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# OLD·ENGLISH NURSERY SONGS

*Uniform with this Volume*

## OLD FRENCH NURSERY SONGS

Thirty Traditional Nursery Songs, Arranged and Illustrated by ANNE ANDERSON. With Eight Plates in Colours and many Line Drawings and Decorations.

## THE SLEEPY SONG BOOK

Containing Twelve Songs by EUGENE FIELD, MAY BYRON, and F. CAMPBELL, set to Music by H. A. J. CAMPBELL. With Twelve Plates in Colours and Decorations in Line by ANNE ANDERSON.

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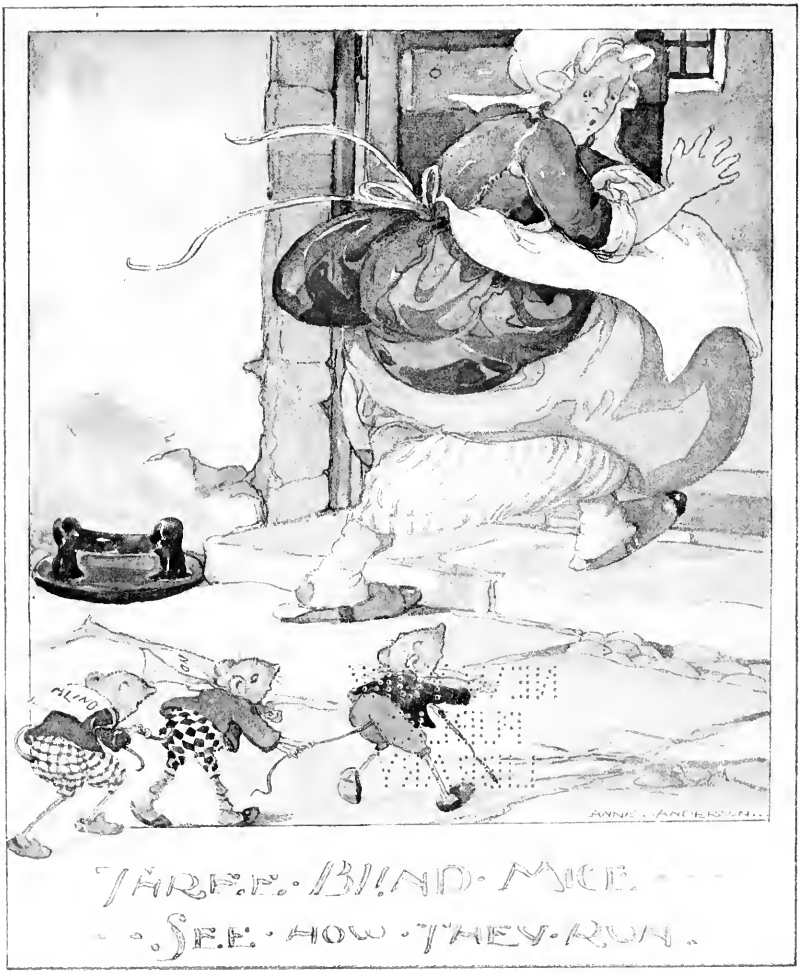
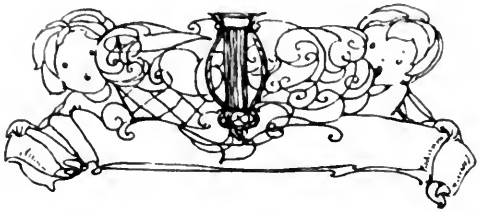

THREE · BLIND · MICE
SEE · HOW · THEY · RUN

# OLD ENGLISH NURSERY SONGS

MUSIC ARRANGED BY
HORACE MANSION

PICTURED BY
ANNE ANDERSON



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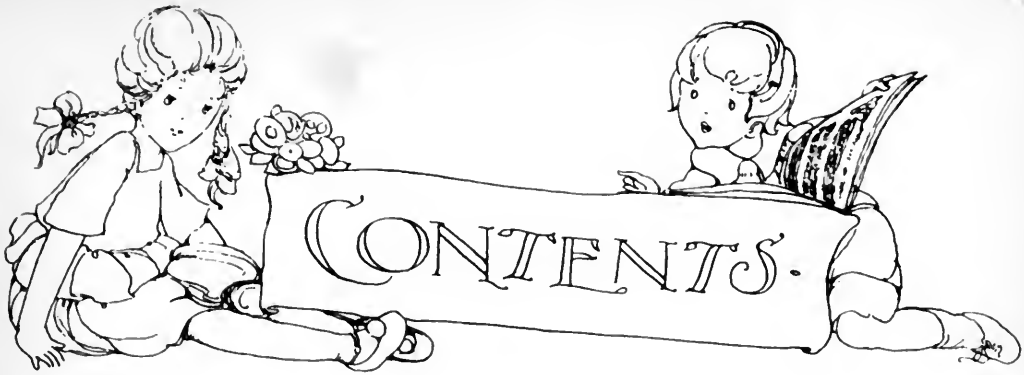



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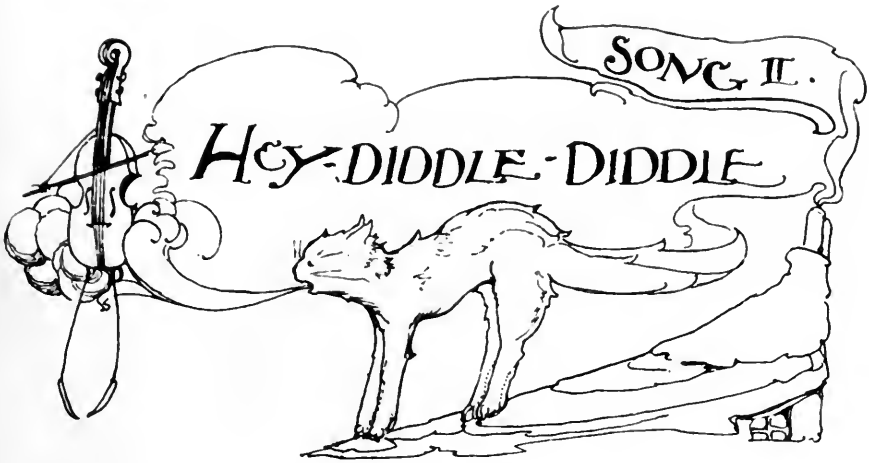
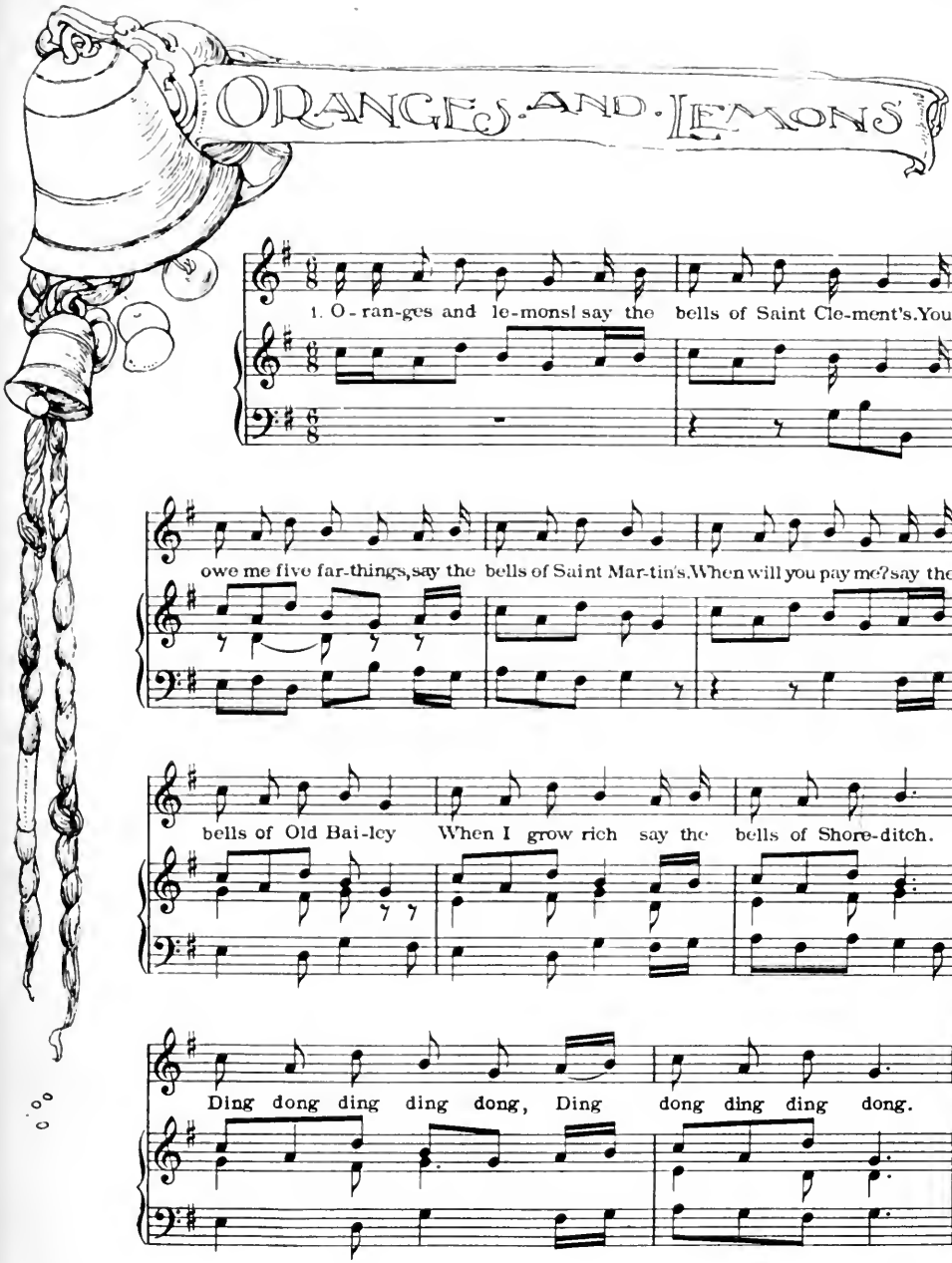
SONG · I

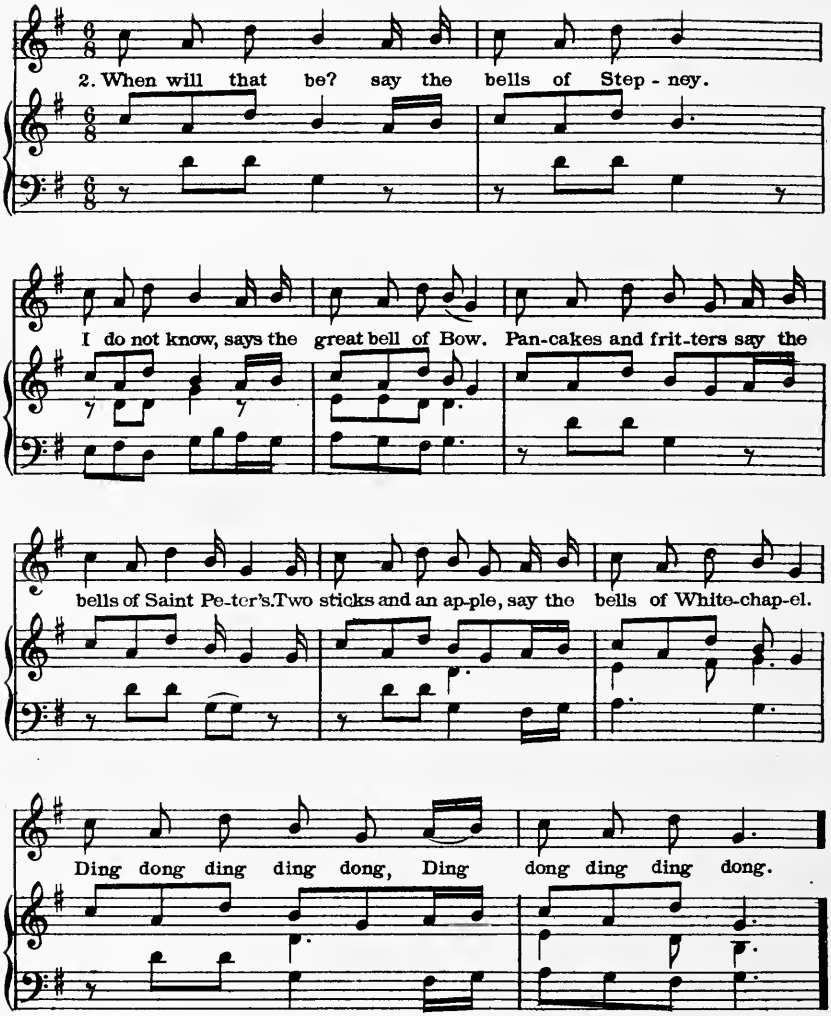
SONG II.

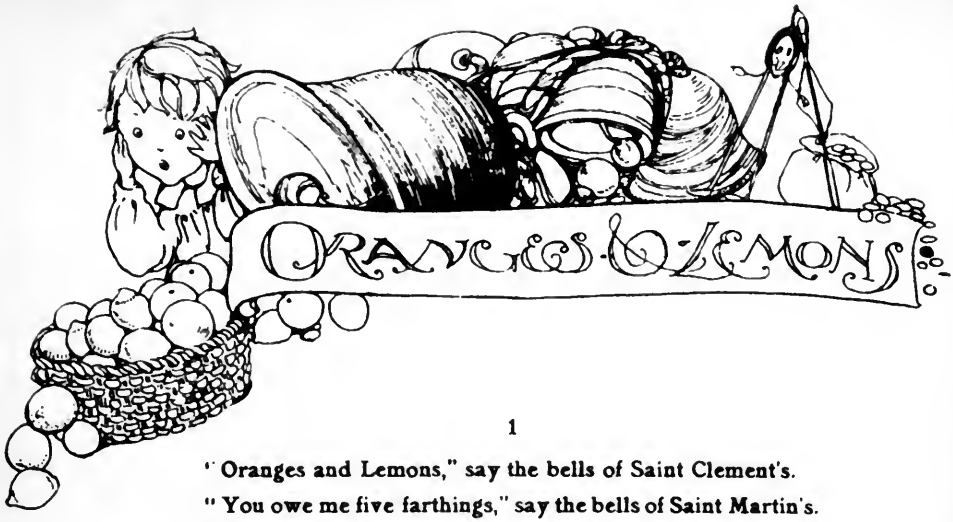


"Oranges and lemons,"
Say the bells of Saint Clement's

# ORANGES AND LEMONS




2. When will that be? say the bells of Step - ney.
I do not know, says the great bell of Bow. Pan-cakes and frit-ters say the
bells of Saint Pe-ter's. Two sticks and an ap-ple, say the bells of White-chap-el.
Ding dong ding ding dong, Ding dong ding ding dong.




1

"Oranges and Lemons," say the bells of Saint Clement's.
"You owe me five farthings," say the bells of Saint Martin's.
"When will you pay me?" say the bells of Old Bailey.
"When I get rich," say the bells of Shoreditch.

Ding dong, ding ding dong,
Ding dong, ding ding dong.

2

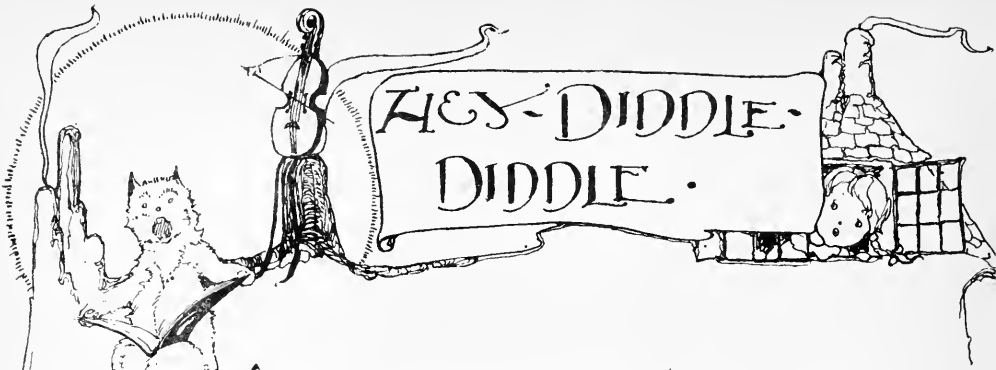
"When will that be?" say the bells of Stepney.
"I do not know," says the great bell of Bow.
"Pancakes and fritters," say the bells of Saint Peter's.
"Two sticks and an apple," say the bells of Whitechapel.

Ding dong, etc.

3

"Old father Bald-pate," say the slow bells of Aldgate.
"Pokers and tongs," say the bells of Saint John's.
"Kettles and pans," say the bells of Saint Anne's.
"Brickbats and tiles," say the bells of Saint Giles.

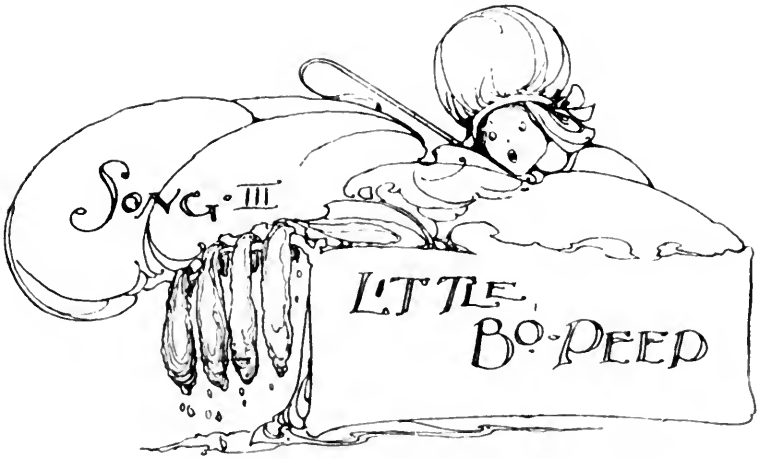
Ding dong, etc.



