

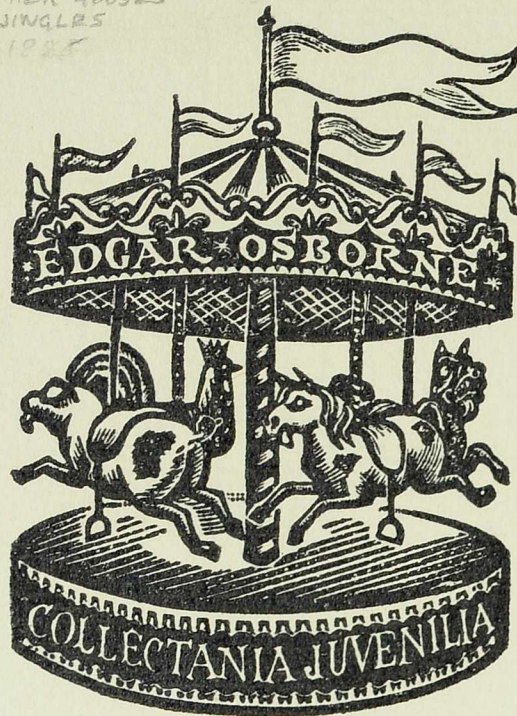
MOTHER  
GOOSE'S



JINGLES



(NR)  
MOTHER GOOSE'S  
JINGLES  
ca. 1885



37131053 602777





Gladys Morgan  
Windefort Prize  
for Term ending  
Christmas 1886

Ladies' College  
Heathfield

Wm. H. Burleigh  
The Secretary  
of the  
Department of the Interior  
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sir:  
I have the honor





QUEEN ANNE, QUEEN ANNE, SHE SITS IN THE SUN.

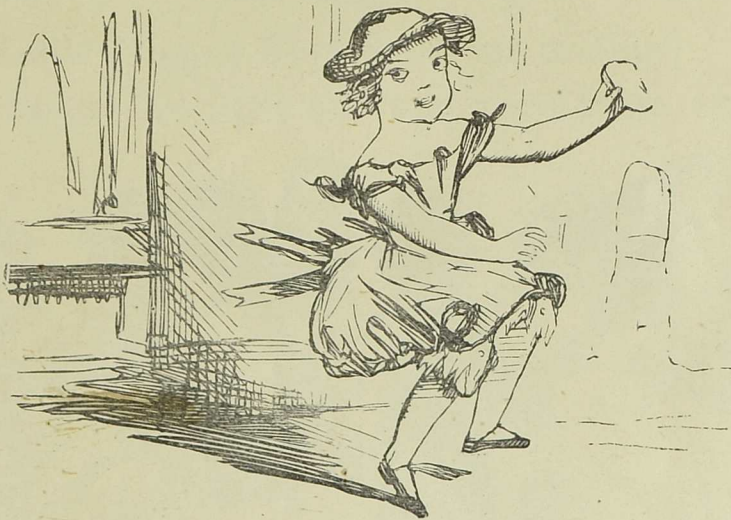


MOTHER GOOSE'S  
JINGLES

*WITH ILLUSTRATIONS*

BY

HARRISON WEIR, WALTER CRANE, W. McCONNELL, J. B. ZWECKER,  
AND OTHERS



LONDON

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS

BROADWAY, LUDGATE HILL

NEW YORK: 9 LAFAYETTE PLACE



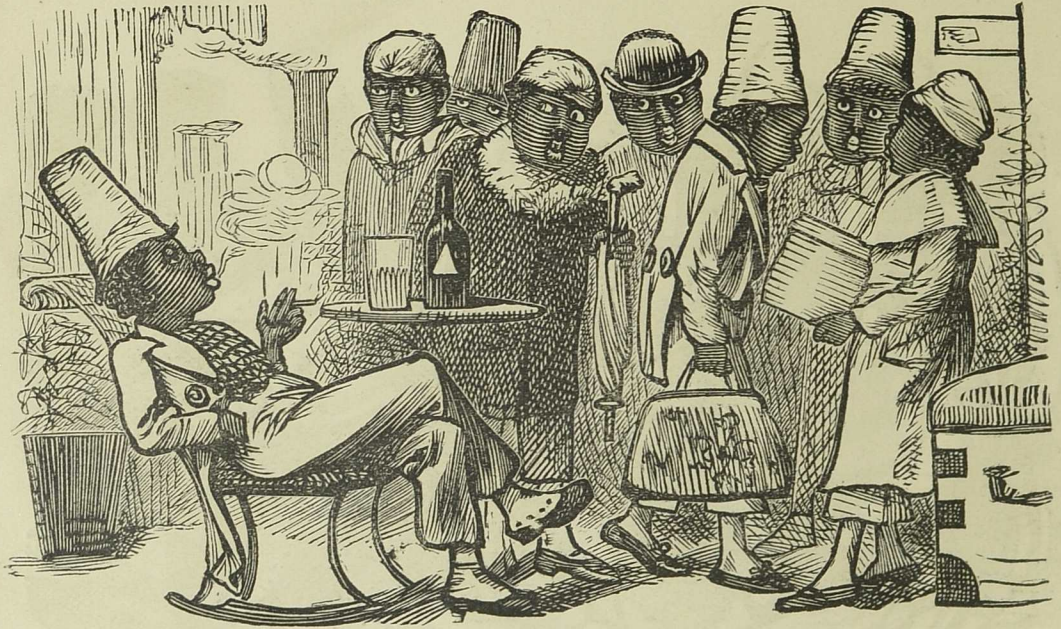
## THE TEN LITTLE NIGGERS.



Ten Little Nigger Boys went out to dine ;  
One choked his little self, and then there were Nine.



Nine Little Nigger Boys sat up very late :  
One overslept himself, and then there were Eight.



Eight Little Nigger Boys travelling in Devon ;  
One said he'd stay there, and then there were Seven.



Seven Little Nigger Boys chopping up sticks ;  
One chopped himself in halves, and then there were Six.



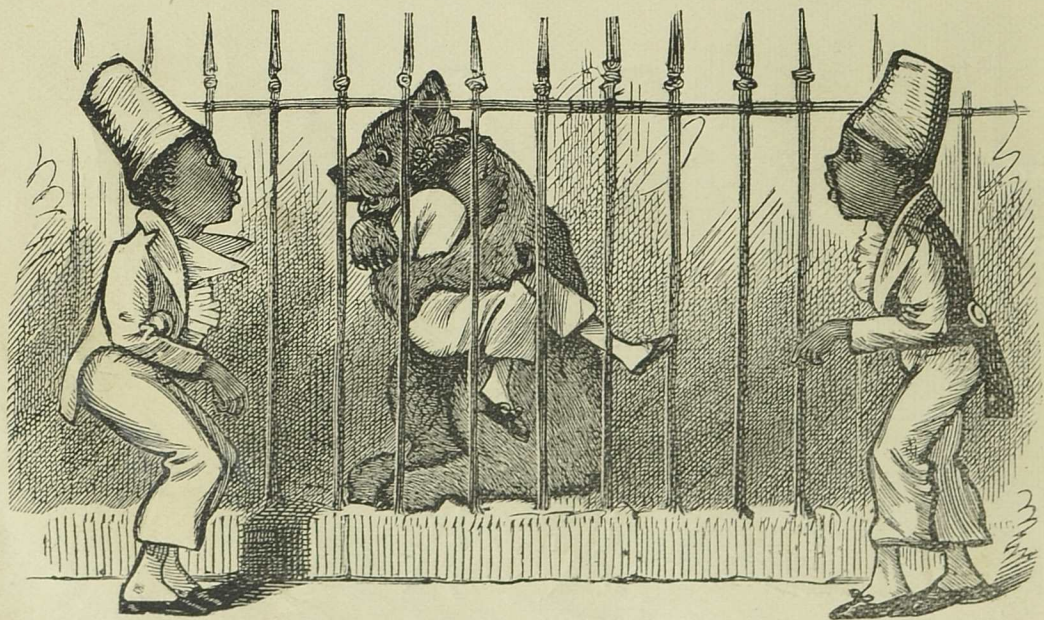
Six Little Nigger Boys playing with a Hive ;  
A Bumble-Bee stung one, and then there were Five.



Five Little Nigger Boys going in for Law ;  
One got in Chancery, and then there were Four.



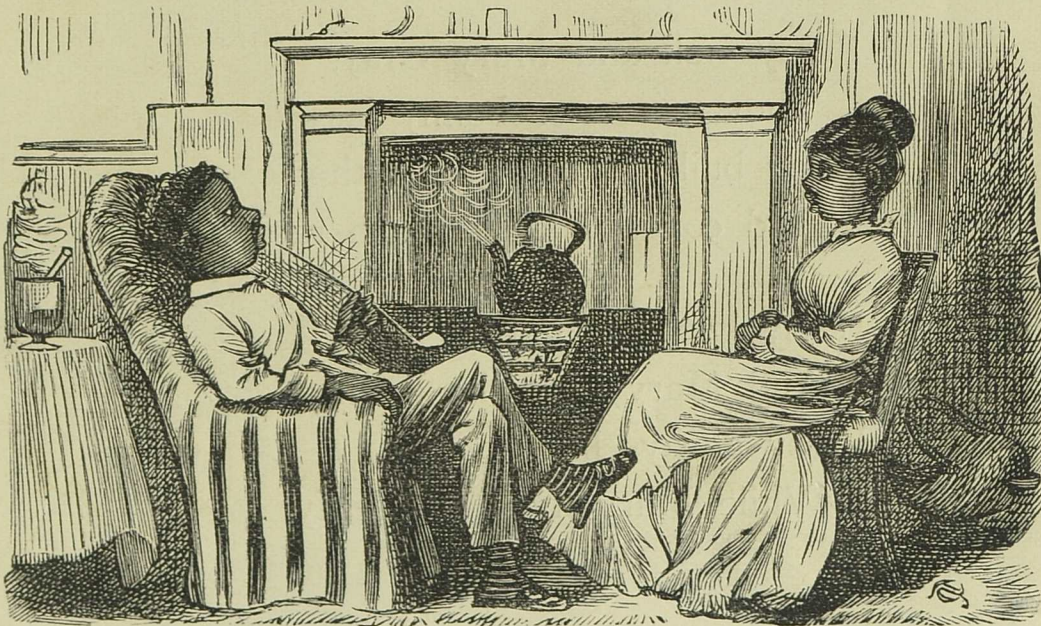
Four Little Nigger Boys going out to Sea ;  
A Red Herring swallowed one, and then there were Three.



Three Little Nigger Boys walking in the " Zoo " ;  
The big Bear hugged one, and then there were Two.



Two Little Nigger Boys sitting in the Sun ;  
One got frizzled up, and then there was One.



One Little Nigger Boy living all alone ;  
He got married, and then there were None.



Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,  
They were two bonny lasses,  
They built a house upon the lea,  
And covered it o'er with rashes.

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

---

Little boy, pretty boy, where were you born?  
In Lincolnshire, master; come, blow the cow's horn.





HEY, DIDDLE, DIDDLE.

*HEY, DIDDLE, DIDDLE.*

Hey, diddle, diddle, the cat and the fiddle  
The cow jumped over the moon;  
The little dog laughed to see such sport,  
And the dish ran after the spoon.





## THE YOUNG LINNETS.

Did you ever see the nest  
Of Chaffinch or of Linnet,  
When the little downy birds  
Are lying snugly in it,

Gaping wide their yellow mouths  
For something nice to eat?  
Caterpillar, worm, and grub,  
They reckon dainty meat.

When the mother-bird returns,  
And finds them still and good,

## THE YOUNG LINNETS.

She will give them each, by turns,  
A proper share of food.

She has hopped from spray to spray,  
And peeped with knowing eye  
Into all the folded leaves  
Where caterpillars lie.

She has searched among the grass,  
And flown from tree to tree,  
Catching gnats and flies, to feed  
Her little family.

I have seen the Linnets chirp,  
And shake their downy wings :  
They are pleased to see her come,  
And pleased with what she brings.

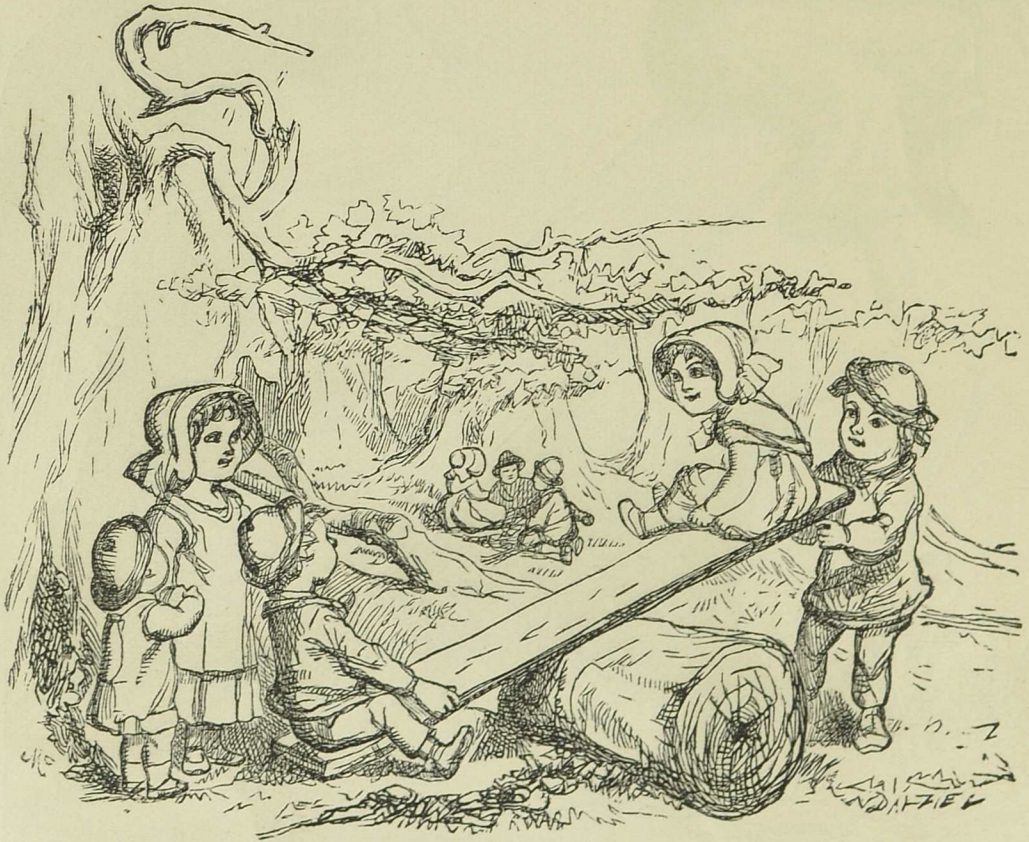
But I never saw them look  
Impatient for their food :  
*Somebody*, at dinner-time,  
Is seldom quite so good.

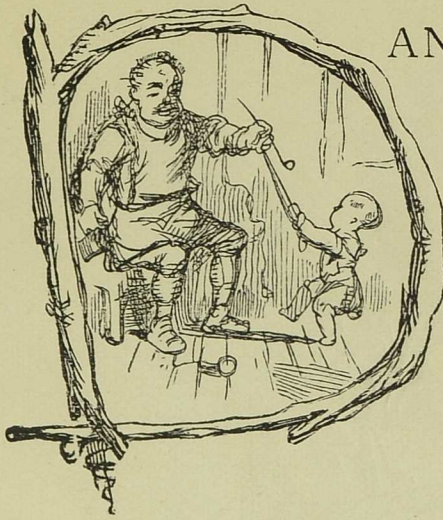




SEE-SAW, MARGERY DAW.

See-saw, Margery Daw,  
Jenny shall have a new master ;  
She shall have but a penny a day,  
Because she can't work any faster.





ANCE to your daddy,  
My little babby;  
Dance to your daddy,  
My little lamb.  
You shall have a fishy,  
In a little dishy;  
You shall have a fishy,  
When the boat comes in.

---

Queen Anne, Queen Anne, she sits in the sun,  
As fair as the lily, as white as the swan :  
I send you three letters, so pray you read one.  
I cannot read one unless I read all ;  
So pray, Master Teddy, deliver the ball.

---

Little girl, little girl, where  
have you been ?  
Gathering roses to give to  
the Queen.  
Little girl, little girl, what  
gave she you ?  
She gave me a diamond as  
big as my shoe.

