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Mother Goose

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Mother Goose

The Boyd Smith Mother Goose

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" This is the man all tattered and torn,  
Who kissed the maiden all forlorn."

# THE BOYD SMITH MOTHER GOOSE

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS IN COLOR AND IN BLACK AND WHITE  
FROM ORIGINAL DRAWINGS BY

E. BOYD SMITH



THE TEXT CAREFULLY COLLATED AND VERIFIED BY  
LAWRENCE ELMENDORF, M.A. Ph.D.

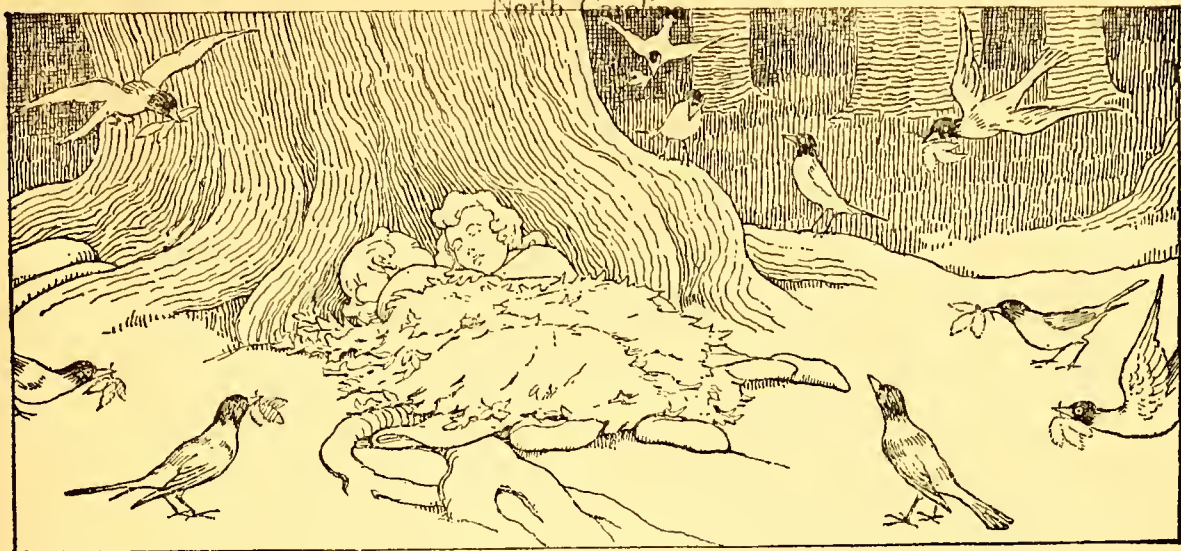
**G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS**  
NEW YORK AND LONDON  
The Knickerbocker Press

1920

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The Knickerbocker Press, New York





## Foreword

"No, no, my melodies will never die,  
While nurses sing and babies cry."

**W**HEN the visitor goes to Boston, besides the Bunker Hill monument, Paul Revere's church, Faneuil Hall, the old State House, and Copp's Hill cemetery, there is the old Granary Burying-ground to be visited, where the bodies of some of the most noted residents of old colonial Boston are buried. Not least among these is the one especially pointed out by the caretaker, which lies under a modest limestone slab of about four feet high, surrounded and supported by a wooden frame to prevent it from crumbling entirely away, the grave of the namesake and friend for all times of every little child, the happy songstress of happy songstresses, the much beloved and discussed Mother Goose.

According to old records now extant both in Suffolk County, England, as well as in Boston, the family original name was not Goose but Vergoose or Vertigoose. In those early days before the beginning of the eighteenth century, people were very careless both about keeping records and about the spelling of their names. Many did not know how to spell, while those who did know, generally did not care; as long as the spelling indicated the right person that was all that was necessary. So we find the family name spelled Vergoose, as from the Anglo-Saxon, or Vertigoose, from the Norman French, which means green goose, a goose under four months old.

Also on both sides of the ocean, we find from the records as early as the first half of the seventeenth century, that the family was well-to-do, and lived on Newbury Street in Boston. In 1690, the wife of Isaac Vergoose died and left him with ten children. Within two years

he was married again to Elizabeth Foster, who, some writers tell us, was the future Mother Goose.

Later Elizabeth Foster became the mother of six more children. Some authors aver that it was because of this fact that we are indebted for the rhyme of

“There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,  
Who had so many children she didn’t know what to do.”

In the historic town hall of Boston are many of the old city registers. In one of these is to be found the record of the wedding, performed by the celebrated Cotton Mather, of “Thomas Fleet of Shopshire, a suburb of London, now residing in Pudding Lane of this city” and Elizabeth Goose, daughter of Elizabeth Vergoose—widow of the deceased Isaac Vertigoose. The writer before referred to goes on to tell us that because of the constant chanting of rhymes to her grandchildren, the bustling old lady became very irritating to Thomas Fleet, who was a “man fond of quiet.” At first he endeavored to laugh her down, quizzing the melodies in order to put a quietus on the pester. As this had no effect, like others of our thrifty ancestors, the pensive man decided to coin money from a resource so near at hand, so he took down these verses as they were recited and in 1719 published a book called *Songs for the Nursery, or Mother Goose*. The songs were sold from the Pudding Lane shop for two coppers apiece.

In 1833 “Reliable life of the Goose family, never before published” printed in Boston, reiterated that the first edition of Mother Goose’s Melodies was published in 1719, by Thomas Fleet in Pudding Lane, Boston; that the title was an ebullition of spite against his mother-in-law. This story was again renewed in 1860 by Fleet’s great-grandson, when he affirmed that a friend, Edward L. Crowninshield, had seen mutilated pieces of a copy of the 1719 edition in the Boston Library.

A thorough search for this book has been made time and time again by the Boston Historical Society and by interested individuals, not only in all the Boston libraries, but in many other private collections; they have failed to bring to light this supposed copy and no record of it appears on any catalogue. Upon searching the reprints made in 1890, of the Prefaces, Proverbs, and Poems as contained in *Poor Richard’s Almanac* by Benjamin Franklin, we find nothing that suggests a single one of these melodies nor any of the characters therein. Yet surely Franklin would have had a copy if any one did, had the book been in print. Bibliomaniacs have explored every clue and have failed to find trace of even the mutilated copy. It is very doubtful whether in 1719 a book of trivial rhymes would have been allowed to be published. At that date the little children were given the Bible to read.

What we do find on authentic authority is that in 1697, in Paris, Charles Perrault



published *Contes du Temps<sup>1</sup> Passé*, on the frontispiece of which is an old woman spinning and telling tales to a man, a girl, a boy, and a cat. On a placard near by is written "Contes de ma Mère l'Oye."

Later in 1729, in London, a man by the name of Robert Sambers edited a translation of this book issued by J. Rivington.<sup>2</sup> In 1795 the seventh edition of it was printed by J. Rivington, bookseller and stationer, No. 56 Pearl Street. The English version was printed on one side and the French on the opposite page. Copies of both of these books are in London Libraries to-day. This same Robert Sambers<sup>3</sup> is recorded in Allibone as having translated a work of the same sort from the French in 1719, but no copy of this volume exists. It may be, however, that this idea of the Fleet edition sprang from one of these copies, or still more likely from an edition of Daniel Henchman, the well known publisher and bookseller, which is now among the Hancock papers in the Library of the New England Historic Genealogical Society. Among other items will be found "July 13, 1719, Thomas Fleet credited by printing one hundred primers—£250."

In 1719 Henchman issued a pamphlet or sheet called *Verses for Children*. Fleet was engaged in printing the primer for Henchman. Some of these copies are extant. If Fleet had printed any copies for himself it is probable that they would still exist also, but none have been found. In fact, there is evidence that Fleet did not live on Pudding Street until 1731.

The French edition of 1697 was dedicated to Comtesse de Murat and the English of 1729 to the Right Honourable, the Lady Mary Montagu, daughter of John, Duke of Montagu. The tales such as Little Red Riding-Hood, The Fairy (the sisters who dropped diamonds and toads from their mouths), Blue Beard, the Sleeping Beauty, Puss-in-Boots, Cinderilla<sup>4</sup>, Requet with the Tuft, and Little Thumb; eight in all—were in the 1697 edition.

As to the Melodies, John Newbery, the famous publisher of St. Paul's Church Yard in London, whose life has been most interestingly told by Charles Welsh in London, 1885, was the first English printer to preface story books for children. We find that in 1765 he published Little-Goody-Two-Shoes, a story generally ascribed to Oliver Goldsmith, who was a constant writer for Newbery.

In Welsh's *Life of Goldsmith*, volume II, pp. 71. he writes that "Miss Hawkins says, 'I little thought that I should have to boast that Mr. Goldsmith taught me Jack and Jill by two bits of paper on his fingers.'" If one reads on a bit further in the same volume, he will find that on January 29, 1768, after the production of the Good Natured Man, Mr. Goldsmith went to dine with a friend. "To impress them more forcibly of his magnanimity, he sang lustily for them his favorite song about an old woman tossed in a blanket seventeen times as high as the moon, and was altogether very loud and noisy."

<sup>1</sup> Ancient spelling—was not spelled with a "p."

<sup>3</sup> Not Samders.

<sup>2</sup> Not Rivingston.

<sup>4</sup> As spelled in the original.

In 1842, James O'Halliwel, the great Shakespearian authority, made a careful study of the nursery rhymes of England, collected principally from oral tradition. He writes that, "these traditional nonsense scraps have come down in England to us in such numbers that in the short space of three years, he had collected considerably more than a thousand."

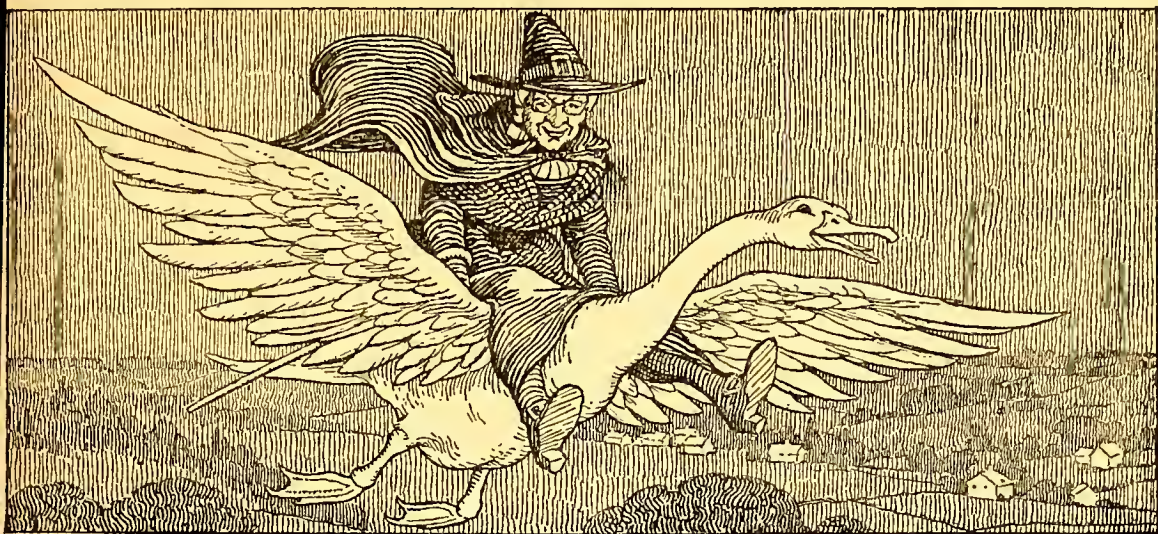
Now then, if Thomas Fleet did not collect and publish these rhymes in 1719, how did they come to America? Soon after the Revolution, in 1787, Isaiah Thomas who had married one of the grand-daughters of Fleet, took up the business of publishing children's books and copied many of the Newbery prints, as well as the Nursery Rhymes. A very beautiful copy is to be found in the Boston Library to-day. It is dated, Worcester, Massachusetts, 1787. This book is page for page a duplication from the Newbery edition. The cuts are reproduced, but are a good imitation of the original. Toward the end of the book they vary slightly as if the copier was tired of his work and wished to finish in the quickest manner possible. If there had been in existence a 1719 edition at that time, undoubtedly Thomas would have copied his grandfather's book, or at least mentioned it, rather than the one from England, against which land such a strong feeling still existed. Upon comparing the two volumes, we find that Thomas slightly altered the publisher's notes also.

So until more is known of the bibliography of the "1719 edition," I fear that we must accept the following as the facts: that Mother Goose originated in France between 1650 and 1697, was translated into English by Robert Sambers in 1729, and did not reach America until 1785 when Isaiah Thomas gave us a reproduction of Newbery. As the different editions of Newbery have been added to and changed, so has the Thomas edition. Until to-day we have many different versions of the same, including some very modern rhymes that have absolutely nothing to do with the original American volume of Isaiah Thomas, which must be acceded to be the first American publication of Mother Goose.

LAWRENCE ELMENDORF.

NEW YORK, June, 1919.





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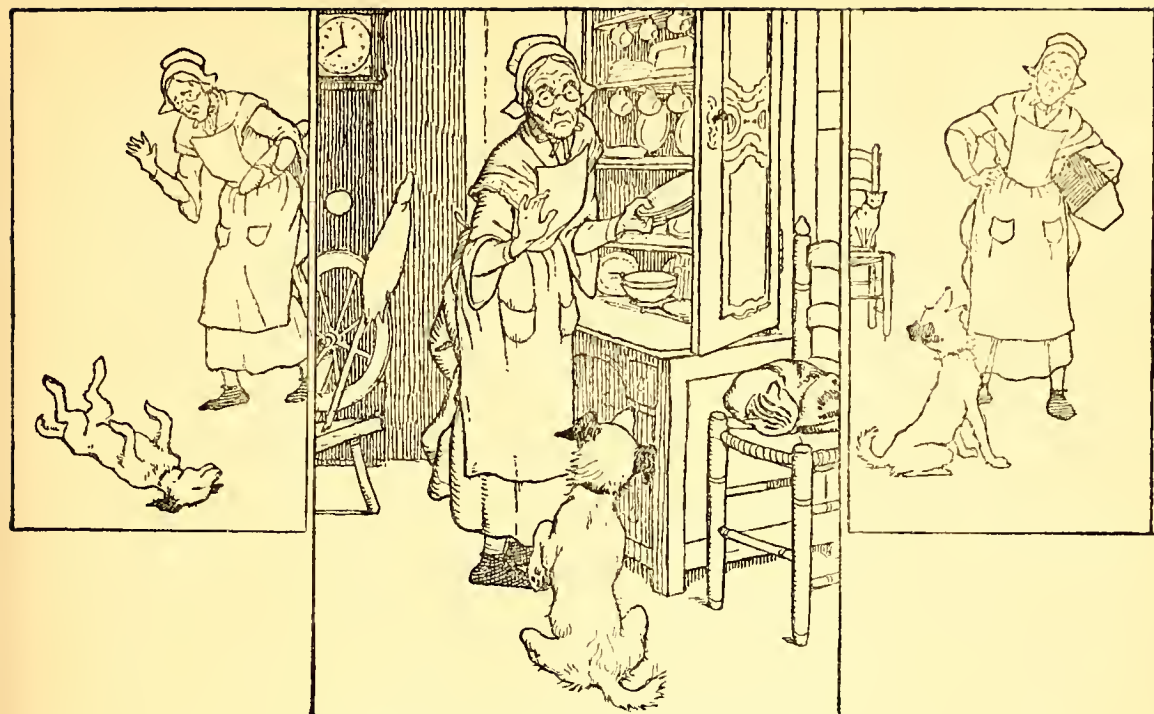
I

MOTHER GOOSE MELODIES

AS COLLECTED FOR THE PERCY SOCIETY  
BY JAMES O'HALLIWELL, LONDON, 1842;  
TO WHICH ARE ADDED CERTAIN FAMILIAR  
NURSERY RHYMES USUALLY ASSOCIATED  
WITH MOTHER GOOSE







## Old Mother Hubbard

**O**LD MOTHER HUBBARD  
Went to the cupboard,  
To get her poor dog a bone ;  
But when she got there,  
The cupboard was bare,  
And so the poor dog had none.

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

## MOTHER GOOSE MELODIES

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

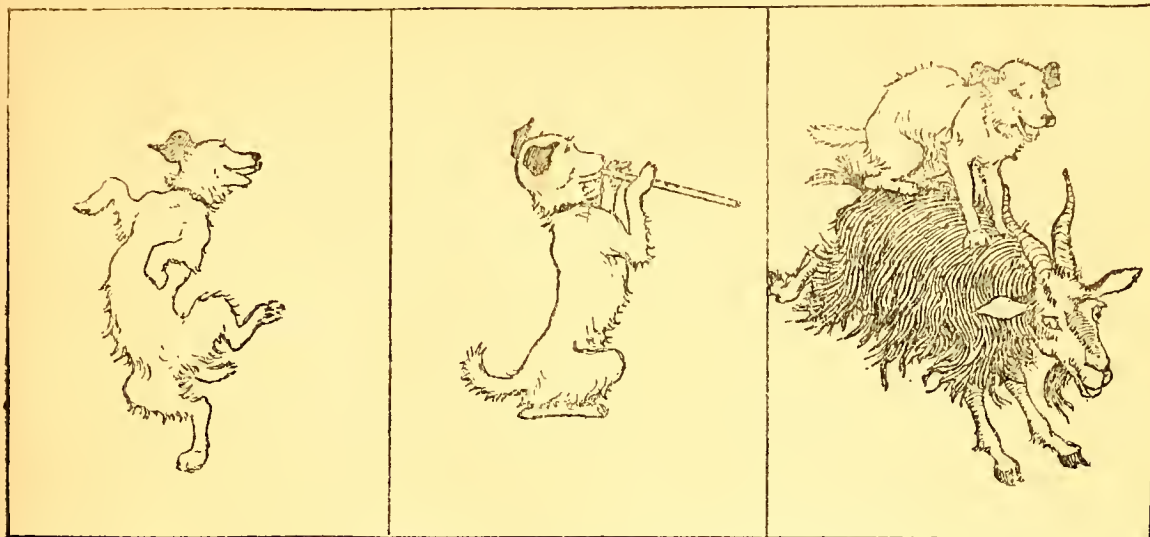
She took a clean dish  
To get him some tripe,  
But when she came back  
He was smoking a pipe.

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

She went to the hosier's  
To buy him some hose,  
But when she came back  
He was dressed in his clothes.

The dame made a curtsy,  
The dog made a bow,  
The dame said, "Your servant,"  
The dog said, "Bow-wow."

### *Mistress Mary*

**M**ISTRESS MARY, quite contrary,  
How does your garden grow?  
With cockle shells, and silver bells,  
And pretty maids all a row.

(A rainbow)

**P**URPLE, yellow, red, and green,  
The king cannot reach it nor the Queen;  
Nor did old Noll whose power's so great.  
Tell me this riddle while I count eight.



### Poor Old Robinson Crusoe

**P**OOOR old Robinson Crusoe!  
Poor old Robinson Crusoe!  
They made him a coat,  
Of an old nanny goat,  
I wonder how they could do so!  
With a ring a ting tang,  
And a ring a ting tang,  
Poor old Robinson Crusoe!

**T**HERE was an old woman had three sons,  
Jerry, and James, and John;  
Jerry was hung, and James was drowned,  
John was lost and never found,  
And there was an end of her three sons,  
Jerry, and James, and John.

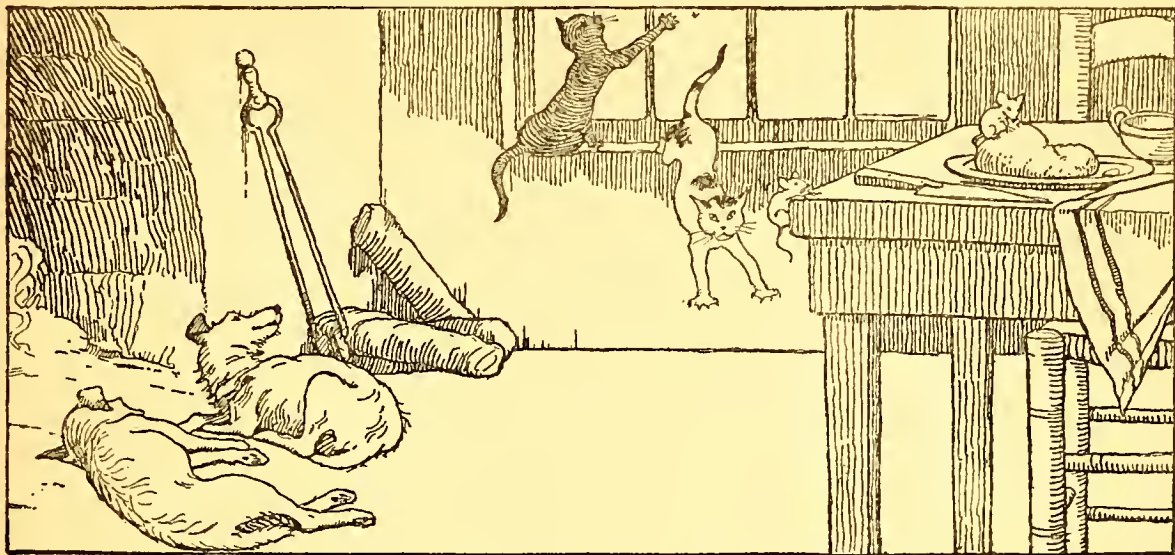
**T**HE King of France went up the hill,  
With twenty thousand men;  
The King of France came down the hill,  
And never went up again.



**P**USSY 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 frightened a little mouse under the chair.<sup>1</sup>

**O**VER the water, over the lee,  
Over the water to Charley.  
Charley loves good cake and ale,  
Charley loves good brandy,  
Charley loves a little girl  
As sweet as sugar candy.





### When I Was a Batchelor

**W**HEN I was a batchelor, I liv'd by myself,  
And all the bread and cheese I laid upon the shelf,  
The rats and the mice they made such a strife,  
I was forced to go to London to buy me a wife;  
The roads were so bad and the lanes were so narrow,  
I was forced to bring my wife home in a wheelbarrow.  
The wheelbarrow broke, and my wife had a fall;  
Deuce take wheelbarrow, wife, and all.

**L**ITTLE Jack Jingle,  
He used to live single;  
But when he got tired of that kind of life,  
He left off being single, and liv'd with his wife.

## I Had a Little Dog

**I** HAD a little dog, and his name was Blue Bell,  
 I gave him some work, and he did it very well;  
 I sent him upstairs to pick up a pin,  
 He stepped in the coal-scuttle up to his chin;  
 I sent him to the garden to pick up some sage,  
 He tumbled down and fell in a rage;  
 I sent him to the cellar to draw a pot of beer,  
 He came up again, and said there was none there.



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

**T**HE rose is red, the grass is green,  
 Serve Queen Bess our noble Queen!  
 Kitty the spinner  
 Will sit down to dinner,  
 And eat the legs of a frog:  
 All good people  
 Look over the steeple,  
 And see the cat play with the dog.





### *My Daddy Is Dead*

**M**Y daddy is dead, but I can't tell you how;  
But he left me six horses to follow the plow:  
With my whim wham waddle ho!  
Strim stram straddle ho!  
Bubble ho! pretty boy,  
Over the brow.

I sold my six horses to buy me a cow,  
And wasn't that a pretty thing to follow the plow?  
With my, &c.

I sold my cow to buy me a calf,  
For I never made a bargain, but I lost the best half.  
With my, &c.

I sold my calf to buy me a cat,  
To sit by the fire to warm her little back.  
With my, &c.

I sold my cat to buy me a mouse,  
But she took fire in her tail, so burnt up my house.  
With my, &c.

## The Old Woman and Her Pig

**A**N old woman was sweeping her house, and she found a little crooked sixpence. "What," said she, "shall I do with this little sixpence? I will go the market, and buy a little pig." As she was coming home, she came to a stile: but piggy would not go over the stile.

She went a little further, and she met a dog. So she said to the dog: "Dog! bite pig; piggy won't go over the stile, and I shan't get home to-night." But the dog would not.

She went a little further, and met a stick. So she said: "Stick stick! beat dog; dog won't bite pig; piggy won't go over the stile; and I can't get home to-night." But the stick would not.

She went a little further, and she met a fire. So she said, "Fire! fire! burn stick; stick won't beat dog; dog won't bite pig," etc. But the fire would not.

"She went a little further, and she met some water. So she said, "Water! water! quench fire; fire won't burn stick; stick won't beat dog; dog won't bite pig," etc. But the water would not.

She went a little further, and she met an ox. So she said, "Ox! ox! drink water; water won't quench fire; fire won't burn stick," etc. But the ox would not.

She went a little further, and she met a butcher. So she said, "Butcher! butcher! kill ox; ox won't drink water; water won't quench," etc. But the butcher would not.

She went a little further, and she met a rope. So she said, "Rope! rope! hang butcher; butcher won't kill ox," etc. But the rope would not.

She went a little further, and she met a rat. So she said, "Rat! rat! gnaw rope; rope won't hang butcher," etc. But the rat would not.

She went a little further, and she met a cat. So she said, "Cat! cat! kill rat; rat won't gnaw rope," etc. But the cat said to her, "If you will go to yonder cow, and fetch me a saucer of milk, I will kill the rat." So away went the old woman to the cow.

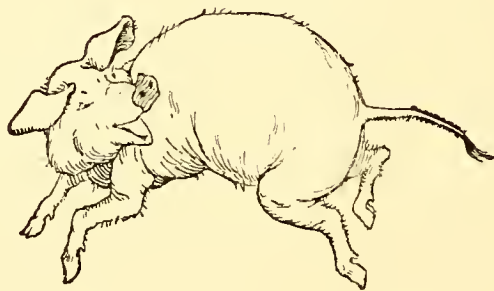
But the cow said to her, "If you will go to yonder haymaker and ask him to give you a handful of hay, I will give you the milk."

