CHIMES, RHYMES, JINGLES

Jessie Rhynas
from
Aunt - Lucy -

Chimes, rhymes, ... 27/11/68

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from
Aunt Lucy

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from his affectionate
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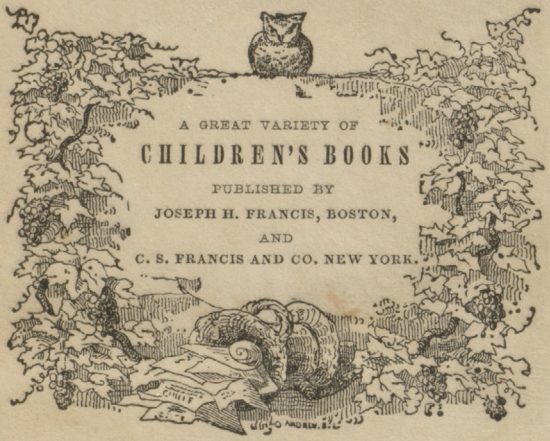


CHIMES,

RHYMES AND JINGLES:

OR,

MOTHER GOOSE'S

SONGS.

BOSTON.

1845

DEDICATED

TO THE

MOTHERS OF AMERICA.

There is within this book a Charm
Of more than Mesmer's magic power;
The peevish and perverse 'twill calm,
And sunlight many a cloudy hour.

CHIMES,

RHYMES, AND JINGLES:

OR,

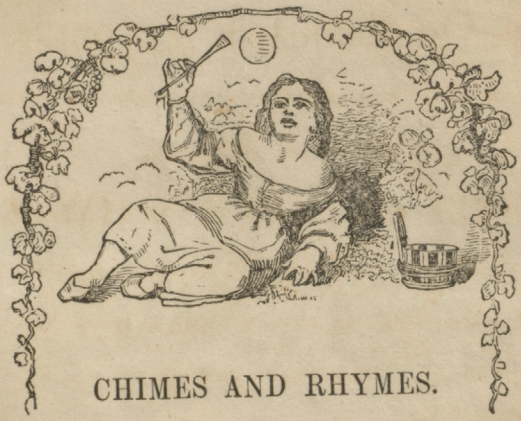
MOTHER GOOSE'S SONGS,

BEING

THE REMAINDER OF HER MELODIES.

WITH ORIGINAL PICTURES,
DESIGNED BY BILLINGS, AND ENGRAVED BY HARTWELL.

BOSTON:
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
MUNROE AND FRANCIS.



CHIMES AND RHYMES.

THREE MEN IN A TUB.

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 jumped out of a rotten potato—
'Twas enough to make a man stare!

ROBIN HOOD AND LITTLE JOHN.

ROBIN HOOD, Robin Hood,
Is in the mickle wood;
Little John, Little John,
He to the town is gone.

Robin Hood, Robin Hood, is telling of his beads,
All in the green wood among the green weeds.

Little John, Little John, if he come no more,
Robin Hood, Robin Hood, he will fret full sore.

GREEN leaves and pudding pies,
Tell me where my mistress lies,
And I'll be with her before she rise,
Fiddle and all together.

THOMAS A Didymus had a black beard,
Kissed Nancy Fitchet, and made her afeard.

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

THERE was an old man who lived in Middle Row,
He had five hens, and a name for them, O!
Bill and Ned and Battock,
Cut-her-foot and Pattock,
Chuck, my lady Prattock,
Go to your nest and lay!

JOCK THE PIPER.

JOCK he was a piper's son,
He learned to play when he was young,
And all the tune that he could play,
Was 'Over the hills and far away;'
Over the hills a great way off,
The wind will blow my top-knot off.

He met dame Trot with a basket of eggs,
He used his pipe and she used her legs;
She danced about till the eggs were all broke,
She began for to fret, but he laughed at the joke.

Now Jock with his pipe made such a noise,
That he pleased both the girls and boys,
And they often stopp'd to hear him play,
'Over the hills and far away.'

Jock with his pipe did play with such skill,
That those who heard him could never keep still;
Whenever they heard they began for to dance,
And pigs on their hind legs would after him prance.

As Dolly was milking her cow one day,
Jock took out his pipe and began for to play;
So Doll and the cow danced 'the Cheshire round,'
Till the pail was broke and the milk ran on the ground.

He saw a cross fellow was beating an ass,
Heavy laden with pots, pans, dishes, and glass!
He took out his pipe and played them a tune,
And the jackass's load was lightened full soon.

THE LADY LOVE.

THERE was a lady lov'd a swine; Honey, quoth she,
Pig, Hog, wilt thou be mine? Hoogh, quoth he.

I'll build thee a silver sty, Honey, quoth she;
And in it thou shalt lie. Hoogh, quoth he.

Pinn'd with a silver pin, Honey, quoth she;
That you may go out and in. Hoogh, quoth he.

Wilt thou have me now, Honey, quoth she?
Hoogh, hoogh, hoogh, quoth he, and went his way.

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.

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

Here we go up, up, up,
And here we go down, down, downy;
Here we go backwards and forwards,
And here we go round and roundy.

PRETTY maid, pretty maid,
Where have you been?
Gathering a posie to give to the queen.

Pretty maid, pretty maid,
What gave she you?
She gave me a diamond as big as my shoe!

MY LADY WIND.

MY lady Wind, my lady Wind,
Went round about the house to find
A chink to get her foot in;
She tried the key-hole in the door,
She tried the crevice in the floor,
And drove the chimney soot in.

And then, one night when it was dark,
She blew up such a tiny spark,
That all the house was pothered;

From it she raised up such a flame,
As flamed away to Belting Lane,
And White Cross folks were smothered.

And thus, when once, my little dears,
A whisper reaches itching ears,
The same will come you'll find;—
Take my advice, restrain the tongue,
Remember what old nurse has sung
Of busy lady Wind!

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

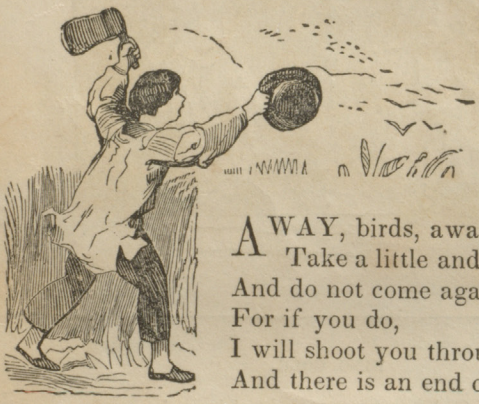
DANCE, little baby, dance up high,
Never mind, baby, mother is by;
Crow and caper, caper and crow,
There, little baby, there you go;
Up to the ceiling, down to the ground,
Backwards and forwards, round and round;
Dance, little baby, and mother will sing,
With the merry coral, ding, ding, ding.

LITTLE TOM TRIGGER.

LITTLE Tom Trigger, before he was bigger,
Thought he'd go out with his gun;
Left off bow and arrows, with which he shot sparrows,
And said he would have some fun.

A sow in the sty, as Tommy came by,
Was calling her pigs to repose;
Says Tom, I love fun, and at the pigs run,
But fell down and hurt his poor nose.

Margery came out, to see what it was about,
And she said—Master Tommy, O fye!
He took up his gun, and began for to run
From the pigs that were in the sty.



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.

LITTLE Blue Betty she lived in a den,
She sold good ale to gentlemen;
Gentlemen came to her every day,
And little Blue Betty hopp'd away.
She hopp'd up stairs to make her bed,
She tumbled down and broke her head.

KING COLE.

OLD King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three,—
Every fiddler he had a fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he;
Twee tweedle dee, tweedle dee, went the fiddlers.
O, there's none so rare, as can compare
With King Cole and his fiddlers three.

