

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES

1704



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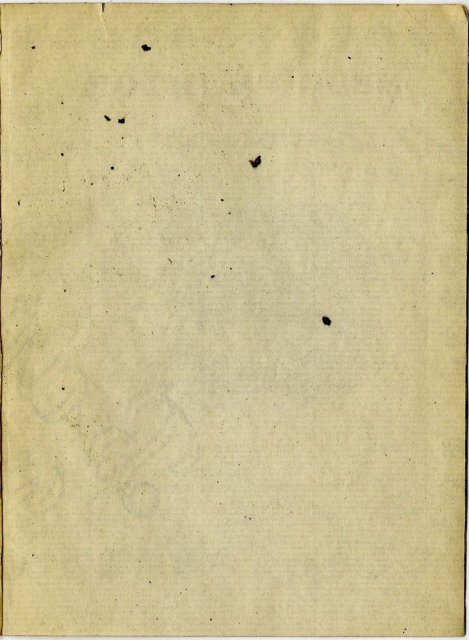
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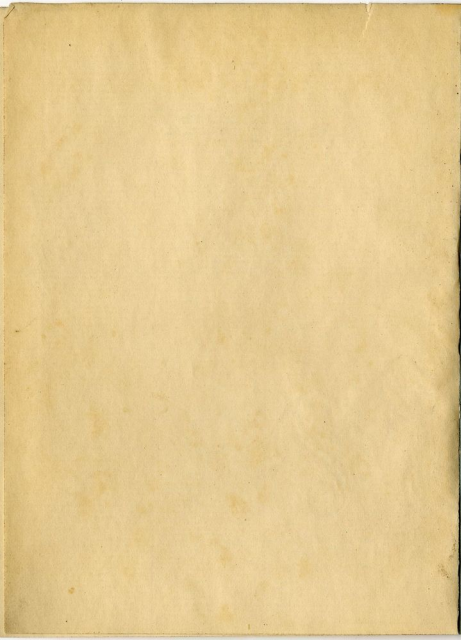
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MOTHER GOOSE

MELODIES.



PORTLAND:

PUBLISHED BY S. H. COLSWORTHY,

1838.



MOTHER GOOSE

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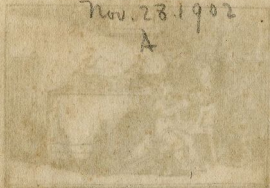
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MOTTIER GOOSE

BOSTON BIRTHING BOARD

MELBODIES

Inc
Nov. 28. 1902
A



PORTLAND
S. H. CORNWELL
1898



Ride a cock horse to Shrewsbury 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.



God bless the master of this house,
The good mistress also,
And all the little children
That round the table go;
And all your kin and kinsmen,
That dwell both far and near:
I wish you all a merry Christmas,
And a happy New Year.



Hark! hark! the dogs do bark,
The beggars are coming to town;
Some in rags, and some in jags,
And some in leather gowns.



This doll baby my papa did give,
And I'll love him as long as I live:
He is my papa, and I am his girl;
He calls me his darling dear little pearl.



There was an old woman toss'd in a blanket,
Seventeen times higher than the moon,
But where she was going no mortal could tell,
For in her hand she carried a broom.
Old woman, old woman, old woman, said I
Whither! ah, whither! whither so high?
To sweep the cobwebs from the sky,
And I'll be with you by-and-by.



When the moon begins to peep,
Little boys should be asleep;
The great big sun shines all the day,
That little boys can see to play.



By a baby bunting,
Daddy's gone a hunting,
To get a little rabbit skin,
To wrap the baby up in.



Old Kim-me-kum the indian chief,
Who you well know is a big thief;
He handles his hatchet rather too handy,
And never drinks water when he gets
brandy.



Little Jack a dandy,
Loved plum cake and sugar candy
He bought some at a grocer's shop,
And out he comes, hop, hop, hop.



Goosy, goosy gander,
Whither dost thou wander?
Up stairs, and down stairs,
And in my lady's chamber;
There you'll find a cup of sack,
And plenty of good ginger.



Little Johnny Pringle had a
little pig,
It was very little, so was not
very big.
As it was playing beneath the
shed,

In half a minute poor Piggy was dead.



The sow came in with a saddle,
The little pig rock'd the cradle,
The dish jump'd a top on the table,
To see the pot wash the ladle;
The spit that stood behind a bench
Call'd the disbelout dirty wench;

Odds plut, says the gridiron,
Can't ye agree,
I'm the head constable,
Bring 'em to me.