So the old woman went, but the haymaker said to her, "If you will go to yonder stream and fetch us a bucket of water, I will give you the hay."

So away went the old woman, but when she got to the stream, she found the bucket was full of holes. So she covered the bottom with pebbles, and then filled the bucket with water and away she went with it back to the haymakers, who gave her the hay, and she brought it to the cow.

As soon as the cow had eaten the hay she gave the old woman the milk; and away she went with a saucer of milk to the cat.

As soon as the cat had lapped the milk, the cat began to kill the rat; the rat began to gnaw the rope; the rope began to hang the butcher; the butcher began to kill the ox; the ox began to drink the water; the water began to quench the fire; the fire began to burn the stick; the stick began to beat the dog; the dog began to bite the pig; the little pig in a fright jumped over the stile; and so the old woman got home that night.







"Yes marry, sir, three bags full."







### Little Miss Muffett

**L**ITTLE Miss Muffett,  
Sat on a tuffet,  
Eating her curds and whey.  
There came a great spider,  
And sat down beside her,  
And frightened Miss Muffett away!

[This is an older version.]

**L**ITTLE Miss Mopsey,  
Sat in the shopsey,  
Eating curds and whey;  
There came a little spider,  
Who sat down beside her,  
And frightened Miss Mopsey away!

### Sing a Song of Sixpence

**S**ING a song of sixpence,  
A pocket full of rye;  
Four-and-twenty blackbirds  
Baked in a pie;

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

The king was in the counting-house  
Counting out his money;  
The queen was in the parlour  
Eating bread and honey;

The maid was in the garden  
Hanging out her clothes,  
Up comes a little bird,  
And snaps off her nose.



“ When the pie was opened,  
The birds began to sing.”



## Come, All Ye Brisk Young Batchelors

'**C**OME, all ye brisk young batchelors,  
That wish to have good wives;  
I'd have you be precautions,  
How you spend your lives.  
For women are as various,  
As the fish are in the sea;  
They're ten times more precarious,  
Than a winter or summer's day!

When you first begin to court them,  
They're as mild as any dove,  
And you will think them  
Full worthy of your love;  
But when you do get married,  
The case is altered then;  
For you will find, my friend,  
They can let loose their tongues!

Now Aristotle chose  
A most commodious wife,  
As ever was in this land, Sir,  
A partner for his life;



But soon he found out  
That 'twas all a hum.  
You must not stay to pick them,  
But take them as they come!

Blank or prize 'tis all a chance,  
Shut your eyes and then advance!  
Which e'er you touch be pleased at once,  
For you must pay, let who will dance.

There was a victim in a cart,  
One day for to be hung;  
And his reprieve was granted,  
And the cart was made to stand:  
"Come marry a wife and save your life!"  
The judge aloud did cry.

"Oh why should I corrupt my life?"  
The victim did reply;  
"For here's a crowd of every sort,  
And why should I prevent the sport?  
The bargain's bad in every part—  
The wife's the worst; drive on the cart!"







### There Was a Crooked Man

**T**HERE was a crooked man, and he went a crooked mile,  
He found a crooked sixpence against a crooked stile;  
He bought a crooked cat, which caught a crooked mouse,  
And they all liv'd together in a little crooked house.

**L**ITTLE blue Betty lived in a den,  
She sold good ale to gentlemen:  
Gentlemen came every day,  
And little blue Betty hopp'd away.  
She hopp'd upstairs to make her bed,  
And she tumbled down and broke her head.

### Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son

**T**OM, Tom, the piper's son,  
Stole a pig and away he run!  
The pig was eat, and Tom was beat,  
And Tom went roaring down the street!

### The Man in the Moon

**T**HE man in the moon,  
Came tumbling down,  
And ask'd his way to Norwich.  
He went by the south,  
And burnt his mouth,  
With supping hot pease porridge.

### I Had a Little Moppet

**I** HAD a little moppet,  
I put it in my pocket,  
And fed it with corn and hay;  
Then came a proud beggar,  
And swore he would have her,  
And stole my moppet away.



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



### Tom Married a Wife

**T**OM married a wife on Sunday,  
Beat her well on Monday,  
Bad she was on Tuesday,  
Middling she was on Wednesday,  
Worse was she on Thursday,  
Dead she was on Friday;  
Glad was Tom on Saturday night  
To bury his wife on Sunday.



**S**OLOMON GRUNDY,  
Born on Monday,  
Christened on Tuesday,  
Married on Wednesday,  
Took ill on Thursday,  
Worse on Friday,  
Died on Saturday,  
Buried on Sunday;  
This is the end  
Of Solomon Grundy.

### The Lion and the Unicorn

**T**HE lion and the unicorn,  
Were fighting for the crown;  
The lion beat the unicorn,  
All around the town.  
Some gave him white bread,  
Some gave him brown,  
Some gave him plum cake,  
And sent him out of town.

### Doctor Faustus

**D**OCTOR FAUSTUS was a good man,  
He whipt his children now and then;  
When he whipp'd them he made them dance,  
Out of Scotland into France,  
Out of France into Spain,  
And then he whipp'd them back again.

### Lucy Locket

**L**UCY LOCKET lost her pocket,  
Kitty Fisher found it;  
Nothing in it, nothing in it,  
But the binding round it.





“ The lion and the unicorn  
Were fighting for the crown;  
The lion beat the unicorn,  
All around the town.  
Some gave him white bread,  
Some gave him brown,  
Some gave him plum cake,  
And sent him out of town.”



### Bessy Bell and Mary Gray

**B**ESSY BELL and Mary Gray,  
They were two bonnie lasses;  
They built their house upon the lea,  
And covered it with rushes.

Bessy kept the garden gate,  
And Mary kept the pantry;  
Bessy always had to wait,  
While Mary lived in plenty.

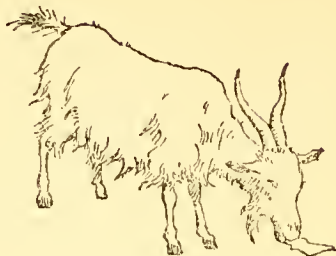


### I'll Tell You a Story

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

### Says Aaron to Moses

**S**AYS Aaron to Moses,  
"Let's cut off our noses;"  
Says Moses to Aaron,  
"Tis the fashion to wear them."



### A Kid, a Kid

**A** kid, a kid, my father bought  
For two pieces of money:  
A kid, a kid.

Then came the cat and ate the kid  
That my father bought  
For two pieces of money:  
A kid, a kid.

Then came the dog and bit the cat,  
That ate the kid,  
That my father bought  
For two pieces of money:  
A kid, a kid.

Then came the staff and beat the dog,  
That bit the cat,  
That ate the kid,  
That my father bought  
For two pieces of money:  
A kid, a kid.

Then came the fire and burned the staff,  
That beat the dog,  
That bit the cat,  
That ate the kid,  
That my father bought  
For two pieces of money:  
A kid, a kid.

Then came the water and quenched the fire,  
That burned the staff,  
That beat the dog,  
That bit the cat,  
That ate the kid,  
That my father bought  
For two pieces of money:  
A kid, a kid.

Then came the ox and drank the water,  
That quenched the fire,  
That burned the staff,  
That beat the dog,  
That bit the cat,  
That ate the kid,  
That my father bought  
For two pieces of money:  
A kid, a kid.

Then came the butcher and slew the ox,  
That drank the water,  
That quenched the fire,  
That burned the staff,  
That beat the dog,  
That bit the cat,  
That ate the kid,  
That my father bought  
For two pieces of money:



A kid, a kid.

Then came the angel of death and killed the butcher,  
That slew the ox,  
That drank the water,  
That quenched the fire,  
That burned the staff,  
That beat the dog,  
That bit the cat,  
That ate the kid,  
That my father bought  
For two pieces of money:  
A kid, a kid.



Then came the Holy One, blessed is He!  
And killed the angel of death,  
That killed the butcher,  
That slew the ox,  
That drank the water,  
That quenched the fire,  
That burned the staff,  
That beat the dog,  
That bit the cat,  
That ate the kid,  
That my father bought  
For two pieces of money:  
A kid, a kid.

A. B. C.

A<sup>B, C.</sup>, Tumble down D.  
Cat's in the cupboard  
And can't see me.

## The Fox and His Wife

**T**HE fox and his wife they had a great strife,  
They never ate mustard in all their whole life;  
They ate their meat without fork or knife,  
And lov'd to be picking a bone, e-oh!

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

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

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

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

The farmer's wife she jump'd out of bed,  
And out of the window she popped her head!  
"Oh, husband! oh, husband! the geese are all dead,  
For the fox has been through the town, e-oh!"

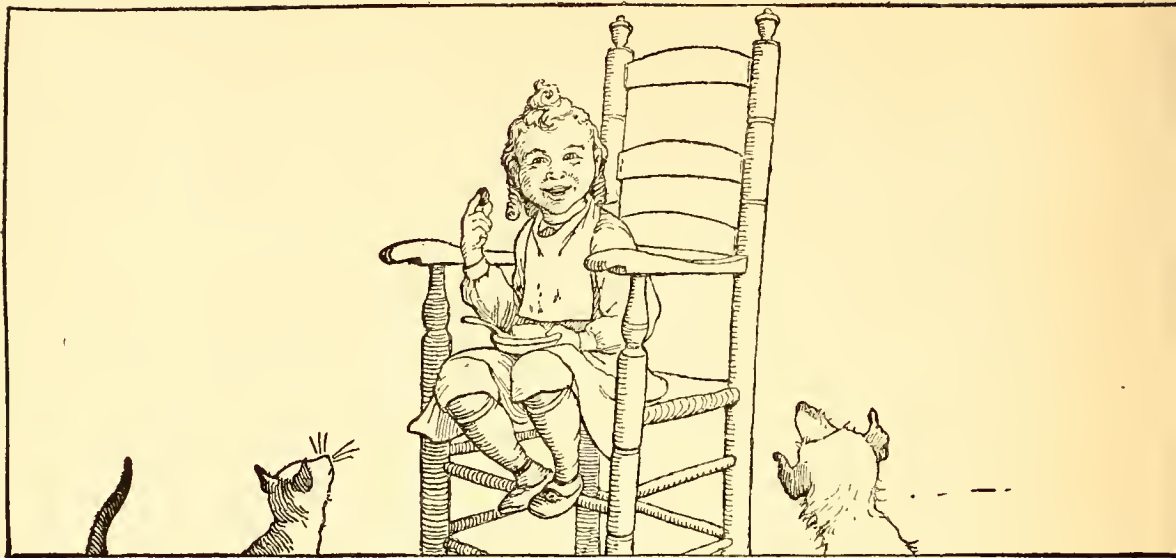
The farmer he loaded his pistol with lead,  
And shot the old rogue of a fox through the head;  
"Ah, ah!" said the farmer, "I think you're quite dead;  
And no more you'll trouble the town, e-oh!"

### *My Lady Wind*

**M**Y lady Wind, my lady Wind,  
Went round about the house to find  
A chink to get her foot in;  
She tried the keyhole in the door,  
She tried the crevice in the floor,  
And drove the chimney soot in.

And then one night, when it was dark,  
She blew up such a tiny spark,  
That all the house was pothered;  
From it she raised up such a flame,  
As flamed away to belting lane,  
And White Cross folks were smothered.

And thus when once, my little dears,  
A whisper reaches itching ears,  
The same will come, you'll find;  
Take my advice, restrain the tongue,  
Remember what old nurse has sung  
Of busy lady Wind.



### Little Jack Horner

**L**ITTLE Jack Horner sat in a corner,  
Eating a Christmas pie;  
He put in his thumb, and took out a plum,  
And said, "What a brave boy am I!"

**I** HAD a little husband,  
No bigger than my thumb;  
I put him in a pint pot,  
And then I bade him drum;  
I bridled him, and saddled him,  
And sent him out of town:  
I gave him a pair of garters  
To tie up his hose;  
And a little silk handkerchief,  
To wipe his little nose.



### There Was a Jolly Miller

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

### Robin the Bobbin

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



### A Lady Lov'd a Swine

**T**HERE was a lady lov'd a swine,  
    "Honey," quoth she,  
"Pig, Hog, wilt thou be mine?"  
    "Hoogh," quoth he.

    "I'll build thee a silver sty,  
        Honey," quoth she;  
    "And in it thou shalt lie,"  
        "Hoogh," quoth he.

    "Pinn'd with a silver pin,  
        Honey," quoth she;  
    "That you may go out and in,"  
        "Hoogh," quoth he.



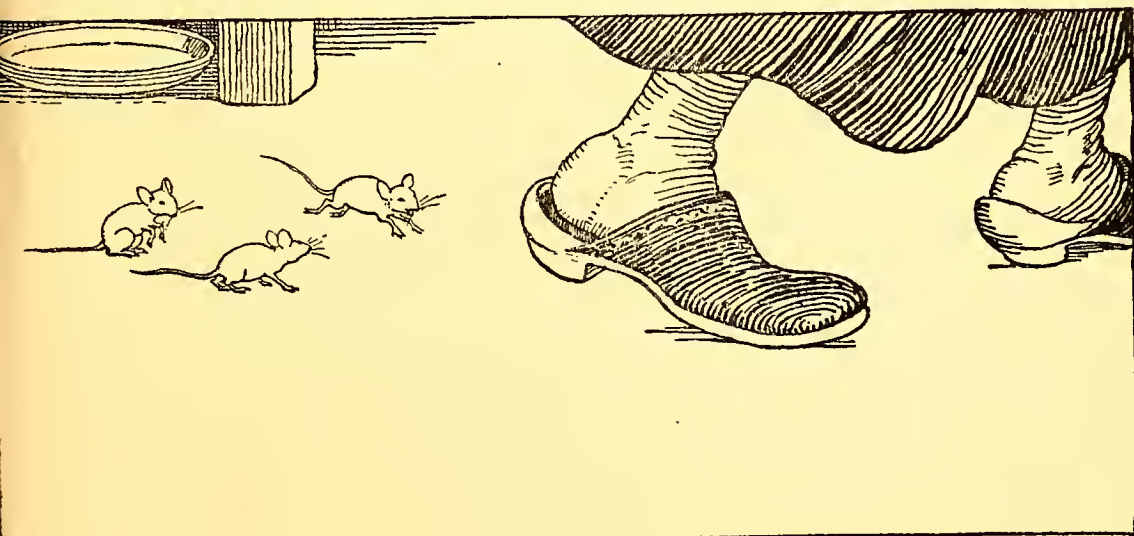
“Wilt thou have me now,  
Honey?” quoth she;  
“Hoogh, hough, hough,” quoth he,  
And went his way.

### Tommy Trot

**T**OMMY TROT, a man of law,  
Sold his bed and lay upon straw;  
Sold the straw and slept on grass,  
To buy his wife a looking-glass.

### Three Blind Mice

**T**HREE blind mice, the three blind mice,  
They all ran after the farmer's wife,  
Who cut off their tails with the carving-knife.





### Taffy Was a Welschman

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

I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was not in;  
 Taffy came to my house, and stole a silver pin;  
 I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was in bed;  
 I took up a poker and flung it at his head.

### St. Dunstan

**S**T. DUNSTAN, as the story goes,  
 Once pulled the devil by his nose,  
 With red-hot tongs, which made him roar,  
 That could be heard ten miles or more.

### Mary Had a Pretty Bird

**M**ARY had a pretty bird,  
Feathers bright and yellow,  
Slenderlegs—upon my word  
He was a pretty fellow.

The sweetest note he always sung,  
Which much delighted Mary;  
She often where the cage was hung,  
Sat to hear her canary.

### There Was an Old Woman

**T**HERE was an old woman sat spinning,  
And that's the first beginning;  
And she had a calf,  
And that's half;  
She took it by the tail,  
And threw it over the wall,  
And that's all!

### Some Little Mice

**S**OME little mice sat in a barn to spin;  
Pussy came by, and she popped her head in:  
"Shall I come in and cut your threads off?"  
"Oh! no, kind sir, you will snap our heads off!"

### There Was an Old Woman

**T**HERE was an old woman, as I've heard tell,  
She went to market her eggs for to sell;  
She went to market all on a market day,  
And she fell asleep on the king's highway.

There came by a peddler whose name was Stout,  
He cut out her petticoats all round about;  
He cut her petticoats up to the knees,  
Which made the old woman shiver and freeze.

When this little old woman first did wake,  
She began to shiver and she began to shake,  
She began to wonder and she began to cry,  
"Lauk a mercy on me, this is none of I!"

"But if it be I, as I hope it be,  
I've a little dog at home, and he'll know me;  
If it be I, he'll wag his tail,  
And if it be not I, he'll loudly bark and wail!"

Home went the little woman all in the dark,  
Up got the little dog, and he began to bark;  
He began to bark, so she began to cry,  
"Lauk a mercy on me, this can't be I."

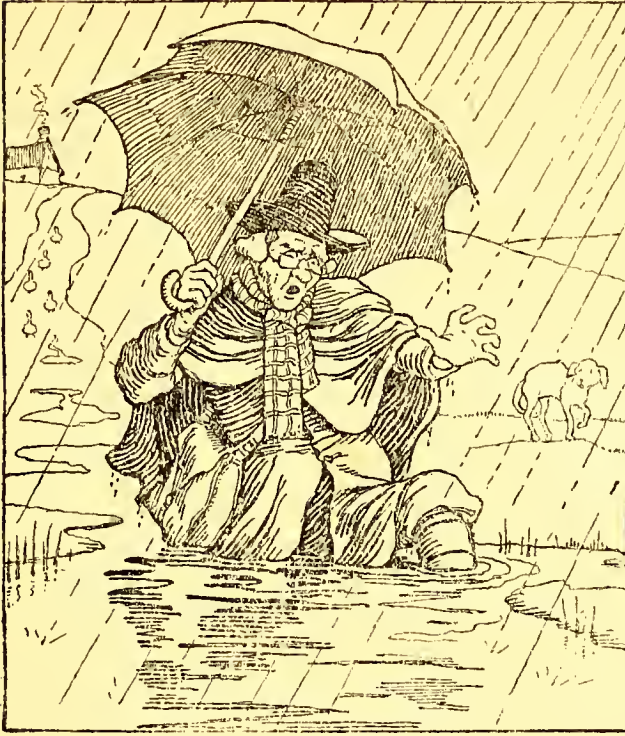




“ He began to bark, so she began to cry,  
‘ Lauk a mercy on me, this can’t be I.’ ”







### Dr. Foster

**D**R. FOSTER went to Gloucester,  
In a shower of rain,  
He stepped in a puddle up to his middle,  
And never went there again.

**O**LD Dr. Foster went to Gloster,  
To preach the word of God;  
When he came there, he sat in a chair,  
And gave all the people a nod.



### Little Jenny Wren

**L**ITTLE Jenny Wren fell sick upon a time,  
When in came Robin Redbreast, and brought her bread  
and wine;

“Eat, Jenny, drink, Jenny, all shall be thine!”

Then Jenny she got better, and she stood upon her feet,  
And says to little Robin, “I love thee not a bit!”

Then Robin he was angry and flew upon a twig,

“Hoot upon thee, fie upon thee, ungrateful chit!”



## The Wedding of Jenny Wren

**S**AYS Robin to Jenny, "If you will be mine,  
We'll have cherry tart, and drink currant wine."  
So Jenny consented—the day was nam'd,  
The joyful news the cock proclaim'd.

Together came the Rook and Lark,  
One was the parson, the other clerk:  
The Goldfinch gave the bride away,  
Who promised always to obey.

The feathered tenants of the air,  
Towards the feast gave each a share;  
Some brought grain, and some brought meat,  
Some brought savours, some brought sweet;

And as it was most pleasant weather,  
The jovial party dined together,  
And long did Robin and his mate,  
Live in the happy married state.

Till, doleful to relate! one day  
A Hawk with Jenny flew away,  
And Robin, by the cruel sparrow,  
Was shot quite dead with bow and arrow.



### Simple Simon

**S**IMPLE SIMON met a pieman,  
Going to the fair :  
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,  
“ Let me taste your ware.”

Says the pieman to Simple Simon,  
“ Shew me first your penny ” ;  
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,  
“ I have not got any.”

Simple Simon went to town,  
To buy a piece of meat :  
He tied it to his horse's tail  
To keep it clean and sweet.

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

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

**Hub a Dub Dub**

**H**UB a dub dub,  
Three men in a tub ;  
The butcher, the baker,  
The candlestick-maker  
They all fell out of a rotten potato

**Little Jack-a-Dandy**

**L**ITTLE Jack-a-Dandy,  
Loved plum cake and sugar-candy,  
He bought some at a grocer's shop,  
And out he came, hop, hop, hop.

**Ding, Dong, Bell**

**D**ING, dong, bell,  
Puss's in the well !  
Who put her in,  
Little Tommy Lin :  
Who pulled her out,  
Dog with a long snout ;  
What a trick was that,  
To drown my granny's cat,  
Who never did any harm,  
But catch the mice in the barn.

## Robin Hood

**R**OBIN Hood, Robin Hood,  
Is in the mickle wood!  
Little John, Little John,  
He to the town is gone.



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

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

## Fee, Fie, Fo Fum

**F**EE, Fie, Fo Fum,  
I smell the blood of an Englishman,  
Be he alive or be he dead,  
I'll grind his bones to make my bread.





### Where Are You Going, My Pretty Maid?

“**W**HERE are you going, my pretty maid?”

“I’m going a milking, sir,” she said.

“May I go with you, my pretty maid?”

“You’re kindly welcome, sir,” she said.

“What is your father, my pretty maid?”

“My father’s a farmer, sir,” she said.

“What is your fortune, my pretty maid?”

“My face is my fortune, sir,” she said.

“Then I can’t marry you, my pretty maid!”

“Nobody asked you, sir,” she said.

### Oh Please to Remember

**O**H please to remember the fifth of November,  
 The season of the gunpowder plot,  
 I see no reason why the gunpowder treason  
 Should ever be forgot.

### When Good King Arthur

**W**HEN good King Arthur ruled this land,  
He was a goodly king;  
He stole three pecks of barley-meal,  
To make a bag-pudding.

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

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

### There Were Two Cats

**T**HERE were two cats of Kilkenny,  
Each thought there was one cat too many,  
So they fought and they fit,  
And they scratched and they bit,  
Till, excepting their nails  
And the tips of their tails,  
Instead of two cats there weren't any.



“ The King and Queen did eat thereof,  
And noblemen beside.”



### Jack be Nimble

**J**ACK be nimble,  
Jack be quick,  
Jack jump over the candlestick.

### There Was an Old Woman

**T**HERE was an old woman of Norwich,  
Who lived on nothing but porridge !  
Parading the town,  
She turned cloak into gown !  
This thrifty old woman of Norwich.

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

**E**GGs, cheese, butter, bread,  
Stick, stock, stone, dead,  
Stick him up, stick him down,  
Stick him in the old man's crown.





### Little Bo-Peep

**L**ITTLE Bo-peep has lost her sheep,  
And can't tell where to find them :  
Let them alone, and they'll come home,  
And bring their tails behind them.

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

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



It happen'd one day, as Bo-peep did stray,  
Unto a meadow hard by :  
There she espy'd their tails side by side,  
All hung on a tree to dry.

She heav'd a sigh, and wip'd her eye,  
And over the hillocks went stump-o ;  
And tried what she could, as a shepherdess should,  
To hook again each on its rump-o.

### Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee

**T**WEEDLE-DUM and Tweedle-dee  
Resolved to have a battle,  
For Tweedle-dum said Tweedle-dee  
Had spoiled his nice new rattle.

Just then flew by a monstrous crow,  
As big as a tar barrel,  
Which frightened both the heroes so,  
They quite forgot their quarrel.

### Dingty Diddledy

**D**INGTY 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.



### There Was an Old Woman

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

### Deedle, Deedle, Dumpling

**D**EEDLE, deedle, dumpling, my son John,  
Went to bed with his trousers on;  
One shoe off, the other shoe on,  
Deedle, deedle, dumpling, my son John.

### Hey Ding-a-Ding

**H**EY 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.

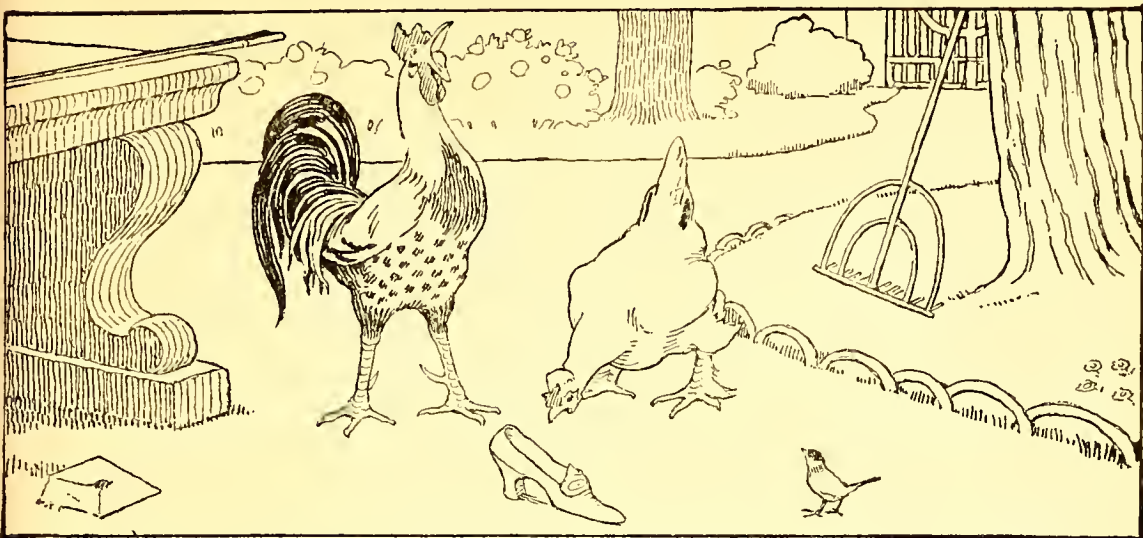
(A bed)

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



“ There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,  
She had so many children she didn't know what to do;  
She gave them some broth without any bread,  
She whipped them all soundly and sent them to bed.”





