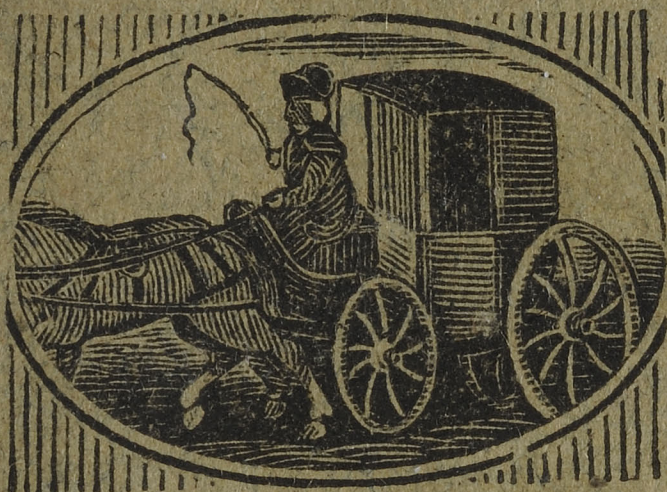


Gammer Gurton

FROM
LUMSDEN & SON'S

Juvenile Library,



60, *Queen-Street,*

GLASGOW.

Price Twopence.

GAMMER GURTON'S
GARLAND OF
NURSERY SONGS,
AND
TOBY TICKLE'S
Collection of
RIDDLES.

—
Compiled by
PETER PUZZLECAP, Esq.

Embellished with a variety of Cuts.

Glasgow:

Published and Sold Wholesale,

BY LUMSDEN AND SON:

[Price Twopence.]

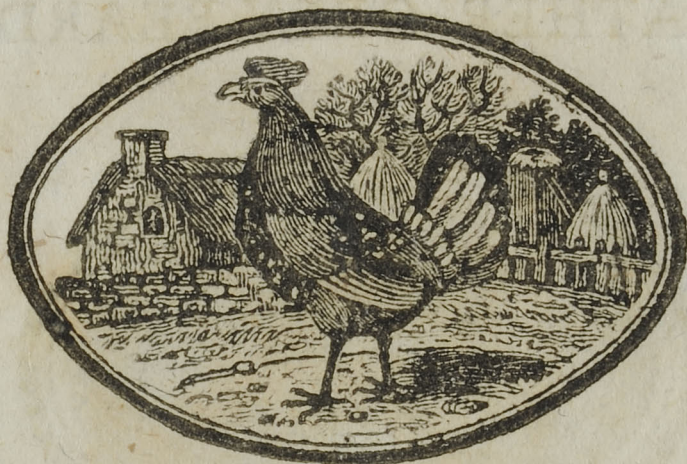
GAMMER GURTON'S
ADVICE TO ALL GOOD CHILDREN.



My dutiful children, do as you're bid,
And you'll be applauded and never be
chid.

And your Friends and your Wealth,
and your health shall increase,
Till you're crown'd with the blessings
of plenty and peace.

COCK-A-DOODLE-DO.



Cock-a-Doodle-Do,
My dame has lost her Shoe,
The Cat has lost her Fiddle-stick,
And knows not what to do.

Round about, round about,
Maggoty pie.
My father loves good ale,
And so do I.

FATHER GREY-BEARD.



Old Father Grey-beard,
Tho' now stiff and old,
Was once young and lively,
Courageous and bold:
Then timely learn this truth,
That age soon follows youth.

RIDE AWAY.



RIDE away, ride away, Johnny shall
ride,
And he shall have pussy cat tied to
one side,
And he shall have little dog tied to
the other,
And Johnny shall ride to see his
godmother.

HAY-MAKER.



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

Fee, Faw, Fum,
I smell the blood of an earthly man,
Let him be alive or dead,
Off goes his head.

THE ROBBERS.



There was a man, and he had nought,
 And robbers came to rob him;
 He crept up to the chimney top,
 And then they thought they had him.

But he got down on t'other side,
 And then they could not find him:
 He ran fourteen miles in fifteen days,
 And never look'd behind him.

