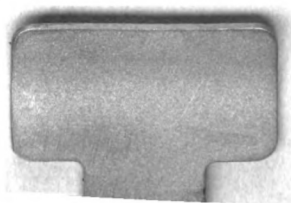


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NAS
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Gammer Gurton's
G A R L A N D :

OR, THE
NURSERY PARNASSUS.

A
CHOICE COLLECTION
OF
PRETTY SONGS AND VERSES,

FOR THE AMUSEMENT OF ALL LITTLE GOOD CHILDREN

WHO CAN NEITHER READ NOR RUN.

Emily

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR R. TRIPHOOK, 37, ST. JAMES'S STREET;

By Harding and Wright, St. John's-square.

1810.

118
subscribers

PARTS I. and II. were first collected and printed by a literary gentleman deceased; who supposed he had preserved each piece according to its original idiom: an opinion not easily refuted, if worth supporting. Parts III. and IV. are now first added.



PART I.

THE FROG AND MOUSE.

THERE was a frog liv'd in a well,
Kitty alone, Kitty alone,
There was a frog liv'd in a well,
Kitty alone and I.
There was a frog liv'd in a well,
And a farce* mouse in a mill,
Cock me cary, Kitty alone,
Kitty alone and I.

This frog he would a wooing ride,
Kitty alone, &c.
This frog he would a wooing ride,
And on a snail he got astride.
Cock me cary, &c.

He rode till he came to my Lady Mouse hall,
Kitty alone, &c.
He rode till he came to my Lady Mouse hall,
And there he did both knock and call,
Cock me cary, &c.

Quoth he, Miss Mouse, I'm come to thee,
Kitty alone, &c.
Quoth he, Miss Mouse, I'm come to thee,
To see if thou can fancy me,
Cock me cary, &c.

* Merry.

B

Quoth she, answer I'll give you none,
Kitty alone, &c.

Quoth she, answer I'll give you none,
Until my uncle Rat come home,
Cock me cary, &c.

And when her uncle Rat came home,
Kitty alone, &c.
And when her uncle Rat came home,
Who's been here since I've been gone?
Cock me cary, &c.

Sir, there's been a worthy gentleman,
Kitty alone, &c.
Sir, there's been a worthy gentleman,
That's been here since you've been gone,
Cock me cary, &c.

The frog he came whistling through the brook,
Kitty alone, &c.
The frog he came whistling through the brook,
And there he met with a dainty duck.
Cock me cary, &c.

This duck she swallow'd him up with a pluck,
Kitty alone, Kitty alone,
This duck she swallow'd him up with a pluck,
So there's an end of my history book,
Cock me cary, Kitty alone,
Kitty alone and I.

THE LADY AND THE SWINE.

THERE was a lady lov'd a swine,
Honey, quoth she,
Pig-hog, wilt thou be mine?
Hoogh, quoth he.

I'll build thee a silver stye,
 Honey, quoth she,
 And in it thou shalt lye;
 Hoogh, quoth he.

Pinn'd with a silver pin,
 Honey, quoth she,
 That thou may go out and in,
 Hoogh, quoth he.

Wilt thou now have me now,
 Honey? quoth she,
 Hoogh, hoogh, hoogh, quoth he,
 And went his way.

THE CAMBRICK SHIRT.

CAN you make me a cambrick shirt,
 Parsley, sage, rosemary and thyme,
 Without any seam or needle work?
 And you shall be a true lover of mine.

Can you wash it in yonder well,
 Parsley, &c.
 Where never sprung water, nor rain ever fell?
 And you, &c.

Can you dry it on yonder thorn,
 Parsley, &c.
 Which never bore blossom since Adam was born?
 And you, &c.

Now you have ask'd me questions three,
 Parsley, &c.
 I hope you'll answer as many for me,
 And you, &c.

Can you find me an acre of land,
 Parsley, &c.
 Between the salt water and the sea sand?
 And you, &c.

Can you plow it with a ram's horn,
 Parsley, &c.
 And sow it all over with one pepper corn?
 And you, &c.

Can you reap it with a sickle of leather,
 Parsley, &c.
 And bind it up with a peacock's feather,
 And you, &c.

When you have done and finish'd your work,
 Parsley, &c.
 Then come to me for your cambrick shirt,
 And you, &c.

THE CELEBRATED SONG OF LONDON BRIDGE IS BROKEN DOWN.

LONDON BRIDGE is broken down,
 Dance o'er my lady lee,
 London bridge is broken down,
 With a gay lady.

How shall we build it up again,
 Dance o'er my lady lee,
 How shall we build it up again,
 With a gay lady.

Silver and gold will be stole away,
 Dance o'er my lady lee,
 Silver and gold will be stole away,
 With a gay lady.

Build it up with iron and steel,
 Dance o'er my lady lee,
 Build it up with iron and steel,
 With a gay lady.