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

A was an apple-pie;
B bit it;
C cut it;
D dealt it;
E eat it;
F fought for it;
G got it;
H had it;
J joined it;
K kept it;
L longed for it;
M mourned for it;
N nodded at it;
O opened it;
P peeped in it;
Q quartered it;
R ran for it;
S stole it;
T took it;
V viewed it;
W wanted it;
X, Y, Z, and &, all wish'd for a piece in hand.

ONE, two,
Buckle my shoe;
Three, four,
Shut the door;
Five, six,
Pick up sticks;
Seven, eight,
Lay them straight;
Nine, ten,
A good fat hen;
Eleven, twelve,
Who will delve?
Thirteen, fourteen,
Maids a courting;
Fifteen, sixteen,
Maids a kissing;
Seventeen, eighteen,
Maids a waiting;
Nineteen, twenty,
My stomach's empty.

JACK HORNER.

LITTLE Jack Horner sat in the corner,
Eating a Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb, and he took out a plum,
And said—'What a good boy am I!'

BROW, brow, brinkie,
Eye, eye, winkie;
Nose, nose, nopper,
Mouth, mouth, merry,
Cheek, cheek, cherry,
Chin, chin, chopper.

DING, dong, bell,
Pussy's in the well!
Who put her in?
Little Tommy Lin.
Who pulled her out?
Dog with long snout.
What a naughty boy was that,
To drown poor pussy cat,
Who never did any harm,
But kill'd the mice in his father's barn.

THE rose is red, the grass is green,
Serve Queen Bess our noble Queen!
Kitty the spinner will sit down to dinner,
And eat the leg of a frog;
All good people look over the steeple,
And see the cat play with the dog.

SIMPLE SIMON.

SIMPLE SIMON met a pieman
Going to the fair;
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
'Let me taste your ware.'

Says the pieman to Simple Simon,
'Show me first your penny.'
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
'Indeed I have not any.'

Simple Simon went a fishing for to catch a whale;
All the water he had got was in his mother's pail.

Simple Simon went to look if plums grew on a thistle;
He pricked his fingers very much, which made poor Simon
whistle.

COCK a doodle doo,
My dame has lost her shoe;
My master's lost his fiddling stick.
And don't know what to do.

Cock a doodle doo,
What is my dame to do?
Till master finds his fiddling stick
She'll dance without her shoe.

Cock a doodle doo,
My dame has found her shoe,
And master's found his fiddling stick,
Sing doodle doodle doo.

Cock a doodle doo,
My dame will dance with you,
While master fiddles his fiddling stick
For dame and doodle doo.

THE Frog he would a wooing go,
Whether his mother would let him or no.

So off he marched with his nice new hat,
And on his way he met with a Rat.

When they came to the door of the Mouse's hall,
They gave a loud knock, and they gave a loud call:—

Pray, Mrs. Mouse, are you within?
O, yes, Mr. Rat, I'm learning to spin!

Pray, Mrs. Mouse, will you give us some beer,
For Froggy and I are fond of good cheer?

But as they were all a merry-making
The Cat and her Kittens came tumbling in.

The Cat she seized the Rat by the crown,
The Kittens they pulled the little Mouse down.

This put poor Frog in a terrible fright,
So he took up his hat and wished them good night.

As Froggy was crossing him over a brook,
A little white Duck came and gobbled him up.

So there was an end of one, two, and three,
The Rat, the Mouse, and the little Froggee!

OF all the gay birds that e'er I did see,
The owl is the fairest by far to me;
For all the day long she sits on a tree,
And when the night comes away flies she.

FOUR AND TWENTY BLACKBIRDS.

SING a song of sixpence, a bag full of rye;
Four and twenty blackbirds baked in a pie:—

When the pie was open'd the birds began to sing,
Was not that a dainty dish to set before the king?

The king was in his counting-house counting out his money,
The queen was in the parlor eating bread and honey;

The maid was in the garden hanging out clothes,
There came a little blackbird and snapt off her nose.

Jenny was so angry she knew not what to do,—
She put her finger in her ear and crackt it right in two.

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.

O WHO is so merry, so merry, hey ho,
As the light-hearted Fairy, hey ho?
He dances and sings
To the sound of his wings,
With a hey and a hey and a ho.

O who is so merry, so airy, hey ho,
As the light-headed Fairy, hey ho?
His nectar he sips
From the primrose's lips,
With a hey and a hey and a ho.

O who is so merry, so merry, hey ho,
As the light-footed Fairy, hey ho?
His night is the noon,
And his sun is the moon,
With a hey and a hey and a ho!

THE POLITE SALUTE.

AS I was going up Pippin-hill,
Pippin-hill was dirty;
There I met a pretty miss,
And she dropt me a curtsy.

Little miss, pretty miss,
Blessings light upon you;
If I had half-a-crown a day,
I'd spend it all upon you.

AROUND the green gravel the grass grows green,
And all the pretty maids are plain to be seen;
Wash them with milk, and clothe them with silk,
And write their names with a pen and ink.

COME, let's to bed,
Says Sleepy-Head.
Tarry a while,
Says Slow.
Put on the pot,
Says Greedy-Gut,
Let's sup before we go!

I HAD a little hobby-horse, and it was well shod,
It carried me to the mill-door, trod, trod;
When I got there I gave a great shout,
Down came the hobby-horse, and I cried out.
Fie upon the miller, he was a great beast,
He would not come to my house, I made a little feast,
I had but little, but I would give him some,
For playing of his bag-pipes and beating his drum.

COME hither, little Puppy Dog,
I'll give you a new 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 are 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.

Come hither, little Pussy Cat,
If you'll your grammar study,
I'll give you silver clogs to wear
Whene'er the gutter's muddy.

No, while I grammar learn, says Puss,
Your house will in a trice
Be overrun from top to bottom
With flocks of rats and mice.

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 then, good little Boy,
And learn your Alphabet,
And you a pair of boots and spurs
Like your Papa's shall get.

O yes, I'll learn my Alphabet,
And when I well can read,
Perhaps Papa will give me too,
A pretty long-tail steed.

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

THE CROOKED STORY.

THERE was a crooked man, and he went a crooked mile,
He found a crooked sixpence against a crooked stile.
He bought a crooked Cat, who caught a crooked Mouse,
And they all lived together in a little crooked house.

This is altogether a crooked concern. A crooked cane against a crooked house, and a crooked cat with a crooked mouse. A crooked man with a crooked pipe, must needs lead a crooked life.

THE BAKED BABIES.

BABY and I
Were baked in a Pie,
The gravy was wonderful hot.
We had nothing to pay
To the baker that day,
And so we crept out of the pot.

I reckon these pretty babies had a sweet feast under the crust. I hope their little heads are fully baked, because one half of the grown-up heads in this world are said to be slack baked.

JACK SPRAT AND HIS WIFE.

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.

BRYAN O'LIN had no breeches to wear,
So he bought him a sheepskin to make him a pair,
With the skinny side out, and the woolly side in,
O, how nice and warm! cried Bryan O'Lin.

THERE was an old man of Tobago,
Who lived on rice, gruel, and sago;
Till much to his bliss,
His physician said this—
'To a leg, sir, of mutton you may go.'

HERE comes I,
Liddle man Jan,
Wi my zword
In my han!

If you don't all do,
As you be told by I,
I'll zend you all to York,
Vor to make apple-pie!

COME, butter, come!
Come, butter, come!
Peter stands at the gate, waiting for a butter'd cake;
Come, butter, come!

WHAT is the rhyme for *porringer?*
The king he had a daughter fair,
And gave the Prince of Orange her.

WISE SAWS.

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

There was a crow sat on a stone,
When he was gone, then there was none.