**C**OCK a doodle doo,  
My dame has lost her shoe ;  
And my master's lost his fiddle stick,  
And don't know what to do.

Cock a doodle doo,  
What is my dame to do ?  
Till master finds his fiddling stick,  
She'll dance without her shoe.

Cock a doodle doo,  
My dame has found her shoe,  
And my master has found his fiddling stick,  
Sing doodle doodle doo.

Cock a doodle doo,  
My dame will dance with you,  
While my master fiddles his fiddling stick,  
For dame and doodle doo.



## A Frog He Would a-Wooing Go

**A** FROG he would a-wooing go,  
Whether his mother would let him or no;  
With a rolly polly, gammon, and spinach  
Heigh ho! said Anthony Rolly.

So off he set with his opera hat,  
And on the road he met with a rat.  
With a rolly, etc.

“Pray, Mr. Rat, will you go with me  
Kind Mrs. Mousey for to see?”  
With a rolly, etc.

When they came to the door of Mousey’s Hall  
They gave a loud knock and they gave a loud call,  
With a rolly, etc.

“Pray, Mrs. Mouse, are you within?”  
“Oh yes, kind sirs, I’m sitting to spin.”  
With a rolly, etc.

“Pray, Mrs. Mouse, will you give us some beer?  
For Froggy and I are fond of good cheer.”  
With a rolly, etc.

“Pray, Mr. Frog, will you give us a song?  
But let it be something that’s not very long.”  
With a rolly, etc.





“ He took up his hat and he wished them good night.”



"Indeed, Mrs. Mouse," replied the frog,

"A cold has made me hoarse as a hog."

With a rolly, etc.

"Since you have caught cold, Mr. Frog," Mousey said,

"I'll sing you a song that I have just made."

With a rolly, etc.

But while they were all a-merry making

The cat and the kittens came tumbling in.

With a rolly, etc.

The cat he seized the rat by the crown,

The kittens they pull'd the little mouse down.

With a rolly, etc.

This put Mr. Frog in a terrible fright,

He took up his hat and he wished them good night.

With a rolly, etc.

But as Froggy was crossing over a brook

A terrible duck came and gobbled him up.

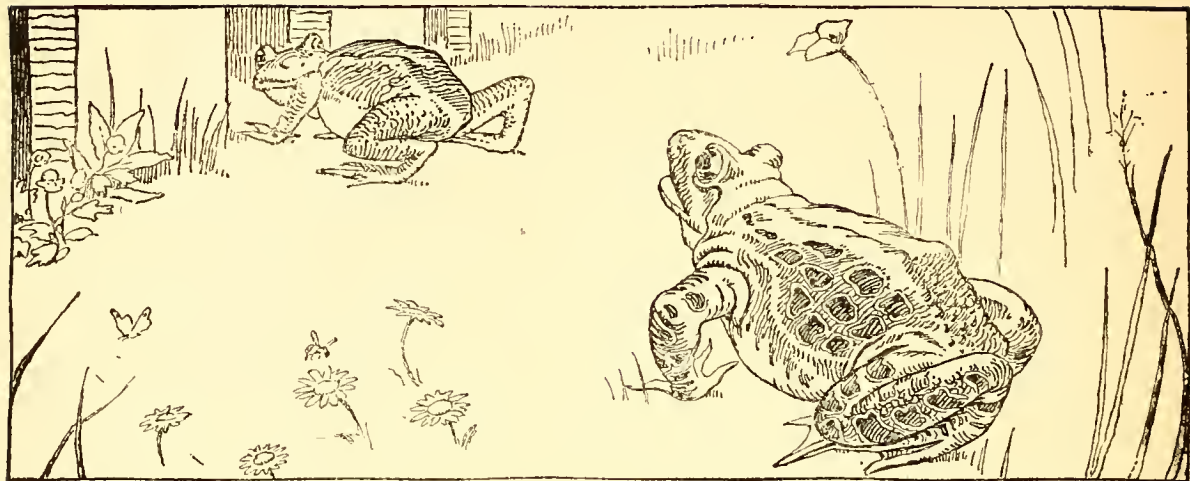
With a rolly, etc.

So there was an end of one, two, and three,

The Rat, the Mouse, and the little Froggee.

With a rolly polly, gammon, and spinach

Heigh ho ! said Anthony Rolly.



### There Was a Frog Liv'd in a Well

**T**HERE was a frog liv'd in a well,  
Kitty alone, Kitty alone,  
There was a frog liv'd in a well,  
Kitty alone and I.  
There was a frog liv'd in a well,  
And a merry mouse in a mill,  
Cock me cary, Kitty alone,  
Kitty alone and I.

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

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

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

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

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

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



The frog he came whistling through the brook,  
 Kitty alone, &c.

The frog he came whistling through the brook,  
 And there he met a dainty duck.

Cock me cary, &c.

This duck she swallow'd him up with a pluck,  
 Kitty alone, Kitty alone,  
 This duck she swallow'd him up with a pluck,  
 So ther's an end of my history book.  
 Cock me cary, Kitty alone,  
 Kitty alone and I.

### The Queen of Hearts

**T**HE Queen of Hearts,  
 She made some tarts,  
 All on a summer's day :  
 The Knave of Hearts,  
 He stole those tarts,  
 And with them ran away.

The King of Hearts  
 Called for the tarts,  
 And beat the Knave full sore ;  
 The Knave of Hearts  
 Brought back the tarts,  
 And vowed he'd steal no more.





“ The Knave of Hearts  
Brought back the tarts,  
And vowed he'd steal no more.”





### What Are Little Boys Made of?

**W**HAT are little boys made of?  
 What are little boys made of?  
 Snaps and snails, and puppy-dogs' tails;  
 And that's what little boys are made of.

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

### Ride to the Market

**R**IDE to the market to buy a fat pig,  
 Home again, home again, jiggety-jig;  
 Ride to the market to buy a fat hog,  
 Home again, home again, jiggety-jog.





**See, See!**

**S**EE, see ! what shall I see ?  
A horse's head where its tail should be.

**Zickety, Dickety, Dock**

**Z**ICKETY, dickety, dock,  
The mouse ran up the clock ;  
The clock struck one,  
Down the mouse run,  
Zickety, dickety, dock.

[The later and familiar version.]

**H**ICKORY, dickory, dock  
The mouse ran up the clock ;  
The clock struck one,  
The mouse ran down,  
Hickory, dickory, dock.

**See a Pin**

**S**EE a pin and pick it up,  
All the day you'll have good luck ;  
See a pin and let it lay,  
Bad luck you'll have all the day.

**St. Swithin's Day**

**S**T. SWITHIN'S day if thou dost rain,  
For forty days it will remain :  
St. Swithin's day if thou be fair,  
For forty days 'twill rain na mair.



“ Hickory, dickory, dock,  
The mouse ran up the clock,  
The clock struck one,  
The mouse ran down,  
Hickory, dickory, dock.”





### A Man of Words

**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 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.

### A Swarm of Bees

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



**Goosy Goosy Gander!**

**G**OOSY goosy gander!  
Where shall I wander?  
Upstairs and downstairs,  
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.

(A rainbow)

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

(A candle)

**L**ITTLE Nancy Etticoat,  
In a white petticoat;  
The longer she stands,  
The shorter she grows.

(A tongs)

**L**ONG legs, crooked thighs,  
Little head and no eyes.



### Two Legs Sat on Three Legs

**T**WO legs sat on three legs,  
With one leg in his lap ;  
In comes four legs,  
And runs away with one leg,  
Up jumps two legs,  
Catches up three legs,  
Throws it after four legs  
And makes him bring one leg back.

**A**S I was going to sell my eggs,  
I met a man with bandy legs,  
Bandy legs and crooked toes,  
I tripped up his heels and he fell on his nose.

**Baa, Baa, Black Sheep**

**B**AA, baa, Black Sheep, have you any wool?  
Yes, marry, sir, three bags full,  
One for my master, one for the dame,  
One for the little boy that lives in the lane.

(Teeth and gums)

**T**HIRTY white horses on a red hill.  
Now they tramp, now they champ, now they  
stand still.

(Cherry)

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

**P**EASE-PORRIDGE hot, pease-porridge cold,  
Pease-porridge in the pot, nine days old.  
Spell me *that* in four letters.

### Elizabeth, Elspeth

**E**LIZABETH, Elspeth, Betsy, and Bess,  
They all went together to seek a bird's nest.  
They found one with five eggs in,  
They each took one, and left four in.



### Come, Butter, Come

**C**OME, butter, come,  
Come, butter, come!  
Peter stands at the gate  
Waiting for a butter cake;  
Come, butter, come.

### As I Was Going to St. Ives

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





### There Was an Old Woman

**T**HERE was an old woman toss'd up in a blanket,  
Ninety-nine times as high as the moon :  
But where she was going no mortal could tell,  
For under her arm she carried a broom.

“ Old woman, old woman, old woman,” said I,  
“ Whither, ah ! whither, whither, whither so high ? ”  
“ Oh ! I'm sweeping the cobwebs off the sky,  
And I'll be with you by and by.”

## Gay Go Up and Gay Go Down

**G**AY go up and gay go down,  
To ring the bells of London Town.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Old Father Baldpate,  
Say the slow bells at Aldgate.

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

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

When I shall grow rich,  
Say the bells at Shoreditch.

Pray, when will that be?  
Say the bells at Stepney.

I am sure I don't know,  
Says the great bell at Bow.<sup>14</sup>

### Boys and Girls

**B**OYS and girls, come out to play,  
The moon does shine 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 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 pudding in half an hour.





### Peter White

PETER White will never  
go right,  
And would you know the  
reason why?  
He follows his nose  
Wherever he goes,  
And that stands all awry.



### There Was an Old Woman

**T**HERE was an old woman of Surrey,  
 Who was morn, noon, and night in a hurry;  
 Called her husband a fool,  
 Drove the children to school,  
 The worrying old woman of Surrey.

### Matthew, Mark, Luke

**M**ATTHEW, Mark, Luke, and John,  
 Bless the bed that I lye on!  
 And blessed guardian-angel keep  
 Me safe from danger whilst I sleep!

### Georgie Porgie

**G**EORGIE PORGIE, pudding and pie,  
 Kissed the girls and made them cry;  
 When the girls came out to play,  
 Georgie Porgie ran away.

### Let Us Go to the Woods

**L**ET us go to the woods," says this little pig;  
"What to do there?" says that pig;  
"To look for my mother," says this pig;  
"What to do with her?" says that pig;  
"Kiss her to death," says this pig.

### Snail, Snail

**S**NAIL, snail,  
Come out of your hole,  
Or else I will beat you  
As black as a coal.

**R**IDE a cock horse to Banbury cross,  
To see an old lady upon a white horse,  
Rings on her fingers, bells on her toes,  
She will have music wherever she goes.

### Anna Elise

**A**NNA ELISE, she jumped with surprise,  
The surprise was so quick, it played her a trick.  
The trick was so rare, she jumped in a chair;  
The chair was so frail, she jumped in a pail;  
The pail was so wet, she jumped in a net;  
The net was so small, she jumped on the ball;  
The ball was so round, she jumped on the ground;  
And ever since then, she's been turning around.



### Old King Cole

**O**LD King Cole  
Was a merry old soul,  
And a merry old soul was he ;  
And he called for his pipe,  
And he called for his glass,  
And he called for his fiddlers three.  
And every fiddler, he had a fine fiddle,  
And a very fine fiddle had he ;  
“ Tweedledee, tweedledee,” said the fiddlers.  
Oh there’s none so rare,  
As can compare,  
With King Cole and his fiddlers three.

### Old King Coel

[Older Version.]

**O**LD King Coel  
Was a merry old soul,  
And a merry old soul was he ;  
Old King Coel  
He sat in his hole,  
And called for his fiddlers three.  
And every fiddler, he had a fine fiddle,  
And a very fine fiddle had he ;  
“ Tweedledee, tweedledee,” said the fiddlers three.



" Old King Cole  
Was a merry old soul."



The first, he was a miller ;  
The second, he was a weaver ;  
The third, he was a tailor ;  
And all were rogues together.

The miller, he stole corn ;  
The weaver, he stole yarn ;  
The little tailor stole broadcloth,  
To keep the three rogues warm.

The miller was drown'd in his dam ;  
The weaver was hung in his loom ;  
And the devil ran away with the little tailor,  
With the broadcloth under his arm.

**H**USH-a-bye, baby, on the tree top,  
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock ;  
When the bough bends, the cradle will fall,  
Down will come baby, bough, cradle, and all.

**B**YE, baby bunting  
Daddy's gone a hunting,  
To get a little hare's skin,  
To wrap a baby bunting in.





### There Were Three Jovial Welshmen

**T**HERE were three jovial Welshmen,  
As I have heard them say,  
And they would go a-hunting  
Upon St. David's day.

All the day they hunted,  
And nothing could they find,  
But a ship a-sailing,  
A-sailing with the wind.

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

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

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

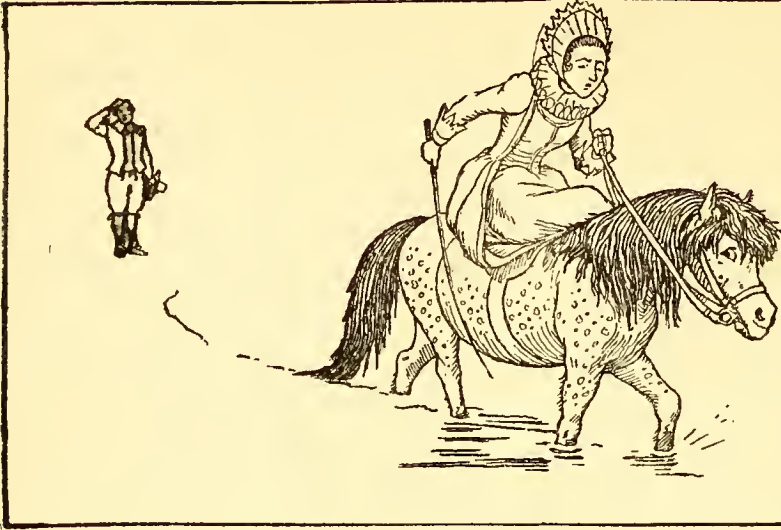
### This Little Pig

**T**HIS little Pig went to market ;  
This little Pig staid at home ;  
This little Pig had a bit of bread and butter ;  
This little Pig had none ;  
This little Pig said, " Wee, wee, wee !  
I can't find my way home."

[Later and familiar version.]

This little Pig went to Market,  
This little Pig staid Home,  
This little Pig had roast Beef,  
This little Pig had none,  
This little Pig cried wee, wee, wee,  
I can't find my way home.





### I Had a Little Pony

**I** HAD a little pony,  
His name was Dapple-grey,  
I lent him to a lady,  
To ride a mile away ;  
She whipped him, she slashed him,  
She rode him through the mire ;  
I would not lend my pony now  
For all the lady's hire.

**A**S Tommy Snooks and Bessy Brooks,  
Were walking out one Sunday,  
Says Tommy Snooks to Bessy Brooks,  
"Tomorrow will be Monday."

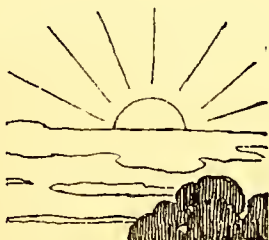
**L**IAR, liar, lick spit;  
Turn about the candlestick.  
What's good for liar?  
Brimstone and fire.

**T**ELL-TALE, tit!  
Your tongue shall be slit,  
And all the dogs in our town  
Shall have a little bit.

**M**ULTIPLICATION is vexation,  
Division is as bad;  
The rule of three does puzzle me,  
And practice drives me mad.

**A**LL hail to the moon! all hail to thee!  
I prithee, good moon, declare to me  
This night who my husband must be!

**I**HAD a little sister, they call'd her peep, peep,  
She waded the waters deep, deep, deep,  
She climbed up the mountain high, high, high.  
Poor little sister she wanted an eye.



**Hie! Diddle Diddle**

**H**IE! diddle diddle,  
 The cat and the fiddle,  
 The cow jumped over the moon,  
 The little dog laughed to see such sport,  
 And the dish ran after the spoon.

**Curly-Locks**

**C**URLY-LOCKS! Curly-Locks! wilt thou be mine?  
 Thou shalt not wash dishes, nor yet feed the swine:  
 But sit on a cushion, and sew a fine seam,  
 And feed upon strawberries, sugar, and cream!

**Barber, Barber**

**B**ARBER, barber, shave a pig,  
 How many hairs will make a wig?  
 "Four and twenty, that's enough."  
 Give the poor barber a pinch of snuff.

**As I Was Going Up Pippen-hill**

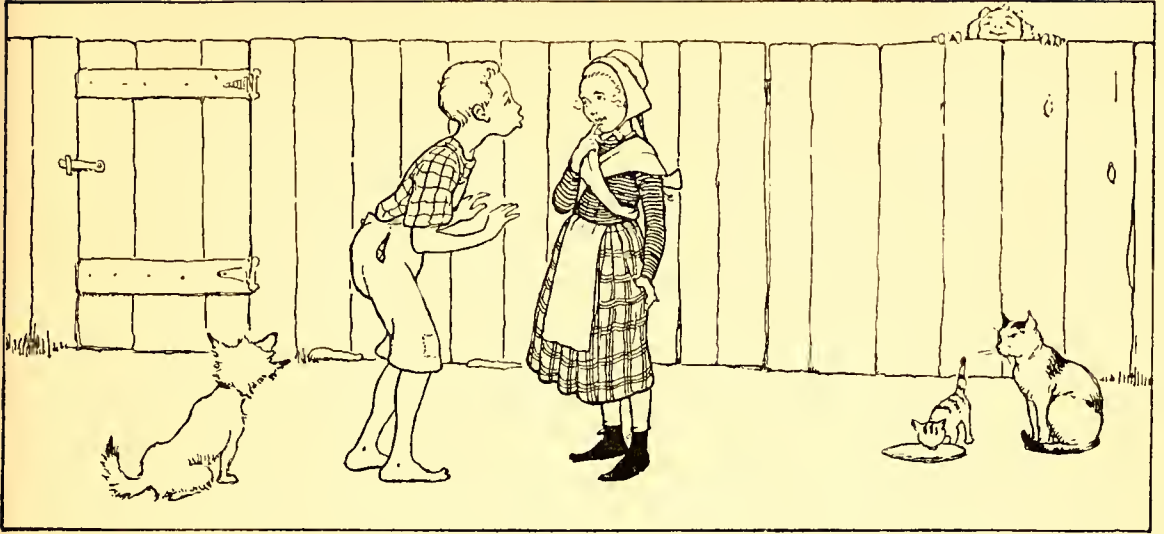
**A**S I was going up Pippen-hill  
 Pippen-hill was dirty,  
 There I met a pretty miss  
 And she dropt me a curtesy.  
 "Little miss, pretty miss,  
 Blessings light upon you,  
 If I had a half-a-crown a day,  
 I'd spend it all upon you."





“ Hie! diddle diddle,  
The cat and the fiddle,  
The cow jumped over the moon,  
The little dog laughed to see such sport,  
And the dish ran after the spoon.”





**T**HERE was a little boy and a little girl,  
 Liv'd in an alley ;  
 Says the little boy to the little girl,  
 " Shall I, oh shall I ? "

Says the little girl to the little boy,  
 " What shall we do ? "  
 Says the little boy to the little girl,  
 " I will kiss you. "

**T**HOMAS à DIDYMUS, king of the Jews,  
 Jumped into the fire and burned both his shoes.

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





**L**ITTLE Robin Redbreast sat upon a tree,  
Up went Pussycat, and down went he;  
Down came Pussycat, and away Robin ran;  
Says little Robin Redbreast, "Catch me if you can."

Little Robin Redbreast jumped upon a wall,  
Pussycat jumped after him, and almost got a fall.  
Little Robin chirped and sang, and what did Pussy say?  
Pussycat said "mew" and Robin jumped away.

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

### The Cat Sat Asleep

**T**HE cat sat asleep by the side of the fire,  
The mistress snored loud as a pig :  
Jack took up his fiddle, by Jenny's desire,  
And struck up a bit of a jig.  
The sow came in with the saddle,  
The little pig rocked the cradle,  
The dish jump'd over the table,  
To see the pot with the ladle.  
The broom behind the butt  
Call'd the dish-clout a nasty slut :  
"Odds-bobs," says the gridiron, "can't you agree ?  
I'm the head constable,—come along with me."

### Bobby Shafto

**B**OBBY SHAFTO is gone to sea,  
With silver buckles at his knee ;  
When he'll come home he'll marry me,  
Pretty Bobby Shafto !

Bobby Shafto is fat and fair,  
Combing down his yellow hair ;  
He's my love forevermore !  
Pretty Bobby Shafto !



### Tom He Was a Piper's Son

**T**OM he was a piper's son,  
He learn'd to play when he was young,  
And all the tunes that he could play,  
Was "Over the hills and far away,"  
"Over the hills, and a great way off,  
And the wind will blow my topknot off."

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

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

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

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





“ He met Old Dame Trot with a basket of eggs  
He used his pipe and she used her legs.”



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

### I Had a Hobby-Horse

**I** HAD a little hobby-horse, and it was well shod,  
It carried me to the mill-door, trod, trod, trod;  
When I got there I gave a great shout,  
Down came the hobby-horse, and I cried out.  
Fie upon the miller, he was a great beast,  
He would not come to my house, I made a great feast;  
I had but little, but I would give him some,  
For playing of his bagpipes and beating his drum.

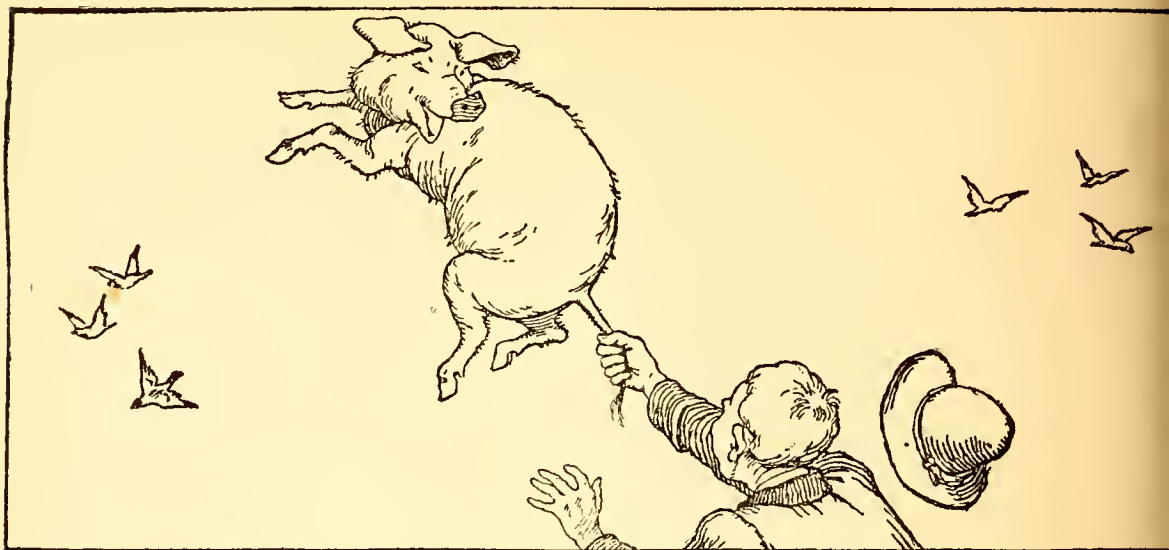
### Dance, Little Baby

**D**ANCE, little baby, dance up high,  
Never mind, baby, mother is by;  
Crow and caper, caper and crow,  
There, little baby, there you go.  
Up to the ceiling, down to the ground,  
Backward and forward, round and round;  
Dance, little baby, and mother will sing,  
With the merry coral, ding, ding, ding.

(A cinder)

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





**D**ICKERY, dickery, dare,  
 The pig flew up in the air;  
 The man in brown soon brought him down,  
 Dickery, dickery, dare.

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

### The Rose Is Red

**T**HE rose is red, the violet's blue,  
 The honey's sweet, and so are you.  
 Thou art my love, and I am thine;  
 I drew thee to my valentine ;  
 The lot was cast, and then I drew,  
 And fortune said it should be you.



“ Fee, fo, fi, fum,  
I smell the blood of an Englishman,  
Be he alive or be he dead,  
I’ll grind his bones to make my bread.”



## If All the Sea Were One Sea

**I**F all the sea were one sea,  
What a great sea that would be !  
And if all the trees were one tree,  
What a great tree that would be !

And if all the axes were one axe,  
What a great axe that would be !  
And if all the men were one man,  
What a great man that would be !

And if the great man took the great axe,  
And cut down the great tree,  
And let it fall into the great sea,  
What a splish splash that would be ! ! !

## Cross-Patch

**C**ROSS-PATCH,  
Draw the latch,  
Sit by the fire and spin ;  
Take a cup,  
And drink it up,  
And call your neighbors in.



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

## There Was a Little Man

**T**HERE was a little man,  
And he had a little gun,  
And his bullets were made of lead, lead, lead.  
He went to a brook,  
And fired at a duck,  
And shot him through the head, head, head.

He carried it home,  
To his old wife Joan,  
And bid her a fire for to make, make, make.  
To roast the little duck  
He'd shot in the brook,  
And he'd go fetch the drake, drake, drake.

