The Original

Mother Goose's Melody,

As First Issued by

John Newbery, of London,

About A. D., 1760.

Reproduced in fac-simile from the edition as reprinted by

Isaiah Thomas, of Worcester, Mass.

About A. D., 1785,

With Introductory Notes by

William H. Whitmore.

Albany:
Joel Munsell's Sons.
1889.

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"MOTHER GOOSE."

A Brief Yet Entertaining History of this Venerable and Historical Dame—Charlestown Her Native Place—How the Time-Honored Melodies Got into Print.

At the Christmas Festival of the Sabbath School of the New Old South Church, last Monday evening, the pastor, Rev. J. M. Manning, in giving a history of the Old South Church adapted to the occasion, paid a glowing tribute to the memory of "Mother Goose," who is not, as many suppose, a fictitious personage and a myth, but who lived here in Charlestown, where she was born. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Foster, and until her marriage with Isaac Goose, a thrifty resident of Boston, she lived with her parents in Charlestown. In 1698, after her marriage, she joined the Old South Church. Her husband, says Rev. Mr. Manning, had a green pasture ready for her, on what is now Washington street, and adjoining the land in and about Temple place. She was his second mate, and began her maternal life as stepmother to ten children. These all seem to have been lively little goats, and the number she rapidly added six more. Think of it! Sixteen goings to a single goose—assuming that none of them had been there for any length of time, and that none had died of crook in the neck. *

Poor, happy Mother Goose! No wonder that her feelings were too many for her, and she poured them out in the celebrated lines:

"There was an old woman lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she didn't know what to do."

Yet her family cares seem on the whole, to have set lightly upon her, for she was not generally a South North woman. North with every turn of the sun, but she staid by her nest through cold and heat, happy as the day is long, and living to be ninety-two years old. She even survived the father Goose many years, and she led and fed her numerous flock and tenderly brooded them in the little enclosure on Temple place till they were able to swim and forage for themselves.

One of these, her daughter Elizabeth, became the wife of Thomas Fleet. And here is the story which we owe it that her name and fame are spread through the world. Thomas Fleet was a printer, living in Pudding lane, a place whose very name had so savory a taste in the old days of the lady's marriage, that they the Fleet became a happy father she insisted on going to live with him as nurse of honor to his son and heir. To coddle her own grandchild, in Pudding lane, was the beauteous ideal of blessedness for Mother Goose. Her activity and concern in the house were such as to throw what we read about busy mothers-in-law wholly into the shade. No doubt she would have been glad to see Rome, as certain other geese once did with their cackling, but lacking the opportunity to do this, she sang her ditties from morning till night, "Up stairs and down stairs and in my lady's chamber," till her son-in-law became sufficiently alarmed at the fertility of her genius. Sing she must, however, for was she not a poet, full of the divine fire which refuses to be quenched? It is well for the world that she was. No untutored son-in-law could control her, or keep her from humming and cooing at her own sweet will.

And now it was not a Roman, but a Yankee printer, that her persistent music awakened. A happy thought occurred to Thomas Fleet. He printed and sold songs and ballads at his printing house in Pudding lane. Was it not a pleasing idea to bring something good about to him, that this precious mother-in-law, with her endless rockings and lullabies, had put herself in his way? He stopped asking the irresistible songster to rock less, and urged her to sing more. And while she sat in her arm-chair, or shuffled about the room lost in sweet dreams, he carefully wrote down what he could of the rhymes which fell from her lips. He notes rapidly accumulated, and in a little while he had enough of them to make a volume. These he now printed, and bound them into a book, which he offered for sale under the unique title: "Songs for the Nursery; or, Mother Goose's Melodies for Children. Printed by T. Fleet, at his Printing House, Pudding Lane, 1719. Price two shillings."

The title page also bore a large cut of a veritable goose, with wide-open mouth, showing that the proverbial irreverence of sons-in-law is not a thing of recent foreign. The Fleet's were just as saucy in the days of Mother Goose as now, and just as ready to turn a penny at the expense of their mothers-in-law. How the immortal author bore the prosaic use of her name, or what she thought of the ungracious but shrewd Thomas Fleet, history does not say. We have every reason to believe, however, that she took it just as sweetly as she had taken all the other trials and annoyances of her life. She possessed her soul in patience, and continued her gentle ministry to the little ones; still gathering them into her arms, and soothing and gladdening their hearts, after the shadows of old age had fallen upon her; not weary of her delightful task, but loving it more and more, with all the love of her motherly soul to spread its wings and fly away to the great company of children in Heaven.

Such is the true story of Mother Goose. Her little book started forth on its errand. It grew and multiplied with each new edition. It made her dear name a household word wherever it went. What shore or coast has it not visited? Where is the home in which its loving rhymes are not sung? It is one of the few books which cannot grow stale or be destroyed. Not Homer or Shakespeare is so sure of immortal fame as Mother Goose. Considering the love in which her melodies are everywhere held, their freedom from all that might corrupt or mislead the infantile mind, their practical wisdom, their shrewd mastery of the motives of human conduct, one is in all solemnity forced to admit that her name is among the brightest of the jewels which adorn the brow of Old South. Whose other son or daughter of the church, renowned as many of them are in history, has proved more useful in blessing mankind, or secured the benedictions of so many hearts?

It is to the noblest work that Santa Claus is to the old. And if the twain could, by some poetical license, be made man and wife, who does not confess that she, though much the younger, would be far the better half? Let us hope that the day is not far distant when a memorial statue will be erected to this venerable lady in one of the parks or squares of Boston. Let it be an appropriate symbol of her and her blessed ministry. Let it stand where the children of the city may gather in their daily sports, trundling their hoops and carriages about it, and singing their delight in her in its motherly shadow. Where could that memorial more fittingly stand than on the triangular lot of ground at the corner of Boylston and Darmouth streets, so near to the present Old South meeting house, and in full view of other buildings and institutions which are the pride of Boston? If not there, yet in some place it should be reverently set up. And on it should be the following inscription:

Elizabeth Foster,
Known in the annals of the Nursery as "Mother Goose."
Was born in Charlestown, Mass., 1659; Married Isaac Goose of Easton, Mass., 1691; Became a member of the Old South Church, 1698; Was left a widow in 1705. The first edition of her "Melodies" was published in 1719; She died 1751; Age 92 years.
Note 163. Thomas Fleet, Mother Goose and English editions of her Melodies.

Since writing the note relating to the Bible of Thomas Fleet, the writer has received innumerable inquiries relating to Mother Goose, the inquirers assuming that Mother Goose was the mother of Thomas Fleet's wife, many calling my attention to the preface of Hurd & Houghton's beautiful edition, in which it is stated that the name of Mother Goose is not referred to in English works on bibliography. If any of the numerous readers of these columns can furnish a copy of an American edition dated before 1780, they would confer a great favor upon me. The following titles and comments appear in a list of the publications of juvenile books issued by the successors to John Newbery, who was the famous publisher located at the sign of the Bible and sun in St. Paul's Churchyard, London:

**Mother Goose's Tales.** The seventh edition was printed May 16, 1777, and between that date and March, 1779, Carman & Newbery took 1700 out of the 3000 copies printed by Collins of Salisbury. It consisted of 41 sheets long primer. 3000 copies cost £1 4s. 6d. The eighth edition was Sept. 1, 1780.

**Mother Goose's Melody.** Mother Goose's Melody, or Sonnets for the Cradle, in Two Parts. Part I. The most celebrated songs and infantiles of the old British nurses, calculated to amuse the children and excite them to sleep. Part II. Those of that singer and nurse of art and humor, Master William Shakespeare, adorned with cuts and illustrated with notes and maxims. Historical, Philosophical and Critical. Entered by T. Carman at Stationers' Hall, Dec. 28, 1780.

Since writing the above, C. F. Libbie has sent out catalogues for the Hart sale, to take place next week, and among the chap-books is one dated 1794, by Isaiah Thomas, with a catalogue at the end which follows nearly verbatim the second above entry in Stationers' Hall, with other publications showing that he issued in this country the publications of Newbery's successors.

John Newbery was the publisher of many of Goldsmith's works and in their early connection won the esteem of the poet as a liberal man, so that his name was embalmed in the "Vicar of Wakefield" as that of "the philanthropic publisher of St. Paul's churchyard."

When Goldsmith was in the college at Dublin his father died, but by selling his books and obtaining occasional gifts from his uncle he could not live upon his meagre income. He wrote street ballads to save himself from starving, sold them at the Reindeer Repository on Mountath court for five shillings apiece, and stole out of the college at night to hear them sung.

When his play, the "Good Natured Man," was brought out in January 1768, at the close of the rehearsal he met with his friends at the club, and sang his favorite song, which he never consented to sing but on special occasions, about "an old woman tossed up in a blanket seventeen times as high as the moon" (John Forster's "Life of Oliver Goldsmith, 1848" p. 461): John Newbery published "Goody Two Shoes," "Gilles Gingerbread," "Tommy Trip," etc. Mr. Charles Welsh in his account of the life of John Newbery ("A Bookseller of the Last Century"), on page 282 of the appendix, calls attention to this extract from Tom Trip—

"Three children sliding on the ice,
Upon a summer's day:
If one fall out, they all fall in,
The rest they ran away."

and says "Its remarkable similarity to the 'Elegy on a Mad Dog,' by Oliver Goldsmith, would lead one to believe they both were by the same hand." How much had Oliver Goldsmith to do with the compilation of these nursery tales and melodies?

J. C. J. B.
THE ORIGINAL

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PREFACE.

MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODY.

FEW books in the English language have had so great and persistent circulation as the collection of Nursery Rhymes known as Mother Goose's Melody. In presenting a reprint of the earliest known edition, some bibliographical notes may be in place.

According to my present knowledge, I feel sure that the original name is merely a translation from the French; that the collection was first made for and by John Newbery, of London, about A. D. 1760; and that the great popularity of the book is due to the Boston editions of Munroe & Francis, A. D. 1824-1860.

First, as to the name. Writing at the great disadvantage of locality, on this side of the Atlantic, in regard to English books, I can only say that I have found no early mention of Mother Goose as an English personage. She does not appear to be a character known before the seventeenth century; and with due humility, I venture to suggest that such personifications of animals seem to be foreign to English modes.

* * *

I desire to dismiss, entirely, the idea that Mother Goose was a name which originated in Boston, Mass. In 1870, the late William A. Wheeler edited for Hurd & Houghton a beautiful edition of these melodies, and then claimed to identify Mother Goose with Elizabeth Goose, widow of one Isaac Vergoose or Goose, and mother-in-law of Thomas Fleet, a well-known Boston printer, who came here in 1712, and died in 1758. He married in 1715, and is said to have printed, in 1719, the first collection of Mother Goose's Melodies.

It is true that Fleet's wife was of the Vergoose family, and that the name was often contracted to Goose. The rest of the story depends entirely upon
the unsupported statement made by the late John Fleet Eliot (a descendant of the printer), that in 1856 the late Edward A. Crowninshield, of Boston, said that he had seen a broadside of Fleet's edition in the library of the American Antiquarian Society. Repeated searches at Worcester have failed to bring to light this supposed copy, and no record of it appears on any catalogue there. No other copy has ever been discovered elsewhere, and it seems reasonable to suppose that Mr. Eliot misunderstood the remarks made to him.

Until such an example shall be found, it is useless to repeat this story, and I shall waste no more time upon it; referring the inquirer to the New England Historical and Genealogical Register for 1873, pp. 144 and 311, and the Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society, October, 1888, pp. 406–410. If there had been an edition printed in Boston in 1719, we can safely say that Benjamin Franklin would have had a copy. Yet in the recent reprints of his Prefaces, Proverbs and Poems, as contained in the Poor Richard Almanacs (see Knickerbocker Nuggets, New York, 1890), we find nothing that suggests a single one of these Melodies or any of the characters therein. It seems to be simply impossible, on reading Franklin's annotations in these Almanacs, to believe that he had ever read Mother Goose and yet refrained from quoting or imitating them. It is, moreover, a very doubtful point, whether in 1719 a Boston printer would have been allowed to publish such trivial rhymes. Boston children at that date were fed on Gospel food, and it seems extremely improbable that an edition could have been sold.

* * *

But, on the other hand, the equivalent of Mother Goose is certainly of considerable antiquity in the French language. Its great popularity dates back to 1697, when Charles Perrault published the Nursery Tales entitled "Histoires ou Contes du Tems Passé, avec des Moralités." On the frontispiece is an old woman spinning and telling tales to a man, a girl, a little boy and a cat. On a placard is written

"CONTES
DE MA
MERE
LOYE."

There seems to be no doubt that "Contes de ma mère l'Oye," or Tales of Mother Goose," was a popular synonym for fairy stories.

Lang (p. xxiv) says, "the term occurs in Loret's La Muse Historique (lettre v, 11 Juin, 1650),

'Mais le cher motif de leur joie,
Comme un conte de la Mère Oye,
Se trouvant fabuleux et faux,
Ils deviendront tous bien pénauts.'"

Deulin (p. 10) speaking of that period quotes a remark that "the tales of Miletus are so puerile that they are sufficiently honored by comparison with our tales of 'Peau d' Ane' or 'Mère l'Oye.'"

"Peau d'Ane" was then the typical story (with which infants were hushed to sleep), and such were indifferently styled by either name.

Other examples can be found, and some writers connect the legend of Mother Goose with Queen Goose-foot (Reine Pédauce), said to be the mother of Charlemagne. At all events it is as clear that she belongs to French folk-lore, as that she is not to be found in English tradition.

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Very strangely I am unable to state when Perrault's book was first translated into English. In the London Athenæum, for 1887, I note an inquiry for the English edition of 1719, but no copy was reported. Lang says (Perrault's Tales, p. xxxiv), "An English version, translated by Mr. Samber, printed for J. Pote, was advertised, Mr. Austin Dobson tells me, in the Monthly Chronicle, March 1729." In 1745 the Tales were printed at the Hague, with an English translation. (Ibid.)

Samber's edition, of 1729, seems to be verified as probably the first, by the following fact: I have a copy of a book entitled "Tales of Paffed Times, by Mother Goose, With Morals, written in French by M. Perrault, and Englished by R. S., Gent. To which is added a new one, viz.: The Difcreet Princefs. The Seventh Edition, Corrected, and adorned with fine Cuts. New York: Printed for J. Rivington, Bookfeller and Stationer, No. 56 Pearl-street, 1795. 12 mo. pp. 227."

It contains the English and French versions on opposite pages, but the "fine cuts" are not to be seen. The translator, R. S., is undoubtedly Robert Samber, who is recorded in Allibone as translating a work from the French in 1719.

We may also presume that the reprint is from the seventh or sixth English
edition, as I know of no earlier American issues. Pp. 151–227 are covered by "The Discreet Princefs," whereof the French title-page says, "Imprimé l'an MDCCCV," and the English "Printed in the year MDCCCLXIV." The French is dedicated to the Comtesse de Murat; the English, to the right honorable, the Lady Mary Montagu, daughter of John, Duke of Montagu. As this peer died in 1749, I suspect an error in the date of publication.*

Until, however, more is known of the bibliography of this volume, I think we must accept the following facts as to the name: That Mother Goose was a French character, originally, and that her tales were first published in 1696 and 1697, by Perrault; that in 1729 their fame reached England, and they were translated by Robert Samber; when, for the first time, she was introduced to English readers.

* * *

So much for Mother Goose's prose "Tales," which comprised Little Red-Riding-Hood, The Fairy (the sisters who drop diamonds and toads, respectively, from their mouths), Blue-Beard, The Sleeping Beauty, Puss in Boots, Cinderella, Riquet with the Tuft, and Little Thumb; eight stories in all.

We have now to consider her "Melody." Here we are brought at once to John Newbery, the famous publisher, of St. Paul's Churchyard, London, whose Life, under the title of "A Bookseller of the Last Century," has been charmingly told by Charles Welsh (London, Griffith, Farran, Okeden & Welsh, 1885). Newbery was the first English publisher to prepare little story-books for children, and his success is amply shown in the notices of his contemporaries and successors. In 1765 he published The History of Little Goody Two-Shoes (reprinted in fac-simile by Charles Welsh, in 1882), a story very generally ascribed to Oliver Goldsmith. At all events Goldsmith was a constant writer for Newbery from 1762 to 1767, when the latter died; and some of this literary work was undoubtedly for the children's books.

* Lang says, p. xxvi, "by some unexplained accident a story of Mademoiselle L'Héritier's 'L' Adroite Princesse,' slipped into editions of Perrault's Contes, in 1721, if not earlier, and holds its place, even now. The author was Mlle. L'Héritier de Villaudon, a relation of Perrault's." She printed her volume in 1696. Charles Deulin (Les Contes de Ma Mère L'Oye, avant Perrault, Paris, 1878), says, p. 38, that Pinette, ou L'Adroite Princesse, was long attributed to Perrault, though now restored to the right owner: that it was dedicated to the Comtesse de Murat, and (p. 21) that it appeared in the same year as Perrault's "La Belle au Bois Dormant," which latter was printed first, in 1696, in Moetjen's Recueil, vol. v, printed at The Hague.

It is a matter of doubt whether the real collector of these Tales was not Charles Perrault's son, and that the father merely revised them and added the poetry.
In Mr. Welsh's careful lift of Newbery's publications, we find mention of "Mother Goose's Tales." He says: "The seventh edition was printed May 16th, 1777, and between that date and March, 1779, Carnan & Newbery took 1,710 out of the 3,000 copies printed by Collins of Salisbury. It consisted of four-and-a-half sheets, long primer. Three thousand copies cost £18 13.6. The eighth issued September 4, 1780."

It is impossible at present to learn when Newbery first issued the Tales, or whether the seven editions were those printed by him or were numbered from the first English issue. It is evident, however, that we have brought together the title, "Mother Goose," and the publisher, Newbery.

* * *

December 28, 1780, Thomas Carnan entered for copyright, "Mother Goose's Melody, or, Sonnets for the Cradle, etc.," giving the full title as printed in the lift in our American reprint. Carnan was the stepson of John Newbery, and succeeded to the business, in partnership with Francis Newbery, nephew of John. Francis died in 1780, but the firm continued some two years. Mr. Welsh kindly informs me that he thinks it probable that 1780, the date of the copyright, was not necessarily that of the first issue of the book, but rather that the copyright was taken out in connection with the winding-up of the copartnership, on Francis Newbery's death.

So far as we now know, no publisher, except Newbery, was using the title of "Mother Goose," from 1760 to 1780; the prose Tales had evidently been a success; and, to quote Mr. Welsh's opinion, as that of a most competent judge, "it is quite in accordance with Newbery's practice to have utilized it for his Melodies for the Nursery."

