PREFACE.

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

If it be true—as asserted by one of the greatest of critics and authors—that Sir Roger de Coverley and Mr. Spectator are more real than nine-tenths of the heroes of the last century, and that almost the only autobiography to be received entirely without distrust and disbelief is that of one Robinson Crusoe, Mariner, of York—then, surely, those important personages, Jack and Jill, Humpty Dumpty, and my Lady Wind, are real and distinct entities in the mind of every little child whose nursery education has not been entirely and unwarrantably neglected; and therefore it has seemed good to the Publishers to present to the children of the present day the adventures of those heroes, with musical accompaniments. In the arrangement of this portion of the volume, especial care has been taken by Mr. Elliott to keep the songs strictly within the capacity of children's execution, and the compass of children's voices. In his own family he has found a young jury ready to test the various tunes, and has chosen only those melodies which found prompt acceptance were easily remembered, and came trippingly off the tongue.

Among the old favorites a few new aspirants to popularity will be found; but it is hoped that their presence will be considered an additional attraction, and in no way lessen the pretentions of the present volume to be considered a compendium of National Nursery Rhymes.
## CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Mistress Mary, Quite Contrary</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jack and Jill</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Twinkle, twinkle, little Star</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baa, Baa, Black Sheep</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dickory, Dickory, Dock</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ding, Dong, Bell</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pussy-Cat, where have you been?</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nineteen Birds*</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Child and the Star*</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I had a little Doggy*</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Bo-Peep</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dolly and her Mamma*</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ride a Cock-Horse to Banbury Cross</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Maid, pretty Maid</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whattington for ever!</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Jack Horner</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tom, the Piper's Son</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>See-Saw, Margery Daw</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A B C, tumble down D</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Goosy Goosey Gander</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Jumping Joan</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>There was a Crooked Man</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poor Dog Bright</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Humpty Dumpty</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Simple Simon</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sing a Song of Sixpence</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Nurse's Song</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Six little Snails*</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The King of France</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Lady Wind</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Feast of Lanterns</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Is John Smith within?</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When the Snow is on the Ground</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Three little Mice*</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Tommy Tucker</td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The North Wind doth blow</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Man in the Moon</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Taffy was a Welshman</td>
<td>49</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hey diddle diddle</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I love little Pussy</td>
<td>51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Old Man clothed in Leather</td>
<td>52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Curly Locks</td>
<td>54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Lazy Cat*</td>
<td>55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Three Children Sliding</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Jolly Tester</td>
<td>58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Georgie Porgie</td>
<td>61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Three Crows</td>
<td>62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A little Cock Sparrow</td>
<td>64</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maggie's Pet*</td>
<td>66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Death and Burial of Cock Robin</td>
<td>70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lullaby</td>
<td>76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mother Tabbykins</td>
<td>80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Spider and the Fly</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Thievish Mouse*</td>
<td>104</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*Words by M. L. Elizott.
Mistress Mary.

Allegretto moderato.

Mistress Mary, quite contrary, How does your garden grow? With cockle-shells and silver bells, And fair maids all in a row.
Allegretto.

Jack and Jill

Went up the hill,
To fetch a pail of water,

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

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

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

THIRD VERSE.

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

Mother, vex'd, Did whip her next, For causing Jack's disaster.
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

Allegretto moderato.

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

SECOND AND THIRD VERSES.

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

- on, Then you show your little light, Twin-kle, twin-kle, all the night.
spark: How could he see where to go, If you did not twin-kle so?

FOURTH AND FIFTH VERSES.

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

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

Andante.

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

cres. poco lento
rallentando e dim.

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

cres.
poco lento.
rallentando e dim.
Bickory, bickory, dock.

Allegro

mf

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

mf L.l.t.

mouse ran up the clock; The

clock struck One, The mouse ran down;

ten. ten.

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

Allegretto moderato.

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

Little Johnny Green; Who pull'd her out? Little Tommy Trout. What a

naughty boy was that, To drown poor Pussy-Cat.

pp e sos. colla voce.

(8)
Pussy-Cat, Pussy-Cat.

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

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

Moderato e marcato.

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

Second Verse.

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

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

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

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

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

Andante con moto e tranquillo.