The drake was a swimming,  
With his curly tail;  
The little man made his mark, mark, mark.  
He let off his gun,  
But he fir'd too soon,  
And the drake flew away with a quack, quack, quack.

## Seesaw

**S**EESAW, Margery Daw,  
Jockey shall have a new master;  
He shall have but a penny a day,  
Because he can't work any faster.





"And fired at a duck,  
And shot him through the head, head, head."







### How Many Miles

**H**OW many miles is it to Babylon?  
Threescore and ten.

Can I get there by candle-light?

Yes, and back again.

If your heels are nimble and light,  
You may get there by candle-light.

### Rock-a-bye, Baby

**R**OCK-A-BYE, baby, the 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.

## House That Jack Built

THIS is the house that Jack built.



This is the malt,  
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the rat,  
That ate the malt,  
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cat,  
That kill'd the rat,  
That ate the malt,  
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the dog,  
That worried the cat,  
That kill'd the rat,  
That ate the malt,  
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cow with a crumpled horn,  
That tossed the dog,  
That worried the cat,  
That kill'd the rat,  
That ate the malt,  
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the maiden all forlorn,  
That milked the cow with a crumpled horn,  
That tossed the dog,  
That worried the cat,  
That kill'd the rat,  
That ate the malt,  
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the man all tatter'd and torn,  
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,  
That milked the cow with a crumpled horn,  
That tossed the dog,  
That worried the cat,  
That killed the rat,  
That ate the malt,  
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the priest all shaven and shorn,  
That married the man all tatter'd and torn,  
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,  
That milked the cow with a crumpled horn,  
That tossed the dog,  
That worried the cat,  
That killed the rat,  
That ate the malt,  
That lay in the house that Jack built.



This is the cock that crow'd in the morn,  
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,  
That married the man all tattered and torn,  
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,  
That milked the cow with a crumpled horn,  
That tossed the dog,  
That worried the cat,  
That killed the rat,  
That ate the malt,  
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the farmer sowing his corn,  
That kept the cock that crow'd in the morn,  
That wak'd the priest all shaven and shorn,  
That married the man all tattered and torn,  
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,  
That milked the cow with a crumpled horn,  
That tossed the dog,  
That worried the cat,  
That killed the rat,  
That ate the malt,  
That lay in the house that Jack built.

### Lady Bird, Lady Bird

**L**ADY bird, lady bird, fly away home,  
Your house is on fire, your children all gone,  
All but one, and her name was Ann,  
And she crept under the pudding pan.





### One Misty Moisty Morning

**O**NE 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?

### Lady-cow, Lady-cow

**L**ADY-COW, lady-cow, fly thy way home,  
 Thy house is on fire, thy children all gone,  
 All but one that lies under a stone,  
 Fly thee home, lady-cow, ere it be gone.

### Little Boy Blue

**L**ITTLE BOY BLUE  
come, blow

your horn!

The sheep's in the  
meadow, the cow's  
in the corn.

Where's the little boy  
that looks after  
the sheep?

Under the haystack  
fast asleep.

### The Old Goose and Her Goslings

**T**HE old Goose lay on her deathbed,  
And to her Goslings three she said:  
"Brick houses build with roofs of tile,  
If you would thwart the Fox's guile."

The youngest gosling, Gliss by name,  
To build no house of brick would aim.  
But had recourse to pine-wood base,  
And boxed him up a dwelling place.

The Fox came prowling from the wood,  
Quoth he, "I smell my evening food,  
No meat is half so sweet to me,  
As tender gosling meat," quoth he.

Then from the wood-build house he tore,  
Its helpless inmate, and him bore  
Unto the callous rocks and stones,  
And there devoured him body and bones.

Then Gloss, the second Gosling said :  
“ Give me no paltry wooden shed,  
With brick I’ll build for my defense,  
And thatch my house to save expense.”

He thatched his house and in it lay.  
The Fox came down at break of day,  
With burning torch of birch-tree sprays,  
And set the straw roof all a-blaze.

And as his victim in the smoke,  
Went flying over the glades of oak,  
He followed him until he fell,  
Then ate him up in a tangly dell.

And the third Gosling sad was he,  
His only name was Number Three,  
To whom there came a friendly Drake  
With “ Tile your house all safe to make.”



He tiled his house all safe to make,  
And from the window, wide awake,  
Mocked at the Fox’s wily prayer,  
“ Oh ! come with me unto the fair.”

But when the Fox had sneaked away,  
Then Number Three took heart to play,  
And gaily to the fair went he,  
The beast and beastesses for to see.

And there, behind a wood-ware stand,  
He saw the Elephant so grand,  
Among whose goods he took a turn,  
And of him bought a bass-wood churn.

Then homeward hied he merrily, till  
He spied the red Fox under the hill,  
When straight into the churn he slipped,  
And past old Reynard rolled and skipped.

Next morn the hounds were on their game,  
And, hot with haste, old Reynard came,  
“Oh, hide me somewhere, quick,” cried he;  
“Get into my churn,” said Number Three.

And in the churn when him he'd got,  
He filled it with water, piping hot,  
“Oh! now,” said he, “his tricks I've spoil'd,”  
And he sat on the lid till the Fox was boil'd.

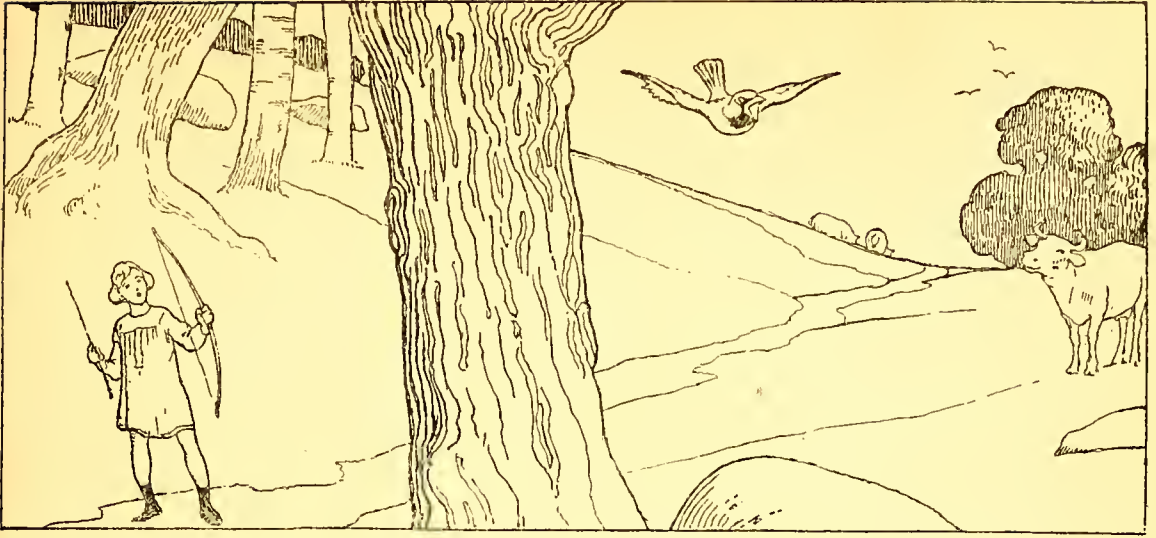




“Dogs in the garden, catch 'em, Towser;  
Cows in the cornfield, run, boys, run;  
Cats in the cream-pot, run, girls, run;  
Fire on the mountain, run, boys, run.”







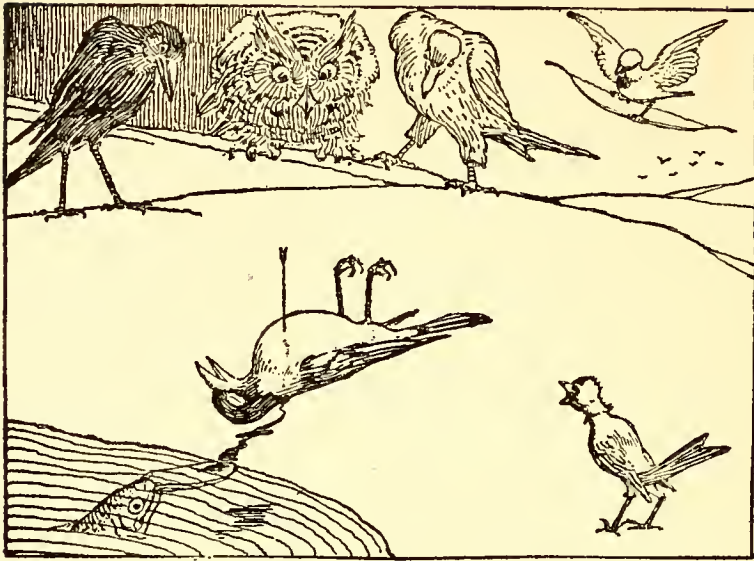
### A Little Cock Sparrow

**A** LITTLE cock sparrow sat on a green tree,  
And he chirruped, he chirruped, so merry was he;  
And a naughty boy came with a wee bow and arrow,  
Determined to shoot this little cock sparrow.

"This little cock sparrow shall make me a stew,  
And his giblets shall make me a little pie too."  
"Oh, no!" said the sparrow, "I won't make a stew,"  
And he flapped his wings and away he flew!

### Old Woman, Old Woman

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



### Who Killed Cock Robin?

**W**HO killed Cock Robin?  
“I,” said the Sparrow,  
“With my bow and arrow,  
I kill’d Cock Robin.”

Who saw him die?  
“I,” said the Fly,  
“With my little eye,  
I saw him die.”

Who caught his blood?  
“I,” said the Fish,  
“With my little dish,  
I caught his blood.”

Who'll make his shroud?

"I," said the beetle,

"With my thread and needle,

I'll make his shroud."

Who shall dig his grave?

"I," said the Owl,

"With my spade and showl,

And I'll dig his grave.

Who'll be the parson?

"I," said the Rook,

"With my little book,

I'll be the parson."

Who'll be the clerk?

"I," said the Lark,

"If it's not in the dark,

I'll be the clerk."

Who'll be chief mourner?

"I," said the Dove,

"Because I mourn for my love,

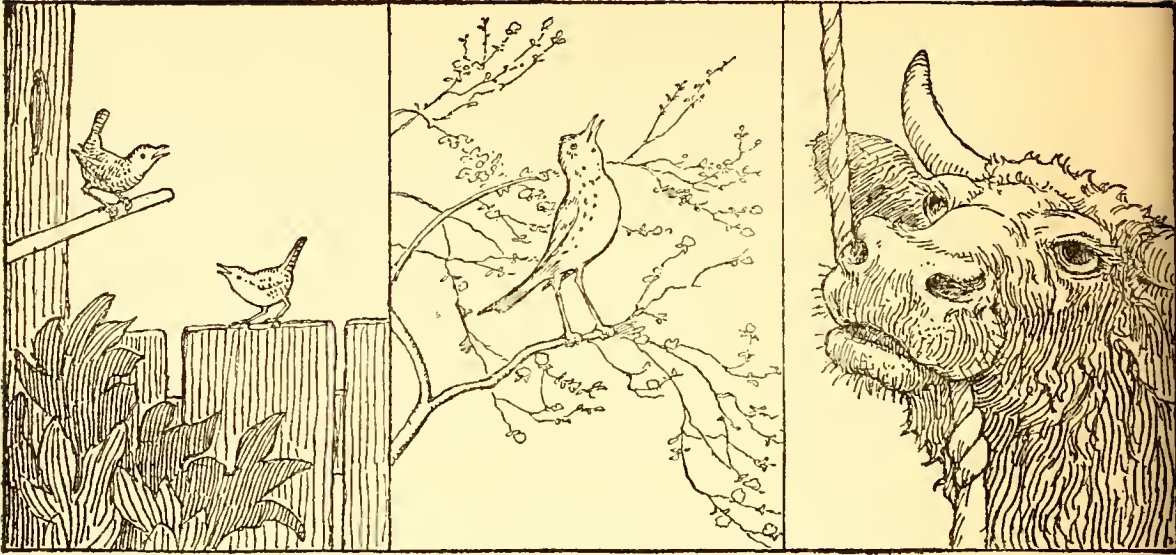
I'll be chief mourner."

Who'll bear the pall?

"We," said the Wren,

Both the Cock and the Hen,

"We'll bear the pall."



Who'll sing a Psalm?

"I," said the Thrush,  
As he sat in the bush,  
"I'll sing a Psalm."

Who'll toll the bell?

"I," said the Bull,  
"Because I can pull,  
I'll toll the bell."

All the birds in the air  
Fell to sighing and sobbing  
When they heard the bell toll  
For poor Cock Robin.

While the cruel Cock Sparrow,  
The cause of their grief,  
Was hung on a gibbet,  
Next day, like a thief.



### The Five Pigs

**T**HIS Pig the eldest of the five  
Who with their Mother dwelt,  
And he a donkey used to drive,  
That had a shaggy pelt.

As to the town he wended slow  
All on a market day,  
The donkey would no further go,  
But sat him down to bray.

So Piggy took the harness off  
That aggravating elf,  
Dismiss'd him with a withering scoff  
And drew the cart himself.

The second Pig a varlet fat,  
Remained at home and took  
Delight in dressing up the cat  
To imitate the cook.

And sometimes, when his Mother went  
Abroad to see her kin,  
The varlet would indulge his bent,  
By drinking up her gin.

In consequence he lay half-dead,  
One evening in October,  
When she cold water on his head  
Poured until he was sober.

The third Pig always had roast beef  
On Sunday for his dinner.  
He never caused his Mother grief  
Like the last mentioned sinner.

Brave as a lion, too, was he ;  
One day he soundly thrashed  
A Bully-Pig who brutally  
A small Pig's hat had smashed.

And then the little Pig he led  
Away from that Pig vile,  
And purchased for his ill-used head  
A hat of recent style.

The fourth Pig through his whole career  
No roast beef ever had.  
In books he would not persevere,  
Which made his Mother sad.

All day about the streets went he,  
And scattered orange-peel,  
Upsetting old pigs frequently,  
Who on it set a heel.

Until a Police-Pig, Number Two,  
Him into a prison cast,  
And so this flagrant Pig unto,  
A bad end came at last.

And now my pen (my pig-pen?)  
Unto the fifth Pig comes,  
He on the banjo loved to play,  
And partial was to drums.

A linguist excellent was he,  
Likewise, and when addressed,  
In French, would promptly say, "Wee! wee!"  
With manners self-possessed.

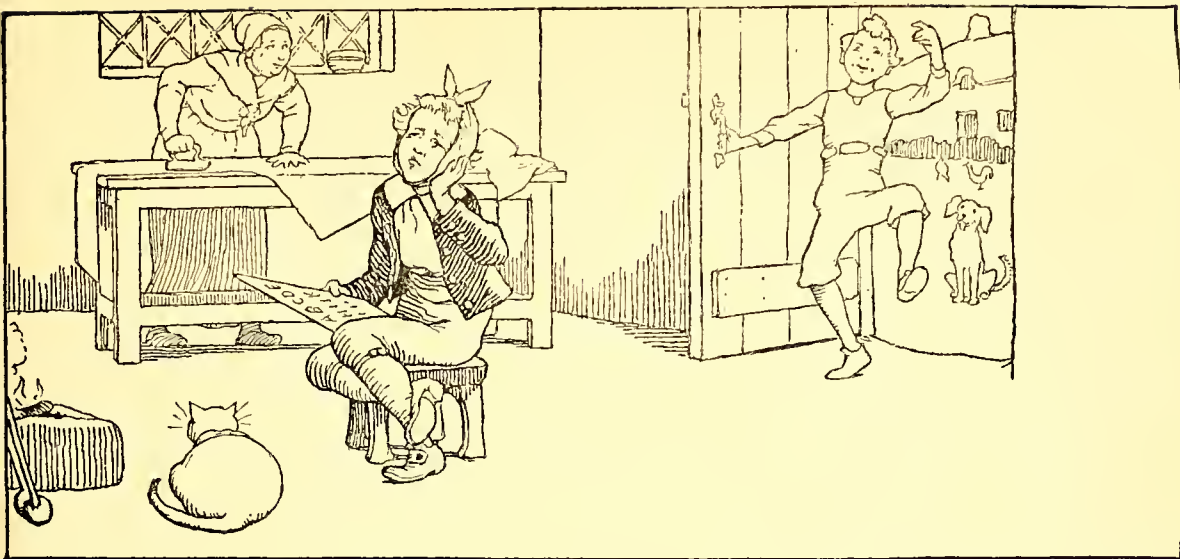
**P**EG, Peg, with a wooden leg,  
Her father was a miller;  
He tossed the dumpling at her head,  
And said he could not kill her.



**A** CARRION Crow sat on an Oak,  
 Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do,  
 Watching a tailor make his cloak;  
 Sing heigh, sing ho, the carrion crow,  
 Fol de riddle, lol de riddle, hi ding do.

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

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



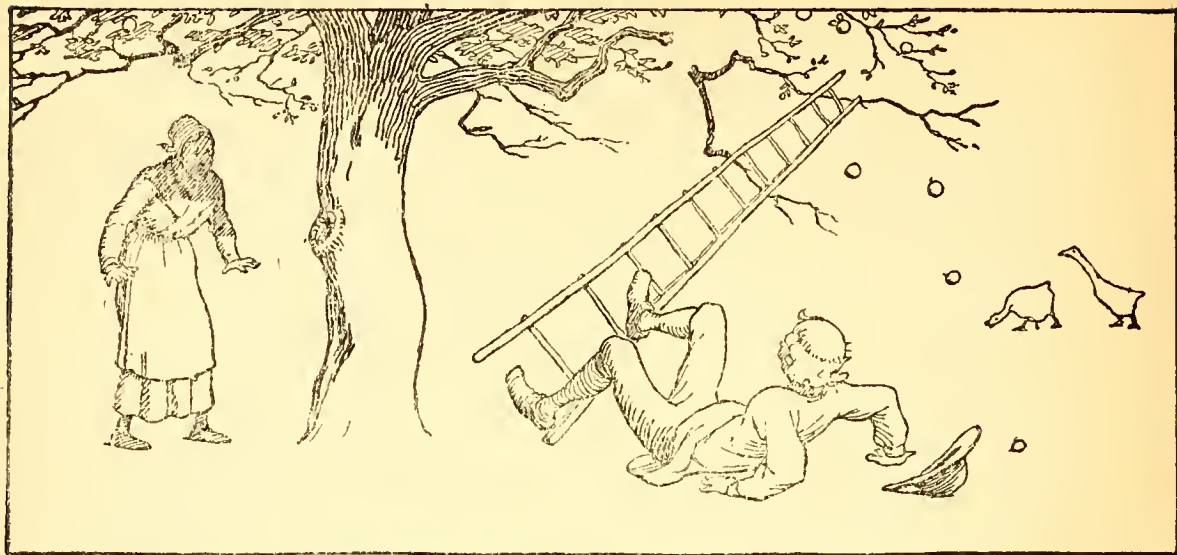
**L**ITTLE Tommy Grace  
 Had a pain in his face,  
 So bad that he could not learn a letter;  
 When in came Dicky Long,  
 Singing such a funny song,  
 That Tommy laughed, and found his face much better.

### Little Tommy Tucker

**L**ITTLE TOMMY TUCKER,  
 Sing for your supper.  
 What shall I sing?  
 White bread and butter.

How shall he cut it  
 Without e'er a knife?  
 How shall he marry  
 Without e'er a wife.





### There Was an Old Couple

**T**HERE was an old couple and they were poor,  
Fa la, fa la la lee!

They lived in a house that had but one door;  
O! what a poor couple were they.

The old man once he went far from home,  
Fa la, fa la la lee!

The old woman afraid was to stay all alone,  
O! what a weak woman was she.

The old man he came home at last,  
Fa la, fa la la lee!

And found the windows all fast,  
"O! what is the matter?" quoth he.

"O! I've been sick since you have been gone,  
Fa la, fa la la lee!

If you'd been in the garden you'd heard me groan."  
"O! I'm sorry for that," quoth he.

"I have a request to make unto thee,

Fa la, fa la la lee!

To pluck me an apple from yonder tree";

"Ay, that will I, many," quoth he.

The old man tried to get up in the tree,

Fa la, fa la la lee!

But the ladder it fell, and down tumbled he;

"That's cleverly done!" said she.

### When I Was a Little Boy

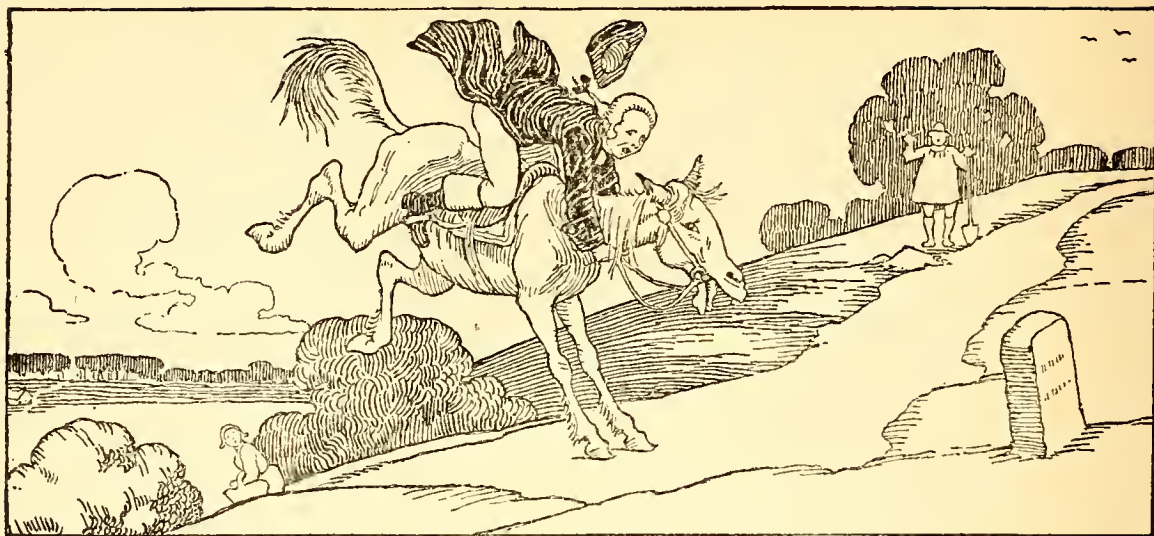
**W**HEN I was a little boy my mammy kept me in,  
But now I am a great boy I'm fit to serve the king;  
I can hand a musket, and I can smoke a pipe,  
And I can kiss a pretty girl at twelve o'clock at night.

### Ride a Cock Horse

**R**IDE a cock horse,  
To Banbury Cross,  
To see what Tommy can buy;  
A white penny loaf,  
A white penny cake,  
And a two-penny apple pie.

### Hark, Hark

**H**ARK, hark,  
The dogs do bark,  
The beggars are coming to town;  
Some in rags,  
Some in jags,  
And some in velvet gowns.



### John Cook

**J**OHN COOK had a gray mare ;  
He, haw, hum!  
Her back stood up and her bones were bare ;  
He, haw, hum !

John Cook was riding up Shuter's bank ;  
He, haw, hum !  
And there his nag did kick and prank ;  
He, haw, hum!

John Cook was riding up Shuter's hill;  
He, haw, hum!  
His mare fell down, and she made her will;  
He, haw, hum!

The bridle and saddle were laid on the shelf;  
He, haw, hum!  
If you want any more you may sing it yourself;  
He, haw, hum!

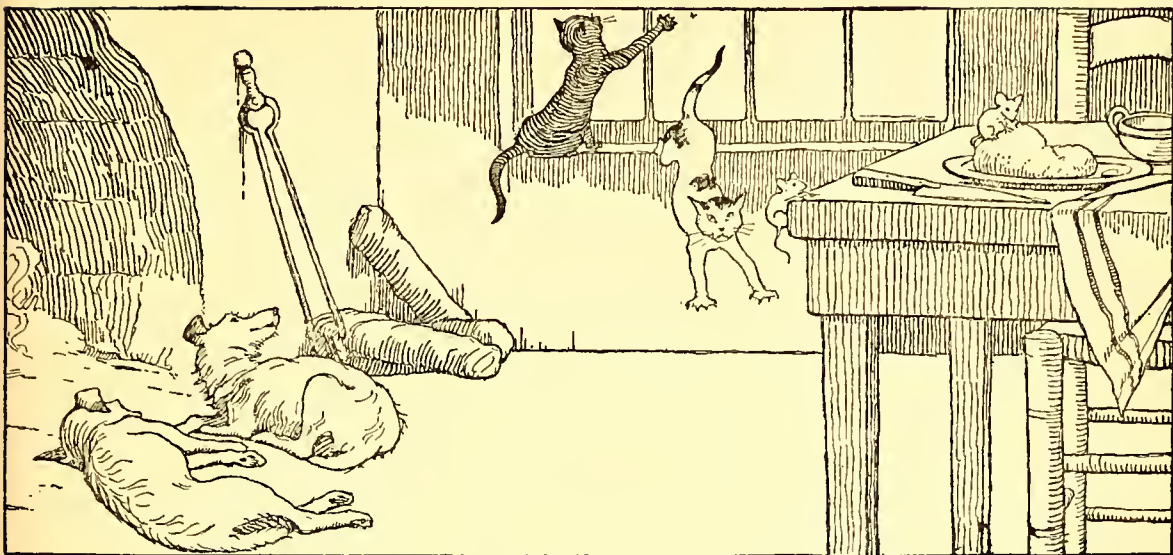




“ The cat began to kill the rat; the rat began to gnaw the rope; the rope began to hang the butcher; the butcher began to kill the ox; the ox began to drink the water; the water began to quench the fire; the fire began to burn the stick; the stick began to beat the dog; the dog began to bite the pig; the little pig in a fright jumped over the stile; and so the old woman got home that night.”