There was an old wife did eat an apple,
When she had eat two, she had eat a couple.

There was a horse going to the mill,
When he went on, he stood not still.

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

There was a lacky ran a race,
When he ran fast, he ran apace.

There was a cobbler clouting shoon,
When they were mended, they were done.

There was a chandler making candle,
When he them stript, he did them handle.

There was a navy went into Spain,
When it returned it came again.

MY little old man and I fell out,
I'll tell you what 'twas all about:—
I had money and he had none,
And that's the way the broil begun.

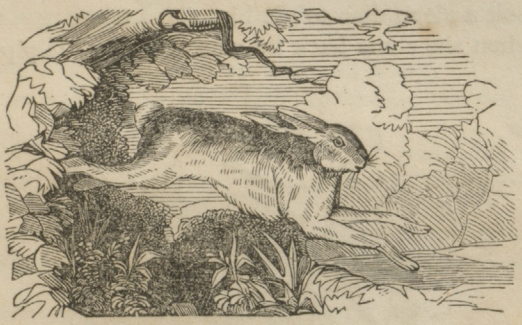
I WILL tell my own daddy when he comes home,
What little good work my mamma has done:—
She has earnt a penny, spent a groat,
And burnt a hole in the child's new coat.

JOHN JIGGY JAG.

LITTLE John Jiggy Jag, he rode a penny nag,
And went off to Wigan to woo,
When he came to a beck, he fell and broke his neck,
O Johnny, how dost thou now ?

I made him a cap of my coat-lap,
And stockings of pearly blue.
A hat and a feather to keep out cold weather,
So, Johnny, how dost thou now ?

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



ONE, Two, Three, Four, Five,
1, 2, 3 4, 5,
I caught a hare alive;
Six, Seven, Eight, Nine, Ten,
6, 7, 8, 9, 10,
I let her go again.

A DONKEY walks on four legs and I walk on two;
The last donkey I saw was very like you!

MOTHER HUBBARD AND HER DOG.

OLD Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog a bone;
But when she came there, the cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.

She took a clean dish to get him some tripe,
But when she came back he was smoking his pipe.

She went to the baker's to buy him some bread,
But when she came back the poor dog was dead.

She went to the joiner's to buy him a coffin,
But when she came back the poor dog was laughing.

She went to the fishmonger's to buy him some fish,
And when she came back he was licking the dish.

She went to the ale-house to get him some beer,
But when she came back the dog sat in a chair.

She went to a tavern for white wine and red,
But when she came back the dog stood on his head.

She went to the hatter's to buy him a hat,
But when she came back he was feeding the cat.

She went to the barber's to buy him a wig,
But when she came back he was dancing a jig.

She went to the fruiterer's to buy him some fruit,
But when she came back he was playing the flute.

She went to the tailor's to buy him a coat,
But when she came back he was riding a goat.

She went to the cobbler's to buy him some shoes,
But when she came back he was reading the news.

She went to the sempstress to buy him some linen,
But when she came back the dog was spinning.

She went to the hosier's to buy him some hose,
But when she came back he was dress'd in his clothes.

The dame made a curtsy, the dog made a bow;
The dame said, Your servant, the dog said, Bow, wow.

THE CHRISTMAS RUMPUS.

ON Christmas eve I turned the spit,
I burnt my fingers, I feel it yet;
The Cock-Sparrow flew over the table;
The Pot began to play with the Ladle;
The Ladle stood up like a naked man,
And vowed he'd fight the Frying-Pan;
The Frying-Pan, behind the door,
Said he never saw the like before;
And the kitchen Clock, I was going to wind,
Said he never saw the like behind!

GENERAL MONK.

LITTLE General Monk
Sat upon a trunk,
Eating a crust of bread;
There fell a hot coal
And burnt in his clothes a hole,
Now little General Monk is dead.
Keep always from the fire;
If it catch your attire,
You too, like Monk, will be dead.

LITTLE BO-PEEP.

LITTLE Bo-peep
Has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to
find them.

Leave them alone,
And they'll come home,
Bringing their tails behind
them.

Little Bo-peep
Fell fast asleep,
And dreamt she heard them bleating;
But when she awoke,
She found it a joke,
For still they were all 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 all their tails behind them.

It happen'd one day,
As Bo-peep did stray,
Under a meadow hard by;
There she espy'd
Their tails side by side,
All hung on a tree to dry.

She heav'd a sigh,
And wip'd her eye,
And over the hills went stump-o;
And tried what she could,
As a shepherdess should,
To tack again each to its rump-o.

THE CAT AND BAGPIPES.

A CAT came fiddling out of a barn,
With a pair of bagpipes 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.

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

FEEDUM, fiddledum fee,
The cat's got into the tree.
Pussy, come down,
Or I'll crack your crown,
And toss you into the sea.

THERE was an old man, and he lived in a wood;
And his lazy son Jack would snooze till noon,—
Nor followed his trade, although it was good,
With a bill and stump for making of brooms, green brooms.

One morn in a passion, and sore with vexation,
He said he would fire the room,
If he did not get up and go to his work,
And fall to the cutting of brooms, green brooms.

Then Jack arose and slipt on his clothes,
And away to the woods very soon,
Where he made up his pack, which he put on his back,
Crying, Maids, do you want any brooms, green brooms?

PUNCH AND JUDY.

PUNCH and Judy fought for a pie;
Punch gave Judy a knock in the eye.
Says Punch to Judy, will you have any more?
Says Judy to Punch, my eye is too sore.

LEG over Leg, as the Dog went to Dover,
When he came to a fence, jump he went over.

RAIN, Rain,
Go away,
Come again
Another day,
Little Arthur
Wants to play.

DING, DONG BELL!
What does it tell?
On Sunday all
To Church I call.
The sleepy head
I rouse from bed.
Lightning and thunder
I break asunder.
The winds so fierce
I do disperse.
And though my tongue is heard on high,
I never yet did tell a lie.

I CAN make diet bread, thick and thin;
I can make diet bread, fit for the king.

THE WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE.

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 soundly and sent them to bed.

AS I was walking o'er little Moorfields,
I saw St. Paul's a running on wheels,
With a fee, fo, fum.
Then for further frolics I'll go to France,
While Jack shall sing and his wife shall dance,
With a fee, fo, fum.

THERE was a little hobby colt,
His name was Nobby Grey;
His head was made of pouce straw,
His tail was made of hay;
He could amble, he could trot,
He could carry a mustard-pot,
Round the town of Woodstock.

DAPSEY DOG.

ROWSTY dowt, my fire's all out,
My little dame's not at home!
I'll saddle my cock, and bridle my hen,
And fetch my little dame home again!
Home she came, tritterty trot,
She asked for the porridge she left in the pot;
Some she ate and some she shog,
And some she gave to the truckler's dog;
She took up the ladle and knocked its head,
And now poor Dapsey dog is dead!

SONG OF THE FIVE TOES.

1. Let's go to the wood, says this pig,
2. What to do there? says that pig;
3. To look for my mother, says this pig;
4. What to do with her? says that pig!
5. Kiss her to death, says this pig.

LADY BIRD, lady bird, fly away home,
The Field-Mouse is gone to her nest,
The Daisys have shut up their sleepy red eyes,
And the Bees and the Birds are at rest.

Lady Bird, lady Bird, fly away home,
The Glow-worm is lighting her lamp,
The Dew's falling fast, and your fine speckled wings
Will be wet with the close-clinging damp.

Lady Bird, lady Bird, fly away home,
The Fairy Bells tinkle afar,
Make haste, or they'll catch you, and harness you fast
With a cobweb, to Oberon's car.

