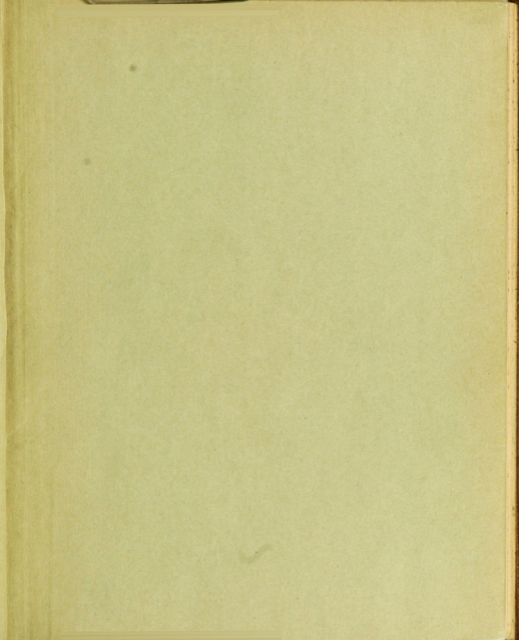
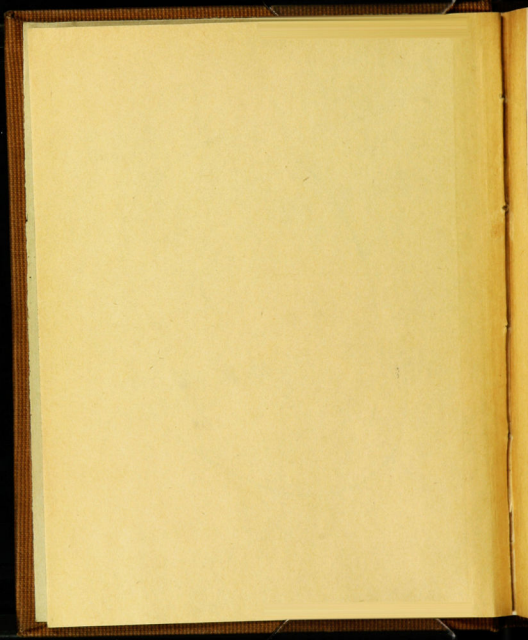
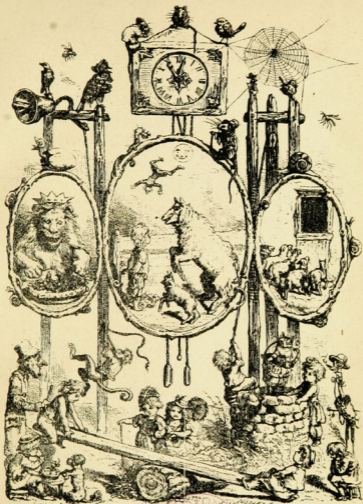


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THE DEATH AND BURIAL OF COCK ROBIN.





MOTHER GOOSE

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SET TO MUSIC.



Hey, diddle, diddle, the cat's in the fiddle.

NEW YORK:
G.W. CARLETON & CO.
MCCCLXXI.



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P R E F A C E .

THE present volume is intended as a contribution to what may be justly considered a not unimportant department of our national song literature—the Nursery Rhymes namely, which seem appointed, by tacit and universal consent, to be “said or sung,” and to be listened to, with unwearied interest and appreciation, in those great National Institutions the British Nursery and Home School-room. To all who are interested in the selection of books for children the book is now offered by the Publishers, with the hope that it may gain general and extended approbation. Especial pains have been taken to secure the suffrage of that still larger public, in petticoats and knickerbockers, whom a genial English writer of the last century, who loved children, and spoke and wrote of them with infinite tenderness and affection, describes as “masters in all the learning on the other side of eight years old.”

If it be true—as asserted by one of the greatest of English critics and authors—that Sir Roger de Coverley and Mr. Spectator are more real than nine-tenths of the heroes of the last century, and that almost the only autobiography to be received entirely without distrust and disbelief is that of one ROBINSON CRUSOE, Mariner, of York—then surely those important personages, JACK and JILL, HUMPTY DUMPTY,

PREFACE.

and my LADY WIND, are real and distinct entities in the mind of every little child whose nursery education has not been entirely and unwarrantably neglected; and therefore it has seemed good to the Publishers to present to the children of the present day the adventures of those heroes, embellished with whatever pictorial illustration, careful selection, musical accompaniment, and the advantages of artistic typography and detail can contribute, to render them more acceptable to all English children.

