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A decorative border with a repeating floral motif surrounds the text.

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THE ORIGINAL
MOTHER GOOSE MELODIES,

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SILHOUETTE ILLUSTRATIONS

By J. F. GOODRIDGE.



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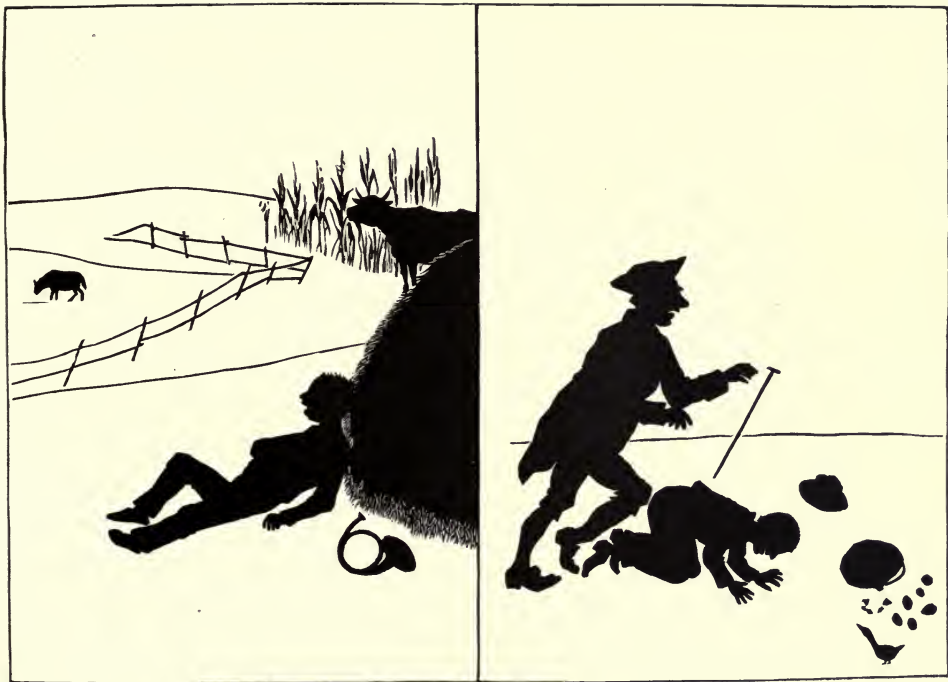
OLD King Cole
Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he ;
And he called for his pipe,
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.

And every fiddler had a fine fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he.
“Tweedle dee, tweedle dee,” said the fiddlers,
“Oh, there’s none so rare
As can compare
With Old King Cole and his fiddlers three !”

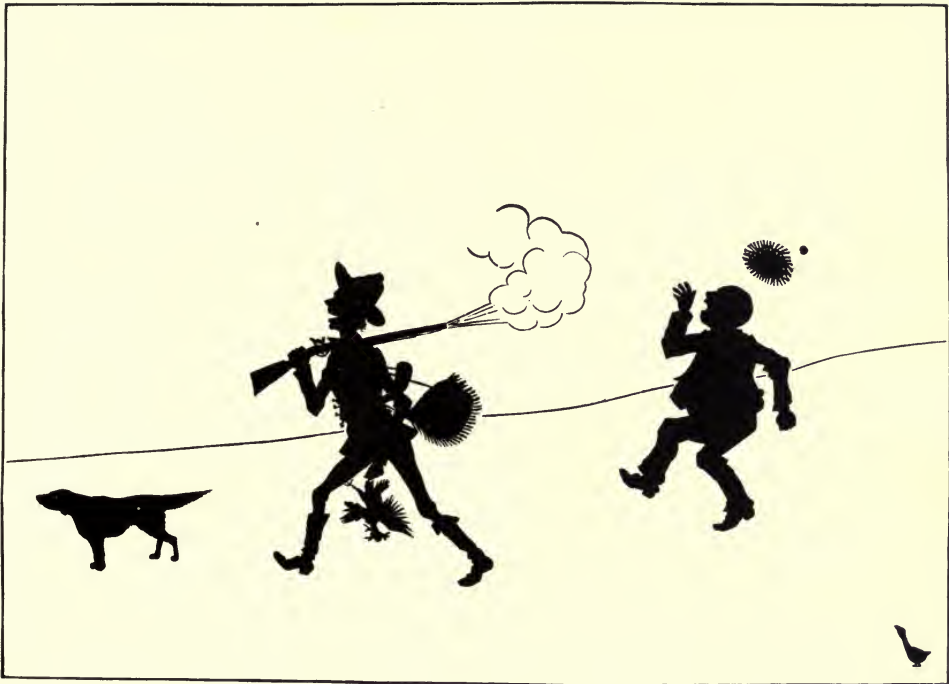


LITTLE boy blue, come, blow up your horn :
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn
Where's the little boy that tends the sheep?
He's under the haycock, fast asleep.
Go wake him, go wake him! Oh, no, not I!
For if I do he will certainly cry.

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



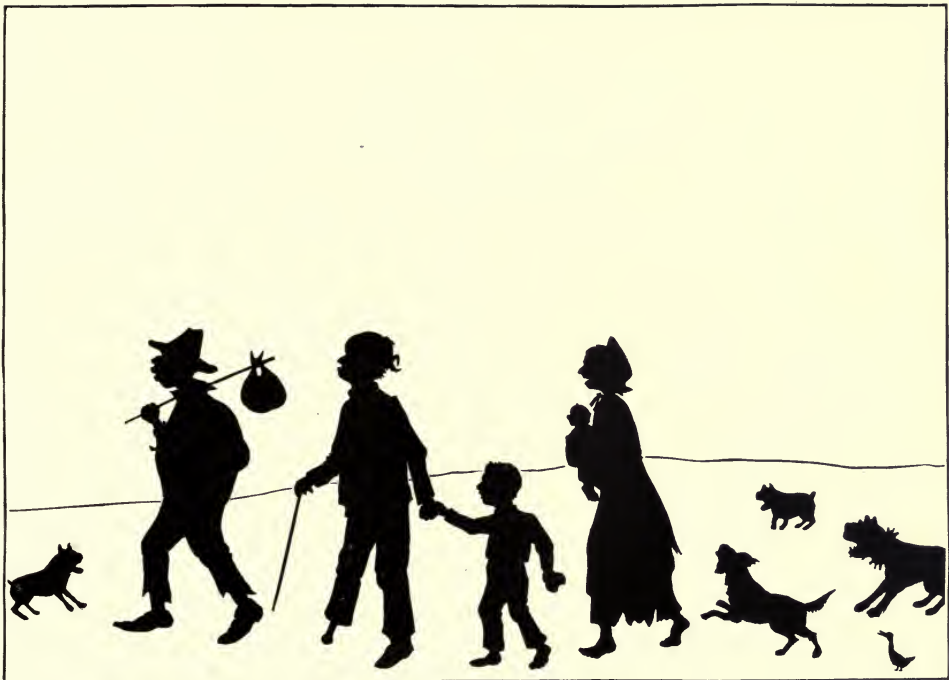
THERE was a little man, and he had a little gun ;
And his bullets were made of lead, lead, lead :
He shot David Sprigg through the middle of his wig,
And knocked it right off his head, head, head.



