MOTHER GOOSE
SET TO MUSIC.
Hey, diddle, diddle, the cat's in the fiddle.

NEW YORK:
G.W. CARLETON & CO.
MDCCCLXXI.

CITY OF BOSTON
THE present volume is intended as a contribution to what may
be justly considered a not unimportant department of our
national song literature—the Nursery Rhymes namely, which seem
appointed, by tacit and universal consent, to be "said or sung," and
to be listened to, with unwearied interest and appreciation, in those
great National Institutions the British Nursery and Home School-
room. To all who are interested in the selection of books for children
the book is now offered by the Publishers, with the hope that it may gain
general and extended approbation. Especial pains have been taken to
secure the suffrage of that still larger public, in petticoats and knicker-
bockers, whom a genial English writer of the last century, who loved
children, and spoke and wrote of them with infinite tenderness and
affection, describes as "masters in all the learning on the other side of
eight years old."

If it be true—as asserted by one of the greatest of English critics
and authors—that Sir Roger de Coverley and Mr. Spectator are more
real than nine-tenths of the heroes of the last century, and that almost
the only autobiography to be received entirely without distrust and
disbelief is that of one ROBINSON CRUSOE, Mariner, of York—then
surely those important personages, JACK and JILL, HUMPTY DUMPTY,
and my Lady Wind, are real and distinct entities in the mind of every little child whose nursery education has not been entirely and unwarrantably neglected; and therefore it has seemed good to the Publishers to present to the children of the present day the adventures of those heroes, embellished with whatever pictorial illustration, careful selection, musical accompaniment, and the advantages of artistic typography and detail can contribute, to render them more acceptable to all English children.

In the arrangement of the musical portion of the volume, especial care has been taken by Mr. Elliott to keep the songs strictly within the capacity of children’s execution, and the compass of children’s voices. In his own family he has found a young jury ready to test the various tunes, and has chosen only those melodies which found prompt acceptance, were easily remembered, and came trippingly off the tongue.

The pictorial illustrations of the book have been designed under the superintendence of, and engraved by, the Brothers Dalziel.

Among the old favourites a few new aspirants to popularity will be found; but it is hoped that their presence will be considered an additional attraction, and in no way lessen the pretensions of the present volume to be considered a compendium of National Nursery Rhymes.
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* Words by M. L. Elliott.

The Illustrations Engraved by the Brothers Dalziel.
Mistress Mary.

Allegretto moderato.

Mistress Mary, quite contrary, How does your garden grow? With...
Jack and Jill

Allegretto

Jack and Jill went up the hill, To fetch a pail of water;

Jack fell down, And broke his crown, And Jill came tumbling after.
SECOND VERSE.

Up Jack got, And home did trot, As fast as he could caper;

Went to bed, To mend his head, With vinegar and brown paper.

THIRD VERSE.

Jill came in, And she did grin, To see his paper plaster.

Mo-ther, vex'd, Did whip her next, For caus-ing Jack's dis-as-ter.
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

Allegretto moderato.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star, How I wonder what you are! Up above the world so high, Like a diamond in the sky.
TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR.

SECOND AND THIRD VERSES.

When the blazing sun is gone, When he nothing shines up-
Then the traveller in the dark Thanks you for your tiny-

Fourth and Fifth Verses.

In the dark blue sky you keep, Often through my curtains
As your bright and tiny spark Lights the traveller in the

peep, For you never shut your eye, Till the sun is in the sky.
dark, Though I know not what you are, Twinkle, twinkle, little star.
Baa, Baa, Black Sheep.

Baa, Baa, Black Sheep, Have you any wool? Yes sir, yes sir, Three bags full:

One for my Master, One for my Dame, But none for the little boy Who cries in the lane.
Dickory, dickory, dock.

Allegro.

Dick-o-ry, dick-o-ry, dock; The

mf

mouse ran up the clock; The

L. m.

clock struck One, The mouse ran down;

ten.

ten.

