

NURSERY  
SONGS.

S.

Charley King

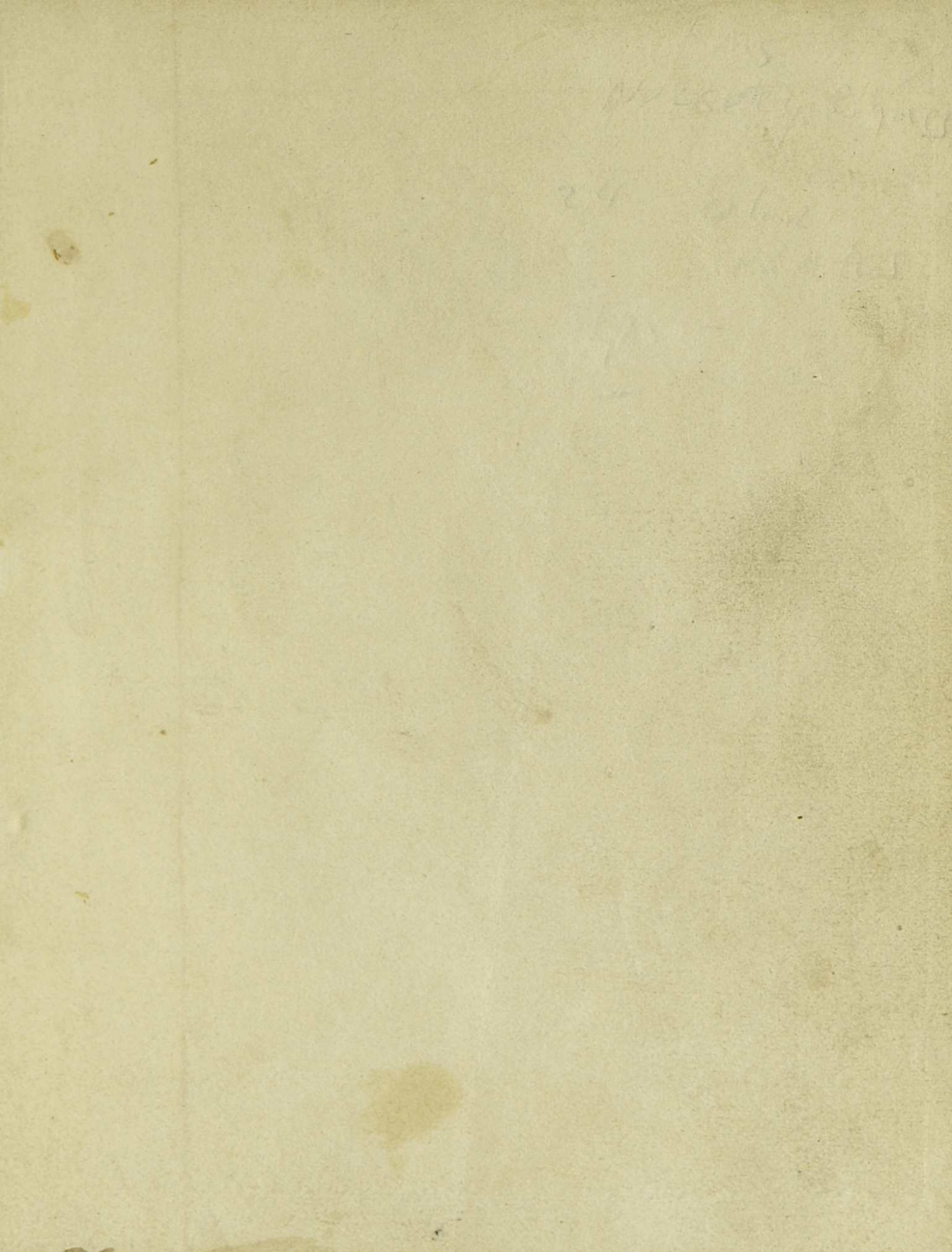
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Hell sit in a Barn  
And keep himself warm  
And hide his head under  
His wing; Poor Thing!

# SONGS

FOR

**THE NURSERY,**

COLLECTED

FROM THE WORKS OF THE MOST RENOWNED POETS,

AND ADAPTED TO

*Favourite National Melodies.*

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LONDON:

WILLIAM DARTON, 58, HOLBORN HILL.

---

1825.

PRINTED BY G. SMALLFIELD, HACKNEY.

# SONGS

## FOR THE NURSERY.



THE north wind doth blow,  
And we shall have snow,  
And what will poor Robin do then?

Poor thing!

He'll sit in a barn  
And keep himself warm,  
And hide his head under his wing.

Poor thing!

IN the month of February,  
When green leaves begin to spring,  
Little lambs do skip like fairies,  
Birds do couple, build, and sing.

---

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.

---

SHOE the horse and shoe the mare;  
But let the little colt go bare.







Let us go to the wood, says this pig  
What to do there, says that pig, &c .

*Published June 15, 1818, by W<sup>m</sup> Darton Jun<sup>r</sup>. 58 Holborn Hill.*

*Song set to Five Fingers.*

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

*Song set to Five Toes.*

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

HUSH-A-BYE, baby, upon the tree top;  
When the wind blows the cradle will rock;  
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,  
Down will come cradle and baby and all.

---

BYE, baby bunting,  
Father's gone a hunting,  
Mother's gone a milking,  
Sister's gone a silking,  
Brother's gone to buy a skin  
To wrap the baby bunting in.

---

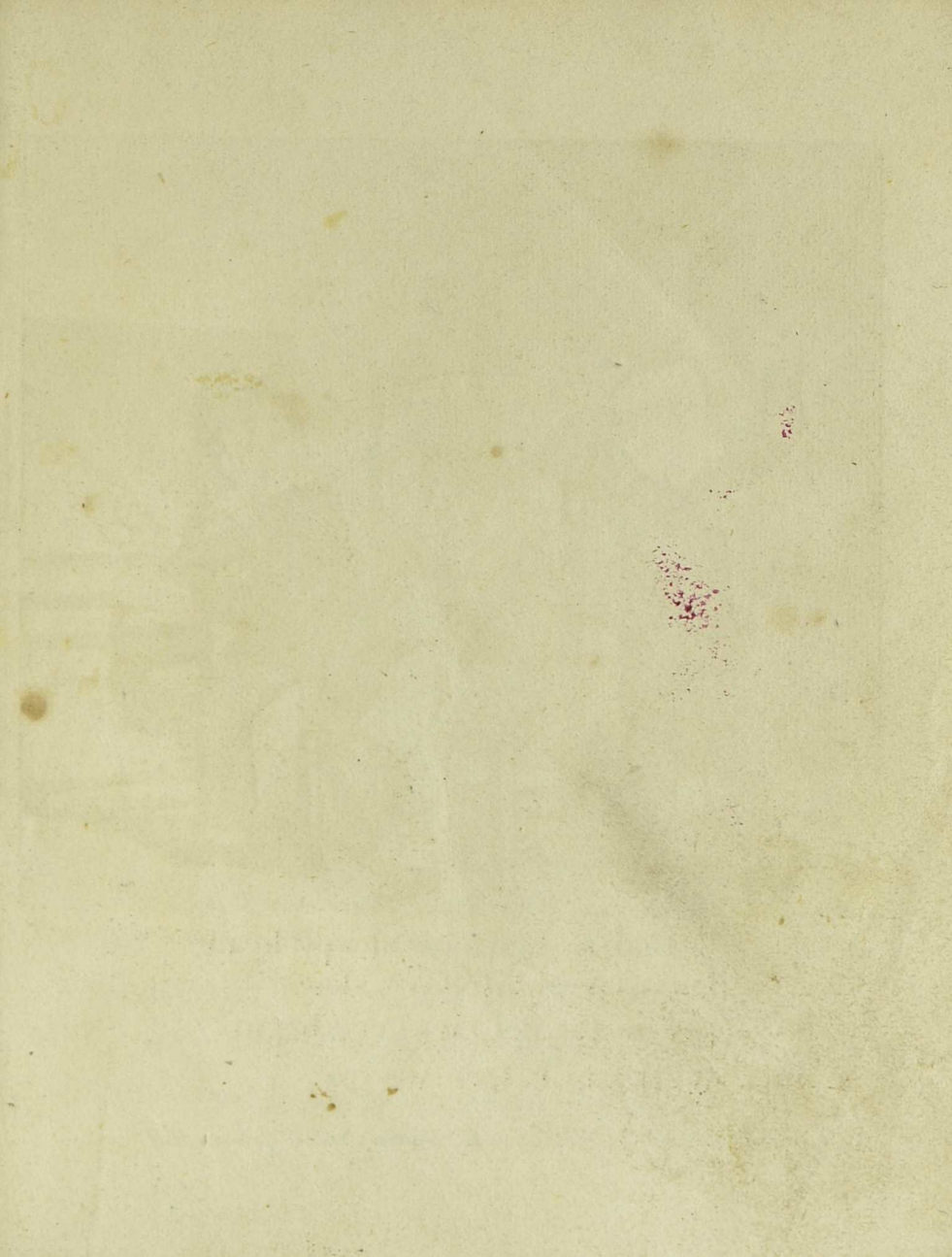
HUSH-A-BYE, baby, lie still with thy daddy;  
Thy mammy is gone to the mill,  
To get some meal to bake a cake;  
So pray, my dear baby, lie still.

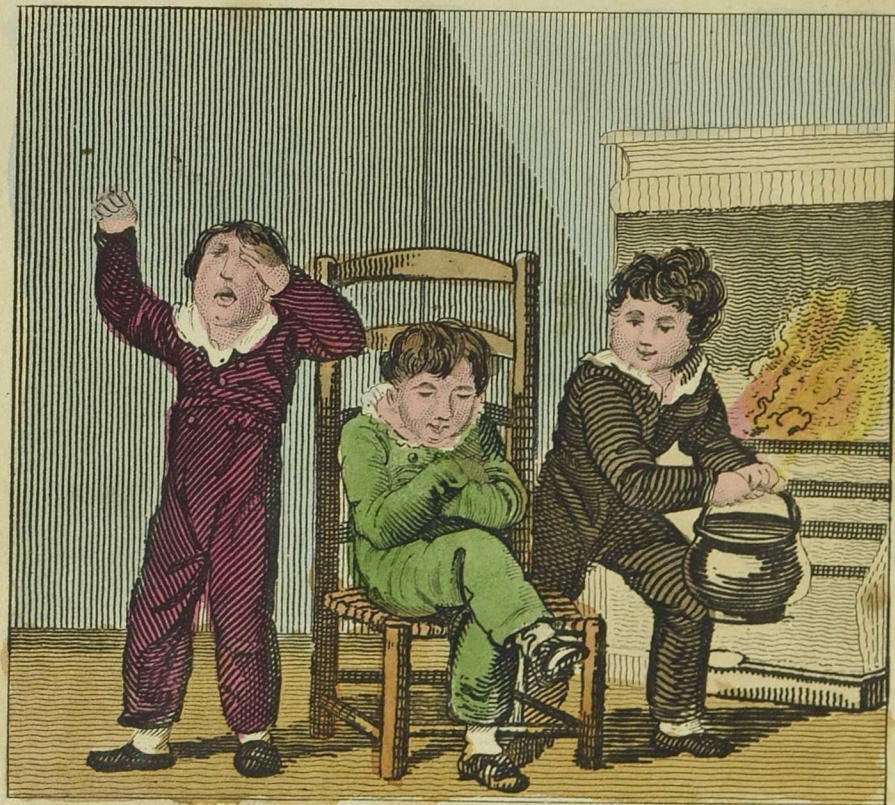


When the bough breaks,  
The Cradle will fall;  
And down will come cradle  
And baby and all.

*Published June 15, 1848, by W<sup>m</sup> Darton Jun<sup>r</sup>. 53 Holborn Hill.*







To bed, to bed, says sleepy head,  
Let's stay awhile, says slow,  
Put on the pot, says greedy gut,  
We'll sup before we go.

*Published June 15, 1818 by W<sup>m</sup> Darton Jun<sup>r</sup>. 58 Holborn Hill.*



Go to bed, Tom,  
 Go to bed, Tom,  
 Drunk or sober,  
 Go to bed, Tom.

---

To bed, to bed,  
 Says Sleepy-Head ;  
 Let us stay awhile, says Slow ;  
 Put on the pot,  
 Says Greedy-Gut,  
 We'll sup before we go.

---

RIDE a cock-horse to Banbury-cross,  
 To see an old woman ride on a black horse,  
 With rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,  
 And she shall have music wherever she goes.

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

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

---

RIDE a cock-horse to Banbury-cross,  
 To buy little Johnny a galloping-horse:  
 It trots behind and it ambles before,  
 And Johnny shall ride till he can ride no more.

---

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





See Saw Margery Daw.

*Published June 15. 1818. by W<sup>m</sup> Darton Jun<sup>r</sup>. 58 Holborn Hill.*

SEE-SAW, Margery Daw,  
Sold her bed, and lay upon straw;  
Was not she a dirty slut,  
To sell her bed and lie upon dirt?

---

SEE-SAW, Jack-a-daw,  
Johnny shall have a new master;  
Johnny shall have but a penny a day,  
Because he can work no faster.

---

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

THERE was 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,

---

PAT a cake, pat a cake, baker's man,  
So I do, master, as fast as I can ;  
Pat it, and prick it, and mark it with a C,  
Then it will serve for Charley and me.

