



NURSERY RHYMES.

mu biolini

"My friend, if that thou dost regard
Such songs to reade or heare;
Doubt not to buy this prettie book;
The price is not so dear."

A Handful of pleasant Delites, 1584.

NURSERY RHYMES,

WITH

THE TUNES TO WHICH THEY ARE STILL SUNG

IN THE

Burseries of England.

CBTAINED

PRINCIPALLY FROM ORAL TRADITION.

COLLECTED AND EDIA 37

EDWARD F. RIMBAULT, LL.D., F.S.A.,

gc. gc

LONDON:

CRAMER, BEALE, & CO., 201, REGENT STREET, and 67, conduit street.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY W. CLOWES AND SONS,
STAMFORD-STREET.



iv

DET KONOCLIGE BIBLIOTEK AZDENDANN

PREFACE.

THE following collection of the old vernacular rhymes of the English Nursery, with the melodies to which they were sung, have been traditionally preserved by the people—a people who have ever clung with peculiar fondness to the old customs of their forefathers, and cherished with feelings of delight the rude saws and rhymes of their childhood.

Before we had national books we had national songs. Even at a period so obscure as the days of Charlemagne, there were "most ancient songs, in which the acts and wars of the old kings were sung." These songs, which, the Secretary of Charlemagne has informed us, were sedulously collected by the command of that great monarch, are described by the Secretary, according to his classical taste, as "barbarous;" barbarous, because they were composed in the rude vernacular language; yet such was their lasting

energy, that they were, even in the eighth century, held to be "most ancient," so long had they dwelt in the minds of the people! The enlightened Emperor had more largely comprehended their results on the genius of the nation than had the more learned and diplomatic Secretary. It was an ingenious conjecture, that, possibly, even these ancient songs may in some shape have come down to us in the elder Northern and Teutonic romances, and the Danish, the Swedish, the Scottish, and the English popular ballads. The kindling narrative and the fiery exploits which entranced the imagination of Charlemagne, mutilated or disguised may have framed the incidents of a romance, or been gathered up in the snatches of the old wives' tales, and, finally, may have even lingered in the nursery.*

In tracing the history of a few of the rhymes in the following pages, the one which first demands our attention is 'The Search after Fortune' (p. 54), which may probably be traced back to the rebellious times of Richard the Second. The original, as found in the celebrated Douce collection at Oxford, is as follows:—

[&]quot;My father he died, I cannot tell how,
But he left me six horses to drive out my plough:
With a wimmy lo! wommy lo! Jack Straw, blazey boys!
Wimmy lo! wommy lo! wob, wob, wob."

^{*} See the excellent chapter on Books of the People, in D'Israeli's 'Amenities of Literature,' vol. ii. p. 37.

Another (p. 9) may perhaps refer to Joanna of Castile, who visited the court of Henry the Seventh in the year 1506:—

"I had a little nut-tree, nothing would it bear
But a golden nutmeg and a silver pear;
The King of Spain's daughter came to visit me,
And all for the sake of my little nut-tree."

The celebrated rhyme 'Sing a Song of Sixpence' (p. 18) is as old as the sixteenth century, and is quoted in Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Bonduca,' Act v. Scene 2. It is probable also that Sir Toby Belch alludes to this song in 'Twelfth Night,' Act ii. Scene 3, when he says, "Come on; there is sixpence for you; let's have a song."

The old ditty of 'Three blind Mice' (p. 13) is found in the curious music-book entitled 'Deuteromelia, or the second part of Musicke's Melodie,' 1609. The version there given is, however, "less elegant" than the received one—

"Three blind mice, three blind mice,
Dame Julian, the miller, and his merry old wife,
She scrapte her tripe, take thou the knife."

Contemporary with the 'Blind Mice,' or perhaps earlier, is the popular rhyme of 'The Frog and the Mouse.' It may be the same with 'A most strange Weddinge of the Frogge and the Mouse,' a ballad mentioned by Warton, in

his History of English Poetry, as licensed by the Stationers in 1580. Mr. Kirkpatrick Sharpe has published a version of it (taken down from recitation) in his Ballad Book, 1824. Many nursery rhymes on the same subject are still current. Pinkerton (Select Ballads, vol. ii. p. 33) says that 'The froggie came to the mill-door' was sung on the Edinburgh stage shortly prior to 1784. 'The frog he would a-wooing go' is still a favourite with children. The tune we have printed is given in a scarce work, called 'The Merry Musician, or a Cure for the Spleen,' 12mo., and also in 'An Antidote to Melancholy,' 1719.

The popular rhyme 'Three Children sliding on the Ice' (p. 25) dates as far back as the year 1633, and is part of a ballad preserved in the Pepysian collection (vol. ii. p. 146), where it is called 'The Lamentation of a bad market, or the drownding of three children on the River Thames.' The verses which form the rhyme are thus given in the old ballad:—

"Three children sliding thereabout,
Upon a place too thin;
That so at last it did fall out,
That they did all fall in.

Ye parents all, that children have.

And ye that have none yet,

Preserve your children from the grave,

And teach them at home to sit.

