

MOTHER
GOOSE
MELODIES

LITTLE
TOMMY
TITLIMOUSE

Mother
Goose
Series.



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OLD KING COLE

MOTHER GOOSE
MELODIES.

LITTLE 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?
He's under the hay-cock, fast a-sleep.
Will you wake him? no, not I;
For if I do he'll be sure
to cry.



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.

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.



We are all in the dumps,
For diamonds are 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.

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.

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



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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;
'Tis not that a dainty dish,
Set before the king?

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

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

Doctor Foster went to
Gloster,
In a shower of rain ;
He stepped in a puddle,
up to his middle.
And never went there
again.



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

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 be'ny."



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

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.

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.

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.

Black within, and red without;
Four corners round about.

[A Chimney.]



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

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!



There was an Old Woman,
and what do you think?
She lived upon nothing but victuals and drink;
And though victuals and drink were the chief of her diet,
This little Old Woman could never be quiet.

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 mice did lead me such a life,
That I went to market, to get myself a wife.

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

Old father Grey Beard,
Without tooth or tongue;
If you'll give me your finger,
I'll give you my thumb.



There was an old man of Tobago,
 Who lived on rice, gruel, and sago,
 'Till, much to his bliss,
 His physician said this,

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.



To a leg, sir,
 of mutton
 you may go.



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.



Goosey, goosey, gander,
 Whither shall I wander?
 Up stairs, and down stairs,
 And in my lady's chamber.





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."

Addition is a botheration,
Subtraction is as bad ;
Multiplication is vexation,
Division makes me sad ;
The Rule of Three perplexes me,
And Practice drives me mad.

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

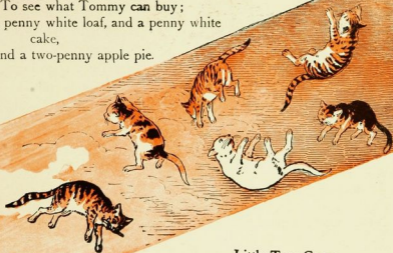
What care I how black I be,
All the lads come courting me;
Catch a man I surely shall—
I'm my mother's bouncing gal!

Hush-a-bye, baby,
On the tree top,
When the wind blows,
The cradle will rock ;
When the bough breaks,
The cradle will fall,
Down comes hush-a-bye,
Baby, and all.



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

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.



Little Tom Grace
Had a pain in his face,
So bad, he could not learn a letter;
When bold Dicky Strong,
Came singing along,
So odd, and so funny,
That poor little Tommy,
Soon found his face growing much better.

Wash the dishes,
Wipe the dishes,
Ring the bell for tea ;
Three good wishes,
Three good kisses,
I will give to thee.

Willy boy, Willy boy,
Where are you going ?
I will go with you, if I may,
Off to the meadows,
To see them mowing,
To see them mow the fragrant hay.



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.



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.



Barber, 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.



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

Rain, rain, go away,
Come again another day;
Little Johnny wants to play

When good king Arthur ruled his
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 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.

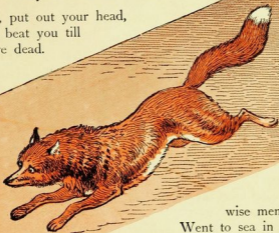
Solomon Grundy,
Born on a Monday,
Christened on Tuesday:
Married on Wednesday,
Took ill on Thursday,
Worse on Friday,
Died on Saturday,
Buried on Sunday:
This is the end of
Solomon Grundy.



He that would thrive
Must rise at five;
He that hath thriven
May lie till seven;
And he that by the plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive.

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.



Hush-a-bye, baby,
Daddy is near;
Mamma is a lady,
And that's very clear.

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

Three
wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl,
When much to their astonishment
The waves began to roll!
One looked aloft to Heaven,
While list'ning to an owl,
The others read about the stars,
The fish, and water fowl.
And if the bowl had stronger been,
My song had surely longer been,

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



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