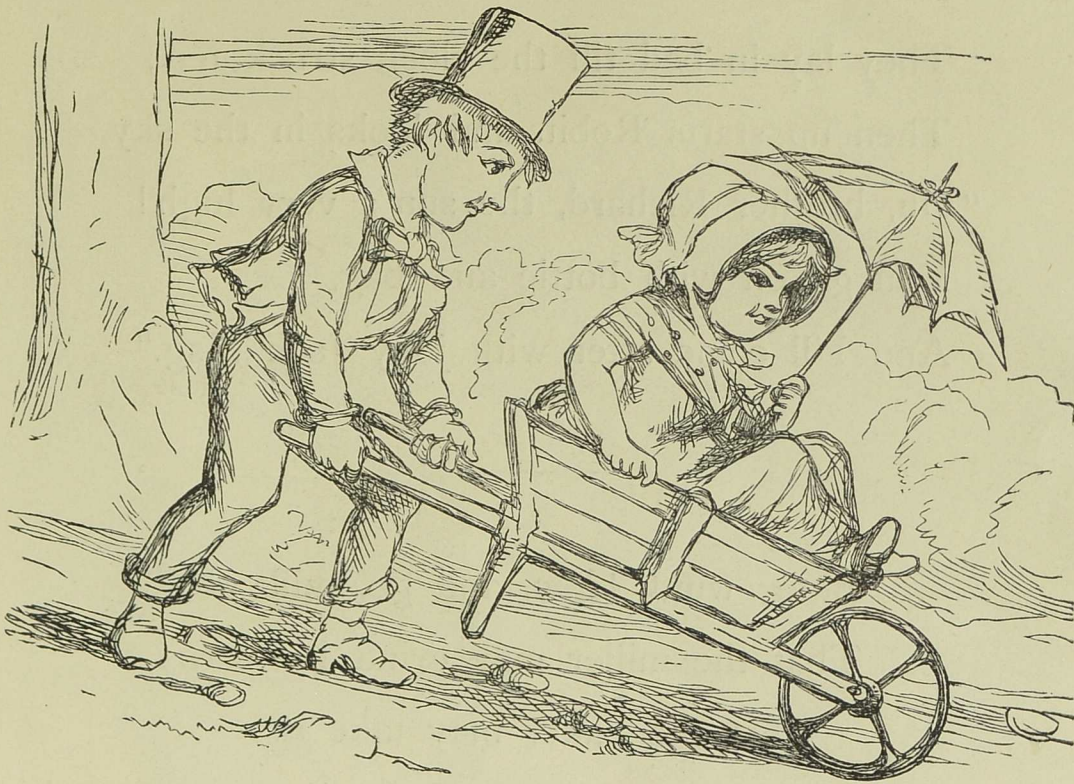




There was an old woman tossed up in a basket,  
Ninety times as high as the moon ;  
And where she was going, I couldn't but ask it,  
For in her hand she carried a broom.

Old woman, old woman, old woman, quoth I,  
O whither, O whither, O whither so high ?  
To sweep the cobwebs off the sky !  
Shall I go with you ? Ay, by-and-by.





When I was a bachelor, I lived by myself,  
And all the meat I got I put upon a shelf;  
The rats and the mice did lead me such a life,  
That I went to London, to get myself a wife.

The streets were so broad, and the lanes were so narrow,  
I could not get my wife home without a wheelbarrow,  
The wheelbarrow broke, my wife got a fall,  
Down tumbled wheelbarrow, little wife, and all.

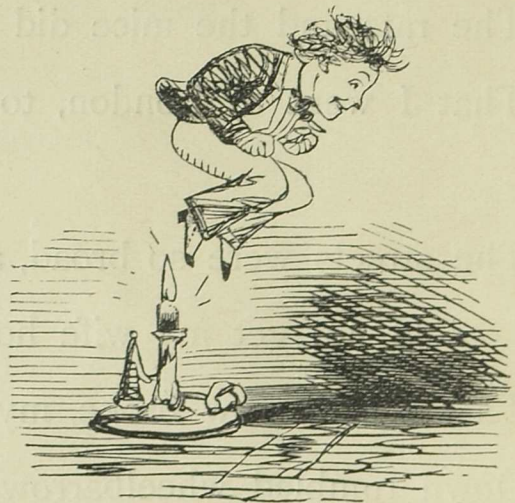
Robin and Richard were two pretty men,  
They lay in bed till the clock struck ten;  
Then up starts Robin and looks in the sky,  
“Oh, brother Richard, the sun’s very high!  
You go on with bottle and bag,  
And I’ll come after with jolly Jack Nag.”

---

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 bring us some hot in the morn.

---

Jack be nimble,  
Jack be quick,  
And Jack jump over  
the candlestick.





RIDE A COCK-HORSE.

*RIDE A COCK-HORSE.*

Ride a cock-horse  
To Banbury Cross,  
To see a fine lady  
Upon a white horse.  
Rings on her fingers,  
Bells on her toes,  
She shall have music  
Wherever she goes.





## THE FOX AND THE FARMER.

A Fox jumped up on a moonlight night,  
The stars were shining, and all things bright;  
“Oh, ho!” said the Fox, ‘it’s a very fine night  
For me to go through the town, heigho!”

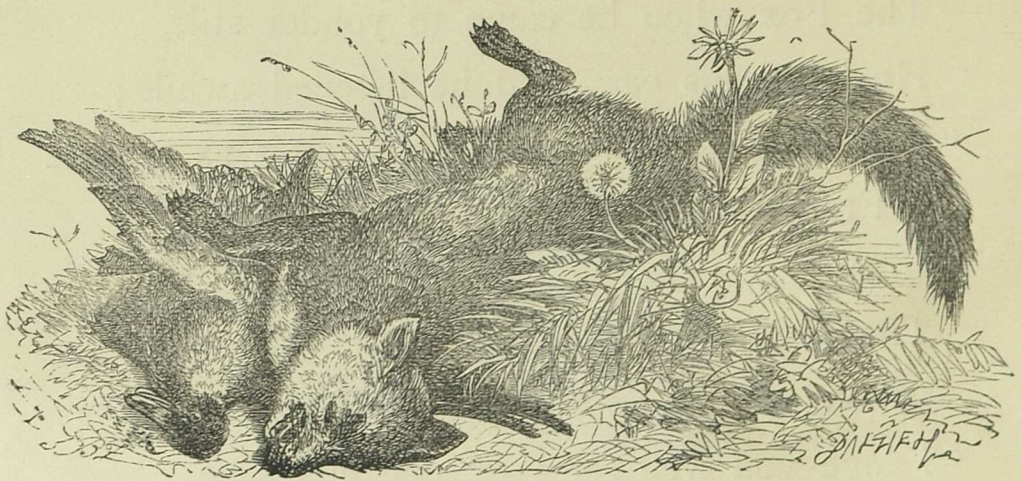
The Fox when he came to yonder stile,  
He lifted his ears, and he listened awhile;  
“Oh, ho!” said the Fox, “it’s but a short mile  
From this unto yonder town, heigho!”

The Fox when he came to the farmer’s gate,  
Whom should he see but the farmer’s Drake;  
“I love you well for your master’s sake,  
And long to be picking your bones, heigho!”

The grey Goose ran right round the haystack.  
“Oh, ho!” said the Fox, “you are very fat;  
You’ll do very well to ride on my back,  
From this into yonder town, heigho!”

The farmer’s wife she jumped out of bed,  
And out of the window she popped her head;  
“Oh, husband! oh, husband! the Geese are all dead,  
For the Fox has been through the town, heigho!”

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, heigho!”



Pease pudding hot,  
 Pease pudding cold,  
 Pease pudding in the pot,  
 Nine days old.

Some like it hot,  
 Some like it cold,  
 Some like it in the pot,  
 Nine days old.



Curly-locks, Curly-locks, wilt thou be mine?  
 Thou shalt not wash the dishes, nor yet feed the swine;  
 But sit on a cushion, and sew a fine seam,  
 And feed upon strawberries, sugar, and cream.

Margery Mutton-pie, and Johnny Bo-peep,  
 They met together in Gracechurch Street;  
 In and out, in and out, over the way,  
 Oh! says Johnny, 'tis Chop-nose Day.

There was a Rat, for want of stairs,  
 Went down a rope to say his prayers.



Snail, snail, come put out your horn,  
To-morrow is the day to shear the corn.

---

If wishes were horses, beggars would ride,  
If turnips were watches, I would wear one by my side.





HARK, HARK, THE DOGS DO BARK.

*HARK, HARK, THE DOGS DO BARK.*

Hark, hark,  
The dogs do bark,  
The beggars are coming to town ;  
Some in jags,  
Some in rags,  
And some in velvet gown.

---

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, dig and delve ;  
Thirteen, fourteen, maids a-courting ;  
Fifteen, sixteen, maids in the kitchen ;  
Seventeen, eighteen, maids in waiting ;  
Nineteen, twenty, my plate is empty.



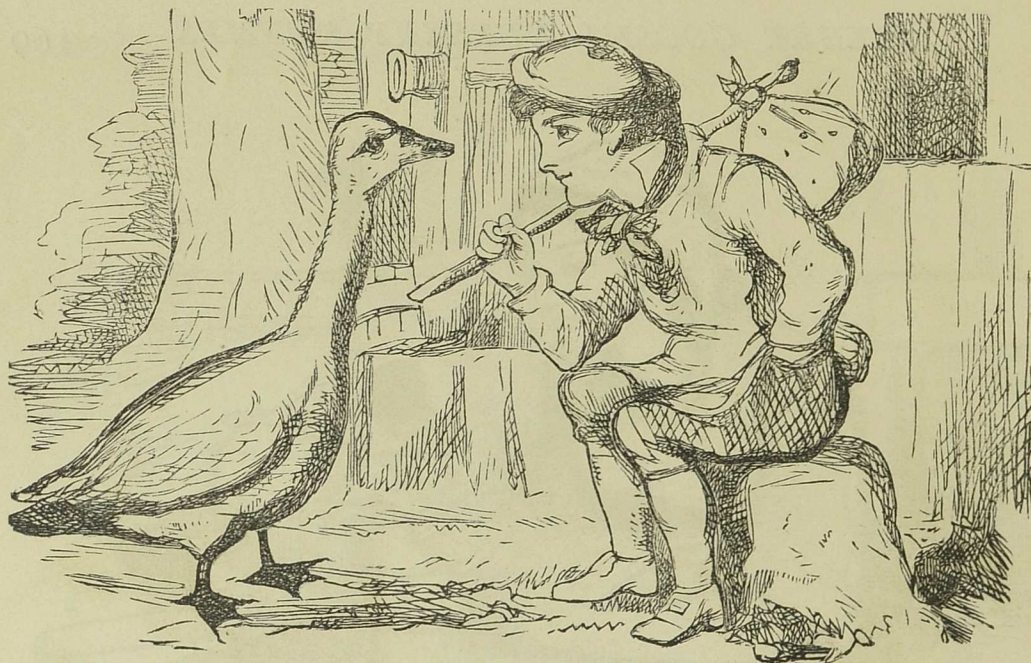
I had a little husband, no bigger than my thumb ;  
I put him in a pint pot, and there I bid him drum.

I bought a little horse that galloped up and down ;  
I saddled him, and bridled him, and sent him out of town.

I gave him some garters, to garter up his hose,  
And a little pocket-handkerchief to wipe his pretty nose.

---

I have a little sister ; they call her Peep, Peep,  
She wades the water, deep, deep, deep ;  
She climbs the mountains, high, high, high.  
Poor little thing ! she has but one eye.



*Vivo.*

Goo - sey, goo - sey, gan - der, whi - ther shall I wan - der,

Up stairs, and down stairs, and in my la - dy's cham - ber.

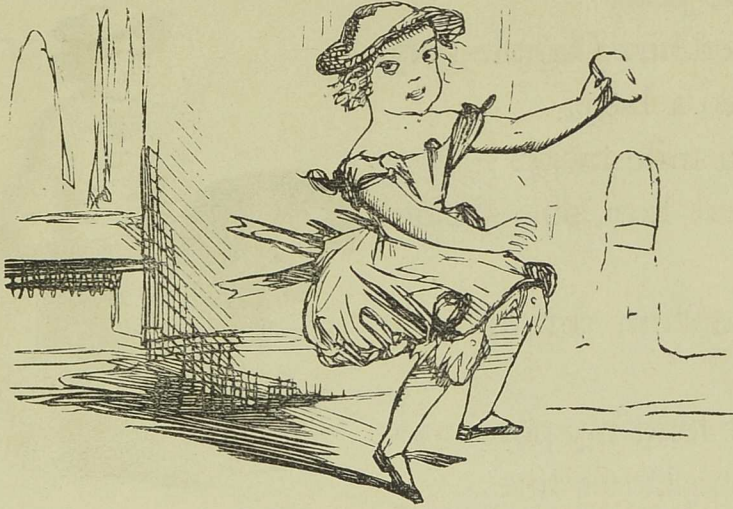
There I met an old man, who would not say his prayers, I

took him by his left leg, and threw him down the stairs.



GOOSEY, GOOSEY, GANDER.





Handy Spandy, Jack-a-dandy,  
Loves plum-cake and sugarcandy ;  
He brought some at a grocer's shop,  
And out he came, hop-hop-hop.

---

If all the world were water,  
And all the water were ink,  
What should we do for bread and cheese ?  
What should we do for drink ?

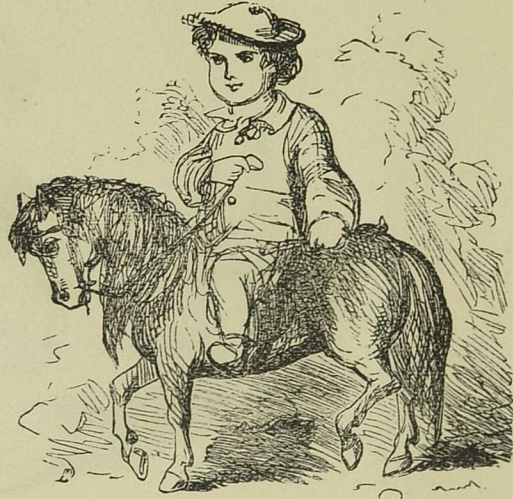
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Hey, my kitten, my kitten,  
Hey, my kitten, my deary ;  
Such a sweet pet as this  
Was neither far nor neary.

---

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

I had a little pony ;  
 They called him 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.




---

See, see. What shall I see?  
 A horse's head where his tail should be.

---

Pussy cat, Pussy cat, where have you been?  
 I've been to London to look at the Queen.  
 Pussy cat, Pussy cat, what  
 did you do there?  
 I frightened a little mouse  
 under the chair.




---

Little Tommy Tittlemouse  
 Lived in a little house ;  
 He caught fishes  
 In other men's ditches.



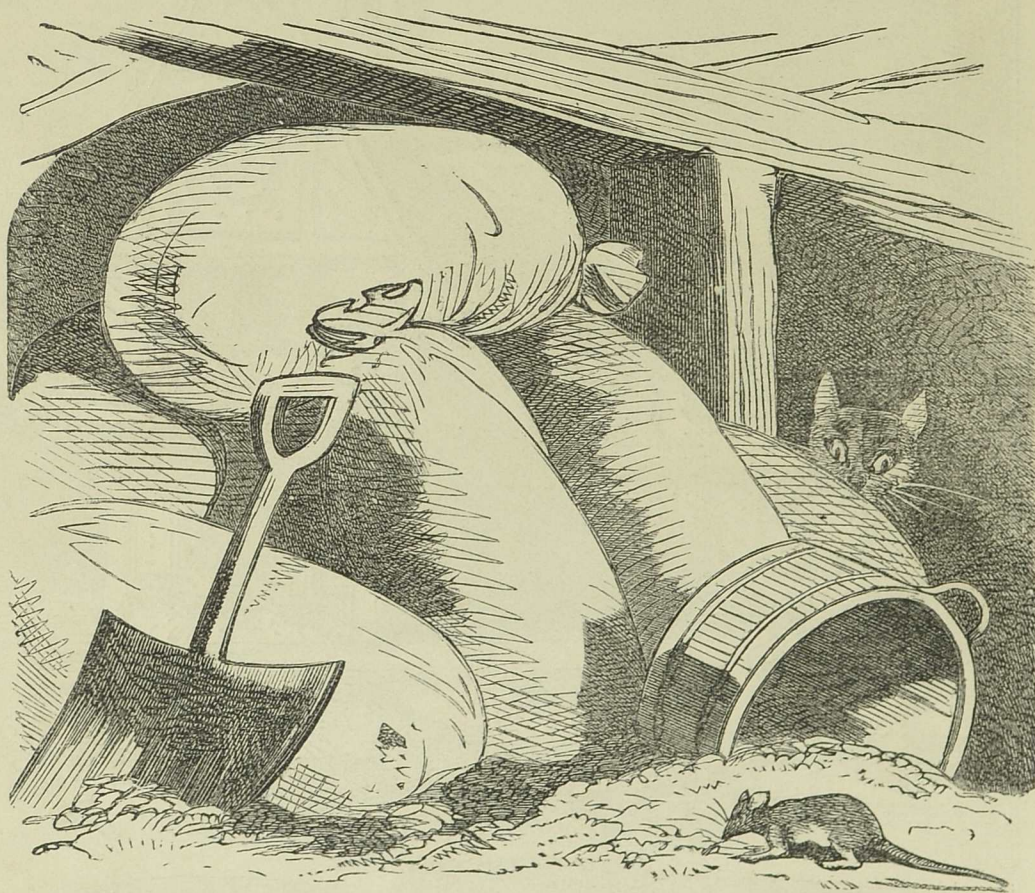


"THIS IS THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT."

# THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

This is the MALT

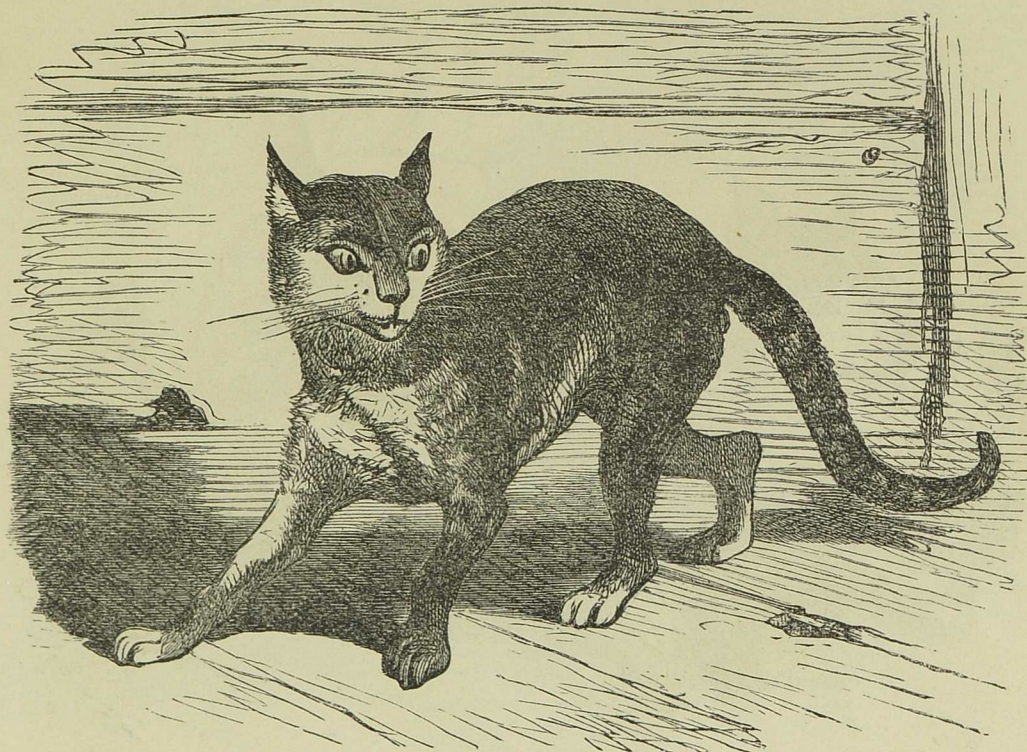
That lay in the house that Jack built.



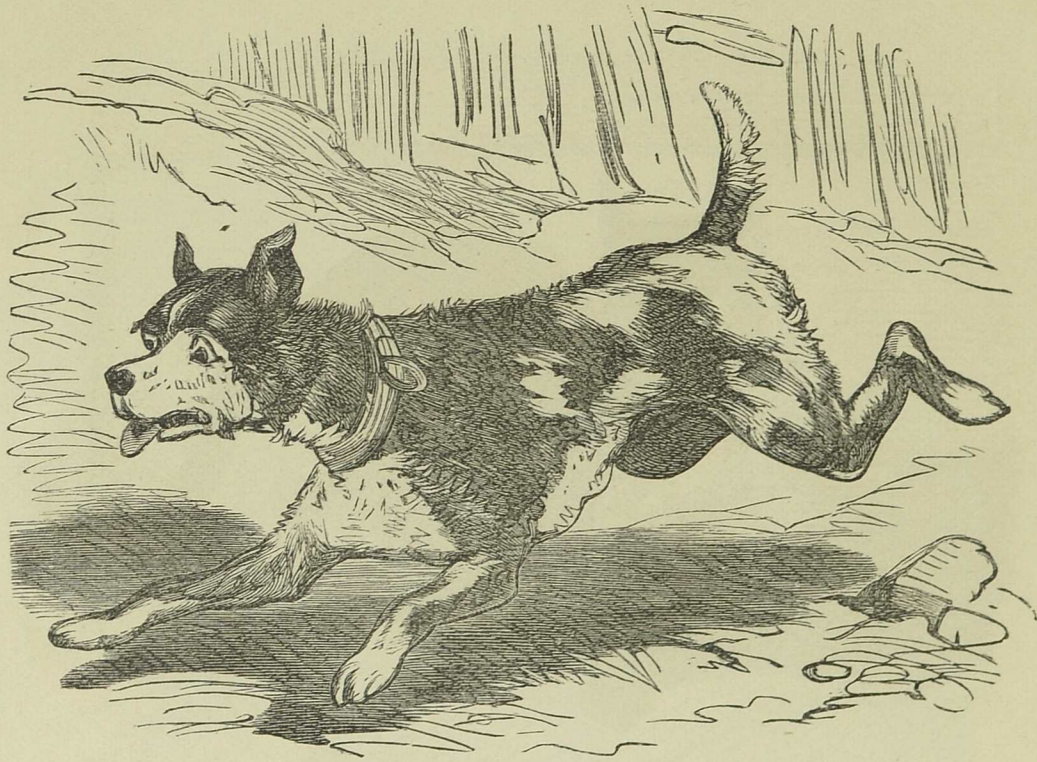
This is the RAT

That ate the malt,

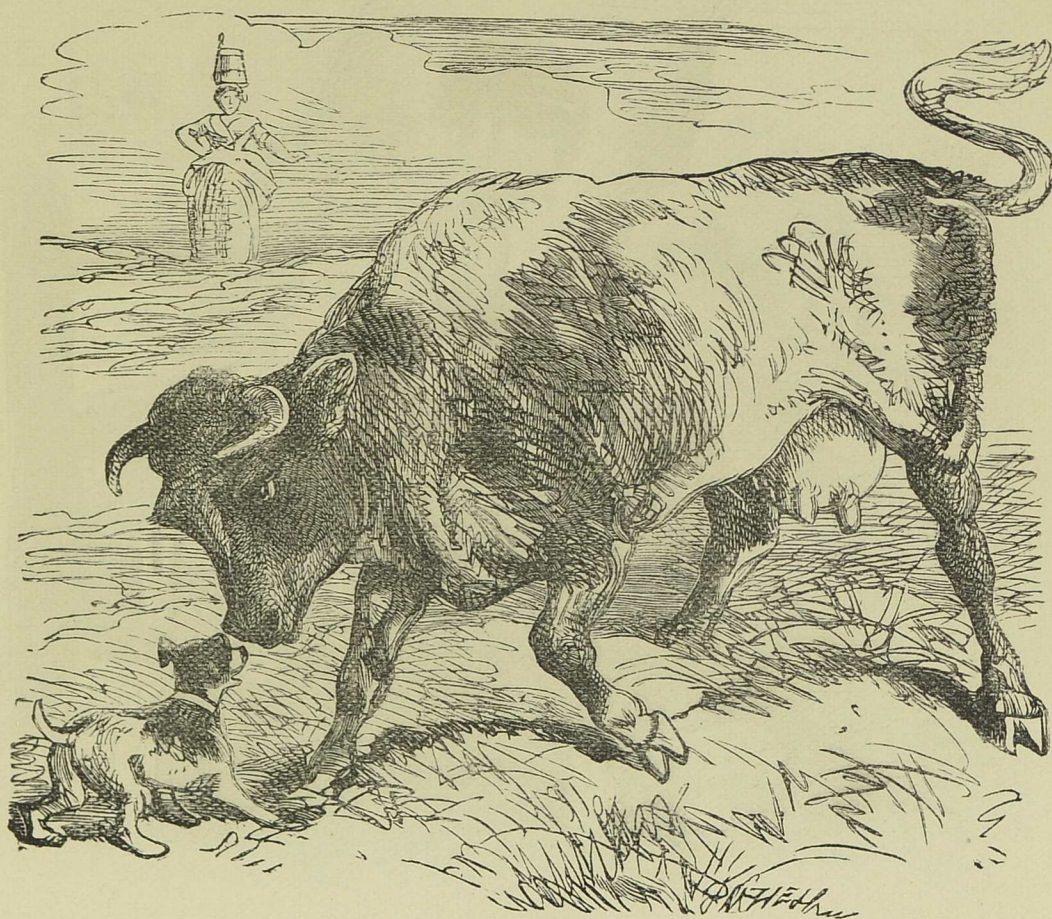
That lay in the house that Jack built.



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 killed 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.

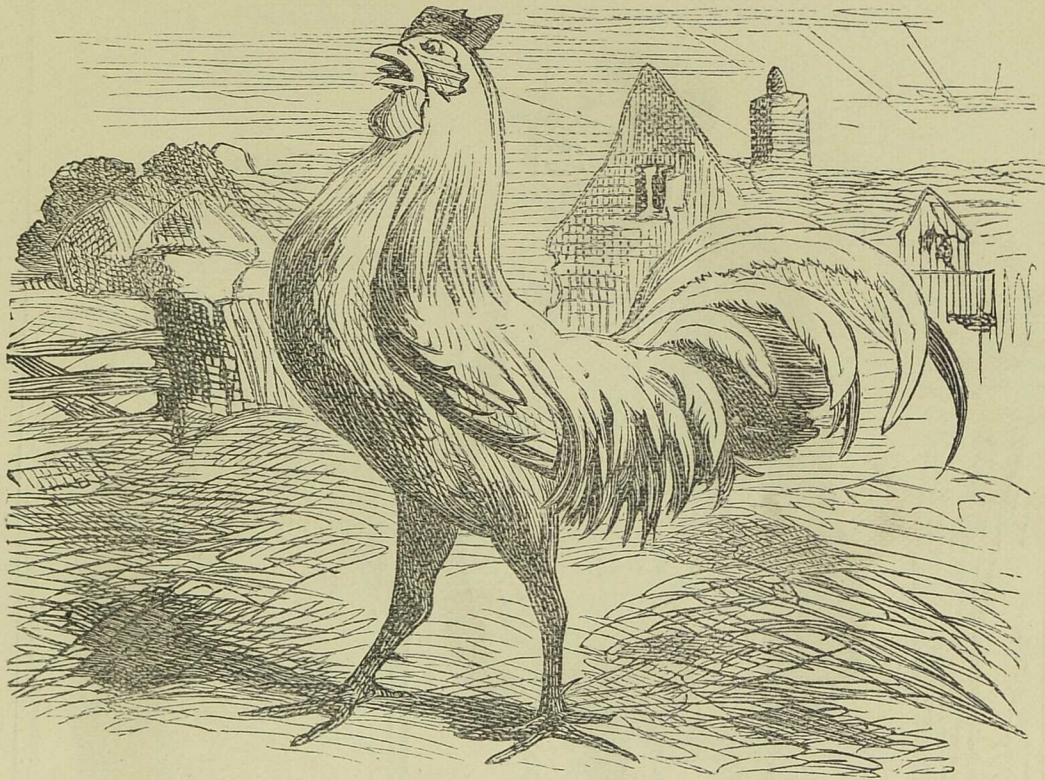


This is the MAN all tattered and torn,  
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,  
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,  
That tossed the dog, that worried the cat,  
That killed the rat, that ate the malt,  
That lay in the house that Jack built.



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 lay in the house that Jack built.



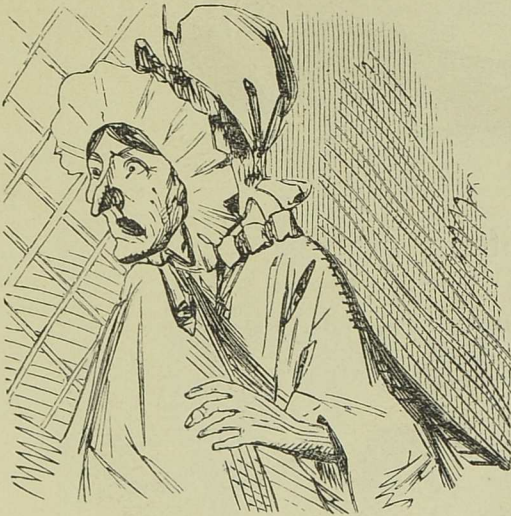


This is the Cock that crowed in the morn,  
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,  
That married the man all tattered and torn,  
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,  
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,  
That tossed the dog, that worried the cat,  
That killed the rat, that ate the malt,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



This is the FARMER who sowed the 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.



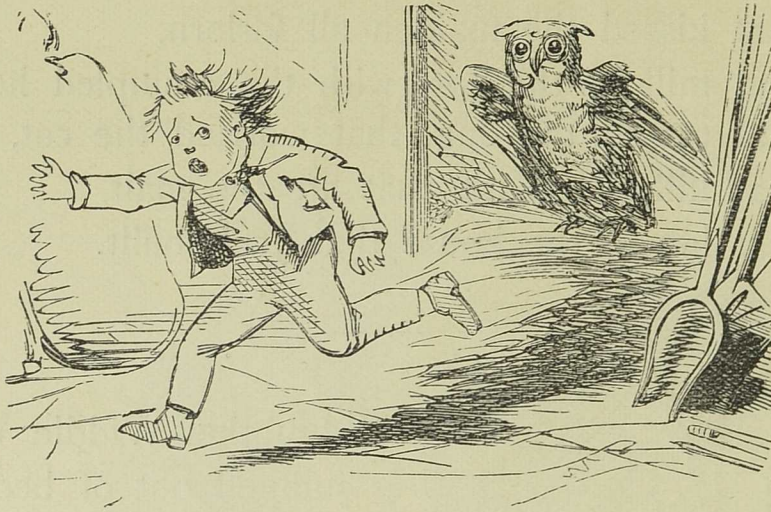

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Old mother Widdle Waddle  
 jumped out of bed,  
 And out of the casement she  
 popped her head,  
 Crying, "The house is on fire,  
 the grey goose is dead,  
 And the fox has come to the  
 town, oh!"




---

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 one  
 leg back.



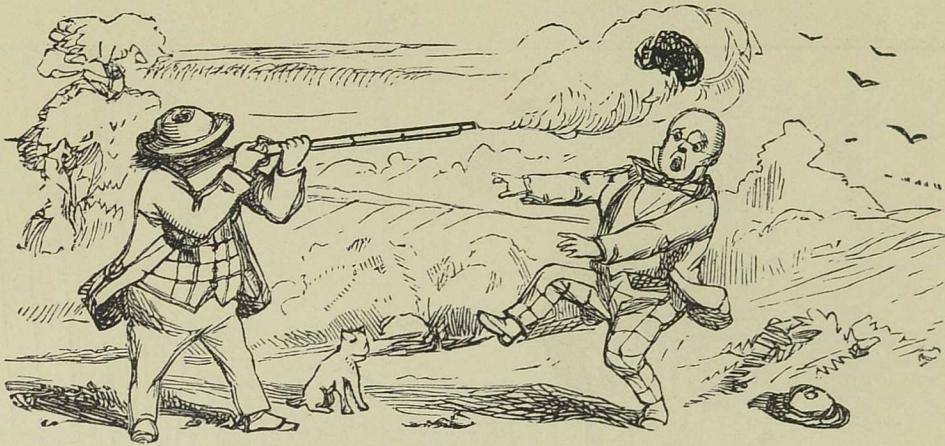
A little boy went into a barn,  
 And lay down on some hay ;  
 An owl came out and flew about,  
 And the little boy ran away.



As I was going up Primrose Hill,  
 Primrose Hill was dirty ;  
 There I met a pretty Miss,  
 And she dropped 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.



I had a little Hen, the prettiest ever seen,  
She washed me the dishes and kept the house clean ;  
She went to the mill to fetch me some flour,  
She brought it home in less than an hour ;  
She baked me my bread, she brewed me my ale,  
She sat by the fire and told many a fine tale.



There was a little man, and he had a little gun,  
 And his bullets were made of lead, lead, lead ;  
 He shot Johnny King through the middle of his wig,  
 And knocked it right off his head, head, head.

