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THE NURSERY RHYMES
OF ENGLAND.

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THE
NURSERY RHYMES
OF
ENGLAND:

Collected
by
JAMES ORCHARD HALLIWELL.

THE NEW YORK
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THE NURSERY RHYMES

OF

ENGLAND.

BY

JAMES ORCHARD ^{oc} HALLIWELL.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. B. SCOTT.



LONDON AND NEW YORK:
FREDERICK WARNE AND CO.

1886.

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P R E F A C E

TO THE

F I F T H E D I T I O N .

THE great encouragement which has been given by the public to the previous editions of this little work, satisfactorily proves that, notwithstanding the extension of serious education to all but the very earliest periods of life, there still exists an undying love for the popular remnants of the ancient Scandinavian nursery literature. The infants and children of the nineteenth century have not, then, deserted the rhymes chanted so many ages since by the mothers of the North. This is a "great nursery fact"—a proof that there is contained in some of

these traditional nonsense-rhymes a meaning and a romance, possibly intelligible only to very young minds, that exercise an influence on the fancy of children. It is obvious there must exist something of this kind; for no modern compositions are found to supply altogether the place of the ancient doggerel.

The nursery rhyme is the novel and light reading of the infant scholar. It occupies, with respect to the A B C, the position of a romance which relieves the mind from the cares of a riper age. The absurdity and frivolity of a rhyme may naturally be its chief attractions to the very young; and there will be something lost from the imagination of that child, whose parents insist so much on matters of fact, that the "cow" must be made, in compliance with the rules of their educational code, to jump "*under*" instead of "*over* the moon;" while of course the little dog must be considered as "barking," not "laughing" at the circumstance.

These, or any such objections,—for it seems there are others of about equal weight,—are, it appears to me, more silly than the worst nursery rhyme the little readers will meet with in the following pages. I am quite willing to leave the question to their decision, feeling assured the catering for them has not been in vain, and that these cullings from the high-ways and bye-ways—they have been collected from nearly every county in England—will be to them real flowers, soothing the misery of many an hour of infantine adversity.



NURSERY RHYMES.

—→ 863 ←—

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FIRST CLASS—HISTORICAL.

1.

OLD King Cole
Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he,
He called for his pipe,
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.
Every fiddler, he had a fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he ;
Twee tweedle dee, tweedle dee, went the
Oh, there's none so rare, fiddlers.]
As can compare
With King Cole and his fiddlers three !

[The traditional Nursery Rhymes of England commence with a legendary satire on King Cole, who reigned in Britain, as the old chroniclers inform

us, in the third century after Christ. According to Robert of Gloucester, he was the father of St. Helena, and if so, Butler must be wrong in ascribing an obscure origin to the celebrated mother of Constantine. King Cole was a brave and popular man in his day, and ascended the throne of Britain on the death of Asepiod, amidst the acclamations of the people, or, as Robert of Gloucester expresses himself, the "fcle was tho of this lond y-paid wel y-nou." At Colechester there is a large earthwork, supposed to have been a Roman amphitheatre, which goes popularly by the name of "King Cole's kitchen." According to Jeffrey of Monmouth, King Cole's daughter was well skilled in music, but we unfortunately have no evidence to show that her father was attached to that science, further than what is contained in the foregoing lines, which are of doubtful antiquity. The following version of the song is of the seventeenth century, the one given above being probably a modernization:—

Good King Cole,
He call'd for his bowl,
And he call'd for fiddlers three:
And there was fiddle fiddle,
And twice fiddle fiddle,
For 'twas my lady's birth-day;
Therefore we keep holiday,
And come to be merry.]

II.

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.

III.

[The following song relating to Robin Hood, the celebrated outlaw, is well known at Worksop, in Nottinghamshire, where it constitutes one of the nursery series.]

ROBIN HOOD, Robin Hood,
Is in the mickle wood !
Little John, Little John,
He to the town is gone.

Robin Hood, Robin Hood,
Is telling his beads,
All in the green wood,
Among the green weeds.

Little John, Little John,
If he comes no more,
Robin Hood, Robin Hood,
He will fret full sore !

IV.

[The following lines were obtained in Oxfordshire. The story to which it alludes is related by Matthew Paris.]

ONE moonshiny night
As I sat high,
Waiting for one
To come by ;
The boughs did bend,
My heart did ache
To see what hole the fox did make.

V

[The following perhaps refers to Joanna of Castile, who visited the court of Henry the Seventh, in the year 1506.]

I HAD a little nut tree, nothing would it bear
 But a silver nutmeg and a golden pear ;
 The king of Spain's daughter came to visit
 me,
 And all was because of my little nut tree.
 I skipp'd over water, I danced over sea,
 And all the birds in the air couldn't catch
 me.

VI.

[From a MS. in the old Royal Library, in the British Museum, the exact reference to which is mislaid. It is written, if I recollect rightly, in a hand of the time of Henry VIII, in an older manuscript.]

WE make no spare
 Of John Hunkes' mare ;
 And now I
 Think she will die ;
 He thought it good
 To put her in the wood,
 To seek where she might ly dry ;
 If the mare should chance to fale,
 Then the crownes would for her sale.

VII.

[From MS. Sloane, 1489, fol. 19, written in the time of Charles I.]

THE king of France, and four thousand men,
They drew their swords, and put them up
again.

VIII.

[In a tract, called 'Pigges Corantoe, or Newes from the North,' 4to Lond. 1642, p. 3, this is called "Old Tarlton's Song." It is perhaps a parody on the popular epigram of "Jack and Jill." I do not know the period of the battle to which it appears to allude, but Tarlton died in the year 1588, so that the rhyme must be earlier.]

THE king of France went up the hill,
With twenty thousand men ;
The king of France came down the hill,
And ne'er went up again.

IX.

THE king of France, with twenty thousand
men,
Went up the hill, and then came down again ;
The king of Spain, with twenty thousand
more,
Climb'd the same hill the French had climb'd
before.

X.

[Another version. The nurse sings the first line, and repeats it, time after time, until the expectant little one asks, what next? Then comes the climax.]

THE king of France, the king of France,
with forty thousand men,
Oh, they all went up the hill, and so—came
back again!

XI.

At the siege of Belle-isle
I was there all the while,
All the while, all the while,
At the siege of Belle-isle.

XII.

[The tune to the following may be found in the 'English Dancing Master,'
1651, p. 37.]

THE rose is red, the grass is green,
Serve Queen Bess our noble queen;
Kitty the spinner
Will sit down to dinner,
And eat the leg of a frog;
All good people
Look over the steeple,
And see the cat play with the dog.

XIII

Good Queen Bess was a glorious dame,
 When bonny King Jemmy from Scotland
 We'll pepper their bodies, came ;]
 Their peaceable noddies,
 And give them a crack of the crown !

XIV.

[The word *tory* has changed greatly in its meaning, as it originated in the reign of Elizabeth, and represented a class of "bog-trotters," who were a compound of the knave and the highwayman. For many interesting particulars see Crofton Croker's 'Researches in the South of Ireland,' 4to, 18: 4, p. 52.]

Ho ! Master Teague, what is your story ?
 I went to the wood and kill'd a *tory* ;
 I went to the wood and kill'd another ;
 Was it the same, or was it his brother ?
 I hunted him in, and I hunted him out,
 Three times through the bog, about and
 about ;
 When out of a bush I saw his head,
 So I fired my gun, and I shot him dead.

XV.

PLEASE to remember
 The fifth of November,
 Gunpowder treason and plot ;
 I know no reason
 Why gunpowder treason
 Should ever be forgot.

XVI.

Taken from MS. Douce, 357, fol. 124. See Echard's 'History of England,'
book iii, chap. 1.]

SEE SOW, sack-a-day ;
Monmouth is a pretie boy,
 Richmond is another,
Grafton is my onely joy,
And why should I these three destroy,
 To please a pious brother !

XVII.

OVER the water, and over the lee,
And over the water to Charley.
Charley loves good ale and wine,
And Charley loves good brandy,
And Charley loves a pretty girl.
As sweet as sugar-candy.

Over the water, and over the sea,
And over the water to Charley,
I'll have none of your nasty beef,
Nor I'll have none of your barley ;
But I'll have some of your very best flour ;
To make a white cake for my Charley.

XVIII.

[The following is partly quoted in an old song in a MS. at Oxford, Ashmole, No. 36, fol. 115.]

As I was going by Charing Cross,
 I saw a black man upon a black horse ;
 They told me it was King Charles the First ;
 Oh dear ! my heart was ready to burst !

XIX.

HIGH diddle ding,
 Did you hear the bells ring ?
 'The parliament soldiers are gone to the king !
 Some they did laugh, some they did cry,
 To see the parliament soldiers pass by.

XX.

HIGH ding a ding, and ho ding a ding,
 'The parliament soldiers are gone to the king ;
 Some with new beavers, some with new
 bands,
 'The parliament soldiers are all to be hang'd.

XXI.

HECTOR PROTECTOR was dressed all in green ;
 Hector Protector was sent to the Queen.
 The Queen did not like him,
 Nor more did the King :
 So Hector Protector was sent back again.

XXII.

[The following is a fragment of a song on the subject, which was introduced by Russell in the character of Jerry Sneak.]

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 !

XXIII.

[Written on occasion of the marriage of Mary, the daughter of James duke of York, afterwards James II, with the young Prince of Orange. The song from which these lines are taken may be seen in 'The Jacobite Minstrelsy,' 12mo, Glasgow, 1828, v. 28.]

WHAT is the rhyme for *poringer* ?
 The king he had a daughter fair,
 And gave the Prince of Orange her.

XXIV.

[The following nursery song alludes to William III and George prince of Denmark.]

WILLIAM and Mary, George and Anne,
 Four such children had never a man :
 'They put their father to flight and shame,
 And call'd their brother a shocking bad name.

XXV.

[A song on King William the Third.]

As I walk'd by myself,
 And talked to myself,
 Myself said unto me,
 Look to thyself,
 'Take care of thyself,
 For nobody cares for thee.

I answer'd myself,
 And said to myself
 In the self-same repartee,
 Look to thyself,
 Or not look to thyself,
 The self-same thing will be.

XXVI.

[From MS. Sloane, 1489, fol. 19, written in the time of Charles I. It appears from MS. Harl. 390, fol. 85, that these verses were written in 1626, against the Duke of Buckingham.]

THERE was a monkey climb'd up a tree,
 When he fell down, then down fell he.

THERE was a crow sat on a stone,
 When he was gone, then there was none.

THERE was an old wife did eat an apple,
 When she had eat two, she had eat a couple.

There was a horse going to the mill,
When he went on, he stood not still.

There was a butcher cut his thumb,
When it did bleed, then blood did come.

There was a lackey ran a race,
When he ran fast, he ran apace.

There was a cobbler clowting shoon,
When they were mended, they were done.

There was a chandler making candle,
When he them strip, he did them handle.

There was a navy went into Spain,
When it return'd it came again.

XXVII.

[The following may possibly allude to King George and the Pretender.]

JIM and George were two great lords,
They fought all in a churn ;
And when that Jim got George by the nose,
Then George began to gern.

XXVIII.

LITTLE General Monk
Sat upon a trunk,
Eating a crust of bread ;
There fell a hot coal
And burnt in his clothes a hole,
Now General Monk is dead.
Keep always from the fire :
If it catch your attire,
You too, like Monk, will be dead.

XXIX.

EIGHTY-EIGHT wor Kirby feight,
When niver a man was slain ;
They yatt their meaat, an drank ther drink
An sae com merrily heeam agayn.





SECOND CLASS—LITERAL.

—•••••—

XXX.

ONE, two, three,
I love coffee,
And Billy loves tea.
How good you be,
One, two, three.
I love coffee,
And Billy loves tea.

XXXI.

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

XXXII.

[Fims.]

F for fig, J for jig,
And N for knuckle bones,
I for John the waterman,
And S for sack of stones.

XXXIII.

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

XXXIV.

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

XXXV.

ONE's none;
TWO's some;
THREE's a many;
FOUR's a penny;
FIVE is a little hundred.

XXXVI.

A, B, C, and D,
 Pray, playmates, agree,
 E, F, and G,
 Well so it shall be.
 J, K, and L,
 In peace we will dwell
 M, N, and O,
 To play let us go.
 P, Q, R, and S,
 Love may we possess,
 W, X, and Y,
 Will not quarrel or die.
 Z, and amperse-and,
 Go to school at command.

XXXVII.

HICKERY, dickery, 6 and 7,
 Alabone Crackabone 10 and 11,
 Spin span muskidan ;
 Twiddle 'um twaddle 'um, 21.

XXXVIII.

APPLE-PIE, pudding, and pancake,
 All begins with an A.

XXXIX.

Miss one, two, and three could never agree,
While they gossiped round a tea-caddy.

XL.

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,
Who will delve ?
Thirteen, fourteen,
Maids a courting ;
Fifteen, sixteen,
Maids a kissing ;
Seventeen, eighteen,
Maids a waiting ;
Nineteen, twenty,
My stomach's empty.

XLI.

PAT-A-CAKE, pat-a-cake, baker's man !
 So I will, master, as fast as I can :
 Pat it, and prick it, and mark it with T,
 Put in the oven for Tommy and me.

XLII.

[Tom Thumb's Alphabet.]

A was an archer, and shot at a frog,
 B was a butcher, and had a great dog.
 C was a captain, all covered with lace,
 D was a drunkard, and had a red face.
 E was an esquire, with pride on his brow,
 F was a farmer, and followed the plough.
 G was a gamester, who had but ill luck,
 H was a hunter and hunted a buck.
 I was an innkeeper, who lov'd to bouse,
 J was a joiner, and built up a house.
 K was King William, once governed this land,
 L was a lady, who had a white hand.
 M was a miser, and hoarded up gold,
 N was a nobleman, gallant and bold.
 O was an oyster wench, and went about town,
 P was a parson, and wore a black gown.
 Q was a queen, who was fond of good flip,
 R was a robber, and wanted a whip.

S was a sailor, and spent all he got,
T was a tinker, and mended a pot.
U was an usurer, a miserable elf,
V was a vintner, who drank all himself.
W was a watchman, and guarded the door
X was expensive, and so became poor.
Y was a youth, that did not love school,
Z was a zany, a poor harmless fool.

XLIII.

A was an apple-pie ;
B bit it ;
C cut it ;
D dealt it ;
E eat it ;
F fought for it ;
G got it ;
H had it ;
J joined it ;
K kept it ;
L longed for it ;
M mourned for it ;
N nodded at it ;
O opened it ;
P peeped in it ;
Q quartered it ;
R ran for it ;

S stole it ;
 T took it ;
 V viewed it ;
 W wanted it ;
 X, Y, Z, and amperse-and,
 All wish'd for a piece in hand.

XLIV.

A for the ape, that we saw at the fair ;
 B for a blockhead, who ne'er shall go there ;
 C for a collyflower, white as a curd ;
 D for a duck, a very good bird ;
 E for an egg, good in pudding or pies ;
 F for a farmer, rich, honest, and wise ;
 G for a gentleman, void of all care ;
 H for the hound, that ran down the hare ;
 I for an Indian, sooty and dark ;
 K for the keeper, that look'd to the park ;
 L for a lark, that soar'd in the air ;
 M for a mole, that ne'er could get there ;
 N for Sir Nobody, ever in fault ;
 O for an otter, that ne'er could be caught ;
 P for a pudding, stuck full of plums ;
 Q was for quartering it, see here he comes ;
 R for a rook, that croak'd in the trees ;
 S for a sailor, that plough'd the deep seas ;

T for a top, that doth prettily spin ;
V for a virgin of delicate mien ;
W for wealth, in gold, silver, and pence ;
X for old Xenophon, noted for sense ;
Y for a yew, which for ever is green ;
Z for the zebra, that belongs to the queen.





THIRD CLASS—TALES.



XLV.

THE STORY OF CATSKIN.

THERE once was a gentleman grand,
Who lived at his country seat ;
He wanted an heir to his land,
For he'd nothing but daughters yet.

His lady's again in the way,
So she said to her husband with joy,
" I hope some or other fine day,
To present you, my dear, with a boy."

The gentleman answered gruff,
“If ’t should turn out a maid or a mouse,
For of both we have more than enough,
She shan’t stay to live in my house.”

The lady, at this declaration,
Almost fainted away with pain ;
But what was her sad consternation,
When a sweet little girl came again.

She sent her away to be nurs’d,
Without seeing her gruff papa ;
And when she was old enough,
To a school she was packed away.

Fifteen summers are fled,
Now she left good Mrs. Jervis ;
To see home she was forbid,—
She determined to go and seek service.

Her dresses so grand and so gay,
She carefully rolled in a knob ;
Which she hid in a forest away,
And put on a Catskin robe.

She knock’d at a castle gate,
And pray’d for charity ;
They sent her some meat on a plate,
And kept her a scullion to be.

My lady look'd long in her face,
And prais'd her great beauty ;
I'm sorry I've no better place,
And you must our scullion be.

So Catskin was under the cook,
A very sad life she led,
For often a ladle she took,
And broke poor Catskin's head.

There is now a grand ball to be,
When ladies their beauties show ;
" Mrs. Cook," said Catskin, " dear me,
How much I should like to go ! "

" You go with your Catskin robe,
You dirty impudent slut !
Among the fine ladies and lords,
A very fine figure you'd cut. "

A basin of water she took,
And dash'd in poor Catskin's face ;
But briskly her ears she shook,
And went to her hiding-place.

She washed every stain from her skin,
In some crystal waterfall ;
Then put on a beautiful dress,
And hasted away to the ball.

When she entered, the ladies were mute,
Overcome by her figure and face ;
But the lord, her young master, at once
Fell in love with her beauty and grace ;

He pray'd her his partner to be,
She said, " Yes ! " with a sweet smiling
glance ;
All night with no other lady
But Catskin, our young lord would dance.

" Pray tell me, fair maid, where you live ? "
For now was the sad parting time ;
But she no other answer would give,
Than this distich of mystical rhyme,—

**Kind Sir, if the truth I must tell,
At the sign of the Basin of Water I dwell.**

Then she flew from the ball-room, and put
On her Catskin robe again ;
And slept in unseen by the cook,
Who little thought where she had been.

The young lord, the very next day,
To his mother his passion betrayed ;
He declared he never would rest,
Till he'd found out this beautiful maid.

There's another grand ball to be,
Where ladies their beauties show;
"Mrs. Cook," said Catskin, "dear me,
How much I should like to go!"

"You go with your Catskin robe,
You dirty impudent slut!
Among the fine ladies and lords,
A very fine figure you'd cut."

In a rage the ladle she took,
And broke poor Catskin's head;
But off she went shaking her ears,
And swift to her forest she fled.

She washed every blood-stain off
In some crystal waterfall;
Put on a more beautiful dress,
And hasted away to the ball.

My lord, at the ball-room door,
Was waiting with pleasure and pain,
He longed to see nothing so much
As the beautiful Catskin again.

When he asked her to dance, she again
Said "Yes!" with her first smiling glance;
And again, all the night, my young lord
With none but fair Catskin did dance.

“Pray tell me,” said he, “where you live?”
For now ’twas the parting-time;
But she no other answer would give,
Than this distich of mystical rhyme,—

Kind Sir, if the truth I must tell,
At the sign of the Broken-Ladle I dwell.

Then she flew from the ball, and put on
Her Catskin robe again;
And slipt in unseen by the cook,
Who little thought where she had been.

My lord did again, the next day,
Declare to his mother his mind,
That he never more happy should be,
Unless he his charmer should find.

Now another grand ball is to be,
Where ladies their beauties show;
“Mrs. Cook,” said Catskin, “dear me,
How much I should like to go!”

“You go with your Catskin robe,
You impudent, dirty slut!
Among the fine ladies and lords,
A very fine figure you’d cut.”

In a fury she took the skimmer,
And broke poor Catskin’s head;
But heart-whole and lively as ever,
Away to her forest she fled.

She washed the stains of blood
In some crystal waterfall ;
Then put on her most beautiful dress,
And hasted away to the ball.

My lord, at the ball-room door,
Was waiting with pleasure and pain ;
He longed to see nothing so much
As the beautiful Catskin again.

When he asked her to dance, she again
Said "Yes!" with her first smiling glance ;
And all the night long, my young lord
With none but fair Catskin would dance.

"Pray tell me, fair maid, where you live?"
For now was the parting-time ;
But she no other answer would give,
Than this distich of mystical rhyme,—

**Kind Sir, if the truth I must tell,
At the sign of the Broken-Skimmer I dwell.**

Then she flew from the ball, and threw on
Her Catskin cloak again ;
And slipt in unseen by the cook,
Who little thought where she had been.

But not by my lord unseen,
For this time he followed too fast ;
And, hid in the forest green,
Saw the strange things that past.

Next day he took to his bed,
And sent for the doctor to come ;
And begg'd him no other than Catskin,
Might come into his room.

He told him how dearly he lov'd her,
Not to have her his heart would break :
Then the doctor kindly promised
To the proud old lady to speak.

There's a struggle of pride and love,
For she fear'd her son would die ;
But pride at the last did yield,
And love had the mastery.

Then my lord got quickly well,
When he was his charmer to wed ;
And Catskin, before a twelvemonth,
Of a young lord was brought to bed.

To a wayfaring woman and child,
Lady Catskin one day sent an alms ;
The nurse did the errand, and carried
The sweet little lord in her arms.

The child gave the alms to the child,
This was seen by the old lady-mother ;
“ Only see,” said that wicked old woman,
“ How the beggars' brats take to each
other !”

This throw went to Catskin's heart,
She flung herself down on her knees,
And pray'd her young master and lord!
To seek out her parents would please.

They set out in my lord's own coach;
They travelled, but nought befel
Till they reach'd the town hard by,
Where Catskin's father did dwell.

They put up at the head inn,
Where Catskin was left alone;
But my lord went to try if her father
His natural child would own.

When folks are away, in short time
What great alterations appear;
For the cold touch of death had all chill'd
The hearts of her sisters dear.

Her father repented too late,
And the loss of his youngest bemoan'd;
In his old and childless state,
He his pride and cruelty own'd.

The old gentleman sat by the fire,
And hardly looked up at my lord;
He had no hopes of comfort
A stranger could afford.

But my lord drew a chair close by,
 And said, in a feeling tone,
 "Have you not, sir, a daughter, I pray,
 You never would see or own?"

The old man alarm'd, cried aloud,
 "A hardened sinner am I!
 I would give all my worldly goods,
 To see her before I die."

Then my lord brought his wife and child
 To their home and parent's face,
 Who fell down and thanks returned
 To God, for his mercy and grace.

The bells, ringing up in the tower,
 Are sending a sound to the heart;
 There's a charm in the old church-bells,
 Which nothing in life can impart!

XLVI.

[The tale of Simple Simon forms one of the chap-books, but the following verses are those generally sung in the nursery.]

SIMPLE Simon met a pieman
 Going to the fair;
 Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
 "Let me taste your ware."

Says the pieman to Simple Simon,
"Show me first your penny."
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Indeed I have not any."

Simple Simon went a fishing
For to catch a whale:
All the water he had got
Was in his mother's pail.



XLVII.

PUNCH and Judy,
Fought for a pie,
Punch gave Judy
A sad blow on the eye.

XLVIII.

THERE was a crooked man, and he went a
 crooked mile,
 He found a crooked sixpence against a
 crooked stile :
 He bought a crooked cat, which caught a
 crooked mouse,
 And they all lived together in a little crooked
 house.

XLIX.

SOLOMON GRUNDY,
 Born on a Monday,
 Christened on Tuesday,
 Married on Wednesday,
 Took ill on Thursday,
 Worse on Friday,
 Died on Saturday,
 Buried on Sunday :
 This is the end
 Of Solomon Grundy.

L.

ROBIN the Bobbin, the big-bellied Ben,
 He eat more meat than fourscore men,
 He eat a cow, he eat a calf,
 He eat a butcher and a half ;
 He eat a church, he eat a steeple,
 He eat the priest and all the people !

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 stomach
wasn't full.



LI.

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 vex'd the fat man of Bombay.

LII.

MY dear, do you know,
How a long time ago,
Two poor little children,
Whose names I don't know,
Were stolen away on a fine summer's day,
And left in a wood, as I've heard people say.

And when it was night,
So sad was their plight,
The sun it went down,
And the moon gave no light!
They sobb'd and they sigh'd, and they bit-
terly cried,
And the poor little things, they lay down
and died.

And when they were dead,
The Robins so red
Brought strawberry leaves,
And over them spread;
And all the day long,
They sung them this song,
"Poor babes in the wood! poor babes in
the wood!
And don't you remember the babes in the
wood?"

LIII.

THERE was a man, and he had naught,
And robbers came to rob him ;
He crept up to the chimney pot,
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.

LIV.

There was a little man,
And he had a little gun,
And he went to the brook,
And he shot a little rook ;
And he took it home
To his old wife Joan,
And told her to make up a fire,
While he went back,
To fetch the little drake ;
But when he got there,
The drake was fled for fear,
And like an old novice,
He turn'd back again.

LV.

THE STORY OF THE THREE LITTLE PIGS.

ONCE upon a time there was an old sow with three little pigs, and as she had not enough to keep them, she sent them out to seek their fortune. The first that went off met a man with a bundle of straw, and said to him, "Please, man, give me that straw to build me a house;" which the man did, and the little pig built a house with it. Presently came along a wolf, and knocked at the door, and said,—

"Little pig, little pig, let me come in."

To which the pig answered,—

"No, no, by the hair of my chiny chin shin."

The wolf then answered to that,—

"Then I'll huff, and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in."

