THE SONGS OF FATHER GOOSE
For the KINDERGARTEN,
The NURSERY and the HOME.

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CONTENTS

SONG
Did You Ever See a Rabbit? ................................................. 5
An Elephant ...................................................................... 9
The Ostrich Dance .......................................................... 11
Where Do the Chicks Go at Night? ................................. 13
Little Bare-Legs ............................................................... 15
Captain Bing .................................................................... 17
Who’s Afraid? .................................................................. 29
There Was a Goose .......................................................... 25
Mister Jinks ...................................................................... 31
Baby Pulled the Pussy’s Tail ............................................. 33
A Bumble-Bee ................................................................. 37
Why? .............................................................................. 41
The Soldier ...................................................................... 45
Tick-Tock ........................................................................ 49
Old Mister Micklejohn ...................................................... 51
Le-Hi-Lung-Whan ............................................................. 55
The Clock-Work Man ......................................................... 57
There Was a Whale ............................................................ 59
The Bandit ....................................................................... 65
Tink-a-Tink-a-Tink ............................................................. 69
Baby Found a Feather ........................................................ 71
The Bold Boy .................................................................. 73
Cootchie Couloo ................................................................. 75
The Jack-Lantern ............................................................... 77
Dolly’s Run Away ............................................................... 79
Can’t You Hear the Bell Ring? .......................................... 81
Instructions for Giving a Father Goose Entertainment ... 84
Did you ever see a rabbit climb a tree?
Did you ever see a lobster ride a flea?
Did you ever?
No, you never!
For they simply couldn't do it, don't you see!
DID YOU EVER SEE A RABBIT?

Did you ever see a rabbit climb a tree?

Did you ever see a lobster ride a flea?

No, you never!

For they simply couldn’t do it, don’t you see!
Did you ever see a fire burn with snow?
Did you ever climb a ladder down below?
Did you ever?
No, you never!
For these things cannot happen, don't you know?

Did you ever see a ship sail on the land?
Did you ever hold a mountain in your hand?
Did you ever?
No, you never!
For it really can't be done, you understand.
Did you ever see a fire burn with snow?
Did you ever see a ship sail on the land?

Did you ever climb a ladder down below?
Did you ever hold a mountain in your hand?

No, you never!

For these things cannot happen, don't you know?

Never!

For it really can't be done, you understand.
An elephant to a city went

Poor old elephant!
AN ELEPHANT.

Slowly.

An elephant to a city went—Poor old elephant! And

Accent strongly.

lived his life beneath a tent, Eating, drinking, thinking, blinking,

Cres.

With his trunk his chain a-clinking, Dreaming of the jungle cool,

With his trunk his chain a-clinking, Dreaming of the jungle cool,

Juicy leaves and rippling pool—Poor old elephant!
Have you seen little Sally
Dance the Ostrich Dance?
The dainty way she does it
Will surely you entrance.
With the left foot here,
And the right foot there,
And the ostrich feathers waving
In her golden hair:

She's surely very charming—
You'll see it at a glance—
When little Sally dances
In the Ostrich dance.
THE OSTRICH DANCE.

Have you seen little Sally Dance the Ostrich Dance? The dainty way she does it Will surely you entrance; With the left foot here, And the right foot there, And the

Ostrich feathers waving In her golden hair: She's surely very charming—You'll see it at a glance—When little Sally dances In the Ostrich Dance.
Where do the chickens go at night—Heigh-ho! where do they go? Under the breast of their mother they rest, finding her feathers a soft, fluffy nest; And there’s where the chicks go at night. Heigh-ho! Yes, there’s where the chicks go at night.
WHERE DO THE CHICKS GO AT NIGHT?

Swinging.

Where do the chicks go at night, Heigh-ho! where do they go?

Under the breast of their mother they rest, Finding her feathers a soft fluff-y nest; And

there’s where the chicks go at night, Heigh-ho! Yes, there’s where the chicks go at night.
Little Barelegs runs and races all the day; Birds and butterflies she chases far away. In the brook she wades, and wishes She could hook the little fishes Just to cook them in her dishes while at play.
LITTLE BARE-LEGS.

