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SONGS

FOR THE

NURSERY.

A NEW EDITION, WITH COPIOUS ADDITIONS.

LONDON:

DARTON AND CLARK, HOLBORN HILL.

PRICE SIXPENCE.



CHILDREN'S BOOK
COLLECTION



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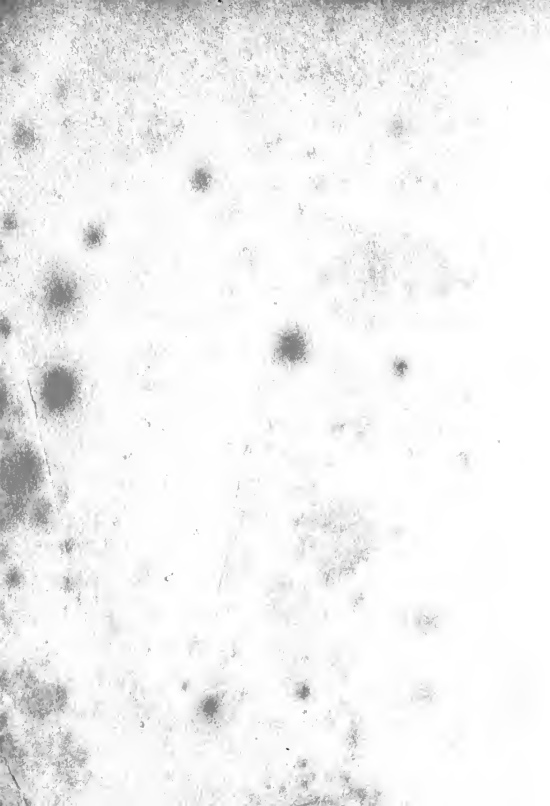
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PREFACE.

THE rapid advances made by the principle of "Utility" in the modern system of education, have not been able to push into oblivion the Nursery Rhymes of our forefathers, of many of which the origin is lost in dateless antiquity. We leave it to wiser heads than ours to determine whether, in these improved times, they ought to be superseded by "*Minor Morals*" and books of "*Facts*," and books "*founded on fact*;" but this we know for ourselves, that we love them, and have ever loved them, since we listened to them on our nurse's knee. It seems

to us that there is in them a wholesome freshness, an unfettered buoyancy of feeling, a fearless playfulness of fancy, which makes them better adapted to the first buddings of the infant imagination, and more calculated to encourage a healthy state of mind, than a great part of the more pretending furniture of a modern nursery library.

We cannot, with a good will, let slip this opportunity of protesting against the very clever attempt that has recently been made, to prove that these traditional scraps contain a latent meaning, of a kind that we are sure must have been very far from the minds of their honest authors. We have indeed no great objection, for those who are fond of mysteries, to interpret them as they like, and sagely to think that

“Jack Sprat,
Could eat no fat,”—

means, "in the doctrine of the priests, it is righteous to exact the last farthing,"* &c. ; provided they will leave us in undisturbed possession of the dreams of infancy. When we are in vacant mood ; we must still be allowed to conjure up Jack and his wife at their dish, and see cat, cow, fiddle, and moon, in the plain English way we have been used to do. If it had been consistent with this system of interpretation to allow that the two meanings might co-exist, we should not have had much reason to complain ; the literal interpreters might have still been happy in their delightful absurdities, and the others might have chuckled about their wisdom. But this, it seems, will not do ; we must either reject or accept altogether, and we therefore do

* So these two lines have actually been gravely interpreted in a work entitled, "The Archæology of English Proverbs and Nursery Rhymes.

most cordially reject. On this head we would say, (even if we thought the essayist right in his theory,)

“If ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.”

And we would rather indulge our early fancies, than read the finest philippic on the priests that was ever penned. We do not, however, wish to withhold from the author of the essay in question the praise of great skill and ingenuity, though we have read his work with a feeling much akin to indignation.

Considerable pains have been taken to make this collection as complete as possible; and it is hoped that the addition of a few choice compositions, similar in character, of modern date, will not be unacceptable.

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!

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

IN the month of February,
When the 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.

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. To kiss her, to kiss her, says this pig.
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ROCK-A-BYE, 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.

MARY had a pretty bird,
Feathers bright and yellow ;
Slender legs, upon my word,
He was a pretty fellow.

The sweetest notes he always sung,
Which much delighted Mary ;
And near the cage she'd ever sit,
To hear her own canary.



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

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-BYE, 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.

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.

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

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 ;
Johnny shall ride to see his grandmother.

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.

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.

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

SEE-SAW, Margary Daw
Sold her bed, and laid upon straw ;
Was not she a dirty slut,
To sell her bed and lie in the dirt ?

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.

