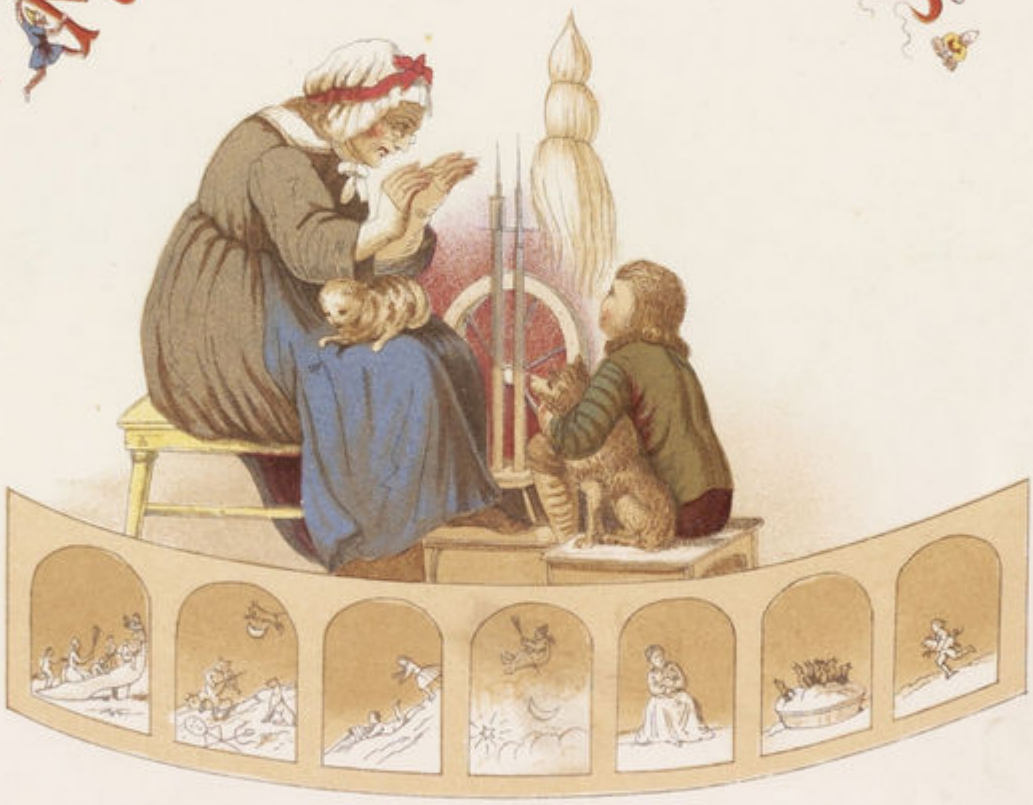
Mother Goose in her New Dress.

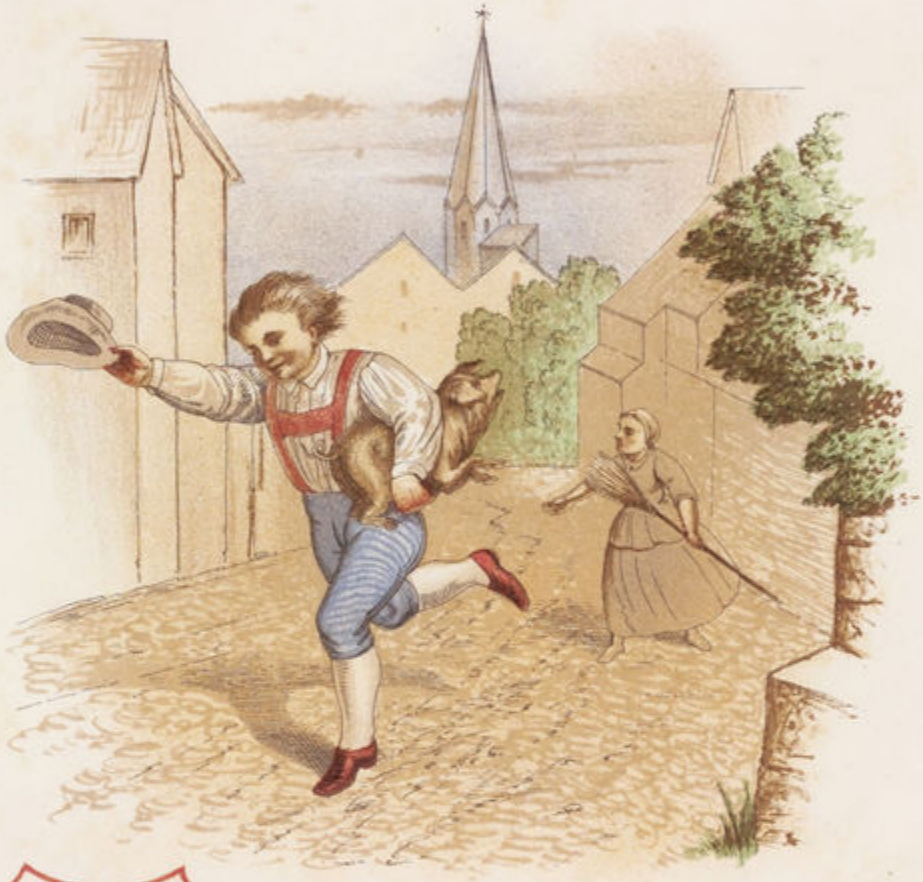
Mother Goose's Melodies



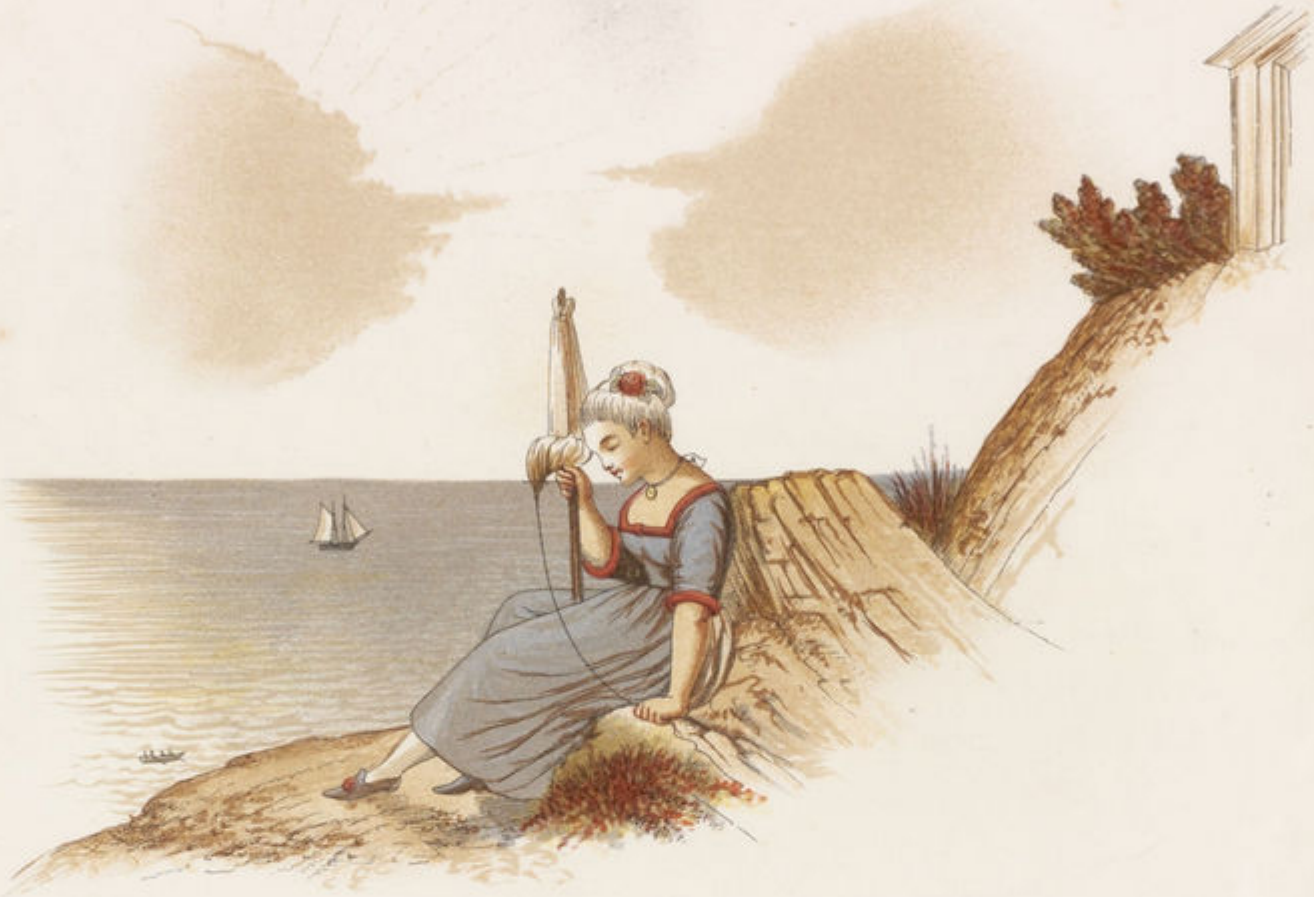
PORTER & COATES
822 Chestnut St.
PHILADELPHIA.