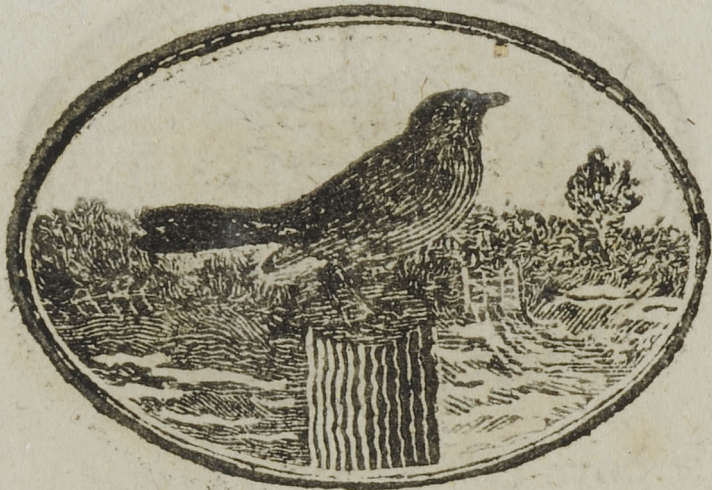
A FIDDLER.



Jacky, come give me thy fiddle,
If ever thou mean to thrive.
Nay; I'll not give my fiddle
To any man alive.

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

THE CUCKOO.



The Cuckoo's a bonny bird,
She sings as she flies,
She brings us good tidings,
And tells us no lies.
She sucks little birds' eggs
To make her voice clear,
And never cries Cuckoo!
Till spring time of the year.

BAA BAA, BLACK SHEEP.



Baa baa, black sheep, have you any
wool?

Yes, Mary, have I, three bags full,
One for my master, and one for my
dame,

And one for the little boy that lives
in the lane.

GOOSEY.



GOOSEY, goosey gander,
Whither dost thou wander,
Up stairs and 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.

STRAWBERRIES.



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



PETER PUZZLECAP, Esq.

TOBY TICKLE.



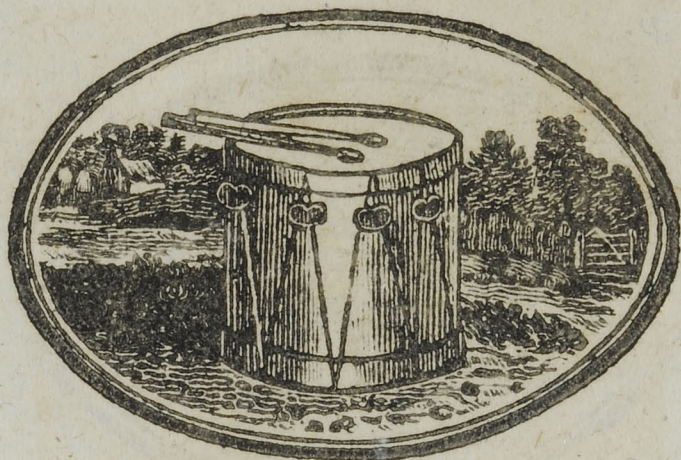
Toby Tickle doth Riddles tell,
 O'er nut-brown cakes and mugs of
 ale,
 And if you guess his Puzzles here,
 You shall have a Tart, my dear;
 But should you try much more than
 once,
 He will account you a great dunce.

THE ALPHABET.

A B C D E F G
H I J K L M N
O P Q R S T U
V W X Y Z &.

ALTHO' we are but twenty-seven,
We change to millions too;
Altho' we cannot speak a word,
We tell what others do.

A DRUM.