For had these at a sermon been,
Or else upon dry ground,
Why then I never would have been seen,
If that they had been drown'd."

The ballad may also be found at length in 'The Loves of Hero and Leander, a Mock Poem,' 1653; and in Tom D'Urfey's celebrated collection of 'Pills to purge Melancholy,' 1719.

Perhaps one of the most interesting of the old nursery ditties is that beginning 'London Bridge is broken down.' Its date is a matter of uncertainty, for searching out the history and origin of a ballad is like endeavouring to ascertain the source and flight of December's snow; since it often comes we know not whence, is looked upon and noticed for a while, is corrupted, or melts away, we know how, and thus dies unrecorded, excepting in the oral tradition or memory of some village crones who yet discourse of it. If one might hazard a conjecture concerning it, we should refer its composition to some very ancient date, when London Bridge, lying in ruins, the office of bridge-master was vacant, and his power over the River Lea (for it is doubtless that river which is celebrated in the chorus to this song) was for a while at an end. But this, although the words and melody of the verses are extremely simple, is all uncertain. The ballad has been printed in Ritson's 'Gammer Gurton's Garland,' and in

Halliwell's 'Nursery Rhymes of England,' but both copies are very imperfect. There are also some fragments preserved in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for September, 1823 (vol. 93, p. 232), and in the 'Mirror' for November 1 of the same month. From these copies our version has been made up, but the whole ballad has probably been formed by many fresh additions, in a long series of years, and is, perhaps, almost interminable when received in all its different versions. The correspondent of the 'Gentleman's Magazine' remarks, that 'London Bridge is broken down' is an old ballad, which, more than seventy years previous, he had heard plaintively warbled by a lady who was born in the reign of Charles the Second, and who lived till nearly that of George the Second. Another correspondent to the same magazine, whose contribution, signed D, is inserted in the same volume (Dec., p. 507), observes, that the ballad concerning London Bridge formed, in his remembrance, part of a Christmas Carol, and commenced thus:--

"Dame, get up and bake your pies,
On Christmas-day in the morning:"

The requisition, he continues, goes on to the Dame to prepare for the feast, and her answer is—

"London Bridge is broken down, On Christmas-day in the morning." The inference always was, that until the bridge was rebuilt some stop would be put to the dame's Christmas operations; but why the falling of a part of London Bridge should form part of a Christmas Carol, we are at a loss to determine. This connection has, doubtless, long since been gathered into the "wallet which Time carries at his back, wherein he puts alms for oblivion."

A Bristol correspondent, whose communication is inserted in that delightful volume the 'Chronicles of London Bridge,' says, "About forty years ago, one moonlight night, in a street in Bristol, his attention was attracted by a dance and chorus of boys and girls, to which the words of this ballad gave measure. The breaking down of the bridge was announced as the dancers moved round in a circle, hand in hand; and the question, 'How shall we build it up again?' was chanted by the leader, whilst the rest stood still."

The familiar rhyme of 'Girls and Boys come out to play' is certainly as old as the reign of Charles the Second; and of the same date is that beginning 'Lucy Locket lost her pocket.' Lucy Locket and Kitty Fisher were two celebrated characters of the licentious age of the "Merry Monarch." It was to the tune of this nursery ditty that the song of 'Yankee Doodle' was written.

There is an old proverb which says that "A cat may look at a king." Whether the same adage applies equally

to a female sovereign, and is referred to in the following nursery song, or whether it alludes to the glorious Queen Bess, is now a matter of uncertainty:—

"Pussey cat, pussey cat, where have you been?
I've been to London to look at the queen.
Pussey cat, pussey cat, what did you there?
I frighten'd a little mouse under the chair."

The rhyme of 'Little Jack Horner' has long been appropriated to the nursery. It forms part of 'The pleasant History of Jack Horner, containing his witty Tricks and pleasant Pranks, which he played from his Youth to his riper Years;' a copy of which is in the Bodleian Library, and this extended story is in substance the same with 'The Fryer and the Boy,' 12mo., Lond., 1672, and both of them are taken from the more ancient story of 'Jack and his Step-dame.'

The first five verses of the ancient Merriment of Jack Horner are as follows:—

"JACK HORNER was a pretty lad,
Near London he did dwell;
His father's heart he made full glad,
His mother loved him well.

She often sat him on her lap,

To make all smooth beneath,

And fed him with sweet sugar-pap,

Because he had no teeth.

While little Jack was sweet and young,
If he by chance should cry,
His mother pretty sonnets sung,
With lulla-baby-by.

A pretty boy, a curious wit,
All people spoke in his praise;
And in the corner he would sit
On Christmas holidays.

And said, Jack Horner in the corner Eats good Christmas pie: With his thumbs pulls out the plumbs, Crying What a good boy was I."

The nursery song beginning 'If all the world were paper' may be found entire in the curious poetical miscellany entitled 'Wit's Recreations,' published in 1640; and the tune is contained in Playford's 'English Dancing-Master,' 1650.