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

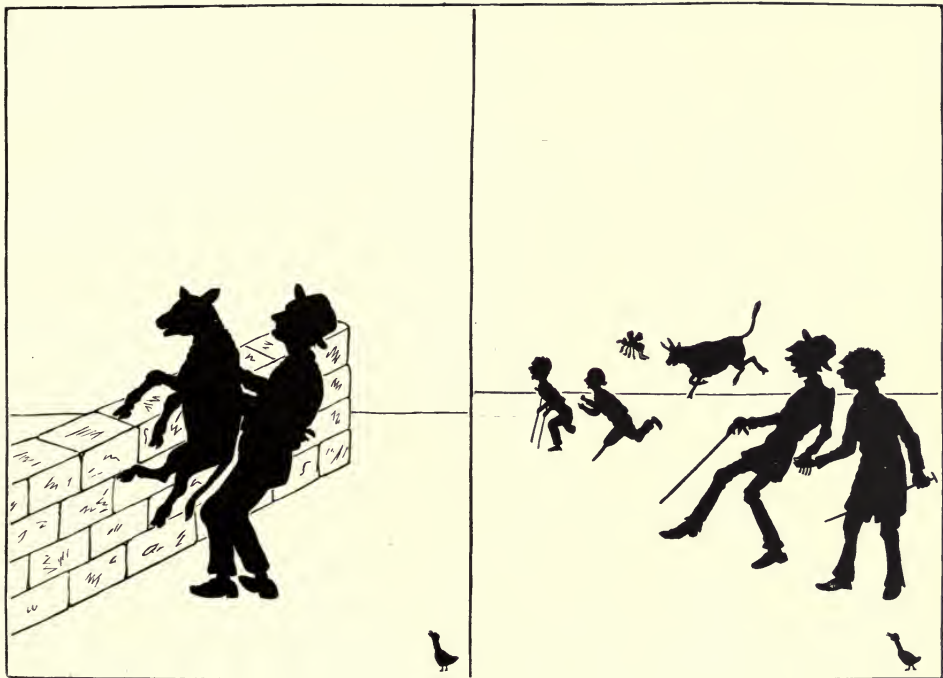


HARK, hark, hark!
The dogs do bark,
The beggars are coming to town:
Some in rags,
Some in tags,
And some in velvet gowns.



THERE was an old man,
And he had a calf ;
 And that's half.
He took him out of the stall,
And put him on the wall ;
 And that's all.

THERE were two blind men went to see
 Two cripples run a race ;
The bull did fight the bumble-bee,
 And scratched him on the face.



PUSSY sits beside the fire. How can she be fair?

In walks a little doggy: "Pussy, are you there?"

So, so, dear Mistress Pussy:

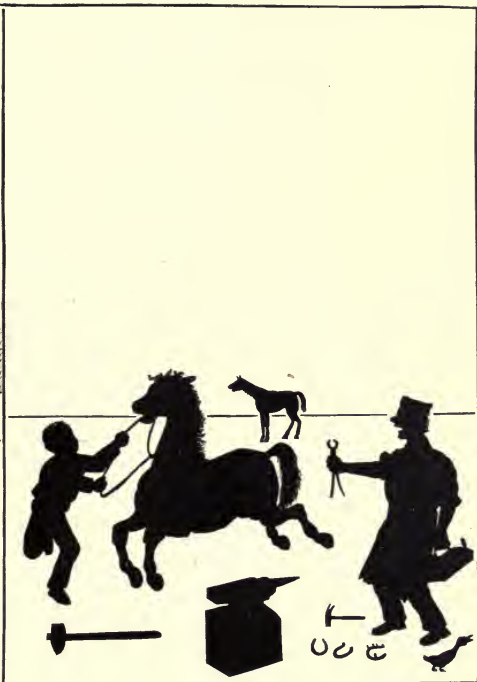
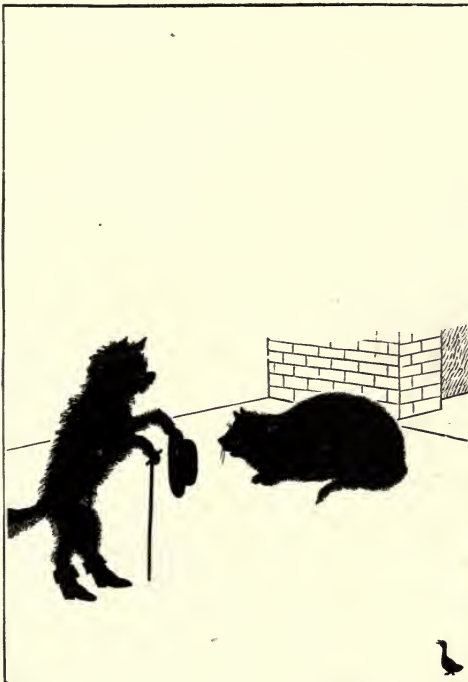
Pray tell me how you do."

"Thank you, thank you, little dog,

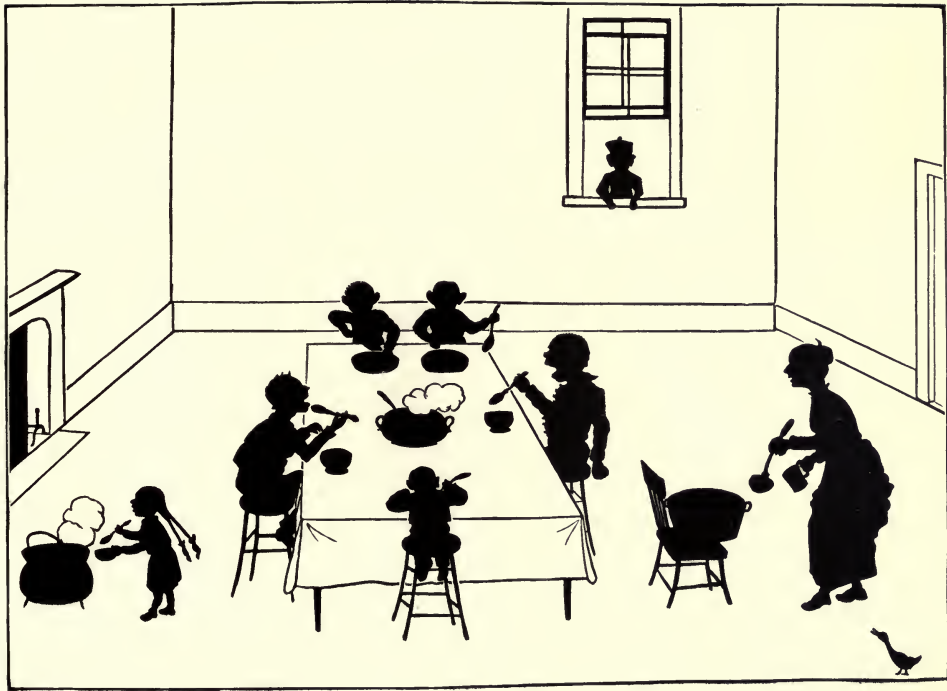
I'm very well just now."