Iron and steel will bend and bow,
 Dance o'er my lady lee,
 Iron and steel will bend and bow,
 With a gay lady.

Build it up with wood and clay,
 Dance o'er my lady lee,
 Build it up with wood and clay,
 With a gay lady.

Wood and clay will wash away,
 Dance o'er my lady lee,
 Wood and clay will wash away,
 With a gay lady.

Build it up with stone so strong,
 Dance o'er my lady lee,
 Huzza! 'twill last for ages long,
 With a gay lady.

THE SONG OF

THE THREE CHILDREN.

Tune, *Chevy Chace*.

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

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

You parents that have children dear,
 And eke you that have none,
 If you will have them safe abroad,
 Pray keep them safe at home.

ROBIN, BOBBIN, RICHARD, AND JOHN:

OR, THE WREN SHOOTING.

We'll go a shooting, says Robin to Bobbin;
 We'll go a shooting, says Richard to Robin;
 We'll go a shooting, says John all alone;
 We'll go a shooting, says every one.

What shall we kill, says Robin to Bobbin;
 What shall we kill, says Richard to Robin;
 What shall we kill, says John all alone;
 What shall we kill, says every one.

We'll shoot at that wren, says Robin to Bobbin;
 We'll shoot at that wren, says Richard to Robin;
 We'll shoot at that wren, says John all alone;
 We'll shoot at that wren, says every one.

She's down, she's down, says Robin to Bobbin;
 She's down, she's down, says Richard to Robin;
 She's down, she's down, says John all alone;
 She's down, she's down, says every one.

How shall we get her home, says Robin to Bobbin;
 How shall we get her home, says Richard to Robin;
 How shall we get her home, says John all alone;
 How shall we get her home, says every one.

We'll hire a cart, says Robin to Bobbin;
 We'll hire a cart, says Richard to Robin;
 We'll hire a cart, says John all alone;
 We'll hire a cart, says every one.

Then hoist, boys, hoist, says Robin to Bobbin;
 Then hoist, boys, hoist, says Richard to Robin;
 Then hoist, boys, hoist, says John all alone;
 Then hoist, boys, hoist, says every one.

So they brought her away, after each pluck'd a feather,
 And when they got home, shar'd the booty together.

THE SHORT COURTSHIP:

OR, THE LUSTY WOOER.

HERE comes a lusty wooer,
 My a dildin, my a dildin,
 Here comes a lusty wooer,
 Lily bright and shine a.

Pray, who do you woo,
 My a dildin, my a daldin;
 Pray, who do you woo,
 Lily bright and shine a.

For your fairest daughter,
 My a dildin, my a daldin;
 For your fairest daughter,
 Lily bright and shine a.

Then there she is for you,
 My a dildin, my a daldin;
 Then there she is for you,
 Lily bright and shine a.

THE SONG OF
THE OLD WOMAN THAT WAS TOSS'D IN
A BLANKET.

THERE was an old woman toss'd in a blanket
Seventeen times as high as the moon;
But where she was going no mortal could tell,
For under her arm she carry'd a broom.

Old woman, old woman, old woman, said I,
Whither, ah whither, ah whither so high?
To sweep the cobwebs from the sky,
And I'll be with you by and by.

THE OLD MAN AND THE OAK.

A NORTH-COUNTRY SONG.

SAYS t'auld man tit oak tree,
Young and lusty was I when I kenn'd thee;
I was young and lusty, I was fair and clear,
Young and lusty was I mony a lang year,
But sair fail'd am I, sair fail'd now,
Sair fail'd am I sen kenn'd thou.

A SOLEMN DIRGE.

DING dong bell,
The cat is in the well.
Who put her in,
Little Johnny Green.

What a naughty boy was that,
 To drown poor pussy cat,
 Who never did him any harm,
 And kill'd the mice in his father's barn.

TRIP UPON TRENCHES.

A MELANCHOLY SONG.

TRIP upon trenches, and dance upon dishes,
 My mother sent me for some barm, some barm ;
 She bid me tread lightly, and come again quickly,
 For fear the young men shou'd do me some harm.

Yet didn't you see, yet didn't you see,
 What naughty tricks they put upon me :
 They broke my pitcher,
 And spilt the water,
 And huff'd my mother,
 And chid her daughter,
 And kiss'd my sister instead of me.

T'OTHER LITTLE TUNE.

A VERY PLEASANT SONG.

Won't be my father's Jack,
 I wont be my mother's Gill,
 I will be the fidler's wife,
 And have music when I will.
 T'other little tune,
 T'other little tune,
 Pr'ythee, love, play me
 T'other little tune.

THE SONG OF
THE THREE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM,
WHO WENT TO SEA IN A BOWL.

THREE wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl,
And if the bowl had been stronger,
My song had been longer.

