

1768? 2^d ed. 1794



Abram C. Cutter.



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See Whitmore's
Reprint published in
1889

Preface V-X

Text commences with
"There was a little man,
Who wooed a little maid"
and continues to page 15.

"Little Betty Winckle"
to page 17 where this copy
of mine begins -

2^d ed. 1794.

This copy of mine
is probably one of Thomas
of Worcester, but not of
the earliest edition

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ESTATE OF ABRAM E. CUTLER,
AUG. 30, 1807.

MADE IN
BY
DORRIS & CO

Mother Goose's Melody.



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.

upon

8 *Mother Goose's Melody.*

They broke my Pitcher,
And spilt the Water,
And hufft 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 most affecting, and might have proved
fatal.

Winslow's View of Bath.



C
Take
T

A
Height
Liquor



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 Caic this, to call in our
Neighbours to rejoice when all the good
Liquor is gone.
Pliny.



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
Liv'd 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,
He never took Toll
For the Mouse in his Life.

The only Instance of a Miller refusing
to take Toll, and for which the Cat has just Cause
of 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 Effence of Truth. *She*
under the Hill, and if she is not go
lives there still. No-body will presu
 contradict this. *Crz:*



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 ; how-
 ever, a good Wife, that sings well, is the
 best musical Instrument in the World.

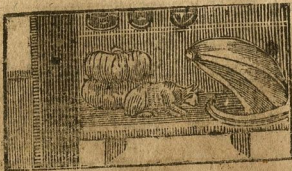
Puffendorff.



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.

Handwritten notes:
C. H. - 18
M. m



SE faw, 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.

Muse

30 *Mother Goose's Melody.*



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.

Vattel.



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 *Ranbury* 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.

C



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 crows 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 affronted ; and he that lives upon Trust, shall pay double.

Mother Goose's Melody. 35



THERE was an old Man
In a Velvet Coat,
He kifs'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.

36 *Mother Goose's Melody.*



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 sat 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, la, de.

This may serve as a Chapter of Con-
sequence 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 seldomer sick for Want
of Food, than the Rich are by the Excess
of it.

42 *Mother Goose's Melody.*



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 Flattery
 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.

48 *Mother Goose's Melody.*

III.

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.

D



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
and 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,

52 *Mother Goose's Melody.*

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 staid 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 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.

56 *Mother Goose's Melody.*

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.



CÆSAR'S SONG.

BOW, wow, wow,
Whose Dog art thou?
Little *Tom Tinker's* Dog;
Bow, 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.

60 *Mother Goose's Melody.*



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. 61

What lazy Rogues were these to
lie in Bed so long ; I dare say they
have no Cloaths to their Backs ; for
Laziness clothes a Man with Rags.

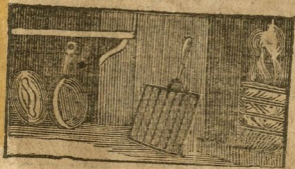




THERE was an old Woman,
 And she sold Puddings & Pies,
 She went to the Mill,
 And the Dust flew into her Eyes
 Hot Pies
 And cold Pies to sell,
 Wherever she goes,
 You may follow her by the Smell.

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. 67

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.



68 *Mother Goose's Melody.*



*A Logical SONG ; or the Conjuror's
Reason for not getting Money.*

I WOULD, if I could ;
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 ?

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.

Sanderfon.





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. 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.



72 *Mother Goose's Melody.*



A SEASONABLE SONG.

PIPING hot, smoaking hot ;
What I've got,
You have not ;
Hot Grey Pease, hot, hot, hot,
Hot Grey Pease 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.

on
ens
es ;
ibs.
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Mose

de

M

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MOTHER GOOSE'S
M E L O D Y,
PART II.
CONTAINING THE
Lullabies of Shakespeare.

WHERE 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 Blossom that hangs on the
Bough.



Mother Goose's Melody. 77

YOU spotted Snakes, with double
Tongue

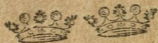
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen ;
Newts and Blind-worms, do no
Wrong ;

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.



78 *Mother Goose's Melody.*

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 Daifies pied, and Vio-
lets 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 Plough-
men's Clocks :
When Turtles tread, and Rooks and
Daws,
And Maidens bleach their Summer
smocks :

80 *Mother Goose's Melody*

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.

WHEN Icicles hang on the Trees,
And Dick the Shepherd beats
his Nail ;
And Tom beats Logs into the Fire,
And Milk comes frozen Home
in
Pail ;
When Blood is nipt, and Wayes are
Then nightly sings the fearful
Tu-whit ! to-whoo ;
A merry Note,

Mother Goose's melody.

While greasy Joan doth keel
the Pot.

When all around the wind
doth blow,

And coughing drowns the
Parson's Sow;

And Birds sit brooding in
the Snow,

And Martin's nose looks
red and raw;

When roasted Crabs hiss
in the Bowl,

Then mightily sings the
starving Owl.

Tu-whit! Tu-who!

A merry Note,
While greasy Joan doth
keel the Pot.

Mother Goose's Melody

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.

84 Mother Goose's Melody.

Under the greenwood Tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry Note
Unto the sweet Bird's Throat.
Come hither, come hither,
Come hither,
Here shall we see
No enemy,

But Winter and rough Weather

85 - 86 - 87 - 88 - 89

90 - 91 - 92 - 93 - 94

and

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