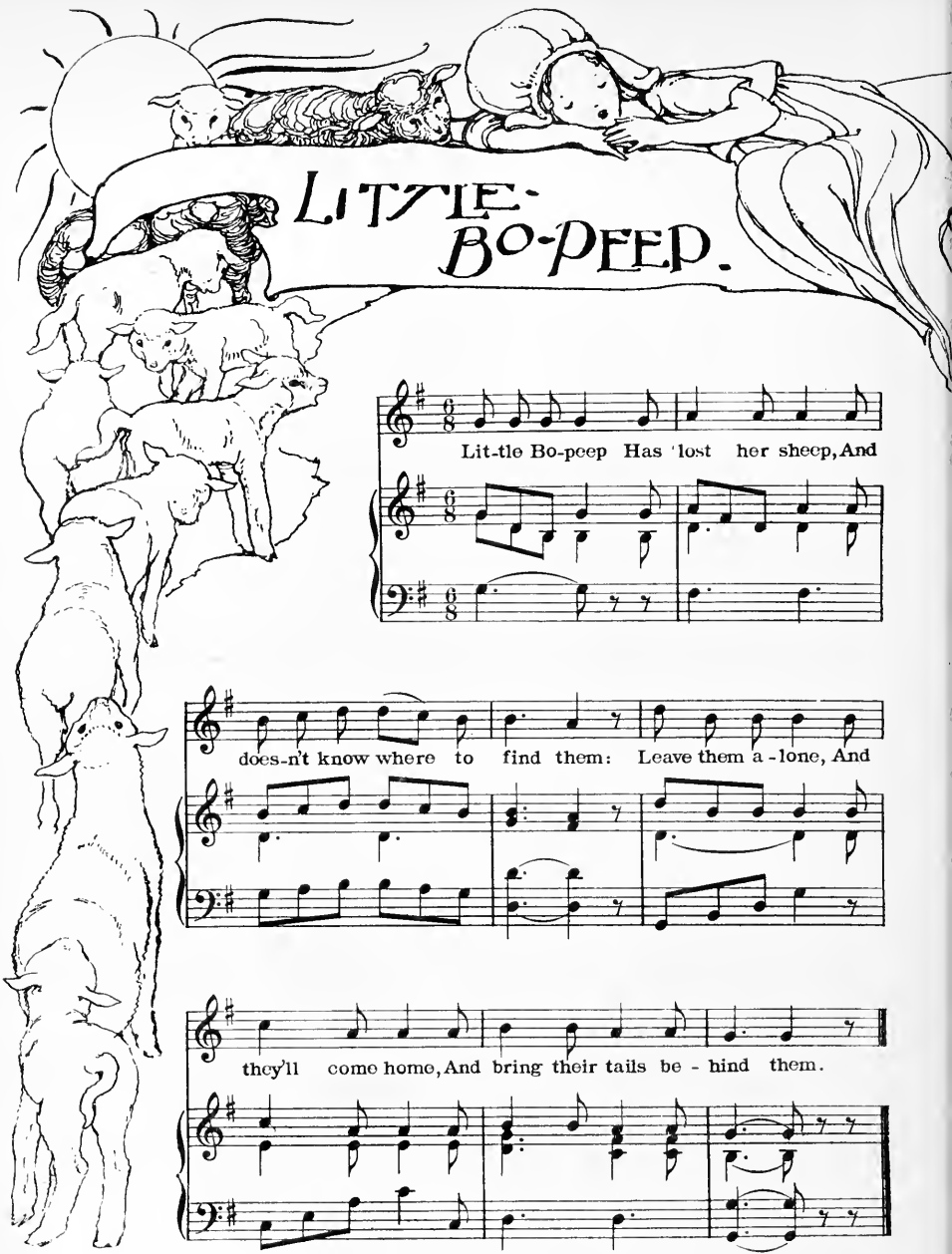

Hey! did-dle did-dle, the cat and the fid-dle, The

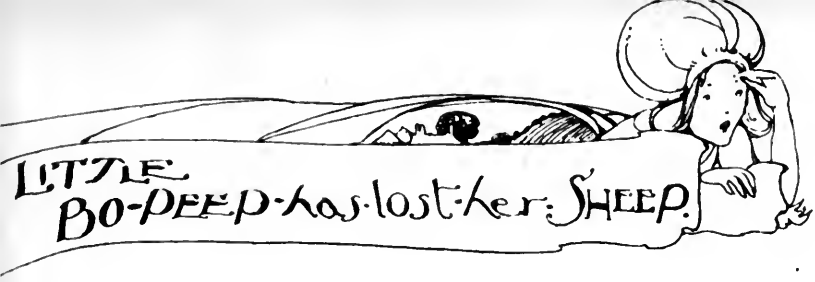
cow jump'd o-ver the moon. The lit-tle dog laugh'd to see such sport, And the

dish ran af-ter the spoon. And the dish ran af-ter the spoon.


SONG. III
LITTLE
BO-PEEP

SONG IV
Hush-a-bye.
BABY.


LITTLE BO-PEEP.
Lit-tle Bo-peep Has lost her sheep, And
does-n't know where to find them: Leave them a-lone, And
they'll come home, And bring their tails be-hind them.




Little Bo-peep
Has lost her sheep,
And doesn't know 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 still they all were fleeting ;

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

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

# HUSH-A-BYE BABY

Andante.

Hush-a-bye, ba - by, On the tree top,

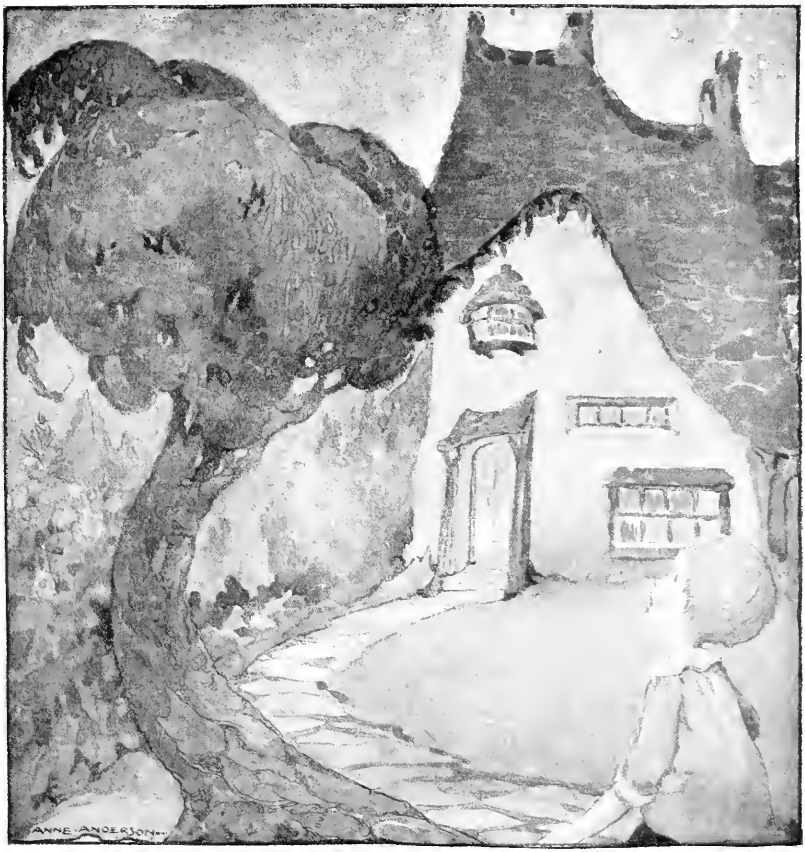
When the wind blows The cra-dle will rock, When the bough breaks The

cra-dle will fall: Down will come cra-dle And ba - by and all.

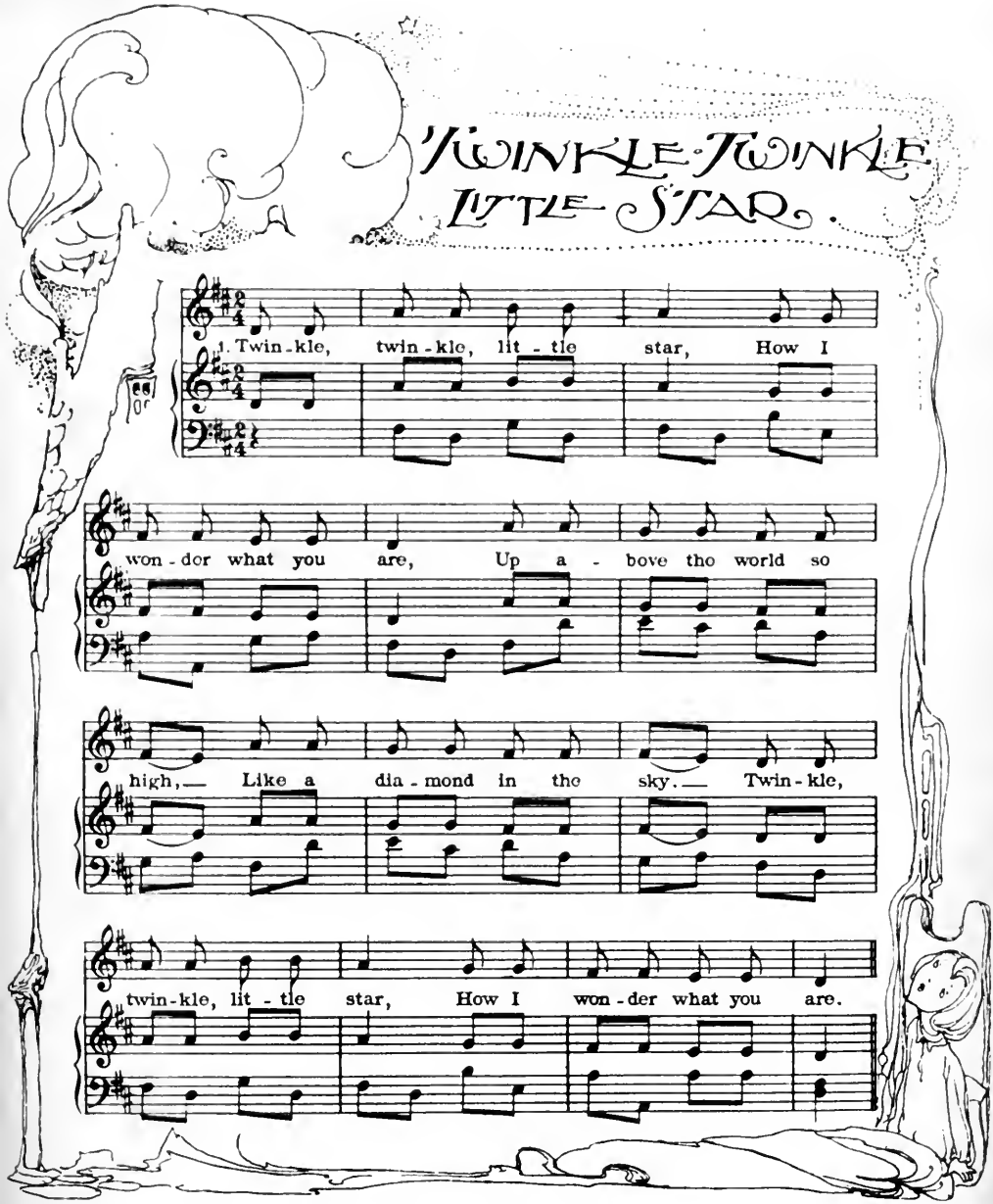
Hush-a-bye, baby,
On the tree top

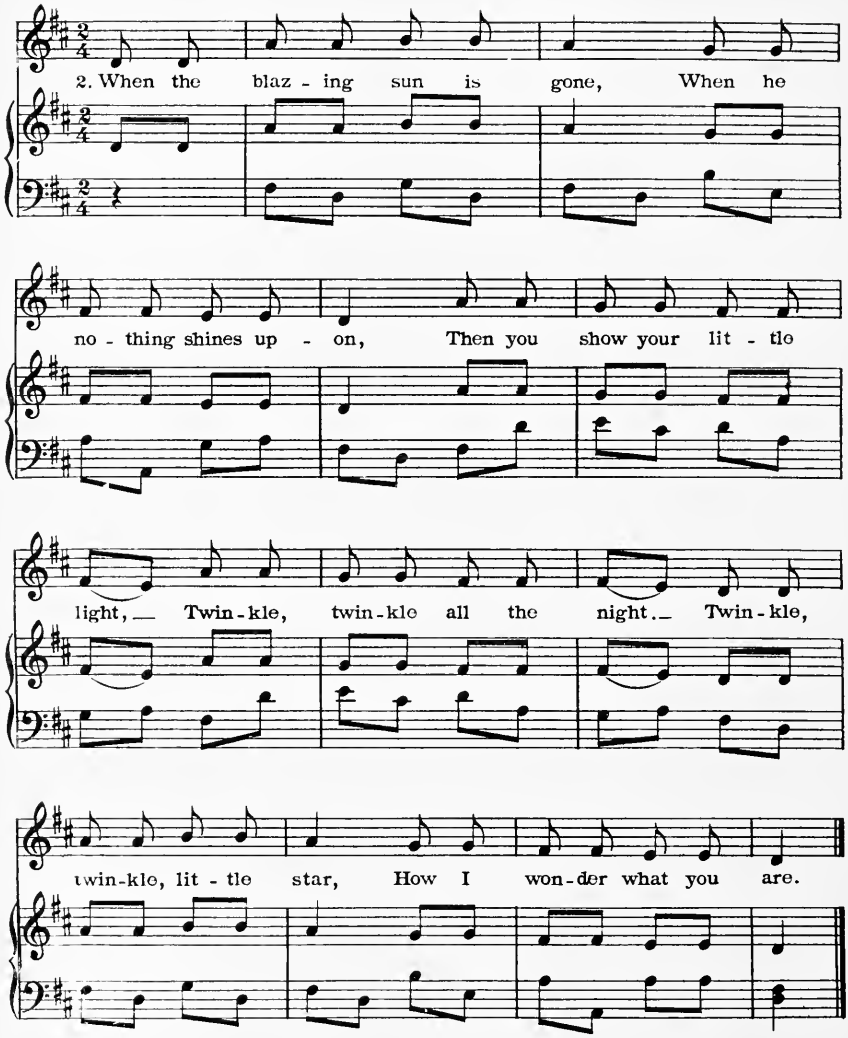
SONG V.
TWINKLE·TWINKLE
LITTLE·STAR·

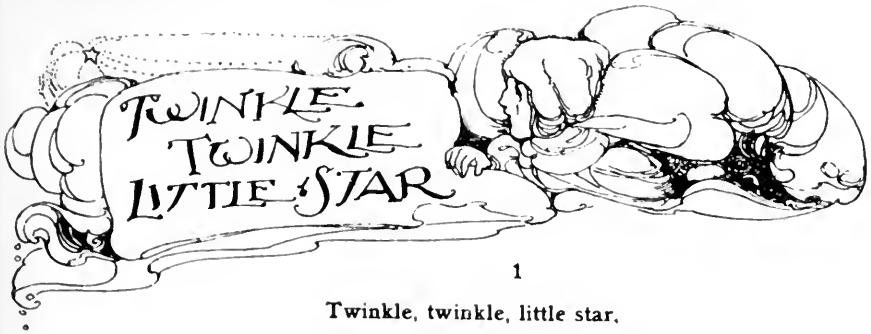
SONG VI.
HUMPTY
DUMPTY




Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are


TWINKLE TWINKLE
LITTLE STAR.
1. Twin-kle, twin-kle, lit-tle star, How I
won-der what you are, Up a-bove the world so
high,— Like a dia-mond in the sky.— Twin-kle,
twin-kle, lit-tle star, How I won-der what you are.


2. When the blaz - ing sun is gone, When he
no - thing shines up - on, Then you show your lit - tle
light, Twin - kle, twin - kle all the night. Twin - kle,
twin - kle, lit - tle star, How I won - der what you are.




1

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

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are.

2

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

Twinkle, twinkle, etc.

3

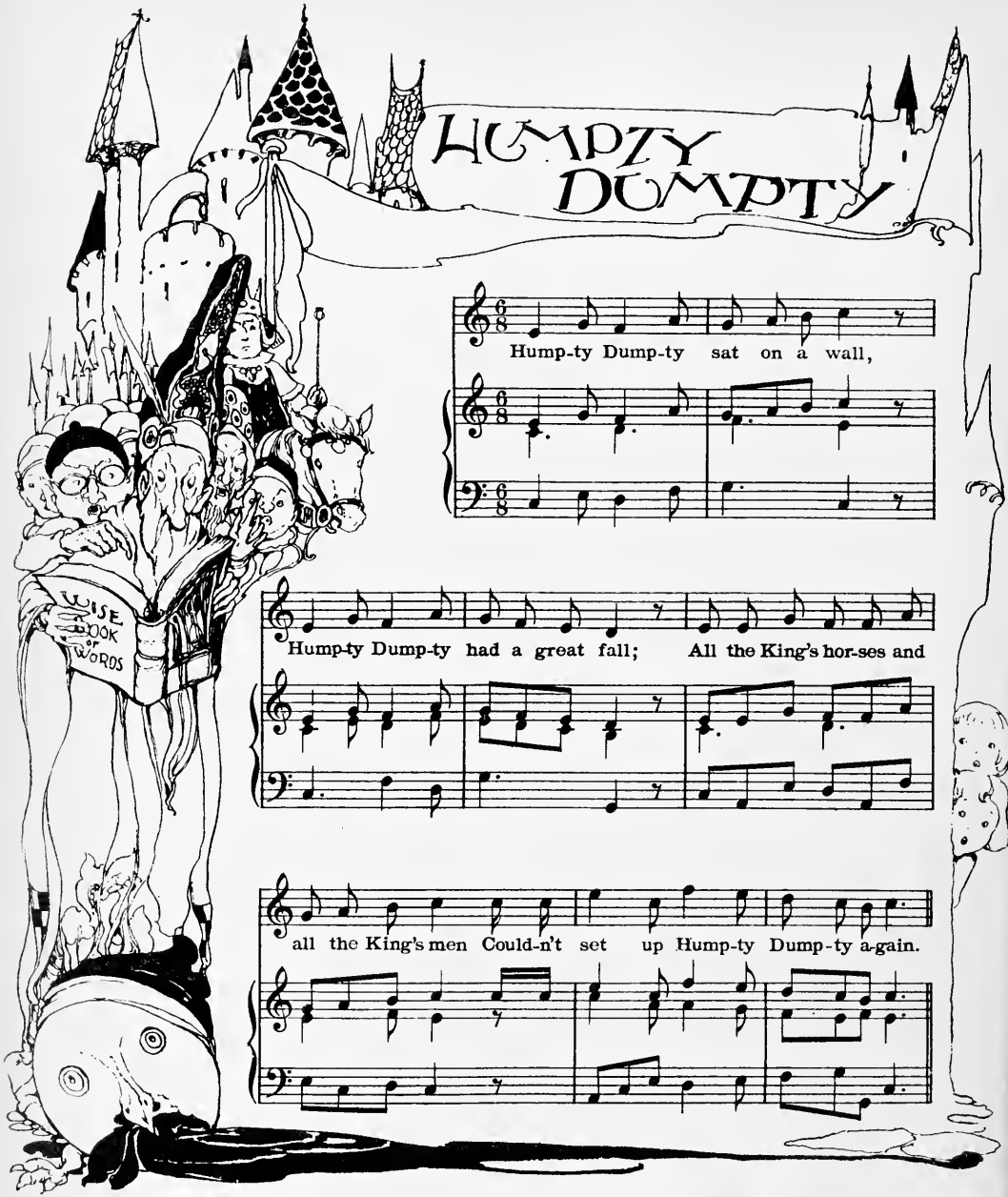
Then the traveller in the dark
Thanks you for your tiny spark.
Could he see which way to go
If you did not twinkle so?

