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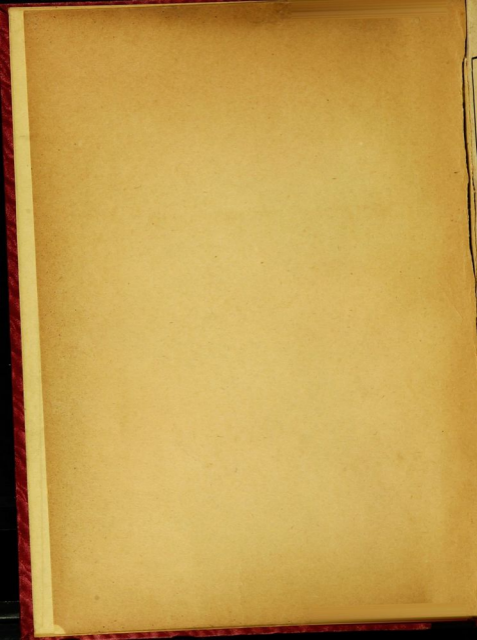
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Mother Goose

THE ORIGINAL

ROXBURY,

# MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODY,

AS FIRST ISSUED BY

JOHN NEWBERY, OF LONDON,

ABOUT A. D., 1760

Reproduced in *fac-simile* from the edition as reprinted by

ISAIAH THOMAS, OF WORCESTER, MASS.

ABOUT A. D., 1785,

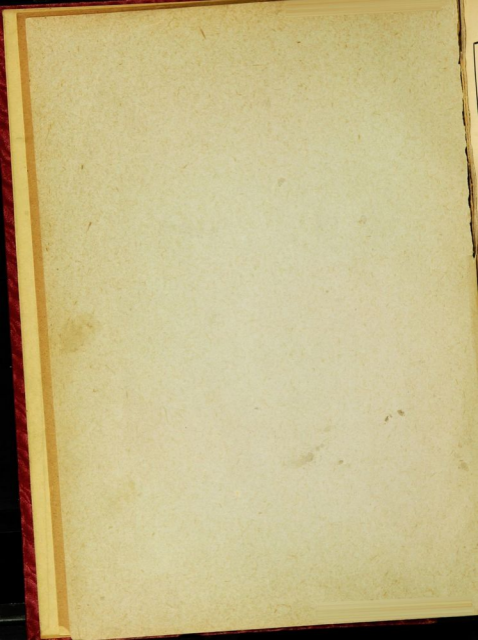
WITH INTRODUCTORY NOTES BY

WILLIAM H. WHITMORE.



ALBANY:  
JOEL MUNSELL'S SONS.  
1889.

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## P R E F A C E .

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### MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODY.

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**F**EW books in the English language have had so great and persistent circulation as the collection of Nursery Rhymes known as Mother Goose's Melody. In presenting a reprint of the earliest known edition, some bibliographical notes may be in place.

According to my present knowledge, I feel sure that the original name is merely a translation from the French ; that the collection was first made for and by John Newbery, of London, about A. D. 1760 ; and that the great popularity of the book is due to the Boston editions of Munroe & Francis, A. D. 1824-1860.

First, as to the name. Writing at the great disadvantage of locality, on this side of the Atlantic, in regard to English books, I can only say that I have found no early mention of Mother Goose as an English personage. She does not appear to be a character known before the seventeenth century ; and with due humility, I venture to suggest that such personifications of animals seem to be foreign to English modes.

\* \* \*

I desire to dismiss, entirely, the idea that Mother Goose was a name which originated in Boston, Mass. In 1870, the late William A. Wheeler edited for Hurd & Houghton a beautiful edition of these melodies, and then claimed to identify Mother Goose with Elizabeth Goose, widow of one Isaac Vergoose or Goose, and mother-in-law of Thomas Fleet, a well-known Boston printer, who came here in 1712, and died in 1758. He married in 1715, and is said to have printed, in 1719, the first collection of Mother Goose's Melodies.

It is true that Fleet's wife was of the Vergoose family, and that the name was often contracted to Goose. The rest of the story depends entirely upon

the unsupported statement made by the late John Fleet Eliot (a descendant of the printer), that in 1856 the late Edward A. Crowninshield, of Boston, said that he had seen a broadside of Fleet's edition in the library of the American Antiquarian Society. Repeated searches at Worcester have failed to bring to light this supposed copy, and no record of it appears on any catalogue there. No other copy has ever been discovered elsewhere, and it seems reasonable to suppose that Mr. Eliot misunderstood the remarks made to him.

Until such an example shall be found, it is useless to repeat this story, and I shall waste no more time upon it; referring the inquirer to the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register* for 1873, pp. 144 and 311, and the *Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society*, October, 1888, pp. 406-410. If there had been an edition printed in Boston in 1719, we can safely say that Benjamin Franklin would have had a copy. Yet in the recent reprints of his Prefaces, Proverbs and Poems, as contained in the Poor Richard Almanacs (see Knickerbocker Nuggets, New York, 1890), we find nothing that suggests a single one of these Melodies or any of the characters therein. It seems to be simply impossible, on reading Franklin's annotations in these Almanacs, to believe that he had ever read Mother Goose and yet refrained from quoting or imitating them. It is, moreover, a very doubtful point, whether in 1719 a Boston printer would have been allowed to publish such trivial rhymes. Boston children at that date were fed on Gospel food, and it seems extremely improbable that an edition could have been sold.

\* \* \*

But, on the other hand, the equivalent of Mother Goose is certainly of considerable antiquity in the French language. Its great popularity dates back to 1697, when Charles Perrault published the Nursery Tales entitled "Histoires ou Contes du Temps Passé, avec des Moralitez." On the frontispiece is an old woman spinning and telling tales to a man, a girl, a little boy and a cat. On a placard is written

"CONTES  
DE MA  
MERE  
LOYE."

These particulars I copy from the edition of Perrault, edited by Andrew Lang, Oxford, 1888, p. xxvii.

There seems to be no doubt that "Contes de ma mère l'Oye," or Tales of Mother Goose, was a popular synonym for fairy stories.

Lang (p. xxiv) says, "the term occurs in Lorez's *La Muse Historique* (lettre v, 11 Juin, 1650),

' Mais le cher motif de leur joye,  
Comme un conte de la Mère Oye,  
Se trouvant fabuleux et faux,  
Ils deviendront tous bien pénauts.' "

Deulin (p. 10) speaking of that period quotes a remark that "the tales of Mileus are so puerile that they are sufficiently honored by comparison with our tales of '*Peau d'Ane*' or '*Mère l'Oye*.'"

"*Peau d'Ane*" was then the typical story (with which infants were hushed to sleep), and such were indifferently styled by either name.

Other examples can be found, and some writers connect the legend of Mother Goose with Queen Goose-foot (Reine Pédauce), said to be the mother of Charlemagne. At all events it is as clear that she belongs to French folk-lore, as that she is not to be found in English tradition.

\* \* \*

Very strangely I am unable to state when Perrault's book was first translated into English. In the London *Athenæum*, for 1887, I note an inquiry for the English edition of 1719, but no copy was reported. Lang says (Perrault's Tales, p. xxxiv), "An English version, translated by Mr. Samber, printed for J. Pote, was advertised, Mr. Austin Dobson tells me, in the *Monthly Chronicle*, March 1729." In 1745 the Tales were printed at the Hague, with an English translation. (Ibid)

Samber's edition, of 1729, seems to be verified as probably the first, by the following fact: I have a copy of a book entitled "Tales of Passed Times, by Mother Goose, With Morals, written in French by M. Perrault, and Englished by R. S., Gent. To which is added a new one, viz.: The Discreet Princess. The Seventh Edition, Corrected, and Adorned with fine Cuts. New York: Printed for J. Rivington, Bookfeller and Stationer, No. 56 Pearl-street, 1795. 12 mo. pp. 227."

It contains the English and French versions on opposite pages, but the "fine cuts" are not to be seen. The translator, R. S., is undoubtedly Robert Samber, who is recorded in Allibone as translating a work from the French in 1719.

We may also presume that the reprint is from the seventh or sixth English

edition, as I know of no earlier American issues. Pp. 151-227 are covered by "The Discreet Princess," whereof the French title-page says, "Imprimé l'an MDCXCIV," and the English "Printed in the year MDCCCLIV." The French is dedicated to the Comtesse de Murat; the English, to the right honorable, the Lady Mary Montagu, daughter of John, Duke of Montagu. As this peer died in 1749, I suspect an error in the date of publication.\*

Until, however, more is known of the bibliography of this volume, I think we must accept the following facts as to the name: That Mother Goofe was a French character, originally, and that her Tales were first published in 1696 and 1697, by Perrault; that in 1729 their fame reached England, and they were translated by Robert Samber; when, for the first time, she was introduced to English readers.

\* \* \*

So much for Mother Goofe's prose "Tales," which comprised Little Red-Riding-Hood, The Fairy (the sisters who drop diamonds and toads, respectively, from their mouths), Blue-Beard, The Sleeping Beauty, Puffs in Boots, Cinderella, Riquet with the Tuft, and Little Thumb; eight stories in all.

We have now to consider her "Melody." Here we are brought at once to John Newbery, the famous publisher, of St. Paul's Churchyard, London, whose life, under the title of "A Bookfeller of the Last Century," has been charmingly told by Charles Welsh (London, Griffith, Farran, Okeden & Welsh, 1885). Newbery was the first English publisher to prepare little story-books for children, and his success is amply shown in the notices of his contemporaries and successors. In 1765 he published *The History of Little Goody Two-Shoes* (reprinted in fac simile by Charles Welsh, in 1882), a story very generally ascribed to Oliver Goldsmith. At all events Goldsmith was a constant writer for Newbery from 1762 to 1767, when the latter died; and some of this literary work was undoubtedly for the children's books.

\* Lang says, p. xxvi, "by some unexplained accident a story of Mademoiselle L'Héritier's '*L'Adroite Princesse*,' slipped into editions of Perrault's *Contes*, in 1722, if not earlier, and holds its place, even now." The author was Mlle. L'Héritier de Villandon, a relation of Perrault's." She printed her volume in 1696. Charles Deulin (*Les Contes de Ma Mère L'Oye, avant Perrault*, Paris, 1878), says, p. 35, that *Finette, ou l'Adroite Princesse*, was long attributed to Perrault, though now restored to the right owner; that it was dedicated to the Comtesse de Murat, and (p. 21) that it appeared in the same year as Perrault's "*La Belle au Bois Dormant*," which latter was printed first, in 1696, in Mooutjen's *Recueil*, vol. v, printed at The Hague.

It is a matter of doubt whether the real collector of these Tales was not Charles Perrault's son, and that the father merely revised them and added the poetry.

In Mr. Welsh's careful list of Newbery's publications, we find mention of "Mother Goofe's Tales." He says: "The seventh edition was printed May 16th, 1777, and between that date and March, 1779, Carnan & Newbery took 1710 out of the 3,000 copies printed by Collins, of Salisbury. It consisted of four-and-a-half sheets, long primer. Three thousand copies cost £ 18 13. 6. The eighth issued September 4, 1780."

It is impossible at present to learn when Newbery first issued the Tales, or whether the seven editions were those printed by him or were numbered from the first English issue. It is evident, however, that we have brought together the title, "Mother Goofe," and the publisher, Newbery.

\* \* \*

December 28, 1780, Thomas Carnan entered for copyright, "Mother Goofe's Melody, or, Sonnets for the Cradle, etc.," giving the full title as printed in the list in our American reprint. Carnan was the stepson of John Newbery, and succeeded to the business, in partnership with Francis Newbery, nephew of John. Francis died in 1780, but the firm continued some two years. Mr. Welsh kindly informs me that he thinks it probable that 1780, the date of the copyright, was not necessarily that of the first issue of the book, but rather that the copyright was taken out in connection with the winding-up of the copartnership, on Francis Newbery's death.

So far as we now know, no publisher, except Newbery, was using the title of "Mother Goofe," from 1760 to 1780; the prose Tales had evidently been a success; and, to quote Mr. Welsh's opinion, as that of a most competent judge, "it is quite in accordance with Newbery's practice to have utilized it for his Melodies for the Nursery."

If, as seems most probable, the first edition of "Mother Goofe's Melody" was issued prior to John Newbery's death, in 1767, there is an interesting question as to who prepared the collection for the press. The rhymes are avowedly the favorites of the nursery, but the preface and the foot-notes are an evident burlesque upon more pretentious works. The first and most natural conclusion is that we may trace therein the hand of Goldsmith, an opinion held by Mr. Welsh. The probability, or even possibility, of this idea, would give an added interest to this collection.

Forster, in his Life of Goldsmith, gives proof that Goldsmith was very fond of children and was familiar with nursery rhymes and games. Thus he writes (Vol. II, p. 71), that Miss Hawkins says: "I little thought what I should have to boast, when Goldsmith taught me to play *Jack and Jill*, by two bits of paper on his fingers."

But the most curious bit of evidence is the following from Vol. II, p. 122: January 29, 1768, Goldsmith's play of the "Good-natured Man" was produced. He went to dine with his friends after it. "Nay, to impress his friends still more forcibly with an idea of his magnanimity, he even sung his favorite song, which he never consented to sing but on special occasions, about *An old Woman tossed in a Blanket seventeen times as high as the Moon*, and was altogether very noisy and loud."

Our readers will find this identical "favorite song" in the preface to Newbery's "Mother Goose's Melody," p. 7, dragged in without any excuse, but evidently because it was familiar to the writer. This coincidence is certainly of some force.

