MOTHER GOOSE
OR
NATIONAL NURSERY RHYMES
SET TO MUSIC BY
J. W. ELLIOTT
ILLUSTRATED.
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Mistress Mary.

Allegretto moderato.

Mistress Mary, quite contrary, How does your garden grow? With

cockleshells, and silver bells, And fair maids all in a row.

(1)
Allegretto.

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

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

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

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

THIRD VERSE.

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

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

Allegretto moderato.

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

(poco rit.)
TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR.

SECOND AND THIRD VERSES.

When the blazing sun is gone,
When 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 ne - ver 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.

Andante.

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?

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.)
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

of-ten watch for you, In the pret-ty sky so blue.
got a home like me, And a fa-ther 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 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-PEEP.

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.

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 Ban-bu-ry 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 sustentato.

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

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

Moderato.
Time well marked.

Whittington for ever, Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
WHITTINGTON FOR EVER.

Lord Mayor of Lon - don, Hur - rah! Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Hur-rah!


Hur - rah! Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Hur-rah! Hur-rah!


(21)
Little Jack Horner.

Allegretto con moto.

Little Jack Horner Sat in a corner, Eating a Christmas pie; He
put in his thumb, And pull’d out a plum, And said, “What a good boy am I!”
Tom, the Piper's Son.

Allegretto e marcato.

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

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

He shall have but a pen-ny a day, Be-cause he wont work a-ny fast-er.
A, B, C, tumble down D.

Allegrceto.

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

Goo - sier, goo - sier gan - der, Whi - ther shall I wan - der?

Up stairs and down stairs, And in my la - dy’s chamber; There I met an old man, Who

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

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,
Poor Cat Fright, Ran off with all her might,

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

Humpty Dumpty.

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 moderate.

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

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

Allegretto.

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

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

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

SECOND VERSE.

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

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

Hanging out the clothes; There came a little Dick-y Bird, And popp'd 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 ba-by, beau-ty;... What will time do to ye?

Furrow your cheek, Wrinkle your neck; So laugh, my ba-by, beau-ty...

**Fourth Verse.**

Dance, my ba-by, dea-ry;... Mother will never be wea-ry...

Fro-lic and play, Nowwhile you may; So dance, my ba-by, dea-ry...
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.

*Allegr"to moderat*.o. 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 la-dy wind, my la-dy wind, Went round a-bout the house to find A
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 po-ther'd: From it she rais'd up such a flame, As

2. And then one night, when it was dark, She blew up such a ti-ny spark That

sostenuto.
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 smo-ther’d.

THIRD VERSE.

And thus when once, my lit-tle dears, A whis-per reach-es itching 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 a marcatto.

Tching a ring a ring tching, 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.

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

p e sos.

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

dim.

then he'll live till the snow is gone.

dim.

cres.

cres.

(43)
Three little mice.

Allegretto scherzando.

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

they were dainty, saucy mice, And liked 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 a knife? How can he marry without a 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 himself warm, And tuck his head under his wing. Poor thing!
The Man in the Moon.

Moderato.

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

Nor-wich; He went by the south, And burnt his mouth With eat-ing cold plum-porridge.

(48)
Taffy was a Welshman.

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 mar-row bone.
Hey, diddle diddle.

Allegro.

\[ \text{Hey, diddle, diddle, The cat and the fiddle, The cow jumped over the moon;} \]
\[ \text{The little dog laughed To see such sport, And the dish ran after the spoon.} \]
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
give her some food, And Pussy will love me, because I am good.
The Old Man Clothed in Leather.

Moderato.

One mist-y, moist-y morn-ing, When cloud-y was the wea-ther, 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, again? I shook his hand at

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

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

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

Andante.

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

shall 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.

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.

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

THIRD VERSE.

You parents all that children have, And you, too, that have none, If you would have them safe abroad, Pray keep them safe at home.
The Jolly Taster.

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-oth-er, And I took four-pence home to my wife.

SECOND AND THIRD VERSES.