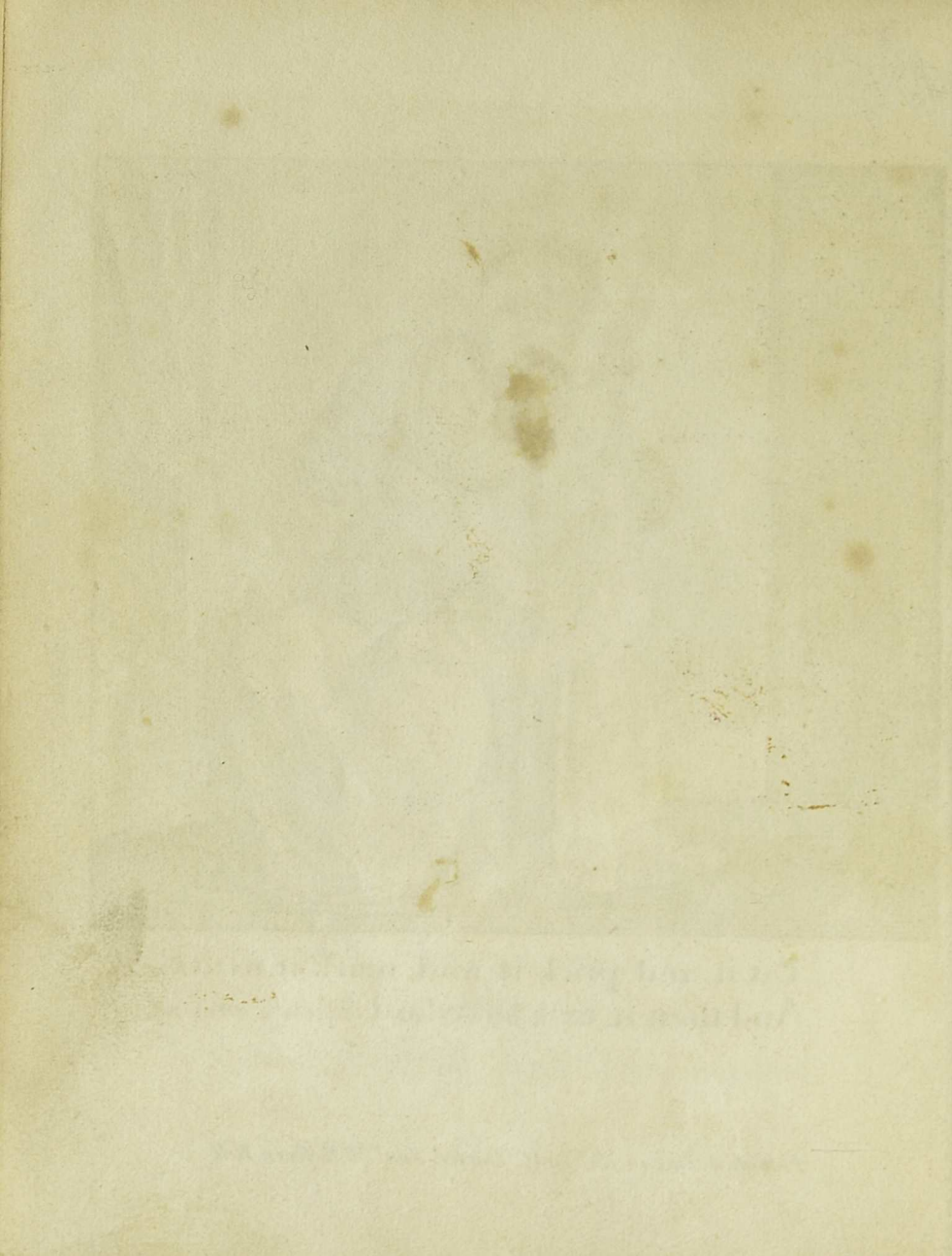
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ROBERT Barnes, fellow fine,  
Can you shoe this horse of mine ?  
Yes, good Sir, that I can,  
As well as any other man ;  
There's a nail, and there's a prod,  
And now, good Sir, your horse is shod.

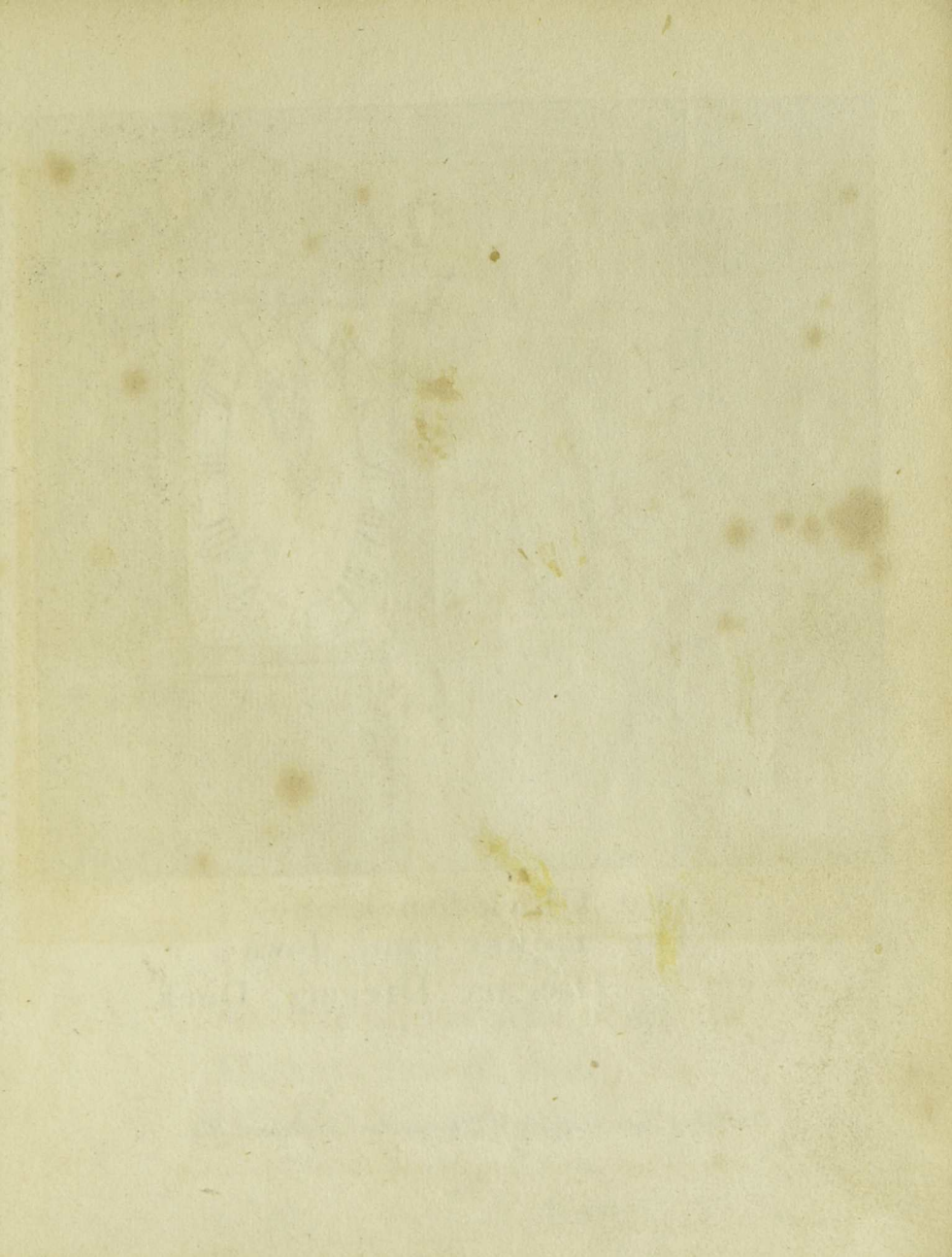


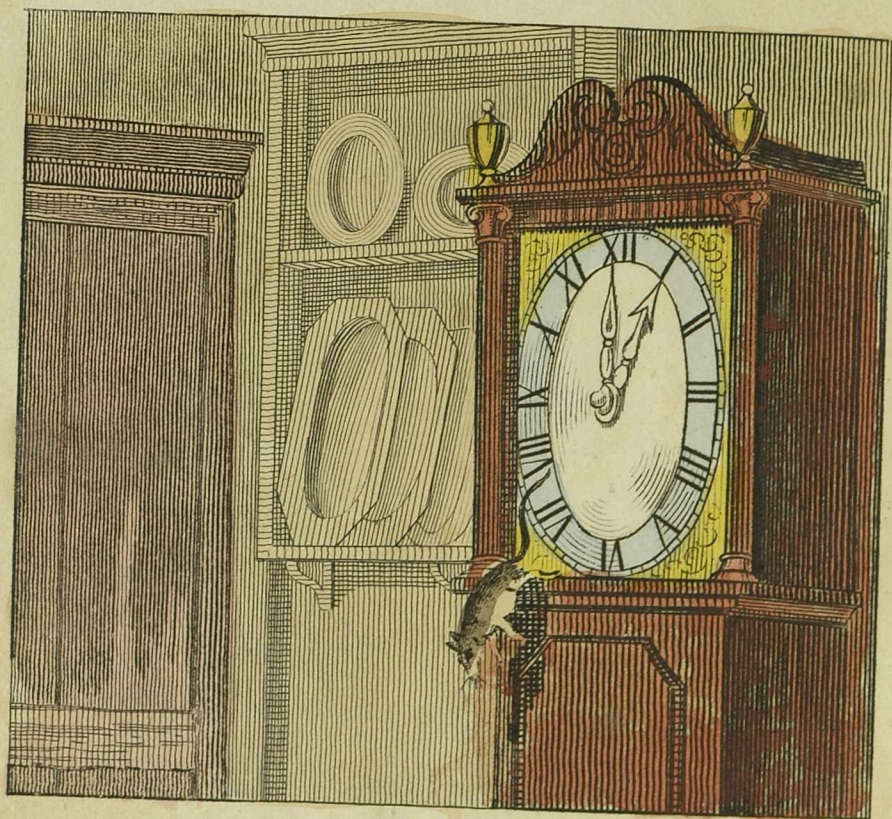
Pat it, and prick it, and mark it with C,  
And then it will serve for Charley or me.

*Published June 15, 1818 by W<sup>m</sup> Darton Jun<sup>r</sup> 58 Holborn Hill.*









The Clock struck one,  
The mouse came down,  
Hiccary, Diccary, Dock.

*Published June 15. 1848. by W<sup>m</sup> Darton Jun<sup>r</sup>. 58 Holborn Hill.*

CHARLEY loves good ale and wine,  
 Charley loves good brandy,  
 And Charley loves a pretty girl  
 As sweet as sugar-candy.

---

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,  
 And yet this old woman could never be quiet. \*

---

HICCORY, diccory, dock,  
 The mouse ran up the clock;  
 The clock struck one,  
 And the mouse came down,  
 Hiccory, diccory, dock.

\*  
 She went to the baker to buy her some bread  
 And when she came home her old husband  
 was dead.  
 She went to the clerk to toll the bell;  
 And when she came home her old husband was well.

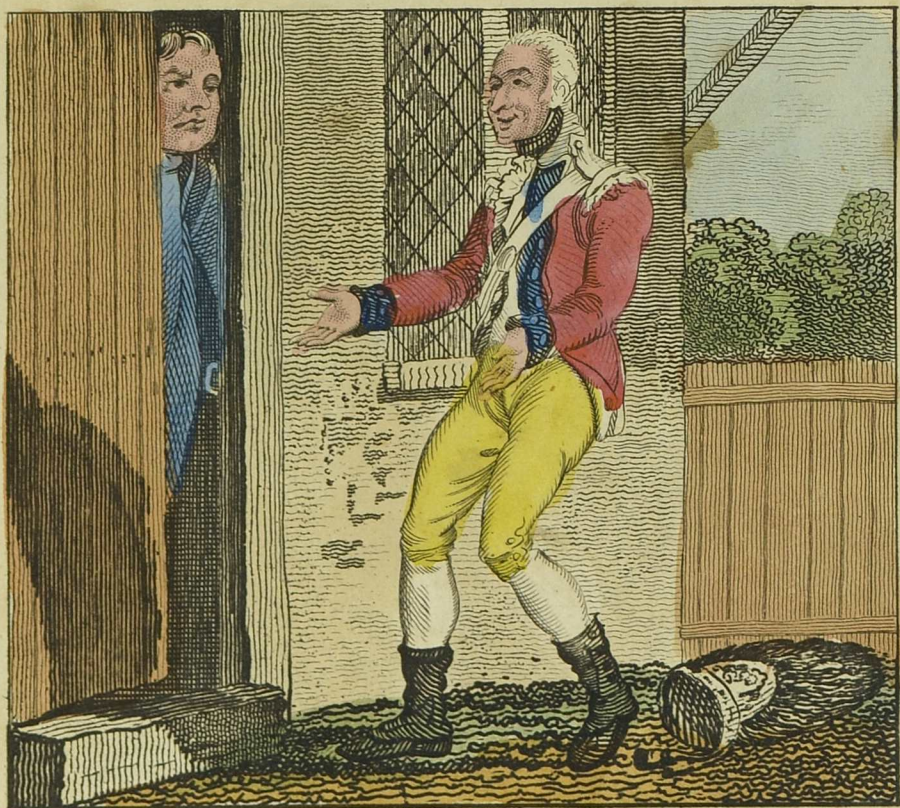
WHO comes here? A grenadier.  
 What do you want? A pot of beer.  
 Where's your money? I've forgot.  
 Get you gone, you drunken sot.

