Abram G. Cutter.

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Reprint published in 1889

Preface V - X

Text commences with

"There was a little man,
Who loved a little maid,
and continued to page 15.

"Little Betty Wrinkle"
to page 17 where this copy
of mine begins.
This copy of mine is probably one of Thomas of Worcester, but not of the earliest edition.
A melancholy SONG.

Trip upon Trenchers,
And dance upon Dishes,
My Mother sent me for some Bawm,
Some Bawm:
She bid me tread lightly,
And come again quickly,
For fear the young Men should do me harm.
Mother Goose's Melody.

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

What a Succession of Misfortunes befell this poor Girl? But the last Circumstance was most affecting, and might have proved fatal.

Winslow's View of Bath.
CROSS Patch draw the Latch,
Set by the Fire and spin;
Take a Cup and drink it up,
Then call your Neighbours in.

A common Care this, to call in our Neighbours to rejoice when all the good Liquor is gone.

Pliney.
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 Fidler'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 arts are the most valuable which are of the greatest use.
THREE 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
lots of what is not worth having.

Boyle.
THERE was an old Man,
And he had a Calf,
And that’s Half;
He took him out of the Stall,
And put him on the Wall,
And that’s all.

Maxim: Those who are given to tell all they know, generally tell more than they know.
There was an old Woman
Lived under a Hill,
She put a Mouse in a Bag,
And sent it to Mill:
The Miller did vow
By the point of his Knife,
ever took Toll
Mouse in his Life.

The only Instance of a Miller refusing,
And for which the Cat has just Cause
Complaint against him.

Coke upon Littleton.
THERE 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,
is the very Essence of Truth. She
under the Hill, and if she is not go
lives there still. Nobody will pretend
counteract this.
PLATO's SONG.

DING 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 Tom Tucker
Sings for his Supper;
What shall he eat?
White Bread and Butter:
How will he cut it,
Without e’er 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.

Puffendorff
Se saw, Margery Daw,
Jacky shall have a new Master;
Jacky must have 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 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 saw, facaradown,
Which is the Way to Boston Town?
One Foot up, the other Foot down,
This is the Way to Boston Town.

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

Wickliffe.
SHOE the Colt,
Shoe the Colt,
Shoe the wild Mare;
Here a Nail,
There a Nail,
Yet she goes bare.

Ay, ay, drive the Nail when it will go:
That's the Way of the World, and is the Method pursued by all our Financiers, Politicians, and Necromancers.
Is John Smith within?
Yes, that he is.
Can he set a Shoe?
Aye, marry, two.
Here a Nail, and there a Nail.
Tick, tack, too.

Maxim: Knowledge is a Treasure,
but Practice is the Key to it.
HIGH 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 must be a little Dog that laugh'd for a great Dog would be ashamed laugh at such Nonsense.
RIDE a Cock-Horse
To Banbury Cross,
To see what Tommy can buy;
A Penny white Loaf,
A Penny white Cake,
And a Two-penny Apple-Pie.

Then’s a good Boy, eat up your Pie
And hold your Tongue; for Silence is
the Sign of Wisdom.
COCK a doodle doo,
My Dame has lost her Shoe;
My Master has lost his Fiddle Stick,
And knows not what to do.

The Cock crowes us up early in the Morning, that we may work for our Bread, and not live upon Charity or upon Trust; for he who lives upon Charity shall be often arrested; and he that lives upon Trust, shall pay double.
THERE was an old Man
In a Velvet Coat,
He kiss’d a Maid
And gave her a Groat;
The Groat it was crack’d,
And would not go
Ah, old Man, d’you serve me

Maxim.

If the Coat be ever so fine that a Fool wears, it is still but a Fool’s Coat.
ROUND about, round about,
Magotty Pie;
My Father loves good Ale,
And so do I.

Maxim.

Evil Company makes the Good bad,
and the Bad worse.
JACK 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 Story.

THERE were two Birds fat on a Stone,
Fa, la, la, la, la, de;
One flew away, and then there was one,
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, de.

This may serve as a Chapter of Consequence in the next new Book of Logic.
Sawmill's Reports.
HUSH-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.

Maxim.
Content turns all it touches into Gold.
LITTLE Jack Horner
Sat in the Corner,
Eating of Christmas Pie;
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 therefore supposed that his Father apprenticed him to a Mince Pie Maker, that he might improve his Taste from Year to Year; no one standing in so much need of good Taste as a Pastry Cook.

Bentley on the Sublime and Beautiful.
PEASE-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 seldom sick for Want of Food, than the Rich are by the Excess of it.
WHO comes here?
    A Grenadier.
What do you want?
    A Pot of Beer.
Where is your Money?
    I've forgot.
Get you gone,
    You drunken Sot.

Maxim.

Intemperance is attended with Diseases, and Idleness with Poverty.
JACK 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 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 Flatterers of others would have no Effect.
TELL Tale Tit,
Your Tongue shall be slit,
And all the Dogs in our Town
Shall have a Bit.

Maxim.

Point not at the Faults of others with a foul Finger.
ONE, 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.