In the arrangement of the musical portion of the volume, especial care has been taken by MR. ELLIOTT to keep the songs strictly within the capacity of children's execution, and the compass of children's voices. In his own family he has found a young jury ready to test the various tunes, and has chosen only those melodies which found prompt acceptance, were easily remembered, and came trippingly off the tongue.

The pictorial illustrations of the book have been designed under the superintendence of, and engraved by, the BROTHERS DALZIEL.

Among the old favourites a few new aspirants to popularity will be found; but it is hoped that their presence will be considered an additional attraction, and in no way lessen the pretensions of the present volume to be considered a compendium of National Nursery Rhymes.





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* Words by M. L. ELLIOTT.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS ENGRAVED BY THE BROTHERS DALZIEL.





Mistress Mary.

Allegretto moderato.

mp Mis-tress Ma-ry, quite con-tra-ry, *p* How does your gar-den grow? *mf* With
mp cock-lo-shells, and sil-ver bells, *p* And fair maids all in a row.



Jack and Jill.

Allegretto.
mf

Jack and Jill Went up the hill, To fetch a pail of wa - ter;

mf

Jack fell down, And broke his crown, And Jill came tum - bling af - ter.

ten.

JACK AND JILL.

SECOND VERSE.

Up Jack got, And home did trot, As fast as he could en - per;

mf

Went to bed, To mend his head, With vi - ne - gar and brown pa - per.

ten.

THIRD VERSE.

Jill came in, And she did grin, To see his pa - per plais - ter.

mf

Mo - ther, vex'd, Did whip her next, For caus - ing Jack's dis - as - ter.

ten.



Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

Allegretto moderato.

mf *f*

Twin-kle, twin- kle, lit- tle star, How I won- der what you

mf *dim.* *p*

p *f* *p poco rit.*

are! Up a- bove the world so high, Like a dia- mond in the sky.

p *f* *p poco rit.*

(4)

TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR.

SECOND AND THIRD VERSES.

mf When the blaz - ing sun is gone, When he no - thing shines up -
Then the traveller in the dark Thanks you for your ti - ny

mf *dim.* *p*

p on, Then you show your lit - tle light, Twin - kle, twin - kle, all the night.
spark: How could he see where to go, If you did not twin - kle so?

p *f* *ff* *p poco rit.*

FOURTH AND FIFTH VERSES.

mf In the dark blue sky you keep, Of - ten through my cur - tains
As your bright and ti - ny spark Lights the traveller in the

mf *dim.* *p*

p peep, For you ne - ver shut your eye, Till the sun is in the sky.
dark, Though I know not what you are, Twin - kle, twin - kle, lit - tle star.

p *f* *ff* *p poco rit.*



Baa, Baa, Black Sheep.

Andante.
mp

Baa, Baa, Black Sheep, Have you a - ny wool? Yes sir, yes sir, Three bags full:

fz *fz*

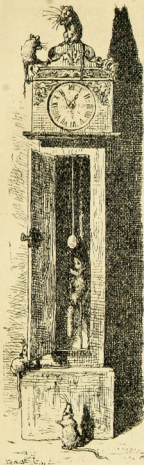
cres. poco lento. *ritardando e dim.*

One for my Master, One for my Dame, But none for the little boy Who cries in the lane.

cres. *poco lento.* *ritardando e dim.*

Dickory, dickory, dock.

Allegro.



mf

Dick-o-ry, dick-o-ry, dock; The

mf/rit

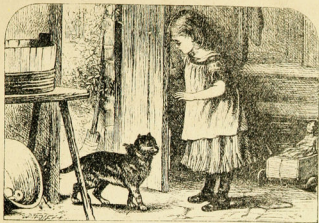
mouse ran up the clock; The

sf> clock struck One, The *sf>* mouse ran down;

ten. *ten.*

Dick-o-ry, dick-o-ry, dock.

p *sf>*



Pussy-Cat, Pussy-Cat.

Allegro.

Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, where have you been? I've been to London to visit the Queen.

Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, what did you there? I frighten'd a lit-tle mouse under her chair.

cres.

cres.

f



Nineteen Birds.

Moderato e marcato.

Nineteen birds and one bird more, Just make twenty, and that's a score.

SECOND VERSE.

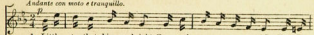
To the score then add but one; That will make just twenty-one.