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 C.
And then it will do for Charley and me.

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

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.

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

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

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



LITTLE Jack Horner
Sat in a corner
Eating a Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb,
And pull'd out a plum,
And said, "What a good boy am I!"

—o—

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.

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

BAA, baa, black sheep, have you any wool?
Yes, master, 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.

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.

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 will let down thy milk to me.



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.

Robin Good-fellow.

FROM Oberon, in fairy land,
The king of ghosts and shadows there,
Mad Robin I, at his command,
Am sent to view the night-sports here.

What revel rout
Is kept about,
In every corner where I go,
I will o'ersee,
And merry be,
And make good sport, with ho, ho, ho!

More swift than lightning can I fly
About this æry welkin soon,
And in a minute's space descry,
Each thing that's done below the moon;
There's not a hag
Or ghost shall wag,
Or cry "ware Goblins!" where I go;
But Robin I
Their feats will spy,
And send them home with ho, ho, ho!

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.

The young and tender stalk
Ne'er bends when we do walk :
Yet in the morning may be seen
Where we the night before had been.

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

THERE was a little guinea pig,
Who being little was not big;
He always walked upon his feet,
And never fasted when he ate.

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 violent,
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.

THREE children sliding on the ice,
All on a summer's day;
It so fell out, they all fell in,
The rest they ran away.
Now had these children been at school,
Or sliding on dry ground,
Ten thousand pounds to one penny,
They had not all been drown'd.

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

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



THE CATARACT OF LODORE.

How does the water come down at Lodore ?

HERE it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling,
Here smoking and frothing,
Its tumult and wrath in,

It hastens along, conflicting strong ;
Now striking and raging,
As if a war waging,
Its caverns and rocks among.

Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and flinging,
Showering and springing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Turning and twisting,
 Around and around,
Collecting, disjecting,
 With endless rebound ;

Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in,
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound,
Receding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hissing,
And dripping and skipping,
And whitening and brightening,
And quivering and shivering,





And hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and tattling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing
And flowing and growing,
And running and stunning,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And glittering and flittering,
And gathering and feathering,
And dinning and spinning,
And foaming and roaming,
And dropping and hopping,
And working and jerking,
And guggling and struggling,
And heaving and cleaving,
And thundering and floundering,
And falling and brawling and sprawling,
And driving and riving and striving,
And sprinkling and twinkling and wrinkling,
And sounding and bounding and rounding,
And bubbling and troubling and doubling,
Dividing and gliding and sliding,
And grumbling and runbling and tumbling,
And clattering and battering and shattering,

And gleaming and streaming and steaming and
beaming,
And rushing and flushing and brushing and
gushing,
And flapping and rapping and clapping and
slapping,
And curling and whirling and purling and
twirling,
Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
Delaying and staying and playing and spraying,
Advancing and prancing and glancing and
dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling, and toiling and boiling,
And thumping and flumping and bumping and
jumping,
And dashing and flashing and splashing and
clashing,
And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,
All at once and all o'er with a mighty uproar,
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

SOUTHEY.

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



FROM the meadows of Armath, on Thirlmere's
wild shore,
Three rosy-cheek'd school-boys, the highest not
more
Than the height of a counsellor's bag,
To the top of Great How were once tempted to
climb ;
And there they built up without mortar or lime,
A man on the peak of the crag.

They built him of stones, gathered up as they lay;
They built him and christen'd him, all in one
day,

An urchin both vigorous and hale ;
And so without scruple they call him Ralph
Jones.

Now Ralph is renowned for the length of his
bones—

The Magog of Legberthwaite dale.

Just half a week after, the wind sallied forth,
And, in anger or merriment, out of the North
Coming on with a terrible pothor,
From the peak of the crag blew the Giant away.
And what did these school-boys?—The very next
day

They went and they built up another.

Some little I've seen of blind boisterous works,
By Christian disturbers, more savage than Turks,
Spirits busy to do and undo ;

At remembrance whereof my blood sometimes
will flag :

Then, light-hearted boys, to the top of the crag,
And I'll build up a Giant with you.

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 tune,
And bade the cow consider.

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

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

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?

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 hay.

DIDDLE-Y-diddle-y-dumpty,
The cat ran up the plumb-tree,
Half-a-crown
To fetch her down,
Diddle-y-diddle-y-dumpty,

A LONG-TAILED pig, and a short-tailed
pig,
Or a pig without e'er a tail,
A sow pig, or a boar pig,
Or a pig with a curly tail.
Great A, little A,
Bouncing B,
The cat's in the cupboard,
And she can't see.



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.

OLD mother Hubbard,
She went to the cupboard,
To give 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,
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,
And when she came back
He was smoking his pipe.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

GOOSEY, goosey, gander,
Where shall I 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.