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

of ten watch for you In the pretty sky so blue.
got a home like me, And a father kind to see?

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

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

Andante non troppo.

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{I had a little doggy that used to sit and beg, But} \\
\text{Doggy tumbled down the stairs, and broke his little leg; Oh! Doggy, I will nurse you, and} \\
\end{align*}
\]
I HAD A LITTLE DOGGY

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

Second and Third Verses.

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

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

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

Andante quasi Allegretto.

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

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

LITTLE BO-BEEP

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

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

THIRD VERSE.

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

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

Allegretto agitato.

mf

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

lento

pp

| you? You shall on-ly have dry bread, Dol-ly, you shall go to bed. |
| lento |

pp e sos.

| you? You shall on-ly have dry bread, Dol-ly, you shall go to bed. |
| lento |

colla voce.

SECOND AND THIRD VERSES.

mf

| Do you hear, Miss, what I say? Are you go-ing to o |
| But I mean to try and grow All Mam-ma can wish, you |

mf

| Do you hear, Miss, what I say? Are you go-ing to o |
| But I mean to try and grow All Mam-ma can wish, you |

cres.

| be-y? That’s what Mo-ther says to me, So I know it’s right, you |
| know; Ne-ver in-to pas-sions fly, Or, when thwarted, sulk and |

pp lento.

| see: For some-times I’m naughty, too, Dol-ly, dear, as well as you. |
| cry. So, my Dol-ly, you must be Good and gen-tle, just like me. |

pp e sos.

| see: For some-times I’m naughty, too, Dol-ly, dear, as well as you. |
| cry. So, my Dol-ly, you must be Good and gen-tle, just like me. |

colla voce.

(17)
Ride a Cock-horse to Banbury Cross.

Allegretto con spirito.

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

Rings on her fingers, and bells on her toes. She shall have music wher-e-ver she goes.
Little maid, pretty maid.

Andante quasi allegretto.

mp sustentato.

‘Lit-tle maid, pret-ty maid, Whither goest thou? ‘Down in the meadow to milk my cow.’

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

Moderato.
Time well marked.

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

Allegretto con moto.

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

Sits.

put in his thumb, And pull'd out a plum, And said, "What a good boy am I!"

(22)
Tom, the Piper's Son.

Allegretto e marcato.

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

Allegrtto

mf

See-saw, Margery Daw, Jack shall have a new master,

cres. e ritard.

He shall have but a penny a day, Because he wont work any faster.

(24)
A, B, C, tumble down D.

Allegretto.

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

Andante con moto

Goosey, goosey gander, Whither shall I wander?

poco cres.

Upstairs and downstairs, And in my lady's chamber; There I met an old man, Who

poco cres.

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

Moderato con moto.  dim.  

Here am I, little jumping Joan; When

nobody's with me, I'm always alone.
There was a Crooked Man.

Allegretto moderato.

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

found a crooked sixpence upon a crooked stile:
He bought a crooked cat, which

caught a crooked mouse, And they all lived together in a crooked little house.
Poor Dog Bright.

Allegretto moderato.

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

Allegretto.

Humpty Dumpty, sat on a wall, Humpty Dumpty

had a great fall: All the king's horses, and all the king's men,

Could'n't put Humpty Dumpty toge-ther ag-ain.

(30)
Simple Simon.

*Allegro moderato.*

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

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

*Allegretto.*

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

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

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

SECOND VERSE.

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

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

Hanging out the clothes; There came a little Dick-y Bird, And popped upon her nose!

(33)
The Nurse's Song.

Allegretto moderato.

1. Dance a ba-by, did-dy;    What can Mammy do wid 'e?...
2. Smile, my ba-by bon-ny;    What will time 'bring on 'e?...

Sit in a lap, Give it some pap, And dance a ba-by did-dy...
Sor-row and care, Frowns and grey hair; So smile, my ba-by bon-ny...
THE NURSE'S SONG

Third Verse.

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

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

Fourth Verse.

Dance, my baby, dearly; Mother will never be weary.

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

Allegretto e marcato.

Six little Snails Liv'd in a tree,

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

Allegretto moderato.  With decision.

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

Moderato e marcato.