The rhyme of 'The old Woman toss'd in a Blanket' is as old as the reign of James the Second, to which monarch it is supposed to allude. The melody is given in two forms: the first is that of 'Lilliburlero;' the second is traditional. The Nurse's Song, which is adapted to the first part of 'Lilliburlero' (p. 17), is probably of great antiquity. Ritson, who gives the following version, says that the commencing words are a corruption of the French

nurse's threat in the fable: He bas, là le loup!—Hush, there 's the wolf!

"Bee baw babby lou, on a tree top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock;
When the wind ceases the cradle will fall,
Down comes baby and cradle and all."

The genealogy of many a tale and rhyme may be traced not only to France, to Spain, and to Italy, but to Greece and Rome, and at length to Persia and India. familiar stories have afforded instances. The tale of Whittington and his Cat, supposed to be indigenous to our country, is narrated by Arlotto, in his 'Novella delle Gatte,' in his 'Facetie,' which were printed soon after his death in 1483; the tale is told of a merchant of Genoa. But going further back, we find the same story in the East. Sir William Gore Ouseley, in his travels, speaking of the origin of the name of an island in the Persian Gulf, relates, on the authority of a Persian MS., that, in the tenth century, one Keis, the son of a poor widow in Siráf, embarked for India, with his sole property, a cat: "There he fortunately arrived at a time when the palace was so infested by mice or rats, that they invaded the king's food, and persons were employed to drive them from the royal banquet. Keis produced his cat, the noxious animals soon disappeared, and magnificent rewards were bestowed on the

adventurer of Siráf, who returned to that city, and afterwards, with his mother and brothers, settled in the island. which, from him, has been denominated Keis, or, according to the Persians, Keish." The story of the other puss, though without her boots, may be seen in Straparola's 'Piacevoli Notti.' The familiar little Hunchback of the Arabian Nights has been a universal favourite; it may be found everywhere; in 'The Seven Wise Masters,' in the 'Gesta Romanorum,' and in Le Grand's 'Fabliaux.' The popular tale of Llywellyn's greyhound, whose grave we still visit at Bethgelert, Sir William Jones discovered in Persian tradition, and it has given rise to a proverb, "As repentant as the man who killed his greyhound." Bluebeard, Red Riding-hood, and Cinderella, are tales told alike in the nurseries of England and France, Germany and Denmark; and the domestic warning to the Lady-bird, the chant of our earliest day, is sung by the nurse of Germany.

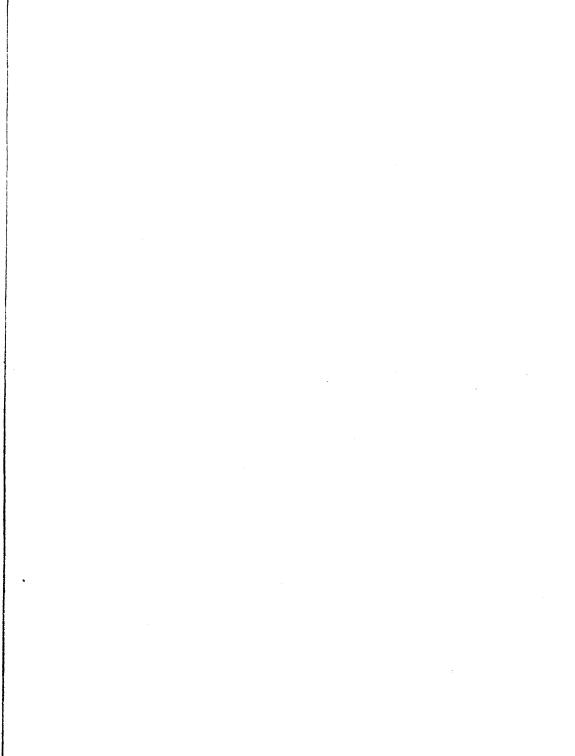
The collection and preservation of our ancient nursery rhymes has occupied the attention of more than one of our industrious antiquaries. Amongst them I may name the late Joseph Ritson, John Bellenden Ker, and J. O. Halliwell. The present little work, however, is the first attempt to preserve, by notation, the ancient melodies to which these ditties are commonly chanted. The collections of Hook,

Spofforth, and Dr. Arnold consist chiefly of their own compositions, and, except in some very few instances, no attempt has been made to preserve the *original* melodies. The following pages, on this account, possess some claim to novelty, and the Editor trusts that his "Litell Booke," although intended for the "young," may not be deemed quite worthless by the "old." To conclude in the words of an Elizabethan poet—

"Alas! poor book, I rue
Thy rash self-love: go spread thy papery wings;
Thy lightness cannot help or hurt my fame."

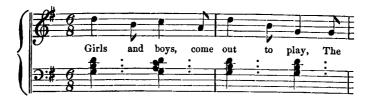
E. F. RIMBAULT.

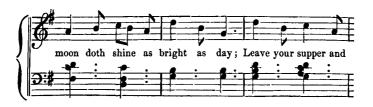
Grosvenor Cottage, Park Village Exist.

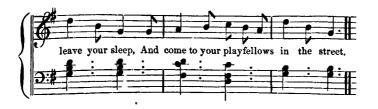




GIRLS AND BOYS.