Three Children sliding on the Ice
Upon a Summer’s Day,
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 Penny
They had not then been drown’d.
Ye Parents who have Children dear,
And eke ye that have none,
If you would keep them safe abroad,
Pray keep them safe at home.

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

Trumpington's Travels.
Patty 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 Jackey and me.

Maxim.
The surest Way to gain our Ends is
to moderate our Desires.
WHEN 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,
often a Fool for his Scholar.
I.

WHEN I was a little Boy
I lived by myself,
And all the Bread
Cheese 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 forc’d to bring my Wife home
In a Wheel-barrow;
The Wheel-barrow broke,
And my Wife had a Fall,

Farewel
Wheel-barrow, Wife and all.

Maxim.

Provide against the worst, and hope
for the best.
O MY Kitten a Kitten,
And oh! my Kitten, my Deary,
Such a sweet Pap as this
There is not far nor neary;
There we go up, 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 Pig went to Market,  
That Pig stayed at Home;  
This Pig had roast Meat,  
That Pig had none;  
This Pig went to the Barn-Door,  
And cry’d Week, Week, for more.

Maxim.

If we do not govern our Passions,  
Passions will govern us.
Alexander's Song.

There was a Man of Thessaly,  
And he was wondrous 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 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.

Wiseman’s new Way to Wisdom.
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.
Caesar's Song.

Bow, wow, wow, wow,
Whose dog art thou?
Little Tom Tinker's dog;
Bow, wow, wow, wow.

Dog is a very good dog,
Than his master.
BAH, bah, black Sheep,
Have you any Wool?
Yes, indeed have I,
Three Bags full;
One for my Master,
One for my Dame,
But none for the little Boy
Who cries in the Lane.

Maxim.

Bad Habits are easier conquered To-day than To-morrow.
ROBIN and Richard
Were two pretty Men;
They lay in Bed
'Till the Clock struck Ten:
Then up starts Robin,
And looks at the Sky,
Oh! Brother Richard,
The Sun's very high:
You go before,
With the Bottle and Bag,
And I will come after
On little Jack Nag.
Mother Goose's Melody

What lazy Rogues were these to lie in Bed so long; I dare say they have no Cloaths to their Backs; for Laxiness clothes a Man with Rags.
THERE was an old Woman,
And she sold Puddings & Pies,
She went to the Mill,
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 Sow came in with the 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 the 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 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 wise Man,
And govern a Fool.
THERE 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 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.
Lose your Supper, & lose your Sleep,
Come to your Play-fellows in the Street;
Up the Ladder and down the Wall,
A Halfpenny Loaf will serve us all.
Mother Goose's Melody.

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 Song; or the Conjuror's Reason for not getting Money.

I WOULD, if I could;
If I could'nt, how cou'd I?
I cou'dn't, 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?
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 Gothic Construction.

Sanderson.
A Learned Song.

Here'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.
Mother Goose's Melody.

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 Seasonable Song.

Piping hot, smoking hot; What I've got, You have not; Hot Grey Peafe, hot, hot, hot, Hot Grey Peafe hot.

There is more Music in this Song, on a cold frosty Night, than ever the Syrens were possessed of, who captivated Ulysses; and the Effects sticks closer to the Ribs. Huggleford on Hunger.
DICKERY, 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
MELODY,
PART II.
CONTAINING THE
Lullabies of Shakespeare.
WHERE the Bee fucks, there
fuck 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 Blossom that hangs on the
Bough.
YOU spott'd Snakes, with double Tongue
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen;
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, oh! take those Lips away,
That so sweetly were for-sworn;
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.

WHEN Daisies pied, and Violets blue,
    And Lady-smocks all Silver-white;
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!
Cuckow! cuckow! O Word of Fear,
    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 Maidens bleach their Summer smocks:
The Cuckow then on every Tree,
Mocks married Men, for thus Figure he:
Cuckow!
Cuckow! cuckow! O Word of Tears,
Unpleasing to a married Ear.

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WINTER.

WHEN Icicles hang on the Wall,
And Dick the Shepherd blows his Nail;
And Tom beats Logs into the Hall,
And Milk comes frozen Home in a Pail;
When Blood is nipt, and Ways are cold,
Then nightly sings the Hare Tu-whit! tu-whoo;
A merry Note.
Mother Goose's Melody.

While greedy Joan doth boil
The Pot.

When all around the wind
Little blue,
And coughing draws the
Parson's Sow,

And Birds sit brooding in
The Snow,

And Martin's house doth
red and new;

While roasted Crabs he's
in the Bowl,

Then sightly sings the
Starry Owl.

In-whit! In-whoo!

La merrie Note,

While greedy Joan doth
kick the Pot.
Mother Goose's melody
Tell me where is Fancy Fred
Or in the Heart, or in the Head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.
It is engender'd in the Eye,
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.
Mother Goose's Melody.

Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet Bird's Throat.
Come hither, come hither,
Come hither,
Here shall he see
No enemey.

But Winter and rough Weather
85-86-87-88-89
90-91-92-93-94

and

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