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5

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110 Nursery rhymes

SONGS

FOR

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tween the Age of Six and Twelve, price 2s.

round about may pole

Here stands post

the tale of

113

SONGS FOR THE NURSERY.

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

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

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

THE cuckoo's a bonny bird,
 She sings as she flies,
 She brings us good tidings,
 And tells us no lies.
 She sucks little birds' eggs
 To make her voice clear,
 And never cries Cuckoo!
 'Till spring-time of the year.

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



What is the name of the building?
The name of the building is the



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

Pub. by Tabart & Co. May 1866, New Bond St.

Song set to five Fingers.

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

Song set to five Toes.

1. LET us go 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.

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

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

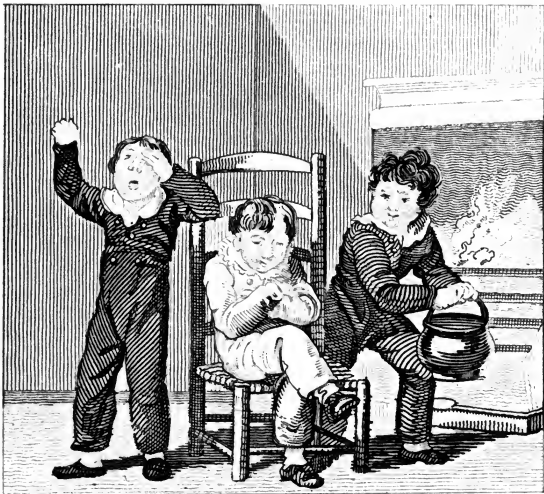
HUSH-A-BY, baby, lie still with thy daddy ;
 Thy mammy is gone to the mill,
 To get some meal to bake a cake ;
 So pray, my dear baby, lie still



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







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

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

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

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

HEY my kitten, my kitten,
 And hey my kitten, my deary,
 Such a sweet pet as this
 Was neither far nor neary.
 Here we go up, up, up,
 And here we go down, down, downy,
 And here we go backwards and forwards,
 And here we go round, round, roundy.

RIDE a cock-horse to Banbury-cross,
 To buy little Johnny a galloping-horse:
 It trots behind and it ambles before,
 And Johnny shall ride till he can ride nò more.

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





See Saw Margery Daw.

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

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

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

THERE was a little boy went into a barn,
 And lay down on some hay,
 An owl came out and flew about,
 And the little boy run away.

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

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



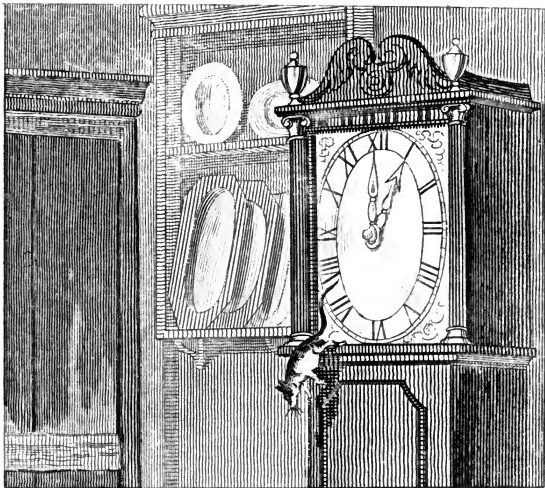
Pat it, and prick it, and mark it with C,
And then it will serve for Charley or me.

Pub. by Tabart & Co, May 1866, New Bond St.





... ..
... ..
... ..



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

II

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

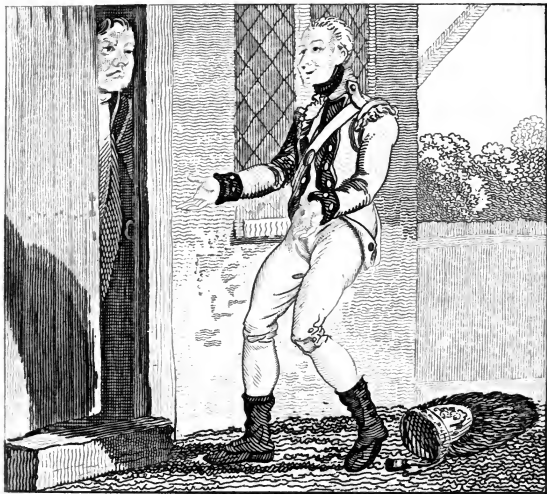
There was an old woman, and what do you think
She lived upon nothing but victuals and drink ;
Victuals and drink were the chief of her diet,
And yet this old woman could never be quiet.