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

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

tried the cre-vice in the floor, And drove the chim-ney soot in, the soot in.
flam'd a-way to Belt-ing Lane, And White Cross folks were smoother'd, were smo-
ther'd.

THIRD VERSE.

And thus when once, my lit-tle dears, A whis-per reach-es itch-ing ears, The
same will come, you'll find, you'll find: ... Take my ad-vice, restrain the tongue, Re-

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

Allegretto e marcato.

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

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

Andante con moto.
Time well marked.

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

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

Andante non troppo.

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

poco cres.

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

poco cres.

cres.

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

p e sos.

cres.

cres.

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

dim.

cres.

dim.

cres.

then he'll live till the snow is gone.

( 43 )
Three little mice.

Allegretto scherzando.

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

Slower.

they were dainty, saucy mice, And lik'd to nibble something nice), But

(44)
THREE LITTLE MICE

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

Second Verse.

Three Tabby Cats went forth to mouse, And said, "Let's have a gay carouse." For they were handsome, active cats, And famed for catching mice and rats. But savage dogs, disposed to bite, These cats declined to encounter in fight.
Little Tommy Tucker.

Allegretto.

Little Tommy Tucker, Sing for your supper.

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

*Andante espressivo.*

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

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

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

Moderato.

The Man in the Moon came down too soon, And asked his way to

 Norwich; He went by the south, And burnt his mouth With eating cold plum-porridge.

(48)
Taffy was a Welshman.

Allegretto.

Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief,

SECOND VERSE.

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

Taffy was from home, Taffy came to my house, And stole a marrow bone.
Hey, diddle diddle.

Allegro.

Hey, diddle, diddle, The cat and the fiddle, The cow jump’d o-ver the moon; The
hit the dog laughed To see such sport. And the dish ran after the spoon.
I love little Pussy.

Andante non troppo.
With tenderness.

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

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

cres.

dim. e ritard.

give her some food, and Pussy will love me, because I am good.

(51)
The Old Man Clothed in Leather.

Moderato.

One mist-y, moist-y morn-ing, When cloud-y was the

weather, O there I met an old man cloth-ed all in lea-ther,

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

Second Verse.

how d'ye do? And how d'ye do, again?
I shook his hand at parting, Tho' cloud-y was the wea-ther, This im-be-cile old "par-ty,"

Cloth-ed all in lea-ther, Cloth-ed all in lea-ther, With cap un-der his chin: O fare-thee-well, and fare-thee-well, And fare-thee-well a- gain

(53)
Curly Locks!

Andante.

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

p e sostenuto.

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

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

Allegretto.

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

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

Andante quasi allegretto.

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

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

mf

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

go

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

Third Verse.

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

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

Andante con moto.

Oh, my little six-pence, my pretty little six-pence,

I love six-pence better than my life; I spent a penny of it, I
THE JOLLY TESTER

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

SECOND AND THIRD VERSES.

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

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

lent another, And I took two-pence home to my wife.
lent another, And I took nothing home to my wife.
THE JOLLY TESTER

FOURTH VERSE.

Oh, my little nothing, my pretty little nothing:

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

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

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

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

Allegrato.
Solo. (ad lib.)

Chorus.

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

Solo.

la la la la la la... But two flew way, and

THE THREE CROWS

Chorus.

Solo.

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

The

o-ther Crow felt so ti-mid a-lone, Fal la la la la la ...

That

stace.

Chorus.

he flew a-way, and then there was none. Fal la la la la la ...

(63)
A Little Cock-sparrow.

Allegretto scherzando.

A little cock sparrow sat

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

merry was he, But a naughty boy came with a

(64)
A LITTLE COCK SPARROW

small bow and arrow, De-termin'd to shoot this lit-tle cock spar-row.

SECOND VERSE.

"This lit-tle cock sparrow shall make me a stew," Said this naugh-ty boy, "Yes, and a

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

flutter'd his wings and a-way he flew.
Maggie's Pet.

