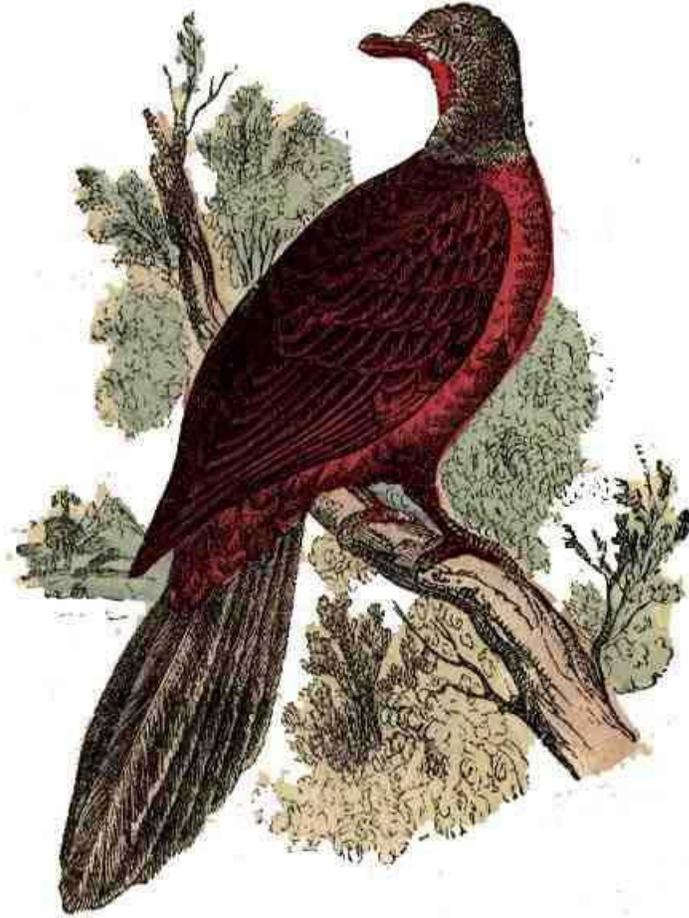
THE Cuckoo's a fine bird,
He sings as he flies ;
He brings us good tidings,
He tells us no lies.

He sucks little birds's eggs,
To make his voice clear ;
And when he sings " Cuckoo !"
The summer is near.

CUCKOO, cuckoo,
What do you do ?
In April
I open my bill ;
In May
I sing night and day ;
In June
I change my tune ;
In July
Away I fly ;
In August
Away I must.

IF wishes were horses,
Beggars would ride ;
If turnips were watches,
I would wear one by my side.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



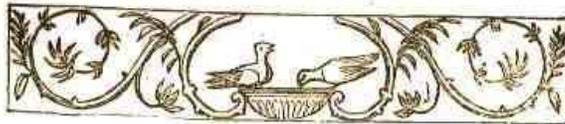
CURR dhoo, curr dhoo,
Love me, and I'll love you!

SHOE the horse, and shoe the mare;
But let the little colt go bare.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



DRIDDLETY drum, driddlety drum,
There you see the beggars are come;
Some are here and some are there,
And some are gone to Chidley fair.



MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



LITTLE boy blue, come blow up your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn;
Where's the little boy that looks after the sheep?
He's under the haycock fast asleep.



PETER, Peter, pumpkin eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep
her;
He put her in a pumpkin shell,
And then 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.

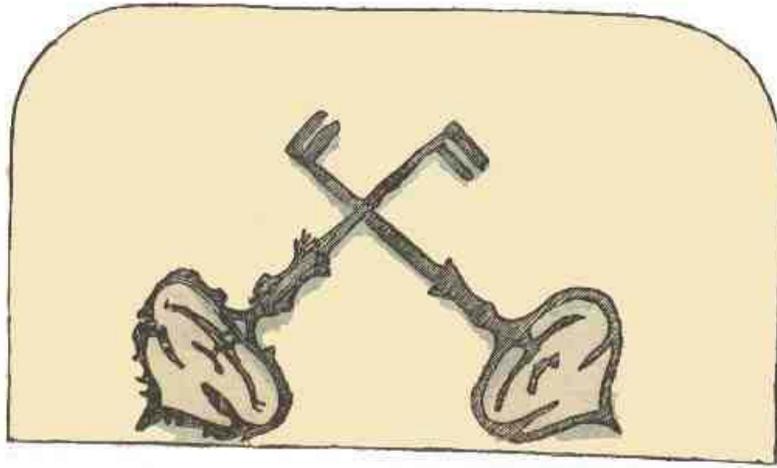
MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



HEY, dorolot, dorolot!
Hey, dorolay, dorolay!
Hey my bonny boat, bonny boat,
Hey, drag away, drag away!

LITTLE Jack Jingle,
He used to live single:
But when he got tired of this kind of life,
He left off being single, and liv'd with his wife.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



OH, madam, I will give you the keys of Canterbury,
To set all the bells ringing when we shall be merry,
If you will but walk abroad with me,
If you will but walk with me.

Sir, I'll not accept of the keys of Canterbury,
To set all the bells ringing when we shall be merry;
Neither will I walk abroad with thee;
Neither will I talk with thee!

Oh, madam, I will give you a fine carved comb,
To comb out your ringlets when I am from home,
If you will but walk with me, &c.
Sir, I'll not accept, &c.



Oh, madam, I will give you a pair of shoes of cork
 One made in London, the other made in York,
 If you will but walk with me, &c.

Sir, I'll not accept, &c.

Madam, I will give you a sweet silver bell,
 To ring up your maidens when you are not well,
 Oh, my man John, what can the matter be?
 I love the lady and the lady loves not me!
 Neither will she walk abroad with me,
 Neither will she talk with me.

Oh, master, dear, do not despair,
 The lady she shall be, shall be your only dear,
 And she will walk and talk with thee,
 And she will walk with thee!

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



Oh, madam, I will give you the keys of my chest,
To count my gold and silver when I am gone to rest,
If you will but walk abroad with me,
If you will but talk with me.

Oh, sir, I will accept of the keys of your chest,
To count your gold and silver when you are gone to rest
And I will walk abroad with thee,
And I will talk with thee!