So he huffed, and he puffed, and he blew his house in, and eat up the little pig.

The second little pig met a man with a bundle of furze, and said, "Please, man, give me that furze to build a house;" which the man did, and the pig built his house. Then along came the wolf, and said,—

“Little pig, little pig, let me come in.”

“No, no, by the hair of my chiny chin chin.”

“Then I’ll puff, and I’ll huff, and I’ll blow your house in.”

So he huffed, and he puffed, and he puffed, and he huffed, and at last he blew the house down, and he eat up the little pig.

The third little pig met a man with a load of bricks, and said, “Please, man, give me those bricks to build a house with;” so the man gave him the bricks, and he built his house with them. So the wolf came, as he did to the other little pigs, and said,—

“Little pig, little pig, let me come in.”

“No, no, by the hair of my chiny chin chin.”

“Then I’ll huff, and I’ll puff, and I’ll blow your house in.”

Well, he huffed, and he puffed, and he huffed, and he puffed, and he puffed, and he huffed; but he could *not* get the house down. When he found that he could not, with all his huffing and puffing, blow the house down, he said, “Little pig, I know where there is a nice field of turnips.” “Where?” said the little pig.

“Oh, in Mr. Smith’s Home-field, and if you will be ready to-morrow morning I will call for you, and we will go together, and get some for dinner.” “Very well,” said the little pig, “I will be ready. What time do you mean to go?” “Oh, at six o’clock.” Well, the little pig got up at five, and got the turnips before the wolf came—(which he did about six)—and who said, “Little pig, are you ready?” The little pig said, “Ready! I have been, and come back again, and got a nice pot-full for dinner.” The wolf felt very angry at this, but thought that he would be *up to* the little pig somehow or other, so he said, “Little pig, I know where there is a nice apple-tree.” “Where?” said the pig. “Down at Merry-garden,” replied the wolf, “and if you will not deceive me I will come for you, at five o’clock to-morrow, and we will go together and get some apples.” Well, the little pig bustled up the next morning at four o’clock, and went off for the apples, hoping to get back before the wolf came; but he had further to go, and had to climb the tree, so that just as he was coming down from it, he saw the wolf coming, which, as you may suppose, frightened him very much. When

the wolf came up he said, "Little pig, what! are you here before me? Are they nice apples?" "Yes, very," said the little pig. "I will throw you down one;" and he threw it so far, that, while the wolf was gone to pick it up, the little pig jumped down and ran home. The next day the wolf came again, and said to the little pig, "Little pig, there is a fair at Shanklin this afternoon, will you go?" "Oh yes," said the pig, "I will go; what time shall you be ready?" "At three," said the wolf. So the little pig went off before the time as usual, and got to the fair, and bought a butter-churn, which he was going home with, when he saw the wolf coming. Then he could not tell what to do. So he got into the churn to hide, and by so doing turned it round, and it rolled down the hill with the pig in it, which frightened the wolf so much, that he ran home without going to the fair. He went to the little pig's house, and told him how frightened he had been by a great round thing which came down the hill past him. Then the little pig said, "Hah, I frightened you then. I had been to the fair and bought a butter-churn, and when I saw you, I got into it,

and rolled down the hill." Then the wolf was very angry indeed, and declared he *would* eat up the little pig, and that he would get down the chimney after him. When the little pig saw what he was about, he hung on the pot full of water, and made up a blazing fire, and, just as the wolf was coming down, took off the cover, and in fell the wolf; so the little pig put on the cover again in an instant, boiled him up, and eat him for supper, and lived happy ever afterwards.

LVI.

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

LVII.

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.

LVIII.

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,
 And some gave them brown ;
 Some gave them plum-cake,
 And sent them out of town.

LIX.

THERE was a jolly miller
 Lived on the river Dee,
 He look'd upon his pillow,
 And there he saw a flea.
 Oh ! Mr. Flea,
 You have been biting me,
 And you must die :
 So he crack'd his bones
 Upon the stones,
 And there he let him lie.

LX.

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



LXI.

IN Arthur's court Tom Thumb* did live,
A man of mickle might;
The best of all the table round,
And eke a doughty knight.

* "I have an old edition of this author by me, the title of which is more sonorous and heroic than those of later date, which, for the better information of the reader, it may not be improper to insert in this place. 'Tom Thumb his Life and Death; wherein is declar'd his many marvellous Acts of Manhood, full of wonder and strange merriment.' Then he adds, 'Which little Knight liv'd in King Arthur's time, in the court of Great Britain.' Indeed, there are so many spurious editions of this piece upon one account or other, that I wou'd advise my readers to be very cautious in their choice." — *A Comment upon the History of T. T.*, 1711. A "project for the reprinting of Tom Thumb, with marginal notes and cuts," is mentioned in the old play of *The Projectours*, 1665, p. 41.

His stature but an inch in height,
Or quarter of a span :
Then think you not this little knight
Was proved a valiant man ?

His father was a ploughman plain,
His mother milk'd the cow,
Yet how that they might have a son
They knew not what to do :

Until such time this good old man
To learned Merlin goes,
And there to him his deep desires
In secret manner shows.

How in his heart he wish'd to have
A child, in time to come,
To be his heir, though it might be
No bigger than his thumb.

Of which old Merlin thus foretold,
That he his wish should have,
And so this son of stature small
The charmer to him gawe.

No blood nor bones in him should be,
In shape, and being such
That men should hear him speak, but not
His wandering shadow touch.

But so unseen to go or come,—
Whereas it pleas'd him still ;
Begot and born in half an hour,
To fit his father's will.

And in four minutes grew so fast
That he became so tall
As was the ploughman's thumb in height,
And so they did him call—

TOM THUMB, the which the fairy queen
There gave him to his name,
Who, with her train of goblins grim,
Unto his christening came.

Whereas she cloth'd him richly brave,
In garments fine and fair,
Which lasted him for many years
In seemly sort to wear.

His hat made of an oaken leaf,
His shirt a spider's web,
Both light and soft for those his limbs
That were so snally bred.

His hose and doublet thistle-down,
Together weaved full fine ;
His stockings of an apple green,
Made of the outward rind ;

His garters were two little hairs
Pull'd from his mother's eye ;
His boots and shoes, a mouse's skin,
Were tann'd most curiously

Thus like a lusty gallant, he
Adventured forth to go,
With other children in the streets,
His pretty tricks to show.

Where he for counters, pins, and points,
And cherry-stones did play,
Till he amongst those gamesters young
Had lost his stock away.

Yet could he soon renew the same,
Whereas most nimbly he
Would dive into their cherry-bags,
And their partaker be,

Unseen or felt by any one,
Until this scholar shut
This nimble youth into a box,
Wherein his pins he put.

Of whom to be reveng'd, he took,
In mirth and pleasant game,
Black pots and glasses, which he hung
Upon a bright sun-beam.

The other boys to do the like,
In pieces broke them quite ;
For which they were most soundly whipt ;
Whereat he laughed outright.

And so 'Tom 'Thumb restrained was,
From these his sports and play ;
And by his mother after that,
Compell'd at home to stay.

Until such time his mother went
A-milking of her kine ;
Where 'Tom unto a thistle fast
She linked with a twine.

A thread that held him to the same,
For fear the blustering wind
Should blow him hence,—that so she might
Her son in safety find.

But mark the hap ! a cow came by,
And up the thistle eat ;
Poor 'Tom withal, that, as a dock,
Was made the red cow's meat.

Who, being miss'd, his mother went
Him calling everywhere ;
Where art thou, 'Tom ? Where art thou, 'Tom ?
Quoth he, here, mother, here !

Within the red cow's stomach here,
Your son is swallowed up :
The which into her fearful heart,
Most careful dolours put.

Meanwhile the cow was troubled much,
And soon releas'd Tom Thumb ;
No rest she had till out her mouth,
In bad plight he did come.

Now after this, in sowing time,
His father would him have
Into the field to drive his plough,
And thereupon him gave—

A whip made of a barley-straw,
To drive the cattle on ;
Where, in a furrow'd land new sown,
Poor Tom was lost and gone.

Now by a raven of great strength,
Away he thence was borne,
And carried in the carrion's beak,
Even like a grain of corn,

Unto a giant's castle top,
In which he let him fall ;
Where soon the giant swallowed up
His body, clothes, and all.

But soon the giant spat him out,
Three miles into the sea ;
Whereas a fish soon took him up,
And bore him thence away.

Which lusty fish was after caught,
And to king Arthur sent ;
Where Tom was found, and made his dwarf,
Whereas his days he spent.

Long time in lively jollity,
Belov'd of all the court ;
And none like Tom was then esteem'd,
Among the noble sort.

Amongst his deeds of courtship done,
His highness did command,
That he should dance a galliard brave
Upon his queen's left hand.

The which he did, and for the same
The king his signet gave,
Which Tom about his middle wore,
Long time a girdle brave.

How, after this, the king would not
Abroad for pleasure go
But still Tom Thumb must ride with him,
Placed on his saddle-bow.

Whereon a time when, as it rain'd,
Tom Thumb most nimbly crept
In at a button-hole, where he
Within his bosom slept.

And being near his highness' heart,
He crav'd a wealthy boon,
A liberal gift, the which the king
Commanded to be done.

For to relieve his father's wants,
And mother's, being old ;
Which was, so much of silver coin
As well his arms could hold.

And so away goes lusty Tom,
With threepence on his back,
A heavy burthen, which might make
His wearied limbs to crack.

So travelling two days and nights,
With labour and great pain,
He came into the house whereat
His parents did remain ;

Which was but half a mile in space
From good king Arthur's court,
The which, in eight and forty hours,
He went in weary sort.

But coming to his father's door,
He there such entrance had
As made his parents both rejoice,
And he thereat was glad.

His mother in her apron took
Her gentle son in haste,
And by the fire-side, within
A walnut-shell him placed ;

Whereas they feasted him three days
Upon a hazel-nut,
Whereon he rioted so long,
He them to charges put ;

And thereupon grew wond'rous sick,
Through eating too much meat,
Which was sufficient for a month
For this great man to eat.

But now his business call'd him forth
King Arthur's court to see,
Whereas no longer from the same
He could a stranger be.

But yet a few small April drops
Which settled in the way,
His long and weary journey forth
Did hinder and so stay.

Until his careful father took
A birding trunk in sport,
And with one blast, blew this his son
Into king Arthur's court.

Now he with tilts and tournaments
Was entertained so,
That all the best of Arthur's knights
Did him much pleasure show :

As good Sir Lancelot du Lake,
Sir Tristram, and Sir Guy ;
Yet none compar'd with brave Tom Thumb
For knightly chivalry.

In honour of which noble day,
And for his lady's sake,
A challenge in king Arthur's court
Tom Thumb did bravely make.

'Gainst whom these noble knights did run,
Sir Chinon and the rest,
Yet still Tom Thumb, with matchless might,
Did bear away the best.

At last Sir Lancelot du Lake
In manly sort came in,
And with this stout and hardy knight
A battle did begin.

Which made the courtiers all aghast,
For there that valiant man,
Through Lancelot's steed, before them all,
In nimble manner ran.

Yea, horse and all, with spear and shield,
As hardy he was seen,
But only by king Arthur's self
And his admired queen ;

Who from her finger took a ring,
Through which Tom Thumb made way,
Not touching it, in nimble sort,
As it was done in play.

He likewise cleft the smallest hair
From his fair lady's head,
Not hurting her whose even hand
Him lasting honours bred.

Such were his deeds and noble acts
In Arthur's court there shone,
As like in all the world beside
Was hardly seen or known.

Now at these sports he toil'd himself,
That he a sickness took,
Through which all manly exercise
He carelessly forsook.

When lying on his bed sore sick,
King Arthur's doctor came,
With cunning skill, by physic's art,
To ease and cure the same.

His body being so slender small,
This cunning doctor took
A fine perspective glass, with which
He did in secret look—

Into his sickened body down,
And therein saw that Death
Stood ready in his wasted frame
To cease his vital breath.

His arms and legs consum'd as small
As was a spider's web,
Through which his dying hour grew on,
For all his limbs grew dead.

His face no bigger than an ant's,
Which hardly could be seen ;
The loss of which renowned knight
Much grieved the king and queen.

And so with peace and quietness
He left this earth below ;
And up into the fairy-land
His ghost did fading go,

Whereas the fairy-queen receiv'd,
With heavy mourning cheer,
The body of this valiant knight,
Whom she esteem'd so dear.

For with her dancing nymphs in green,
She fetch'd him from his bed,
With music and sweet melody,
So soon as life was fled ;

For whom king Arthur and his knights
Full forty days did mourn ;
And, in remembrance of his name,
That was so strangely born—

He built a tomb of marble gray,
And year by year did come
To celebrate ye mournful death
And burial of Tom Thumb.

Whose fame still lives in England here,
Amongst the country sort ;
Of whom our wives and children small
Tell tales of pleasant sport.

LXII.

[The following lines, slightly altered, occur in a little black-letter book by W. Wagner, printed about the year 1561; entitled, 'A very mery and pythic commedie, called, the longer thou livest, the more foole thou art.' See also a whole song, ending with these lines, in Ritson's 'North Country Chorister,' 8vo, Durham, 1802, p. 1.]

BRYAN O'LIN, and his wife, and wife's
 mother,
 They all went over a bridge together :
 The bridge was broken, and they all fell in,
 The deuce go with all ! quoth Bryan O'Lin.

LXIII.

OLD Mother Goose, when
 She wanted to wander,
 Would ride through the air
 On a very fine gander.

Mother Goose had a house,
 'Twas built in a wood,
 Where an owl at the door
 For sentinel stood.

This is her son Jack,
 A plain-looking lad,
 He is not very good,
 Nor yet very bad.

She sent him to market,
A live goose he bought,
Here, mother, says he,
It will not go for nought.

Jack's goose and her gander,
Grew very fond ;
'They'd both eat together,
Or swim in one pond.

Jack found one morning,
As I have been told,
His goose had laid him
An egg of pure gold.

Jack rode to his mother,
The news for to tell,
She call'd him a good boy,
And said it was well.

Jack sold his gold egg
To a rogue of a Jew,
Who cheated him out of
The half of his due.

Then Jack went a courting,
A lady so gay,
As fair as the lily,
And sweet as the May.

The Jew and the Squire
Came behind his back,
And began to belabour
The sides of poor Jack.

The old Mother Goose,
That instant came in,
And turned her son Jack
Into fam'd Harlequin.

She then with her wand,
Touch'd the lady so fine,
And turn'd her at once
Into sweet Columbine.

The gold egg into the sea
Was thrown then,—
When Jack jump'd in,
And got the egg back again.

The Jew got the goose,
Which he vow'd he would kill,
Resolving at once
His pockets to fill.

Jack's mother came in,
And caught the goose soon,
And mounting its back,
Flew up to the moon.

LXIV.

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

LXV.

[The "foles of Gotham" are mentioned as early as the fifteenth century in the 'Townley Mysteries;' and, at the commencement of the sixteenth century, Dr. Andrew Borde made a collection of stories about them, not however, including the following, which rests on the authority of nursery tradition.]

THREE wise men of Gotham
 Went to sea in a bowl :
 And if the bowl had been stronger,
 My song would have been longer.

LXVI.

[The following two stanzas, although they belong to the same piece, are often found separated from each other.]

ROBIN and Richard were two pretty men ;
 They laid in bed till the clock struck ten ;
 Then up starts Robin, and looks at the sky,
 Oh ! brother Richard, the sun's very high :
 The bull's in the barn threshing the corn,
 The cock's on the dunghill blowing his horn,
 The cat's at the fire frying of fish,
 The dog's in the pantry breeding his dish.

LXVII.

My lady Wind, my lady Wind,
Went round about the house to find
 A chink to get her foot in :
She tried the key-hole 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 the tongue,
Remember what old nurse has sung
 Of busy lady Wind !

LXVIII.

Old Abram Brown is dead and gone,
 You'll never see him more ;
He used to wear a long brown coat,
 That button'd down before.

LXIX.

A DOG and a cock,
A journey once took,
 'They travell'd along till 'twas late ;
The dog he made free
In the hollow of a tree,
 And the cock on the boughs of it sate.

The cock nothing knowing,
In the morn fell a crowing,
 Upon which comes a fox to the tree ;
Says he, I declare,
Your voice is above,
 All the creatures I ever did see.

Oh! would you come down
I the fav'rite might own,
 Said the cock, there's a porter below ;
If you will go in,
I promise I'll come down.
 So he went—and was worried for it too

LXX.

LITTLE Tom Tittlemouse,
Lived in a bell-house ;
The bell-house broke,
And Tom Tittlemouse woke.



LXXI.

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

LXXII.

WHEN I was a little girl, about seven years
old,
I hadn't got a petticoat, to cover me from
the cold ;

So I went into Darlington, that pretty little town,

And there I bought a petticoat, a cloak, and a gown.

I went into the woods and built me a kirk,
And all the birds of the air, they helped me to work ;

The hawk with his long claws pulled down the stone,

The dove, with her rough bill, brought me them home :

The parrot was the clergyman, the peacock was the clerk,

The bullfinch play'd the organ, and we made merry work.

LXXIII.

PEMMY was a pretty girl,
But Fanny was a better ;
Pemmy looked like any churl,
When little Fanny let her.

Pemmy had a pretty nose,
But Fanny had a better ;
Pemmy oft would come to blows,
But Fanny would not let her.

Pemmy had a pretty doll,
But Fanny had a better ;
Pemmy chatter'd like a poll,
When little Fanny let her.

Pemmy had a pretty song,
But Fanny had a better ;
Pemmy would sing all day long,
But Fanny would not let her.

Pemmy lov'd a pretty lad,
And Fanny lov'd a better ;
And Pemmy wanted for to wed,
But Fanny would not let her.

LXXIV.

[A tale for the 1st of March.]

TAFFY was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief ;
Taffy came to my house and stole a piece of
beef :
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was not at
home ;
Taffy came to my house and stole a marrow-
bone.

I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was not in ;
 Taffy came to my house and stole a silver
 pin :

I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was in bed,
 I took up a poker and flung it at his head.

LXXV.

[The tale of Jack Horner has long been appropriated to the nursery. The four lines which follow are the traditional ones, and they form part of 'The pleasant History of Jack Horner, containing his witty Tricks and pleasant Pranks, which he plaied from his Youth to his riper Years,' 12mo; a copy of which is in the Bodleian Library, and this extended story is in substance the same with 'The Fryer and the Boy,' 12mo, Lond. 1617, and both of them are taken from the more ancient story of 'Jack and his Step-dame,' which has been printed by Mr. Wright.]

LITTLE Jack Horner sat in the corner,
 Eating a Christmas pie ;
 He put in his thumb, and he took out a
 plum,
 And said, "What a good boy am I!"

LXXVI.

THERE was a king, and he had three daughter,
 And they all lived in a basin of water ;
 The basin bended,
 My story's ended.
 If the basin had been stronger,
 My story would have been longer.

LXXVII.

THE man in the moon,
 Came tumbling down,
 And ask'd his way to Norwich,
 He went by the south,
 And burnt his mouth
 With supping cold pease-porridge.

LXXVIII.

OUR saucy boy Dick,
 Had a nice little stick
 Cut from a hawthorn tree ;
 And with this pretty stick,
 He thought he could beat
 A boy much bigger than he.
 But the boy turned round,
 And hit him a rebound,
 Which did so frighten poor Dick,
 That, without more delay,
 He ran quite away,
 And over a hedge he jumped quick.

LXXIX.

Moss was a little man, and a little mare did
 buy,
 For kicking and for sprawling none her could
 come nigh ;

She could trot, she could amble, and could
canter here and there,
But one night she strayed away—so Moss
lost his mare.

Moss got up next morning to catch her fast
asleep,
And round about the frosty fields so nimbly
he did creep.
Dead in a ditch he found her, and glad to
find her there,
So I'll tell you by and bye, how Moss caught
his mare.

Rise! stupid, rise! he thus to her did say;
Arise, you beast, you drowsy beast, get up
without delay,
For I must ride you to the town, so don't
lie sleeping there;
He put the halter round her neck—so Moss
caught his mare.





FOURTH CLASS—PROVERBS.



LXXX.

ST. Swithin's day, if thou dost rain,
For forty days it will remain :
St. Swithin's day, if thou be fair,
For forty days 'twill rain na mair,

LXXXI.

To make your candles last for a',
You wives and maids give ear-o !
To put 'em out's the only way,
Says honest John Boldero.

LXXXII.

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

LXXXIII.

[Hours of sleep.]

NATURE requires five,
Custom gives seven !
Laziness takes nine,
And Wickedness eleven.

LXXXIV.

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

LXXXV.

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 !

LXXXVI.

Go to bed first, a golden purse ;
Go to bed second, a golden pheasant ;
Go to bed third, a golden bird !

LXXXVII.

WHEN the wind is in the east,
 'Tis 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 'tis at the very best.

LXXXVIII.

BOUNCE BUCKRAM, velvet's dear ;
 Christmas comes but once a year.

LXXXIX.

[One version of the following song, which I believe to be the genuine one, is written on the last leaf of MS. Harl. 6580, between the lines of a fragment of an old charter, originally used for binding the book, in a hand of the end of the seventeenth century, but unfortunately it is scarcely adapted for the "ears polite" of modern days.]

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.

XC.

A MAN of words and not of deeds,
Is like a garden full of weeds ;
For when the weeds begin to grow,
Then doth the garden overflow.

XCI.

If you sneeze on Monday, you sneeze for
danger ;
Sneeze on a Tuesday, kiss a stranger ;
Sneeze on a Wednesday, sneeze for a letter ;
Sneeze on a Thursday, something better ;
Sneeze on a Friday, sneeze for sorrow ;
Sneeze on a Saturday, see your sweetheart
to-morrow.

XCII.

A PULLET in the pen
Is worth a hundred in the fen !

XCIII.

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.

XCIV.

[The following is quoted in Miegé's 'Great French Dictionary,'
 fol. Lond. 1687, 2d part.]

A SWARM of bees in May
 Is worth a load of hay ;
 A swarm of bees in June
 Is worth a silver spoon ;
 A swarm of bees in July
 Is not worth a fly.

XCV.

THEY that wash on Monday
 Have all the week to dry ;
 They that wash on Tuesday
 Are not so much awry ;
 They that wash on Wednesday
 Are not so much to blame ;
 They that wash on Thursday,
 Wash for shame ;

They that wash on Friday,
 Wash in need ;
 And they that wash on Saturday,
 Oh ! they're sluts indeed.

XCVI.

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

XCVII.

[In Suffolk, children are frequently reminded of the decorum due to the Sabbath by the following lines.]

YEOW mussent sing a' Sunday,
 Becaze it is a sin,
 But yeow may sing a' Monday
 Till Sunday cumis agin.

XCVIII.

A SUNSHINY shower,
 Won't last half an hour.

XCIX.

As the days grow longer,
 The storms grow stronger.

C.

As the days lengthen,
 So the storms strengthen.

CI.

HE that goes to see his wheat in May,
Comes weeping away.

CII.

THE mackerel's cry,
Is never long dry.

CIII.

IN July,
Some reap rye ;
IN August,
If one will not the other must.

CIV.

[Proverbial many years ago, when the guinea in gold was of a higher value than its nominal representative in silver,]

A GUINEA it would sink,
And a pound it would float ;
Yet I'd rather have a guinea,
Than your one pound note.

CV.

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.

CVI.

THE art of good driving 's a paradox quite,
Though custom has prov'd it so long ;
If you go to the left, you're sure to go right,
If you go to the right, you go wrong.

CVII.

FRIDAY night's dream
On the Saturday told,
Is sure to come true,
Be it never so old.

CVIII.

WHEN the sand doth feed the clay,
England woe and well-a-day !
But when the clay doth feed the sand,
Then it is well with Angle-land.

CIX.

THE fair maid who, the first of May,
Goes to the fields at break of day,
And washes in dew from the hawthorn tree
Will ever after handsome be.



FIFTH CLASS—SCHOLASTIC.

—•••••

CX.

ADILLER, 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.

CXI.

TELL tale, tit!
Your tongue shall be slit,
And all the dogs in the town
Shall have a little bit.

CXII.

[The joke of the following consists in saying it so quick that it cannot be told whether it is English or gibberish. It is remarkable that the last two lines are quoted in MS. Sloan. 4, of the fifteenth century, as printed in the 'Reliq. Antiq.,' vol. i, p. 324.]

IN fir tar is,
 In oak none is.
 In mud eel is,
 In clay none is.
 Goat eat ivy,
 Mare eat oats.

CXIII.

[The dominical letters attached to the first days of the several months are remembered by the following lines.]

AT Dover Dwells George Brown Esquire,
 Good Christopher Finch, And David Friar.

[An ancient and graver example, fulfilling the same purpose, runs as follows.]

Astra Dabit Dominus, Gratisque Beabit
 Egenos,
 Gratia Christicolæ Feret Aurea Dona Fideli.

CXIV.

BIRCH and green holly, boys,
 Birch and green holly.
 If you get beaten, boys,
 'Twill be your own folly.

CXV.

WHEN V and I together meet,
 They make the number Six compleat.
 When I with V doth meet once more,
 Then 'tis they Two can make but Four
 And when that V from I is gone,
 Alas! poor I can make but One.

CXVI.

MULTIPLICATION is vexation,
 Division is as bad ;
 The Rule of Three doth puzzle me,
 And Practice drives me mad.

CXVII.

[The following memorial lines are by no means modern. They occur, with slight variations, in an old play, called 'The Returne from Parnassus,' 4to. Lond. 1606; and another version may be seen in Winter's 'Cambridge Almanac' for 1635. See the 'Rara Mathematica,' p. 119.]