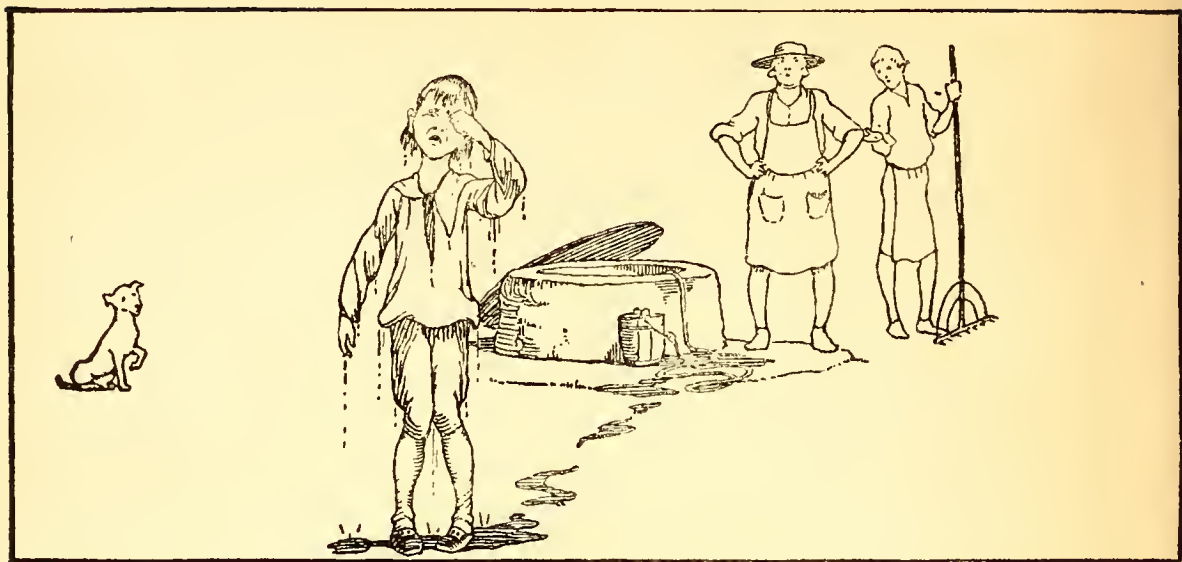


### Two Little Dogs

**T**WO little dogs were basking in the cinders;  
Two cats were playing in the windows;  
When two little mice popped out of a hole,  
And up to a fine piece of cheese they stole.  
The two little dogs cried, "Cheese is nice!"  
But the two little cats jumped down in a trice,  
And cracked the bones of the two little mice.

(A well)

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



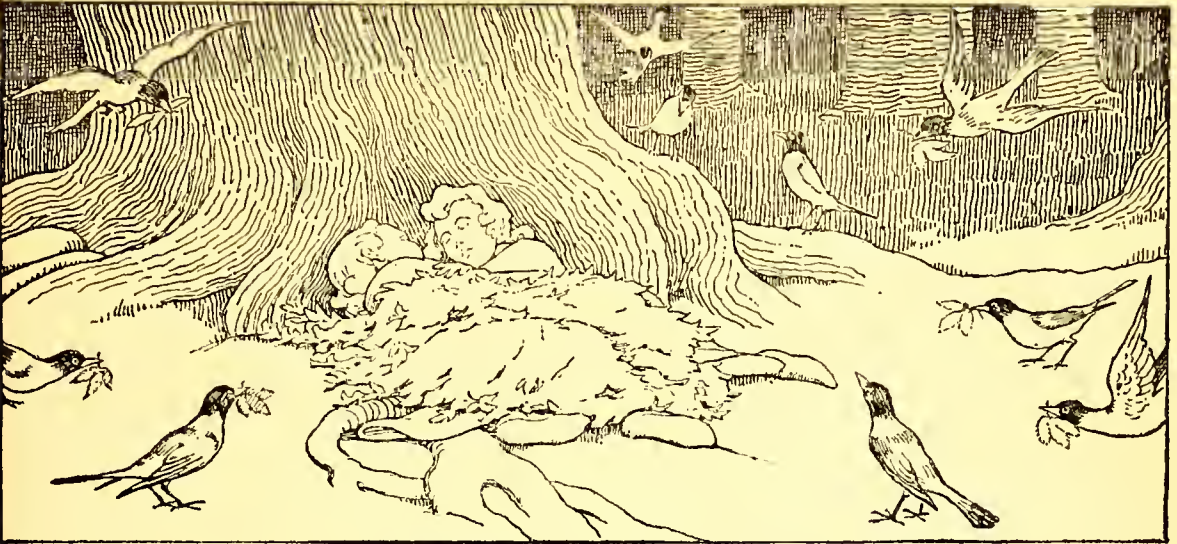
### Naughty Willy Bell

**N**AUGHTY Willy Bell  
Fell into the well,

Though Mamma told him not to move its cover;  
For this stubborn little elf  
Only chose to please himself.

Looking in, he turned giddy, and fell over.

But the gardener heard him shout,  
And with assistance got him out;  
You never saw a boy in such a mess;  
In future he will find,  
Mamma he'd better mind,  
Nor again ever cause her such distress.



### Babes in the Woods

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

And when it was night  
So sad was their plight,  
The sun it went down  
And the moon gave no light!  
They sobbed and they sighed, and they bitterly cried,  
And the poor little things, they lay down and died.

And when they were dead,  
The Robins so red  
Brought strawberry leaves  
And over them spread;

And all the day long  
 They sang them this song;  
 “Poor babes in the woods! poor babes in the woods!  
 And don’t you remember the babes in the woods?”

### Dogs in the Garden

**D**OGS in the garden, catch ‘em, Towser;  
 Cows in the cornfield, run, boys, run;  
 Cats in the cream-pot, run, girls, run;  
 Fire on the mountain, run, boys, run.

### Humpty Dumpty

**H**UMPTY DUMPTY sat on a wall,  
 Humpty Dumpty had a great fall,  
 All the King’s horses and all the King’s men  
 Couldn’t put Humpty Dumpty together again.

[The ancient wording of the same.]

(An egg)

**H**UMPTY DUMPTY sat on a wall,  
 Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;  
 Threescore men, and threescore more,  
 Cannot place Humpty Dumpty as he was before.





" Says the pieman to Simple Simon,  
' Show me first your penny.' "





### When a Twister Twisting

**W**HEN a twister twisting would twist him a twist,  
For twisting a twist three twists he will twist;  
But if one of the twists untwists from the twist,  
The twist untwisting untwist the twist.

### Robert Rowley

**R**OBERT ROWLEY rolled a round roll round,  
A round roll Robert Rowley rolled round;  
Where rolled the round roll Robert Rowley rolled round.

### Peter Piper

**P**PETER PIPER picked a peck of pickled peppers;  
A peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked;  
If Peter piper picked a peck of pickled peppers,  
Where is the peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked.

### Hot-Cross Buns

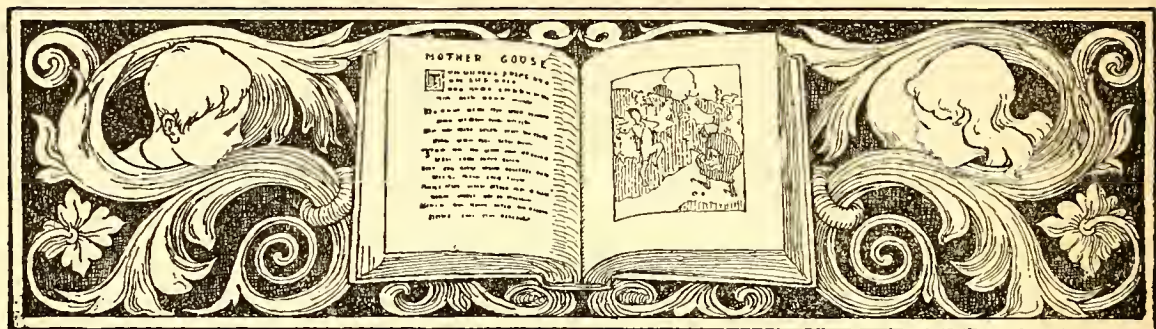
**H**OT-CROSS Buns!  
Old woman runs!  
One a penny, two a penny,  
Hot-cross Buns.

If you have no daughters,  
Give them to your sons.  
One a penny, two a penny,  
Hot-cross Buns.



II  
THE ORIGINAL  
MOTHER GOOSE MELODY

AS ISSUED BY  
JOHN NEWBERRY OF LONDON  
CIRCA 1760  
AND  
ISAIAH THOMAS OF WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS  
CIRCA 1785



## Preface

"By a very Great Writer of very Little Books."

**M**UCH might be said in favour of this collection, but as we have no room for critical disquisition we shall only observe to our readers that the custom of singing these songs and lullabies to children is of great antiquity. It is even as old as the time of the ancient Druids. Caractacus, King of the Britons, was rocked in his cradle in the Isle of Mona, now called Anglesea, and tuned to sleep by some of these soporiferous sonnets. As the best things, however, may be made ill use of, so this kind of composition has been employed in a satirical manner of which we have a remarkable instance so far back as the reign of King Henry V.; when the great monarch turned his arms against France, he composed the preceding march to lead his troops to battle, well knowing that music had often the power of inspiring courage, especially in the minds of good men. Of this his enemies took advantage, and as our happy nation, even at this time, was never without a faction, some of the malcontents adopted the following words to the King's own march, in order to ridicule his majesty, and to show the folly and impossibility of his undertaking:

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



Here the King is represented as an old woman engaged in a pursuit the most absurd and extravagant imaginable, but when he routed the whole French army at the Battle of Agincourt, taking their king and the flower of their nobility prisoners, and with ten thousand men only, made himself master of their kingdom, the very men who had ridiculed him before began to think nothing too arduous for him to surmount; they therefore cancelled the former sonnet, they were now ashamed of, and substituted this in its stead, which you will be pleased to observe goes with the same tune:

So vast is the prowess of Harry the Great,  
He'll pluck a hair from the pale fac'd moon;  
Or a lion familiarly take by the tooth,  
And lead him about as you lead a baboon.

All princes and potentates under the sun,  
Through fear into corners and holes away run;  
While no danger nor dread his swift progress retards  
For he deals with kingdoms as we do our cards.

When this was shown to his majesty he smilingly said that folly always dealt in extravagancies, and that knaves sometimes put on the garb of fools to promote in that disguise their own wicked designs. "The flattery in the last," says he, "is more insulting than the impudence of the first, and to weak minds might do more mischief; but we have the old proverb in our favor: 'If we do not flatter ourselves, the flattery of others will never hurt us.'"

We cannot conclude without observing, the great probability is that the custom of making nonsense verses in our schools was borrowed from the practice among the old British nurses; they have indeed always been the first preceptors of the youths of this kingdom, and from them the rudiments of taste and learning are naturally derived. Let none therefore speak irreverently of this ancient maternity as they may be considered the great grandmothers of science and knowledge.

NOTE:—This is the preface in the Newbery Edition of Mother Goose Melody, written in London in 1765, and as far as is known is the first preface written for children's books.



### A Love Song

**T**HERE was a little man  
Who wooed a little maid;  
And he said, Little Maid, will you  
Wed, wed, wed?  
I have little more to say  
So will you aye or nay?  
For the least said is soonest men-ded,  
Ded, ded.

Then replied the little maid,  
Little Sir, you've little said  
To induce a little maid to  
Wed, wed, wed.  
You must say a little more,  
And produce a little ore,  
E'er I make a little print in your  
Bed, Bed, Bed.

Then the little man reply'd,  
If you'll be my little bride,  
I'll raise my Love Notes a little  
Higher, higher, higher ;  
Tho' my offers are not meet,  
Yet my little heart is great,  
With the little God of Love all on  
Fire, Fire, Fire.

Then the little maid reply'd,  
Should I be your little bride,  
Pray what must we have for to  
Eat, eat, eat.  
Will the flame that you're so rich in  
Light a fire in the kitchen,  
Or the little God of Love turn the  
Spit, Spit, Spit ?

Then the little man he sigh'd,  
And some say, a little cry'd,  
For his little Heart was big with  
Sorrow, Sorrow, Sorrow.  
As I am your little slave,  
If the little that I have  
Be too little, little we will  
Borrow, borrow, borrow.

Then the little man so gent,  
 Made the little maid relent,  
 And set her little heart think-king  
     King, king.  
 Tho' his offer were but small,  
 She took his little All,  
 She could have but the cat and her skin,  
     Skin, skin.

*Moral.*

He who borrows is another man's slave, and pawns his honour, his liberty, and sometimes his nose for payment. Learn to live on little and be independent.

*Patch on Prudence.*

### A Dirge

**L**ITTLE BETTY WINCKLE she had a pig,  
 It was a little pig not very big;  
 When he was alive he liv'd in clover,  
 But now he is dead and that's all over;  
     Johnny Winckle, He  
     Sate down and cry'd,  
     Betty Winckle, She  
     Laid down and dy'd;  
 So there was an end of  
     one, two, and three,  
     Johnny Winckle, He,  
     Betty Winckle, She,  
 And Piggie Wiggie.

*Moral.*

A Dirge is a song made for the dead, but whether this was made for Betty Winckle or her pig, is uncertain, no notice being taken of it by Cambders, or any of the famous antiquarians.

*WALL's System of Sense*



**C**CROSS PATCH, draw the latch,  
Sit by the Fire and spin;  
Take a cup and drink it up  
Then call your Neighbors in.

A common case this, to call in our neighbors to rejoice when all the good things are gone.

### A Melancholy Song

**T**RIP upon Trenchers,  
And dance upon Dishes,  
My Mother sent me for some Bawn,  
some Bawn:  
She bid me tread lightly,  
And come again quickly,  
For fear the young men should do  
me some Harm.



Yet didn't you see

Yet didn't you see

What naughty tricks they put upon me?

They broke my Pitcher,

And spilt the water,

And huffed my Mother,

And chid her daughter,

And kissed my Sister instead of me.

What a Succession of misfortunes befel this poor girl! But the last Circumstance was most affecting, and might have proved fatal.

WINSLOW'S *View of Bath*.

### Amphion's Song of Curydice

**I** WON'T be my Father's Jack,

I won't be my Father's Gill,

I won't be the Fiddler's wife,

And will have musick when I will.

T'other little Tune

T'other little Tune.

Prithee, Love, play me

T'other little Tune.

MAXIM. Those arts are the most valuable which are of the greatest use.



**T**HREE wise Men of Gotham  
 They went to Sea in a Bowl.  
 And if the Bowl had been Stronger  
 My Song had been longer.

It is long enough. Never lament the Loss of what is not Worth having.

BOYLE.

**T**HERE was an old Man  
 And he had a Calf,  
 And that's Half ;  
 He took him out of the Stall  
 And put him on the Wall,  
 And that's all.

MAXIM. Those who are given to tell all they know generally tell more than they know.



**T**HERE was an old Woman  
 Liv'd under the Hill.  
 She put a mouse in a Bag,  
 And sent it to the Mill:  
 The Miller did swear  
 By the point of his Knife,  
 He never took Toll  
 Of a Mouse in his Life.

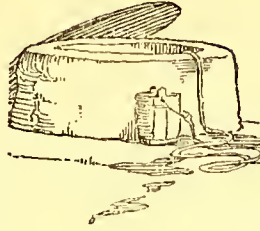
The only instance of a Miller refusing Toll, and for which the Cat has just Cause of Complaint against him.

*Cake upon Littledog.*

**T**HERE was an Old Woman  
 Liv'd under the Hill.  
 And if she isn't gone  
 She Lives there still.

This is a self-evident proposition which is the very essence of truth, "She lived under the Hill, and if she is not gone She lives there still." Nobody would presume to contradict this.

*Cræusa—Plato's.*



### Plato's Song

**D**ING dong, Bell,  
The Cat is in the Well.  
Who put her in?  
Little Johnny Green.  
What a naughty boy was that,  
To drown Poor Pussy Cat  
Who never did any Harm,  
And kill'd the Mice in his  
Father's Barn.

MAXIM. He that injures one threatens an Hundred.

**S**E saw, Margery Daw,  
Jacky shall have a new Master;  
Jacky must have but a Penny a Day  
Because he can work no faster.

It is a mean and scandalous Practise in Authors to put notes to things that deserve none.

**L**ITTLE Tom Tucker  
 Sings for his Supper :  
 What shall he eat ?  
 White bread and Butter :  
 How will he cut it,  
 Without e'er a Knife ?  
 How will he be married  
 Without e'er a wife ?

To be married without a Wife is a terrible Thing, and to be married with a bad Wife is something Worse; however a good Wife that sings well is the best musical instrument in the World.

PUSSENDORFF, S. E.

**G**REAT A, little a,  
 Bouncing B ;  
 The Cat's in the Cupboard,  
 And she can't see.

Yes, she can see that you are naughty, and don't mind your Book.

S. E.

**S**E saw, sacar a down.  
 Which is the Way to Boston Town ?  
 One Foot up, the other Foot down,  
 That is the Way to Boston Town.

Or to any other Town upon the Face of the Earth.

WICKLIFF.



**I**S John Smith within?  
Yes, that he is.  
Can he set a shoe?  
Aye, marry two.  
Here a Nail, and there a Nail,  
Tick, Tack, too.

MAXIM. Knowledge is a Treasure, but practise is the Key to it.

**S**HOE the Colt,  
Shoe the Colt,  
Shoe the Wild Mare;  
Here a Nail  
There a Nail,  
Yet She goes bare.

Ay, ay. Drive the Nail when it will go; That's the Way of the World, and is the Method  
pursued by all our Financiers, Politicians, and Necromancers.

VATTEL.

**H**IGH diddle, diddle,  
The Cat and the Fiddle,  
The Cow jump'd over the Moon;  
The little Dog laugh'd  
To see such Craft,  
And the Dish ran away with the Spoon.

It must be a very little Dog that laugh'd, for a great Dog would be ashamed to laugh at such  
nonsense.

**R**IDE a Cock Horse  
To Banbury Cross,  
To see what Tommy can buy ;  
A Penny White Loaf,  
A penny White Cake,  
And a Two Penny Apple Pye.

There's a good Boy, eat up your Pye and hold your Tongue; for Silence is the sign of Wisdom.

**T**HERE was an old Man  
In a Velvet Coat,  
He kissed a Maid  
And gave her a Groat ;  
The Groat it was cracked,  
And would not go,  
Ah ! old Man, d'you serve me so ?

If a Coat be ever so fine thae a Fool wears, it is still a Fool's Coat.





**C**OCK a doodle doo,  
 My Dame has lost her Shoe,  
 My Master's lost his Fiddle Stick  
 And knows not what to do.

The Cocks crows us up early in the Morning, that we may work for our Bread, and not live upon Charity, or upon Trust; for he who lives upon Charity shall be often affronted, and he that lives upon Trust shall pay double.

**R**OUND about, round about,  
 Magotty Pye :  
 My Father loves good Ale  
 And so do I.

MAXIM. Evil Company makes Good bad and Bad worse.

**H**USH a by Baby  
 On the Tree Top,  
 When the Wind blows  
 The Cradle will rock.  
 When the Bough breaks  
 The Cradle will fall,  
 Down tumbles baby  
 Cradle and all.

This may serve as a Warning to the Proud and Ambitious, who climb so high that they generally fall at last.

MAXIM. Content turns all it touches into Gold.



**J**ACK and Gill,  
 Went up the Hill,  
 To fetch a Pail of Water ;  
 Jack fell down  
 And broke his Crown  
 And Gill came tumbling after.

**MAXIM.** The more you think of dying the better you will live.

ARISTOTLE.

**T**HERE were two Birds sat on a Stone,  
 Fa, la, la, la, lal, de.  
 One flew away, and then there was one,  
 Fa, la, la, la, lal, de.  
 The other flew after, and then there was none,  
 Fa, la, la, la, la, lal, de.  
 And so the poor Stone was left all alone,  
 Fa, la, la, la, lal, de.

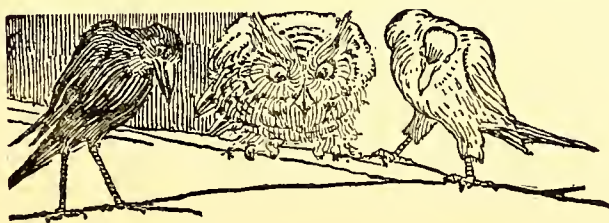
This may serve as a Chapter of Consequences in the next new *Book of Logick*.

**L**ITTLE Jack Horner  
Sat in a Corner,  
Eating a Christmas Pye ;  
He Put in his Thumb,  
And pull'd out a Plumb,  
Crying, what a great Boy was I?

Jack was a Boy of excellent Taste as should appear by his pulling out a Plumb; it is therefore supposed that his Father apprentised him to a mince-Pye maker that he might improve his taste from year to year.

**P**EASE Porridge hot,  
Pease Porridge Cold,  
Pease Porridge in the Pot  
Nine Days old,  
Spell me that in four Letters?  
I will. T-h-a-t.

The poor are seldomer sick for Want of Food, than the Rich are by the excess of it.

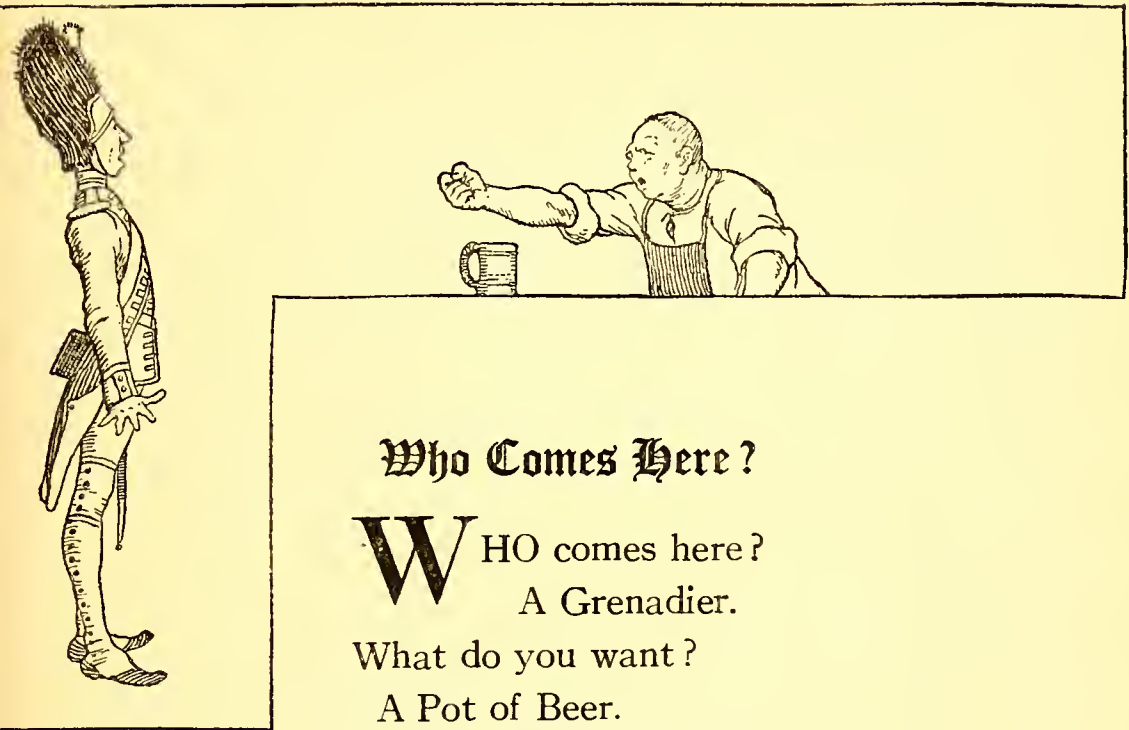






**J**ACK SPRAT could eat no Fat  
His Wife could eat no Lean;  
And so betwixt them both,  
They licked the Platter clean.

MAXIM. Better go to Bed supperless, than rise in Debt.



### Who Comes Here ?

**W**HO comes here?  
A Grenadier.

What do you want ?

A Pot of Beer.

Where is your Money ?

I've forgot.

Get you gone

You drunken Sot.

Intemperance is attended with Disease, and Idleness with Poverty.

**W**HAT Care I how black I be,  
Twenty pounds will marry me ;  
If Twenty won't, Forty shall,  
I am my Mother's bouncing Girl.

If we don't flatter ourselves, the Flattery of others would have no effect.

**T**ELL tale Tit,  
Your Tongue shall be slit,  
And all the Dogs in our Town  
Shall have a wee bit.

**MAXIM.** Point not at the Faults of others with a foul Finger.

**T**HREE Children sliding on the Ice  
Upon a Summer's Day  
As it fell out they all fell in,  
The rest they ran away.

Oh ! had these Children been at School  
Or sliding on dry Ground,  
Ten Thousand Pounds to one Penny  
They had not then been drowned.

Ye Parents who have Children dear,  
And eke ye that have none,  
If you would keep them safe abroad  
Pray keep them safe at home.

There is something so Melancholy in this Song, that it has occasioned many People not to weep. It is almost in keeping with the Tune which John whistles to his Horses.



**P**ATTY Cake, Patty Cake,  
Baker's Man;  
That I will, Master,  
As fast as I can;  
Prick it and prick it,  
And mark it with T,  
And there will be enough  
For Jacky and me.

MAXIM. The surest Way to gain our Ends is to moderate our Desires.

**O**NE, two, three  
Four and five,  
I caught a Hare alive;  
Six, seven, eight,  
Nine and ten,  
I let him go again.

MAXIM. We may be as good as we please, if we please to be good.