Newbery and Carnan did not succeed in keeping a monopoly of these Rhymes. In the *American Antiquarian Society's Proceedings* for 1888, I found a statement that in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, there were two copies of Mother Goose, printed about A. D. 1700. I am informed by Mr. Allnut that this is entirely wrong. One copy is on paper which has the water mark of 1803, and the other has the imprint "London, Printed and Sold by John Marshall, No. 4, Aldermary Church-Yard, Bow-Lane, and No. 17 Queen Street, Cheapside. Price Three-Pence, Bound and Gilt."

This John Marshall, he adds, was a contemporary and rival of Carnan, and published children's books during the latter half of the 18th century and beginning of the present. "The contents are identical with yours, but some of the pieces toward the end are somewhat differently arranged. The cuts are very similar with the addition of a frontispiece representing a family group at lessons. There are 92 pages, followed by a list of children's books sold by John Marshall."

Not improbably it was some such piracy as this which made Carnan copyright his book in December, 1780, as already noted.

It may be mentioned here, however, that with the dissolution of the Newbery firm, and with the change in the taste for children's books, at the beginning of the present century, the English chain of evidence is broken, happily to be restored in this country, as will be shown. Mother Goose's Melodies are again to be found in English nurseries, but in some instances, at least, they are reprinted from American exemplars.

\* \* \*

In 1842 the late James O. Halliwell edited for the Percy Society, "The Nursery Rhymes of England, Collected principally from Oral Tradition." In his preface, he writes, "these traditional nonsense-scraps have come

down to us in such numbers, that in the short space of three years the editor of the present volume had collected considerably more than a thousand. A selection is here presented to the reader. . . . I may here also take the opportunity of stating, that it was originally my intention to have introduced, also, a collection of merriments, upon which many of these rhymes are founded, but the project was over-ruled by a gentleman who gave it as his opinion, that the Society would, by their publication, be involved in an awkward question of copyright. I was not previously aware that 'Goody-Two-Shoes,' and romances of this kind were regarded so jealously by the trade."

He adds: "I am in possession of a curious and clever satirical pamphlet, entitled, 'Infant Institutes,' 8vo, London, 1797, to which I am indebted for some interesting scraps."

Leaving Halliwell for the moment, with the remark that he does not mention Joseph Ritson's "Gammer Gurton's Garland," of 1810, I will take up the "Infant Institutes."

In *Notes and Queries* for June, 1875 (5th S. iii: 441), the late learned musician, Prof. Edward F. Rimbault, described an octavo pamphlet of 69 pages, entitled, "Infant Institutes, part the first, or, a Nurserical Essay on the Poetry, Lyric and Allegorical, of the Earliest Ages, &c. London: printed for and sold by F. & C. Rivingtons, St. Paul's Churchyard, 1797." It is ascribed to Rev. Baptist Noel Turner, M.A., rector of Denton, co. Linc, and of Wing, co. Rutland. Dr. Rimbault says: "The essay shows considerable learning, and was evidently intended to ridicule the Shakespearean commentators. It is now chiefly interesting, as giving us the *earliest printed* versions of some of our well-known nursery ditties. These rhymes were first collected by Ritson, in his *Gammer Gurton's Garland*, printed for R. Triphook, in 1810, and have since been reproduced by Halliwell and a host of imitators. None of these collectors, as far as I am aware, has referred to Mr. Turner's Essay." He then cites various Nursery Rhymes, and points out the variations in Ritson's copies.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1826, part ii, pp. 467-9, is an obituary of Rev. B. N. Turner, prepared in part from his own notes. It mentions various of his writings and states that "in 1791 he published a political satire called 'Infant Institutes,' 'fraught,' he observes, 'with matter so eccentric and laughable as might chance to arrest the attention and raise the spirit of the public.'" This disposes of any doubts as to the authorship of this collection of nursery rhymes.

It is a strange fact, however, that Ritson's "Garland" consists of four

parts; and his brief preface reads as follows: "Parts I and II were first collected and printed by a literary gentleman, deceased, who supposed he had preserved each piece according to its original edition; an opinion not easily refuted, if worth supporting. Parts III and IV are now first added."

As I have been unable to see a copy of the "Infant Institutes," I cannot say whether it is identical with Parts I and II of Ritson. If it be, the inference is that Ritson was misinformed as to the author, as Mr. Turner was a prominent clergyman and was alive, when Ritson wrote, dying May 18th, 1826, aged 86. If it be not, we have still to find a copy of the book on this subject "first collected and printed by a literary gentleman deceased," before 1810; and also to explain why Ritson knew nothing of the *Infant Institutes* of 1797.\* Very possibly the fact will be proved that prior to 1797, some "literary gentleman" had published the book which Ritson used, and that it served as the model for Turner to travesty as "a political satire."

At all events, here is one volume, if not two, treating on *Nursery Rhymes*, printed between Newbery's "Mother Goose's Melody," of 1780, and Ritson's "Gammer Gurton's Garland," of 1810. Whoever first printed Parts I and II of Ritson's "Garland," certainly absorbed therein almost the whole of Newbery's book; of course from a printed copy. This fact is indisputable, because Newbery's "Mother Goose" contains fifty-two *Nursery Rhymes*, and of these, thirty-seven are in Ritson, most of them in identical words, and several in the same consecutive order.

Ritson's collection is the following:

"GAMMER GURTON'S GARLAND: or, the *Nursery Parnassus*. A choice collection of pretty songs and verses, for the amusement of all little good children who can neither read nor run. London: printed for R. Triphook, 37 St. James's-street, by Harding & Wright, St. John's square, 1810." 12mo. pp. 46. It is divided into four parts, and contains many rhymes not in Newbery's book, but which have since been incorporated into "Mother Goose's Melody," as used for the last half century.

In 1842, Halliwell printed his collection, pp. 192, for the *Percy Society*. Although he does not mention Ritson's book, it is evident that he possessed and used it, as nearly all of Ritson is contained in his book. Halliwell, being a great collector and annotator of *Shakespearian literature*, enriched his work with some valuable notes. His book, being much larger than its predecessors, has been the store-house from which later editions of "Mother Goose" have been increased in size, often to the injury of their

\* Dr. Emswale must have read Ritson very carefully, as he cites two rhymes which, he says, are in the "Institutes," and not in Ritson. Yet both are in Ritson's Part III.



fitness. It is undoubtedly fair to abate somewhat Halliwell's claim that his rhymes were "collected principally from oral tradition," since he utilized three printed predecessors. It is very unfortunate, also, that he did not acknowledge the sources from which he copied, and devote a few pages to the bibliography of the subject.

In *Notes and Queries* for 20th January, 1877 (5th S., vii, 54), I note that the preface to a fifth edition of Halliwell is dated December, 1853; and that there was a sixth edition of 333 pages, printed for John Russell Smith, of London. In 1877 the copyright was owned by Frederick Warne & Co., and the book "has been incorporated with Mrs. Valentine's Nursery Rhymes, Tales and Jingles."

\* \* \*

We must now resume the history of Newbery's original "Mother Goose's Melody." The English editions have practically disappeared; at least Mr. Welsh writes that he has never been able to see an example of Newbery's print. But, fortunately, Isaiah Thomas, of Worcester, Mass., soon after the Revolution, took up the business of reprinting story books for children, and copied many of Newbery's favorite issues. A number of these are cited in the advertisement annexed to this "Melody." The most noted, perhaps, of all these Newbery books, was the *History of Little Goody Two-Shoes*. A reprint of this was issued by Mr. Welsh (London, 1882), a facsimile of the third edition of 1766. The best authorities attribute this little story to Goldsmith. In the Boston Public Library is a beautiful copy of Thomas's reprint, dated Worcester, 1787, which is a page-for-page reproduction, but probably from Newbery's first edition. The cuts are evidently done over, and imitate very well the originals; but towards the end of the book they vary in details from Mr. Welsh's example. There is no necessity, therefore, to presume that Thomas imported the cuts which had been used by Newbery. He did, indeed, slightly alter the publisher's personal notes, which Newbery was fond of inserting, substituting Worcester for London, etc.

In 1787 Thomas printed the following:

"The Juvenile Biographer; containing the Lives of little Masters and Misses; including a Variety of Good and Bad Characters. By a little Biographer. The first Worcester edition. Worcester (Massachusetts), printed by Isaiah Thomas, and sold at his Book Store. Sold, also, by E. Bettle, Boston. M. D. CC. LXXX VII." Pp. 119.

Annexed is the following very full list of other publications, including Mother Goofe's Melody :

The Brother's Gift.	The Travels of Robinfon Crusoe.
The Sister's Gift.	Hagar in the Desert (from the French).
The Father's Gift.	The Beauty and the Monster.
The Mother's Gift.	History of the Holy Jesus.
The Fairing.	Be Merry and Wife.
The Sugar-Plumb.	The Natural History of Four-footed Beasts. By Tommy Trip.
The History of Little Goody Two Shoes.	The Holy Bible abridged.
Tom Thumb's Exhibition.	The History of Little King Pippin.
Mother Goofe's Melody.	A Bag of Nuts. By Thomas Thumb.
Little Robin Red Breast.	Nurse Truelove's New Year's Gift.
Tom Thumb's Play-Book.	
The Little Puzzling Cap.	
The Big Puzzling Cap.	

I am informed by E. M. Barton, Esq., that in the American Antiquarian Society's Library there are copies of the "History of the Holy Jesus," "Nurse Truelove's New Year's Gift," and the "Entertaining Stories," all issued by Thomas in 1786, and all containing the advertisement of "Mother Goofe's Melody." We seem, therefore, justified in placing the first issue of this latter at *about* 1785.

By the kindness of Miss Caroline M. Hewins, of the Public Library, Hartford, Conn., I have a full copy of one of Thomas's most characteristic reprints, which I place here on account of the full and interesting list of his publications. The book is entitled, "The Picture Exhibition, containing the Original Drawings of eighteen Disciples. To which are added, Moral and Historical Explanations. Published under the Inspection of Mr. Peter Paul Rubens, Professor of Polite Arts. Printed at Worcester, Massachusetts, by Isaiah Thomas, and sold, Wholesale and Retail, at his Bookstore. M DCC LXXX VIII."

#### CONTENTS.

- No. 1. The Mousetrap, by Master Hayman.
2. A Battle Scene, by Master Broughton.
3. A Winter Piece, by Master Vandyke.
4. Rural Simplicity, by Miss Grignon.
5. The Taking of the Birds' Nest, by Master Avis.

- No. 6. The Idler, by Master Johnson.  
 7. The Shadowwit ; a Fancy Piece, by Master Zoffani.  
 8. The Waffing of the Lions at the Tower, by Master Green.  
 9. The Judgment of Arcopagus ; a Historical Piece ; by Master Clement.  
 10. The Creation of the World, by Master Adam.  
 11. A Dog, by Master Lane.  
 12. The Truant Player, by Master Thoughtful.  
 13. The Temple of Fame, by Master Ravenet.  
 14. The Hunting of the Cat, by Master Nimrod.  
 15. A Time Piece, by Miss Prudence.  
 16. The Lottery, by Master Rubens.  
 17. Leap Frog, by Mr. Godfery Kneller.  
 18. The Dreamer, a Fancy Piece, by Master Dormer.

The advertisement has no special value, but the annexed list of Thomas's publications is very full and interesting. I have numbered the titles for convenience in reference.

Books for Masters and Misses of all ages, which will make them wise and happy. Printed and sold by Isaiah Thomas, at his Bookstore in Worcester, Massachusetts, all ornamented with Cuts, and prettily bound.

The following are all price four Cents each, or four federal coppers, viz :

1. Nurse Truelove's Christmas Box.
2. The Father's Gift ; or, the Way to be wife.
3. The Brother's Gift ; or, the naughty Girl reformed.
4. The Sister's Gift ; or, the naughty Boy reformed.
5. The Little Puzzling Cap ; or, a Collection of pretty Riddles.
6. The Royal Alphabet ; or, Child's best Instructor ; to which is added the History of a little Boy found under a Haycock.
7. The Death and Burial of Cock Robbin ; with the tragic Death of A, Apple Pye.
8. The remarkable History of Tom Jones, a Foundling.
9. Tom Thumb's Folio ; or, a Three penny play Thing for Little Giants ; to which is added an Abstract of the Life of Mr. Thumb.
10. Entertaining Tales, for General Instruction.
11. Jacky Dandy's Delight ; or, the History of Birds and Beasts.
12. The renowned History of Giles Gingerbread, a little boy who lived on learning.

13. The History of Master Jackey and Miss Harriot; with Maxims for the Improvement of the Mind.
14. The Travels of Robinson Crusoe. Written by himself.  
[With many others of the same Size and Price.] Also,
15. Tom Thumb's Play Book, to teach children their Letters as soon as they can speak. Being a new and pleasant method to allure little ones in the first Principles of Learning. Price only two Pence.

The following are all price eight Cents each :

16. The Fairing; or, a golden Toy for Children of all Sizes and Denominations.
17. The Lilliputian Masquerade.
18. Virtue and Vice; or, the History of Charles Careful and Harry Heedless, showing the good Effects of continued Prudence.
19. Nurse Truelove's New Year's Gift, &c.
20. Hagar in the Desert. Translated from the French.
- 20.\* New Song Book.
21. A Little Lottery Book for Children: Containing a new method of playing them into a knowledge of Letters and Figures, &c.
22. History of the Holy Jesus. Containing a brief and plain Account of his Birth, Life, Death, Resurrection and Ascension into Heaven; and his coming again at the great and last Day of Judgment.