If, as seems most probable, the first edition of "Mother Goose's Melody" was issued prior to John Newbery's death, in 1767, there is an interesting question as to who prepared the collection for the press. The rhymes are avowedly the favorites of the nursery, but the preface and the foot notes are of evident burlesque upon more pretentious works. The first and most natural conclusion is that we may trace therein the hand of Goldsmith, an opinion held by Mr. Welsh. The probability, or even possibility, of this idea, would give an added interest to this collection.

Forster, in his Life of Goldsmith, gives proof that Goldsmith was very fond of children and was familiar with nursery rhymes and games. Thus he writes (Vol. II, p. 71), that Mrs Hawkins says: "I little thought what I should have to boast, when Goldsmith taught me to play Jack and Jill, by two bits of paper on his fingers."
But the most curious bit of evidence is the following from Vol. II, p. 122: January 29, 1768, Goldsmith’s play of the “Good-natured Man” was produced. He went to dine with his friends after it. “Nay, to improve his friends still more forcibly with an idea of his magnanimity, he even sung his favorite song, which he never contented to sing but on special occasions, about An old Woman tossed in a Blanket seventeen times as high as the Moon, and was altogether very noisy and loud.”

Our readers will find this identical “favorite song” in the preface to Newbery’s “Mother Goose’s Melody,” p. 7, dragged in without any excuse, but evidently because it was familiar to the writer. This coincidence is certainly of some force.

Newbery and Carnan did not succeed in keeping a monopoly of these Rhymes. In the American Antiquarian Society’s Proceedings for 1888, I found a statement that in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, there were two copies of Mother Goose, printed about A. D. 1700. I am informed by Mr. Allnutt that this is entirely wrong. One copy is on paper which has the water mark of 1803, and the other has the imprint “London, Printed and Sold by John Marshall, No. 4, Alderman Church-Yard, Bow-Lane, and No. 17 Queen Street, Cheapside. Price Three-Pence, Bound and Gilt.”

This John Marshall, he adds, was a contemporary and rival of Carnan, and published children’s books during the latter half of the 18th century and beginning of the present. “The contents are identical with yours, but some of the pieces toward the end are somewhat differently arranged. The cuts are very similar with the addition of a frontispiece representing a family group at lessons. There are 92 pages, followed by a list of children’s books sold by John Marshall.

Not improbably it was some such piracy as this which made Carnan copyright his book in December, 1780, as already noted.

It may be mentioned here, however, that with the dissolution of the Newbery firm, and with the change in the taste for children’s books, at the beginning of the present century, the English chain of evidence is broken, happily to the restored in this country, as will be shown. Mother Goose’s Melodies are again to be found in English nurseries, but in some instances, at least, they are reprinted from American exemplars.

* * *

In 1842 the late James O. Halliwell edited for the Percy Society, “The Nursery Rhymes of England, Collected principally from Oral Tradition.” In his preface, he writes, “these traditional nonsensical scraps have come
down to us in such numbers, that in the short space of three years the editor of the present volume had collected considerably more than a thousand. A selection is here presented to the reader. . . . . I may here also take the opportunity of stating, that it was originally my intention to have introduced, also, a collection of merriments, upon which many of these rhymes are founded, but the project was over-ruled by a gentleman who gave it as his opinion, that the Society would, by their publication, be involved in an awkward question of copyright. I was not previously aware that 'Goody-Two-Shoes,' and romances of this kind were regarded so jealously by the trade.'

He adds: "I am in possession of a curious and clever satirical pamphlet, entitled, 'Infant Institutes,' 8vo, London, 1797, to which I am indebted for some interesting scraps."

Leaving Halliwell for the moment, with the remark that he does not mention Joseph Ritson's "Gammer Gurton's Garland," of 1810, I will take up the "Infant Institutes."

In Notes and Queries for June, 1875 (5th S. iii, 441), the late learned musician, Prof. Edward F. Rimbault, described an octavo pamphlet of 69 pages, entitled, "Infant Institutes, part the first, or, a Numerical Essay on the Poetry, Lyric and Allegorical, of the Earliest Ages, &c. London: printed for and sold by F. & C. Rivingtons, St. Paul's Churchyard, 1797." It is ascribed to Rev. Baptist Noel Turner, M.A., rector of Denton, co. Linc., and of Wing, co. Rutland. Dr. Rimbault says: "The essay shows considerble learning, and was evidently intended to ridicule the Shaksperean commentators. It is now chiefly interesting, as giving us the earliest printed versions of some of our well-known nursery ditties. These rhymes were first collected by Ritson, in his Gammer Gurton's Garland, printed for R. Triphook, in 1810, and have since been reproduced by Halliwell and a host of imitators. None of these collectors, as far as I am aware, has referred to Mr. Turner's Essay." He then cites various Nursery Rhymes, and points out the variations in Ritson's copies.

In the Gentleman's Magazine for 1826, part ii, pp. 467-9, is an obituary of Rev. B. N. Turner, prepared in part from his own notes. It mentions various of his writings and states that "in 1791 he published a political satire called 'Infant Institutes,' 'fraught,' he observes, 'with matter so eccentric and laughable as might chance to arrest the attention and raise the spirit of the public.'" This disposes of any doubts as to the authorship of this collection of nursery rhymes.

It is a strange fact, however, that Ritson's "Garland" consists of four
parts; and his brief preface reads as follows: "Parts I and II were first collected and printed by a literary gentleman, deceased, who supposed he had preferred each piece according to its original edition; an opinion not easily refuted, if worth supporting. Parts III and IV are now first added."

As I have been unable to see a copy of the "Infant Institutes," I cannot say whether it is identical with Parts I and II of Ritfon. If it be, the inference is that Ritfon was misinformed as to the author, as Mr. Turner was a prominent clergyman and was alive when Ritfon wrote, dying May 18th, 1826, aged 86. If it be not, we have still to find a copy of the book on this subject "first collected and printed by a literary gentleman deceased," before 1810; and also to explain why Ritfon knew nothing of the Infant Institutes of 1797.* Very possibly the fact will be proved that prior to 1797, some "literary gentleman" had published the book which Ritfon used, and that it served as the model for Turner to travesty as "a political satire."

At all events, here is one volume, if not two, treating on Nursery Rhymes, printed between Newbery's "Mother Goose's Melody," of 1780, and Ritfon's "Gammer Gurton's Garland," of 1810. Whoever first printed Parts I and II of Ritfon's "Garland," certainly absorbed therein almost the whole of Newbery's book; of course from a printed copy. This fact is indisputable, because Newbery's "Mother Goose" contains fifty-two Nursery Rhymes, and of these, thirty-seven are in Ritfon, most of them in identical words, and several in the same consecutive order.

Ritfon's collection is the following:

"GAMMER GURTONT'S GARLAND; or, the Nursery Parnassus. A choice collection of pretty songs and verses, for the amusement of all little good children who can neither read nor run. London: printed for R. Triphook, 37 St. James's street, by Harding & Wright, St. John's square, 1810." 12mo. pp. 46. It is divided into four parts, and contains many rhymes not in Newbery's book, but which have since been incorporated into "Mother Goose's Melody," as used for the last half century.

In 1842, Halliwell printed his collection, pp. 192, for the Percy Society. Although he does not mention Ritfon's book, it is evident that he possessed and used it, as nearly all of Ritfon is contained in his book. Halliwell, being a great collector and annotator of Shakespearean literature, enriched his work with some valuable notes. His book, being much larger than its predecessors, has been the storehouse from which later editions of "Mother Goose" have been increased in size, often to the injury of their

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* Dr. Rimbault must have read Ritson very carelessly, as he cites two rhymes which, he says, are in the "Institutes," and not in Ritson. Yet both are in Ritson's Part III.
fitnes. It is undoubtedly fair to abate somewhat Halliwell's claim that his rhymes were "collected principally from oral tradition," since he utilized three printed predecessors. It is very unfortunate, also, that he did not acknowledge the sources from which he copied, and devote a few pages to the bibliography of the subject.

In Notes and Queries for 20th January, 1877 (5th S., vii, 54), I note that the preface to a fifth edition of Halliwell is dated December, 1853; and that there was a sixth edition of 333 pages, printed for John Ruffell Smith, of London. In 1877 the copyright was owned by Frederick Warne & Co., and the book "has been incorporated with Mrs. Valentine's Nursery Rhymes, Tales and Jingles."

* * *

We must now resume the history of Newbery's original "Mother Goose's Melody." The English editions have practically disappeared; at least Mr. Welsh writes that he has never been able to see an example of Newbery's print. But, fortunately, Isaiah Thomas, of Worcester, Mass., soon after the Revolution, took up the business of reprinting story books for children, and copied many of Newbery's favorite stories. A number of these are cited in the advertisement annexed to this "Melody." The most noted, perhaps, of all these Newbery books, was the History of Little Goody Two-Shoes. A reprint of this was issued by Mr. Welsh (London, 1882), a facsimile of the third edition of 1766. The best authorities attribute this little story to Goldsmith. In the Boston Public Library is a beautiful copy of Thomas's reprint, dated Worcester, 1787, which is a page-for-page reproduction, but probably from Newbery's first edition. The cuts are evidently done over, and imitate very well the originals; but towards the end of the book they vary in details from Mr. Welsh's example. There is no necessity, therefore, to presume that Thomas imported the cuts which had been used by Newbery. He did, indeed, slightly alter the publisher's personal notes, which Newbery was fond of inserting, substituting Worcester for London, etc.