THIRTY days hath September,
 April, June, and November ;
 February has twenty-eight alone,
 All the rest have thirty-one,
 Excepting leap-year, that's the time
 When February's days are twenty-nine.

CXVIII.

My story's ended,
 My spoon is bended :
 If you don't like it,
 Go to the next door,
 And get it mended.

CXIX.

[On arriving at the end of a book, boys have a practice of reciting the following absurd lines, which form the word *finis* backwards and forwards, by the initials of the words.]—

FATHER Johnson Nicholas Johnson's son—
 Son Johnson Nicholas Johnson's Father.

[To get to father Johnson, therefore, was to reach the end of the book.]

CXX.

THE rose is red, the grass is green ;
 And in this book my name is seen.

CXXI.

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

CXXII.

COME when you're called,
 Do what you're bid,
 Shut the door after you,
 Never be chid.

CXXIII.

SPEAK when you're spoken to,
 Come when one call;
 Shut the door after you,
 And turn to the wall!

CXXIV.

I LOVE my love with an A, because he's
 Agreeable.
 I hate him because he's Avaricious.
 He took me to the Sign of the Acorn,
 And treated me with Apples.
 His name's Andrew,
 And he lives at Arlington.

CXXV.

[A laconic reply to a person who indulges much in supposition.]

IF ifs and ands,
 Were pots and pans,
 There would be no need for tinkers!

CXXVI.

MISTRESS Mary, quite contrary,
 How does your garden grow?
 With cockle-shells, and silver belis,
 And mussels all a row.

CXXVII.

DOCTOR Faustus was a good man,
 He whipt his scholars now and then ;
 When he whipp'd them he made them dance,
 Out of Seotland into France,
 Out of France into Spain,
 And then he whipp'd them back again !

CXXVIII.

[A Greek bill of fare.]

LEGOMOTON,
 Acapon,
 Alfagheuse,
 Pasti venison.

CXXIX.

WHEN I was a little boy, I had but little wit
 It is some time ago, and I've no more yet ;
 Nor ever ever shall, until that I die,
 For the longer I live, the more fool am I.



SIXTH CLASS—SONGS.



CXXX.

OH, where are you going,
My pretty maiden fair,
With your red rosy cheeks,
And your coal-black hair?
I'm going a-milking,
Kind sir, says she;
And it's dabbling in the dew,
Where you'll find me.

May I go with you,
My pretty maiden fair, &c.
Oh, you may go with me,
Kind sir, says she, &c.

If I should chance to kiss you,
My pretty maiden fair, &c.
The wind may take it off again,
Kind sir, says she, &c.

And what is your father,
My pretty maiden fair, &c.
My father is a farmer,
Kind sir, says she, &c.

And what is your mother,
My pretty maiden fair, &c.
My mother is a dairy-maid,
Kind sir, says she, &c.

CXXXI.

POLLY put the kettle on,
Polly put the kettle on,
Polly put the kettle on,
And let's drink tea.

Sukey take it off again,
Sukey take it off again,
Sukey take it off again,
They're all gone away.

CXXXII.

[This is the version generally given in nursery collections, but is somewhat different in the 'Pills to Purge Melancholy,' 1719, vol. iv, p. 148.]

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 under his chin,—
 How do you do, and how do you do,
 And how do you do again !

CXXXIII.

THE fox and his wife they had a great strife,
 They never eat mustard in all their whole life;
 They eat their meat without fork or knife,
 And loved to be picking a bone, e-ho !

The fox jumped up on a moonlight night ;
 The stars they were shining, and all things
 bright ;
 Oh, ho ! said the fox, it's a very fine night
 For me to go through the town, e-ho !

The fox when he came to yonder stile,
 He lifted his lugs and he listened a while !
 Oh, ho ! said the fox, it's but a short mile
 From this unto yonder wee town, e-ho

The fox when he came to the farmer's gate,
Who should he see but the farmer's drake ;
I love you well for your master's sake,
 And long to be picking your bone, e-ho !

The gray goose she ran round the hay-stack,
Oh, ho ! said the fox, you are very fat ;
You'll grease my beard and ride on my back
 From this into yonder wee town, e-ho !

Old Gammer Hipple-hopple hopped out of
 bed,
She opened the casement, and popped out
 her head ;
Oh ! husband, oh ! husband, the gray goose
 is dead,
 And the fox is gone through the town, oh !

Then the old man got up in his red cap,
And swore he would catch the fox in a trap ;
But the fox was too cunning, and gave him
 the slip,
 And ran thro' the town, the town, oh !

When he got to the top of the hill,
He blew his trumpet both loud and shrill,
For joy that he was safe
 Thro' the town, oh !

When the fox came back to his den,
 He had young ones both nine and ten,
 "You're welcome home, daddy, you may go
 again,
 If you bring us such nice meat
 From the town, oh!"

CXXXIV.

LITTLE Tom Dogget,
 What dost thou mean,
 To kill thy poor Colly
 Now she's so lean?
 Sing, oh poor Colly,
 Colly, my cow,
 For Colly will give me
 No more milk now.

I had better have kept her,
 'Till fatter she had been,
 For now, I confess,
 She's a little too lean.
 Sing, oh poor Colly, &c.

First in comes the tanner
 With his sword by his side,
 And he bids me five shillings
 For my poor cow's hide.
 Sing, oh poor Colly, &c.

Then in comes the tallow-chandler,
Whose brains were but shallow,
And he bids me two-and-sixpence
For my cow's tallow.
Sing, oh poor Colly, &c.

Then in comes the huntsman
So early in the morn,
He bids me a penny
For my cow's horn.
Sing, oh poor Colly, &c.

Then in comes the tripe-woman,
So fine and so neat,
She bids me three half-pence
For my cow's feet.
Sing, oh poor Colly, &c.

Then in comes the butcher,
That nimble-tongu'd youth,
Who said she was carrion,
But he spoke not the truth
Sing, oh poor Colly, &c.

The skin of my cowly
Was softer than silk,
And three times a-day
My poor cow would give milk.
Sing, oh poor Colly, &c.

She every year
 A fine calf did me bring,
 Which fetcht me a pound,
 For it came in the spring.
 Sing, oh poor Colly, &c.

But now I have kill'd her,
 I can't her recall;
 I will sell my poor Colly,
 Hide, horns, and all.
 Sing, oh poor Colly, &c.

The butcher shall have her,
 Though he gives but a pound,
 And he knows in his heart
 That my Colly was sound.
 Sing, oh poor Colly, &c.

And when he has bought her
 Let him sell all together,
 The flesh for to eat,
 And the hide for leather.
 Sing, oh poor Colly, &c.*

* A different version of the above, commencing, *My Billy Aroms*, is current in the nurseries of Cornwall. One verse runs as follows:

In comes the hornor,
 Who roguery scorns,
 And gives me three farthings
 For poor cowly's horns.

This is better than our reading, and it concludes thus:

There's an end to my cowly,
 Now she's dead and gone;
 For the loss of my cowly,
 I sob and I mourn.

CXXXV.

[A north-country song.]

SAYS t'auld man tit oak tree,
 Young and lusty was I when I kenn'd thee ;
 I was young and lusty, I was fair and clear,
 Young and lusty was I mony a lang year ;
 But sair fail'd am I, sair fail'd now,
 Sair fail'd am I sen I kenn'd thou.

CXXXVI.

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

CXXXVII.

UP at Piccadilly oh !
 The coachman takes his stand,
 And when he meets a pretty girl,
 He takes her by the hand ;
 Whip away for ever oh !
 Drive away so clever oh !
 All the way to Bristol oh !
 He drives her four-in-hand.



CXXXVIII.

[The first line of this nursery rhyme is quoted in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Bonduca*, Act v, sc. 2. It is probable also that Sir Toby alludes to this song in *Twelfth Night*, Act, ii, sc. 2, when he says, "Come on; there is sixpence for you; let's have a song." In *Epulario, or the Italian banquet*, 1589, is a receipt "to make pies so that the birds may be alive in them and fle out when it is cut up," a mere device, live birds being introduced into the pie is made. This may be the original subject of the following song.]

SING a song of sixpence,
 A bag full of rye;
 Four and twenty blackbirds
 Baked in a pie;

When the pie was open'd,
 The birds began to sing;
 Was not 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 parlour
 Eating bread and honey ;

The maid was in the garden
 Hanging out the clothes,
 There came a little blackbird,
 And snapt off her nose.

Jenny was so mad,
 She didn't know what to do ;
 She put her finger in her ear,
 And crackt it right in two.

CXXXIX.

LEND me thy mare to ride a mile?
 She is lamed, leaping over a stile.
 Alack ! and I must keep the fair !
 I'll give thee money for thy mare.
 Oh, oh ! say you so ?
 Money will make the mare to go !

CXL.

ABOUT the bush, Willy,
 About the bee-hive,
 About the bush, Willy,
 I'll meet thee alive.

'Then to my ten shillings,
 Add you but a groat,
 I'll go to Newcastle,
 And buy a new coat.

Five and five shillings,
 Five and a crown ;
 Five and five shillings,
 Will buy a new gown.

Five and five shillings,
 Five and a groat ;
 Five and five shillings,
 Will buy a new coat.

CCLI.

A PRETTY little girl in a round-eared cap
 I met in the streets t'other day ;
 She gave me such a thump,
 That my heart it went bump ;
 I thought I should have fainted away !
 I thought I should have fainted away !

CXLII.

MY father he died, but I can't tell you how,
 He left me six horses to drive in my plough:
 With my wing wang waddle oh,
 Jack sing saddle oh,
 Blowsey boys buble oh,
 Under the broom.

I sold my six horses and I bought me a cow,
I'd fain have made a fortune but did not
know how :

With my, &c.

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

With my, &c.

I sold my calf, and I bought me a cat ;
A pretty thing she was, in my chimney
corner sat :

With my, &c.

I sold my cat, and bought me a mouse ;
He carried fire in his tail, and burnt down
my house :

With my, &c.

CXLIII.

LITTLE Bo-peep has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them ;
Leave them alone, and they'll come home,
And bring their tails behind them.

Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamt she heard them bleating ;
But when she awoke, she found it a joke,
For they still were all fleeting.

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

CXLIV.

Jeanie come tie my,
 Jeanie come tie my,
 Jeanie come tie my bonnie cravat ;
 I've tied it behind,
 I've tied it before,
 And I've tied it so often, I'll tie it no more.

CXLV.

TRIP upon trenchers, and dance upon dishes,
 My mother sent me for some barm, some
 barm ;
 She bid me tread lightly, and come again
 quickly,
 For fear the young men should do me some
 harm.
 Yet didn't you see, yet didn't you see,
 What naughty tricks they put upon me :

They broke my pitcher,
 And spilt the water,
 And huff'd my mother,
 And chid her daughter,
 And kiss'd my sister instead of me.

CXLVI.

From 'Histrio-mastix, or, the Player Whipt,' 4to, Lond. 1610. Mr. Rim-
 bault tells me this is common in Yorkshire.]

SOME up, and some down,
 There's players in the town,
 You wot well who they be ;
 The sun doth arise,
 To three companies,
 One, two, three, four, make wee !
 Besides we that travel,
 With pumps full of gravel,
 Made all of such running leather :
 That once in a week,
 New masters we seek,
 And never can hold together.

CXLVII.

JOHNNY shall have a new bonnet,
 And Johnny shall go to the fair,
 And Johnny shall have a blue ribbon
 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 is 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 may not Johnny love me?
 And why may not I love Johnny,
 As well as another body.

CXLVIII.

As I was walking o'er little Moorfields,
 I saw St. Paul's a running on wheels,
 With a fee, fo, fum.
 Then for further frolics I'll go to France.
 While Jack shall sing and his wife shall
 dance,
 With a fee, fo fum.

CXLIX.

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 to keep himself warm,
 Will hide his head under his wing.
 Poor thing!

CL.

[From W. Wager's play, called 'The longer thou livest, the more feels thou
 art,' 4to, Lond.]

THE white dove sat on the castle wall,
 I bend my bow and shoot her I shall;
 I put her in my glove both feathers and all;
 I laid my bridle upon the shelf,
 If you will any more, sing it yourself.

CLL.

ELSIE Marley is grown so fine,
 She won't get up to serve the swine,
 But lies in bed till eight or nine,
 And surely she does take her time.

And do you ken Elsie Marley, honey?
 The wife who sells the barley, honey;
 She won't get up to serve her swine,
 And do you ken Elsie Marley, honey?

[Elsie Marley is said to have been a merry alewife who lived near Chester, and the remainder of this song relating to her will be found in the 'Chester Garland,' 12mo, n.d. The first four lines have become favourites in the nursery.]

CLII.

LONDON bridge is broken down,
Dance o'er my lady lee ;
London bridge is broken down,
With a gay lady.

How shall we build it up again ?
Dance o'er my lady lee ;
How shall we build it up again ?
With a gay lady.

Silver and gold will be stole away,
Dance o'er my lady lee ;
Silver and gold will be stole away,
With a gay lady.

Build it up again with iron and steel,
Dance o'er my lady lee ;
Build it up with iron and steel,
With a gay lady.

Iron and steel will bend and bow,
Dance o'er my lady lee !
Iron and steel will bend and bow,
With a gay lady.

Build it up with wood and clay,
Dance o'er my lady lee ;
Build it up with wood and clay,
With a gay lady.

Wood and clay will wash away,
 Dance o'er my lady lee ;
 Wood and clay will wash away,
 With a gay lady.

Build it up with stone so strong,
 Dance o'er my lady lee ;
 Huzza ! 'twill last for ages long,
 With a gay lady.

CLIII.

OLD Father of the Pye,
 I cannot sing, my lips are dry ;
 But when my lips are very well wet,
 'Then I can sing with the Heigh go Bet !

[This appears to be an old hunting song. *Go bet* is a very ancient sporting phrase, equivalent to *go along*. It occurs in Chaucer, *Leg. Dido*, 288.]

CLIV.

[Part of this is in a song called 'Jockey's Lamentation,' in the 'Pills to Purge Melancholy,' 1719, vol. v, p. 317.]

TOM he was a piper's son,
 He learn'd to play when he was young,
 But all the tunes that he could play,
 Was, " Over the hills and far away ;"
 Over the hills, and a great way off,
 And the wind will blow my top-knot off.

Now Tom with his pipe made such a noise,
That he pleas'd both the girls and boys,
And they stopp'd to hear him play,
"Over the hills and far away."

Tom with his pipe did play with such skill,
That those who heard him could never keep
still ;
Whenever they heard they began for to
dance,
Even pigs on their hind legs would after
him prance.

As Dolly was milking her cow one day,
Tom took out his pipe and began for to play ;
So Doll and the cow danced "the Cheshire
round,"
Till the pail was broke, and the milk ran on
the ground.

He met old dame Trot with a basket of
eggs,
He used his pipe, and she used her legs ;
She danced about till the eggs were all
broke,
She began for to fret, but he laughed at the
joke.

He saw a cross fellow was beating an ass,
Heavy laden with pots, pans, dishes, and
glass ;
He took out his pipe and played them a
tune,
And the jackass's load was lightened full
soon.



CLV.

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.

CLVI.

[The following lines are part of an old song, the whole of which may be found in 'Deuteromelia,' 1609, and also in MS. Additional, 5336, fol. 5.]

OF all the gay birds that e'er I did see,
 The owl is the fairest by far to me;
 For all the day long she sits on a tree,
 And when the night comes away flies she.

CLVII.

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 four-
 pence,
 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 no-
thing,

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

CLVIII.

MERRY are the bells, and merry would they
ring,

Merry was myself, and merry could I sing ;
With a merry ding-dong, happy, gay, and
free,

And a merry sing-song, happy let us be !

Waddle goes your gait, and hollow are your
hose,

Noddle goes your pate, and purple is your
nose ;

Merry is your sing-song, happy, gay, and
free,

With a merry ding-dong, happy let us be !

Merry have we met, and merry have we
 been,
 Merry let us part, and merry meet again ;
 With our merry sing-song, happy, gay, and
 free,
 And a merry ding-dong, happy let us be !

CLIX.

My maid Mary
 She minds her dairy,
 While I go a hoing and mowing
 each morn,
 Merrily run the reel
 And the little spinning wheel
 Whilst I am singing and mowing
 my corn.

CLX.

Hot-cross Buns !
 Hot-cross Buns !
 One a penny, two a penny
 Hot-cross Buns !

 Hot-cross Buns !
 Hot-cross Buns !
 If ye have no daughters,
 Give them to your sons.

CLXI.

WOOLEY FOSTER has gone to sea,
 With silver buckles at his knee,
 When he comes back he'll marry me,—
 Bonny Wooley Foster!

Wooley Foster has a cow,
 Black and white about the mow,
 Open the gates and let her through,
 Wooley Foster's ain cow!

Wooley Foster has a hen,
 Cockle button, cockle ben,
 She lay eggs for gentlemen,
 But none for Wooley Foster!

CLXII.

[The following catch is found in Ben Jonson's 'Masque of Oberon,' and is a most common nursery song at the present day.]

Buz, quoth the blue fly,
 Hum, quoth the bee,
 Buz and hum they cry,
 And so do we:
 In his ear, in his nose,
 Thus, do you see?
 He ate the dormouse,
 Else it was he.

CLXIII.

As I was going up the hill,
 I met with Jack the piper,
 And all the tunes that he could play
 Was "Tie up your petticoats tighter."

I tied them once, I tied them twice,
 I tied them three times over ;
 And all the songs that he could sing
 Was "Carry me safe to Dover."

CLXIV.

THERE were two birds sat on a stone,
 Fa, la, la, la, la, de ;
 One flew away, and then there was one,
 Fa, la, la, la, la, de ;
 The other flew after, and then there was none,
 Fa, la, la, la, la, de ;
 And so the poor stone was left all alone,
 Fa, la, la, la, la, de !

CLXV.

How does my lady's garden grow ?
 How does my lady's garden grow ?
 With cockle shells, and silver bells,
 And pretty maids all of a row.

CLXVI.

THERE was a jolly miller
 Lived on the river Dee :
 He worked and sung from morn till night,
 No lark so blithe as he,
 And this the burden of his song
 For ever used to be—
 I jump mejerrime jee !
 I care for nobody—no ! not I,
 Since nobody cares for me.

CLXVII.

As I was going along, long, long,
 A singing a comical song, song, song,
 The lane that I went was so long, long, long,
 And the song that I sung was as long, long,
 long,
 And so I went singing along.

CLXVIII.

WHERE are you going, my pretty maid ?
 I'm going a-milking, sir, she said.
 May I go with you, my pretty maid ?
 You're kindly welcome, sir, she said.
 What is your father, my pretty maid ?
 My father's a farmer, sir, she said.

Say, will you marry me, my pretty maid?
 Yes, if you please, kind sir, she said.
 Will you be constant, my pretty maid?
 That I can't promise you, sir, she said.
 'Then I won't marry you, my pretty maid!
 Nobody asked you, sir! she said.

CLXIX.

[Song on the bells of Derby on foot-ball morning, a custom now discontinued:]

Pancakes and fritters,
 Say All Saints and St. Peters;
 When will the *ball* come,
 Say the bells of St. Alkmun;
 At two they will throw,
 Says Saint Werabo,
 O! very well,
 Says little Michel.

CLXX.

I HAVE been to market, my lady, my lady;
 'Then you've not been to the fair, says pussy,
 says pussy;
 I bought me a rabbit, my lady, my lady,
 'Then you did not buy a hare, says pussy,
 says pussy;

I roasted it, my lady, my lady ;
 Then you did not boil it, says pussy, says
 pussy ;
 I eat it, my lady, my lady ;
 And I'll eat you, says pussy, says pussy.

CLXXI.

MY father left me three acres of land,
 Sing ivy, sing ivy ;
 My father left me three acres of land,
 Sing holly, go whistle and ivy !

I ploughed it with a ram's horn,
 Sing ivy, sing ivy ;
 And sowed it all over with one pepper corn,
 Sing holly, go whistle and ivy !

I harrowed it with a bramble bush,
 Sing ivy, sing ivy ;
 And reaped it with my little penknife,
 Sing holly, go whistle and ivy !

I got the mice to carry it to the barn,
 Sing ivy, &c.
 And thrashed it with a goose's quill,
 Sing holly, &c.

I got the cat to carry it to the mill,
 Sing ivy, &c.
 The miller he swore he would have her paw,
 And the cat she swore she would scratch
 his face,
 Sing holly, go whistle and ivy!

CLXXII.

[The original of the following is to be found in 'Deuteromelia, or the second part of Músieks Melodie,' 4to, Lond. 1609, where the music is also given.]

THREE blind mice, see how they run!
 They all ran after the farmer's wife,
 Who cut off their tails with the carving-knife,
 Did you ever see such fools in your life?
 Three blind mice.

CLXXIII.

[The music to the following song, with different words, is given in 'Melismata,' 4to, Lond. 1611. See also the 'Pills to Purge Melancholy,' 1719, vol. i. p. 14. The well-known song, 'A frog he would a wooing go,' appears to have been borrowed from this. See Dauney's 'Ancient Scottish Melodies,' 1838, p. 53. The story is of old date, and in 1580 there was licensed 'A most strange weddinge of the frogge and the mouse,' as appears from the books of the Stationers' Company, quoted in Warton's *Hist. Engl. Poet.*, ed. 1840, vol. iii. p. 360.]

THERE was a frog liv'd in a well,
 Kitty alone, Kitty alone;
 There was a frog liv'd in a well,
 Kitty alone, and I!

There was a frog liv'd in a well,
And a farce* mouse in a mill, [*merry
Cock me cary, Kitty alone,
Kitty alone and I.

This frog he would a wooing ride,
Kitty alone, &c.

This frog he would a wooing ride,
And on a snail he got astride,
Cock me cary, &c.

He rode till he came to my Lady Mouse hall,
Kitty alone, &c.

He rode till he came to my Lady Mouse hall,
And there he did both knock and call,
Cock me cary, &c.

Quoth he, Miss Mouse, I'm come to thee,
Kitty alone, &c.

Quoth he, Miss Mouse, I'm come to thee,
To see if thou canst fancy me,
Cock me cary, &c.

Quoth she, answer I'll give you none,
Kitty alone, &c.

Quoth she, answer I'll give you none,
Until my uncle Rat come home,
Cock me cary, &c.

And when her uncle Rat came home,
Kitty alone, &c.

And when her uncle Rat came home,
Who's been here since I've been gone?
Cock me cary, &c.

Sir, there's been a worthy gentleman,
Kitty alone, &c.

Sir, there's been a worthy gentleman,
That's been here since you've been gone,
Cock me cary, &c.

The frog he came whistling through the
brook,

Kitty alone, &c.

The frog he came whistling through the
brook,

And there he met with a dainty duck,
Cock me cary, &c.

This duck she swallow'd him up with a pluck,
Kitty alone, Kitty alone ;

This duck she swallow'd him up with a pluck,
So there's an end of my history book.

Cock me cary, Kitty alone,
Kitty alone and I.

CLXXIV.

THERE was a man in our toone, in our toone,
in our toone,
There was a man in our toone, and his name
was Billy Pod ;
And he played upon an old razor, an old
razor, an old razor,
And he played upon an old razor, with my
fiddle fiddle fe fum fo.

And his hat it was made of the good roast
beef, the good roast beef, the good
roast beef,
And his hat it was made of the good roast
beef, and his name was Billy Pod ;
And he played upon an old razor, &c.

And his coat it was made of the good fat
tripe, the good fat tripe, the good fat
tripe,
And his coat it was made of the good fat
tripe, and his name was Billy Pod ;
And he played upon an old razor, &c.

And his breeks were made of the bawbie
baps, the bawbie baps, the bawbie baps,
And his breeks were made of the bawbie
baps, and his name was Billy Pod ;
And he played upon an old razor, &c.

And there was a man in tither toone, in
 tither toone, in tither toone,
 And there was a man in tither toone, and
 his name was Edrin Drum ;
 And he played upon an old laadle, an old
 laadle, an old laadle,
 And he played upon an old laadle, with my
 fiddle fiddle fe fum fo.

And he eat up all the good roast beef, the
 good roast beef, &c. &c.
 And he eat up all the good fat tripe, the
 good fat tripe, &c. &c.
 And he eat up all the bawbie baps, &c. and
 his name was Edrin Drum.

CLXXV.

JOHN COOK had a little grey mare ; he, haw,
 hum !
 Her back stood up, and her bones they were
 bare ; he, haw, hum !
 John Cook was riding up Shuter's bank ;
 he, haw, hum !
 And there his nag did kick and prank ; he,
 haw, hum !

John Cook was riding up Shuter's hill ; he,
haw, hum !

His mare fell down, and she made her will ;
he, haw, hum !

The bridle and saddle were laid on the shelf ;
he, haw, hum !

If you want any more you may sing it your-
self ; he, haw, hum !

CLXXVI.

A CARRION CROW sat on an oak,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do,
Watching a tailor shape his cloak ;
Sing heigh ho, the carrion crow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do.

Wife, bring me my old bent bow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do,
That I may shoot yon carrion crow ;
Sing heigh ho, the carrion crow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do.

The tailor he shot and missed his mark,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do ;
And shot his own sow quite through the
heart ;
Sing heigh ho, the carrion crow,
Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do.

Wife, bring brandy in a spoon;
 Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do,
 For our old sow is in a swoon,
 Sing heigh ho, the carrion crow,
 Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do.



CLXXVII.

[Another version from MS. Sloane, 1489, fol. 17, written in the time of Charles I.]

