



# SWISS GOOSE 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.





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!

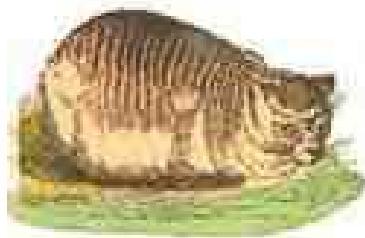
MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

I HAD a little husband,  
No bigger than my thumb,  
I put him in a pint pot,  
And there I bid 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 step 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 ninny,  
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 cut 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.





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.





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And he had a calf;  
And that's half;  
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And tied him to the wall;  
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I will kiss you.





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, diddlety, 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 cur,  
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 grew 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,  
 Jemmy 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 dub 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.

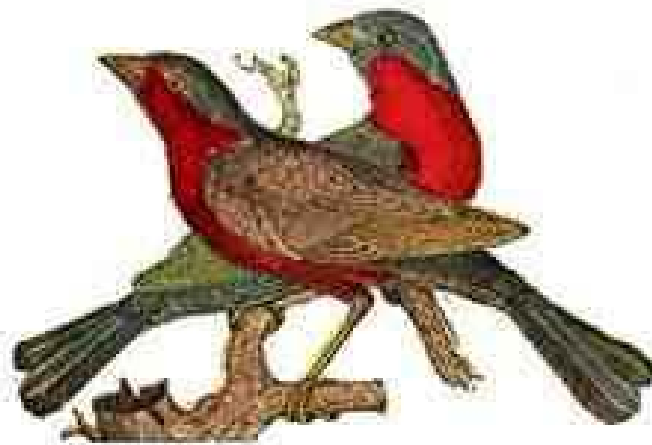


IS John Smith with-  
in?  
Yea, that he is;  
Can he set a shoe?  
Ay, marry, two;  
Here a nail, there a  
nail,  
Tick, tack, too

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 half;  
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.

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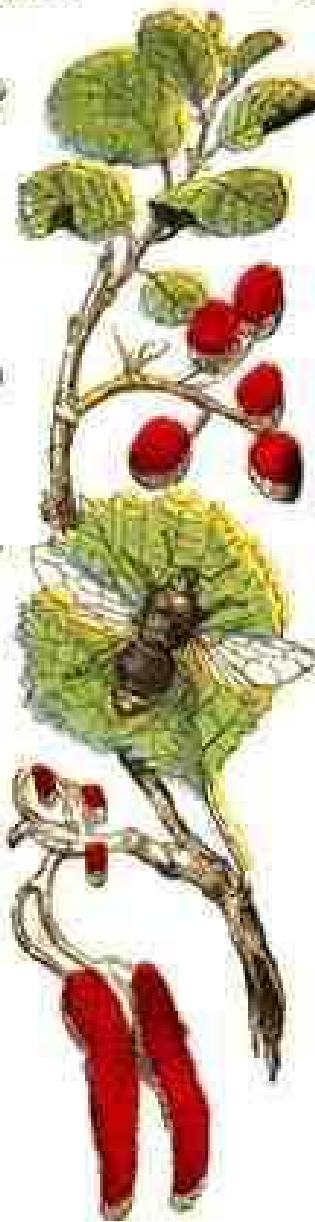
SNAIL, snail  
 Robbers are coming to pull down  
     your wall;  
 Snail, snail,  
 Put out your horn,  
 Robbers are coming to steal your  
     corn,  
 Coming at four o'clock in the morn.

---

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!



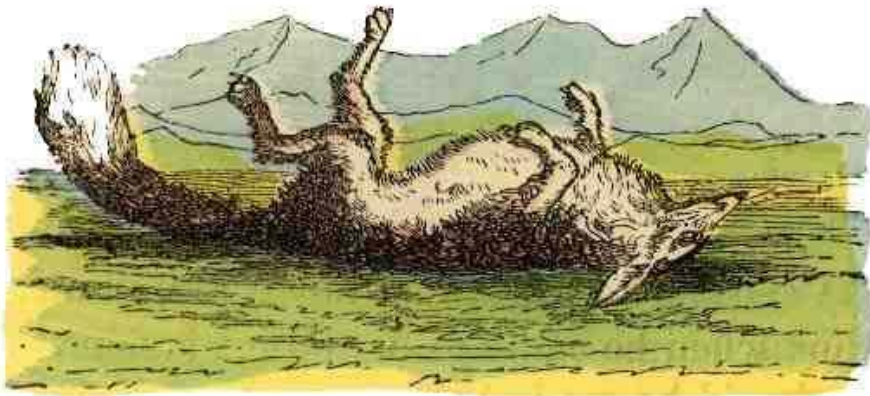
The fox when he came to the farmer's gate,  
Who should he see but the farmer's drake;  
I love you well for your master's sake,  
And long to be picking your bone, e-oh!

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.

---

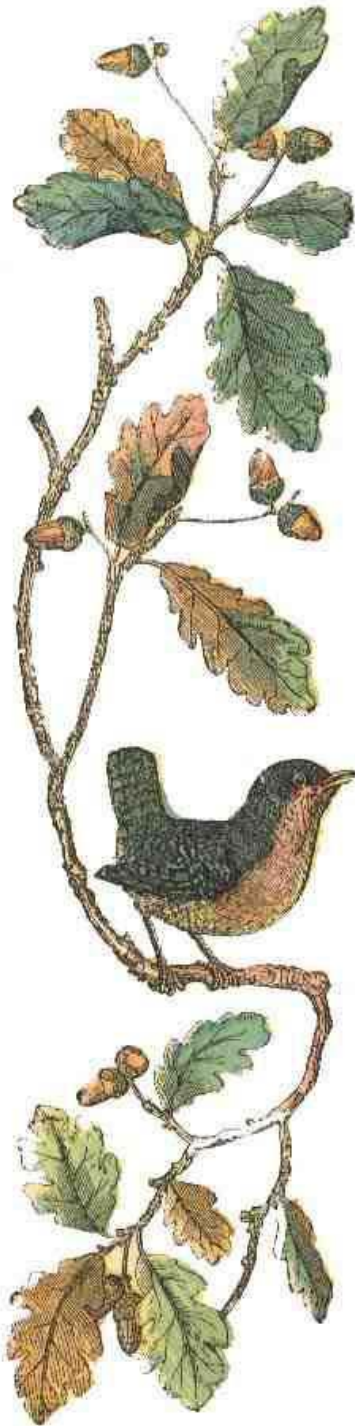
I HAD a little nut tree, nothing would it bear  
But a silver nutmeg and a golden pear;  
The king of Spain's daughter came to visit me,  
And all was because of my little nut tree.  
I skipp'd over water, I dauced over sea,  
And all the birds in the air couldn't catch me.