SHOE the horse, and shoe the mare,

But let the little colt go bare.



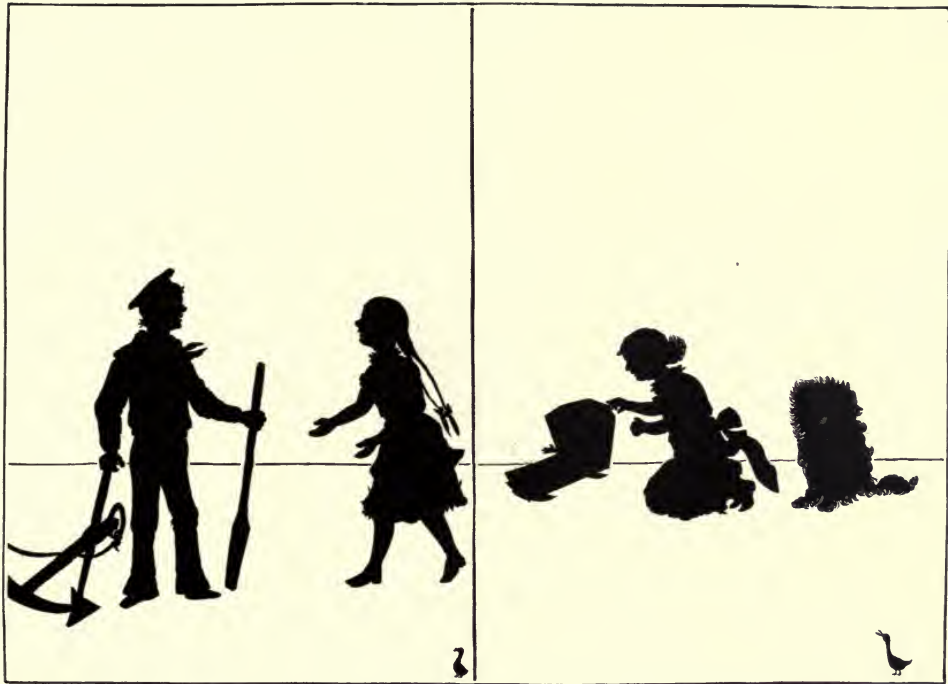
PEASE porridge hot,
 Pease porridge cold ;
Pease porridge in the pot
 Nine days old.
Some like it hot,
 Some like it cold,
Some like it in the pot
 Nine days old.



BOBBY SHAFTO'S gone to sea,
With silver buckles on his knee;
When he comes back he'll marry me,—
 Pretty Bobby Shafto.

Bobby Shafto's fat and fair,
Combing down his yellow hair:
He's my love for evermore,—
 Pretty Bobby Shafto.

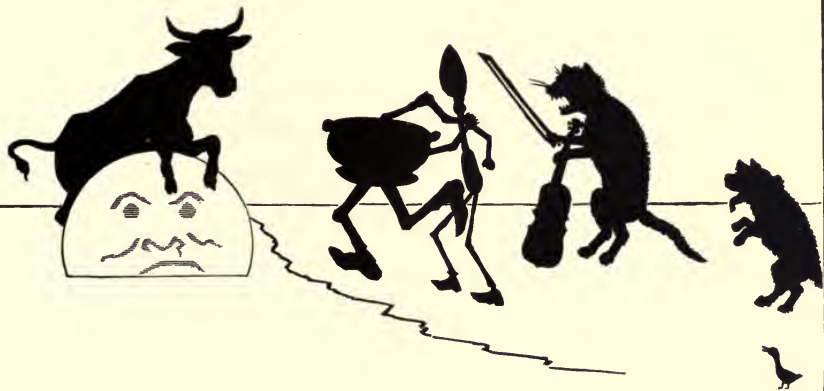
ROCK-A-BY baby, thy cradle is green;
 Father's a nobleman, mother's a queen;
And Betty's a lady, and wears a gold ring;
And Johnny's a drummer, and drums for the king.



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



HEY 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.



THERE was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise :
He jumped into a bramble-bush,
And scratched out both his eyes.

And when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main,
He jumped into another bush,
And scratched them in again.



SING 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 the king ?

The king was in the parlor, counting out his money ;
The queen was in the kitchen, eating bread and honey ;
The maid was in the garden, hanging out the clothes ;
There came a little blackbird, and nipped off her nose.

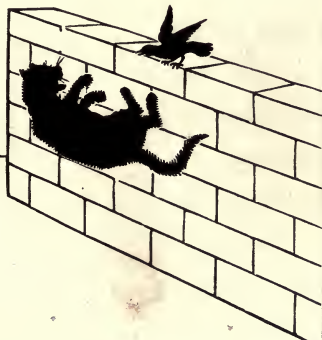


THERE was a man, and he had nought,
And robbers came to rob him ;
He crept up to the chimney-pot,
And then they thought they had him.
But he got down on t'other side,
And then they could not find him :
He ran fourteen miles in fifteen days,
And never looked behind him.



LITTLE Robin Redbreast sat upon a tree ;
Up went a Pussy-cat, and down went he ;
Down came the Pussy-cat, away Robin ran ;
Says little Robin Redbreast, " Catch me if you can. "
Little Robin Redbreast jumped upon the wall ;
Pussy-cat jumped after him, and got a nice fall ;
Little Robin chirped and sang, and what did Pussy say ?
Pussy-cat said, " Mew, mew ! " and Robin flew away.

BONNY lass ! bonny lass ! will you be mine ?
You shall neither wash dishes, nor serve the wine ;
But sit on a cushion, and sew up a seam ;
And you shall have strawberries, sugar, and cream.