Hic hoc, the carrion crow,
 For I have shot something too low:
 I have quite missed my mark,
 And shot the poor sow to the heart;
 Wife, bring treacle in a spoon,
 Or else the poor sow's heart will down.

CLXXVIII.

[Song of a little boy while passing his hour of solitude in a corn-field.]

AWA' birds, away!
 Take a little, and leave a little,
 And do not come again;
 For if you do,
 I will shoot you through,
 And there is an end of you.

CLXXIX.

If I'd as much money as I could spend,
 I never would cry old chairs to mend;
 Old chairs to mend, old chairs to mend;
 I never would cry old chairs to mend.
 If I'd as much money as I could tell,
 I never would cry old clothes to sell;
 Old clothes to sell, old clothes to sell;
 I never would cry old clothes to sell.

CLXXX.

WHISTLE, daughter, whistle, whistle daughter
 dear;
 I cannot whistle, mammy, I cannot whistle
 clear.
 Whistle, daughter, whistle, whistle for a
 pound;
 I cannot whistle, mammy, I cannot make a
 sound.

CLXXXI.

I'LL sing you a song,
 Though not very long,
 Yet I think it as pretty as any ;
 Put your hand in your purse,
 You'll never be worse,
 And give the poor singer a penny.

CLXXXII.

DAME, get up and bake your pies,
 Bake your pies, bake your pies ;
 Dame, get up and bake your pies,
 On Christmas-day in the morning.

Dame, what makes your maidens lie,
 Maidens lie, maidens lie ;
 Dame, what makes your maidens lie,
 On Christmas-day in the morning ?

Dame, what makes your ducks to die,
 Ducks to die, ducks to die ;
 Dame, what makes your ducks to die,
 On Christmas-day in the morning ?

Their wings are cut and they cannot fly,
 Cannot fly, cannot fly ;
 Their wings are cut and they cannot fly,
 On Christmas-day in the morning.



SEVENTH CLASS—RIDDLES.

—→ 836 ←—

CLXXXIII.

[Ann.]

THERE was a girl in our towne,
Silk an' satin was her gowne,
Silk an' satin, gold an' velvet,
Guess her name, three times I've tell'd it.

CLXXXIV.

[A thorn.]

I WENT to the wood and got it,
I sat me down and looked at it;
The more I looked at it the less I liked it,
And I brought it home because I couldn't
help it.

CLXXXV.

[Sunshine.]

HICK-A-MORE, Hack-a-more,
 On the king's kitchen-door ;
 All the king's horses,
 And all the king's men,
 Couldn't drive Hick-a-more, Hack-a-more,
 Off the king's kitchen-door !

CLXXXVI.

[A pen.]

WHEN I was taken from the fair body,
 They then cut off my head,
 And thus my shape was altered ;
 It's I that make peace between king and
 king,
 And many a true lover glad :
 All this I do and ten times more,
 And more I could do still,
 But nothing can I do,
 Without my guider's will.

CLXXXVII.

[Snuff.]

As I look'd out o' my chamber window
 I heard something fall ;
 I sent my maid to pick it up,
 But she couldn't pick it all.

CLXXXVIII.

[A tobacco-pipe.]

I WENT into my grandmother's garden,
 And there I found a farthing.
 I went into my next door neighbour's,
 There I bought a pipkin and a popkin—
 A slipkin and a slopkin,
 A nailboard, a sailboard,
 And all for a farthing.

CLXXXIX.

[Gloves.]

As I was going o'er London Bridge,
 I met a cart full of fingers and thumbs!

CXC.

MADE in London,
 Sold at York,
 Stops a bottle
 And *is* a cork.

CXCI.

TEN and ten and twice eleven,
 Take out six and put in seven;
 Go to the green and fetch eighteen,
 And drop one a coming.

CXCI.

[A walnut.]

As soft as silk, as white as milk,
 As bitter as gall, a thick wall,
 And a green coat covers me all.

CXCI.

[A swarm of bees.]

As I was going o'er Tipple Tine,
 I met a flock of bonny swine ;
 Some green-lapp'd,
 Some green-back'd ;
 They were the very bonniest swine
 That e'er went over Tipple Tine.

CXCI.

[An egg.]

HUMPTY Dumpty lay in a beck,*
 With all his sinews round his neck ;
 Forty doctors and forty wrights
 Couldn't put Humpty Dumpty to rights!

* A brook.

CXCIV.

[A storm of wind.]

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

CXCVI.

[Tobacco.]

MAKE three-fourths of a cross,
 And a circle complete ;
 And let two semicircles
 On a perpendicular meet ;
 Next add a triangle
 That stands on two feet ;
 Next two semicircles,
 And a circle complete.

CXCVII.

THERE was a king met a king
 In a narrow lane,
 Says this king to that king,
 " Where have you been ? "

“ Oh! I’ve been a hunting
With my dog and my doe.”

“ Pray lend him to me,
That I may do so.”

“ There’s the dog *take* the dog.”

“ What’s the dog’s name? ”

“ I’ve told you already.”

“ Pray tell me again.”

CXCVIII.

[A plum-pudding.]

FLOUR of England, fruit of Spain,
Met together in a shower of rain ;
Put in a bag tied round with a string,
If you’ll tell me this riddle, I’ll give you a
ring.

CXCIX.

EVERY lady in this land
Has twenty nails upon each hand,
Five and twenty hands and feet,
All this is true without deceit.

CC.

TWELVE pears hanging high,
Twelve knights riding by ;
Each knight took a pear,
And yet left eleven there !

CCI.

[A star.]

I HAVE a little sister, they call her peep,
 peep ;
She wades the waters deep, deep, deep ;
She climbs the mountains high, high, high ;
Poor little creature she has but one eye.

CCII.

[A needle and thread.]

OLD mother Twitchett had but one eye,
And a long tail which she let fly ;
And every time she went over a gap,
She left a bit of her tail in a trap.

CCIII

[An egg.]

In marble walls as white as milk.
Lined with a skin as soft as silk ;
Within a fountain crystal clear,
A golden apple doth appear.
No doors there are to this strong-hold.
Yet things break in and steal the gold.

CCIV.

[A horse-shoer.]

WHAT shoe-maker makes shoes without
 leather,
 With all the four elements put together?
 Fire and water, earth and air;
 Ev'ry customer has two pair.

CCV.

[Curran's.]

HIGGLEDY piggedly
 Here we lie,
 Pick'd and pluck'd,
 And put in a pie.
 My first is snapping, snarling, growling,
 My second's industrious, romping, and
 prowling.
 Higgledy piggedly
 Here we lie,
 Pick'd and pluck'd,
 And put in a pie.

CCVI.

THOMAS A TATTAMUS took two Ts,
 To tie two tups to two tall trees,
 To frighten the terrible Thomas a Tattamus!
 Tell me how many Ts there are in all THAT.

CCVII.

[The man had one eye, and the tree two apples upon it.]

THERE was a man who had no eyes,
He went abroad to view the skies ;
He saw a tree with apples on it,
He took no apples off, yet left no apples
on it.

CCVIII.

[Cleopatra.]

THE moon nine days old,
The next sign to cancer ;
Pat rat without a tail ;—
And now, sir, for your answer.

CCIX.

[A candle.]

LITTLE Nancy Etticoat,
In a white petticoat,
And a red nose ;
The longer she stands,
The shorter she grows.

CCX.

[Pair of tongs.]

LONG legs, crooked thighs,
Little head and no eyes.

CCXI.

[From MS. Sloane, 1489, fol. 16, written in the time of Charles I.]

THERE were three sisters in a hall,
There came a knight amongst them all ;
Good morrow, aunt, to the one,
Good morrow, aunt, to the other,
Good morrow, gentlewoman, to the third,
If you were my aunt,
As the other two be,
I would say good morrow,
Then, aunts, all three.

CCXII.

[Isabel.]

CONGEAL'D water and Cain's brother,
'That was my lover's name, and no other.

CCXIII.

[Teeth and Gums.]

THIRTY white horses upon a red hill,
Now they tramp, now they champ, now they
stand still.

CCXIV.

[Coals.]

BLACK we are, but much admired ;
 Men seek for us till they are tired.
 We tire the horse, but comfort man ·
 Tell me this riddle if you can.

CCXV.

[A Star.]

HIGHER than a house, higher than a tree ;
 Oh, whatever can that be ?

CCXVI.

[An Egg.]

HUMPTY DUMPTY sate on a wall,
 Humpty dumpty had a great fall ;
 Three score men and three score more
 Cannot place Humpty Dumpty as he was
 before.

CCXVII.

[The allusion to Oliver Cromwell satisfactorily fixes the date of the riddle to belong to the seventeenth century. The answer is, a rainbow.]

PURPLE, yellow, red, and green,
 The king cannot reach it nor the queen ;
 Nor can old Noll, whose power's so great :
 Tell me this riddle while I count eight.

CCXVIII.

PEASE-porridge hot, pease-porridge cold,
Pease-porridge in the pot, nine days old.
Spell me *that* without a P,
And a clever scholar you will be.

CCXIX.

As I was going o'er Westminster bridge,
I met with a Westminster scholar ;
He pulled off his cap *an' drew* off his glove,
And wished me a very good morrow.
What is his name ?

CCXX.

[A Chimney.]

BLACK within, and red without ;
Four corners round about.

CCXXI.

THERE was a man rode through our town,
Gray Grizzle was his name ;
His saddle-bow was gilt with gold,
Three times I've named his name.

CCXXII.

[A Hedgehog.]

As I went over Lincoln bridge
 I met mister Rusticap ;
 Pins and needles on his back,
 A going to Thorney fair.

CCXXIII.

[One leg is a leg of mutton ; two legs, a man ; three legs, a stool ; four legs,
 a dog.]

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 back one leg.

CCXXIV.

[A Bed.]

FORMED long ago, yet made to-day,
 Employed while others sleep ;
 What few would like to give away,
 Nor any wish to keep.

CCXXV.

[A Cinder-sifter.]

A RIDDLE, a riddle, as I suppose,
A hundred eyes, and never a nose.

CCXXVI.

[A Well.]

As round as an apple, as deep as a cup,
And all the king's horses can't pull it up.

CCXXVII.

[A Cherry.]

As I went through the garden gap,
Who should I meet but Dick Red-cap!
A stick in his hand, a stone in his throat,
If you'll tell me this riddle, I'll give you a
groat.

CCXXVIII.

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.

CCXXIX.

As I was going to St. Ives,
 I met a man with seven wives,
 Every wife had seven sacks,
 Every sack had seven cats,
 Every cat had seven kits :
 Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,
 How many were there going to St. Ives ?

CCXXX.

[The Holly Tree.]

HIGHTY, tighty, paradighty clothed in green,
 The king could not read it, no more could
 the queen ;
 They sent for a wise man out of the East,
 Who said it had horns, but was not a beast !

CCXXXI.

SEE, see ! what shall I see ?
 A horse's head where his tail should be.

CCXXXII.

[A fire-brand with sparks on it.]

As I was going o'er London Bridge,
 And peep'd through a nick,
 I saw four and twenty ladies
 Riding on a stick !

CCXXXIII.

[An Icicle.]

LIVES in winter,
Dies in summer,
And grows with its root upwards!

CCXXXIV.

WHEN I went up sandy hill,
I met a sandy boy ;
I cut his throat, I sucked his blood,
And left his skin a hanging-o.

CCXXXV.

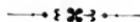
I HAD a little castle upon the sea-side,
One half was water, the other was land ;
I open'd my little castle door, and guess
what I found ;
I found a fair lady with a cup in her hand.
The cup was gold, filled with wine ;
Drink, fair lady, and thou shalt be mine !

CCXXXVI.

OLD father Graybeard,
Without tooth or tongue ;
If you'll give me your finger,
I'll give you my thumb.



EIGHTH CLASS—CHARMS.



CCXXXVII.

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.

CCXXXVIII.

[Said to pips placed in the fire; a species of divination practised by children.]

If you love me, pop and fly ;
If you hate me, lay and die.

CCXXXIX.

[The following, with a very slight variation, is found in Ben Jonson's 'Masque of Queen's,' and it is singular to account for its introduction into the modern nursery.]

I WENT to the toad that lies under the wall,
I charmed him out, and he came at my call;
I scratch'd out the eyes of the owl before,
I tore the bat's wing, what would you have
more.

CCXL.

[A charm somewhat similar to the following may be seen in the 'Townley Mysteries,' p. 91. See a paper in the 'Archæologia,' vol. xxvii, p. 253, by the Rev. Lancelot Sharpe, M.A. See also MS. Lansd. 231, fol. 114, and Ady's 'Candle in the Dark,' 4to, London, 1650, p. 58.]

MATTHEW, Mark, Luke, and John,
Guard the bed that I lay on!
Four corners to my bed,
Four angels round my head;
One to watch, one to pray,
And two to bear my soul away!

CCXLI.

[Ady, in his 'Candle in the Dark,' 4to, Lond. 1656, p. 59, says that this was a charm to make butter come from the churn. It was to be said thrice.]

COME, butter, come,
Come, butter, come!
Peter stands at the gate,
Waiting for a butter'd cake;
Come, butter, come!

CCXLII.

[From Dr. Wallis's "Grammatica Linguae Anglicanae," 12mo, Oxon. 1674, p. 164. This and the nine following are said to be certain cures for the hiccup if repeated in one breath.]

WHEN a 'Twister a twisting, will twist him
a twist ;

For the twisting of his twist, he three times
doth intwist ;

But if one of the twines of the twist do un-
twist,

'The twine that untwisteth, untwisteth the
twist.

Untwirling the twine that untwisteth be-
tween,

He twirls, with the twister, the two in a
twine :

'Then twice having twisted the twines of the
twine

He twisteth the twine he had twined in
twain.

The twain that, in twining, before in the
twine,

As twines were intwisted ; he now doth un-
twine :

'Twixt the twain inter-twisting a twine more
between,

He, twirling his twister, makes a twist of
the twine.

CCXLIII.

A THATCHER of Thatchwood went to
 Thatchet a thatching;
 Did a thatcher of Thatchwood go to
 Thatchet a thatching?
 If a thatcher of Thatchwood went to
 Thatchet a thatching,
 Where's the thatching the thatcher of
 Thatchwood has thatch'd?

CCXLIV.

[Sometimes 'off a pewter plate' is added at the end of each line.]

PETER PIPER picked a peck of pickled pep-
 per;
 A peck of pickled pepper Peter Piper picked;
 If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled pep-
 per,
 Where's the peck of pickled pepper Peter
 Piper picked?

CCXLV.

MY father he left me, just as he was able,
 One bowl, one bottle, one lable,
 'Two bowls, two bottles, two lables,
 'Three, &c. [*And so on ad. lib. in one breath.*]

CCXLVI.

ROBERT ROWLEY rolled a round roll round,
A round roll Robert Rowley rolled round ;
Where rolled the round roll Robert Rowley
rolled round ?

CCXLVII.

MY grandmother sent me a new-fashioned
three cornered cambric country cut hand-
kerchief. Not an old-fashioned three cor-
nered cambric country cut handkerchief,
but a new-fashioned three cornered cambric
country cut handkerchief.

CCXLVIII.

THREE crooked cripples went through
Cripplegate, and through Cripplegate went
three crooked cripples.

CCXLIX.

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

CCL.

HICKUP, hickup, go away!
Come again another day;
Hickup, hickup, when I bake,
I'll give to you a butter-cake.

CCLI.

HICKUP, snicup,
Rise up, right up!
Three drops in the cup
Are good for the hiccup.





NINTH CLASS—GAFFERS AND
GAMMERS.

—•••••

CCLII.

THERE was an old woman, as I've heard
tell,
She went to market her eggs for to sell;
She went to market all on a market-day,
And she fell asleep on the king's highway.
There came by a pedlar whose name was
Stout,
He cut her petticoats all round about;
He cut her petticoats up to the knees,
Which made the old woman to shiver and
freeze.

When this little woman first did wake,
She began to shiver and she began to shake,
She began to wonder and she began to cry,
“Oh! deary, deary me, this is none of I!

“But if it be I, as I do hope it be,
I’ve a little dog at home, and he’ll know me;
If it be I, he’ll wag his little tail,
And if it be not I, he’ll loudly bark and
wail.”

Home went the little woman all in the dark,
Up got the little dog, and he began to bark;
He began to bark, so she began to cry,
“Oh! deary, deary me, this is none of I!”

CCLIII.

THERE was an old woman who lived in a
shoe,
She had so many children she didn’t know
what to do;
She gave them some broth without any
bread,
She whipped them all well and put them to
bed.

CCLIV.

OLD woman, old woman, shall we go a
shearing?
Speak a little louder, sir, I am very thick of
hearing.
Old woman, old woman, shall I love you
dearly?
Thank you, kind sir, I hear you very clearly.

CCLV.

THERE was an old woman sat spinning,
And that's the first beginning;
She had a calf,
And that's half;
She took it by the tail,
And threw it over the wall,
And that's all.

CCLVI.

THERE was an old woman, her name it was
Peg;
Her head was of wood, and she wore a cork-
leg.
The neighbours all pitch'd her into the water,
Her leg was drown'd first, and her head fol-
low'd a'ter.

CCLVII.

A LITTLE old man and I fell out ;
 How shall we bring this matter about ?
 Bring it about as well as you can,
 Get you gone, you little old man !

CCLVIII.

THERE was an old woman,
 And she sold puddings and pies ;
 She went to the mill,
 And the dust flew in her eyes :
 Hot pies and cold pies to sell !
 Wherever she goes,—
 You may follow her by the smell.

CCLIX.

OLD Mother Niddity Nod swore by the
 pudding-bag,
 She would go to Stoken Church fair ;
 And then old Father Peter said he would
 meet her
 Before she got half-way there.

CCLX.

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

CCLXI.

THERE was an old woman toss'd up in a
basket

Nineteen times as high as the moon ;
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 brush the cobwebs off the sky !
Shall I go with thee ? Aye, by and by.

CCLXII.

THERE was an old man who liv'd in Middle
Row,
He had five hens and a name for them, oh !
Bill and Ned and Battock,
Cut-her-foot and Pattock,
Chuck, my lady Prattock,
Go to thy nest and lay.

CCLXIII.

THERE was an old woman of Leeds
Who spent all her time in good deeds ;
She worked for the poor
Till her fingers were sore,
This pious old woman of Leeds !

CCLXIV.

OLD Betty Blue
 Lost a holiday shoe,
 What can old Betty do?
 Give her another
 To match the other,
 And then she may swagger in two,

CCLXV.

OLD mother Hubbard
 Went to the cupboard,
 To get her poor dog a bone;
 But 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,
 But when she came back
 The poor dog was dead.

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

* Probably *loffing* or *loffin'*, to complete the rhyme. So in Shakspeare's
 'Mias. Night's Dream,' act ii, sc. 1:

"And then the whole quire hold their hips, and *loffte*."

She took a clean dish
To get him some tripe,
But when she came back
He was smoking his pipe.



She went to the fishmonger's
To buy him some fish,
And when she came back
He was licking the dish.

She went to the ale-house
To get him some beer,
But when she came back
The dog sat in a chair.

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

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

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

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

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

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

She went to the sempstress
To buy him some linen,
But when she came back
The dog was spinning.

She went to the hosier's
To buy him some hose,
But 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.

CCLXVI.

[The first two lines of the following are the same with those of a song in
D'Urfey's 'Pills to Purge Melancholy,' vol. v, p. 13.]

THERE was an old woman
Lived under a hill,
She put a mouse in a bag,
And sent it to mill ;

The miller declar'd
By the point of his knife,
He never took toll
Of a mouse in his life.

CCLXVII.

[The following is part of a comic song called 'Success to the Whistle and Wig,' intended to be sung in rotation by the members of a club.]

THERE was an old woman had three sons,
 Jerry, and James, and John :
 Jerry was hung, James was drowned,
 John was lost and never was found,
 And there was an end of the three sons,
 Jerry, and James, and John !

CCLXVIII.

[The tale on which the following story is founded is found in a MS. of the fifteenth century, preserved in the Chethara Library at Manchester.]

THERE was an old man, who lived in a wood,
 As you may plainly see ;
 He said he could do as much work in a day,
 As his wife could do in three.
 With all my heart, the old woman said,
 If that you will allow,
 To-morrow you'll stay at home in my stead,
 And I'll go drive the plough :
 But you must milk the Tidy cow,
 For fear that she go dry ;
 And you must feed the little pigs
 That are within the sty ;
 And you must mind the speckled hen,
 For fear she lay away ;
 And you must reel the spool of yarn
 That I spun yesterday.

The old woman took a staff in her hand,
And went to drive the plough ;
The old man took a pail in his hand,
And went to milk the cow ;
But Tidy hunched, and Tidy flinched,
And Tidy broke his nose,
And Tidy gave him such a blow,
That the blood ran down to his toes.

High ! Tidy ! ho ! Tidy ! high !
Tidy ! do stand still ;
If ever I milk you, Tidy, again,
'Twill be sore against my will !
He went to feed the little pigs,
That were within the sty ;
He hit his head against the beam,
And he made the blood to fly.

He went to mind the speckled hen,
For fear she'd lay astray,
And he forgot the spool of yarn
His wife spun yesterday.

So he swore by the sun, the moon, and the
stars,
And the green leaves on the tree,
If his wife didn't do a day's work in her life,
She should ne'er be ruled by he.

CCLXIX.

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.”

CCLXX.

OU, dear, what can the matter be ?
 Two old women got up in an apple tree ;
 One came down,
 And the other staid till Saturday.

CCLXXI.

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.

CCLXXII.

FATHER SHORT came down the lane,
 Oh ! I'm obliged to hammer and smite
 From four in the morning till eight at
 night,
 For a bad master, and a worse dame.

CCLXXIII.

THERE was an old woman called Nothing-
at-all,
Who rejoiced in a dwelling exceedingly
small:
A man stretched his mouth to its utmost
extent,
And down at one gulp house and old
woman went.

CCLXXIV.

THERE was an old woman of Norwich,
Who lived upon nothing but porridge;
Parading the town,
She turned cloak into gown,
This thrifty old woman of Norwich.

CCLXXV.

A LITTLE old man of Derby,
How do you think he served me?
He took away my bread and cheese,
And that is how he served me.

CCLXXVI.

THERE was an old woman in Surrey,
Who, was morn, noon, and night in a hurry;
Call'd her husband a fool,
Drove the children to school,
The worrying old woman of Surrey.



TENTH CLASS—GAMES.



CCLXXVII.

[Rhymes used by children to decide who is to begin a game.]

ONE-ERY, two-cry,
Ziccary zan ;
Hollow bone, crack a bone,
Ninery, ten :
Spittery spot,
It must be done ;
'Twiddleum twaddlum,
Twenty-one.

Dance, ye merry men, every one ;

[*The whole moving.*

But Foreman, he can dance alone,

Foreman, he can dance alone.

[And so on with the others—naming the 2d finger *Longzan*—the 3d finger *Ringman*—and the 4th finger *Littleman*. Littleman cannot dance alone.]

CCLXXX.

[The following is used by schoolboys, when two are starting to run a race.]

ONE to make ready,

And two to prepare ;

Good luck to the rider,

And away goes the mare.

CCLXXXI.

[At the conclusion, the captive is privately asked if he will have oranges or lemons (the two leaders of the arch having previously agreed which designation shall belong to each), and he goes behind the one he may chance to name. When all are thus divided into two parties, they conclude the game by trying to pull each other beyond a certain line.]

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

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

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

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

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

Pancakes and fritters,
Say the bells of St. Peter's.

Two sticks and an apple,
Say the bells at Whitechapel.

Old Father Baldpate,
Say the slow bells at Aldgate.

You owe me ten shillings,
Say the bells at St. Helen's.

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

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

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

When I grow rich,
Say the bells at Shoreditch.

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

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

Here comes a candle to light you to bed,
And here comes a chopper to chop off your
head.

CCLXXXII.

[One child holds a wand to the face of another, repeating these lines, and making grimaces, to cause the latter to laugh, and so to the others; those who laugh paying a forfeit.]

BUFF says Buff to all his men,
 And I say Buff to you again;
 Buff neither laughs nor smiles,
 But carries his face
 With a very good grace,
 And passes the stick to the very next place!

CCLXXXIII.

[Game with the hands.]

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.

CCLXXXIV.

AWAKE, arise, pull out your eyes,
 And here what time of day;
 And when you have done, pull out your
 tongue,
 And see what you can say.

CCLXXXV.

GAME OF THE GIPSY.

[One child is selected for Gipsy, one for Mother, and one for Daughter Sue. The Mother says,—

I CHARGE my daughters every one
 To keep good house while I am gone.
 You and *you (points)* but specially *you*,
 [*Or sometimes, but specially Sue.*]
 Or else I'll beat you black and blue.

During the Mother's absence, the Gipsy comes in, entices a child away, and hides her. This process is repeated till all the children are hidden, when the Mother has to find them.]

CCLXXXVI.

[This game begins thus: Take this—What's this?—A gaping, wide-mouthed, waddling frog, &c.]

TWELVE huntsmen with horns and hounds,
 Hunting over other men's grounds!
 Eleven ships sailing o'er the main,
 Some bound for France and some for Spain:
 I wish them all safe home again:
 Ten comets in the sky,
 Some low and some high;
 Nine peacocks in the air,
 I wonder how they all came there,
 I do not know and I do not care;
 Eight joiners in joiner's hall,
 Working with the tools and all;

Seven lobsters in a dish,
 As fresh as any heart could wish ;
 Six beetles against the wall,
 Close by an old woman's apple stall ;
 Five puppies of our dog Ball,
 Who daily for their breakfast call ;
 Four horses stuck in a bog,
 Three monkeys tied to a clog ;
 Two pudding-ends would choke a dog,
 With a gaping, wide-mouthed, waddling
 frog.