---

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

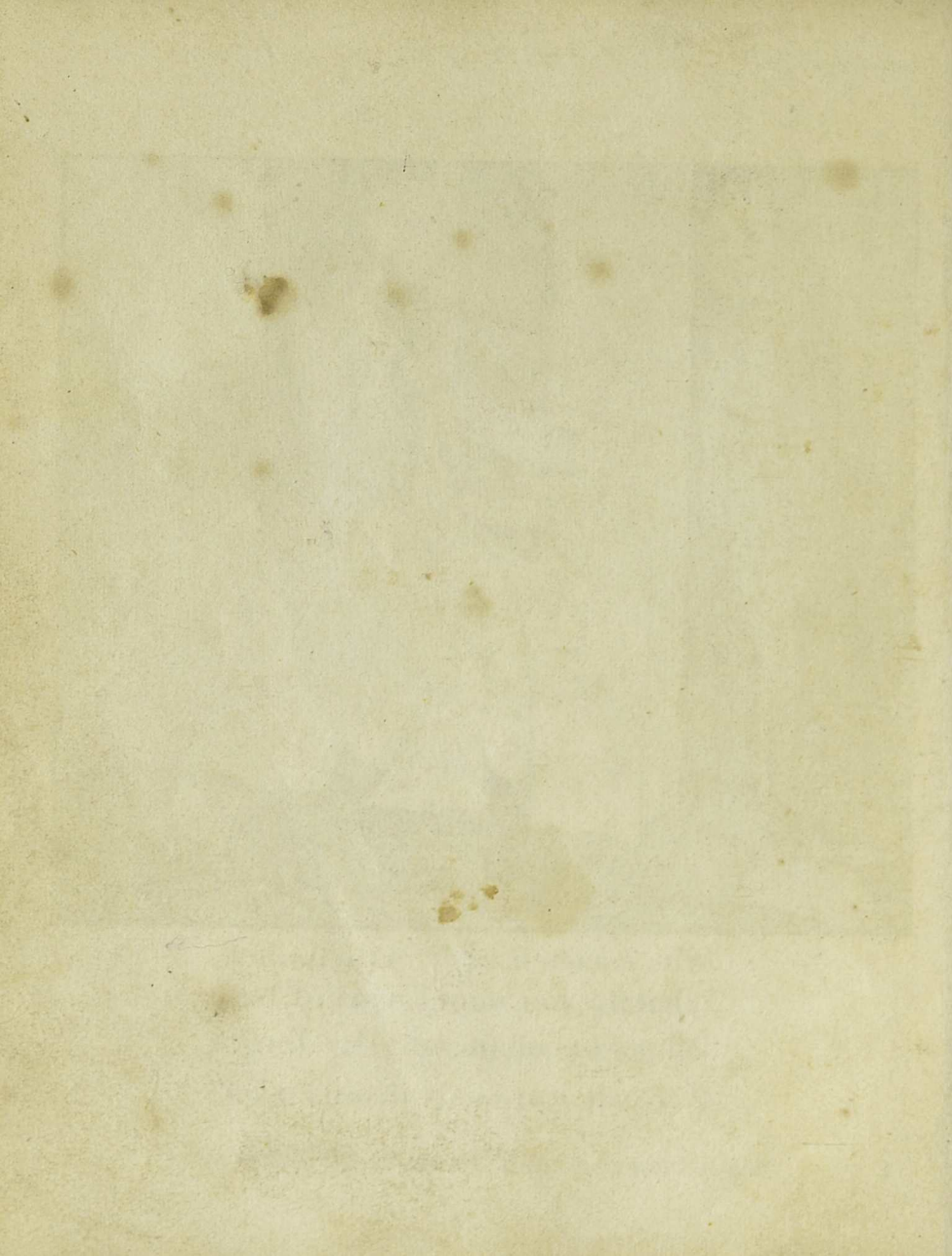
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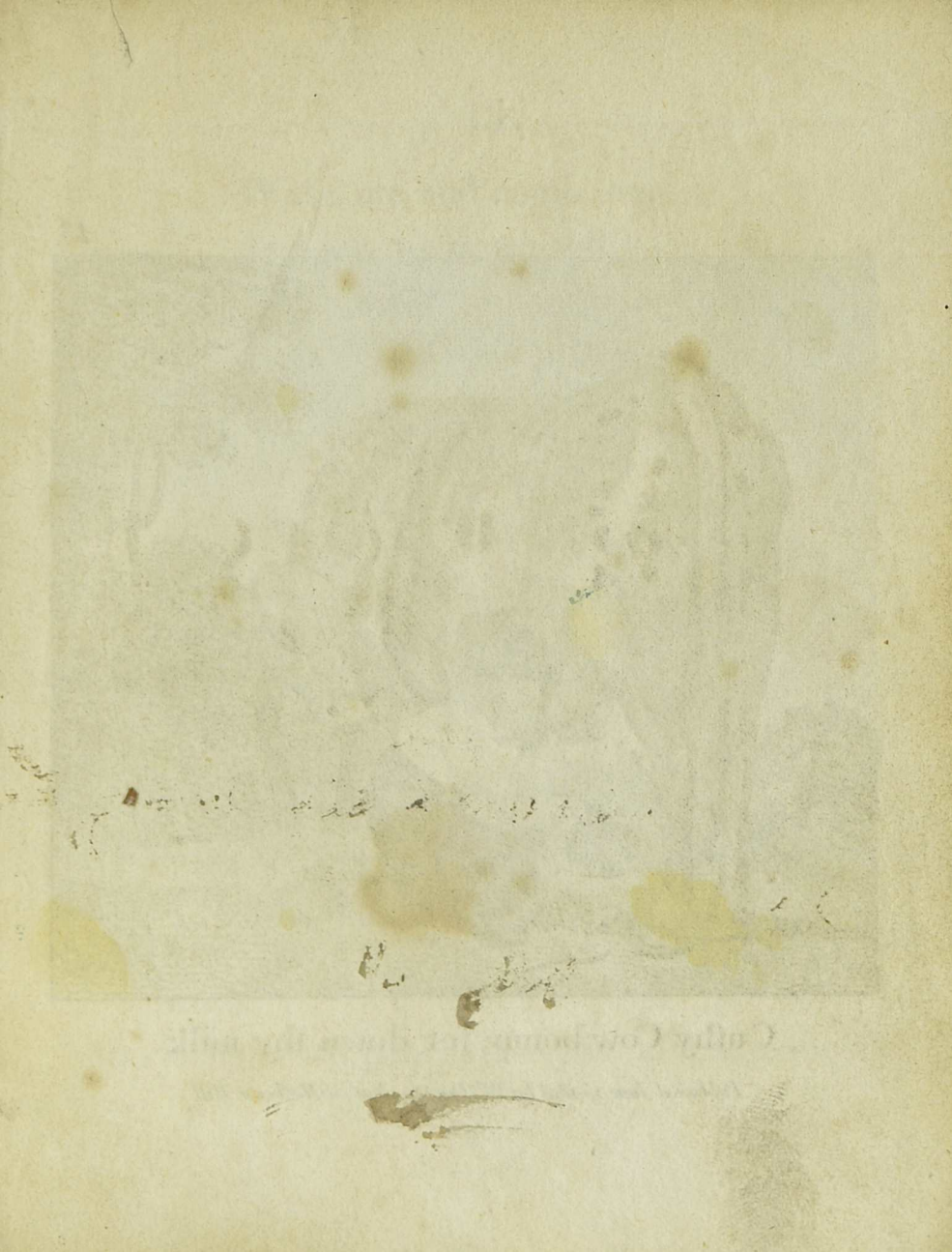
LADY-BIRD, Lady-bird,  
 Fly away home,  
 Your house is on fire,  
 Your children will burn.



Who comes here ? a Grenadier,  
What do you want ? a pot of beer,  
Wheres your money ? Ive forgot,  
Get you gone you drunken sot.

*Published June 15, 1818, by W<sup>m</sup> Darton Jun<sup>r</sup>. 58 Holborn Hill.*







Cuffy Cow bonny, let down thy milk.

*Published June 15. 1818 by W<sup>m</sup> Darton Jun<sup>r</sup>. 58 Holborn Hill.*



WASH me and comb me,  
 And lay me down softly,  
 And lay me on a bank to dry,  
 That I may look pretty  
 When somebody comes by.

---

CUSHY Cow bonny, let down thy milk,  
 And I will give thee a gown of silk ;  
 A gown of silk and a silver tee,  
 If thou wilt let down thy milk to me.

---

LITTLE king Boggen he built a fine hall,  
 Pye-crust, and pastry-crust, that was the wall ;  
 The windows were made of black-puddings and  
 white,  
 And slated with pancakes—you ne'er saw the like.

How many days has my baby to play ?  
Saturday, Sunday, Monday,  
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,  
Saturday, Sunday, Monday.

---

LITTLE lad, little lad, where wast thou born ?  
Far off, in Lancashire, under a thorn,  
Where they sup sour milk in a ram's horn.

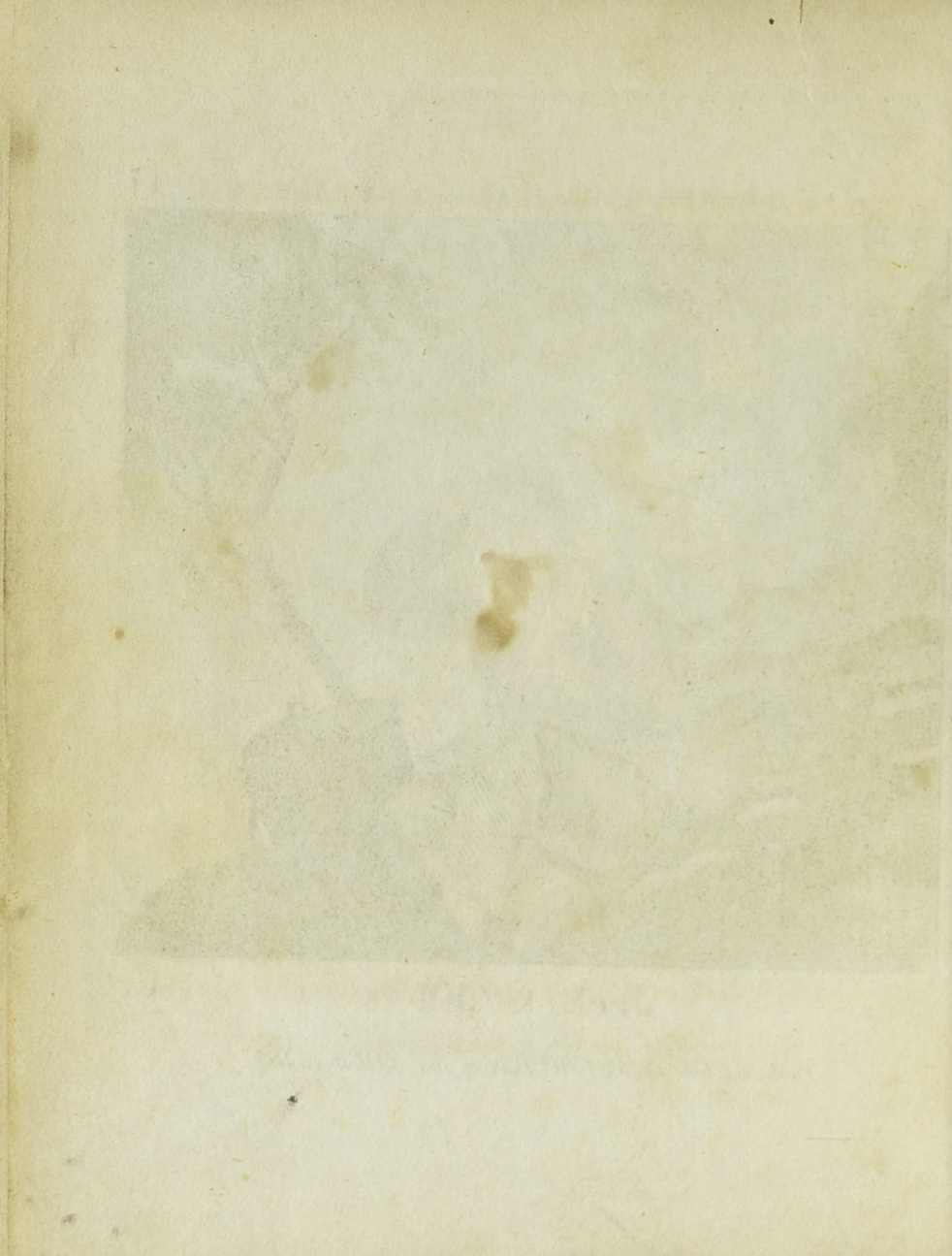
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JACK and Jill  
Went up the hill  
To fetch a pail of water ;  
Jack fell down,  
And crack'd his crown,  
And Jill came tumbling after.



Jack & Jill.

*Published June 15. 1818 by W<sup>m</sup> Darton Jun<sup>r</sup>. 58 Holborn Hill.*







Baa baa, black sheep, have you any wool.

*Published June 15. 1818 by W<sup>m</sup> Darton Jun<sup>r</sup>. 58 Holborn Hill.*

MARY, Mary,  
 Quite contrary,  
 How does your garden grow ?  
 Silver bells,  
 And cockle-shells,  
 And pretty maids all of a row.

---

HARRY come parry, when will you marry ?  
 When apples and pears are ripe.  
 I'll come to your wedding without any bidding  
 And stay with the bride all night.

---

BAA baa, black sheep, have you any wool ?  
 Yes, marry have I, three bags full ;  
 One for my master, and one for my dame,  
 And one for the little boy that lives in the lane.

LITTLE Jack Horner  
Sat in a corner  
Eating a Christmas pie ;  
He put in his thumb,  
And pull'd out a plum,  
And said, "What a good boy am I !"

---

COLD and raw the north wind doth blow,  
Bleak in a morning early,  
All the hills are cover'd with snow,  
And winter's now come fairly.

---

THE rose is red, the violet blue,  
The gilly-flower sweet, and so are you.  
These are the words you bade me say  
For a pair of new gloves on Easter-day.





Little Jack Horner.

*Published June 15, 1848 by W<sup>m</sup> Darton Jun<sup>y</sup> 58 Hollborn Hill.*







The Lion & the Unicorn.

*Published June 25. 1818 by W<sup>m</sup>. Darton Jun<sup>r</sup>. 58 Holborn Hill*

DINGTY diddledy,  
My mammy's maid,  
She stole oranges,  
I am afraid ;  
Some in her pocket,  
Some in her sleeve,  
She stole oranges,  
I do believe.

---

THE lion and the unicorn  
Were fighting for the crown ;  
The lion beat the unicorn  
All round about the town.  
Some gave them white bread,  
Some gave them brown,  
Some gave them plum-cake,  
And sent them out of town.

LAVENDER blue and rosemary green,  
 When I am king you shall be queen ;  
 Call up my maids at four o'clock,  
 Some to the wheel and some to the rock,  
 Some to make hay and some to shear corn,  
 And you and I will keep the bed warm.

---

*To be sung in a high Wind.*

ARTHUR o'Bower has broken his band,  
 He comes roaring up the land ;  
 King of Scots, with all his power,  
 Cannot turn Arthur of the Bower.

---

DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY is new come to town,  
 With a yellow petticoat, and a green gown.





Little Robin Red breast sat upon a Tree.

*Published June 15. 1818 by W<sup>m</sup> Darton Jun<sup>r</sup>. 58 Holborn Hill.*



WHEN the snow is on the ground,  
Little Robin Red-breast grieves ;  
For no berries can be found,  
And on the trees there are no leaves.

The air is cold, the worms are hid,  
For this poor bird what can be done ?  
We'll strew him here some crumbs of bread,  
And then he'll live till the snow is gone.

---

NOSE, nose, jolly red nose ;  
And what gave thee that jolly red nose ?  
Nutmegs and cinnamon, spices and cloves,  
And they gave me this jolly red nose.

---

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

BONNY lass ! bonny lass ! will you be mine ?  
 Thou shalt neither wash dishes nor serve the swine,  
 But sit on a cushion and sew up a seam,  
 And thou shalt have strawberries, sugar, and cream.

---

LITTLE boy blue, blow your horn,  
 The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn.  
 What, this is the way you mind your sheep,  
 Under the haycock fast asleep !

