Christmas '71
From [name]
National Nursery Rhymes.
NATIONAL NURSERY RHYMES
AND
NURSERY SONGS.
Set to Music
by
J. W. ELLIOTT.
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS, ENGRAVED BY THE BROTHERS DALZIEL.
LONDON:
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS,
THE BROADWAY, LUDGATE.
NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.,
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1872.
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 British Nursery and Home School-room. 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 English 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 English 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, embellished with whatever pictorial illustration, careful selection, musical accompaniment, and the advantages of artistic typography and detail can contribute, to render them more acceptable to all English children.

In the arrangement of the musical 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.

The pictorial illustrations of the book have been designed under the superintendence of, and engraved by, the Brothers Dalziel.

Among the old favourites 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 pretensions of the present volume to be considered a compendium of National Nursery Rhymes.
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* Words by M. L. Elliott.

The Illustrations Engraved by the Brothers Dalziel.
National Nursery Rhymes.
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.

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Mistress Mary, quite contrary,} & \quad \text{How does your garden grow? With cockleshells, and silver bells, And fair maids all in a row.}
\end{align*}
\]
Jack and Jill.

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 ca- per;
Went to bed, To mend his head, With vi- ne-gar and brown pa- per.

Third Verse.
Jill came in, And she did grin, To see his pa- per plais- ter.
Mo- ther, vex’d, Did whip her next, For caus- ing Jack’s dis- as- ter.
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

Allegretto moderato.

Twin-kle, twin-kle, lit-tle star, How I won-der what you

are! Up a-bove the world so high, Like a dia-mond 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, Of-ten through my cur-tains
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.
Andante, mp

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.

\[ mf \]

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

\[ mf l.r. \]

mouse ran up the clock; The

clock struck One, The mouse ran down;

\[ ten. \]

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.
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
   of-ten watch for you, In the pretty sky so blue.

2. Little star! O tell me, pray, Where you hide yourself all day? Have you
   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 lit-tle 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 quan 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.

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.

you? You shall only have dry bread, Dolly, 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 Mamma 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, Dolly, dear, as well as you.

cry. So, my Dolly, you must be Good and gen-tle, just like me.

17
Ride a Cock-horse to Banbury Cross.

Allegretto con spirito.

Ride a Cock-horse to Banbury Cross, To see a fine lady up on 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.’

(19)
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
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 wont 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

Goosey, goosey gander, Whither shall I wander?

poco cres.

Up stairs and down stairs, 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.  

Here am I, little jumping Joan; When

no-body's with me, I'm always alone.
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 crooked 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 af-ter him, Poor Dog Bright.
-cause the Dog was af-ter 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,

Couldn’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.

clef: treble

Sing a Song of Sixpence, 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 up on her nose!

(33)
The Nurse's Song.

*Allegretto moderato.*

1. Dance a bid-dy; What can Mammy do wid 'e?
2. Smile, my bid-d-y; What will time bring on 'e?

Sit in a lap, Give it some pap, And dance a bid-d-y...
Sor-row and care, Frowns and grey hair; So smile, my bid-d-y.
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 li - t - le 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
   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

2. And then one night, when it was dark, She blew up such a tiny spark That
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 smother’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.

mf

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

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Here a nail, there a nail, Tick tack, too, Here a nail, there a nail, Tick, tack, too.}
\end{align*}
\]
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

cres.   fz

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

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

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 scurrying 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.

Lit-tle Tom-my Tuck-er, Sing for your sup-per.

What shall he sing for? White bread and but-ter. How can he cut it With-out a-ny knife? How can he mar-ry With-out a-ny wife?
The North wind doth blow.

Andante expressivo.

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 eat-ing 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 fa-vor, And stole a mar-row bone.
Hey, diddle diddle.

Allegro.

Hey, diddle, diddle, The cat and the fiddle, The cow jump'd over the moon; The little dog laughed To see such sport, And the dish ran after the spoon.
Andante non troppo.

With tenderness.

I love little Pussy.

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.

mf Second Verse.

how d'ye do? And how d'ye do, a-gain? I shook his hand at

d- ing, Tho' cloud-y was the weath-er, 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.

Allegretto.

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

pus-sy, you are a la-zy 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.
THREE CHILDREN SLIDING.

SECOND VERSE.

mf

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

E.H.  L.H.

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

poco rit.