CCLXXXVII.

[A string of children, hand in hand, stand in a row. A child (A) stands in front of them, as leader ; two other children (B and C) form an arch, each holding both the hands of the other.]

- A. DRAW a pail of water,
 For my lady's daughter ;
 My father's a king, and my mother's a
 queen,
 My two little sisters are dress'd in green,
 Stamping grass and parsley,
 Marigold leaves and daisies.
- B. One rush, two rush,
 Pray thee, fine lady, come under my bush.

[A passes by under the arch, followed by the whole string of children, the last of whom is taken captive by B and C. The verses are repeated, until all are taken.]

CCLXXXVIII.

[The following seems to belong to the last game; but it is usually found by itself in the small books of children's rhymes.]

SIEVE my lady's oatmeal,
 Grind my lady's flour,
 Put it in a chesnut,
 Let it stand an hour;
 One may rush, two may rush,
 Come, my girls, walk under the bush.

CCLXXXIX.

QUEEN ANNE, queen Anne, you sit in the sun,
 As fair as a lily, as white as a wand.
 I send you three letters, and pray read one,
 You must read one, if you can't read all,
 So pray, Miss or Master, throw up the ball.

CCXC.

THERE were three jovial Welshmen,
 As I have heard them say,
 And they would go a-hunting
 Upon St. David's day.
 All the day they hunted,
 And nothing could they find
 But a ship a-sailing,
 A-sailing with the wind.

One said it was a ship,
The other he said, nay ;
The third said it was a house,
With the chimney blown away

And all the night they hunted,
And nothing could they find
But the moon a-gliding,
A-gliding with the wind.

One said it was the moon,
The other he said, nay ;
The third said it was a cheese,
And half o't cut away.

And all the day they hunted,
And nothing could they find
But a hedgehog in a bramble bush.
And that they left behind.

The first said it was a hedgehog,
The second he said, nay ;
The third it was a pincushion,
And the pins stuck in wrong way.

And all the night they hunted,
And nothing could they find
But a hare in a turnip field,
And that they left behind.

The first said it was a hare,
 The second he said, nay ;
 The third said it was a calf,
 And the cow had run away.

And all the day they hunted,
 And nothing could they find
 But an owl in a holly tree,
 And that they left behind.

One said it was an owl,
 The other he said, nay ;
 The third said 'twas an old man,
 And his beard growing grey.

CCXCI.

Is John Smith within?—
 Yes, that he is.
 Can he set a shoe?—
 Ay, marry, two,
 Here a nail, there a nail,
 Tick, tack, too.

CCXCII.

MARGERY MUTTON-PIE, and Johnny Bopeep,
 They met together in Grace-church Street ;
 In and out, in and out, over the way,
 Oh ! says Johnny, 'tis chop-nose day.

CCXCIII.

INTERY, mintery, cutery-corn,
 Apple seed and apple thorn ;
 Wine, brier, limber-lock,
 Five geese in a flock,
 Sit and sing by a spring,
 O-U-T, and in again.

CCXCIV.

[The game of water-skimming is of high antiquity, being mentioned by Julius Pollux, and also by Eustathius, in his commentary upon Homer. Brand quotes a curious passage from Minncius Felix; but all antiquaries seem to have overlooked the very curious notice in Higgins' adaptation of Junius's 'Nomenclator,' 8vo, London, 1585, p. 299, where it is called "a duck and a drake, and a halfe-penie cake." Thus it is probable that lines like the following were employed in this game as early as 1585; and it may be that the last line has recently furnished a hint to Mathews in his amusing song in 'Patter v. Clatter.']

A DUCK and a drake,
 A nice barley-cake,
 With a penny to pay the old baker ;
 A hop and a scotch,
 Is another notch,
 Slitherum, slatherum, take her.

CCXCV.

SEE, Saw, Margery Daw,
 Sold her bed and lay upon straw ;
 Was not she a dirty slut,
 To sell her bed and lie in the dirt !

CCXCVI.

SEE, saw, Margery Daw,
 Little Jackey shall have a new master ;
 Little Jackey shall have but a penny a day,
 Because he can't work any faster.

CCXCVII.

1. I AM a gold lock.
2. I am a gold key.
1. I am a silver lock.
2. I am a silver key.
1. I am a brass lock.
2. I am a brass key.
1. I am a lead lock.
2. I am a lead key.
1. I am a monk lock.
2. I am a monk key!

CCXCVIII.

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.

CCXCIX.

RIDE a cock-horse to Banbury-cross,
 To see what Tommy can buy ;
 A penny white loaf, a penny white cake,
 And a twopenny appie-pie.

CCC.

JACK be nimble,
 And Jack be quick :
 And Jack jump over
 The candle-stick.

CCCI.

[This should be accompanied by a kind of pantomimic dance, in which the motions of the body and arms express the process of weaving ; the motion of the shuttle, &c.]

WEAVE the diaper tick-a-tick tick,
 Weave the diaper tick—
 Come this way, come that
 As close as a mat,
 Athwart and across, up and down, round
 about,
 And forwards, and backwards, and inside,
 and out ;
 Weave the diaper thick-a-thick thick,
 Weave the diaper thick !

CCCII.

[Used in Somersetshire in counting out the game of pee-wip or pee wit.]

ONE-ery, two-ery, hickary, hum,
 Fillison, follison, Nicholson, John,
 Quever, quauver, Irish Mary,
 Stenkarum, stankarum, buck!

CCCIII.

WHOOOP, whoop, and hollow,
 Good dogs won't follow,
 Without the hare cries "pee wit."

CCCIV.

TOM BROWN'S two little Indian boys,
 One ran away,
 The other wouldn't stay,—
 TOM BROWN'S two little Indian boys.

CCCIV.

THERE were two blackbirds,
 Sitting on a hill,
 The one nam'd Jack,
 The other nam'd Jill;
 Fly away Jack!
 Fly away Jill!
 Come again Jack!
 Come again Jill!

CCCVI.

TIP, top, tower,
Tumble down in an hour.

CCCVII.

1. I WENT up one pair of stairs.
2. Just like me.
1. I went up two pair of stairs.
2. Just like me.
1. I went into a room.
2. Just like me.
1. I looked out of a window.
2. Just like me.
1. And there I saw a monkey.
2. Just like me.

CCCVIII.

NUMBER number nine, this hoop's mine;
Number number ten, take it back again.

CCCIX.

HERE goes my lord
A trot, a trot, a trot, a trot,
Here goes my lady
A canter, a canter, a canter, a canter!

Here goes my young master
 Jockey-hitch, Joekey-hitch, Jockey-hitch,
 Jockey-hitch :

Here goes my young miss,
 An amble, an amble, an amble, an amble !
 The footman lays behind to tippie ale and
 wine,
 And goes gallop, a gallop, a gallop, to make
 up his time.

CCCX.

[This is acted by two or more girls, who walk or dance up and down, turning, when they say, "turn, cheeses, turn." The "green cheeses," as I am informed, are made with sage and potatoe-tops. Two girls are said to be "cheese and cheese."]

GREEN cheese, yellow laces,
 Up and down the market-places,
 Turn, cheeses, turn !

CCCXI.

To market ride the gentlemen,
 So do we, so do we ;
 Then comes the country clown,
 Hobbledy gee, Hobbledy gee ;
 First go the ladies, nim, nin, nim :
 Next come the gentlemen, trim, trim, trim ;
 Then comes the country clowns, gallop-a-
 trot.

CCCXII.

RIDE a cock-horse to Coventry-cross ;
 To see what Emma can buy ;
 A penny white cake I'll buy for her sake,
 And a twopenny tart or a pie.

CCCXIII.

RIDE a cock-horse to Banbury-cross,
 To see an old lady upon a white horse,
 Rings on her fingers, and bells on her toes,
 And so she makes music wherever she goes.

CCCXIV.

[Song set to five toes.]

1. LET us go to 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.

CCCXV.

[A number of boys and girls stand round one in the middle, who repeats the following lines, counting the children until one is counted out by the end of the verses.]

RING me (1), ring me (2), ring me rary (3),
 As I go round (4), ring by ring (5),
 A virgin (6) goes a maying (7),
 Here's a flower (8), and there's a flower (9),

Growing in my lady's garden (10),
 If you set your foot awry (11),
 Gentle John will make you cry (12),
 If you set your foot amiss (13),
 Gentle John (14) will give you a kiss.

[The child upon whom (14) falls is then taken out, and forced to select one of the other sex. The middle child then proceeds.]

This [lady or gentleman] is none of ours,
 Has put [him or her] self in [the selected
 child's] power,
 So clap all hands, and ring all bells, and
 make the wedding o'er.

[*All clap hands.*]

[If the child taken by lot joins in the clapping, the selected child is rejected, and I believe takes the middle place. Otherwise, I think, there is a salute.]

CCCXVI.

[Another game, played exclusively by boys. Two, who are fixed upon for the purpose, leave the group, and privately arrange that the pass-word shall be some implement of a particular trade. The trade is announced in the dialogue, and then the fun is, that the unfortunate wight who guesses the "tool" is beaten with the caps of his fellows till he reaches a fixed goal, after which he goes out in turn.]

“Two broken tradesmen,
 Newly come over,
 The one from France and Scotland,
 The other from Dover.”
 “What's your trade?”

[Carpenters, nailors, smiths, tinkers, or any other is answered, and on guessing the instrument “plane him, hammer him, rasp him, or solder him,” is called out respectively during the period of punishment.]

CCCXVII.

CLAP hands, clap hands,
 Hie Tommy Randy,
 Did you see my good man?
 They call him Cock-a-bandy.

Silken Stockings on his legs,
 Silver buckles glancin',
 A sky-blue bonnet on his head,
 And oh, but he is handsome.

CCCXVIII.

[A song set to five fingers.]

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

CCCXIX.

[Children hunting bats.]

BAT, bat, (*clap hands*),
 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.

CCCXX.

[A game at ball.]

CUCKOO, cherry tree,
 Catch a bird, and give it to me ;
 Let the tree be high or low,
 Let it hail, rain, or snow.

CCCXXI.

[Two of the strongest children are selected, A and B ; A stands within a ring of the children, B being outside.]

- A. WHO is going round my sheepfold ?
 B. Only poor old Jacky Lingo.
 A. Don't steal any of my black sheep.
 B. No, no more I will, only by one,
 Up, says Jacky Lingo. (*Strikes one.*)

[The child struck leaves the ring, and takes hold of B behind ; B in the same manner takes the other children, one by one, gradually increasing his tail on each repetition of the verses, until he has got the whole : A then tries to get them back ; B runs away with them ; they try to shelter themselves behind B ; A drags them off, one by one, setting them against a wall, until he has recovered all. A regular tearing game, as children say.]

CCCXXII.

HIGHTY coek O !
 To London we go,
 To York we ride ;
 And Edward has pussy-cat tied to his side ;
 He shall have little dog tied to the other,
 And then he goes trid trod to see his grand-
 mother.

CCCXXIII.

THIS is the key of the kingdom.
 In that kingdom there is a city.
 In that city there is a town.
 In that town there is a street.
 In that street there is a lane.
 In that lane there is a yard.
 In that yard there is a house.
 In that house there is a room.
 In that room there is a bed.
 On that bed there is a basket.
 In that basket there are some flowers.
 Flowers in the basket, basket in the
 bed, bed in the room, &c. &c.

CCCXXIV.

[Children stand round, and are counted one by one, by means of this rhyme. The child upon whom the last number falls is *out*, for "Hide or Seek;" or any other game where a victim is required. A cock and bull story of this kind is related of the historian Josephus. There are other versions of this, and one may be seen in 'Blackwood's Magazine' for August, 1821 p. 36.]

HICKORY (1), Dickory, (2), Dock (3),
 The mouse ran up the clock (4),
 The clock struck one (5),
 The mouse was gone (6);
 O (7), U (8), T (9), spells OUT!

CCCXXV.

ONE old Oxford ox opening oysters ;
 Two tee-totums totally tired of trying to
 trot to Tadbury ;
 Three tall tigers tipping tenpenny tea ;
 Four fat friars fanning fainting flies ;
 Five frippy Frenchmen foolishly fishing for
 flies ;
 Six sportsmen shooting snipes ;
 Seven Severn salmons swallowing shrimps ;
 Eight Englishmen eagerly examining Europe ;
 Nine nimble noblemen nibbling nonpareils ;
 Ten tinkers tinkling upon ten tin tinder-
 boxes with ten tenpenny tacks ;
 Eleven elephants eiegantly equipt ;
 Twelve typographical topographers typically
 translating types.

CCCXXVI.

[The following lines are sung by children when starting for a race.]

Good horses, bad horses,
 What is the time of day ?
 Three o'clock, four o'clock,
 Now fare you away.

CCCXXVII.

SEE-SAW, jack a daw,
 What is a craw to do wi' her?
 She has not a stocking to put on her,
 And the craw has not one for to gi' her.

CCCXXVIII.

[The following is a game played as follows: A string of boys and girls, each holding by his predecessor's skirts, approaches two others, who with joined and elevated hands form a double arch. After the dialogue, the line passes through, and the last is caught by a sudden lowering of the arms—if possible.]

How many miles is it to Babylon?—
 Threescore miles and ten.
 Can I get there by candle-light?—
 Yes, and back again!
 If your heels are nimble and light,
 You may get there by candle-light.

CCCXXIX.

CLAP hands, clap hands!
 Till father comes home;
 For father's got money,
 But mother's got none.
 Clap hands, &c.
 Till father, &c.

CCCXX.

SEE-SAW sacradown,
 Which is the way to London town?
 One foot up, and the other down,
 And that is the way to London town.

CCCXXXI.

HERE stands a post,
 Who put it there?
 A better man than you;
 Touch it if you dare!

CCCXXXII.

[A stands with a row of girls (her daughters) behind her; B, a suitor, advances.]

- B. TRIP trap over the grass: If you please
 will you let one of your [eldest]
 daughters come,
 Come and dance with me?
 I will give you pots and pans, I will
 give you brass,
 I will give you anything for a pretty lass.
- A. says, "No."
- B. I will give you gold and silver, I will
 give you pearl,
 I will give you anything for a pretty girl.
- A. Take one, take one, the fairest you may
 see.

B. The fairest one that I can see
Is pretty Nancy,—come to me.

[B carries one off, and says :]

You shall have a duck, my dear,
And you shall have a drake,
And you shall have a young man
apprentice for your sake.

[Children say :]

If this young man should happen to die,
And leave this poor woman a widow,
The bells shall all ring, and the birds shall
all sing,
And we'll all clap hands together.

[So it is repeated until the whole are taken.]

CCCXXXIII.

[The "Three Knights of Spain" is a game played in nearly the same manner as the preceding. The *dramatis personæ* form themselves in two parties, one representing a courtly dame and her daughters, the other the suitors of the daughters. The last party, moving backwards and forwards, with their arms entwined, approach and recede from the mother party, which is stationary, singing to a very sweet air. See Chambers' 'Popular Rhymes,' p. 66.]

Suitors.

WE are three brethren out of Spain,
Come to court your daughter Jane.

Mother.

My daughter Jane she is too young,
And has not learned her mother tongue.

Suitors.

Be she young, or be she old,
For her beauty she must be sold.
So fare you well, my lady gay,
We'll call again another day.

Mother.

Turn back, turn back, thou scornful knight,
And rub thy spurs till they be bright.

Suitors.

Of my spurs take you no thought,
For in this town they were not bought,
So fare you well, my lady gay,
We'll call again another day.

Mother.

Turn back, turn back, thou scornful knight,
And take the fairest in your sight.

Suitor.

The fairest maid that I can see,
Is pretty Nancy,—come to me.

Here comes your daughter safe and sound,
Every pocket with a thousand pound ;
Every finger with a gay gold ring ;
Please to take your daughter in.

CCCXXXIV.

[A game on the slate.]

EGGS, butter, bread,
 Stick, stock, stone dead!
 Stick him up, stick him down,
 Stick him in the old man's crown!

CCCXXXV.

[In the following childish amusement, one extends his arm, and the other in illustration of the narrative, strikes him gently with the side of his hand at the shoulder and wrist; and then at the word "middle," with considerable force, on the flexor muscles at the elbow-joint.]

My father was a Frenchman,
 He bought for me a fiddle,
 He cut me here, he cut me here,
 He cut me right in the middle.

CCCXXXVI.

[Patting the foot on the five toes.]

SHOE the colt, shoe!
 Shoe the wild mare;
 Put a sack on her back,
 See if she'll bear.
 If she'll bear,
 We'll give her some grains;
 If she won't bear,
 We'll dash out her brains!



CCCXXXVII.

[Game on a child's features.]

HERE sits the Lord Mayor . forehead.
 Here sit his two men . . . eyes.
 Here sits the cock . . . right cheek
 Here sits the hen . . . left cheek.
 Here sit the little chickens . tip of nose.
 Here they run in . . . mouth.
 Chinchopper, chinchopper,
 Chinchopper, chin! . . . chuck the chin.

CCCXXXVIII.

[A play with the face. The child exclaims:]

RING the bell! . . . *giving a lock of its
hair a pull.*

KNOCK at the door! *tapping its forehead.*

DRAW the latch! . . . *pulling up its nose.*

AND walk in! . . . *opening its mouth and
putting in its finger.*

CCCXXXIX.

[An exercise during which the fingers of the child are enumerated.]

THUMBIKIN, Thumbikin, broke the barn,
Pinnikin, Pinnikin, stole the corn.

Long back'd Gray

Carried it away.

Old Mid-man sat and saw,

But Peesy-weesy paid for a'.

CCCXL.

THIS pig went to market,

Squeak mouse, mouse, mousey;

Shoe, shoe, shoe the wild colt,

And here's my own doll, Dowsy.

CCCXLI.

[From Yorkshire. A game to alarm children.]

FLOWERS, flowers, high-do!
 Sheeny, greeny, rino!—
 Sheeny greeny,
 Sheeny greeny,
 Rum tum fra!

CCCXLII.

1. THIS pig went to the barn.
2. This eat all the corn.
3. This said he would tell.
4. This said he wasn't well.
5. This went week, week, week, over the door sill.

CCCXLIII.

[The two following are fragments of a game called "The Lady of the Land," a complete version of which has not fallen in my way.]

HERE comes a poor woman from baby-land,
 With three small children in her hand:
 One can brew, the other can bake,
 The other can make a pretty round cake.
 One can sit in the garden and spin,
 Another can make a fine bed for the king;
 Pray ma'am will you take one in?

CCCXLIV.

I CAN make diet bread,
 Thick and thin ;
 I can make diet bread,
 Fit for the king.

CCCXLV.

HERE we come a piping,
 First in spring, and then in May ;
 The queen she sits upon the sand,
 Fair as a lily, white as a wand :
 King John has sent you letters three,
 And begs you'll read them unto me.—
 We can't read one without them all,
 So pray, Miss Bridget, deliver the ball !

THE first day of Christmas,
 My true love sent to me
 A partridge in a pear tree.

The second day of Christmas,
 My true love sent to me
 Two turtle doves and
 A partridge in a pear tree.

The third day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and
A partridge in a pear tree.

The fourth day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Four colly birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and
A partridge in a pear tree.

The fifth day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Five gold rings,
Four colly birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and
A partridge in a pear tree.

The sixth day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Six geese a laying,
Five gold rings,
Four colly birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and
A partridge in a pear tree.

The seventh day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Seven swans a swimming,
Six geese a laying,
Five gold rings,
Four colly birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and
A partridge in a pear tree.

The eighth day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Eight maids a milking,
Seven swans a swimming,
Six geese a laying,
Five gold rings,
Four colly birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and
A partridge in a pear tree.

The ninth day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Nine drummers drumming,
Eight maids a milking,
Seven swans a swimming,
Six geese a laying,
Five gold rings,

Four colly birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and
A partridge in a pear tree.

The tenth day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Ten pipers piping,
Nine drummers drumming,
Eight maids a milking,
Seven swans a swimming,
Six geese a laying,
Five gold rings,
Four colly birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and
A partridge in a pear tree.

The eleventh day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Eleven ladies dancing,
Ten pipers piping,
Nine drummers drumming,
Eight maids a milking,
Seven swans a swimming,
Six geese a laying,
Five gold rings,
Four colly birds,

Three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and
A partridge in a pear tree.

The twelfth day of Christmas,
My true love sent to me
Twelve lords a leaping,
Eleven ladies dancing,
Ten pipers piping,
Nine drummers drumming,
Eight maids a milking,
Seven swans a swimming,
Six geese a laying,
Five gold rings,
Four colly birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves, and
A partridge in a pear tree.

[Each child in succession repeats the gifts of the day, and forfeits for each mistake. This accumulative process is a favorite with children; in early writers, such as Homer, the repetition of messages, &c. pleases on the same principle.]

CCCXLVII.

[A game on the fingers.]

HEETUM peetum penny pie,
Populorum gingum gie;
East, West, North, South,
Kirby, Kendal, Cock him out!

CCCXLVIII.

[A game-rhyme.]

TRIP and go, heave and hoc,
 Up and down, to and fro ;
 From the town to the grove
 Two and two let us rove,
 A-maying, a-playing ;
 Love hath no gainsaying ;
 So merrily trip and go,
 So merrily trip and go !

CCCXLIX.

THIS is the way the ladies ride ;
 Tri, tre, tre, tree,
 Tri, tre, tre, tree !
 This is the way the ladies ride,
 Tri, tre, tre, tre, tri-tre-tre-tree !
 This is the way the gentlemen ride ;
 Gallop-a-trot,
 Gallop-a-trot !
 This is the way the gentlemen ride,
 Gallop-a-gallop-a-trot !
 This is the way the farmers ride ;
 Hobbledy-hoy,
 Hobbledy-hoy !
 This is the way the farmers ride,
 Hobbledy hobbledy-hoy !

CCCL.

THERE was a man, and his name was Dob,
 And he had a wife, and her name was Mob,
 And he had a dog, and he called it Cob,
 And she had a cat, called Chitterabob.

Cob, says Dob,
 Chitterabob, says Mob,
 Cob was Dob's dog,
 Chitterabob Mob's cat.

CCCLI.

[Two children sit opposite to each other; the first turns her fingers one over the other, and says:]

“MAY my geese fly over your barn?”

[The other answers, Yes, if they'll do no harm. Upon which the first unpacks the fingers of her hand, and waving it over head, says:]

“Fly over his barn and eat all his corn.”

CCCLII.

Now we dance looby, looby, looby,
 Now we dance looby, looby, light,
 Shake your right hand a little
 And turn you round about.

Now we dance looby, looby, looby,
 Shake your right hand a little,
 Shake your left hand a little,
 And turn you round about.

Now we dance looby, looby, looby,
 Shake your right hand a little,
 Shake your left hand a little,
 Shake your right foot a little,
 And turn you round about.

Now we dance looby, looby, looby.
 Shake your right hand a little,
 Shake your left hand a little,
 Shake your right foot a little,
 Shake your left foot a little,
 And turn you round about.

Now we dance looby, looby, looby,
 Shake your right hand a little,
 Shake your left hand a little,
 Shake your right foot a little,
 Shake your left foot a little,
 Shake your head a little,
 And turn you round about.

[Children dance round first, then stop and shake the hand, &c. then turn slowly round, and then dance in a ring again.]

CCCLIII.

THE OLD DAME.

One child, called the Old Dame, sits on the floor, and the rest, joining hands, form a circle round her, and dancing, sing the following lines:]

Children. To Beccles! to Beccles!
 To buy a bunch of nettles!
 Pray, old Dame, what's o'clock?

Dame. One, going for two.

Children. To Beccles! to Beccles!
To buy a bunch of nettles!
Pray, old Dame, what's o'clock?

Dame. Two, going for three.

[And so on till she reaches, "Eleven going for twelve." After this the following questions are asked, with the replies.—C. Where have you been? D. To the wood. C. What for? D. To pick up sticks. C. What for? D. To light my fire. C. What for? D. To boil my kettle. C. What for? D. To cook some of your chickens. The children then all run away as fast as they can, and the Old Dame tries to catch one of them. Whoever is caught is the next to personate the Dame.]

CCCLIV.

DROP-GLOVE.

[Children stand round in a circle, leaving a space between each. One walks round the outside, and carries a glove in her hand, saying:]

I'VE a glove in my hand,
Hittity Hot!
Another in my other hand,
Hotter than that!
So I sow beans, and so they come up,
Some in a mug, and some in a cup.
I sent a letter to my love,
I lost it, I lost it!
I found it, I found it!
It burns, it scalds.

[Repeating the last words very rapidly, till she drops the glove behind one of them, and whoever has the glove must overtake her, following her exactly in and out till she catches her. If the pursuer makes a mistake in the pursuit, she loses, and the game is over; otherwise she continues the game with the glove.]

CCCLV.

[In the following, the various parts of the countenance are touched as the lines are repeated; and at the close the chin is struck playfully, that the tongue may be gently bitten.]

EYE winker,
 Tom Tinker,
 Nose dropper.
 Mouth eater,
 Chin chopper,
 Chin chopper.

CCCLVI.

THUMB bold,
 Thibity-thold,
 Langman,
 Lick pan,
 Mama's little man.

CCCLVII.

[A game of the fox.]

- Fox a fox, a brummalary,
 How many miles to Lunmaflary? Lum-
 mabary.
- A. Eight and eight, and a hundred and eight.
 How shall I get home to night?
- A. Spin your legs, and run fast.



CCCLVIII.