---

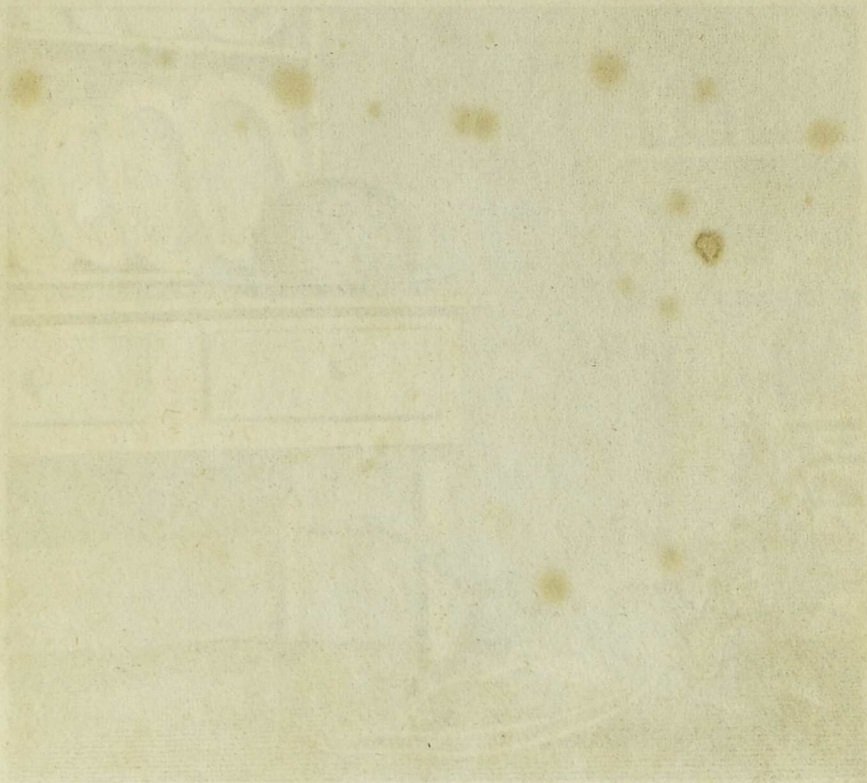
HEY diddle diddle,  
 The cat and the fiddle,  
 The cow jump'd over the moon ;  
 The little dog laugh'd  
 To see such fine sport,  
 And the dish ran after the spoon.



Little boy blue, blow your horn .

*Published June 15. 1818 by W<sup>m</sup>. Darton Jun<sup>r</sup>. 58. Holborn Hill.*





The City of New York and the State of New York  
 in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and...



The Cat's run away, with the Pudding bag string.

*Published June 15. 1818 by W<sup>m</sup>. Darton Jun<sup>r</sup>. 58 Holborn Hill.*

ONE misty moisty morning,  
 When cloudy was the weather,  
 There I met an old man  
 Clothed all in leather ;  
 Clothed all in leather,  
 With cap unto his chin.  
 How do you do, and how do you do,  
 And how do you do again ?

---

WILLY boy, Willy boy, where are you going ?  
 I will go with you, if that I may.  
 I'm going to the meadow to see them a mowing,  
 I'm going to help them make the hay.

---

SING, sing ; what shall I sing ?  
 The cat's run away with the pudding-bag string.

JACK Sprat  
Could eat no fat,  
His wife could eat no lean ;  
And so betwixt them both  
They lick'd the platter clean.

---

SATURDAY night shall be my whole care,  
To powder my locks and to curl my hair ;  
On Sunday morning my love will come in,  
And then he will marry me with a gold ring.

---

THERE was an old woman who lived in a shoe,  
She had so many children she did not know what  
to do.  
She gave them some broth without any bread,  
She whipt them all soundly, and sent them to bed.





There was an old woman, she lived in a Shoe.

*Published June 15. 1848. by W<sup>m</sup> Darton Jun.<sup>r</sup> 58 Holborn Hill.*



LITTLE Miss Muffett,  
She sat on a tuffet,  
Eating of curds and whey;  
There came a little spider,  
Who sat down beside her,  
And frighten'd Miss Muffett away.

---

As I was a going to sell my eggs,  
I met a man with bandy legs,  
Bandy legs and crooked toes:  
I tripp'd up his heels, and he fell on his nose.

---

DIDDLE diddle dumpling, my son John  
Went to bed with his breeches on,  
One stocking off, and one stocking on;  
Diddle diddle dumpling, my son John.

THERE was an old woman tost up in a blanket  
 Seventy times as high as the moon ;  
 What she did there I cannot tell you,  
 But in her hand she carried a broom.  
 Old woman, old woman, old woman, said I,  
 Whither, oh whither, oh whither, so high?  
 Only to sweep the cobwebs off the sky,  
 And I shall be back again by and by.

---

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

---

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

HEY ding a ding, what shall I sing?  
How many holes in a skimmer?  
Four-and-twenty,—my stomach is empty;  
Pray, mamma, give me some dinner.

---

I WILL sing you a song  
Of the days that are long,  
Of the woodcock and the sparrow,  
Of the little dog that burnt his tail,  
And he shall be whipt to-morrow.

---

HEY ding a ding,  
I heard a bird sing,  
The parliament soldiers  
Are gone to the king.

LITTLE Johnny Tucker,  
Sing for your supper.

What song shall I sing?

White bread and butter.

How shall I cut it

Without a knife?

How shall I marry

Without any wife?

DING, dong, bell,

Pussy-cat's in the well.

Who put her in?

Little Johnny Green.

Who pull'd her out?

Little Johnny Stout.

What a naughty boy was that,

To drown his poor grandmammy's cat!



Ding, Dong, Bell, Pussy Cats in the Well.

*Published June 15, 1848, by W<sup>m</sup> Darton Jun<sup>r</sup>. 58 Holborn Hill.*









The Man in the Moon.

*Published June 15, 1818 by W<sup>m</sup> Darton Jun<sup>r</sup>. 58 Holborn Hill.*

WHEN I was a little boy,  
I wash'd my mammy's dishes,  
I put my finger in my eye,  
And pull'd out golden fishes.

---

ROCK-A-BYE, baby, thy cradle is green ;  
Father's a nobleman, mother's a queen ;  
And Betty's a lady, and wears a gold ring ;  
And Johnny's a drummer, and drums for the king.

---

THE man in the moon  
Came down too soon,  
To ask his way to Norwich ;  
The man in the south  
He burnt his mouth  
With eating cold plum-porridge.

How many miles is it to Babylon ?  
Threescore miles and ten.  
Can I get there by candle-light ?  
Yes, and back again.

---

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

---

TOM, Tom, the piper's son,  
Stole a pig, and away he ran.  
The pig was eat,  
And Tom was beat,  
And Tom ran crying down the street.

THE girl in the lane, that couldn't speak plain,  
 Cried, Gobble, gobble, gobble :  
 The man on the hill, that couldn't stand still,  
 Went hobble, hobble, hobble.

---

HANDY-SPANDY, Jacky Dandy,  
 Loves plum-cake and sugar-candy.  
 He bought some at a grocer's shop,  
 And pleas'd away went, hop, hop, hop !

---

PUSSY-CAT, pussy-cat, where have you been ?  
 I've been to London to see the queen.  
 Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, what did you there ?  
 I frighten'd a little mouse under the chair.

Pussy sits behind the fire,

How can she be fair?

In comes the little dog,

Pussy, are you there?

So, so, Mistress Pussy,

Pray how do you do?

Thank you, thank you, little dog,

I'm very well just now.

---

BLESS you, bless you, Burny-bee :

Say, when will your wedding be?

If it be to-morrow-day,

Take your wings and fly away.





The little Husband.

*Published June 15, 1848, by W<sup>m</sup> Darton Jun<sup>r</sup> 58 Holborn Hill.*



LITTLE Robin Redbreast sat upon a tree,  
Up went Pussy-cat, and down went he;  
Down came Pussy-cat, and away Robin ran;  
Says little Robin Redbreast, "Catch me if you  
can."

Little Robin Redbreast jump'd upon a wall,  
Pussy-cat jump'd after him, and almost got a fall.  
Little Robin chirp'd and sang, and what did Pussy  
say?

Pussy-cat said "Mew," and Robin jump'd away.

---

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 him a little handkerchief to wipe his little  
nose,  
And a pair of little garters to tie his little hose.

OLD mother Hubbard,  
She went to the cupboard  
To give her poor dog a bone,  
And when she came there  
The cupboard was bare,  
And so the poor dog had none.

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

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

She took a clean dish  
To get him some tripe ;  
When she came back  
He was smoking his pipe.

She went to the alehouse  
To get him some beer ;  
When she came back  
The dog sat in a chair.

She went to the tavern  
For white wine and red ;  
When she came back  
The dog stood on his head.

She went to the hatter's  
To buy him a hat ;  
When she came back  
He was feeding the cat.

She went to the barber's  
To buy him a wig ;  
When she came back  
He was dancing a jig.

She went to the fruiterer's  
To buy him some fruit ;  
When she came back  
He was playing the flute.

She went to the tailor's  
To buy him a coat ;  
When she came back  
He was riding a goat.

She went to the cobbler's  
To buy him some shoes ;  
When she came back  
He was reading the news.

She went to the sempstress  
To buy him some linen ;  
When she came back  
The dog was spinning.

She went to the hosier's  
To buy him some hose ;  
When she came back  
He was dress'd in his clothes.

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

TOM, Tom, of Islington,  
Married a wife on Sunday,  
Brought her home on Monday,  
Bought a stick on Tuesday,  
Beat her well on Wednesday,  
Sick was she on Thursday,  
Dead was she on Friday,  
Glad was Tom on Saturday night  
To bury his wife on Sunday.

---

I HAD a little hen, the prettiest ever seen,  
She wash'd 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 brew'd me my ale,  
She sat by the fire and told many a fine tale.





There was a little Man & he had a little Gun .

*Published June 15, 1818, by W<sup>m</sup> Darton, Jew<sup>s</sup> 58 Holborn Hill.*



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

---

A cow and a calf,  
An ox and a half,  
Forty good shillings and three ;  
Is not that enough tocher  
For a shoe-maker's daughter,  
A bonny lass with a black ee ?

---

THERE was a little man, and he had a little gun,  
And his bullets were made of lead ;  
He shot John Sprig thro' the middle of his wig,  
And knock'd it off his head.

ROBIN a-bobbin, the big-bellied hen,  
Ate more victuals than threescore men :  
A cow and a calf,  
An ox and a half,  
A church and a steeple,  
And all the good people,  
And yet he complain'd that his belly wasn't full.

---

GOOSEY, goosey, gander,  
Whither dost thou wander ?  
Up stairs and down stairs,  
And in my lady's chamber.  
There I met an old man  
That would not say his prayers ;  
I took him by the left leg,  
And threw him down stairs.

PRETTY John Watts,  
 We are troubled with rats,  
 Will you drive them out of the house ?  
 We have mice too in plenty,  
 That feast in the pantry ;  
 But let them stay  
 And nibble away,  
 What harm in a little brown mouse ?

---

BOBBY Shaftoe's gone to sea,  
 Silver buckles on his knee ;  
 He'll come back and marry me,  
 Pretty Bobby Shaftoe !  
 Bobby Shaftoe's fat and fair,  
 Combing down his yellow hair,  
 He's my love for evermore,  
 Pretty Bobby Shaftoe.

JOHNNY Pringle had a little pig,  
It was very little, so not very big :  
As it was playing on a dunghill,  
In a moment poor piggy was kill'd.  
So Johnny Pringle he sat down and cried ;  
Betsey Pringle, she laid down and died.  
There is the history of one, two, and three,  
Johnny Pringle, Betsey Pringle, and little Piggy.

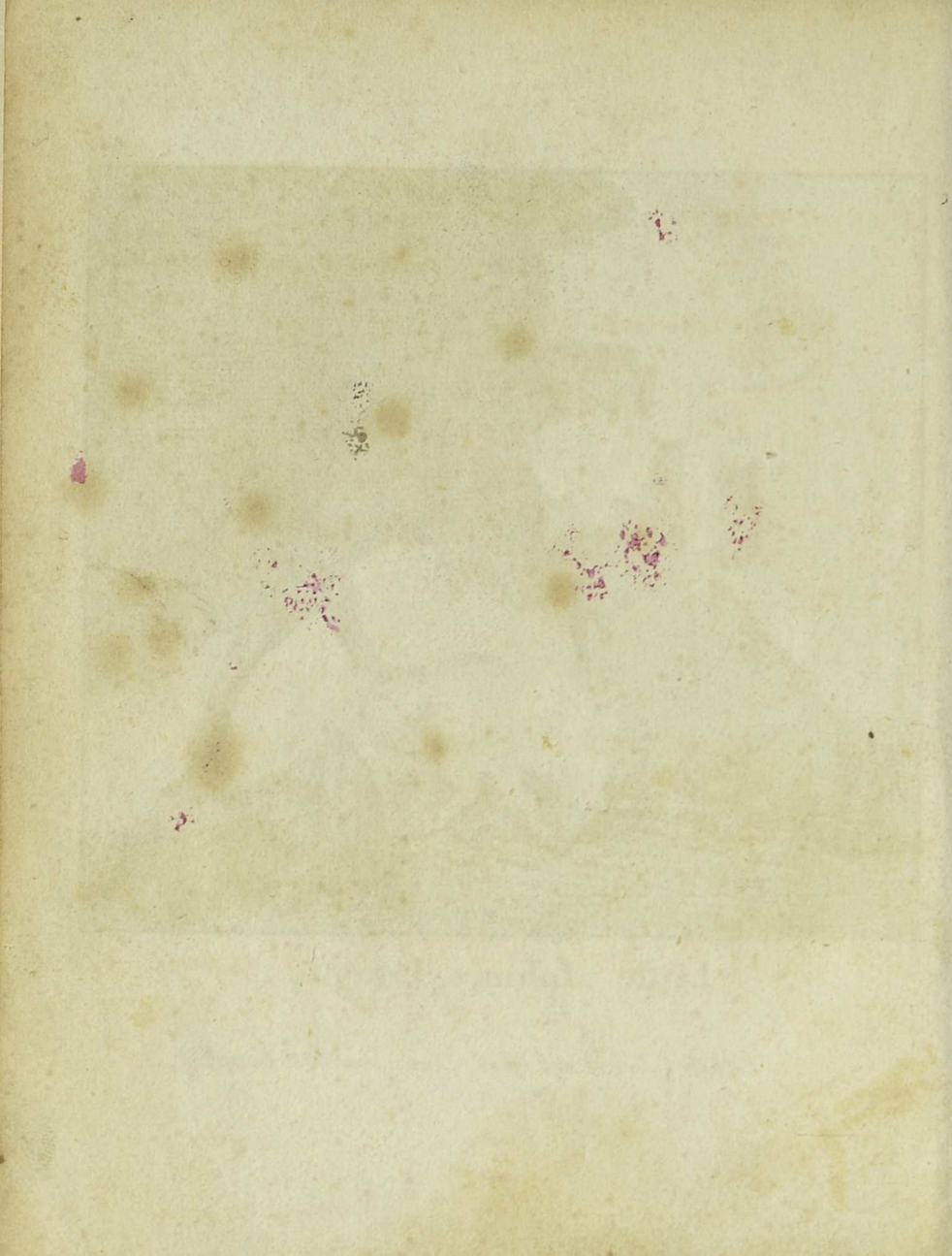
---

THERE was a man of our town,  
And he was wondrous wise,  
He jump'd into a bramble-bush,  
And scratch'd out both his eyes :  
And when he saw his eyes were out,  
With all his might and main,  
He jump'd into another bush,  
And scratch'd them in again.



