

MOTHER

GOOSESES



THIS IS HER
SON JACK, A
PLAIN LOOKING LAD,
HE'S NOT VERY GOOD,
NOR YET VERY
BAD.

CHIMES

McLOUGHLIN BROTHERS, N.Y.



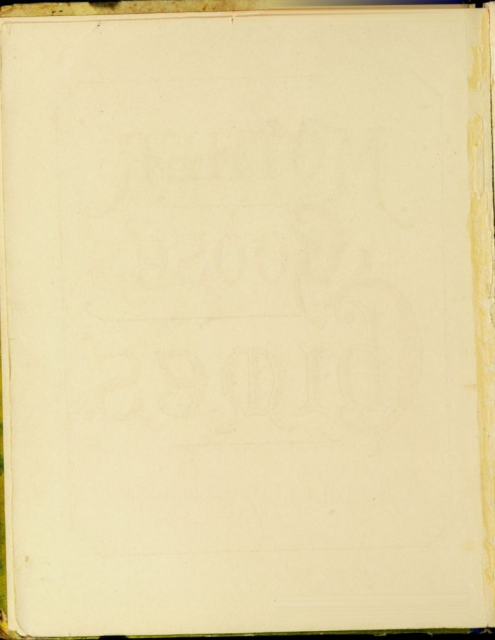
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To Etta - from
Sunt Mary.

Dec. 25th
1886.



MOTHER
GOOSE'S
CHIMES.

McLoughlin Bros., New York.

Jordan

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1880zx



A FROG he would a-woosing go,
Sing, heigho, says Rowley ;
Whether his mother would let him or no :
With a rowley, powley, gammon and spinach ;
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley.

So off he marched with his opera-hat,
Heigho, says Rowley ;
And on the way he met with a rat,
With a rowley, powley, &c.

And when they came to mouse's hall,
Heigho, says Rowley ;
They gave a loud knock, and they gave a loud call,
With a rowley, powley, &c.

"Pray, Mrs. Mouse, are you within?"
Heigho, says Rowley ;
"Yes, kind sir, I am sitting to spin,"
With a rowley, powley, &c.

"Pray, Mrs. Mouse, will you give us some beer?"
Heigho, says Rowley ;
"For Froggy and I are fond of good cheer,"
With a rowley, powley, &c.

Now while they all were a merry making,
Heigho, says Rowley ;
The cat and her kittens came tumbling in,
With a rowley, powley, &c.

The cat she seized the rat by the crown,
Heigho, says Rowley ;
The kittens they pulled the little mouse down,
With a rowley, powley, &c.

This put poor Frog in a terrible fright,
Heigho, says Rowley ;
So he took up his hat, and he wished them good night,
With a rowley, powley, &c.

But as Froggy was crossing over a brook,
Heigho, says Rowley ;
A lily-white duck came and gobbled him up,
With a rowley, powley, &c.

So there was an end of one, two, and three,
Heigho, says Rowley ;
The rat, the mouse, and the little Frog-ee !
With a rowley, powley, gammon and spinach ;
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley.

Here am I, little jumping Joan,
When nobody's with me, I'm always alone.



Hickety, pickety, my black hen,
She lays good eggs for gentlemen;
Gentlemen come every day,
To see what my black hen doth lay.

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

Needles and pins, needles and pins,
When a man marries, his trouble begins.



To market, to market, a gallop, a trot,
To buy some meat to put in the pot;
Five cents a quarter, ten cents a side,
If it hadn't been killed, it must have died.



Little Tee Wee,
He went to sea,
In an open boat;
And while aloft
The little boat bended—
My story's ended.

Charley Wag,
Ate the pudding and left the
bag.

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 learn'd to read and spell,
 And then he loved her very well.

1 2 3 4 5
 I caught a hare alive;
 6 7 8 9 10
 I let her go again.

Great A, little a,
 Bouncing B!
 The cat's in the cupboard,
 And she can't see.

Polly put the kettle on,
 Polly put the kettle on,
 Polly put the kettle on,
 And let's drink tea.

Sukey take it off again,
 Sukey take it off again,
 Sukey take it off again,
 They're all gone away.

When I was a little boy, I had but little wit,
 It is some time ago, and I've no more yet;
 Nor ever, ever shall, until that I die,
 For the longer I live, the more fool am I.