ONE a penny, two a penny, hot cross-buns;
If your daughters do not like them, give them to your
sons.
But if you should have none of these pretty little elves,
You cannot do better than to eat them yourselves.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

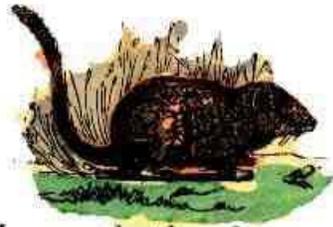
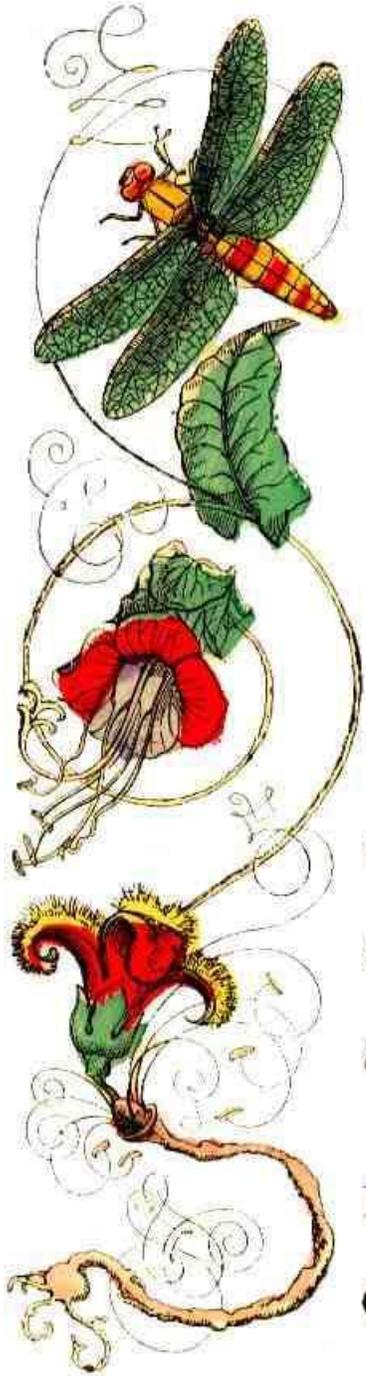


Oh, madam, I will give you the keys of my chest,
To count my gold and silver when I am gone to rest,
If you will but walk abroad with me,
If you will but talk with me.

Oh, sir, I will accept of the keys of your chest,
To count your gold and silver when you are gone to rest
And I will walk abroad with thee,
And I will talk with thee!

ONE a penny, two a penny, hot cross-buns;
If your daughters do not like them, give them to your
sons.

But if you should have none of these pretty little elves,
You cannot do better than to eat them yourselves.



BUZ, quoth the dragon fly,
Hum quoth the bee,
Buz and hum they cry,
And so do we:
In his ear, in his nose,
Thus, do you see?
He ate the dormouse,
Else it was he.

THERE was an old woman who
lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she didn't
know what to do;
She gave them some broth without
any bread,
She whipped them all well and put
them to bed.

HIGHER than a house, higher than
a tree;
Oh? whatever can that be?

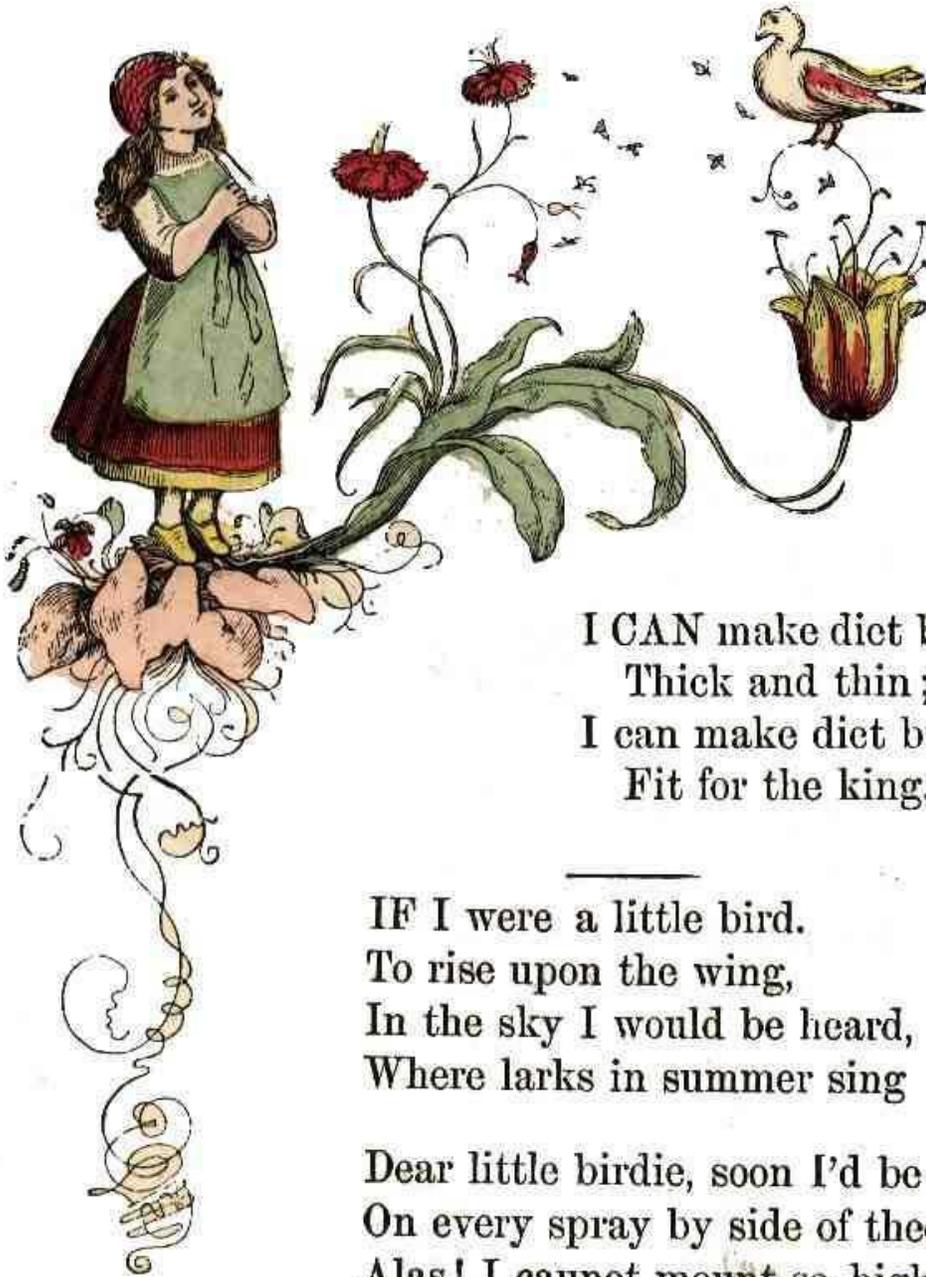
MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