Little Johnny Pringle.

*Published June 15, 1818, by W<sup>m</sup> Darton Jew<sup>r</sup>. 58 Holborn Hill.*



THERE were two birds sat upon a stone,

Fal de ral al de ral lady,

One flew away, and then there was one,

Fal de, &c.

The other flew after, and then there was none,

Fal, &c.

So the poor stone was left all alone,

Fal, &c.

One of these little birds back again flew,

Fal, &c.

The other came after and then there were two,

Fal, &c.

Says one to the other, Pray how do you do?

Fal, &c.

Very well, thank you, and pray how do you?

Fal de ral al de ral lady.

WHEN I was a little boy,  
I lived by myself,  
And all the bread and cheese I got  
I put upon the shelf.  
The rats and the mice  
They made such a strife,  
I was forced to go to London-town  
To buy me a wife:  
The streets were so broad,  
And the lanes were so narrow,  
I was forced to bring my wife home  
In a wheel-barrow;  
The wheel-barrow broke,  
And my wife had a fall  
Down came wheel-barrow,  
Wife and all.







Taffy was a Welchman, Taffy was a Thief.

*Published June 15, 1818, by W<sup>m</sup> Darton Jun<sup>r</sup>. 58 Holborn Hill.*

TAFFY was a Welchman, Taffy was a thief,  
Taffy came to my house and stole a piece of beef;  
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy wasn't at home,  
Taffy came to my house, and stole a marrow-bone.  
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was in bed,  
I took the marrow-bone, and beat about his head.

---

LITTLE boys, come out to play,  
The moon doth shine as bright as day;  
Leave your supper, and leave your sleep,  
And come with your playfellows into the street;  
Come with a whoop, and come with a call,  
Come with a good will, or not at all.  
Up the ladder and down the wall,  
A halfpenny roll will serve us all.  
You find milk, and I'll find flour,  
And we'll have a pudding in half an hour.

ONE, two, buckle my shoe ;  
Three, four, open the door ;  
Five, six, pick up sticks ;  
Seven, eight, lay them straight ;  
Nine, ten, a good fat hen ;  
Eleven, twelve, I hope you're well ;  
Thirteen, fourteen, draw the curtain ;  
Fifteen, sixteen, the maid's in the kitchen ;  
Seventeen, eighteen, she's in waiting ;  
Nineteen, twenty, my stomach's empty,  
Please, Ma'am, to give me some dinner.

---

SNAIL, Snail, come out of your hole,  
Or else I'll beat you as black as a coal.  
Snail, Snail, put out your horns,  
Here comes a thief to pull down your walls.

ALFRED and Richard were two pretty men;  
They lay a-bed till the clock struck ten;  
Alfred starts up and looks up at the sky,  
“Oh! oh! brother Richard, the sun’s very high.  
Do you go before with a bottle and bag,  
And I’ll follow after on little Jack Nag.”

---

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

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

SING a song of sixpence,

A bag full of rye,

Four-and-twenty blackbirds

Baked in a pie.

When the pie was opened,

The birds began to sing,

And was not this a dainty dish

To set before the king?

The king was in the parlour,

Counting out his money ;

The queen was in the kitchen,

Eating bread and honey.

The maid was in the garden,

Hanging out the clothes ;

There came a little blackbird,

And nipp'd off her nose.



Four & twenty Blackbirds baked in a Pye.

*Published June 15. 1818. by W<sup>m</sup> Darton Jun. 58 Holborn Hill.*

You owe me five shillings,  
Say the bells of St. Helen's.

When will you pay me?  
Say the bells of the Old Bailey.

When I grow rich,  
Say the bells of Shoreditch.

When will that be?  
Say the bells of Stepney.

I do not know,  
Says the great bell of Bow.

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



Halfpence and farthings,  
Say the bells of St. Martin's.

Oranges and lemons,  
Say the bells of St. Clement's.

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

Brickbats and tiles,  
Say the bells of St. Giles'.

Old shoes and slippers,  
Say the bells of St. Peter's.

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

THERE was a piper had a cow,  
And he had nought to give her ;  
He pull'd out his pipes, and play'd her a tune,  
And bade the cow consider.

The cow consider'd very well,  
And gave the piper a penny,  
And bade him play the other tune,  
“Corn rigs are bonny.”

---

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 school,  
Sliding upon dry ground,  
Ten thousand pounds to one penny,  
They had not all been drown'd.

---

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.

JOHNNY shall have a new bonnet,  
And Johnny shall go to the fair,  
And Johnny shall have a blue riband  
To tie up his bonny brown hair.

And why may not I love Johnny?  
And why may not Johnny love me?  
And why may not I love Johnny  
As well as another body?

And here's a leg for a stocking,  
And here's a leg for a shoe,  
And he has a kiss for his daddy,  
And two for his mammy, I trow.

And why may not I love Johnny?  
And why, &c. &c.

WE will go to the wood, says Richard to Robin,  
We will go to the wood, says Robin to Bobbin,  
We will go to the wood, says John all alone,  
We will go to the wood, says every one.

What shall we do there? says Richard to Robin.  
What shall we do there? says Robin to Bobbin.  
What shall we do there? says John, all alone.  
What shall we do there? says every one.

We will shoot a wren, says Richard to Robin,  
We will shoot a wren, says Robin to Bobbin,  
We will shoot a wren, says John all alone,  
We will shoot a wren, says every one.

Then pounce, pounce, says Richard to Robin,  
Then pounce, pounce, says Robin to Bobbin,  
Then pounce, pounce, says John all alone,  
Then pounce, pounce, says every one.

She is dead, she is dead, says Richard to Robin,  
She is dead, she is dead, says Robin to Bobbin,  
She is dead, she is dead, says John all alone,  
She is dead, she is dead, says every one.

How shall we get her home? says Richard to Robin.  
How shall we get her home? says Robin to Bobbin.  
How shall we get her home? says John all alone.  
How shall we get her home? says every one.

In a cart with six horses, says Richard to Robin,  
In a cart with six horses, says Robin to Bobbin,  
In a cart with six horses, says John all alone,  
In a cart with six horses, says every one.

How shall we get her drest? says Richard to Robin.  
How shall we get her drest? says Robin to Bobbin.  
How shall we get her drest? says John all alone.  
How shall we get her drest? says every one.

We will hire seven cooks, says Richard to Robin,  
We will hire seven cooks, says Robin to Bobbin,  
We will hire seven cooks, says John all alone,  
We will hire seven cooks, says every one.

LONDON bridge is broken down,  
Dance over my Lady Lee ;  
London bridge is broken down,  
With a gay lady.

How shall we build it up again?  
Dance over my Lady Lee ;  
How shall we build it up again?  
With a gay lady.

We'll build it up with gravel and stone,  
Dance over my Lady Lee ;  
We'll build it up with gravel and stone,  
With a gay lady.



Gravel and stone will be wash'd away,  
Dance over my Lady Lee ;  
Gravel and stone will be wash'd away,  
With a gay lady.

We'll build it up with iron and steel,  
Dance over my Lady Lee ;  
We'll build it up with iron and steel,  
With a gay lady.

Iron and steel will bend and break,  
Dance over my Lady Lee ;  
Iron and steel will bend and break,  
With a gay lady.

We'll build it up with silver and gold,  
Dance over my Lady Lee ;  
We'll build it up with silver and gold,  
With a gay lady.

Silver and gold will be stolen away,  
Dance over my Lady Lee ;  
Silver and gold will be stolen away,  
With a gay lady.

We'll set a man to watch it then,  
Dance over my Lady Lee ;  
We'll set a man to watch it then,  
With a gay lady.

Suppose the man should fall asleep,  
Dance over my Lady Lee ;

Suppose the man should fall asleep,  
With a gay lady.

We'll put a pipe into his mouth,  
Dance over my Lady Lee ;

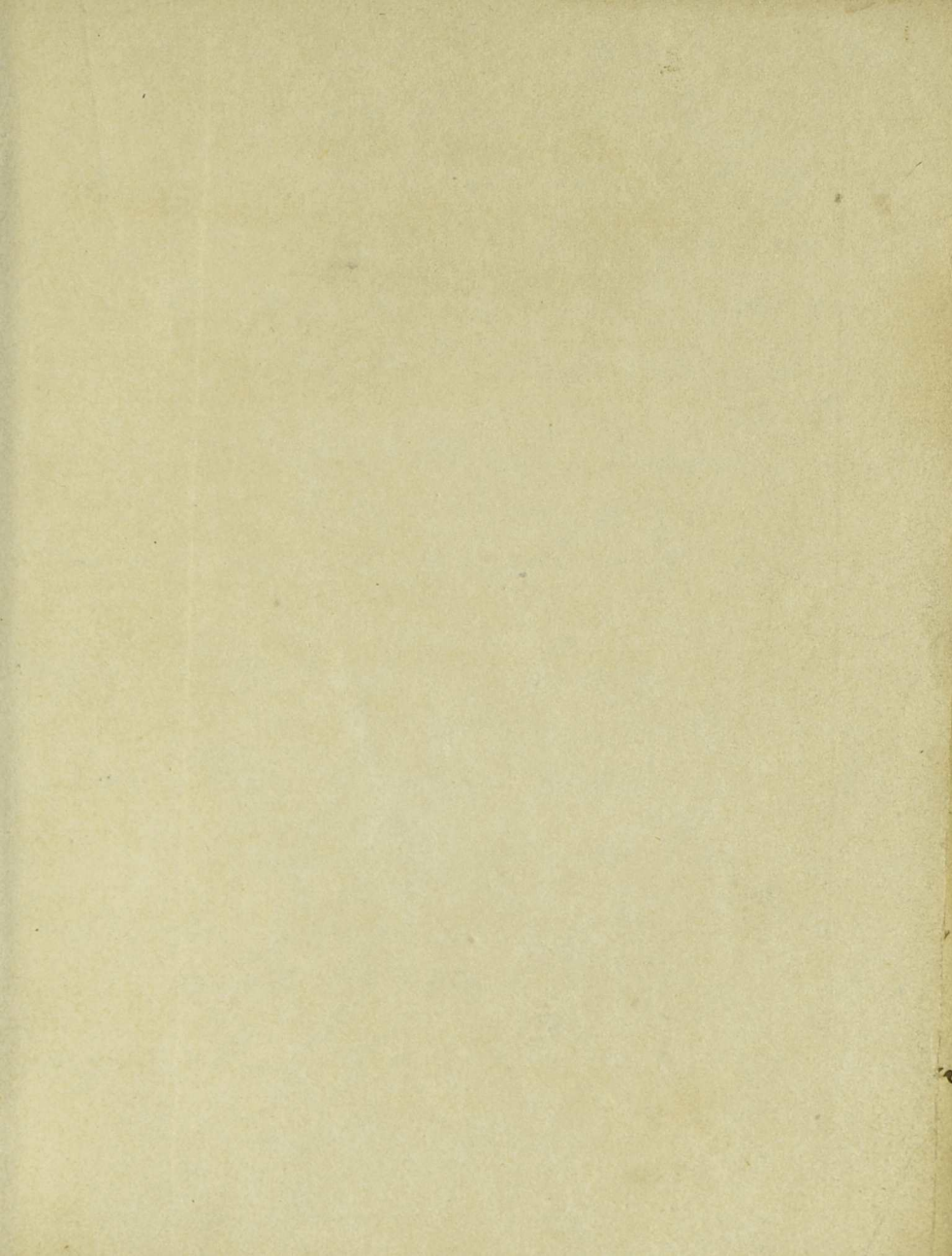
We'll put a pipe into his mouth,  
With a gay lady.

THE END.

**A List of Books**  
**PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM DARTON,**  
**58, HOLBORN-HILL.**

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1. Innocent Poetry for Infant Minds; by the author of "Industry and Idleness," with several copper-plates, price 1s. 6d.
2. Industry and Idleness; a pleasing and instructive Tale for Good Little Girls, in words not exceeding two syllables, 1s.
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4. Conversations on Poetry, intended for the Amusement of Children; by the author of "The Buxton Diamonds," &c. 18mo. half-bound, with plates, 2s.
5. The Crocus, containing original Poems for Young People; by J. E. M., accompanied with engravings, 1s. with plain plates, or 1s. 6d. with coloured plates.
6. Family Tales for Children; by Amelia Stubbs. 18mo. half-bound, with plates, 1s. 6d.
7. Learning better than House and Land, exemplified in the History of Harry Johnson and Dick Hobson; by J. Carey, L. L. D., Classical Teacher, &c., Fourth Edition, 18mo. half-bound, with six copper-plates, 2s. 6d.





Monday's child is full of grace  
Tuesday's child is full of grace  
Wednesday's child is full of woe  
Thursday's child has far to go  
Friday's child is loving & giving  
Saturday's child works hard for  
its living  
But a child that is born on a  
christmas day  
is wise and good & fair & gay

George King to King George sends  
a humble petition  
that King George will pity George  
King's condition  
And if George King to George King  
will grant a long day  
George King for King George forever  
will pray.



on Mr. Winter Solicitor of Taxes  
Here comes Mr. Winter, Collector of  
Taxes. you to give him what  
he asks;  
I advise you to give it, without  
any flinching,  
For tho' his name is Winter, his  
actions are sunny.

