

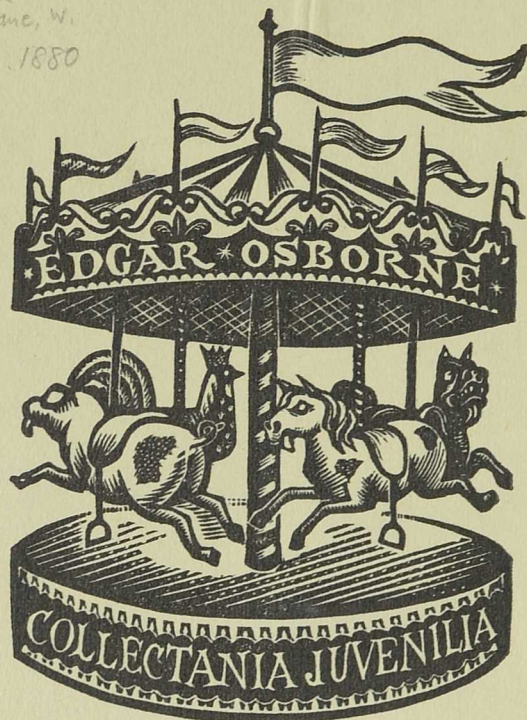


WITH 32 OF WALTER CRANE'S EARLIER DESIGNS

THE  
SONG  
OF  
SIX  
PENNY  
PICTURE  
BOOK



W. Crane, W.  
ca. 1880



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THE SONG OF SIXPENCE  
TOY BOOK

WITH

TWENTY-FOUR PAGES OF ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER CRANE

PRINTED IN COLOURS BY EDMUND EVANS

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LONDON  
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS

BROADWAY, LUDGATE HILL

NEW YORK : 9, LAFAYETTE PLACE

(1865-6 Harne)





ing a song of sixpence,  
A pocket full of rye,





Four and twenty black-birds,  
Baked in a pie







When the pie was open'd  
The birds began to sing







as'nt that a dainty dish  
To set before the King?



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









The Queen was in the parlow,  
Eating bread and honey.







**T**he maid was in the garden,  
Hanging out the clothes;



**T**here came a little blackbird,  
And nipp'd off her nose.







**F** gaping-wide-mouth-waddling frog,  
Two puddings' ends would  
choke a dog,  
Or a gaping-wide-mouth-waddling frog.





# Three monkeys tied to a log,

Two puddings' ends, would choke a dog,

Or a gaping, wide-mouthed, waddling frog.







# Four puppies with our dog Ball,

Who daily for their breakfast call.

Three monkeys tied to a log.

Two puddings' ends, would choke a dog,

Or a gaping, wide-mouthed, waddling frog.





# Five beetles against the wall,

Close to an old woman's apple-stall.

Four puppies with our dog Ball,  
Who daily for their breakfast call.

Three monkeys tied to a log.

Two puddings' ends, would choke a dog,

Or a gaping, wide-mouthed, waddling frog.



# ix Joiners in Joiner's Hall,

Working with their tools and all.

Five beetles against the wall,

Close to an old woman's apple-stall.

Four puppies with our dog Ball,

Who daily for their breakfast call.

Three monkeys tied to a log.

Two puddings' ends, would choke a dog,

Or a gaping, wide-mouthed, waddling frog.







# Seven Lobsters in a dish,

As fresh as any heart could wish.