In 1787 Thomas printed the following:

Annexed is the following very full list of other publications, including Mother Goose's Melody:

The Brother's Gift.  
The Sister's Gift.  
The Father's Gift.  
The Mother's Gift.  
The Fairing.  
The Sugar-Plumb.  
The History of Little Goody Two Shoes.  
Tom Thumb's Exhibition.  
Mother Goose's Melody.  
Little Robin Red Breast.  
Tom Thumb's Play-Book.  
The Little Puzzling Cap.  
The Big Puzzling Cap.  
The Travels of Robinson Crusoe.  
Hagar in the Desert (from the French).  
The Beauty and the Monster.  
The History of the Holy Jesus.  
Be Merry and Wife.  
The Natural History of Four-footed Beasts. By Tommy Trip.  
The Holy Bible abridged.  
The History of Little King Pippin.  
A Bag of Nuts. By Thomas Thumb.  
Nurse Truelove's New Year's Gift.

I am informed by E. M. Barton, Esq., that in the American Antiquarian Society's Library there are copies of the "History of the Holy Jesus," "Nurse Truelove's New Year's Gift," and the "Entertaining Stories," all issued by Thomas in 1786, and all containing the advertisement of "Mother Goose's Melody." We seem, therefore, justified in placing the first issue of this latter at about 1785.

By the kindness of Miss Caroline M. Hewins, of the Public Library, Hartford, Conn., I have a full copy of one of Thomas's most characteristic reprints, which I place here on account of the full and interesting list of his publications. The book is entitled, "The Picture Exhibition, containing the Original Drawings of eighteen Disciples. To which are added, Moral and Historical Explanations. Published under the Inspection of Mr. Peter Paul Rubens, Professor of Polite Arts. Printed at Worcester, Massachusettts, by Isaiah Thomas, and sold, Wholesale and Retail, at his Bookstore. M DCC LXXXVIII."

Contents.

No. 1. The Mousetrap, by Master Hayman.  
2. A Battle Scene, by Master Broughton.  
4. Rural Simplicity, by Miss Grignon.  
5. The Taking of the Birds' Neft, by Master Avis.
No. 6. The Idler, by Master Johnson.
8. The Washing of the Lions at the Tower, by Master Green.
9. The Judgment of Areopagus; a Historical Piece; by Master Clement.
11. A Dog, by Master Lane.
12. The Truant Player, by Master Thoughtful.
13. The Temple of Fame, by Master Ravenet.
14. The Hunting of the Cat, by Master Nimrod.
16. The Lottery, by Master Rubens.
17. Leap Frog, by Mr. Godfrey Kneller.
18. The Dreamer, a Fancy Piece, by Master Dormer.

The advertisement has no special value, but the annexed list of Thomas's publications is very full and interesting. I have numbered the titles for convenience in reference.

Books for Masters and Misses of all ages, which will make them wise and happy. Printed and sold by Isaiah Thomas, at his Bookstore in Worcester, Massachusetts, all ornamented with Cuts, and prettily bound.

The following are all price four Cents each, or four federal coppers, viz:
1. Nurse True-love's Christmas Box.
2. The Father's Gift; or, the Way to be wise.
3. The Brother's Gift; or, the naughty Girl reformed.
4. The Sister's Gift; or, the naughty Boy reformed.
5. The Little Puzzling Cap: or, a Collection of pretty Riddles.
6. The Royal Alphabet; or, Child's best Instructor; to which is added the History of a little Boy found under a Haycock.
7. The Death and Burial of Cock Robin; with the tragic Death of A, Apple Pye.
8. The remarkable History of Tom Jones, a Foundling.
9. Tom Thumb's Folio; or, a Three penny play Thing for Little Giants; to which is added an Abstract of the Life of Mr. Thumb.
10. Entertaining Tales, for General Instruction.
11. Jacky Dandy's Delight; or, the History of Birds and Beasts.
12. The renowned History of Giles Gingerbread, a little boy who lived on learning.
13. The History of Master Jackey and Miss Harriot; with Maxims for
   the Improvement of the Mind.
   [With many others of the same Size and Price.] Also,
15. Tom Thumb’s Play Book, to teach children their Letters as soon as
   they can speak. Being a new and pleasant method to allure
   little ones in the first Principles of Learning. Price only two
   Pence.

The following are all price eight Cents each:

16. The Fairing; or, a golden Toy for Children of all Sizes and Denom-
      inations.
17. The Liliputian Masquerade.
18. Virtue and Vice; or, the History of Charles Careful and Harry Heed-
      les, showing the good Effects of continued Prudence.
20.* New Song Book.
21. A Little Lottery Book for Children; Containing a new method of
      playing them into a knowledge of Letters and Figures, &c.
22. History of the Holy Jesu. Containing a brief and plain Account of
      his Birth, Life, Death, Resurrection and Ascent into
      Heaven; and his coming again at the great and last Day of
      Judgment.

The following are to be sold at eight Pence each, viz.

23. The Mother’s Gift; or a Present for all little children who want to
      be good. In two volumes.
24. The Royal Primer; or, an Easy Guide to the Art of Reading.
25. The big Puzzling Cap; or, a Collection of Riddles.
26. Mother Goose’s Melody, or Sonnets for the Cradle; being a Collection
      of all the famous Songs of nurses, ornamented with numerous
      Cuts.
27. A Bag of Nuts, ready cracked; being a Collection of Fables, Riddles
      and Conundrums.
28. The Lottery Book; with Mr. C.’s Alphabet set to musick.
The following are sold at one Shilling each:

30. The Holy Bible abridged; or, the History of the Old and New Testament. Illustrated with Notes and adorned with Cuts. For the Use of Children.

31. Little Robin Red Breast; a Collection of pretty Songs, for Children, entirely new.

32. The History of Little Goody Two-Shoes, otherwise called Mrs. Margery Twofshoes. With the Means by which she acquired her learning and Wisdom; and in consequence thereof her Estate.

33. The Sugar Plumb; or, Sweet Amusement for Leisure Hours; Being an entertaining and instructive Collection of Stories, Embellished with curious Cuts.

34. Be Merry and Wise; or, the Cream of Jests and the Marrow of Maxims.

35. The Juvenile Biographer; containing the Lives of Little Masters and Mistresses: including a Variety of good and bad Characters.

36. A little pretty Pocket Book, intended for the Instruction of Master Tommy and Miss Polly, with Letters from Jack the Giant Killer; to which is added a little Song Book, and Rules for Behaviour.

37. The Pictures Exhibition, moral and historical, well calculated to improve the mind.

38. A pretty New Year's Gift; or, Entertaining Histories for the Amusement and Instruction of young Gentlemen and Ladies in Winter Evenings. By Solomon Soberfides.


40. Master Columbus's Natural History of Birds and Beasts. In 2 vols.

41. Solomon Winlove's approved Collection of Entertaining Stories.

42. Vice in its Proper Shape; or, the wonderful and melancholy Transformation of several naughty Masters and Mistresses into those contemptible Animals which they most resembled in Disposition. Printed for the Benefit of all good Boys and Girls.

The following are price 1s. 2d. each:

43. A poetical Description of Song Birds, with a Drawing of each; interspersed with Songs, Fables and Tales.

44. The adventures of a Pin Cushion. Designed chiefly for the use of Young Ladies.
45. Memoirs of a Peg Top.
46. The Holiday Prefent, containing Anecdotes of a worthy Family.

The following are price 1s. 8d. each.

47. The Remarkable and Surprifing Adventures of David Simple; containing an account of his Travels through the cities of London and Westminster.

48. The Adventures of Roderick Random; containing the Remarkable Accidents which happened to him and his friend Strap, the Barber.

49. The History of Amelia; or, a Description of a Young Lady; who, from a great Fortune was reduced almost to Poverty; with an Account of her recovering it; for which be [sic.] was hanged.

50. The Adventures of Peregrine Pickle, &c.
[With many others of the fame Size and Price.]

Two specimens of Thomas's reprint of Mother Goose's Melody, each lacking the title page, have been preserved; and it is from one now owned by the present editor that the following pages are printed in fac-simile. It will be noted that the original consists of very small pages, four being placed on a page of our copy.

* * *

It is impossible to say how long these Melodies were issued by Thomas; we only strike sure ground in the editions printed at Boston, for Munroe & Francis.

Edmund Munroe and David Francis, printers and bookellers, began business in 1801. In 1822 and 1823 they kept at 4 Cornhill, which was the southerly corner of the present Washington and Water streets. From 1825 to 1840, their store is called 128 Washington street; after 1841 they were in Devonshire street, corner of Spring Lane.

The name of Cornhill was changed to Washington street in 1824, and although they remained in the same store, the designation was altered. They issued an edition of Mother Goose, which I am about to describe, and though undated, it describes them as at 128 Washington street. The very perfect copy now owned by Joseph W. Robbins, of Boston, has inscribed in it by his infant hand, "in the year 1827." We are thus assured that the issue was not earlier than 1824 nor later than 1827. So, again, on p. 115,
we find the early song of "See-saw facradown, which is the way to Boston
town," amended by the addition of these two lines:

"Boston town's changed into a city,
But I've no room to change my ditty."

As we know, Boston was chartered in 1822.

The seventy cuts are there, and are very creditable to the artists. Bowen's
name is signed to one, and his initials to several more. N. D., i.e. Nathan-
iel Dearborn, is on several, and one is signed, apparently, "Chicket's, &c."
Evidently, Munroe & Francis intended to do their best.

The last page is signed "Jemima Goofe," which is interesting, as evidence
that no one then associated the book with Elizabeth Vertigoofe, the mother-
in-law of John Fleet.

The book is about four and a half inches tall and three and a half inches
wide; the type three and nine-sixteenths inches tall, two and seven-eighths
inches wide.