Theodore Tack

I had a little dog  
His name was Silver Bell  
I set it to a little work  
He did it very well

I sent him up stairs  
After half a dozen chairs  
He fell into the washing tub  
Over head & ears —  
I sent him to the garden  
To gather some sage  
He peeped into the pantry  
And seized all the seeds

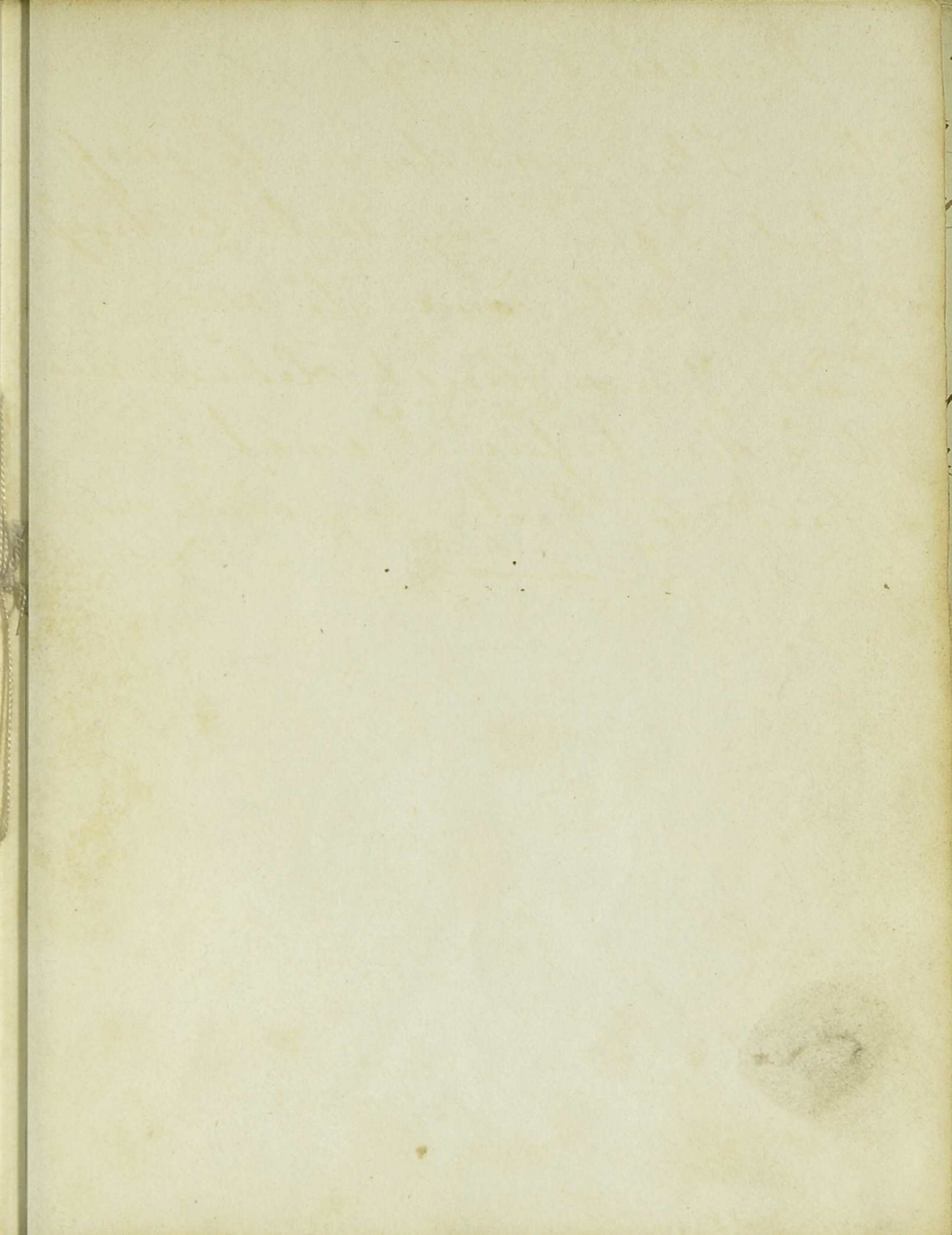


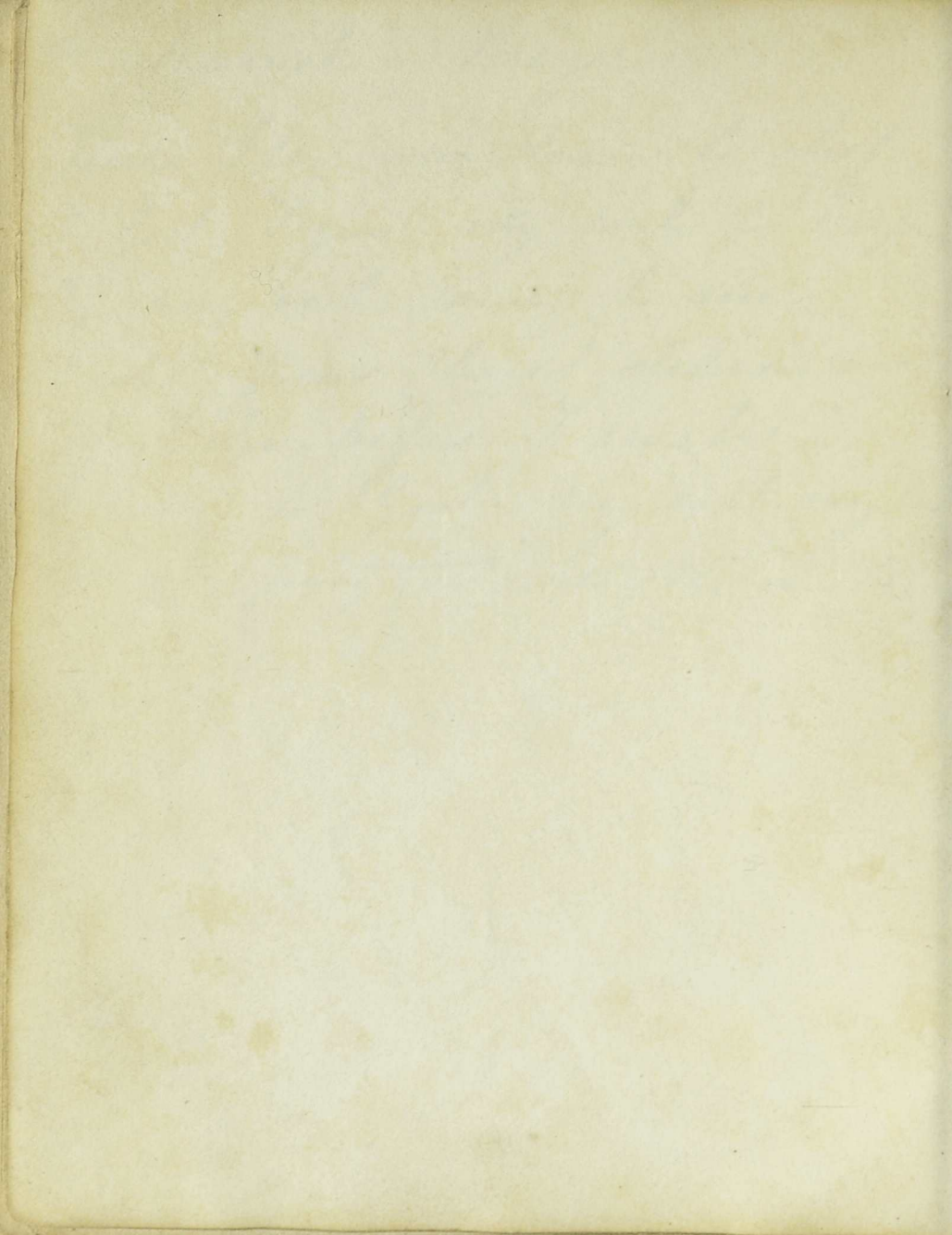
I had a little Tobby horse  
His name was Tobby Grey  
I led him to the bed post  
And gave him a lock of hay  
He can scamble he can trot  
He can carry the Mustard pot  
To the Town to Wood-stock  
Hey Jeany Hey!

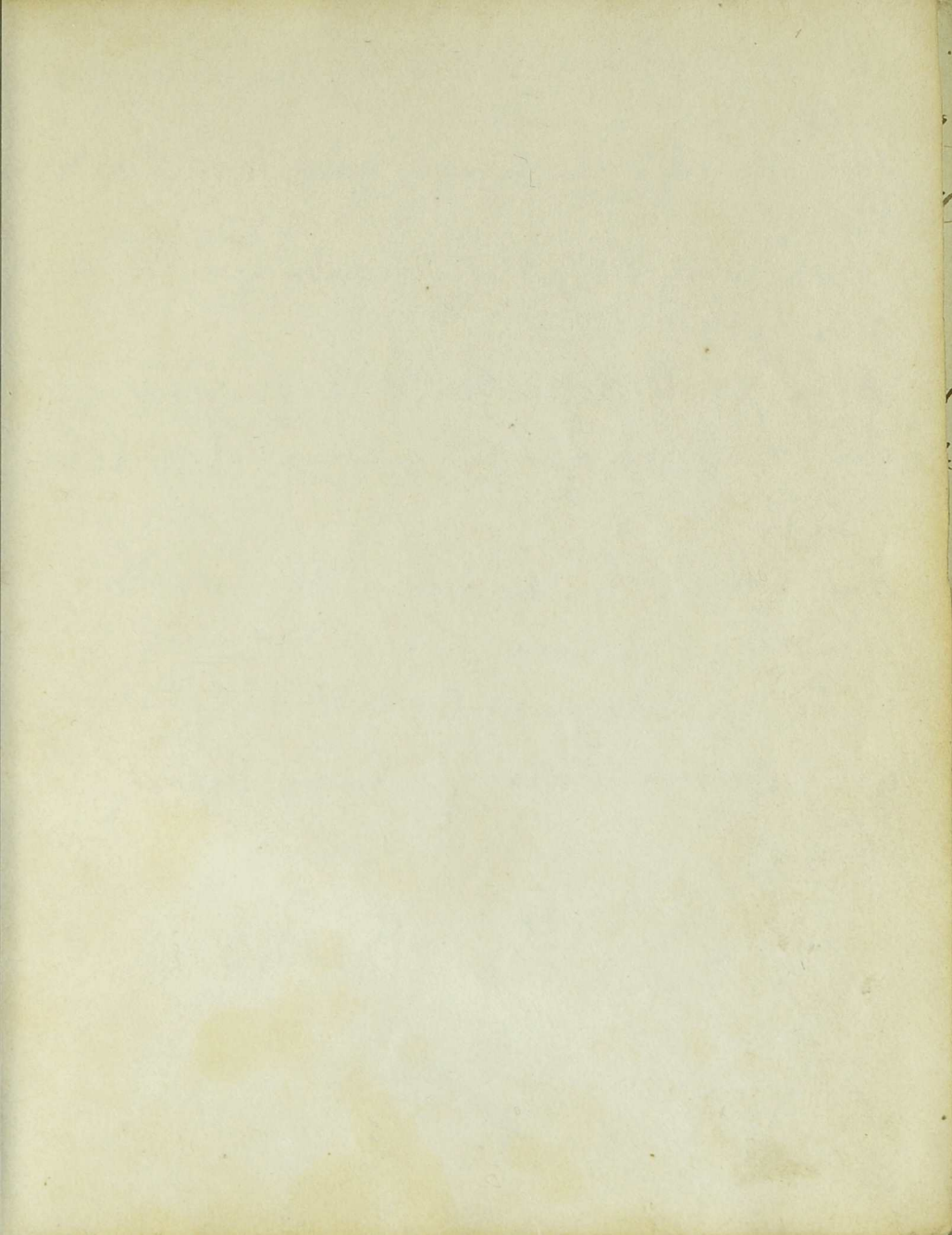
Little Yachy Gungle  
Went to count Subey Sungle  
Mangle all pence for bread  
Oh! see Yachy Gungle  
Says little Subey Sungle

# Harriet's Prayer

Here I lay me down to sleep  
To God I give my soul to keep  
If any evil come to me  
Sweet Jesus Christ deliver me  
If I die before I awake  
I pray to God my soul may take  
The nice young girl, with the velvet hand.








Then rose from sea to sky the wild fare-  
well,  
Then shriek'd the timel, and stood still the  
brave,  
Then some leap'd overboard with dead-  
ful yell,  
As eager to anticipate their grave;  
And the sea gaw'd around her like  
a hell,  
And down she sucked with her the  
whirling waves,  
Like one who grapples with his enemy,  
And strives to strangle him before he  
die.

---

July 28<sup>th</sup> 1845.



# The Waddling Frog

2. Take this — Answer. What is this?

Answer. A gaping, wide mouthed waddling Frog —

Take this — What is this?

Answer. Two punching ends that wout choke a dog, nor a gaping, wide mouthed, waddling Frog —

Take this — what is this?

A. Three Monkeys tied to a log

Two punching ends that wout choke a dog, nor a gaping, wide, mouthed, se.

Take this — What is this?

Four Horses stuck in a bag — three Monkeys tied to a log, two punching ends that wout choke a dog, nor a se.

Take this — What is this?

Five Puppies by one dog Ball

Who dail for their breakfast call

Four Horses stuck in a bag — three Monkeys tied to a log — two punching ends that wout choke a dog nor a se.

Take this - What is this?

Six beetles against a wall,  
Close to an old Woman's Apple tree  
Five puppies by our dog Ball,  
Who daily for them breakfast call.  
Four. Voices stuck in a bag  
Three. Monkeys tied to a log  
Two. Pudding ends that went &c  
Take this - What is this?

Seven Lobsters in a dish  
As good as any heart could wish  
Six Beetles against a wall  
Close to an old Woman's Apple tree  
Five puppies by our dog Ball &c  
Take this - What is this?

Eight Joiners in Joiner's Hall,  
Working with their tools andawl  
Seven Lobsters in a Dish  
As good as any heart could wish  
Six beetles against a wall, &c &c  
Take this - What is this?  
Nine Peacocks in the air  
I wonder how they all came there



You dont know, and I dont care  
Eight Joiners in Joiner's Hall  
Working with their tools & saws  
Seven Lobsters in a Dish &c,  
Take this - What is this?

Ten Falcons in the Sky  
Some low & some high  
Nine Peacocks in the air

I wonder how they all came there  
You dont know and I dont care  
Eight Joiners in Joiner's Hall &c &c  
Take this - What is this?

Eleven Ships upon the main  
Some bound for France & some for Spain  
Ten Courts in the Sky &c &c  
Take this - What is this -

Twelve Huntsmen with their Hounds &  
hounds  
Hunting over other men's grounds  
Eleven Ships upon the main  
&c &c  
Take this - what is this?

Thirteen Sisters all at play  
Upon a sunshine holiday  
I wish them all safe back again

I make. Eltonson will their  
hours & hours s. e. & c.  
I take this — What is this?  
Fourteen Days at Bat and Ball  
Some short & some tall.  
Eltonson sits all at play  
Upon a Sunshine Holiday  
s. e. & c.