The following are to be sold at eight Pence each, viz :

23. The Mother's Gift; or a Present for all little children who want to be good. In two volumes.
24. The Royal Primer; or, an Easy Guide to the Art of Reading.
25. The big Puzzling Cap; or, a Collection of Riddles.
26. Mother Goose's Melody, or Sonnets for the Cradle; being a Collection of all the famous Songs of nurses, ornamented with numerous Cuts.
27. A Bag of Nuts, ready cracked; being a Collection of Fables, Riddles and Conundrums.
28. The Lottery Book; with Mr. C.'s Alphabet set to musick.
29. The Beauty and the Monstr. Translated from the French.

The following are sold at one Shilling each :

30. The Holy Bible abridged ; or, the History of the Old and New Testament. Illustrated with Notes and adorned with Cuts. For the Use of Children.
31. Little Robin Red Breast ; a Collection of pretty Songs, for Children, entirely new.
32. The History of little Goody Two-Shoes, otherwise called Mrs. Margery Twofoes. With the Means by which she acquired her learning and Wisdom ; and in consequence thereof her Estate.
33. The Sugar Plumb ; or, Sweet amusement for Leisure Hours ; Being an entertaining and instructive Collection of Stories, Embellished with curious Cuts.
34. Be Merry and Wife ; or, the Cream of Jest and the Marrow of Maxims.
35. The Juvenile Biographer ; containing the Lives of Little Masters and Misses : including a Variety of good and bad Characters.
36. A little pretty Pocket Book, intended for the Instruction of Master Tommy and Miss Polly, with Letters from Jack the Giant Killer ; to which is added a little Song Book, and Rules for Behaviour.
37. The Picture Exhibition, moral and historical, well calculated to improve the mind.
38. A pretty New Year's Gift ; or, Entertaining Histories for the Amusement and Instruction of young Gentlemen and Ladies in Winter Evenings. By Solomon Soberfides.
39. The natural History of four-footed Beasts. By Tommy Trip.
40. Master Columbus's Natural History of Birds and Beasts. In 2 vols.
41. Solomon Winlove's approved Collection of Entertaining Stories.
42. Vice in its Proper Shape ; or, the wonderful and melancholy Transformation of several naughty Masters and Misses into those contemptible Animals which they most resembled in Disposition. Printed for the Benefit of all good Boys and Girls.

The following are price 1s. 2d. each :

43. A poetical Description of Song Birds, with a Drawing of each ; interspersed with Songs, Fables and Tales.
44. The adventures of a Pincushion. Designed chiefly for the use of Young Ladies.

45. *Memoirs of a Peg Top.*  
 46. *The Holiday Present, containing Anecdotes of a worthy Family.*

The following are price 1s. 8d. each.

47. *The Remarkable and Surprising Adventures of David Simple; containing an account of his Travels through the cities of London and Westminster.*  
 48. *The Adventures of Roderick Random; containing the Remarkable Accidents which happened to him and his friend Strap, the Barber.*  
 49. *The History of Amelia; or, a Description of a Young Lady; who, from a great Fortune was reduced almost to Poverty; with an Account of her recovering it; for which *he* [*sic.*] was hanged.*  
 50. *The Adventures of Peregrine Pickle, &c.*  
 [With many others of the same Size and Price.]

Two specimens of Thomas's reprint of *Mother Goose's Melody*, each lacking the title page, have been preserved; and it is from one now owned by the present editor that the following pages are printed in fac-simile. It will be noted that the original consists of very small pages, four being placed on a page of our copy.

\* \* \*

It is impossible to say how long these *Melodies* were issued by Thomas; we only strike sure ground in the editions printed at Boston, for Munroe & Francis.

Edmund Munroe and David Francis, printers and bookfellers, began business in 1801. In 1822 and 1823 they kept at 4 Cornhill, which was the southerly corner of the present Washington and Water streets. From 1825 to 1840, their store is called 128 Washington street; after 1841 they were in Devonshire street, corner of Spring Lane.

The name of Cornhill was changed to Washington street in 1824, and although they remained in the same store, the designation was altered. They issued an edition of *Mother Goose*, which I am about to describe, and though undated, it describes them as at 128 Washington street. The very perfect copy now owned by Joseph W. Robbins, of Boston, has inscribed in it by his infant hand, "in the year 1827." We are thus assured that the issue was not earlier than 1824 nor later than 1827. So, again, on p. 115,

we find the early song of "See-faw sacradown, which is the way to Boston town," amended by the addition of these two lines:

"Boston town's changed into a city,  
But I've no room to change my ditty."

As we know, Boston was chartered in 1822.

The seventy cuts are there, and are very creditable to the artists. Bowen's name is signed to one, and his initials to several more. N. D., i. e. Nathaniel Dearborn, is on several, and one is signed, apparently, "Chiket's, &c.," Evidently, Munroe & Francis intended to do their best.

The last page is signed "Jemima Goofe," which is interesting, as evidence that no one then associated the book with Elizabeth Vertigoofe, the mother-in-law of John Fleet.

The book is about four and a half inches tall and three and a half inches wide; the type three and nine-sixteenths inches tall, two and seven-eighths inches wide.

It seems certain that the compiler of this edition had access to Newbery's original, or, more probably, to Thomas's reprint. On p. 44, the footnote is reprinted from one of these, almost *verbatim*: and no two independent writers would have so agreed. Again, on p. 80, Newbery's title is copied, "A logical song, or, the conjurer's reason for not getting money." Moreover, this song seems to be peculiar to Newbery, not being in *Gammer Gurton's Garland*. So, again, Munroe & Francis's book has the well-known quatrain, "Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way," which is in Newbery, in the second or Shakesperian portion. It is not in Ritson nor Halliwell. It is to be found in the "Winter's Tale," act iv, scene iii. It is curious to note that the second line in Shakespeare reads,

"And merrily *hent* the stile, a."

This verb "hent," being obsolete in the last century, is replaced here by "mend;" but later it is translated as "jump," which seems to be the meaning.

In fact an exact comparison shows that out of fifty-one titles in Newbery forty-eight are in the Boston edition. The three omitted are—

p. 23. There was an old woman.

p. 57. A long tailed pig.

p. 72. Piping hot.

All of which would be deservedly omitted now.

It is much more difficult to decide whence Munroe & Francis obtained the additions which so increased their book. A portion is evidently modern, as for example Sir Walter Scott's "Pibroch of Donnell Dhu," which appeared in 1816. But many of those melodies which are not in Newbery's book, and are in this, are to be found in Ritson; they are, beyond question, of considerable antiquity.

The outside cover of this book reads, on the front,

BOSTON:

PRINTED BY MUNROE & FRANCIS,  
128 WASHINGTON STREET.

Then comes the true title, as shown in *fac-simile* :

**Hooper Goose's Quarto :**

OR

**MELODIES COMPLETE.**

SOME OF WHICH

HAVE RECENTLY BEEN DISCOVERED AMONG THE  
MANUSCRIPTS IN HERCULANEUM,

AND OF COURSE HAVE NEVER BEFORE APPEARED IN PRINT

THE OTHERS

DILIGENTLY COMPARED WITH THE EMENDATIONS OF THE MOST

APPROVED ANNOTATORS,

THE TRUE READINGS RESTORED, AND CORRECTIONS EXPUNDED.

WITH COPIOUS ENGRAVINGS.

BOSTON :

PUBLISHED BY MUNROE AND FRANCIS,  
NO. 128 WASHINGTON STREET



Then follow 118 pages, and I give a *fac-simile* of the last page. The outside cover, rear, represents an old woman sitting in a chair, talking to a little boy and girl; under this cut, 128 Washington Street:

118 MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES

~~~~~  
 John O'Gudgeon was a wild man,  
 He whipt his children now and then,  
 When he whipt them he made them dance  
 Out of Ireland into Franco.