THIRD VERSE.

mf

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

E.H.  L.H.

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

poco rit.
The Jolly Toster.

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

(59)
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.)

Chorus.

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

mp e stacc.

Solo.

But two flew away, and

(62)
THE THREE CROWS.

CHORUS.

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

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

stace.

he flew a-way, 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 spar-row.

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.
1. Sweet Maggie had a little bird, And "Goldie" was his name.
2. A lump of sugar sweet and white, Would Maggie give her toAME?
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

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

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.
MAGGIE'S PET.

Fourth Verse.

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, spiteful cat, Did leave of Maggie's pet.

(69)
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.     mp     molto staccato.

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

mf     mp

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

rizard.

Allegretto.

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

mf

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

"I'll say Amen 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 little book I'll be the Par-son.
THE DEATH AND BURIAL OF COCK ROBIN.

With tenderness.

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 coffin."

Who'll toll the bell?

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

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

heard the bell toll For poor Cock Robin.
Lullaby.

Andante con moto.

\[ \text{Music notation} \]
LULLABY.

When little Birdie, sostenuto.

bye-bye goes, Qui-et as mice in church-es, He puts his head where
cres.

no one knows, On one leg he perch-es. When lit-tle Ba-bie

bye-bye goes, On Mamma’s arm re-pos-ing; Soon he lies be-

(77)
LULLABY.

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.

Lul-la-by! Lul-la-by! Lulla, Lul-la, Lul-la-by!

(illustration of a child sleeping)
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 kit-tens 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 Tab-byskins,

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

Ve-ry sick, ve-ry sick, Ve-ry sa-vage, too; Pray send for a doc-tor quick-

Any one will do!

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

Whis-per’d she was dead. Ve-ry sly, ve-ry 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- finite 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 beg; 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,

(87)
MOTHER TABBYSKINS.

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

Doctor Dog comes near,

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 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!
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

(91)
THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

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

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

My fine house is always open," said the Spider to the Fly, "I'm
THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

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

“They go

rallent. ad lib.

a tempo.

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

(23)
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.
THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

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

molto ritard. a tempo.

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

mf

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

f 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. lento. rit. ad lib.
THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

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

clare 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 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,
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.

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

ten.

cres-cendo. colla voce. a tempo. cresc.

... little fly, little fly? 

mf

So now all young folks take warning by this foolish little fly, The

poco rit. mf
THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

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

Although you may think my advice is quite a bore,
You're lost if you stand parleying outside of "Pleasure's" door.

Remember, remember, the foolish little fly,

Member, Oh! remember, the foolish little Fly.

(102)
THE SPIDER AND THE FLY

cres.

poco a poco accel. e cres.

Prel.

8va. loco.

Più Allegro.

[Musical notation and illustration of a spider and a fly on a web]
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 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 mat- ter'd not where they were put, in cup-board or on

shelf, This cunn-ing 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)
THE THIEVISH MOUSE.

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.

Marcato.

—night, And when our lit- tle friend ar-rives, pre-pared to help her-

dim.

—self, She'll find, in-stead of pie and cake, there's mis-chief on the shelf."

Poor Mou-sey! lit-tle did she think while scamp-er-ing a-

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

(108)
THE THIEVISH MOUSE.

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 punish-ment to

(109)
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 happy with her

ten.

friends, Instead of being caught and kill'd, to prove how stealing ends.

mp colla voce.
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No. 14.

Recitative and Aria—“AT LAST I’M THINE, LOVE.”

(Lucy Ashton enters in a plain white dress, her hair is dishevelled. She is deadly pale and out of her senses.

Bide-the-Bent.

See, she comes!

Ec - co - la!

Treble.

Oh sight of sor - row,

Oh gia - sto cie - lo!

Tenor.

Oh sight of sor - row,

Oh gia - sto cie - lo!

Bass.

Oh sight of sor - row,

Oh gia - sto cie - lo!

Andante.

Strings, Corni, Tromba, & Fag.

as from the grave a - ri - sen.

Par dal - la tom - ba u - sci - ta!

as from the grave a - ri - sen.

Par dal - la tom - ba u - sci - ta!

as from the grave a - ri - sen.

Par dal - la tom - ba u - sci - ta!

Lucy.

I hear the breathing of his voice low and tender.

Il dol - ce suo - no mi col - pi di sua vo - ce!

That voice re -

Ah! quel-la


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