Twinkle, twinkle, etc.

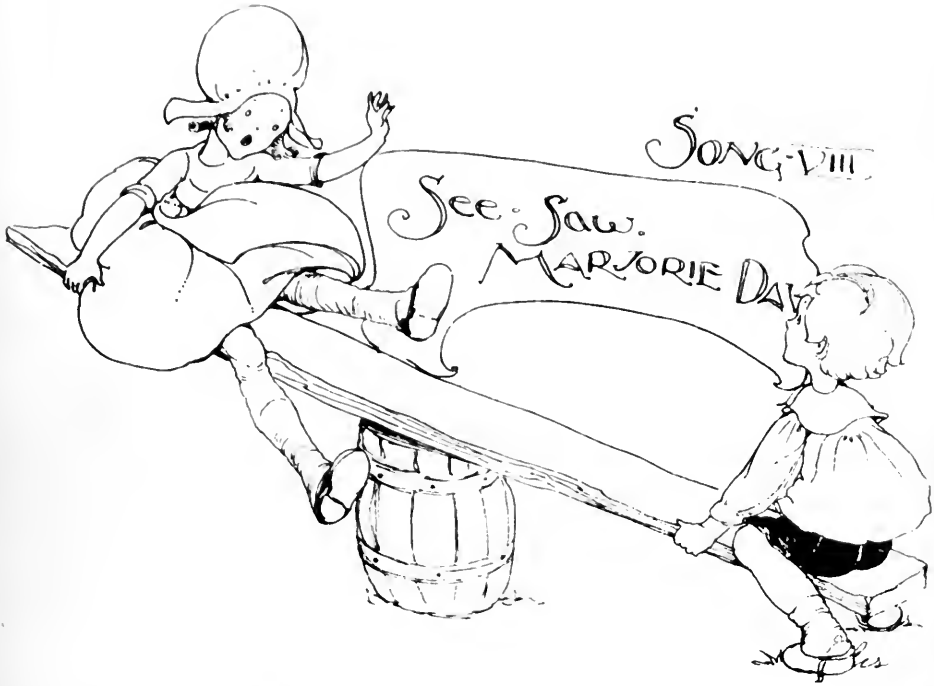
4

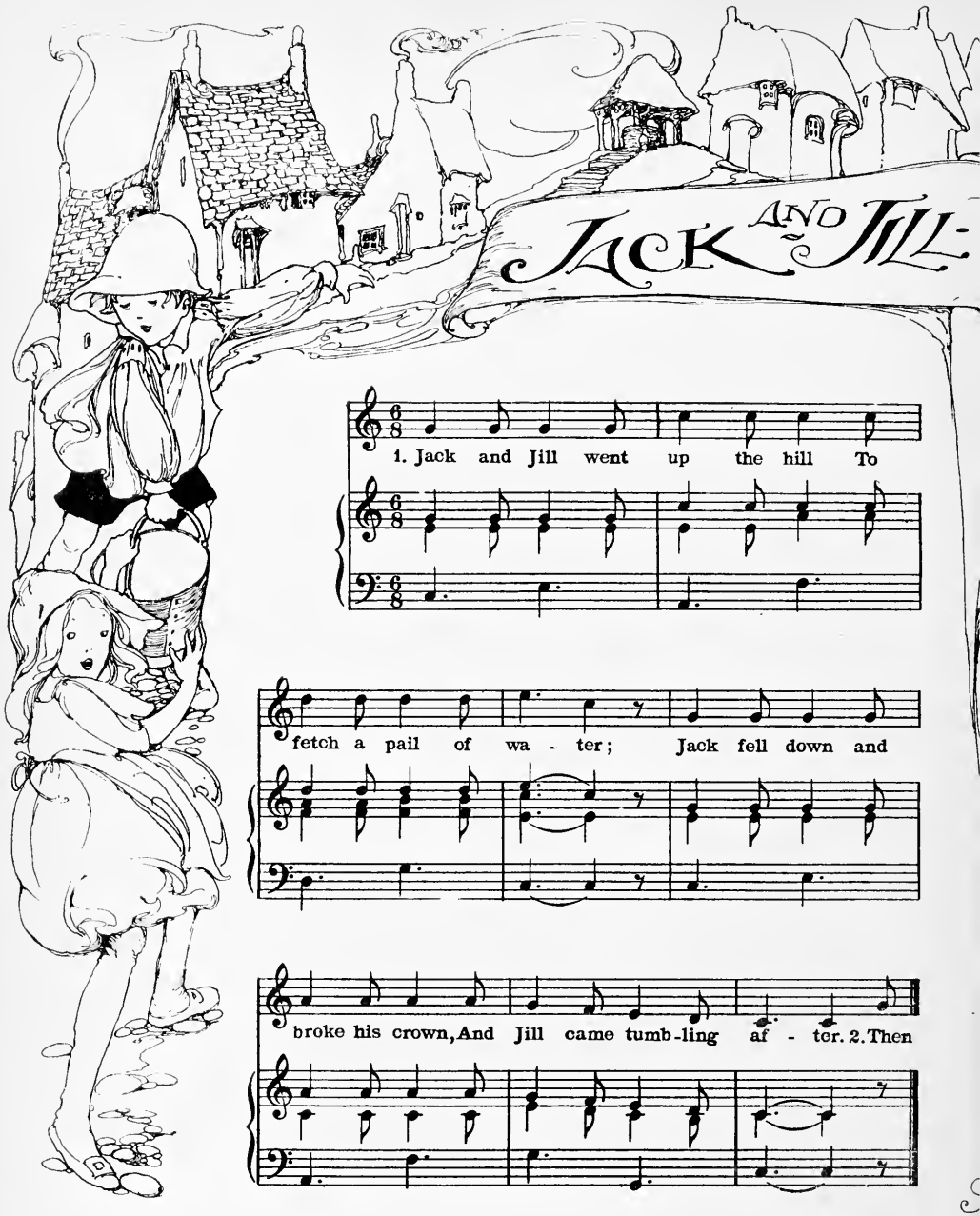
In the dark blue sky you keep
While you through my curtains peep,
And you never shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky.

Twinkle, twinkle, etc.


HUMPTY DUMPTY
Hump-ty Dump-ty sat on a wall,
Hump-ty Dump-ty had a great fall; All the King's hor-ses and
all the King's men Could-n't set up Hump-ty Dump-ty a-gain.
WISE BOOK OF WORDS

SONG VII.
JACK and JILL.


SONG VIII.
See Saw.
MARJORIE DAW


JACK AND JILL-
1. Jack and Jill went up the hill To
fetch a pail of wa - ter; Jack fell down and
broke his crown, And Jill came tumb-ling af - ter. 2. Then

# JACK & JILL

1

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.

2

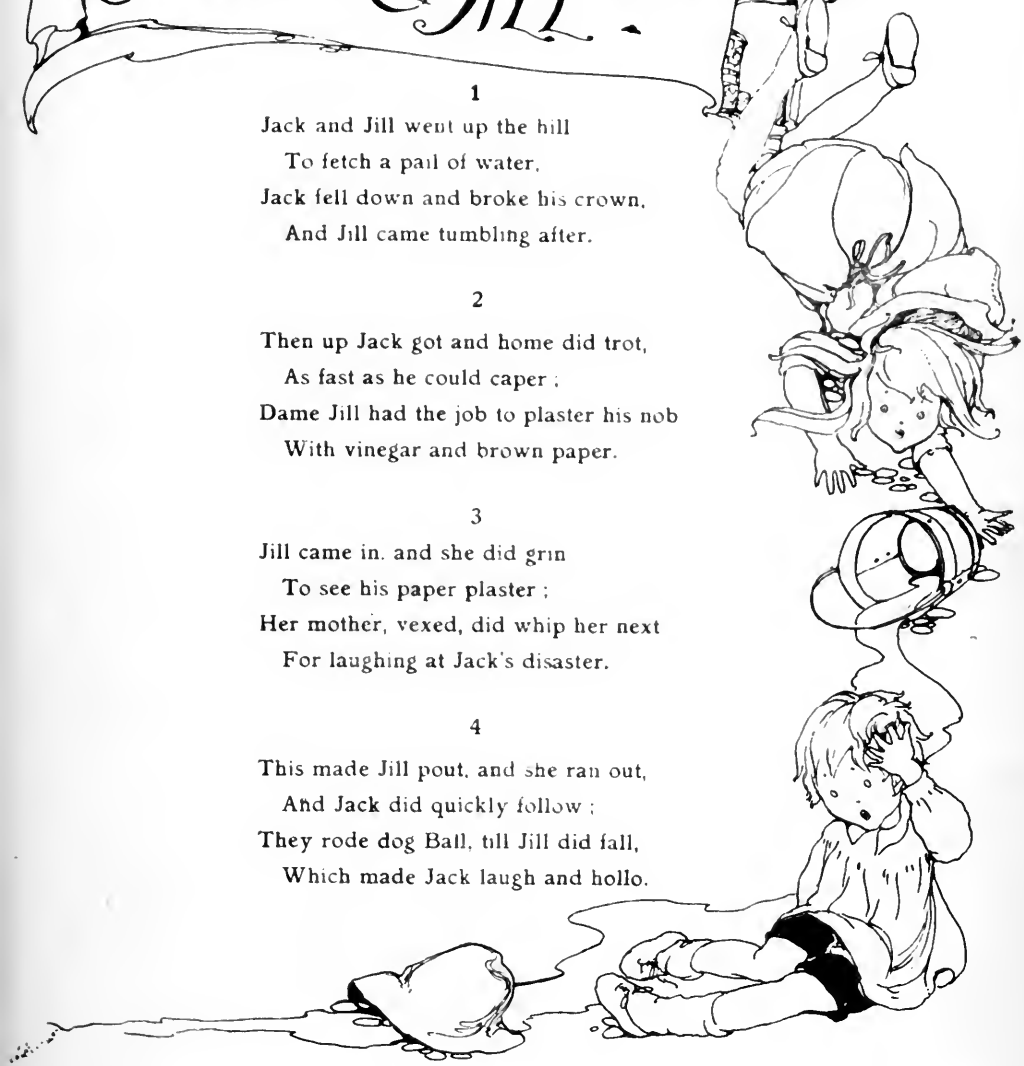
Then up Jack got and home did trot,
As fast as he could caper;
Dame Jill had the job to plaster his nob
With vinegar and brown paper.

3

Jill came in, and she did grin
To see his paper plaster;
Her mother, vexed, did whip her next
For laughing at Jack's disaster.

4

This made Jill pout, and she ran out,
And Jack did quickly follow;
They rode dog Ball, till Jill did fall,
Which made Jack laugh and hollo.



See - saw, Mar-jo-ry Daw,

Har-ry shall have a new mas-ter; He shall have but a

pen-ny a day, Be-cause he won't work an-y fast - er.

SONG IX.

GOOSEY, GOOSEY GANDER.

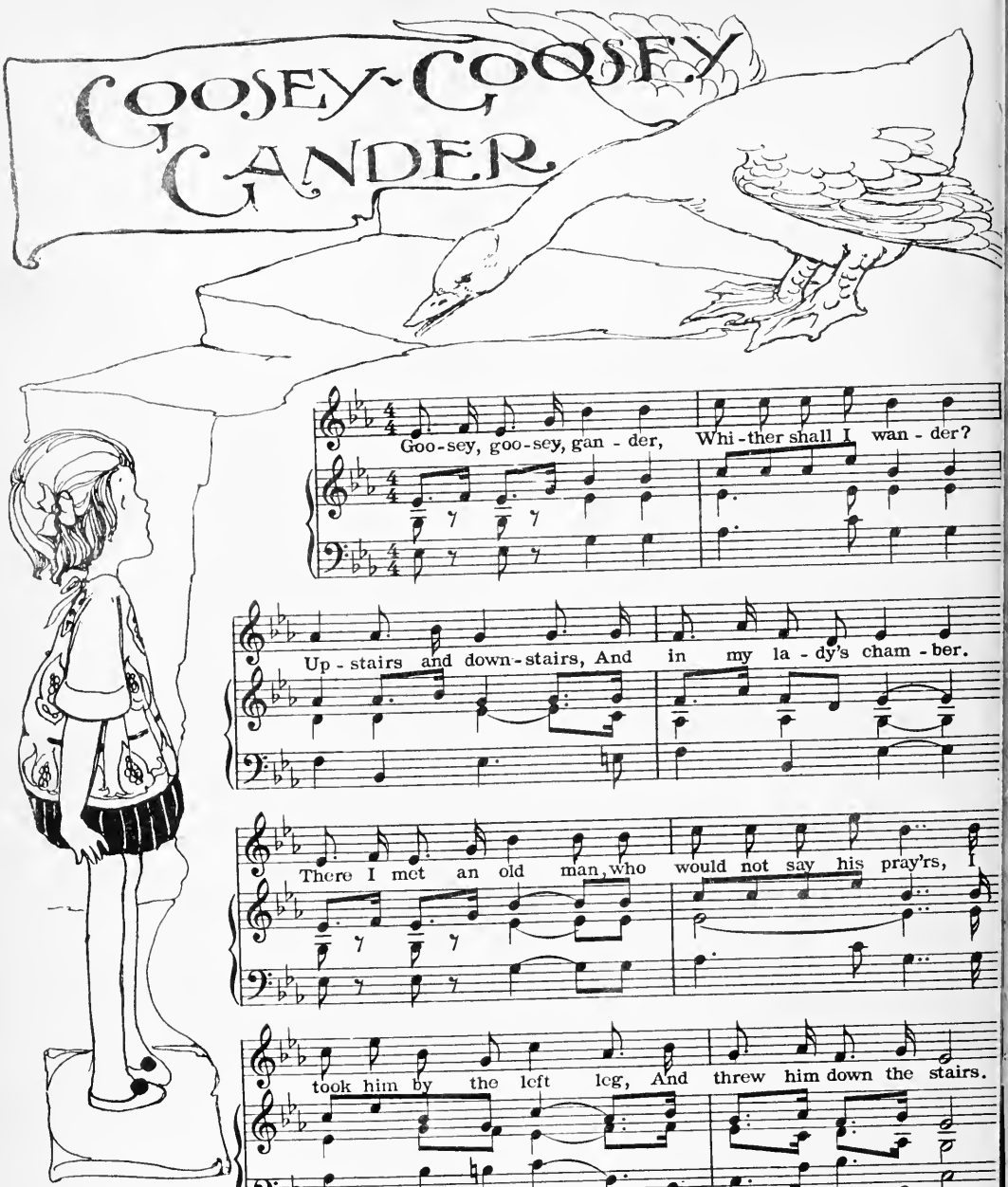
SONG X.

WHAT are LITTLE BOYS made of?

SONG XI.

RIDE-A-COCK-HORSE.

# GOOSEY-GOOSEY GANDER



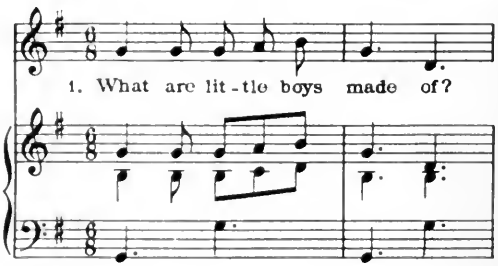
Goo-sey, goo-sey, gan - der, Whi-ther shall I wan - der?

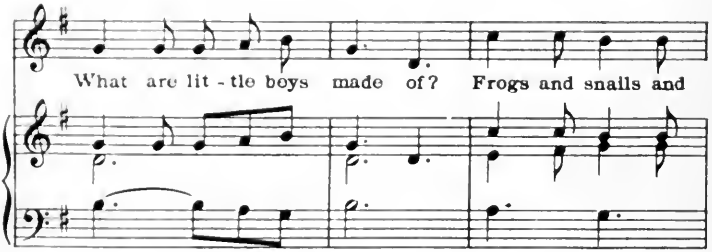
Up - stairs and down-stairs, And in my la - dy's cham - ber.