SONG OF SIXPENCE.

SING a song of sixpence, a bag full of rye,
Four and twenty blackbirds bak'd in a pye;
And when the pye was open'd the birds began to sing,
And was not this a pretty dish to set before a king?

The king was in the parlour counting o'er his money,
The queen was in the kitchen, eating bread and honey;
The maid was in the garden laying out the clothes,
Up came a magpie and bit off her nose.*

THE SONG OF
THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE.

SING hey diddle, diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jump'd over the moon,
The little dog laugh'd
To see such craft,
And the dish run away with the spoon.

* [Quoted in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Bonduca*, act v.
sc. ii.]

THE WOODCOCK, THE SPARROW, AND THE LITTLE DOG.

I'LL sing you a song :
The days are long,
The woodcock and the sparrow :
The little dog he has burnt his tail,
And he must be hang'd to-morrow.

THE SONG OF

THE TWO BIRDS.

THERE were two birds sat on a stone,
Fa, la, la, la, la, de ;
One flew away, and then there was one,
Fa, la, la, la, la, de ;
The other flew after, and then there was none,
Fa, la, la, la, la, de ;
And so the poor stone was left all alone
Fa, la, la, la, la, de.

THE SURPRIZING OLD WOMAN.

THERE was an old woman, and what do you think ?
She liv'd upon nothing but victuals and drink ;
And tho' victuals and drink were the chief of her diet,
This plaguy old woman cou'd never be quiet.

She went to the baker, to buy her some bread,
And when she came home, her old husband was dead ;
She went to the clerk to toll the bell,
And when she came back her old husband was well.

THE MIRACULOUS GUINEA-PIG.

THERE was a little Guinea-pig,
Who, being little, was not big,
He always walk'd upon his feet,
And never fasted when he eat.

When from a place he ran away,
He never at that place did stay;
And while he ran, as I am told,
He ne'er stood still for young or old.

He often squeak'd and sometimes vi'lent,
And when he squeak'd he ne'er was silent;
'Tho' ne'er instructed by a cat,
He knew a mouse was not a rat.

One day, as I am certify'd,
He took a whim and fairly dy'd;
And as I'm told by men of sense,
He never has been living since.

THE SONG OF THE PIPER AND THE FIDLER'S WIFE.

WE'RE all dry with drinking on't
We're all dry with drinking on't
The piper kiss'd the fidler's wife,
And I can't sleep for thinking on't.

A FAMOUS SONG ABOUT BETTY PRINGLE'S PIG.

DID you not hear of Betty Pringle's pig?
It was not very little, nor yet very big;

The pig sat down upon a dunghill,
And there poor piggy he made his will.

Betty Pringle came to see this pretty pig
That was not very little, nor yet very big;
This little piggy it lay down and dy'd,
And Betty Pringle sat down and cry'd.

Then Johnny Pringle bury'd this very pretty pig,
That was not very little, nor yet very big;
So here's an end of the song of all three,
Johnny Pringle, Betty Pringle, and the little Piggy.

THE NURSE'S SONG.

BEE baw babby lou,* on a tree top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock,
When the wind ceases the cradle will fall,
Down comes baby and cradle and all.

ANOTHER.

BEE baw bunting,
Daddy's gone a hunting,
To get a little lamb's skin,
To lap his little baby in.

ANOTHER.

BYE O my baby,
When I was a lady,
O then my poor baby didn't cry;
But my baby is weeping,
For want of good keeping,
Oh, I fear my poor baby will die.

* A corruption of the French nurse's threat in the fable:
He bas ! la le loup ! Hush ! there's the wolf.

PART II.

A MAN OF WORDS.

A MAN of words and not of deeds
 Is like a garden full of weeds ;
 And when the weeds begin to grow,
 It's like a garden full of snow ;
 And when the snow begins to fall,
 It's like a bird upon the wall ;
 And when the bird away does fly,
 It's like an eagle in the sky ;
 And when the sky begins to roar,
 It's like a lion at the door ;
 And when the door begins to crack,
 It's like a stick across your back ;
 And when your back begins to smart,
 It's like a penknife in your heart ;
 And when your heart begins to bleed,
 You're dead, and dead, and dead, indeed.

THE VALENTINE.

THE rose is red, the violet's blue,
 The honey's sweet, and so are you.
 Thou art my love and I am thine ;
 I drew thee to my Valentine :
 The lot was cast and then I drew,
 And fortune said it shou'd be you.

THREE BRETHREN OUT OF SPAIN.

♥
 WE are three brethren out of Spain,
 Come to court your daughter Jane.
 My daughter Jane she is too young,
 And has not learn'd her mother tongue.

Be she young, or be she old,
 For her beauty she must be sold.
 So fare you well, my lady gay,
 We'll call again another day.