THERE was a little man, and he had a little gun,
And his bullets were made of lead ;
He shot John Sprig through the middle of his wig,
And knocked it off his head.

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.

Robin Good-fellow's Song.

Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon ;
Whilst the weary ploughman snores,
All with weary task foredone.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shroud.

Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth its sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide :
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecat's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a drum,
Now we frolic ; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallowed house
I am sent, with broom, before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

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

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.

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

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

Twelfth Night.

Now, now the mirth comes,
With a cake full of plums,
Where Bean is the king of the sport here ;
Besides we must know,
The Pea also
Must revel as queen in the court here.

Begin then to chuse,
This night as ye use,
Who shall for the present delight here ;
Be a king by the lot,
And who shall not
Be twelfth-day queen for the night here.

Which known let us make,
Joy sops with the cake ;
And let not a man then be seen here,
Who will not go hence,
As free from offence,
As when ye innocent met here.

GIRLS and boys come out to play,
The moon is shining as bright as day ;
Leave your supper and leave your sleep,
And come with your play-fellows into the street ;
Come with a whistle, come with a call,
Come with a good will, or come not at all.
Up the ladder and down the wall,
A half-penny roll won't serve us all :
You find milk and I'll find flour,
And we'll have a pudding in half-an-hour.

Trip upon trenches, and dance upon dishes,
My mother sent me for some barm,
She bid me tread lightly, and come again quickly
For fear the young men should do me some harm.

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.

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 de, &c.
 So the poor stone was left all alone,
 Fal de, &c.
 One of these little birds back again flew,
 Fal de, &c.
 The other came after, and then there were two,
 Fal de, &c.
 Says one to the other, Pray how do you do?
 Fal de, &c.
 Very well, thank you, and pray how do you?
 Fal de ral al de ral lady.

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 give my song again
 Without a new coat.

THERE was an old woman who 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 whip'd them all soundly and sent them
 to bed.

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.

BLESS you, bless you, bonny-bee:
Say, when will your wedding be?
If it be to-morrow day,
Take your wings and fly away.

PUSSY sits beside 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.

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.

HUSH-A-BYE, baby,
Daddy is near,
Mammy's a lady,
And that's very clear.

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

ALFRED and Richard were two pretty men ;
They lay a-bed till the clock struck ten ;
Alfred starts up and looks 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 Nag.”

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 forced to go to London-town
To buy me a wife :
The streets were so broad,
And the lanes were so narrow,
I was force 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.

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.

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

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

Little Robin Red-breast jumped 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.

SEE-SAW, sacaradown,
Which is the way to London town?
One foot up, the other down,
That is the way to London town.

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

ONE, two, three, four, five,
I caught a hare alive ;
Six, seven, eight, nine ten,
I let it go again.

OVER the water,
And over the lea,
And over the water
To Charley and me.

WHEN good king Arthur ruled this land,
He was a goodly king,
He bought three pecks of barley-meal,
To make a bag-pudding.

A bag-pudding the king did make,
And stuff'd it well with plumbs ;
And in it put great lumps of fat,
As big as my two thumbs.

The king and queen did eat thereof,
And all the court beside ;
And what they could not eat that night,
The queen next morning fried.

BILLY, Billy, come and play,
While the sun shines bright as day ;

Yes, my Polly, so I will,
For I love to please you still.

Billy, Billy, have you seen
Sam and Betsy on the green ?

Yes, my Poll, I saw them pass,
Skipping o'er the new mown grass.

Billy, Billy, come along,
And I will sing a pretty song.

O then, Polly, I'll make haste,
Not one moment will I waste,
But will come and hear you sing,
And my fiddle I will bring.

BONNY lass ! bonny lass ! wilt thou 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.



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.

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

I HAD a little pony,
They called it Dapple Grey,
I lent him to a lady,
To ride a mile away.

She whipp'd him, she lashed him,
She drove him through the mire;
I wadna gie my pony yet
For all the lady's hire.

TOM BROWN'S two little Indian boys,
One ran away, and the other would not stay,
Tom BROWN'S little Indian boys.

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 grand-mammy's cat.

HUMPTY-DUMPTY sat upon a wall,
Humpty-dumpty had a great fall,
All the king's horses, and all the king's men,
Cannot put humpty-dumpty together again.

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

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.



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.

THERE was an old woman toss'd 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 bye and bye.

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.

THERE was a man of our town,
And he was wondrous wise ;
He jump'd into a bramble-bush,
And scratched 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.

Bow, wow, says the dog;
Mew, mew, says the cat;
Grunt, grunt, says the hog;
And squeak goes the rat.

Chirp, chirp, says the sparrow;
Caw, caw, says the crow;
Quack, quack, says the duck;
And what cuckoos say you know.