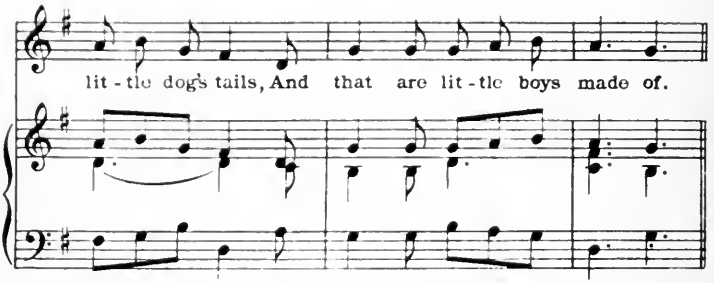
There I met an old man, who would not say his pray'rs, I

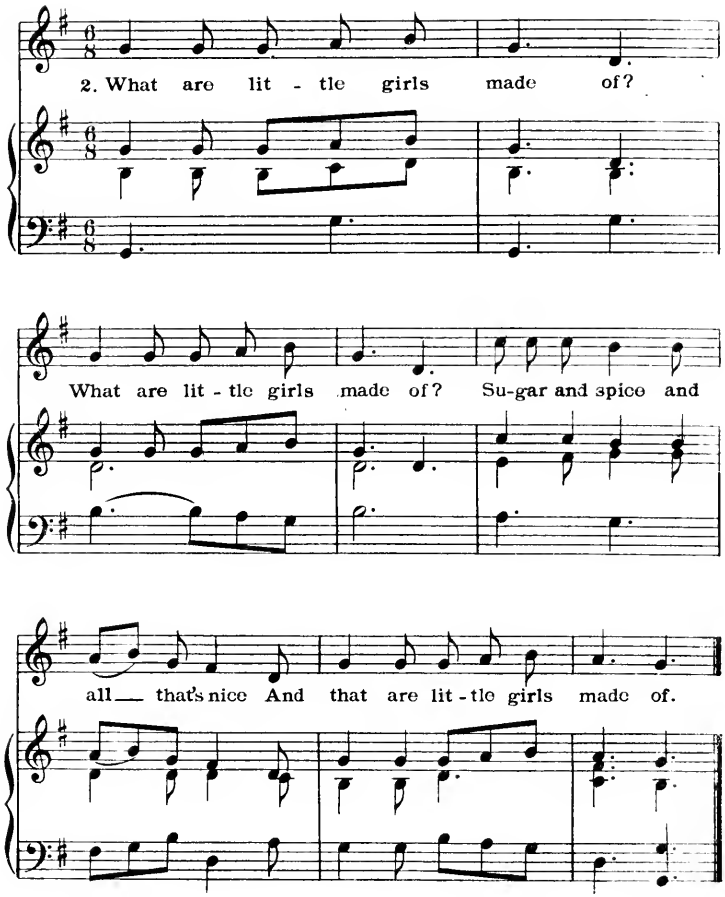
took him by the left leg, And threw him down the stairs.

# WHAT are LITTLE-BOYS MADE OF




2. What are lit - tle girls made of?
What are lit - tle girls made of? Su-gar and spice and
all___ that's nice And that are lit - tle girls made of.

# What are Little Boys made of?

1

What are little boys made of?
What are little boys made of?
Frogs and snails and little dog's tails,
And that are little boys made of.

2

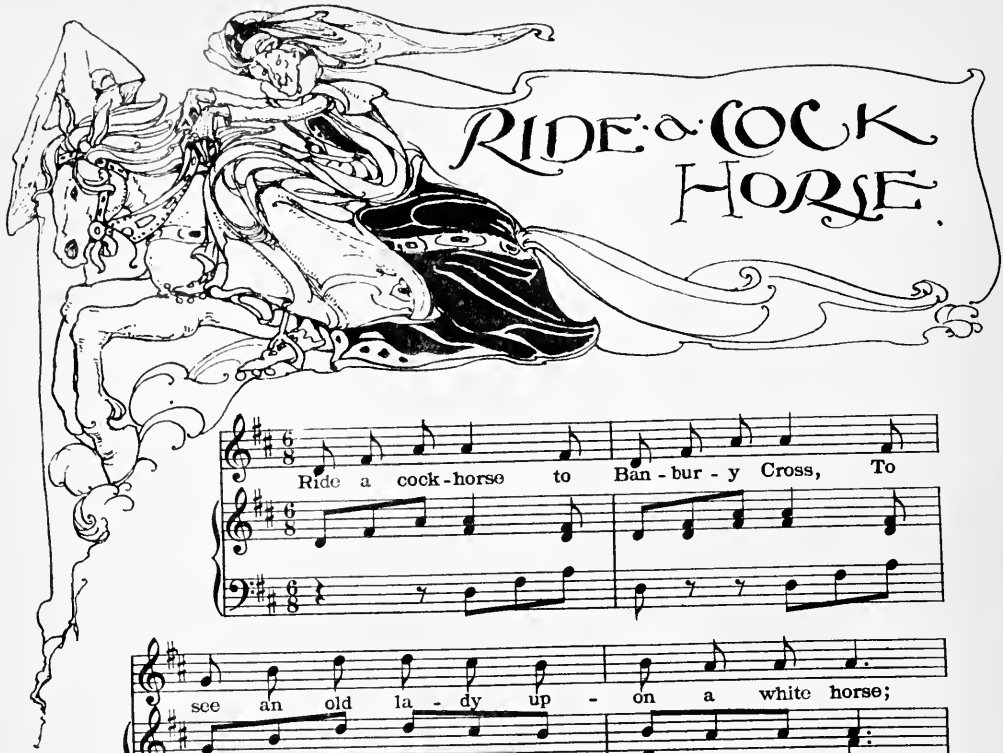
What are little girls made of?
What are little girls made of?
Sugar and spice, and all that's nice,
And that are little girls made of.

3

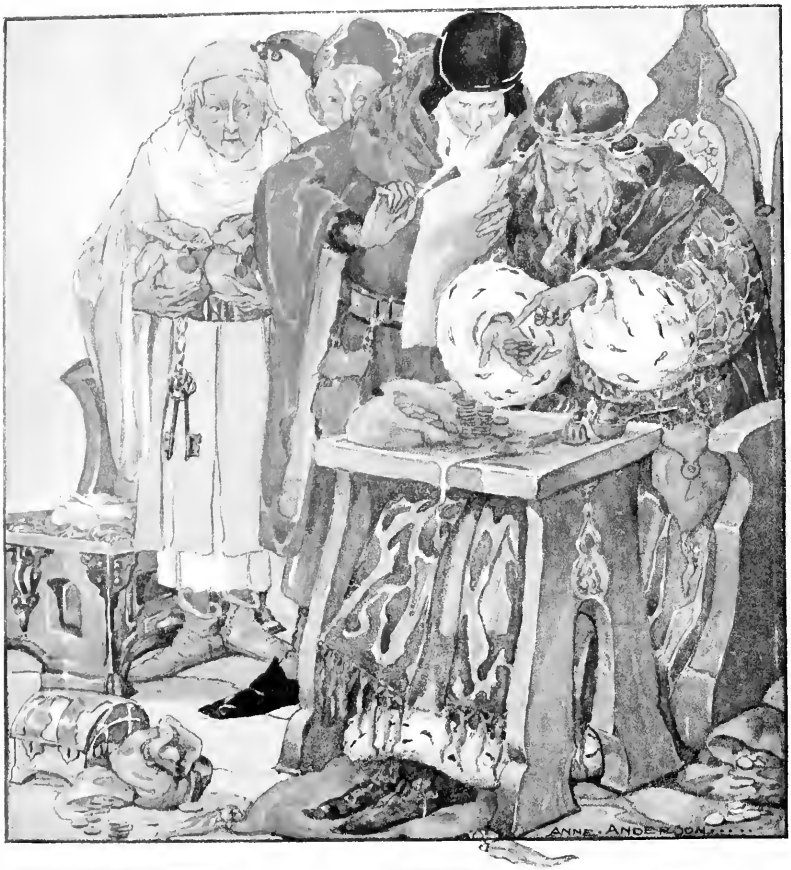
What are young men made of?
What are young men made of?
Sighs and leers and crocodile tears,
And that are young men made of.

4

What are young women made of?
What are young women made of?
Ribbons and laces, and sweet pretty faces,
And that are young women made of.


RIDE A COCK HORSE.
Ride a cock-horse to Ban-bur-y Cross, To
see an old la-dy up-on a white horse;
Rings on her fin-gers and bells on her toes,
She shall have mu-sic whor-ev-er she goes.

SONG XII
SING A SONG O'
SIXPENCE.
SONG XIII
HICKORY DICKORY
DOCK
SONG XIV.
BAA, BAA,
BLACK SHEEP.




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

# Sing-a-Song o' Sixpence

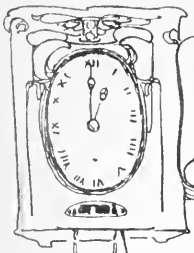
1 Sing a song of six - pence, a pock-et full of rye,
King was in his count-ing-house, count-ing out his mon-ey, The

Four and twen - ty black - birds baked in a pie;
queen was in the par - lour, eat - ing bread and ho-ney, The

When the pie was o - pen'd the birds be - gan to sing,
maid was in the gar - den, hang - ing out the clothes, There

Was - n't that a dain - ty dish to set be - fore a king? 2. The
came a lit - tle black - bird and peck'd off her nose.

# HICKORY-DICKORY DOCK!



Hick-o-ry, dick-o-ry, dock! — The

mouse ran up — the clock, — The clock struck one, And

down it ran, Hick-o-ry, dick-o-ry, dock! —

1

Hickory, dickory, dock !
The mouse ran up the clock,
The clock struck one,
And down it ran,
Hickory, dickory, dock !

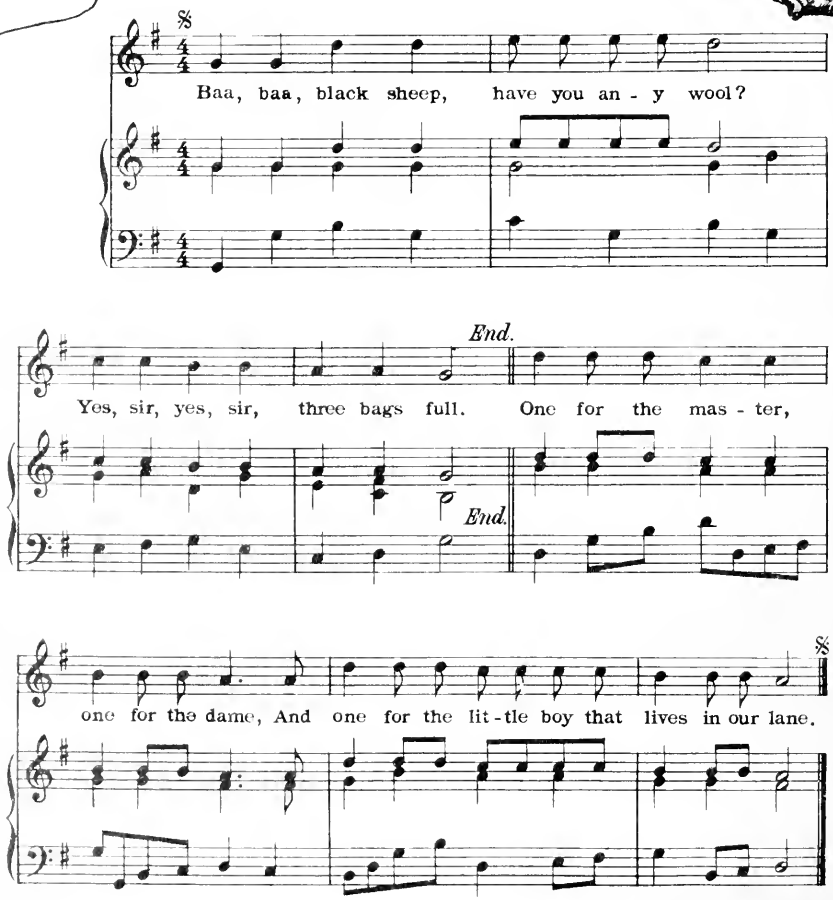
2

Hickory, dickory, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock,
The clock struck three,
The mouse ran away,
Hickory, dickory, dock.

3

Hickory, dickory, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock,
The clock struck ten,
The mouse came again,
Hickory, dickory, dock.

BAA, BAA
BLACK SHEEP


Baa, baa, black sheep, have you an - y wool?
Yes, sir, yes, sir, three bags full. One for the mas - ter,
End.
End.
one for the dame, And one for the lit - tle boy that lives in our lane.

SONG XV.

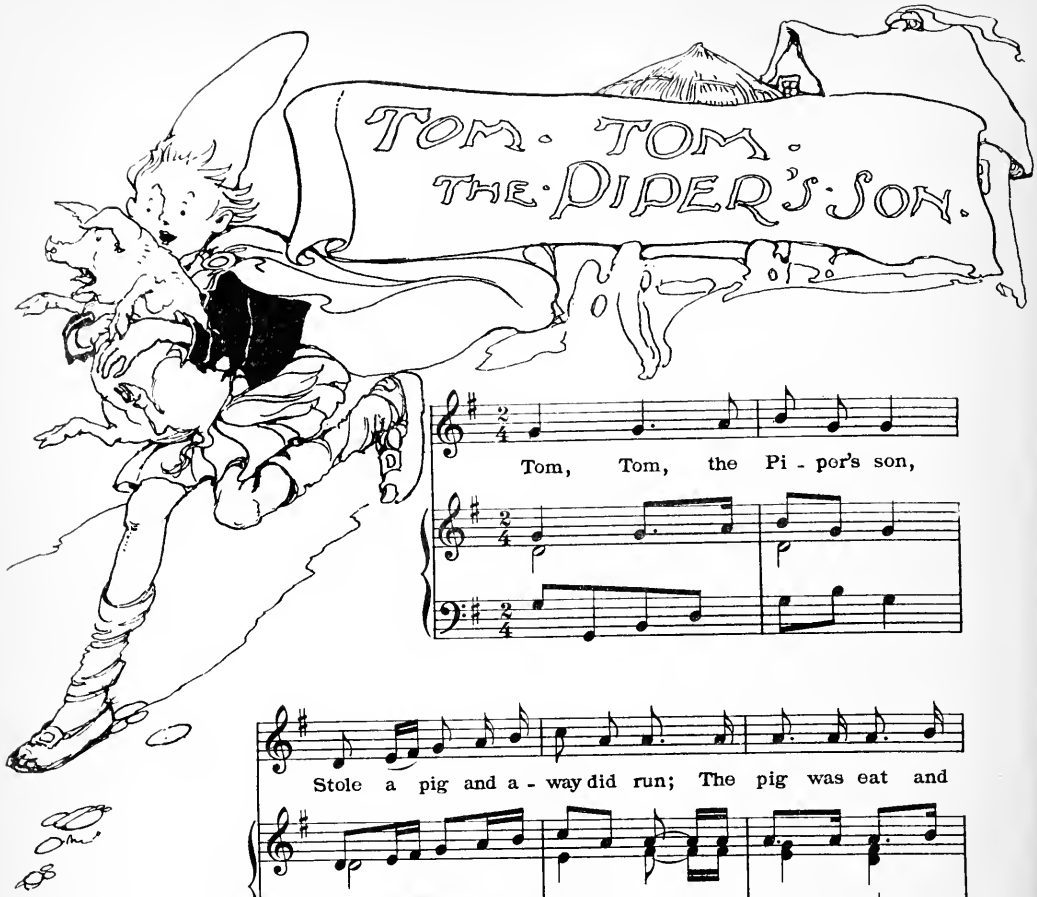
TOM: TOM: the PIPER'S SON.

SONG XVI.

HERE we go Round the Mulberry Bush

SONG XVII.

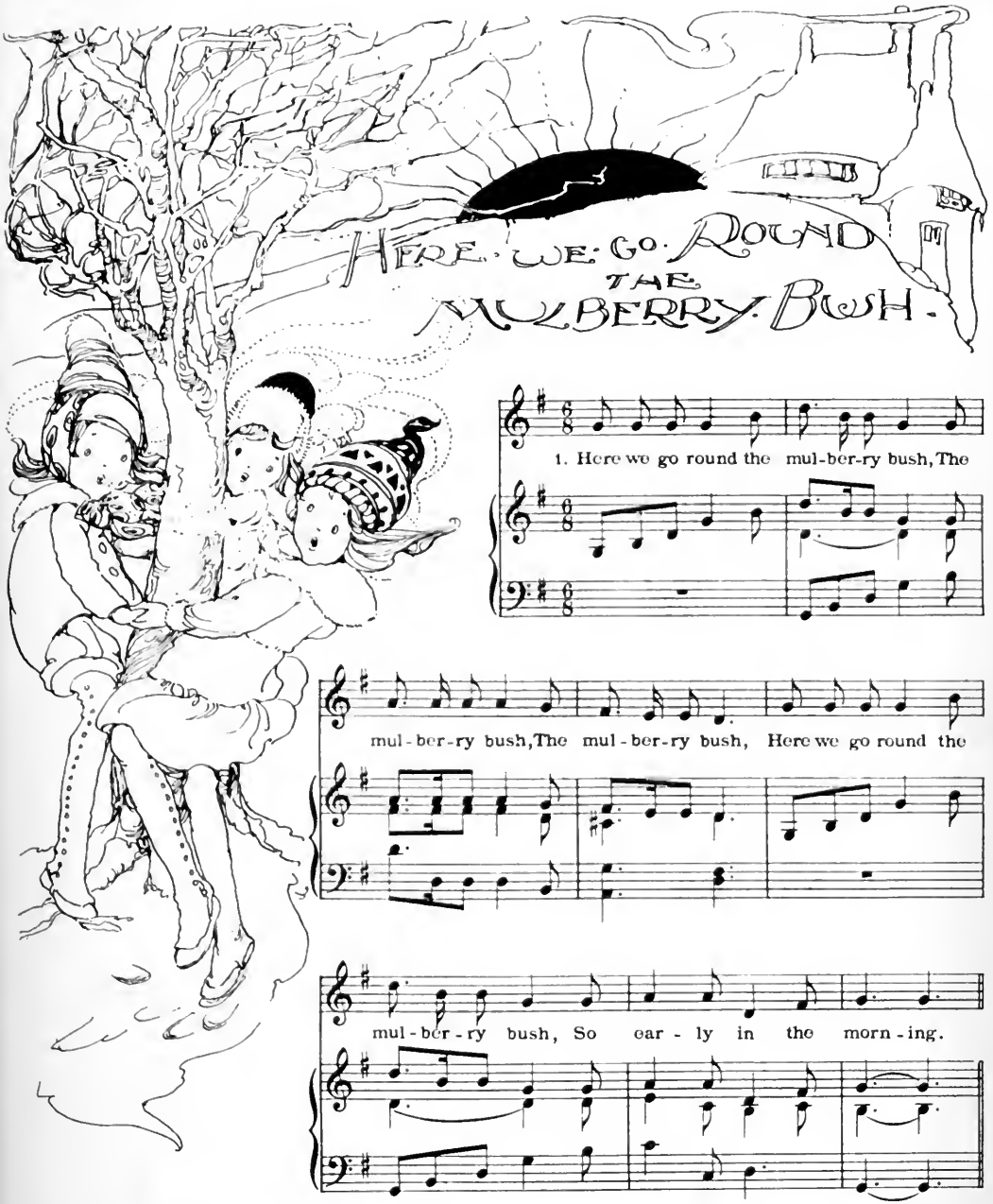
CURLY LOCKS!