THE white dove sat on the castle wall,
I bend my bow and shoot her I shall;
I put her in my glove, both feathers and all;
I laid my bridle upon the shelf,
If you will any more, sing it yourself.

SEE, see! what shall I see?
A horse's head where his tail should be.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

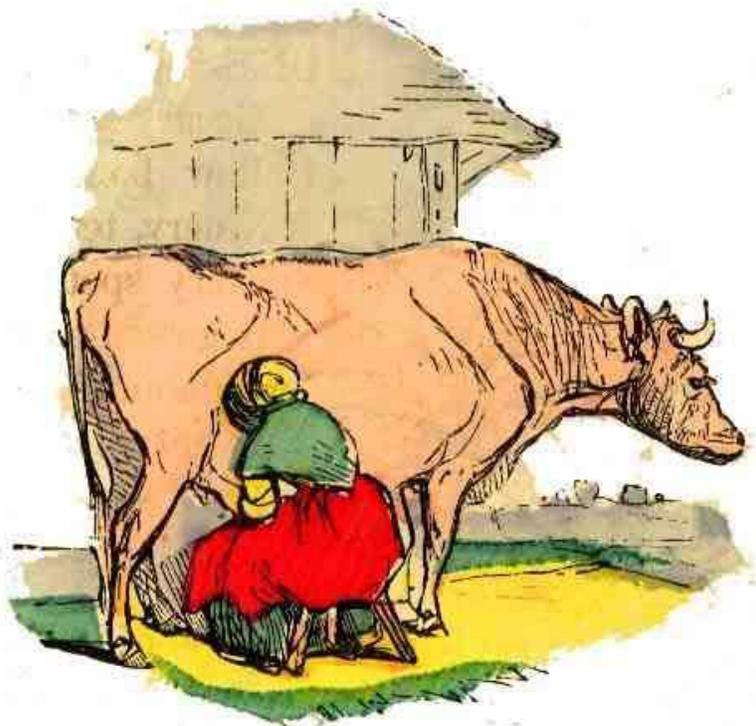


I CAN make diet bread,
Thick and thin ;
I can make diet bread,
Fit for the king.

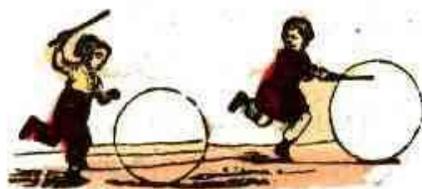
IF I were a little bird,
To rise upon the wing,
In the sky I would be heard,
Where larks in summer sing

Dear little birdie, soon I'd be
On every spray by side of thee ;
Alas ! I cannot mount so high—
And so, dear little bird good-bye

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

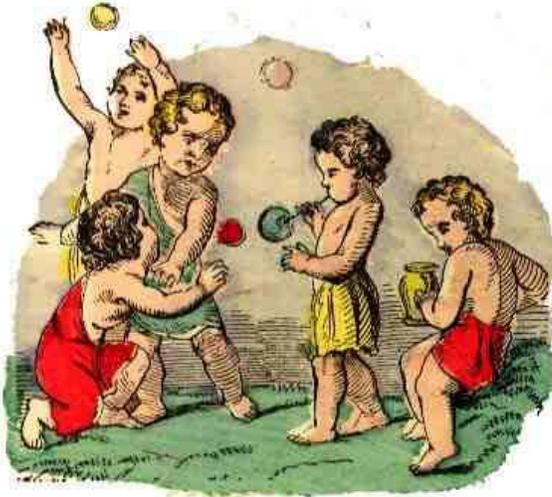


CUSHY cow, bonny, let down thy milk,
And I will give thee a gown of silk;
A gown of silk and a silver tee.
If thou wilt let down thy milk to me.



JACK be nimble,
Jack be quick:
And Jack jump over
The candle-stick.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES



ONE-ERY, two-ery,
Ziccary zan;
Hollow bone, crack a
Ninery, ten:
Spittery spot,
It must be done;
Twiddleum twaddleum,
Twenty-one.

WHEN I was a little he,
My mother took me on her
knee,
Smiles and kisses gave
with joy,
And call'd me oft her dar-
ling boy.

TWELVE pears hanging
high,
Twelve knights riding by;
Each knight took a pear,
And yet left eleven there!



MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



THE north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor Robin do then?
Poor thing!

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

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

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

A FARMER went trotting upon
his grey mare,
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
With his daughter behind him so
rosy and fair,
Lumpety, lumpety, lump!

A raven crie'n 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 laugh-
ing away,
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!
And vow'd he would serve them the
same, the next day,
Lumpety, lumpety, lump!

THERE was an old crow
Sat upon a clod:
There's an end of my song,
That's odd!