3. Now add two, and you will see
You have made up twenty-three.
4. If you like these clever tricks,
Add three more for twenty-six.
5. Then three more, if you have time;
Now you've got to twenty-nine.
6. Twenty-nine now quickly take—
Add one more and Thirty make,

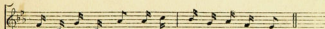


The Child and the Star.

Andante con moto e tranquillo.



1. Little star that shines so bright, Come and peep at me to-night, For I
2. Little star! O tell me, pray, Where you hide yourself all day! Have you



of - ten watch for you In the pret - ty sky so blue.
got a home like me, And a fa - ther kind to see?



3. Little Child! at you I peep
While you lie so fast asleep;
But when morn begins to break,
I my homeward journey take.

4. For I've many friends on high,
Living with me in the sky;
And a loving Father, too,
Who commands what I'm to do.



I had a little Doggy.

Andante non troppo.

mp

I had a lit - tle dog - gy that used to sit and beg, But

p

Doggy tumbled down the stairs, and broke his lit - tle leg; Oh! Doggy, I will nurse you, and

p *acc.* *cres.*

 The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems of music. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system also has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Andante non troppo'. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The time signature is 4/4. The piano part includes dynamic markings such as 'mp', 'p', 'acc.', and 'cres.'.

I HAD A LITTLE DOGGY.

try to make you well; And you shall have a collar with a pret-ty lit-tle bell.

cres. *a tempo.*

p *cres. e sost.* *p e stacc.*

SECOND AND THIRD VERSES.

Al! Dog-gy, don't you think you should ve-ry faith-ful be, For
But, Dog-gy, you must pro-mise (and mind your word you keep) Not

p

having such a lov-ing friend to comfort you as I. And when your leg is hot-ter, and
once to tease the lit-tle lambs, or run among the sheep. And then the yel-low "clucks," that

cres.

p *ten.* *cres.*

you can run and play, We'll have a scamper in the fields, and see them making hay.
play up-on the grass, You must not e-ven wag your tail to scare them as you pass.

cres. *a tempo.*

p *cres. e sost.* *p e stacc.*



Little Bo-Peep.

Andante quasi Allegretto.

Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep, And can't tell where to find them;

Leave them a-lone, and they'll come home, Wagging their tails be - hind them.

LITTLE BO-PEEP.

SECOND VERSE.

p

Lit-tle Bo-Peep fell fast a sleep, And dreamt she heard them bleat-ing;

p

cres. *f*

When she a-woke, 'twas all a joke— Ah! cru-el vi-sion so fleet-ing.

cres. *fz* *dim.*

THIRD VERSE.

mf

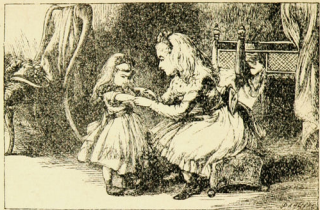
Then up she took her lit-tle crook, De-ter-mined for to find them;

mf

cres. *f*

What was her joy to be-hold them nigh, Wagging their tails be-hind them.

cres. *fz* *dim.*



Golly and her Mamma.

Alliegretto spiritato.

mf

Dol - ly, you're a naugh - ty girl, All your hair is out of

mf

ff eurl, And you've torn your lit - tle shoe. *cres.* Oh! what must I do with

p *cres.* *ff*

DOLLY AND HER MAMMA.

lento.
pp *rit. ad lib.*

you? You shall on - ly have dry bread, Dol - ly, you shall go to bed.

lento.
pp e sost. *colla voce.*

SECOND AND THIRD VERSES.

mf

Do you hear, Miss, what I say? Are you go - ing to o -
 But I mean to try and grow All Mam - ma can wish, you

mf

p *cres.*

- bey? That's what Mo - ther says to me, So I know it's right, you
 know; Ne - ver in - to pas - sions fly, Or, when thwarted, sulk and

p *cres.* *ff*

pp *lento.* *rit. ad lib.*

see; For some-times I'm naughty, too, Dol - ly, dear, as well as you.
 cry. So, my Dol - ly, you must be Good and gen - tle, just like me.

lento.
pp e sost. *colla voce.*



Ride a Cock-horse to Banbury Cross.