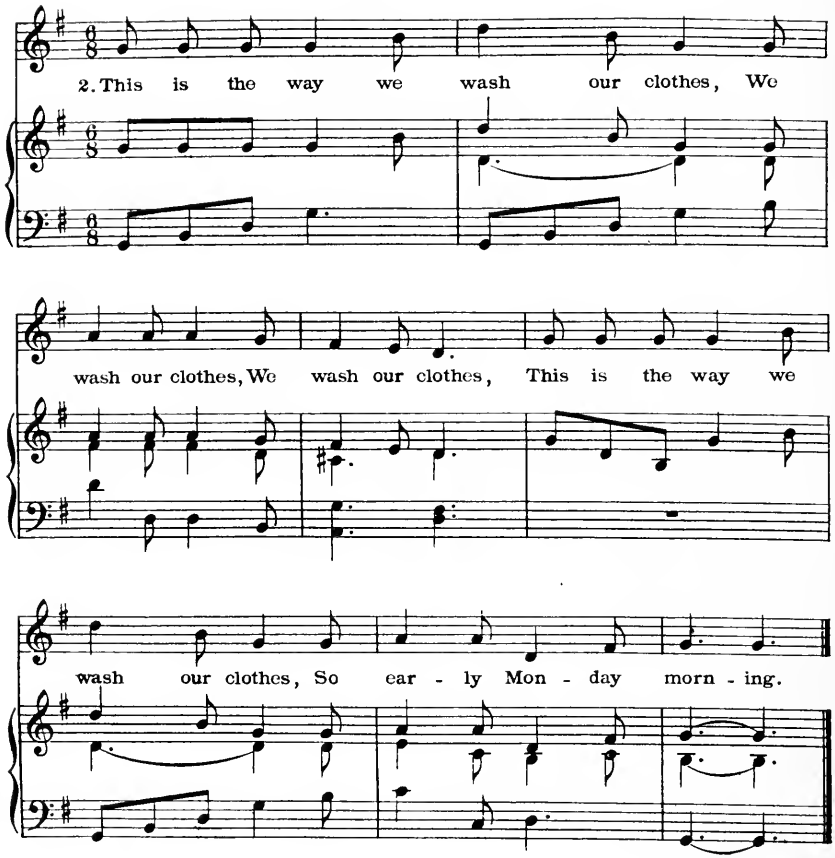


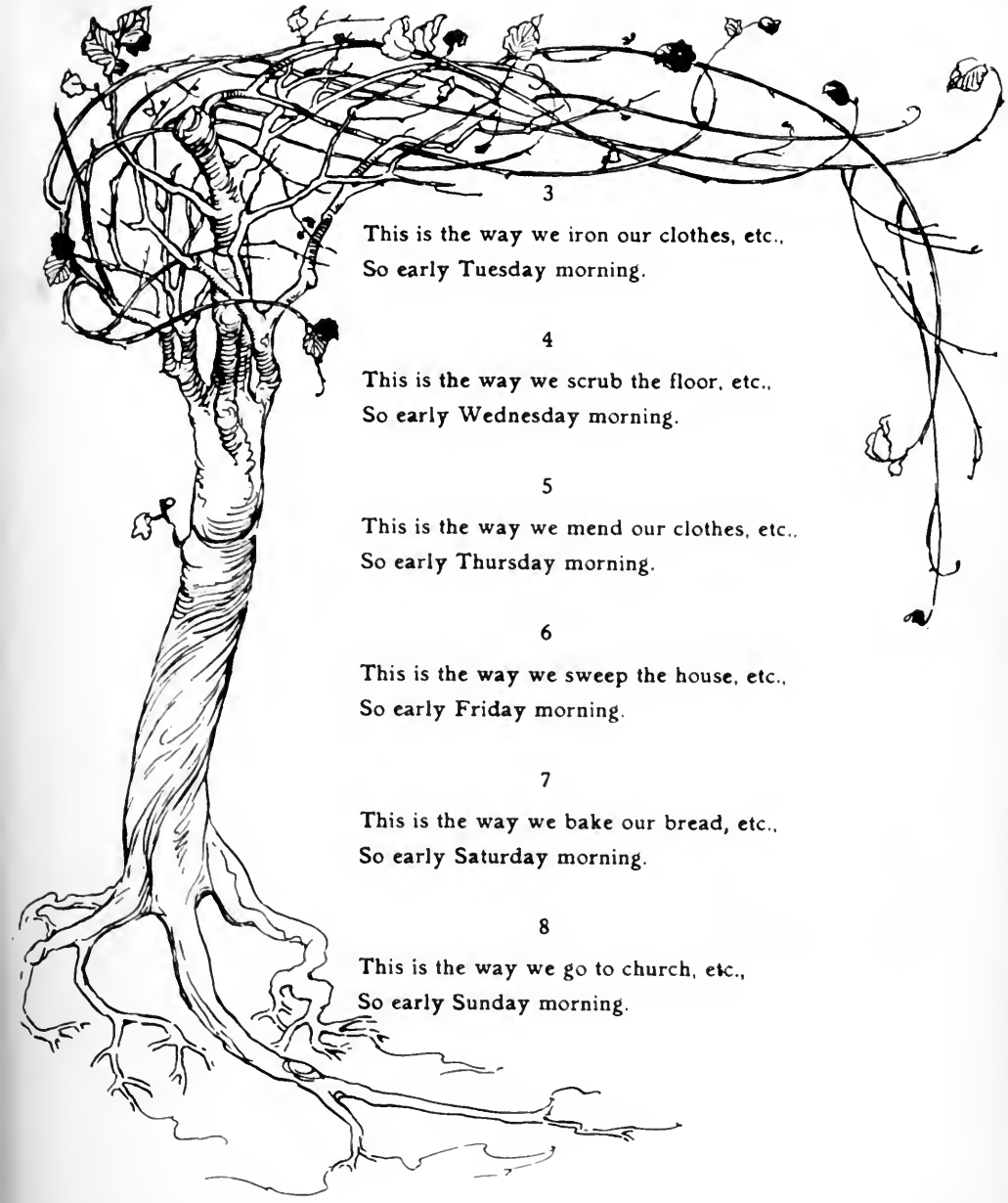

Tom, Tom, the Pi - per's son,

Stole a pig and a - way did run; The pig was eat and

Tom was beat, Which sent him howl - ing down the street.


HERE WE GO ROUND
THE
MULBERRY BUSH.
1. Here we go round the mul-ber-ry bush, The
mul-ber-ry bush, The mul-ber-ry bush, Here we go round the
mul-ber-ry bush, So ear-ly in the morn-ing.


2. This is the way we wash our clothes, We
wash our clothes, We wash our clothes, This is the way we
wash our clothes, So ear - ly Mon - day morn - ing.



3

This is the way we iron our clothes, etc.,
So early Tuesday morning.

4

This is the way we scrub the floor, etc.,
So early Wednesday morning.

5

This is the way we mend our clothes, etc.,
So early Thursday morning.

6

This is the way we sweep the house, etc.,
So early Friday morning.

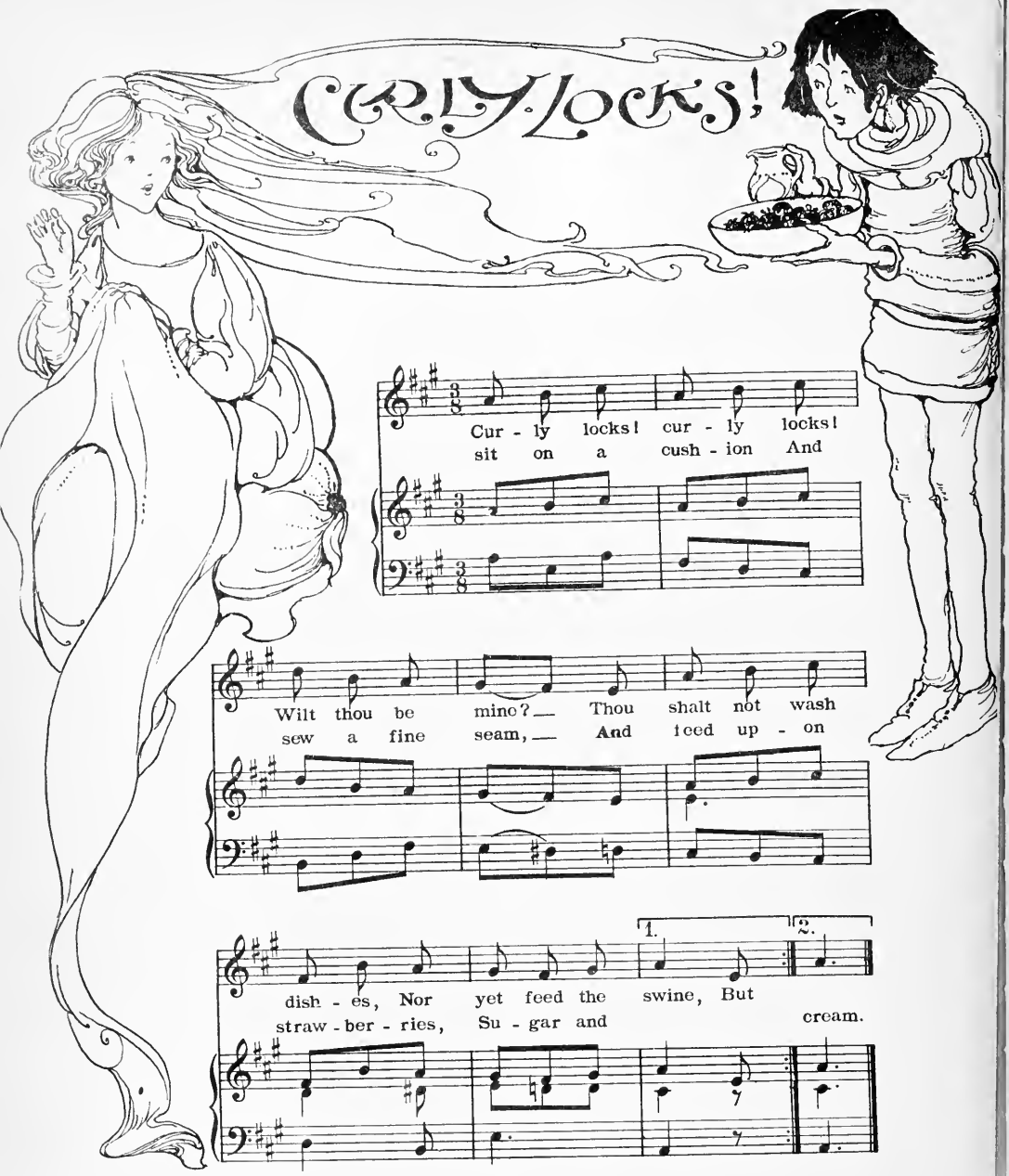
7

This is the way we bake our bread, etc.,
So early Saturday morning.

8

This is the way we go to church, etc.,
So early Sunday morning.

# CURLY LOCKS!



Cur - ly locks! cur - ly locks!
sit on a cush - ion And

Wilt thou be mine? — Thou shalt not wash
sew a fine seam, — And feed up - on

1. 2.
dish - es, Nor yet feed the swine, But
straw - ber - ries, Su - gar and cream.

SONG XVIII

MISTRESS MARY

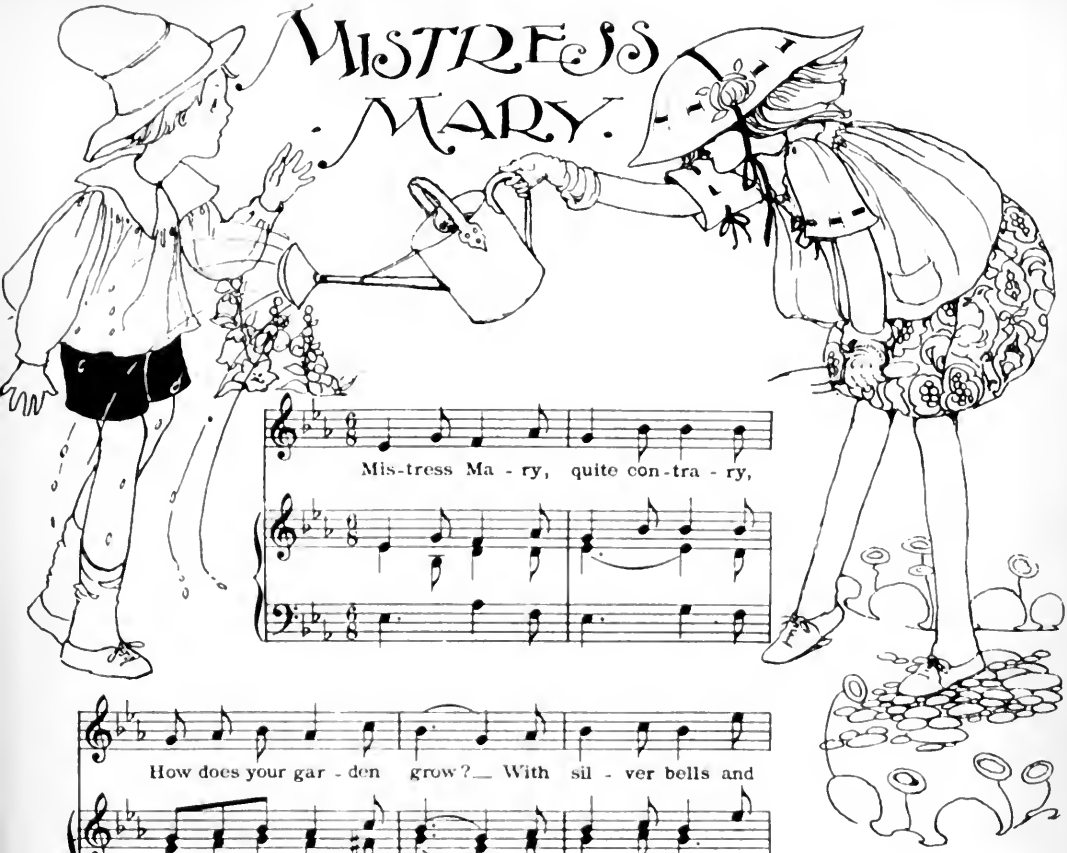
SONG XIX

OLD KING COLE.

SONG XX

PUSSY-CAT, PUSSY-CAT
WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?

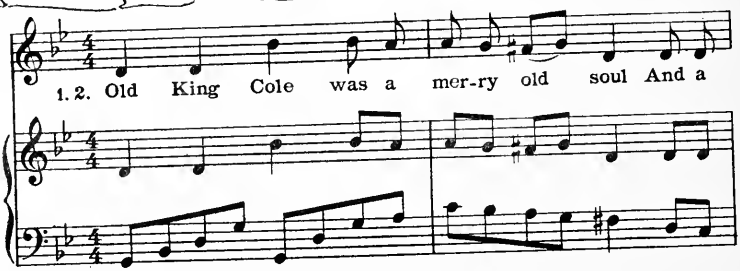


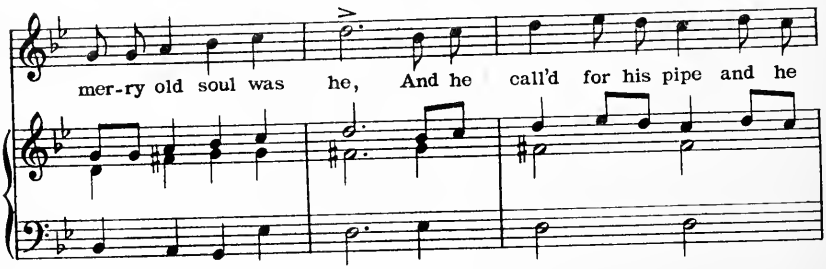

Mis-tress Ma - ry, quite con-tra - ry,

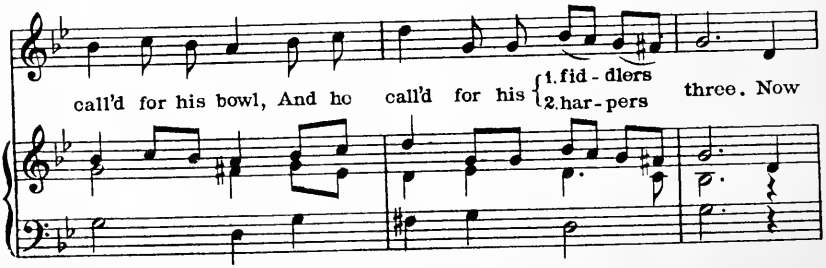
How does your gar - den grow?— With sil - ver bells and