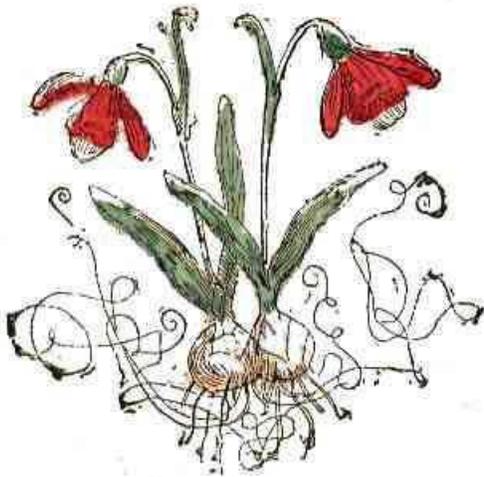
MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



NOW the spring is coming on,
Now the snow and ice are gone,
Come, my little snowdrop
root,

Will you not begin to shoot?
Ah! I see your little head
Peeping on my flower-bed,
Looking all so green and gay
On this fine and pleasant day.
For the mild south wind doth
blow,

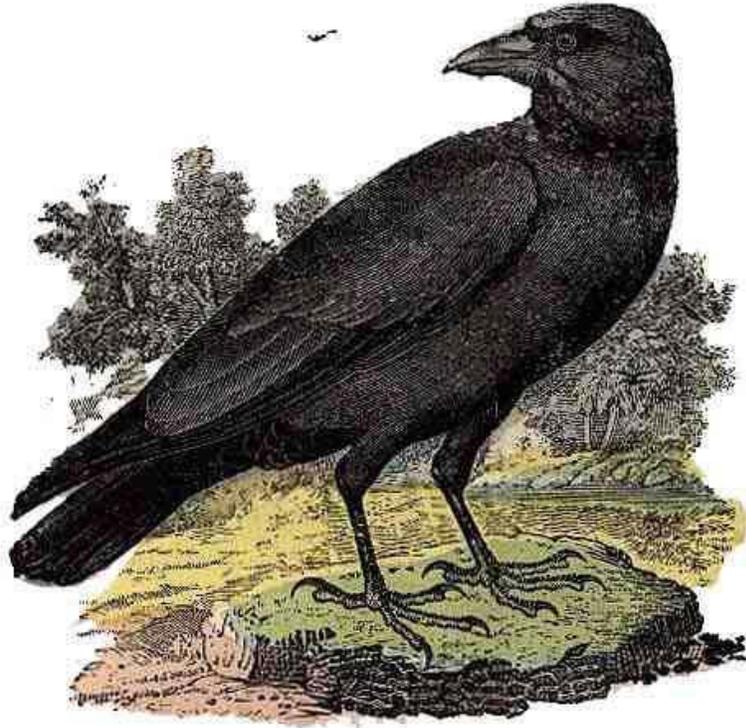
And hath melted all the snow;
And the sun shines out so
warm,
You need not fear another
storm.



So your pretty flower show,
And your petals white undo,
Then you'll hang your mod-
est head
Down upon my flower-bed.

THREE straws on a staff,
Would make a baby cry and
laugh.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



THERE were three crows sat on a stone,
Fal la, la, la, lal, de.
Two flew away, and then there was one,
Fal la, la, la, lal, de.
The other crow finding himself alone,
Fal la, la, la, lal, de.
He flew away, and then there was none,
Fal la, la, la, lal, de.

NEEDLES and pins, needles and pins,
When a man marries his trouble begins.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



ONE to make ready,
And two to prepare;
Here goes the rider,
And away goes the mare.

CUCKOO, cherry tree,
Catch a bird, and give it to me:
Let the tree be high or low,
Let it hail, rain, or snow.

HERE am I, little jump-
ing Joan;
When nobody's with me,
I'm always alone.

GOOSEY goosey gander,
Where shall I wander?
Up stairs. down stairs,
And in my lady's chamber
There I met an old man
That would not say his
prayers;
I took him by the left leg,
And threw him down
stairs.



MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



GRAY goose and gander,
Waft your wings together ;
And carry the good king's daughter
Over the one strand river.

THE sow came in with the saddle,
The little pig rock'd the cradle,
The dish jump'd over the table,
To see the pot with the laddle.
The broom behind the butt
Call'd the dish-clout a nasty slut :
Odds-bobs, says the gridiron, can't you agree ?
I'm the head constable.—come along with me.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



PRETTY flower, tell me
why,
All your leaves do open
wide
Every morning, when on
high
The noble sun begins to
ride.

This is why, my lady fair,
If you would the reason
know,
For betimes the pleasant
air
Very cheerfully doth
blow.

And the birds on every tree
Sing a merry, merry tune,
And the busy honey-bee
Comes to suck my sugar
soon.

This is all the reason why
I my little leaves undo:
Lady, lady, wake and try
If I have not told you
true.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



My dears, do you know
That a long time ago,
Two poor little children,
Whose names I dont know,
Were stolen away on a fine summer's day,
And left in a wood, so I've heard people say.

And when it was night,
How sad was their plight!
The sun it went down,
And the moon gave no light!
They sobb'd and they sigh'd, and they bitterly cried,
And the poor little things, they lay down and died

And when they were dead,
The Robins so red

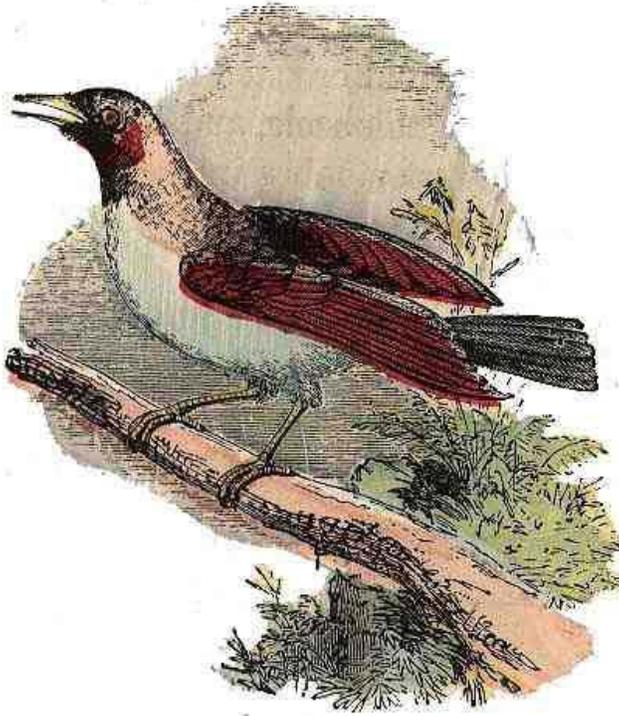
MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

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 !
Ah ! don't you remember the babes in the wood ? ”



RIDE a cock-horse to Coventry-cross ;
To see what Emma can buy ;
A penny white cake I'll buy for her sake,
And a twopenny tart or a pie.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



A PIE sat on a pear
tree,
A pie sat on a pear
tree,
A pie sat on a pear
tree,
Heigh O! heigh O!
heigh O!
Once so merrily
hopp'd she,
Twice so merrily
hopp'd she,
Thrice so merrily
hopp'd she,
Heigh O! heigh O!
heigh O!