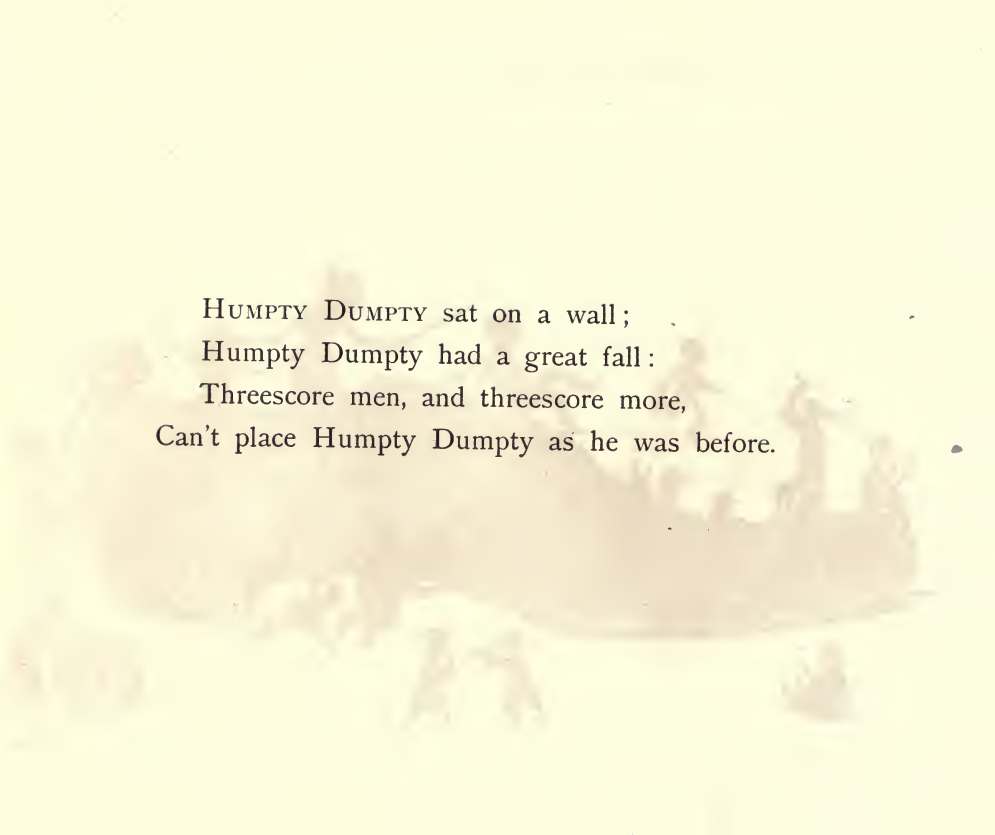
BAA, baa! black sheep, have you any wool?
Yes, marry, have I, three bags full,—
One for my master, and one for my dame,
But none for the little boy who cries in the lane.

THERE was a piper had a cow,
And he'd no hay to give her:
He took his pipe, and played a tune,—
“Consider, cow, consider.”
The cow considered very well;
For she gave the piper a penny,
That he might play the tune again
Of “Corn rigs are bonnie.”



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.

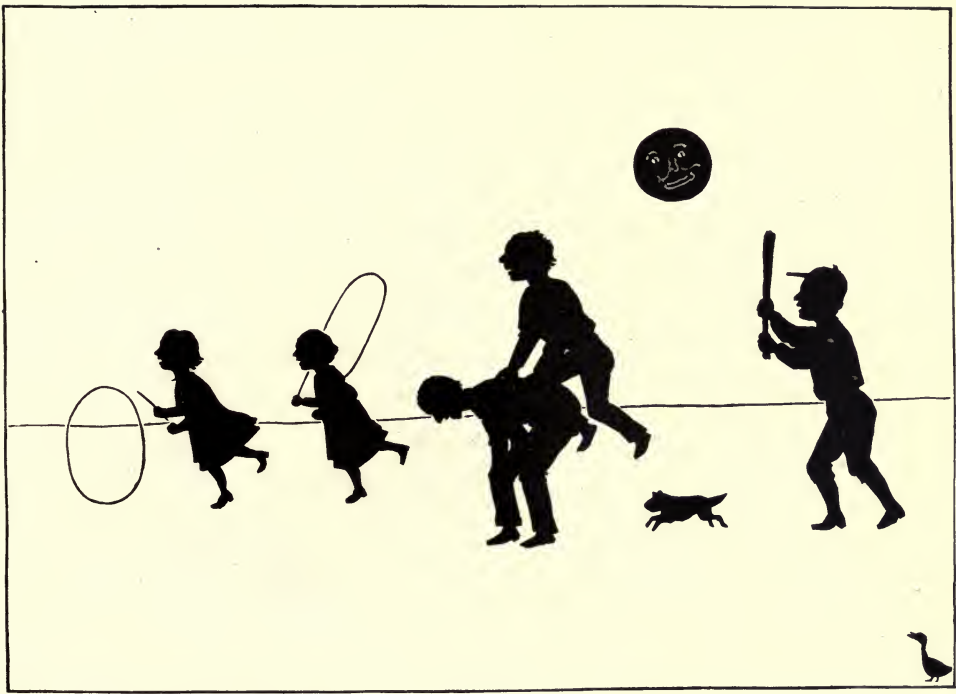




HUMPTY DUMPTY sat on a wall ;
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall :
Threescore men, and threescore more,
Can't place Humpty Dumpty as he was before.



GIRLS and boys, come out to play :
The moon doth shine as bright as day.
Leave your supper, leave your sleep,
And come with your playfellows into the street.
Come with a whoop; come with a call ;
Come with a good will, or not at all.