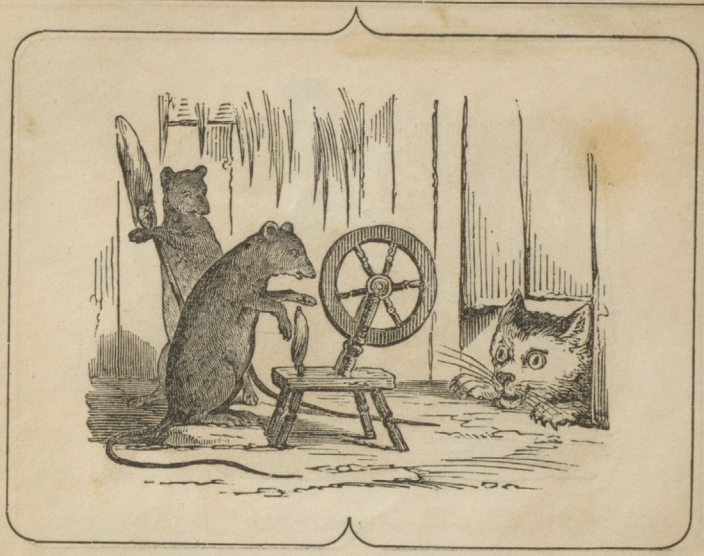
Lady Bird, lady Bird, fly away now
To your nest in the old hollow tree,
Where your children so dear have invited the Ant
And a few cosy neighbors to tea.

THE GREY MARE.

JOHN COOK had a little grey mare, he haw hum.
Her back stood up, and her bones 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 must sing it yourself, he haw hum.

THE LITTLE SCHOLAR.

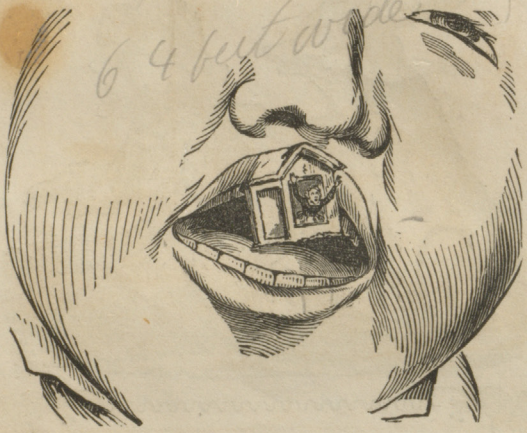
A, B, C, and D, pray, playmates, agree.
E, F, and G, well, so it shall be.
H, I, K, and L, in peace we will dwell.
M, N, and O, to play let us go.
P, Q, R, and S, love may we possess.
T, W, X, Y, will not quarrel nor die.
Z, and short &, go to school at command.



THE SPINNING MICE.

SOME little Mice sat in a barn to spin;
Pussy came by, and she popped her head in.
Shall I come in and cut your threads off?
O no, kind sir, you will snap our heads off.

DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY has come up to town,
In a yellow petticoat, and a green gown.



MRS. NOTHING.

THERE was an old woman, called Nothing-at-all,
Who rejoiced in a dwelling exceedingly small.
A man stretched his mouth to its utmost extent,
And down at one gulp house and old woman went.

THE FOX AND HIS WIFE.

THE fox and his wife they had a great strife,
They never ate 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 they were shining, and all things bright;
O, 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!
O, 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 ran around the hay-stack,
O, 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!
O, husband! O, 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!

HERE stands a fist!
Who set it there?
A better man than you, sir!
Touch it if you dare?

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

POOR old Robinson Crusoe,
Poor old Robinson Crusoe,
They made him a coat of an old nanny-goat,
I wonder how they could do so.

He looked in the pond,
And became very fond
Of his nice hairy coat of the skin of a goat,
And his Parrot cried Poor old Crusoe.

THE LITTLE EYE FISHES.

WHEN I was a little girl,
I washed my mother's dishes,
I put my finger in my eye
And pulled out fourscore fishes.

My mammy called me good girl,
And bade me do so 'gain;
I put my finger in my eye
And pulled out fourscore ten.

SAINT Dunstan, as the story goes,
Once pulled old Demon by the nose,
With red hot tongs, which made him roar,
That he was heard ten miles or more.

THE Bells ringing up in the tower,
Are sending a sound to the heart.
There's a charm in the old church bells,
Which nothing in life can impart.

Devil

BARBER, barber,
Shave a pig,
How many hairs
Will make a wig?

Four and twenty,
That's enough.
Give the barber
A pinch of snuff.

THE FINGER DANCE.

DANCE, Thumbkin, dance, [*keep the thumb in motion.*
Dance, ye merry men, every one, [*put all fingers in motion.*
For Thumbkin he can dance alone, [*the thumb only moving.*
Thumbkin he can dance alone.

Dance, Foreman, dance, [*the first finger moving.*
Dance, ye merry men, every one, [*the whole moving.*
But Foreman, he can dance alone,
Foreman he can dance alone.

[And so on with the others—naming the second finger *Longman*—the third finger *Ringman*—and the fourth finger *Littleman*. Littleman cannot dance alone.]

THE DEAF LADY.

OLD woman, old woman, shall we go a shearing?
Speak a little louder, sir, I'm very thick of hearing.
Old woman, old woman, shall I kiss you dearly?
Thank you, kind sir, I hear you very clearly.

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

THE POLITE SCHOLAR.

AS I was going o'er Westminster bridge,
I met with a Westminster scholar ;
He pulled off his cap and drew off his glove,
And wished me a very good morrow.

WHAT's the news of the day, good neighbor, I pray ?
They say the balloon is gone up to the moon.

THE FOOLISH SON.

MY Father, he died, but I can't tell you how,
He left me six horses to drive in my plough;
With my wing wang waddle O, Jack sing saddle O,
Blowsey boys bubble O, under the broom.

I sold my six horses and bought me a cow,
I'd have fain made a fortune, but didn't know how.
With my wing wang waddle O, &c.

THE man in the moon,
Came tumbling down,
And ask'd his way to Norwich.
He went by the south,
And burnt his mouth
With supping cold pease-porridge.

WHEN Arthur first at court began
To wear long hanging sleeves,
He entertained three serving men,
And all of them were thieves.

The first he was an Irishman,
The second was a Scot,
The third he was a Welchman,
And all were knaves, I wot.

The Irishman loved usquebaugh,
The Scot loved ale called blue-cap,
The Welchman he loved toasted cheese,
And made his mouth a mouse-trap.

Usquebaugh burnt the Irishman;
The Scot was drowned in ale;
The Welchman liked to be choked by a mouse,
But he pulled it out by the tail.

THE GUNNER AND HIS DUCK.

THERE was a little man,
And he had a little gun,
And his bullets were made of lead, lead, lead,
He went to a brook,
And fired at a duck,
And shot him right through the head, head, head.

He carried it home
To his old wife Joan,
And bid her a fire for to make, make, make,

MARY ESTER.

LITTLE Mary Ester
Sat upon a tester,
Eating of curds and whey;
There came a little spider,
And sat him down beside her,
And frightened Mary Ester away.

SAYS Aaron to Moses,
Let's cut off our noses:
Says Moses to Aaron,
'Tis the fashion to wear 'em.

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

NOSE, Nose, jolly red Nose,
And what gave you that jolly red Nose?
Nutmegs and cinnamon, spices and cloves,
And that gave me this jolly red Nose.

HERE comes a poor woman from baby-land,
With three small children in her hand:
One can brew, the other can bake,
The other can make a pretty round cake.

WE'RE all in the dumps,
For diamonds are trumps;
The kittens are gone to St. Pauls!
The babies are bit,
The moon's in a fit,
And the houses are built without walls.

THE CUCKOO.

CUCKOO, Cuckoo,
What do you do?