— o ————— o —

- A - apple Pie
- B - bit it
- C - cut it
- D - danced for it
- E - eat it
- F - Fought for it
- G - got it
- H - hid it
- I - Inspected it
- J - jumped for it
- K - kicked for it
- L - laughed for it
- M - mourned for it
- N - nodded for it
- O - opened it
- P - peeped into it

Q - Quizzed it  
K - Kicked for it  
S - Slept for it  
Y - Yook it  
U - Upset it  
O - Omened it  
W - Warbled for it  
L - Lances drew his Sword for it  
G - Gamed for it  
Z - Zee laws that all good Boys  
and Girls should be acquainted  
with his Family set down & wrote  
the History of it

In the pleasant month of May  
When every thing is fair  
A little Rabbit left its home  
To scent the morning air  
And now it shifted across the mead  
And now it sipped the rill  
And then it kissed the daisy hill  
That grow upon the hill

But how shall I the news  
relate

The dismal tale to tell  
A bank on which it ran

And <sup>gave way</sup> headlong down it fell

And as exhausted by the  
shock

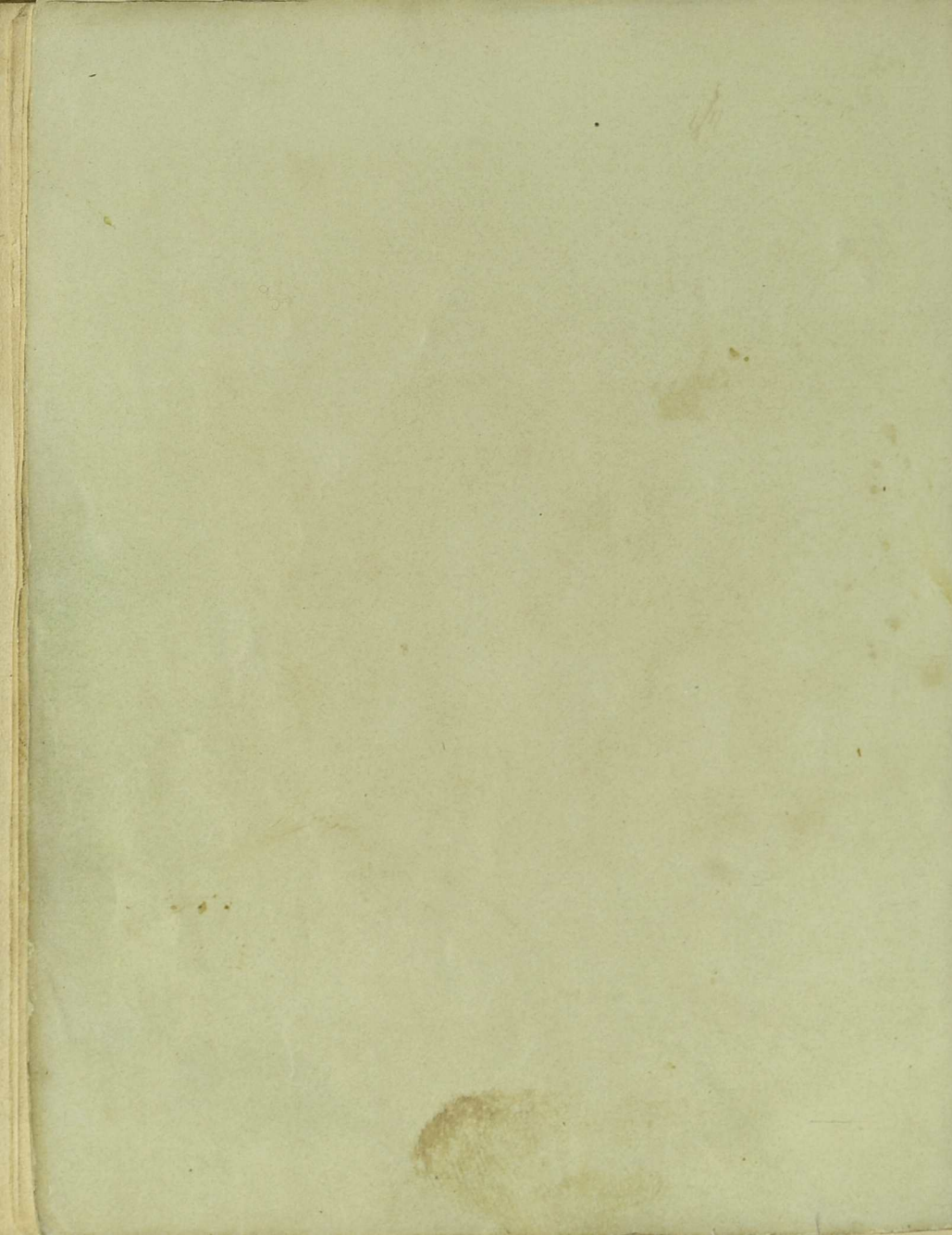
It faint & trembling lay

A savage haul the victim  
suzed

And bore it far away —

---

Le postillon de Longueville  
D'qu'il est beau, qu'il est beau  
Le postillon de Longueville  
D'qu'il est beau, qu'il est beau  
Gaspard en grande avec lui  
Et le corn de la plus d'arrage  
Sont le beau de ce chat noir  
village  
Quand il passait dans un  
Et corn de tout le caudon  
corn  
Est une chose ou fait en  
D'un genre et grand postillon  
Mes amis écoutez l'histoire  
Le postillon de Longueville



The Sow came in with the Saddle,  
The little pig look'd the Cradle,  
The dish jump'd over the Table,  
To see the Jot with the Saddle;  
The Wroom behind the butt,  
Call'd the dish - Clout a nasty Slut;  
Ods-bobs, says the gridiron Can't you agree?  
O'm the head, Constable, bring them all before me.

---

Robin the Gobbin the big-bellied Gen,  
He eat more meat than four score men;  
He eat a Cow - he eat a Calf -  
He eat a Butcher & a Half;  
He eat a Church - he eat a Steeple -  
He eat the Priest & all the People.

---

Mary had a pretty Bird, feathers bright  
and yellow,  
Slender legs, - upon my word he was a  
pretty fellow.  
The sweetest note he always sung, which  
much delighted Mary;  
And often where the cage was hung,  
She sat to hear her Canary.

---

I had a little husband no bigger  
than my thumb,  
I put him in a quart' pot, & there I bid  
him drum.

Drum, drummer drum, foray drum to  
Please your wife,  
I never heard a better drum in all  
my life:

Drum, drummer drum, drum to  
Please the town,  
While you stand drumming there,  
I'll go buy a new gown.

Four-and-twenty Sailors went to  
Kill a snail,

The best man amongst them all  
durst not touch her tail:

She put out her horns like a  
little Ryoe Cow, —

Man, Sailors, eun or she'll kill  
you 'all e'en now.



When I was a Bachelor I lived by myself,  
and all the bread & cheese that I laid upon  
a shelf;  
The rats & the mice they made such a strife,  
I was forced to go to London to buy me a wife:  
The roads were so bad & the lanes were so narrow,  
I was forced to bring my wife home in a  
wheel-barrow.  
The wheel-barrow broke, my wife had a fall,  
I need take the wheel-barrow my wife & all.

---

Thank you, pretty cow, that made  
pleasant milk to soak my bread,  
Every day & every night, warm & fresh, & sweet &  
Do not chew the hemlock dant, (white:  
growing on the weedy bank;  
But the yellow cowslip's lat that will  
make it very sweet:  
Where the bubbling water flows, -  
Where the purple violet blows, -  
Where the grass is fresh & fine, -  
Pretty cow, go there & dine.

---

A Carrion Crow'd upon an oak  
With hey ho - right fal. de doe  
Right fal de rale all riding doe  
Watching a Sailor shaping his Cloak  
With a hey ho &c - &c

"Wife bring me my old bent bow,  
That I may shoot & kill you Carrion Crow  
With a hey ho - &c

She Sailors he shot, & miss'd his mark  
With a &c

And shot his own son quite through  
The heart;

With a hey &c

"Wife bring me some Brandy in a Spoon  
For our old Sow is in a swoon"

With a hey &c

And the little jiggies squeak for  
Their mother so -

With a hey ho &c - -

Grappa say I ne shan't go ashore  
But I ne say I ne will go ashore

---

An Opossum up a gum Tree  
a Gum Tree - a Gum Tree -

An Opossum up a gum Tree - a  
Hole in a hole below -

Caught him by the long tail  
The long tail the long tail  
From the hole below.

---

Little Robin red breast sat upon a Tree  
Noddle noddle bent his head  
& Wag bent his Tail -

---

Jimmy Jimmie come down to your  
dinner -  
and eat the leg of a frog -  
as you're a sinner as you is a sinner  
I'll give you a glass of Grog.

---

As I was going to Saint Ives  
I met fifty old wives,  
Every wife had fifty sacks,  
Every sack had fifty cats,  
Every cat had fifty kits,  
Kits, cats, sacks & wives  
How many were there going to  
Saint Ives?

In the Month of June  
When Roses do blow  
Two pigeons were given  
To Henry and Joe.

Two nice little Pigeons  
You never saw such  
So white in the plumage  
So soft to the touch.

These birds made a nest  
Of moss, hair, and twigs,

And one of them had  
two big white eggs  
But had to refuse  
They both got away  
I followed out of their work  
By the same old way

Little. No help has but his sharp  
And out till where to find them  
Not their own, they will come  
Leaving their tails behind them

Who killed Walden, who also  
Dare to kill  
Death killed Walden, not that  
Dare have who he will

Peter Piper picked a Peck of Peppercorns  
Up Peter Piper picked a Peck of Peppercorns  
Where in the bush of Peppercorns  
Peter Piper picked

The Col Warren in sweeping her  
will show the way to liberty  
There one day found a silver penny  
long it is My but is very hard  
nothing would make the My get on  
the side so the said to it -  
"My My get on the side or we  
shall get home tonight  
The My would not so the told a Dog  
"My Dog kick My - My went to stone  
then the side we shall get home tonight  
"My stick beat dog - dog went to the  
My - My went to stone the side  
then she found a fine - a sack  
"My fine brown stick - stick  
went to dog - dog went to the My  
then she got with a sack  
"My water much fine - fine  
from stick - stick went to the dog  
then she said to an by -

"Pray Ox drink water - water wont  
quench fire - fire wont burn stick  
&c

Then a Butcher she told

"Pray Butcher kill Ox - Ox wont  
drink water - water wont quench fire  
fire wont burn stick - stick &c

Then she got a rope & said

"Pray Rope hang Butcher - Butcher  
wont kill Ox - Ox wont drink Water

Then she got a Mouse & said

"Pray Mouse eat Rope - Rope wont  
hang Butcher - Butcher wont kill  
Ox - Ox wont drink water - water &c

The old Woman was now in despair  
when she happily found a Cat & said

"Pray Cat eat Mouse - Mouse wont  
eat Rope - Rope wont hang  
Butcher - Butcher wont kill Ox

Ox wont drink Water - Water wont  
quench fire - fire wont burn stick  
&c

When immediately -

"The Cat began to eat the Mouse

The Mouse began to run 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

So the Pig made haste <sup>to get</sup> over the

stile & the old woman got safe home that night.

Which is the way to London Town?  
One foot up and the other foot down

That is the way to London Town

Little Johnny went to Town

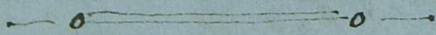
Upon a little pony

He put a feather in his cap

and called it Macaroni.



There was a little man  
And he had a little gun,  
And the bullets they were made  
of lead  
And he went to the brook, and  
shot a duck  
And shot it right thro' the head  
And he carried it home, to  
his wife Joan  
And a fine he bid her make  
While he went to the brook  
And shot, shot, shot the drake



Great A, little a, bouncing B.  
The fat is in the cupboard, and  
she cannot see.



Young Lambs to sell, young Lambs  
to sell,  
If I had as much money as I could tell  
I never would cry - young Lambs  
to sell.

Little Pig, little pig where have  
you been?

Little pig, little pig what have  
you seen?

Little pig, little pig, haste you  
home.

For tis only naughty pigs that roam  
no no no

Little Boy, how can you try  
to catch the pretty Butterfly  
If you had wings I dare to say  
Among the pretty flowers you'd like  
to play

Then let it fly, and do not tease.  
Such pretty little things as these  
o o o

Wark, bark, how the dogs do bark.

The beggars are come to town.

Some in rags, and some in fags

and some in velvet gown,

Where are you going my pretty <sup>she said</sup>

Going a milking Sir - she said

May I go with you my pretty Maid?

Yes, if you please, kind Sir - she said

What is your Father, my pretty Maid

My Father's a Farmer Sir, she said

Will you marry me, my pretty Maid

Yes, if you please kind Sir, she said

What is your Fortune my pretty Maid

My Face is my Fortune Sir - she said

Then I can't marry you my pretty

Maids

Nobody asked you Sir she said

Nobody asked you Sir she said

Put a club shub three men in a tub

And who do you think they be

The Brewer - the Baker, the Candle stick

maker  
And those are the three

Apples, Eggs, and Nuts  
you may eat after Sluts

---

Bow, wow, waw, whose dog art  
Little Tommy Tucker's dog bow wow  
now

---

Speak when you are spoken to, & do  
as you are bid  
Shut the door after you & you  
will never be chid

---

One, two, three, four, five I caught  
a hare, six  
Six, seven, eight, nine, ten, I let  
it go again

---

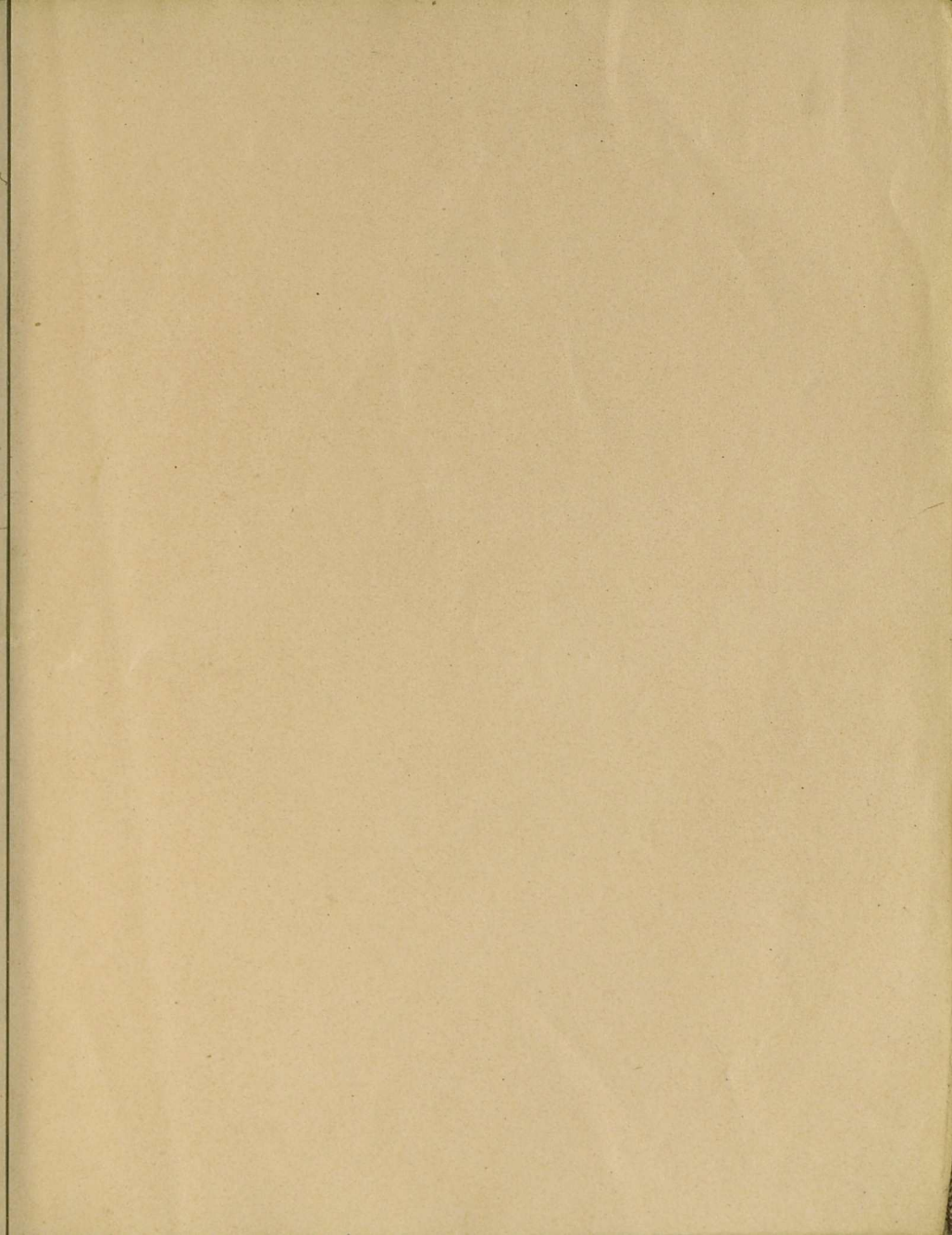
Blow oh Blow ye gentle Breezes,  
All amongst the leaves & trees,  
Sing oh Sing ye Heavenly Musics,  
And I will mend your Boats & Shoes  
With a pebble's shot at a distance