It seems certain that the compiler of this edition had access to Newbery's
original, or, more probably, to Thomas's reprint. On p. 44, the footnote
is reprinted from one of these, almost verbatim: and no two independent
writers would have so agreed. Again, on p. 80, Newbery's title is copied,"A logical song, or, the conjurer's reason for not getting money." More-
over, this song seems to be peculiar to Newbery, not being in Gammer
Gurton's Garland. So, again, Munroe & Francis's book has the well known
quatrain, "Jog on, jog on, the foot path way," which is in Newbery, in
the second or Shakespearean portion. It is not in Ritton nor Halliwell. It
is to be found in the "Winter's Tale," act iv, scence iii. It is curious to
note that the second line in Shakespeare reads,

"And merrily hent the stile, a."

This verb "hent," being obsolete in the last century, is replaced here by
"mend;" but later it is translated as "jump," which seems to be the
meaning.

In fact an exact comparison shows that out of fifty one titles in Newbery
forty-eight are in the Boston edition. The three omitted are—

p. 23. There was an old woman.
p. 57. A long tailed pig.
p. 72. Piping hot.
All of which would be deservedly omitted now.

—3
It is much more difficult to decide whence Munroe & Francis obtained the additions which so increased their book. A portion is evidently modern, as for example Sir Walter Scott's "Pibroch of Donnell Dhu," which appeared in 1816. But many of those melodies which are not in Newbery's book, and are in this, are to be found in Ritson; they are, beyond question, of considerable antiquity.

The outside cover of this book reads, on the front,

BOSTON:
Printed by Munroe & Francis,
128 Washington Street.

Then comes the true title, as shown in fac-simile:

**Mother Goose's Quarto:**

*OR*

**MELODIES COMPLETE.**

SOME OF WHICH
HAVE RECENTLY BEEN DISCOVERED AMONG THE MANUSCRIPTS IN HERCULANEUM,
AND OF COURSE HAVE NEVER BEFORE APPEARED IN PRINT
THE OTHERS
DILIGENTLY COMPARED WITH THE EMENDATIONS OF THE MOST APPROVED ANNOTATORS,
THE TRUE READINGS RESTORED, AND CORRUPTIONS EXPUNGED.
WITH COPIOUS ENGRAVINGS.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY MUNROE AND FRANCIS,
NO. 128 WASHINGTON STREET
Then follow 118 pages, and I give a fac-simile of the last page. The outside cover, rear, represents an old woman sitting in a chair, talking to a little boy and girl; under this cut, 128 Washington Street:

118 MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES

John O'Gudgeon was a wild man,
He whipt his children now and then,
When he whipt them he made them dance
Out of Ireland into France.

Little Jack Nory
Told me a story.
How he try'd cock-horse to ride,
Sword and scabbard by his side,
Saddle, leaden spurs, and switches,
His pocket tight with cents all bright,
Marbles, tops, counters, props,
Now he's put in jacket and breeches.

One-ery, you-ery, e-ker-y, haven,
Hollow-bone, tallow-bone, ten or eleven,
Spin, spin, must be done,
Hollow-bone, tallow bone, twenty-one.

JEMIMA GOOSE

As this edition, as will be shown, is substantially the same as that copyrighted in 1833, and is the parent of all later issues, I subjoin a table of contents. The pages cited in the left-hand margin are those of the edition of 1833. The items marked with a star are those found in Newbery's and Thomas's edition. Those marked C. have a wood-cut; in many cases the illustration takes the greater part of the page.

A few of the more interesting and peculiar rhymes are quoted in full. It should be added, that in this edition of Munroe & Francis, quite a number of verbal changes were made from Thomas's text; but it is needless to specify them:
CONTENTS. MUNROE & FRANCIS EDITION, 1824.

3. 5. C. The north wind doth blow.
23. 6. a. Little boy blue, blow your horn.
b. In the month of sweet April. [Altered in 1833.]
20. c. Shoe the horse and shoe the mare.
23. 5. *7. C. Baa, baa, black sheep. [N. p. 59.]
a. This little pig went to market. [N. p. 54.]
b. Let us go the wood says this pig.
85. 9. C. I had a little husband no bigger than my thumb.
23. 10. a. Cold and raw the north winds blow.
b. Bye, baby bunting.
52. 10. *11. C. a. When I was a little boy, I lived by myself. [N. p. 51.]
b. Great A, little a, bouncing B. [N. p. 28.]
b. Ride away, ride away, Johnny shall ride.
11. 13. C. Sing, sing, what shall I sing?
b. Pease porridge hot. [N. p. 41.]
40. * 50. 16. a. Little King Boggen he built a fine hall.
b. How many days has my baby to play.
44. c. Wash me and comb me.
62. 13. 17. C. [Cut here in white line Chiket's sc.] Cuffy cow, bonny, let down your milk.
b. Harry come marry, when will you marry.
70. 19. C. Robert Barns, fellow fine.
44. *20. a. Pat a cake, pat a cake, baker's man. [N. p. 49.]
b. Ride a cock horse to Banbury crosss, To see an old woman jump on a black horse. [Altered in 1833.]
32. c. How many miles to Babylon.
18. *21. C. There was an old woman lived under a hill. [N. p. 24.]
Preface.

Contents, etc.—Continued.


28. b. Lavender blue and Rosemary Green.

28. c. Rain, rain, go away.

34. 25. C. There was an old woman who lived in a shoe.
64. 27. C. I'll sing you a song, of the days that are long.

35. b. Arthur O'Bower has broken his band.
51. 29. C. To bed, to bed, says Sleepy-Head.
30. C. Bles's you, bles's you, burnie-bee,
Tell me where my true love be. [10 lines, modern.]

51. 32. a. Diglety diddledy, my mammy's maid.
41. * b. There was a man of our town. [N. p. 55.]
46. *33. C. Ding, dong, bell, Puffy cat's in the well. [N. p. 25.]
29. *34. a. Little Johnnie Pringle had a little pig. [N. p. 15.]
37. b. The rofe is red, the violet blue.
7. 35. C. Sing a song of sixpence.
36. a. Continued.

8. b. Lady bird, lady bird, fly away home.
25. b. "Kit and Kitterit and Kitterit's mother,
All went over the bridge together;
The bridge broke down, they all fell in,
'Good luck go with you,' says Tom Bolin."
32. 38. Johnny shall have a new bonnet.
55. 39. C. [Bowen, &c.] Bobby Shaftoe's gone to sea.
35. 40. C. a. "Hey! rub-a-dub, ho! rub-a-dub, three maids in a tub,
And who do you think were there?
The butcher, the baker, the candle-flick maker,
And all of them gone to the fair."

15. * b. Alfred and Richard were two pretty men. [N. p. 60.]
50. 41. C. a. Tom, Tom, the piper's son.
64. b. Jog on, jog on, the footpath way.
And merrily jump the style, a'. [N. p. 91.]

*42. a. Little Jack Horner. [N. p. 40.]

—4
Preface.

Contents, etc.—Continued.

b. There was a piper had a cow.

53. 43. C. Pretty John Watts, We are troubled with rats.

*44. a. †High diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle. [N. p. 32.]

†[Foot note.—“Surely it must have been a little dog, for a great dog would have been too wise to laugh at such nonsense.”]

b. Robin a bobbin, the big bellied hen.

[Same as cover.]

45. C. Little Miss Muffett.


73. * b. The sow came in with a saddle. [N. p. 63.]

57. *47. C. Boys and girls come out to play. [N. p. 66.]

48. a. Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers.

b. As I went in the garden, I saw five brave maids.

69. c. The girl in the lane, That could not speak plain.

37. 49. C. a. There was an old woman and what do you think.

b. “One-ery, you-ery, ekery, Ann,
Philly, folly, Nicholas, John.
Quee-bee, quaw-bee, Ethel Mary,
Stinkle-em, flinkle-em, buck.”

19. *50. C. There were two birds sat upon a stone. [N. p. 38.]

74. *51. C. Little Johnny Tucker, Sing for your supper. [N. p. 26.]

68. 52. a. “There was a little man, And he had a little gun,
And his bullets were made of lead;
He shot John Sprig, Through the middle of his wig,
And knocked it right off his head.”

45. b. There was a man and he had naught.

59. 53. C. Jemmy Jed went into the shed.

56. 54. C. a. Puffy cat, puffy cat, where have you been.

b. “Liar, liar, lickspit,
Turn about the candlestick;
What is good for liars
Brimstone and fires.”

55. C. “See-saw, down in my lap,
Up again on her feet;
Little girl lost her white cap,
Blown away in the street.”
Preface.

Contents, etc.—Continued.

60. *56. Trip upon trenchers (slightly altered). [N. p. 17.]
   *57. C. "Three children playing on the ice
           All on a summer's day;
           As it fell out, they all fell in,
           The rest they ran away.

           "Now had these children been at school,
           Or playing on dry ground,
           Ten thousand pounds to a single cent
           They had not all been drowned." [N. p. 47.]

4.  58. a. There was a mad man, And he had a mad wife.
    27. b. Hogs in the garden, catch 'em Towler.
30. 59. C. You owe me five shillings, say the bells of St. Helen's.
    60. a. Continued [11 verses].
    65. b. When I was a little he.

61. 61. C. a. What's the news of the day?
    5. b. "To market, to market, to buy a penny bun,
            Home again, home again, market is done."
14. 62. a. There were two blind men went to see.
    38. b. The little black dog ran 'round the house.
    c. "[Wardrobe of the renowned Thomas Thumb, Esq., of
           Thumb hall, Thumbshire."
           An oaken leaf he had for his crown, etc.