In April
I open my bill;
In June
I change my tune;
In May
I sing night and day;
In July
Away I fly;
In August
Away I must.

TOM THUMB'S ALPHABET.

A...was an Archer, and shot at a frog,
B...was a Butcher, and kept a bull-dog.
C...was a Captain, all covered with lace,
D...was a Drunkard, and had a red face.
E...was an Esquire, with insolent brow,
F...was a Farmer, and followed the plough.
G...was a Gamester, who had but ill luck,
H...was a Hunter, and hunted a buck.
I....was an Innkeeper, who loved to bouse,
J....was a Joiner, and built up a house.
K...was King Cole, who had a fine band,
L...was a Lady, who had a white hand.
M...was a Miser, and hoarded up gold,
N...was a Nobleman, gallant and bold.
O...was an Oyster, and lived on the beach,
P...was a Parson, who always could preach.
Q...was a Queen, and fond of parade,
R...was a Robber, and got the strappade.
S...was a Sailor, and spent all he got,
T...was a Tinker, and mended a pot.
U...was a Usurer, a miserabie elf,
V...was a Vintner, who drank all himself.
W...was a Watchman, and guarded the door,
X...was Expensive, and so became poor.
Y...was a Youth, that did not love school,
Z...was a Zany, a silly old fool.

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

PEG, Peg, with a wooden leg,
Her father was a miller;
He tossed the dumpling at her head
And said he couldn't kill her.

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

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

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.

THERE were three jovial Welchmen, as I have heard them say,
And they would go a-hunting upon St. David's day.

All the day they hunted, and nothing could they find,
But a ship a-sailing, a-sailing with the wind.

One said it was a ship, the other he said nay;
The third said it was a house, with the chimney blown away.

And all the night they hunted, and nothing could they find,
But the moon a-gliding, a-gliding with the wind.

One said it was the moon, the other he said nay;
The third said it was a cheese, and half o't cut away.

THE BACHELOR'S WIFE.

WHEN I was a bachelor, I lived by myself,
And all my bread and cheese I laid upon the shelf;
The rats and the mice they made such a strife,
I was forced to go to London to buy myself a wife;
The roads were so bad, and the lanes were so narrow,
I was forced to bring my wife home in a wheelbarrow.
The wheelbarrow broke, and my wife had a fall;
Deuce take the wheelbarrow, wife, and all.

WHAT are little boys made of, made of,
What are little boys made of?
Snaps and snails, and puppy-dog's tails;
And that's what little boys are made of,
made of.
What are little girls made of, made of,
made of,
What are little girls made of?
Sugar and spice, and all that's nice;
And that's what little girls are made of, made of.

BUZ, quoth the blue 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.

BIRDS of a feather flock together,
And so will pigs and swine;
Rats and mice will have their choice,
And so will I have mine.

MISS FANNY'S JIG.

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.

LITTLE Tom Dandy was my first suitor,
He had a spoon and dish, and a little pewter.

AN EXERCISE DURING WHICH THE FINGERS OF THE CHILD ARE ENUMERATED.

THUMBKIN, Thumbkin, broke the barn,
Pinnikin, Pinnikin, stole the corn,
Long back'd Gray
Carried it away,
Old Midman sat and saw,
But Peesy-weesy paid for a'.

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.

THERE was an old woman had three sons,
Jerry, and James, and John;
Jerry was hung, James was drowned,
John was lost and never was found,
And there was an end of her three sons,
Jerry, and James, and John!

OLD Mother Goose, when
She wanted to wander,
Would ride through the air
On a very fine gander.

Mother Goose had a house,
'Twas built in a wood,
Where an owl at the door
For sentinel stood.

She had a son Jack, a plain looking lad,
He was not very good, nor yet very bad.

She sent him to market; a live goose he bought;
Here, mother, says he, it will not go for nought.

Jack's goose and her gander they grew very fond,
They'd both eat together, or swim in one pond.

Jack found on one morning, as I have been told,
His goosey had lain him an egg of pure gold.

Jack rode to his mother, the news for to tell;
She called him a good boy, and said it was well.

Jack sold his gold egg to a rogue of a Jew,
Who cheated him out of the half of his due.

Then Jack went a courting a lady so gay,
As fair as the lily, and sweet as the May.

The Jew and the Squire came behind his back,
And began to belabor the sides of poor Jack.

The old Mother Goose, that instant came in,
And turned her son Jack into fam'd Harlequin.

She then with her wand, touch'd the lady so fine,
And turn'd her at once into sweet Columbine.

The egg deep into the sea was thrown then,—
When Jack jump'd in and back the egg got again.

The Jew got the goose, which he vow'd he would kill,
Resolving at once all his pockets to fill.

Jack's mother came in, and caught the goose soon,
And mounting its back flew up to the moon.

BESSY BELL and Mary Gray,
They were two bonny lasses;
They built their house upon the lea,
And covered it with rashes.

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

THE BOLD SNAIL.

FOUR and twenty cowards
Went to kill a snail,
The best man amongst them
Durst not touch her tail;
She put out her horns
Like a little kyloe cow,
Run, cowards, run,
Or she'll kill you all e'en now.

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.

CLAP hands, clap hands,
Hie Tommy Randy,
Did you see my good man?—
They call him Cock-a-bandy.

Silken stockings on his legs,
Silver buckles glancin',
A sky-blue bonnet on his head,
And, O, but he is handsome.

AS titty mouse sat in the witty to spin,
Pussy came to her and bid her good e'en:—
'O, what are you doing, my little 'oman?'
'A spinning a doublet for my gude man.'
'Then shall I come to thee and wind up thy thread?'
'O, no, Mrs. Puss, you'll bite off my head.'

PETER WHITE.

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

THERE was a little one-eyed gunner,
Killed all the birds that died last summer.

THE STAR.

I HAVE a little sister, they call her peep, peep,
She wades the waters deep, deep, deep,
She climbs the mountains high, high, high,
Poor little creature she has but one eye.

WOOLEY FOSTER's gone to sea,
With silver buckles at his knee,
When he comes back he'll marry me,
Bonny Wooley Foster.

Wooley Foster has a cow,
Black and white about the mow,
Open the gates and let her through,
Wooley Foster's ain cow.

Wooley Foster has a hen,
Cockle button, cockle ben,
She lays eggs for gentlemen,
But none for Wooley Foster.

LITTLE boy, pretty boy, where was you born?
In Lincolnshire, master; come blow the cow's horn.
A half-penny pudding, a penny pie,
A shoulder of mutton, and that love I.

LORDS IN A CHURN.

JIM and George were two great lords,
They fought all in a churn,
And when that Jim got George by the nose,
Then George began to gern.

To market, to market, to buy a plum bun;
Home again, home again, market is done.

RIDDLE me, riddle me ree,
A Crow sat up in a tree,
And he says to himself, says he,
What a fine bird I be!

AS I went to Bonner,
I met a pig without a wig,
Upon my word and honor.

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 skipped over water, I danced over sea,
And all the birds in the air couldn't catch me.

TO market ride the gentlemen,
So do we, so do we;
Then comes down the country clown,
Hobbledy gee, Hobbledy gee;
First go the ladies, nim nim nim;
Then come the gentlemen, trim trim trim;
Then come the country clowns, gallop-a-trot.

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.

WASH hands wash, pussy's gone to plough,
If you want your hands washed,
Have them washed now.

ONE moonshiny night
As I sat high,
Waiting for some one
To come by,
The boughs did bend,
My heart did ache,
To see what a hole
The fox did make.

THE quaker's wife got up to bake,
Her children all about her,
She gave them every one a cake,
And the miller wants his moulter.