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

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

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

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

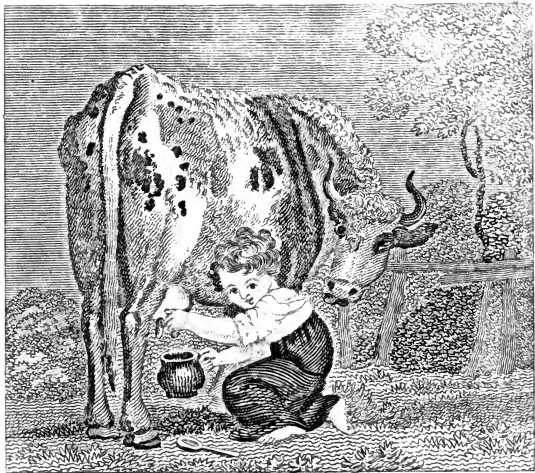


Who comes here ? a Grenadier,
What do you want ? a pot of beer,
Wheres your money ? Ive forgot,
Get you gone you drunken sot.

Printed by Tabart & Co. May 1866, New Bond St.







Cushy Cow bonny, let down thy milk .

Pub. by Tabart & Co. New Bond St. 1857.

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

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

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

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

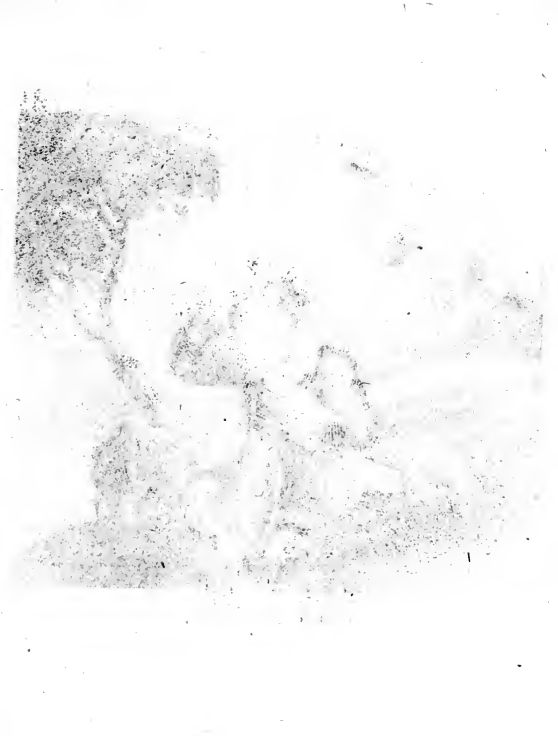
LITTLE lad, little lad, where wast thou born ?
Far off in Lancashire under a thorn,
Where they sup sour milk in a ram's horn.

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

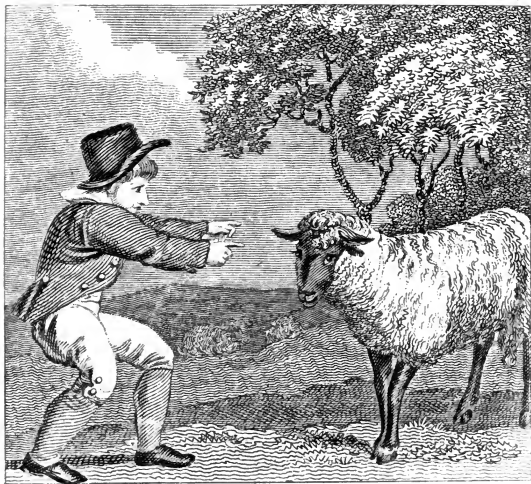


Jack & Jill.

Pub. by Tabart & Co. New Bond Street, 1866.







Baa baa, black sheep, have you any wool.

Pub. by Tabart & Co. New Bond Street E.

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

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

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

LITTLE Jack Horner

Sat in a corner

Eating a Christmas pye ;

He put in his thumb

And pul'd out a plum,

And said, "What a good boy am I!"