Oh my lit-tle four-pence, my pret-ty lit-tle four-pence,
Oh my lit-tle two-pence, my pret-ty lit-tle two-pence,

I love fourpence bet-ter than my life; I spent a pen-ny of it, I
I love two-pence bet-ter than my life; I spent a pen-ny of it, I

lent an-oth-er, And I took two-pence home to my wife.
lent an-oth-er, And I took no-thing 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.

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

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

Allegretto.
Solo. (ad lib.)

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

la la la la la la... But two flew away, and

Solo.

(62)
THE THREE CROWS.

Chorus.

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

Solo.

other Crow felt so timid alone, Fal la la la la la... That

stacc.

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, De-ter-min’d to shoot this lit-tle cock sparrow.

SECOND VERSE.

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

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

flutter’d his wings and a-way he flew. con moto.
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
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.
cres. dim. e poco est.
MAGGIE'S PET.

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 bir-die died;
One little golden feather, soft, I know she treasures yet,
'Twas all the cruel, spite-ful cat, Did leave of Maggie's pet.
The Death and Burial of Cock Robin.

Andante con moto.

Who kill'd Cock Robin? "I," said the Spar-row; "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.

I caught his blood. Who'll make his shroud? "I," said the Bee-tle; "With my thread and needle I'll make his shroud." Who'll bear the torch?

"I," said the Lin-net, "Will come in a minute; I'll bear the torch." Who'll be the clerk? "I," said the Lark,
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.

(73)
THE DEATH AND BURIAL OF COCK ROBIN.

With tenderness, poco cres.

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

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

sotto.

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

Allegretto moderato.

Who'll carry his coffin? "I," said the Kite; "If it be in the

Allegretto moderato.
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.
When little Birdie sostenuto.

dim. e ritard.

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

cres.

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

Legato e ben sostenuto.

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

poco cres.
LULLABY.

-neath the clothes, Safe in the cradle dozing.

When pretty Pussy goes to sleep, Tail and nose to-gether,

Then little mice a-round her creep, Light-ly as a feather.
LULLABY.

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

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

Lullaby! Lullaby! Lulla, Lulla, Lul-la-bby!
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,

Sticking out her head, Gave a howl, and then a yowl, Hobbled off to bed.
MOTHER TABBYSKINS.

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

A-ny one will do!

Doctor mouse came creeping, Creeping to her bed; Lance’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."
MOTHER TABBYSKINS.

Doctor Dog comes running,

Just to see her begs; Round his neck a comfort-er, Trowsers on his legs.

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

Mis-chief 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 Tabbyskins 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?

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

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

(89)
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 ma- ny curious things you never saw before, Will you, will you, will you

p sostenuto.

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

molto ritard. a tempo.

don’t go, don’t go.

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

prett-y fly, prett-y fly?

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

poco rit. mf
THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

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

"They go
rallent. ad lib.
a tempo.
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

cres.
molto ritard.
a tempo.
will you, will you walk in, pretty fly? .... pretty fly, pretty

cres. cres.
colla voce.

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 away." "Will you
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."

(95)
Says the Fly, "there's nothing so attractive unto you belongs; I do not care 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 walk in, 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

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
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,

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

... little fly, little fly?

So now all young folks take warning by this foolish little fly, The
THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

with emphasis. p poco lento.

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

rallent. a tempo.

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

dim. p sostenuto.

cres.

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

cres. e molto ritard.

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

cres. e molto ritard.

lento. dim. p a tempo.

(102)
THE SPIDER AND THE FLY

cres.
poco a poco accel. e cres.

Piu Allegro.

Sea... loco.
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

(104)
THE THIEVISH MOUSE.

house: No cheese was safe, no Birth-day cake, on either shelf or
ground, For Mouse would surc-y find it out, and nib-ble it all round.
I can-not tell you bow each night this naugh-ty Mouse would
roam, Her lit-tle nose thrust in-to things she should have left a-
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
prize. A thief surely is secre ted some where in the
house." But Grand pa pa, (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
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.

Marcato.

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

greed. 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 or other it is sure, its punishment to
THE THIEVISH MOUSE.

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

ten.

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

mp colia voce.
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