THERE was a jolly miller lived on the river Dee,
He looked upon his pillow, and there he saw a flea.
O mister Flea, you've been biting me,
And you must die:
So he cracked his bones upon the stones,
And there he let him lie.

AT the siege of Belle-Isle I was there all the while,
All the while, all the while, at the siege of Belle-Isle.

THE GOOD OLD LADY OF LEEDS.

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!

THERE was a Rat, for want of stairs,
Came down the rope to hear the prayers.

THERE was a Rat lived in the wood,
And she'd a lot of young ones,
None of them turned out very good,
They ate up all my onions.

I brought my babe to see this Rat,
She looked so plaguey cunning,
But I with her could have no chat,
She said she must be running.

If I should catch you, mistress Rat,
Around my house, or in it,
I'll let you know I keep a cat
Will munch you in a minute.

THERE was an owl lived in an oak,
Wisky wasky weedle;
And every word he ever spoke,
Was fiddle, faddle, feedle.

A gunner chanced to come that way,
Wisky wasky weedle;
Says he, I'll shoot you, silly bird,
Fiddle, faddle, feedle.

LITTLE Nancy Etticoat, in a white petticoat,
And a red nose,
The longer she stands, the shorter she grows.

PUSSICAT, wussicat, with a white foot,
When is your wedding? for I'll come to't.
The beer 's to brew, the bread 's to bake.
Pussicat, pussicat, don't be too late.

IF all the world was apple-pie,
And all the sea was ink,
And all the trees were bread and cheese,
What would we have for drink?

[The man had but one eye, and the tree but two apples on it.]

THERE was a man who had no eyes,
He went abroad to view the skies:
He saw a tree with apples on it,
He took no apples off, yet left no apples on it.

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.

RING me, ring me, ring me rary,
As I go round, ring by ring,
A virgin goes a maying,
Here's a flower and there's a flower,
Growing in my lady's garden.
If you set your foot awry,
Gentle John will make you cry,
If you set your foot amiss,
Gentle John will give you a kiss. So clap all hands, and ring all bells, and make the wedding o'er.

The tailor he shot and missed his mark,
  Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do ;
And shot his own sow quite through the heart;
  Sing heigho, the carrion crow,
  Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do.

Wife, bring brandy in a spoon ;
  Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do,
For our old sow is in a swoon,
  Sing heigho, the carrion crow,
  Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do.

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.

Did you see my wife, did you see, did you see,
  Did you see my wife looking for me ?
She wears a straw bonnet, with white ribbons on it,
  And dimity petticoats over her knee.

There was an old woman lived under a hill,
And if she's not gone she lives there still.

I HAD a little pony, his name was Dapple-grey,
I lent him to a lady to ride a mile away;
She whipped him, she slashed him,
She rode him through the mire;
I would not lend my pony now for all the lady's hire.

HINX, minx, the old witch winks, the fat begins to fry,
There's nobody at home but jumping Joan,
Father and mother and I.

1. I went up one pair of stairs,
2. Just like me.
1. I went up two pair of stairs,
2. Just like me.
1. I went into a room,
2. Just like me.
1. I looked out of a window,
2. Just like me.
1. And there I saw a monkey,
2. Just like me.

---

1. I am a gold lock. . . . . 2. I am a gold key.
1. I am a silver lock . . . . . 2. I am a silver key.
1. I am a brass lock. . . . . .2. I am a brass key.
1. I am a lead lock . . . . . 2. I am a lead key.
1. I am a monk lock . . . . . .2. I am a monk key.

TWO legs sat upon three legs,
With one leg in his lap;
In comes four legs
And runs away with one leg.
Up jumps two legs,
Catches up three legs,
Throws it after four legs,
And makes him bring back one leg,

One leg is a leg of mutton; two legs is a man; three legs a stool; four legs a dog.

GIRLS and boys come out to play,
The moon does shine as bright as day;
Leave your supper, and leave your sleep,
And come with your playfellows into the street.
Come with a whoop, come with a call,
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 a pudding in half an hour.

MOTHER'S BEAUTY.

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

WHAT do they call ye? Patchy Dolly.
Where were you born? In the cow's horn.
Where were you bred? In the cow's head.
Where will you die? In the cow's eye.

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

JOHNNY Armstrong killed a calf,
Peter Henderson got the half;
Willy Wilkinson got the head,
Ring the bell, the calf is dead.

THREE Children sliding on the ice
Upon a summer's day,
As it 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 drowned.

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

I LOVE sixpence, pretty little sixpence,
I love sixpence better than my life;
I spent a penny of it, I spent another,
And took fourpence home to my wife.

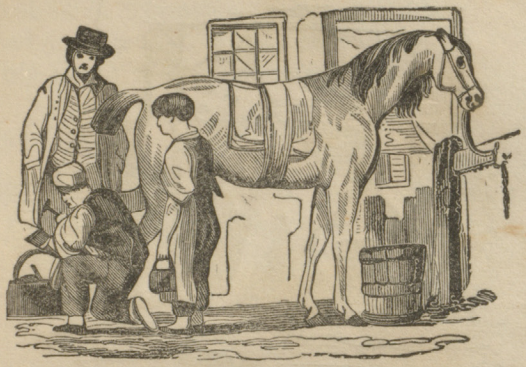
O my little fourpence, pretty little fourpence,
I love fourpence better than my life;
I spent a penny of it, I spent another,
And I took twopence home to my wife.

O my little twopence, pretty little twopence,
I love twopence better than my life;
I spent a penny of it, I spent another,
And I took nothing home to my wife.

O my little nothing, my pretty little nothing,
What will nothing buy for my wife?
I have nothing, I spend nothing,
I love nothing better than my wife.

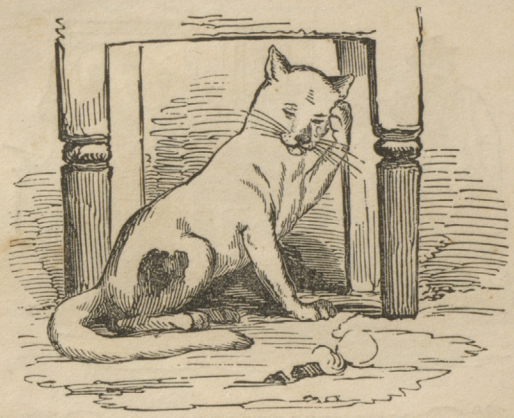
DRAW a pail of water for my lady's daughter;
My father's a king, and my mother's a queen,
My two little sisters are dressed in green,
Stamping grass and parsley,
Marigold leaves and daisies.
One rush, two rush,
Pray thee, fine lady, come under my bush.

MY name is TOM THUMB, from the fairies I come.
When king Arthur shone, his court was my home;
In me he delighted, by him I was knighted,
Did you never hear of Sir Thomas Thumb?
My shirt was made of butterflies' wings,
My boots were made of chickens' skins,
My coat and breeches were made with pride,
A tailor's needle hung by my side,
And a mouse for a horse I used to ride.



IS John Smith within? Yes, stript to the skin.
Can he set a shoe? Ay, marry, two.
Here a nail, and there a nail, tick tack too.

WHEN cockle shells turn silver bells,
And mussels grow on every tree,
When frost and snow shall warm us through,
Then shall my love prove true to me.



PUSSY Cat Mole
Jumped over a coal,
And in her best petticoat burnt a great hole.
Poor Pussy's weeping, she'll have no more milk,
Until her best petticoat 's mended with silk.

JOHN SPRAT had a cat, it had but one ear,
It went to buy butter when butter was dear.

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.

SIEVE my lady's oatmeal, grind my lady's flour,
Put it in a chesnut and let it stand an hour,
One may rush, two may rush,
Come, my girls, under the bush.