Turn back, turn back, thou scornful knight;
 And rub thy spurs till they be bright.
 Of my spurs take you no thought,
 For in this town they were not bought.
 So fare you well, my lady gay,
 We'll call again another day.

Turn back, turn back, thou scornful knight,
 And take the fairest in your sight.
 The fairest maid that I can see,
 Is pretty Nancy, come to me.

Here comes your daughter safe and sound,
 Every pocket with a thousand pound;
 Every finger with a gay gold ring;
 Please to take your daughter in.

 ROBIN AND RICHARD.

ROBIN and Richard
 Were two pretty men,
 They lay in bed
 Till the clock struck ten;

Then up starts Robin,
 And looks at the sky,
 Oh! brother Richard,
 The sun's very high.
 You go before,
 With your bottle and bag,
 And I will come after,
 On little Jack Nag.

ROBIN THE ROBIN.

ROBIN the Robin, the bigbellied hen,
 He eat more than fourscore men :
 He eat a cow, he eat a calf;
 He eat a butcher and a half;
 He eat a church, he eat the steeple,
 He eat the priest and all the people.

BAH, BAH, BLACK SHEEP.

BAH, bah, black sheep,
 Have you any wool?
 Yes marry have I,
 Three bags full;
 One for my master,
 One for my dame,
 But none for the little boy
 Who cries in the lane.

PATTY CAKE.

PATTY cake, patty cake,
 Baker's man;

That I will, master,
 As fast as I can;
 Prick it, and prick it,
 And mark it with a T,
 And there will be enough
 For Jacky and me.

WHO'S THERE?

Who's there?
 A grenadier.
 What do you want?
 A pot of beer.
 Where's your money?
 Quite forgot.
 Get you gone,
 You drunken sot.

CROSS PATCH.

Cross patch, draw the latch,
 Sit by the fire and spin;
 Take a cup, and drink it up,
 Then call your neighbours in.

MISTRESS MARY.

MISTRESS Mary,
 Quite contrary,
 How does your garden grow?
 With cockle shells,
 And silver bells,
 And cowslips all arow.

THE OLD MAN AND HIS CALF.

THERE was an old man,
 And he had a calf;
 And that's half:
 He took him out of the stall,
 And put him on the wall;
 And that's all.

JACK A NORY.

I'LL tell you a story
 About Jack a Nory;
 And now my story's begun:
 I'll tell you another
 About Jack his brother
 And now my story's done.

GREAT A.

GREAT A, little a,
 Bouncing B;
 The cat's in the cupboard,
 And she can't see.

SEE SAW.

SEE SAW, Sacaradown,
 Which is the way to London town?
 One foot up, the other foot down,
 That is the way to London town.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5,
 I caught a hare alive;
 6, 7, 8, 9, 10,
 I let her go again.

HERE stands a fist,
 Who set it there?
 A better man than you,
 Touch him if you dare.

A LITTLE old man and I fell out,
 How shall we bring this matter about?
 Bring it about as well as you can,
 Get you gone, you little old man!

LITTLE boy, pretty boy, where was you born?
 In Lincolnshire, master: come blow the cow's horn.
 A halfpenny pudding, a penny pye,
 A shoulder of mutton, and that love I.

THE man in the moon
 Came tumbling down,
 And ask'd his way to Norwich.
 He went by the south,
 And burnt his mouth,
 With supping hot pease porridge.

FOUR-and-twenty tailors
 Went to kill a snail ;
 The best man among them
 Durst not touch her tail :

She put out her horns
 Like a little kyloe cow :
 Run, tailors, run,
 Or she'll kill you all e'en now.

JACK and Gill'
 Went up the hill,
 To fetch a bottle of water ;
 Jack fell down,
 And broke his crown,
 And Gill came tumbling after.

O RARE Harry Parry,
 When will you marry ?
 When apples and pears are ripe.
 I'll come to your wedding,
 Without any bidding,
 And lye with your bride all night.

SEE SAW, Margery Daw,
 Sold her old bed to lay on the straw ;
 Was not she a nasty slut
 To sell her old bed to lay on the dirt.

THERE was an old woman, she liv'd in a shoe,
 She had so many children she didn't know what to do ;
 She gave them some broth, without any bread,
 She whipp'd all their bums, and sent them to bed.

SHOE the colt,
 Shoe the colt,
 Shoe the wild mare ;
 Here a nail,
 There a nail,
 Yet she goes bare.

IS John Smith within ?
 Yes, that he is.
 Can he set on a shoe ?
 Ay, marry, two,
 Here a nail, there a nail,
 Tick, tack, too.

RIDE a cock horse,
 To Banbury cross,
 To see what Tommy can buy ;
 A penny white loaf,
 A penny white cake,
 And a twopenny apple pye.