Dick-o-ry, dick-o-ry, dock.
Ding, Dong, Bell.

Allegretto moderato.

Ding, dong, bell, Pussy's in the well; Who put her in?

Little Johnny Green; Who pull'd her out? Little Tommy Trout. What a naughty boy was that, To drown poor Pussy Cat.
Pussy-Cat, Pussy-Cat.

Allegro.

Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, where have you been? I've been to London to visit the Queen.

Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, what did you there? I frighten'd a little mouse under her chair.
Nineteen Birds.

Mol. e marca.to.

Nineteen birds and one bird more, Just make twenty, and that's a score.

Second Verse.

To the score then add but one; That will make just twenty-one.

3. Now add two, and you will see
   You have made up twenty-three.

4. If you like these clever tricks,
   Add three more for twenty-six.

5. Then three more, if you have time;
   Now you've got to twenty-nine.

6. Twenty-nine now quickly take—
   Add one more and Thirty make.
The Child and the Star.

Andante con moto e tranquillo.

1. Little star that shines so bright, Come and peep at me tonight, For I
2. Little star! O tell me, pray, Where you hide yourself all day? Have you

often watch for you In the pretty sky so blue.

got a home like me, And a father kind to see?

3. Little Child! at you I peep While you lie so fast asleep; But when morn begins to break, I my homeward journey take.

4. For I've many friends on high, Living with me in the sky; And a loving Father, too, Who commands what I'm to do.
I had a little Doggy.

Andante non troppo.

I had a little doggy that used to sit and beg, But

Doggy tumbled down the stairs, and broke his little leg; Oh! Doggy, I will nurse you, and
I HAD A LITTLE DOGGY.

try to make you well; And you shall have a collar with a pretty little bell.

SECOND AND THIRD VERSES.

Ah! Doggy, don't you think you should very faithful be, For
But, Doggy, you must promise (and mind your word you keep) Not

having such a loving friend to comfort you as me. And when your leg is bet-ter, and
once to tease the little lambs, or run among the sheep. And then the yellow "chicks," that

you can run and play. We'll have a scamp'er in the fields, and see them making hay.
play upon the grass, You must not even wag your tail to scare them as you pass.
Little Bo-Peep.

Andante quasi Allegretto.

Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep, And can’t tell where to find them;

Leave them a-lone, and they’ll come home, Wagging their tails behind them.
SECOND VERSE.

Little Bo-Peep fell fast asleep, And dreamt she heard them bleating;

When she a-woke, 'twas all a joke— Ah! cruel vision so, fleeting.

THIRD VERSE.

Then up she took her little crook, Determined for to find them;

What was her joy to behold them nigh, Wagging their tails behind them.
Dolly and her Mamma.

Allegretto agitato.

Dolly, you're a naughty girl, All your hair is out of curl, And you've torn your little shoe. Oh! what must I do with

\[ \text{Music notation} \]
DOLLY AND HER MAMMA.

you? You shall only have dry bread, Dolly, you shall go to bed.

SECOND AND THIRD VERSES.

Do you hear, Miss, what I say? Are you going to o-
But I mean to try and grow. All Mamma can wish, you

---

That's what Mother says to me, So I know it's right, you
know; Never into passions fly, Or, when thwarted, sulk and

see: For sometimes I'm naughty, too, Dolly, dear, as well as you.
So, my Dolly, you must be Good and gentle, just like me.
Ride a Cock-horse to Banbury Cross.

Allegretto con spirito.

Ride a Cock-horse to Banbury Cross, To see a fine lady upon a white horse,

Rings on her fingers, and bells on her toes, She shall have music wherever she goes.
Little maid, pretty maid.

Andante quasi allegretto.

‘Little maid, pretty maid, Whither goest thou?’ ‘Down in the meadow to milk my cow.’

‘Shall I go with thee?’ ‘No, not now; When I send for thee, then come thou.’
Whittington for ever.

Moderato.
Time well marked.

Whittington for ever, Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Little Jack Horner.

Allegretto con moto.