1. Sweet Maggie had a little bird, And "Goldie" was his
2. A lump of sugar sweet and white, Would Maggie give her
MAggie's Pet

name, And on her hand he used to sit, He was so very
Dick, And then she'd watch how eagerly He'd fly to it and

dim.                  poco cres.
tame. Her rosy lips he'd often peck, Which meant a loving
peck: And such a merry song he'd sing, To thank her for the

dim. e sos.            poco cres.

kiss. Oh! would not you delight to have A pretty bird like this.
treat. For little birds (like little girls) Love something nice to eat.
THIRD VERSE.

A - las! one day a hun - gry cat, With ve - ry spite - ful

eyes. Be - held poor "Gol-die's" o - pen cage, Oh! what a glad sur -

prise! So mew - ing loud with cru - el glee, She spread her wick - ed

claws, And soon the ten - der lit - tle bird was fix'd with-in her jaws.
Fourth Verse.

MAGGIE'S PET.

I do not care to tell how much Our darling Maggie cried, Or how she kiss'd the empty cage The day poor birdie died; One little golden feather, soft, I know she treasures yet, 'Twas all the cruel, spiteful cat, Did leave of Maggie's pet.
THE DEATH AND BURIAL OF COCK ROBIN.
The Death and Burial of Cock Robin.

Andante con moto.

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

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

Who caught his blood? "I," said the Fish; "With my little dish
THE DEATH AND BURIAL OF COCK ROBIN

mf e sos. \(\text{mp} \) molto staccato.

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

mf \(\text{ritard.}\) molto staccato.

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

Allegretto.

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

mf \(\text{ritard.}\)

torch." Who'll be the clerk? "I," said the Lark,

mp marcato.

(72)
THE DEATH AND BURIAL OF COCK ROBIN

"I'll say A-men in the dark; I'll be the clerk."

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

I'll dig his grave." Who'll be the Par-son?

"I," said the Rook; "With my lit-tle book I'll be the Par-son."
Who'll be chief mourn-er? "I," said the Dove; "I mourn for my love, I'll be chief mourn-er." Who'll sing his dirge? "I," said the Thrush; "As I sing in a bush, I'll sing his dirge."

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

night, I'll carry his cof-fin. Who'll toll the bell?

"I," said the Bull; "Be-cause I can pull, I'll toll the bell."

All the birds of the air Fell sigh-ing and sob-bing, When they

heard the bell toll For poor Cock Ro-bin.
Lullaby.

Andante con moto.
LULLABY

When little Birdie
sostenuto.

dim. e ritard.

bye-bye goes, Quiet as mice in churches, He puts his head where

no one knows, On one leg he perches. When little Baby

pp legato e ben sostenuto.

bye-bye goes, On Mamma's arm reposing; Soon he lies be-
LULLABY

-neath the clothes, Safe in the cradle dozing.

When pretty Pussy goes to sleep, Tail and nose together,

Then little mice around her creep, Lightly as a feather.
LULLABY

When little Babie goes to sleep, ... And he is very near us,

pp legato e ben sostenuto.

Then on tip-toe softly creep, That Babie may not hear us.

pp poco cres. rall.

cres. ritard. dim.

Lullaby! Lullaby! ... Lulla, Lulla, Lulla-b-y! ...

ten.

dim. p morendo.

(79)
MOTHER TABBYSKINS

( 80 )
Mother Tabbyskins.

Allegretto.

(The Words are printed by the kind permission of Messrs. Strahan & Co.)

Sitting at a window, In her cloak and hat, I saw Mother Tabbyskins, The real old cat!

Very old, very old, Crumplety and lame; Teaching kittens how to scold—

Is it not a shame?
MOTHER TABBYSKINS.

Kittens in the garden, Looking in her face, Learning how to spit and swear,

Oh, what a disgrace! Very wrong, very wrong, Very wrong, and bad;

Such a subject for our song, Makes us all too sad. Old Mother Tabby-skins,

Stick-ing out her head, Gave a howl, and then a yowl, Hobbled off to bed.
Very sick, very sick, Very savage, too; Pray send for a doctor quick-

Any one will do!

Doctor mouse came creeping, Creeping to her bed; Lanc'd her gums and felt her pulse,

Whisper'd she was dead. Very sly, very sly, The real old cat
MOTHER TABBYSKINS

O- pen kept her weather eye— Mouse! be-ware of that!