RIDE a cock horse, to Banbury cross,
 To see an old woman get up on her horse ;
 Rings on her fingers, and bells at her toes,
 And so she makes music wherever she goes.

O THAT I was where I would be,
 Then would I be where I am not;
 But where I am I must be,
 And where I would be I can not.

I SEE the moon, and the moon sees me,
 God bless the moon, and God bless me!

Cock a doodle doo,
 My dame has lost her shoe;
 My master has lost his fiddlestick,
 And knows not what to do.

ROUND about, round about,
 Maggoty pie,
 My father loves good ale,
 And so do I.

THERE was an old man in a velvet coat,
 He kiss'd a maid and gave her a groat;
 The groat was crack'd, and would not go:
 Ah, old man, dye serve me so?

LITTLE Jack Horner
 Sat in a corner,
 Eating of Christmas pye;
 He put in his thumb,
 And pull'd out a plumb,
 And cry'd what a good boy am I.

LITTLE Tom Tucker,
 Sings for his supper;
 What shall he eat?
 White bread and butter.
 How shall he cut it
 Without e'er a knife?
 How will he be marry'd,
 Without e'er a wife.

A DILLER, a doller,
 A ten o'clock scholar,
 What makes you come so soon?
 You us'd to come at ten o'clock,
 And now you come at noon.

I AM a pretty wench,
 And I come a great way hence,
 And sweethearts I can get none:
 But every dirty sow,
 Can get sweethearts enow,
 And I, pretty wench, can get never a one.

WHAT care I how black I be,
 Twenty pounds will marry me;
 If twenty wont, forty shall,
 I am my mother's bouncing girl.

LADY BIRD, lady bird,
 Fly away home;
 Your house is on fire,
 Your children will burn.

JOHN, come sell thy fiddle,
 And buy thy wife a gown.
 No, I'll not sell my fiddle,
 For ne'er a wife in town.

GOOSE-A, goose-a, gander,
 Where shall I wander?
 Up stairs, down stairs,
 In my lady's chamber;
 There you'll find a cup of sack
 And a race of ginger.

THE SPEECH OF THE HORSE THAT SPOKE TO HIS MASTER.

Up the hill take care of me,
 Down the hill take care of thee,
 Give me no water while I am hot,
 On level ground spare me not.*

* N. B. Don't you think he might as well have kept the last piece of advice to himself?

[Sometimes the speech of the Horse reminds his Master of that which is better :

Up hill ride me not ;
 Down hill gallop me not ;
 On level ground spare me not ;
 And in the stable forget me not.

Before the cock-horse is mounted, we should learn to remember :

The rule of the road is a paradox quite,
 And custom has prov'd it so long :
 He that goes to the left is sure to go right,
 And he that goes right must go wrong.]

COME, let's to bed,
 Says Sleepy-head;
 Sit up awhile, says Slow;
 Hang on the pot,
 Says Greedy-gut,
 Let's sup before we go.

THERE was an old woman
 Liv'd under a hill,
 She put a mouse in a bag,
 And sent it to mill:

The miller did swear,
 By the point of his knife,
 He never took toll
 Of a mouse in his life.

THERE was an old woman,
 And she sold puddings and pies,
 She went to the mill,
 And the dust flew into her eyes:
 Hot pies and cold pies to sell!
 Wherever she goes you may follow her by the smell.

To make your candles last for aye,
 You wives and maids give ear o!
 To put 'em out 's the only way,
 Says honest John Boldero.

I DOUBT, I doubt,
 My fire is out,
 My little dame an't at home;

Come, bridle my hog,
And saddle my dog,
And fetch my little dame home

HARK, hark, the dogs do bark,
Beggars are coming to town;
Some in jags, and some in rags,
And some in velvet gowns.

WHEN I was a batchelor,
I lived by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I had
I laid upon a shelf;
The rats and the mice they made such a strife,
I was forc'd to go to London to buy me a wife;
The roads were so bad, and the lanes were so narrow,
I was forc'd to bring my wife home in a wheel-barrow:
The wheel-barrow broke, and my wife got a fall,
Dence take the wheel-barrow, wife, and all.

TAFFY was a Welchman,
Taffy was a thief;
Taffy came to my house,
And stole a piece of beef:
I went to Taffy's house,
Taffy was n't at home,
Taffy came to my house,
And stole a marrow bone.

I HAD a little husband,
 No bigger than my thumb,
 I put him in a pint pot,
 And there I bad him drum ;
 I bridled him and saddled him,
 And sent him out of town ;
 I gave him a pair of garters
 To garter up his hose,
 And a little silk handkerchief,
 To wipe his snotty nose.

OLD father Greybeard,
 Without tooth or tongue,
 If you'll give me your finger,
 I'll give you my thumb.

I WILL tell my own daddy when he comes home,
 What little good work my mammy has done.
 She has earnt a penny, spent a groat,
 And burnt a hole in the child's new coat.

