MOTHER GOOSE'S

NURSERY RHYMES

AND

NURSERY SONGS.

Set to Music

BY

J. W. ELLIOTT.

NEW YORK:
McLOUGHLIN BROS., PUBLISHERS.
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>Duckory, 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>Rode a Cock-Horse to Banbury Cross</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Maid, pretty Maid</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whittington 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 Dav</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A B C, tumble down D</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Goosey 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 Sorrow</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 Tabbyskins</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 J. Elliott.
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.
JACK AND JILL.

SECOND VERSE.

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

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

THIRD VERSE.

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

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,
Then the traveller in the dark
Thanks you for your tiny light.
On, Then you show your little light,
spark: How could he see where to go,
If you did not twinkle so?

FOURTH AND FIFTH VERSES.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
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, lit-tle star.
Baa, Baa, Black Sheep.

Awwante.

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

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

Allegro.

Dick-o-ry, dick-o-ry, dock;
The mouse ran up the clock;
The clock struck One, The mouse ran down;

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

Allegretto moderato.

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

Lit-tle John-ny Green; Who pull'd her out? Lit-tle Tommy Trout. What a

naugh-ty boy was that, To drown poor Pussy-Cat.
Pussy-Cat, Pussy-Cat.

Allegro.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Andante non troppo.

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

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

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

SECOND AND THIRD VERSES.

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

having such a loving friend to comfort you as me. And when your leg is 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 upon the grass, You must not even wag your tail to scare them as you pass.
Little Bo-Peep.

*Andante quasi Allegretto.*

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

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

LITTLE BO-PEEP.

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

When she awoke, '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.

(15)
Dolly and her Mamma.

Allegretto agitato.

Dol-ly, you're a naugh-ty girl, All your hair is out of curl, And you've torn your lit-tle shoe. Oh! what must I do with
DOLLY AND HER MAMMA

you? You shall only have dry bread, Dol-ly, you shall go to bed.

SECOND AND THIRD VERSES.

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

bey? 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

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.
Ride a Cock-horse to Banbury Cross.

Allegretto con spirito.

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

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

Andante quasi allegretto.
mp sostenuto.

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

"Shall I go with thee?" "No, not now; When I send for thee, then come thou."

(p. 19)
Whittington for eber.

Moderato.
Time well marked.

Whit - ting - ton for e - ver, Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah!

(Staff notation with musical notes and symbols.)
WHITTINGTON FOR EVER.

Lord Mayor of London, Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah!
Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah!

a tempo.
Little Jack Horner.

Allegretto con moto.

Little Jack Horner Sat in a cor-ner, Eating a Christ-mas pie; He

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

Allegretto e marcato.

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

_Allegretto._

See-saw, Mar-ge-ry Daw, Jack shall have a new mas-ter,

He shall have but a pen-ny a day, Be-cause he won't work a-ny fast-er.

(24)
Allegretto.

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

*Andante con moto.*

```
Goos-ey, goo-sey gan-der, Whi-th-er shall I wan-der?
```

```
Up stairs and down stairs, And in my la-dy's cham-ber; There I met an old man, Who
```

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

(25)
There was a Crooked Man.

Allegretto moderato.

There was a crook-ed man, and he went a crook-ed mile, He

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

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

Allegretto moderato.

Poor Dog Bright, Ran off with all his might, Be-
Poor Cat Fright, Ran off with all her might, Be-

cause the Cat was after him, Poor Dog Bright.
cause the Dog was after her, Poor Cat Fright.

(29)
Humpty Dumpty.

Allegretto.

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

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

Allegro moderato.

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

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

Allegretto.

Sing a Song of Sixpence, A pocket full of Rye;

Four-and-twenty Blackbirds Bak'd in a Pie. When the Pie was o-pen'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 up on her nose!
The Nurse's Song

Allegretto moderato.

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

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

Third Verse.

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

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

Fourth Verse.

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

Frolic and play, Now while you may; So dance, my baby, deariy.
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 spare 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

(38)
MY LADY WIND.

tried the cre-vice in the floor, And drove the chim-ney soot in, the soot in.
dam'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.

Allegro e marcato.

Tching-a-rang-a-rang-tching, Feast of Lanterns,

What a lot of chop-sticks, bombs and gongs; Four-and-twenty thousand crink-nin-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, mar-ry, 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

(42)
WHEN THE SNOW IS ON THE GROUND

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

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

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

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

Allegretto scherzando.

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

Slower.

they were dainty, saucy mice, And like'd to nibble something nice), but
THREE LITTLE MICE.

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

SECOND VERSE.

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

Allegretto.

Little Tommy Tucker, Sing for your supper.