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!



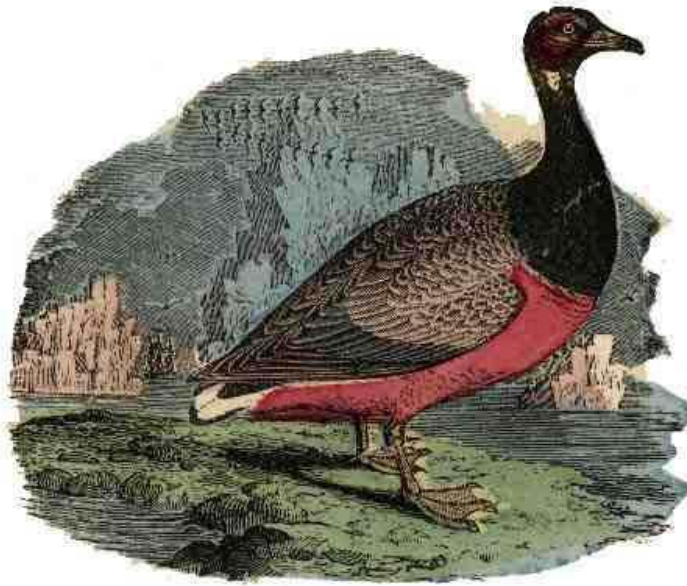
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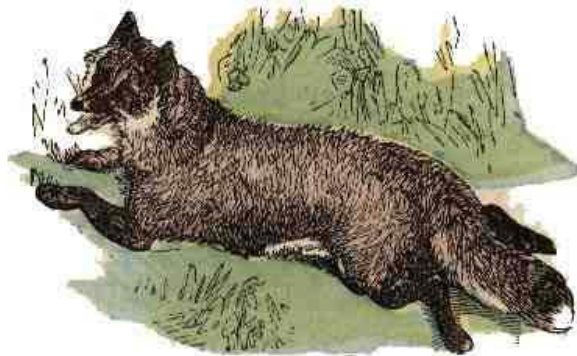
But Jenny Wren fell sick again, and Jenny wren did die!  
The doctors said they'd cure her, or know the reason why;  
Doctor Hawk felt her pulse, and, shaking his head,  
Said—I fear I can't save her, because she's quite dead!



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.

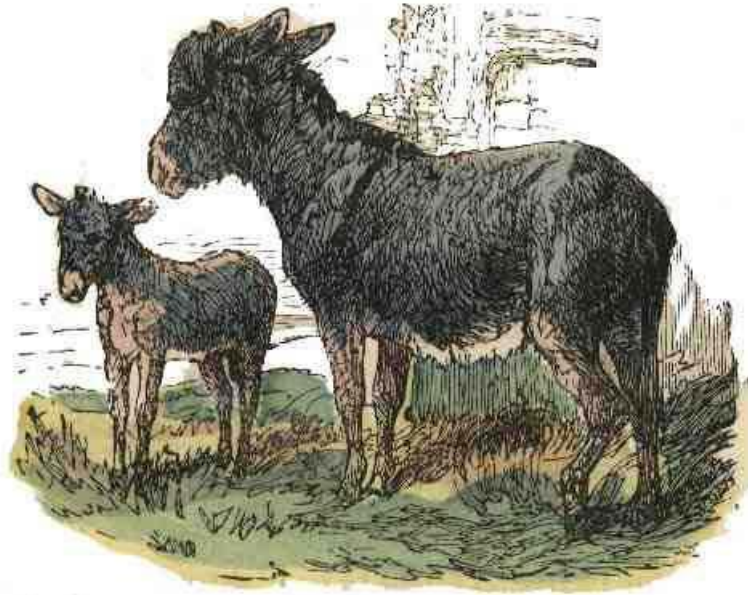


She'll do very well yet, exclaim'd doctor Fox,  
If she'll take but two pills from out of this box!



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!

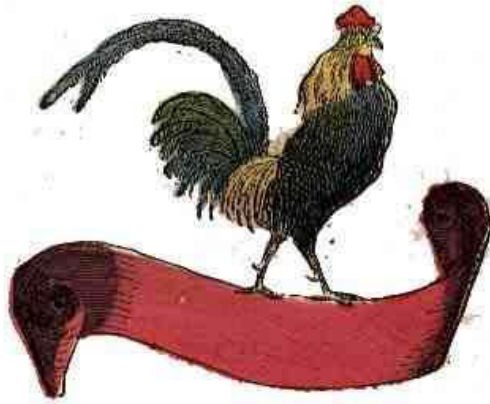
—  
And since Master Jelf  
Was put on the shelf  
Because he would not spell pie,  
Let him set there so grim,  
And no more about him,  
For I wish him a very good-bye!

—  
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.

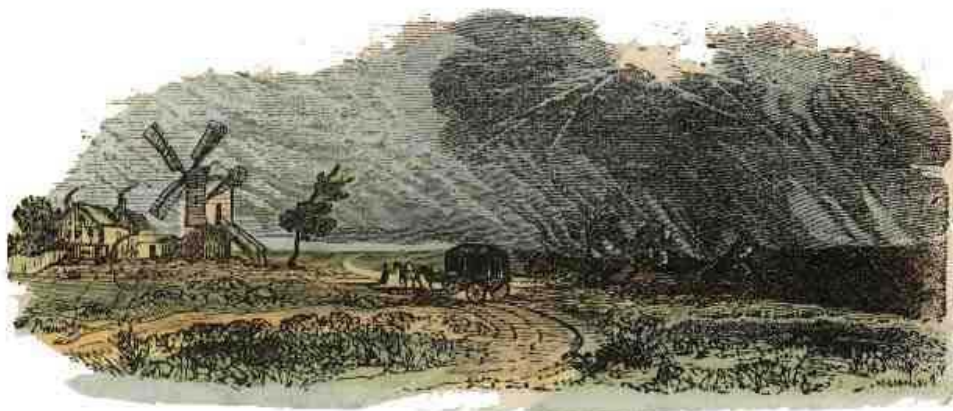


RIDE a cock horse to Banbury Cross,  
To see a young woman jump on a white horse,  
With rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,  
And she shall have music wherever she goes.

ROBERT BARNS, 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.