I HAVE a little sister, they call her Peep, Peep,
She wades in the water, deep; deep, deep,
She climbs up the mountains, high, high, high;
My poor little sister—she has but one eye!

THE king of France, with twenty thousand men,
March'd up the hill, and then—march'd back again.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



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

HUSH a bye a ba lamb,
Hush a bye a milk cow,
You shall have a little stick
To beat the naughty bow-wow.

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

THERE was an old woman
Lived under a hill ;
And if she's not gone,
She lives there still.



MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

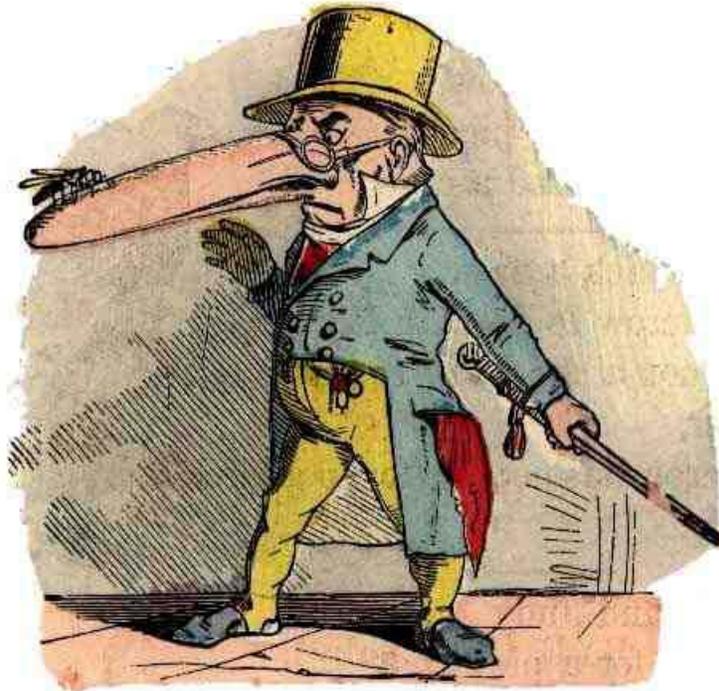


BYE, O my baby!
When I was a lady
O then my poor baby didn't cry!
But my baby is weeping,
For want of good keeping,
Oh I fear my poor baby will die!



SWAN swam over the sea—
Swim, swan, swim;
Swan swam back again,
Well swam swan.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



PETER WHITE will ne'er go right;
Would you know the reason why?
He follows his nose where'er he goes
And that stands all awry.

BYE, baby bumpkin,
Where's Tony Lumpkin?
My lady's on her death-bed,
With eating half a pumpkin.

TIDDLE liddle lightum, pitch and tar;
Tiddle liddle lightum, what's that for?

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

ALL of a row,
Bend the bow,
Shot at a pigeon,
And killed a crow.

SEE-SAW, jack a daw,
What is a crow to do with her?
She has not a stocking to put on
her,
And the crow has not one for to give
her.

PUNCH and Judy
Fought for a pie;
Punch gave Judy
A knock of the eye.

Says Punch to Judy,
Will you have any more?
Says Judy to Punch,
My eye's too sore.

THERE was a girl in our town,
Silk an' satin was her gown,
Silk an' satin, gold an' velvet,
Guess her name, three times I've
toll'd it.



MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



THERE was a jolly miller
Lived on the river Dee,
He looked upon his pillow,
And there he saw a flea
Oh! Mr. Flea,
You have been biting me,
And you must die :
So he cracked his bones
Upon the stones,
And there he let him lie.

ST. DUNSTAN, as the story goes,
Once pulled the tempter by the nose,
With red-hot tongs, which made him
roar,
That he was heard ten miles or more.



LITTLE girl, little girl, where
have you been ?
Gathering roses to give to the
Queen.
Little girl, little girl, what
gave she you ?
She gave me a diamond as big
as my shoe.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



THERE was an old woman of Leeds,
Who spent all her time in good deeds ;
She worked for the poor,
Till her fingers were sore,
This pious old woman of Leeds !

MISS one, two, and three could never agree,
While they gossiped round a tea-caddy.



You shall have a duck my dear,
And you shall have a drake,
And you shall have a young
man
Apprentice for your sake.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



THERE was a cobbler clowting shoon,
When they were mended, they were done.

There was a monkey climbed up a tree,
When he fell down, then down fell he.

There was a butcher cut his thumb,
When it did bleed, then blood did come.

There was a navy went into Spain,
When it return'd, it came again.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



RIDDLE me, riddle me,
ree,
A hawk sat upon a tree ;
And he says to himself,
says he,
La! what a fine bird I
be!

AS I went to Bonner,
I met a pig
Without a wig,
Upon my word and ho-
nor.

RAIN, rain, go away,
Come again another day,
Little Arthur wants to
play.

I HAD a little castle upon the sea-side,
One-half was water, the other was land ;
I open'd my little castle-door, and guess what I found ;
I found a fair lady with a cup in her hand.
The cup was gold, filled with wine ;
Drink, fair lady, and thou shalt be mine!

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

SOLOMON GRUNDY,
Born on a Monday,
Christened on Tuesday,
Married on Wednesday,
Took ill on Thursday,
Worse on Friday,
Died on Saturday,
Buried on Sunday:
This is the end
Of Solomon Grundy.