~~~~~  
 Little Jack Nory  
 Told me a story.  
 How he try'd cock-horse to ride,  
 Sword and scabbard by his side,  
 Saddle, leaden spurs, and switches,  
 His pocket tight with cents all bright,  
 Marbles, tops, counters, props,  
 Now he's put in jacket and breeches.

~~~~~  
 One-ery, you-ery, e-kery, haven,  
 Hollow-bone, tollow-bone, ten or eleven.  
 Spin. spin. must be done,  
 Hollow-bone, tollow bone, twenty-one.

JEMIMA GOOSE

As this edition, as will be shown, is substantially the same as that copyrighted in 1833, and is the parent of all later issues, I subjoin a table of contents. The pages cited in the left-hand margin are those of the edition of 1833. The items marked with a star are those found in Newbery's and Thomas's edition. Those marked C. have a wood-cut; in many cases the illustration takes the greater part of the page.

A few of the more interesting and peculiar rhymes are quoted in full. It should be added, that in this edition of Munroe & Francis, quite a number of verbal changes were made from Thomas's text; but it is needless to specify them:

| 1833 edition. |      | 1824 edition. |                                                                                                         | CONTENTS. MUNROE & FRANCIS EDITION, 1824. |
|---------------|------|---------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------|
| Page.         |      | Page.         |                                                                                                         |                                           |
| 3.            | 5.   | C.            | The north wind doth blow.                                                                               |                                           |
| 23.           | 6.   | a.            | Little boy blue, blow your horn.                                                                        |                                           |
| 20.           |      | b.            | In the month of sweet April. [Altered in 1833.]                                                         |                                           |
| 23.           |      | c.            | Shoe the horse and shoe the mare.                                                                       |                                           |
| 5.            | *7.  | C.            | Baa, baa, black sheep. [N. p. 59.]                                                                      |                                           |
|               | *8.  | a.            | This little pig went to market. [N. p. 54.]                                                             |                                           |
|               |      | b.            | Let us go to the wood fays this pig.                                                                    |                                           |
| 85.           | 9.   | C.            | I had a little husband no bigger than my thumb.                                                         |                                           |
| 23.           | 10.  | a.            | Cold and raw the north winds blow.                                                                      |                                           |
| 12.           |      | b.            | Bye, baby bunting.                                                                                      |                                           |
| 52.           |      | c.            | Hush-a-bye baby, lie still with thy daddy.                                                              |                                           |
| 10.           | *11. | C.            | a. When I was a little boy, I lived by myself. [N. p. 51.]                                              |                                           |
| 38.           | *    | b.            | Great A, little a, bouncing B. [N. p. 28.]                                                              |                                           |
| 58.           | *12. | C.            | a. "Ride a cock horse to Banbury cross.<br>To see what Tommy can buy." [N. p. 33.]                      |                                           |
| 52.           |      | b.            | Ride away, ride away, Johnny shall ride.                                                                |                                           |
| 11.           | 13.  | C.            | Sing, sing, what shall I sing?                                                                          |                                           |
| 72.           | *14. | C.            | Jack Sprat could eat no fat. [N. p. 43.]                                                                |                                           |
| 39.           | *15. | C.            | a. Tell tale tit. [N. p. 45.]                                                                           |                                           |
| 40.           | *    | b.            | Pease porridge hot. [N. p. 41.]                                                                         |                                           |
| 50.           | 16.  | a.            | Little King Boggan he built a fine hall.                                                                |                                           |
| 44.           |      | b.            | How many days has my baby to play.                                                                      |                                           |
| 62.           |      | c.            | Wash me and comb me.                                                                                    |                                           |
| 13.           | 17.  | C.            | [Cut here in white line Chicket's fc.] Cusby cow, bonny,<br>let down your milk.                         |                                           |
| 62.           | *18. | C.            | a. Three wife men of Gotham. [N. p. 21.]                                                                |                                           |
| 63.           |      | b.            | Harry come parry, when will you marry.                                                                  |                                           |
| 70.           | 19.  | C.            | Robert Barns, fellow fine.                                                                              |                                           |
| 44.           | *20. | a.            | Pat a cake, pat a cake, baker's man. [N. p. 49.]                                                        |                                           |
| 32.           |      | b.            | Ride a cock horse to Banbury cross,<br>To see an old woman jump on a black horse. [Altered in<br>1833.] |                                           |
| 59.           |      | c.            | How many miles to Babylon.                                                                              |                                           |
| 18.           | *21. | C.            | There was an old woman lived under a hill. [N. p. 24.]                                                  |                                           |
| 26.           | 22.  | C.            | [N. D.] Hark, hark, the dogs do bark.                                                                   |                                           |
| 9.            | 23.  | C.            | [AB.] The man in the moon came down too soon.                                                           |                                           |

*Contents, etc.—Continued.*

- | 1883<br>edition.<br>Page. | 1894<br>edition.<br>Page. |                                                                                                                                                                                                               |
|---------------------------|---------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 18.                       | *24.                      | a. Shoe the colt. [N. p. 30.]                                                                                                                                                                                 |
| 28.                       |                           | b. Lavender blue and Rosemary Green.                                                                                                                                                                          |
|                           |                           | c. Rain, rain, go away.                                                                                                                                                                                       |
| 34.                       | 25.                       | C. There was an old woman who lived in a shoe.                                                                                                                                                                |
| 24.                       | *26.                      | Hey, my kitten, my kitten. [N. p. 53.]                                                                                                                                                                        |
| 64.                       | 27.                       | C. I'll sing you a song, of the days that are long.                                                                                                                                                           |
| 28.                       | 28.                       | C. a. The lion and the unicorn.                                                                                                                                                                               |
| 35.                       |                           | b. Arthur O'Bower has broken his band.                                                                                                                                                                        |
| 51.                       | 29.                       | C. To bed, to bed, says Sleepy-Head.                                                                                                                                                                          |
|                           | 30.                       | C. Bless you, bless you, burnie-bee,<br>Tell me where my true love be. [10 lines, modern.]                                                                                                                    |
| 36.                       | *31.                      | C. Hush-a-bye, baby, upon the tree-top. [N. p. 39.]                                                                                                                                                           |
| 51.                       | 32.                       | a. Diglety diddledy, my mammy's maid.                                                                                                                                                                         |
| 41.                       | *                         | b. There was a man of our town. [N. p. 55.]                                                                                                                                                                   |
| 46.                       | *33.                      | C. Ding, dong, bell, Puffy cat's in the well. [N. p. 25.]                                                                                                                                                     |
| 29.                       | *34.                      | a. Little Johnnie Pringle had a little pig. [N. p. 15.]                                                                                                                                                       |
| 37.                       |                           | b. The rose is red, the violet blue.                                                                                                                                                                          |
|                           | 7.                        | 35. C. Sing a song of sixpence.                                                                                                                                                                               |
|                           | 36.                       | a. Continued.                                                                                                                                                                                                 |
|                           | 8.                        | b. Lady bird, lady bird, fly away home.                                                                                                                                                                       |
| 33.                       | *37.                      | C. a. Who comes here, a Grenadier. [N. p. 42.]                                                                                                                                                                |
| 25.                       |                           | b. "Kit and Kitterit and Kitterit's mother,<br>All went over the bridge together;<br>The bridge broke down, they all fell in,<br>'Good luck go with you,' says Tom Bolin."<br>Johnny shall have a new bonnet. |
| 32.                       | 38.                       | [Bowen, &c.] Bobby Shaftoe's gone to sea.                                                                                                                                                                     |
| 55.                       | 39.                       | C. [Bowen, &c.] Bobby Shaftoe's gone to sea.                                                                                                                                                                  |