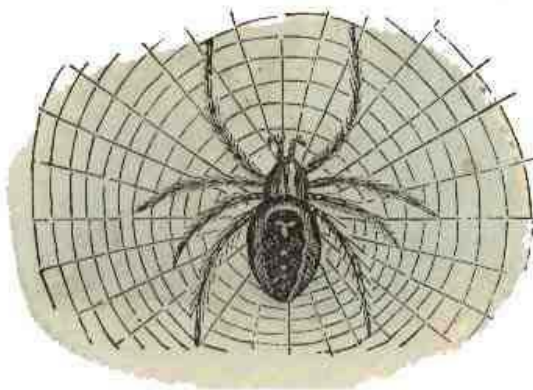






BLOW, wind, blow! and go, mill go!  
That the miller may grind his corn;  
That the baker may take it,  
And into rolls make it,  
And send us some hot in the morn.

---



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



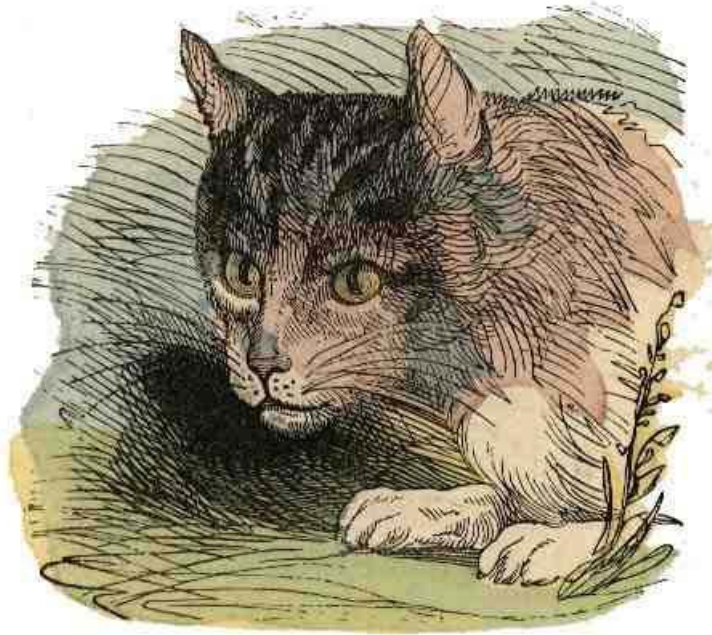
THE north wind doth  
blow,  
And we shall have  
snow,  
And what will poor  
Robin do then?  
Poor thing!

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.



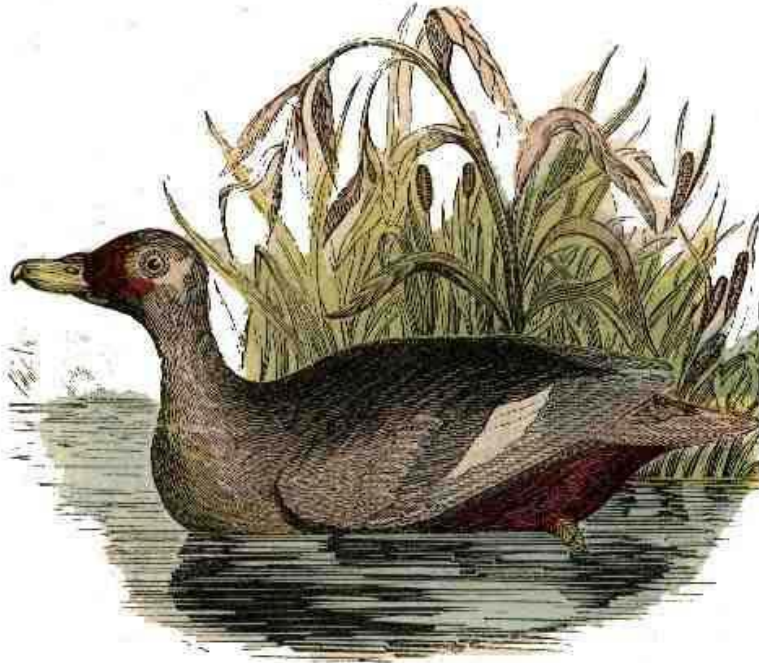
PUSSY cat, pussy cat, with a white foot,  
Tomorrow is my wedding, won't you come to 'it.  
I've cakes to bake, and beer to brew,  
Oh! pussy cat, pussy cat, what shall I do?

---

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.



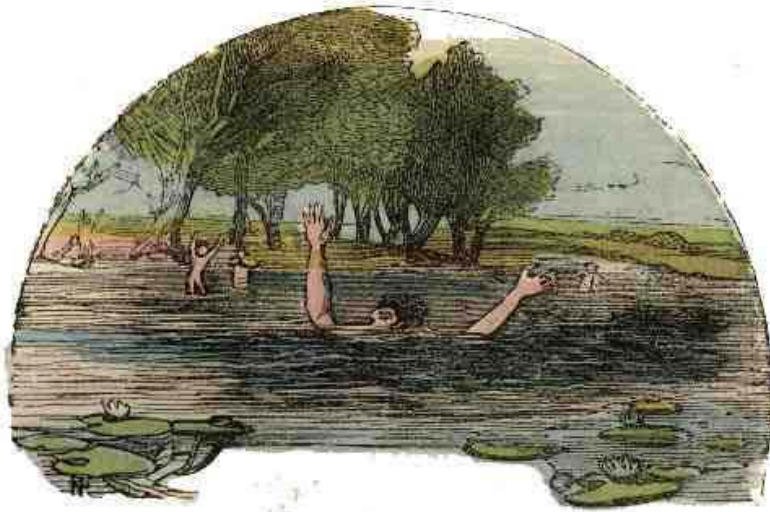
BOYS and girls come out to play,  
The moon does shine as bright as day,  
Leave your supper and leave your sleep,  
And meet your playfellows in the street;  
Come with a whoop, and come with a call  
And come with a good will, or not at all.  
Up the ladder and down the wall,  
A halfpenny roll will 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.

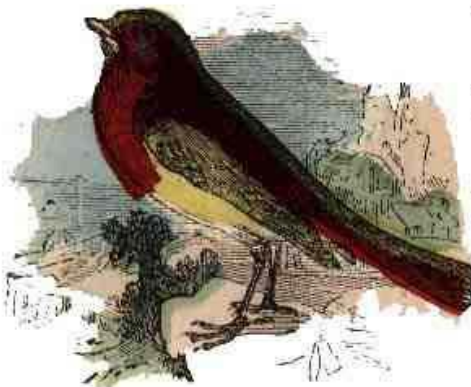


MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



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.