Old Mother Tab-by-skins, Saying "Serves him right,"

Gobbled up the Doc-tor, With In-fi-nite de-light. "Ve-ry fast, ve-ry fast,

Ve-ry pleasant, too— What a pi-ty it can't last! Bring a-no-ther, do."

(84)
MOTHER TABBYSKINS

Doctor Dog comes running,

Just to see her beg; Round his neck a comforter, Trowsers on his legs.

Very grand, very grand—Golden-head-ed cane Swinging gaily from his hand,

Mischief in his brain!
“Dear Mother Tab-byskins, And how are you now? Let me feel your pulse?—so, so;
Show your tongue—bowwow. "Ve-ry ill, ve-ry ill," "Please attempt to purr;

Will you take a draught or pill? Which do you pre-fer?"

Ah, Mother Tabbyskins, Who is now a-fraid?

Of poor lit-tle Doc-tor Mouse You a mouthful made. Ve-ry nice, ve-ry nice,
MOTHER TABBYSKINS

Lit-tle doc-tor he, But for Doc-tor Dog's ad-vice You must pay the fee.

Doc-tor Dog comes near-er,

Says she must be bled; I heard Mo-ther Tab-by-skins Screaming in her bed.

Ve-ry near, ve-ry near, Scuffling out and in; Doc-tor Dog looks full and queer-

(88)
MOTHER TABBYSKINS

Where is Tab-by-skin? I will tell the Moral Without any fuss?

Those who lead the young astray, Always suffer thus. Very nice, very nice,

Let our conduct be; For all doctors are not mice, Some are dogs, you see!

(89)
THE SPIDER AND THE FLY
The Spider and the Fly.

(A NURSERY DITTY.)

Allegretto con moto.

"Will you walk into my parlour?" said a

Spider to a Fly, "It is the prettiest parlour that ever you did spy!

You've only got to pop your head just inside of the door, You'll
THE SPIDER AND THE FLY

see so many curious things you never saw before, Will you, will you, will you

\( p \) sostenuto.

walk in, pretty fly? Will you, will you, will you walk in, pretty fly? . . .

\( \text{molto ritard.} \) a tempo.

prett-y fly, prett-y fly?"

\( \text{cres-cen-do.} \) \( \text{colla voce.} \) \( \text{a tempo cresc.} \)

"My fine house is always o-pen," said the Spider to the Fly, "I'm

\( \text{poco rit.} \) \( \text{mf} \)

( 92 )
THE SPIDER AND THE FLY

"They go glad to have the company of all I see go by;"

"They go in but don't come out again—I've heard of you before." "Oh yes, they do, I always let them out at my back door, Will you, will you, will you walk in, pretty fly? Will you, will you walk in, pretty fly?... pretty fly, pretty

\[ \text{\textcopyright 93} \]
THE SPIDER AND THE FLY

fly?

"Will you

grant me one sweet kiss, dear," says the Spider to the Fly, "To taste your charming lips, I've a

curiosity."

Says the Fly, "If once our lips did meet, a

wager I would lay, Of ten to one you would not after let them come a-way." "Will you

dim. p sostenuto.

(94)
THE SPIDER AND THE FLY

will you, will you, walk in, pret-ty fly? Will you,

molto ritard. a tempo.

walk in pret-ty fly? pret-ty fly, pret-ty fly?

ten. a tempo. cresc.

“If not kiss, will you shake hands, then?” says the

poco rit. mf

Spider to the Fly, “Be-fore you leave me to myself, with sor-row sad to sigh.”

p poco a poco rit. p poco a poco rit.

(95)
THE SPIDER AND THE FLY

Says the Fly, "there's nothing so attractive unto you belongs; I de-
a tempo. lmo.

clare you should not touch me, even with a pair of tongues," 'Will you, will you, will you,
p sostenuto.

walk in, pretty fly? Will you, will you, will you walk in, pretty fly?

molto ritard. a tempo.

cres. crescendo. colla voce. a tempo. cresc.

pretty fly, pretty fly?"
THE SPIDER AND THE FLY

"Oh, what handsome wings you've got," says the Spider to the Fly, "If I had only such a pair, I in the air would fly; But 'tis useless my repining, and only idle talk, You can fly up in the air, while I'm obliged to walk. Will you, will you, will you walk in, pretty fly? Will you,
THE SPIDER AND THE FLY

will you, will you walk in, pretty fly? ... pretty fly, pretty ten.