Three straws on a staff,  
 Would make a baby cry and  
 laugh.

Multiplication is vexation,  
 Division is as bad ;  
 The Rule of Three perplexes  
 me,  
 And Practice drives me  
 mad.



Daffy-down-Dilly has come up to town,  
 In a yellow petticoat and a green gown.



THE QUEEN OF HEARTS.

*THE QUEEN OF HEARTS.*

The Queen of Hearts  
 She made some tarts  
 All on a summer's day;  
 The Knave of Hearts  
 He stole those tarts,  
 And took them clean away.

The King of Hearts  
 Called for the tarts,  
 And beat the Knave full sore;  
 The Knave of Hearts  
 Brought back the tarts,  
 And vowed he'd steal no more.

---

There were three crows sat on a stone,  
Fal la, la la lal de,
 Two flew away, and then there was one,  
Fal la, la la lal de,
 The other crow finding himself alone,  
Fal la, la la lal de,
 He flew away, and then there was none,  
Fal la, la la lal de.





“JACK AND JILL WENT UP THE HILL.”

# JACK AND JILL.



*S. Vivace.*  
*mf*

1. Jack and Jill went up the hill To fetch a pail of wa - ter;  
 3. Jill came in and she did grin To see his pa - per plais - ter,  
*mf*

*Fine.*

Jack fell down and broke his crown, And Jill came tumbling af - ter.  
 Mo - ther vex'd did whip her next, For caus - ing Jack's dis - as - ter.

2. Up Jack got, and home did trot, As fast as he could ca - per; Dame

*Dal segno. S.*

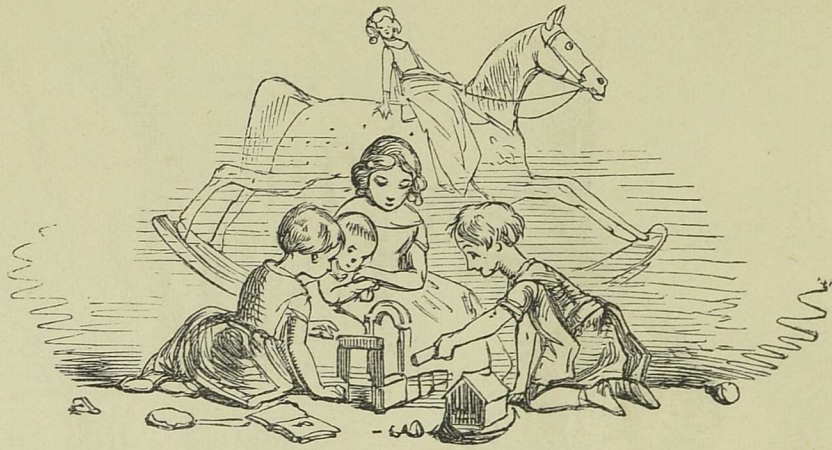
Jill had the job to plaister his knob, With vi - negar and brown pa - per.



When the wind is in the East,  
'T is neither good for man nor beast ;  
When the wind is in the North,  
The skilful fisher goes not forth ;  
When the wind is in the South,  
It blows the bait in the fishes' mouth ;  
When the wind is in the West,  
Then 't is at the very best.

---

Cry, baby, cry,  
Put your finger in your eye,  
And tell your mother it wasn't I.



## THE TURTLE-DOVE'S NEST.

VERY high in the pine-tree,  
The little Turtle-dove  
Made a pretty little nursery,  
To please her little love.  
She was gentle, she was soft,  
And her large dark eye  
Often turned to her mate,  
Who was sitting close by.

“Coo,” said the Turtle-dove,  
“Coo,” said she ;  
“Oh, I love thee,” said the Turtle-dove.  
“And I love THEE.”

In the long shady branches  
Of the dark pine-tree,  
How happy were the Doves  
In their little nursery!

The young Turtle-doves  
Never quarrelled in the nest;  
For they dearly loved each other,  
Though they loved their mother best.  
“Coo,” said the little Doves.  
“Coo,” said she.  
And they played together kindly  
In the dark pine-tree.

In this nursery of yours,  
Little sister, little brother,  
Like the Turtle-dove's nest—  
Do you love one another?  
Are you kind, are you gentle,  
As children ought to be?  
Then the happiest of nests  
Is your own nursery.

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.



He that would thrive,  
 Must rise at five;  
 He that hath thriven,  
 May lie till seven;  
 And he that by the plough  
 would thrive,  
 Himself must either hold or  
 drive.



Hush-a-bye, baby,  
 Daddy is near;  
 Mamma is a lady,  
 And that's very clear.

## THE FROG'S CHORUS.

“YAUP, yaup, yaup!”

Said the croaking voice of a Frog:

“A rainy day

In the month of May,

And plenty of room in the bog.”

“Yaup, yaup, yaup!”

Said the Frog as it hopped away:

“The insects feed

On the floating weed,

And I'm hungry for dinner to-day.”

“Yaup, yaup, yaup!”

Said the Frog, as it splashed about:

“Good neighbours all,

When you hear me call,

It is odd that you do not come out.”

“Yaup, yaup, yaup!”

Said the Frogs; “it is charming weather;

We'll come and sup,

When the moon is up,

And we'll all of us croak together.”

What's the news of the day,  
Good neighbour, I pray?  
They say the balloon  
Is gone up to the moon.

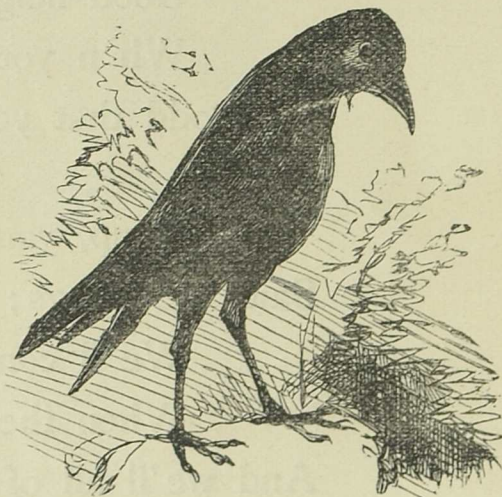


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Cross-Patch,  
Draw the latch,  
Sit by the fire and spin;  
Take a cup,  
And drink it up,  
And call your neighbours in.

---

There was an old Crow  
Sat upon a clod.  
There's an end of my song,  
That's very odd.







"DING, DONG, BELL."

Ding, dong, bell, Pussy's in the well.  
Who put her in? Little Tommy Green.  
Who pulled her out? Little Tommy Trout.  
What a naughty boy was that,  
Thus to drown poor Pussy Cat.



## NURSERY RHYME ALPHABET.

**A** was the Archer who shot at a frog.

**B** was Bo-peep, with her crook and her dog.

**C** was the Cow that jumped over the moon.

**D** was the Dish that ran off with the spoon.

**E** was Elizabeth, Betsey, and Bess.

**F** was the Forest where stood the bird's-nest.

**G** Gaffer Longlegs; downstairs he'd a fall.

**H** Humpty Dumpty that sat on the wall.

**I** was that "*I*" who was going to St. Ives.

**J** Jacky Horner, on plum-pie he thrives.

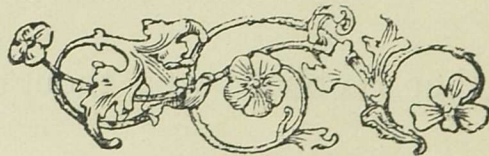
**K** was King Cole with his fiddlers three.

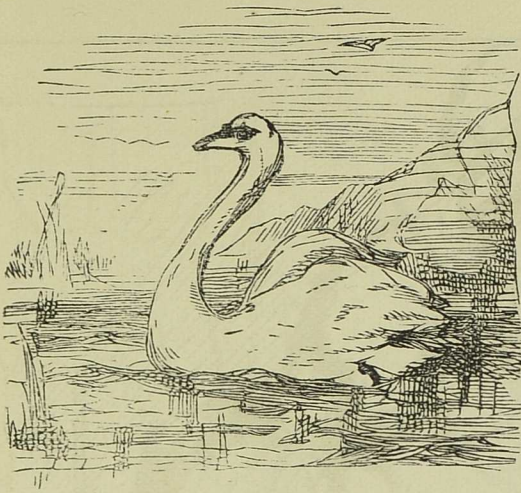
**L** Little Gold-Hair, peeping, you see.

**M** Mother Hubbard who thought her dog dead.

**N** Little Netticoat, with a red head.

**O** the old Woman “upon market day;”  
**P** was the “Pedlar” who passed by that way.  
**Q** was the Queen of Hearts, tartlets she makes.  
**R** was Red Riding Hood carrying the cakes.  
**S** Simple Simon, the pieman beside.  
**T** Tommy Tucker, for supper who cried.  
**U** was the Unicorn, “beat round the town;”  
**V** was Victoria—he fought for her crown.  
**W** Whittington, who turned again,  
Over great London as Lord Mayor to reign.  
**X** is a letter that here we can spare.  
**Y** “Yankee Doodle,” that went to the fair;  
**Z** is the Zany who laughed at him there.





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

---



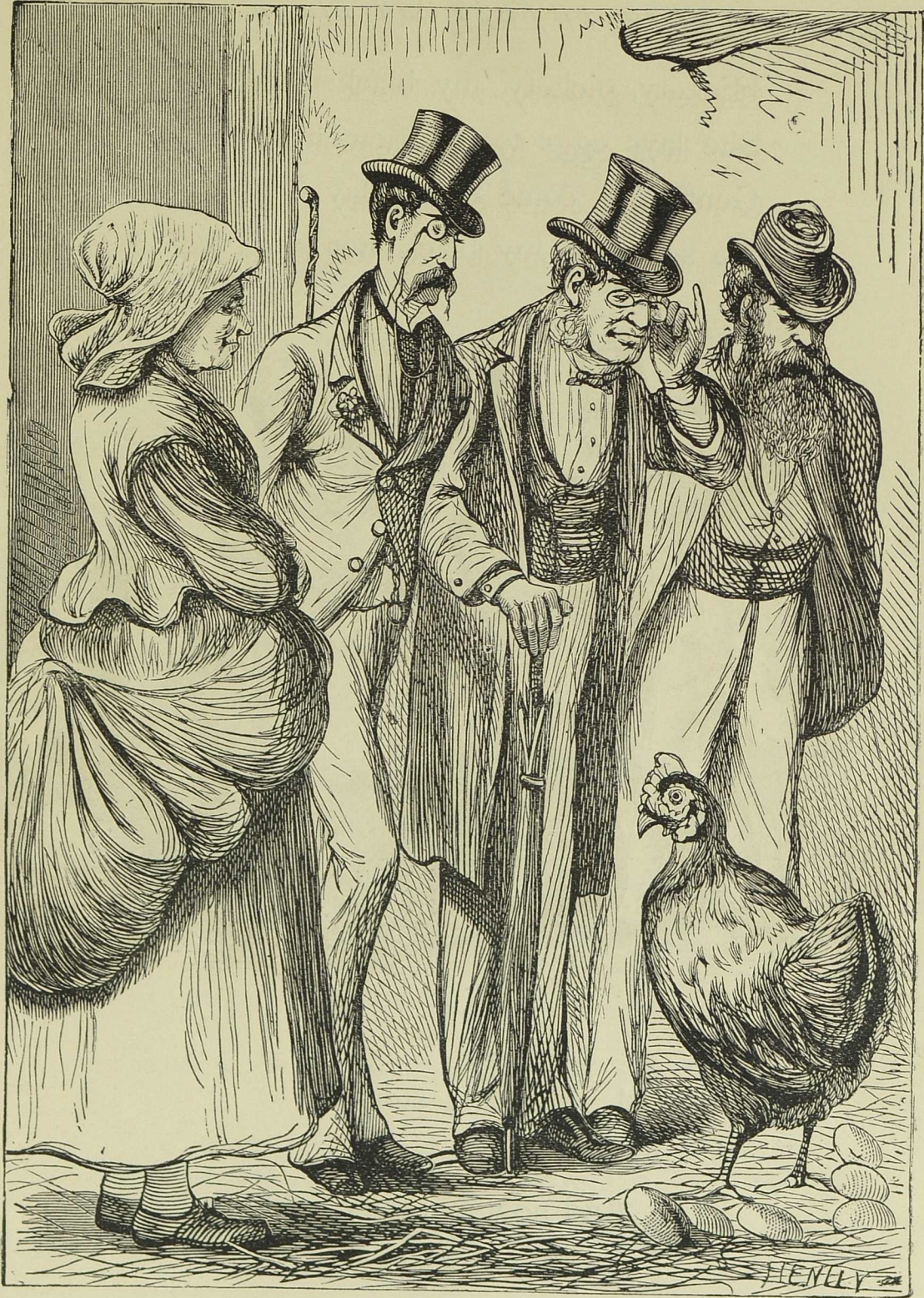
One misty moisty morning,  
When cloudy was the weather,  
I met a little old man,  
Clothed all in leather,  
Clothed all in leather,  
With a strap below his chin.  
How do you do? and how do  
you do?  
And how do you do again?

---

Deedle, deedle, dumpling, my son John,  
He went to bed with his stockings on ;  
One shoe off, and one shoe on,  
Deedle, deedle, dumpling, my son John.



The old woman must stand at the tub, tub, tub,  
The dirty clothes to rub, rub, rub ;  
But when they are clean, and fit to be seen,  
I'll dress like a lady, and dance on the green.



“HICKETY, PICKETY, MY BLACK HEN.”

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



---

I'll tell you a story,  
About John-a-Nory :  
And now my story's begun.  
I'll tell you another,  
About Jack and his brother :  
And now my story's done.



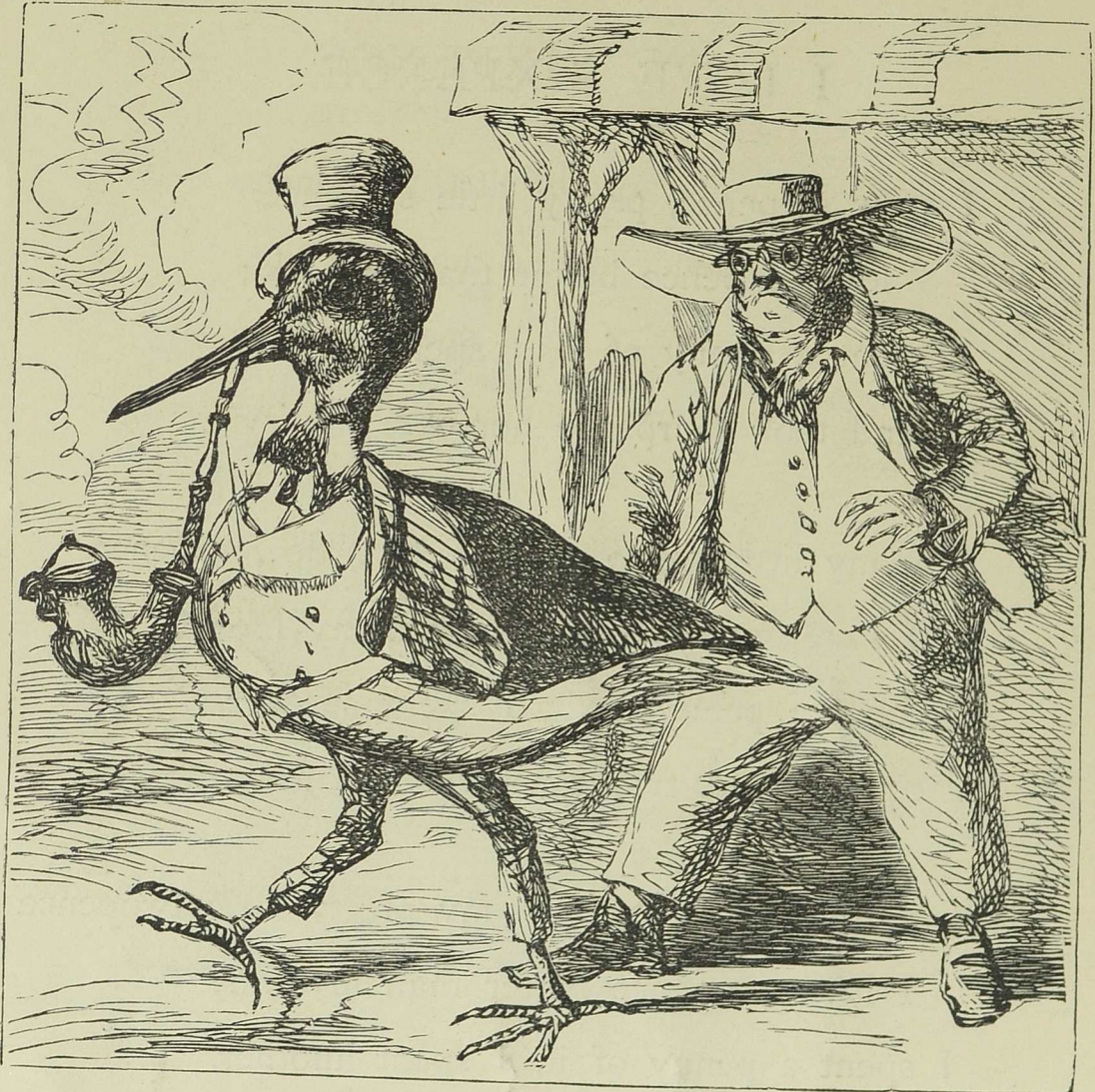
## I LOVE SIXPENCE.