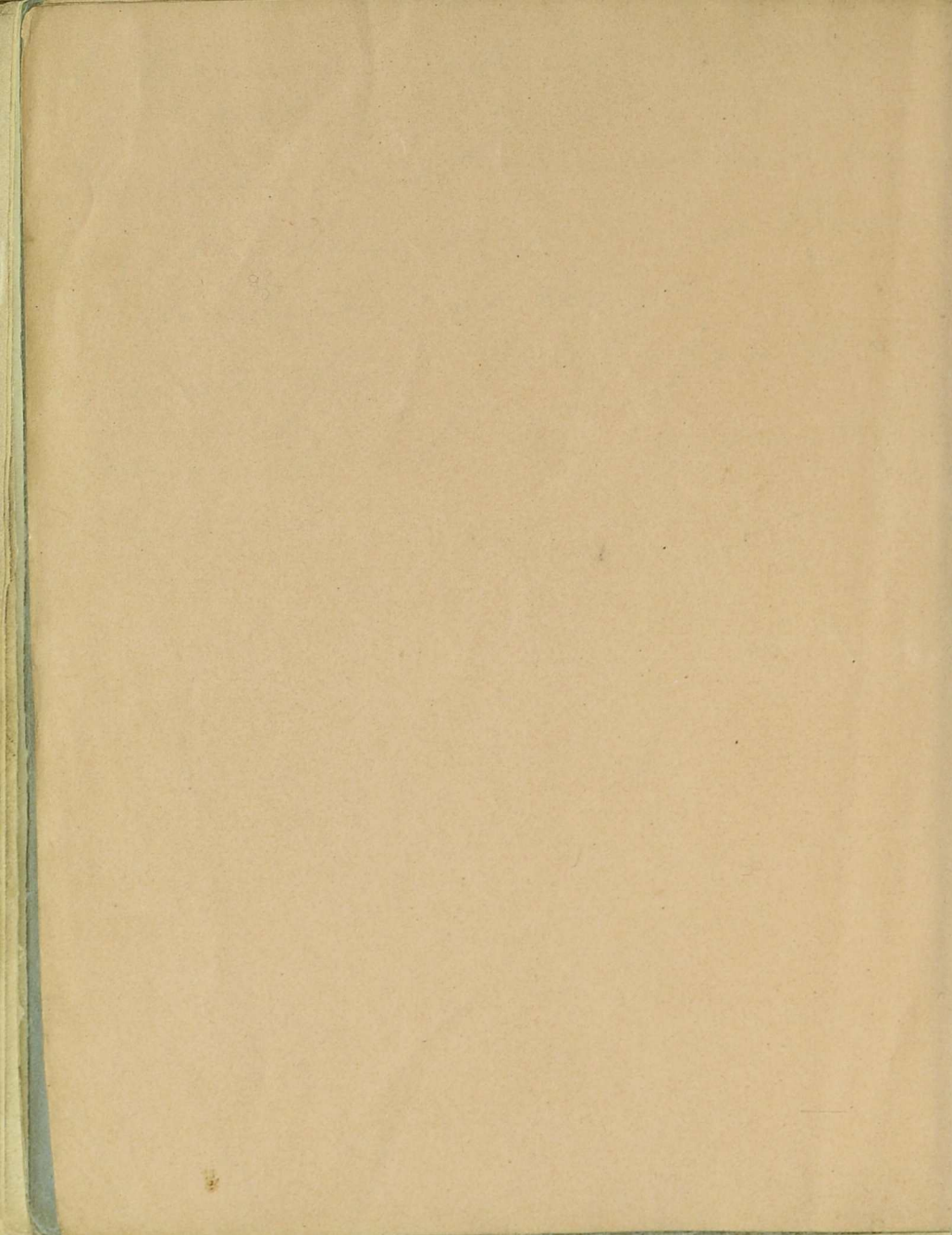
Both yours -  
I give several names if I am  
not too bold -  
I have your want a recommendation  
I have, as you have told  
I am in pretty thick coats -  
Wishes in thick coats who are you say  
I have heard you but I why care  
I give away  
My wife sent me away  
because I ate a pint of cream  
It is a thing impossible  
It is certainly true. I am  
I need not tell you a horse  
of slaying would not  
I was only because I would not  
I like Mr. Walker  
I like to your father?  
I like to your father?  
I like to your father?  
I like to your father?

A Woman's child - how  
old are you?

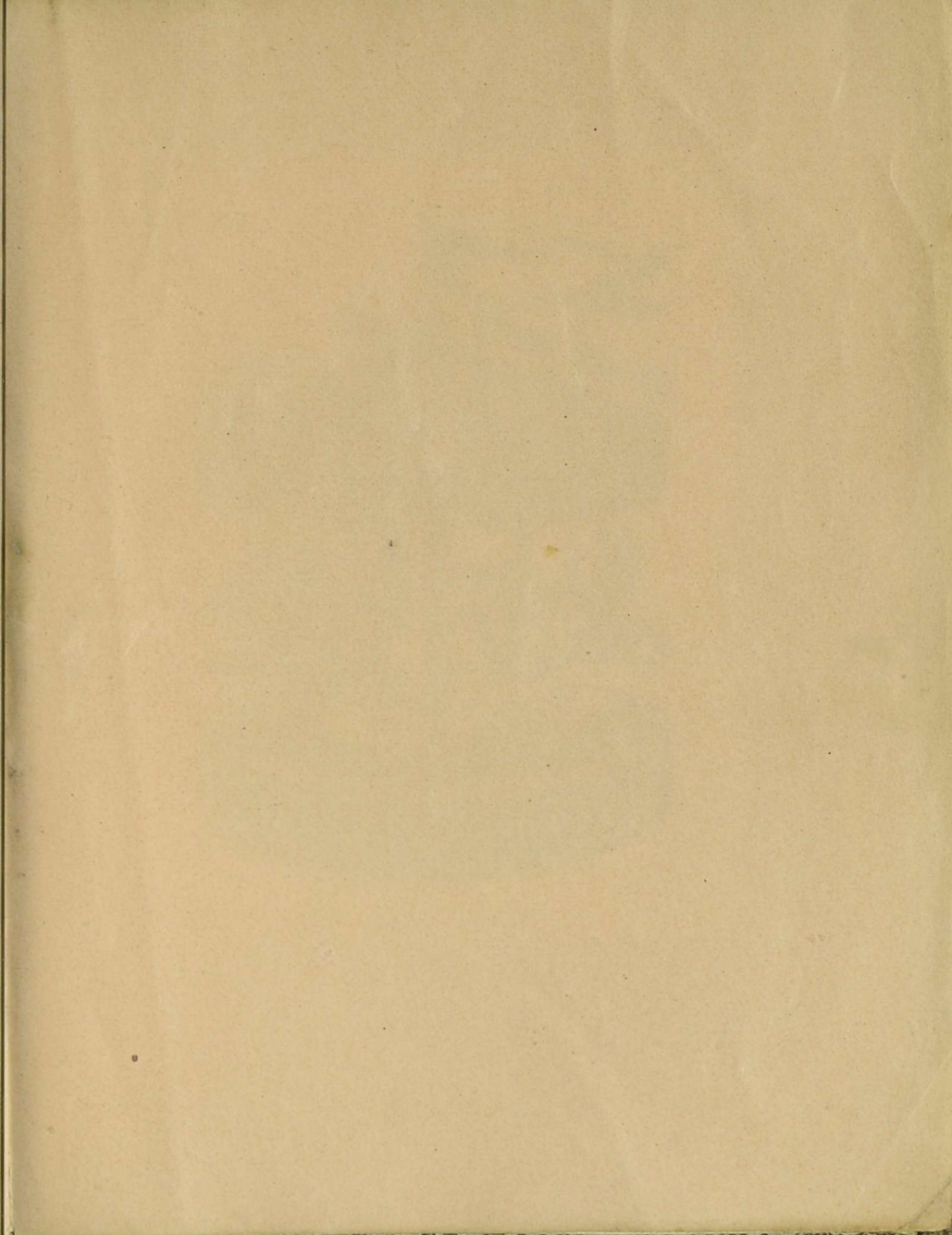
Thirteen last Christmas now  
My Mother says so, & Rogers  
do think so too -

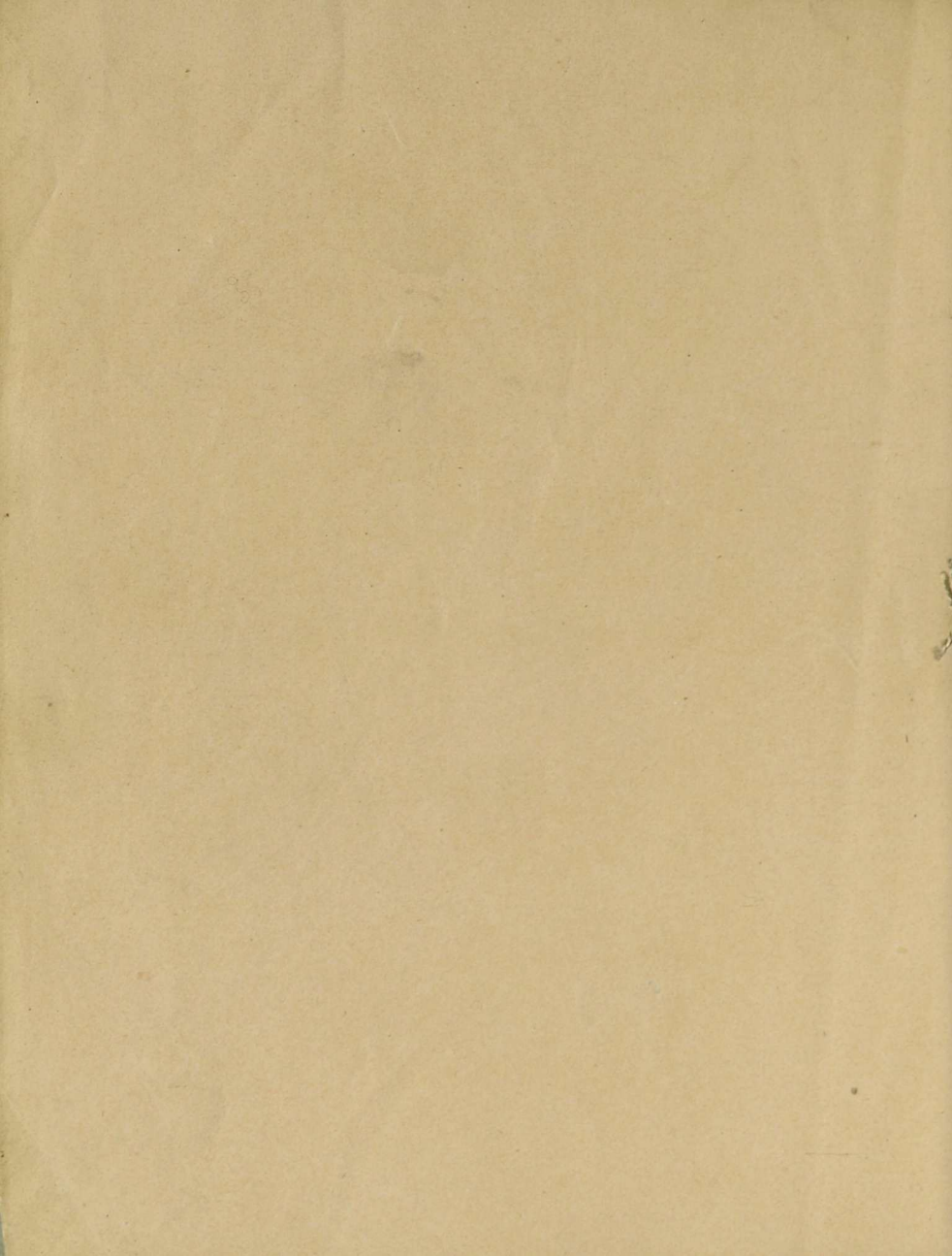
Never fear Betty you'll do  
Come next Sunday night -



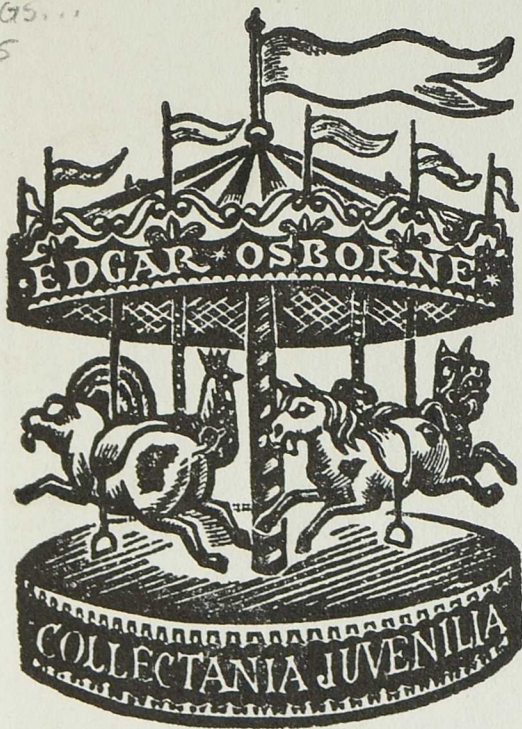








NR  
SONGS...  
1875



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