I HAD a little moppet,
 I put it in my pocket,
 And fed it with corn and hay ;
 There came a proud beggar,
 And swore he would have her,
 And stole my little moppet away.

Up hill and down dale;
 Butter is made in every vale;
 And if that Nancy Cock
 Is a good girl,
 She shall have a spouse,
 And make butter anon,
 Before her old grandmother
 Grows a young man.

PART III.

THE MERRY BELLS OF LONDON.

GAY go up and gay go down,
 To ring the bells of London Town.

Bull's eyes and targets,
 Say the bells of St. Marg'ret's.

Brickbats and tiles,
 Say the bells of St. Giles.

Halfpence and farthings,
 Say the bells of St. Martin's.

Oranges and lemons,
 Say the bells of St. Clement's.

Pancakes and fritters,
 Say the bells at St. Peter's.

Two sticks and an apple,
Say the bells at Whitechapel.

Old Father Baldpate,
Say the slow bells at Aldgate.

You owe me ten shillings,
Say the bells at St. Helen's.

When will you pay me ?
Say the bells at Old Bailey.

When I shall grow rich,
Say the bells at Shoreditch.

Pray, when will that be ?
Say the bells at Stepney.

I am sure I don't know,
Says the great bell at Bow.

THE GAY LADY THAT WENT TO CHURCH.

THERE was a lady all skin and bone ;
Sure such a lady was never known :
It happen'd upon a certain day,
This lady went to church to pray.

When she came to the church stile,
There she did rest a little while ;
When she came to the church yard,
There the bells so loud she heard.

When she came to the church door,
She stopt to rest a little more ;
When she came the church within,
The parson pray'd 'gainst pride and sin.

On looking up, on looking down,
 She saw a dead man on the ground ;
 And from his nose unto his chin,
 The worms crawl'd out, the worms crawl'd in.*

Then she unto the parson said,
 Shall I be so when I am dead :
 O yes! O yes, the parson said,
 You will be so when you are dead.
Here the lady screams.

ARITHMETICK.

ONE, two,
 Buckle my shoe ;
 Three, four,
 Lay down lower ;
 Five, six,
 Pick up sticks ;
 Seven, eight,
 Lay them straight ;
 Nine, ten,
 A good fat hen ;
 Eleven, twelve,
 Who will delve ;
 Thirteen, fourteen,
 Maids a courting ;
 Fifteen, sixteen,
 Maids a kissing ;
 Seventeen, eighteen,
 Maids a waiting ;
 Nineteen, twenty,
 My belly's empty.

* This line has been adopted in the modern ballad of
Alonzo and fair Imogene.

TELLING OUT.

ONE-ERY, two-ery,
 Ziccary zan;
 Hollow bone, crack a bone,
 Ninery ten:
 Spittery spot,
 It must be done;
 Twiddleum twaddleum
 Twenty ONE.
 Hink spink, the puddings stink,
 The fat begins to fry,
 Nobody at home, but jumping Joan,
 Father, mother and I.
 Stick, stock, stone dead,
 Blind man can't see,
 Every knave, will have a slave,
 You or I must be HE.

THE SEDATE PREACHER.

OLD Dr. Forster,
 Went to Glo'ster,
 To preach the word of God:
 When he came there,
 He sate in his chair,
 And gave all the people a nod.

THE DEAF OLD WOMAN.

OLD woman, old woman, shall we go a shearing?
 Speak a little louder, Sir, I'm very thick of hearing.
 Old woman, old woman, shall I kiss you dearly?
 Thank you, kind Sir; I hear you very clearly.

EVENING DITTY.

GIRLS and boys come out to play,
 The moon doth shine as bright as day :
 Come with a hoop, come with a call,
 Come with a good will, or not at all :
 Leave your supper and leave your sleep,
 Come to your playfellows in the street :
 Up the ladder and down the wall,
 A penny loaf will serve us all.

SNAIL, snail, come out of your hole,
 Or else I'll make you as black as a coal.*

SING jig my jole, the pudding bowl,
 The table and the frame,
 My master he did cudgel me,
 For kissing of my dame.

BELL horses, bell horses,
 What time o' day ?
 One a clock, two a clock,
 Time to away.

* It was probably the custom, on repeating these lines, to hold the snail to a candle, in order to make it quit the shell. In Normandy it was the practice at Christmas, for boys to run round fruit-trees, with lighted torches, singing these lines :

Taupes et mulots,
 Sortez de vos clos,
 Sinon vous bruleraï et la barbe et les os.

O THE little rusty, dusty, rusty miller:
I'll not change my wife for either gold or siller.

THE rose is red, the grass is green,
Serve King George our noble king :
Kitty the spinner, will sit down to dinner,
And eat the leg of a frog ;
All good people look over the steeple,
And see the cat play with the dog.