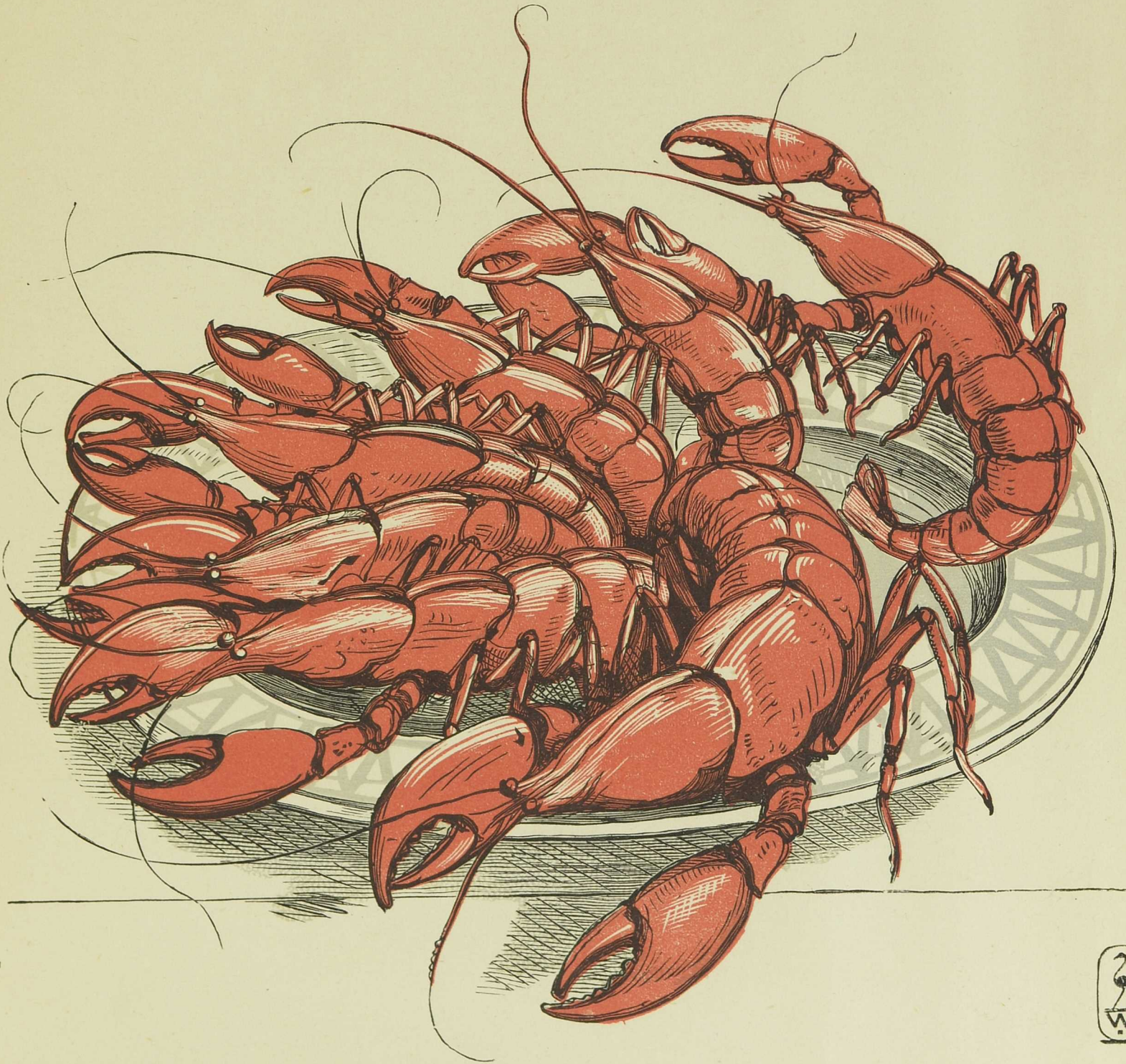
Six joiners in Joiners' Hall,  
Working with their tools and all.

Five beetles against the wall,  
Close to an old woman's apple-stall.

Four puppies with our dog Ball,  
Who daily for their breakfast call.

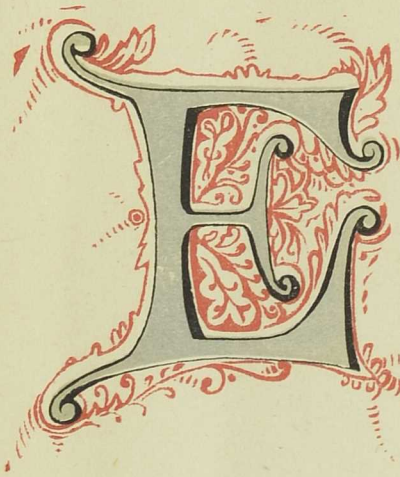
Three monkeys tied to a log.

Two puddings' ends, would choke a dog,  
Or a gaping, wide-mouthed, waddling frog.