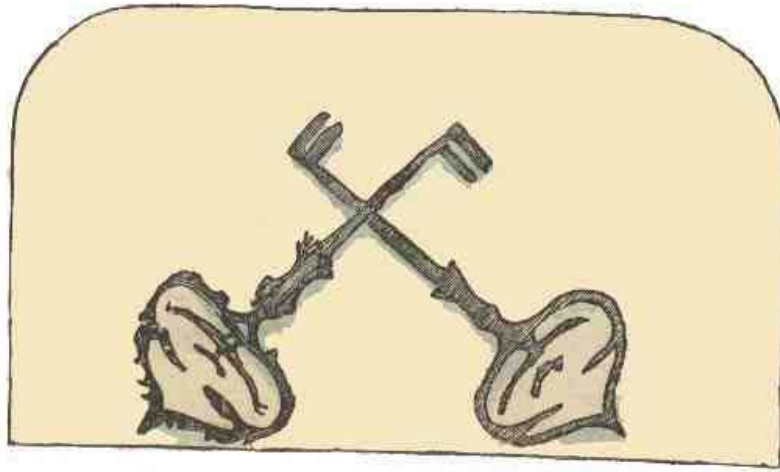


HEY, dorolot, dorolot!  
Hey, dorolay, dorolay!  
Hey my bonny boat, bonny boat,  
Hey, drag away, drag away!

---

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.



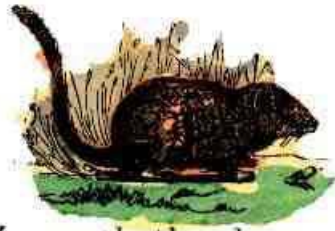
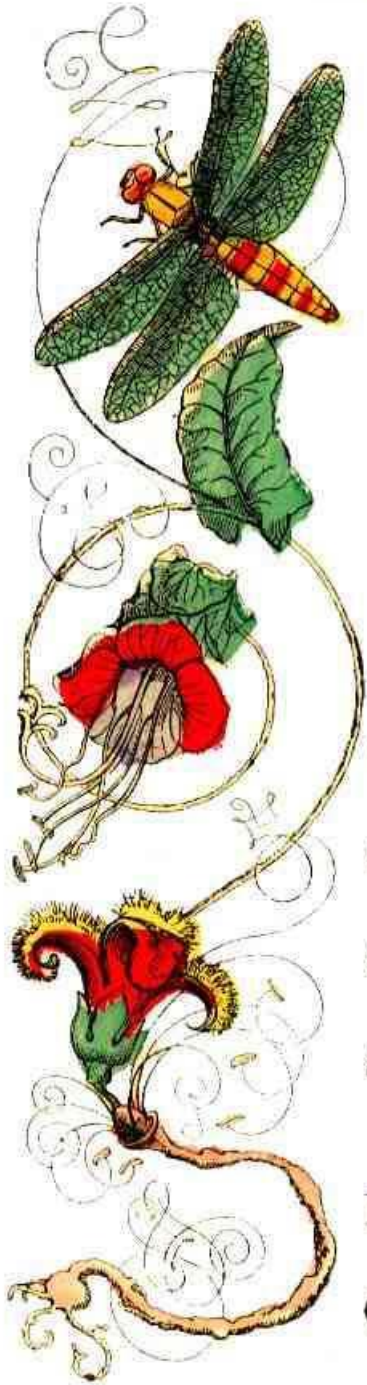
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To count my gold and silver when I am gone to rest,  
If you will but walk abroad with me,  
If you will but talk with me.

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.



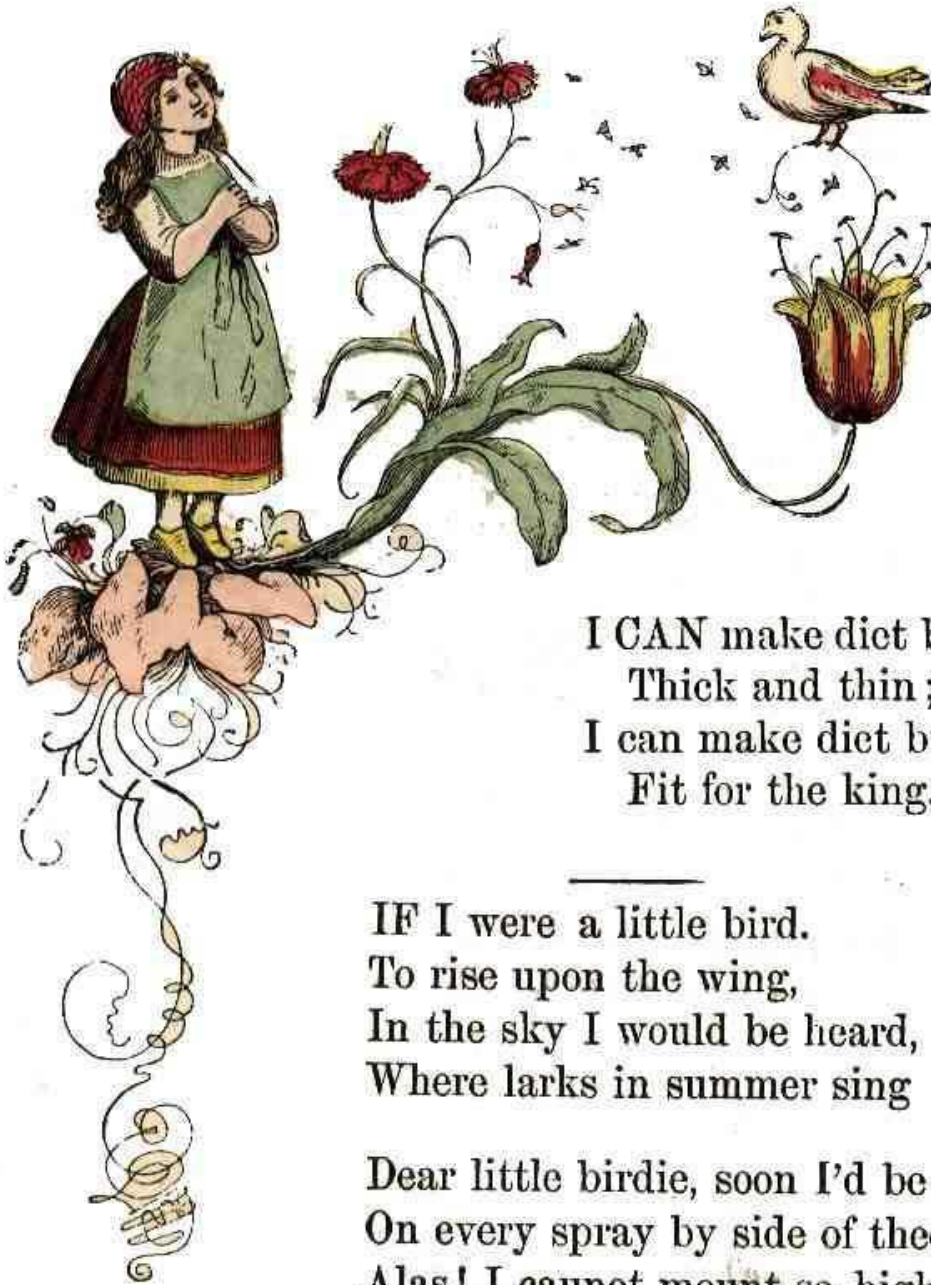
THE white dove sat on the castle wall,  
I bend my bow and shoot her I shall;  
I put her in my glove, both feathers and all;  
I laid my bridle upon the shelf,  
If you will any more, sing it yourself.