Publisher's Preface.

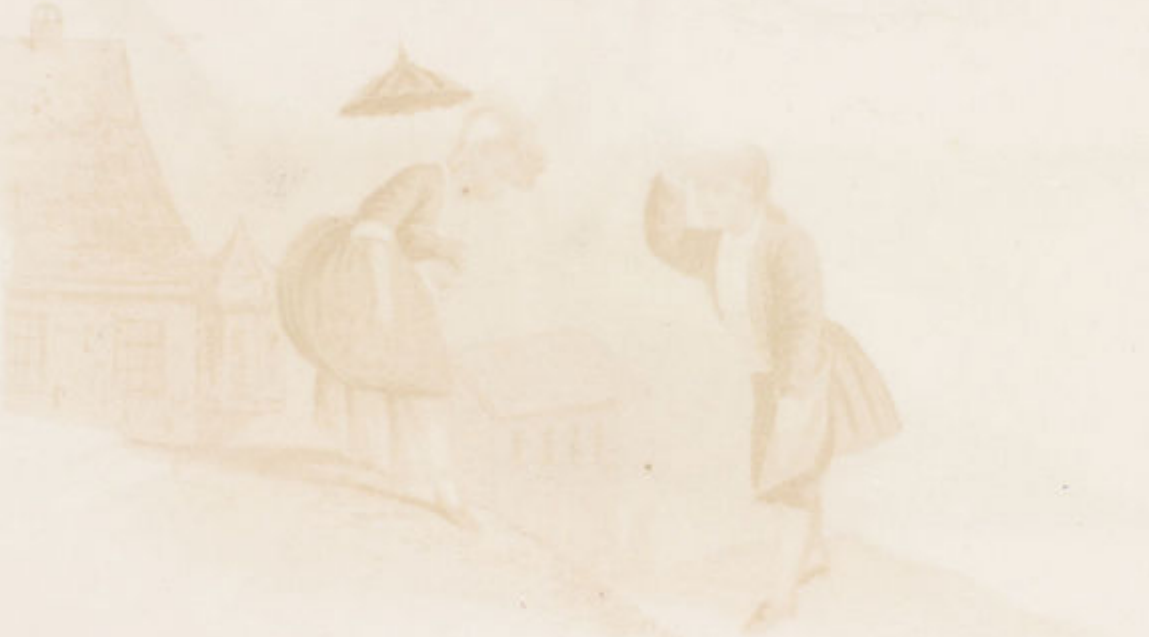
THE original drawings of this series of chromo illustrations of "dear Old Mother Goose" the favorite of our nursery days, the burden of whose songs so often recurs to us in mature years, were not designed for the public eye, but as a birthday gift from a loving daughter to her father, who occupies one of the highest positions in the United States Government. Even his judicial gravity might well be shaken by the exquisite humor of some of these sketches, while connoisseurs admired their grace and spirit, and urged her to allow them to be published. At last, at the urgent solicitation of a prominent banker—the Colbert of our day—she consented, and the Publishers now present it to the public as nearly a fac-simile of the original as the art can produce, and a favorable specimen of American chromo-lithography.



om, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig, and away he run
The pig was eat
And Tom was beat,
And Tom ran crying down the street



Bobby Shafto's gone to sea,
Silver buckles on his knees,
He'll come back and marry me,
Pretty Bobby Shafto!