84. 63. "Tom, Tom, of Iffington,
    Married a wife on Sunday."

8. 64. a. One, two, buckle my shoe.
    26. b. Diddle, diddle, dumpling, my son John.
44. 65. C. Puffy fits behind the log.
22. 66. a. There was an old woman toft up in a blanket.
    76. b. Jacky, come give me thy fiddle.
33. 67. C. Smiling girls, roly boys.
    68. Continued. [Modern.]

78. 69. C. Away pretty Robin. [Modern.]

70. a. Continued.


72. a. Continued.
Preface.

Contents, etc.—Contents.

b. The cuckoo’s a bonny bird.

55. *73. C.  a. Bow, wow, wow.  [N. p. 58.]

46.  b. Drunken Tom, with jacket blue.

39. 74.  a. Saturday night shall be my whole care.

47. *  b. I won’t be my father’s Jack.  [N. p. 20.]

70.  c. “Hey, ding a ding, I heard a bird fing,

The parliament soldiers are gone to the King.”

87. *75. C.  a. What care I how black I be.  [N. p. 44.]

81. *76.  a. We’re three brethren out of Spain.  [N. p. 64.]

31.  b. Once in my life I married a wife.

77. C.  a. When the snow is on the ground.  [Modern.]

88. *78.  a. Here’s A. B. C.  [N. p. 70; altered in 1833.]

68. *  b. There was an old man, And he had a calf.  [N. p. 22.]


74. *80.  a. A logical song, or, the conjurer’s reason for not getting money.  [N. p. 68.]

b. An Indian giant’s fishing tackle.

47. 81. C.  a. Bonny lads, bonny lads, will you be mine?

81. 62.  a. Mary, Mary, quite contrary.

20.  b. I’ll tell you a story, About Mother Morey.

20.  c. Thirty days hath September.

84. *83. C.  a. One, two, three, four, five.  [N. p. 46.]

88.  b. Milkman, milkman, where have you been.

84. a. When the twister a twirling will twit him a twine.

84. *  b. Cock a doodle doo, My dame has lost her shoe.  [N.

P. 34.]

42. 85. C.  a. As I was going to sell my eggs.

86.  b. Cut “B.”

87.  a. I had a little hobby-horse, And it was dapple-gray.

95.  b. Go to bed, Tom.

91. *  c. There were two black birds sitting on a hill.  [N. p. 65.]

6. 88. C.  a. Little Robin Redbreast sat upon a tree.

6.  b. Blest you, blest you, Burny bee,

Say, when will your wedding be?  [4 lines.]

56. 89.  a. Taffy was a Welchman.

21.  b. One misty, moisty morning.

53.  c. Shake a leg, wag a leg, when will you gang?
Contents, etc.—Continued.

6. 90. C. a. The man in the wildernefs asked me.
60. b. See-faw, Jack-a-daw.
71. 91. C. Pibroch of Donnell Dhu.
72. Continued.
73. a. do.
42. b. Old Mistreß M’Suttle.
80. c. Rock-a-by, baby, thy cradle is green.
89. *94. C. a. There was an old woman,
    She fold puddings and pies. [N. p. 62.]
66. b. Charley loves good cake and ale.
92. 95. C. Willy boy, Willy boy, where are you going?
75. *96. C. a. Hickory, dickory, dock. [N. p. 73.]
11. b. When I was a little boy, I washed my mammy's dishes.
87. *97. C. See, faw, Margery Daw. [N. p. 27.]
98. a. When I was a little boy, I had but little wit. [N. p. 50.]
85. b. As I was going to St. Ives.
67. 100. C. a. Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater.
86. * b. Crofs patch draw the latch.
69. 101. C. Goofey, goofey, gander.
58. 102. C. a. Ride a cock-horse to Banbury crofs,
    To buy little Johnny a galloping horse.
    b. "One-erzol, zu-erzol, zig-erzol zan,
    Bob-tail, vinegar, little tall Tan,
    Harum, scarum, Virgin Marum, blindfold."
82. 103. C. When I was a little boy my mother kept me in.
16. 103. We will go to the wood, fays Richard to Robin.
104. Continued.
    [The pagination wrong in this form.]
48. 106. London Bridge is broken down.
107. do.
108. a. do.
34. b. Hey, ding-a-ding, what shall I sing?
65. b. I had a little doll, the prettieft ever feen.
110. a. Fee, fau, foe, fum. [See p. 70.]
68. * b. Jack and Jill went up the hill. [N. p. 37.]
24

**Preface.**

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<th>1833</th>
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20. 

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<th>63.</th>
<th>111.</th>
<th>C.</th>
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<tr>
<td>Up in a green orchard there is a green tree.</td>
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<td>There was a little man, and he wooed a little maid.</td>
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112. 

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</tbody>
</table>

(Altered.) [N. p. 11.]

8. 

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>115.</th>
<th>C.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Snail, snail, come out of your hole.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

64. * 

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>b.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>&quot;See, saw, sacredown, sacredown,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Which is the way to Boston town?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>One foot up the other foot down,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>That is the way to Bolton town.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boston town's chang'd into a city,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>But I've no time to change my ditty.&quot;</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

[N. p. 29.]

52. 

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>116.</th>
<th>a.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Little lad, little lad, where wast thou born?</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

89. 

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>b.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A cow and a calf.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

61. * 

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>c.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>There was an old man in a velvet coat.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

[N. p. 35.]

40. 

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>117.</th>
<th>a.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Dear sensibility, O la!</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

36. 

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>b.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Daffy down dilly is new come to town.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

67. 

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>118.</th>
<th>a.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>John O'Gudgeon was a wild man.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

91. 

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>b.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Little Jack Nory, told me a story.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

118. 

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>c.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>One-ery, you-ery, ekery, haven,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hollow-bone, tolow-bone, ten or eleven,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spin, spun, must be done,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hollow-bone, tolow-bone, twenty-one.&quot;</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Jemima Goose.**

---

In 1833 Munroe & Francis issued a new edition, for which they secured copyright. As will be seen by the table of contents just given, nearly all the rhymes of the first issue were retained in this, but the order was entirely altered. The additions are very few and trifling, except the following three:

"'Twas once upon a time, when Jenny Wren was young."

"As I was going to Derby, upon a market day."

"When good King Arthur ruled the land."
The title is as follows, the covers bearing a cut of a woman with a goose’s head, etc. :  

MOTHER GOOSE’S MELodies.  
The only Pure Edition.  
Containing all that have ever come to light of her memorable writings, together with those which have been discovered among the mss. of Herculaneum: likewise every one recently found in the same stone box which hold the golden plates of the Book of Mormon.  
The whole compared, revised, and sanctioned, by one of the annotators of the goose family.  
With many new engravings.  

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1833, by Munroe & Francis, in the Clerk’s office, of the District Court of Massachusetts.  

New York and Boston:  
C. S. Francis and Company.  

Ninety-six pages, beginning on p. 3. Page 1 is title, p. 2 is an address.
to the readers. The pages are 3 3/4 in. wide by 4 3/4 in. high, and have a ruled border. The last page is here given in fac-simile:

GOOSE'S QUARTO
WITH SEVENTY ENGRAVINGS.

ADVERTISEMENT.
My young friends, when you have read the Verses in this Book, I recommend that you purchase my new volume of

CHIMES, RHYMES & JINGLES,

WHICH CONTAINS THE REMAINDER OF

MOTHER GOOSE'S SONGS:

BESIDES SOME NEW STORIES, SUCH AS FOLLOW:

'THE KID THAT WOULDN'T GO.'
'HITTERY TITTERY, WHO WENT UP CHIMNEY.'
'THE DEATH OF LITTLE JENNY WREN, AND WHAT THE DOCTORS SAID ABOUT HER.'
'THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.'
&c. &c. &c.

Illustrated with new and beautiful Pictures.

Although I have not seen this book, I presume that it was printed, and may yet be found.

In 1860 a new copyright was obtained by James Miller, 647 Broadway, New York, successor to C. I. Francis & Co., but the changes are not very great from the Boston edition.

I believe that this particular edition is no longer in print, and the rival
Preface.

27

issues of McLoughlin Bros., of New York, and others, seem to hold the market.

A friend in Boston, possesses a copy, given him in 1843, of a different collection. It is entitled, "Mother Goose's Quarto, or, Nursery Melodies, embellished with two hundred engravings. New York: Published by Edward Dunigan, 151 Fulton Street." No date, 94 pages, not numbered.

Among curiosities I would class an edition copyrighted in 1848, by George S. Appleton, of Philadelphia, styled "Mother Goose in Hieroglyphics;" and one issued by George Routledge & Sons, New York, illustrated by Kate Greenway, "as originally engraved and printed by Edmund Evans." What this last phrase means I do not know.

English publishers, also, now send forth enormous editions, and this little book seems to promise to reach wherever babies are taught the English language.

* * *

As to the merits of Newbery's collection, little need be said. Most of the rhymes thus brought together are still in vogue; two or three are coarse or trivial, and are unworthy of continuance. In Ritson I find many added which are now favorites, and Halliwell has a few. It has been abundantly pointed out, especially by Halliwell, that some of these rhymes were in use in Shakespeare's time and even earlier.