| 35.                       | 40.                       | C. a. "Hey! rub-a-dub, ho! rub-a-dub, three maids in a tub,<br>And who do you think were there?<br>The butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker,<br>And all of them gone to the fair."                       |
| 15.                       | *                         | b. Alfred and Richard were two pretty men. [N. p. 60.]                                                                                                                                                        |
| 50.                       | 41.                       | C. a. Tom, Tom, the piper's son.                                                                                                                                                                              |
| 64.                       |                           | b. Jog on, jog on, the footpath way.<br>And merrily jump the style, a'. [N. p. 91.]                                                                                                                           |
|                           | *42.                      | a. Little Jack Horner. [N. p. 40.]                                                                                                                                                                            |

*Contents, etc.—Continued.*

- | 1833<br>edition.<br>Page. | 1834<br>edition.<br>Page. |                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |
|---------------------------|---------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 77.                       |                           | <i>b.</i> There was a piper had a cow.                                                                                                                                                                            |
| 53.                       | 43.                       | <i>C.</i> Pretty John Watts, We are troubled with rats.                                                                                                                                                           |
|                           | *44.                      | <i>a.</i> †High diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle. [N. p. 32.]                                                                                                                                                |
|                           |                           | † [FOOT NOTE.—“Surely it must have been a little dog, for a great dog would have been too wife to laugh at such nonsense.”]                                                                                       |
|                           |                           | <i>b.</i> Robin a bobbin, the big bellied hen.<br>[Same as cover.]                                                                                                                                                |
|                           |                           | 45. <i>C.</i> Little Miss Muffett.                                                                                                                                                                                |
| 15.                       | *46.                      | <i>C. a.</i> Round about, round about, Gooseberry Pie. [N. p. 36.]                                                                                                                                                |
| 73.                       | *                         | <i>b.</i> The fow came in with a faddle. [N. p. 63.]                                                                                                                                                              |
| 57.                       | *47.                      | <i>C.</i> Boys and girls come out to play. [N. p. 66.]                                                                                                                                                            |
|                           | 48.                       | <i>a.</i> Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers.<br><i>b.</i> As I went in the garden, I saw five brave maids.                                                                                             |
| 69.                       |                           | <i>c.</i> The girl in the lane, That could not speak plain.                                                                                                                                                       |
| 37.                       | 49.                       | <i>C. a.</i> There was an old woman and what do you think.<br><i>b.</i> “One-ery, you-ery, ekery, Ann,<br>Phillify, follyfy, Nicholas, John,<br>Quee-bee, quaw-bee, Irish Mary,<br>Stinkle-em, stankle-em, buck.” |
| 19.                       | *50.                      | <i>C.</i> There were two birds fat upon a stone. [N. p. 38.]                                                                                                                                                      |
| 74.                       | *51.                      | <i>C.</i> Little Johnny Tucker, Sing for your supper. [N. p. 26.]                                                                                                                                                 |
| 68.                       | 52.                       | <i>a.</i> “There was a little man, And he had a little gun,<br>And his bullets were made of lead;<br>He shot John Sprig, Through the middle of his wig,<br>And knocked it right off his head.”                    |
| 45.                       |                           | <i>b.</i> There was a man and he had naught.                                                                                                                                                                      |
| 59.                       | 53.                       | <i>C.</i> Jemmy Jed went into a shed.                                                                                                                                                                             |
| 56.                       | 54.                       | <i>C. a.</i> Puffy cat, puffy cat, where have you been.<br><i>b.</i> “Liar, liar, lickspit,<br>Turn about the candlestick;<br>What is good for liars<br>Brimstone and fires.”                                     |
|                           | 55.                       | <i>C.</i> “See-saw, down in my lap,<br>Up again on to her feet;<br>Little girl lost her white cap,<br>Blown away in the street.”                                                                                  |

*Contents, etc.—Continued.*

- | 1853<br>edition.<br>Page. | 1854<br>edition.<br>Page. |                                                                                                                                                             |
|---------------------------|---------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 60.                       | *56.                      | Trip upon trenchers (slightly altered). [N. p. 17.]                                                                                                         |
|                           | *57. C.                   | "Three children playing on the ice<br>All on a summer's day ;<br>As it fell out, they all fell in<br>The rest they ran away.                                |
|                           |                           | "Now had these children been at school,<br>Or playing on dry ground,<br>Ten thousand pounds to a fingle cent<br>They had not all been drowned." [N. p. 47.] |
| 4.                        | 58.                       | a. There was a mad man, And he had a mad wife.                                                                                                              |
| 27.                       |                           | b. Hogs in the garden, catch 'em Towser.                                                                                                                    |
| 30.                       | 59. C.                    | You owe me five shillings, say the bells of St. Helen's.                                                                                                    |
|                           | 60.                       | a. Continued [11 verses].                                                                                                                                   |
|                           | 65.                       | b. When I was a little he.                                                                                                                                  |
| 61.                       | 61. C.                    | a. What's the news of the day?                                                                                                                              |
|                           | 5.                        | b. "To market, to market, to buy a penny bun,<br>Home again, home again, market is done."                                                                   |
| 14.                       | 62.                       | a. There were two blind men went to see.                                                                                                                    |
| 38.                       |                           | b. The little black dog ran 'round the house.                                                                                                               |
|                           |                           | c. "[Wardrobe of the renowned Thomas Thumb, Esq., of<br>Thumb hall, Thumbshire.]"<br>An oaken leaf he had for his crown, etc.                               |
| 84.                       | 63.                       | "Tom, Tom, of Illington,<br>Married a wife on Sunday."                                                                                                      |
|                           | 8.                        | 64. a. One, two, buckle my shoe.                                                                                                                            |
| 26.                       |                           | b. Diddle, diddle, dumpling, my son John.                                                                                                                   |
| 44.                       | 65. C.                    | Puffy fits behind the log.                                                                                                                                  |
| 22.                       | 66.                       | a. There was an old woman toff up in a blanket.                                                                                                             |
| 76.                       |                           | b. Jacky, come give me thy fiddle.                                                                                                                          |
| 33.                       | 67. C.                    | Smiling girls, rofy boys.                                                                                                                                   |
|                           | 68.                       | Continued. [Modern.]                                                                                                                                        |
| 78.                       | 69. C.                    | Away pretty Robin. [Modern.]                                                                                                                                |
|                           | 70.                       | a. Continued.                                                                                                                                               |
| 14.                       |                           | b. Fa, fe, fi, fo, fum, I smell the blood of an Englishman.                                                                                                 |
|                           | 71. C.                    | Pretty bee, do not buzz about over the flower. [Modern.]                                                                                                    |
|                           | 72.                       | a. Continued.                                                                                                                                               |

*Contents, etc.—Continued.*

- | 1833<br>edition.<br>Page. | 1894<br>edition.<br>Page. |                                                                                                     |
|---------------------------|---------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
|                           |                           | <i>b.</i> The cuckoo's a bonny bird.                                                                |
| 55.                       | *73.                      | <i>C.</i> <i>a.</i> Bow, wow, wow. [N. p. 58.]                                                      |
| 46.                       |                           | <i>b.</i> Drunken Tom, with jacket blue.                                                            |
| 39.                       | *74.                      | <i>a.</i> Saturday night shall be my whole care.                                                    |
| 47.                       | *                         | <i>b.</i> I won't be my father's Jack. [N. p. 20.]                                                  |
| 70.                       |                           | <i>c.</i> "Hey, ding a ding, I heard a bird sing,<br>The parliament foldiers are gone to the King." |
| 87.                       | *75.                      | <i>C.</i> What care I how black I be. [N. p. 44.]                                                   |
| 81.                       | *76.                      | <i>a.</i> We're three brethren out of Spain. [N. p. 64.]                                            |