[A Christmas custom in Lancashire. The boys dress themselves up with ribands, and perform various pantomimes, after which one of them, who has a blackened face, a rough skin coat, and a broom in his hand, sings as follows.]

HERE come I,
 Little David Doubt ;
 If you don't give me money,
 I'll sweep you all out.
 Money I want,
 And money I crave ;
 If you don't give me money,
 I'll sweep you all to the grave !

CCCLIX.

[The following lines are said by the nurse when moving the child's foot
up and down.]

THE dog of the kill,*
 He went to the mill
 To lick mill-dust :
 The miller he came
 With a stick on his back,—
 Home, dog, home !
 The foot behind,
 The foot before :
 When he came to a stile,
 Thus he jumped o'er.

CCCLX.

[The following lines are repeated by the nurse when sliding her hand
down the child's face.]

MY mother and your mother
 Went over the way ;
 Said my mother to your mother,
 It's chop-a-nose day !

* That is, kill.





ELEVENTH CLASS—PARADOXES.

—→ 863 ←—

CCCLXI.

[The following is quoted in Parkin's reply to Dr. Stukeley's second number of 'Origines Roystoniana,' 4to, London, 1748, p. vi.]

PPETER WHITE will ne'er go right,
Would you know the reason why?
He follows his nose where'er he goes,
And that stands all awry.

CCCLXII.

O THAT I was where I would be,
Then would I be where I am not!
But where I am I must be,
And where I would be I cannot.

CCCLXIII.

[The following was sung to the tune of Chevy Chase. It was taken from a poetical tale in the 'Choyce Poems,' 12mo, London, 1662, the music to which may be seen in D'Urfey's 'Pills to Purge Melancholy,' 1719, vol. iv, p. 1.]

THREE children sliding on the ice
 Upon 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 drown'd.

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

CCCLXIV.

THERE was a man of Newington,
 And he was wond'rous wise,
 He jump'd into a quickset hedge,
 And scratch'd out both his eyes :
 But when he saw his eyes were out,
 With all his might and main
 He jump'd into another hedge,
 And scratch'd 'em in again.

CCCLXV.

UP stairs, down stairs, upon my lady's win-
 dow,
 There I saw a cup of sack and a race of
 ginger ;
 Apples at the fire, and nuts to crack,
 A little boy in the cream-pot up to his neck.

CCCLXVI.

I WOULD if I cou'd,
 If I cou'dn't, how cou'd I ?
 I cou'dn't, without I cou'd, cou'd I ?
 Cou'd you, without you cou'd, cou'd ye ?
 Cou'd ye, cou'd ye ?
 Cou'd you, without you cou'd, cou'd ye ?

CCCLXVII.

IF all the world was apple-pie,
 And all the sea was ink,
 And all the trees were bread and cheese,
 What should we have for drink ?

CCCLXVIII.

TOBACCO wick ! tobacco wick !
 When you're well, 'twill make you sick :
 Tobacco wick ! tobacco wick !
 'Twill make you well when you are sick.

CCCLXIX.

[The following occurs in a MS. of the seventeenth century, in the Sloane Collection, the reference to which I have mislaid.]

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

CCCLXX.

[The conclusion of the following resembles a verse in the nursery history of Mother Hubbard.]

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;
 This tiresome old woman could never be
 quiet.

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 back her old husband
 was well.

CCCLXXI.

HERE am I, little jumping Joan ;
When nobody's with me,
I'm always alone.

CCCLXXII.

THERE was an old woman had nothing,
And there came thieves to rob her ;
When she cried out she made no noise,
But all the country heard her.

CCCLXXIII.

THERE was a little Guinea-pig,
Who, being little, was not big,
He always walked upon his feet,
And never fasted when he eat.

When from a place he ran away,
He never at that place did stay ;
And while he ran, as I am told,
He ne'er stood still for young or old.

He often squeak'd and sometimes vi'lent,
And when he squeak'd he ne'er was silent
Though ne'er instructed by a cat,
He knew a mouse was not a rat.

One day, as I am certified,
 He took a whim and fairly died ;
 And, as I'm told by men of sense,
 He never has been living since.

CCCLXXIV.

[Mind your punctuation!]

I SAW a peacock with a fiery tail,
 I saw a blazing comet drop down hail,
 I saw a cloud wrapped with ivy round,
 I saw an oak creep upon the ground,
 I saw a pismire swallow up a whale,
 I saw the sea brimful of ale,
 I saw a Venice glass full fifteen feet deep,
 I saw a well full of men's tears that weep,
 I saw red eyes all of a flaming fire,
 I saw a house bigger than the moon and
 higher,
 I saw the sun at twelve o'clock at night,
 I saw the man that saw this wondrous sight.

CCCLXXV.

MY true love lives far from me,
 Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Dominie.
 Many a rich present he sends to me,
 Petrum, Partrum, Paradise, 'Temporie,
 Perrie, Merrie, Dixie, Dominie.

He sent me a goose, without a bone ;
 He sent me a cherry, without a stone.

Petrum, &c.

He sent me a Bible, no man could read ;
 He sent me a blanket, without a thread.

Petrum, &c.

How could there be a goose without a bone ?
 How could there be a cherry without a
 stone ?

Petrum, &c.

How could there be a Bible no man could
 read ?

How could there be a blanket without a
 thread ?

Petrum, &c.

When the goose is in the egg-shell, there
 is no bone ;

When the cherry is in the blossom, there is
 no stone.

Petrum, &c.

When ye Bible is in ye press no man it can
 read ;

When ye wool is on ye sheep's back, there
 is no thread.

Petrum, &c.

CCCLXXVI.

THERE was a man and he was mad,
And he jump'd into a pea-swad ; *
The pea-swad was over-full,
So he jump'd into a roaring bull ;
The roaring bull was over-fat,
So he jump'd into a gentleman's hat ;
The gentleman's hat was over-fine,
So he jump'd into a bottle of wine ;
The bottle of wine was over-dear,
So he jump'd into a bottle of beer :
The bottle of beer was over-thick,
So he jump'd into a club-stick ;
The club-stick was over-narrow,
So he jump'd into a wheel-barrow ;
The wheel-barrow began to crack,
So he jump'd on to a hay-stack ;
The hay-stack began to blaze,
So he did nothing but cough and sneeze !

CCCLXXVII.

I SAW a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea ;
And, oh ! it was all laden
With pretty things for thee !

* The pod or shell of a pea.

There were comfits in the cabin,
And apples in the hold ;
The sails were made of silk,
And the masts were made of gold :

The four-and-twenty sailors,
That stood between the decks,
Were four-and-twenty white mice,
With chains about their necks.

The captain was a duck,
With a packet on his back ;
And when the ship began to move,
The captain said, “ Quack ! quack ! ”

CCCLXXVIII.

BARNEY BODKIN broke his nose,
Without feet we can't have toes ;
Crazy folks are always mad,
Want of money makes us sad.

CCCLXXIX.

IF a man who turnips cries
Cries not when his father dies,
It is a proof that he would rather
Have a turnip than his father.



TWELFTH CLASS—LULLABIES.

—•❧•—

CCCLXXX.

HUSHY baby, my doll, I pray you don't
cry,
And I'll give you some bread and some milk
by and bye ;
Or, perhaps you like custard, or may-be a
tart,—
Then to either you're welcome, with all my
whole heart.

CCCLXXXI.

DANCE, little baby, dance up high,
 Never mind, baby, mother is by ;
 Crow and caper, caper and crow,
 There, little baby, there you go ;
 Up to the ceiling, down to the ground,
 Backwards and forwards, round and
 round ;
 Dance, little baby, and mother will sing,
 With the merry coral, ding, ding, ding!

CCCLXXXII.

[The following is quoted in Florio's 'New World of Words,' fol., London,
 1611, p. 3.]

To market, to market,
 To buy a plum bun :
 Home again, come again,
 Market is done.

CCCLXXXIII.

DANCE 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.

CCCLXXXIV.

TOM shall have a new bonnet,
 With blue ribbands to tie on it,
 With a hush-a-bye and a lull-a-baby,
 Who so like to 'Tommy's daddy?

CCCLXXXV.

BYE, baby bumpkin,
 Where's 'Tony Lumpkin?
 My lady's on her death-bed,
 With eating half a pumpkin.

CCCLXXXVI.

[From 'The Pleasant Comedie of Patient Grissell,' 1603.]

HUSH, hush, hush, hush!
 And I dance mine own child,
 And I dance mine own child,
 Hush, hush, hush, hush!

CCCLXXXVII.

HUSH thee, my babby,
 Lie still with thy daddy,
 Thy mammy has gone to the mill,
 To grind thee some wheat,
 To make thee some meat,
 And so, my dear babby, lie still.

CCCLXXXVIII.

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 forwards,
 And here we go round, round, roundy.

CCCLXXXIX.

I won't be my father's Jack,
 I won't be my mother's Gill,
 I will be the fiddler's wife,
 And have music when I will.
 'T'other little tune,
 'T'other little tune,
 Pr'ythec, love, play me
 'T'other little tune.

CCCXC.

DANTY baby diddy,
 What can a mammy do wid'e,
 But sit in a lap,
 And give 'un a pap ?
 Sing danty baby diddy.

CCCXCI.

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.

CCCXCII.

BYE, O my baby !
When I was a lady,
O then my poor baby did'nt cry !
But my baby is weeping,
For want of good keeping,
Oh, I fear my poor baby will die !

CCCXCIII.

HUSH-A-BYE, a ba lamb,
Hush-a-bye a milk cow,
You shall have a little stick
To beat the naughty bow-wow.

CCCXCIV.

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

CCCXCV.

RIDE, baby, ride,
 Pretty baby shall ride,
 And have a little puppy-dog tied to her side,
 And little pussy-cat tied to the other,
 And away she shall ride to see her grand-
 mother,
 'To see her grandmother,
 'To see her grandmother.

CCCXCVI.

BYE, baby bunting,
 Daddy's gone a hunting,
 'To get a little hare's skin
 'To wrap a baby bunting in.

CCCXCVII.

GIVE me a blow, and I'll beat 'em,
 Why did they vex my baby?
 Kissy, kiss, kissy, my honey,
 And cuddle your nurse, my deary.

CCCXCVIII.

MY dear cockadoodle, my jewel, my joy,
 My darling, my honey, my pretty sweet boy;
 Before I do rock thee with soft hullaby,
 Give me thy dear lips to be kiss'd, kiss'd,
 kiss'd.

CCCXCIX.

[A favourite lullaby in the north of England fifty years ago, and perhaps still heard. The last word is pronounced *bee*.]

HUSH-A-BYE, lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sore to see thee weep,
For when thou weep'st thou wearies me,
Hush-a-bye, lie still and *bye*.

CCCC.

[From *Yorkshire* and *Essex*. A nursery-cry.—It is also sometimes sung in the streets by boys who have small figures of wool, wood, or gypsum, &c of lambs to sell.]

YOUNG Lambs to sell!
Young Lambs to sell!
If I'd as much money as I can tell,
I never would cry—Young Lambs to sell!

CCCCI.

[From *Yorkshire*. A nursery-cry.]

RABBIT, Rabbit, Rabbit-Pie!
Come, my ladies, come and buy;
Else your babies they will cry.

CCCCII.

To market, to market,
To buy a plum cake;
Home again, home again,
Ne'er a one baked;
The baker is dead and all his men,
And we must go to market again.

CCCCIII.

ROCK well my cradle,
 And "bee baa," my son ;
 You shall have a new gown,
 When ye lord comes home.

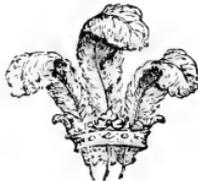
Oh ! still my child, Orange,
 Still him with a bell ;
 I can't still him, ladie,
 Till you come down yourself !

CCCCIV.

WHERE was a sugar and fretty ?
 And where was jewel and spicy ?
 Hush-a-bye, babe in a cradle,
 And we'll go away in a tricy !

CCCCV.

I'LL buy you a tartan bonnet,
 And some feathers to put on it,
 Tartan trews and a phillibeg,
 Because you are so like your daddy





THIRTEENTH CLASS—JINGLES.

—→ 233 ←—

CCCCVI.

[The first line of the following is the burden of a song in the 'Tempest,' act i, sc. 2. and also of one in the 'Merchant of Venice,' act. iii, sc. 2.]

DING, dong bell,
Pussy's in the well!
Who put her in?—
Little Tommy Lin.
Who pulled her out?—
Dog with long snout.
What a naughty boy was that
To drown poor pussy-cat,
Who never did any harm,
But kill'd the mice in his father's barn.

CCCCVII.

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.

CCCCVIII.

Cock a doodle doo !
My dame has lost her shoe ;
My master's lost his fiddling stick,
And don't know what to do.

Cock a doodle doo !
What is my dame to do ?
Till master finds his fiddling stick,
She'll dance without her shoe.

Cock a doodle doo !
My dame has lost her shoe,
And master's found his fiddling stick,
Sing doodle doodle doo !

Cock a doodle doo !
My dame will dance with you,
While master fiddles his fiddling stick,
For dame and doodle doo.

Cock a doodle doo !
 Dame has lost her shoe ;
 Gone to bed and scratch'd her head,
 And can't tell what to do.

CCCCIX.

DIDDLEY, diddledy, dumpty ;
 The cat ran up the plum-tree.
 I'll lay you a crown
 I'll fetch you down ;
 So diddledy, diddledy, dumpty.

CCCCX.

LITTLE Tee Wee,
 He went to sea
 In an open boat ;
 And while afloat
 The little boat bended,
 And my story's ended.

CCCCXI.

SING, sing, what shall I sing ?
 The cat has eat the pudding-string ;
 Do, do, what shall I do ?
 The cat has bit it quite in two.

CCCCXII.

[I do not know whether the following may have reference to the game of handy-dandy, mentioned in 'King Lear,' act iv, sc. 6, and in Florio's 'New World of Words,' 1611, p. 57.]

HANDY SPANDY, Jack-a-dandy,
Loved plum-cake and sugar-candy ;
He bought some at a grocer's shop,
And out he came, hop, hop, hop.

CCCCXIII.

TIDDLE liddle lightum,
Pitch and tar ;
Tiddle liddle lightum,
What's that for ?

CCCCXIV.

SING jigmijole, the pudding-bowl,
The table and the frame ;
My master he did cudgel me
For speaking of my dame.

CCCCXV.

DEEDLE, deedle, dumpling, my son **John**
Went to bed with his trowsers on ;
One shoe off, the other shoe on,
Deedle, deedle, dumpling, my son **John**.

CCCCXVI.

DIBBITY, dibbity, dibbity, doe,
Give me a pancake
 And I'll go.
Dibbity, dibbity, dibbity, ditler,
Please to give me
 A bit of a fritter.

CCCCXVII.

FEEDUM, fiddledum fee,
The cat's got into the tree.
 Pussy, come down,
 Or I'll crack your crown,
And toss you into the sea.

CCCCXVIII.

LITTLE Jack a Dandy
Wanted sugar-candy,
And fairly for it cried ;
 But little Billy Cook
 Who always reads his book,
Shall have a horse to ride.

CCCCXIX.

HYDER iddle diddle dell,
A yard of pudding's not an ell ;
Not forgetting tweedle-dye,
A tailor's goose will never fly.

CCCCXX.

GILLY Silly Jarter,
 Who has lost a garter?
 In a shower of rain,
 The miller found it,
 The miller ground it,
 And the miller gave it to Silly again.

CCCCXXI.

HUB a dub dub,
 Three men in a tub;
 And who do you think they be?
 The butcher, the baker,
 The candlestick-maker;
 Turn 'em out, knaves all three!

CCCCXXII.

HEY diddle, dinketty, poppety, pet,
 The merchants of London they wear scarlet;
 Silk in the collar, and gold in the hem,
 So merrily march the merchantmen.

CCCCXXIII.

FIDDLE-de-dee, fiddle-de-dee,
 The fly shall marry the humble-bee.
 They went to the church, and married was
 she,
 The fly has married the humble-bee.

CCCCXXIV.

HEY, dorolot, dorolot !
 Hey, dorolay, dorolay !
 Hey, my bonny boat, bonny boat,
 Hey, drag away, drag away !

CCCCXXV.

A CAT came fiddling out of a barn,
 With a pair of bag-pipes under her arm ;
 She could sing nothing but fiddle cum fee,
 'The mouse has married the humble-bee ;
 Pipe, cat,—dance, mouse,
 We'll have a wedding at our good house,

CCCCXXVI.

HEY ! diddle, diddle,
 'The cat and the fiddle,
 'The cow jumped over the moon ;
 'The little dog laugh'd
 'To see the sport,
 While the dish ran after the spoon.

CCCCXXVII.

DOODLEDY, doodledy, doodledy, dan,
 I'll have a piper to be my good man ;
 And if I get less meat, I shall get game,
 Doodledy, doodledy, doodledy, dan.

CCCCXXVIII.

TWEEDLE-dum and tweedle-dee
 Resolved to have a battle,
 For tweedle-dum said tweedle-dee
 Had spoiled his nice new rattle.
 Just then flew by a monstrous crow,
 As big as a tar-barrel,
 Which frightened both the heroes so,
 They quite forgot their quarrel.

CCCCXXIX:

COME dance a jig
 To my Granny's pig,
 With a raudy, rowdy, dowdy ;
 Come dance a jig
 To my Granny's pig,
 And pussy-cat shall crowdy.

CCCCXXX.

PUSSICAT, wussicat, with a white foot,
 When is your wedding ? for I'll come to't.
 The beer's to brew, the bread's to bake,
 Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, don't be too late.

CCCCXXXI.

DING, dong, darrow,
The cat and the sparrow ;
The little dog has burnt his tail,
And he shall be hang'd to-morrow.

CCCCXXXII.

LITTLE Dicky Dilver
Had a wife of silver,
He took a stick and broke her back,
And sold her to the miller ;
The miller would'nt have her,
So he threw her in the river.

CCCCXXXIII.

To market, to market, to buy a fat pig,
Home again, home again, dancing a jig ;
Ride to the market to buy a fat hog,
Home again, home again, jiggety-jog.

CCCCXXXIV.

DOODLE, doodle, doo,
The princess lost her shoe ;
Her highness hopp'd,
The fidler stopped,
Not knowing what to do.

CCCCXXXV.

ROMPTY-iddity, row, row, row,
If I had a good supper, I could eat it now.

CCCCXXXVI.

[Magotty-pie is given in MS. Lands. 1033, fol. 2, as a Wiltshire word for a magpie. See also 'Macbeth,' act iii, sc. 4. The same term occurs in the dictionaries of Hollyband, Cotgrave, and Minsheu.]

ROUND about, round about,
Magotty-pie,
My father loves good ale,
And so do I.

CCCCXXXVII.

HIGH, ding, cockatoo-moody,
Make a bed in a barn, I will come to thee;
High, ding, straps of leather,
Two little puppy-dogs tied together;
One by the head, and one by the tail,
And over the water these puppy-dogs sail.

CCCCXXXVIII.

[Our collection of nursery songs may appropriately be concluded with the Quaker's commentary on one of the greatest favourites—Hey! diddle, diddle. We have endeavoured, as far as practicable, to remove every line from the present edition that could offend the most fastidious ear; but the following annotations on a song we cannot be induced to omit. would appear to suggest that our endeavours are scarcely likely to be attended with success.]

“HEY! diddle, diddle,
The cat and the fiddle”—
Yes, thee may say that, for that is non-
sense.

“The cow jumped over the moon”—

Oh no! Mary, thee musn't say that, for that
is a falsehood; thee knows a cow could
never jump over the moon; but a cow
may jump under it; so thee ought to
say—“The cow jumped *under* the
moon.” Yes,—

“The cow jumped under the moon;
The little dog laughed”—

Oh Mary, stop. How can a little dog laugh?
thee knows a little dog can't laugh.
Thee ought to say—“The little dog
barked—to see the sport,”

“And the dish ran after the spoon”—

Stop, Mary, stop. A dish could never run
after a spoon; thee ought to know
that. Thee had better say—“And the
cat ran after the spoon.” So,—

“Hey! diddle, diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jump'd *under* the moon;
The little dog *bark'd*,
To see the sport,
And the *cat* ran after the spoon!”



FOURTEENTH CLASS.
LOVE AND MATRIMONY.

—♦♦♦—

CCCCXXXIX.

AS I was going up Pippen-hill,
Pippen-hill was dirty,
There I met a pretty miss,
And she dropt me a curtsey.

Little miss, pretty miss,
Blessings light upon you !
If I had half-a-crown a day,
I'd spend it all on you.

CCCCXL.

Brave news is come to town,
Brave news is carried ;
Brave news is come to town,
Jemmy Dawson's married.

CCCCXLI.

WILLY, Willy Wilkin,
Kissed the maids a-milking,
Fa, la, la !
And with his merry daffing,
He set them all a laughing.
Ha, ha, ha !

CCCCXLII.

It's once I courted as pretty a lass,
As ever your eyes did see ;
But now she's come to such a pass,
She never will do for me.
She invited me to her own house,
Where oft I'd been before,
And she tumbled me into the hog-tub,
And I'll never go there any more.

CCCCXLIII.

SYLVIA, sweet as morning air,
 Do not drive me to despair :
 Long have I sighed in vain,
 Now I am come again,
 Will you be mine or no, no-a-no,—
 Will you be mine or no ?

Simon pray leave off your suit,
 For of your courting you'll reap no fruit,
 I would rather give a crown
 Than be married to a clown ;
 Go for a booby, go, no-a-no,—
 Go, for a booby, go.

CCCCXLIV.

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 !

CCCCXLV.

“ WHERE have you been all the day,
 My boy Willy ? ”
 “ I've been all the day,
 Courting of a lady gay :
 But oh ! she's too young
 To be taken from her mammy.”

“What work can she do,
 My boy Willy?
 Can she bake and can she brew,
 My boy Willy?”

“She can brew and she can bake,
 And she can make our wedding cake:
 But oh! she’s too young
 To be taken from her mammy.”

“What age may she be? What age
 may she be?
 My boy Willy?”

“Twice two, twice seven,
 Twice ten twice eleven:
 But oh! she’s too young
 To be taken from her mammy.”

CCCCXLVI.

[This is part of a little work called ‘Authentic Memoirs of the little Man and the little Maid, with some interesting particulars of their lives,’ which I suspect is more modern than the following. Walpole printed a small broadside containing a different version.]

THERE was a little man,
 And he woo’d a little maid,
 And he said, “little maid, will you wed,
 wed, wed?”
 I have little more to say,
 Than will you, yea or nay,
 For least said is soonest mended-ded, ded,
 ded.”

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

CCCCXLVII.

'THERE was a little boy and a little girl
 Lived in an alley ;
 Says the little boy to the little girl,
 " Shall I, oh ! shall I ?"
 Says the little girl to the little boy,
 " What shall we do ?"
 Says the little boy to the little girl,
 " I will kiss you."

CCCCXLVIII.

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

CCCCXLIX.

O THE little rusty, dusty, rusty miller!
 I'll not change my wife for either gold or
 siller.

CCCCCL.

As Tommy Snooks and Bessy Brooks
 Were walking out one Sunday,
 Says Tommy Snooks to Bessy Brooks,
 "To-morrow will be Monday."

CCCCCLI.

LITTLE Jack Jingle,
 He used to live single :
 But when he got tired of this kind of life,
 He left off being single, and liv'd with his
 wife.

CCCCCLII.

WHEN shall we be married,
 My dear Nicholas Wood?
 We will be married on Monday,
 And will not that be very good?
 What, shall we be married no sooner?
 Why sure the man's gone wood!*

* Mad. This sense of the word has long been obsolete; and exhibits therefore, the antiquity of these lines.

What shall we have for our dinner,
 My dear Nicholas Wood?
 We will have bacon and pudding,
 And will not that be very good?
 What, shall we have nothing more?
 Why sure the man's gone wood!

Who shall we have at our wedding,
 My dear Nicholas Wood?
 We will have mammy and daddy,
 And will not that be very good?
 What, shall we have nobody else?
 Why sure the man's gone wood!

CCCCLIII.

TOMMY TROT, a man of law,
 Sold his bed and lay upon straw:
 Sold the straw and slept on grass,
 To buy his wife a looking-glass.

CCCCLIV.

WE'RE all dry with drinking on't.
 We're all dry with drinking on't;
 The piper spoke to the fiddler's wife,
 And I can't sleep for thinking on't.

CCCCLV.

“JOHN, come sell thy fiddle,
 And buy thy wife a gown.”
 “No, I’ll not sell my fiddle,
 For ne’er a wife in town.”

CCCCLVI.

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

CCCCLVII.

JACK in the pulpit, out and in ;
 Sold his wife for a minikin pin.

CCCCLVIII.

DID you see my wife, did you see, did you
 see,
 Did you see my wife looking for me ?
 She wears a straw bonnet, with white rib-
 bands on it,
 And dimity petticoats over her knee.

CCCCLIX.

ROSEMARY green,
 And lavender blue,
 Thyme and sweet marjorum,
 Hyssop and rue.

CCCCLX.

“LITTLE maid, pretty maid, whither goest
 thou?”

“Down in the forest to milk my cow.”

“Shall I go with thee?” “No, not now;
 When I send for thee, then come thou.”

CCCCLXI.

I AM a pretty wench,
 And I come a great way hence,
 And sweethearts I can get none:
 But every dirty sow,
 Can get sweethearts enow,
 And I, pretty wench, can get never a one.

CCCCLXII.

BIRDS of a feather flock together,
 And so will pigs and swine;
 Rats and mice will have their choice,
 And so will I have mine.

CCCCLXIII.