"The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts," four long stanzas, is quoted in Notes and Queries, 3d S., viii, 133, from the European Magazine, 1782, vol. i, p. 252. Again in Notes and Queries, 5th S., v, 366, Dr. Rimbault writes:

"In a song entitled 'The London Medley,' printed in The Aviary, 1744, the following are quoted:

'Colly, my cow.'
'Tom Farthing.'
'Old Obediah sings Ave Maria.'
'Sing, lullaby, baby, on the tree top.'
'An old woman and her cat sat by the fire.'
'There was an old woman sold puddings and pies.'"

In "The Fashionable Lady, or, Harlequin's Opera," 1730, mention is made of "London bridge is broken down;" and in "The Grub Street Opera," 1731, the finale is directed to be sung to the tune of "Little Jack Horner."
In Notes and Queries, 4th S., vii, 386, it is stated that in Grafton’s Chronicle, dated 1570, is the following:

"Thirty days hath November,
April, June and September,
February hath twenty-eight alone
And all the rest have thirty-one."

In Winder’s Almanac for 1636, printed at Cambridge, is this version:

"April, June and September
Thirty days have, as November:
Each month else doth never vary
From thirty-one save February,
Which twenty-eight doth still confine
Save on leap-year, then twenty-nine."

This rhyme, although not to be found in Mother Goose, is so universally taught to children, that I hope its introduction here is excusable.

As to what should constitute a standard edition of Mother Goose, I venture to make a closing suggestion.

Corruptions of the text have crept into many of the late editions, and modern imitations have been foisted in too often. It is to be hoped that hereafter these objectionable features will disappear, and that future generations of babies will be carefully soothed only by such verses as have been duly approved by their predecessors, and handed down, not simply by oral transmission, but by the safeguard of an immaculate text.

As a contribution to this end, I would suggest that the standard text should consist of Newbery’s book (omitting the rhymes on pp. 11–14, 15, 16, 62 and 68), and such additions from Ritson and Halliwell as bear internal evidence of antiquity, and are true “Nursery Rhymes.” Many of those which are wanting in Newbery’s first collection, have since been added, and have become so endeared to later generations, that their omission would be unjustifiable. But for the nursery use, a wise discrimination should be shown, and many rhymes rejected which are old, indeed, but unsuitable.

That such a text may be prepared, and that this attempt to trace the literary history of a most remarkable volume, may be of service therefor, is the sincere wish of the present editor.

W. H. W.

Boston, Sept. 6th, 1890.
By a very great writer of much might be said in favour of this collection, but as we have no room for critical dilutions, we shall confine ourselves to a few remarks on the contents. The poems are divided into two main sections: the first contains the tales of King Arthur and his knights; the second is devoted to the tales of Robin Hood.

The stories of King Arthur are based on the legend of the Round Table and the chivalric ideals of knights. The tales of Robin Hood, on the other hand, are set in the medieval era and focus on the adventures of the outlaw hero and his band of Merry Men.

In conclusion, this collection offers a rich tapestry of medieval literature, blending elements of romance, chivalry, and adventure. It is a testament to the enduring appeal of these stories and their ability to capture the imagination of readers across time.
PREFACE. ix

All Princes and potentates under the sun,
Through fear into corners and holes away run
While no dangers nor dread his swift progress retards,
For he deals about kingdoms as we do our cards.

When this was shewn to his majesty he smilingly said that folly always dealt in extravagancies, and that knaves sometimes put on the garb of fools to promote in that disguise their own wicked designs. "The flattery in the last (says he) is more insulting than the impudence of the first, and to weak minds might do more mischief; but we have the old proverb in our favour—If we do not flatter ourselves, the flattery of others will never hurt us."

We cannot conclude without observing, the great probability there is that the custom of making *Nonsense Verses* in our schools was bor-

PREFACE.

owed from this practice among the old Britsi nurces; they have, indeed, been always the first preceptors of the youth of this kingdom, and from them the rudiments of taste and learning are naturally derived. Let none therefore speak irreverently of this ancient maternity, as they may be considered as the great grandmothers of science and knowledge.

Mother GOOSE's Melody.

II.

Then replied the little Maid,
Little Sir, you've little said
To induce a little Maid for to wed,
Wed, wed, wed;
You must say a little more,
And produce a little ore,
E'er I make a little print in your
Bed, Bed, Bed.

III.

Then the little Man reply'd,
If you'll be my little Bride,
I'll raise my Love Notes a little
Higher, higher, higher;
Tho' my offers are not meet,
Yet my little Heart is great,
With the little God of Love all on
Fire, Fire, Fire.

IV.

Then the little Maid reply'd,
Should I be your little Bride,
Mother GOOSE's Melody.

Pray what must we have for to eat, eat, eat?
Will the Flame that you're so rich in
Light a Fire in the Kitchen,
Or the little God of Love turn the
Spit, Spit, Spit?

Then the little man he sigh'd,
And, some say, a little cry'd,
For his little Heart was big with
Sorrow, Sorrow, Sorrow;
As I am your little Slave,
If the little that I have
Be too little, little, we will borrow,
borrow, borrow.

He who borrows is another Man's Slave, and pawns his Honour, his Liberty, and sometimes his Name for the payment. Learn to live on a little, and be independent. 

Patch on Prudence,

VI. Thon

Mother GOOSE's Melody.

A DIRGE.

LITTLE Betty Winckle she had a Pig,
It was a little Pig not very big;
When he was alive he liv'd in Clover,
But now he's dead, and that's all
Johnny Winckle, he is over;
Sate down and cry'd,
Betty Winckle she
Laid down and dy'd;
So there was an End of one, two, and three,

Johnny Winckle He,
Betty Winckle She,
And Piggy Wiggie.

A Dirge is a Song made for the Dead; but whether this was made for Betty Winckle or her Pig, is uncertain; no Notice being taken of it by Camden, or any of the famous Antiquarians.

Walt's Sytem of Sense.
Mother GOOSE's Melody.

A melancholy SONG.

TRIP upon Trenchers,
And dance upon Dishes,
My mother sent me for some Bawn,
some Bawn:
She bid me tread lightly,
And come again quickly,
For fear the young Men should do
me some Harm.
Yet didn't you see,
Yet didn't you see, [on me
What naughty tricks they put up
They

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 Cafe this, to call in one Neigh-
bours to rejoice when all the good Liquor is

Amphion's

Amphion's SONG of EURYDICE.

I WONT be my Father's Jack,
I won't be my Father's Gill,
I will be the Fiddler's Wife,
And have Musick when I will.
Tother little tune,
Tother little Tune,
Frithee, Love, play me
Tother little Tune.

Maxim. Those arts are the most valuable
which are of the greatest use.

THREE
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 Loss
of what is not worth having. Boyle.

THERE

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.

Marvin. Those who are given to tell all
they know generally tell more than they
know.

THERE

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 swear
By the point of his Knife,
He never took Toll
Of a Mouse in his Life.

The only Instance of a Miller refusing Toll,
and for which the Cat has just Caused of Com-
plaint against him; Look upon Litiency.

THERE

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, which is
the very Essence of Truth She lived under
the Hill, and if she is not gone for lives there still,
Nobody will presume to contradict this.

Crusoe.

PLATO's
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.

GREAT

SE faw, Margery Daw,
Jacky shall have a new Master;
Jacky must have but a Penny a Day,
Because he can work no fafter.

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
SE law, facaradown.
Which is the Way to Boston Town?
One Foot up the other Foot down,
That is the Way to Boston Town.

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, Poli-
ticians, and Necromancers.

SHOE

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.

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 Difi ran away with the
Spoon.

It must be a little Dog that laugh'd, for a
great Dog would be ashamed to laugh at such
Nonsense,

HIGH

Mother GOOSE's Melody. 30

Mother GOOSE's Melody. 31

Mother GOOSE's Melody. 32

Mother GOOSE's Melody.
RIDE a Cock Horfe
To Banbury Crofs,
To fee what Tommy can buy;
A Penny white Loaf,
A penny white Cake,
And a Two penny Apple Pye.

There's a good Boy, eat up your Pye and
hold your Tongue; for Silence is the sign of
Wisdom.

C COCK

COCK a doode doo,
My Dame has loft her Shoe;
My Master's loft his Fiddle Stick,
And knows not what to do.

The Cock crows us up early in the Morn-
ing, that we may work for our Bread, and not
live upon Charity nor upon Truth; for he who
lives upon Charity shall be often affronted, and
be that lives upon Truth shall pay doubles.

THERE

THERE was an old Man
In a Velvet Coat,
He kis'd a Maid
And gave her a Groat;
The Groat it was crackt,
And would not go,
Ah, old Man, d'you serve me so?

Maxim.
If the Coat be ever so fine that a Fool
wears, it is still but a Fool's Coat.

ROUND

ROUND about, round about,
Magotty Pye;
My Father loves good Ale,
And so do I.

Maxim.
Evil Company makes the Good bad and
the Bad worse.

JACK
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, la, de:
One flew away, and then there was
Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, de;
The other flew after,
And then there was none,
Fa, la, 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 Consequence in the next new Book of Logick.

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.

LITTLE Jack Horner
Sat in a Corner,
Eating of Christmas Pye;
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 Minc Pye 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.

Ben ley on the Sublime and Beautiful,
Mother GOOSE's Melody.

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 feldemer sick for Want of Food, than the Rich are by the Excess of it.

WHO

Pease Porridge hot,
Pease Porridge cold,
Pease Porridge in the Pot
Nine Days old,
Spell me that in four Letters?
I will, That.

Maxim.

Interamperance is attended with Diseases,
and Indleness with Poverty.

JACK

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.

WHAT

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.

TELL
Mother GOOSE’s Melody.  45

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.

Mother GOOSE’s Melody.  47

A DOLEFUL DITTY.