Delicately.

Little Bare-legs runs and races all the day, Birds and

Butterflies she chases far away; In the brook she wades, and wishes She could

Rit.

Hook the little fishes Just to cook them in her dishes while at play.

Cres.
CAPTAIN BING.
CAPTAIN BING.

Cap-tain Bing was a Pi-rate King,
And sailed the broad seas o'er;
On man-y a lark he sailed his bark
Where none had sailed be-
fore;
And filled his hold so full of gold
That it would hold no more.
The sea was smooth, and so, forsooth,
They took a bit of leisure,
And all the crew, good men and true,
A hornpipe danced for pleasure
And had their fling, while Captain Bing
Kept watch above the treasure.
The sea was smooth, and so, forsooth, They took a bit of

leisure, And all the crew, good men and true, A hornpipe danced for

pleasure, And had their fling, while Captain Bing Kept watch above the treasure.
The wind it blew, and all the crew
Were sorry that it blew so;
If they were wrecked they might expect
To share the fate of Crusoe,
And ride the spars like jolly tars—
All shipwrecked men must do so.
The wind it blew, and all the crew Were sorry that it blew so; If they were wrecked they might expect To share the fate of Crusoe, And ride the spars like jolly tars—All shipwrecked men must do so.
But when he found that he was drowned,
It took him unawares!
The gale it roared, and all on board began to say their prayers, And Captain Bing commenced to sing, To drown his many cares; ... But when he found that he was drowned, It took him unawares.
There was a Goose in Syracuse
And full of fun was he;
He met a Clown and bought his gown
And thought a Clown he'd be.
THERE WAS A GOOSE.

There was a Goose in Syr-a-cuse, And full of fun was he, And

full of fun was he;

He

Dim.

met a Clown and bought his gown, And thought a clown he'd be, And

And

Cres.

thought a Clown he'd be.
But for his jokes
the little folks
Had very little use:
And when the Clown
danced up and down
They thought he was
a Goose!
But for his jokes the little folks had very little use,

And when the Clown danced up and down, they thought he was a Goose!

They thought he was a Goose!
Who's afraid?

Ev'ry Goblin, known of old,
Perished years ago, I'm told.
Ev'ry Witch, on broomstick riding,
Has been burned or is in hiding.

Who's afraid?
WHO'S AFRAID?

Who's afraid? Ev'ry Goblin, known of old, Perished

Cres.

years ago, I'm told. Ev'ry witch, on broom-stick riding, Has been

Dim.

burned or is in hiding. Who's afraid?
MISTER JINKS.

Have you seen Mis - ter Jinks, Mis - ter Jinks, Mis - ter Jinks, Have you
Have you seen Mis - ter Jinks, Mis - ter Jinks, Mis - ter Jinks, Have you
seen him when he’s walking down the street?
He nods and then he winks And ’most
seen him when he’s walking down the lane?
He’s fond of fun and fol - ly, And he’s
ev ’ry - bod - y thinks That his smile is real - ly beau - ti - ful and sweet.
round and fat and jol - ly, And we’re al - ways glad to see his face a - gain.
Have you seen Mister Jinks, 
Mister Jinks, Mister Jinks, 
Have you seen him when he's walking down the street? 
He nods and then he winks 
And most everybody thinks 
That his smile is really beautiful and sweet.

Have you seen 
Mister Jinks, 
Mister Jinks, 
Mister Jinks, 
Have you seen him when he's walking down the lane
He's fond of fun and folly, 
He's round and fat and jolly, 
And we're always glad to see his face again.
Baby pulled the pussy’s tail—
Naughty boy!
Pussy gave a painful wail,
Struggled hard without avail;
Still the baby pulled her tail—
Naughty boy!
BABY PULLED THE PUSSY'S TAIL.

Baby pulled the pussy's tail—

Naughty boy! Pussy gave a painful wail, Struggled hard with—

out a-vail; Still the baby pulled her tail—Naughty boy!

Slower.