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.

Oh, 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.

Oh, my little twopence, my 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.

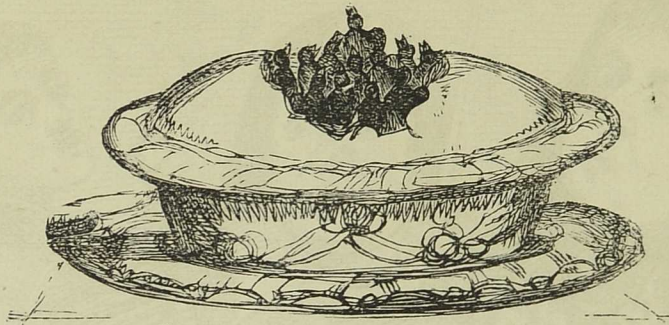
Oh, my little nothing, my pretty little nothing,  
What will nothing buy for my wife?  
I have nothing, I spend nothing,  
I love nothing better than my wife.



There was a fat man of Bombay,  
Who was smoking one sunshiny day,  
When a bird called a Snipe flew away with his pipe,  
Which vexed the fat man of Bombay.



"WHEN THE PIE WAS OPENED, THE BIRDS BEGAN TO SING."



## SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE.

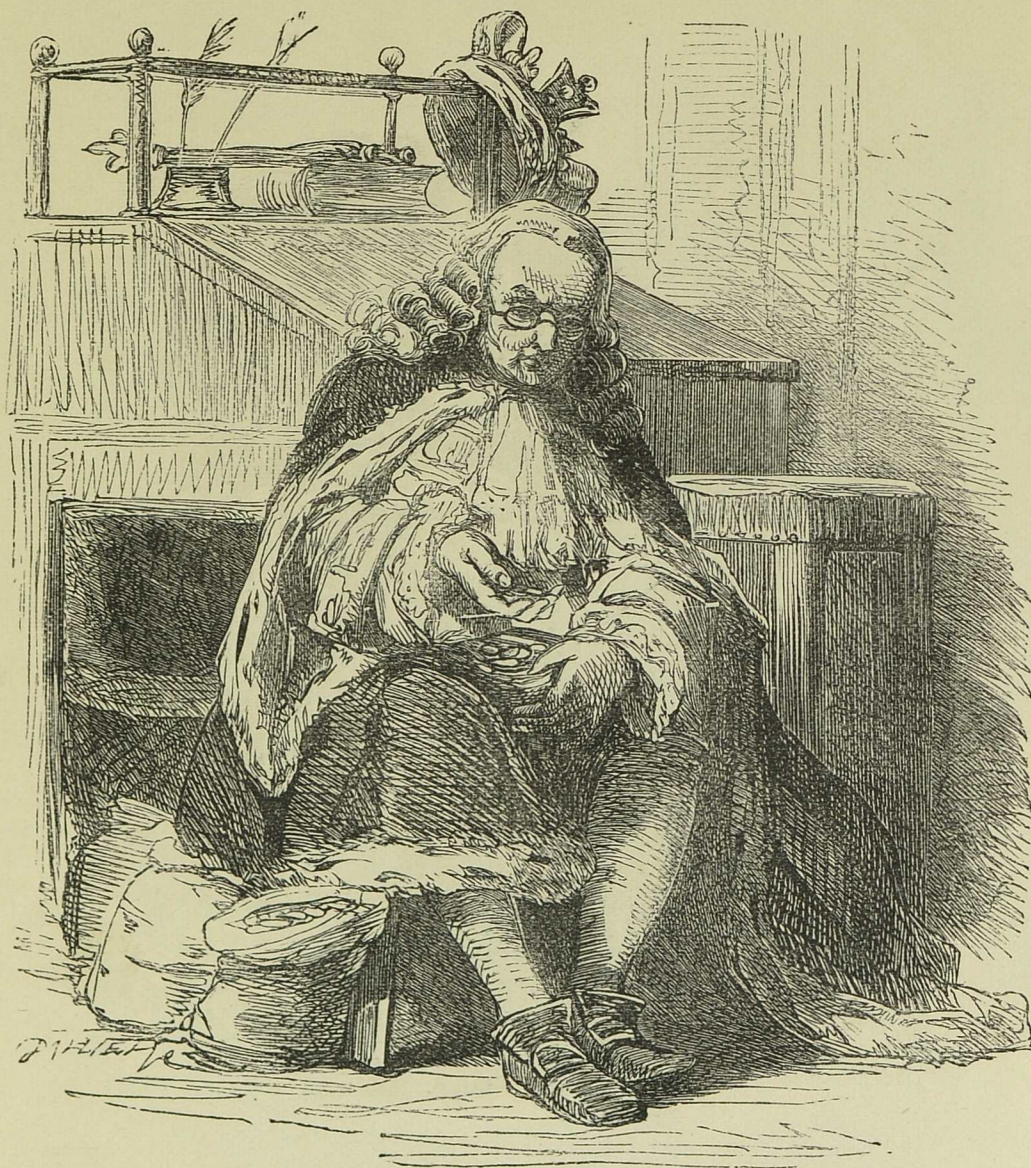
*Moderato.*

*mf* Sing a song of six - pence, A bag . . full of rye;

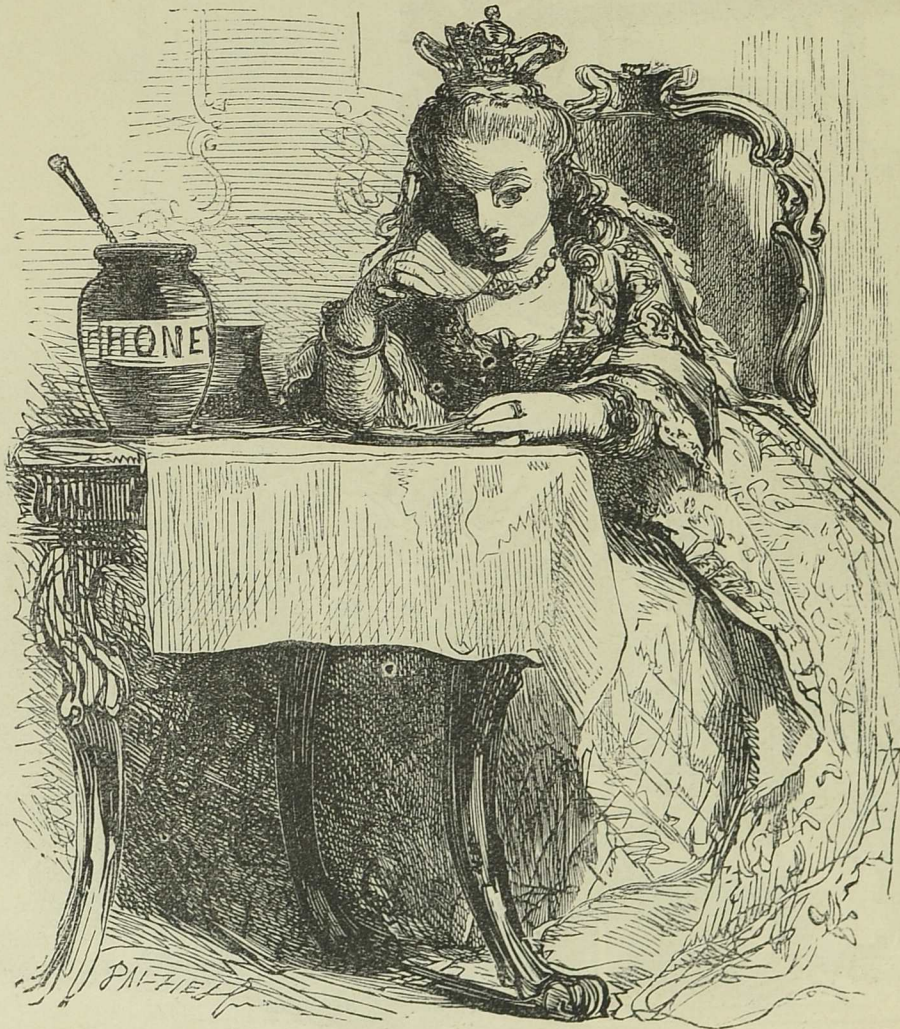
Four and twen - ty black - birds; Baked in a pie;

When the pie was o - pen'd, The birds be - gan to sing,

Was not that a dain - ty dish To set be - fore the king?



The King was in his counting-house,  
Counting out his money;



The Queen was in the parlour,  
Eating bread and honey;



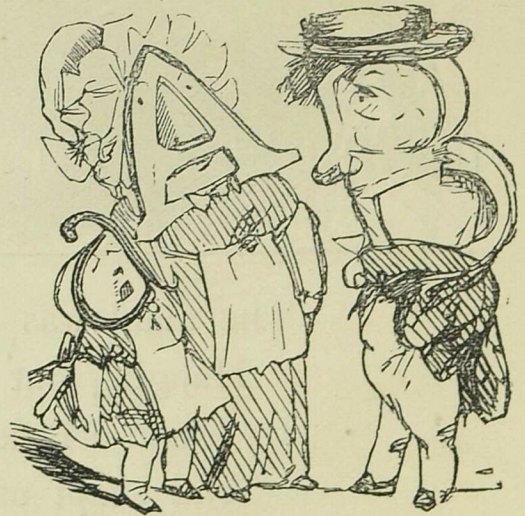
The maid was in the garden,  
Hanging out the clothes;  
By came a little bird,  
And snapt off her nose.



Little Polly Flinders  
 Sate among the cinders  
 Warming her pretty little toes!  
 Her mother came and caught her,  
 And whipped her little  
 daughter,  
 For spoiling her nice new  
 clothes.

---

Great A, little A,  
 Bouncing B,  
 The cat's in the cupboard,  
 And she can't see.







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!  
With a ring-a-ting-tang, and a ring-a-ting-tang,  
Poor old Robinson Crusoe!



Bat, bat, come under my hat,  
 And I'll give you a slice of bacon,  
 And when I bake I'll give you a cake,  
 If I am not mistaken.

The North Wind doth blow,  
 And we shall have snow,  
 And what will poor Robin  
 do then?

Poor thing!

He will hop to a barn,  
 And to keep himself warm,  
 Will hide his head under  
 his wing,

Poor thing!





THE OLD WOMAN BUYING HER PIG AT MARKET.



## THE OLD WOMAN AND HER PIG.

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 farther, and she met a dog. So she said to the dog—

“Dog, dog, bite pig;  
Piggy won't get over the stile;  
And I shan't get home to-night.”

But the dog would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a stick. So she said—

“Stick, stick, beat dog;  
Dog won't bite pig;  
Piggy won't get over the stile,  
And I shan't get home to-night.”

But the stick would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a fire. So she said—

“Fire, fire, burn stick;  
Stick won't beat dog;  
Dog won't bite pig;  
Piggy won't get over the stile;  
And I shan't get home to-night.”

But the fire would not.

She went a little farther, and she met some water. So she said—



“FIRE, FIRE, BURN STICK.”

“Water, water, quench fire ;  
Fire won't burn stick ;

Stick won't beat dog;  
Dog won't bite pig;  
Piggy won't get over the stile;  
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the water would not.

She went a little farther, and she met an ox. So she said—

"Ox, ox, drink water;  
Water won't quench fire;  
Fire won't burn stick;  
Stick won't beat dog;  
Dog won't bite pig;  
Piggy won't get over the stile;  
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the ox would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a butcher. So she said—

"Butcher, butcher, kill ox;  
Ox won't drink water;  
Water won't quench fire;  
Fire won't burn stick;



“BUTCHER, BUTCHER, KILL OX.”

Stick won't beat dog;

Dog won't bite pig;



Piggy won't get over the stile;  
And I shan't get home to night."

But the butcher would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a rope. So she  
said--

"Rope, rope, hang butcher;  
Butcher won't kill ox;  
Ox won't drink water;  
Water won't quench fire;  
Fire won't burn stick;  
Stick won't beat dog;  
Dog won't bite pig;  
Piggy won't get over the stile;  
And I shan't get home to night."

But the rope would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a rat. So she  
said—

"Rat, rat, gnaw rope;  
Rope won't hang butcher;  
Butcher won't kill ox;  
Ox won't drink water;



"RAT, RAT, GNAW ROPE."

Water won't quench fire ;  
Fire won't burn stick ;

Stick won't beat dog ;  
Dog won't bite pig ;  
Piggy won't get over the stile ;  
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the rat would not.

She went a little farther, and she met a cat. So she said--

"Cat, cat, kill rat ;  
Rat won't gnaw rope ;  
Rope won't hang butcher ;  
Butcher won't kill ox ;  
Ox won't drink water ;  
Water won't quench fire ;  
Fire won't burn stick ;  
Stick won't beat dog ;  
Dog won't bite pig ;  
Piggy won't get over the stile ;  
And I shan't get home to-night."

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, and said—



“COW, COW, GIVE ME A SAUCER OF MILK.”

“Cow, cow, give me a saucer of milk;  
Cat won't kill rat;

Rat won't gnaw rope ;  
Rope won't hang butcher ;  
Butcher won't kill ox ;  
Ox won't drink water ;  
Water won't quench fire ;  
Fire won't burn stick ;  
Stick won't beat dog ;  
Dog won't bite pig ;  
Piggy won't get over the stile ;  
And I shan't get home to-night."

But the cow said to her, "If you will go to yonder hay-makers, and fetch me a wisp of hay, I'll give you the milk."  
So away the old woman went to the haymakers, and said—

"Haymakers, give me a wisp of hay ;  
Cow won't give me milk ;  
Cat won't kill rat ;  
Rat won't gnaw rope ;  
Rope won't hang butcher ;  
Butcher won't kill ox ;  
Ox won't drink water ;  
Water won't quench fire ;



“HAYMAKERS, GIVE ME A WISP OF HAY.”

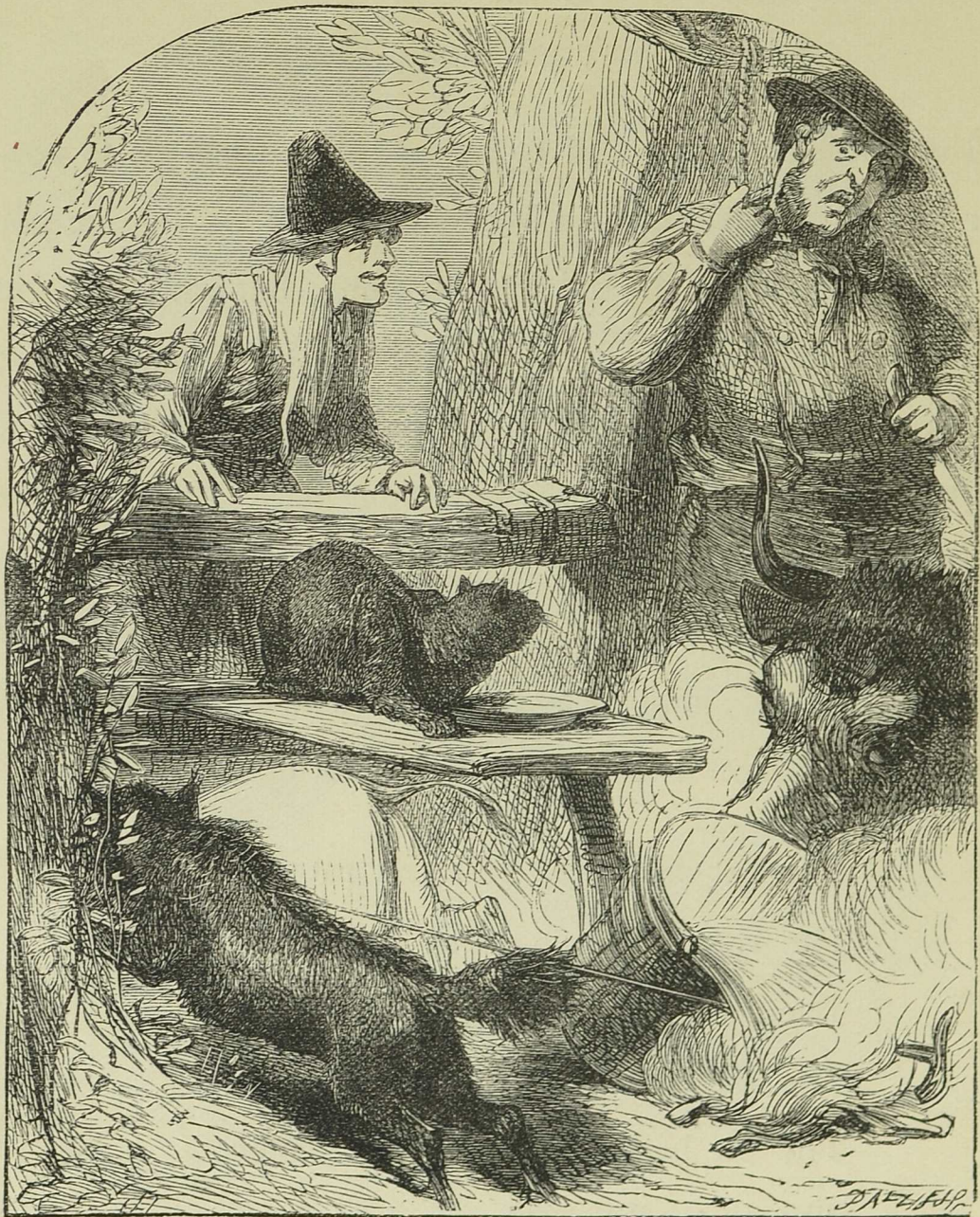
Fire won't burn stick ;  
Stick won't beat dog ;  
Dog won't bite pig ;

Piggy won't get over the stile ;  
And I shan't get home to-night."