DOCTOR Foster was a good man,
He whipped his scholars, now and then,
And when he had done, he took a dance,
Out of England into France.
He had a brave beaver with a fine snout,
Stand you there out.

THE cat sat asleep by the side of the fire,
The mistress snored loud as a pig :
Jack took up his fiddle, by Jenny's desire,
And struck up a bit of a jig.

LITTLE maid, pretty maid, whither goest thou ?
Down in the forest to milk my cow.
Shall I go with thee ?—No, not now ;
When I send for thee, then come thou.

THE cock 's on the dunghill a blowing his horn ;
The bull 's in the barn a threshing of corn ;
The maids in the meadows are making of hay ;
The ducks in the rivers are swimming away.

Up street and down street, each window's made of glass;
If you go to Tom Tickler's house, you'll find a pretty
lass:

Hug her, and kiss her, and take her on your knee,
And whisper very close: Darling girl, do you love me?

As I was going up Pippen hill,
Pippen hill was dirty,
There I met a pretty Miss,
And she dropt me a curtesy.

Little Miss, pretty Miss,
Blessings light upon you,
If I had half-a-crown a day,
I'd spend it all upon you.

DICKERY, dickery, dock,
The mouse run up the clock:
The clock struck one,
And down he run;
Dickery, dickery, dock.

BARNABY Bright he was a sharp cur,
He always would bark if a mouse did but stir:
But now he's grown old, and can no longer bark,
He's condemn'd by the parson to be hang'd by the
clerk.

If all the world was apple-pie,
And all the sea was ink;
And all the trees were bread and cheese,
What could we do for drink?

OLD Mother Niddity Nod swore by the pudding-bag,
 She would go to Stoken Church fair;
 And then old Father Peter, said he would meet her,
 Before she got half way there.

LITTLE brown Betty lived at the Golden Can,
 Where she brew'd good ale for gentlemen;
 And gentlemen came every day,
 Till little brown Betty she hopt away.

TOM THUMB the piper's son,
 Stole a pig and away did run;
 The pig was eat, and Tom was beat,
 Till he run crying down the street.

JACK Sprat would eat no fat,
 His wife would eat no lean;
 Now was not this a pretty trick,
 To make the platter clean.

As I was going to sell my eggs,
 I met a man with bandy legs;
 Bandy legs and crooked toes,
 I tript up his heels, and he fell on his nose.

YANKEY DOODLE came to town,
 How do you think they serv'd him?
 One took his bag, another his scrip,
 The quicker for to starve him.

THERE was an old woman had nothing,
 And there came thieves to rob her;
 When she cried out she made no noise,
 But all the whole country heard her.

PILLYCOCK, pillycock, sate on a hill
 If he's not gone—he sits there still.

HUMPTY DUMPTY sate on a wall,
 Humpti dumpti had a great fall;
 Threescore men and threescore more,
 Cannot place Humpty dumpty as he was before.

LITTLE boy Bluet, come blow me your horn,
 The cow's in the meadow, the sheep in the corn :
 But where is the little boy tenting the sheep?
 He's under the hay-cock fast asleep.

PUSSY CAT, pussy cat, wilt thou be mine,
 Thou shalt neither wash dishes nor feed the swine :
 But sit on a cushion and sew a silk seam,
 And eat fine strawberries, sugar, and cream.

DANTY baby diddy,
 What can mammy do wid'e,
 But sit in a lap,
 And give 'un a pap,
 Sing danty baby diddy.

DINGLE, dingle, doosey,
 The cat's in the well;
 The dog's away to Bellinghen,
 To buy the bairn a bell.*

I'LL sing you a song,
 Nine verses long,
 For a pin;
 Three and three are six,
 And three are nine;
 You are a fool,
 And the pin is mine.

TOM BROWN's two little Indian boys, two, &c.
 One ran away,
 The other wou'd not stay,
 Tom Brown's two little Indian boys.

OLD Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard,
 To fetch her poor dog a bone :
 When she came there, the cupboard was bare,
 And so the poor dog had none.

* This is a Scottish ditty, on whirling round a piece of lighted paper to the child. The paper is called the dingle doosey.

PART IV.

GILES COLLINS AND PROUD LADY ANNA.

GILES Collins he said to his old mother,
 Mother, come bind up my head;
 And send to the parson of our parish,
 For to-morrow I shall be dead, dead,
 For to-morrow I shall be dead.

His mother she made him some water-gruel,
 And stirr'd it round with a spoon;
 Giles Collins he ate up his water-gruel,
 And died before 'twas noon, noon,
 And died before 'twas noon.

Lady Anna was sitting at her window,
 Mending her night-robe and coif;
 She saw the very prettiest corpse,
 She'd seen in all her life, life,
 She'd seen in all her life.