| 31.                       |                           | <i>b.</i> Once in my life I married a wife.                                                         |
|                           | 77.                       | <i>C.</i> When the snow is on the ground. [Modern.]                                                 |
| 88.                       | *78.                      | <i>a.</i> Here's A. B. C. [N. p. 70; altered in 1833.]                                              |
| 68.                       | *                         | <i>b.</i> There was an old man, And he had a calf. [N. p. 22.]                                      |
| 66.                       | *79.                      | <i>C.</i> Is Master Smith within? [N. p. 31.]                                                       |
| 74.                       | *80.                      | <i>a.</i> A logical song, or, the conjurer's reason for not getting<br>money. [N. p. 68.]           |
|                           |                           | <i>b.</i> An Indian giant's fishing tackle.                                                         |
| 47.                       | 81.                       | <i>C.</i> Bonny lafs, bonny lafs, will you be mine?                                                 |
| 81.                       | 82.                       | <i>a.</i> Mary, Mary, quite contrary.                                                               |
| 20.                       |                           | <i>b.</i> I'll tell you a story, About Mother Morey.                                                |
|                           |                           | <i>c.</i> Thirty days hath September.                                                               |
| 84.                       | *83.                      | <i>C.</i> <i>a.</i> One, two, three, four, five. [N. p. 46.]                                        |
| 88.                       |                           | <i>b.</i> Milkman, milkman, where have you been.                                                    |
|                           | 84.                       | <i>a.</i> When the twifter a twisting will twist him a twine.                                       |
| 84.                       | *                         | <i>b.</i> Cock a doodle doo, My dame has lost her shoe. [N.<br>p. 34.]                              |
| 42.                       | 85.                       | <i>C.</i> As I was going to fell my eggs.                                                           |
|                           | 86.                       | Cut "B."                                                                                            |
|                           | 87.                       | <i>a.</i> I had a little hobby-horse, And it was dapple-gray.                                       |
| 95.                       |                           | <i>b.</i> Go to bed, Tom.                                                                           |
| 91.                       | *                         | <i>c.</i> There were two black birds fitting on a hill. [N. p. 65.]                                 |
| 6.                        | 88.                       | <i>C.</i> <i>a.</i> Little Robin Redbreast fat upon a tree.                                         |
|                           |                           | <i>b.</i> Bless you, bless you, Burny bee,<br>Say, when will your wedding be? [4 lines.]            |
| 56.                       | 89.                       | <i>a.</i> Taffy was a Welchman.                                                                     |
| 21.                       |                           | <i>b.</i> One mifty, moisty morning.                                                                |
| 53.                       |                           | <i>c.</i> Shake a leg, wag a leg, when will you gang?                                               |

*Contents, etc.—Continued.*

| 1893<br>edition.<br>Page. | 1894<br>edition.<br>Page. |                                                                                                                           |
|---------------------------|---------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 6.                        | 90.                       | C. a. The man in the wildernews asked me.                                                                                 |
| 80.                       |                           | b. See-faw, Jack-a-daw.                                                                                                   |
| 71.                       | 91.                       | C. Pibroch of Donnell Dhu.                                                                                                |
|                           | 92.                       | Continued.                                                                                                                |
|                           | 93.                       | a. do.                                                                                                                    |
| 42.                       |                           | b. Old Miftrifs M'Shuttle.                                                                                                |
| 80.                       |                           | c. Rock-a-by, baby, thy cradle is green.                                                                                  |
| 89.                       | *94.                      | C. a. There was an old woman,<br>She fold puddings and pies. [N. p. 62.]                                                  |
| 66.                       |                           | b. Charley loves good cake and ale.                                                                                       |
| 92.                       | 95.                       | C. Willy boy, Willy boy, where are you going?                                                                             |
| 75.                       | *96.                      | C. a. Hickory, diccory, dock. [N. p. 73.]                                                                                 |
| 11.                       |                           | b. When I was a little boy, I washed my mammy's dishes.                                                                   |
| 87.                       | *97.                      | C. See, faw, Margery Daw. [N. p. 27.]                                                                                     |
|                           | *98.                      | a. When I was a little boy, I had but little wit. [N. p. 50.]                                                             |
| 85.                       |                           | b. As I was going to St. Ives.                                                                                            |
| 20.                       | 99.                       | C. Sweep, sweep, chimney sweep.                                                                                           |
| 67.                       | 100.                      | C. a. Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater.                                                                                        |
| 86.                       | *                         | b. Crofs patch draw the latch. [N. p. 19.]                                                                                |
| 69.                       | 101.                      | C. Goofey, goofey, gander.                                                                                                |
| 58.                       | 102.                      | C. a. Ride a cock-horse to Banbury crofs,<br>To buy little Johnny a galloping horse.                                      |
|                           |                           | b. "One-erzol, zu-erzol, zig-erzol zan,<br>Bob tail, vinegar, little tall Tan,<br>Harum scarum, Virgin Marum, blindfold." |
| 82.                       | 103.                      | C. When I was a little boy my mother kept me in.                                                                          |
| 16.                       | 103.                      | We will go to the wood, fays Richard to Robin.                                                                            |
|                           | 104.                      | Continued.                                                                                                                |
|                           |                           | [The pagination wrong in this form.]                                                                                      |
| 48.                       | 106.                      | London bridge is broken down.                                                                                             |
|                           | 107.                      | do.                                                                                                                       |
|                           | 108.                      | a. do.                                                                                                                    |
| 34.                       |                           | b. Hey, ding-a-ding, what shall I sing?                                                                                   |
| 78.                       | 109.                      | C. a. Handy-spandy, Jacky Dandy.                                                                                          |
| 65.                       |                           | b. I had a little doll, the prettiest ever seen.                                                                          |
|                           | 110.                      | a. Fee, fau, foe, fum. [See p. 70.]                                                                                       |
| 68.                       | *                         | b. Jack and Jill went up the hill. [N. p. 37.]                                                                            |

|                  |                  |
|------------------|------------------|
| 1833<br>edition. | 1824<br>edition. |
| Page.            | Page.            |

*Contents, etc.—Continued.*

20. c. Nofe, nofe, jolly red nofe.
63. 111. C. Up in a green orchard there is a green tree.  
 \*112. There was a little man, and he wooed a little maid.  
 113. do.  
 114. do. (Altered.) [N. p. 11.]
8. 115. C. a. Snail, fnail, come out of your hole.  
 64. \* b. "Sec, faw, facradown, facradown,  
 Which is the way to Bofton town?  
 One foot up the other foot down,  
 That is the way to Bofton town.  
 Bofton town's chang'd into a city,  
 But I've no time to change my ditty." [N. p. 29]
52. 116. a. Little lad, little lad, where waft thou born?
89. b. A cow and a calf.
61. \* c. There was an old man in a velvet coat. [N. p. 35.]
40. 117. a. Dear fenfibility, O la!
36. b. Daffy down dilly is new come to town.
67. 118. a. John O'Gudgeon was a wild man.
91. b. Little Jack Nory, told me a ftory.
118. c. One-ery, you-ery, ekery, haven,  
 Hollow-bone, tollow-bone, ten or eleven,  
 Spin, ſpun, muft be done,  
 Hollow-bone, tollow-bone, twenty-one."

JEMIMA GOOSE.

---

In 1833 Munroe & Francis iffued a new edition, for which they fecured copyright. As will be feen by the table of contents juft given, nearly all the rhymes of the firft iffue were retained in this, but the order was entirely altered. The additions are very few and trifling, excepting the following three:

"'Twas once upon a time, when Jenny Wren was young."

"As I was going to Derby, upon a market day."

"When good King Arthur ruled the land."



The title is as follows, the covers bearing a cut of a woman with a goose's head, etc. :

MOTHER GOOSE'S  
**M E L O D I E S.**  
**The only Pure Edition.**  
CONTAINING  
**ALL THAT HAVE EVER COME TO LIGHT OF HER**  
**MEMORABLE WRITINGS,**  
TOGETHER  
**WITH THOSE WHICH HAVE BEEN DISCOVERED AMONG THE MSS. OF**  
**HERCULANEUM:**  
Likewise  
**EVERY ONE RECENTLY FOUND IN THE SAME STONE BOX**  
**WHICH HOLD THE GOLDEN PLATES OF THE BOOK OF MORMON.**

---

THE WHOLE  
 COMPARED, REVISED, AND SANCTIONED,  
BY ONE OF  
 THE ANNOTATORS OF THE GOOSE FAMILY.

---

WITH MANY NEW ENGRAVINGS.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1833, by **HOWARD & FRANCIS,** }  
in the Clerk's office, of the District Court of Massachusetts.

---

New York and Boston :  
**C. S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY.**

Ninety-six pages, beginning on p. 3. Page 1 is title, p. 2 is an address

to the readers. The pages are  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in. wide by  $4\frac{1}{2}$  in. high, and have a ruled border. The last page is here given in *facsimile* :

GOOSE'S QUARTO

WITH SEVENTY ENGRAVINGS.

96

ADVERTISEMENT.

My young friends, when you have read the Verses  
in this Book, I recommend that you  
purchase my new volume of

**CHIMES, RHYMES & JINGLES,**

WHICH CONTAINS THE REMAINDER OF

**MOTHER GOOSE'S SONGS :**

BESIDES SOME NEW STORIES, SUCH AS FOLLOW —

' THE KID THAT WOULDN'T GO. '

' BITTERY TITTELY, WHO WENT UP CHIMNEY. '

' THE DEATH OF LITTLE JENNY WREN, AND WHAT THE  
DOCTORS SAID ABOUT HER. '

' THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT. '

&c. &c. &c.

*Illustrated with new and beautiful Pictures.*

Although I have not seen this book, I presume that it was printed, and may yet be found.

In 1860 a new copyright was obtained by James Miller, 647 Broadway, New York, successor to C. I. Francis & Co., but the changes are not very great from the Boston edition.

I believe that this particular edition is no longer in print, and the rival

issues of McLoughlin Bros., of New York, and others, seem to hold the market.

A friend in Boston, possesses a copy, given him in 1843, of a different collection. It is entitled, "Mother Goose's Quarto, or, Nursery Melodies, embellished with two hundred engravings. New York: Published by Edward Dunigan, 151 Fulton Street." No date, 94 pages, not numbered.