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.

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—

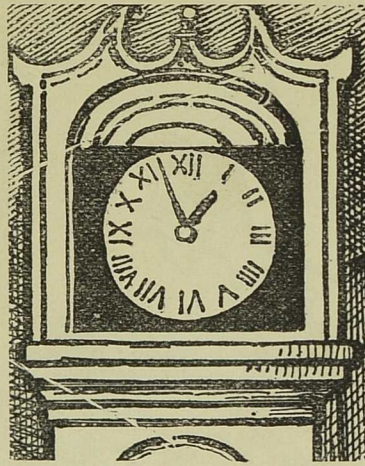
The cat began to kill the rat ;  
The rat began to gnaw the rope ;  
The rope began to hang the butcher ;  
The butcher began to kill the ox ;  
The ox began to drink the water ;  
The water began to quench the fire ;  
The fire began to burn the stick ;  
The stick began to beat the dog ;  
The dog began to bite the pig ;



“THE CAT BEGAN TO KILL THE RAT.”

The little pig in a fright jumped over the stile;  
And so the old woman got home that night.





# DICKERY, DICKERY, DOCK.

*Allegretto.*

Dick - e - ry, dick - e - ry, dock! . . . The  
mouse ran up the clock; . . . The  
clock struck one, and down the mouse ran,  
Dick - e - ry, dick - e - ry, dock!

*sf* *sf* *sf* *sf* *sf* *sf* *sf* *sf* *sf* *sf*



A diller, a dollar, a ten o'clock scholar,  
What makes you come so soon?  
You used to come at ten o'clock,  
But now you come at noon.

---

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

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



"TOMMY KEPT A CHANDLER'S SHOP."

Tommy kept a chandler's shop,  
Richard went to buy a mop,  
Tommy gave him such a whop,  
That sent him out of his chandler's shop.



---

See a pin and pick it up,  
All the day you'll have good luck,  
See a pin and let it lay,  
Bad luck you'll have all the day.



Please to remember the fifth of November,  
The Gunpowder treason plot;  
I see no reason why Gunpowder treason,  
Should ever be forgot.  
A stick and a stake for Victoria's sake,  
Hollo, boys! hollo, boys! God save the Queen.

Leg over leg,  
 As the dog went to Dover,  
 When he came to a stile,  
 Jump he went over.



Ladybird, Ladybird,  
 Fly away home,  
 Your house is on fire,  
 Your children will burn.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5,  
 I caught a hare alive;  
 6, 7, 8, 9, 10,  
 I let her go again.

This is the way the ladies go—

Nim, nim, nim.

This is the way the gentlemen go—

Trot, trot, trot.

This is the way the hunters go—

Gallop, gallop, gallop.



“THERE WAS AN OLD MAN OF TOBAGO.”

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.”

Little Miss Muffett  
She sat on a tuffett,  
Eating of curds and whey;  
There came a little spider,  
Who sat down beside her,  
And frightened Miss Muffett  
away.







As Tommy Snooks and Bessy  
Brooks,  
Were walking out one Sun-  
day,  
Says Tommy Snooks to Bessy  
Brooks,  
Wilt marry me on Monday?

---

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.

---



Here am I,  
Little jumping Joan,  
When nobody's with me,  
I'm always alone.

## GOOD DOBBIN.

OH! thank you, good Dobbin, you've been a long track,  
And have carried papa all the way on your back;  
You shall have some nice oats, faithful Dobbin, indeed,  
For you've brought papa home to his darling with speed.

The howling wind blew, and the pelting rain beat,  
And the thick mud has covered his legs and his feet,  
But yet on he galloped in spite of the rain,  
And has brought papa home to his darling again.

The sun it was setting a long while ago,  
And papa could not see the road where he should go,  
But Dobbin kept on through the desolate wild,  
And has brought papa home again safe to his child.

Now go to the stable, the night is so raw,  
Go, Dobbin, and rest your old bones on the straw;  
Don't stand any longer out here in the rain,  
For you've brought papa home to his darling again.



“AWAY WENT GILPIN, AND AWAY WENT POSTBOY AT HIS HEELS.”

THE DIVERTING  
HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN.

SHOWING HOW HE WENT FARTHER THAN HE INTENDED,  
AND CAME SAFE HOME AGAIN.

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen  
Of credit and renown,  
A train-band captain eke was he,  
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,  
" Though wedded we have been  
These twice ten tedious years, yet we  
No holiday have seen.

" To-morrow is our wedding-day,  
And we will then repair  
Unto the " Bell " at Edmonton,  
All in a chaise and pair.

“ My sister, and my sister’s child,  
Myself, and children three,  
Will fill the chaise ; so you must ride  
On horseback after we.”

He soon replied, “ I do admire  
Of womankind but one,  
And you are she, my dearest dear,  
Therefore it shall be done.

“ I am a linendraper bold,  
As all the world doth know,  
And my good friend the calender  
Will lend his horse to go.”

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, “ That’s well said ;  
And for that wine is dear,  
We will be furnished with our own,  
Which is both bright and clear.”

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife ;  
O’erjoyed was he to find,  
That though on pleasure she was bent,  
She had a frugal mind.



The morning came, the chaise was brought,  
But yet was not allowed  
To drive up to the door, lest all  
Should say that she was proud.  
So three doors off the chaise was stayed,  
Where they did all get in;

Six precious souls, and all agog  
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,  
Were never folks so glad!  
The stones did rattle underneath,  
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side  
Seized fast the flowing mane,  
And up he got, in haste to ride,  
But soon came down again.

For saddletree scarce reached had he,  
His journey to begin,  
When, turning round his head, he saw  
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,  
Although it grieved him sore,  
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,  
Would trouble him much more

'T was long before the customers  
Were suited to their mind,

When Betty screaming came downstairs,  
“The wine is left behind!”

“Good lack!” quoth he, “yet bring it me,  
My leathern belt likewise,  
In which I bear my trusty sword  
When I do exercise.”

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)  
Had two stone bottles found,  
To hold the liquor that she loved,  
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,  
Through which the belt he drew,  
And hung a bottle on each side,  
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be  
Equipped from top to toe,  
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,  
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again  
Upon his nimble steed,



Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,  
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road  
Beneath his well-shod feet,  
The snorting beast began to trot,  
Which galled him in his seat.

“So, fair and softly!” John he cried,  
But John he cried in vain;  
That trot became a gallop soon,  
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must  
Who cannot sit upright,  
He grasped the mane with both his hands,  
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort  
Had handled been before,  
What thing upon his back had got,  
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;  
Away went hat and wig;



He little dreamt, when he set out,  
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly  
Like streamer long and gay,  
Till, loop and button failing both,  
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern  
The bottles he had slung ;  
A bottle swinging at each side,  
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,  
Up flew the windows all ;  
And every soul cried out, "Well done!"  
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he ?  
His fame soon spread around :  
"He carries weight! he rides a race!  
'T is for a thousand pound!"

And still as fast as he drew near,  
'T was wonderful to view  
How in a trice the turnpike-men  
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down  
His reeking head full low,  
The bottles twain behind his back  
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,  
Most piteous to be seen,  
Which made the horses flanks to smoke  
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,  
With leathern girdle braced ;  
For all might see the bottle-necks  
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington  
These gambols he did play,  
Until he came unto the Wash  
Of Edmonton so gay ;

And there he threw the wash about  
On both sides of the way,  
Just like unto a trundling mop,  
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife  
From the balcony spied  
Her tender husband, wondering much  
To see how he did ride.

“Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—Here’s the house!”

They all at once did cry;

“The dinner waits, and we are tired;”

Said Gilpin—“So am I!”

But yet his horse was not a whit

Inclined to tarry there;

For why?—his owner had a house

Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,

Shot by an archer strong;

So did he fly—which brings me to

The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin out of breath

And sore against his will,

Till at his friend the calender’s,

His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see

His neighbour in such trim,

Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,

And thus accosted him :



“What news? what news? your tidings tell;  
Tell me you must and shall—  
Say why bareheaded you are come,  
Or why you come at all?”

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,  
And loved a timely joke;

And thus unto the calender  
In merry guise he spoke :

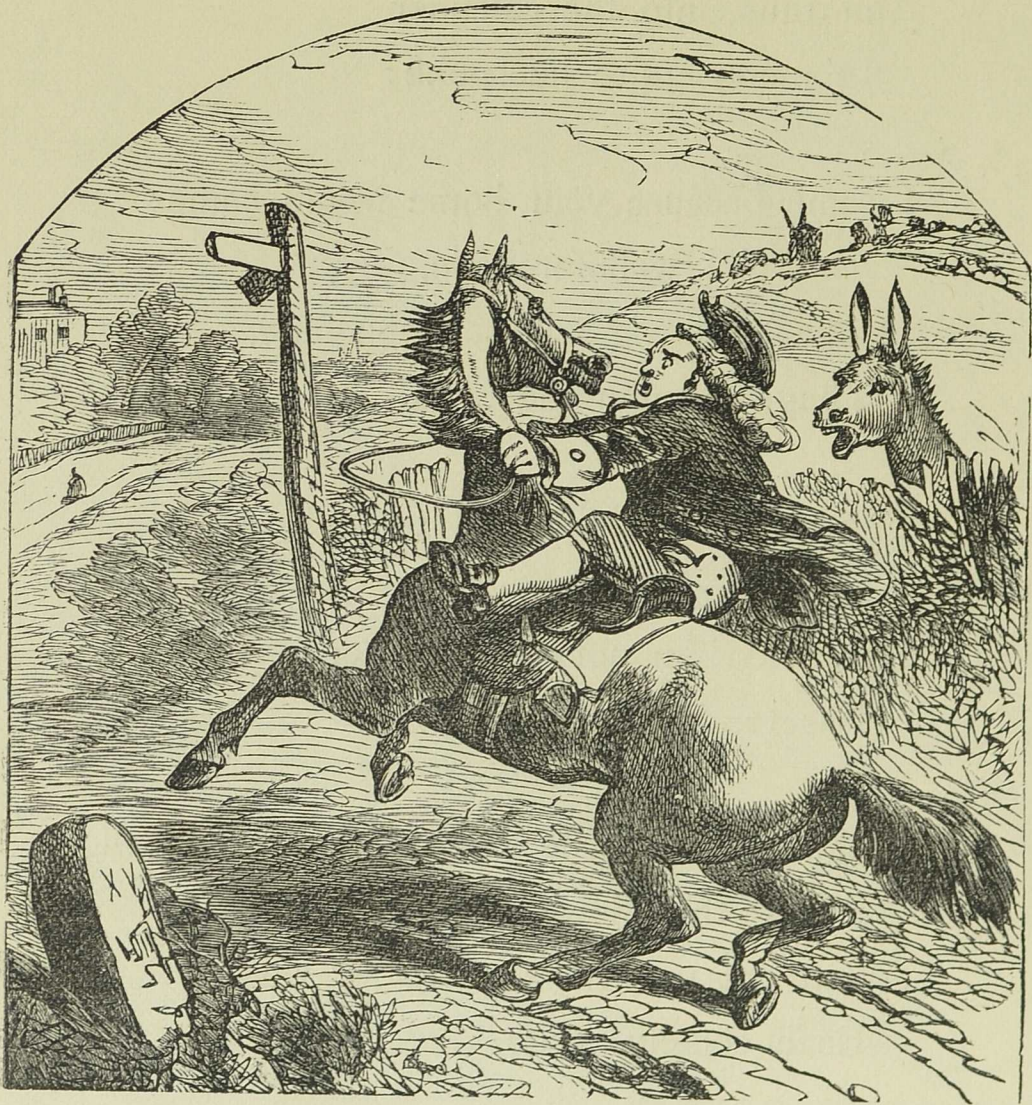
“I came because your horse would come :  
And, if I well forebode,  
My hat and wig will soon be here,  
They are upon the road.”

The calender, right glad to find  
His friend in merry pin,  
Returned him not a single word,  
But to the house went in ;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig,  
A wig that flowed behind,  
A hat not much the worse for wear,  
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn  
Thus showed his ready wit,  
“My head is twice as big as yours,  
They therefore needs must fit.

“But let me scrape the dirt away,  
That hangs upon your face ;



And stop and eat, for well you may  
Be in a hungry case."

Said John, "It is my wedding-day,  
And all the world would stare  
If wife should dine at Edmonton,  
And I should dine at Ware."



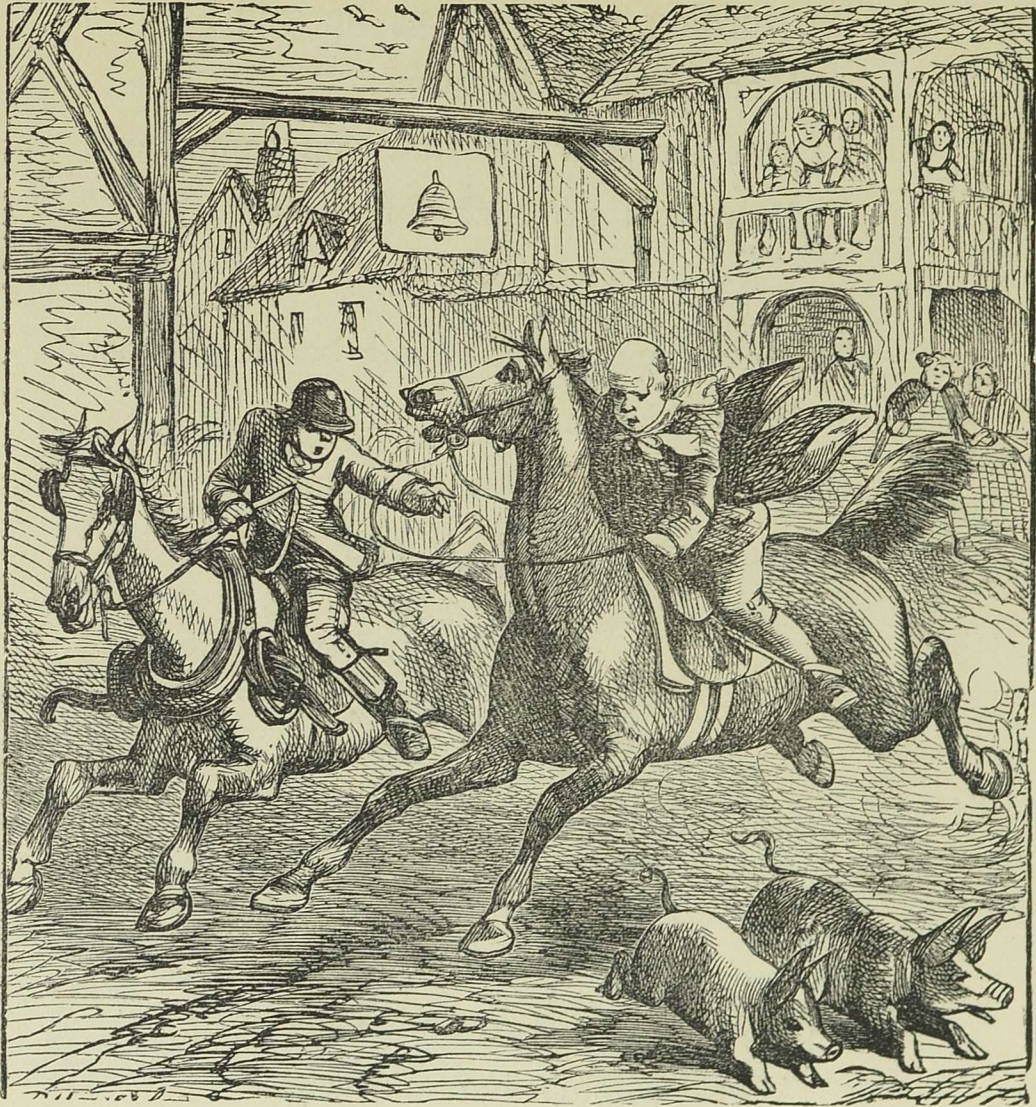
So turning to his horse, he said,  
"I am in haste to dine;  
'T was for your pleasure you came here,  
You shall go back for mine."