THREE Children sliding on the
Upon a Summer’s Day, [Ice
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.

III.

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.

III.

Ye Parents who have children dear,
And eke ye that have none,
If you would keep them safe abroad,
Pray keep them all 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.

Trumpton’s Travels.

PATTY
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, has often a Fool for his Scholar.

When I was a little Boy
I liv'd by myself;
And all the Bread
And Cheefe 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.

I.

When the Streets were so broad,
The Lanes were so narrow,
I was

Maxim.
Provide against the worst, and hope for the best.
O MY Kitten a Kitten,
And oh! my Kitten, my Dear,
Such a sweet Pap as this [ry,
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

MOTHER GOOSE’s Melody. 55

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

MOTHER GOOSE’s Melody. 56

THIS Pig went to Market,
That Pig slied 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 our Passions will govern us.

ALEX-

WISEMAN’s new Way to Wisdom.

A LONG
ALONG 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.
Take hold of the Tail and eat off his Head;
And then you'll be sure the Pig hog is dead.

CAESAR's

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

Tom Tinker's Dog is a very good Dog, and an honest Dog that his Master.

BAH,

BAH, bah, black Sheep,
Have you any Wool?
Yes, marry 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 Today than Tomorrow.

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.

What
Mother GOOSE’s Melody.  61
What lazy Rogues were these to lie in Bed
so long, I dare say they have no Clothes to
their Backs; for Lazarus’s clothes a Man with
Rags.

THE

Mother GOOSE’s Melody.  63

THE Sow came in with a Saddle,
The little Pig rook’d the Cradle,
The Dish jump’d a top of the Table,
To see the Pot wash the Ladle;
The Spit that stood behind a Bench
Call’d the Dishcloth dirty Wench;
Ods pluit, says the Gridiron,
Can’t ye agree,
I’m the Head Constable,
Bring ‘em to me.

Note. If he acts as Constable in this Cafe,
the Cock must surely be the Justice of Peace.

THE

62 Mother GOOSE’s Melody.

THERE was an old Woman,
And she sold Puddings and
She went to the Mill
[Pies,
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

64 Mother GOOSE’s Melody.

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 strive a wise Man, and gov-
erns a fool.

THE
Mother GOOSE's Melody. 65

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.

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.
Loose your Supper, and loose your Sleep,
Come to your Play fellows in the Street,

Up

Mother GOOSE's Melody. 67

Up the Ladder and down the Wall,
A Halfpenny Loaf will serve us all.
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 Conjurer's. Reason for not getting Money.

I WOUL'D, if I cou'd,
If I cou'dn't 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?

Note.
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 Gothick Construction.
Sanderson.

A LEARNED SONG.


Note

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.

A SEASONABLE SONG.

PIPING hot, smoking hot, What I've got, You know not, Hot hot Pease, hot, hot, hot; Hot are my Pease, hot.

There is more Mufick in this Song, on a cold frosty Night, than ever the Syrens were possessed of, who captivated Ulysses; and the Effects stick closer to the Ribs.

Huggleford on Hunger DICK
DICKERY, Dickery Dock,
The Mouse ran up the Clock;
The Clock struck one,
The Mouse ran down,
Dickery, Dickery Dock.

Maxim.
Time flies for no Man.

WHERE the Bee sucks, there 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 Blossoms that hang on the Bough.
| YOU spotted Snakes, with double Tongue  |
| Thorny Hedgehogs, 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.                        |
| Never, Harm, nor Spell, nor Charm,   |
| Come our lovely Lady nigh;           |
| So good Night, with lullaby          |

---

| TAKE, oh I take those Lips away, |
| That so sweetly were foresworn;   |
| 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. |

---

| WHEN Daisies pied, and Violets blue. |
| [white; And Lady smocks all Silver     |
| 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! [Fear, Cuckow! cuckow! O Word of |
| 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                                        |

---

| And Maidens bleach their Summer smocks: |
| The Cuckow then on every Tree, Mocks married Men, for thus sings he; |
| Cuckow! Cuckow! cuckow! O Word of Unpleasing to a married Ear! |

---

| WINTER. |
Mother GOOSE's Melody. 8:

WINTER.

WHEN Icicles hang on the Wall,
And Dick the Shepherd blows his Nail;
And Tom bears Logs into the Hall,
And Milk comes frozen home in Pail:
When Blood is nipt, and Ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the starving Owl,
Tu-whit! Tu-whoo!
A merry Note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the Pot.
When all around the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the Parson's Sow;
F
And

Mother GOOSE's Melody. 83

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.

Mother GOOSE's Melody.

And Birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's Nose looks red and raw.
When roasted Crabs hiss in the Bowl,
Then nightly sings the starving Owl,
Tu-whit! Tu-whoo!
A merry Note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the Pot.

UNDER the greenwood Tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry No. e,
Unto the sweet Bird's Throat:
Come hither, come hither, come hither,
Here shall he see
No Enemy,
But Winter and rough Weather.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>W</th>
<th>B</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>WHO dosth Ambition shun,</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>And loves to lie i' th' Sun</td>
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<tr>
<td>Seeking the food he eats,</td>
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<td>And pleas'd with what he gets;</td>
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<tr>
<td>Come hither, come hither, come hither;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Here shall he see</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No Enemy,</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>But Winter and rough Weather.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>If it do come to pass,</td>
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<tr>
<td>That any Man turn As;</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Leaving his Wealth and Ease,</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>A Rubborn Will to please,</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Due ad me, due ad me, due ad me;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Here shall he see</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Grofs Fools,</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>And many such there be.</td>
<td></td>
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</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>L O W</th>
<th>B L O W, blow, thou Winter Wind,</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Thou art not so unkind</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>As Man's Ingratitude;</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Thy Tooth is not so keen,</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Because thou art not seen,</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Altho' thy Breath be rude.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! unto the green Holly;</td>
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<tr>
<td>Most Friendship is feigning; most loving were folly,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Then heigh ho, the Holly!</td>
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<tr>
<td>This Life is most jolly.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,</td>
<td></td>
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<td>That doth not bite so nigh,</td>
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<td>As Benefits forgot:</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Tho' thou the Waters warp,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Thy Sting is not so sharp</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>As Friend remember'd not,</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Heigh ho! sing, &amp;c.</td>
<td></td>
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</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>O MISTRESS</th>
<th>O MISTRESS mine, where are you running?</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>O itay you here, your true Love's coming,</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>That can sing both high and low.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Tripp no farther, pretty Sweeting,</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Journeys end in Lovers meeting,</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Every wife Man's Son doth know.</td>
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<tr>
<td>What is Love? 'tis not hereafter:</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Present Mirth hath present Laughter.</td>
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<tr>
<td>What's to come, is still unsure:</td>
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<tr>
<td>In Decay there lies no Plenty;</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Then come kis me, sweet, and twenty,</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Youth's a Stuff will not endure.</td>
<td></td>
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</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>WHAT</th>
<th>WHEN</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>WHAT shall he have that kill'd the Deer?</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>His leather skin and horns to wear;</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Then sing him home:—take thou no Scorn</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>To wear the Horn, the Horn, the Horn:</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>It was a Crell ere thou wast born.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thy Father's Father wore it,</td>
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<tr>
<td>And thy Father bore it.</td>
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<tr>
<td>The Horn, the Horn, the lufty Horn,</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Is not a Thing to laugh to scorn.</td>
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</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Mother GOOSE's melody. 89

WHEN Daffodils begin to
pear,
With, heigh ! the Doxy over the
Dale ;
Why then comes in the sweet o' th' Year,
Fore the red Blood rains in the winter Pail,
The white Sheet bleaching on the Hedge,
With heigh! the sweet Birds, O how they sing!
Doth set my propping Tooth an edge:
For a Quart of Ale is a dish for a King.
The Lark, that tira lyra chants,
With, hey! with hey! the Thrush and the Jay :

Are

90 Mother GOOSE's Melody.
Are summer Songs for me and my
Aunts,
While we lay tumbling in the Hay.

JOG on, jog on, the foot path
Way,
And merrily mend the Style a,
A merry Heart goes all the Day,
Your sad tires in a Mile a.

91 Mother GOOSE's Melody.

JOB

ORPHEUS with his Lute made
Trees,
And the Mountain Tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing;
To his Musick, Plants and Flowers
Ever rose, as Sun and Showers
There had made a lasting Spring,
Ev'ry Thing that heard him play,
Ev'n the Bellows of the Sea,
Hung their Heads, and then lay by.
In sweet Musick is such Art,
Killing Care, and Grief of Heart,
Fall asleep or hearing die.

ORPHEUS

92 Mother GOOSE's Melody.

HARK.
Hark, hark! the lark at Heav'n's gate sings,
And Phoebus' gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalice'd flowers that lies,
And winking May buds begin
To ope their golden eyes,
With every thing that's pretty
My lady sweet, arise: [been; Arise, arise.

Books for the Instruction and Amusement of Children, which will make them wise and happy, printed and sold by I. Thomas, in Worcester, Massachusetts, near the Court House.

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The Sister's Gift; or the naughty boy reformed.
The Father's Gift; or the way to be wise and happy.
The Mother's Gift; or a present for all little children who wish to be good.
Mother Goose's Melody; or Sonnets for the cradle. In two parts. Part 2d, contains the most celebrated songs and lullabies of the old British nurses, calculated to amuse children and to excite them to sleep. Part 2d, those of that sweet songster and nurse of wit and humour, Master William Shakespeare. Embellished with cuts, and illustrated with notes and maxims, historical, philosophical, and critical.

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