A tempo.
Pussy raised her little paw—
Angry cat!
Gave the baby's face a claw!

Scratched his cheek
till it was raw—
Awf'lest scratch you ever saw—
Think of that!
Pussy raised her little paw— Angry cat!

Gave the baby's face a claw! Scratched his cheek till it was raw—

Awf'lest scratch you ever saw— Think of that! Think of that!
A Bumble-Bee was buzzing
On a yellow holly-hock
When came along a turtle
Who at the Bee did mock.
Saying, "prithee, Mr. Bumble,
Why make that horrid noise?
It's really distracting,
And every one
annoys."
A BUMBLE-BEE.

Distinctly.

A Bumble-Bee was buzzing On a yellow holly-hock, When

came along a turtle, Who at the Bee did mock. Saying, “prithee, Mister Bumble, Why

make that horrid noise? It’s really distracting, And ev’ryone annoys.
"I'm sorry," said, quite humble,
The buzzing, droning Bee,
"The noise is just my bumble,
And natural, you see.
And if I didn't buzz so,
I'm sure that you'll agree
I'd only be a big fly,
And not a Bumble-Bee."
"I'm sorry," said, quite humble, The buzzing, droning Bee, "The noise is just my bumble, And natural, you see. And if I didn't buzz so, I'm sure that you'll agree I'd only be a big fly, And not a Bumble-Bee."
WHY?

Why does the doggie bark, papa,
Why does the doggie bark?
The reason why, if you must know,
Is that the little dog can't crow,
And so he has to bark.

Why does the rooster crow, papa,
Why does the rooster crow?
The reason why I'll tell to you;
Because the rooster cannot mew,
And so he has to crow.
WHY?

Why does the doggie bark, papa, Why does the doggie bark? The reason why, if you must know, Is that the little dog can't crow, And so he has to bark, And so he has to bark.

Why does the rooster crow, papa, Why does the rooster crow? The reason why, I'll tell to you: Because the rooster cannot mew, And so he has to crow, And so he has to crow.
Why does the kitten mew, papa.
Why does the kitten mew?
The reason why
I'm forced to say,
Is that the kitten—
Can not bray,
And so she has to mew.

Why does the donkey bray, papa.
Why does the donkey bray?
The reason for
the donkey's bray
Is that the beast
was born that way.
And so, he has to bray!
Why does the kitten mew, papa,
Why does the kitten mew? The
Why does the donkey bray, papa,
Why does the donkey bray? The

reason why, I'm forced to say,
Is that the kitten cannot bray, And
reason for the donkey's bray
Is that the beast was born that way, And

so she has to mew,
And so she has to mew.
so he has to bray,
And so he has to bray.
The soldier is a splendid man
When marching on parade;
And when he meets the enemy
He never is afraid.

And when he fires his musket off
He loads it up again;
And when he charges on the foe
Resistance is in vain.
THE SOLDIER.

The soldier is a splendid man When marching on parade; And when he meets the enemy He never is afraid. And when he fires his musket off He loads it up again; And when he charges on the foe Resistance is in vain.
The soldier is a fearless man
When he to War does go;
He faces guns and never runs
Unless 'tis at the foe

And when he marches home again
He's called a hero bold.
And many very wondrous tales
Are by the soldier told.
The soldier is a fearless man When he to war does go; He faces guns and never runs Un
less 'tis at the foe. And when he marches home again He's called a hero bold. And many very wondrous tales are by the soldier told.
“Tick~Tock!
Tick~Tock!”
Don’t you hear our friend the clock?
With his pendulum a swinging
All the day he’s softly singing
“Tick~Tock!
Tick~Tock!”
Can’t you hear our friend the clock?
Solely and smoothly.

“Tick - Tock! Tick - Tock!” Don’t you hear our
friend the clock? With his pendulum a swinging

All the day he’s softly singing “Tick - Tock!

Softly.

Tick - Tock!” Can’t you hear our friend the clock?
Old Mister Micklejohn had a leg of hickory on;
He went hippity,
He went hoppity,
Hip, hip, hop,
To the baker's shop.
OLD MISTER MICKLEJOHN.