Allegretto con spirito. *mf.* *cro.*

Ride a Cock-horse to Ban-bu-ry Cross, To see a fine la-dy up - on a white horse,

Rings on her fingers, and bells on her toes, She shall have mu-sic whor - o - ver she goes.

mf. *f.*



Little maid, pretty maid.

Andante quasi allegretto.
mp. marcato.

'Little maid, pret-ty maid, Whether goest thou?' 'Down in the meadow to milk my cow.'

p. *tra.* *p.* *tra.* *poco rit.*

'Shall I go with thee?' 'No, not now; When I send for thee, then come thou.'

p. *tra.* *p.* *tra.* *f. tra.*



Whittington for ever.

Moderato.
Tone well marked.

Whit - ting - ton for e - ver, Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah!

mf *mf* *tes.*

WHITTINGTON FOR EVER.

Lord Mayor of Lon - don, Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur -

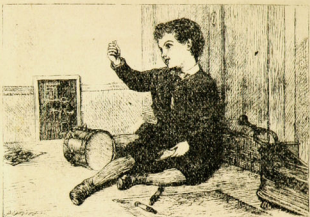
- rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur -

- rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Whit - ting - ton for e - ver, Lord Mayor of London, Hur -

stacc. *mf* *f*

- rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah!

cres. *ff* *stacc.* *rit.*



Little Jack Horner.

Allegretto con moto.

mf

Little Jack Hor-ner Sat in a cor-ner, Eating a Christ-mas pie: He

mf

rec.

rit. ad lib.

put in his thumb, And pull'd out a plum, And said, "What a good boy am I!"

The musical score consists of two systems. The first system includes a vocal line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the piano accompaniment and includes a *rit. ad lib.* marking.



Tom, the Piper's Son.

Allegretto e marcato.

Tom, Tom, the pi - per's son, Stole a pig, and a - way he ran! The

pig was eat, And Tom was beat, Which sent him howling down the street.

(25)



See-saw, Margery Dav.

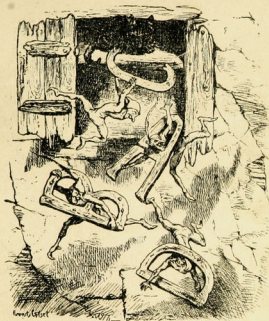
Allegretto.
mf

See - saw, Mar - ge - ry Dav, Jack shall have a new mas - ter,

crs. e ritard.

He shall have but a pen - ny a day, Be - cause he wont work a - ny fact - er.

crs. e ritard.



A, B, C, tumble down D.

Alligretto.

mf

A, B, C, tumble down D, The cat's in the cupboard and can't see me.

mf



Goosey, goosey gander

Andante con sacc.

Goo - sey, goo - sey gan - der, Whi ther shall I wan - der?

poco cres.

Up stairs and down stairs, And in my la - dy's cham - ber; There I met an old man, Who

poco cres.

would not say his prayers; I took him by the left leg, And threw him down the stairs.

mf



Little jumping Joan.

Moderato-con moto. *dim.* *acc.*

Here am I, lit - tle jump - ing Joan; When

no - bo - dy's with me, I'm al - ways a - lone.

f *fz* *p* *fz*



There was a Crooked Man.

Alliegretto moderato.

mf

There was a crook-ed man, and he went a crook-ed mile, He

mp

found a crook-ed sixpence up - on a crook-ed stile; He bought a crook-ed cat, which

crca.

crca.

caught a crook-ed mouse, And they all liv'd to - gether in a crook-ed lit-tle house.

f *dim.*

f *dim.*



Poor Dog Bright.

Allegretto moderato.

Poor Dog Bright, Ran off with all his might, Be -
 Poor Cat Fright, Ran off with all her might, Be -

- cause the Cat was af - ter him, Poor Dog Bright.
 - cause the Dog was af - ter her, Poor Cat Fright.



Humpy Dumpty.

Allegretto.

p

Hump - ty Dump - ty, sat on a wall, Hump - ty Dump - ty

p

cres.

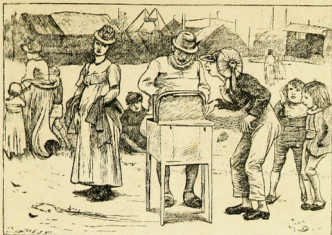
had a great fall; All the king's horses, and all the king's men,

cres.

p *cres.*

Could'n't put Hump - ty Dump - ty to - go - - ther a - gain.

p ten. *ten.* *fc* *fp*



Simple Simon.