cres-cen-do. colla voce. a tempo. cres.

fly?" "For the

last time now I ask you, will you walk in, Mister Fly?" "No, If I do, may I be shot, I'm

off, so now good-bye, good-bye, good-bye." Then up he springs, but both his wings were
in the web caught fast; The Spider laugh'd, "Ah, ah, my boy, I have you safe at last. Will you,

will you, will you, walk out, pretty fly? Will you, will you, will you,

cres.
cres.

(99)
THE SPIDER AND THE FLY

Allegretto moderato.  

walk out, pret-t-y fly?.... pret-t-y fly, pret-t-y fly?

"Tell me, pray, how are you now?" says the 

Spider to the Fly, "You fools will ne-ver wisdom get, un-less you dea-ly buy;

Tis va-ni-ty that- ever makes re-pentance come too late, And
THE SPIDER AND THE FLY

you who into cobwebs run, right well deserve your fate, Listen, listen, listen,

foolish little Fly, Listen, listen to me, foolish, foolish little Fly;...

lit-tle fly, lit-tle fly?"

So now all young folks take warning by this foolish lit-tle fly, The
THE SPIDER AND THE FLY

Spider's name is "Pleasure," to catch you he will try; For al-

rallent. a tempo.

though you may think my advice is quite a bore, You're lost if you stand parleying out-

dim. p sostenuto.

side of "Pleasure's" door, Remember, remember, the foolish little fly, Re-

cres.

- member, Oh! remember, the foolish little Fly....

cres. e molto ritard.

lento. dim. tr a tempo.

cres. e molto ritard.

lento. dim. p a tempo.

(102)
THE SPIDER AND THE FLY

cres.     poco a poco accel. e cres.

Ped.

8va.     loco.

Piu Allegro.

(103)
The Thievish Mouse.

*Allegretto.*

A story sad I've got to tell about a little mouse With bright brown eyes, Who used to scamper up and down the...
THE THIEVISH MOUSE

Marcato.

house: No cheese was safe, no Birth-day cake, on ei-ther shelf or
ground, For Mouse would sure-ly find it out, and nib-ble it all round.

I can-not tell you how each night this naugh-ty Mouse would
roam, Her lit-tle nose thrust in- to things she should have left a-

(105)
THE THIEVISH MOUSE

Marcato.

-lone: It mat-ter'd not where they were put, in cup-board or on

shelf. This cunning Mouse would "sniff" them out, And cool-ly help her-self.

Aunt Ma-ry said, "It is no use to hide the cakes and

pies, For some-one finds them all, and sly-ly feasts up-on the

( 106 )
prize. A thief surely is secreted somewhere in the
house.” But Grand-papa, (the wise old man) declared it was a Mouse.
Said he, “We’ll get a trap, and then you soon will find I’m
right, Just toast a bit of cheese and make all ready for to-
THE THIEVISH MOUSE

night, And when our little friend arrives, prepared to help her-

self, She'll find, instead of pie and cake, there's mischief on the shelf."

Poor Mousey! little did she think while scamp-ering a-

long, How dearly she would have to pay, that night for do-ing
THE THIEVISH MOUSE

wrong. She tasted pie and cake, then seized the cheese with eager

Alas! the trap closed with a spring, and she was caught indeed.

MORAL.

Now little Folks believe me, when you do a wicked

thing, Sometimes other it is sure, its punishment to

(109)
THE THIEVISH MOUSE

Marcato.

bring, And no-thing can be worse you know, in peo-ple small or
grown, Than that of ta-king a-ny-thing which is not quite their own.

You see, if Mouse had stay’d at home, nor cared to pry and

peep, And had not trot- ted out to steal, while o-thers were a-

(110)
THE THIEVISH MOUSE

Marcato.

-sleep, She'd now have been a-live and well, and hap-py with her

dim. ritard. fz mp ad lib.

friends, In-stead of be-ing caught and kill'd, to prove how steal-ing ends.

dim.

mp colla voce.