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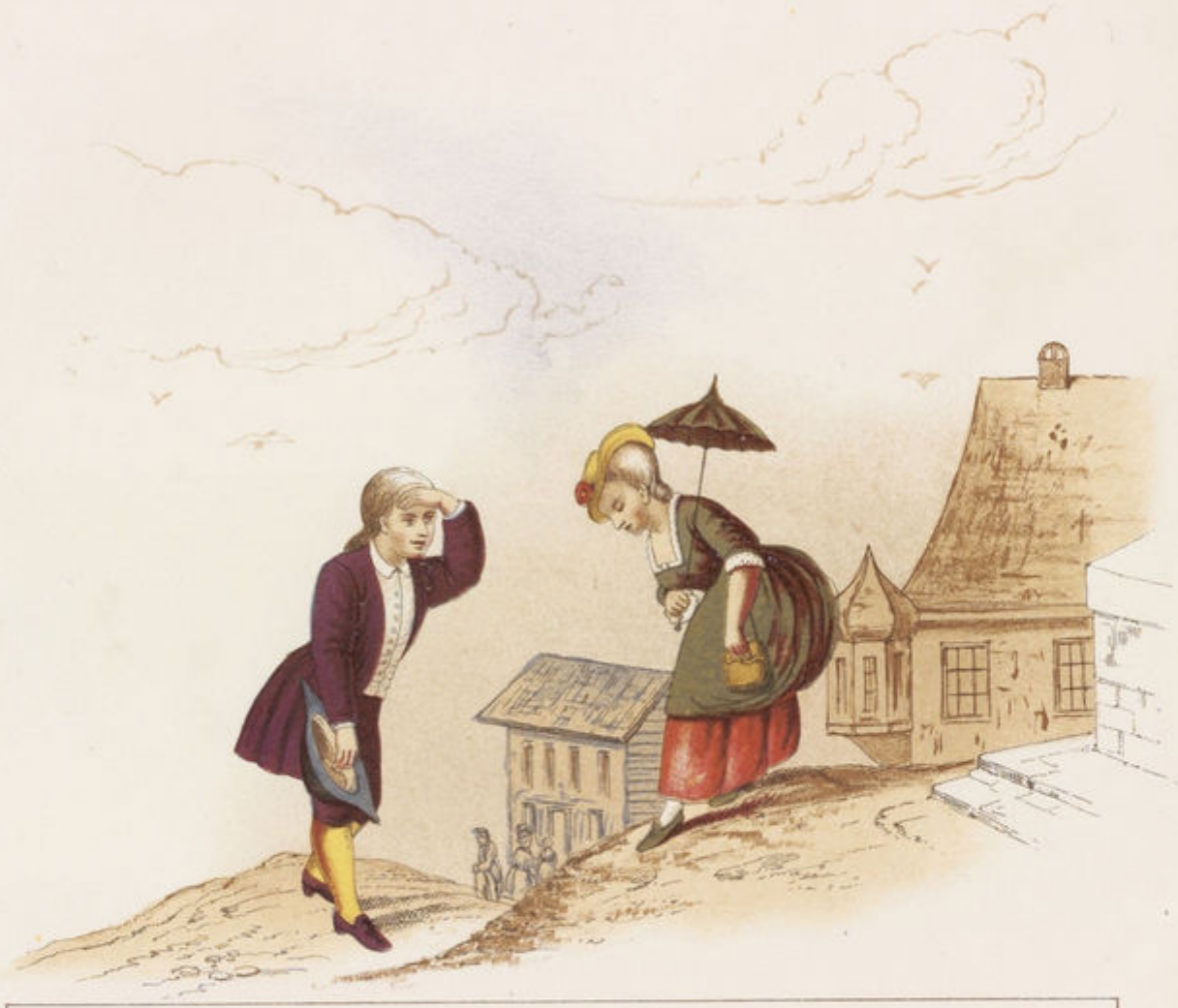
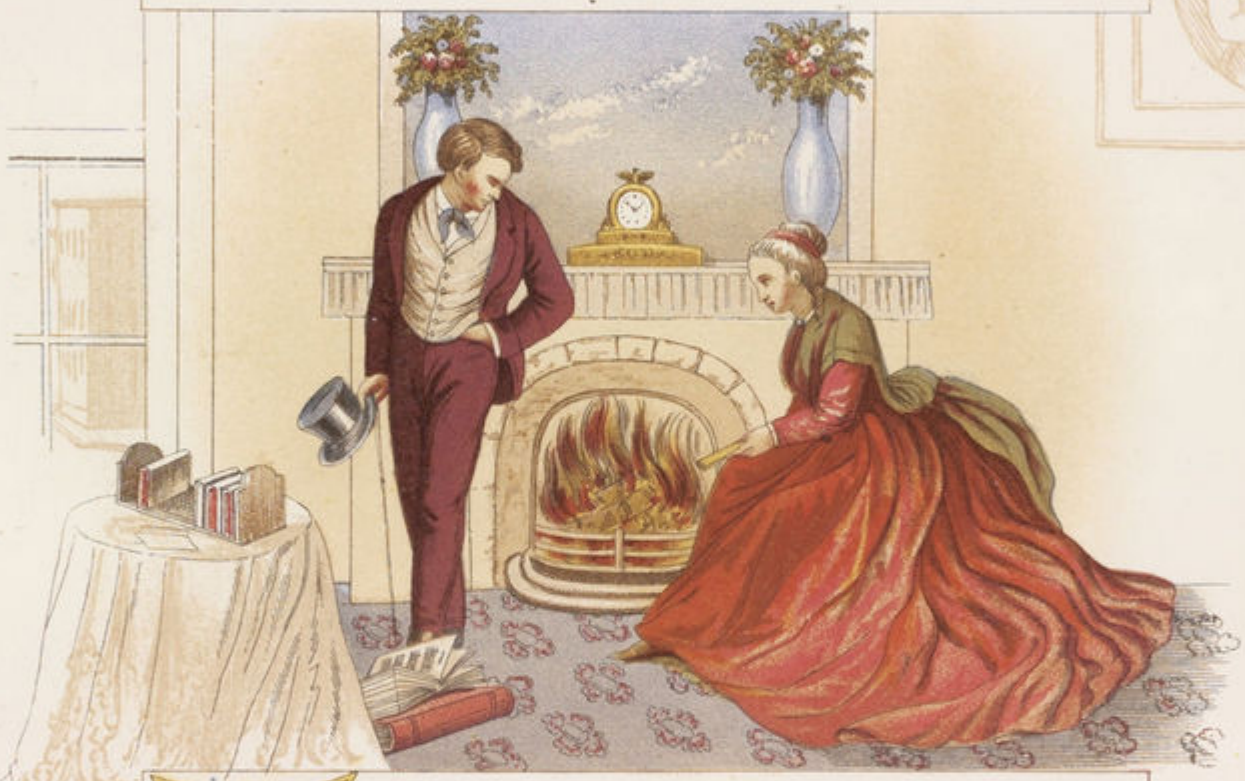


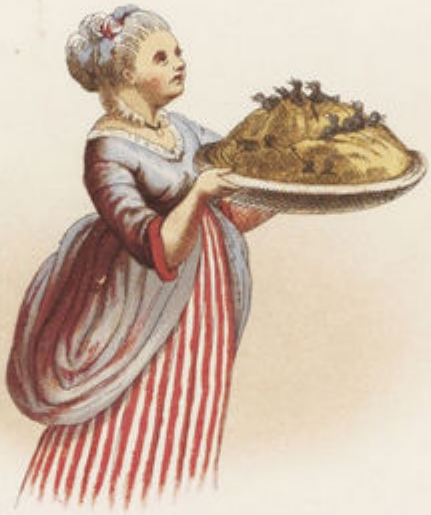
As I was going up Pippin Hill, Pippin Hill was dirty
There I met a pretty miss, she dropped me a courtsey
Little miss! pretty miss! blessings light upon you.
If I had half a crown a day I'd spend it all upon you!

There was a little man,
And he woo'd a little maid,
And he said, "Little maid will you wed, wed, wed?
Tho' I little love to prate,
Yet you'll find my heart is great,
With the little God of love, all on fire, fire, fire."