Allegro moderato.

mf *ten.*

1. Sim - ple Si - mon met a pie-man Go - ing to the fair: Says
 2. Says the man to Sim - ple Si-mon, "Do you mean to pay?" Says

mf *ten.* *f*

Sim - ple Si - mon to the pie - man, "Let me taste your ware."
 Si - mon, "Yes, of course I do," And then he ran a - way!

f *f*



Sing a Song of Sixpence.

Allegretto.

mf

Sing a Song of Six-pence, A pack-et full of Rye;

mf

Four-and-twen-ty Blackbirds Bak'd in a Pie. When the Pie was o-pen'd, The

SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE.

Birds be-gan to sing; Was-nt that a dain-ty dish To eat be-fore a King?

SECOND VERSE.
The King was in the count-ing-house, Count-ing out his mo-ney; The

Queen was in the Por-lour, Eat-ing bread and ho-ney. The maid was in the gar-den,

Hanging out the clothes; There came a lit-tle Dick-y Bird, And popp'd up-on her nose!



The Nurse's Song.

Allegretto moderato.

1. Dance a ba - by, did - dy; What can Mammy do wid 'e? ..
 2. Smile, my ba - by bon - ny; What will time bring on 'e? ..

Sit in a lap, Give it some pap, And dance a ba - by did - dy...
 Sor-row and care, Frowns and grey hair; So smile, my ba - by bon - ny...

THE NURSES SONG.

THIRD VERSE.

m.p.

Laugh, my ba - by, beau - ty; . . . What will time do to ye?

cres.

Furrow your cheek, Wrinkle your neck; So laugh, my ba - by, beau - ty. . .

cres. f. p.

FOURTH VERSE.

m.p.

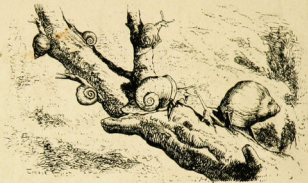
Dance, my ba - by, dear - y; . . . Mother will never be wea - ry. . .

p.

cres.

Fro - lie and play, Now while you may; So dance, my ba - by, dear - y. . .

cres. f. p.



Six little Snails.

Allegretto e marcato.

mf

Six lit - tle Snails Liv'd in a tree,

mf

John - ny threw a big stone, Down came three.

f



The King of France.

Allegretto moderato.
With decision.

The King of France, and four thousand
 men, Drew their swords, and put them up a - gain.



My Lady Wind.

Moderato e marcato.

mf

1. My la - dy wind, my la - dy wind, Went round a - bout the house to find A
 2. And then one night, when it was dark, She blew up such a ti - ny spark That

mf
tremolo.

think to get her foot in, her foot in; She tried the key-hole in the door, She
 all the house was pother'd, was po - ther'd: From it she rais'd up such a flame, As

arco.

assonato.

MY LADY WIND.

tried the cre-vice in the floor, And drove the chira-ney soot in, the soot in.
 Sam'd a-way to Helt-ing Lane, Aaa Waite Cross folks were smoot'er'd, were smo-ther'd.

cres.

THIRD VERSE.

And thus when once, my lit-tle dears, A whis-per reach-es itch-ing ears, The

mf

mf *tricholo.*

same will come, you'll find, you'll find; . . . Take my ad-vice, restrain the tongue, Re-

dim. *cres.*

astruato.

mem-ber what old Nurse has sung Of bu-sy la-dy wind, la-dy wind. . .

mf *colla voce.*

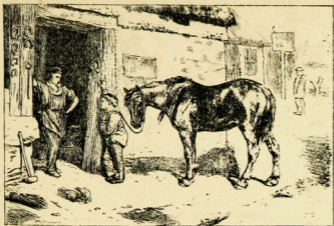
cres.



The Feast of Lanterns.

Allegretto e marcato.

Te - hing - a - ring - a - ring - te - hing, Feast of Lan - terns,
 What a lot of chop-sticks, bombs and gongs; Four-and-twen - ty thou - sand
 crink-um-crank-ums, All a - mong the bells and the ding - dongs.



Is John Smith within?

Andante con moto.
Tutto nell' worked. *mf*

Is John Smith within?—Yes, that he is. Can he set a shoe?—Ay, nor is two.

p *mf* *p* *f*

p e scherzo. *sf* *ten.* *fz* *ten.* *fz* *ten.*

Here a nail, there a nail, Tick tack, too, Here a nail, there a nail, Tick, tack, too.

p e scherzo. *ten.* *ten.*



When the snow is on the ground.