COLD and raw the north wind doth blow

Bleak in a morning early,

All the hills are covered with snow,

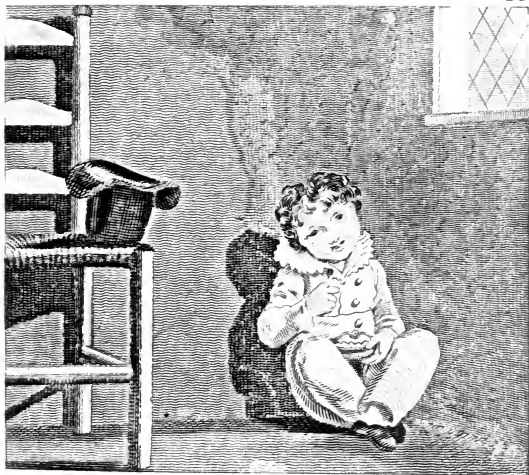
And winter's now come fairly.

THE rose is red, the violet blue,

The gilly-flower sweet, and so are you.

These are the words you bade me say

For a pair of new gloves on Easter-day.



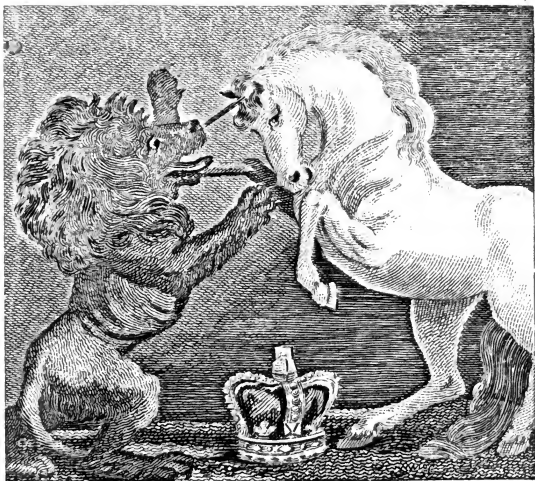
Little Jack Horner.

Pub. by Tibart & Co. New Bond Street, 1866.





THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



The Lion & the Unicorn .

Pub. by T. and A. N. B. in 1871.

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

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

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

To be sung in a High Wind.

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

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

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS



Little Robin Red breast sat upon a Tree.

Pub. by Tabort & Co. New Bond Street, London.

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

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

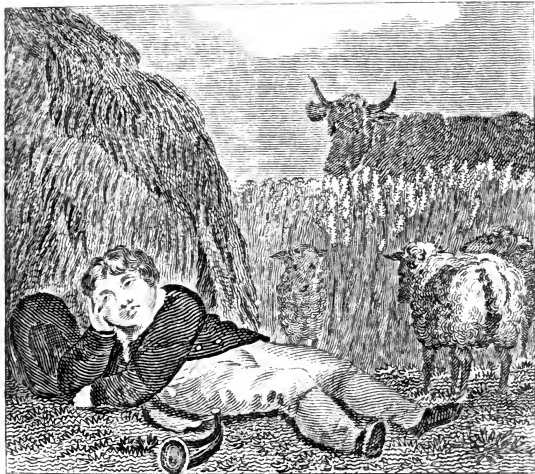
Nose, nose, jolly red nose,
 And what gave thee that jolly red nose ?
 Nutmegs and cinnamon, spices and cloves,
 And they gave me this jolly red nose.

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

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

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

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

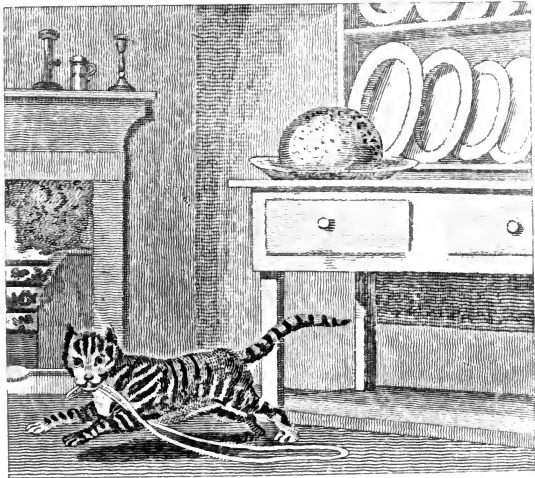


Little boy blue, blow your horn .