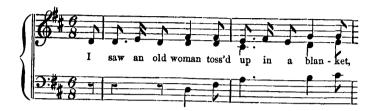


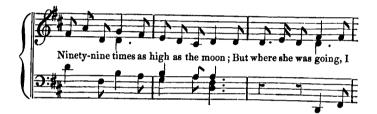


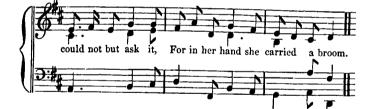


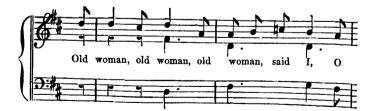
Come with a whoop, come with a call, Come with a good will, or not at all. Up the ladder and down the wall: A halfpenny roll will serve us all.

THE OLD WOMAN TOSS'D IN A BLANKET.











	-
	•
	;
	:
	*
	ŗ
-	
	20
	į



 $[Another\ rhyme\ to\ the\ same\ tune.]$

I had a little nut-tree, nothing would it bear, But a golden nutmeg and a silver pear; The King of Spain's daughter came to visit me, And all for the sake of my little nut-tree.

THE FROG AND THE MOUSE.





This frog he would a wooing ride,
Kitty alone and I,
This frog he would a wooing ride,
And on a snail he got astride,
Kitty alone and I.

He rode till he came to my Lady Mouse hall,
Kitty alone and I,
He rode till he came to my Lady Mouse hall,
And there he did both knock and call,
Kitty alone and I.

Quoth he, Miss Mouse, I'm come to thee,
Kitty alone and I,
Quoth he, Miss Mouse, I'm come to thee,
To see if thou canst fancy me,
Kitty alone and I.

Quoth she, answer I'll give you none,
Kitty alone and I,
Quoth she, answer I'll give you none,
Until my uncle Rat comes home,
Kitty alone and I.

And when her uncle Rat came home,
Kitty alone and I,
And when her uncle Rat came home,
Who's been here since I've been gone?
Kitty alone and I.

Sir, there's been a worthy gentleman,Kitty alone and I,Sir, there's been a worthy gentleman,That's been here since you've been gone,Kitty alone and I.

The frog he came whistling through the brook,
Kitty alone and I,
The frog he came whistling through the brook,
And there he met with a dainty duck,
Kitty alone and I.

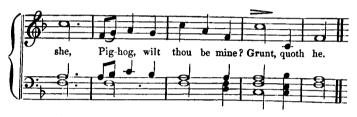
The duck she swallow'd him up with a pluck,
Kitty alone and I,
The duck she swallow'd him up with a pluck,
So there's an end of my history-book,
Kitty alone and I.

THREE BLIND MICE.



THE LADY AND THE SWINE.





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

Pinn'd with a silver pin,
Honey, quoth she,
That thou may go out and in:
Grunt, quoth he.

Wilt thou then have me now,
Honey? quoth she:
Grunt, grunt, grunt, quoth he,
And went his way.



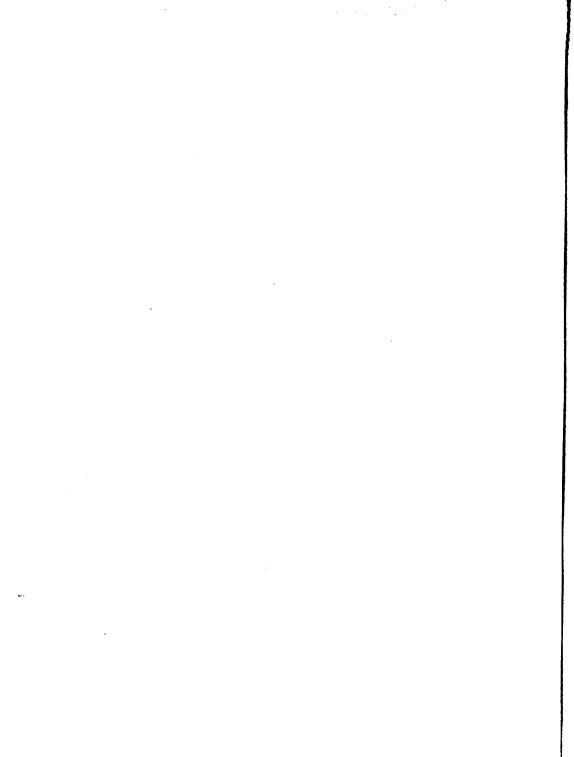


THE NURSE'S SONG.









The king was in his counting-house,
Counting out his money;
The queen was in the parlour,
Eating bread and honey:

The maid was in the garden,

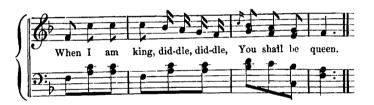
Hanging out the clothes;

There came a little blackbird,

And snapt off her nose.

LAVENDER'S BLUE.





Call up your men, diddle, diddle,
Set them to work;
Some to the plough, diddle, diddle,
Some to the cart.

Some to make hay, diddle, diddle, Some to cut corn; Whilst you and I, diddle, diddle, Keep ourselves warm. (The former part of this rhyme is sometimes sung as follows:)

Roses are red, diddle, diddle,

Lavender's blue;

If you will have me, diddle, diddle,

I will have you.