Ah! luckless speech, and bootless boast!  
For which he paid full dear;  
For while he spake, a braying ass  
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he  
Had heard a lion roar,  
And galloped off with all his might,  
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away  
Went Gilpin's hat and wig:  
He lost them sooner than at first,  
For why—they were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw  
Her husband posting down  
Into the country far away,  
She pulled out half-a-crown;



And thus unto the youth she said  
That drove them to the "Bell,"  
"This shall be yours when you bring back  
My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet  
John coming back amain ;

Whom in a trice he tried to stop,  
By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant,  
And gladly would have done,  
The frightened steed he frightened more,  
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away  
Went postboy at his heels,  
The postboy's horse right glad to miss  
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,  
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,  
With postboy scampering in the rear,  
They raised the hue and cry.

“Stop thief! stop thief! a highwayman!”  
Not one of them was mute;  
And all and each that passed that way  
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike-gates again  
Flew open in short space;



The toll-men thinking, as before,  
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,  
For he got first to town ;  
Nor stopped till where he had got up,  
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, Long live the King,  
And Gilpin, long live he ;  
And when he next doth ride abroad,  
May I be there to see.



Twinkle, twinkle, little star,  
How I wonder what you are!  
Up above the world so high,  
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the blazing sun is gone,  
When he nothing shines upon,  
Then you show your little light,  
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

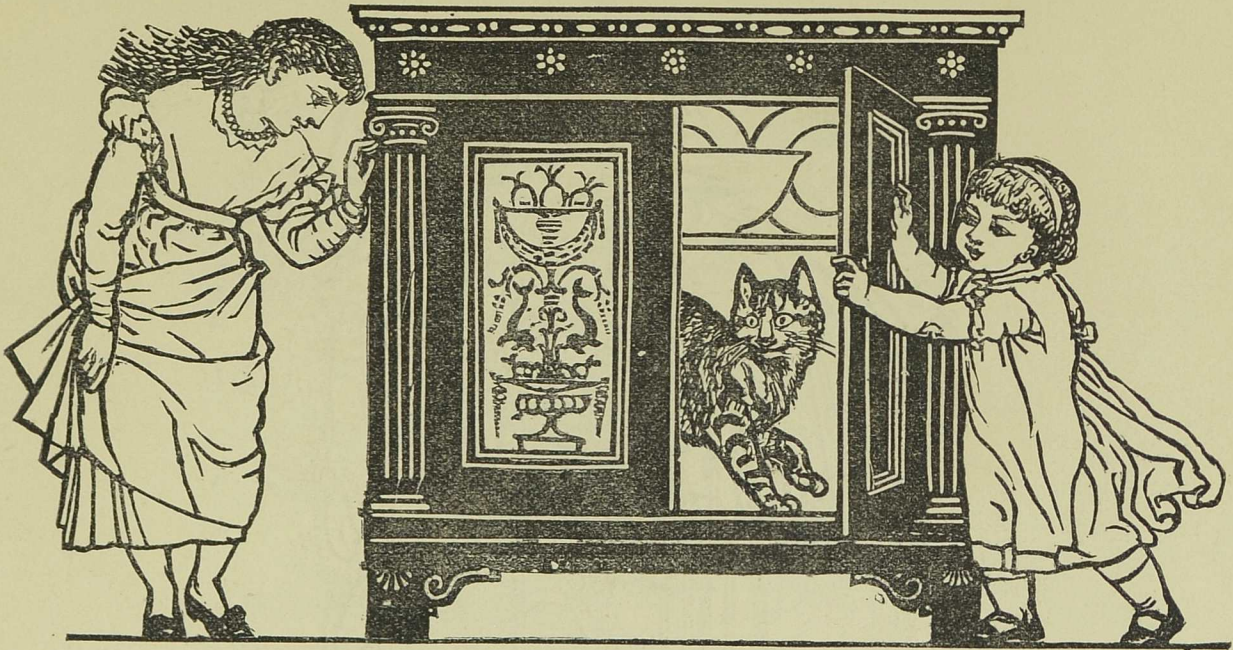
Then the traveller in the dark  
Thanks you for your tiny spark :  
How could he see where to go,  
If you did not twinkle so ?

In the dark blue sky you keep,  
Often through my curtains peep,  
For you never shut your eye,  
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark  
Lights the traveller in the dark,  
Though I know not what you are,  
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

---

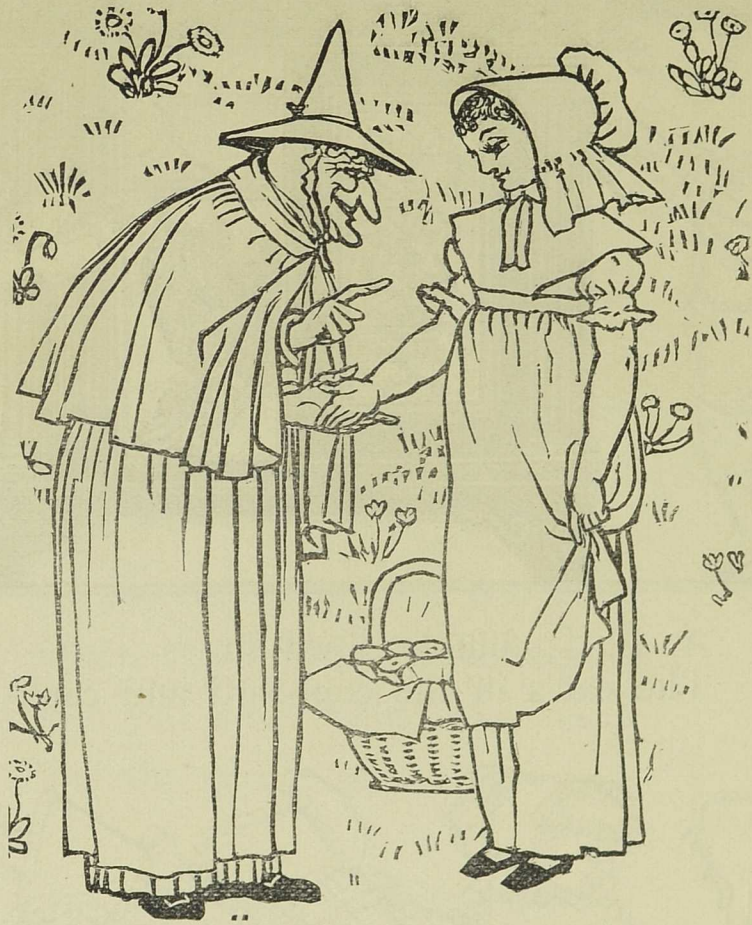
Charley, Charley, stole the barley  
Out of the baker's shop ;  
The baker came out, and gave him a clout,  
And made poor Charley hop.



A, B, C, tumble down D,  
The cat's in the cupboard and can't see me.

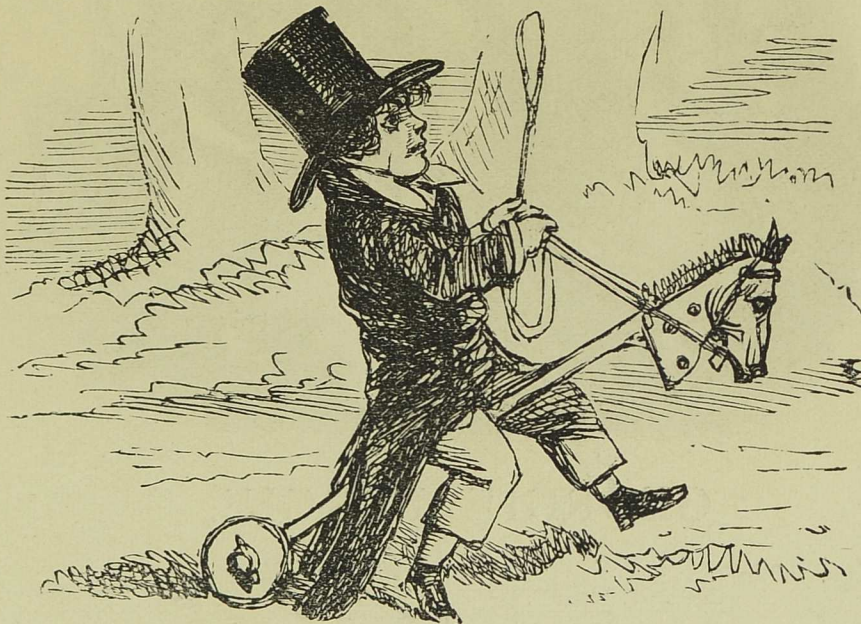


Elizabeth, Elspeth, Betsy, and Bess,  
They all went together to seek a bird's nest,  
They found a bird's nest with five eggs in:  
They all took one, and left four in.



Up hill and down dale,  
Butter is made in every vale;  
And if Nancy Cook  
Is a good girl,  
She shall have a spouse,  
And make butter anon,  
Before her old grandmother  
Grows a young man.





To market, to market, a gallop, a trot,  
To buy some meat to put in the pot;  
Threepence a quarter, fourpence a side,  
If it hadn't been killed it must have died.

---

Apple-pie, pudding, and  
pancake,  
All begins with A.

---

My little old man and  
I fell out;  
I'll tell you what 't was  
all about,—  
I had money and he  
had none,  
And that's the way the  
noise begun.





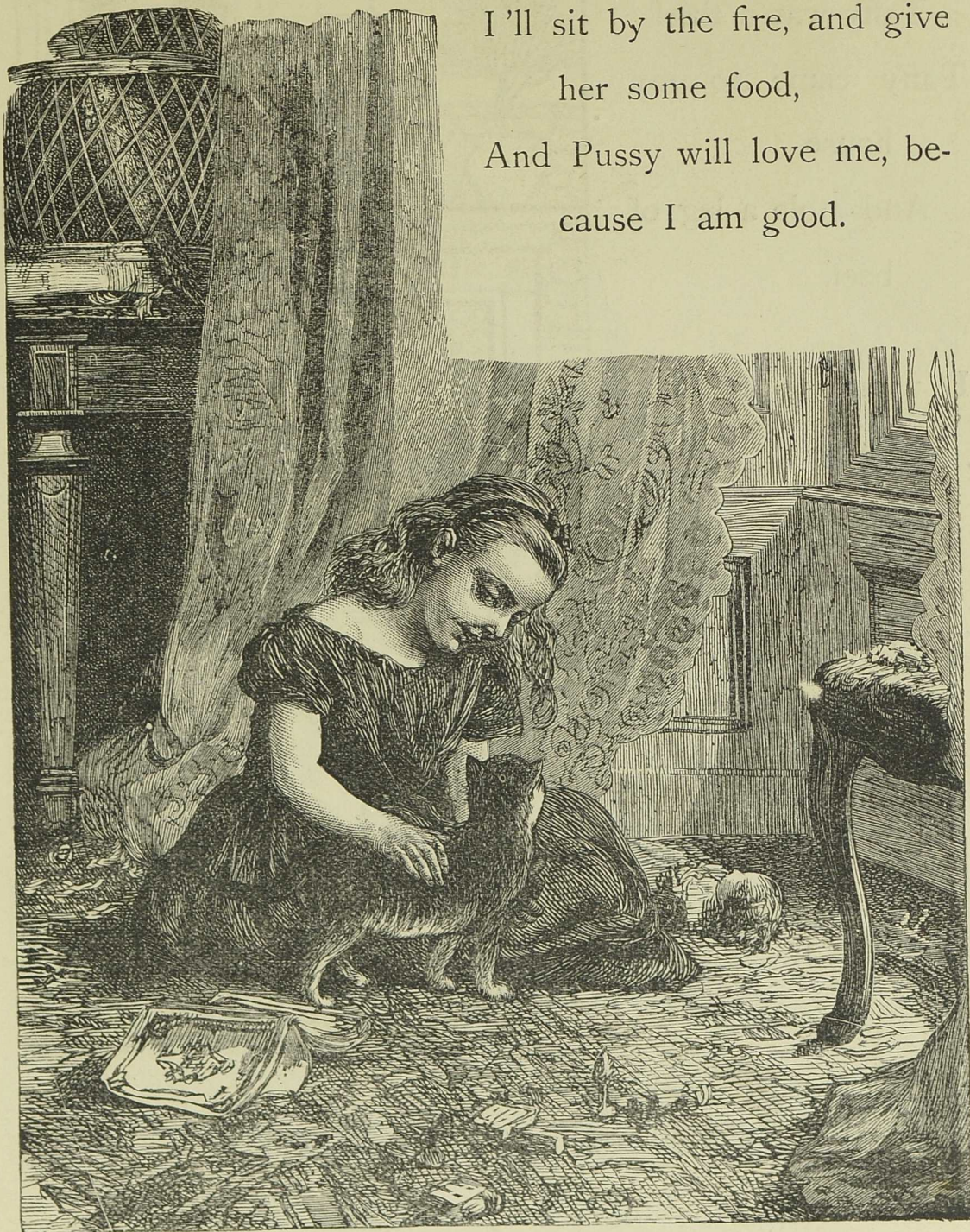
## GEORGIE PORGIE.

*Allegro moderato.*

Geor - gie Por - gie, pud - ding and pie,  
Kiss'd the girls . . and made them cry.  
When the girls . . came out to play,  
Geor - gie Por - gie ran a - way.

I love little Pussy, her coat is so warm,  
And if I don't hurt her, she'll do me no harm.

I'll sit by the fire, and give  
her some food,  
And Pussy will love me, be-  
cause I am good.



Taffy was a Welsh-  
 man,  
 Taffy was a thief,  
 Taffy came to my  
 house,  
 And stole a leg of  
 beef.

I went to Taffy's  
 house,  
 Taffy was not at  
 home;  
 Taffy came to my  
 house  
 And stole a mar-  
 row-bone.

I went to Taffy's  
 house,  
 Taffy was in bed ;

I took the marrow-bone,  
 And broke Taffy's head.





“A FARMER WENT TROTTING UPON HIS GREY MARE.”

A farmer went trotting upon his grey mare,  
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!  
With his daughter behind him so rosy and fair,  
Lumpety, lumpety, lump!

A raven cried croak! and they all tumbled down,  
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!  
The mare broke her knees, and the farmer his crown,  
Lumpety, lumpety, lump!



The mischievous raven flew laughing away,  
Bumpety, bumpety, bump!  
And vowed he would serve them the same the next day,  
Lumpety, lumpety, lump!

---



Little Betty Blue  
Lost her holiday shoe,  
What can little Betty do?  
Give her another  
To match the other,  
And then she may walk  
in two.

---

Hush-a-bye, baby, lie still  
with thy daddy,  
Thy mammy is gone to the mill,  
To get some meal to bake a cake,  
So pray, my dear baby, lie still.