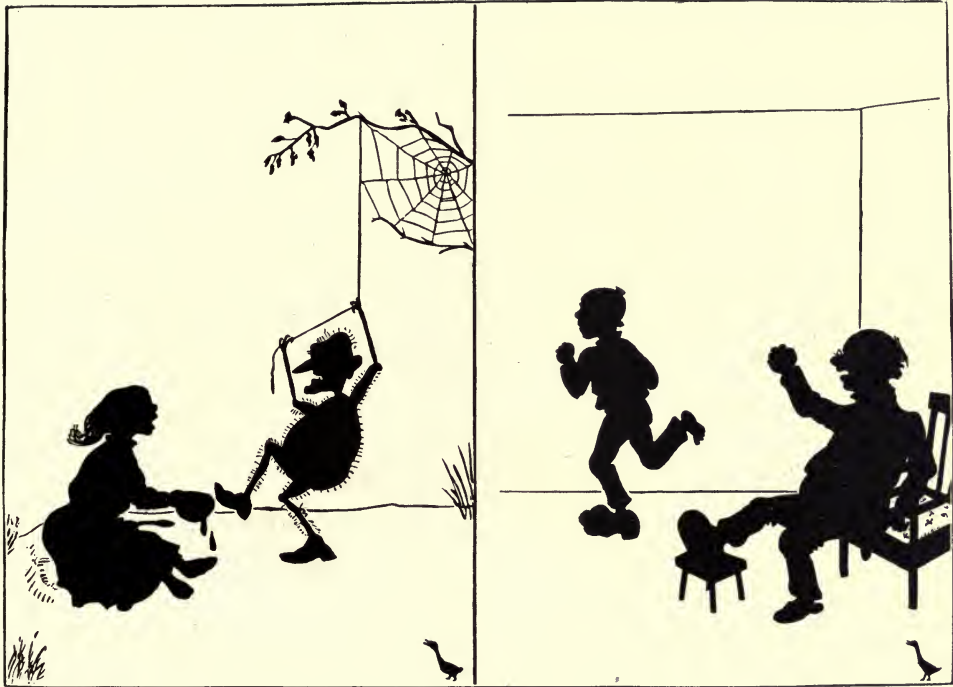


WHEN I was a little boy I lived by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I got, I put upon the shelf :
The rats and the mice did lead me such a life,
I was forced to go to London, and buy me a wife ;
The streets were so broad, and the lanes were so narrow,
I could not get my wife home without a wheelbarrow ;
The wheelbarrow broke, my wife got a fall ;
Down tumbled wheelbarrow, wife, and all.



LITTLE Miss Muffett
She sat on a buffet,
Eating of curds and whey:
There came a black spider,
And sat down beside her,
Which frightened Miss Muffett away.

LAZY Tom, with jacket blue,
Stole his father's gouty shoe.
The worst of harm that dad can wish him
Is that his gouty shoe may fit him.



DING, dong, bell,
Pussy's in the well!
Who put her in?
Little Johnny Green.
Who pulled her out?
Big Johnny Stout.

What a naughty boy was that,
To drown poor pussy-cat,
Who never did him any harm,
But killed the mice in his father's barn!



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



ONE misty, moisty morning,
When cloudy was the weather,
I chanced to meet an old man
Clothed all in leather.
He began to compliment,
And I began to grin,—
“How do you do?” and “How do you do?”
And “How do you do?” again.

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



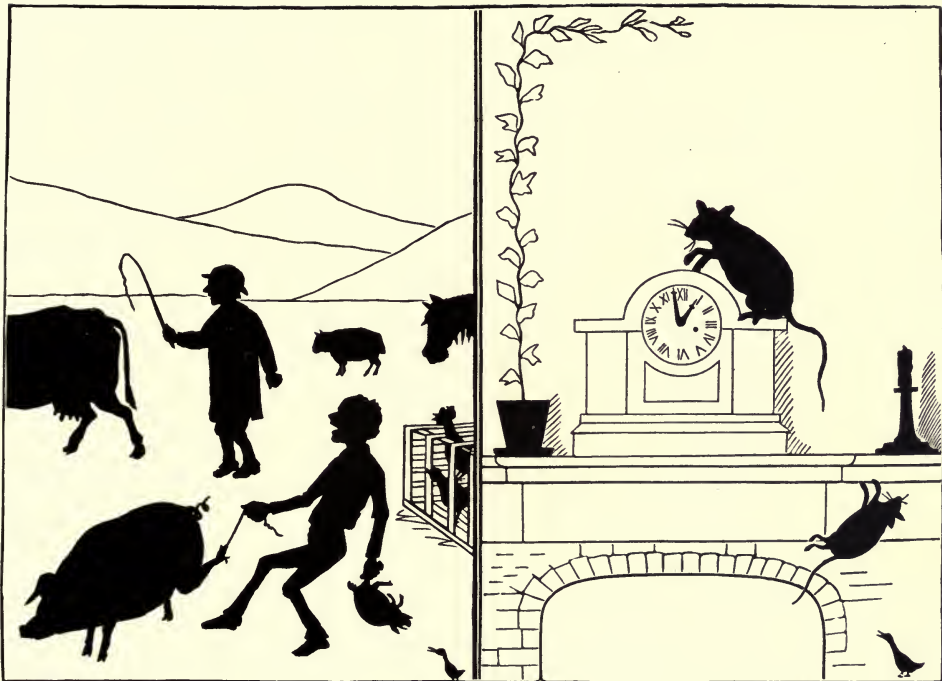
THERE was an old woman tossed up in a blanket,
Seventy times as high as the moon:
Where she was going, I couldn't but ask it,
For in her hand she carried a broom.

“Old woman, old woman, old woman,” quoth I,
“Oh! whither, oh! whither, oh! whither, so high?”
“To brush the cobwebs off the sky!
And I will be back again by and by.”



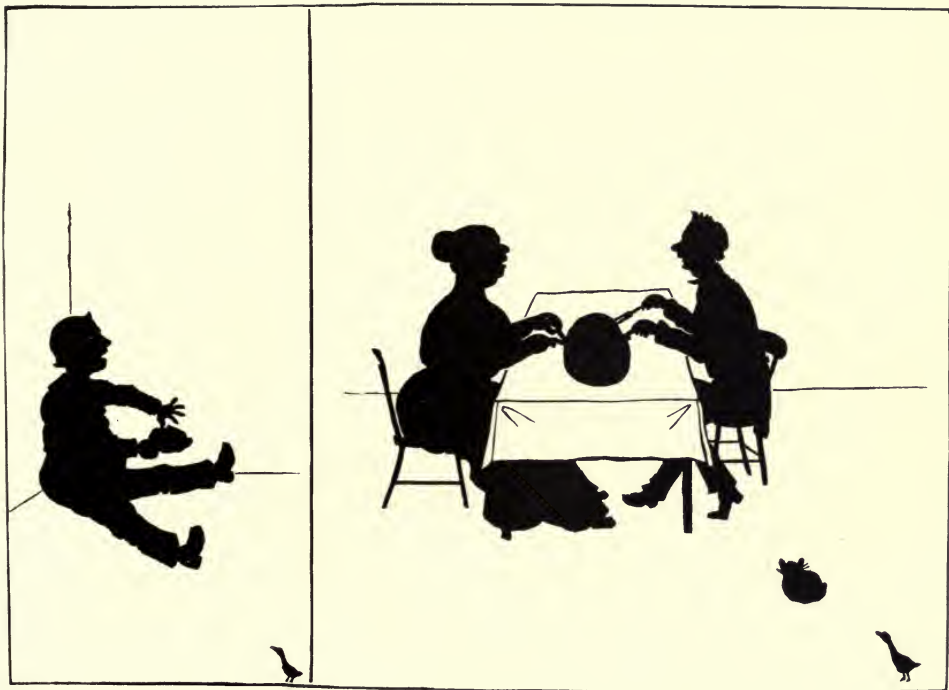
To market, to market, to buy a fat pig ;
Home again, home again, jiggety jig.
To market, to market, to buy a fat hog ;
Home again, home again, jiggety jog.