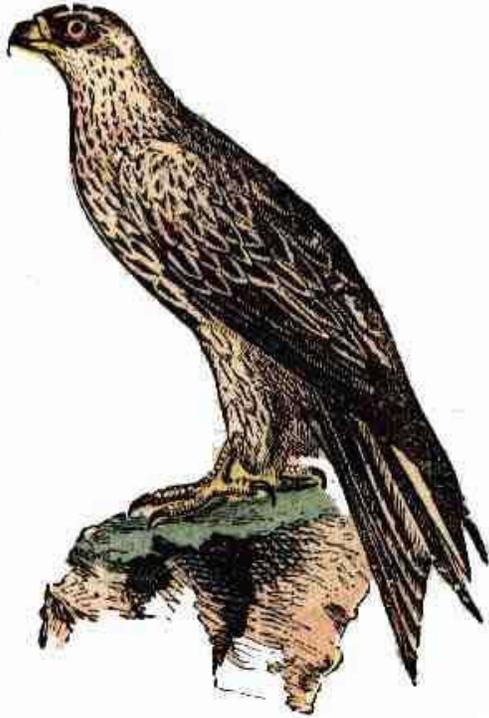


JACK SPRAT
Had a cat,
It had but one ear;
It went to buy butter,
When butter was dear.



ELIZABETH, Elspeth, Betsy,
and Bess,
They all went together to seek
a bird's nest.
They found a bird's nest, with
five eggs in,
They all took one, and left four
in

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

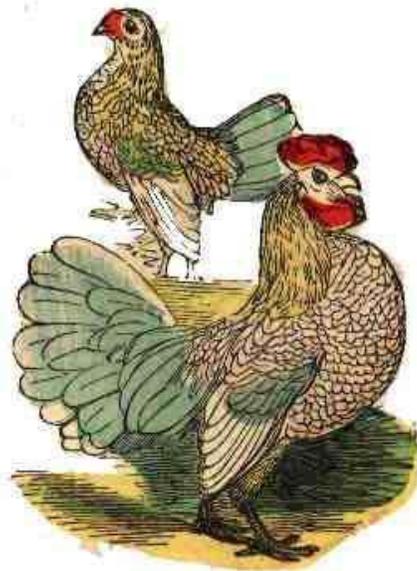


CATCH him crow ! carry him,
kite!
Take him away till the apples
are ripe ;
When they are ripe and ready
to fall,
Home comes Johnny apples,
and all.

THE tailor of Bicester,
He has but one eye ;
He cannot cut a pair of green
galagaskins,
If he were to try.

THE cock doth crow
To let you know,
If you be wise,
'Tis time to rise.

ONE'S none ;
Two's some ;
Three's a many ;
Four's a penny ;
Five is a little hundred.

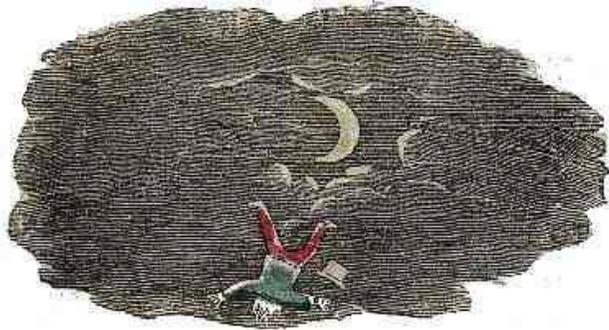


MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



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

IN fir tar is,
In oak none is.
In mud eel is,
In clay none is,
Goat eat ivy,
Mare eat oats.

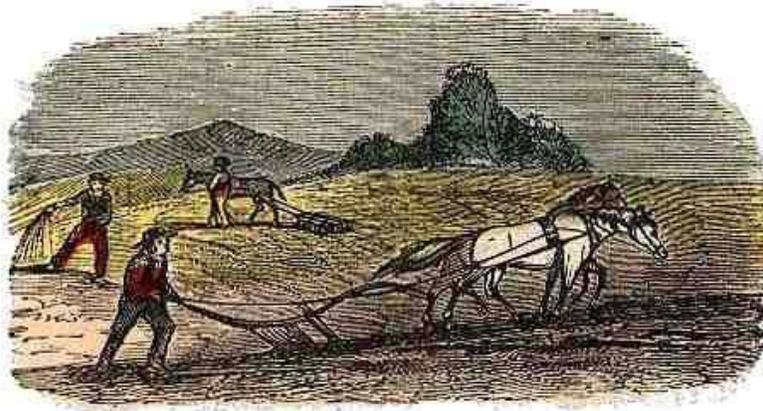


THE man in the moon came down too soon
To inquire the way to Norridge ;
The man in the south, he burnt his mouth
With eating cold plum-porridge.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



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



HE that would thrive must rise at five ;
He that hath thriven may lie till seven ;
And he that by the plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



BAT, bat,
Come under my hat,
And I'll give you a slice of bacon;
And when I bake,
I'll give you a cake,
If I am not mistaken.

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

SEIVE my lady's oatmeal,
Grind my lady's flour,
Put it in a chestnut,
Let it stand an hour;
One may rush, two may rush,
Come, my girls, walk under the bush

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

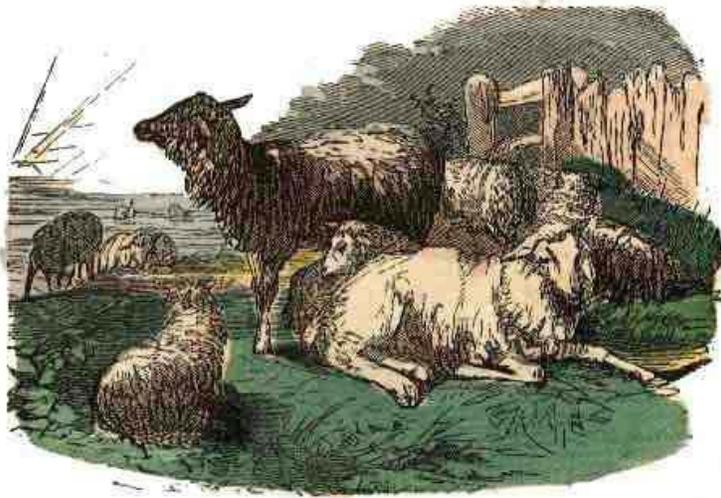


When I was a bachelor, I lived by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I got I put upon the shelf
But the rats and the mice they made such a strife,
I was forced to go to London to get myself a wife:
The roads were so bad, and the lanes were so narrow,
I was forced to take my wife home in a wheelbarrow.
The wheelbarrow broke, and my wife had a fall,
Down came the wheelbarrow, my wife and all.