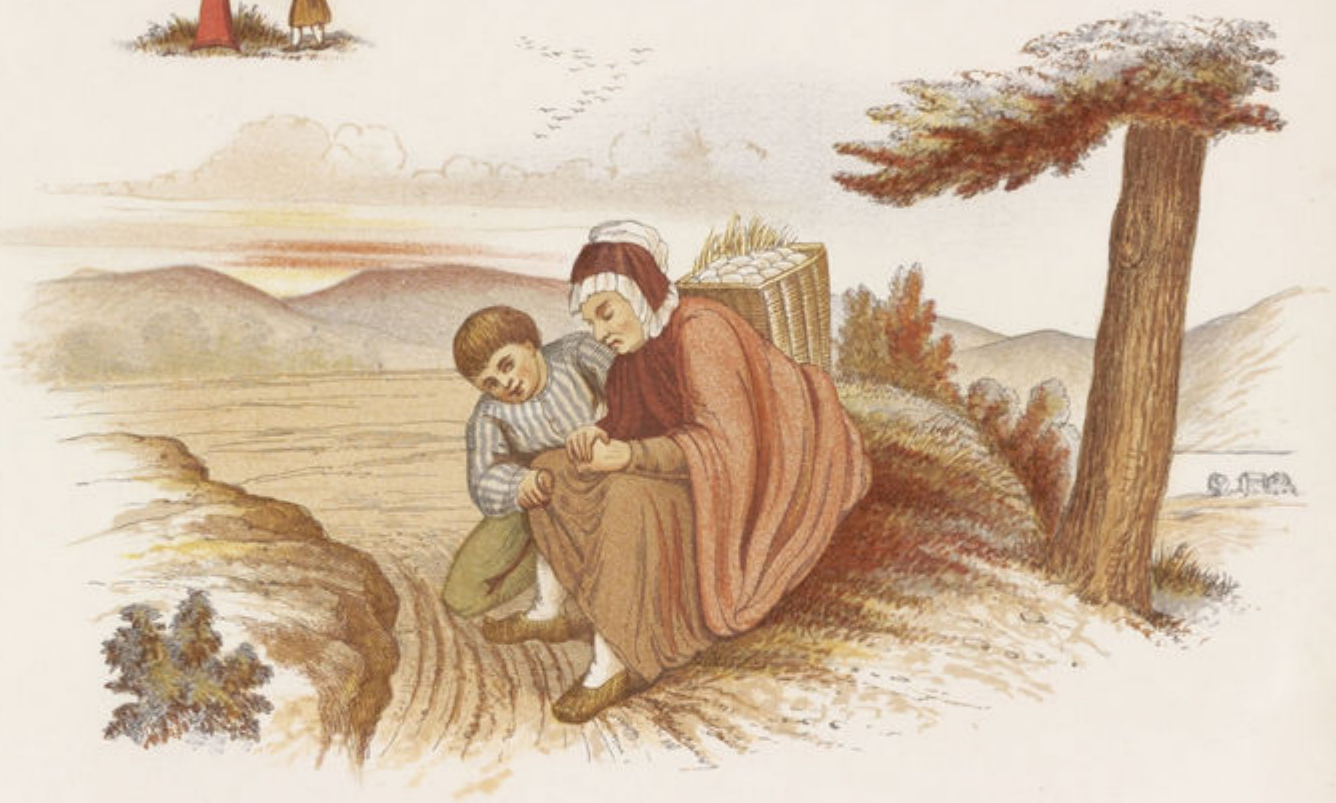
The little maid replied,
Some say a little sighed,
"But what should we have for to eat, eat, eat?
Will the flames that you're so rich in,
Make a fire in the kitchen,
Or the little God of Love turn the spit, spit, spit?"

ing a song of six pence,
A pocket full of rye,
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie
When the pie was opened
The birds began to sing
Was not that a dainty dish,
To set before the king?



chantons une chanson de six sous,
La poche pleine de blé,
Vingt-quatre oiseaux noirs,
Mis dans un pâté
Quand le pâté s'ouvre,
Les oiseaux élèvent leurs voix.
N'est ce pas un joli plat,
De mettre devant le roi?

There was an old woman, as I've heard tell,
She went to market her eggs to sell,
She went to market all on a market day,
And she fell asleep on the king's highway.



There came by a peddler whose name was Stout,
He cut off her petticoats all around about,
He cut off her petticoats up to the knees
Which made the old woman to shiver and freeze.

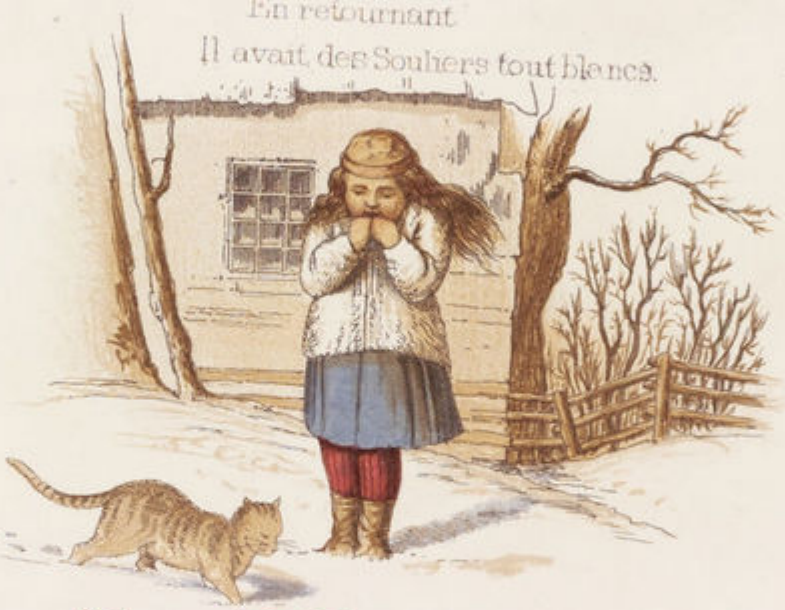
hen the little old woman first did wake,
She began to shiver, and she began to shake,
She began to wonder, and she began to cry,
"Lank-a-mercy on me, this can't be I!"

ut if it be I as I suppose it be,
I've a little dog at home, and he'll know me
If it be I, he'll wag his little tail,
But if it be not I, he'll loudly bark and wail!"

ome went the little woman all in the dark,
Up jumped the little dog, and he began to bark,
He began to bark, so she began to cry
"Lanka-a-mercy on me, this is none of I!"