Among curiosities I would class an edition copyrighted in 1848, by George S. Appleton, of Philadelphia, styled "Mother Goose in Hieroglyphics;" and one issued by George Routledge & Sons, New York, illustrated by Kate Greenway, "as originally engraved and printed by Edmund Evans." What this last phrase means I do not know.

English publishers, also, now send forth enormous editions, and this little book seems to promise to reach wherever babies are taught the English language.

\* \* \*

As to the merits of Newbery's collection, little need be said. Most of the rhymes thus brought together are still in vogue; two or three are coarse or trivial, and are unworthy of continuance. In Ritson I find many added which are now favorites, and Halliwell has a few. It has been abundantly pointed out, especially by Halliwell, that some of these rhymes were in use in Shakespeare's time and even earlier.

"The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts," four long stanzas, is quoted in *Notes and Queries*, 3d S., viii, 133, from the *European Magazine*, 1782, vol. i, p. 252. Again in *Notes and Queries*, 5th S., v, 366, Dr. Rimbault writes:

"In a song entitled 'The London Medley,' printed in *The Aviary*, 1744, the following are quoted:

'Colly, my cow.'

'Tom Farthing.'

'Old Obadiah sings Ave Maria.'

'Sing, lullaby, baby, on the tree top.'

'An old woman and her cat sat by the fire.'

'There was an old woman fold puddings and pies.'"

In "The Fashionable Lady, or, Harlequin's Opera," 1730, mention is made of "London bridge is broken down;" and in "The Grub Street Opera," 1731, the finale is directed to be sung to the tune of "Little Jack Horner."

In *Notes and Queries*, 4th S., vii, 386, it is stated that in *Grafton's Chronicle*, dated 1570, is the following :

"Thirty days hath November,  
April, June and September,  
February hath twenty-eight alone  
And all the rest have thirty-one."

In *Winder's Almanac*, for 1636, printed at Cambridge, is this version :

"April, June and September  
Thirty days have, as November;  
Each month else doth never vary  
From thirty-one, save February,  
Which twenty-eight doth still confine  
Save on leap-year, then twenty-nine."

This rhyme, although not to be found in *Mother Goose*, is so universally taught to children, that I hope its introduction here is excusable.

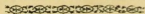
As to what should constitute a standard edition of *Mother Goose*, I venture to make a closing suggestion.

Corruptions of the text have crept into many of the late editions, and modern imitations have been foisted in too often. It is to be hoped that hereafter these objectionable features will disappear, and that future generations of babies will be carefully soothed only by such verses as have been duly approved by their predecessors, and handed down, not simply by oral transmission, but by the safeguard of an immaculate text.

As a contribution to this end, I would suggest that the standard text should consist of Newbery's book (omitting the rhymes on pp. 11-14, 15, 16, 62 and 68), and such additions from Ritson and Halliwell as bear internal evidence of antiquity, and are true "Nursery Rhymes." Many of those which are wanting in Newbery's first collection, have since been added, and have become so endeared to later generations, that their omission would be unjustifiable. But for the nursery use, a wise discrimination should be shown, and many rhymes rejected which are old, indeed, but unsuitable.

That such a text may be prepared, and that this attempt to trace the literary history of a most remarkable volume, may be of service therefor, is the sincere wish of the present editor.

W. H. W.

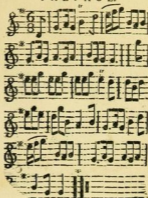


## P R E F A C E.

By a very GREAT WRITER OF  
very LITTLE BOOKS.

MUCH might be said in favour of this collection, but as we have no room for critical disquisitions we shall only observe to our readers, that the custom of singing these songs and lullabies to children is of great antiquity: It is even as old as the time of the ancient *Druids*. *Charactacus*, King of the *Britons*, was rocked in his Cradle in the *Ile of Mona*, now called *Anglesea*, and tuned to sleep by some of these soporiferous sonnets. As the best things, however, may be made an ill use of, so this kind of compositions has been employed in a satirical manner of which we have a remarkable instance so far back as the reign of king Henry the fifth. When that great monarch

## P R E F A C E.



## P R E F A C E. vii

turned his arms against *France*, he composed the preceding march to lead his troops to Battle, well knowing that music had often the power of inspiring courage, especially in the minds of good men. Of this his enemies took advantage, and, as our happy nation, even at that time, was never without a faction, some of the malcontents adopted the following words to the king's own march, in order to ridicule his majesty, and to shew the folly and impossibility of his undertaking.

There was an old woman tof'd in a blanket,  
Seventeen times as high as the moon;  
But where she was going no mortal could tell,  
For under her arm she carried a beam.  
Old woman, old woman, old woman, said I  
Whither, ah whither, ah whither is't high?  
To sweep the cobwebs from the sky,  
And I'll be with you by and by.

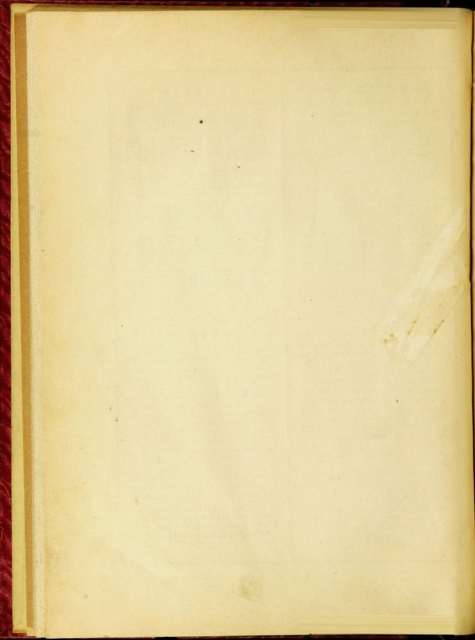
Here

## viii P R E F A C E.

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

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

All



P R E F A C E. ix

All Princes and potentates under the sun,  
Through fear into corners and holes away run  
While no dangers nor dread his swift progress  
retards,

For he deals about kingdoms as we do our cards.

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

We cannot conclude without observing, the great probability there is that the custom of making *Non-sense Verses* in our schools was bor-

x P R E F A G E.

rowed from this practice among the old *British* nurles; they have, indeed, been always the first preceptors of the youth of this kingdom, and from them the rudiments of taste and learning are naturally derived. Let none therefore speak irreverently of this ancient maternity, as they may be considered as the great grand-mothers of science and knowledge.



Mother GOOSE's Melody.



A LOVE SONG

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

II. Then

12 Mother GOOSE's Melody.

II.

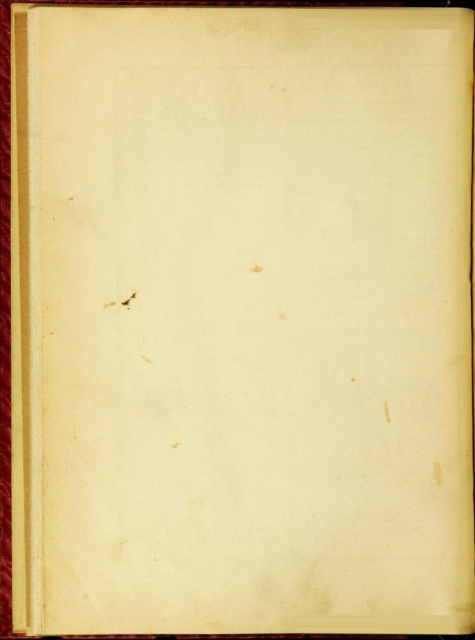
Then replied the little Maid,  
Little Sir, you've little said  
To induce a little Maid for to wed,  
wed, wed;  
You must say a little more,  
And produce a little Ore,  
E'er I make a little Prnt in your  
Bed, Bed, Bed.

III.

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

IV.

Then the little Maid reply'd,  
Should I be your little Bride,





Mother GOOSE's Melody. 13

Pray what muſt we have for to eat,  
eat, eat ?

Will the Flame that you're ſo rich in  
Light a Fire in the Kitchen,  
Or the little God of Love turn the  
Spit, Spit, Spit ?

V.

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

He who borrows is another Man's  
Slave, and pawns his Honour, his Liberty,  
and ſometimes his Neſe for the payment.  
Learn to live on a little, and be  
independent.

Patk on Frudence,

VI. Thou

14 Mother GOOSE's Melody.

VI.

Then the little Man ſo gent,  
Made the little Maid relent,  
And for her little Heart a think-king  
king, king,  
Tho' his Offers were but ſmall,  
She took his little All,  
She could have but the Cat and her  
Skin, Skin, Skin.



Mother GOOSE's Melody. 15



A DIRGE.

**L**ITTLE Betty Winckle ſhe had a  
Pig,

It was a little Pig not very big ;  
When he was alive he liv'd in Clover,

But now he's dead, and that's all  
Johnny Winckle, he [over ;

Sate down and cry'd,  
Betty Winckle ſhe

Laid down and dy'd ;  
So there was an End of one, two,  
and three,

Johnny

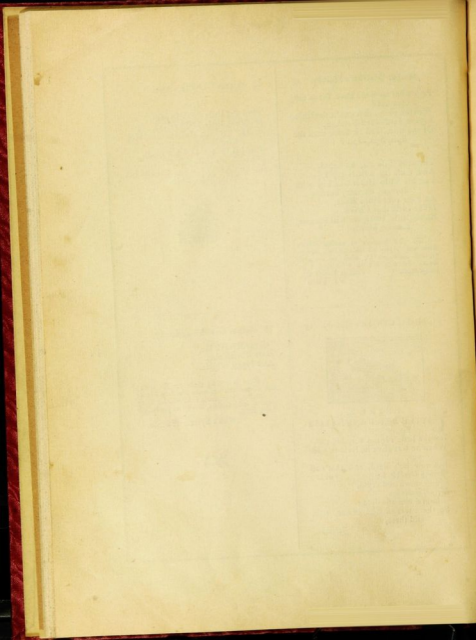
16 Mother GOOSE's Melody.

Johnny Winckle He,  
Betty Winckle She,  
And Piggy Wiggle.

A Dirge is a Song made for the Dead ;  
but whether this was made for Betty Winckle  
or her Pig, is uncertain ; no Notice being  
taken of it by Camden, or any of the famous  
Antiquarians.

Wall's System of Senſe.







A melancholy SONG.

**T**RIP upon Trenchers,  
 And dance upon Dishes,  
 My mother sent me for some Bawn,  
 some Bawn :  
 She bid me tread lightly,  
 And come again quickly,  
 For fear the young Men should do  
 me some Harm.  
 Yet didn't you see,  
 Yet didn't you see, [on me  
 What naughty tricks they put up  
 B They

They broke my Pitcher,  
 And spilt the Water,  
 And huffed my Mother,  
 And chid her Daughter,  
 And kiss'd my Sister instead of me.

What a Succession of misfortunes befel this  
 poor Girl! But the last Circumstance was the  
 most affecting, and might have proved fatal.  
*Wynlow's View of Bath.*

†  
 † † †  
 † † † †



**C**Ross Patch draw the Latch,  
 Set by the Fire and spin ;  
 Take a cup and drink it up,  
 Then call your Neighbours in,

A common Cafe this, to call in our Neigh-  
 bours to rejoice when all the good Liquor is  
 gone. *Parry.*

AMPHION'S

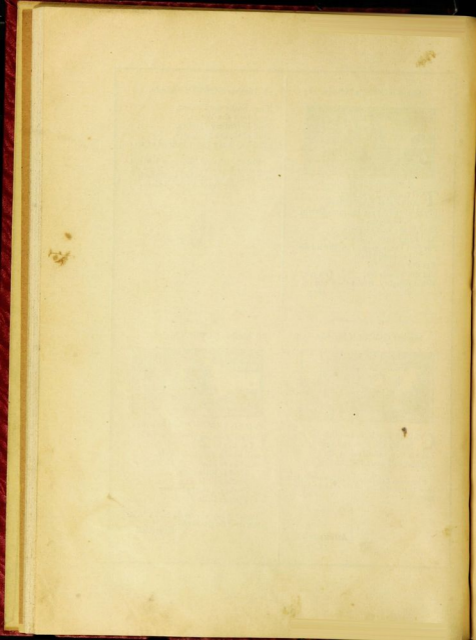


AMPHION'S SONG of EURYDICE.

**I**WON'T be my Father's Jack,  
 I won't be my Father's Gill,  
 I will be the Fiddler's Wife,  
 And have Musick when I will.  
 T'other little tune,  
 T'other little Tune,  
 Prithee, Love, play me  
 T'other little Tune.

Maxim. Those are the most valuable  
 which are of the greatest use.

THREE



Mother GOOSE's Melody. 21



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

It is long enough. Never lament the Loss  
of what is not worth having. *Bye.*

THERE

22 Mother GOOSE's Melody.



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

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

THERE

Mother GOOSE's Melody. 23



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

The only Instance of a Miller refusing Toll,  
and for which the Cat has just Cause of Com-  
plaint against him: Look upon *Liv'd*.

THERE

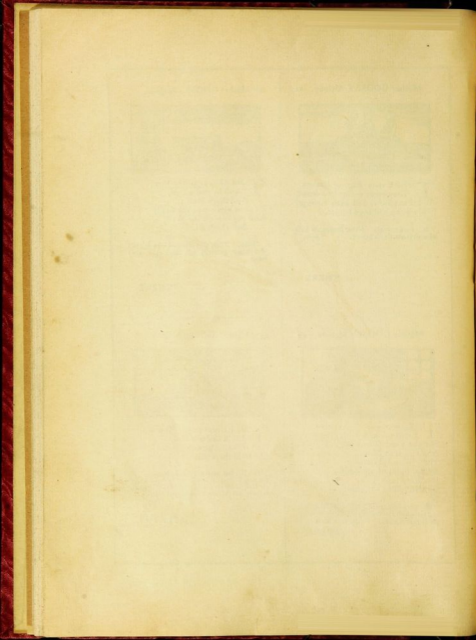
24 Mother GOOSE's Melody.



**T**HERE was an old Woman  
Liv'd under a Hill,  
And if she isn't gone  
She lives there still.

This is a self evident Proposition, which is  
the very Essence of Truth. *She liv'd under  
the Hill, and if she is not gone she lives there still.*  
Nobody will presume to contradict this.  
*Cause.*

PLATO'S





PLATO'S SONG.

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

Maxim. *He that injures one threatens an Hundred.*

LITTLE



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

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

*Psalmist's*  
SE



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

It is a mean and scandalous Practice in Authors to put Notes to Things that deserve no Notice.

*Grotius,*

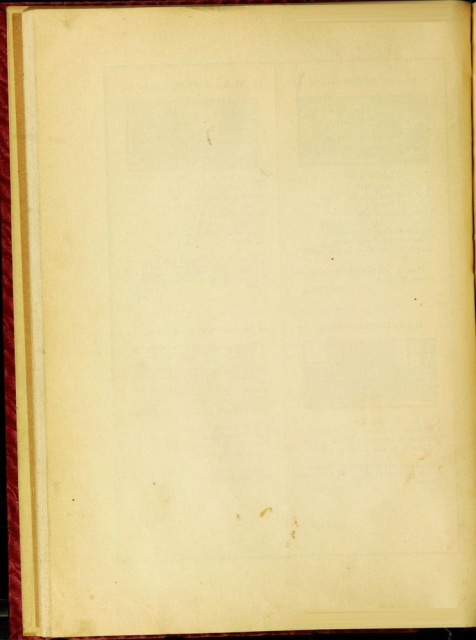
GREAT



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

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

SE





Mother GOOSE's Melody. 29



**S**E law, facaradown,  
Which is the Way to *Boston*  
Town?  
One Foot up the other Foot down,  
That is the Way to *Boston* Town.

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

*Wicksteed.*

SHOE

30 Mother GOOSE's Melody.



**S**HOE the Colt,  
Shoe the Colt,  
Shoe the wild Mare;  
Here a nail,  
There a Nail,  
Yet the goe bare.

Ay, ay, drive the Nail when it will go:  
That's the Way of the World, and is the  
Method purfurd by all our Firemen, Poli-  
ticians, and Necromancers.

*Vattel.*

IS

Mother GOOSE's Melody. 31



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

*Martin.* Knowledge is a Treasure, but  
Practise is the Key to it.

HIGH

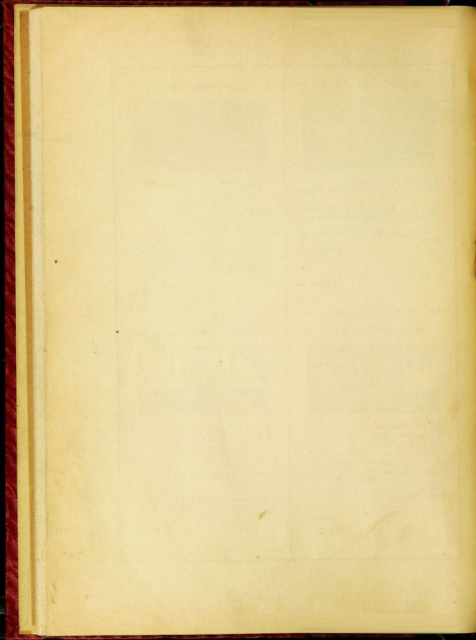
32 Mother GOOSE's Melody.



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

It muft be a little Dog that laugh'd, for a  
great Dog would be fhamed to laugh at fuch  
Nonsense.

RIDE



Mother GOOSE's Melody. 33



**R**IDE a Cock Horfe  
To Banbury Crofs,  
To see what *Towny* can buy;  
A Penny white Loaf,  
A penny white Cake,  
And a Two penny Apple Pye.

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

C COCK

34 Mother GOOSE's Melody.



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

The Cock crows us up early in the Morn-  
ing, that we may work for our Bread, and not  
live upon Charity or upon Truſt; for he who  
lives upon Charity ſhall be after diſtreſs, and  
he that lives upon Truſt ſhall pay double.

THERE

Mother GOOSE's Melody. 35



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

*Maxim.*

If the Coat be ever ſo fine that a Fool  
wears, it is till but a Fool's Coat.

ROUND

36 Mother GOOSE's Melody.

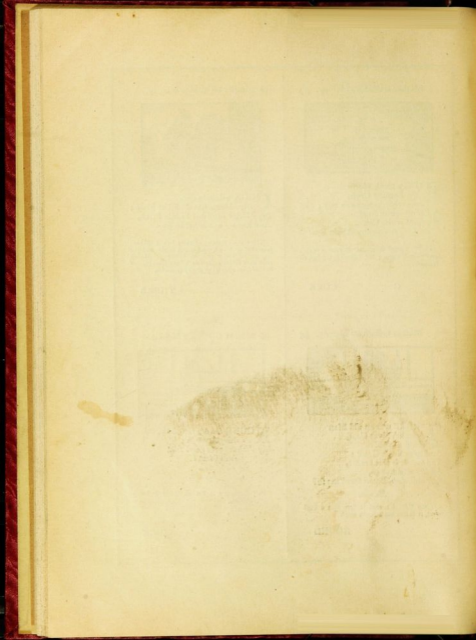


**R**OUND about, round about,  
Magotty Pye;  
My Father loves good Ale,  
And ſo do I.

*Maxim.*

Evil Company makes the Good bad and  
the Bad worse.

JACK





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

*Maxim.*

The more you think of dying, the better  
you will live.

ARISTOTLE'S



ARISTOTLE'S STORY.  
**T**HERE were two Birds fat on  
a Stone,  
Fa, la, la, la, la, de; [one,  
One flew away, and then there was  
Fa, la, la, la, la, de;  
The other flew after,  
And then there was none,  
Fa, la, la, la, la, de;  
And so the poor Stone  
Was left all alone,  
Fa, la, la, la, la, de.

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



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

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

*Magick.*

Context turns all it touches into Gold.

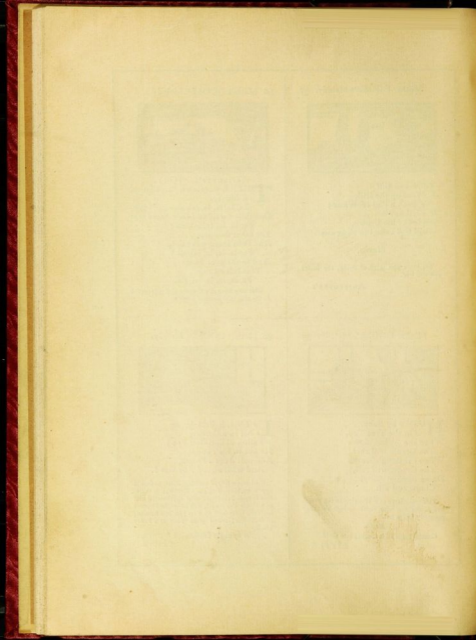
LITTLE



**L**ITTLE Jack Horner  
Sat in a Corner,  
Eating of Christmas Pye;  
He put in his Thumb,  
And pull'd out a Plumb,  
And what a good Boy was I.

Jack was a Boy of excellent Taste, as should  
appear by his pulling out a Plumb; it is there-  
fore supposed that his Father apprenticed him  
to a Mince Pye maker, that he might improve  
his Taste from Year to Year; no one standing  
in so much Need of good Taste as a Palfry  
Cook.

Run by on the Sublime and Beautiful,  
PEASE



Mother GOOSE's Melody. 41



**P**EASE Porridge hot,  
Pease Porridge cold,  