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

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

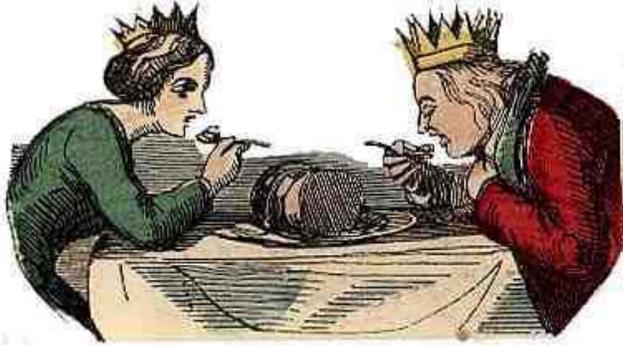


BAH, bah, black sheep, have you any wool?
Yes, marry, have I, three bags full:
One for my master, and one for my dame,
And one for the little boy who lives in the lane.

ROBIN and Richard
Were two pretty men,
They lay in bed
Till the clock struck ten;
Then up starts Robin
And looks at the sky,
Oh, brother Richard,
The sun's very high!



MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



WHEN good King Ar-
thur
Ruled this land,
He was a goodly king ;
He stole three pecks
of barley-meal,
To make a bag-pud-
ding.

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 at night,
The queen next morning fried.

TOMMY TROT, a man of
law,
Sold his bed and lay upon
straw :
Sold the straw and slept
on grass,
To buy his wife a looking
glass.



MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

WILLYWITE, Willywite, with his
long bill;
If he's not gone, he stands there
still.



HE toss'd the ball so high, so high,
He toss'd the ball so low,
He toss'd the ball in the Jew's garden,
And the Jews were all below.
Oh! then out came the Jew's daughter,
She was dress'd all in green;
Come hither, come hither, my sweet
fellow,
And fetch your ball again.

ONE, two, three, four, five,
I caught a hare alive;
Six, seven, eight, nine, ten,
I let it go again.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



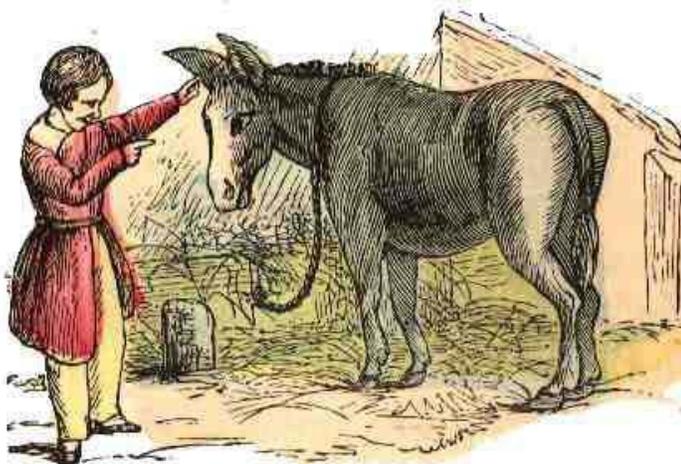
SING jigimijole, the pudding-bowl,
The table and the frame;
My master he did cudgel me
For kissing of my dame.

OH, dear what can the matter be!
Two old women got up in an apple-tree;
One came down,
And the other staid up till Saturday.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



ONCE I saw a little bird come hop, hop, hop ;
So I cried, little bird, will you stop, stop, stop ?
And was going to the window to say how do you do ?
But he shook his little tail, and far away he flew.



A DONKEY walks
on four legs,
And I walk on two ;
The last donkey I
saw
Was very like you,

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

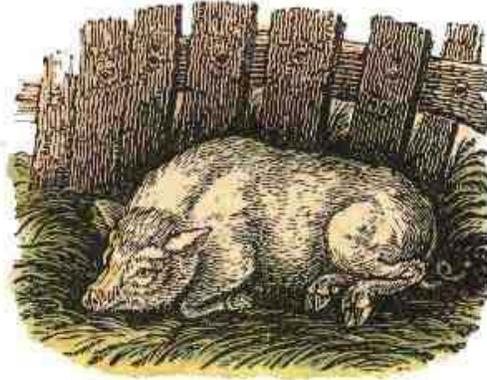
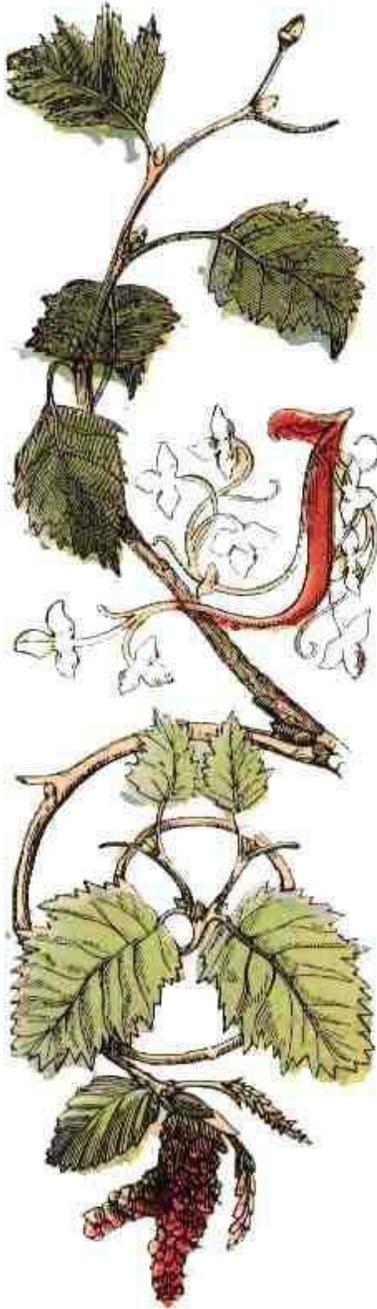


Here we are a singing,
First in spring and then in May ;
The queen she sits upon the sand,
Fair as a lily, white as a wand ;
King John has sent you letters three,
And begs you'll read them unto me ;
We can't read one without them all,
So pray, Miss Bridget, deliver the ball.