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

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker's man,
So I will, master, as fast as I can;
Pat it and prick it, and mark it with T,
Put in the oven for Tommy and me.

SOLOMON Grundy,
Born on a 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.

My story's ended,
My spoon is bended:
If you don't like it,
Go to the next door,
And get it mended.

Here stands a post,—
Who put it there?
A better man than you;
Touch it if you dare!

I like little pussy, her coat is so warm,
And if I don't hurt her, she'll do me no harm;
So I'll not pull her tail, nor drive her away,
But pussy and I very gently will play.



As I was going along, long,
 long,
 A singing a comical song,
 song, song,
 The lane that I went was so
 long, long, long,
 And the song that I sung was
 so long, long, long,
 And so I went singing along.

Go to bed Tom, go to bed Tom,
 Merry or sober, go to bed Tom.



Dance a baby diddit,
 What can a mother do with it,
 But sit in a lap,
 And give him some pap—
 Dance a baby diddit.

F for fig, J for jig,
 And N for knuckle-bones ;
 I for John the waterman,
 And S for sack of stones.



Ding, dong, bell, Pussy's in the well.
Who put her in? Little Tommy Green.
Who pulled her out? Little Tommy Trout.
What a naughty boy was that,
To drown poor Pussy Cat,
Who never did any harm,
But kill'd the mice in his father's barn.

Miss one, two, and three could never agree,
While they gossiped round a tea-caddy.

Poor 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!

When good King Arthur ruled his land
He was a goodly king;
He stole three packs of barley meal,
To make a bag-pudding.

A bag-pudding the king did make,
And stuff'd 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.

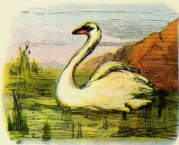
One, two,
Buckle my shoe;
Three, four,
Shut the door;
Five, six,
Pick up sticks;
Seven, eight,
Lay them straight;
Nine, ten,
A good fat hen;
Eleven, twelve,
Who will delve;
Thirteen, fourteen,
Maids a-courting;
Fifteen, sixteen,
Maids a-kissing;
Seventeen, eighteen,
Maids a-waiting;
Nineteen, twenty,
My stomach's empty.

A, B, C, and D,
Pray, play-mates, agree.
E, F, and G,
Well, so it shall be.
I, K, and L,
In peace we will dwell.
M, N, and O,
To play let us go.
P, Q, R and S,
Love may we possess.
W, X, and Y,
Will not guard or die.
Z, and &
Go to school at command.

One, two, three,
I love coffee,
And Billy loves tea.
How good you be,
One, two, three,
I love coffee,
And Billy loves tea.



I had a little dog, they called him Buff,
I sent him to the shop for three cents worth of snuff.
But he lost the bag, and spilt the snuff,
So take that cuff, and that's enough.



Swan, swan, over the sea ;
Swim, swan, swim.
Swan, swan, back again ;
Well, swan, swam.



Old woman, old woman, shall we go a-shearing?
 Speak a little louder, sir, I am very thick o'-hearing.
 Old woman, old woman, shall
 I kiss you dearly?
 Thank you, kind sir, I hear
 very clearly.

Little Tommy Tittlemouse,
 Lived in a little house;
 He caught fishes
 In other men's ditches.



Lazy Tom, with jacket blue,
Stole his father's gouty shoe;
The worst of harm we can wish him,
Is, his gouty shoe may fit him.

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

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

There was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise;
He jump'd into a bramble bush,
And scratch'd out both his eyes;

And when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main
He jump'd into another bush,
And scratch'd them in again.

A Farmer went trotting upon his gray mare,
 Bumpety, bumpety, bump;
With his daughter behind him so rosy and fair,
 Lumpety, lumpety, lump.

A raven cried croak, and they all tumbled down,
 Bumpety, bumpety, bump;
The mare broke her knees and the Farmer his crown,
 Lumpety, lumpety, lump.

The mischievous raven flew laughing away,
 Bumpety, bumpety, bump;
And vowed he would serve them the same next day,
 Lumpety, lumpety, lump.

Robin and Richard are two pretty men,
They laid in bed till the clock struck ten;
Then up starts Robin and looks in the sky,
"Oh, brother Richard, the sun's very high!
You go on with the bottle and bag,
And I'll come after with jolly Jack Nag."