Lillies are white, diddle, diddle,
Rosemary's green;
When you are king, diddle, diddle,
I will be queen.





(The following is a longer version of the same rhyme.)

Gay go up and gay go down, To ring the bells of London town.

Bull's eyes and targets, Says the bells of St. Marg'ret's.

Brickbats and tiles, Says the bells of St. Giles.

Halfpence and farthings, Says the bells of St. Martin's. Pancakes and fritters, Says the bells of St. Peter's.

Two sticks and an apple, Says the bells of Whitechapel.

Old father Baldpate, Says the slow bells of Aldgate.

Pokers and tongs, Says the bells of St. John's.

Kettles and pans, Says the bells of St. Ann's.

You owe me ten shillings, Says the bells of St. Helen's.

When will you pay me? Says the bells of Old Bailey

When I grow rich, Says the bells of Shoreditch.

Pray when will that be? Says the bells of Stepney.

I am sure I don't know, Says the great bell at Bow.

THREE CHILDREN SLIDING.



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

NEW-YEAR'S DAY IN THE MORNING.

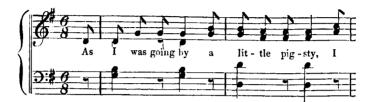


And what do you think was in them then,
Was in them then, was in them then?
And what do you think was in them then,
On new-year's day in the morning?

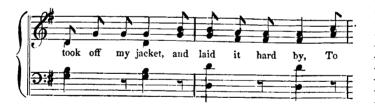
Three pretty girls were in them then,
Were in them then, were in them then;
Three pretty girls were in them then,
On new-year's day in the morning.

One could whistle, and one could sing,
The other could play on the violin;
Such joy was there at my wedding,
On new-year's day in the morning.

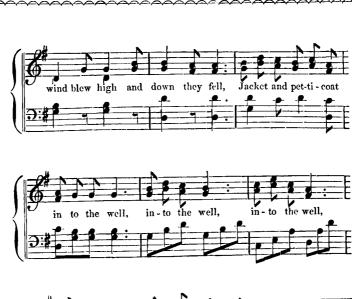
THE MISFORTUNE.













THE GAY LADY THAT WENT TO CHURCH.



And when she came to the church stile,

She sat her down to rest awhile;

And when she came to the churchyard,

Oh, there the bells so loud she heard.

And when she came to the church door,

She stopp'd to rest a little more;

And when she came the church within,

The parson pray'd 'gainst pride and sin.

On looking up, on looking down,

She saw a dead man on the ground;

And from his nose unto his chin,

The worms crawl'd out, the worms crawl'd in.

Then she unto the parson said,
Shall I be so when I am dead?
Oh yes! oh yes! the parson said,
You will be so when you are dead.



Did she ask you to sit down,
My boy, Billy boy?
Did she ask you to sit down?
Pretty Billy, tell me.
She did ask me to sit down
In a chair that cost a crown;
Tho' she's but a young thing,
Just come from her mammy.

Did she ask you for to eat,
My boy, Billy boy?
Did she ask you for to eat?
Pretty Billy tell me.
She did ask me for to eat
Of a fowl and dish of meat;
Tho' she's but a young thing,
Just come from her mammy.

Pray how old then might she be,
My boy, Billy boy?
Pray how old then might she be?
Pretty Billy, tell me.
Thrice six, twice seven,
Twice twenty and eleven;
Tho' she 's but a young thing,
Just come from her mammy.

LONDON BRIDGE IS BROKEN DOWN.



How shall we build it up again?
Dance over my Ladye Lea;
How shall we build it up again?
With a gay ladye.

What shall we build it up withal?

Dance over my Ladye Lea;

What shall we build it up withal?

With a gay ladye.

Build it up with iron and steel;
Dance over my Ladye Lea;
Build it up with iron and steel,
With a gay ladye.

Iron and steel will bend and bow;
Dance over my Ladye Lea;
Iron and steel will bend and bow,
With a gay ladye.

Build it up with wood and clay;
Dance over my Ladye Lea;
Build it up with wood and clay,
With a gay ladye.

Wood and clay will wash away;
Dance over my Ladye Lea;
Wood and clay will wash away,
With a gay ladye.

Build it up with silver and gold;
Dance over my Ladye Lea;
Build it up with silver and gold,
With a gay ladye.

Silver and gold will be stolen away;
Dance over my Ladye Lea;
Silver and gold will be stolen away,
With a gay ladye.

Then we must set a man to watch;
Dance over my Ladye Lea;
Then we must set a man to watch,
With a gay ladye.

Suppose the man should fall asleep;
Dance over my Ladye Lea;
Suppose the man should fall asleep,
With a gay ladye.

Then we must put a pipe in his mouth;

Dance over my Ladye Lea;

Then we must put a pipe in his mouth,

With a gay ladye.

Suppose the pipe should fall and break;
Dance over my Ladye Lea;
Suppose the pipe should fall and break,
With a gay ladye.

Then we must set a dog to watch;
Dance over my Ladye Lea;
Then we must set a dog to watch,
With a gay ladye.