HICKORY, dickory, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock ;
The clock struck one,
The mouse ran down ;
Hickory, dickory, dock.



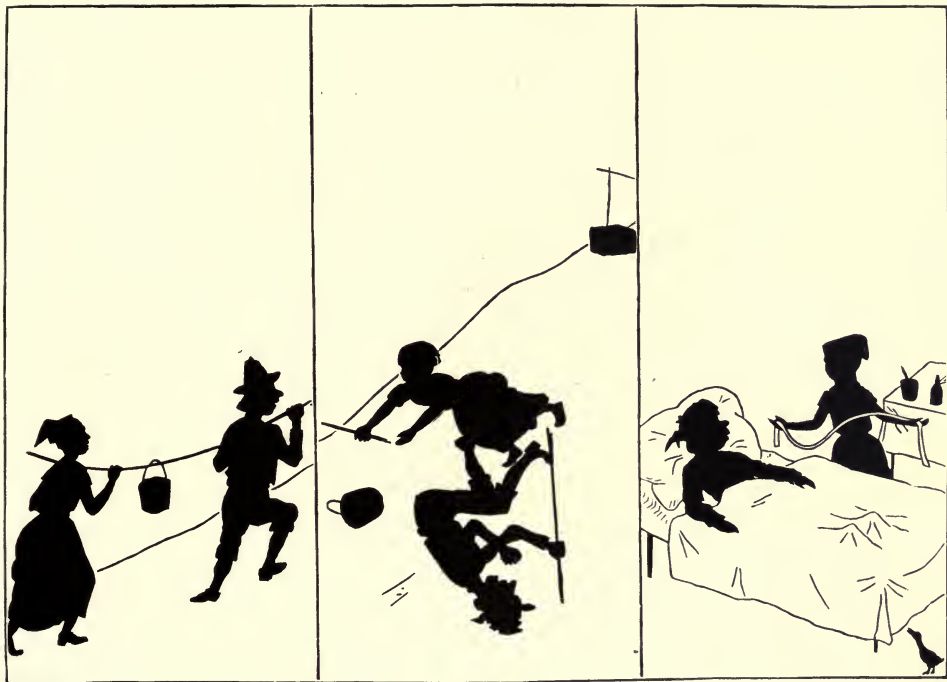
LITTLE Jack Horner sat in the corner,
Eating a Christmas pie:
He put in his thumb, and he took out a plum,
And said, "What a good boy am I!"

JACK SPRAT could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean:
Betwixt them both they cleared the plate,
And licked the platter clean.

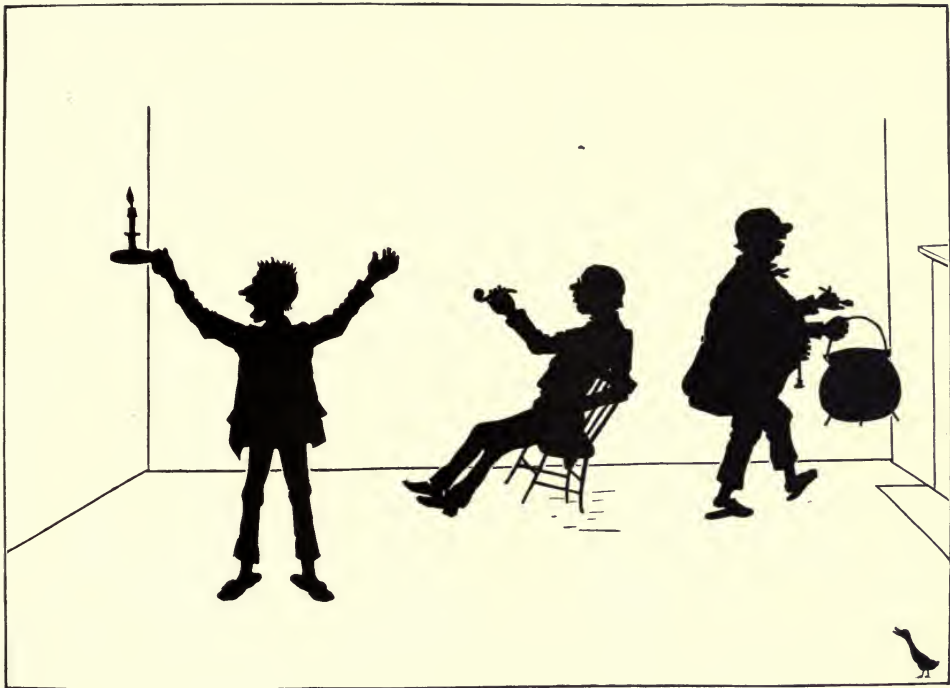


JACK and Jill went up the hill,
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down, and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

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



“ To bed, to bed ! ” says Sleepy-head ;
“ Let’s stay awhile,” says Slow ;
“ Put on the pot,” says Greedy-gut,
“ We’ll sup before we go.”

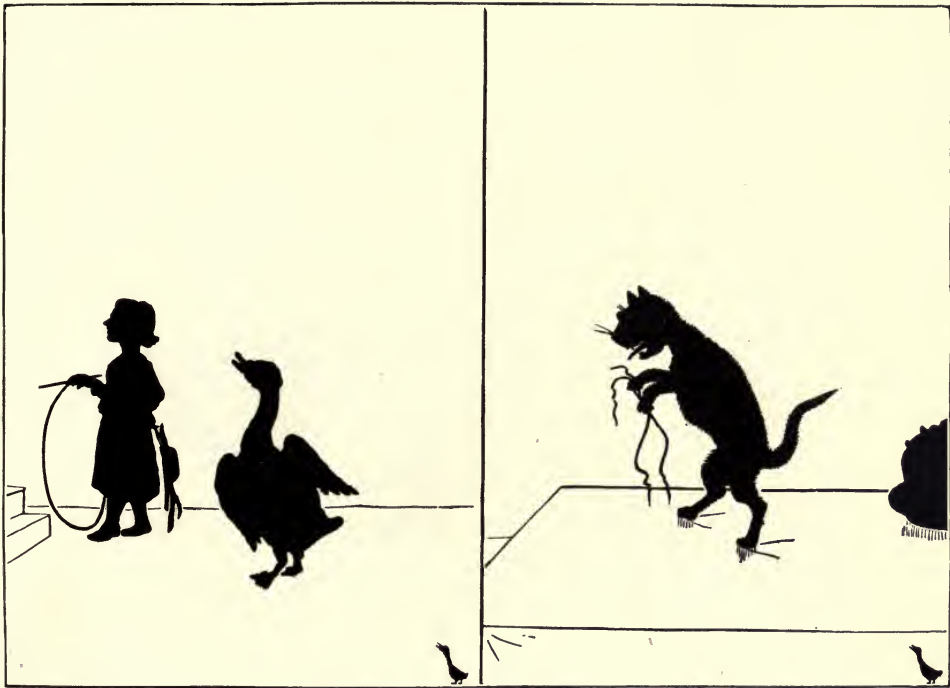


ONE, two, buckle my shoe ;
Three, four, shut the door ;
Five, six, pick up sticks ;
Seven, eight, lay them straight ;
Nine, ten, a good fat hen ;
Eleven, twelve, who will delve ?
Thirteen, fourteen, maids a-courting ;
Fifteen, sixteen, maids a-kissing ;
Seventeen, eighteen, maids a-waiting ;
Nineteen, twenty, my stomach's empty.