We're all dry with drinking on't,
We're all dry with drinking on't,
The piper kissed the fiddler's wife,
And I can't sleep for thinking on't.



I had a little pony;
 They called him 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.

Peter White,
 Will ne'er go right,
 Would you know the reason
 why?
 He follows his nose,
 Wherever he goes,
 And that stands all awry.

See, see. What shall I see?
 A horse's head where his tail
 should be.





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, he 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 King Cole and his fiddlers three."

Bobby Shaftoe's gone to sea,
Silver buckles on his knee;
He'll come back and marry me,
Pretty Bobby Shaftoe.

Bobby Shaftoe's fat and fair,
Combing down his yellow hair;
He's my love for evermore;
Pretty Bobby Shaftoe.

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

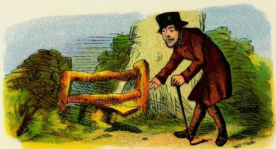
There was a jolly miller
 Lived on the river Dee,
 He look'd upon his pillow,
 And there he saw a flea.
 Oh! Mr. Flea,
 You have bitten me,
 And you must die:
 So he crack'd his bones
 Upon the stones,
 And there he let him lie.

The two gray kits,
 And the gray kits' mother
 All went over
 The bridge together.
 The bridge broke down,
 They all fell in;
 May the rats go with you,
 Says Tom Robin.

Tip, top, tower,
 Tumble down in an hour.

Pussy Cat Mole,
 Jump'd over a coal,
 And in her best petticoat burnt a great hole.
 Poor Pussy's weeping, she'll have no more milk,
 Until her best petticoat's mended with silk.

Taffy was a Welchman, Taffy was a thief,
 Taffy came to my house and stole a piece of beef;
 I went to Taffy's house, Taffy wasn't 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.



There was a crooked man, and he went a crooked mile,
And 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.



A little boy went into a barn,
And lay down on some hay ;
An owl came out and flew about,
And the little boy ran away.



Bat, bat, come under my hat,
 And I'll give you a slice of bacon;
 And when I bake I'll give you a cake,
 If I am not mistaken.

My little old man and I
 fell out,
 I'll tell you what 'twas
 all about :
 I had money, and he had
 none,
 And that's the way the
 noise begun.



Ride a cock-horse to Banbury cross,
To see what Tommy can buy;
A penny white loaf, and a penny white cake,
And a two-penny apple pie.

Ride a cock-horse to Shrewsbury cross,
To buy little Johnny a galloping horse:
It trots behind and it ambles before,
And Johnny shall ride—till he can ride no more.

“Jacky, come give me your fiddle,
If ever you mean to thrive.”

“Nay, I'll not give my fiddle
To any man alive.

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

A good child, a good child,
As I suppose you be;
Never laugh nor smile,
At the tickling of your knee.

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.

Darby and Joan
Were dress'd in black,
Sword and buckle
Behind their back;
Foot for foot,
And knee for knee,
Turn about
Darby's company.

Who 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.

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

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



Ba-a, ba-a, black sheep,
Have you any wool?
Yes, sir, yes, sir,
Three bags full:

One for my master,
One for my dame,
And one for the little boy
That lives in our lane.



When I was a little boy, I lived by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I got I put upon a shelf;
The rats and the mice did lead me such a life,
That I went to market, to get myself a wife.

The streets were so broad, and the lanes were so narrow,
I could not get my wife home without a wheel-barrow:
The wheel-barrow broke, my wife got a fall,
Down tumbled wheel-barrow, little wife, and all.

If all the seas 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 he 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!

There was an old woman had three cows,
Rosy, and Colin, and Dun;
Rosy and Colin were sold at the fair,
And Dun broke his head in a fit of despair;
And there was an end of her three cows,
Rosy, and Colin, and Dun.

Hink minx! the old witch winks,
The fat begins to fry;
There's nobody home but jumping Joan,
Father, Mother, and I.

What are little boys made of, made of,
What are little boys made of?
Snaps and snails, and puppy-dog's tails;
And that's what little boys are made of, made of.
What are little girls made of, made of, 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, made of.

The girl in the lane, that couldn't speak plain
Cried, "Gobble, gobble, gobble:"
The man on the hill, that couldn't stand still,
Went hobble, hobble, hobble.