What shall he sing for? White bread and butter. How can he cut it with

out 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 Rō-bin 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.
Taffy was a Welshman.

Allegretto.

Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief,

Second Verse.

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

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

Allegra.

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

Andante non troppo.
With tenderness.

I love lit-tle Pus-sy, 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
give her some food. And Pus-sy will love me, be-cause I am good
The Old Man Clothed in Leather.

Moderato.

One mist-y, moist-y morn-ing, When cloud-y was the
weather, O there I met an old man cloth-ed all in lea-ther,
Cloth-ed all in lea-ther, With cap un-der his chin, O how d'ye do? and
THE OLD MAN CLOTHED IN LEATHER.  

how d’ye do? And how d’ye do, a-gain? I shook his hand at part-ing, Tho’ cloud-y was the wea-ther, This im-be-cile old “par-ty,”

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

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

Andante.

Cur-ly locks! cur-ly locks! wilt thou be mine? Thou

sagt not wash dish-es nor yet feed the swine; But sit on a cushion, and

sew a fine seam, And feast up-on straw-ber ries, su-gar, and cream
The Lazy Cat.

Allegretto.

Pussy, where have you been to day? In the meadows a-sleep in the hay.

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

Andante quasi allegretto.

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

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

Now had these children been at home, Or sliding on dry ground, Ten thousand pounds to one penny They had not all been drowned.

THIRD VERSE.

You parents all that children have, And you, too, that have done, If you would have them safe abroad, Pray keep them safe at home.
The Jolly Tanner.

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 an-other, 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 an-other, And I took two-pence home to my wife.
lent an other, 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.
**Georgie Porgie.**

*Allegretto moderato.  
sempre legato.*

\[
\text{Georgie Porgie, pudding and pie, Kiss'd the girls and made them cry;}
\]

\[
\text{When the girls came out to play, Georgie Porgie ran away.}
\]
The Three Crows.

Allegretto.
Solo. (ad lib.)

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

chorus.

Solo.

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

Chorus.

Solo.

Then there was one. Fal la la la la la la...

The

Other Crow felt so timid alone. Fal la la la la la...

That

Stare.

Chorus.

He flew away, and then there was none. Fal la la la la la...
A Little Cock-sparrow.

Allegretto scherzando.

A little cock sparrow sat

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

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

small bow and arrow, Determin'd to shoot this little cock sparrow

SECOND VERSE.

This little cock sparrow shall make me a stew," Said this naughty boy," Yes, and a

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

flutter'd his wings and away he flew. con moto.

(65)
Maggie's Pet.

1. Sweet Maggie had a little bird, And "Gol-die" 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 eager ly He'd fly to it and

tame. Her ro sy lips he'd of ten peck, Which meant a loving peck: And such a mer ry song he'd sing, To thank her for the

kiss. Oh! would not you de light to have A pret ty bird like this treat, For lit tle birds (like lit tle girls) Love something nice to eat
Maggie's Pet.

Third Verse.

Alas! one day a hungry cat, With very spiteful eyes.

Behold poor 'Goldie's' open cage, Oh! what a glad surprise!

Sounding loud with cruel glee, She spread her wicked claws, And soon the tender little bird was fixed within 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 bir-
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

(71)
THE DEATH AND BURIAL OF COCK ROBIN.

mf e sus.  mp  molto staccato.

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

mf  mp  molto staccato.

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

mf  ritard.

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

Allegretto.

mp marcato.

torch." Who'll be the clerk? "I," said the Lark,
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."
THE DEATH AND BURIAL OF COCK ROBIN

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

I'll be chief mourner." Who'll sing his dirge? "I," said the

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

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

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

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

Mournfully.

All the birds of the air Fell sighing and sobbing, When they

heard the bell toll For poor Cock Robin.
Lullaby.

Andante con moto.
LULLABY.

When little Birdie
sostenuto.     dim. e ritard.

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

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

pp legato e ben sostenuto.

bye bye goes, On Mamma's arm repos ing; Soon he lies be-
LULLABY.

-beth 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,

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

Lullaby! Lullaby! Lulla, Lulla, Lul-la-by!
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, Crum-ple-ty and lame; Teaching kittens how to scold—

ad lib.

Is it not a shame?

(81)
MOTHER TABBYSKINS.

Kit-tens in the gar-den, Look-ing in her face, Learn-ing how to spit and swear,

Oh, what a dis-grace! Ve-ry wrong, ve-ry wrong, Ve-ry wrong, and bad;

Such a sub-ject for our song, Makes us all too sad. Old Mother Tab-by-skims,

Stuck-ing out her head, Gave a howl, and then a yowl, Hob bleed off to bed.
MOTHER TABBYSKINS.