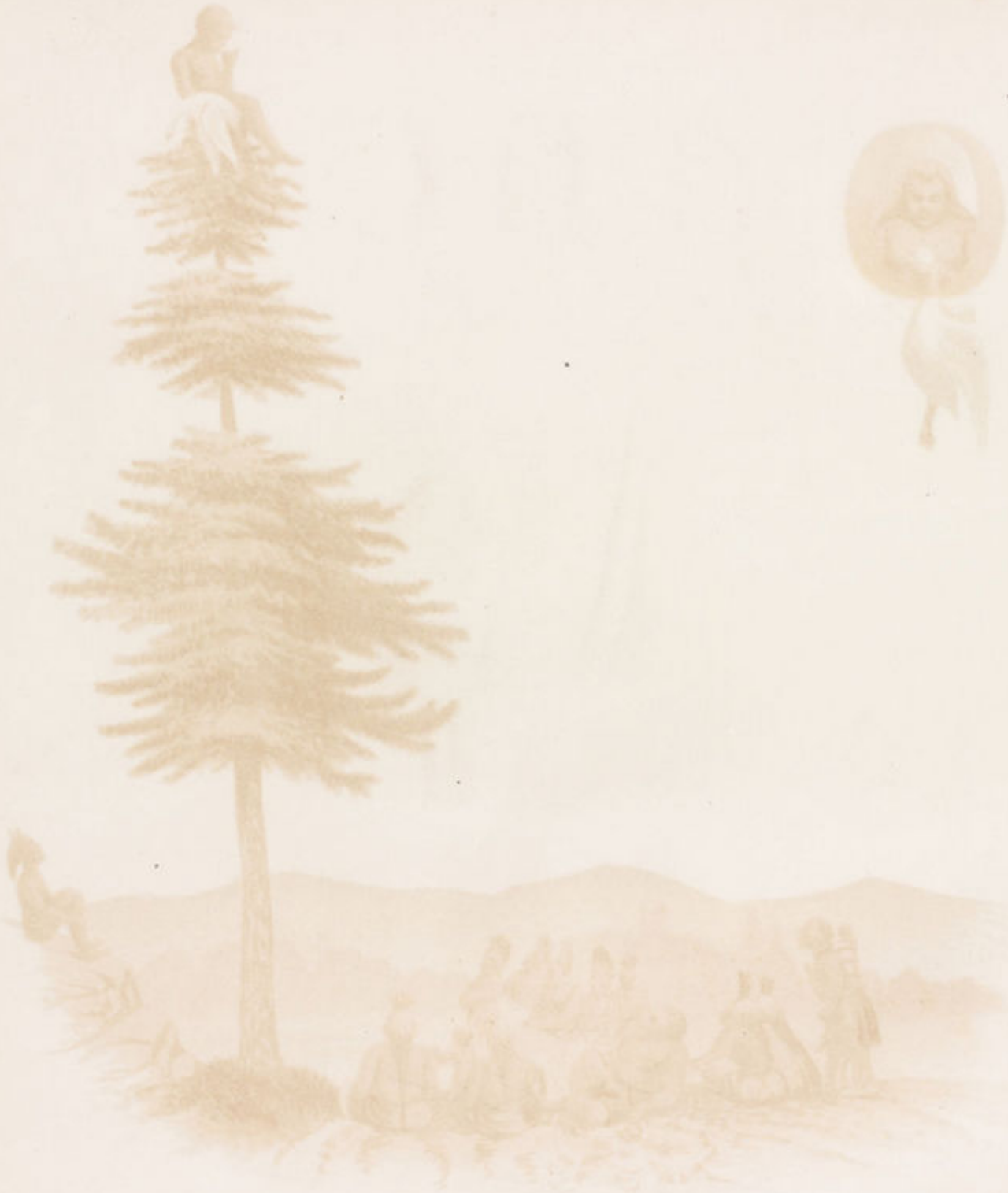
ABC

Le chat est allé
Dans la neige,
En retournant
Il avait des Souliers tout blancs.

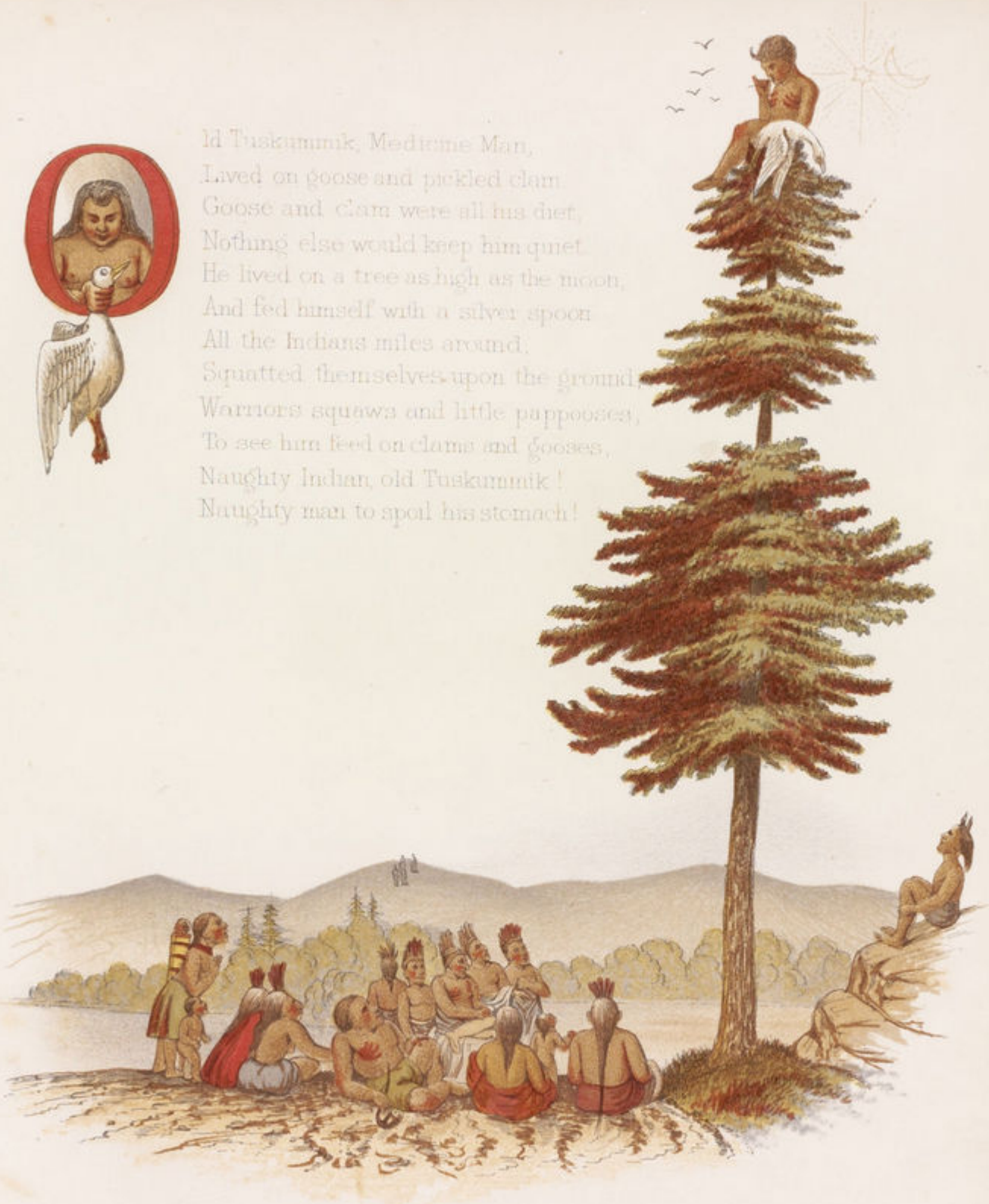


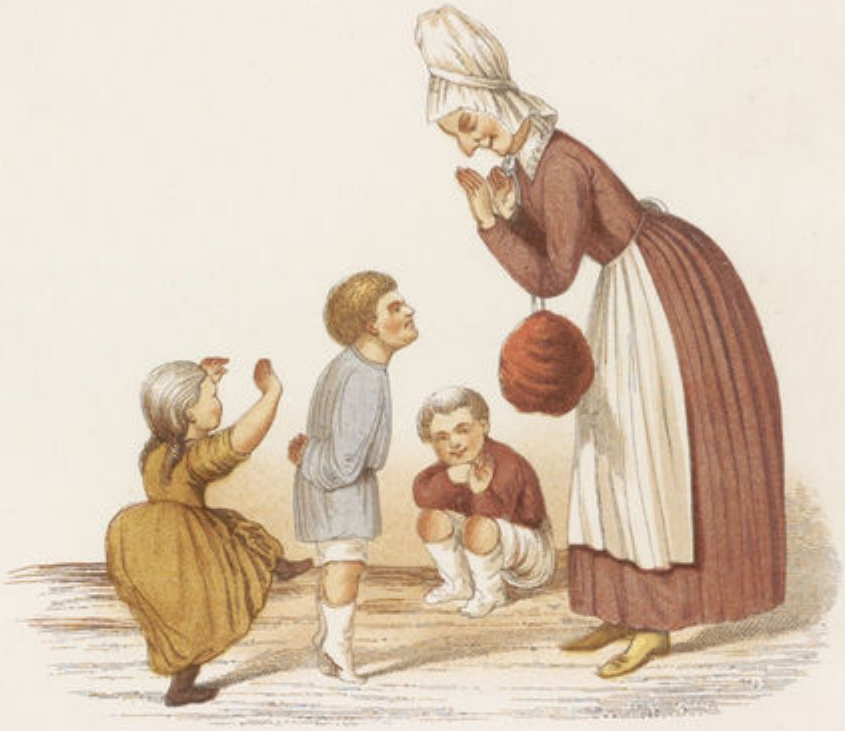
ABC

Die Katze lief im Schnee,
Un als sie wieder nach Hause kam,
Da hat sie neue Hoschen an
Oh jemm. Oh je.