Pub. by T. Burt & Co. N. 1st St. N. Y.







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

Publ. by T. & C. New Bond Street, 1841.

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

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

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

JACK Sprat

Could eat no fat,

His wife could eat no lean ;

And so betwixt them both

They lick'd the platter clean.

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

THERE was an old woman she lived in a shoe,
 She had so many children she did not know what
 to do.

She gave them some broth without any bread,
 She whipt them all soundly, and sent them to bed.



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

Pub. by Tabart & Co New Bond Street 1806.



Fig. 1. A large, curved, textured object, possibly a fossil or a biological specimen.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

LITTLE Johnny Tucker

Sing for your supper:

What song shall I sing,

White bread and butter.

How shall I cut it

Without any knife?

How shall I marry

Without any wife?

DING, dong, bell,

Pussy cat's in the well.

Who put her in?

Little Johnny Green.

Who pull'd her out?

Little Johnny Stout.

What a naughty boy was that,

To drown his poor grandmammy's cat!



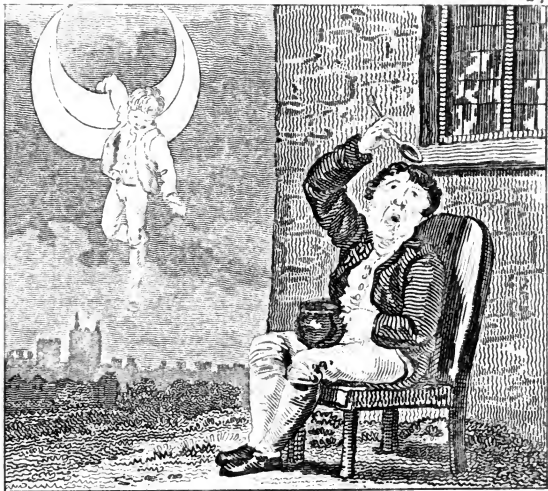
Ding, Dong; Bell, Pufsy Cats in the Well.

Pub. by Tabart & Co. New Bond Street, 1855.



1941-1942





The Man in the Moon.

Pub. by Tabart & Co New Bond Street 1866.

When I was a little boy
 I washed my mammy's dishes,
 I put my finger in my eye
 And pulled out golden fishes.

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

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

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

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

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

THE girl in the lane, that couldn't speak plain,
Cried, Gobble, gobble, gobble.

The man on the hill, that couldn't stand still,
Went hobble, hobble, hobble.

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

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

Pussy sits behind the fire,

How can she be fair?

In comes the little dog,

Pussy, are you there?

So, so, Mistress Pussy,

Pray how do you do?

Thank you, thank you, little dog,

I'm very well just now.

BLESS you, bless you, Burny-bee,

Say when will your wedding be :

If it be to-morrow-day,

Take your wings and fly away.





The little Husband.

Pub. by Tibart & Co. New Bond Street, 1863.

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

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

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

I HAD a little husband no bigger than my thumb,
 I put him in a pint pot, and there I bid him drum ;
 I bought him a little handkerchief to wipe his little
 nose,

And a pair of little garters to tie his little hose.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

She went to the barber's

To buy him a wig ;

When she came back

He was dancing a jig.

She went to the fruiterer's

To buy him some fruit ;

When she came back

He was playing the flute.

She went to the tailor's

To buy him a coat ;

When she came back

He was riding a goat.

She went to the cobbler's

To buy him some shoes ;

When she came back

He was reading the news.

She went to the sempstress,

To buy him some linen;

When she came back

The dog was spinning.

She went to the hosier's

To buy him some hose;

When she came back

He was dress'd in his clothes.

The dame made a curtsy,

The dog made a bow;

The dame said, Your servant,

The dog said, Bow wow.

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

I HAD a little hen the prettiest ever seen,
 She wash'd me the dishes and kept the house
 clean ;
 She went to the mill to fetch me some flour,
 She brought it home in less than an hour ;
 She baked me my bread, she brew'd me my ale,
 She sat by the fire and told many a fine-tale.





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

Pub by Tabart & C^o New York 1855.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



Little Johnny Pringle.

Pub. by Tabart & Co. New Bond Street, 1865



Small, illegible text or markings located below the main image area.

THERE were two birds sat upon a stone,

Fal de ral al de ral lady,

One flew away, and then there was one,

Fal de, &c.