O BONNY Hobby Eliot, O canny Hobby still,
O bonny Hobby Eliot, that lives at Harlow hill,
Had Hobby acted right, as he has seldom done,
He would have kissed his wife, and let the maid alone.

BUFF says Buff to all his men,
And I say Buff to you again;
Buff neither laughs nor smiles,
But carries his face
With a very good grace,
And passes the stick to the very next place!

HEY diddle diddle, the Cat and the fiddle,
The Cow jumped over the moon;
The little Dog laughed to see such craft,
While the Dish run after the Spoon.

I'LL sing you a song nine verses long,
For a pin;
Three and three are six, and three are nine,
You are a goose, and the pin is mine.

THREE QUESTIONS ANSWERED BY THREE QUESTIONS.

CAN you make me a cambric shirt,
Without any seam or needlework ?

Can you wash it in yonder well,
Where never sprung water, nor rain ever fell ?

Can you dry it on yonder thorn,
Which never bore blossom since Adam was born ?

Now you have asked me questions three,
I hope you will answer as many for me.

Can you find me an acre of land,
Between the salt water and the sea sand ?

Can you plough it with a ram's horn,
And sow it all over with one peppercorn ?

Can you reap it with a sickle of leather,
And bind it up with a peacock's feather ?

When you have done and finished your work,
Then come to me for your cambric shirt.

O DEAR, what can the matter be !
Two maiden ladies got up in an apple-tree ;
One came down, and one staid till Saturday.

THREE blind mice, see how they run!
They all run after the farmer's wife,
Who cut off their tails with a carving-knife;
Did you ever see such fools in your life?
Three blind mice.

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

BAT, bat, (*clap hands*) 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.

WHEN Jacky's a very good boy,
He shall have cakes and a custard;
But when he does nothing but cry,
He shall have nothing but mustard.

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

GILLY Silly Jarter, who has lost a garter
In a shower of rain?
The miller found it, the miller ground it,
And the miller gave it to Silly again.

CRIPPLE Dick upon a stick, and Sandy on a stool,
Riding away to Galloway to buy a pound of wool,

THE Bull 's in the barn threshing the corn,
The Cock's on the dunghill blowing his horn,
The Cat's at the fire frying her fish,
The Dog's in the pantry breading his dish.

THE barber shaved the mason;
As I suppose, cut off his nose.

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

AS Tommy Snooks and Betsy Brooks
Were walking out one Sunday,
Says Tommy Snooks to Betsy Brooks,
Tomorrow will be Monday.

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

AT Brill on the hill, the wind blows shrill,
The cook no meat can dress;
At Stold in the Wold the wind blows cold,
I know no more than this.

A MAN went a hunting at Ryegate,
And wished to leap over a high gate;
Says the owner, Go round,
With your gun and your hound,
For you never shall leap over my gate.

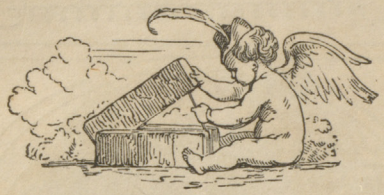
CRIPPLE Dick upon a stick, and Sandy on a stool,
Riding away to Galloway to buy a pound of wool,

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

BELL horses, bell horses, what time of day?
One o'clock, two o'clock, time to away.

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,
O I fear my poor baby will die.

LITTLE Tee Wee he went to sea in an open boat;
And while afloat the little boat bended and my story's ended.



THE SAD BEHAVIOR OF JENNY WREN.

JENNY Wren fell sick upon a merry time,
In came Robin Redbreast and brought her sops and wine.

Eat well of the sop, Jenny, drink well of the wine:
Thank you kindly, Robin, you shall be mine.

Jenny she got well, and stood upon her feet,
And told Robin plainly—'I love thee not a bit!'

Robin being angry, hopped upon a twig,
Saying, Out upon you, fie upon you, bold faced jig.

So Jenny got well, and made Robin mad,
Though her health was now good, her behavior was bad.

As little Jenny Wren was sitting by the shed
She waggled with her tail, and nodded with her head;

She waggled with her tail, and nodded with her head,
As little Jenny Wren was sitting by the shed.

LITTLE JENNY WREN,

AND WHAT THE DOCTORS ALL SAID THEN.

JENNY WREN was sick again,
And Jenny Wren did die,
Though Doctors vow'd they'd cure her,
Or know the reason why.

Doctor Hawk felt her pulse,
And shaking his head,
Says, I fear I can't save her,
Because she's quite dead.

Doctor Hawk's a clever fellow,
And his wig looks very wise,
Pinched her wrist enough to kill her,
But no one heard her cries.

She 'll do very well yet,
  Then said Doctor Fox,
If she take but one pill
  From out of this box.

Ah, Doctor Fox,
  You are very cunning,
For if she be dead,
  You will not get one in.

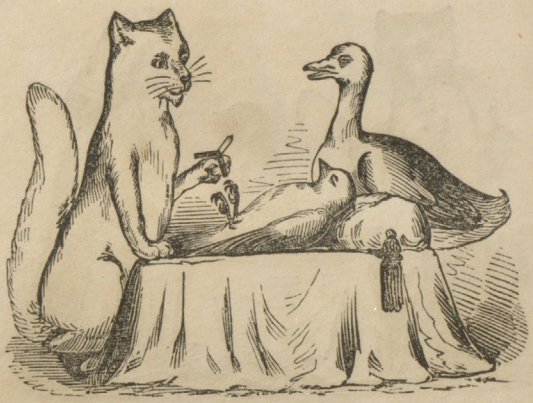
With hartshorn in hand,
Came Doctor Tom Tit,
Saying, Really, good sirs,
It is only a fit.

You are right, Doctor Tit,
You need make no doubt on,
Death is surely a fit
People seldom get out on.

Doctor Cat says, Indeed
  I don't think she's dead,
I believe if I try
  She yet might be bled.

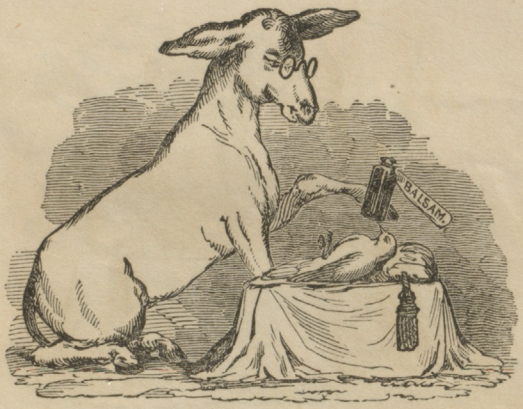
You need not a lancet,
  Miss Pussy, indeed,
Your claws are enough
  A poor Wren to bleed.

I think, Puss, you are foolish,
Then says Doctor Goose,
For to bleed a dead Wren
Can be of no use.



Why, sharp Doctor Goose,
You are so very wise,
Your wisdom profound
Might Ganders surprise.

Doctor Jack Ass then said,
  See this balsam, I make it;
She yet may survive,
  If you get her to take it.

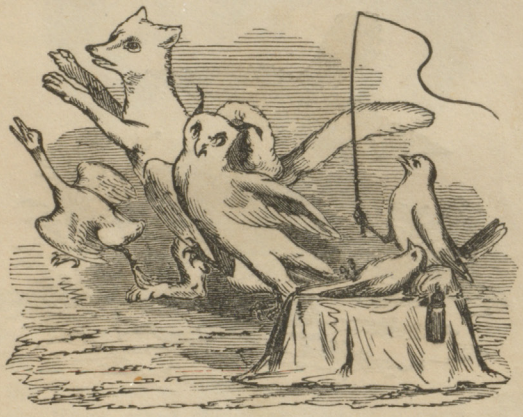


What you say, Doctor Ass,
  Perhaps may be true;
I ne'er saw the dead drink,
  Pray, Doctor, did you?