Tell tale tit,
Your tongue shall be slit,
And all the dogs in our town
Shall have a bit.



When good King Arthur ruled this land,
He was a goodly king;
He stole three pecks of barley meal
To make a bag pudding.
A bag pudding the king did make,
And stuff'd it well with plums,
And in it put great lumps of fat,
As big as my two thumbs.
The King and Queen did eat thereof,
And noblemen beside;
And what they could not eat that night,
The Queen next morning fried.



Little Jack Horner sat in a corner.
Eating of Christmas pie,
He with his thumb, took out a plum,
And said, what a good boy am I.



The little dog turned round the
wheel,
And set the bull a roaring,
And drove the monkey in the boat,
Who set the oars a rowing,
And scared the cock upon the rock,
Who crack'd his throat with
crowing.



Cock a doodle doo,
My dame has lost her shoe;
My master's lost his fiddle stick,
And knows not what to do.



There was a little man,
And he had a little gun,
And his bullets were made of lead,
He shot John Sprig
Through the middle of his wig
And knocked it right of his head.



There was an old woman
Lived under a hill,
She put a mouse in a bag
And sent it to mill;
The miller did swear
By the point of his knife,
He never took toll
Of a mouse in his life.



There was an old man,
And he had a calf,
And that's half;
He took him out of the stall,
And put him on the wall,
And that's all.



There was an old woman
Liv'd under a hill,
And if she isn't gone,
She lives there still.



When the wind blows,
Then the mill goes,
And our hearts
Are light, and are merry.

Bless you, bless you,
Busy Bee,
Say, when will your
wedding be?



Hiccory, diccory, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock;
The clock struck one, and down he run,
Hiccory, diccory, dock.

I had a little pony,
They call'd it Dapple Gray;
I lent him to a lady,
To ride a mile away.



What care I
How black I be,
Twenty pounds
Will marry me,
If twenty wont,
Why forty shall,
For I am mama's
Darling girl.

One, Two,
Three, Four, Five,
I caught a hare alive.
Six, Seven,
Eight, Nine, Ten,
I let her go again.

Shoe the colt,
Shoe the colt,
Shoe the wild mare;
Here a nail,
There a nail,
Yet she goes bare.

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

LONDON BRIDGE.



London bridge is broken down,
Dance over my Lady Lee,
London bridge is broken down,
With a gay ladye.

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

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 ladye.

Gravel and stone will be washed away,
Dance over my Lady Lee,
Gravel and stone will be washed away,
With a gay ladye.

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 ladye.

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

LONDON BRIDGE
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 ladye.

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

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 ladye.

Suppose the man should fall asleep,
Dance over my Lady Lee,
Suppose the man should fall asleep
With a gay ladye.

We'll put a pipe into his mouth,
Dance over my Lady Lee,
We'll put a pipe into his mouth,
With a gay ladye.



Robin and Richard were two pretty men,
They laid in bed till the clock struck ten;
Then up started Robin and looks at the sky,
Oh! brother Richard, the sun's very high;
You go before with the bottle and bag,
And I will come after on little Jack Nag.



The man in the wilderness
Asked me,
How many strawberries
Grew in the sea?
I answered him as I thought good,
As many red herrings
As grew in the wood,
And I would tell him if I could.



Bow, wow, wow; whose dog art thou?
I'm my master's dog, whose dog art thou?



THE BEGGAR.



I had a little Husband,
No bigger than my thumb,
I put him in a quart pot,
And there I bid him drum.

A HORSE.





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 forever more.
Pretty Bobby Shaftoe.



There was an old woman, she lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she did'nt know what to do;
She gave them some broth without any bread;
She whipt them all soundly, and sent them to bed.



This little fish, will make a fine dish.



I had a little doggy horse,
And it was dapple gray,
His head was made of pea-straw,
His tail was made of hay.
I sold him to an old woman
For a copper groat,
And I'll not sing my song again,
Without a new coat.





Ride a cock-horse, to Banbury cross,
To see an old woman upon a white horse,
Rings on her fingers, bells on her toes,
She will have music wherever she goes.

STEAM BOAT.





When I was a little boy, my father kept me in,
But now I am a great boy, fit to serve the king,
I can handle a musket, I can smoke a pipe,
I can kiss a pretty girl, at ten o'clock at night.
I can drum and fiddle too,
And that is more than you can do.



My baby is sick, and the doctor has come;
He has brought you good stuff, and here is some;
So be a good girl, and Papa I'll tell,
To buy you a frock, when you get well.