---

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



MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



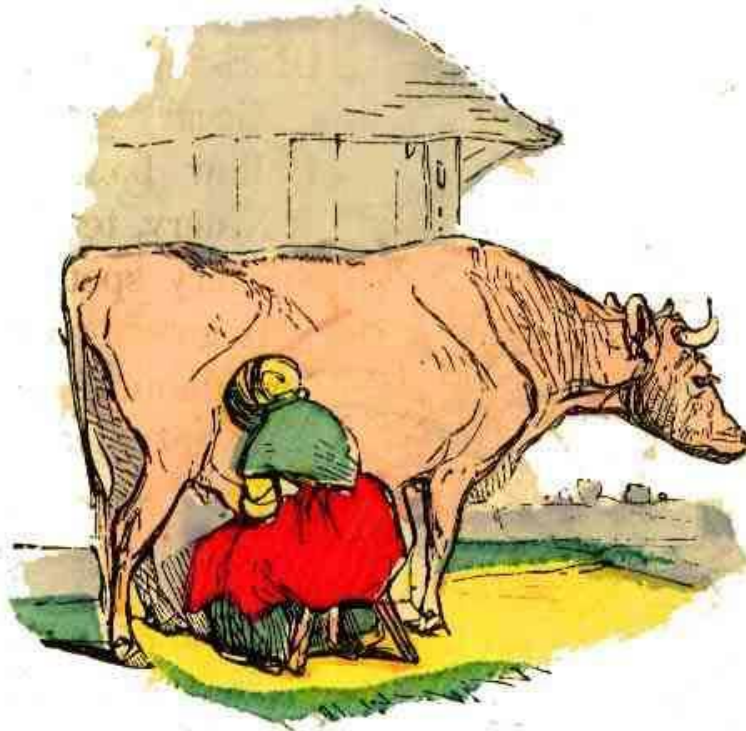
I CAN make diet bread,  
Thick and thin;  
I can make diet bread,  
Fit for the king.

---

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

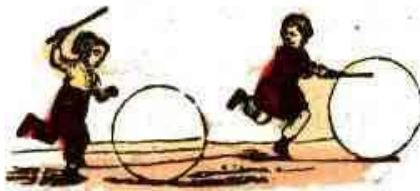
Dear little birdie, soon I'd be  
On every spray by side of thee;  
Alas! I cannot mount so high—  
And so, dear little bird good-bye

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 twaddelum,  
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!



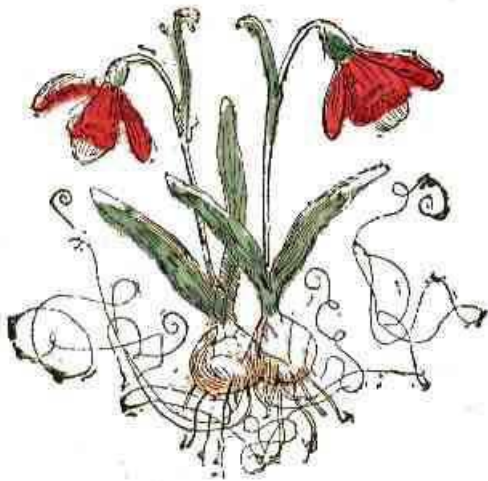
MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



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.

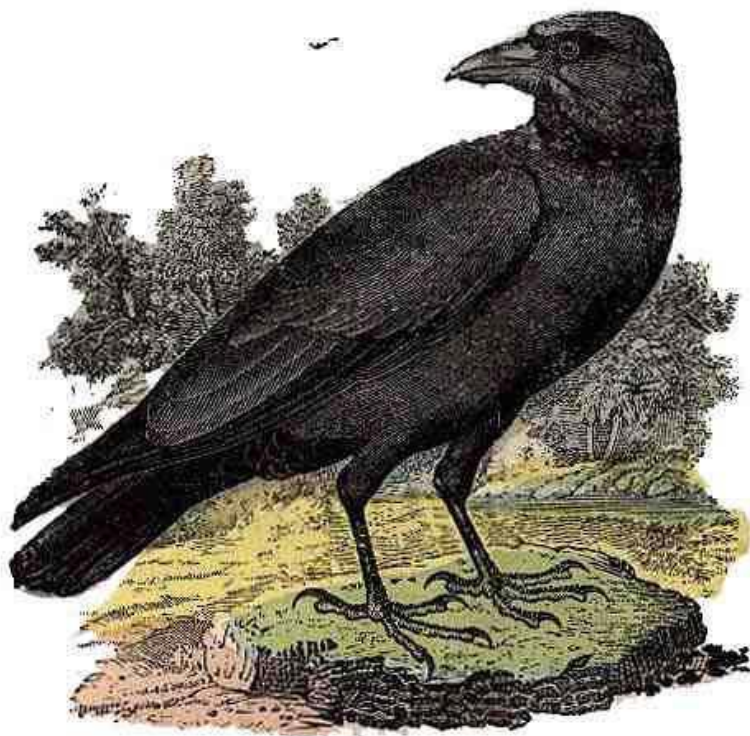


So your pretty flower show,  
And your petals white undo,  
Then you'll hang your mod-  
est head  
Down upon my flower-bed.

---

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.