Little Jack Horner Sat in a corner, Eating a Christmas pie: He

put in his thumb, And pull’d out a plum, And said, "What a good boy am I!"
Tom, the Piper's Son.

Allegretto e marcato.

Tom, Tom, the piper's son, Stole a pig, and away he run! The
pig was eat, And Tom was beat, Which sent him howling down the street.
See-saw, Margery Daw.

See-saw, Margery Daw, Jack shall have a new master,
He shall have but a penny a day, Because he won't work any faster.
A, B, C, tumble down D.

A, B, C, tumble down D, The cat's in the cupboard and can't see me.
Goosy, goosy gander

Up stairs and down stairs, And in my lady's chamber; There I met an old man, Who

would not say his prayers; I took him by the left leg. And threw him down the stairs.
Little jumping Joan.

Moderato con moto.

Here am I, little jumping Joan; When nobody's with me, I'm always alone.
There was a Crooked Man.

Allegretto moderato.

There was a crooked man, and he went a crooked mile, He

found a crooked sixpence up - on a crooked stile: He bought a crooked cat, which

caught a crooked mouse, And they all liv'd to - gether in a crooked lit - tle house.
Poor Dog Bright.

Allegretto moderato.

Poor Dog Bright, Ran off with all his might, Because the Cat was after him, Poor Dog Bright.
Poor Cat Fright, Ran off with all her might, Because the Dog was after her, Poor Cat Fright.
Humpty Dumpty.

Allegretto.

Humpty Dumpty, sat on a wall, Humpty Dumpty had a great fall:
All the king's horses, and all the king's men,

Could'n't put Humpty Dumpty together again.
Simple Simon.

Allegro moderato.

1. Simple Simon met a pie-man Going to the fair:
   Says
2. Says the man to Simple Simon, "Do you mean to pay?"
   Says

Simple Simon to the pie-man, "Let me taste your ware."
Simon, "Yes, of course I do," And then he ran away!
Sing a Song of Sixpence.

Allegretto.

Sing a Song of Six-pence, A pocket full of Rye;

Four-and-twenty Blackbirds Baked in a Pie. When the Pie was open'd, The
SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE.

Birds began to sing; Wasn't that a dainty dish To set before a King?

SECOND VERSE.

The King was in the counting-house, Counting out his money; The

Queen was in the Parlour, Eating bread and honey; The maid was in the garden,

Hanging out the clothes; There came a little Dick-y Bird, And popped upon her nose!
The Nurse's Song.

Allegretto moderato.

1. Dance a baby, diddy; What can Mammy do wid 'e?...
2. Smile, my baby bonny; What will time bring on 'e?...

Sit in a lap, Give it some pap, And dance a baby diddy...
Sorrow and care, Frowns and grey hair; So smile, my baby bonny...
THE NURSE'S SONG.

Third Verse.

Laugh, my baby, beauty;... What will time do to ye?

Furrow your cheek, Wrinkle your neck; So laugh, my baby, beauty...

Fourth Verse.

Dance, my baby, dear-y;... Mother will never be weary...

Frolic and play, Now while you may; So dance, my baby, dear-y...
Six little Snails.

Six little Snails Liv'd in a tree,

Johnny threw a big stone, Down came three.
The King of France.

Allegretto moderate.  
With decision.

The King of France, and four thousand men,  
Drew their swords, and put them up again.
My Lady Wind.

Moderato e marcato.

1. My lady wind, my lady wind, Went round about the house to find A  
2. And then one night, when it was dark, She blew up such a tiny spark That

chink to get her foot in, her foot in; She tried the key-hole in the door, She all the house was mother'd, was mother'd: From it she rais'd up such a flame, As
MY LADY WIND.

tried the cre-vice in the floor, And drove the chin-a-ney soot in the soot in.
flam'd a-way to Belt-ing Lane, And White Cross folk's were smother'd, were smo-ther'd.

THIRD VERSE.