Old Mister Micklejohn Had a leg of hickory on; He went hippity, He went hop-pity,

Hip, hip, hop, To the baker's shop.
Bought a loaf and ate it up,  
Bought some tea and drank a cup,  
Then went hippity,  
Hip, hip, hoppity,  
Home again from the baker's shop.
Bought a loaf and ate it up, Bought some tea and

drank a cup, Then went hoppity, Hip hip, hoppity,

Home again from the baker's shop.
Lee-Hi-Lung-Whan
Was a little Chinaman.
Wooden shoes with pointed toes,
Almond eyes and tiny nose,

Pig-tail long and slick - and black,
Clothes the same both front and back.
Funny little Chinaman,
Le-Hi-Lung-Whan.
Lee-Hi-Lung-Whan

Lee-Hi-Lung-Whan Was a little China-man. Wooden shoes with pointed toes,

( Drum)   ( Drum)

Almond eyes and tiny nose, Pigtail long and slick and black,

Clothes the same both front and back, Funny little China-man, Le-Hi-Lung-Whan.
Now, once I owned a funny man,
A clock-work was inside him;
You'd be surprised how fast he ran
When I was there beside him.

He was the pride of all the boys
Who lived within our town;
But when this man ran up a hill
He always would run down!
THE CLOCK-WORK MAN.

Now, once I owned a funny man, A clock-work was inside him; You'd

be surprised how fast he ran When I was there beside him. He

was the pride of all the boys Who lived within our town; But

when this man ran up a hill He always would run down!
THERE WAS A WHALE.

There was a whale Who

Legato.

had no tail, And he was full of

sorrow; He swam around Long

Island Sound And tried a tail to borrow.
There was a whale
Who had no tail,
And he was full of sorrow;
He swam around
Long Island Sound
And tried a tail to borrow.

"Your tale is sad
And quite too bad,"
The fishes all confided
“But while our fins
Are in our skins
We’ll never be divided.”
"Your tale is sad and quite too bad," The fishes all conceded, "But while our fins are in our skins we'll never be divided."
But still his tail
He did bewail
To one fish or the other,
'Til they said "Oh
Why don't you go
And try to grow another!"
But still his tail He
Legato.

did bewail To one fish or the

other, 'Til they said "Oh, Why
don't you go And try to grow an-other!"
The Bandit is a handsome man,
In operas he sings;
He wears a wig and fierce moustache
And many other things.
The Bandit is a handsome man, in operas he sings; he wears a wig and fierce moustache and many other
He looks just like a robber bold,
When on the stage he stands.
Real Bandits lived in times of old,
In distant, foreign lands.
things.

He looks just like a robber bold,.....

When on the stage he stands. Real bandits lived in times of old,

In distant, foreign lands.
Hear the babies' serenade:
Tink-
a-
Tink-
a-
Tink!

Sweetest music ever made.
So the babies think.
TINK-A-TINK-A-TINK!

Hear the baby's serenade: Tink-a-Tink-a-Tink!
Sweetest music

Softly and lightly.

ever made, So the babies think. Johnny-boy will twang the string:

Tum-tum-tum-tum!
To the music's joyous swing, Lullabies he'll hum.
Baby found a feather in the hall;
Baby saw the masks upon the wall;
She tickled first a chin
Till it began to grin,
And wondered why the other one did bawl.
BABY FOUND A FEATHER.

Baby found a feather in the hall;
Baby saw the masks upon the wall;
She tickled first a chin Till it began to grin, And
wondered why the other one did bawl.
This bold boy has done no wrong;
His hair has simply grown too long.
So Auntie placed the bowl just so,
To show how far the shears could go.

Now the boy is full of glee;
His hair is nicely cut, you see;
And Auntie gives her head a bob,
To see how well she did the job.
THE BOLD BOY.

This bold boy has done no wrong, His hair has simply
grown too long; So Auntie placed the
bowl just so, To show how far the shears could go.
Now the boy is full of glee, His hair is nicely
cut, you see; And Auntie gives her
head a bob, To see how well she did the job.