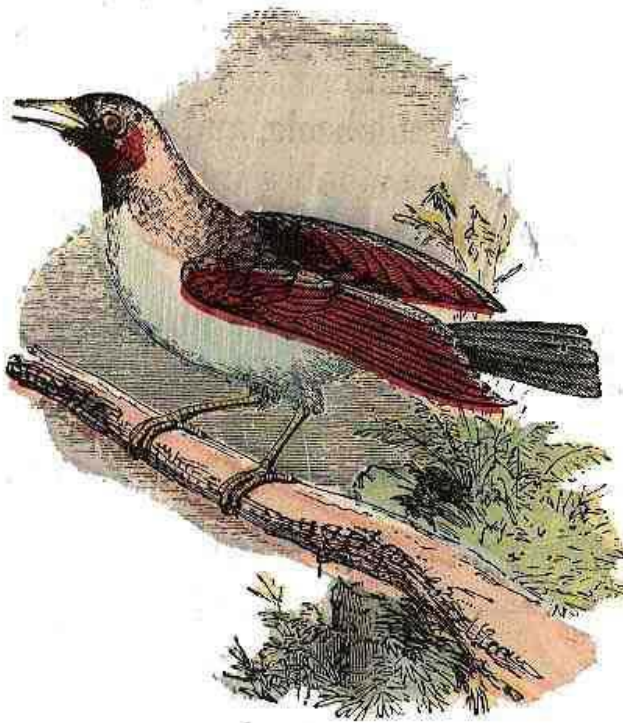
Brought strawberry leaves,  
And over them spread;  
And all the day long,  
They sung them this song,  
“Poor babes in the wood! poor babes in the wood!  
Ah! don't you remember the babes in the wood?”



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.

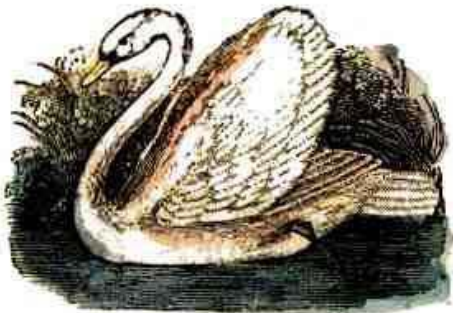


MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



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!

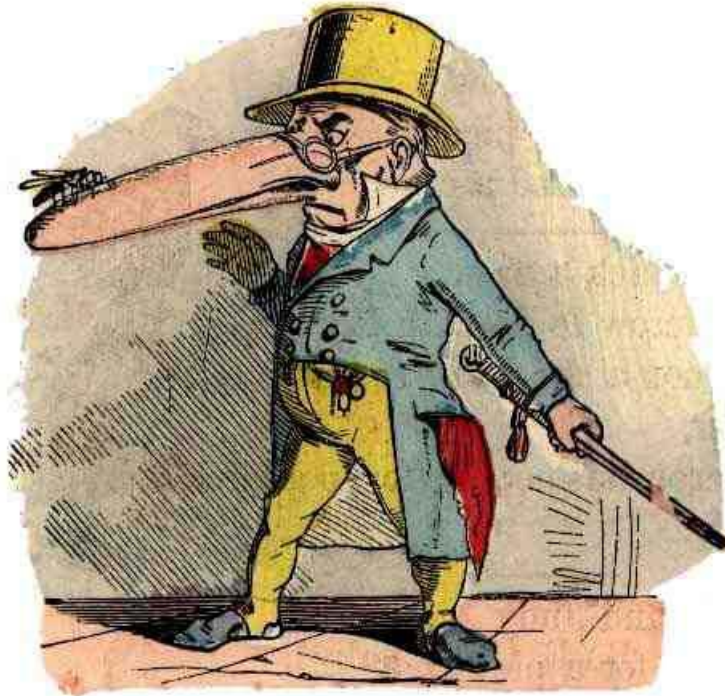
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SWAN swam over the sea—  
Swim, swan, swim;  
Swan swam back again,  
Well swam swan.



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.

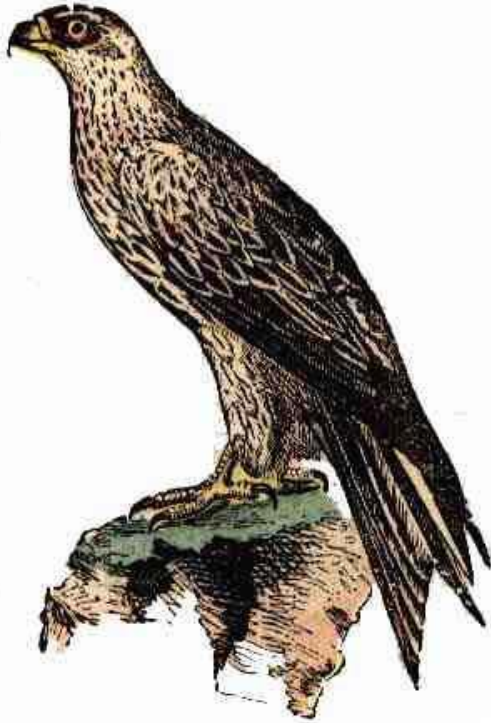


---

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.

---

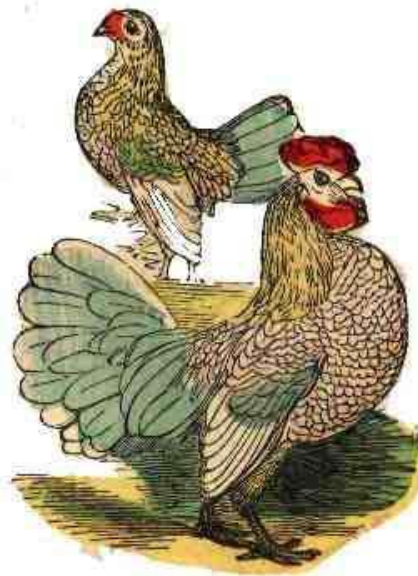
THE tailor of Bicester,  
He has but one eye ;  
He cannot cut a pair of green  
galagaskins,  
If he were to try.

---

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.

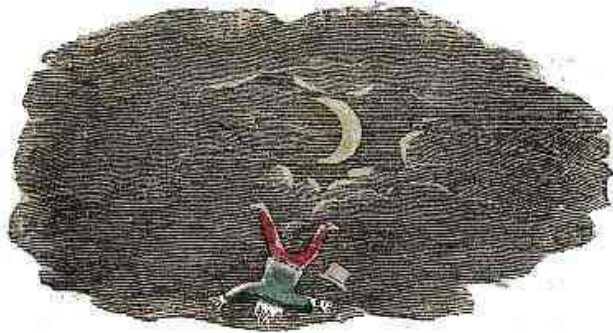


MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



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.