**W**HEN I was a little boy  
I liv'd by myself,  
And all the Bread  
And Cheese I got  
I laid upon the shelf :  
The Rats and the Mice  
They made such a Strofe,  
That I was forc'd to go to Town  
And buy me a Wife.

The Streets were so broad,  
The Lanes were so narrow,  
I was forc'd to bring my Wife home  
In a Wheelbarrow ;  
The Wheelbarrow broke ;  
And my Wife had a Fall  
Farewell  
Wheelbarrow, Wife and all.

Provide against the Worst, and Hope for the Best.





Mother-GOOSE's melody. 49



**P**ATTY Cake, Patty Cake,  
Baker's Man ;  
That I will Master,  
As fast as I can ;  
Prick it and prick it,  
And mark it with a T,  
And there will be enough  
For *Jackey* and me.

*Maxim.*

The surest Way to gain our Ends is to moderate our Desires.

**D**

**WHEN**

50 Mother GOOSE's Melody.



**W**HEN I was a little Boy  
I had but little Wit,  
'Tis a long Time ago,  
And I have no more yet ;  
Nor ever, ever shall,  
Until that I die,  
For the longer I live,  
The more Fool am I.

*Maxim.*

He that will be his own Master, has often a Fool for his Scholar.

**WHEN**

Mother GOOSE's Melody. 51



**I.**

**W**HEN I was a little Boy  
I liv'd by myself,  
And all the Bread  
And Cheese I got  
I laid upon the Shelf ;  
The Rats and the Mice  
They made such a Strife,  
That I was forc'd to go to Town  
And buy me a Wife.

**II.**

The Streets were so broad,  
The Lanes were so narrow,  
I was

52 Mother GOOSE's Melody.

I was forc'd to bring my Wife home  
In a Wheelbarrow ;  
The Wheelbarrow broke ;  
And my Wife had a Fall.  
Farewel  
Wheelbarrow, Wife and all.

*Maxim.*

Provide against the worst, and hope for the best.

**M'**



**O** MY Kitten a Kitten,  
And oh ! my Kitten, my Deary,  
Such a sweet puss as this  
There is not far nor neary ;  
There we go up, up, up,  
Here we go down, down, down,  
Here we go backwards and forwards,  
And here we go round, round, round.

MAXIM. Idleness hath no Advocate, but many Friends.

### Alexander's Song

**T**HERE was a man of Thessaly  
And he was wondrous wise,  
He jump'd into a quick set Hedge,  
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 Hedge,  
And scratched them in again.

How happy it was for the Man to scratch his Eyes in again when they were scratched out !  
But he was a Blockhead, or he would have kept himself out of the Hedge and not been scratched at all.



**T**HIS Pig went to Market ;  
That Pig staid at Home ;  
This Pig had roast Meat,  
That Pig had none ;  
This Pig went to the Barn door  
And cry'd week, week, for more.

MAXIM. If we do not govern our Passions, our Passions will govern us.

**A** LONG tail'd Pig, or a short  
tail'd Pig,  
Or a Pig without any Tail.  
A Sow Pig, or a Boar Pig,  
Or a Pig with a curling Tail,  
Take hold of his Tail and eat off  
his Head ;  
And then you'll be sure the Pig Hog  
is dead.

**B**OW, wow, wow,  
Whose Dog art thou ?  
Little Tom Tinker's Dog,  
Bow, wow, wow.

Tom Tinker's Dog is a very good Dog; and an honest Dog than his Master.





" The gray goose she ran round the haystack,  
' Oh, oh!' said the fox, ' you are very fat.' "





Mother GOOSE's Melody. 57



**A** LONG tail'd Pig, or a short  
tail'd Pig,  
Or a Pig without any Tail ;  
A Sow Pig, or a Boar Pig,  
Or a Pig with a curling Tail.  
Take hold of the Tail and eat off  
his Head ;  
And then you'll be sure the Pig hog  
is dead.

**CÆSAR's**

58 Mother GOOSE's Melody,



**CÆSAR's SONG.**

**B**OW, wow, wow,  
Whose Dog art thou ?  
Little *Tom Tinker's* Dog,  
Bow, wow, wow.

*Tom Tinker's* Dog is a very good Dog, and  
an honest Dog than his Master.

**BAH,**

Mother GOOSE's Melody. 59



**B**AH, bah, black Sheep,  
Have you any Wool ?  
Yes, marry have I,  
Three Bags full ;  
One for my master,  
One for my Dame,  
But none for the little Boy  
Who cries in the Lane.

*Maxim.*

Bad Habits are easier conquered Today than  
Tomorrow.

**ROBIN**

60 Mother GOOSE's Melody.



**ROBIN** and *Richard*  
Were two pretty Men,  
They lay in Bed  
'Till the Clock struck Ten :  
Then up starts *Robin*  
And looks at the sky,  
Oh ! Brother *Richard*,  
The Sun's very high ;  
You go before  
With the Bottle and Bag,  
And I will come after  
On little *Jack* Nag.

What



**B**AH, bah, black Sheep,  
Have you any Wool?  
Yes, marry have I,  
Three Bags full ;  
One for my Master,  
One for my Dame,  
But none for the little Boy  
Who cries in the Lane.

MAXIM. Bad Habits are easier conquered Today than Tomorrow.

**R**OBIN and Richard  
Were two pretty Men,  
They lay in Bed  
'Till the Clock struck Ten :  
Then up starts Robin  
And looks at the Sky,  
Oh ! Brother Richard,  
The Sun's very high;  
You go before  
with the Bottle and Bag,  
And I will come after  
On little Jack Nag.

What lazy Rogues were these to lie in Bed so long; I dare say they have no Cloths to their Backs; for laziness clothes a Man with rags.

**T**HE Sow came in with the Saddle,  
 The little Pig rock'd the Cradle,  
 The Dish jump'd a top the Table ;  
 To see the Pot wash the Ladle ;  
 The Spit that stood behind a Bench  
 Call'd the Dishcloth a dirty Wench :  
 Ods plut, says the Gridiron,  
 Can't ye agree?  
 I'm the Head Constable,  
 Bring 'em to me.

NOTE. If he acts as Constable in this Case, the Cock must surely be the Justice of Peace.

**T**HERE was an old Woman,  
 And she sold Puddings and Pies  
 She went to the Mill  
 And the Dust flew into her Eyes ;  
 Hot pies  
 And cold pies to sell,  
 Wherever she goes  
 You may follow her by the Smell.



MAXIM. Either say nothing of the Absent, or speak like a Friend.

**W**E'RE three Brethren out of Spain  
 Come to court your Daughter Jane ;  
 My Daughter Jane she is too young,  
 She has no skill in flattering Tongue.



Be she young or be she old,  
It's for Gold she must be sold;  
So fare you well, my Lady gay,  
We must return another Day.

MAXIM. Riches serve a wise Man, and govern a fool.

**T**HERE were two Blackbirds sat on a Hill,  
The one was named Jack,  
The other nam'd Gill.  
Fly away, Jack,  
Fly away, Gill;  
Come again, Jack,  
Come again, Gill.

MAXIM. A Bird in the Hand is worth two in the Bush.

**H**ERE'S A, B, and C,  
D, E, F, and G,  
H, I, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q,  
R, S, T, and U,  
W, X, Y, and Z.  
And here's the child's Dad  
Who is sagacious and discerning,  
And knows this is the font of Learning.

**D**ICKERY, Dickery Dock ;  
 The Mouse ran up the Clock ;  
 The Clock struck one,  
 The Mouse ran down,  
 Dickery, Dickery Dock.

MAXIM. Time stays for no Man.

**B**OYS and Girls come out to play,  
 The Moon does shine as bright as day ;  
 Come with a Hoop, and come with a Call,  
 Come with a good will, or come not at all.  
 Loose your Supper, and loose your Sleep,  
 Come to your Playfellows in the Street.

**U**P the Ladder and down the Wall,  
 A Halfpenny Loaf will serve us all.  
 But when the Loaf is gone, what will you do ?  
 Those who would eat, must work 'tis true.

MAXIM. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.

**P**IPING hot, smoking hot,  
 What I've got,  
 You know not,  
 Hot, hot Pease, hot, hot, hot ;  
 Hot are my Pease, Hot.

There is much more in this Song, on a cold frosty Night, than ever the Syrens were possessed of, who captivated Ulysses; and the Effect sticks closer to the Ribs.

*Huggleford on Hunger.*

## A Logical Song, or the Conjuror's Reason for Not Getting Money

**I** WOU'D, if I Cou'd,  
If I cou'dn't how cou'd I?  
I Cou'dn't, without I cou'd, cou'd I?  
Cou'd you, without you cou'd, cou'd ye?  
Cou'dn't ye, cou'd ye?  
Cou'd you, without you cou'd, cou'd ye?

NOTE. This is a new way of handling an old Argument, said to be invented by a famous Senator; but it has something in it of Gothick Construction.

SANDERSON.



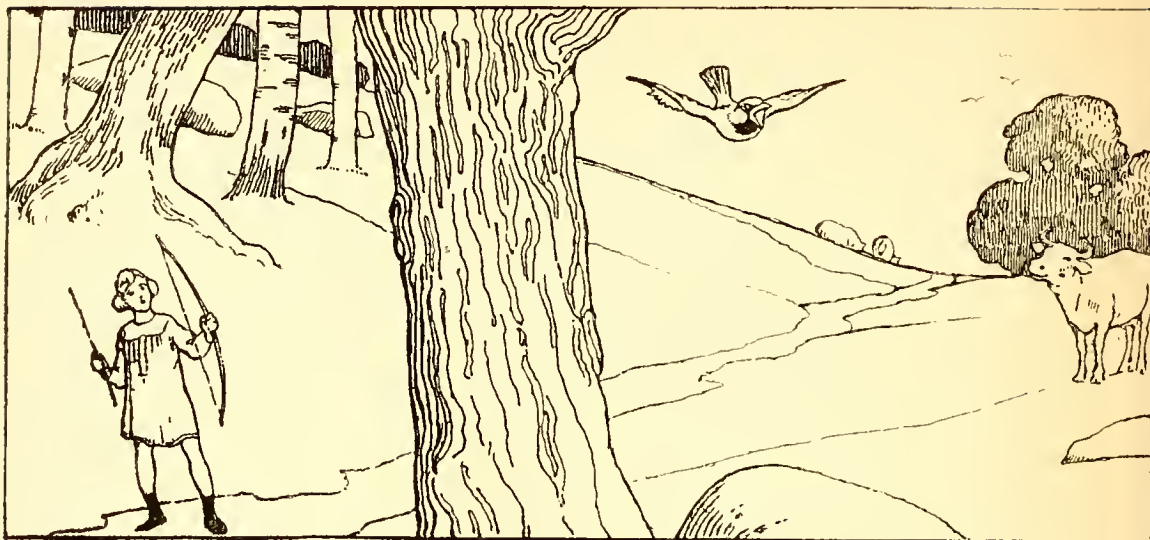


### III

## THE PLEASANT HISTORY OF LITTLE JACK HORNER

CONTAINING HIS WITTY TRICKS AND PLEASANT  
PRANKS WHICH HE PLAIED FROM HIS YOUTH  
TO HIS RIPER YEARS





## The History of Little Jack Horner

[Of his birth and education.]

**J**ACK HORNER was a pretty lad,  
near London did he dwell,  
His father's heart he made full glad,  
his mother loved him well.

She often sat him on her lap,  
for fear of cold beneath,  
And fed him with sweet sugar-pap  
because he had no teeth.

While little Jack was sweet and young,  
if he by chance did cry,  
His mother pretty sonnets sung,  
with lulla-baby-by.

A pretty boy, a curious wit,  
all people spoke his praise,  
And in the corner he would sit  
on Christmas holidays.

And said Jack Horner in the corner,  
eats good Christmas pye ;  
With his thumbs pulls out the plums,  
crying what a good boy was I.

These pretty verses which he made  
upon his Christmas cheer.  
Did gain him love, as it is said,  
of all both far and near ;

For lasses loved his company,  
each day above another ;  
For why? they knew that he would be  
a man before his mother,

He grew, I say, at any rate  
both proper, straight, and trim,  
So that young Nancy, Sue, and Kate,  
were all in love with him.

Happy was she that could enjoy  
from him one kind embrace ;  
Though once he was a little bob,  
yet now he grew apace.

So few were like him far and near,  
 and match for him was none ;  
 As being thirteen inches high,  
 a giant to Tom Thumb.

Whene'er he took a sword in hand,  
 he made his foes to bleed,  
 As you shall come to understand,  
 when you this history read.

. . . . .

## JACK FRIGHTS A TAYLER FOR CABBAGING CLOATH OUT OF HIS COAT

Jack being twenty years of age,  
 liv'd with a worthy knight,  
 In manner of a pretty page,  
 to yield him such delight.

The knight right generous and free,  
 did for a tayler send,  
 For to make Jack a livery,  
 so much he was his friend.

Of half a yard of good broad cloth  
 the coat was to be made,  
 But the tayler he was loth  
 to quit his thievish trade.

The knavish tayler was to blame,  
    (a crafty cunning wag,)  
He pinch'd as much out of the same  
    as made a marble bag.

His coat was spoil'd then being made,  
    it came not to his knee :  
Jack in a raging passion said,  
    I'll be revenged on thee.

The knight he having kill'd a goat, .  
    whose skin was full as black  
I do declare as any soot ;  
    this project pleased Jack.

He wrapt it round him like a gown  
    at twelve o'clock at night,  
And then he rambled thro' the town,  
    this tayler to affright.

He through a window did advance,  
    near to the tayler's bed ;  
And round the room did skip and dance  
    with horns upon his head.

He growl'd and grumbled like a bear,  
    and did such anticks play ;  
As made the tayler then to stare,  
    and tremble where he lay.

Seeing the horns hang o'er his head,  
his body short and thick,  
The taylor said, speak, who art thou?  
quoth Jack, thy friend, old Nick :

Thou hast obey'd my order well  
I find in each degree :  
And therefore in my gloomy cell,  
I have a place for thee.

For you have been a friend indeed,  
I such a taylor lack :  
Therefore come away with speed,  
I'll bear thee on my back :

Sweet Mr. Devil then he cry'd,  
O pardon me, I pray ;  
I can't, I won't, he then reply'd,  
make haste and come away.

The taylor naked to the skin,  
his bed he did refrain,  
And down the town thro' thick and thin,  
he ran with might and main.

. . . . .



HOW HE SERVED THE COOK-MAID, WHO BROKE HIS  
HEAD WITH A LADLE FOR MAKING A SOP IN  
THE DRIPPING

Another pleasant prank he play'd  
upon a holiday,  
Unto his master's servant maid,  
which was a bloody fray.

Now she was lusty Jane by name,  
and was their constant cook :  
And when he to the kitchen came,  
she would him overlook.

Upon a certain day young Jack  
a slice of bread did take,  
And threw it in the dripping-pan,  
that he a sop did make.

So soon as she the same did see,  
it put her in a rage,  
And with the basting ladle she  
Jack Horner did engage.

She gave him cracks upon the crown  
so hard and struck so fast,  
That he at length did tumble down,  
and gasping at the last.

But though he did at first retreat,  
he soon returned again ;  
For standing fast upon his feet,  
he fought with might and main.

He was but thirteen inches high,  
and she full six times more,  
Yet, by his ingenuity,  
he brought her to the floor.

So cruel hard he made her roar,  
she cry'd, "Let me alone,  
And I will ne'er offend thee more,  
Jack, while my name is Joan."

Why, then, said Jack, if it be so,  
that you'll not me offend,  
I will this minute let you go,  
and so the fray did end.

. . . . .

### AN OLD HERMIT GIVES JACK AN INVISIBLE COAT AND A PAIR OF ENCHANTED PIPES, WITH WHICH HE PLAYS MANY TRICKS

Upon a pleasant holiday,  
Jack, going to the fair,  
And as he passed along the way,  
he saw a wonder there ;

An aged man sat in a cave,  
that could not stand nor go,  
His head wore blossoms of the grave,  
and looked as white as snow.

He call'd to Jack, and this did say,  
    come hither lad to me,  
And if thou dost my will obey,  
    rewarded thou shalt be.

Bring me a fairing from the town,  
    at thy own proper cost,  
A jug of snappy liquor brown,  
    thy labour shan't be lost.

Jack made the hermit this reply,  
    who then sat in the cell,  
What's your request I'll not deny,  
    and so old dad farewell.

At night he being stout and strong  
    this lad he did not fail,  
But at his back lugged along  
    a swinging jug of ale.

Which when the hermit he beheld,  
    it pleas'd him to the heart,  
Out of the same a cup he fill'd,  
    and said, before we part

I have a pipe which I'll bestow  
    upon you—never doubt,  
Whoever hears the same you blow,  
    shall dance and skip about.

I have a coat for thee likewise,  
invisible I mean ;  
And it shall so bedim their eyes,  
that thou shalt not be seen :

If thou should with an hundred meet  
when thus you pass along,  
Although upon the open street,  
not one of all the throng

Shall ever see you in the least,  
but hear the music sound ;  
And wonder that both man and beast  
is forc'd to dance around.

Jack took the coat and bag-pipes too,  
and thankfully did say,  
Old father I will call on you,  
whene'er I come this way.

. . . . .

OF HIS MAKING SIX FIDDLERS DANCE OVER HEDGE  
AND DITCH TILL THEY BROKE ALL THEIR  
GLASSES AND CROWDS

This coat and pipe he having got,  
he homewards trudg'd with speed ;  
At length it was his happy lot  
to cross a pleasant mead ;

Where he six fiddlers soon espy'd  
returning from the fair ;  
Under their coats crowds by their sides,  
with many others there.

Jack presently his coat put on,  
that screen'd him from their sight,  
Saying I'll do the best I can  
to plague them all this night ;

His pipes he straight began to play,  
the crowders they did dance ;  
The tradesmen too, as fast as they,  
did caper, skip and prance.

Still he played up a merry strain  
on his pipes loud and shrill,  
So they danced and jump'd amain,  
tho sore against their will.

Said they this is enchanted ground,  
for though no soul we see,  
Yet still the music's pleasant sound  
makes us dance veh'mently.

Jack Horner danc'd and piping went,  
straight down into the hollow,  
So all these dancers by consent,  
they after him did follow.

He led them on thro' bogs and sloughs,  
nay, likewise ponds and ditches,  
And in the thorny briary boughs,  
poor rogues, they tore their breeches !

At last it being somewhat late,  
Jack did his piping leave,  
So ceas'd, seeing their wretched state  
which made them sigh and grieve,

Sure this same is old Nick, I know,  
the author of this evil :  
And others cry'd if it be so,  
he is a merry devil.

Jack Horner laugh'd and went away,  
and left them in despair :  
So ever since that very day,  
no crowders would come there.

. . . . .



JACK'S KINDNESS TO THE INNKEEPER, WHO HE PUTS  
IN THE WAY TO PAY HIS DEBTS

An honest man, an innkeeper  
a friend to honest Jack,  
Who was in his debt alas! so far  
that he was like to crack;

Now this man had a handsome wife,  
sweet fair and beauteous too—  
A Quaker lov'd her as his life,  
And this Jack Horner knew.

The Quaker was an esquire born,  
and did in wealth abound:  
Said he, I'll catch him in the corn,  
and put him in the pond.

First to the innkeeper I'll go,  
and when I do him find,  
He soon shall understand and know  
that I'll be true and kind.

He met him in a narrow lane,  
and said, my friend, good morrow.  
But the innkeeper reply'd again,  
my heart is full of sorrow.

Two hundred pounds I am in debt,  
which I must pay next week,  
It makes me sigh, lament, and fret  
having the coin to seek.

Quoth Jack, if you'll be rul'd by me  
I'll put you in the way,  
How you yourself from debt may free  
and all your money pay.

Nay, this is joyful news he cry'd,  
thou art a friend indeed,  
Thy wit shall be my rule and guide  
for never more was need,

Go tell thy loving wife said he  
thy joy and heart's delight,  
That thou must ride miles forty-three  
and shan't come to night.

Then mind the counsel I shall give,  
and be no whit afraid;  
For I can tell you as I live  
your debts will soon be paid.

Mount thy bay nag, and take my cloak,  
likewise thy morning gown;  
And lodge within a hollow oak  
a mile or two from town.

Then you may sleep in sweet content  
the like ne'er seen before ;  
Which shall produce a sum of gold,  
nay, likewise silver store.

Unto his house straightway he went,  
and told her he must go  
A journey, saying, be content,  
for why it must be so.

She seemingly began to weep,  
and with sad sighs reply'd—  
You know, alas ! I cannot sleep  
without you by my side.

Cries he, kind wife, do not repine,  
why should you sigh and grieve?  
I go out to a friend of mine  
some money to receive.

When came the morn, he did return,  
and laughing kissed her twice.  
He said he had the great sum earn'd  
Which she tho't was quite nice.

With it right soon, the debt was paid,  
they were happy ever more ;  
I thank you, Jack, was what he said,  
I'm happier than ever before.

. . . . .

JACK SLAYS A MONSTROUS GIANT, AND MARRIES  
A KNIGHT'S DAUGHTER

Jack Horner a fierce giant kill'd,  
One galligantus stout,  
As large as ever man beheld  
in all the world throughout.

This very giant could with ease,  
step fifteen yards in length :  
Up by the roots he pluck'd oak trees,  
so mighty was his strength.

His lips did open like two gates,  
his beard hung down like wire,  
His eyes were like two pewter plates,  
he breathed smoke and fire.

'Tis said that he destroy'd as much  
as ten score men could eat ;  
So that the people did him grudge  
every bit of meet.

His mess was still continually  
two bullocks in a dish ;  
Then he could drink whole rivers dry,  
and thus he starved the fish.

He went to drink it seems one day  
by a deep river side,  
Whereat a lighter full of straw  
did then at anchor ride ;

Besides another full of hay ;  
a third with block and billet ;  
He cramm'd all these into his maw,  
and yet they did not fill it.

He did annoy the nations then,  
by night and eke by day ;  
Whoever passed by his den,  
became his fatal pray,

Hard by these liv'd a noble knight,  
who had one daughter dear ;  
For youth and splendid beauty bright  
but few could come her near.

He preferr'd her to be the wife,  
of him that could destroy, -  
The bruitish cruel giant's life,  
who did them so annoy.

At length Jack Horner being told,  
Whoever did him slay,  
Might have gold and silver eke,  
likewise a lady gay.

Quoth Jack, now let me live or die,  
I'll fight this swinging boar ;  
Though I'm but thirteen inches high,  
and he ten yards and more.

A sword he got five inches long,  
a little cap of steel.  
A breastplate too both stout and strong,  
quoth Jack, I'll make him reel.

Upon a badger's back he got,  
in order to proceed ;  
Thus being mounted cap-a-pie,  
away he rode full speed.

With double courage stout and brave,  
he did his valour keep :  
Then coming to the giant's cave,  
he found him fast asleep.

His mouth it was not open wide,  
but stood it seems half-cock,  
Jack down his throat with speed did ride,  
he never stood to knock.

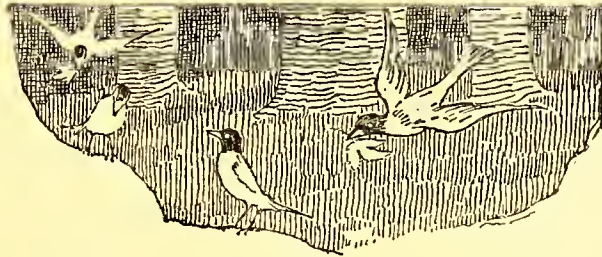
Jack cut and lash'd his swinging tripes,  
this grieved the giant sore ;  
Then did he play upon his pipes,  
which made him dance and roar.

He cry'd, I dance, yet I'm not well,  
there's no man minds my moan :  
At length he died and down he fell,  
then gave a hideous groan.



With that he soon with speed did run,  
and did in brief declare,  
What by his valour he had done,  
and gain'd his lady fair.

He marr'd this fair beauty bright,  
her charms he did admire ;  
And since her father was a knight,  
young Jack became a squire.





IV

THE FAMOUS HISTORY OF  
TOM THUMB

WHEREIN IS DECLARED THE MERRY PRANKS HE  
PLAIED IN HIS CHILDHOOD AND HIS MARVEL-  
LOUS ACTS OF MANHOOD FULL OF WONDERFUL  
MERRIMENT

Printed and sold in the Aldermary church-yard, London  
(About 1719)

## The First Part of the Life of Tom Thumb

Of the Parentage, Birth, and Education of TOM THUMB; with the merry pranks he plaid in his childhood.

**I**N Arthur's court Tom Thumb did live  
A Man of mickle might,  
Who was the best of the table round  
And eke a worthy Knight.

In nature but an inch in height,  
Or quarter of a span ;  
How think you that this valiant Knight  
Was proved a valiant man.

His father was a ploughman plain,  
His mother milked the cow,  
And yet the way to get a son  
This couple knew not how.

Until the time the good old man  
To learned Merlin goes,  
And there to him in deep distress,  
In secret manner shews,

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

Of this old Merlin then foretold,  
How he his wish should have ;  
And so a son of stature small,  
This charmer to him gave.

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

But so unseen to overcome,  
Whereat it pleased him well,  
Merlin spoke, and in half an hour  
The boy 'riv'd fitt'd to his will.

And in four minutes grew so fast,  
That he became so tall  
As was the plowman's thumb in length,  
And so he did him call

Tom Thumb, the which the Fairy Queen  
Did give him to his name,  
Who with her train of goblins grim  
Unto the christening came.

When so they cloth'd him fine and gay,  
In garments rich and fair ;  
The which did serve him many years  
In seemly sort to wear.

His cloak made of the oaken leaf,  
His shirt a spider's webb,  
Both light and soft for his fine limbs,  
Which were so smally bred.

His hose and doublet thistle down,  
Together weav'd full fine,  
And stockings of the apple gren  
Made of the outer rhine.