Doctor Owl then declared,
That the cause of her death
He really believed, was...
The want of more breath.

Indeed, Doctor Owl,
You are much in the right,
You as well might have said,
That day is not night.

Says Robin, Get out,
  You are a parcel of quacks,
Or I'll lay this good whip
  On each of your backs.



Then Robin began
  For to bang them about,
They staid for no fees,
  But were glad to clear out.

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

Now if more Melodies you'd know,
Where you bought this I'd have you go.
Ask for the MELODIES OF MOTHER GOOSE,
They're wise, and good, and much in use.

THE STORY OF HITTERY TITTERY.

HITTERY TITTERY went up chimney to get a leg of bacon, and she fell down into a kettle of hot water and scalded herself to death.

And the Frog sat on the Form and mourned.

And the Form asked the Frog what she mourned for?

Because Hittery Tittery is dead. So I mourn.

Then says the Form, I'll hop.

Then the Cradle asked the Form, what he hopped for?

Because Hittery Tittery is dead, and the Frog mourned, and so I hopped.

Well, said the Cradle, then I'll rock.

Then the Door asked the Cradle, what she rocked for?

Because Hittery Tittery is dead, and the Frog mourned, and the Form hopped, so I rocked.

Well, said the Door, then I'll creak.

Then the Wall asked the Door what he creaked for?

Because Hittery Tittery is dead, and the Frog mourned, and the Form hopped, and the Cradle rocked, so I creaked.

Well, said the Wall, then I'll jar.

Then the Well asked the Wall, what he jarred for?

Because Hittery Tittery is dead, and the Frog mourned, and the Form hopped, and the Cradle rocked, and the Door creaked, so I jarred.

Then, said the Well, I'll draw myself dry.

And the Girl came to draw water, and asked the Well, what he drew himself dry for?

Because Hittery Tittery is dead, and the Frog mourned, and the Form hopped, and the Cradle rocked, and the Door creaked, and the Wall jarred, so I drew myself dry.

Then, said the Girl, I'll break my pitcher.

When she went home her Mother asked her what she broke her pitcher for?

Because Hittery Tittery is dead, and the Frog mourned, and the Form hopped, and the Cradle rocked, and the Door creaked, and the Wall jarred, and the Well drew itself dry, so I broke my pitcher.

Then said the old woman, I'll stop up my oven with butter.

And there came along a man on horseback, and he asked the old woman what she stopt up her oven with butter for?

Because Hittery Tittery is dead, and the Frog mourned, and the Form hopped, and the Cradle rocked, and the Door creaked, and the Wall jarred, and the Well drew itself dry, and the Girl

broke her pitcher, so I stopt up my oven with butter. Then said the Man, I'll ride my horse to death.

So he rode and rode till he came to a Cobler's.

And the Cobler asked him what he rode his horse to death for ?

Because Hittery Tittery is dead, and the Frog mourned, and the Form hopped, and the Cradle rocked, and the Door creaked, and the Wall jarred, and the Well drew itself dry, and the Girl broke her pitcher, and the old Woman stopt up her oven with butter, so I rode my horse to death.

Then the Cobler stuck his awl into the Man, and killed him stone dead.

THE STORY OF THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

THIS is the house that Jack built.

This is the malt that lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built

This is the cat that killed the rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the dog that worried the cat that kill'd the rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cow with the crumpled horn that tossed the dog that worried the cat that killed the rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the maiden all forlorn, that milked the cow with the crumpled horn, that tossed the dog, that worried the cat, that killed the rat, that ate the malt, that lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the man all tattered and torn, that kissed the maiden all forlorn, that milked the cow with the crumpled horn, that tossed the dog, that worried the cat, that killed the rat, that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the priest all shaven and shorn, that married the man all tattered and torn, that kissed the maiden all forlorn, that milked the cow with the crumpled horn, that tossed the dog, that worried the cat, that killed the rat, that ate the malt, that laid in the house that Jack built.

This is the cock that crowed in the morn, that waked the priest all shaven and shorn, that married the man all tattered and torn, that kissed the maiden all forlorn, that milked the cow with the crumpled horn, that tossed the dog, that worried the cat, that killed the rat, that ate the malt, that lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the farmer sowing his corn, that kept the cock that crowed in the morn, that waked the priest all shaven and shorn, that married the man all tattered and torn, that kissed the maiden all forlorn, that milked the cow with the crumpled horn, that tossed the dog, that worried the cat, that killed the rat, that ate the malt, that lay in the house that Jack built. so this is the end to the house that Jack built

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THE STORY OF THE PIG THAT WOULDN'T GO.

AN old woman was sweeping her house, and she found a little crooked sixpence. What, said she, shall I do with this little sixpence? I will go to market, and buy a little pig. As she was coming home, she came to a stile. The piggy would not go over the stile.

She went a little further, and she met a dog. So she said to the dog, Dog, bite pig ; piggy won't go over the stile ; and I shan't get home to-night. But the dog would not.

She went a little further, and she met a stick. So she said, Stick, Stick, beat dog ; dog won't bite pig ; piggy won't go over the stile ; and I shan't get home to-night. But the stick would not.

She went a little further, and she met a fire. So she said, Fire, fire, burn stick ; stick won't beat dog ; dog won't bite pig, (*and so forth, always repeating the foregoing words*). But the fire would not.

She went a little further, and she met some water. So she said, Water, water, quench fire ; fire won't burn stick, &c. But the water would not.

She went a little further, and she met an ox. So she said, Ox, ox, drink water ; water won't quench fire, &c. But the ox would not.

She went a little further, and she met a butcher. So she said, Butcher, butcher, kill ox ; ox won't drink water, &c. But the butcher would not.

She went a little further, and she met a rope. So she said, Rope, rope, hang butcher ; butcher won't kill ox, &c. But the rope would not.

She went a little further, and she met a rat. So she said, Rat, rat, gnaw rope ; rope won't hang butcher, &c. But the rat would not.

She went a little further, and she met a cat. So she said, Cat, cat, kill rat ; rat won't gnaw rope, &c. But the cat said to her, If you will go to yonder cow, and fetch me a saucer of milk, I will kill the rat. So away went the old woman to the cow.

But the cow said to her, If you will go to yonder haystack,* and fetch me a handful of hay, I'll give you the milk. So away went the old woman to the haystack, and brought the hay to the cow.

As soon as the cow had eaten the hay, she gave the old woman the milk ; and away she went with it in a saucer to the cat.

As soon as the cat had lapped up the milk, the cat began to kill the rat—the rat began to gnaw the rope—the rope began to hang the butcher—the butcher began to kill the ox—the ox began to drink the water—the water began to quench the fire—the fire began to burn the stick—the stick began to beat the dog—the dog began to bite the pig—the pig in a fright jumped over the stile—and so the old woman got home that night.

* Or haymakers, proceeding thus, in the stead of the rest of this paragraph :—And fetch me a wisp of hay, I'll give you the milk.—So away the old woman went, but the haymakers said to her, If you will go to yonder stream, and fetch us a bucket of water, we'll give you the hay. So away the old woman went, but when she got to the stream, she found the bucket was full of holes. So she covered the bottom with pebbles, and then filled the bucket with water, and away she went back with it to the haymakers ; and they gave her a wisp of hay.

F...FOR FIG,
I....FOR JIG,
N...FOR KNUCKLE-BONES.
I....FOR JOHN THE WATERMAN,
S...FOR SACK OF STONES.

I am from Ireland

I believe

I must

Ireland

Arthur Jones
Brockill

CHIMES,

RHYMES AND JINGLES,

OR

MOTHER GOOSE'S

SONGS.

MUNROE
&
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