# Eight peacocks in the air,



I wonder how they all got there?  
 You don't know, and I don't care.  
 Seven lobsters in a dish, as fresh as any heart could wish.  
 Six joiners in Joiners' Hall, working with their tools and all.  
 Five beetles against the wall, close to an old woman's apple-stall.  
 Four puppies with our dog Ball, who daily for their breakfast call.  
 Three monkeys tied to a log.  
 Two puddings' ends, would choke a dog,  
 Or a gaping, wide-mouthed, waddling frog.



# Nine ships sailing on the main,

Some bound for France, and some for Spain;  
I wish them all safe back again.

Eight peacocks in the air,  
I wonder how they all got there?  
You don't know, and I don't care.

Seven lobsters in a dish,  
As fresh as any heart could wish.

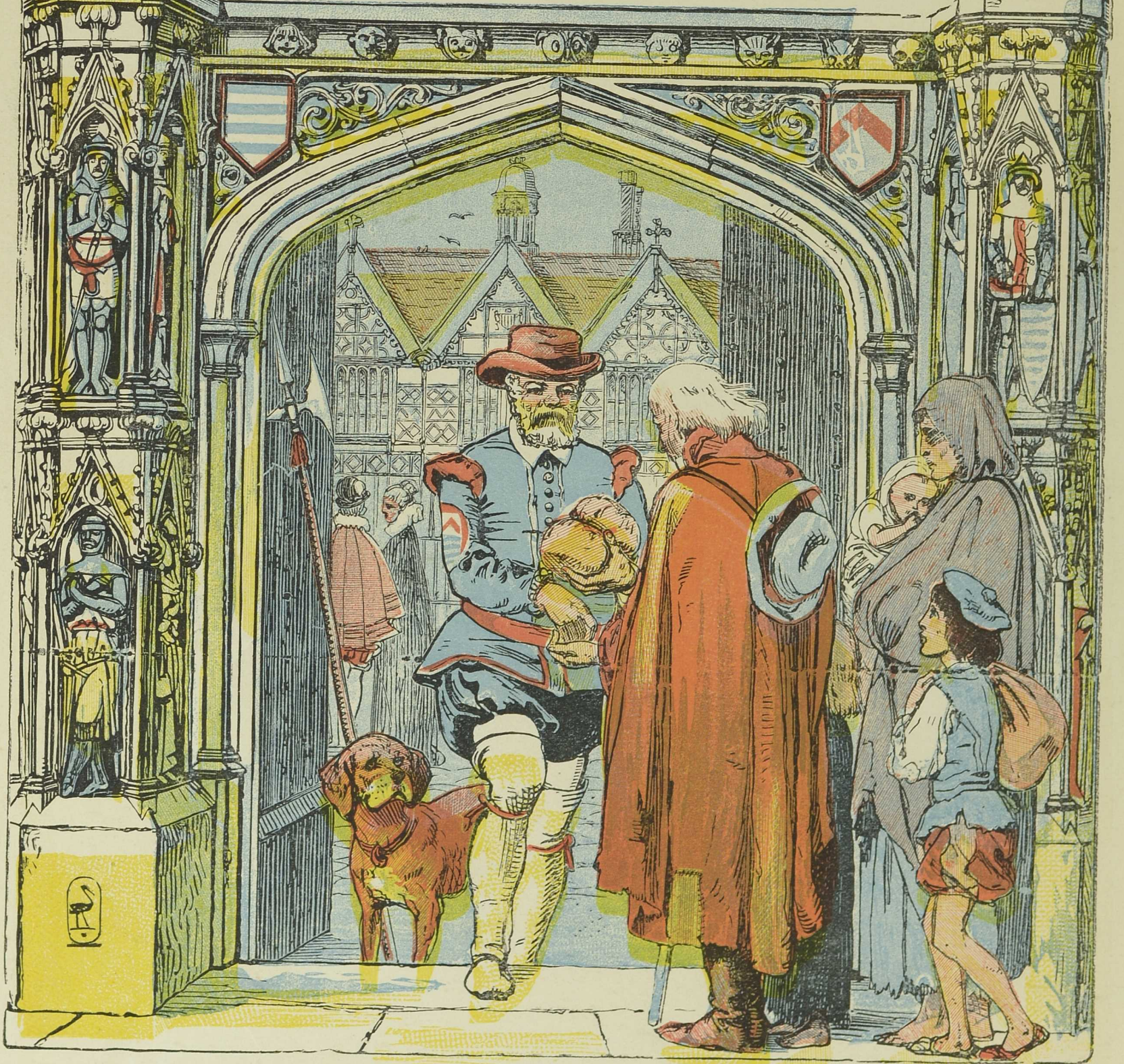
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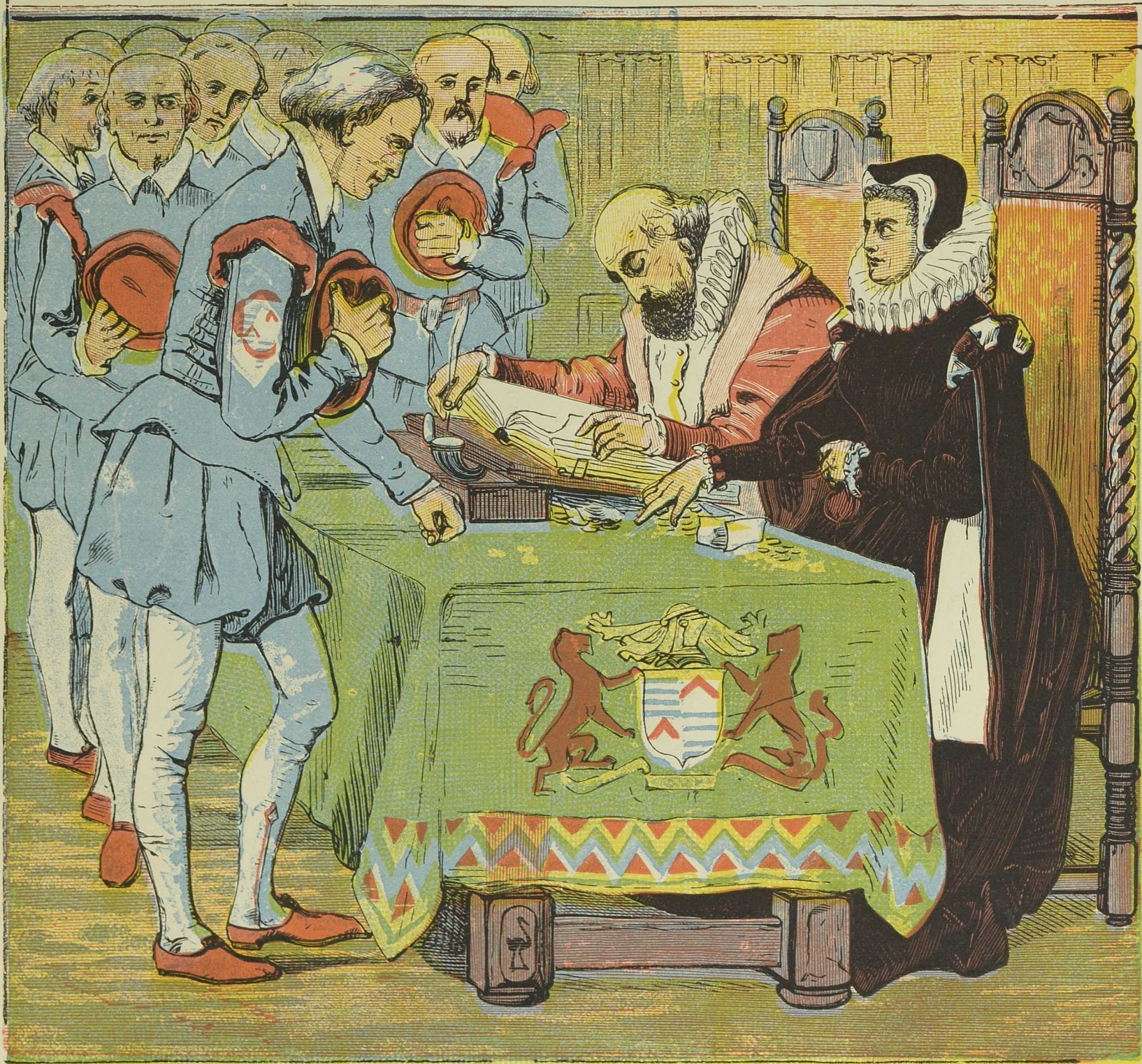


**A**N old song made by an aged old pate,  
Of an old worshipful Gentleman who  
had a great estate,  
That kept a brave old house at a  
bountiful rate,  
And an old Porter to relieve the poor at  
his gate;  
Like an Old Courtier of the Queen's,  
And the Queen's Old Courtier.