Very sick, very sick, very savage, too; Pray send for a doctor quick-

cres.

a tempo.

Any one will do!

a tempo.

Doc-tor mouse came creeping, Creeping to her bed; Lane'd her gums and felt her pulse,

pp

pp rallentando.

Whis-per'd she was dead. Ve-ry sly, ve-ry sly, The real old cat
MOTHER TABBYSKINS.

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

Old Mother Tabby-skins, Saying "Serves him right,"

Gobbled up the Doctor, With Infinite delight. "Very fast, very fast,

Very pleasant, too—What a pity it can't last! Bring another, do.
MOTHER TABBYSKINS.

Doctor Dog comes running,

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

Very grand, very grand—Golden-headed 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:
MOTHER TABBYSKINS.

Show your tongue—bow wow. “Ve-ry ill, ve-ry ill,” “Please attempt to purr:

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

Ah, Mother Tab-by-skins, Who is now a-fraid?

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

Little doctor he, But for Doctor Dog's advice You must pay the fee.

Doctor Dog comes nearer,

Says she must be bled; I heard Mother Tab-a-skins Screaming in her bed.

Very near, very near, Scuffling out and in; Doctor Dog looks full and queer.
MOTHER TABBYSKINS.

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

p colla voce.

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

dim. cres.

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

ten. colla voce.

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

Allegretto con moto.

"Will you walk into my par-lour?" said a

Spider to a Fly, "It is the prettiest par-lour that e-ver you did spy!

You've on-ly 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?

cres. molto ritard. a tempo.

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

pretty fly, pretty fly?

"My fine house is always open," said the Spider to the Fly, "I'm

poco rit. 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, will you walk in, pretty fly? . . . pretty fly, pretty
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

cu-ri-o-si-ty."

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

(94)
THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

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

molto ritard. a tempo.

walk in pretty fly? pretty fly, pretty fly?

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

Spider to the Fly, “Before you leave me to myself, with sorrow sad to sigh.”
THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

Says the Fly, "there's nothing so attractive unto you belongs; I declare you should not touch me, even with a pair of tongs." Will you, will you, will you.

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

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

crescendó. colla voce.

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

(98)
rallent.

$p$ a tempo.

in the web caught fast; The Spider laugh’d, “Ah, ah, my boy, I have you safe at last. Will you,

dim. $p$ sostenuto.

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

cres.

$fs$ coda voce.

(99)
THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

walk out, pretty fly?.... pretty fly, pretty fly?"

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

Spider to the Fly, "You fools will never wisdom get, unless you dearly buy:

'Tis vanity that ever makes repentance come too late, And
THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

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

p sostenuto.

cres. molto ritard. a tempo.

fool-ish lit-tle Fly, Listen, listen to me, foolish, fool-ish lit-tle Fly;

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

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.
cres.

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

dim. p sostenuto.
cres.

cres. e molto ritard.

side of "Pleasure's" door, Re-member, remember, the fool-ish lit-tle fly, Re-

mem-ber, Oh! re-mem-ber, the fool-ish lit-tle Fly.

cres. e molto ritard.

lento. dim. tr p a tempo.
THE SPIDER AND THE FLY

Music notation and illustrations of a spider and a fly.
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 Birthday cake, on either shelf or

ground, For Mouse would surely find it out, and nibble it all round.

I cannot tell you how each night this naughty Mouse would

roam, Her little nose thrust into things she should have left a
THE THIEVISH MOUSE.

Marcato.

 Lone: It matter'd not where they were put, in cupboard or on

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

Aunt Mary said, "It is no use to hide the cakes and

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

(107)
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 Mou-sey! little did she think while scamp-ering a

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

(108)
THE THIEVISH MOUSE.

Mvrcato.

wrong. She tassed pie and cake, then seized the cheese with ea-ger

greed. A- las! the trap closed with a spring, and she was caught in-deed.

Moral.

Now lit-tle Folks be-lieve me, when you do a wick-ed

thing, Some-time or ot-ner it is sure, its pun-is-h-ment to
THE THIEVISH MOUSE.

bring, And nothing can be worse you know, in people small or
grown. Than that of taking anything which is not quite their own.

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

peep, And had not trotted out to steal, while others were a
THE THIEVISH MOUSE.

MARMIO.

Sleep, she'd now have been alive and well, and happy with her friends, instead of being caught and kill'd, to prove how stealing ends.
Boston Public Library
Central Library, Copley Square
Division of
Reference and Research Services

Music Department

The Date Due Card in the pocket indicates the date on or before which this book should be returned to the Library.

Please do not remove cards from this pocket.