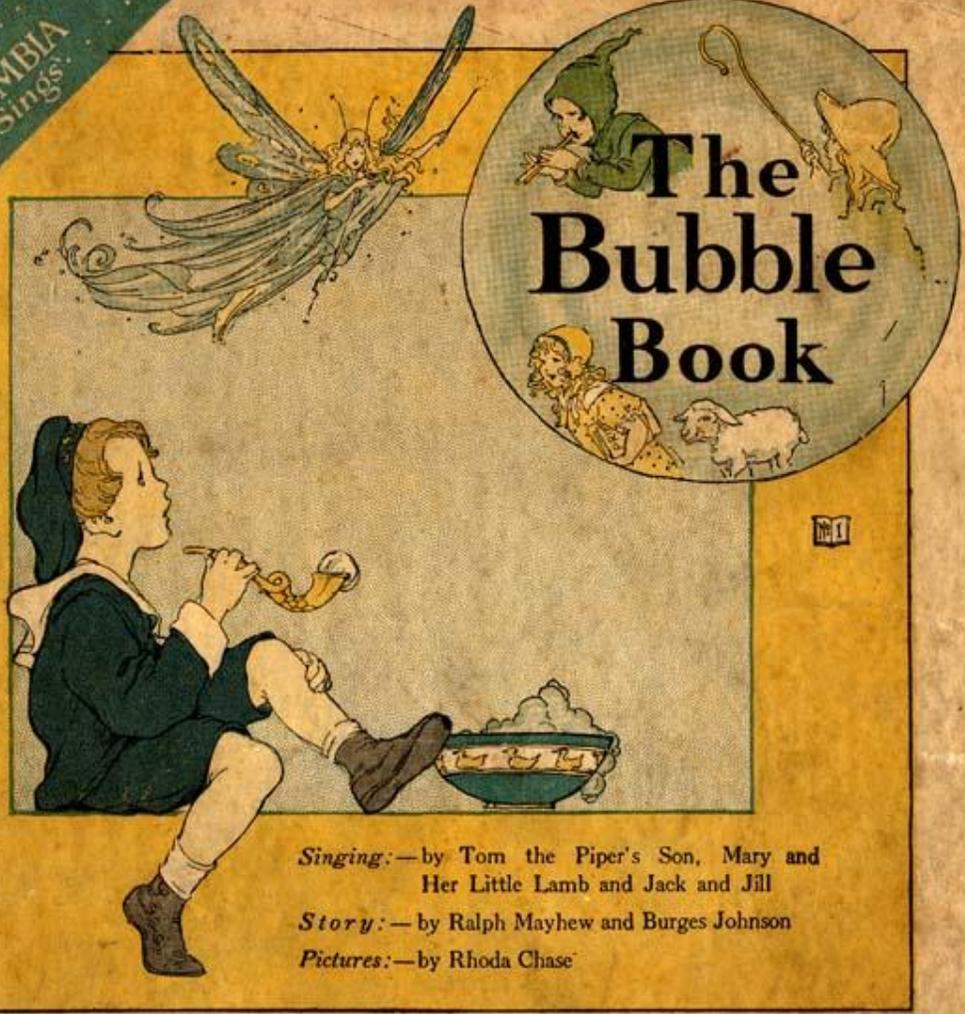


The  
**HARPER COLUMBIA**  
Book that Sings.



# The Bubble Book

*Singing:*—by Tom the Piper's Son, Mary and  
Her Little Lamb and Jack and Jill

*Story:*—by Ralph Mayhew and Burges Johnson

*Pictures:*—by Rhoda Chase

*The*  
**BUBBLE BOOK**

*The*  
HARPER COLUMBIA  
*Book that Sings*

*Singing by*  
Tom, the Piper's Son  
Mary and Her Little Lamb  
Jack and Jill

*Story by*  
Ralph Mayhew and Burges Johnson

*Pictures by*  
Rhoda Chase

*Records by*  
Columbia Graphophone Co.  
Harper & Brothers  
*Publishers*

## THE BUBBLE BOOKS

- 1 THE BUBBLE BOOK
- 2 SECOND BUBBLE BOOK
- 3 THIRD BUBBLE BOOK
- 4 THE ANIMAL BUBBLE BOOK
- 5 THE PIE PARTY BUBBLE BOOK
- 6 THE PET BUBBLE BOOK
- 7 THE FUNNY FIDGOGY BUBBLE BOOK
- 8 THE HAPPY-GO-LUCKY BUBBLE BOOK
- 9 THE MERRY MIDGET BUBBLE BOOK
- 10 THE LITTLE MICHIEF BUBBLE BOOK
- 11 THE TIPPYTOE BUBBLE BOOK
- 12 THE GAY GAMES BUBBLE BOOK

*(Others in Preparation)*

*The selection of words for the songs in this series of "Bubbles that Sing" has been made only after careful selection from available sources. The contents contained herein have been sought out, prepared and considered in order that the "Bubbles that Sing" might be read and sung—with always an excellent or well as an alternative version of each song.*