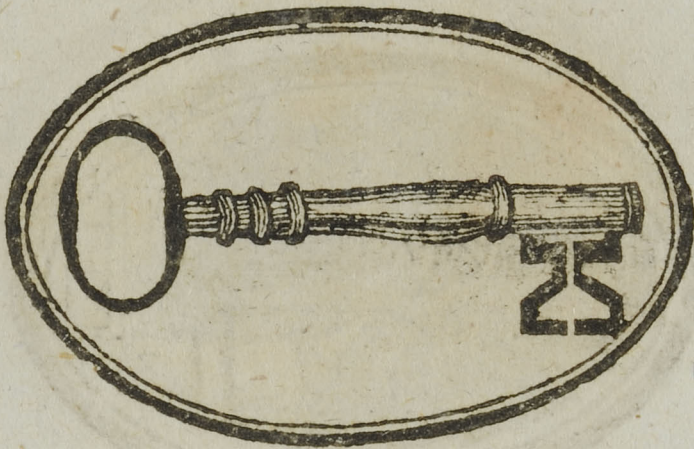
My sides are firmly lac'd about,
Yet nothing is within:
You'll think my head is strange in-
deed,
Being nothing else but skin.

BOTTLED ALE.



Without teeth it bites,
Without tongue it sings,
It foams without anger,
And flies without wings.

A KEY.



My virtue is such, that I
Can do the thing with ease,
Which strength and force will never
do,
Employ them as you please.

M I S E R.



A wretch there is, whose growing
wealth
But serves to make him poorer
still;
And tho' his chests their thousands
boast,
They cannot once his belly fill.

A PARROT.



Cloth'd in yellow, red, and green,
I prate before the King and
Queen;
Of neither house nor land possess'd,
By lords and knights I am caress'd.

S H I P.



I fly to many foreign parts,
Assisted by my spreading wings;
My body holds an hundred hearts
Nay, I will tell you stranger things
When I am not in haste I ride,
And then I mend my pace anon;
I issue fire out from my side,
Ye British youths this riddle con.

A TREE.



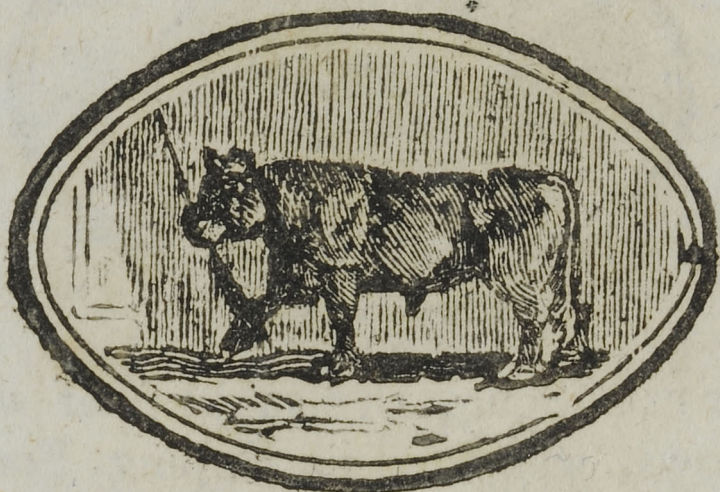
In Spring I look gay,
Deck'd in comely array,
In Summer more clothing I wear:
When colder it grows,
I fling off my clothes,
And in Winter quite naked appear.

A SHEEP.



There's not a creature moves on
ground
More harmless than myself is found;
Yet ever since the world began
I have been slain by cruel man.
Altho' I'm stupid, some will say,
I speak one word as well as they.
Freely tho' my life I give,
I'm stript each year to let you live.

AN OX.



I am as useful to the nation,
As some who move in higher station;
And fraught with virtues deem'd in-
herent,
May well be call'd the kings vice-
gerent;
As I his subjects render stronger,
And die that they may live the
longer.

STORY OF LITTLE SCUG
THE SQUIRREL.



LITTLE Scug, the subject of what follows, was born in Epping Forest; he was a comical little rogue, and occasioned a great deal of diversion.

One day he saw a great lazy clown sleeping, with his mouth wide open; he directly began to chuck nuts into his mouth, as boys chuck counters into a hole; the nuts rattled against his teeth in such a manner that he soon waked; when perceiving who disturbed him, he ran after Scug to

catch him, but he whipt up into a tree in an instant, and put him at defiance: the clown began to climb after him, when he presently leapt from that tree, and was in a moment upon another. The clown finding it vain to think of catching him by that means, resolved to lay a trap for him; in this he succeeded, for poor Scug fell into the snare, and was taken.