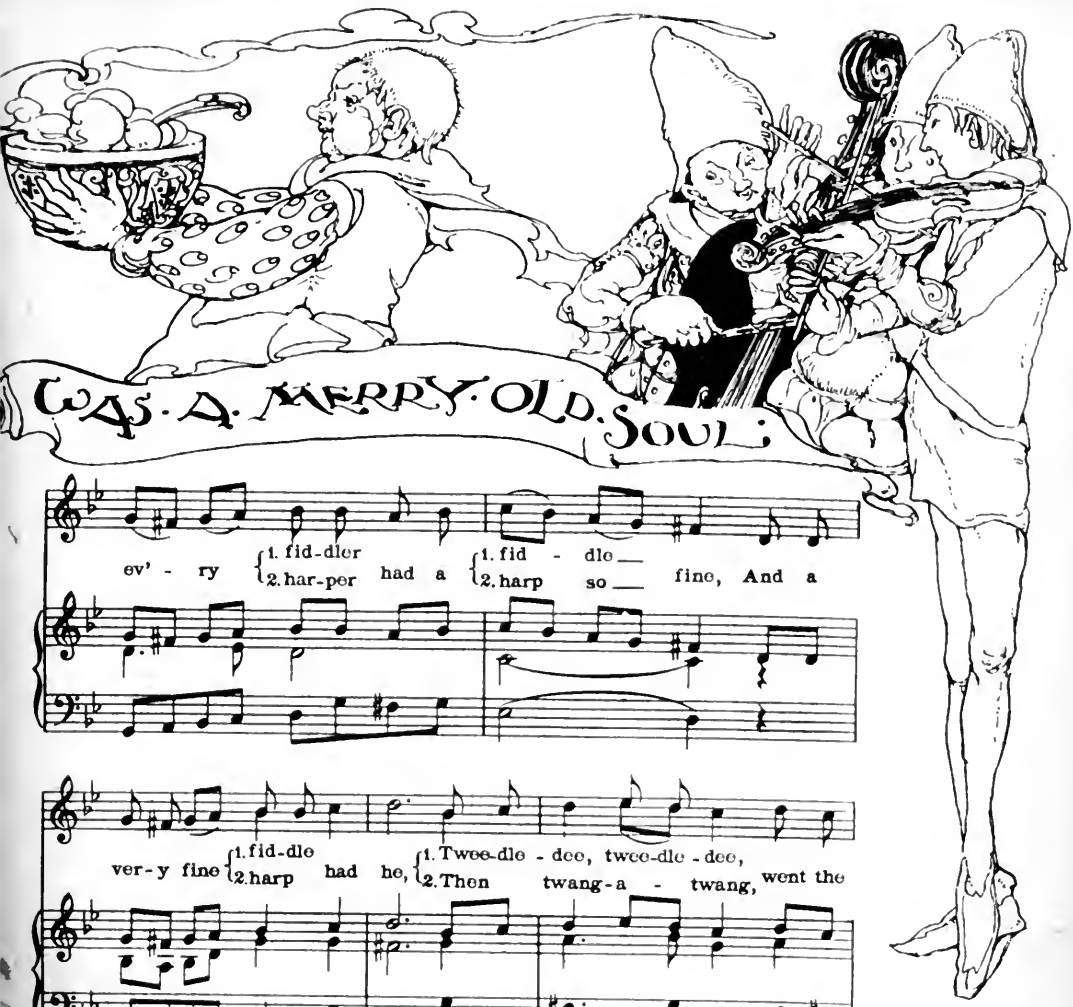
cock-le shells, And pret-ty maids all of a row.—

# OLD KING COLE



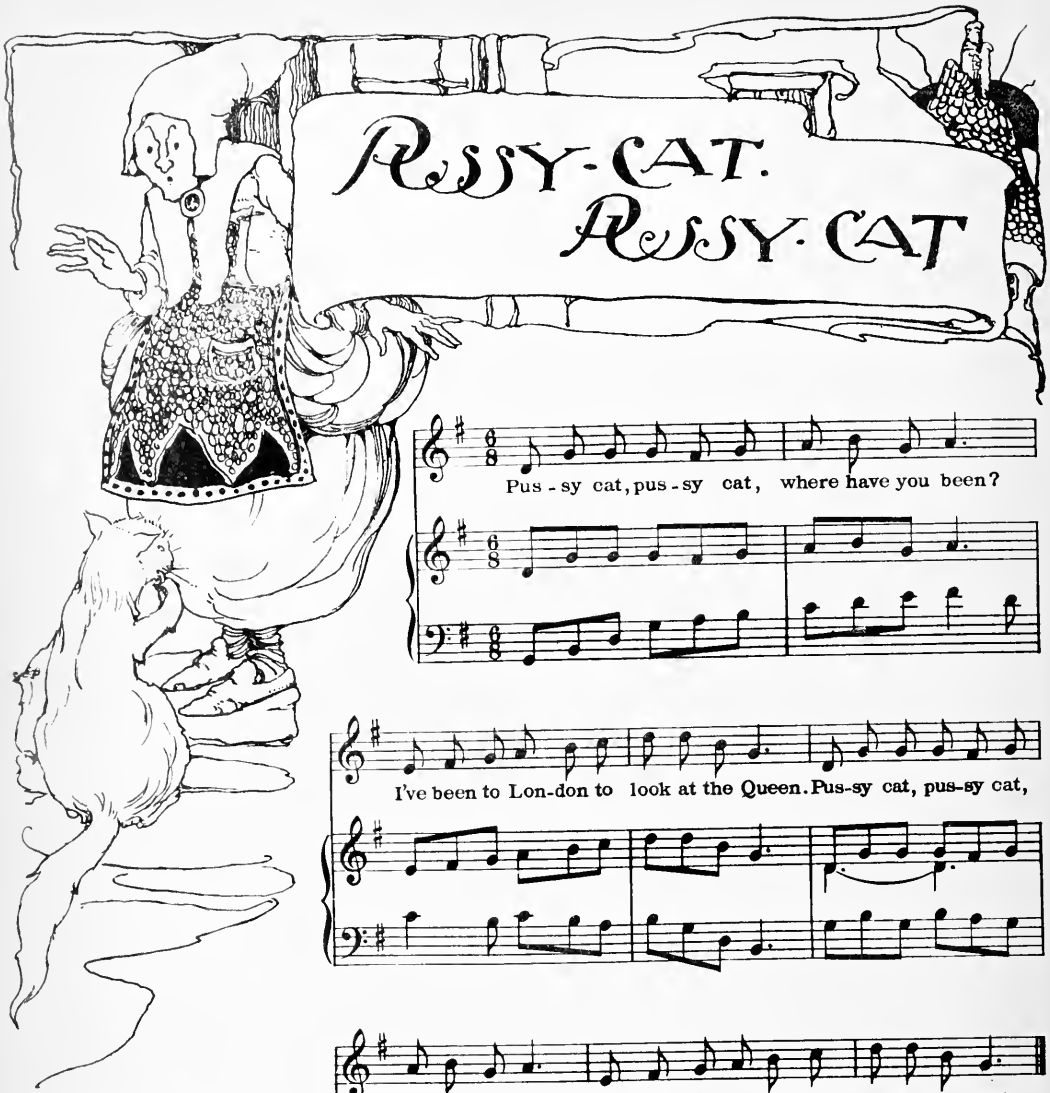


# WAS A MERRY OLD SOUL;

ev' - ry {1. fid-dler / 2. har-per} had a {1. fid - dle / 2. harp} so fine, And a

ver-y fine {1. fid-dle / 2. harp} had he, {1. Twee-dle - dee, twee-dle - dee, / 2. Then twang-a - twang,} went the

{1. fid - dlers / 2. har - pers} three, Old King Cole and his {1. fid - dlers / 2. har - pers} three.


Pussy-cat. Pussy-cat
Pus - sy cat, pus - sy cat, where have you been?
I've been to Lon-don to look at the Queen. Pus-sy cat, pus-sy cat,
what did you there? I caught a lit-tle mouse un-der the chair.

SONG XXI

SLEEP · BABY · SLEEP.

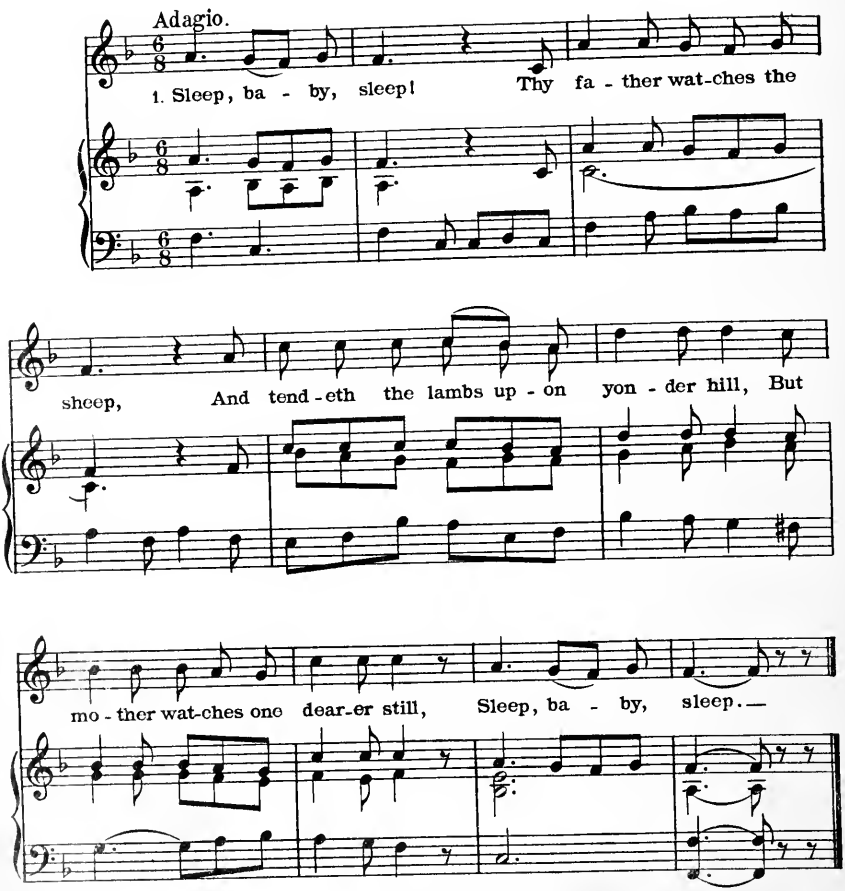
SONG XXII

THREE CHILDREN SLIDING.

SONG XXIII.

BABY · BABY BUNTING

SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP


Adagio.
1. Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Thy fa - ther wat-ches the
sheep, And tend-eth the lambs up - on yon - der hill, But
mo - ther wat-ches one dear-er still, Sleep, ba - by, sleep.—

1

Sleep, baby, sleep !
Thy father watches the sheep,
And tendeth the lambs upon yonder hill,
But mother watches one dearer still,
Sleep, baby, sleep !

2

Sleep, baby, sleep !
Soft be thy slumbers and deep,
While over our heads wild winds meet,
An old, old lullaby they repeat :
Sleep, baby, sleep !

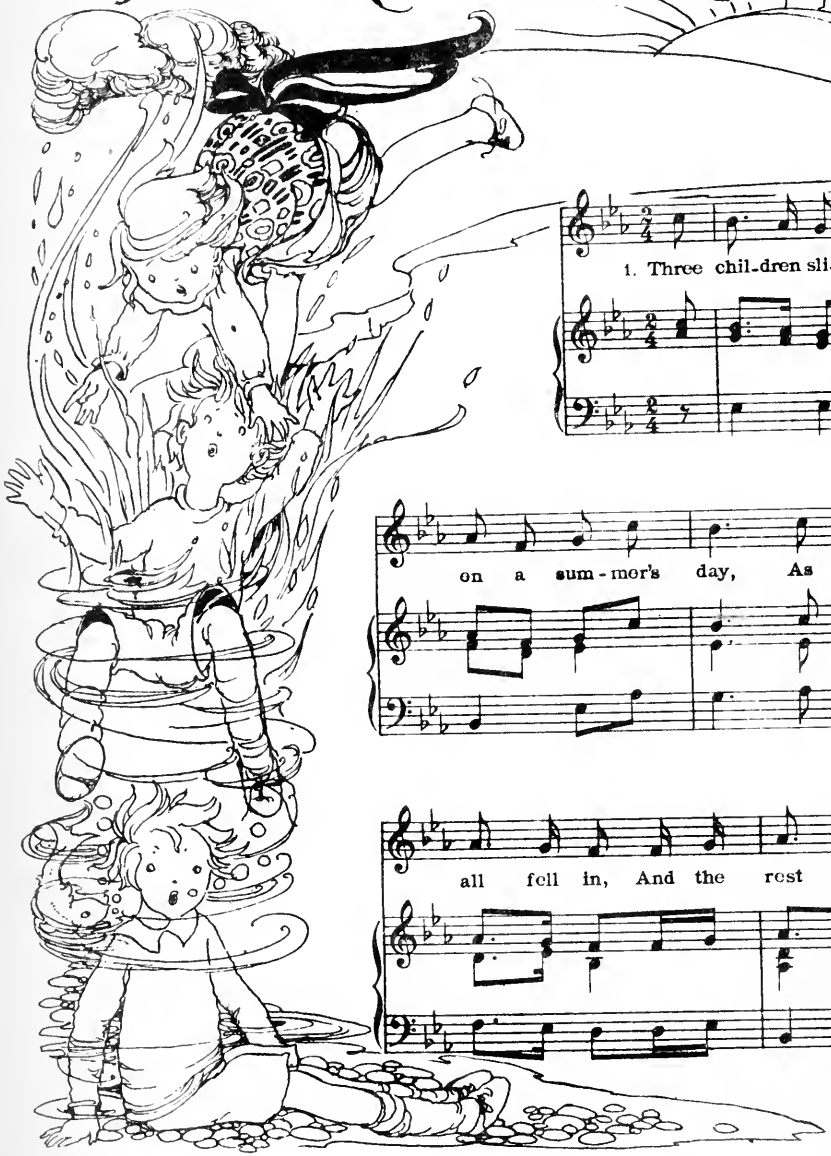
3

Sleep, baby, sleep !
The baby knows not to weep.
Unconscious it lies of the toil of life,
Knows nothing yet of its din and strife,
Sleep, baby, sleep !

4

Sleep, baby, sleep !
Thy father watches the sheep,
And tendeth the lambs upon yonder hill,
But mother watches one dearer still,
Sleep, baby, sleep !

# THREE CHILDREN SLIDING



1. Three chil-dren sli-ding on the ice, All on a sum-mer's day, As it fell out, they all fell in, And the rest they ran a - way.

1

Three children sliding on the ice,
All on a summer's day,
As it fell out, they all fell in,
And the rest they ran away.

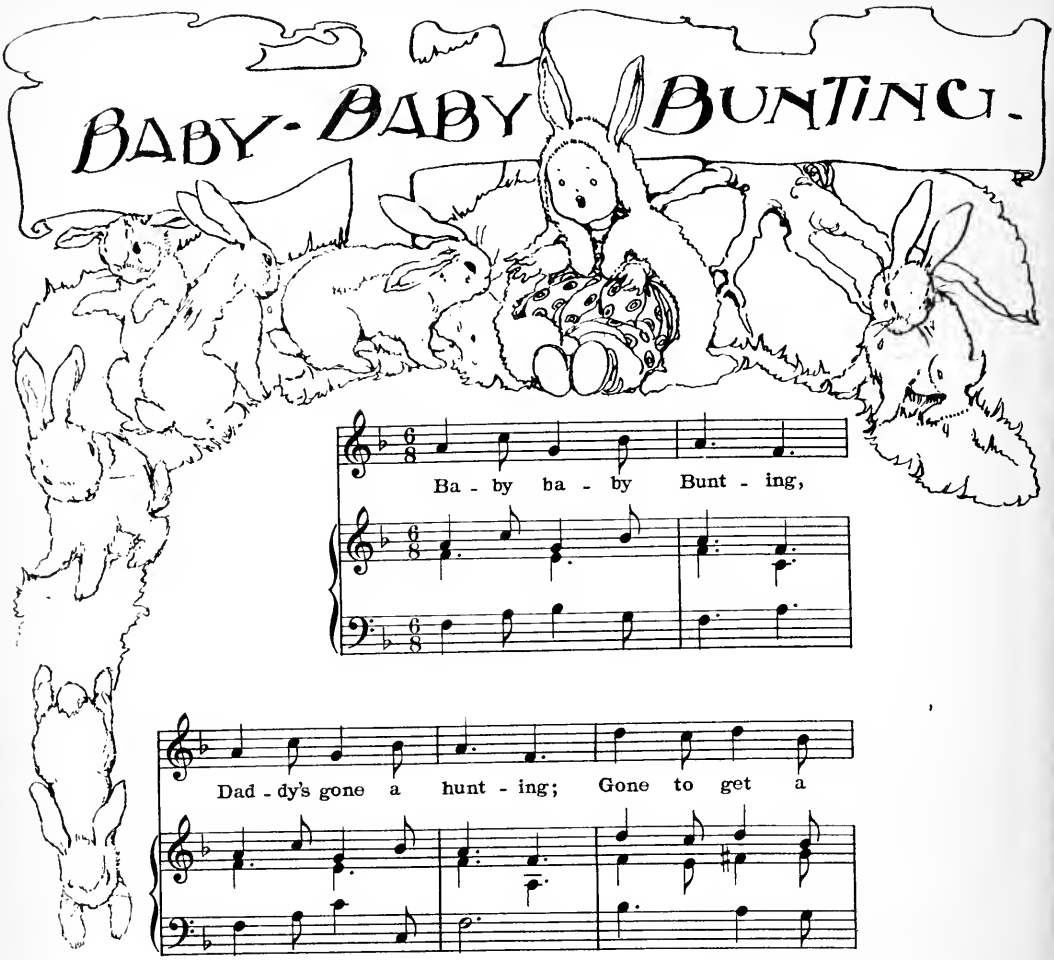
2

Now had these children been at home,
Or sliding on dry ground,
Ten thousand pounds to one penny,
They had not all been drowned.

3

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

# BABY-BABY BUNTING.



Ba - by ba - by Bunt - ing,

Dad - dy's gone a hunt - ing; Gone to get a

rab - bit skin, To wrap the ba - by Bunt - ing in.

SONG XXIV

LITTLE JACK-HORNER

SONG XXV.

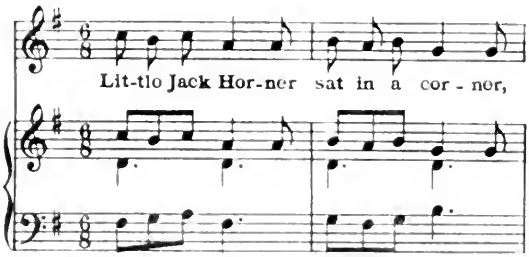
CARRION CROW.

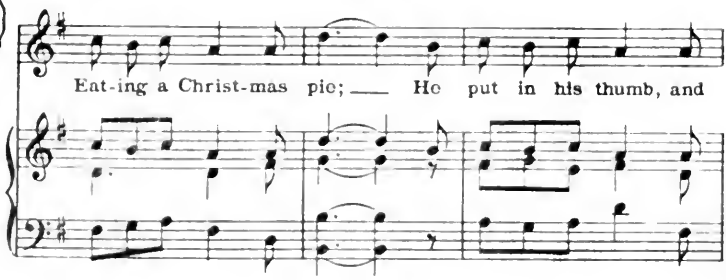
SONG XXVI

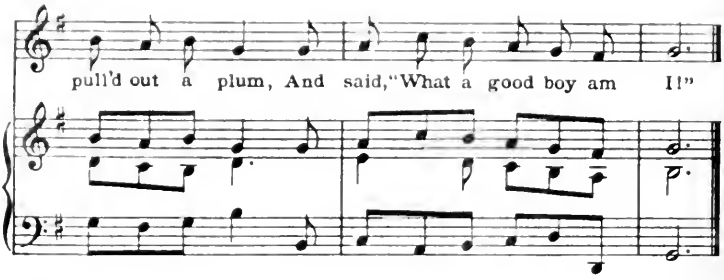
PAT-A-CAKE -
DAT-A-CAKE.