[The practice of sowing hempseed on Allhallows Even is often alluded to by earlier writers, and Gay, in his 'Pastorals,' quotes part of the following lines as used on that occasion.]

HEMP-SEED I set,
Hemp-seed I sow,
The young man that I love,
Come after me and mow !



CCCCLXIV.

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

CCCCLXV.

LITTLE Jack Dandy-prat was my first suitor;
 He had a dish and a spoon, and he'd some
 pewter ;
 He'd linen and woollen, and woollen and linen,
 A little pig in a string cost him five shilling.

CCCCLXVI.

THE KEYS OF CANTERBURY.

OH, madam, I will give you the keys of
 Canterbury,
 To set all the bells ringing when we shall
 be merry,
 If you will but walk abroad with me,
 If you will but walk with me.

Sir, I'll not accept of the keys of Canterbury,
 To set all the bells ringing when we shall
 be merry ;
 Neither will I walk abroad with thee,
 Neither will I talk with thee !

Oh, madam, I will give you a fine carved
 comb,
 To comb out your ringlets when I am from
 If you will but walk with me, &c. [home,
 Sir, I'll not accept, &c.

Oh, madam, I will give you a pair of shoes
of cork,*
One made in London, the other made in
York,
If you will but walk with me, &c.
Sir, I'll not accept, &c.

Madam, I will give you a sweet silver bell,†
To ring up your maidens when you are not
well,
If you will but walk with me, &c.
Sir, I'll not accept, &c.

Oh, my man John, what can the matter be?
I love the lady and the lady loves not me!
Neither will she walk abroad with me,
Neither will she talk with me.

Oh, master dear, do not despair,
'The lady she shall be, shall be your only dear,
And she will walk and talk with thee,
And she will walk with thee!

* This proves the song was not later than the era of chopines, or high cork shoes.

† Another proof of antiquity. It must probably have been written before the invention of bell-pulls.

Oh, madam, I will give you the keys of my
 chest,
 To count my gold and silver when I am
 gone to rest,
 If you will but walk abroad with me,
 If you will but talk with me.

Oh, sir, I will accept of the keys of your chest,
 To count your gold and silver when you are
 gone to rest,
 And I will walk abroad with thee,
 And I will talk with thee !

CCCCLXVII.

He. If you with me will go, my love,
 You shall see a pretty show, my love,
 Let dame say what she will :
 If you will have me, my love,
 I will have thee, my love,
 So let the milk-pail stand still.

She. Since you have said so, my love,
 Longer I will go, my love,
 Let dame say what she will :
 If you will have me, my love,
 I will have thee, my love,
 So let the milk-pail stand still.

CCCCLXVIII.

ON Saturday night,
Shall be all my care
To powder my locks
And curl my hair.

On Sunday morning
My love will come in,
When he will marry me
With a gold ring.

CCCCLXIX.

MASTER I have, and I am his man,
Gallop a dreary dun ;
Master I have, and I am his man,
And I'll get a wife as fast as I can ;
With a heighly gaily gamberally,
Higgledy piggledy, niggledy, niggledy,
Gallop a dreary dun.

CCCCLXX.

I DOUBT, I doubt my fire is out,
My little wife isn't at home ;
I'll saddle my dog, and I'll bridle my cat,
And I'll go fetch my little wife home.

LOVE AND MATRIMONY.



CCCCXXI.

YOUNG Roger came tapping at Dolly's win-
dow,

Thumpaty, thumpaty, thump!

He asked for admittance, she answered him
"No!"

Frumpaty, frumpaty, frump!

"No, no, Roger, no! as you came you may
go!"

Stumpaty, stumpaty, stump!

CCCCLXXI.

THOMAS and Annis met in the dark.

“ Good morning,” said Thomas.

“ Good morning,” said Annis.

And so they began to talk.

“ I’ll give you,” says Thomas,

“ Give me,” said Annis ;

“ I prithee, love, tell me what ? ”

“ Some nuts,” said Thomas.

“ Some nuts,” said Annis ;

“ Nuts are good to crack.”

“ I love you,” said Thomas.

“ Love me ! ” said Annis ;

“ I prithee love tell me where ? ”

“ In my heart,” said Thomas.

“ In your heart ! ” said Annis ;

“ How came you to love me there ? ”

“ I’ll marry you,” said Thomas.

“ Marry me ! ” said Annis ;

“ I prithee, love, tell me when ? ”

“ Next Sunday,” said Thomas.

“ Next Sunday,” said Annis ;

“ I wish next Sunday were come.”

CCCCLXXIII.

SAW ye aught of my love a coming from ye
market!

A peck of meal upon her back,

A babby in her basket;

Saw ye aught of my love a coming from the
market?

CCCCLXXIV.

[This nursery song may probably commemorate a part of Tom Thumb's history, extant in a little Danish work, treating of 'Swain Tomling, a man no bigger than a thumb, who would be married to a woman three ells and three quarters long.' See Mr. Thoms' Preface to 'Tom à Lincoln,' p. xi.]

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 bridled him, and saddled him,
And sent him out of town.

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

CCCCLXXV.

CAN you make me a cambric shirt,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme ;
Without any seam or needlework ?
And you shall be a true lover of mine.

Can you wash it in yonder well,
Parsley, &c.
Where never sprung water, nor rain ever fell?
And you, &c.

Can you dry it on yonder thorn,
Parsley, &c.
Which never bore blossom since Adam was
born ?
And you, &c.

Now you have ask'd me questions three,
Parsley, &c.
I hope you'll answer as many for me,
And you, &c.

Can you find me an acre of land,
Parsley, &c.
Between the salt water and the sea sand ?
And you, &c.

Can you plough it with a ram's horn,
 Parsley, &c.
 And sow it all over with one pepper-corn?
 And you, &c.

Can you reap it with a sickle of leather,
 Parsley, &c.
 And bind it up with a peacock's feather?
 And you, &c.

When you have done and finish'd your work,
 Parsley, &c.
 Then come to me for your cambric shirt,
 And you, &c.

CCCCLXXVI.

WHERE have you been to-day, Billy, my son?
 Where have you been to-day, my only man!
 I've been a-wooing, mother; make my bed
 soon,
 For I'm sick at heart, and fain would lay
 down.

What have you ate to-day, Billy, my son?
 What have you ate to-day, my only man?
 I've ate an eel-pie, mother; make my bed
 soon,
 For I'm sick at heart, and shall die before
 noon!

CCCCLXXVII.

I MARRIED my wife by the light of the moon,
A tidy housewife, a tidy one ;
She never gets up until it is noon,
And I hope she'll prove a tidy one.

And when she gets up, she is slovenly laced,
A tidy, &c.
She takes up the poker to roll out the paste,
And I hope, &c.

She churns her butter in a boot,
A tidy, &c.
And instead of a churnstaff she puts in her
foot,
And I hope, &c.

She lays her cheese on the scullery shelf,
A tidy, &c.
And she never turns it till it turns itself.
And I hope, &c.

CCCCLXXVIII.

THERE was a little maid, and she was afraid,
That her sweetheart would come unto her ;
So she went to bed, and cover'd up her head
And fasten'd the door with a skewer.

CCCCLXXIX.

“MADAM, I am come to court you,
If your favour I can gain.”

“Ah, Ah!” said she, “you are a bold fellow,
If I e’er see your face again!”

“Madam, I have rings and diamonds,
Madam, I have houses and land,
Madam, I have a world of treasure,
All shall be at your command.”

“I care not for rings and diamonds,
I care not for houses and lands,
I care not for a world of treasure,
So that I have but a handsome man.”

“Madam, you think much of beauty,
Beauty hasteneth to decay,
For the fairest of flowers that grow in sum-
mer
Will decay and fade away.”

CCCCLXXX.

Up street, and down street,
Each window’s made of glass;
If you go to Tommy Tickler’s house,
You’ll find a pretty lass.

CCCCXXXI.

OH! mother, I shall be married to
Mr. Punchinello.

To Mr. Punch,
To Mr. Joe,
To Mr. Nell,
To Mr. Lo.
Mr. Punch, Mr. Joe,
Mr. Nell, Mr. Lo,
To Mr. Punchinello.

CCCCLXXXII.

LITTLE John Jiggy Jag,
He rode a penny nag,
And went to Wigan to woo:
When he came to a beck,
He fell and broke his neck,—
Johnny, how dost thou now?

I made him a hat,
Of my coat-lap,
And stockings of pearly blue.
A hat and a feather,
To keep out cold weather;
So, Johnny, how dost thou now?

CCCCLXXXIII.

[Cumberland courtship.]

BONNY lass, canny lass, willta be mine?
 Thou'se neither wesh dishes, nor sarrah
 (*serve*) the swine;
 Thou sall sit on a cushion, and sew up a
 seam,
 And thou sall eat strawberries, sugar, and
 cream!

CCCCLXXXIV.

BESSY BELL and Mary Gray,*
 They were two bonny lasses:
 They built their house upon the lea,
 And covered it with rashes.
 Bessy kept the garden gate,
 And Mary kept the pantry:
 Bessy always had to wait,
 While Mary lived in plenty.

CCCCLXXXV.

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.

* The common tradition respecting these celebrated heanties is as follows:—"In the year 1666, when the plague raged at Perth, these ladies retired into solitude, to avoid infection; built on a small streamlet, tributary to the Almond, in a sequestered corner called *Burn-brae*, a bower, and lived in it together, till a young man, whom they both tenderly loved, in his visits communicated to them the fatal contagion, of which they soon after died."

CCCCLXXXVI.

LITTLE Tom Dandy
Was my first suitor,
He had a spoon and dish,
And a little pewter.

CCCCLXXXVII.

THERE was a little pretty lad,
And he lived by himself,
And all the meat he got
He put upon a shelf.

The rats and the mice
Did lead him such a life,
That he went to Ireland
To get himself a wife.

The lanes they were so broad,
And the fields they were so narrow,
He couldn't get his wife home
Without a wheelbarrow.

The wheelbarrow broke,
My wife she got a kick,
The deuce take the wheelbarrow,
That spared my wife's neck.

CCCCCLXXXVIII.

ROWLEY POWLEY, pudding and pie,
 Kissed the girls and made them cry;
 When the girls begin to cry,
 Rowley Poley runs away.

CCCCCLXXXIX.

MARGARET wrote a letter,
 Seal'd it with her finger,
 Threw it in the dam
 For the dusty miller.
 Dusty was his coat,
 Dusty was the siller,
 Dusty was the kiss
 I'd from the dusty miller.
 If I had my pockets
 Full of gold and siller,
 I would give it all
 To my dusty miller.

Chorus. O the little, little,
 Rusty, dusty, miller.

CCCCXC.

LOVE your own, kiss your own.
 Love your own mother, hinny,
 For if she was dead and gone,
 You'd ne'er get such another, hinny.

CCCCXCI.

HERE comes a lusty wooer,
 My a dildin, my a daldin ;
 Here comes a lusty wooer,
 Lily bright and shine a'.

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

For your fairest daughter,
 My a dildin my a daldin ;
 For your fairest daughter,
 Lily bright and shine a'.

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

CCCCXCII.

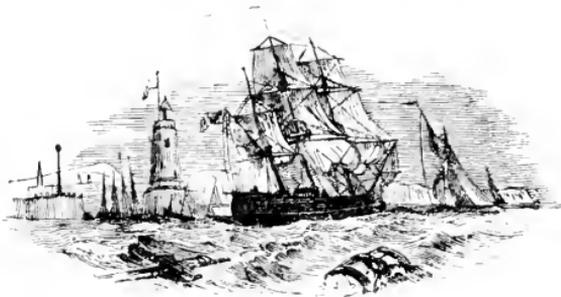
O RARE Harry Parry,
 When will you marry ?
 When apples and pears are ripe.
 I'll come to your wedding,
 Without any bidding,
 And dance and sing all the night.

CCCCXCIII.

BLUE eye beauty,
Grey eye greedy,
Black eye blackie,
Brown eye brownie

CCCCXCIV.

CURLY locks! curly locks! wilt thou be mine?
Thou shalt not wash dishes, nor yet feed the
swine ;
But sit on a cushion and sow a fine seam,
And feed upon strawberries, sugar, and
cream !





FIFTEENTH CLASS.
N A T U R A L H I S T O R Y.



CCCCXCV.

THE cuckoo's a fine bird,
He sings as he flies ;
He brings us good tidings,
He tells us no lies.

He sucks little birds' eggs,
To make his voice clear ;
And when he sings " cuckoo ! "
The summer is near.

CCCCXCVI.

[A provincial version of the same.]

THE cuckoo's a vine bird,
 A zengs as a vlies ;
 A brengs us good tidins,
 And tells us no lies ;
 A zucks th' smael birds' eggs,
 To make his voice clear ;
 And the mwore a cries " cuckoo ! "
 The zummer draws near.

CCCCXCVII.

I HAD a little dog, and his name was Blue
 Bell,
 I gave him some work, and he did it very
 well ;
 I sent him up stairs to pick up a pin,
 He stepped in the coal-scuttle up to the chin ;
 I sent him to the garden to pick some sage,
 He tumbled down and fell in a rage ;
 I sent him to the cellar to draw a pot of
 beer,
 He came up again and said there was none
 there.

CCCCXCVIII.

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.

CCCCXCIX.

I HAD a little hobby-horse, and it was well
shod,
It carried me to the mill-door, trod, trod,
trod ;
When I got there I gave a great shout,
Down came the hobby-horse, and I cried out.
Fie upon the miller, he was a great beast,
He would not come to my house, I made a
little feast,
I had but little, but I would give him some,
For playing of his bag-pipes and beating his
drum.

D.

PIT, Pat, well-a-day,
Little Robin flew away ;
Where can little Robin be ?
Gone into the cherry tree.

DI.

LITTLE Poll Parrot
 Sat in his garret,
 Eating toast and tea ;
 A little brown mouse,
 Jumped into the house,
 And stole it all away.

DII.

[The snail scoops out hollows, little rotund chambers, in limest one, for its residence. This habit of the animal is so important in its effects, as to have attracted the attention of geologists, and Dr. Buckland alluded to it at the meeting of the British Association in 1841. See Chambers' Popular Rhymes, p. 43. The following rhyme is a boy's invocation to the snail to come out of such holes.]

SNAIL, snail, come out of your hole,
 Or else I will beat you as black as a coal.

DIII.

SNEEL, snaul,
 Robbers are coming to pull down your wall ;
 Sneel, snaul,
 Put out your horn,
 Robbers are coming to steal your corn,
 Coming at four o'clock in the morn.

DIV.

BURNIE bee, burnie bee,
 Tell me when your wedding be ?
 If it be to-morrow day,
 Take your wings and fly away.

D.V.

SOME little mice sat in a barn to spin ;
 Pussy came by, and popped her head in ;
 “ Shall I come in, and cut your threads off ? ”
 “ Oh ! no, kind sir, you will snap our heads
 off ? ”

D.VI.

THE sow came in with the saddle,
 The little pig rock'd the cradle
 The dish jump'd over the table
 To see the pot with the iadle.
 The broom behind the butt
 Call'd the dish-clout a nasty slut :
 Oh ! Oh ! says the gridiron, can't you agree ?
 I'm the head constable,—come along with
 me.

D.VII.

“ WHAT do they call you ? ”
 “ Patchy Dolly.”
 “ Where were you born ? ”
 “ In the cow's horn.”
 “ Where were you bred ? ”
 “ In the cow's head.”
 “ Where will you die ? ”
 “ In the cow's eve.”

DVIII.

As I went over the water,
The water went over me.
I saw two little blackbirds sitting on a tree:
The one called me a rascal,
The other called me a thief;
I took up my little black stick,
And knocked out all their teeth.

DIX.

FOUR and twenty tailors went to kill a snail,
The best man among them durst 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.

DX.

[A Dorsetshire version.]

'Twas the twenty-ninth of May, 'twas a
holiday,
Four and twenty tailors set out to hunt a
snail;
The snail put forth his horns, and roared
like a bull,
Away ran the tailors, and catch the snail
who wull.

DXI.

CROAK ! said the Toad, I'm hungry, I think,
To-day I've had nothing to eat or to drink,
I'll crawl to a garden and jump through the
pales,
And there I'll dine nicely on slugs and on
snails ;
Ho, ho ! quoth the Frog, is that what you
mean ?
Then I'll hop away to the next meadow
stream,
There I will drink, and eat worms and slugs
too,
And then I shall have a good dinner like
you.

DXII.

GRAY goose and gander,
Waft your wings together,
And carry the good king's daughter
Over the one strand river.

DXIII.

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

DXIV.

I HAD a little dog, and they called him Buff;
I sent him to the shop for a hap'orth of snuff;
But he lost the bag, and spill'd the snuff,
So take that cuff, and that's enough.

DXV.

ALL of a row,
Bend the bow,
Shot at a pigeon,
And killed a crow,

DXVI.

THE cock doth crow,
To let you know,
If you be wise,
'Tis time to rise.

DXVII.

THERE was an owl lived in an oak,
Wisky, wasky, weedle;
And every word he ever spoke
Was fiddle, faddle, feedle.
A gunner chanced to come that way,
Wisky, wasky, weedle;
Says he, "I'll shoot you, silly bird."
Fiddle, faddle, feedle.

DXVIII.

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.

DXIX.

A PIE sate on a pear-tree,
 A pie sate on a pear-tree,
 A pie sate on a pear-tree,
 Heigh O, heigh O, heigh O !
 Once so merrily hopp'd she,
 Twice so merrily hopp'd she,
 Thrice so merrily hopp'd she,
 Heigh O, heigh O, heigh O !

DXX.

[An ancient Suffolk song for a bad singer.]

THERE was an old crow
 Sat upon a clod :
 There's an end of my song,
 That's odd !

DXXI.

CUCKOO, Cuckoo,
 What do you do?
 In April
 I open my bill;
 In May
 I sing night and day;
 In June
 I change my tune;
 In July
 Away I fly;
 In August
 Away I must.

DXXII.

"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."

DXXIII.

CATCH him, crow! carry him, kite!
 Take him away till the apples are ripe;
 When they are ripe and ready to fall,
 Home comes [Johnny,] apples and all.

DXXIV.

DICKERY, dickery, dare,
The pig flew up in the air ;
The man in brown soon brought him down,
Dickery, dickery, dare.

DXXV.

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

DXXVI.

PUSSY sat by the fire-side
In a basket full of coal-dust ;
Bas-
ket,
Coal-
dust,
In a basket full of coal-dust !

DXXVII.

LITTLE Robin Red-breast
Sat upon a rail :
Niddle naddle went his head,
Wiggle waggle went his tail.

DXXVIII.

LITTLE Robin Red-breast,
 Sat upon a hirdle ;
 With a pair of speckled legs,
 And a green girdle.

DXXIX.

JOHNNY ARMSTRONG kill'd a calf,
 Peter Henderson got the half ;
 Wiliy Wilkinson got the head,
 Ring the bell, the calf is dead !

DXXX.

HIE hie, says Anthony,
 Puss in the pantry
 Gnawing, gnawing
 A mutton mutton-bone ;
 See now she tumbles it,
 See now she mumbles it,
 See how she tosses
 The mutton mutton-bone.

DXXXI.

A LONG-TAIL'D pig, or a short-tail'd pig,
 Or a pig without e'er a tail,
 A sow-pig, or a boar-pig,
 Or a pig with a curly tail.

DXXXII.

ONCE I saw a little bird,
 Come hop, hop, hop ;
 So I cried, little bird,
 Will you stop, stop, stop ?
 And was going to the window,
 To say how do you do ?
 But he shook his little tail,
 And far away he flew.

DXXXIII.

[The following stanza is of very considerable antiquity, and is common in Yorkshire. See Hunter's 'Hallamshire Glossary,' p. 56.]

LADY-COW, lady-cow, fly thy way home,
 Thy house is on fire, thy children all gone,
 All but one that ligs under a stone,
 Fly thee home, lady-cow, ere it be gone.

DXXXIV.

RIDDLE me, riddle me, rec,
 A hawk sate upon a tree ;
 And he says to himself, says he,
 Oh dear ! what a fine bird I be :

DXXXV.

[Bird boy's song.]

EAT, Birds, eat, and make no waste,
 I lie here and make no haste ;
 If my master chance to come,
 You must fly, and I must run.

DXXXVI.

Pussy cat Mole,
 Jump'd over a coal,
 And in her best petticoat burnt a great hole.
 Poor pussy's weeping, she'll have no more
 milk,
 Until her best petticoat's mended with silk.

DXXXVII.

As I went to Bonner,
 I met a pig
 Without a wig,
 Upon my word and honour.

DXXXVIII.

THERE was a little one-eyed gunner
 Who kill'd all the birds that died last,
 summer.

DXXXIX.

THERE was a piper, he'd a cow,
And he'd no hay to give her
He took his pipes and played a tune,
Consider, old cow, consider!

The cow considered very well,
For she gave the piper a penny,
That he might play the tune again,
Of corn rigs are bonnie!

DXL.

As titty mouse sat in the witty to spin,
Pussy came to her and bid her good ev'n,
"Oh, what are you doing, my little'oman,"
"A spinning a doublet for my gude man?"
"Then shall I come to thee and wind up thy
thread,"
"Oh no, Mrs. Puss, you'll bite off my head."

DXLI.

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

DXLII.

BETTY PRINGLE had a little pig,
Not very little and not very big,
When he was alive he lived in clover,
But now he's dead, and that's all over.
So Billy Pringle he laid down and cried,
And Betty Pringle she laid down and died ;
So there was an end of one, two, and three :
Billy Pringle he,
Betty Pringle she,
And the piggy wiggy.

DXLIII.

COCK ROBIN got up early,
At the break of day,
And went to Jenny's window,
To sing a roundelay.
He sang Cock Robin's love
To the pretty Jenny Wren,
And when he got unto the end,
Then he began again.

DXLIV.

I HAD two pigeons bright and gay,
They flew from me the other day ;
What was the reason they did go ?
I cannot tell for I do not know.

DXLV.

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.

DXLVI.

[The Proverb of Barnaby Bright is given by Ray and Brand as referring to St. Barnabas.]

BARNABY BRIGHT he was a sharp cur,
 He always would bark if a mouse did but
 stir ;
 But now he's grown old, and can no longer
 bark,
 He's condemn'd by the parson to be hanged
 by the clerk.

DXLVII.

Pussy eat eat the dumplings, the dumplings,
 Pussy eat eat the dumplings.
 Mamma stood by,
 And cried, Oh, fie !
 Why did you eat the dumplings ?

DXLVIII.

THE robin and the wren,
They fought upon the parrage pan ;
But ere the robin got a spoon,
The wren had eat the parrage down.

DXLIX.

LITTLE Bob Robin,
Where do you live ?
Up in yonder wood, sir,
On a hazel twig.

DL.

THE winds they did blow,
The leaves they did wag ;
Along came a beggar boy,
And put me in his bag.
He took me up to London,
A lady did me buy,
Put me in a silver cage,
And hung me up on high.
With apples by the fire,
And nuts for to crack,
Besides a little feather bed
To rest my little back.

DLI.

I HAD a little cow, to save her,
I turned her into the meadow to graze her ;
There came a heavy storm of rain,
And drove the little cow home again.
The church doors they stood open,
And there the little cow was copen :
The bell-ropes they were made of hay,
And the little cow eat them all away :
The sexton came to toll the bell,
And pushed the little cow into the well !

DLII.

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

DLIII.

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.

DLIV.

THE dove says coo, coo, what shall I do?
I can scarce maintain two.
Pooh, pooh, says the wren, I have got ten,
And keep them all like gentlemen!

DLV.

Bow, wow, wow,
Whose dog art thou?
Little Tom Tinker's dog,
Bow, wow, wow.

DLVI.

PITTY Patty Polt,
Shoe the wild colt!
Here a nail,
And there a nail,
Pitty Patty Polt.

DLVII.

How d' 'e dogs, how? whose dog art thou,
Little Tom Tinker's dog! what's that to
thou?
Hiss! bow, a wow, wow!

DLVIII.

BOBBIN-A-BOBBIN bent his bow,
 And shot at a woodcock and kill'd a yowe :
 The yowe cried ha, and he ran away,
 But never came back 'till midsummer-day.

DLIX.

A LITTLE cock sparrow sat on a green tree,
 (*tris*)

And he cherruped, he cherruped so merry
 was he ; (*tris*)

A little cock-sparrow sat on a green tree,
 And he cherruped, he cherruped so merry
 was he.

A naughty boy came with his wee bow and
 arrow, (*tris*)

Determined to shoot this little cock sparrow,
 (*tris*)

A naughty, &c.
 Determined, &c.

This little cock sparrow shall make me a
 stew, (*tris*)

And his giblets shall make me a little pie
 too, (*tris*)

Oh, no ! said ye sparrow I *won't* make a stew,
 So he flapped his wings and away he flew !

DLX.

SNAIL, snail, put out your horns,
I'll give you bread and barleycorns.

DLXI.

The following song is given in Whiter's 'Specimen, or a Commentary on Shakespeare,' 8vo, London, 1794, p. 19, as common in Cambridgeshire and Norfolk. Dr. Farmer gives another version as an illustration of a ditty of Jacques in 'As You Like It,' act ii, sc. 5. See Malone's Shakespeare, ed. 1821, vol. vi, p. 398; Caldecott's 'Specimen,' 1819, note on 'As You Like It,' p. 11; and Douce's 'Illustrations,' vol. i, p. 297.

DAME, what makes your ducks to die?
What the pize ails 'em? what the pize ails
'em?

They kick up their heels, and there they lie,
What the pize ails 'em now?

Heigh, ho! heigh, ho!