Andante non troppo.

When the snow is on the ground, Lit - tle

Ho - bin Red - breast grieves; For no ber - ries can be

WHEN THE SNOW IS ON THE GROUND.

poco cres.

found, And on the trees there are no leaves. The

poco cres.

cres. *fa*

air is cold, the worms are hid, For this poor bird what

p e sos. *cres.* *f:*

dim. *cres.*

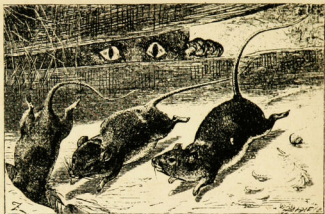
can be done? We'll strew him here some crumbs of bread, And

dim. *cres.*

p

then he'll live till the snow is gone.

p



Three little mice.

Allegretto scherzando.

cres.

Three lit-tle mice crept out to see What they could find to have for tea (For

p

Slower.

they were dain-ty, sau-ey mice, And lik'd to nib-ble something nice), But

cres.

p

THREE LITTLE MICE.

a tempo.

Pussy's eyes, so big and bright, Soon sent them scampering off in a fright.

fc p *poco rit.* *a tempo cres.* *f* *fc*

SECOND VERSE.

Three Tabby Cats went forth to mouse, And said, "Let's have a gay carouse." For

p

cres.

Slower.

they were handsome, ac-tive cats, And famed for catching mice and rats. But

cres. *p*

a tempo.

savage dogs, disposed to bite, These cats declined to encounter in fight.

fc p *poco rit.* *a tempo.* *cres.* *f* *fc*



Little Tommy Tucker.

Alliegretto.

mf
 Lit - tie Tom - my Tuck - er, Sing for your sup - per.

f
 What shall he sing for? White bread and but - ter. How can he cut it With -

p e staccato.

f
 - out a - ny knife? How can he mar - ry With - out a - ny wife?



The North wind doth blow.

Andante espressivo.

p *es.* *cres.* *mf*
 The North wind doth blow, And we shall have snow, And

p *es.* *cres.* *mf*

dim. *p* *cres.*
 What will poor Ro-bin do then? He'll sit in the barn, And

dim. *p* *cres.*

dim. *pp*
 keep him-self warm, And tuck his head un-der his wing, Poor thing!

pp



The Man in the Moon.

Moderato.

The Man in the Moon Came down too soon, And asked his way to

f e marcato.

Nor-wich; He went by the south, And burnt his mouth With eat-ing cold plum-porridge.



Taffy was a Welshman.

Allegretto.

mp Taf - fy was a Wel - sh - man, *f* Taf - fy was a thief,

mf *ten.*

mf **SECOND VERSE.** *mf*

Taf - fy came to my house, And stole a piece of beef. Then I went to his house,

mf

p *mf*

Taf - fy was from home, I return'd the fa - vor, And stole a mar - row bone.

p *ten.* *mf*



Hey, diddle diddle.

Allegro.

Hey, diddle diddle, The cat and the fiddle, The cow jump'd o-ver the moon; The

lit the dog laugh'd To see such sport, And the dish ran af-ter the spoon.



I love little Pussy.

Andante non troppo.
With tenderness.

p

I love lit - tle Pus - sy, her coat is so warm, And

p

if I don't hurt her, she'll do me no harm. I'll sit by the fire and

ten.

cre. give her some food, And Pus - sy will love me, be - cause I am good.

dim. e ritard.

fz fz p pp



The Old Man Clothed in Leather.

Moderato.

mf

One mist - y, moist - y morn - ing, When cloud - y was the

mf

wea - ther, O there I met an old man cloth - ed all in lea - ther.

f Cloth - ed all in lea - ther, With cap un - der his chin, O how d'yo do? and

mp *mf*

THE OLD MAN CLOTHED IN LEATHER.

mf SECOND VERSE.

how d'ye do? And how d'ye do, a - gain? I shook his hand at

part - ing, Tho' cloud - y was the wea - ther, This in - be - cile old "par - ty,"

Cloth - ed all in lea - ther, Cloth - ed all in lea - ther, With cap an - der his

mf chin: O fare - thee - well, and fare - thee - well, And fare - thee - well a - gain.



Curly Locks!

Andante.

Cur - ly locks! cur - ly 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 feast up - on straw-ber-ries, su - gar, and cream.

p e sostenuto.

fz

cre.