(Additional musical notation follows.)
Cootchie Cooloo
Was a girl of Hindoo,
Who was rather too large for her size;
Her teeth were quite white
And her nose was all right,
But she had a bad squint to her eyes.
COOTCHIE COOLOO.

Cootchie Coo-loo Was a girl of Hindoo, Who was rather too

large for her size; Her teeth were quite white, And her

nose was all right, But she had a bad squint to her eyes......
A pumpkin in pies
We all of us prize;
And surely no pumpkin
a boy would affright.

But a jack-lantern light
Is a terrible sight
And scares all the children
that walk out at night.
THE JACK-LANTERN.

A pumpkin in pies we all of us prize, And

Surely no pumpkin a boy would af-fright; But a jack-lan-tern light is a

Terri-ble sight, And scares all the chil-dren that walk out at night.
Dolly's run away today,
Dolly's run away!
Gone from home abroad to roam
And with the Gnome to play.

Dolly's such a naughty girl
When she does appear
I am sure she must endure
A scolding quite severe!
DOLLY'S RUN AWAY.

Dolly's run away today,
Dolly's such a naughty girl;

Lightly.

Dolly's run away!
When she does appear
Gone from home a-


broad to roam, And with the Gnome to play.
must endure A scolding quite severe!
Ding-a-ling-a-ling-ling!
Can't you hear the bell ring?

First the man who sells the milk.
Then a lady dressed in silk.
CAN'T YOU HEAR THE BELL RING?

Ding-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling! Can't you hear the bell ring? First the man who

Very smoothly.

sells the milk, Then a lady dressed in silk, Next a beggar asking bread,

Glad to work when he is fed; Ting-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling! Can't you hear the bell ring?
Next a beggar asking bread,
Glad to work when he is fed;
Ting-a-ling-a-ling-ling!
Can't you hear the bell ring?

Now the gas man after money,
Then a peddler peddling honey;
Then a plumber, then a drummer,
Selling books to read in summer,
Ting-a-ling-a-ling-ling!
Can't you hear the bell ring?
Ding -a-ling-a-ling! Can't you hear the bell ring? Now the gas man

Very smoothly.

after money, Then a ped-dler ped-dling hon-ey; Then a plumb-er, then a drummer,

Sell-ing books to read in summer; Ting-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling! Can't you hear the bell ring?
INSTRUCTIONS FOR GIVING A

FATHER GOOSE ENTERTAINMENT

[Permission will be granted to use the Father Goose songs and pictures for school, church, society or home entertainments, if application is made to the publishers. But professional production of any part of the book is forbidden unless special permission is obtained.]

The plan of the "Father Goose Entertainment," which has been produced with much success, is to set up a large book, which opens and discloses in successive tableaux one or more characters taken from "Father Goose." While the book is open a chorus of children sings the verse accompanying the picture.

This book is very easily prepared. Have a carpenter build the frame for the front and back covers, making the frames six feet high by four feet and six inches wide. Over the frame of the front cover tack gray cambric, and have some one paint it in imitation of the cover of the Father Goose book. Set the front cover two feet and six inches in front of the rear cover, and just inside the front cover erect a light frame of wooden strips which will remain stationary when the cover swings back on its hinges. From this frame to the back cover tack white muslin, running it all around the frame to form the edges and back of the book. This also frames your tableaux. Over the back cover drape a sheet, or some white cloth, tacking it at the top only. This is raised to enable you to arrange each tableau in succession, after which the sheet (which represents the paper page) is dropped behind the figure, and then the cover is slowly opened by the "master of ceremonies" standing outside, while the chorus of children sings the verse. Then the cover is closed and the next tableau arranged.

The book itself is masked in at either side by sheets, forming a space in which the chorus and characters to appear may be concealed.

This entertainment is appropriate for a private house or a public stage, and is so unique and charming that it cannot fail to please everyone.
THE SONGS OF FATHER GOOSE
For the KINDERGARTEN, NURSERY AND HOME.