And thus when once, my lit-tle dears, A whis-per reach-es itch-ing ears. The

same will come, you'll find, you'll find; ... Take my ad-vice, restrain the tongue, Re-

mem-ber what old Nurse has sung Of bu-sy la-dy wind, la-dy wind...
The Feast of Lanterns.

Allegretto e marcato.

Tching-a-ring-a-ring-a-ching, Feast of Lanterns,

What a lot of chop-sticks, bombs and gongs; Four-and-twenty thousand crinkum-crankums, All among the bells and the ding-dongs.
Is John Smith within?

Andante con moto
Time well marked.

Is John Smith within?—Yes, that he is. Can he set a shoe?—Ay, hard on two,

Here a nail, there a nail, Tick tuck, too, Here a nail, there a nail, Tick, tack, too.
When the snow is on the ground.

Andante non troppo.

When the snow is on the ground, Little Robin Red-breast grieves; For no berries can be
WHEN THE SNOW IS ON THE GROUND.

found, And on the trees there are no leaves. The

air is cold, the worms are hid, For this poor bird what

can be done? We'll strew him here some crumbs of bread, And

then he'll live till the snow is gone.
Three little mice.

Allegretto scherzando.

Three little mice crept out to see What they could find to have for tea. (For

Slower.

they were dainty, saucy mice, And liked to nibble something nice.) But
THREE LITTLE MICE.

Pussy’s eyes, so big and bright, Soon sent them scampering off in a fright.

SECOND VERSE.

Three Tabby Cats went forth to mouse, And said, “Let’s have a gay carouse.” For

they were handsome, active cats, And famed for catching mice and rats. But

savage dogs, disposed to bite. These cats declined to encounter in fight.
Little Tommy Tucker.

Allegretto.

Little Tommy Tucker, Sing for your supper.

What shall he sing for? White bread and butter. How can he cut it without any knife? How can he marry without any wife?
The North wind doth blow.

Andante expressivo.

The North wind doth blow, And we shall have snow, And

What will poor Robin do then? He'll sit in the barn, And

keep himself warm, And tuck his head under his wing, Poor thing!
The Man in the Moon.

Moderato.

The Man in the Moon Came down too soon, And asked his way to
Norwich; He went by the south, And burnt his mouth With eating cold plum-porridge.
Taffy was a Welshman.

Allegretto.

Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief,

Second Verse.

Taffy came to my house, And stole a piece of beef. Then I went to his house,

Taffy was from home, I return'd the favor, And stole a marrow bone.
Hey, diddle diddle.

Hey, diddle, diddle, The cat and the fiddle, The cow jumped over the moon; The little dog laughed to see such sport, And the dish ran after the spoon.
I love little Pussy,

Andante non troppo.  
With tenderness.

I love little Pussy, her coat is so warm, And

if I don't hurt her, she'll do me no harm. I'll sit by the fire and
ten.

cres.  
dim. e ritard.

give her some food, And Pussy will love me, because I am good.
The Old Man Clothed in Leather.

Moderato.

One mist-y, moist-y morn-ing, When cloud-y was the
weather, O there I met an old man cloth-ed all in lea-ther.

Cloth-ed all in lea-ther, With cap un-der his chin, O how d’ye do? and
THE OLD MAN CLOTHED IN LEATHER.

mf Second Verse.

how d'ye do? And how d'ye do, a-gain? I shook his hand at

part-ing, Tho' cloud-y was the wea-ther, This im-be-cile old "par-ty,"

Cloth-ed all in lea-ther, Cloth-ed all in lea-ther, With cap un-der his

chin: O fare-thee-well, and fare-thee-well, And fare-thee-well a-gain.
Curly Locks!

Curly locks! curly locks! wilt thou be mine? Thou

shall not wash dishes nor yet feed the swine; But sit on a cushion and

sew a fine seam, And feast upon strawberries, sugar, and cream.
The Lazy Cat.

Allegretto.

Pussy, where have you been today? In the meadows asleep in the hay.

Pussy, you are a lazy Cat, If you have done no more than that.
Three Children Sliding.