His garters were two little hairs  
Pluck'd from his mother's eyes ;  
His shoes made of a mouse's skin,  
And tann'd most curiously.

Thus like a valiant gallant he  
Adventured forth to go  
With other children in the street  
His pretty pranks to show.

Where for the counters, pins, and points  
And cherry stones did play,  
Till he among the gamestrees young  
Had lost his stock away.



Yet he could soon the fame renew,  
When as most nimbly he  
Would dive into the cherry bags  
And there partaker be.

Unseen, unfelt by any one,  
Until a scholar shut  
The nimble youth into a box  
Wherein his pins were put.

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

The other boys did do the same,  
In pieces tore him quite,  
For which they were severely whipt.  
At which he laugh'd outright.

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

Whereas about the Christmas time,  
His mother a hog had kill'd,  
And Tom would see the pudding made,  
For fear it should be spoild.

. . . . .

OF TOM'S FALLING INTO THE PUDDING BOWL AND  
OF HIS ESCAPE OUT OF THE TINKER'S BUDGET

He sat the candle for to light  
Upon the pudding bowl,  
Of which there is unto this day  
A pretty story told.

For Tom fell in, and could not be  
For sometime after found,  
For in the blood and batter he  
Was lost and almost drown'd.

And she not knowing of the same,  
Directly after that,  
Into the pudding stir'd her son  
Instead of mincing fat.

Now this pudding of the largest size,  
Into the kettle thrown,  
Made all the rest to jump about  
As with a whirlwind blown.

But so it tumbled up and down  
Within the liquor there,  
As if the devil had been boil'd,  
Such was the mother's fear

That she took up the pudding strait;  
And gave it at the door  
Unto a Tinker, which from thence  
He in his budget bore.

But as the Tinker clim'd the style,  
He chanc'd to let a crack,  
Now good old man, cry'd Tom Thumb,  
Still hanging on his back.

At which the Tinker began to run  
And would no longer stay,  
But cast both and pudding too,  
Over the hedge away.

From whence poor Tom got loose at last,  
At home return'd again,  
And he from great danger long  
In safety did remain.

Until such time his mother went  
A milking of her kine,  
Where Tom unto a thistle fast  
She linked with a line.

TOM CARRIED AWAY BY A RAVEN AND SWALLOWED  
UP BY A GIANT WITH SEVERAL OTHER STRANGE  
ACCIDENTS THAT BEFEL HIM

Now after this in sowing time  
His father would him have  
Into the field to drive the plow,  
And therewithal him gave.  
A whip made of a barley straw,  
For him to drive the cattle on;  
There in the furrow'd land new sown,  
Poor Tom was lost and gone.

Now by a raven of great strength,  
Away poor Tom was borne,  
And carried in the carrion's beak,  
Just like a grain of corn.

Unto a giant's castle top,  
Wherein he let him fall.  
And soon the giant swallowed up  
His body, cloaths and all.

But in his belly did Tom Thumb  
So great a rumbling make,  
That neither night nor day he could  
The smallest quiet take.

Until the giant him had spew'd  
Full three miles in the sea ;  
There a large fish soon took him up  
And bore him hence away.

The lusty fish was after caught  
And to King Arthur sent  
Where Tom was kept, being a dwarf,  
Until his time was spent.

Long time he liv'd in jolity  
Beloved of the court,  
And none like Tom was so esteem'd  
Amongst the better sort.

. . . . .

TOM THUMB BY THE COMMAND OF KING ARTHUR  
DANCED A GALLIARD UPON THE QUEEN'S  
LEFT HAND

Among the deeds of courtship done,  
His Highness did command  
That he should dance the galliard brave  
Upon the Queen's left hand.

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

Beheld it was a rich reward,  
And given by the King  
Which to his praise and worthiness  
Did lasting honour bring.

For while he lived in the court,  
His pleasant pranks were seen,  
And he according to report,  
Was favour'd by the Queen.

. . . . .



## HE RIDES A HUNTING WITH THE KING

Now after that the King he would  
Abroad for pleasure go,  
Yet stil Tom Thumb must be with him  
Plac'd on his saddle bow.

And on a time when as it rain'd,  
Tom Thumb most nimbly crept  
Into his button-hole, where he  
All in his bosom slept.

And being near his Highness' heart  
Did crave a wealthy boon;  
A noble gift the which the King  
Commanded should be done.

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

And so away goes lucky Tom,  
With three pence on his back;  
A heavy burden which did make  
His very bones to crack.

So travelling two days and a night  
In labour and great pain,  
He came into the house whereat  
His parents did remain.



Which was but half a mile in space,  
From good King Arthur's court,  
All this in sight. And forty hours  
He went in weary sort.

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

So his mother in her apron put  
Her gentle son in haste,  
And by the fireside, within  
A walnut shell him plac'd.

And then they feasted him three days  
Upon a hazel nut,  
On which he rioted for long  
And them to charges put.

And thereupon grew wonderous sick  
In eating so much meat,  
That was sufficient for a month  
For this great man to eat.

So when his business call'd him forth  
King Arthur's court to see,  
From which no longer it is said  
He could a stranger be.

But for a few moist April drops  
That settled on the way ;  
His long and weary Journey  
Did hinder, and so stay'.

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

. . . . .

## OF TOM'S RUNNING AT TILT, WITH OTHER EXERCISES PERFORMED BY HIM

Thus he at tilt and tournaments  
Was entertained so,  
That all the rest of Arthur's knights  
Did him great pleasure show.

And good Sir Lancelot du Lake,  
Sir Tristram and Sir Guy,  
Yet none compared to brave Tom Thumb  
In acts of cavalry.

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

'Gainst whom these noble knights did run,  
Sir Khion and the rest.  
But yet Tom Thumb with all his might  
Did bear away the best.

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

Which made the courtiers all aghast,  
For there this valiant man  
Thro' Lancelot's steed, before them all,  
In nimble manner ran ;

Yea horse and all, with spear and shield,  
As hardly e'er was seen ;  
But only by King Arthur's self,  
And his beloved Queen.

Who from her finger took a ring  
Thro' which Tom did make way,  
Not touching it in simple sort,  
As it had been in play.

He also cleft the smallest hair  
From the fair Lady's head,  
From hurting her whose even hand  
Him lasting honours spread.

Such were his deeds and noble acts  
In Arthur's court were shewn,  
The like in all the world beside  
Before was never seen.

Thus at his sports Tom toiled himself,  
That he a sickness took,  
Thro' all which manly exercise  
His strength had him forsook.

Where lying on his bed sore sick,  
King Arthur's Doctor took  
A fine perspective glass, thro' which  
They took a careful look

Into his sickly body down,  
And therein saw that death  
Stood ready in his wasted guts  
To take away his breath.

His arms and legs consum'd as small  
As was a spider web,  
Thro' which his dying hours grew,  
And all his limbs were dead.

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

And so with peace and quietness

He left the earth below,

And up into the Fairy Land

His fading ghost did go ;

Where the Fairy Queen received

With heavy mournful cheer

The body of her valiant knight,

Whom she esteem'd so dear.

For with her dying nymphs in green

She took him from his bed,

With music sweet and melody, as

Soon as life was fled.

For whom King Arthur and his knights

Full forty days did morne;

In the remembrance of his name,

That strangely thus was born.

He built a tomb of marble grey,

And year by year did come

To celebrate the mournful day

And burial of Tom Thumb.

Whose fame lives here in England stil

Amongst the country sort,

Of whom the wives and children dear,

Tell pleasant tales of sport.

And here's a wonder come at last,  
Which some will scarce believe,  
And two hundred years were past  
He did new life receive.

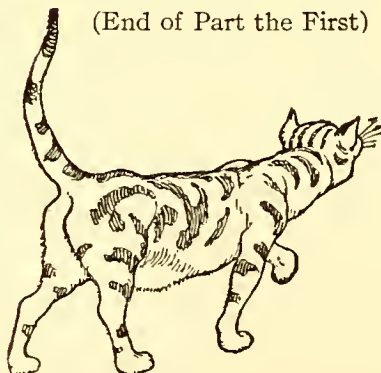
The Fairy Queen she loved him so,  
As you shall understand,  
That once again she let him go  
Down to the earthly land.

The very time that he returned  
Unto the court again,  
It was as we are well inform'd,  
In good King Arthur's reign.

Where in the presence of the King  
He many wonders wrought,  
Recited in the second part  
Which is now to be bought

In Bow Church Yard, where is sold  
Diverting Histories many ;  
And pleasant tales as e'er was told  
For purchase of one penny.

(End of Part the First)





## The Second Part of the Life of Tom Thumb

*Performed after His First Return from Fairy Land*

Of Tom's Return from Fairy Land, he falls into the firmity; and of the misfortunes that attend him.

When good King Arthur he did reign  
With all his knights about him,  
Tom Thumb he then did entertain  
He could not be without him.

Behold he made right pretty sport,  
Which pleased passing well ;  
And therefore in King Arthur's court  
He was allowed to dwell.

His parents were of small account,  
And he was small of growth,  
Yet they on Fortune's wings did fly,  
She did befriend them both.

For many long and pleasant years  
He was belov'd by all  
The royal court, both prince and peer,  
Did see his funeral.

The longest time will ended be,  
So was Tom's life at last;  
The mourning court did weep to see  
His breath was but a blast;

So mounting to the Fairy Queen,  
Her love she did express,  
By giving him a robe of green,  
A sweet and comely dress.

In the Elysian shades he reigned  
Two hundred years or more,  
And by the Queen it was ordain'd  
That he her sceptre bore :

As King of all the Fairy Land  
And had continued still,  
But that as you may understand  
It was her gracious will

To send him to the lower world  
In triumph once again,  
So with a puff or blast him hurled  
Down with a mighty pain ;

With mighty force it happen'd he  
Did fall as some report  
Into a pan of firmity  
In good King Arthur's court.

The cook that bore it then along,  
Was struck with a surprise,  
For with the fall the firmity  
Flew up into her eyes.

The cook was running on full tilt  
When Tom fell from the air ;  
The pan of firmity was spilt;  
O what a fright was there.

The cook was frightened to the heart,  
Tom Thumb he sprawling lay,  
No one was there to take his part  
Alack-and-a-well-a-day.

His coat was greatly then besmear'd  
With firmity all over :  
Likewise another death he fear'd,  
His bones were sore all over.

He got out of the Firmity  
As well as he was able,  
They dragged him immediately  
Before King Arthur's table,

Where he in pomp at dinner sat,  
With wine and musick sweet ;  
For many noble knights were met  
To taste a royal treat.

With clubs and staves, forks and prongs,  
He guarded was unpitied,  
To answer for the mighty wrongs  
Which he had there committed.

Now as they enter'd in the hall  
With Tom, that little sprite,  
O how the multitude did bawl  
To shew their hateful spite.

Some said he was a fairy elf  
And therefore deserved to die.  
But crafty Tom secur'd himself,  
As you'll find by and by.

For just as they began to vote  
What death he should endure,  
He jumped down a Miller's throat ;  
And there he lay secure.

Not one of all the multitude  
Perceiv'd the way he went ;  
Thus though his death they then pursu'd,  
Tom did the same prevent :

They look'd about, but could not find  
Tom Thumb in any place ;  
Wherefore like men perplex'd in mind,  
Each suffered sad disgrace.

. . . . .

TOM TORMENTS THE MILLER WHILE HE LAYS IN HIS  
PAUNCH; AND OF OTHER WONDERFUL THINGS  
THAT HAPPENED

Then did the multitude depart  
Like dogs that burnt their tails,  
Each being vexed to the heart,  
O how they gnaw'd their nails,  
To think they had their prisoner lost  
In presence of the King ;  
Never was man so strangely crost,  
It was a grievous thing.

The Miller too above the rest,  
He scower'd like a ferrit ;  
Still crying out he was possest  
With some familiar spirit.

Tom often punch'd him by the tripes  
And made the Miller roar,  
Alas ! alas ! ten thousand stripes  
Could not have vexed him more.

Ah ! woe is me, that Miller cry'd  
Alack-and-a-well-a-day !  
Some spiteful imp does in me bide,  
Which doth the antick play.

For help he to the Doctor sought,  
Being distracted nigh,  
Alas ! the Miller little thought  
Tom Thumb was in his bellie.

When he before the Doctor came  
And told him every thing  
Which he had suffered, Tom by name  
Did whistle, dance, and sing.

The Doctor he was thunderstruck,  
To think what he should be ;  
I fear said he, some evil luck,  
Sure Satan speaks in thee.

You lie, quoth Tom, and then he sung  
A short but pleasant song,  
Your Latin and your lying tongue  
Does many people wrong.

I was a courtier, 'tis well known,  
Two hundred years ago,  
When good King Arthur had the throne,  
As thousands then did know ;

And am I call'd a Devil now,  
Who ne'er did no harm know,  
I solemnly protest and vow  
I'll be reveng'd on you.

The Doctor then affrighted was,  
Worse than he was before,  
And sent for twenty learned men  
The Miller to restore.



And being come into the hall,  
Strait to their great surprise,  
Tom for a cup of sack did call,  
And musick too likewise—

The Miller being fast asleep,  
And sitting in the chair,  
All people strait begun to weep,  
When they his voice did hear.

With much ado they rous'd him then  
So on his feet he stood,  
For they were understanding men  
Who came to do him good.

By turns they still examined him,  
How he his life did square,  
For they were certain that a limb  
Of Lucifer was there.

Says one, I am persuaded you  
Have often played the thief,  
In taking more than was your due  
Which causes all your grief.

So then the Miller did confess  
What he had said was true,  
Yet all my friends, nevertheless  
My father did so too ;

And he my grandsire, who in mould  
Is sleeping now full low ;  
For he this very mill did hold  
One hundred years ago :

If they did so, why may not I  
One bushel make of two ?  
Tom Thumb cry'd out immediately,  
A hopeful thievish crew.

You must leave off, they all did cry,  
Steal not for time to come :  
A voice immediately reply'd,  
Why don't you hear Tom Thumb ?

So said they all began to run  
In a distracted case,  
And left the Miller all alone  
Who in a little space—

Ran to a mighty river side,  
To ease his body there,  
And turn'd Tom Thumb into the tide,  
Who swam I know not where.

But as the ancient writers say,  
Near to the Northern Pole,  
Where many a lustful Salmon lay,  
One swallowed him up whole.

. . . . .

BEING SWALLOWED BY A SALMON, IS CAUGHT BY A  
FISHERMAN, AND OF THE SPORT HE MADE  
IN THE FISH'S BELLY

A Fisherman came out of Rye  
With nets and other geer,  
The Sea was rough, the Wind was high,  
Yet he his course did steer

Midst foaming billows that did roar,  
Until he came at last,  
Where he had fished not long before,  
And there his net he cast,

And drew it up with great success,  
At which the fisher laughed,  
Having as near as he could guess  
A dozen at a draught.

Unto his net so fast they throng,  
Some of a smaller set,  
At length as I the truth may tell,  
He with that Salmon met

Which had gotten poor Tom Thumb,  
And almost broke his net ;  
Says he, I never in my life  
Had such a one before ;  
I'll home to honest Joan my wife,  
And let her see my store.

So having stow'd them in his boat,  
He home began to steer,  
And sung a sweet and pleasant note  
For this his happy cheer,

So near the pleasant town of Rye,  
His freight'd boat was blow'd,  
His Joan she came immediately  
And laugh'd to see the load.

His fish up to the market place,  
They brought in state and pride ;  
But O the salmon was the best  
Of all the fish beside.

The people flocked far and near  
To buy some fish of him ;  
Because he had, as did appear,  
As good as e'er did swim.

Amongst the rest a stewart came  
Who would the salmon buy,  
And other fish that he did name,  
But he would not comply.

The stewart said, Art thou so proud,  
If so, I'll not buy any :  
So then bespoke Tom Thumb aloud,  
Sir. give him the other penny.

At this they all began to stare  
To hear this sudden Joke,  
Nay some were frighted to the heart,  
And thought the dead fish spoke.

It was a strange and sudden touch,  
So the fisherman and they  
Who heard him speak, wondered much  
And had no more to say.

As they were standing in amaze  
At what they then had heard,  
Tom again his voice did raise,  
And spake with good regard ;

Saying the like in all the land  
Before was never seen ;  
Present this salmon out of hand  
Unto the King and Queen.

So the stewart made no more adieu  
But bid a penny more ;  
Because he said he never knew  
A fish to speak before.

So the stewart's master by report  
Was made a noble Lord ;  
He sent the Salmon to the court  
In hopes of great reward.

Having a worthy present sent  
 To make this Lord amends,  
 The King returns a compliment,  
 And so this chapter ends ;

Which fairly leads us to the next,  
 The compliment was poor ;  
 The noble Lord was sorely vexed  
 To find he had no more.

. . . . .

# THE KING'S COOK STICKS A FORK IN TOM'S BREECH AND CARRIES HIM TO THE KING ; AND OF HIS HAPPY DELIVERANCE

Two noble knights a wager laid  
 About I know not what ;  
 Some say that they at fencing play'd  
 And some assure us not.

Some say it was a game at bowls  
 One morning in the forest.  
 Tho' both of them were honest men,  
 The game was won and lost.

The court was full of wages then,  
 Some laid an hundred pound,  
 Dukes, Lords and worthy Gentlemen,  
 Much sport and pastime found,



The King it seems among the rest  
A noble diamond lost ;  
The Salmon then was to be drest,  
Which so much money cost.

The cook was then to dress the same,  
And then by chance she saw  
The little man, Tom Thumb by name,  
Within the Salmon's maw.

He stared strait, and said Alas !  
How came this fellow here ?  
Strange things I find are brought to pass,  
He shall not now get clear.

Because he vow'd to go thro' stitch,  
And him to justice bring,  
He stuck a fork into his breech,  
And bore him to the King,

Who being then at council board,  
About some state affairs,  
He could not very well afford  
To lay aside his cares

For such a slender cause as this,  
Wherefore, as many say,  
The busy cook he did dismiss  
Until another day.

The cook it seems did bear in mind  
His old supposed wrong,  
Therefore Tom Thumb must be confined  
Close in a prison strong.

But ne'er a prison was secure,  
When others were asleep,  
This little Tom they might be sure,  
He'd thro' the keyhole creep.

Therefore they bound him hand and foot,  
So cruel was his fate ;  
And in a mouse trap he was put,  
To peep between the grate.

Alas ! he made lamentable moan  
And oft would sigh and say,  
Because that he was all alone,  
Alack-and-well-a-day.

He labour'd but couldn't get loose  
By all that he could do,  
The mouse trap wires were so close,  
Poor Tom could not get thro'.

When he had lain a week or more,  
Bathing in melting tears,  
Under a guard he came before  
The King and all his peers.

Poor Tom was in a piteous trim,  
And seem'd to blush for shame.  
His shirt was cut out of the wings  
Of a fair butterfly,  
His breeches, coat and other things  
All pleasing to the eye :

Upon his legs likewise he had  
Boots made of chicken leather,  
Like any jolly noble lad  
He wore his coat and feather.

A taylor's needle was his sword,  
His headpiece was a thimble,  
And when he fought, upon my word,  
He made the Giants tremble.

When now he was accosted thus,  
His Majesty reply'd,  
Tom, will you take a course with us?  
We shall a hunting ride

Together with the greatest part  
Of nobles of one court.  
Yes, yes, quoth Tom, with all my heart  
I ever lov'd such sport.

The king with many noblemen  
Did gloriously appear ;  
For having put the courtiers then  
To chase the noble deer.

But now poor Tom was at a loss,  
His limbs they were so small,  
For he was loath to ride a horse  
For fear that he should fall.

A little mouse they did provide,  
And set him on the same ;  
O then he did in safety ride,  
As he pursu'd the game.

The King and his Nobility,  
As they did ride with speed,  
They could not chuse but laugh to see  
Tom's little prancing steed.

They rode like Nobles of renoun,  
Thro' many a park and plain,  
And just before the sun set down  
Each homeward turned again.

But coming near a farmer's house,  
Close by a forest side,  
A cat jump'd out and caught the mouse  
Whereon Tom Thumb did ride.

She took him up between her jaws,  
And scower'd up a tree,  
And as she scratch'd him with her claws,  
He cry'd out, Woe is me !

He laid his hands upon his sword,  
And run her thro' and thro';  
And he for fear of falling roar'd,  
Puss likewise cry'd out mew.

It was a sad and bloody fight  
Between the cat and he;  
Puss valued not this worthy knight,  
But scratch'd him bitterly.

The King and all his noble peers  
Were overcome with grief;  
They heard his cries and saw his tears,  
But could not yield relief.

But at length she let him drop  
And they by mear good hap,  
As he did tumble from the top,  
Did catch him in a cap.

His coat was tatter'd like a rag,  
And he look'd a moan;  
They put him in a hawking bag,  
And so they brought him home.

But Puss had claw'd and scratch'd him so,  
Making his veins to bleed,  
That he could neither stand nor go,  
But took his bed with speed.

Where many dying groans he sent  
Up to the Fairy Queen,  
Alas! his tears of discontent  
By her were fairly seen.

She grieved to see him as he lay,  
And sent a Glorious train  
Of little Fairies to convoy  
Him to her court again.

. . . . .

## THE FAIRY QUEEN, FINDING HIS TROUBLES, SENDS FOR HIM TO COURT, WHERE HE NOW REMAINS

Both far and near the tidings flew  
Of Tom's unhappy fate,  
And learn'd Doctors came to view  
His present dying state.

Not one of them could do him good  
Nor keep him safe from death,  
For by their skill they understood  
He'd die for want of breath.

Within a box of ivory  
They made a downy bed,  
The King and Nobles wept to see  
His life was almost fled.



Young virgins watch'd to keep him warm  
For six or seven nights,  
At length appear'd a mighty swarm  
Of pretty Fairy sprites.

With mourning garlands on their heads  
His bed they compast round,  
And folding down the coverlid,  
Sir Tom Thumb there they found.

How he was bruis'd in every limb,  
Which wrought his life's decay ;  
And having all saluted him,  
Without the least delay

They put him in the winding sheet  
More white than lilies fair,  
Then Fairies all with musick sweet  
Did mount the lofty air.

And soon they vanish'd out of sight  
Up to the Fairy Queen,  
And from this time the mighty Knight  
Was never after seen.

The virgins posted to the King,  
With tears of discontent,  
And having told him everything,  
The court in mourning went.

And to his memory they built  
A monument of gold,  
Upon King Edgar's dagger hilt,  
Most glorious to behold.

His worthy deeds recorded are  
That ages yet to come,  
May to their children young declare  
The deeds of brave Tom Thumb,

And pass away cool winter's night,  
Close by a fire side,  
With tales of mirth and much delight  
At every Christmas tide.

Altho' a second time he fled  
Unto the glorious shade ;  
Yet after that his life was shed  
He many a frolic play'd.

Amongst the Nobles of the court  
Though in another age.  
Affording them delightful sport,  
And was King Thunston's page.

As you may read in part the third  
Fancy to gratify ;  
For loving friends upon my word,  
Altho' he seem'd to die,

Death's fatal arrow prov'd in vain,  
As you shall understand,  
For he was hurried back again  
Down from the Fairy Land.

(End of Part the Second)



## The Third Part of the Life of Tom Thumb

*Performed after His Second Return from Fairy Land*

In what strange manner TOM THUMB came back a third time, and unfortunately fell into a greasy frying pan.

In woeful manner Tom thus left  
The King and all his court,  
Of all their mirth they were bereft ;  
He yielded them such sport.

Unto his memory was paid  
For all his actions past,  
Another monument was made  
That should forever last.

Now in the Elysian fields he reigns  
King of the Fairy Land,  
Where he the love of all obtains,  
Ready at his command.

He to the Fairy Queen relates  
His mighty acts below ;  
His wonderful adventures great,  
As Edgar's court did shew,

In joyful sort he reigned above,  
As he had done before,  
The Fairy Queen to shew her love  
He again her sceptre bore :

Until such time it pleas'd her that  
She'd send him once again,  
And as all histories do agree,  
It was in Thunston's reign.

She clothed him all o'er in green,  
And without more delay,  
But with her great majestic mein,  
She hurried him away.

When he descended thro' the air,  
This poor unhappy man,  
By said mishap as you will hear,  
Fell in a sloppy pan.

So all besmear'd in piteous wise,  
Poor Tom was almost drown'd ;  
For in the grease he could not rise,  
Or scarce be ever found.

He then did cry, Ah ! woe is me,  
My misery don't decay ;  
Which caus'd the cook to flee, you see,  
'Twas death, he would not stay.

Then all the people thronged fast  
Such miracles to see,  
There was he 'most spent at last  
For none durst set him free.

But he at last deliver'd was,  
When thousands did resort,  
Brought into this woeful case  
Unto King Arthur's Court.

### TOM IS BROUGHT BEFORE THE KING, WITH AN ACCOUNT OF HIS ACTIONS

In shameful sort Tom Thumb appear'd  
Before his Majesty,  
But grown so weak, could not be heard,  
Which caus'd his malady.

All that beheld him stood amaz'd,  
And knew not what to say ;  
Some did endeavor him to seize  
'Fore life did quite decay.

The Doctor then with speed was call'd  
His vitals to restore,  
For in the greasy water maul'd,  
He did their help implore ;



That if his Majesty would grant—  
He would in humble sort  
Declare the cause of all their want  
Of knowledge in the court.

At length the King resolved was  
For to grant him his request,  
And from his presence he should pass  
For to ease himself and rest.

And that the Doctor should take care  
For to bring him on demand.  
So they Tom Thumb away did bear,  
For to wait the King's command.

The Doctor thought to let him blood,  
But some did him oppose ;  
Others said it was not good,  
And thus dispute arose.

'Til one, a grave experienc'd man  
Did all they say disannul :  
For in his sleep, as they could scan,  
His pains were now annul'.