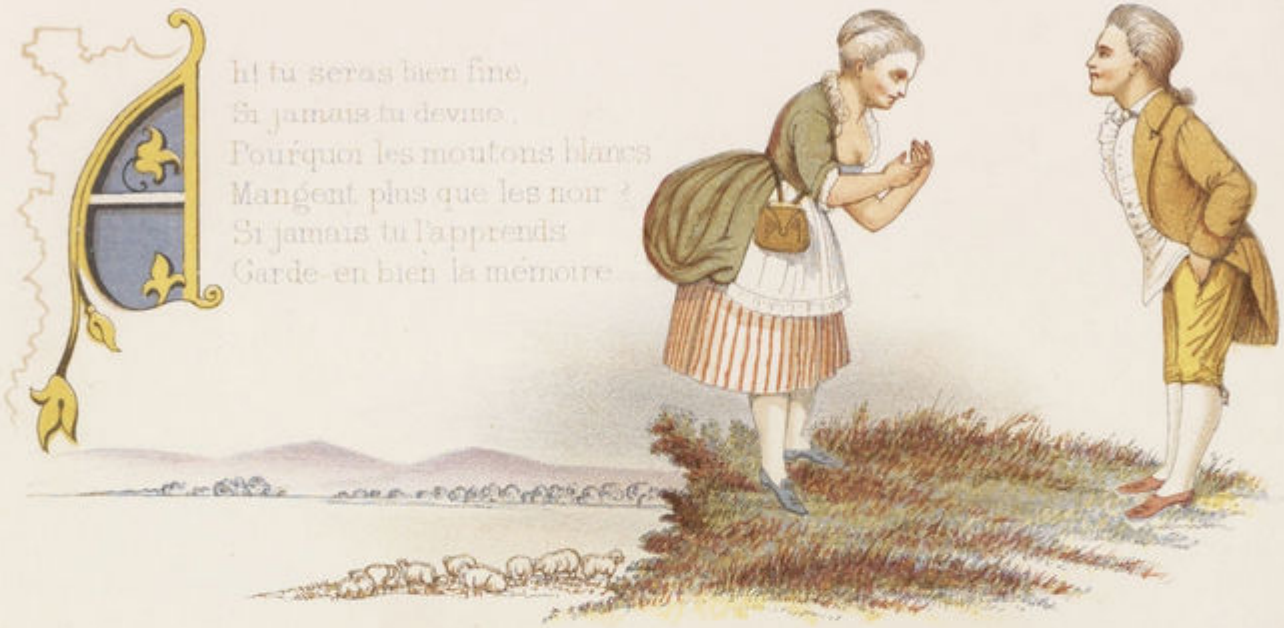
Old Tuskummik, Medicine Man,
Lived on goose and pickled clam
Goose and clam were all his diet,
Nothing else would keep him quiet.
He lived on a tree as high as the moon,
And fed himself with a silver spoon
All the Indians miles around,
Squatted themselves upon the ground,
Warriors squaws and little pappooses,
To see him feed on clams and gooses,
Naughty Indian, old Tuskummik!
Naughty man to spoil his stomach!