**W**ith an old Lady whose anger one word assuages;  
That every quarter paid their old servants  
their wages,  
And never knew what belonged to coachmen, footmen,  
nor pages,  
But kept twenty old fellows with blue coats and badges;  
Like an Old Courtier of the Queen's,  
And the Queen's Old Courtier.







**W**ith an old study fill'd full of learned old books,  
With an old reverent Chaplain, you might know  
him by his looks;  
Like an Old Courtier of the Queen's,  
And the Queen's Old Courtier.







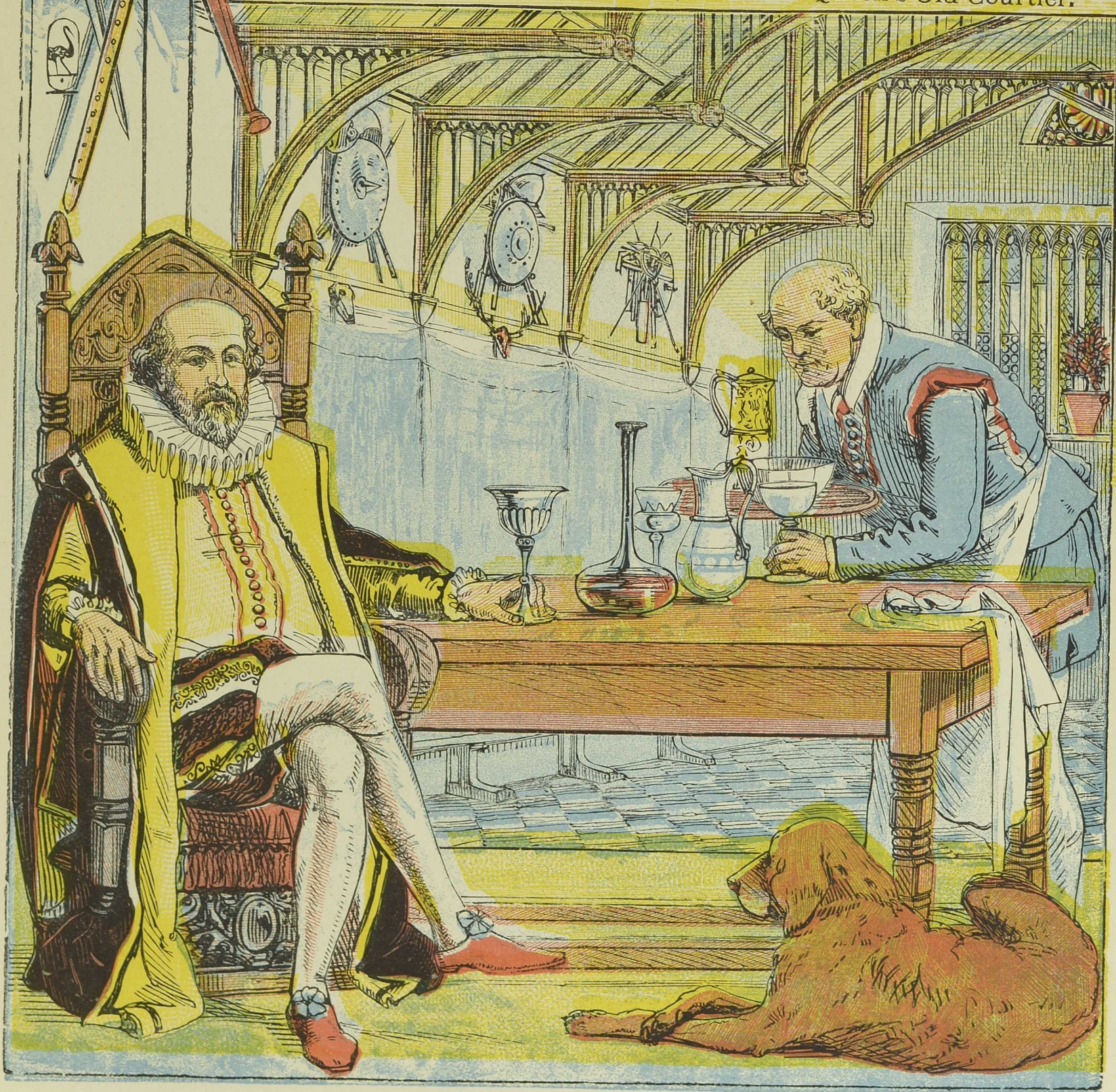
With an old buttery hatch, worn  
quite off the hooks;  
And an old kitchen that  
maintain'd half-a-dozen  
old cooks;