The other flew after, and then there was none,

Fal, &c.

So the poor stone was left all alone,

Fal, &c.

One of these little birds back again flew,

Fal, &c.

The other came after, and then there were two,

Fal, &c.

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

Fal, &c.

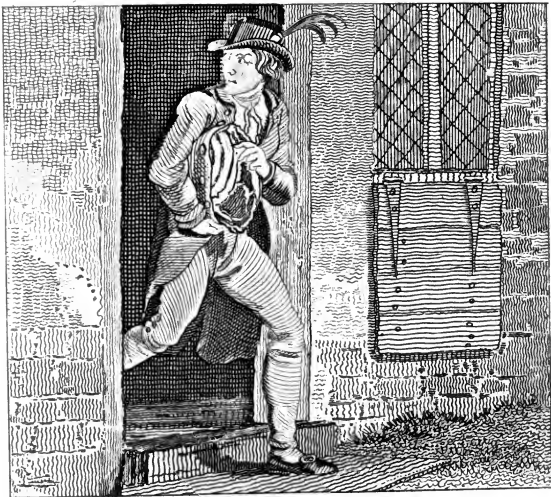
Very well, thank you, and pray how do you?

Fal de ral al de ral lady.

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



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS



Taffy was a Welchman, Taffy was a Thief.

Pub. by Tabart & Co. New Bond St. 1866.

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

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

ONE, two, buckle my shoe ;

Three, four, open the door ;

Five, six, pick up sticks ;

Seven, eight, lay them straight ;

Nine, ten, a good fat hen ;

Eleven, twelve, I hope you're well ;

Thirteen, fourteen, draw the curtain ;

Fifteen, sixteen, the maid's in the kitchen ;

Seventeen, eighteen, she's in waiting ;

Nineteen, twenty, my stomach's empty,

Please, Ma'am, to give me some dinner.

SNAIL, Snail, come out of your hole,
Or else I'll beat you as black as a coal.

Snail, Snail, put out your horns,

Here comes a thief to pull down your walls.

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

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

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

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

When the pie was opened,
The birds began to sing,
And was not this a dainty dish
To set before the king ?

The king was in the parlour,
Counting out his money ;
The queen was in the kitchen,
Eating bread and honey.

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



Four & twenty Blackbirds baked in a Pye.

Pub. by Tabart & Co. New Bond Street, 1866.



THE END OF THE WORLD

I HAD a little hobby horse,
And it was dapple gray,
Its head was made of pea-straw,
Its tail was made of hay.

I sold it to an old woman,
For a copper groat ;
And I'll not sing my song again
Without a new coat.

RIDE away, ride away, Johnny shall ride,
And he shall have pussy cat tied to one side ;
And he shall have little dog tied to the other,
And Johnny shall ride to see his grandmother.

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

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

When I grow rich,
Say the bells of Shoreditch.

When will that be?
Say the bells of Stepney.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

JACKY, come give me thy fiddle,
 If ever thou mean to thrive :
 Nay ; I'll not give my fiddle
 To any man alive.

If I should give my fiddle,
 They'll think that I'm gone mad ;
 For many a joyful day
 My fiddle and I have had.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Then pounce, pounce, says Richard to Robin,

Then pounce, pounce, says Robin to Bobbin,

Then pounce, pounce, says John all alone;

Then pounce, pounce, says every one.

She is dead, she is dead, says Richard to Robin,

She is dead, she is dead, says Robin to Bobbin,

She is dead, she is dead, says John all alone,

She is dead, she is dead, says every one.

How shall we get her home? says Richard to Robin,

How shall we get her home? says Robin to Bobbin,

How shall we get her home? says John all alone,

How shall we get her home? says every one.

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

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

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

LONDON bridge is broken down,

Dance over my Lady Lee,

London bridge is broken down,

With a gay lady.

How shall we build it up again?

Dance over my Lady Lee,

How shall we build it up again?

With a gay lady.

We'll build it up with gravel and stone,

Dance over my Lady Lee,

We'll build it up with gravel and stone,

With a gay lady.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Suppose the man should fall asleep,

Dance over my Lady Lee,

Suppose the man should fall asleep,

With a gay lady.

We'll put a pipe into his mouth,

Dance over my Lady Lee,

We'll put a pipe into his mouth,

With a gay lady.

THE END.

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