My father was a Frenchman,
He brought to me a fiddle,
He cut me here, he cut me here,
He cut me right in the middle.



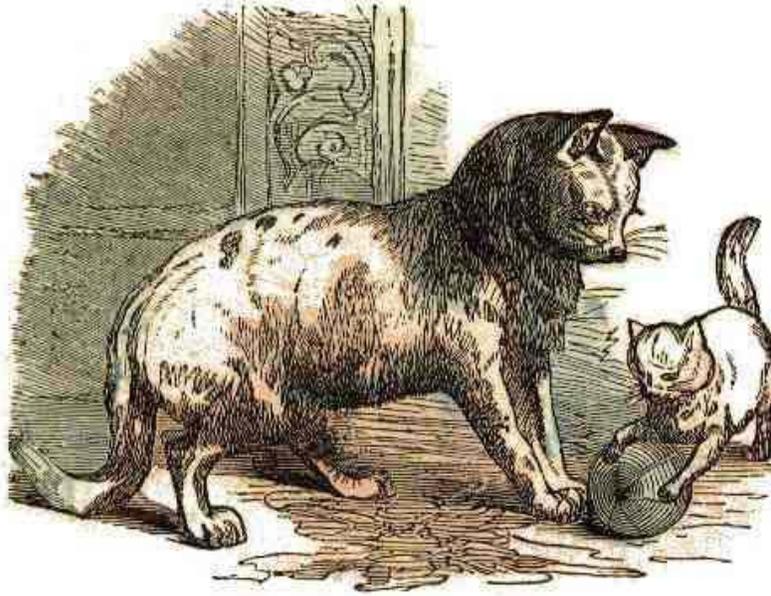
MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



ACK SPRAT'S pig,
He was not very little
Nor yet very big ;
He was not very lean,
He was not very fat ;
He'll do well for a grunt,
Says little Jack Sprat.

THERE was a little nobby colt,
His name was Nobby Gray ;
His head was made of pounce straw,
His tail was made of hay ;
He could ramble, he could trot,
He could carry a mustard pot,
Round the town of Woodstock.
Hey, Jenny, hey !

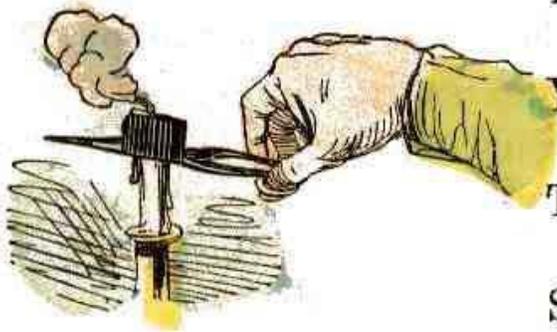
MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



PUSSY-CAT eat the dumplings, the dumplings
Pussy-cat eat the dumplings.

Mamma stood by,
And cried, Oh, fie!

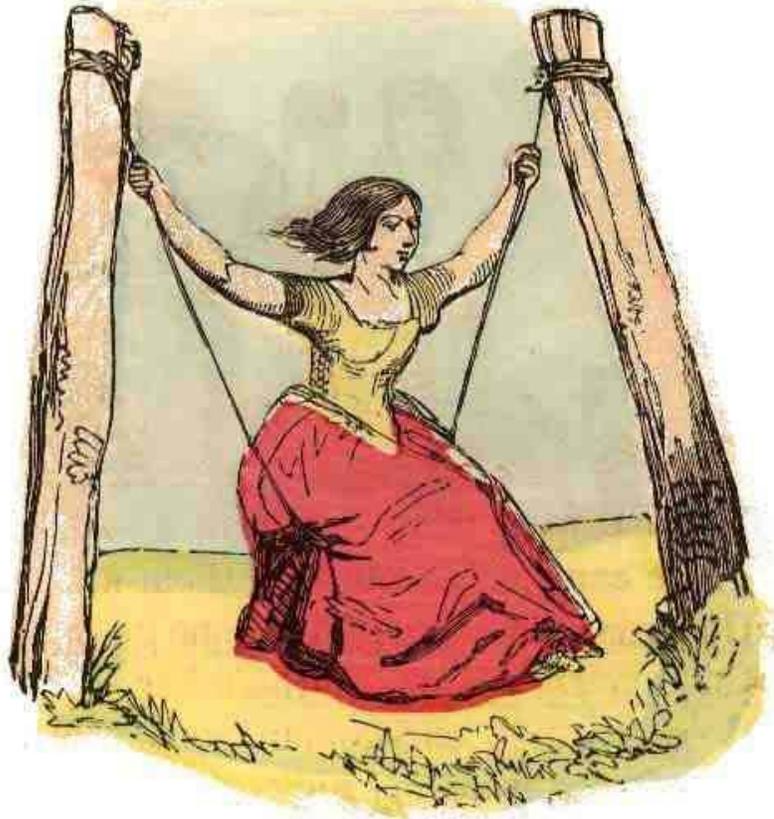
Why did you eat the dumplings?



TO make your candles last
for aye,
You wives and maids give
ear-o!

To put 'em out's the only
way,
Says honest John Boldero.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



SWING swong, the days are long ;
Up hill and down dale ; butter is made in every vale ;
And if that Nancy Cook is a good girl,
She shall have a spouse, and make butter anon,
Before her old grandmother grows a young man.

AS I was going by Charing Cross,
I saw a black man upon a black horse ;
They told me it was King Charles the First ;
Oh dear ! my heart was ready to burst !

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



THERE were three sisters in a hall,
There came a beau among them all.
Good morrow, aunt, to the one ;
Good morrow, aunt, to the other ;
Good morrow, gentwoman, to the third.
If you were my aunt,
As the other two be,
I would say, Good morrow,
Then, aunts all three.



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

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



SEE a pin and pick it up.
All the day you'll have good luck;
See a pin and let it lay,
Bad luck you'll have all the day!



CRIPPLE Dick upon a stick,
And Sandy on a sow,
Riding away to Galloway,
To buy a pound o' woo.

THE little priest of Felton,
The little priest of Felton,
He kill'd a mouse within his house,
And ne'er a one to help him.