Pease Porridge in the Pot  
Nine Days old,  
Spell me that in four Letters ?  
I will, **THAT**.

*Maxim.*

The poor are feldom sick for Want of Food, than the Rich are by the Excess of it.

**WHO**

42 Mother GOOSE's Melody.



**W**HO comes here ?  
A Grenadier,  
What do you want ?  
A Pot of Beer.  
Where is your Money ?  
I've forgot.  
Get you gone  
You drunken Sot.

*Maxim.*

Intemperance is attended with Diseases,  
and Idleness with Poverty.

*JACK*

Mother GOOSE's Melody. 43



**J**ACK Sprat  
Could eat no Fat,  
His Wife could eat no Lean ;  
And so, betwixt them both,  
They lick'd the Platter clean.

*Maxim.*

Better go to Bed supperless, than rise in Debt.

**WHAT**

44 Mother GOOSE's Melody.

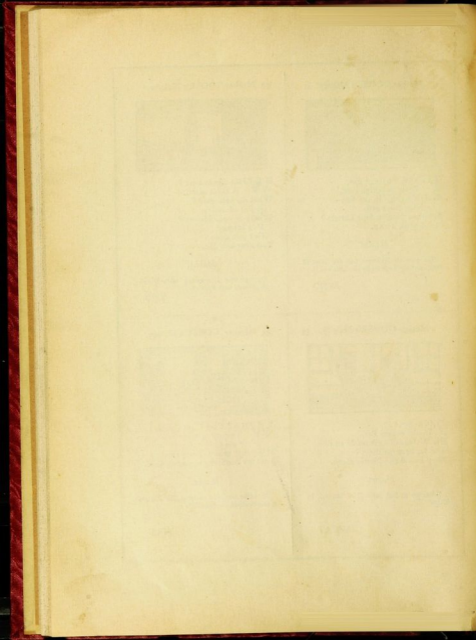


**W**HAT Care I how black I be,  
Twenty Pounds will marry me ;  
If Twenty won't, Forty shall,  
I am my Mother's bouncing Girl.

*Maxim.*

If we do not flatter ourselves, the Flattery of others would have no effect.

**TELL**







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

*Maxim.*

Point out at the Faults of others with a foul  
Tongue.

ONE.



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

*Maxim.*

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



**A DOLEFUL DITTY.**

I.

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

II.

Oh ! had these Children been at  
School,  
Or sliding on dry Ground,  
Ten Thousand Pounds to one Pen-  
ny,  
They had not then been drown'd.

III.

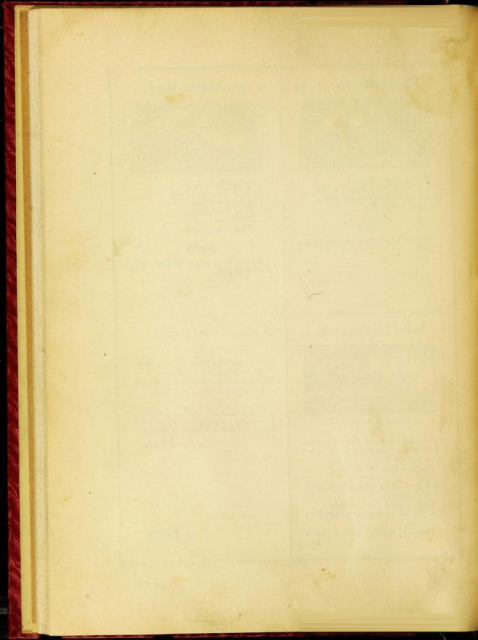
III.

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

There is something so melancholy in this  
Song, that it has occasioned many People to  
make Water. It is almost as diuretick as the  
Tune which John the Coachman whistles to  
his Horses.

*Tramping-out's Travels.*

**PATTY**





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

*Maxim,*

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

**D**

**WHEN**



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

*Maxim,*

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

**WHEN**



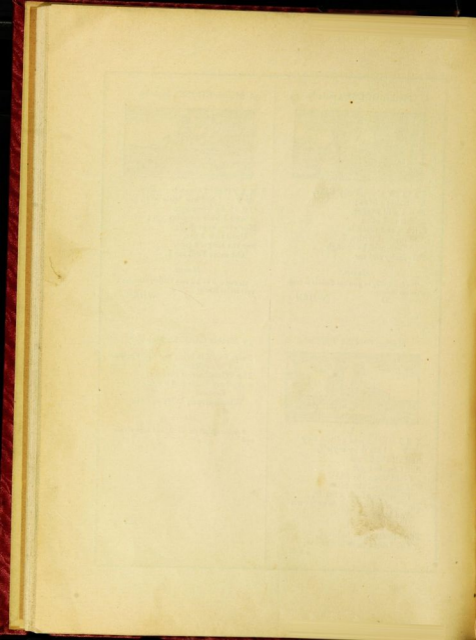
**I.**  
**W**HEN I was a little Boy  
 I liv'd by myself,  
 And all the Bread  
 And Cheefe I got  
 I laid upon the Shelf ;  
 The Rats and the Mice  
 They made such a Strife,  
 That I was forc'd to go to Town  
 And buy me a Wife.

**II.**  
 The Streets were so broad,  
 The Lanes were so narrow,  
 I was

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

*Maxim,*

Provide against the worst, and hope for the best.





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

*Maxim.*

Idleness hath no Advocate, but many  
 Friends.

**THIS**



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

*Maxim.*

If we do not govern our Passions our Pas-  
 sions will govern us,

**ALEX-**



**ALEXANDER'S SONG.**

**T**HERE was a Man of *Thesaly*,  
 And he was wond'rous wise,  
 He jump'd into a Quick set Hedge,  
 And scratch'd out both his Eyes:  
 And when he saw his Eyes were out,  
 With all his Might and Main,  
 He jump'd into another Hedge,  
 And scratch'd them in again.

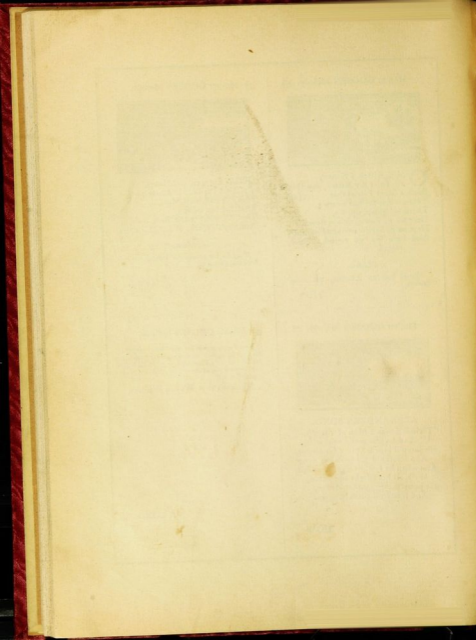
**HOW**

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

*Wifeman's new Way to Wisdom.*



**A LONG.**





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

CÆSAR's



CÆSAR's SONG.

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

*Tom Tinker's Dog is a very good Dog, and  
an honest Dog thah his' m'fater.*

BAH,



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

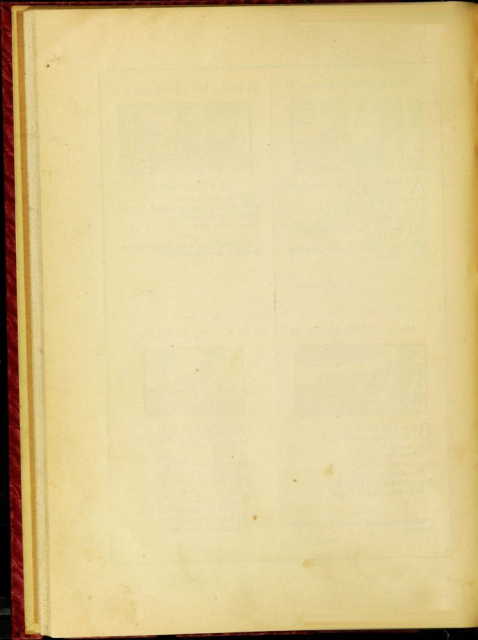
*Maxim.*

*Bad Habits are easier conquered Today than  
Tomorrow.*

ROBIN



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





Mother GOOSE's Melody. 61

What lazy Rogues were these to lie in Bed  
so long, I dare say they have no Clothes to  
their Backs ; for *Luxury's* clothes a Man with  
Rags.



THERE

62 Mother GOOSE's Melody.



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

*Maxim.*

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

THE

Mother GOOSE's Melody. 63



**T**HE Sow came in with a Saddle,  
The little Pig rock'd the Cradle,  
The Dish jump'd a top of the Table,  
To see the Pot wash the Ladle ;  
The Spit that stood behind a Bench  
Call'd the Dishclout dirty Wench ;  
Ods plut, says the Gridiron,

Can't ye agree,  
I'm the Head Constable,  
Bring 'em to me.

*Note.* If he acts as Constable in this Case,  
the Cook must surely be the Justice of Peace.

WE'RE

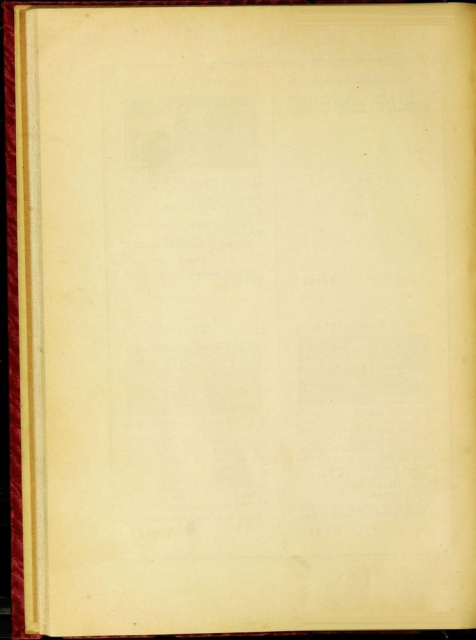
64 Mother GOOSE's Melody.



**W**E'RE three Brethren out of  
*Spain*  
Come to court your Daughter *Jane* :  
My Daughter *Jane* she is too young,  
She has no skill in a flattering  
Tongue,  
Be she young, or be she old,  
It's for her Gold she must be sold ;  
So fare you well, my Lady gay,  
We must return another Day.

*Maxim.* Riches serve a wife Man, and gov-  
ern a fool.

THERE



Mother GOOSE's Melody. 65



**T**HERE were two Blackbirds  
 Sat upon a Hill,  
 The one was nam'd *Jack*,  
 The other nam'd *Gill*,  
 Fly away *Jack*,  
 Fly away *Gill*,  
 Come again *Jack*,  
 Come again *Gill*.

*Maxim.*

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

**E**

**BOYS**

66 Mother GOOSE's Melody.



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

**Up**

Mother GOOSE's Melody. 67

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

*Maxim.*

All Work and no Play makes *Jack* a dull  
 Boy.



*A Logical*

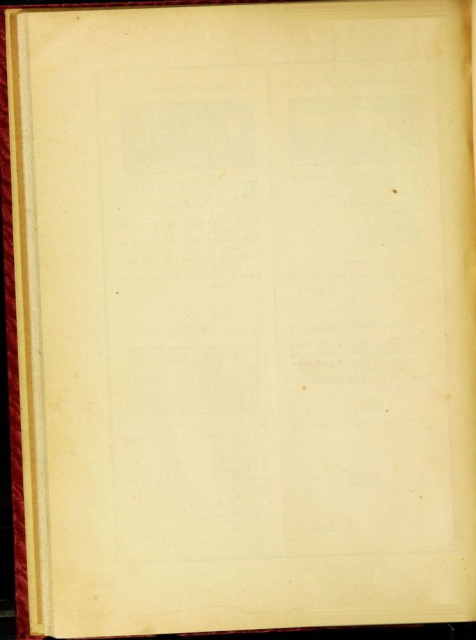
68 Mother GOOSE's Melody.



*A Logical SONG ; or the CONJUN-  
 XION'S. Reason for not getting  
 Money.*

**I** WOU'D, if I cou'd,  
 If I cou'd'nt how cou'd I ?  
 I cou'd'nt, without I cou'd, cou'd I ?  
 Cou'd you, without you cou'd, cou'd  
 ye ?  
 Cou'd ye, cou'd ye ?  
 Cou'd you, without you cou'd, cou'd  
 ye ?

*Note,*



Mother GOOSE's Melody. 69

Note.

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

Sanderfon.



A LEARNED

70 Mother GOOSE'S Melody.



A LEARNED SONG.

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

Note

Mother GOOSE'S Melody. 71

Note.

*This is the most learned Ditty in the World; for indeed there is no Song can be made without the Aid of this, it being the Gamut and Ground Work of them all.*

Mope's Geography of the Mind.



A SEA

72 Mother GOOSE'S Melody.

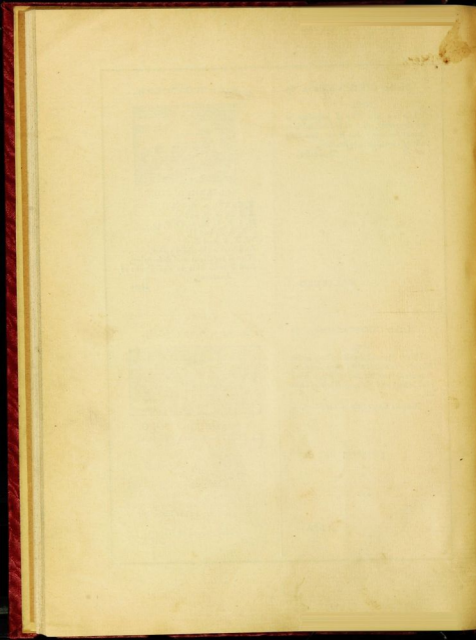


A SEASONABLE SONG.

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

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

Huggleford on Hunger  
DICK

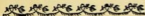




**D**ICKERY, Dickery Dock,  
The Mouse ran up the Clock ;  
The Clock struck one,  
The Mouse ran down,  
Dickery, Dickery Dock.

Maxim.

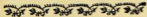
*Time stays for no Man.*



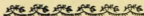
MOTHER GOOSE'S  
M E L O D Y .

P A R T II .

CONTAINING THE  
LULLABIES of *Shakespeare*.



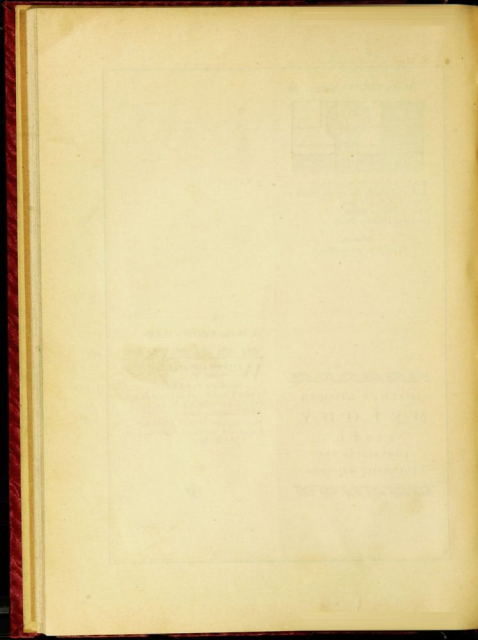
76 Mother GOOSE's Melody.



**W**HERE the Bee sucks, there  
suck I,  
In a Cowslip's Bell I lie :  
There I couch ; when Owls do cry,  
On the Bat's Back I do fly,  
After Summer, merrily.  
Merrily, merrily shall I live now,  
Under the Blossoms that hang on  
the Bough.



YOU





Mother GOOSE's Melody. 77

**Y**OU spotted Snakes, with double Tongue

Thorny Hedgehogs, be not feen ;  
Newts and Blind worms, do no Wrong ;

Come not near our Fairy Queen.

*Philomel*, with Melody,

Sing in your sweet Lullaby ;

Lulla, lulla, lulla, lullaby ; lulla,  
lulla, lullaby.

Never, Harm, nor Spell, nor Charm,  
Come our lovely Lady nigh ;  
So good Night, with lullaby

TAKE

78 Mother GOOSE's Melody.

**T**AKE, oh I take those Lips  
away,

That so sweetly were foresworn ;  
And those Eyes, the Break of Day,  
Lights that do mislead the Morn :  
But my Kisses bring again.  
Seals of Love, but seal'd in vain.



SPRING

Mother GOOSE's Melody 79

SPRING.

**W**HEN Daisies pied, and Violets blue. [white ;

And Lady smocks all Silver  
And Cuckow buds of yellow Hue,  
Do paint the Meadows with Delight :

The Cuckow then on every Tree,  
Mocks married Men, for thus sings he ;

Cuckow ! [Fear,  
Cuckow ! cuckow ! O Word of Unpleasing to a married Ear !

When Shepherds pipe on oaten Straws,

And merry Larks are Ploughmen's Clocks :

When Turtles tread, and Rooks and Daws,

And

80 Mother GOOSE's Melody.

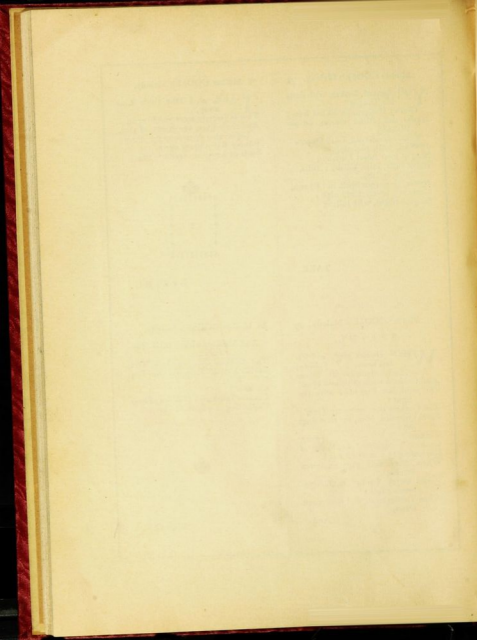
And Maidens bleach their Summer smocks :

The Cuckow then on every Tree,  
Mocks married Men, for thus sings he ;

Cuckow !  
Cuckow ! cuckow ! O Word of Fear,  
Unpleasing to a married Ear.



WINTER.



Mother GOOSE's Melody. 81

W I N T E R.

WHEN Icicles hang on the  
Wall,  
And Dick the Shepherd blows his  
Nail ;  
And Tom bears Logs into the Hall,  
And Milk comes frozen home in  
Pail :  
When Blood is nipt, and Ways be  
foul,  
Then nightly sings the staring Owl,  
Tu-whit ! to-whooh ;  
A merry Note,  
While greasy Joan doth keel the  
Pot.  
When all around the wind doth  
blow,  
And coughing drowns the Pas-  
son's Sow ;  
F And

82 Mother GOOSE's Melody.

And Birds sit brooding in the snow,  
And Marian's Nose looks red and  
raw :  
When roasted Crabs hiss in the  
Bowl,  
Then nightly sings the staring Owl,  
Tu-whit ! To-whooh !  
A merry Note,  
While greasy Joan doth keel the  
Pot.



TELL

Mother GOOSE's Melody. 83

TELL me where is Fancy bred,  
Or in the Heart, or in the  
Head ?  
How begot, how nourished ?  
Reply, reply.  
It is engender'd in the Eyes,  
With gazing fed, and Fancy dies  
In the Cradle where it lies ;  
Let us all ring Fancy's knell,  
Ding, dong, Bell ;  
Ding, dong, Bell.



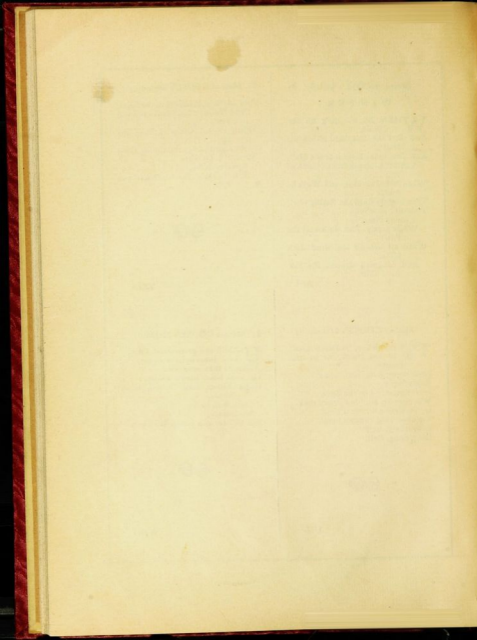
UN-

84 Mother GOOSE's Melody.

UNDER the greenwood Tree,  
Who loves to lie with me,  
And tune his merry No.e,  
Unto the sweet Bird's Throat :  
Come hither, come hither, come  
hither,  
Here shall he see  
No Enemy,  
But Winter and rough Weather.



WHO



Mother GOOSE's Melody. 85

**W**HO doth Ambition shun,  
 And loves to lie i' th' Sun  
 Seeking the Food he eats,  
 And pleas'd with what he gets ;  
 Come hither, come hither, come  
 hither ;  
 Here shall he see  
 No Enemy,  
 But Winter and rough Weather.  
 If it do come to pass,  
 That any Man turn Ass ;  
 Leaving his Wealth and Ease,  
 A stubborn Will to please,  
 Duc ad me, duc ad me, duc ad me ;  
 Here shall he see  
 Gross Fools,  
 And many such there be.

**BLOW**

86 Mother GOOSE's Melody.

**B**LOW, blow, thou Winter  
 Wind,  
 Thou art not so unkind  
 As Man's Ingratitude ;  
 Thy Tooth is not so keen,  
 Because thou art not seen,  
 Altho' thy Breath be rude.  
 Heigh ho ! sing, heigh ho ! unto the  
 green Holly ;  
 Most Friendship is feigning ; most  
 loving were folly.  
 Then heigh ho, the Holly !  
 This Life is most jolly.  
 Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,  
 That dost not bite so nigh,  
 As Benefits forgot :  
 Tho' thou the Waters warp,  
 Thy Sting is not so sharp  
 As Friend remember'd not,  
 Heigh ho ! sing, &c.

**O MIS-**

Mother GOOSE's Melody. 87

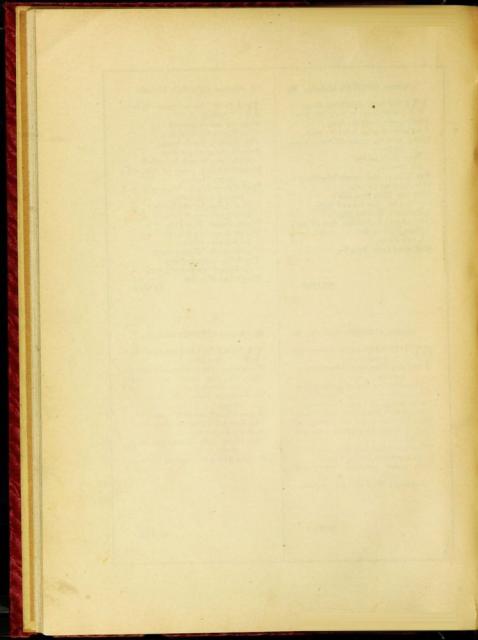
**O**MISTRESS mine, where are  
 you running ?  
 O stay you here, your true Love's  
 coming,  
 That can sing both high and low.  
 Trip no farther, pretty Sweeting,  
 Journeys end in Lovers meeting,  
 Every wife Man's Son doth know.  
 What is Love ? 'tis not hereafter :  
 Present Mirth hath present Laugh-  
 ter.  
 What's to come, is still unsure :  
 In Decay there lies no Plenty ;  
 Then come kifs me, sweet, and  
 twenty,  
 Youth's a Stuff will not endure.

**WHAT**

88 Mother GOOSE's Melody.

**W**HAT shall he have that kill'd  
 the Deer ?  
 His leather skin and horns to wear ;  
 Then sing him home :—take thou  
 no Scorn  
 To wear the Horn, the Horn, the  
 Horn :  
 It was a Crest ere thou wast born.  
 Thy Father's Father wore it,  
 And thy Father bore it.  
 The Horn, the Horn, the lusty  
 Horn,  
 Is not a Thing to laugh to scorn.

**WHEN**



Mother GOOSE's melody. 89

**W**HEN Daffodils begin to  
    'pear,  
With, heigh ! the Doxy over the  
    Dale ;  
Why then comes in the sweet o'th'  
    Year,  
Fore the red Blood rains in the  
    winter Pail,  
The white Sheet bleaching on the  
    Hedge,  
With heigh ! the sweet Birds, O  
    how they sing !  
Doth set my proggng Tooth an  
    edge :  
For a Quart of Ale is a dish for a  
    King.  
The Lark, that tira lyra chants,  
With, hey ! with hey ! the Thrush  
    and the Jay :

Are

90 Mother GOOSE's Melody.

Are summer Songs for me and my  
    Aunts,  
While we lay tumbling in the  
    Hay.



JOB

Mother GOOSE's Melody. 91

**J**OG on, jog on, the foot path  
    Way.  
And merrily mend the Style a,  
A merry Heart goes all the Day,  
Your sad tires in a Mile a.

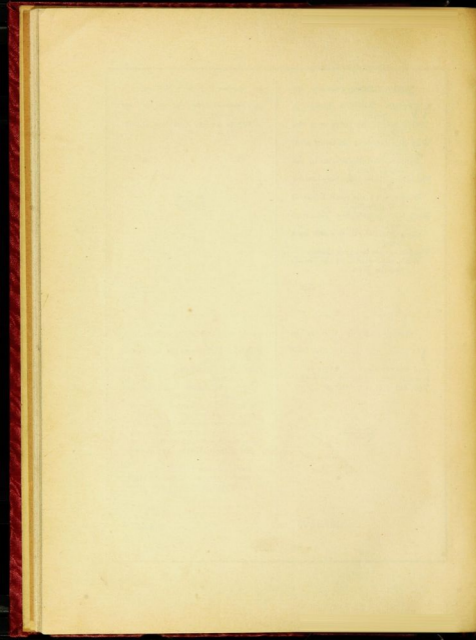


ORPHEUS

92 Mother GOOSE's Melody.

**O**RPHEUS with his Lute made  
    Trees,  
And the Mountain Tops that  
    freeze,  
Bow themselves when he did  
    sing ;  
To his Musick, Plants and Flowers  
Ever rose, as Sun and Showers  
    There had made a lasting Spring.  
Ev'ry Thing that heard him play,  
Ev'n the Bellows of the Sea,  
    Hung their Heads, and then lay  
    by.  
In sweet Musick is such Art,  
Killing Care, and Grief of Heart,  
Fall asleep or hearing die.

HARK.





**H**ARK, hark ! the Lark at  
Heav'n's Gate sings,  
And *Phœbus* 'gins arise,  
His Steeds to water at those Springs  
On chalic'd Flowers that lies,  
And winking May buds begin  
To ope their golden Eyes,  
With every thing that's pretty  
My Lady sweet, arise : (been ;  
Arise, arise.



**THE**

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**T**HE poor Soul sat singing by a  
Sycamore tree,  
Her Hand on her Bosom, her Head  
on her Knee,  
The fresh Streams ran by her, and  
murmur'd her Moans,  
Her salt Tears fell from her, and  
soften'd the Stones ;  
Sing, all a green Willow must be  
my Garland,  
Let nobody blame him, his Scorn I  
approve,  
I call'd my Love, false Love ; but  
what said he then ?  
If I court more Women you'll think  
of more Men.

*F I N I S.*

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