Here comes a poor woman from baby-land,
With five small children on her hand:
One can brew, the other can bake,
The other can make a pretty round cake:
One can sit in the garden and spin,
Another can make a fine bed for the king:
Pray ma'am will you take one in!

There was a little one-eyed gunner,
Who kill'd all the birds that died last summer.



Little Polly Flinders sat among the cinders,
Warming her pretty little toes!



Her mother came and caught
her,
And whipped her little daugh-
ter,
For spoiling her nice new
clothes.

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



Two legs sat upon 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.

As I was going up Primrose
 Hill,
 Primrose Hill was dirty;
 There I met a pretty Miss,
 And she dropped me a
 curtsy.



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

Little Robin Redbreast sat upon a tree—
Up went the Pussy Cat, and down went he;
Down came Pussy Cat, away Robin ran—
Says little Robin Redbreast—catch me if you can.
Little Robin Redbreast jumped upon a wall,
Pussy Cat jumped after him, and got a little fall.
Little Robin chirped and sung, and what did Pussy say?
Pussy Cat said mew, mew, mew,—and Robin flew away.

Snail, Snail, come out of your hole,
Or else I'll beat you black as a coal.
Snail, Snail, put out your head,
Or else I'll beat you till you're dead.

Curly 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!

Intery, mintery, cutery, corn,
Apple seed, and apple thorn;
Wine, brier, limber lock
Three geese in a flock,
One flew East, one flew West,
And one flew over the goose's nest.

Hey, my kitten, my kitten,
And hey my kitten, my deary,
Such a sweet pet as this
Was neither far nor neary.

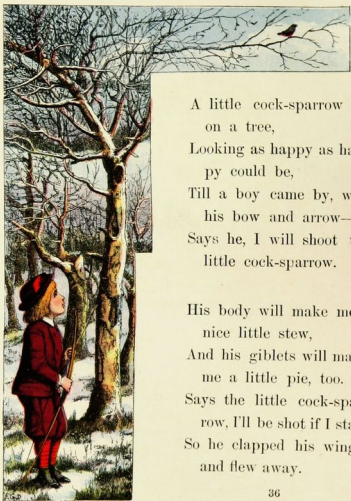
Here we go up, up, up,
And here we go down, down, downy;
Here we go backward and forward,
And here we go round, round, roundy.

Where was a jewel and pretty,
Where was a sugar and spicey?
Hush a bye babe in the cradle,
And we'll go abroad in a tricey.

Did his papa torment it?
And vex his own baby will he?
Give me a hand and I'll beat him,
With your red coral and whistle.

Here we go up, up, up,
And here we go down, down, downy,
And here we go backward and forward,
And here we go round, round, roundy.

Hark! hark! the dogs do bark,
The beggars have come to town;
Some in rags, and some in tags,
And some in velvet gowns.



A little cock-sparrow sat
on a tree,
Looking as happy as hap-
py could be,
Till a boy came by, with
his bow and arrow—
Says he, I will shoot the
little cock-sparrow.

His body will make me a
nice little stew,
And his giblets will make
me a little pie, too.
Says the little cock-spar-
row, I'll be shot if I stay,
So he clapped his wings,
and flew away.



Sing a song of sixpence,
 A pocket full of rye;
 Four and twenty black-
 birds
 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 his count-
 ing-house,
 Counting out his money;
 The queen was in the par-
 lor,
 Eating bread and honey.

The maid was in the gar-
 den,
 Hanging out the clothes;
 Down came a blackbird,
 And pecked off her nose.

Bryan O'Lin and his wife, and wife's mother,
 They all went over a bridge together:
 The bridge broke down, and they all fell in,—
 The deuce go with all! said Bryan O'Lin.

	[Imitate a Pigeon.]
If wishes were horses, Beggars would ride!	Curr ahoo, curr dhoo, Love me, and I'll love you!

Go to bed first, a golden purse;
 Go to bed second, a golden pheasant;
 Go to bed third, a golden bird!

Three blind mice, see how they run;
 They all run after the farmer's wife,
 Who cut off their tails with the carving-knife—
 Did you ever see such fools in your life?
 Three blind mice.