The clown was overjoyed to find he had caught him, and presently put a brass collar round his neck which he had provided for that purpose, and to which he hung a long chain of the same metal; round the collar these words were engraved;

For plaguing me when free,
Now taken, I'll plague thee.

The clown was a very ill-natured

fellow, and had a few days before beaten a farmer's dog, who seeing him coming along with Scug upon his shoulder, resolved to be revenged on him; so he went slyly behind him, and gave him a good bite on the calf of the leg, that he roared out like a bull, and thought so much of the pain he was in, he forgot to hold fast the chain; which Scug perceiving, gave him the slip, and scoured away as fast as possible; the clown, recollecting himself, ran after him. The chain was so heavy, that poor Scug found he must soon be taken, he therefore ran into the Parson's yard to seek for shelter, where that pretty good girl, Sally Sampler, the Parson's daughter, happened to be, and kindly took him under her protection. The clown insisted upon having the Squirrel as his right;

but some neighbours coming in, would not let him take it from the young lady: however, they gave him back the collar and chain; but told him, as the Squirrel had of his own accord taken refuge at the feet of Miss Sally, she had a right to him. Miss Sally, out of a little money she had saved, purchased a collar and chain of silver for Scug, upon which she had engraved,

Of running to me

You shall never repent,
For I will always endeavour
To give you content.

And indeed she was so kind to Scug, that he never wished for his liberty again, nor would he have parted from her upon any account.

One day as she was walking with him towards the woods where he

used to frequent, he suddenly slipped from her; she was sadly afraid he wanted to get away, but he seemingly stopped for her; she went towards him, and when she was pretty near him, he ran a little way farther, and stopt again for her. In this manner, he drew her into the thickest part of the wood, where he began to scratch up the ground with his claws in such a manner, that it raised her curiosity. She took a little knife out of her pocket, and dug up the ground, till she came to a large bag of money.

You may, perhaps, be desirous to know how Scug came to know of this treasure; I'll tell you: While he lived in the woods, he saw a miser bury it; this miser was soon after drowned in trying to wade through a river, in order not to pay the ferry.

Rules for Daily Practice.

Soon as the morn salutes your eyes,
 And from sweet sleep refresh'd you
 rise,

Think on the Author of the light,
 And praise him for the glorious
 sight.

Take not at night the least repose,
 Ere you to Heav'n your soul dis-
 close;

Consider how you've spent the day,
 And for Divine protection pray.

THE GOOD CHILD'S REWARD.

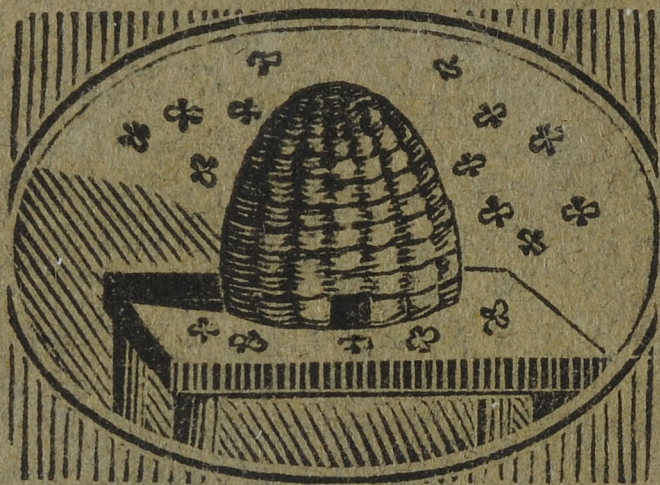


Come pretty Master—pretty Miss,
 Be good and gain a book like this;
 Come learn your Tasks and Scho-
 lars be,
 Your Friends 'twill pleasure mightily.
 This pretty Gift I will present
 To all who are on learning bent;
 And if you read this Book to me,
 The Raree Show you then will see.

—FINIS.—

3376495

How doth the little busy bee,
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day,
From ev'ry op'ning flow'r.



How skilfully she builds her cell,
How neat she spreads the wax,
And labours hard to store it well,
With the sweet food she makes.