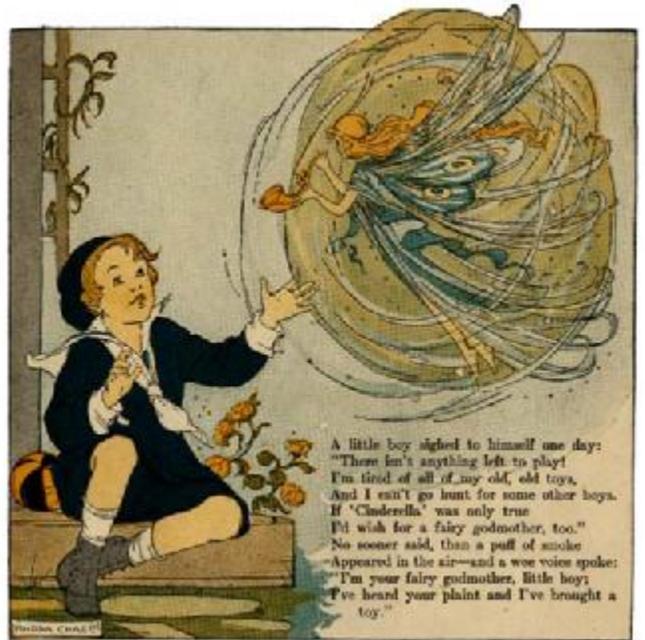
Printed by Ralph Marlow, Aug. 7, 1917  
Other permits pending  
Copyrighted by Harper & Brothers, 1912

Made in the United States of America

11-8

Then a wee little maid all gaily clad  
Offered a pipe to the wond'ring lad.  
"Here, boy," she said, "is a treasure rare!  
The bubbles it blows into the air  
Are fairy bubbles, and in them dwell  
Old nursery friends that you love so well.  
Old Dame Trot, and the Piper's Son,  
And Jack and Jill, and many a one,  
To cheer you up on your lonely days  
With their merry songs and their lively ways."  
The little boy took the pipe and blew,—  
See! a glorious bubble from it grew,—  
And in it was Tom, who piped away  
All of the tunes that he could play!  
Then the fairy called, "Come, Tom my dear,  
Come out of your bubble and join us here—  
This boy is lonely—come sing and play;  
It's time for me to be on my way."

4



A little boy sighed to himself one day:  
"There isn't anything left to play!  
I'm tired of all of my old, old toys,  
And I can't go hunt for some other boys.  
If 'Cinderella' was only true  
I'd wish for a fairy godmother, too."  
No sooner said, than a puff of smoke  
Appeared in the air—and a wee voice spoke:  
"I'm your fairy godmother, little boy;  
I've heard your plaint and I've brought a  
toy."



Pop! When the fairy's speech was  
done,  
From his bubble jumped Tom the  
Piper's Son.  
"Hello!" he cried. "If you're lonesome  
and sad,  
I'll sing you this popular song, my lad!"

*The Song Tom Sang*

TOM, TOM THE PIPER'S SON

Tom, Tom, was a piper's son,  
He learn'd to play when he was young;  
But the only tune that he could play,  
Was "Over the hills and far away."

Tom with his pipe made such a noise,  
That he pleased both the girls and boys;  
They'd dance and skip while he did play,  
"Over the hills and far away."

Tom with his pipe did play with such skill,  
That those who heard him could never keep still;  
As soon as he play'd they began for to dance;  
Even pigs on their hind-legs would after him prance.

6

Tom's song was sung and he turned to go—  
But the little boy laughed and called, "Oh no!  
I'll never permit you to go away—  
Your bubble burst and you have to stay!"  
Ho! ho! laughed Tom. "Why, I guess that's true,  
And then there's nothing I'd rather do  
Than stay and play till the day is done,  
But a few more playmates would help the fun.  
Here! take your pipe as the fairy told,—  
But what old friend shall the bubble hold?  
There are so many I'd like to see  
It's hard to choose, but Oh! dear me!  
You've no idea how eager I am  
To hear from Mary and her pet lamb!"  
So the little lad blew once more, and lo!  
They saw Miss Mary before them grow.

7

He met Old Dame Trot with a basket of eggs—  
He used his pipe and she used her legs;  
She danc'd about till her eggs were all broke.  
She began for to fret, but he laugh'd at the joke.

And as Dolly was milking her cow one day,  
Tom took out his pipe and began for to play;  
So Doll and the cow they danc'd a lilt,  
Till the pail fell down and the milk was all spilt.

7



*The Song Mary Sang*

**MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB**

Mary had a little lamb,  
Its fleece was white as snow.  
And ev'ry where that Mary went  
The lamb was sure to go.

It followed her to school one day,  
Which was against the rule.  
It made the children laugh and play  
To see a lamb at school.

And so the teacher turned him out,  
But still he lingered near,  
And waited patiently about  
Till Mary did appear.

10

The little boy clapped his hands in glee;  
"Oh, that was a very fine song," cried he.  
"It's really hard to believe, you know,  
That I was lonesome awhile ago!  
And now I've friends who will come to play  
Or sing a song whenever I say.  
Now Tom must pipe so we all may dance  
Till even the lamb has had a chance."  
But when the little boy looked around  
At all the new playmates he had found,  
He longed for others to join the throng  
And add their treasures of dance and song.  
"Another girl I should like to see  
And Jill would be just the one," thought he.  
So he seized his pipe and he blew until—  
Lo! there in a bubble were Jack and Jill!

11

Then he ran to her, and laid  
His head upon her arm,  
As if he said, "I'm not afraid—  
You'll keep me from all harm."

"What makes the lamb love Mary so?"  
The eager children cry;  
"Oh, Mary loves the lamb, you know,"  
The teacher did reply.

And you each gentle animal  
In confidence may bind,  
And make them follow at your will,  
If you are only kind.

11



"Come out of your bubble,  
dear Jill and Jack!  
But careful! Don't tumble  
and break your back."  
The pair stepped down  
carefully, hand in hand,  
And sang their song to the  
merry band.

*The Song They Sang*

**JACK AND JILL**

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

Up Jack got, and home did trot,  
As fast as he could caper;  
Went to bed, to mend his head,  
With vinegar and brown paper.

Jill came in and she did grin,  
To see his paper plaister.  
Mother, vex'd, did whip her next,  
For causing Jack's disaster.

*End of Book No. I*