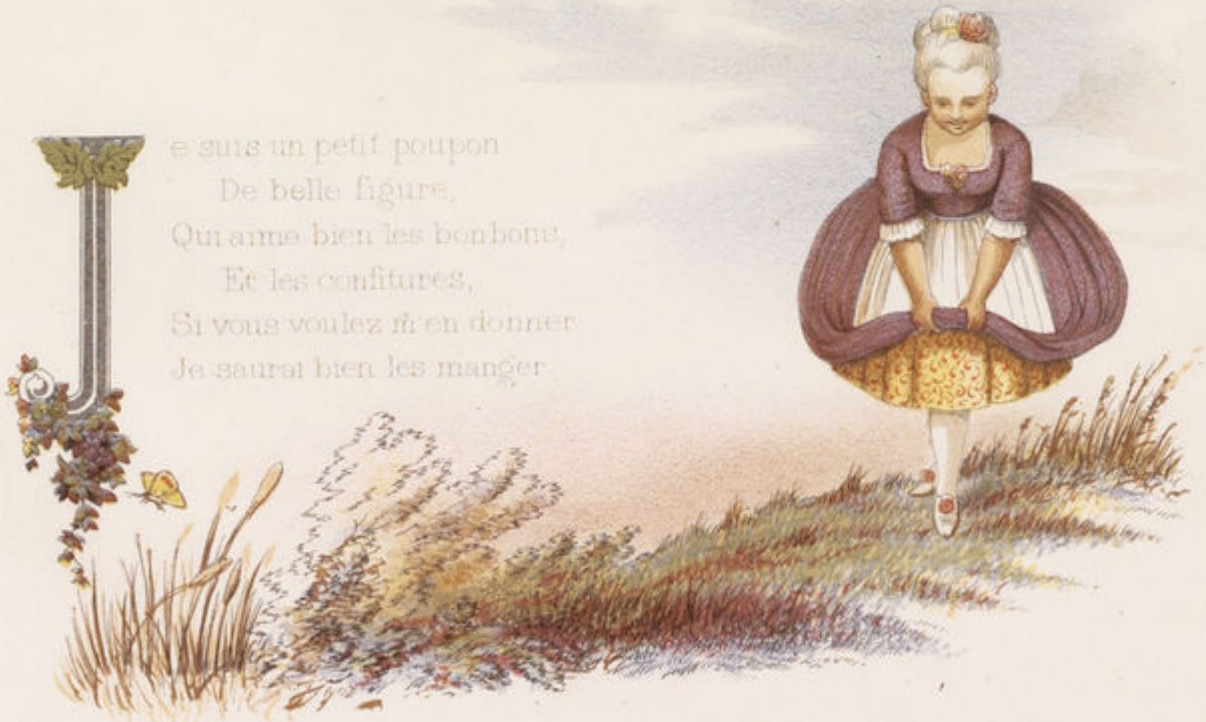


Marzebin, Märzebitz,

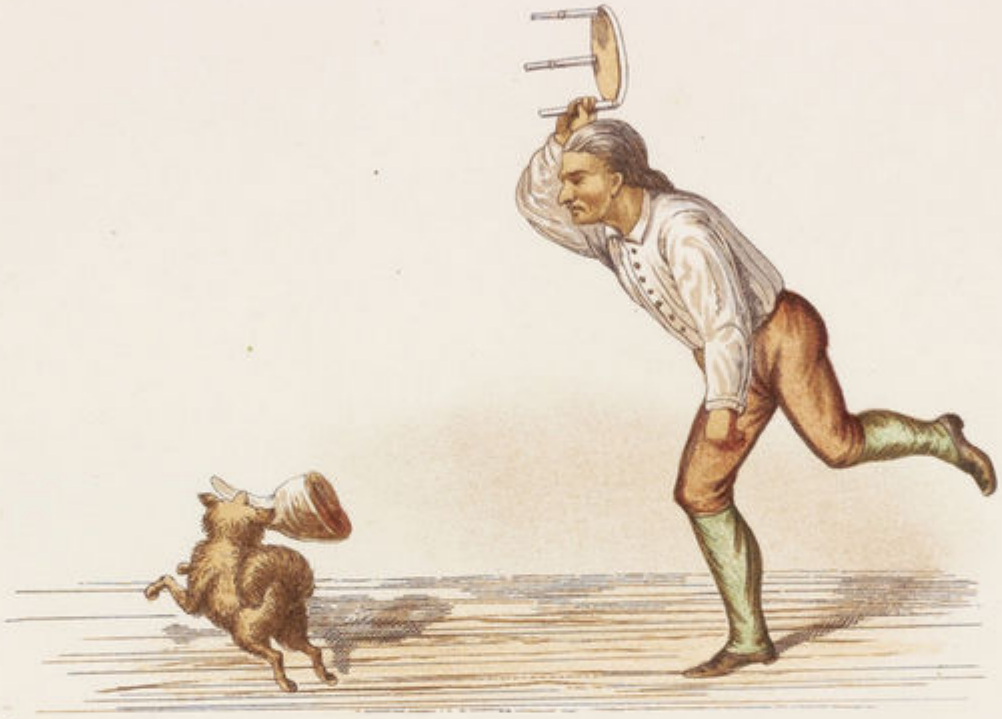
Mit ihrer Zickzackzupfelmütz,
Ach allerliebste Frau Marzibin,
Was hat sie in ihrem Strickbeutel drin?
Zuckermuss Zuckermuss.



Ah! tu seras bien fine,
Si jamais tu devine,
Pourquoi les moutons blancs
Mangent plus que les noir ?
Si jamais tu l'apprends
Garde-en bien la mémoire.



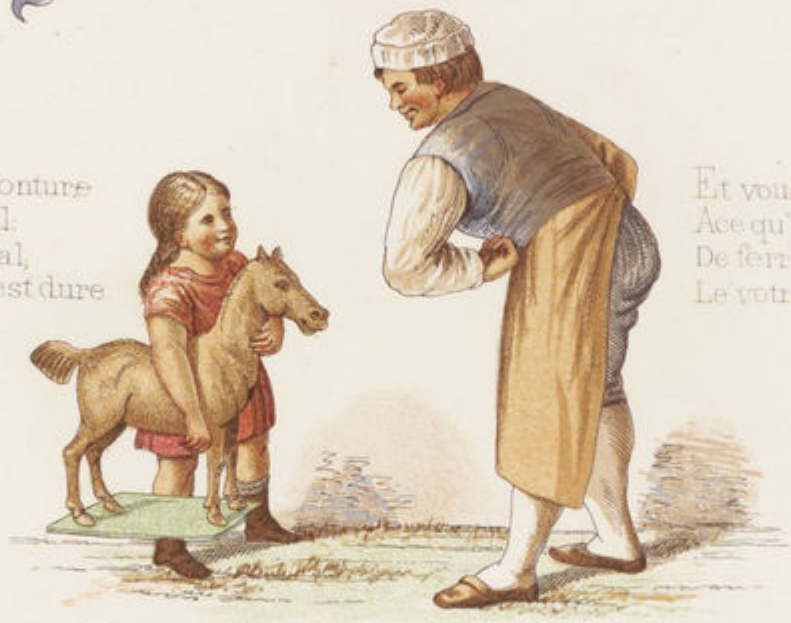
Je suis un petit poupon
De belle figure,
Qui aime bien les bonbons,
Et les confitures,
Si vous voulez m'en donner
Je saurai bien les manger.



wo legs sat upon three legs,
With one leg on his lap,
In comes four legs,
And runs away with one leg;
Up jumps two legs,
Picks up three legs,
Throws it after four legs,
And makes him bring one leg back.

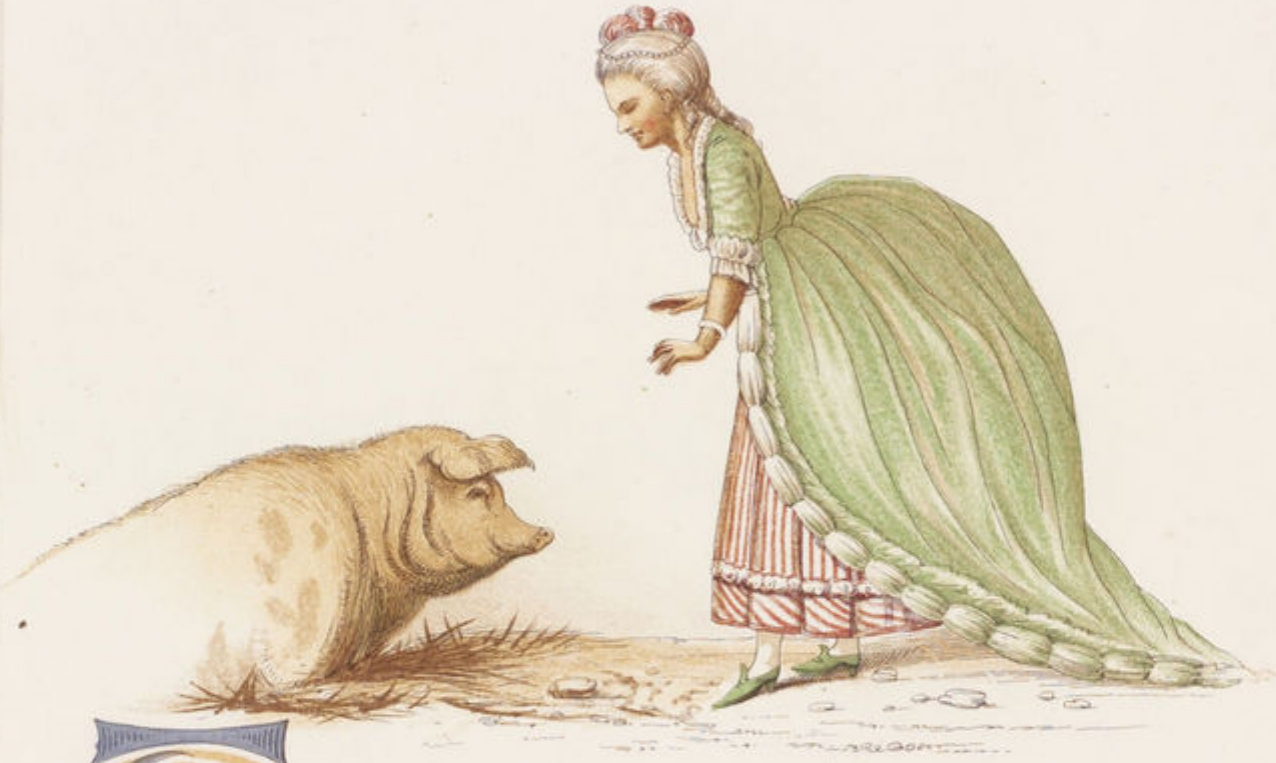
aître forgeron,
Aidez moi, de grâce!"
"Que faut-il qu'on fasse
Mon petit luron?"