Andante quasi allegretto.

Three children sliding on the ice, All on a summer's day, As it fell out they all fell in, The rest they ran away.

May be sung as a Four-part Song.
SECOND VERSE.

Now had these children been at home, Or sliding on dry

ground. Ten thousand pounds to one penny They had not all been drowned.

THIRD VERSE.

You parents all that children have, And you, too, that have

none, If you would have them safer abroad, Pray keep them safe at home.
The Jolly Cester.

Andante con moto.

Oh, my little sixpence, my pretty little sixpence,

I love sixpence better than my life; I spent a penny of it, I
THE JOLLY TESTER.

lent another, And I took four-pence home to my wife.

SECOND AND THIRD VERSES.

Oh my little four-pence, my pretty little four-pence,
Oh my little two-pence, my pretty little two-pence,

I love fourpence better than my life; I spent a penny of it, I
I love twopence better than my life; I spent a penny of it, I

lent another, And I took two-pence home to my wife.

lent another, And I took nothing home to my wife
Fourth Verse.

Oh, my little nothing, my pretty little nothing:

What will nothing buy for my wife? I have nothing,

I spend nothing, I love nothing better than my wife.
Allegretto moderato.
sempre legato.

Georgie Porgie, pudding and pie, Kiss’d the girls and made them cry;

When the girls came out to play, Georgie Porgie ran away.
The Three Crows.

Allegretto.
Solo. (ad lib.)
Chorus.

Three Crows there were once who sat on a stone, Fal

Solo.

la la la la la... But two flew away, and
THE THREE CROWS.

Chorus.

Solo.

then there was one. Fal la la la la la la... The

other Crow felt so timid a-lope. Fal la la la la la... That

Chorus.

he flew a-way, and then there was none. Fal la la la la la...
A Little Cock-sparrow.

Allegretto scherzando.

A little cock sparrow sat

on a green tree, And he chirrup'd and chirrup'd, so

merry was he, But a naughty boy came with a
A LITTLE COCK SPARROW

small bow and arrow, De-ter-min’d to shoot this lit-tle cock spar-row.

SECOND VERSE.

“This lit-tle cock sparrow shall make me a stew,” Said this naughty boy, “Yes, and a

lit-tle pie, too.” “Oh! no,” said the sparrow, “I won’t make a stew,” So he

flutter’d his wings and a-way he flew con moto.
The Death and Burial of Cock Robin.

Andante con moto.

Who kill'd Cock Robin?

“I,” said the Sparrow; “With my bow and arrow I kill'd Cock Robin.” Who saw him die?

“I,” said the Fly; “With my little eye I saw him die.”

Who caught his blood? “I,” said the Fish; “With my little dish

(71)
THE DEATH AND BURIAL OF COCK ROBIN.

I caught his blood. Who'll make his shroud? "I," said the Bee-tle; "With

my thread and needle I'll make his shroud." Who'll bear the torch?

"I," said the Lin-net, "Will come in a minute; I'll bear the

torch." Who'll be the clerk? "I," said the Lark,
"I'll say Amen in the dark; I'll be the clerk."

Who'll dig his grave? "I," said the Owl; "With my spade and shovel."

I'll dig his grave. Who'll be the Parson?

"I," said the Rook; "With my little book I'll be the Parson."
THE DEATH AND BURIAL OF COCK ROBIN.

Who'll be chief mourn-er? "I," said the Dove; "I mourn for my love,

I'll be chief mourn-er." Who'll sing his dirge? "I," said the

Thrush: "As I sing in a bush, I'll sing his dirge."

Who'll carry his cof-fin? "I," said the Kite; "If it be in the
THE DEATH AND BURIAL OF COCK ROBIN.

night, I'll carry his coffin. Who'll toll the bell?

"I," said the Bull; "Because I can pull, I'll toll the bell."

All the birds of the air Fell sighing and sobbing, When they heard the bell toll For poor Cock Robin.

(Mournfully)