Like an Old Courtier of the Queen's,  
And the Queen's Old Courtier.



ith an old hall, hung about with pikes, guns,  
and bows,  
With old swords and bucklers, that had borne  
many shrewde blows;  
And an old frieze coat to cover his Worship's  
trunk hose,  
And a cup of old Sherry to comfort his copper  
nose;

Like an Old Courtier of the Queen's, And the Queen's Old Courtier.



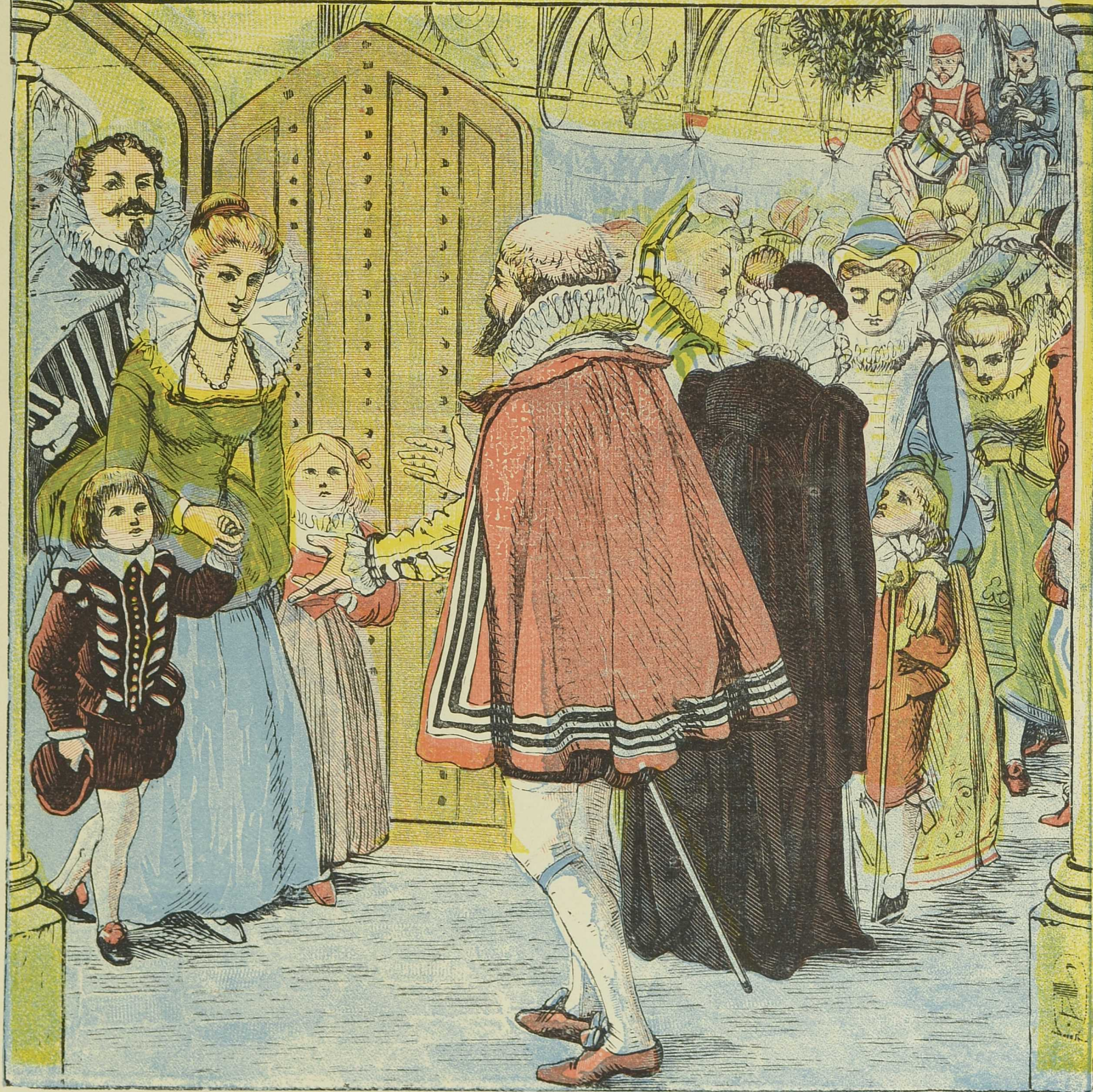




W

With a good old fashion,  
when Christmase was come,  
To call in all his old neighbours with  
bagpipe and drum;

Like an Old Courtier of the Queen's, And the Queen's Old Courtier.







W