The Lazy Cat.

Allegretto.

mp

Pus - sy, where have you been to day? In the meadows a - sleep in the hay.

mp

cres.

Pus - sy, you are a la - zy Cat, If you have done no more than that.

cres.



Three Children Sliding.

Andante quasi allegretto.

mf

Three children sliding on the ice, All on a summer's

mf

tr. fl. *tr. fl.*

pposs. rit.

day, As it fell out they all fell in, The rest they run a-way.

pposs. rit.

THREE CHILDREN SLIDING.

SECOND VERSE.

mf

Now had these chil - dren been at home, Or slid - ing on dry

mf

ground. Ten thousand pounds to one pen - ny They had not all been drowned.

poco rit.

THIRD VERSE.

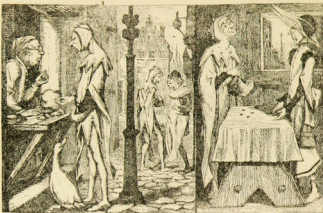
mf

You pa - rents all that chil - dren have, And you, too, that have

mf

none, If you would have them safe, abroad, I'd keep them safe at home.

poco rit.



The Jolly Toster.

Andante con moto.

Oh, my lit - the six - pence, my pret - ty lit - the six - pence.

I love six-pence bet-ter than my life; I spent a pen - ny of it, I

THE JOLLY TESTER.

lent an - o - ther, And I took four-pence home to my wife.

cres.

cres.

SECOND AND THIRD VERSES.

Oh my lit - tle four - pence, my pret - ty lit - tle four - pence,
Oh my lit - tle two - pence, my pret - ty lit - tle two - pence,

mp

mp

I love fourpence bet - ter than my life; I spent a pen - ny of it, I
I love twopence bet - ter than my life; I spent a pen - ny of it, I

mp

mp

lent an - o - ther, And I took two-pence home to my wife.
lent an - o - ther, And I took no - thing home to my wife

cres.

cres.

THE JOLLY TESTER

FOURTH VERSE.

mf

Oh, my lit - tle no - thing, my pret - ty lit - tle no - thing:

What will no - thing buy for my wife? I have no - thing,

cres.

I spend no - thing, I love no - thing bet - ter than my wife.

ff *molto ritard.*





Georgie Porgie.

Allegretto moderato.
sempre legato.

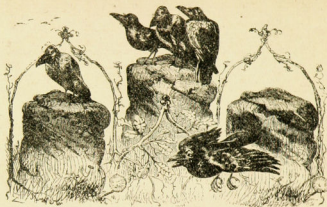
Geor-gie Por-gie, pud-ding and pie, Kiss'd the girls and made them cry ;

mp

When the girls came out to play, Geor-gie Por-gio ran a-way.

f *dim.*

f *dim.*



The Three Crows.

Allegretto.
Solo. (*ad lib.*)

Chorus.

Three Crows there were once who sat on a stone, Fal

mp e stacc. *f*

Solo.

la la la la la. . . . But two flew a-way, and

mp

THE THREE CROWS.

Chorus. Solo.

then there was one. Fal la la la la la. . . . The

o-ther Crow felt so ti-mid a-lose, Fal la la la la la. . . . That

Chorus.

he flew a-way, and then there was none. Fal la la la la la. . .





A Little Cock-sparrow.

Allegretto scherzando.

mf

A lit - tle cock spar - row sat

mp

on a green tree, And he chirrup'd and chirrup'd, so

poco lento.

nerry was he, But a naughty boy came with a

p

A LITTLE COCK SPARROW

a tempo lmo.
mf *fz* *dim.*
 small bow and arrow, De - ter-min'd to shoot this lit - tle cock spar-row.

SECOND VERSE.

mf
 "This lit-tle cock sparrow shall make me a stew," Said this naughty boy, "Yes, and a

poco lento. *p* *fz* *rit.* *a tempo lmo.*
 lit - tle pie, too." "Oh! no," said the sparrow, "I won't make a stew," So he

accel. *fz* *mp* *con moto.*
 flutter'd his wings and a - way he flew.



THE DEATH AND BURIAL OF COCK ROBIN.

(66)



The Death and Burial of Cock Robin.