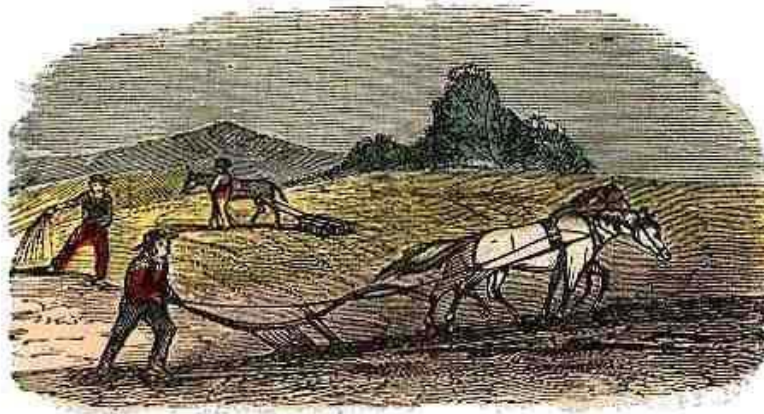


**THE** man in the moon came down too soon  
To inquire the way to Norridge;  
The man in the south, he burnt his mouth  
With eating cold plum-porridge.

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.



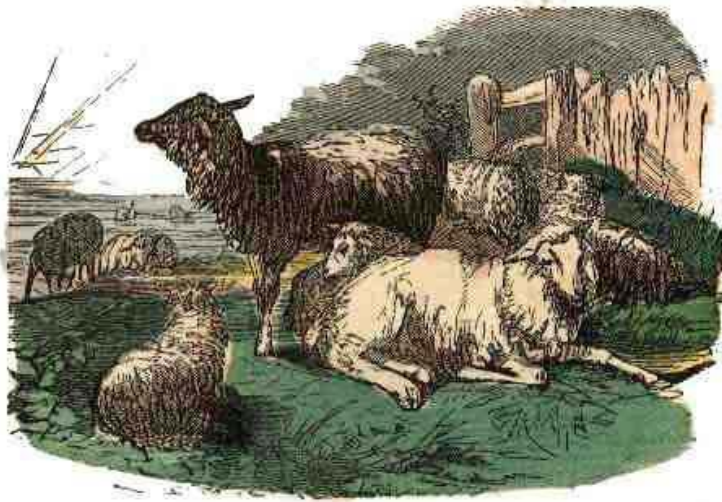
When I was a bachelor, I lived by myself,  
And all the bread and cheese I got I put upon the shelf  
But the rats and the mice they made such a strife,  
I was forced to go to London to get myself a wife:  
The roads were so bad, and the lanes were so narrow,  
I was forced to take my wife home in a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



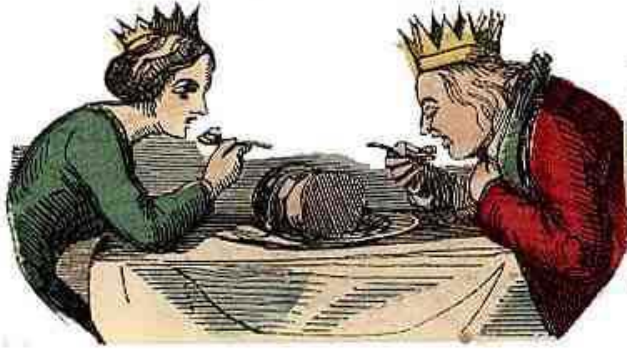
BAH, bah, black sheep, have you any wool?  
Yes, marry, have I, three bags full:  
One for my master, and one for my dame,  
And one for the little boy who lives in the lane.

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.

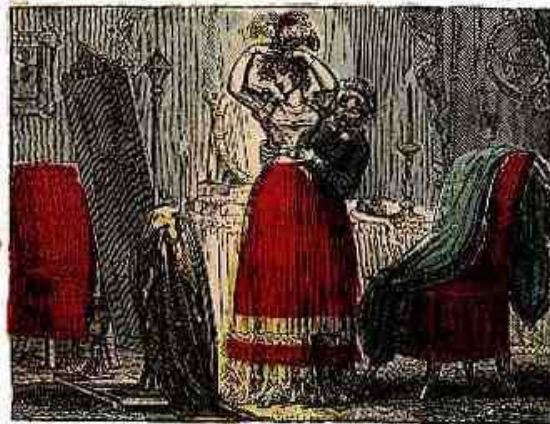


WHEN good King Ar-  
thur  
Ruled this land,  
He was a goodly king;  
He stole three pecks  
of barley-meal,  
To make a bag-pud-  
ding.

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.

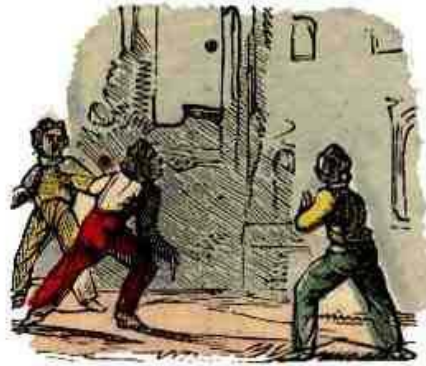
The king and queen did eat thereof,  
And noblemen beside;  
And what they could not eat at night,  
The queen next morning fried.

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

---

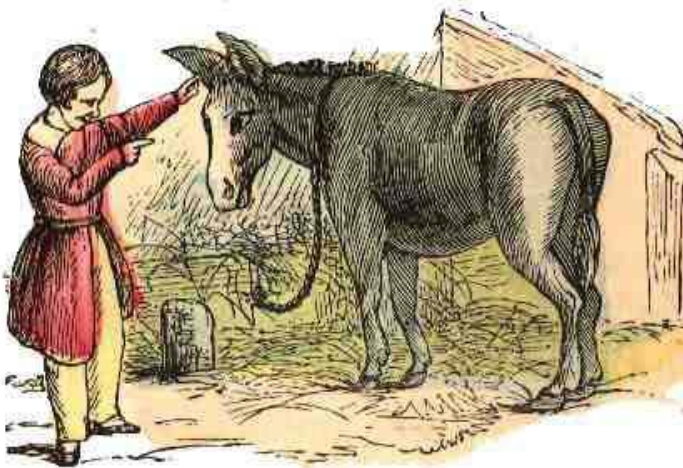
OH, dear what can the matter be!  
Two old women got up in an apple-tree;  
One came down,  
And the other staid up till Saturday.



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.