What care I how black I be,
 Twenty pounds will marry me:
 If twenty won't, forty shall—
 I am my mother's bouncing girl!

-
1. I went up one pair of stairs,
 2. Just like me.
 1. I went up two pair of stairs,
 2. Just like me.
 1. I went into a room,
 2. Just like me.
 1. I looked out of a window,
 2. Just like me.
 1. And then I saw a monkey,
 2. Just like me.
-

All of a row,
 Bend the bow,
 Shot at a pigeon,
 And killed a crow.

The cock doth crow,
 To let you know,
 If you be well,
 'Tis time to rest.

Blow, wind, blow! and go, mill, go!
 That the miller may grind his corn;
 That the baker may take it,
 And into rolls make it,
 And send us some hot in the morn.

Sing, sing!—What shall I sing?
 The cat's run away with the pudding-bag string!



I had a little husband, no bigger than my thumb ;
I put him in a pint-pot, and there I bid him drum.

I bought a little horse that galloped up and down ;
I saddled him and bridled him, and sent him out of town.

I gave him some garters, to garter up his hose,
And a little pocket handkerchief to wipe his pretty nose.

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



Jack be nimble,
Jack be quick,
And Jack jump over the
candlestick.

Is John Smith within?
Yes, that he is.
Can he set a shoe?
Aye, marry, two.
Here a nail, there a nail,
Tick, tack, too.



Come, let's to bed,		Shoe the colt,
Says sleepy-head;		Shoe the colt,
Stop a while, says slow:		Shoe the wild mare;
Put on the pot,		Here a nail,
Says Greedy-gut;		There a nail,
Let's sup before we go.		Yet she goes bare.

Little Robin Red-breast
 Sat upon a rail:
 Neddle, naddle, went his head,
 Wiggle, wagggle, went his tail.

A long-tail'd pig, or a short-tail'd pig,
 Or a pig without e'er a tail,
 A sow-pig, or a boar-pig,
 Or a pig with a curly tail.

When V and I together meet,
 They make the number Six complete.
 When I with V doth meet once more,
 Then 'tis they Two can make but Four.
 And when that V from I is gone,
 Alas! poor I can make but One.

Cock a doodle doo!
My dame has lost her shoe;
My master's lost his fiddling 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 lost her shoe,
And master's found his fiddling stick,
Sing, doodle, doodle, doo!

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

Cock a doodle doo!
Dame has lost her shoe;
Gone to bed and scratch'd her head,
And can't tell what to do.

"Little maid, pretty maid, whither goest thou?"
"Down in the forest to milk my cow."
"Shall I go with thee?" "No, not now;
When I send for thee, then come thou."



Handy Spandy, Jack a-dandy,
Loves plum-cake and sugar-candy;
He bought some at a grocer's shop,
And out he came, hop-hop-hop.

Little Nancy Etticote,
In a white petticoat,
With a red nose;
The longer she stands,
The shorter she grows.

[A Candle.]

Hey, dorolot, dorolot!
Hey, dorolay, dorolay!
Hey, my bonny boat, bonny
boat,
Hey, drag away! drag away!





Pussy sits beside the fire. How can she be fair?
In walks a little doggy—Pussy, are you there?
So, so, Mistress Pussy, pray how do you do?
Thank you, thank you, little dog,
I'm very well just now.

Dance, 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,
 Backwards and forwards, round and round;
 Dance, little baby, and mother will sing,
 With the merry carol, ding, ding, ding!

To market, to market,
 To buy a plum bun;
 Home again, come again,
 Market is done.

Clap hands, clap hands!
 Till father comes home;
 For father's got money,
 But mother's got none.
 Clap hands, &c.

[The following is a game played as follows: A string of boys and girls, each holding by his predecessor's skirts, approaches two others, who with joined and elevated hands form a double arch. After the dialogue, the line passes through, and the last is caught by a sudden lowering of the arms—if possible.]

How many miles is it to Babylon?—
 Threescore miles 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.

[The following lines are sung by children
when starting for a race.]

<p>Good horses, bad horses, What is the time of day? Three o'clock, four o'clock, Now fare you away.</p>	<p>Cuckoo, cherry-tree, Catches a bird, and give it to me; Let the tree be high or low, Let it hail, rain, or snow.</p>
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There was an old woman called Nothing-at-all,
Who rejoiced in a dwelling exceedingly small:
A man stretched his mouth to its utmost extent,
And down at one gable house and old woman went.