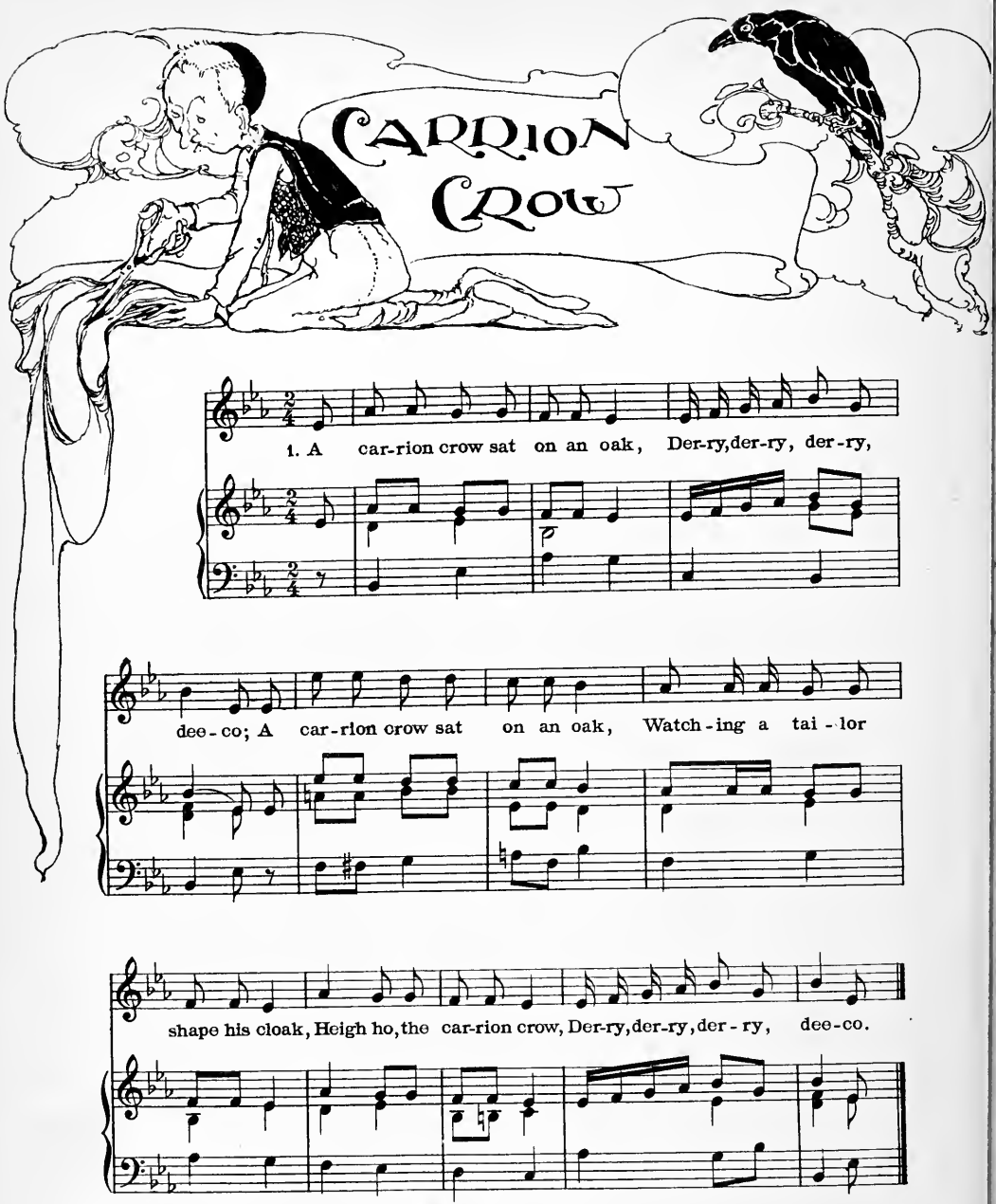
Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie

# LITTLE JACK HORNER




CARRION CROW
1. A car-rion crow sat on an oak, Der-ry,der-ry, der-ry,
dee-co; A car-rion crow sat on an oak, Watch-ing a tai-lor
shape his cloak, Heigh ho,the car-rion crow, Der-ry,der-ry,der-ry, dee-co.

A carrion crow sat on an oak,
Derry, derry, derry, deeco ;
A carrion crow sat on an oak,
Watching a tailor shape his coat.

Heigh ho, the carrion crow,
Derry, derry, derry, deeco.

"Oh ! wife, bring me my old bent bow,
Derry, derry, derry, deeco ;
Oh ! wife, bring me my old bent bow,
That I may shoot yon carrion crow."

Heigh ho, etc.

The tailor shot, and missed his mark,
Derry, derry, derry, deeco ;
The tailor shot, and missed his mark,
And shot his own sow through the heart.

Heigh ho, etc.

"Oh wife ! oh wife ! some brandy in a spoon,
Derry, derry, derry, deeco ;
Oh wife ! oh wife ! some brandy in a spoon,
For our old sow is in a swoon."

Heigh ho, etc.

The old sow died, and the bells did toll,
Derry, derry, derry, deeco ;
The old sow died, and the bells did toll.
And the little pigs prayed for the old sow's soul.

Heigh ho, etc.

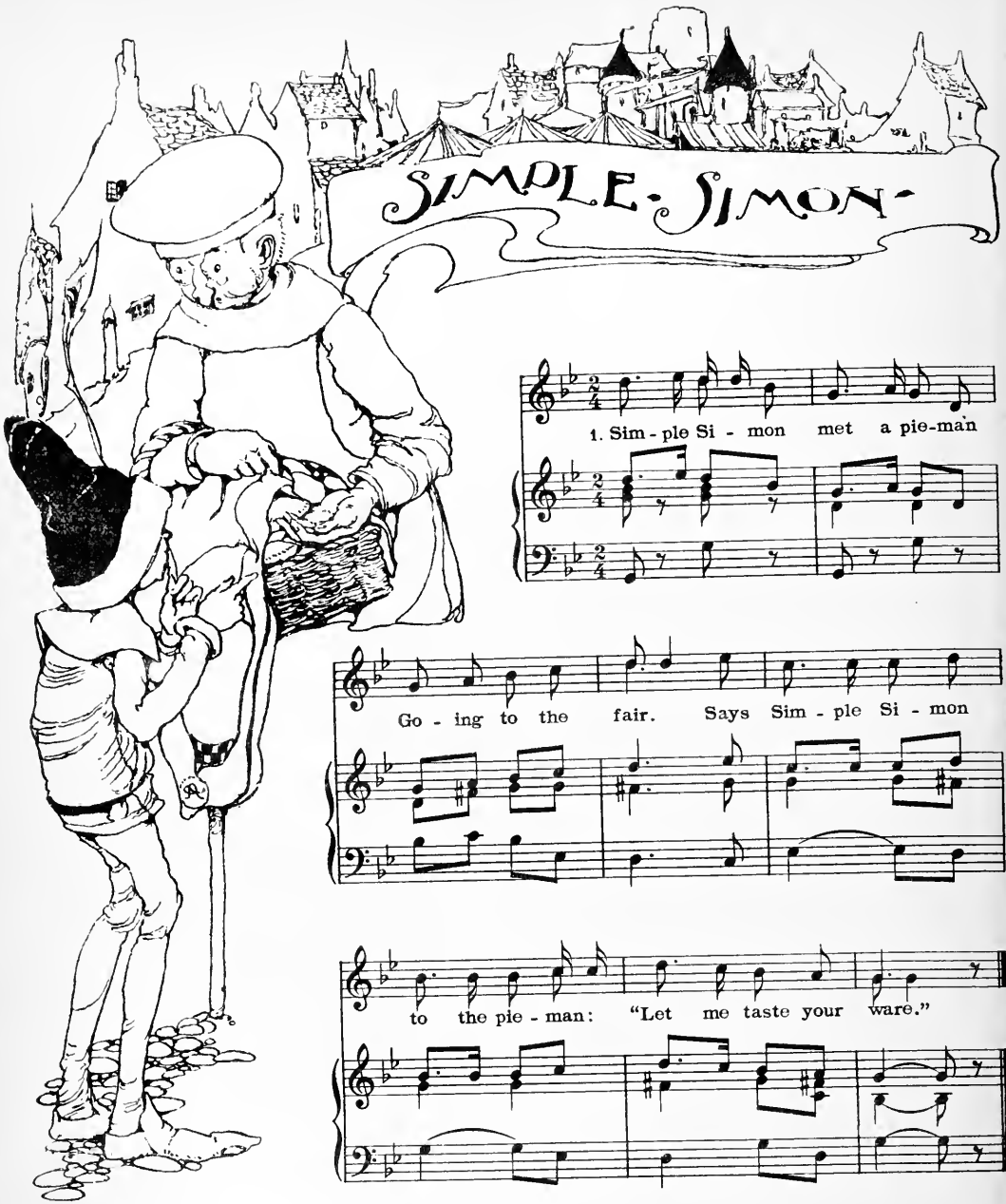
# PAT-A-CAKE-PAT-A-CAKE-BAKER'S-MAN

Pat a cake, pat a cake, ba - ker's man,

So I will, mas-ter, as fast as I can. Pat it and prick it and

mark it with B, And put it in th'ov-en for Ba-by and me.

SONG·XXVII
SIMPLE·SIMON
RUB·A·DUB·
·DUB·
SONG XXVIII


SIMPLE SIMON
1. Sim - ple Si - mon met a pie-man
Go - ing to the fair. Says Sim - ple Si - mon
to the pie - man: "Let me taste your ware."

1

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

2

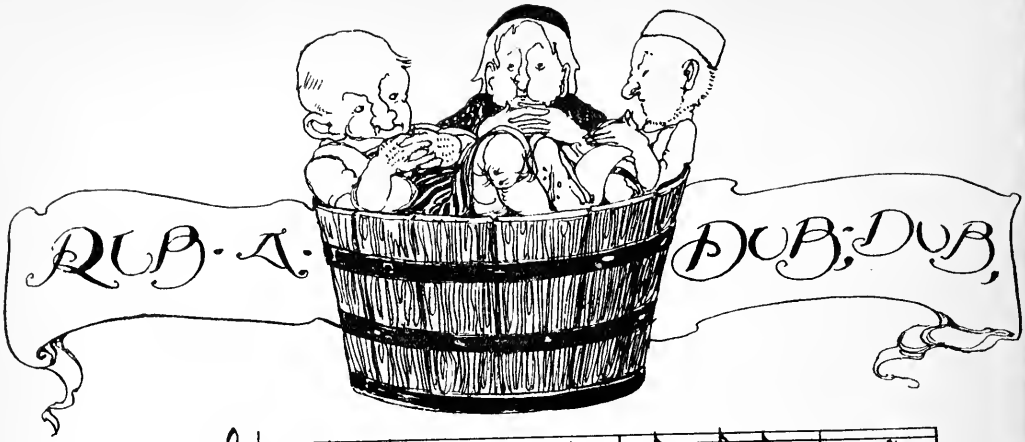
Says the pieman to Simple Simon :
"Show me first your penny."
Says Simple Simon to the pieman :
"Indeed I have not any."

3

Simple Simon went a-fishing
For to catch a whale,
But all the water he had got
Was in his mother's pail.

4

Simple Simon went to look
If plums grew on a thistle.
He pricked his fingers very much
Which made poor Simon whistle.




Rub - a - dub, dub, Three men in a tub,

Who do you think were there?— The but - cher, the ba - ker, The

can - dle - stick ma - ker, And they are all gone to the fair.—

## Song XXIX

## Three Blind Mice.

## Song XXX.

## London Bridge is falling down.

## Song XXXI

## Come, Follow Me.

1 2 3
Three blind mice,
See how they run!
all ran af - ter the farm - er's wife, Who

Three blind mice,
See how they run!
cut off their tails with a carv - ing knife, Did you

2
Three blind mice,
3
See how they run! They
1
ev - er see such a thing in your life, as

PIANO.

# LONDON BRIDGE is falling down.

1. Lon - don Bridge is fall - ing down,

Fall - ing down, fall - ing down, Lon - don Bridge is

fall - ing down, My fair la - dy.

1

London Bridge is falling down,
Falling down, falling down,
London Bridge is falling down,
My fair lady.

2

Build it up with iron bars,
Iron bars, iron bars,
Build it up with iron bars,
My fair lady.

3

Iron bars will bend and break,
Bend and break, bend and break,
Iron bars will bend and break,
My fair lady.

4

Build it up with gold and silver,
Gold and silver, gold and silver,
Build it up with gold and silver,
My fair lady.

5

Build it up with stone so strong,
Stone so strong, stone so strong,
Build it up with stone so strong,
My fair lady.

6

Then 'twill last for ages long,
Ages long, ages long,
Then 'twill last for ages long,
My fair lady.

# COME·FOLLOW·ME·

**1** Allègro.

Come, fol - low, fol - low, fol - low,

**2**

Whi-ther shall I fol - low, fol - low, fol - low,

**3**

To the green-wood, to the green-wood,

fol - low, fol - low, fol - low me.

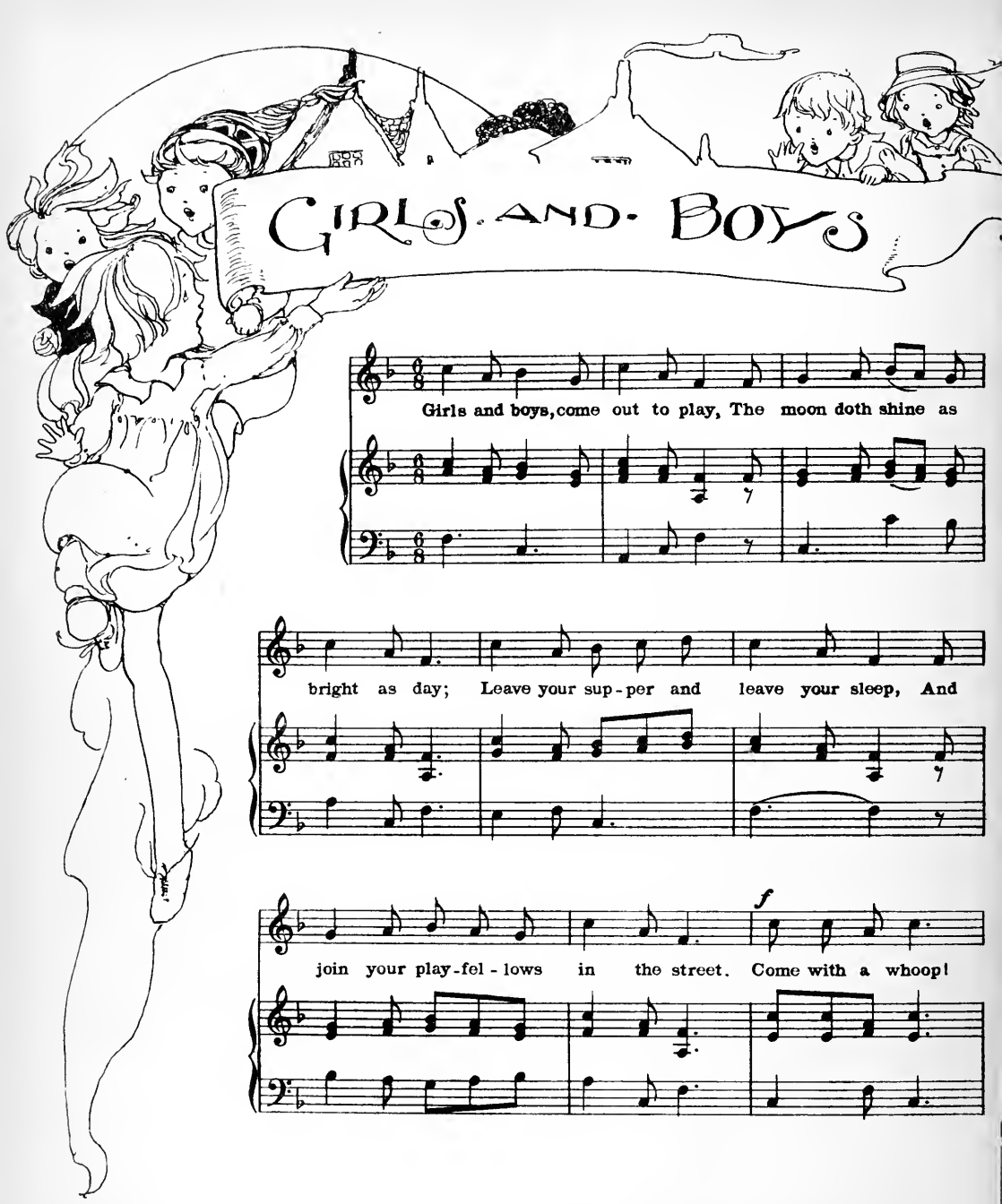
Whi - ther shall I fol - low, fol - low thee?

to the green-wood, green - wood tree.