Dame, what makes your ducks to die?

What a pize ails 'em? what a pize ails 'em?

Heigh, ho! heigh, ho!

Dame, what ails your ducks to die?

Eating o'polly-wigs, eating o'polly-wigs.

Heigh, ho! heigh, ho!

DLXII.

LADY bird, lady bird, fly away home,
Thy house is on fire, thy children all gone,
All but one, and her name is Ann,
And she crept under the pudding-pan.

DLXIII.

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.

DLXIV.

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.

DLXV.

SNAIL, snail, shut out your horns ;
Father and mother are dead :
Brother and sister are in the back yard,
Begging for barley bread.

DLXVI.

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 brew'd me
 my ale,
 She sat by the fire and told many a fine tale.

DLXVII.

PUSSEY CAT sits by the fire,
 How did she come there ?
 In walks the little dog,
 Says, " Pussey ! are you there ?
 How do you do, Mistress Pussey ?
 Mistress Pussey, how d'ye do ?"
 " I thank you kindly, little dog,
 I fare as well as you !"

DLXVIII.

[A north country version of a very common nursery rhyme, sung by a child, who imitates the crowing of a cock.]

Cock-a-doodle-do,
 My dad's gane to ploo ;
 Mammy's lost her pudding-poke,
 And knows not what to do.

DLXIX.

HIGGLEPY Piggieby,
My black hen,
She lays eggs
For gentlemen ;
Sometimes nine,
And sometimes ten,
Higgiepy Piggieby,
My black hen !

DLXX.

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 ?

DLXXI.

JACK SPRAT
Had a cat,
It had but one ear ;
It went to buy butter,
When butter was dear.

DLXXII.

ON Christmas eve I turn'd the spit,
I burnt my fingers, I feel it yet ;
The cock sparrow flew over the table ;
The pot began to play with the ladle

DLXXIII.

SEE, saw, Margery Daw,
The old hen flew over the malt house ,
She counted her chickens one by one,
Still she missed the little white one,
And this is it, this is it, this is it.

DLXXIV.

HURLY, burly, trumpet trase,
The cow was in the market place,
Some goes far, and some goes near,
But where shall this poor henchman steer

DLXXV.

THERE was an old woman had three cows,
Rosy, and Colin, and Dun ;
Rosy and Colin were sold at the fair,
And Dun broke his head in a fit of despair
And there was an end of her three cows,
Rosy, and Colin, and Dun.

DLXXVI.

I'LL away yhame,
 And tell my dame,
 That all my geese
 Are gane but yane ;
 And it's a steg (*gander*),
 And it's lost a leg ;
 And it'll be gane
 By I get yhame.

DLXXVII.

[Imitated from a pigeon.]

CURR dhoo, curr dhoo,
 Love me, and I'll love you !

DLXXVIII.

I LIKE little pussy, her coat is so warm,
 And if I don't hurt her she'll do me no harm ;
 So I'll not pull her tail, nor drive her away,
 But pussy and I very gently will play.

DLXXIX.

LITTLE cock robin peep'd out of his cabin,
 To see the cold winter come in,
 Tit, for tat, what matter for that,
 He'll hide his head under his wing !

DLXXX.

THE pettitoes are little feet,
And the little feet not big ;
Great feet belong to the grunting hog,
And the pettitoes to the little pig.

DLXXXI.

CHARLEY WARLEY had a cow,
Black and white about the brow ;
Open the gate and let her go through,
Charley Warley's old cow !

DLXXXII.

I HAD a little cow ;
Hey-diddle, ho-diddle !
I had a little cow, and it had a little calf,
Hey-diddle, ho-diddle ; and there's my song
half.

I had a little cow ;
Hey-diddle, ho-diddle !
I had a little cow, and I drove it to the stall ;
Hey-diddle, ho-diddle ; and there's my song
all !

DLXXXIII.

The Cock. Lock the dairy door,
Lock the dairy door!
The Hen. Chickle, chackle, chee,
I haven't got the key!

DLXXXIV.

I HAD a little pony,
His name was Dapple-gray,
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.

DLXXXV.

BAH, bah, black sheep,
Have you any wool?
Yes, marry, have I,
'Three bags full :
One for my master,
And one for my dame,
But none for the little boy
Who cries in the lane.

DLXXXVI.

Hussy, hussy, where's your horse?
 Hussy, hussy, gone to grass!
 Hussy, hussy, fetch him home,
 Hussy, hussy, let him alone.

DLXXXVII.

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

DLXXXVIII.

Rowsty dowl, my fire's all out,
 My little dame is not at home!
 I'll saddle my cock, and bridle my hen,
 And fetch my little dame home again!
 Home she came, tritty trot,
 She asked for the porridge she left in the
 pot;
 Some she ate and some she shod,
 And some she gave to the truckler's dog;
 She took up the ladle and knocked its head,
 And now poor Dapsy dog is dead!

DLXXXIX.

LITTLE boy blue, come blow up your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the
corn ;
Where's the little boy that looks after the
sheep ?
He's under the hay-cock fast asleep.
Will you wake him ? No, not I ;
For if I do, he'll be sure to cry.

DXC.

GOOSEY, goosey, gander,
Where shall I wander ?
Up stairs, 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.

DXCI.

GOOSY, goosy, gander,
Who stands yonder ?
Little Betsy Baker ;
Take her up, and shake her



SIXTEENTH CLASS.
ACCUMULATIVE STORIES.



DXCII.

I SELL you the key of the king's garden :
I sell you the string that ties the key, &c.
I sell you the rat that gnawed the string, &c.
I sell you the cat that caught the rat, &c.
I sell you the dog that bit the cat, &c.

DXCIII.

[Traditional pieces are frequently so ancient, that possibility will not be outraged by conjecturing the John Ball of the following piece to be the priest who took so distinguished a part in the rebellion temp. Richard II.]

JOHN BALL shot them all ;
John Scott made the shot,
But John Ball shot them all.

John Wyming made the priming,
And John Brammer made the rammer,
And John Scott made the shot,
But John Ball shot them all.

John Block make the stock,
And John Brammer made the rammer,
And John Wyming made the priming,
And John Scott made the shot,
But John Ball shot them all.

John Crowder made the powder,
And John Block made the stock,
And John Wyming made the priming,
And John Brammer made the rammer,
And John Scott made the shot,
But John Ball shot them all.

John Puzzle made the muzzle,
And John Crowder made the powder,
And John Block made the stock,
And John Wyming made the priming,
And John Brammer made the rammer,
And John Scott made the shot,
 But John Ball shot them all.

John Clint made the flint,
And John Puzzle made the muzzle,
And John Crowder made the powder,
And John Block made the stock,
And John Wyming made the priming,
And John Brammer made the rammer,
And John Scott made the shot,
 But John Ball shot them all.

John Patch made the match,
John Clint made the flint,
John Puzzle made the muzzle,
John Crowder made the powder,
John Block made the stock,
John Wyming made the priming,
John Brammer made the rammer,
John Scott made the shot,
 But John Ball shot them all.

DXCIV.

1. THIS is the house that Jack built.
2. This is the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.
3. This is the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.
4. This is the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.
5. This is the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.
6. This is the cow with the crumpled horn,
That toss'd the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

7. This is the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled
horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.
8. This is the man all tatter'd and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled
horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.
9. This is the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tatter'd 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 kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

10. This is the cock that crow'd in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and
shorn,
That married the man all tatter'd and
torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled
horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.
11. This is the farmer sowing his corn,
That kept the cock that crow'd in the
morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and
shorn,
That married the man all tatter'd and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd 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.

DXCV.

[The original of 'The house that Jack built' is presumed to be a hymn in *Sepher Haggadah*, fol. 23, a translation of which is here given. The historical interpretation was first given by P. N. Leberecht, at Leipsic, in 1731, and is printed in the 'Christian Reformer,' vol. xvii, p. 28. The original is in the Chaldee language, and it may be mentioned that a very fine Hebrew manuscript of the fable, with illuminations, is in the possession of George Offer, Esq. of Hackney.]

1. A *kid*, a *kid*, my father bought,
For two pieces of money :
A kid, a kid.
2. Then came *the cat*, and ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money :
A kid, a kid.
3. Then came *the dog*, and bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money :
A kid, a kid.
4. Then came *the staff*, and beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money :
A kid, a kid.

5. Then came *the fire*, and burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money :
A kid, a kid.
6. Then came *the water*, and quenched the
fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money :
A kid, a kid.
7. Then came *the ox*, and drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money :
A kid, a kid.

8. Then came *the butcher*, and slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money :
A kid, a kid.
9. Then came *the angel of death*, and killed
the butcher,
That slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money :
A kid, a kid.
10. Then came *the Holy One*, blessed be He !
And killed the angel of death,
That killed the butcher,
That slew the ox,

That drank the water,
 That quenched the fire,
 That burned the staff,
 That beat the dog,
 That bit the cat,
 That ate the kid,
 That my father bought
 For two pieces of money :
A kid, a kid.

The following is the interpretation :

1. The kid, which was one of the pure animals, denotes the Hebrews.

The father, by whom it was purchased, is Jehovah, who represents himself as sustaining this relation to the Hebrew nation. The two pieces of money signify Moses and Aaron, through whose mediation the Hebrews were brought out of Egypt.

2. The cat denotes the Assyrians, by whom the ten tribes were carried into captivity.

3. The dog is symbolical of the Babylonians.

4. The staff signifies the Persians.

5. The fire indicates the Grecian empire under Alexander the Great.

6. The water betokens the Roman, or the fourth of the great monarchies to whose dominions the Jews were subjected.

7. The ox is a symbol of the Saracens, who subdued Palestine, and brought it under the caliphate.

8. The butcher that killed the ox denotes the crusaders, by whom the Holy Land was wrested out of the hands of the Saracens.

9. The angel of death signifies the Turkish power, by which the land of Palestine was taken from the Franks, and to which it is still subject.

10. The commencement of the tenth stanza is designed to show that God will take signal vengeance on the Turks, immediately after whose overthrow the Jews are to be restored to their own land, and live under the government of their long-expected Messiah.

DXCVI.

“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 further, and she met a dog. So she said to the dog, ‘Dog! bite pig; piggy won’t go over the stile; and I shan’t get home to-night.’ But the dog would not.

“She went a little further, 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 further, and she met a fire. So she said, ‘Fire! fire! burn stick; stick won’t beat dog; dog won’t bite pig,’ (*and so forth, always repeating the foregoing words.*) But the fire would not.

“ She went a little further, and she met some water. So she said, ‘ Water ! water ! quench fire ; fire won’t burn stick,’ &c. But the water would not.

“ She went a little further, and she met an ox. So she said, ‘ Ox ! ox ! drink water ; water won’t quench fire ’ &c. But the ox would not.

“ She went a little further, and she met a butcher. So she said, ‘ Butcher ! butcher ! kill ox ; ox won’t drink water,’ &c. But the butcher would not.

“ She went a little further, and she met a rope. So she said, ‘ Rope ! rope ! hang butcher ; butcher won’t kill ox,’ &c. But the rope would not.

“ She went a little further, and she met a rat. So she said, ‘ Rat ! rat ! gnaw rope ; rope won’t hang butcher,’ &c. But the rat would not.

“ She went a little further, and she met a cat. So she said, ‘ Cat ! cat ! kill rat ; rat won’t gnaw rope,’ &c. 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.

"But the cow said to her, 'If you will go to yonder haystack,* and fetch me a handful of hay, I'll give you the milk.' So away went the old woman to the haystack; and she brought the hay to the cow.

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

* Or haymakers, proceeding thus in the stead of the rest of this paragraph:—"And fetch me a wisp of hay, I'll give you the milk.—So away the old woman went, 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."

DXCVII.

TITTY MOUSE and Tatty Mouse both lived in
a house,

Titty Mouse went a leasing, and Tatty Mouse
went a leasing,

So they both went a leasing.

Titty Mouse leased an ear of corn, and Tatty
Mouse leased an ear of corn,

So they both leased an ear of corn.

Titty Mouse made a pudding, and Tatty
Mouse made a pudding,

So they both made a pudding.

And Tatty Mouse put her pudding into the
pot to boil,

But when Titty went to put her's in, the pot
tumbled over, and scalded her to death.

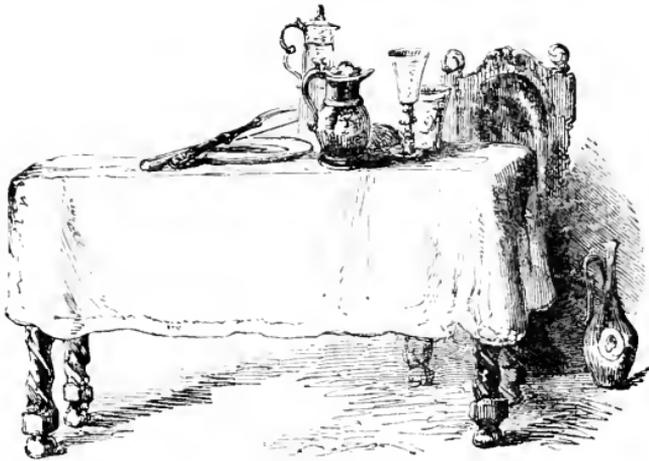
Then Tatty sat down and wept; then a
three legged stool said, Tatty why do you
weep? Titty's dead, said Tatty, and so I
weep; then said the stool, I'll hop, so the
stool hopped; then a besom in the corner
of the room said, Stool, why do you hop?
Oh! said the stool, Titty's dead, and Tatty

weeps, and so I hop ; then said the besom, I'll sweep, so the besom began to sweep ; then said the door, Besom, why do you sweep ? Oh ! said the besom, Titty's dead, and Tatty weeps, and the stool hops, and so I sweep ; then said the door, I'll jar, so the door jarred ; then said the window, Door, why do you jar ? Oh ! said the door, Titty's dead, and Tatty weeps, and the stool hops, and the besom sweeps, and so I jar ; then said the window, I'll creak, so the window creaked ; now there was an old form outside the house, and when the window creaked, the form said, Window, why do you creak ? Oh ! said the window, Titty's dead, and Tatty weeps, and the stool hops, and the besom sweeps, the door jars, and so I creak ; then said the old form, I'll run round the house, then the old form ran round the house ; now there was a fine large walnut tree growing by the cottage, and the tree said to the form, Form, why do you run round the house ? Oh ! said the form, Titty's dead, and Tatty weeps, and the stool hops, and the besom sweeps, the door jars, and the window creaks, and so I run round the house ; then said the walnut

tree, I'll shed my leaves, so the walnut tree shed all its beautiful green leaves ; now there was a little bird perched on one of the boughs of the tree, and when all the leaves fell, it said, Walnut tree, why do you shed your leaves ? Oh ! said the tree, 'Titty's dead, and Tatty weeps, the stool hops, and the besom sweeps, the door jars, and the window creaks, the old form runs round the house, and so I shed my leaves ; then said the little bird, I'll moult all my feathers, so he moulted all his pretty feathers ; now there was a little girl walking below, carrying a jug of milk for her brothers' and sisters' supper, and when she saw the poor little bird moult all its feathers, she said, Little bird, why do you moult all your feathers ? Oh ! said the little bird, 'Titty's dead, and Tatty weeps, the stool hops, and the besom sweeps, the door jars, and the window creaks, the old form runs round the house, the walnut tree sheds its leaves, and so I moult all my feathers ; then said the little girl, I'll spill the milk, so she dropt the pitcher and spilt the milk ; now there was an old man just by on the top of a ladder thatching a riek, and when he saw the little girl spill the milk, he

said, Little girl, what do you mean by spilling the milk, your little brothers and sisters must go without their supper ; then said the little girl, Titty's dead, and Tatty weeps, the stool hops, and the besom sweeps, the door jars, and the window creaks, the old form runs round the house, the walnut tree sheds all its leaves, the little bird moults all its feathers, and so I spill the milk ; Oh ! said the old man, then I'll tumble off the ladder and break my neck, so he tumbled off the ladder and broke his neck ; and when the old man broke his neck, the great walnut tree fell down with a crash, and upset the old form and house, and the house falling knocked the window out, and the window knocked the door down, and the door upset the besom, the besom upset the stool, and poor little Tatty Mouse was buried beneath the ruins.





SEVENTEENTH CLASS—LOCAL.



DXCVIII.

THERE was a little nobby colt,
His name was Nobby Gray ;
His head was made of pounce straw,
His tail was made of hay ;
He could ramble, he could trot,
He could carry a mustard-pot,
Round the town of Woodstock,
Hey, Jenny, hey !

DXCIX.

KING'S SUTTON is a pretty town,
 And lies all in a valley ;
 There is a pretty ring of bells,
 Besides a bowling-alley :
 Wine and liquor in good store,
 Pretty maidens plenty ;
 Can a man desire more ?
 There ain't such a town in twenty.

DC.

THE little priest of Felton,
 The little priest of Felton,
 He kill'd a mouse within his house,
 And ne'er a one to help him.

DCI.

[The following verses are said by Aubrey to have been sung in his time by the girls of Oxfordshire in a sport called *Leap Candle*, which is now obsolete. See Thoms's 'Anecdotes and Traditions,' p. 96.]

THE tailor of Bicester,
 He has but one eye ;
 He cannot cut a pair of green galagaskins,
 If he were to try.

DCII.

DICK and Tom, Will and John,
 Brought me from Nottingham.

DCIII.

AT Brill on the Hill,
 The wind blows shrill,
 The cook no meat can dress ;
 At Stow in the Wold
 The wind blows cold,—
 I know no more than this.

DCIV.

A MAN went a hunting at Reigate,
 And wished to leap over a high gate ;
 Says the owner, “Go round,
 With your gun and your hound,
 For you never shall leap over my gate.”

DCV.

DRIDDLETY drum, driddlety drum,
 There you see the beggars are come ;
 Some are here, and some are there,
 And some are gone to Chidley fair.

DCVI.

LITTLE boy, pretty boy, where was you born?
 In Lincolnshire, master: come blow the
 cow's horn.
 A half-penny pudding, a penny pie,
 A shoulder of mutton, and that love I.

DCVII

My father and mother,
 My uncle and aunt,
 Be all gone to Norton,
 But little Jack and I.

A little bit of powdered beef,
 And a great net of cabbage,
 The best meal I have had to-day,
 Is a good bowl of porridge.

DCVIII.

I LOST my mare in Lincoln lane,
 And couldn't tell where to find her,
 Till she came home both lame and blind,
 With never a tail behind her.

DCIX.

CRIPPLE DICK upon a stick,
 And Sandy on a sow,
 Riding away to Galloway,
 To buy a pound o' woo.

DCX.

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.



EIGHTEENTH CLASS—RELICS.



DCXI.

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.

DCXII.

HINK, minx ! the old witch winks,
The fat begins to fry :
There's nobody at home but jumping Joan,
Father, mother, and I.

DCXIII.

BABY and I
 Were baked in a pie,
 The gravy was wonderful hot :
 We had nothing to pay
 To the baker that day,
 And so we crept out of the pot.

DCXIV.

WHAT are little boys made of, made of,
 What are little boys made of?
 Snaps and snails, and puppy-dog's tails ;
 And that's what little boys are made of,
 made of.
 What are little girls made of, made of, made
 of,
 What are little girls made of?
 Sugar and spice, and all that's nice ;
 And that's what little girls are made of.
 made of.

DCXV.

IF a body meet a body,
 In a field of fitches ;
 Can a body tell a body
 Where a body itches.

DCXVI.

CHARLEY wag,
Eat the pudding and left the bag.

DCXVII.

GIRLS and 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, 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.

DCXVIII.

HANNAH Bantry in the pantry,
Eating a mutton bone ;
How she gnawed it, how she clawed it,
When she found she was alone !

DCXIX.

RAIN, rain, go away,
Come again another day ;
Little Arthur wants to play.

DCXX.

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.

DCXXI.

HARK, hark,
 The dogs do bark,
 Beggars are coming to town ;
 Some in jags,
 Some in rags,
 And some in velvet gowns.

DCXXII.

WE'RE all in the dumps,
 For diamonds are trumps ;
 The kittens are gone to St. Paul's !
 The babies are bit,
 The moon's in a fit,
 And the houses are built without walls.

DCXXIII.

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

DCXXIV.

LITTLE Mary Ester,
Sat upon a tester,
Eating of curds and whey ;
There came a little spider,
And sat him down beside her,
And frightened Mary Ester away.

DCXXV.

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

DCXXVI.

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

DCXXVII.

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

DCXXVIII.

COME, let's to bed,
 Says Sleepy-head ;
 Tarry a while, says Slow :
 Put on the pot,
 Says Greedy-gut,
 Let's sup before we go.

DCXXIX.

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

DCXXX.

DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY has come up to town,
 In a yellow petticoat, and a green gown.

DCXXXI.

LITTLE Tom Tucker
 Sings for his supper ;
 What shall he eat ?
 White bread and butter.
 How shall he eut it
 Without e'er a knife ?
 How will he be married
 Without e'er a wife ?

DCXXXII.

I CAN weave diaper thick, thick, thick,
 And I can weave diaper thin,
 I can weave diaper out of doors
 And I can weave diaper in.

DCXXXIII.

[The following is quoted in the song of Mad Tom. See my introduction to
 Shakespeare's *Mids. Night's Dream*, p. 55.]

THE man in the moon drinks claret,
 But he is a dull Jack-a-Dandy ;
 Would he know a sheep's head from a carrot,
 He should learn to drink eider and brandy.

DCXXXIV.

[A marching air.]

DARBY and Joan were dress'd in black,
 Sword and buckle behind their back ;
 Foot for foot, and knee for knee,
 Turn about Darby's company.

DCXXXV.

BARBER, barber, shave a pig,
 How many hairs will make a wig ?
 " Four and twenty, that's enough."
 Give the barber a pinch of snuff.

DCXXXVI.

IF all the seas were one sea,
 What a *great* sea that would be !
 And if all the trees were one tree,
 What a *great* tree that would be !
 And if all the axes were one axe,
 What a *great* axe that would be !
 And if all the men were one man,
 What a *great* man he would be !
 And if the *great* man took the *great* axe,
 And cut down the *great* tree,
 And let it fall into the *great* sea,
 What a splash splash *that* would be !

DCXXXVII.

I HAD a little moppet,
 I put it in my pocket,
 And fed it with corn and hay ;
 Then came a proud beggar,
 And swore he would have her,
 And stole little moppet away.

DCXXXVIII.

THE barber shaved the mason,
 As I suppose
 Cut off his nose,
 And popp'd it in a basin.

DXXXCIX.

LITTLE Tommy Tacket,
 Sits upon his cracket;
 Halt a yard of cloth will make him coat and
 jacket;
 Make him coat and jacket,
 Trowsers to the knee.
 And if you will not have him, you may let
 him be.

DCXL.

PEG, peg, with a wooden leg,
 Her father was a miller:
 He tossed the dumpling at her head,
 And said he could not kill her.

DCXLI.

PARSON Darby wore a black gown,
 And every button cost half-a-crown;
 From port to port, and toe to toe,
 Turn the ship and away we go!

DCXLII.

WHEN Jacky's a very good boy,
 He shall have cakes and a custard;
 But when he does nothing but cry,
 He shall have nothing but mustard.

DCXLIII.

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 send us some hot in the morn.

DCXLIV.

THE quaker's wife got up to bake,
 Her children all about her,
 She gave them every one a cake,
 And the miller wants his moultter.

DCXLV.

WASH, hands, wash,
 Daddy's gone to plough,
 If you want your hands wash'd,
 Have them wash'd now.

[A formula for making young children submit to the operation of having their hands washed. *Mutatis mutandis*, the lines will serve as a specific for everything of the kind, as brushing hair, &c.]

DCXLVI.

MY little old man and I fell out,
 I'll tell you what 'twas all about:
 I had money, and he had none,
 And that's the way the row begun.

DCXLVII.

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

DCXLVIII.

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

DCXLIX.

As I went over the water,
 The water went over me,
 I heard an old woman crying,
 Will you buy some furmity ?

DCL.

HIGH diddle doubt, my candle out,
 My little maid is not at home :
 Saddle my hog, and bridle my dog,
 And fetch my little maid home.

DCLI.

AROUND the green gravel the grass grows
 green,
 And all the pretty maids are plain to be seen ;
 Wash them with milk, and clothe them with
 silk,
 And write their names with a pen and ink.

DCLII.

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

DCLIII.

OLD Sir Simon the king,
 And young Sir Simon the squire,
 And old Mrs. Hickabout
 Kicked Mrs. Kickabout
 Round about our coal fire !

DCLIV.

A GOOD child, a good child,
 As I suppose you be,
 Never laughed nor smiled
 At the tickling of your knee.

DCLV.

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.

DCLVI.

BLENKY my nutty-cock,
 Blenk him away ;
 My nutty-cock's never
 Been blenk'd to-day.

What wi' carding and spinning on't wheel.
 We've never had time to blenk nutty-cock
 weel ;

But let to-morrow come ever so sune,
 My nutty-cock it sall be blenk'd by nune.

DCLVII.

To market, to market, to buy a plum-cake,
 Back again, back again, baby is late ;
 To market, to market, to buy a plum-bun,
 Back again, back again, market is done.

DCLVIII.

St. Thomas's-day is past and gone,
And Christmas is a-most a-come,
Maidens arise,
And make your pies,
And save poor tailor Bobby some.

DCLIX.

How do you do, neighbour?
Neighbour, how do you do?
I am pretty well,
And how does Cousin Sue do?
She's pretty well,
And sends her duty to you,
So does bonnie Nell.
Good lack, how does she do?





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