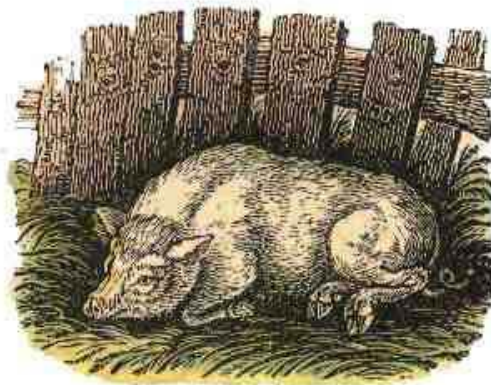
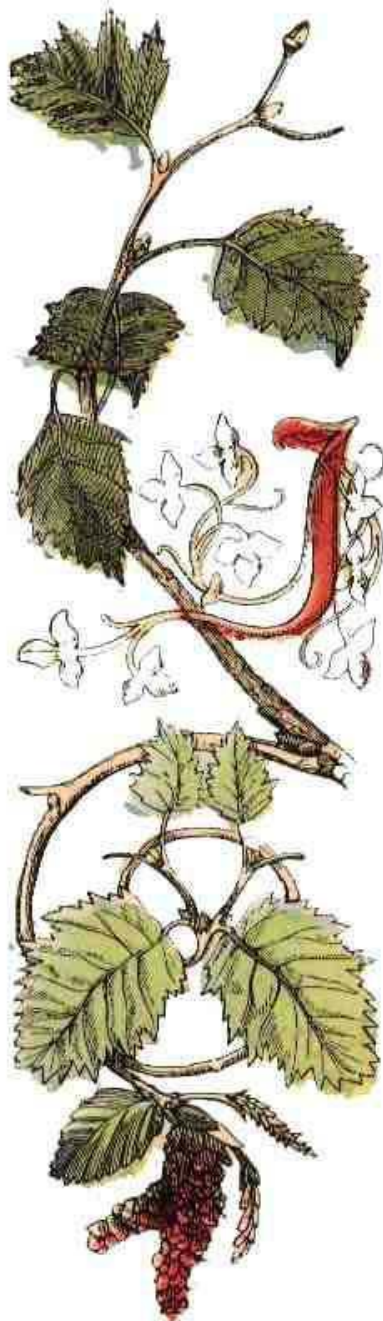
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My father was a Frenchman,  
He brought to me a fiddle,  
He cut me here, he cut me here,  
He cut me right in the middle.





MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



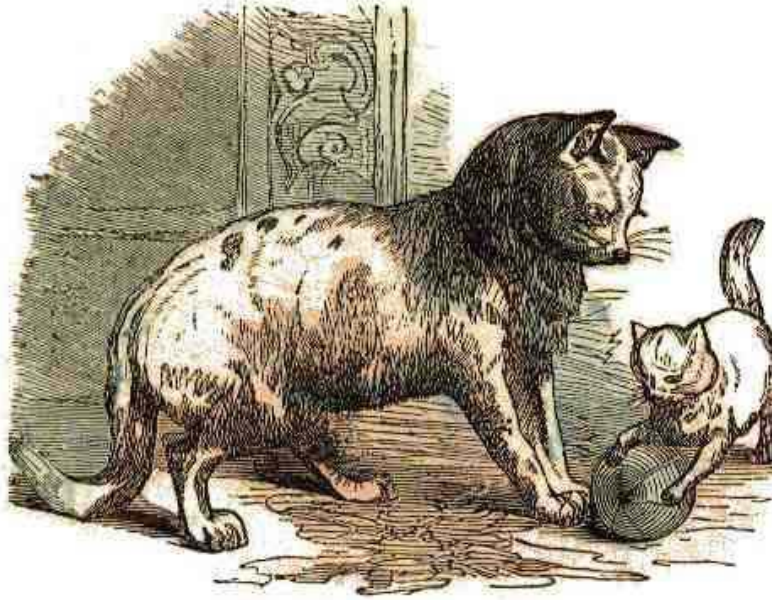
ACK SPRAT'S pig,  
He was not very little  
Nor yet very big;  
He was not very lean,  
He was not very fat;  
He'll do well for a grunt,  
Says little Jack Sprat.

---

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!



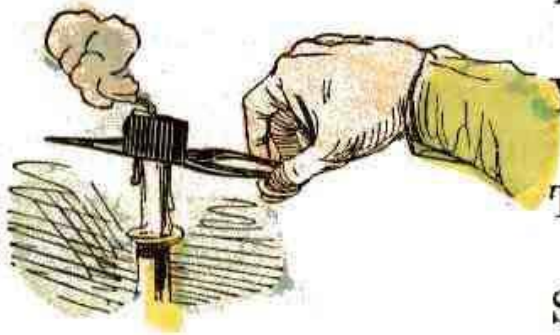
MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.



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

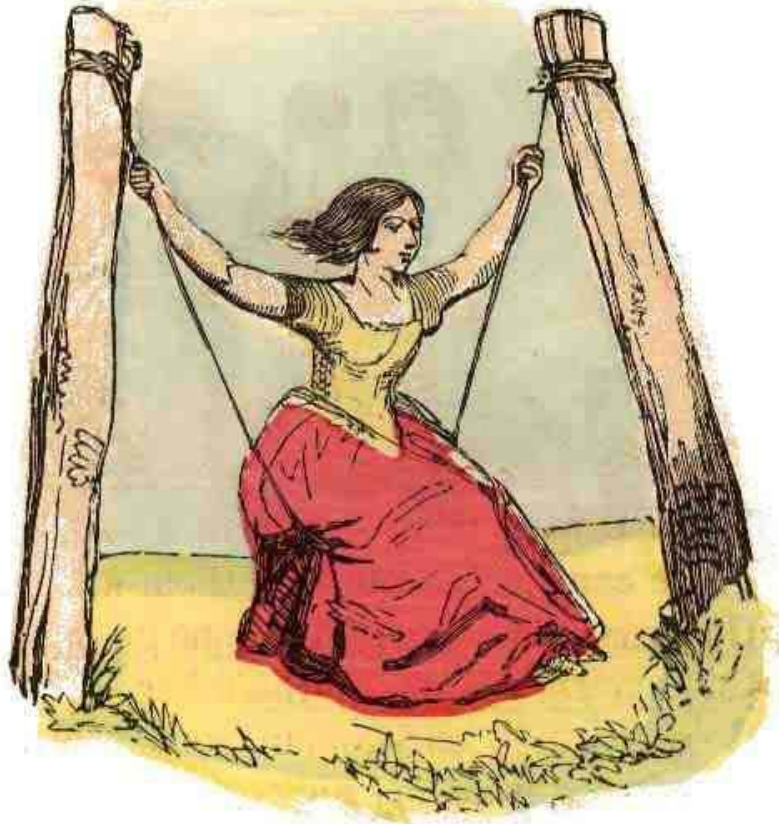
Mamma stood by,  
And cried, Oh, fie!

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!

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

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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.