SPECTACLES.





When I was a little boy, I had but little wit,
'Tis a long time ago, and I have no more yet;
Nor ever, ever shall, until that I die,
For the longer I live, the more fool am I.



THE EAGLE.



When I was a little boy, I liv'd by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I got,
I laid upon the shelf;

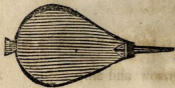
The rats and the mice, they made such a strife,
That I was forced to go to town,
And buy me a wife.

The street was so broad, the lanes were so narrow,
I was forced to bring my wife home,
In a wheelbarrow,

The wheelbarrow broke, and my wife had a fall,
Farewell wife, wheelbarrow and all.



Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With cockle shells, and silver bells,
And cowlips all a row.



When the bellows goes,
Then the wind blows.
And our hearts
Are light and are merry.



Hush thee, my babe,
And sleep while you may;
For when your daddy comes home,
The old boy will be to pay.



A boat, a boat, to cross the Ferry,
For we are going to be Merry.



There was a little man, he had a little gun,
The bullets were made of lead;
He went to the brook, and he shot a little duck,
And the bullet went through its head.

He carried it home to his wife Joan,
And a fire he bid her make,
To dress the little duck, while he went to the brook,
And shot, shot, shot the drake.



There were two birds sat upon a stone,

Fal de ral—al de ral—laddy.

One flew away, and then there was one.

Fal de ral—al de ral—laddy.

The other flew after, and then there was none,

Fal de ral—al de ral—laddy.

So the poor stone was left all alone,

Fal de ral—al de ral—laddy.

One of the little birds back again flew,

Fal de ral—al de ral—laddy.

The other came after, then there were two.

Fal de ral—al de ral—laddy.

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

Fal de ral—al de ral—laddy.

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

Fal de ral—al de ral—laddy.



One misty morning,

When cloudy was the weather,

I chanced to meet an old man clothed all in leather.

He began to compliment, and I began to grin,

How do you do, and how do you do,

And how do you do again?



Four and twenty tailors went to kill a snail,
The best man among them dare not touch her tail,
She put out her horns like a little kyloe cow,
Run, tailors, run, or she'll kill you all e'en now.

When I was a little boy I washed my mammy's dishes,
Now I am a great boy I roll in golden riches.



Boys and girls come out to play,
The moon doth shine as bright as day;
Come with a hoop, and come with a call,
Come with a good will, or not at all.

Lose your supper, and lose your sleep,
Come to your play fellows in the street.
Up the ladder and down the wall,
A half penny loaf will serve us all.

But when the loaf is gone, what will you do.
Those who would eat must work 'tis true,
But some who never work or think,
Have still, enough to eat and drink.



There was a man in our town,
And he was so wondrous wise
He jumped into a bramble bush
And scratched out both his eyes;
And when he felt his eyes were out,
With all his might & main,
He jump'd into another bush
And scratched them in again.

The cuckoo is 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 of the year.



A blue Jay sat on a Hicccory bush,
And sang a song in summer.



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

'Tis dogs delight to bark and bite.



Fee! Faw! Fum!

I smell the blood of an Englishman.

Be he alive, or be he dead,

Be he in the street, or in his bed,

I must have one here in my can,

Shake a leg, wag a leg, when will you gang?

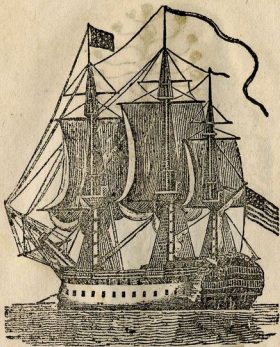
At midsummer, mother, when the days are lang.



I had a little doll, the prettiest ever seen,
She washed me the dishes, and kept the house clean.



The flowers that bloom upon this tree,
Produce the fruit call'd LIBERTY.



Who'll take a sail with me to day,
The wind is fair, the sun is bright;
I shall not go but little way,
And home again at night.

Nose, nose, jolly red nose,
And what gave you that jolly red nose?
Nutmegs and cinnamon, spices and
Cloves,
And they gave me a jolly red nose.

My nose is long, my ears are
Short,
And I can teach as I was taught.



Polly, Polly,
Pretty Polly,

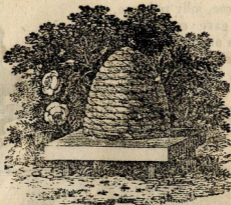
Where got you your green
coat,

For a feather,

I will gather,

And pay you a silver groat.

