Mother Goose in her New Dress.
Mother Goose's Melodies

PORTER & GOATES
822 Chestnut St.
PHILADELPHIA
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.
Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig, and away he run,
The pig was eat,
And Tom was beat,
And Tom ran crying down the street.
Bobby Shafto's gone to sea,
Silver buckles on his knees,
He'll come back and marry me,
Pretty Bobby Shafto!
As I was going up Pippin Hill, Pippin Hill was dirty,
There I met a pretty miss, she dropped me a courtesy.
Little miss! pretty miss! blessings light upon you!
If I had half a crown a day, I'd spend it all upon you!
Here was a little man,
And he woo’d a little maid,
And he said, “Little maid will you wed, wed, wed?
That little love to prize,
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?”
Sing 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,
Mixés 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.
When 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!"

But 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!"

Home 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!"
Le chat est allé
Dans la neige,
En retournant,
Il avait des souliers tout blancs.

Die Katze lief im Schnee,
Um als sie wieder nach Hause kam,
Da hat sie neue Wäsche an.
Oh, ja ja, Oh ja.
Id Tusakamnik, 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 squaw and little puppooses,
To see him feed on clams and gooses,
Naughty Indian, old Tusakamnik!
Naughty man to spoil his stomach!
Marzehin, Marzehitz
Mit ihrer Zuckerschnuffelmutz,
Ach allerliebste Frau Marzehin,
Was hat sie in ihrem Strickbeutel drin?
Zuckernuss, Zuckernuss.
La tu seras bien fine,
Si jamais tu devine,
Pourtquoi les moutons blancs
Mangent plus que les noirs.
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.
Two 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.
Maitre forgeron,
Aidez mo, de grâce!
"Que faut-il qu'on fasse
Mon petit huron?"

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

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

Voici ma prière,
Dite, 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,
Miss 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 noise
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-Kiang.

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