There was an old woman had three sons,
Jerry, and James, and John:
Jerry was hung, James was drowned,
John was lost and never was found,
And there was an end of the three sons,
Jerry, and James, and John!

Sneeze on Monday, sneeze for danger,
Sneeze on Tuesday, kiss a stranger;
Sneeze on Wednesday, receive a letter;
Sneeze on Thursday, something better;
Sneeze on Friday, expect sorrow;
Sneeze on Saturday, joy to-morrow.



Hush, baby, my doll, I pray you, don't cry,
And I'll give you some bread, and some milk by-and-by;
Or, perhaps, you like custard, or, maybe, a tart,
Then to either you are welcome, with all my heart.



Bow-wow-wow,
Whose dog art thou?
Little Tom Tucker's dog,
Bow-wow-wow.



Humpty-Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty-Dumpty had a great fall;
All the king's horses, and all the king's men,
Cannot put Humpty-Dumpty together again.

[An Egg.]

Tommy Trot, a man of laws,
Sold his bed and lay upon straws:
Sold the straw and slept on grass,
To buy his wife a looking-glass.

The Queen of Hearts
She made some tarts,
 All on a summer's day.
The Knave of Hearts,
He stole the tarts,
 And took them clean away.

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

When the wind is in the East,
'Tis neither good for man nor beast.
When the wind is in the North,
The skilful fisher goes not forth.
When the wind is in the South,
It blows the bait in the fishes' mouth.
When the wind is in the West,
Then 'tis at the very best.

Robert Rowley rolled a round roll round,
A round roll Robert Rowley rolled round ;
Where rolled the round roll Robert Rowley rolled round ?

Oh, where are you going,
My pretty maiden fair,
With your red rosy cheeks,
And your coal-black hair?
I'm going a-milking,
Kind sir, says she;
And it's dabbling in the dew,
Where you'll find me.

May I go with you,
My pretty maiden fair, &c.
Oh, you may go with me,
Kind sir, says she, &c.

If I should chance to kiss you,
My pretty maiden fair, &c.
The wind may take it off again,
Kind sir, says she, &c.

And what is your father,
My pretty maiden fair, &c.
My father is a farmer,
Kind sir, says she, &c.

And what is your mother,
My pretty maiden fair, &c.
My mother is a dairy-maid,
Kind sir, says she, &c.



Hush-a-bye, baby,
Daddy is near;

Mamma is a lady,
And that's very clear.

Fa, Fe, Fi, Fo, Fum!
I smell the blood of an Englishman:
Be he live, or be he dead,
I'll grind his bones to make me bread.



Jack Spratt's pig,
He was not very little,
Nor yet very big;
He was not very lean,
He was not very fat—
He'll do well for a grunt,
Says little Jack Spratt.



Goosey, goosey, gander, whither shall I wander?
Up stairs, and down stairs, and in my lady's chamber.
There I met an old man, who would not say his prayers;
I took him by the left leg, and threw him down stairs.

1. I am a gold lock.
2. I am a gold key.
1. I am a silver lock.
2. I am a silver key.
1. I am a brass lock.
2. I am a brass key.
1. I am a lead lock.
2. I am a lead key.
1. I am a monk lock.
2. I am a monk key!

Buz, quoth the blue fly,
 Hum, quoth the bee,
 Buz and hum they cry,
 And so do we:
 In his ear, in his nose,
 Thus, do you see?
 He ate the dormouse,
 Else it was me.

GAME OF THE GIPSEY.

[One child is selected for Gipsy, one for Mother, and one for Daughter Sue. The Mother says :

I charge my daughters, every one,
 To keep good house while I am gone.
 You and you, (*points*) but specially *you*,
 (*Or sometimes, but specially Sue*),
 Or else I'll beat you black and blue.

During the mother's absence the Gipsy comes in, entices a child away, and hides her. This is repeated till all the children are hidden, when the Mother has to find them.

See saw, Jack-a-daw,
 Johnny shall have a new master;
 Johnny shall have but a penny a-day,
 Because he can work no faster.

There was a Piper had a cow,
 And he had naught to give her;
 He pull'd out his pipes and play'd her a tune,
 And bade the cow consider.