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

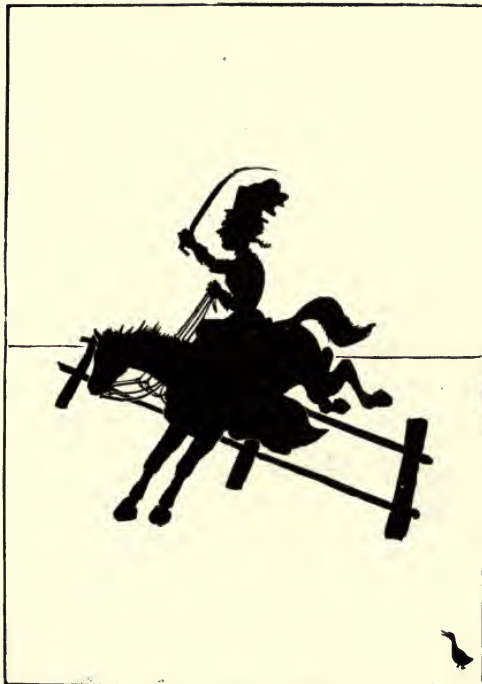
SING, sing! What shall I sing?
The cat's run away with the pudding-bag string.
Do, do! What shall I do?
The cat has bit it quite in two.




I HAD a little pony,
His name was Dapple-gray:
I lent him to a lady,
To ride a mile away.

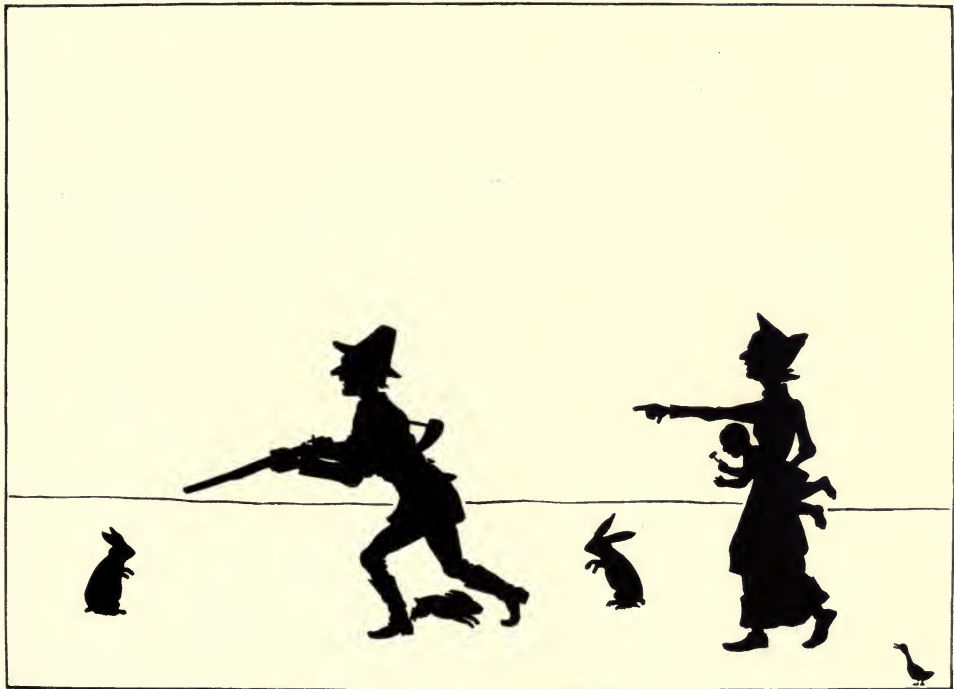
She whipped him, she slashed him,
She rode him through the mire:
I would not lend my pony now
For all the lady's hire.

DEEDLE deedle dumpling, my son John,
He went to bed with his stockings on,—
One stocking off, and one stocking on;
Deedle deedle dumpling, my son John.



The background of the page features a faint, light-colored illustration. On the left side, there is a small rabbit, and on the right side, there is a larger horse. Both animals are rendered in a simple, sketchy style with light brown and tan tones. The text is centered on the page, overlaid on the background.

BYE, baby bunting :
Daddy's gone a-hunting,
To get a little rabbit's skin
To wrap the baby bunting in.



PETER, Peter, pumpkin-eater,
Had a wife, and couldn't keep her :
He put her in a pumpkin-shell,
And there he kept her very well.

Peter, Peter, pumpkin-eater,
Had another, and didn't love her :
Peter learned to read and spell,
And then he loved her very well.



HUSH-A-BY, 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, cradle, and all.

A CAT came fiddling out of a barn,
With a pair of bagpipes under her arm :
She could sing nothing but fiddle-dee-dee,
The mouse has married the bumble-bee.

Pipe, cat,— dance, mouse,—
We'll have a wedding at our good house.



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

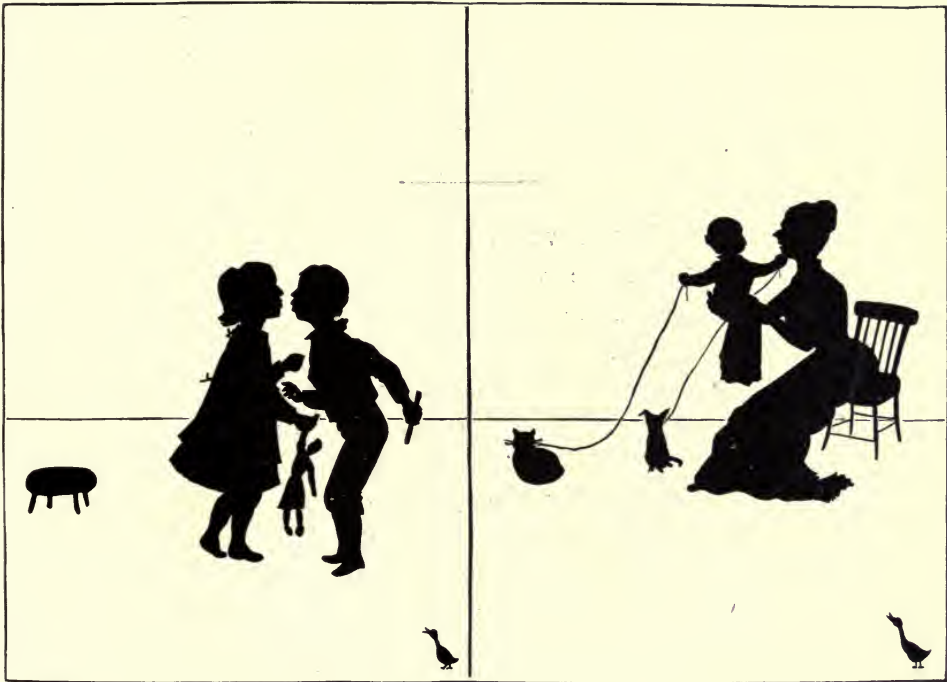


MARY, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
Silver bells, and cockle shells,
And pretty maids all in a row.