---

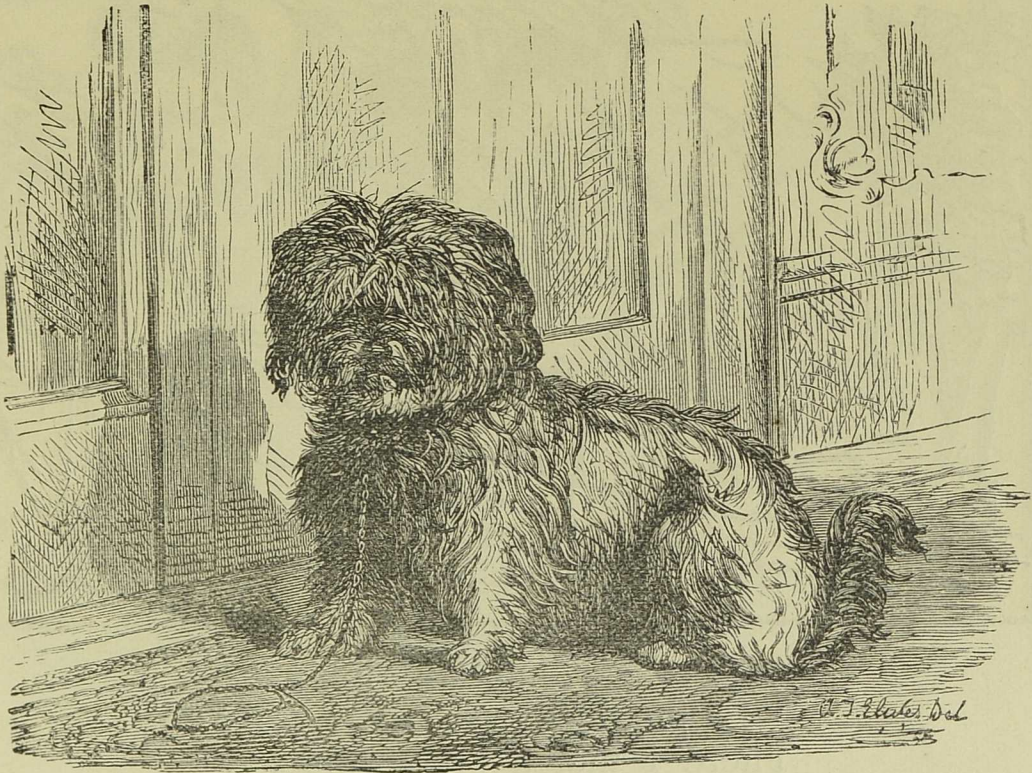
You shall have an apple,  
You shall have a plum,  
You shall have a rattle-basket,  
When papa comes home.

## A MAN OF WORDS AND NOT OF DEEDS.

A MAN of words and not of deeds  
Is like a garden full of weeds ;  
And when the weeds begin to grow,  
It's like a garden full of snow ;  
And when the snow begins to fall,  
It's like a bird upon the wall ;  
And when the bird away does fly,  
It's like an eagle in the sky ;  
And when the sky begins to roar,  
It's like a lion at the door ;  
And when the door begins to crack,  
It's like a stick across your back ;  
And when your back begins to smart,  
It's like a penknife in your heart ;  
And when your heart begins to bleed,  
You're dead, and dead, and dead indeed.







Poor Dog Bright,  
Ran off with all his might,  
Because the cat was after him,  
Poor Dog Bright.

Poor Cat Fright,  
Ran off with all her might,  
Because the dog was after her,  
Poor Cat Fright.



As I was going up Pippin Hill,  
Pippin Hill was dirty,  
There I met a pretty miss,  
And she dropped me a curtsey.



Early to bed, and early to rise,  
Is the way to be healthy, wealthy, and wise.



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

---

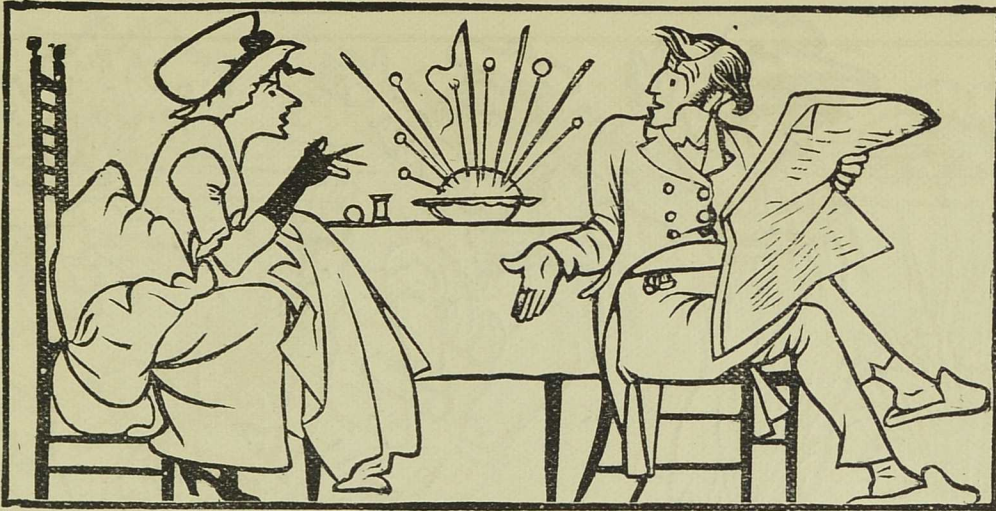
The Cuckoo's a bonny bird,  
She sings as she flies,  
She brings us good tidings,  
And tells us no lies.  
She sucks little birds' eggs,  
To make her voice clear,  
And never cries "Cuckoo!"  
Till spring-time of the year.



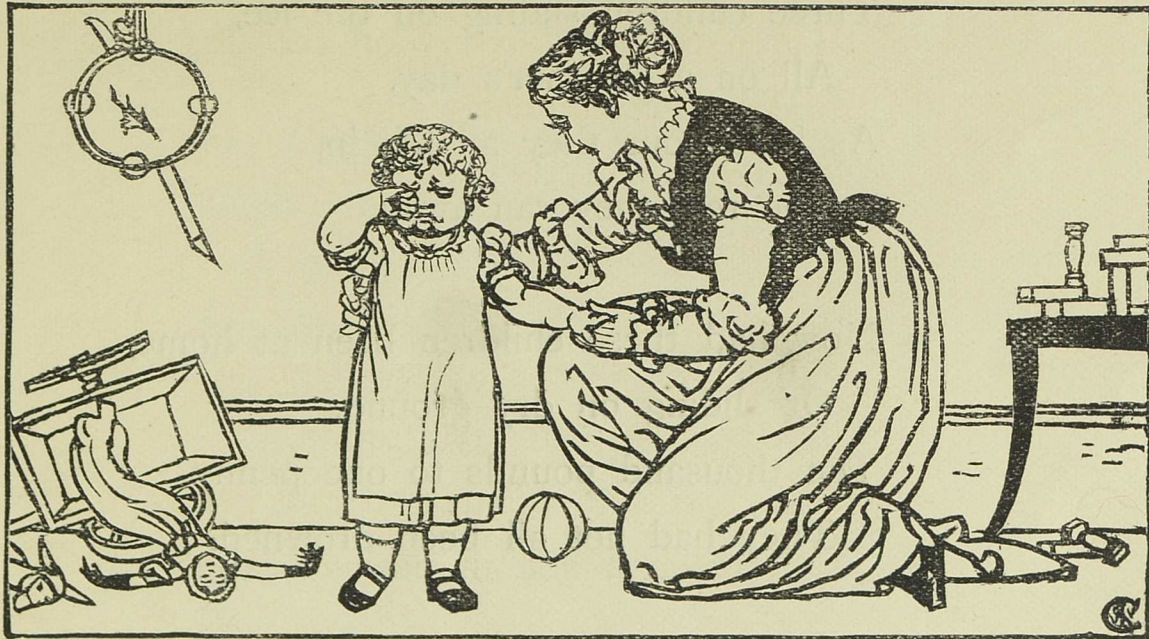
Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker's man,  
Bake me a cake as fast as you can ;  
Prick it and pat it, and mark it with G ;  
And put it in the oven for Teddy and me.

---

Pussy-cat ate the dumplings, the dumplings ;  
Pussy-cat ate the dumplings.  
Mamma stood by, and cried, " Oh, fie !  
Why did you eat the dumplings ? "



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



For every evil under the sun,  
There is a remedy, or there is none.  
If there be one, try and find it;  
If there be none, never mind it.



Three children sliding on the ice,  
All on 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.

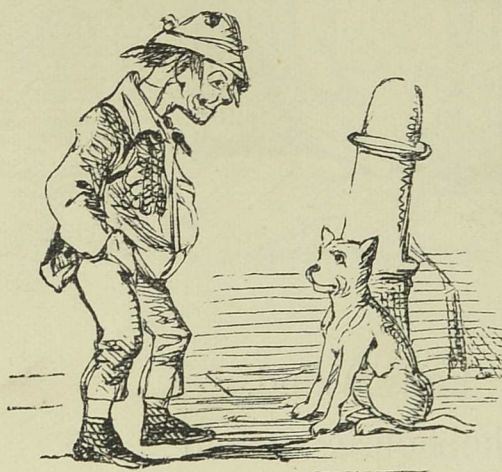
You parents all that children have,  
And you, too, that have none,  
If you would have them safe abroad,  
Pray keep them safe at home.



My Lady Wind, my Lady Wind,  
Went round about the house, to find  
    A chink to get her foot in ;  
She tried the keyhole 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 your tongue,  
 Remember what old Nurse has sung  
 Of busy Lady Wind.

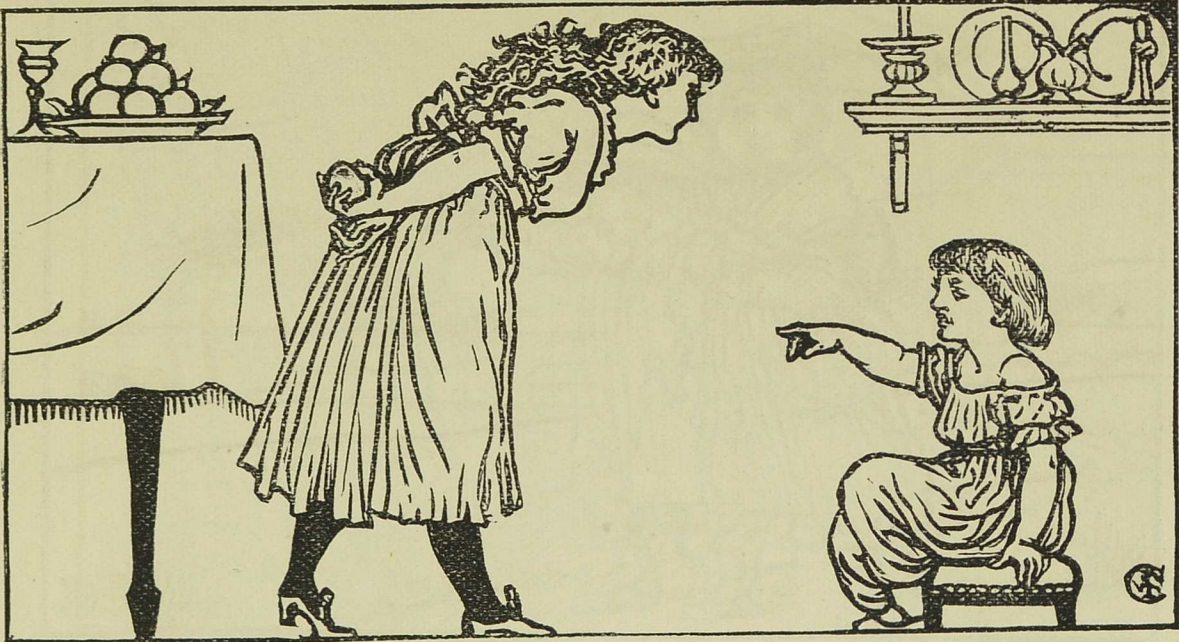


Bow-wow-wow!  
 Whose dog art thou?  
 Little Tom Tucker's dog,  
 Bow-wow-wow!



Let us go to the woods, says  
 this pig.  
 What to do there? says this  
 pig.  
 To seek mamma, says this  
 pig.  
 What to do with her? says  
 this pig.  
 To kiss her, to kiss her, says  
 this pig.





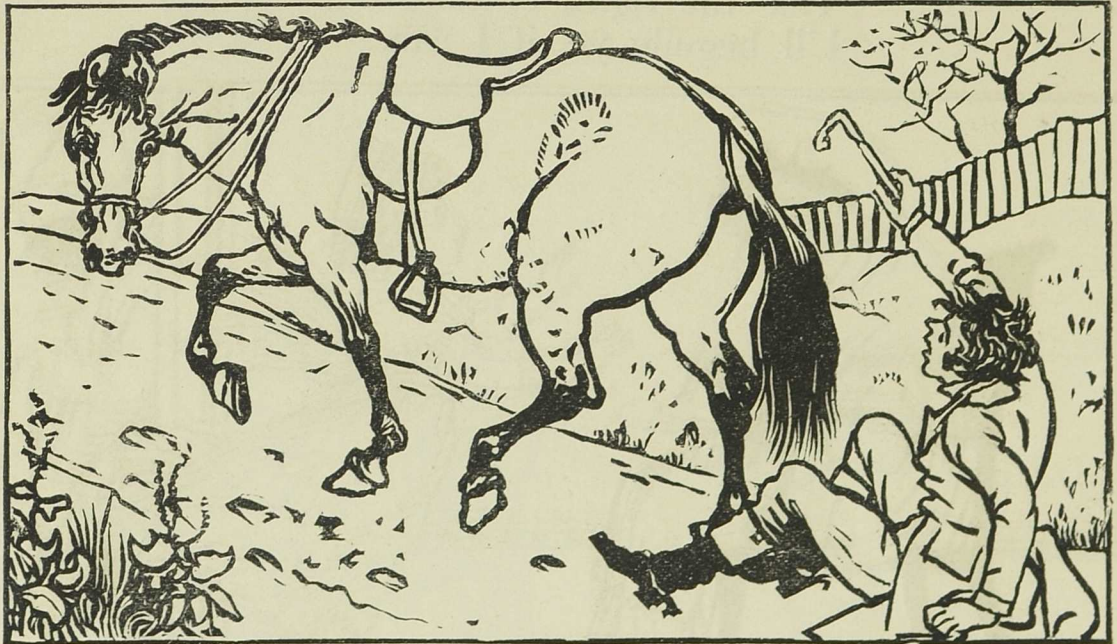
Nievie, nievie, nicknack,  
Which hand will ye tak' ?  
Tak' the right, or tak' the wrang,  
I'll beguile ye, if I can.



Oh, mother, I'm to be married to Mr. Punchinello ;  
To Mr. Pun, to Mr. Chin, to Mr. Nel, to Mr. Lo,  
Mr. Pun, Mr. Chin, Mr. Nel, Mr. Lo, to Mr. Punchinello.



Rain, rain, go to Spain,  
And never come back again.



Up hill spare me,  
Down hill 'ware me,  
On level ground spare me not,  
And in the stable forget me not.



When little Fred went to  
bed,  
He always said his  
prayers ;  
He kissed mamma, and  
then papa,  
And straightway went  
upstairs.

---

Bless you, bless you, bonny  
bee :

Say, when will your wedding be ?  
If it be to-morrow day,  
Take your wings and fly away.

---



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



Rain, rain,  
Go away,  
Come again  
April day;  
Little Johnny  
Wants to play.

A little cock sparrow sat on  
a tree,  
Looking as happy as happy  
could be,

Till a boy came by with his bow and arrow,  
Says he, I will shoot the little cock sparrow.

His body will make me a nice little stew,  
And his giblets will make me a little pie, too.  
Says the little cock sparrow, I'll be shot if I stay,  
So he clapped his wings, and flew away.





The rose is red, the violet's blue ;  
The pink is sweet, and so are you.



"We'll go a-shooting," says Robin to Bobbin,  
"We'll go a-shooting," says Richard to John ;  
"We'll go a-shooting," says John, all alone ;  
"We'll go a-shooting," says every one.



Valentine, oh, Valentine,  
 Curl your locks as I do mine ;  
 Two before and two behind ;  
 Good morrow to you, Valentine.

---

Mr. Isbister, and Betsy his sister,  
 Resolve upon giving a treat ;  
 So letters they write,  
 Their friends to invite  
 To their house in Great Camomile Street.



“LITTLE BO-PEEP HAS LOST HER SHEEP, AND CAN’T TELL WHERE  
TO FIND THEM.”



## LITTLE BO-PEEP.

*Andante.*

*p* Lit - tle Bo - peep has lost her sheep, And  
*p*

can - - not tell where to find them ;

Leave them a - lone, and they'll come home, And

bring their tails be - hind 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 all were fleeing.



Then up she took her little crook,  
Determined for to find them ;  
She found 'em indeed, but it made her heart bleed,  
For they'd left their tails behind 'em.



It happened one day, as Bo-peep did stray  
Unto a meadow hard by,  
There she espied their tails, side by side,  
All hung on a tree to dry.



Then she heaved a sigh, and wiped her eye,  
And ran o'er hill and dale-o,  
And tried what she could, as a shepherdess should,  
To tack to each sheep its tail-o.



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