Suppose the dog should run away;
Dance over my Ladye Lea;
Suppose the dog should run away,
With a gay ladye.

Then we must chain him to a post;

Dance over my Ladye Lea;

Then we must chain him to a post,

With a gay ladye.

Build it up with stone so strong;
Dance over my Ladye Lea;
Huzza! 'twill last for ages long,
With a gay ladye.

THE SHORT COURTSHIP;

OR,

THE LUSTY WOOER.







Pray, who do you woo,
My a-dildin, my a-dildin?
Pray, who do you woo,
Lily bright and shine-a?

For your fairest daughter,
My a-dildin, my a-dildin,
For your fairest daughter,
Lily bright and shine-a.

Then there she is for you,

My a-dildin, my a-dildin,
Then there she is for you,
Lily bright and shine-a.



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

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

Oh, my little nothing, my pretty little nothing;
What will nothing buy for my wife?

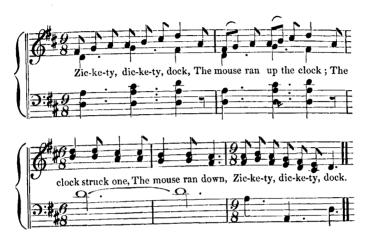
I have nothing, I spend nothing,
I love nothing better than my wife.

There are many different Versions of this Nursery rhyme; one begins—

O dear twelvepence, I've got twelvepence,
I love twelvepence as I love my life;
I'll grind a penny on't, I'll spend another,
And I'll carry tenpence home to my wife.



ZICKETY, DICKETY, DOCK.



Zickety, dickety, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock;
The clock struck three,
The mouse ran away,
Zickety, dickety, dock.

Zickety, dickety, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock;
The clock struck ten,
The mouse came again,
Zickety, dickety, dock.

LUCY LOCKET.



[Another rhyme to the same tune.]

Yankee Doodle came to town;

How do you think they serv'd him?

One took his bag, and one his scrip,

The quicker for to starve him.

DANCE, THUMBKIN, DANCE.



(In singing, it will be necessary to attend to the following directions:)

Dance, Thumbkin, dance,

(Keep the thumb in motion.)

Dance, ye merry men, ev'ry one,

(All the fingers in motion.)

And so on with the others—naming the first finger Foreman—the second finger Middleman—the third finger Ringman—and the fourth finger Littleman.

THE OLD MAN IN THE WOOD.



One morn, in a passion and sore with vexation,

He swore he would fire the room,

If he didn't get up and go to his work,

And fall to the cutting of brooms.

Then Jack arose, and slipt on his clothes,

And away to the woods very soon,

Where he made up his pack, and put 't on his back,

Crying, "Maids, do you want any brooms?"

THE SCARECROW.



If father he by chance should come,
With his cock'd hat and his long gun.
Then you must fly, and I must run,
Shu—a—O! Shu—a—O!

IF ALL THE WORLD WERE PAPER.



If all the world were sand-o,
Oh, then what should we lack-o?
If, as they say, there were no clay,
How should we take tobacco?

If all our vessels ran-a,

If none but had a crack;

If Spanish apes eat all the grapes,

How should we do for sack?

If friars had no bald pates,

Nor nuns had no dark cloisters;

If all the seas were beans and peas,

How should we do for oysters?

If there had been no projects,

Nor none that did great wrongs;

If fidlers shall turn players all,

How should we do for songs?

If all things were eternal,

And nothing their end bringing;

If this should be, then how should we

Here make an end of singing?



He carried it home
To his old wife Joan,
And bid her a fire for to make, make, make,
To roast the little duck
He'd shot in the brook,
And he'd go fetch her the drake, drake, drake.

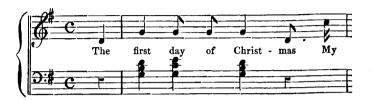
The drake was swimming,
With his curly tail;
The little man made it his mark, mark, mark:
He let off his gun,
But he fired too soon,
And the drake flew away, with a quack, quack, quack.

[Another rhyme to the same tune.]

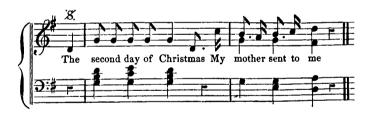
There was a little man,
And he woo'd a little maid,
And he said, Little maid, will you wed, wed, wed?
I have little more to say,
Than Will you? yea or nay;
For least said is soonest mended—ded, ded, ded.

The little maid replied,
Some say a little sighed,
But what shall we have for to eat, eat, eat?
Will the love that you're so rich in,
Make a fire in the kitchen?
Or the little god of love turn the spit, spit, spit?

CHRISTMAS SONG.









[Begin at the sign.]

The third day, &c.

Three French hens, two turtle-doves, and a parteridge, &c.

The fourth day, &c.

Four canary birds, three French hens, two turtle-doves, &c.

The fifth day, &c.

Five gold rings, &c.

The sixth day, &c.

Six geese a-laying, &c.

The seventh day, &c.

Seven swans a-swimming, &c.

The eighth day, &c.

Eight ladies dancing, &c.

The ninth day, &c.

Nine lords a-leaping, &c.