At last upon a learn'd debate,  
It was resolved by all,  
How they should trust his life to fate,  
And wait his raise and fall.

But fortune proved yet his friend,  
As his life did shew before,  
Tho' she left him in the end,  
His miseries to deplore.

For at the last he rais'd his head  
In presence of them all,  
And cry'd, my life is not yet fled,  
My spirits I recall.

That I may answer for the wrong  
Which now is done to me ;  
And clear myself e'er it be long  
Before his Majesty.

His speech did cause a great surprise,  
They knew not what to say,  
For on a sudden Tom did rise,  
At which they fled away.

But his poor guardian trembling stood  
Betwixt great hopes and fear ;  
But Tom cry'd in a merry mood,  
Unto the King we'll steer.

His trial at the last drew near,  
Great preparations made,  
For the King and Nobles stood in fear,  
Yet seemed not dismay'd.

For by his Majesty's command  
Poor Tom Thumb must appear,  
For to answer such questions as  
How he himself should clear.

When to his presence he was brought,  
He did amaze the court,  
He paid obeysance where he thought  
Fit for to yield them sport.

So the King ask'd him whence he came,  
The way he liv'd, and where,  
He also then requires his name,  
Who caus'd this pannick fear.

Tom then relates his actions past,  
How he had liv'd before ;  
And then his being cast  
Down to the earth once more.

All that of them he did employ,  
To search the records past ;  
How sumptuously he was before,  
None might his memory blast.

For deeds renowned I was fam'd,  
Now in oblivion lost,  
Sir Tom Thumb I then was named,  
Tho' same my life has cost.

The which the King no sooner heard  
But from his throne did rise,  
And said, Sir Tom Thumb, for thy fame  
None can equalize.

Thy birth, thy parentage is known,  
Traditions do make clear ;  
All people do your great renown  
In joyful memory bear.

So that from hence you need not fear,  
My favour you shall have ;  
To me your memory is dear,  
Henceforth you need not crave.

For lodgings—now the King resolv'd  
A palace should be fram'd,  
The walls of this most stately place  
Were lovely to behold  
For workmanship, most wondrous taste,  
It look'd like beaten gold.

The height thereof was but a span,  
And doors but one inch wide.  
The inward parts were all Japan,  
Which was in him great pride.  
The workmanship so fine appears,  
Nothing was more compleat.

That Tom lives in a pleasant sort,  
Who was loved of all ;  
He yielded them much mirth and sport  
All waited on his call.

The King did him admire so,  
The wonder of the age,  
His bounty farther to bestow,  
Thurston made him page.

. . . . .

### TOM GROWS IN FAVOUR WITH THE KING, WHO BUYS HIM A COACH DRAWN BY SIX MICE

All troubles now are vanished,  
In peace Tom Thumb did live,  
No cares disturb his peace by night,  
No miseries survive.

The great oft storms will have an end,  
When calm succeeds again,  
Fortune her bounty now did lend  
And eas'd him of all pain.

All recreation thought could have,  
Or life could e'er afford,  
All earthly Joys that he could crave  
At his desire or word.

No mirth without him now might please,  
All to him did resort,  
So as he liv'd in splendid ease  
Beloved of all the court.

So that the King so pleased was,  
As for his ease and sake,  
Thro' his dominions he might pass  
Or recreation take.

Of smallest mice that could be found  
For to draw his coach appears,  
Such stately steeds his wish to crown,  
Long tails with chopped ears.

So he enjoys his whole desire,  
Forgets his miseries past,  
Ambition makes him still aspire  
Which fatal proves at last.

For his desire so lustful grown.  
Opposed both King and Queen ;  
Tried to usurp the Royal Throne,  
Such thing had ne'er been seen.

The King with rage and fury fir'd  
To see himself abus'd,  
That of the court he then desir'd  
Tom Thumb might be accus'd



That nothing would his wrath appease  
To free him from all strife,  
Or set his mind at perfect ease  
Until he had his life.

. . . . .

## OF TOM'S ESCAPE ON A BUTTER-FLY, AND THE MAN- NER IN WHICH HE WAS TAKEN PRISONER

Now all the court stood in amaze,  
To hear the King relate,  
For some did Tom's fam'd action praise  
While others urg'd his fate.

After debates they did agree  
How he should there appear ;  
But their designs Tom did foresee,  
Which caus'd him pannick fear.

Perceiving now a mighty throng  
Approaching near the place  
Ready to seize him, but e'er long  
Retir'd with nimble pace.

Into his shell, where safe he lay  
And unperceiv'd by all,  
And made them search in vain all day  
Such as design'd his fall.

But finding all retir'd and gone,  
His hunger to suffice,  
In cautious sort he moves along,  
Nature wants some supplies.

But all in vain, no food he finds,  
His joys are turn'd to grief;  
Fortune that once seem'd to be kind  
Now yields him no relief.

So long he wander'd, but in vain,  
No prospect yet appears,  
Which did involve him in such pain,  
As captivates his fears.

At last with grief he laid him down,  
His miseries to deplore,  
For no expedient could be found  
For to gain nature's store.

At last a butterfly he espy'd,  
The which he seiz'd in haste,  
Upon his back he got astride;  
With care himself he plac'd.

So with expanded wings he mounts  
For he was plac'd secure.  
His tender limbs all lay so soft  
No hardships could endure.

As providence ordain'd all things  
To each his own nature ;  
Tom's steed from tree to tree still climbs,  
His miseries were greater

From post to pillar now he's tost,  
Again upon the ground,  
And now aloft, thus was he crost,  
No respite could be found.

But mark his fate, Tom's winged steed  
Did now direct his course,  
As if by chance, or fate decreed,  
With all his might and force

Into the court, and hovering round,  
A banquet was prepar'd  
And in Joy they do abound,  
No other sound was heard.

But in the middle of the sport  
Tom Thumb they did espy,  
How he was riding round the court  
Upon a butterfly.

The which in vain they strove to seize,  
'Tis his unhappy lot,  
As on him steadfastly they gaze  
He fell in a white pot.

When searching long, at last they found  
Tom in a piteous case ;  
He with the fall was almost drown'd  
Such was his sad disgrace.

But not regarding of his moan  
Away they did him bring,  
Where for his crime he must atone  
Before the King and Queen.

. . . . .

## OF TOM'S BEING BROUGHT BEFORE THE KING WITH HIS BEHAVIOUR DURING THE TIME OF THE TRIAL

At last the mournful day is come  
On which Tom must appear  
Before the King to hear his doom,  
His plaint none more could hear.

For their aversion was so great  
None would plead his cause,  
But rather usher'd on his fate  
To gain the King's applause.

Unto all they said, this little man  
Made no reply at all,  
For fear his words they would trapan,  
Which raised their spleen and gall.

Unto all them the King did swear  
By all his pomp and power,  
That if himself he did not clear  
He should be hang'd that hour.

So he did raise his little head  
And said, ah ! woe is me ;  
My vital spirits are just fled  
So pass your last decree.

For here no respite can I find,  
But one continual strife,  
Exert your power, glut your mind,  
And take my wretched life.

This valiant answer mov'd the court,  
All but the angry Queen,  
Her rage and fury did transport,  
No one could intervene.

Some pleaded hard that they would give  
Him present punishment  
Unto some more remoter place,  
Should be his banishment.

But still in vain, they could not hear,  
No pity should be shown,  
Since for the fact he must pay dear,  
His life must it atone.

So the King his sentence declar'd,  
How hang'd he should be,  
And that a gibbet should be rear'd  
And none should set him free.

After his sentence thus was past  
Unto a prison he was led,  
For in a mouse trap he was fast,  
He had no other bed.

His tender limbs not us'd to such  
Did bruise in piteous wise,  
In his past life suffered much,  
Yet none regards his cries,

His liberty now to regain,  
His prison strives to break,  
Where long he labour'd with great pains,  
His life was now at stake.

Nothing but death appear'd in view  
Which did his thoughts employ,  
Yet for no pardon would he sue  
Nor life again enjoy.

Tom thus secur'd was left alone,  
For death he does prepare ;  
In piteous sort he makes his moan,  
Being driven to despair.



At last by chance the cat him spy'd  
And for a mouse did take,  
She him attacked upon each side  
And did his prison break.

. . . . .

TOM, ENDEAVOURING TO MAKE HIS ESCAPE, FALLS  
INTO A SPIDER'S WEBB, AND OF HIS  
UNEXPECTED DEATH

The cat perceiving her mistake  
Away she fled with speed,  
Which made poor Tom to flight betake  
Being thus prison freed.

Resolving there no more to dwell  
But break the King's decree,  
Into a spider's webb he fell  
And could not hence get free.

The spider watching for his prey  
Tom took to be a fly,  
And seized him without delay,  
Regarding not his cry.

The blood out of his body draws,  
He yielded up his breath;  
Thus he was freed from all his pains  
By this unlook'd for death.

Thus you have heard his actions small,  
Likewise his actions great,  
His rife, his progress, and his fall,  
Thus usher'd in by fate.

Altho' he's dead, his memory lives  
Recorded ever fare ;  
His very name some pleasure gives  
And ever will endure.

FINIS.



**All Children Forbidden to Go Beyond Here**



## Notes





## PUSSY CAT, PUSSY CAT . . . . . 8

There is an old proverb which says that "a cat may look at a king." Whether the same adage applies equally to a female sovereign, and is referred to in the following nursery rhyme, or whether it alludes to the glorious Queen Bess is now an uncertainty.

## SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE . . . . . 16

In the original the words were "The king was in the parlour, and the queen was in the closet."

## COME ALL YE BRISK YOUNG BATCHELORS . . . . . 17

This song is of great antiquity, as it is alluded to as such in the nursery rhymes of Henry VII.

## A KID, A KID . . . . . 24

The original of this hymn has come down to us from the Chaldee language through the Hebrew, the manuscript of which is in the possession of George Offer, Esq., of Hackney, England, and is the original of *House that Jack Buill*.

The following is the interpretation thereof:

The kid, which was one of the pure animals, denotes the Hebrews.

The father, by whom it was purchased, is Jehovah, who represents Himself as sustaining this relation to the Hebrew nation.

The two pieces of money signify Moses and Aaron through whose mediation the Hebrews were brought out of Egypt.

The cat denotes the Assyrians by whom the ten tribes were carried into captivity.

The dog is symbolic of the Babylonians.

The staff signifies the Persians.

The fire indicates the Grecian Empire under Alexander the Great.

The water betokens the Romans, or the fourth of the great monarchies to whose dominion the Jews were subjected.

The ox is a symbol of the Saracens who subdued Palestine and brought it under the caliphate.

The butcher denotes the crusader, by whom the Holy Land was taken from the hands of the Saracens.

The angel of death signifies the Turkish power by which the land of the Palestinian was taken from the Franks and to which it is still subject at this time of writing.

The tenth stanza is designed to show that GOD will take signal vengeance on the Turks, immediately after whose overthrow the Jews are to be restored to their own land, and live under the government of their long expected MESSIAH.

LITTLE JACK HORNER . . . . . 30

The tale of Little Jack Horner has long been appropriated to the nursery. The four lines which follow are the familiar ones, and they form part of *The pleasant History of Jack Horner containing his witty Tricks and pleasant Pranks, which he plaied from his Youth to his riper Years*, a copy of which is in the Bodleian Library. The entire History will be repeated later.

I HAD A LITTLE HUSBAND . . . . . 30

This nursery song may probably commemorate a part of Tom Thumb's history, extant in little Danish work treating of "Tomling Swain, a man no bigger than a thumb, who would be married to a woman three ells and three quarters long." Supposed to have originated in the 10th Century.

DOCTOR FOSTER WENT TO GLOUCESTER . . . . . 37

Dr. Foster went to Gloucester This refers to the time before it was the custom to pave streets. The roads in Gloucester were particularly poor. There is a story told about Edward I. riding through the street one night on horseback and being stuck in the mud so deep that it was necessary to place boards on the ground before they were able to carry him into the tavern. He never returned to the place again. It may be that this rhyme refers to him.

SIMPLE SIMON . . . . . 40

The tale of Simple Simon forms one of the old Chap-books of the Elizabethan era, but these verses are those generally sung in the nursery.

A FROG LIVED IN A WELL . . . . . 52

This is the original of "A Frog he Would A-wooing Go," which appears to have been borrowed from this.

A MAN OF WORDS . . . . . 57

From the early fifteenth century.

PURPLE, YELLOW, RED, AND GREEN . . . . . 58

As this refers to Oliver Cromwell, it undoubtedly belongs to the seventeenth century.

## TWO LEGS SAT UPON THREE LEGS . . . . . 59

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

## COME, BUTTER, COME . . . . . 61

This next charm, if said thrice, will make the butter come from the churn.

## THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN . . . . . 62

There was an old woman tossed up in a blanket " was an old melody in the time of Henry V. It was this rhyme that his soldiers used to parody His Majesty upon his return from the French wars.

## GAY GO UP . . . . . 63

This is a song to an ancient nursery dance. How ancient is not known.

## MATTHEW, MARK, LUKE, AND JOHN . . . . . 66

This comes down to us from the fifteenth century.

## LET'S GO TO THE WOODS . . . . . 67

Song to five toes, of very olden times.

## ANNA ELISE . . . . . 67

This jingle is said to have pleased the children of Edward III.

## OLD KING COLE . . . . . 68

Old King Coel was one of the ancient Celtic kings of about the third century, much beloved by his people.

## OLD KING COEL . . . . . 68

This is a still older version of the same song.

## THIS LITTLE PIG WENT TO MARKET . . . . . 71

Song said to five fingers.

## ALL HAIL TO THE MOON . . . . . 73

In ye olden days the ladyes in the north of England addressed the new moon in these lines:

## MISTRESS MARY . . . . . 76

Older version was "and cowslips all in a row."

BOBBY SHAFTO . . . . . 77

Original line was Bobby Shaft

OF ALL GAY BIRDS . . . . . 81

This song is one of the oldest which has come down to us in oral tradition in England, probably from the same date as Beowulf, or before the Christian era.

LADY COW . . . . . 87

This stanza "is of very considerable antiquity."

THE OLD GOOSE LAY ON HER DEATH-BED, COCK ROBIN, AND THE FIVE PIGS 88

These last three songs, while they are not among the Percy collection, are of about the same date as is "Froggie would a-wooing go." It may be of interest to note that one of the means by which the relative date of the songs can be ascertained, is by the style of the paper and type of the earliest copy extant. Then by a process of elimination we know that they may or may not be earlier than a certain period, from subjects mentioned in the rhymes, as for instance in this last poem, it speaks of oranges. Oranges, lemons, melons, tents, and trumpets, were not known in Europe before the last half of the thirteenth century, as they were brought into the country from the Orient by the people after the Crusades. Hence the foregoing song cannot be earlier than the thirteenth or fourteenth century. And as they are in the Black Letter Ballads which appeared sometime during the sixteenth century, we know that it must have been written sometime during that interregnum.

## WHEN A TWISTER TWISTING . . . . . 107

These three charms are for the hiccups, and each one must be said in one breath, to render the specific service. They are a very ancient English cure for the same.

## ORIGINAL MOTHER GOOSE . . . . . 109

As far as is known, the morals and maxims of Part II were written by Oliver Goldsmith who was in the employ of John Newbury, but the songs in the Mother Goose's Melodies, attributed to Goldsmith, are found to be of much earlier date. They were the popular songs of the time and he used them in the same manner that Shakespeare did the songs in his plays.

## LITTLE JACK HORNER . . . . . 125

The tale of little Jack Horner has long been appropriated to the nursery. The four lines are the familiar ones, and they form part of *The pleasant History of Jack Horner containing his witty Tricks and pleasant Pranks, which he plaied from his youth to his riper years*, a copy of which is in the Bodleian Library.

The Merriment of Jack Horner has long since departed from the modern series of Mother Goose. In order that it may not be entirely forgotten I give the following copy of it from the Douce's collection. It contains the witty pranks he played, from his youth to his riper years, "being pleasant readings for Winter Evenings." . . . . . 141

This song appeared under the title of *The Pleasant History of Jack Horner*, in 1785. It was taken almost word for word from the poem *The History of Jack Horner* printed in London, in 1750. This in turn was copied with a few additions from an earlier rhyme of Jack Horner. Just where Jack Horner originated is not known authoritatively. Some writers ascribe it to Shakespeare's time; on the other hand some attribute it to the early Celtic.



TOM THUMB . . . . . 160

## TOM THUMB

*Tom Thumb, his Life, and Death, wherein is declared many Marvelous Acts of Manhood full of Wonder and Merriment, which little Knight lived in King Arthur's Time, and famous in the Court of Greet Brittain* is quoted among the books of John Wright of London in 1630.

And again in a Black Letter Print in Edinburgh in 1682, which speak of it as a "piece of ancient popular Poetry." And earlier still Sharon Turner in his *History of the Anglo Saxons*, connects this renowned dwarf with King Edgar's court.

Langley in one of the Black Letter Pages of 1621, of which but two copies are now extant, priced "a copy of this ancient and very popular poem" as being sold f6-2/6.

Mention is found made of the same as early as during the last half of the sixteenth century, but no known earlier prints are in existence today.

Page 160—*Mickle*, large.

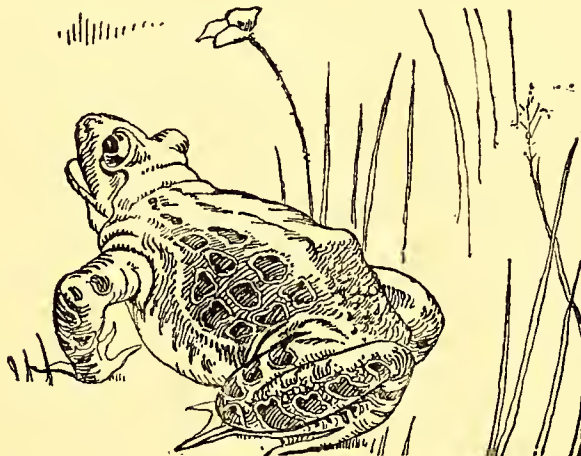
Page 160—*eke*, old English for also.

Page 160—*Merlin*, a Welsh magician said to have lived in the third century.

Page 165—*both*, old English for booty.

Page 176—*firmity*, later fermety, a form of yeast.

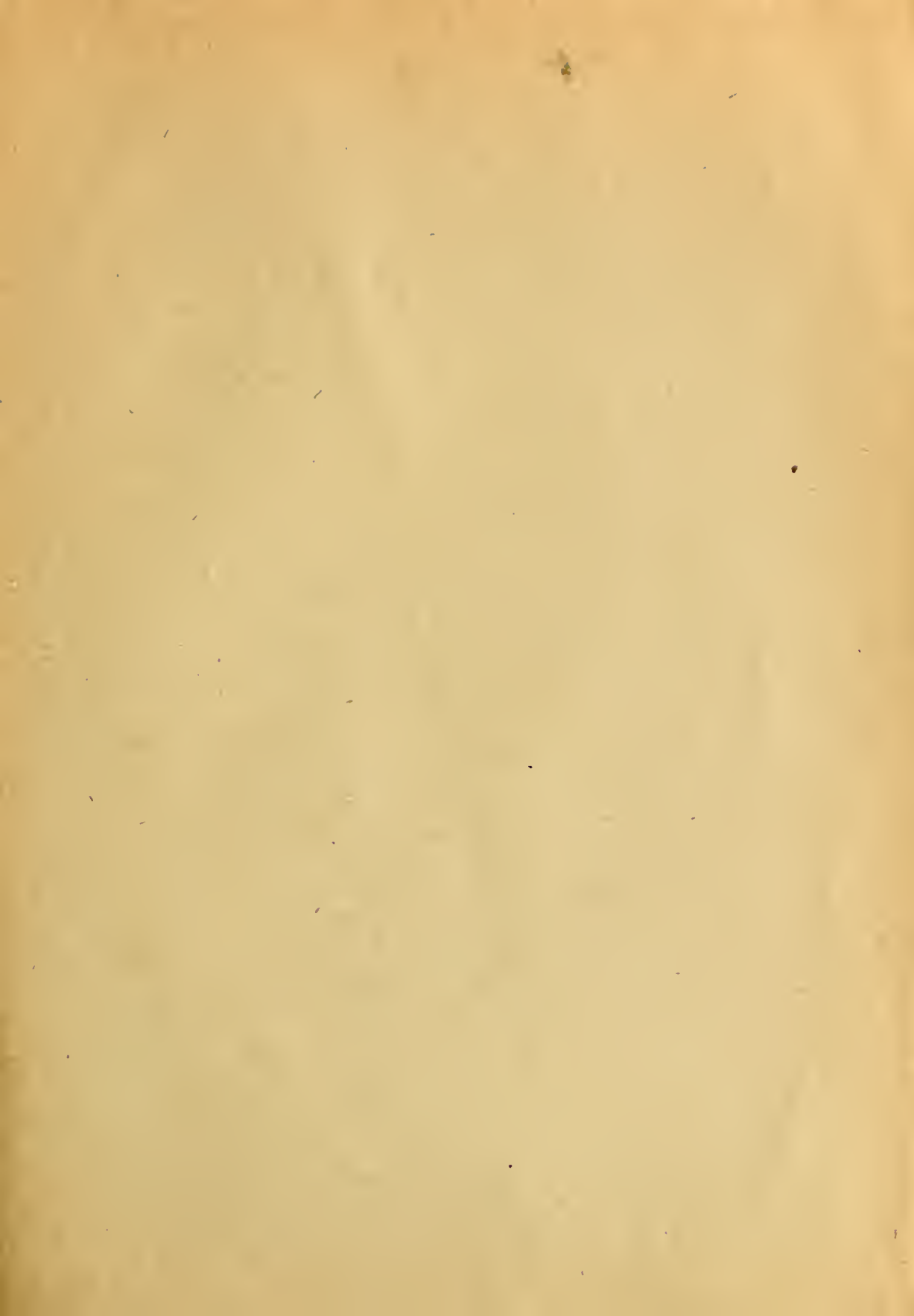
Page 208—*trapan*, obsolete form of snare or trick.

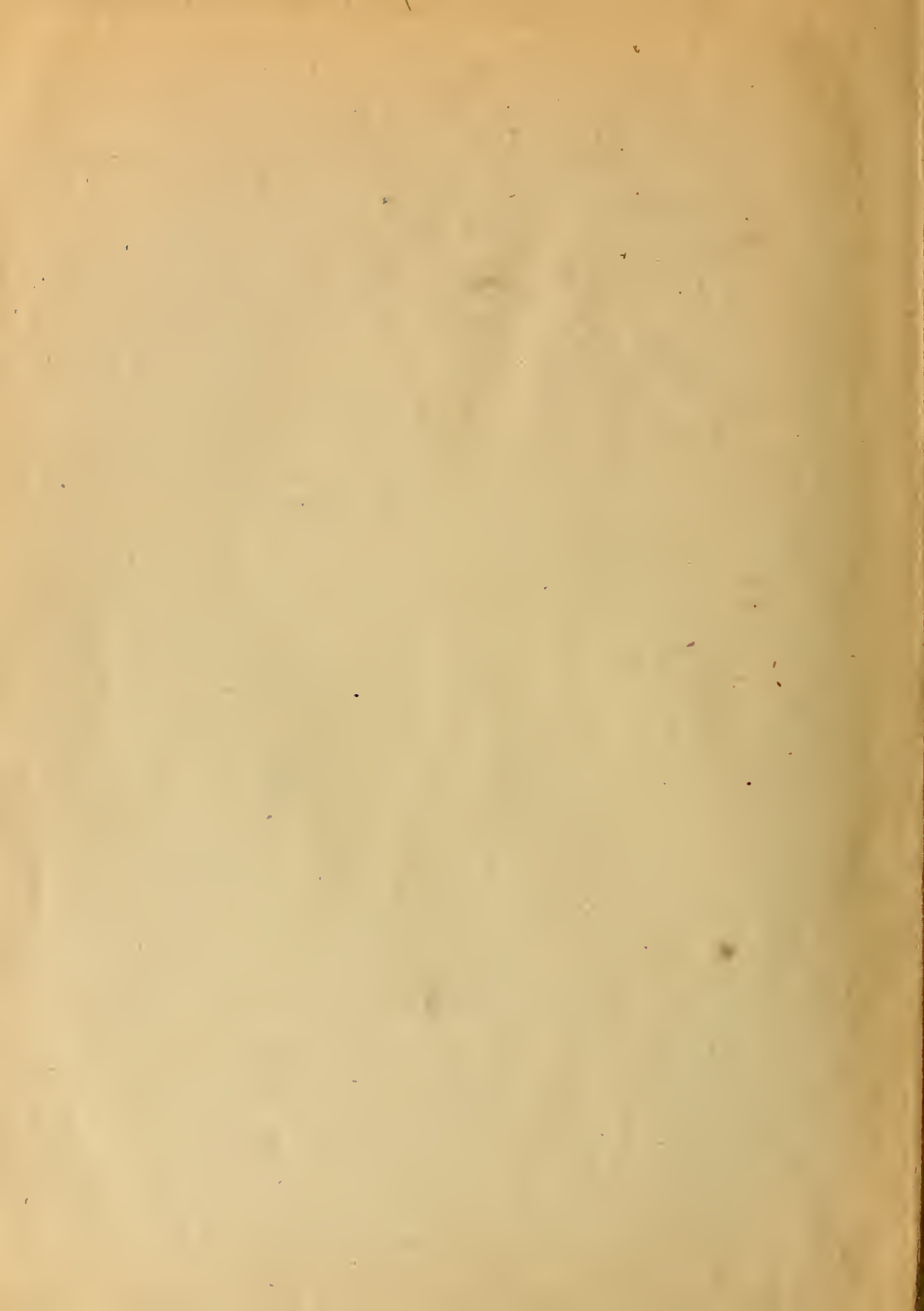














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