The cow considered very well,
 And gave the Piper a penny,
 And bade him play the other tune,
 "Corn rigs are bonny."

[The following is used by school boys, when
 two are starting to run a race.]

One to make ready,
 And two to prepare;
 Good luck to the rider,
 And away goes the mare.

[Hours of Sleep.]

Nature requires five,
 Custom gives seven,
 Laziness takes nine,
 And wickedness eleven.

A man of words and not of deeds,
 Is like a garden full of weeds;
 For when the weeds begin to grow,
 Then doth the garden overflow.

Yeow mussent sing a' Sunday,
 Becaze it is a sin;
 But yeow may sing a' Monday,
 Till Sunday cums agin.



Tom he was a Piper's son,
He learned to play when he was young;
But all the tune that he could play,
Was "Over the hills and far away."

Now, Tom with his pipe made such a noise,
That he pleased both the girls and boys,
And they all stopped 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 stand still;
Whenever they heard him they began to dance—
Even pigs on their hind legs would after him prance.

He met old Dame Trott 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 to fret, but he laughed at the joke.

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.



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

Friday night's dream On the Saturday told, Is sure to come true, Be it never so old.	Come when you're called, Do what you're bid; Shut the door after you, Never be chid.
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Speak when you're spoken to,
 Come when once called;
 Shut the door after you,
 And turn to the wall!

Thirty days hath September,
 April, June, and November;
 All the rest have thirty-one—
 Except February, alone,
 Which has four-and-twenty-four,
 And every fourth year, one day more.

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 drown'd.

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

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.

A sunshine shower,
 Won't last half-an-hour.
 As the day lengthens,
 So the cold strengthens.
 The fishes cry
 Is never long dry.

For every evil under the sun,
 There is a remedy, or there is none.
 If there be one, try and find it;
 If there be none, never mind it.



See, saw, Margery Daw,
Jenny shall have a new master ;
She shall have but a penny a day
Because she can't work any faster.



Doctor Foster went to Glos-
ter,
In a shower of rain ;
He stepped in a puddle, up
to the middle,
And never went there again.



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

[Say quick.]

In fir tar is.
 In oak none is.
 In mud eel is.
 In clay none is.
 Goat eat ivy.
 Mare eat oats.

[Sunshine.]

Hick-a-more, Hack-a-more,
 On the king's kitchen-door;
 All the king's horses,
 And all the king's men,
 Couldn't drive Hick-a-more,
 Hack-a-more,
 Off the king's kitchen-door!

[A Star.]

I have a little sister; they call her Peep, Peep.
 She wades the water, deep, deep, deep;
 She climbs the mountains, high, high, high—
 Poor little thing! she has but one eye.

[A Needle and Thread.]

Old Mother Twitchett had but one eye,
 And a long tail, which she let fly;
 And every time she went over a gap,
 She left a bit of her tail in a trap.

[Pair of Tongs.]

Long legs, crooked thighs,
 Little head and no eyes.

[Mind your Punctuation.]

I saw a peacock with a fiery tail,
I saw a blazing comet drop down hail,
I saw a cloud wrapped with ivy round,
I saw an oak creep on the ground,
I saw a snail swallow up a whale,
I saw the sea brimful of ale,
I saw a Venice glass full fifteen feet deep,
I saw a well full of men's tears that weep,
I saw red eyes all of a flaming fire,
I saw a house bigger than the moon and higher,
I saw the sun at twelve o'clock at night,
I saw the man that saw this wondrous sight.

Every body in this land
Has twenty nails upon each hand;
Five-and-twenty hands and feet,
All this is true without deceit.

We are all in the dumps,
For diamonds and trumps,
The kittens are gone to St. Paul's;
The babies are bit,
The moon's in a fit,
And the houses are built without walls.



1. This little pig went to market.

2. This little pig stayed
at home.



4. This lit-
tle pig got
none.



3. This little pig got
roast beef.



5. This lit-
tle pig cried
wee, wee,
all the way
home.



There was an old woman tossed up in a basket,
Ninety times as high as the moon;
And where she was going, I couldn't but ask her,
For in her hand she carried a broom.

"Old woman, old woman, old woman," quoth I,
"Whither, O whither, O whither so high?"
"To sweep the cobwebs off the sky!"
"Shall I go with you?" "Aye, by-and-by."