So with sparrows and cuckoos;
With rats and with dogs;
With ducks and with crows;
With cats, and with hogs;

A fine song I have made,
To please you my dear;
And if it's well sung,
'Twill be charming to hear.



BYE baby bunting,
Daddy's gone a-hunting,
To get a little rabbit-skin,
To lap his little baby in.

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 steel,
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.

JOHN White flew his kite
On a boisterous day;
A gale broke the tail,
And it soon flew away.

And while on a stile
He sat sighing and sad,
Charley Grey came that way,
A good-natured lad.

“Don't cry, wipe your eye ;”
Said he, “Little Jack ;
Stay here, never fear,
And I'll soon bring it back.”

To the stile, with a smile,
He presently brought
The kite, and John White
Thank'd him much, as he ought.



LITTLE boy blue, come blow the cow's horn,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn.
Where is the little boy keeping the sheep?
Under the haycock fast asleep!

A DILLER, a dollar,
A ten o'clock scholar,
What makes you come so soon?
You used to come at ten o'clock,
And now you come at noon.

HARK, hark! the dogs do bark,
Beggars are coming to town:
Some in jags, and some in rags,
And some in velvet gowns.

WHERE shall a baby rest?
Where but on its mother's arm—
Where can a baby lie
Half so safe from every harm?
Lulla, lulla, lullaby,
Softly sleep, my baby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby,
Soft, soft, my baby.

Nestle there, my lovely one!
Press to mine thy velvet cheek;
Sweetly coo, and smile, and look,
All the love thou canst not speak.
Lulla, lulla, lullaby,
Softly sleep, my baby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby,
Soft, soft, my baby.

I WILL sing you a song,
Though it is not very long,
Of the woodcock and the sparrow,
Of the little dog that burned his tail,
And he shall be whipt to-morrow.

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 looked behind him.

As I was going up Primrose hill,
Primrose hill was dirty ;
There I met a pretty Miss,
And she dropt me a curtesy.

Little Miss, pretty Miss,
Blessings light upon you,
If I had half-a-crown a day,
I'd spend it all upon you.

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.

Cock-a-doodle-doo !
Dame has lost her shoe,
Master's broke his fiddle-stick,
And don't know what to do.

LITTLE boo-peep has lost his sheep,
And cannot tell where to find 'em ;
Let them alone, and they'll come home,
And bring their tails behind 'em.

BYE, O my baby,
When I was a lady,
Oh 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.

Six little mice sat down to spin,
Pussy passed by, and she peeped in ;
“ What are you at, my little men ?”
“ Making coats for gentlemen ;”
“ Shall I come in and bite off your thread ?
No, no, Miss Pussy, you'll bite off our head.”

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 lay down and died.
There is the history of one, two, and three,
Johnny Pringle, Betsy Pringle, and little Piggy.

JOCKY was a piper's son,
And he fell in love when he was young,
And the only tune 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.



WHEN little Fred
Was call'd to bed,
He always acted right;
He kiss'd Mamma,
And then Papa,
And wish'd them both good night.

He made no noise,
Like naughty boys,
But quietly up stairs
Directly went,
When he was sent,
And always said his prayers.

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.

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's a foot 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 I not love Johnny,
As well as another body?

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.

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.

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

A Kid, A Kid, my Father bought.

The following (which is evidently the original of our "House that Jack Built,") is an ancient Jewish Hymn, that used to be sung in the Chaldee language at the feast of the Passover. A German translation of it, together with a commentary, by which it was made out to be a brief allegorical history of the Jewish nation, was published at Leipsic in 1731.

1. *A Kid, a Kid, my Father bought,*
with two pieces of money. A Kid, a Kid.
2. Then came *the Cat* and ate the kid
that my Father bought, &c. A Kid, a Kid.
3. Then came *the Dog* and bit the Cat
that ate the Kid, &c. A Kid, a Kid.
4. Then came *the Staff* that beat the Dog
that bit the Cat, &c. A Kid, a Kid.
5. Then came *the Fire* and burnt the Staff
that beat the Dog, &c. A Kid, a Kid.
6. Then came *the Water* and quenched the Fire
that burnt the Staff, &c. A Kid, a Kid.
7. Then came *the Ox* that drank the Water
that quenched the Fire, &c. A Kid, a Kid.

8. Then came *the Butcher* and slew the Ox
that drank the Water, &c. A Kid, a Kid.
9. Then came *the Angel of Death* and killed the
Butcher that slew the Ox, &c. 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 burnt the Staff,
That beat the Dog,
That bit the Cat,
That ate the Kid,
That my Father bought,
With the two pieces of money.
A Kid, a Kid.



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