A long tailed pig or a short tailed pig
Would not look well to ride in a gig.



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



A COW.



Great A, little a,

Bouncing B,

The cat's in the cupboard,

And she can't see.



Lady-bug lady-bug fly away home,

Your house is on fire, and your children will burn.



Dingty, diddledy, my mama's maid,
She stole oranges, I am afraid;
Some in her pockets, some in her sleeves,
She stole oranges, I do believe.

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 scarce ever was quiet.

A dandy I am from London town,



My clothes are white my skin is brown.

Sing, sing, what shall I sing?

The cat's run away with the fiddle string.



Jack and Jill went up the hill,

To fetch a pail of water;

Jack fell down and broke his crown,

And Jill came tumbling after.

Little Jane came up the lane,
To hang her clothes a drying;
She called for Nell to ring the bell,
For Jack and Jill were dying.
Nimble dick ran up so quick,
He tumbled over a timber,
He bent his bow to shoot a crow,
And kill a cat in the window.



A B C D

What can the matter be.

E F G H I

The sun is getting high.



Three wise men of Gotham,
Went to sea in a bowl,
And if the bowl had been stronger
My song had been longer,
But so weak was the bowl,
That they sank, every soul.



This rose has been washed,
Just washed in a shower,
'Tis the sweetest of all,
And the loveliest flower.



This is a fierce uncouthly beast.
Who doth on human beings feast.



Away pretty butterfly home to your nest,
To make you my captive, I should like best,
And feed you with sugar and bread,
Your eyes are so sparkling, your wings are so soft
You flutter forever so pretty aloft,
And your breast is all covered with red.

The sun is up the sky is clear,
Come out to play for I am here.



Who would not take a pretty sail,
 Upon a sunny day,
When not a sign of storm or gale,
 Shall o'er the waters play,
Come Albion take your little oar,
And bring young Thomas too;
And if the boat will hold one more,
Cally shall go with you.
And you will be for all the world,
A young and happy crew.



The mouse, the mouse, the little mouse,
Is cutting up a caper;
Forever running through the house,
Among the rags and paper.

The cat, how watchfully she look
Upon the little creature,
She watches all her turns and crooks,
I think she means to eat her.



'Tom, Tom, of Islington, married a wife on Sunday
Took her home on Monday, hired a house on Tuesday
Fed her well on Thursday, dead was she on Friday,
Sad was Tom on Saturday, to bury his wife on Sunday.



There was an old lady a worthy old soul,
who could eat nothing else but a baker's French roll.
A song to us ye little bird the sweetest that we ever heard.



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



A TUREEN.



Pibroch of Donnel Dha,
Pibroch of Donnel,
Wake thy voice anew,
Summon Clan-Connel,
Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons,
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons.
Come as the winds come,
When forrests are rended,
Come as the waves come,
When navies are stranded.

Faster come, faster come, faster and faster,

Chief vassal, page and groom,

Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come,

See how they gather?

Wide waves the eagle plume,

Blended with heather,

Cast your blades, draw your blades, now to the charge



Ride away, ride away,
Johnny shall ride,
And he shall have pussy cat,
To ride by his side

Polly put the kettle on mother's away and father's gone.



Pat a cake, pat a cake, Baker's man,

So I will master, as fast as I can;

Put it into the oven for Tommy and me.

Pat it, and prick it, and mark it with T,

The little birds, that sweetly sing,

Are harbingers of coming spring.

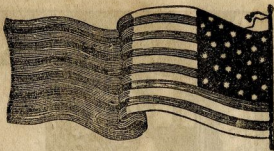


United we stand divided we fall,
I've told you the truth and that is all.



The man in the moon came down too
soon,
To inquire the way to Norwich,
The man in the south he burnt his mouth
With eating cold plum porridge.
And a foolish man was he.

Come my boys who are fond of fun,
Let us have anoble run.



'Tis the star spangled banner,
O, long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free,
And the home of the brave.



It is the farmer's pure delight
To toil from morning noon till night.



Farewell my little readers all,
But not a last adieu,
For I am ready at your call,
To bring you something new.

I'll tell you of the birds that fly,
The fishes in the sea,
The stars that sparkle in the sky,
I'll speak of them to thee.
The little flowers that bloom around,
The rabbit and the mole,
I'll tell you how beneath the ground,
They dig their lonely hole.
And now good by my little ones,
My book you see is fill'd
The cat has sought a resting place,
The rats and mice are kill'd.

THE END.

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