<p>“What do they call you?” “Patchy Dolly.” “Where were you born?” “In the cow’s horn.” “Where were you bred?” “In the cow’s head.” “Where will you die?” “In the cow’s eye.”</p>	<p>[Played with pieces of paper stuck to fingers.] Two little blackbirds Sitting on a rail, One named Jack, The other named Jill. Fly away Jack! Fly away Jill! Come back Jack, Come back Jill!</p>
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Elizabeth, Elspeth, Betsy and Bess,
 They all went together to seek a bird’s nest.
 They found a bird’s nest with five eggs in,
 They all took one, and left four in.

[A Cherry.]

As 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 goat.

[A Well]

As round as an apple, as deep as a cup,
 And all the king’s horses can’t pull it up.

[Coals.]

Black we are, but much admired ;
Men seek for us till they are tired.
We tire the horse, but comfort man :
Tell me this riddle if you can.

[Teeth and Gums.]

Thirty white horses upon a red hill,
Now they tramp, now they champ, now they stand still.

[A Star.]

Higher than a house, higher than a tree,
Oh, whatever can that be?

There was a man rode through our town,
Gray Grizzle was his name ;
His saddle-bow was gilt with gold,
Three times I've named his name.

[A Bed.]

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



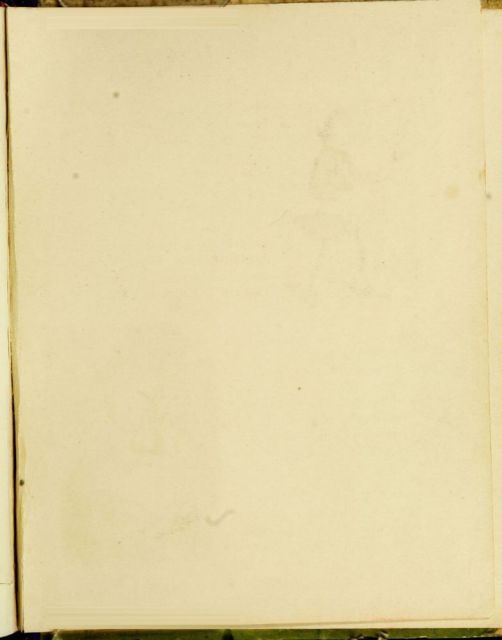
Hot cross buns, hot cross buns,
 One a penny, two a penny,
 Hot cross buns.
 If your daughters don't like 'em,
 Give them to your sons,
 One a penny, two a penny,
 Hot cross buns.

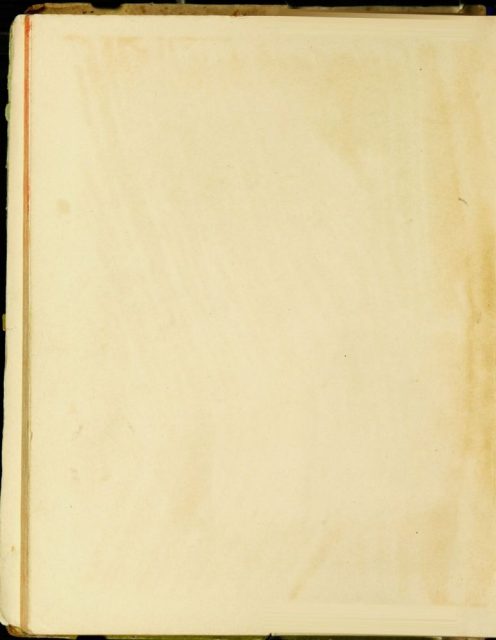
Twelve pears hanging high,
 Twelve knights riding by—
 Each took a pear,
 And yet left eleven there.

There was an old woman lived
 under the hill,
 And if she's not gone she lives
 there still.
 Baked apples she sold, and
 cranberry pies,
 And she's the old woman that
 never told lies.

Rosemary green,
 And lavender blue,
 Thyme and sweet marjorum,
 Hyssop and rue.









MOTHER

GOOSE



THIS IS HER
SON JACK, A
PLAIN LOOKING LAD,
HE'S NOT VERY GOOD
NOR YET VERY
BAD.

CHIMES

McLOUGHLIN BROTHERS, N.Y.