The tenth day, &c.

Ten ships a-sailing, &c.

The eleventh day, &c.

Eleven ladies spinning, &c.

The twelfth day, &c.

Twelve bells ringing, &c.

[Each child in succession repeats the gifts of the day, and forfeits for each mistake. As the song goes on, the music of the bar marked * is repeated over and over.]



I sold my six horses, and I bought me a cow;

I'd fain have made a fortune, but I did not know how:

With my, &c.

I sold my cow, and I bought me a calf;
I'd fain have made a fortune, but I lost the best half:
With my, &c.

I sold my calf, and I bought me a cat;

A pretty thing she was, in my chimney-corner sat:

With my, &c

I sold my cat, and I bought me a mouse;

He carried fire in his tail, and burnt down my house:

With my, &c.

[The following is another Version of the preceding Song, taken down from the singing of a Lady now living in the Isle of Man.]

My daddy is dead, but I can't tell you how;
But he left me six horses to follow the plough:
With my whim wham waddle ho!
Strim stram straddle ho!
Bubble ho! pretty boy,
Over the brow.

I sold my six horses to buy me a cow;

And wasn't that a pretty thing to follow the plough?

With my, &c.

I sold my cow to buy me a calf,

For I never made a bargain, but I lost the best half:

With my, &c.

I sold my calf to buy me a cat,

To sit down before the fire, to warm her little back:

With my, &c.

I sold my cat to buy me a mouse,

But she took fire in her tail, and so burnt up my house:

With my, &c.



THE NURSE'S SONG.

(Dance a baby diddy.)

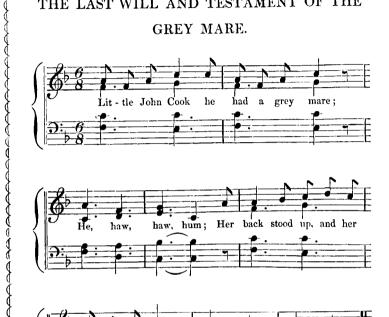


Smile, my baby bonny;
What will time bring on 'e?
Sorrow and care,
Frowns and grey hair;
So smile, my baby bonny.

Laugh, my baby beauty;
What will time do to ye?
Furrow your cheek,
Wrinkle your neck;
So laugh, my baby beauty.

Dance, my baby deary;
Mother will never be weary:
Frolic and play,
Now while you may;
So dance, my baby deary.

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE GREY MARE.







John Cook was riding up Shooter's bank; He, haw, haw, hum; And there his nag did kick and prank; He, haw, haw, hum.

John Cook was riding up Shooter's hill;

He, haw, haw, hum;

His mare fell down, and she made her will;

He, haw, haw, hum.

The bridle and saddle were laid on the shelf;

He, haw, haw, hum;

If you want any more, you may sing it yourself;

He, haw, haw, hum.

[Another rhyme to the same tune.]

There was an old woman lived under the stairs;

IIe, haw, haw, hum;

She sold apples, and she sold pears;

IIe, haw, haw, hum.

All her bright money she laid on a shelf;

He, haw, haw, hum;

If you want any more, you may sing it yourself;

He, haw, haw, hum.

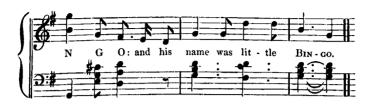
LITTLE BINGO.











The farmer loved a cup of good ale,
And called it very good STINGO:
There was S with a T,
T with an I, &c.

The farmer loved a pretty young lass,
And gave her a wedding Ring-O:
There was R with an I,
I with an N, &c.

Now is not this a nice little song?

I think it is, by Jingo:

Here is J with an I,

I with an N, &c.

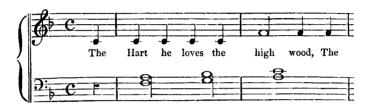
THE PRIEST OF FELTON.



[Another rhyme to the same tune.]

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig, and away he run!
The pig was eat, and Tom was beat,
And Tom went roaring down the street!

THE FOUR LOVES.



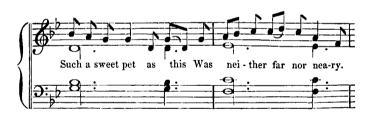


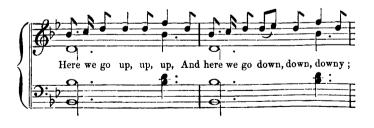


65

HEY, MY KITTEN, MY KITTEN.

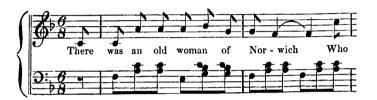




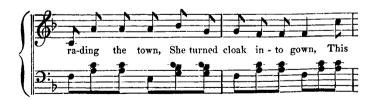




THE OLD WOMAN OF NORWICH.









[Another rhyme to the same tune.]

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 plaguy old woman would never be quiet.



THE CHILD'S FIRST LESSON.