ith good cheer enough to furnish  
every old room,  
And old liquor able to make a cat  
speak and a man dumb;  
Like an Old Courtier of the Queen's,  
And the Queen's Old Courtier.



**W**ith an old Falconer, Huntsman, and a kennel of  
hounds,  
That never hawked nor hunted but in his own  
grounds;  
Who, like a wise man, kept himself within his own bounds,  
And when he died gave every child a thousand good pounds;  
Like an Old Courtier of the Queen's,  
And the Queen's Old Courtier.



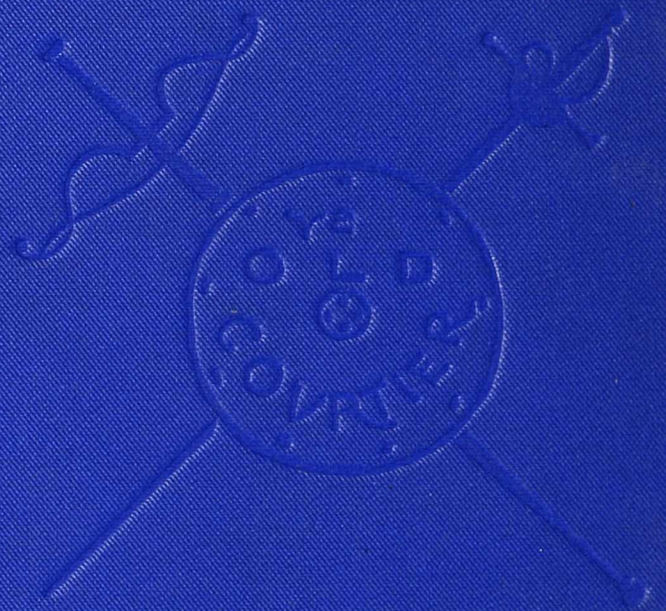
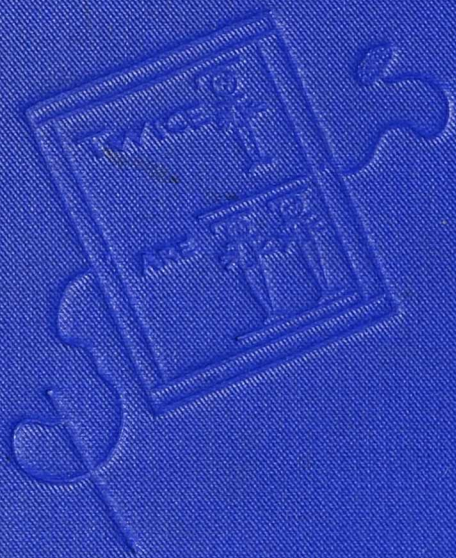












WARRIOR  
WIDE MOUTH  
WADDLING  
FROM