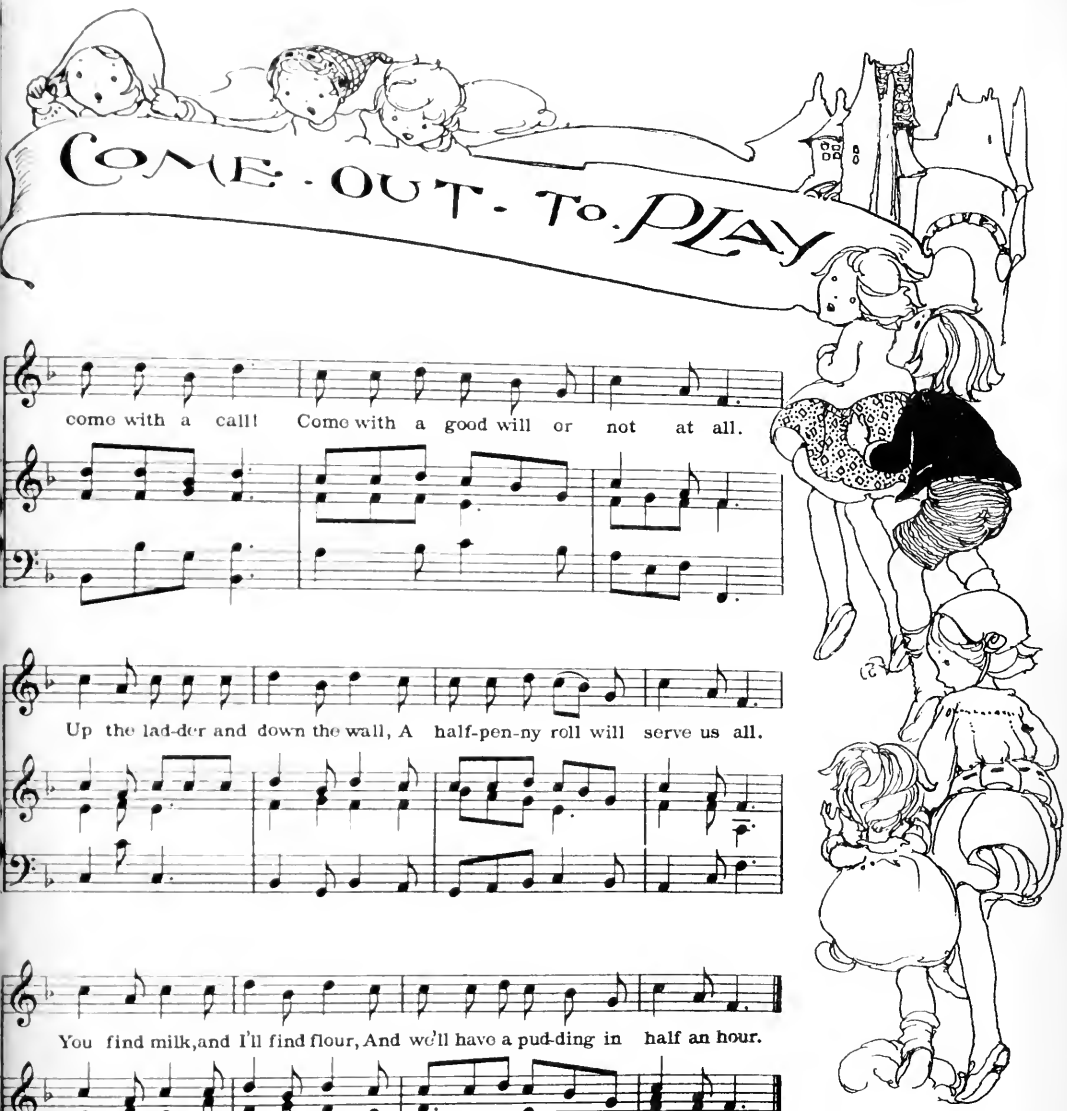
## SONG XXXII

## SONG XXXIII

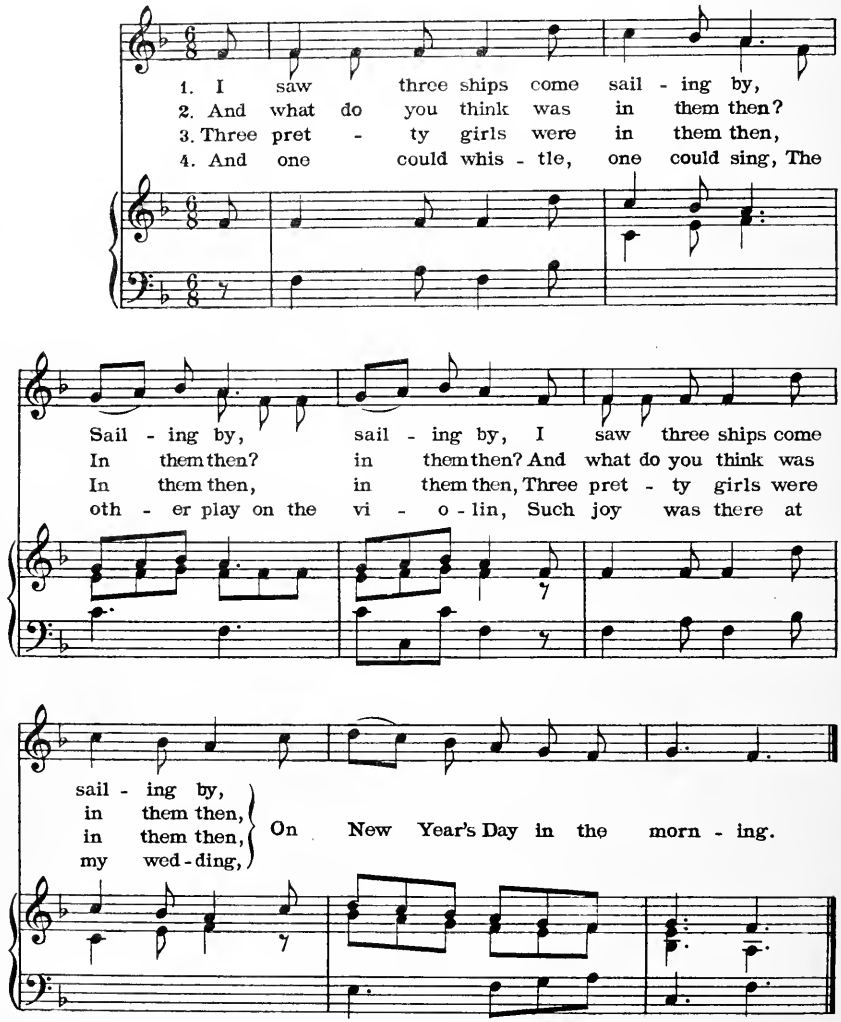
I SAW THREE SHIPS


GIRLS AND BOYS
Girls and boys, come out to play, The moon doth shine as
bright as day; Leave your sup-per and leave your sleep, And
f
join your play-fel-lows in the street. Come with a whoop!

# COME · OUT · TO · PLAY



# I SAW THREE SHIPS

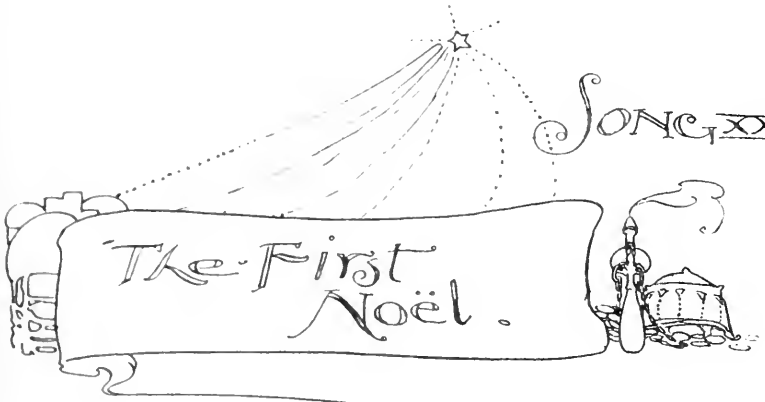


SONG XXXIV.

GOOD KING WENCESLAS

SONG XXXV.

THE FIRST NOËL.



SONG XXXVI.

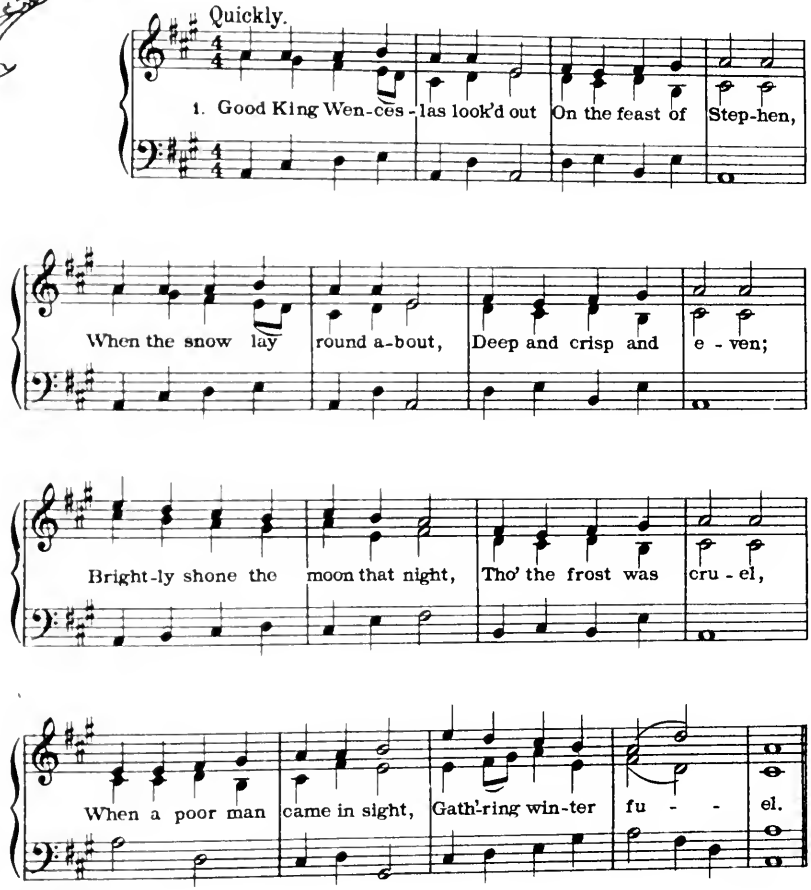
DING-DONG, BELL.

SONG XXXVII.

"WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO, MY PRETTY MAID"?

Page and monarch, forth they went.
Forth they went together

# GOOD KING WENCESLAS

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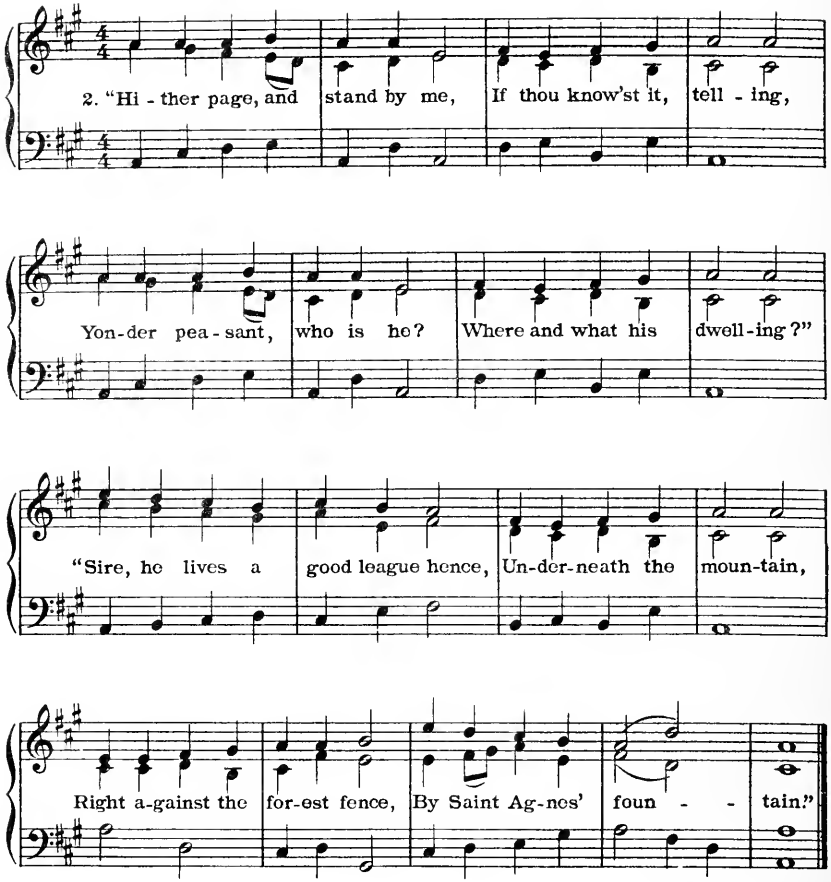

2. "Hi - ther page, and stand by me, If thou know'st it, tell - ing,
Yon-der pea - sant, who is he? Where and what his dwell-ing?"
"Sire, he lives a good league hence, Un-der-neath the moun-tain,
Right a-gainst the for-est fence, By Saint Ag-nes' foun - - tain."

3

"Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,
Bring me pine-logs hither;
Thou and I shall see him dine,
When we bear them thither."
Page and monarch, forth they went,
Forth they went together,
Through the rude wind's wild lament,
And the bitter weather.

4

"Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind blows stronger;
Fails my heart, I know not how:
I can go no longer."
"Mark my footsteps, good my page,
Tread thou in them boldly;
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly."

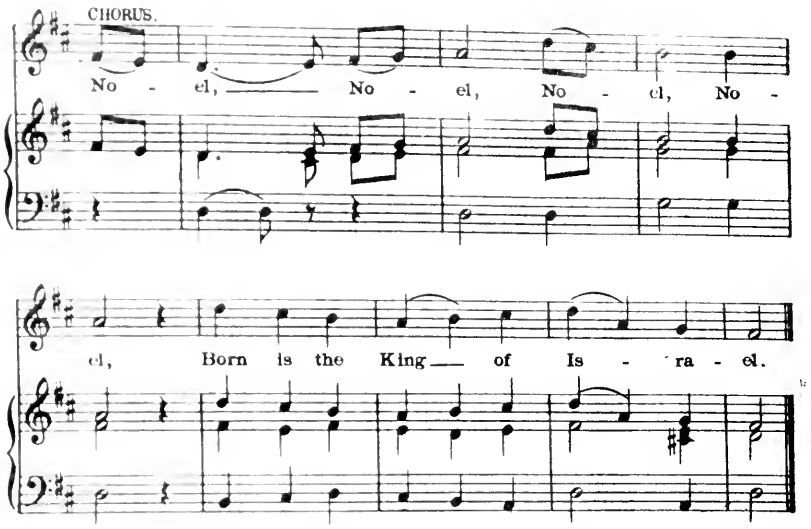
5

In his master's steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted;
Heat was in the very sod
Which the saint had printed.
Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor
Shall yourselves find blessing.

# THE FIRST NOEL.

Moderato.

1. The first — No - él the an-gel did say Was to cer-tain poor shep-herds in fields where they lay, In — fields — where they lay keep-ing their sheep, On a cold win-ter's night — that was — so deep.




3

And by the light of that same star
There were three wise men came from the country afar;
To seek the King it was their intent,
And to follow the star wherever it went.

Noel, Noel, etc.

4

The star drew nigh unto the north-west,
Over Bethlehem paused, and there it did rest;
And there did shine most bright and did stay
Over where the young Child and his Mother did lay.

Noel, Noel, etc.

5

Then entered in those wise men all three,
Very reverently, upon bended knee,
And offered there in His presence
Gifts of gold and of myrrh and of frankincense.

Noel, Noel, etc.

6

Then let us all with one accord
Sing praises unto our Heavenly Lord,
That made the heavens and earth of nought,
And with His blood mankind hath bought.

Noel, Noel, etc.

# DING-DONG-BELL.

*The children sing this line.*

Ding, dong, bell! Pus-sy's in the well.

*Father sings this line.*

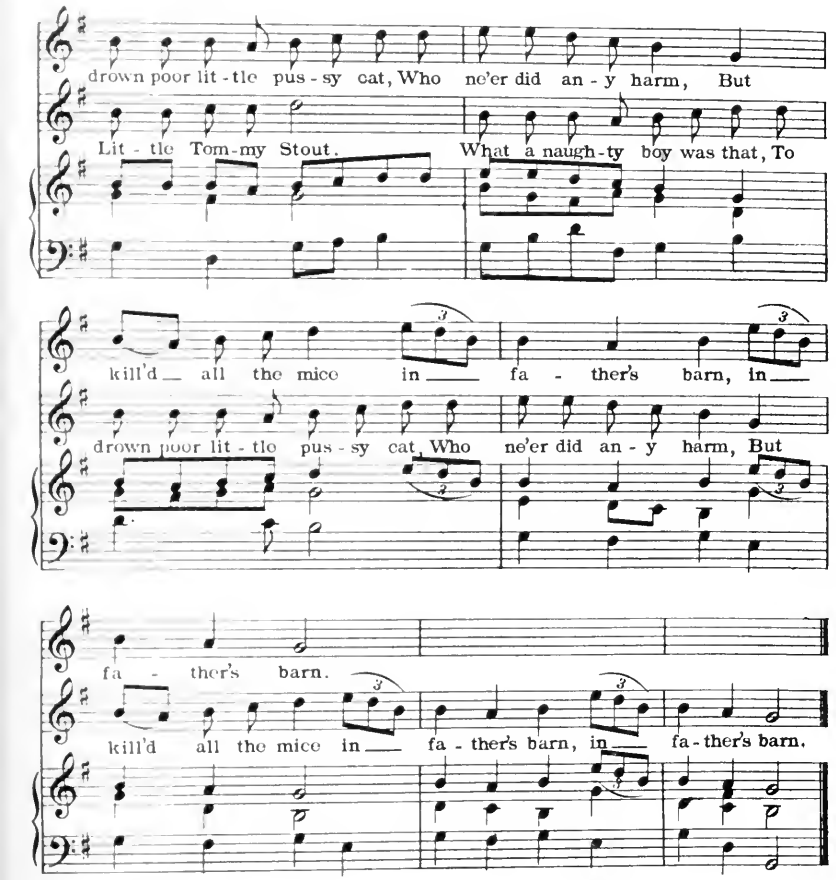
Who put her in? Lit-tle Tom-my Thin. Who pull'd her out?

Ding, dong, bell! Pus-sy's in the well. Who put her in?

Lit-tle Tom-my Stout. What a naught-y boy was that, To

Lit-tle Tom-my Thin. Who pull'd her out?

# DING-DONG-BELL.



# "WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO MY PRETTY MAID"?

Andante.

1. "Where are you go - ing to, my pret - ty maid?"

"Where are you go-ing to, my pret-ty maid?" "I'm go - ing a-milk - ing, Sir," she said.

"Sir," she said, "Sir," she said, "I'm go - ing a-milk - ing, Sir," she said.

1

"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?"
"I m going a-milking, Sir," she said.

2

"Shall I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"Yes, if you please, kind Sir," she said.

3

"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"
"My face is my fortune, Sir," she said.

4

"Then I can't marry you, my pretty maid."
"Nobody asked you, Sir," she said.

TION,
OM

·HERE'S·A·HEALTH·
·UNTO·HIS·MAJESTY·
·WITH·A·FA-LA-LA-LA-LADY·
·FINIS·