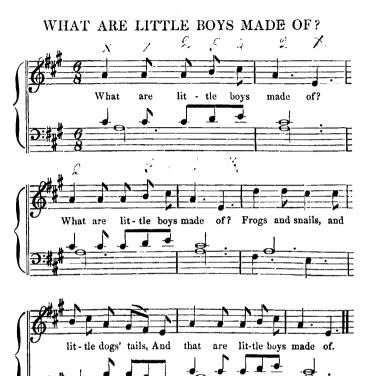






C a ca, C e ce, &c

(And so on throughout the Alphabet.)



What are little girls made of?
What are little girls made of?
Sugar and spice, and all that's nice,
And that are little girls made of.

What are young men made of?
What are young men made of?
Sighs and leers, and crocodile tears,
And that are young men made of.

What are young women made of?
What are young women made of?
Ribbons and laces, and sweet pretty faces.
And that are young women made of.

SEE-SAW.

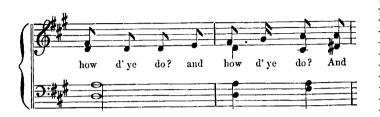


 $[Another\ rhyme\ to\ the\ same\ tune.]$

See-saw, Margery Daw,
Sold her bed to lie upon straw;
Was not she a dirty slut,
To sell her bed, and lie in the dirt.

THE OLD MAN CLOTHED IN LEATHER.

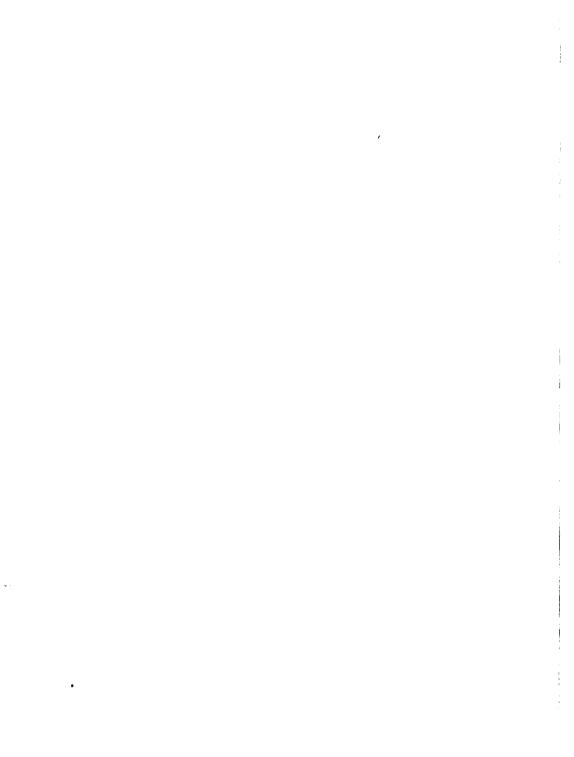






THE END.





INDEX.

	PAGE
A farmer's dog leap'd over the stile	62
As I was going by a little pig-sty	28
B a ba	71
Bobby Shafto's gone to sea	42
Curly locks! curly locks! wilt thou be mine?	70
Dance a baby diddy	58
Dance, Thumbkin, dance	45
Gay go up, and gay go down	23
Girls and boys, come out to play	1
Goosey, goosey, gander, where shall I wander?	
Here comes a lusty wooer	38
Hey, my kitten, my kitten	66
Hushaby, baby, on the tree top	17
I had a little nut-tree, nothing would it bear	9
I love sixpence, pretty little sixpence	40
I saw an old woman toss'd up in a blanket	6

	PAGE
I saw three ships come sailing by	26
If all the world were paper	48
King Stephen was a worthy king	2
Lavender's blue, diddle, diddle	20
Lend me five shillings, says the bells of St. Helen's	22
Little Bo-peep has lost her sheep	. 4
Little Jack Horner sat in a corner	
Little John Cook he had a grey mare	60
London Bridge is broken down	
Lucy Locket lost her pocket	
•	
My daddy is dead, but I can't tell you how	55
My father died, but I cannot tell you how	54
·	
O all you little blackey-tops	47
O dear twelvepence, I've got twelvepence	
One misty, moisty morning	
•	
Pussey cat, pussey cat, where have you been?	15
, , ,	10
Roses are red, diddle, diddle	21
,	
See-saw, Margery Daw	74
See-saw, sacaradown	
Sing a song of sixpence.	
one a cone or surprise	10
The first day of Christmas	52

	FAUL
The good priest of Felton O	64
The hart he loves the high wood	65
There was a frog lived in a well	10
There was a lady all skin and bone	30
There was a lady loved a swine	14
There was a little man, and he had a little gun	50
There was a little man, and he woo'd a little maid	51
There was an old man, he lived in a wood	46
There was an old woman, and what do you think?	69
There was an old woman lived under the stairs	61
There was an old woman of Norwich	68
There was an old woman toss'd up in a blanket	7
Three blind mice, see how they run	13
Three children sliding on the ice	25
Tom, Tom, the piper's son	64
Upon Paul's steeple stands a tree	16
What are little boys made of?	72
When Arthur first in court began	3
Where have you been all the day?	32
Yankee Doodle came to town	44
Ziekety dickety dock	43

LONDON: PRINTED BY W. CLOWES AND SONS, STAMFORD-STREET, 80