J'ai pour ma monture
Ce petit cheval.
Il ne va pas mal,
Mais la route est dure

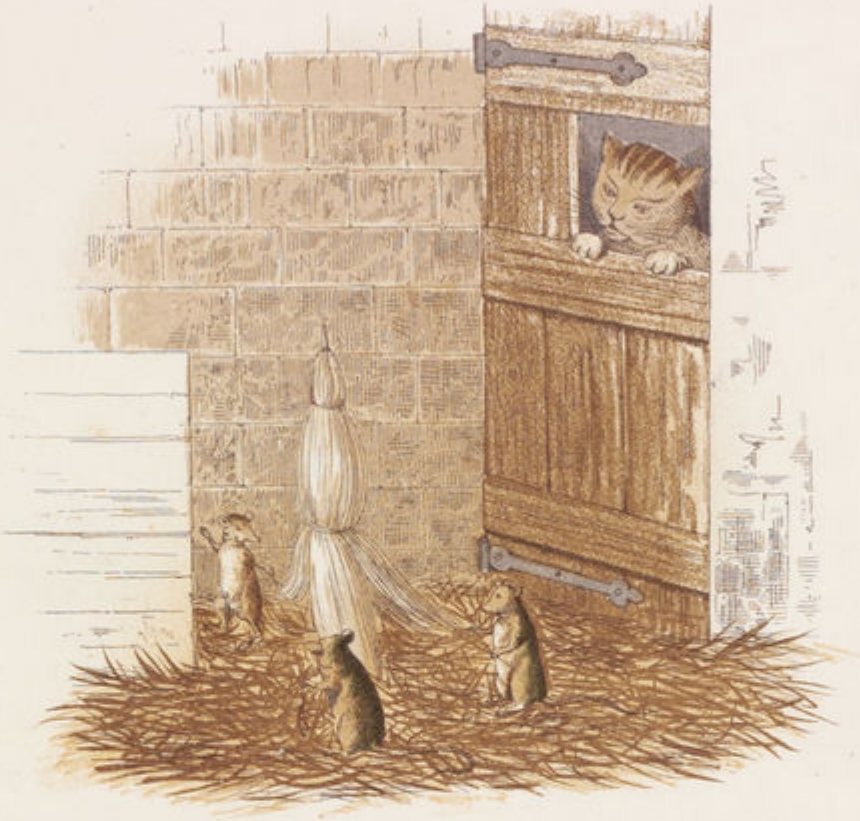


Et vous feriez bien
Ace qu'il me semble
De ferrer ensemble
Le votre et le mien.

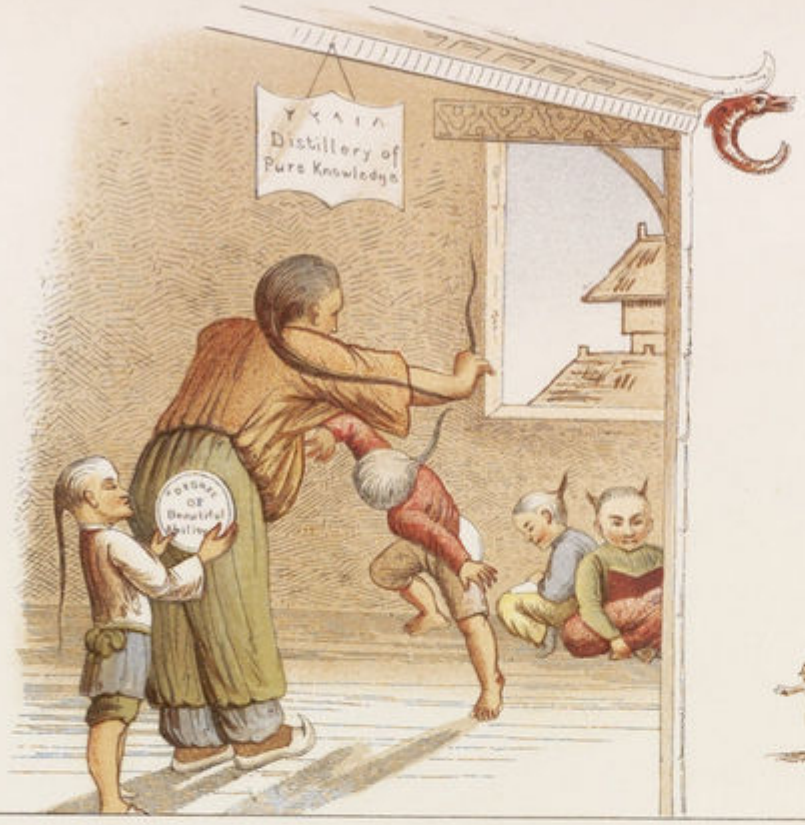
oilà ma prière,
Ditea, voulez vous?
Trois clous, et six coups,
Ce sera l'affaire.



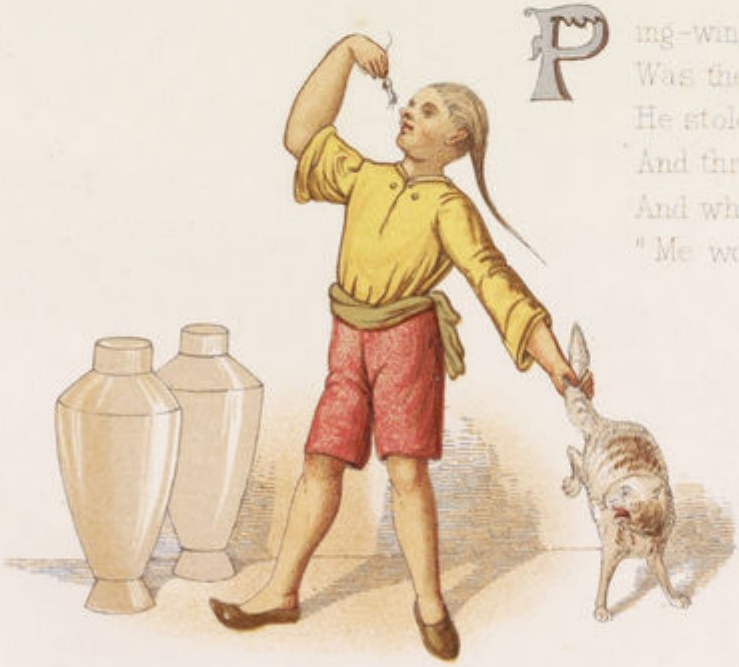
There was a lady loved a pig,
"Honey!" quoth she,
"Dearest swine, wilt thou be mine?"
"Ugh!" quoth he.



Three little mice sat down to spin,
Pussie came by and she peeped in
"What are you doing, my fine little men?"
"Making coats for gentlemen."
"Shall I come in and bite off your threads?"
"Oh! no Miss Pussie you'll bite off our heads"



han-wan, the good old man,
Kept a school by Yang-tse-Kiang.
His scholars sat upon the ground,
And learned their letters upside down.
Slippery, sloppery, snap and sneeze,
That's the way to learn Chinese!
And when the youngsters made a nois
He, with his pig-tail, whipped the boys
This all happened ages ago,
In the time of the good old emperor Fo
Now Chan-wan, the good old man,
Lies dead and buried, by Yang-tse-Kian



Ping-wing, the pieman's son,
Was the very worst boy in all Canton
He stole his mother's pickled mice,
And threw the cat in the boiling rice,
And when they'd eaten her, said he,
"Me wonders where the mew-cat be!"

Mother Goose in Verse