CHARLEY loves good cake and ale,
Charley loves good candy ;
Charley loves to kiss the girls
When they are clean and handy.

RIDE, baby, ride !
Pretty baby shall ride,
And have a little puppy-dog tied to her side,
And little pussy-cat tied to the other ;
And away she shall ride to see her grandmother,
To see her grandmother,
To see her grandmother.



LITTLE Tommy Tucker, sing for your supper.
What shall I sing? White bread and butter.
How shall I cut it without any knife?
How shall I marry without any wife?

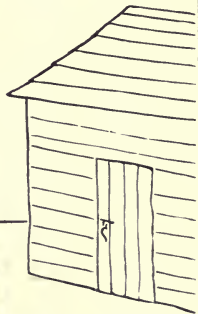
THERE was a little man,
And he wooed a little maid;
And he said, Little maid, will you wed, wed, wed?
I have little more to say
Than will you, yea or nay;
For the least said is soonest mended, ded, ded.

The little maid replied,—
Some say a little sighed,—
But what shall we have to eat, eat, eat?
Will the flame that you're so rich in
Make the fire in the kitchen,
Or the little god of Love turn the spit, spit, spit?



LITTLE Johnny Pringle had a little pig;
It was not very little, nor was it very big :
As it was playing beneath the shed,
In half a minute poor piggie was dead.

So Johnny Pringle sat down and cried;
And Betty Pringle, she lay down and died.
This is the history of one, two, and three,—
Johnny Pringle, Betty Pringle, and Piggie Wiggie.



THE man in the moon
Came down too soon,
To inquire his way to Norwich:
He went by the South,
And burnt his mouth
With eating cold plum porridge.

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



THREE wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl:
And if the bowl had been stronger,
My song had been longer ;
But so weak was the bowl,
They sank, every soul.



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

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

Simple Simon went a-fishing, for to catch a whale :
All the water he had got was in his mother's pail.

Simple Simon went to look if plums grew on a thistle :
He pricked his fingers very much, which made poor Simon whistle.



RIDE a cock-horse to Banbury Cross,
To see an old lady upon a white horse:
Rings on her fingers, and bells on her toes,
She will make music wherever she goes.



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



THREE children sliding on the ice
 Upon a summer's day:
As it fell out, they all fell in;
 The rest they ran away.
Now, had these children been at home,
 Or sliding on dry ground,
Ten thousand pounds to one penny,
 They had not all been drowned.



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, ho, brother Richard ! the sun's very high.



ONCE in my life I married a wife,
 And where do you think I found her?
On Gretna Green, in a velvet sheen,
 And I took up a stick to pound her.
She jumped over a barberry-bush,
 And I jumped over a timber :
I showed her a gay gold ring,
 And she showed me her finger.



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

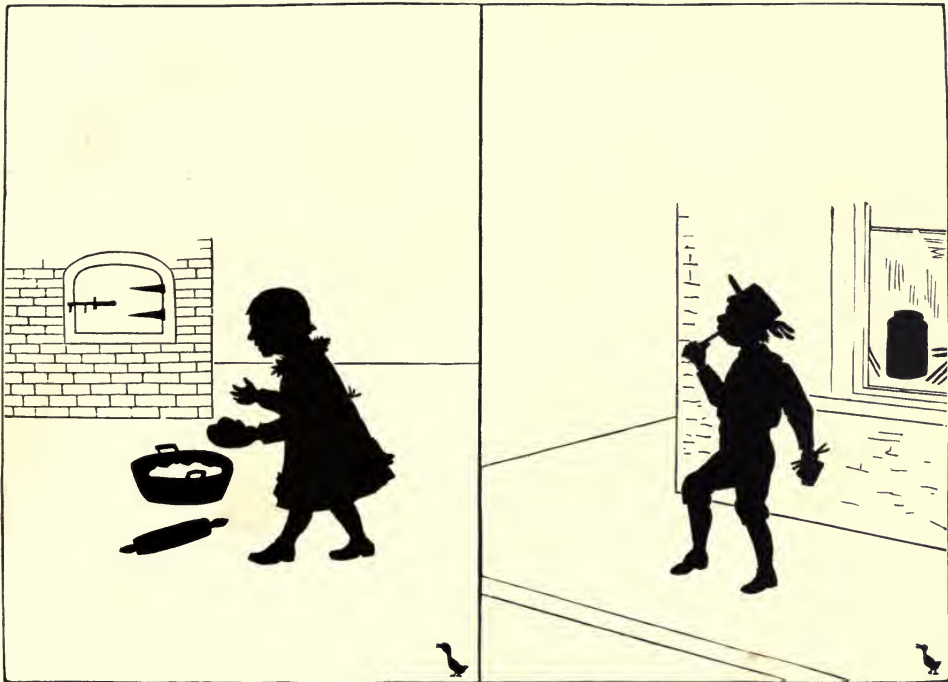
Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamed she heard them bleating ;
But when she awoke, she found it a joke,
For they were still a-fleeting.

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

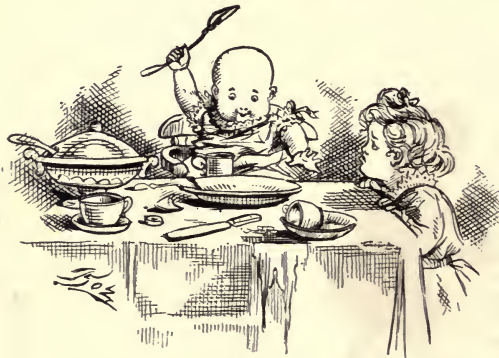


PAT a cake, pat a cake, baker's man ;
So I will, master, as fast as I can.
Pick it and pat it, and mark it with B,
And put it in the oven for Willie and me.

HANDY SPANDY, Jack-a-dandy,
Loves plum-cake and sugar-candy :
He bought some at a candy-shop,
And out he came, hop, hop, hop.



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