Andante con moto.

mp Who kill'd Cock Ro - bin? *mf* "I," said the Spar-row; "With

mp *mf*

my bow and ar-row I kill'd Cock Ro-bin." Who saw him die?

f *p*

poco cres. *ritard.*

"I," said the Fly; "With my lit - tle eye I saw him die."

poco cres. *ritard.*

con moto. *dim.*

Who caught his blood? "I," said the Fish; "With my lit - tle dish

mf *dim.*

THE DEATH AND BURIAL OF COCK ROBIN.

mf e sos. *mp* *molto staccato.*

I caught his blood." Who'll make his shroud? "I," said the Bee-tle; "With

ritard.

my thread and nee-dle I'll make his shroud." Who'll bear the torch?

Allegretto.

"I," said the Lin-net, "Will come in a mi-nute; I'll bear the

mp marcato.

torch." Who'll be the clerk? "I," said the Lark,

THE DEATH AND BURIAL OF COCK ROBIN.

"I'll say A-men in the dark; I'll be the clerk."

Who'll dig his grave? "I," said the Owl; "With my spade and shovel"

I'll dig his grave. Who'll be the Par-son?

"I," said the Cook; "With my lit-tle book I'll be the Par-son."

THE DEATH AND BURIAL OF COCK ROBIN.

With tenderness. *poco cres.*

Who'll be chief mourn-er? "I," said the Dove; "I mourn for my love,

mp *cres.*

I'll be chief mourn-er." Who'll sing his dirge? "I," said the

mf. *p*

Thrush; "As I sing in a bush, I'll sing his dirge."

Bal. * *Pod.* * *Pod.* *

Allegretto moderato. *cres.*

Who'll car-ry his cof-fin? "I," said the Kite; "If it be in the

mp. Allegretto moderato. *cres.*

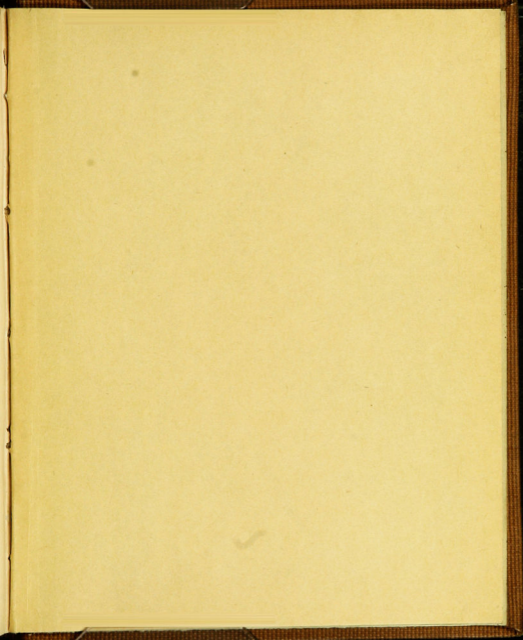
THE DEATH AND BURIAL OF COCK ROBIN.

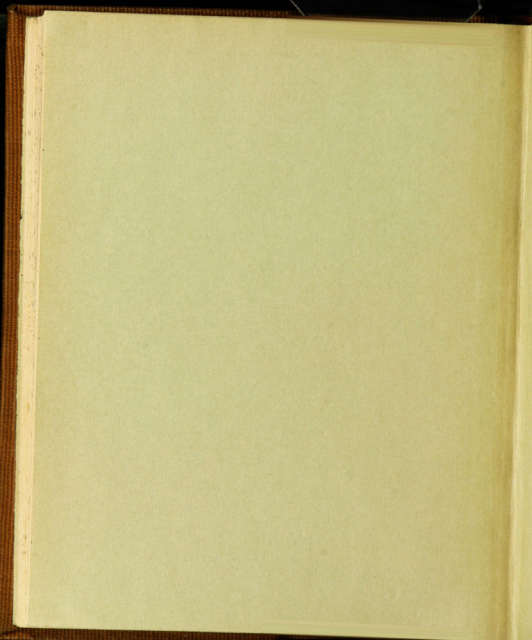
rallentando. *mf*
 night, I'll car-ry his cof - bu. Who'll tol. the bell?
marcato.
f *mp*

f poco rit.
 - 1," said the Bull; "Be-cause I can pull, I'll toll the bell."
cra. *f poco rit.*

Mourfully.
pp
 All the birds of the air Fell sigh-ing and sob-bing, When they
Andantino. pp e sos. *f* *f*

rit. *pp*
 heard the bell toll For poor Cock Ro - bin.
p *pp*





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