What bear ye there, ye six strong men,
 Upon your shoulders so high?
 We bear the body of Giles Collins,
 Who for love of you did die, die,
 Who for love of you did die.

Set him down! set him down! Lady Anna she cry'd,
 On the grass that grows so green;
 To-morrow before the clock strikes ten,
 My body shall lye by his'n, his'n,
 My body shall lye by his'n.

Lady Anna was buried in the East,
 Giles Collins was buried in the West;
 There grew a lilly from Giles Collins,
 That touch'd Lady Anna's breast, breast,
 That touch'd Lady Anna's breast.

There blew a cold north-easterly wind,
 And cut this lilly in twain,
 Which never there was seen before;
 And it never will again, again,
 And it never will again.

LITTLE BO-PEEP.

LITTLE Bo-peep has lost her sheep,
 And can't tell where to find them:
 Let them alone, and they'll come home,
 And bring their tails behind them.

Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep,
 And dreamt she heard them bleating:
 But when she awoke, she found it a joke,
 For they still were all fleeing.

Then up she took her little crook,
 Determin'd for to find them;
 She found them indeed, but it made her heart bleed,
 For they'd left all their tails behind 'em.

It happen'd one day, as Bo-peep did stray,
 Unto a meadow hard by;
 There she espy'd their tails side by side,
 All hung on a tree to dry.

She heav'd a sigh, and wip'd her eye,
 And over the hillocks went stump-o,
 And tried what she cou'd, as a shepherdess shou'd,
 To tack each again to its rump-o.

WATER SKIMMING.

A DUCK and a drake,
 A nice barley cake,
 With a penny to pay the old baker,
 A hop and a scotch,
 Is another notch,
 Slitherum, slatherum, take her.

THE JOLLY TESTER.

I LOVE sixpence, a jolly, jolly sixpence,
 I love sixpence as my life;
 I spent a penny of it, I spent a penny of it,
 I took a penny home to my wife.

I love four pence, a jolly, jolly four pence,
 I love four pence as my life;
 I spent two pence of it, I spent two pence of it,
 I took two pence home to my wife.

I love nothing, a jolly, jolly nothing,
 I love nothing as my life,
 I spent nothing of it, I spent nothing of it,
 I took nothing home to my wife.

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE GREY MARE.

JOHN COOK had a little grey mare; he, haw, hum:
 Her back stood up and her bones they were bare; he,
 haw, hum.

John Cook was riding up Shuter's bank; he, haw, hum:
 And there his nag did kick and prank; he, haw, hum.

John Cook was riding up Shuter's hill ; he, haw, hum :
His mare fell down and she made her will ; he, haw, hum.

The bridle and saddle were laid on the shelf ; he, haw,
hum :

If you want any more, you may sing it yourself ; he,
haw, hum.

THE SEARCH AFTER FORTUNE.

My father he died, but I can't tell you how,
He left me six horses to drive in my plough :
With my wing wang waddle oh,
Jack sing saddle oh,
Blowsey boys bubble oh,
Under the broom.

I sold my six horses and I bought me a cow,
I'd fain have made a fortune, but did not know how :
With my wing wang, &c.

I sold my cow, and I bought me a calf ;
I'd fain have made a fortune, but lost the best half :
With my wing wang, &c.

I sold my calf, and I bought me a cat ;
A pretty thing she was, in my chimney corner sat :
With my wing wang, &c.

I sold my cat, and I bought me a mouse ;
He carried fire in his tail, and burnt down my house :
With my wing wang, &c.

DAME WIDDLE WADDLE.

OLD Mother Widdle Waddle jumpt out of bed,
And out at the casement she popt out her head :
Crying the house is on fire, the grey goose is dead,
And the fox he is come to the town, oh !

THE MAD FOLKS OF THE MAD TOWN.

THERE was a mad man and he had a mad wife,
 And they liv'd in a mad town :
 And they had children three at a birth,
 And mad they were every one.

The father was mad, the mother was mad,
 And the children mad beside ;
 And they all got on a mad horse,
 And madly they did ride.

They rode by night and they rode by day,
 Yet never a one of them fell ;
 They rode so madly all the way,
 Till they came to the gates of hell.

Old Nick was glad to see them so mad,
 And gladly let them in :
 But he soon grew sorry to see them so merry,
 And let them out again.

THE TAYLOR'S COURTSHIP.

IN love be I, fifth button high,
 On velvet runs my courting,
 Sheer buckram twist, best broadcloth list,
 I leave for others sporting.
 From needle, thread, my fingers fled,
 My heart is set a throbbing ;
 And no one by, I cross-legg'd sigh,
 For charming Betsey Bobbin :
 Betsey Bobbin, Betsey Bobbin,
 For charming Betsey Bobbin.

Her lips so sweet, are velveret,
 Her eyes do well their duty ;
 Her skin's to me, like dimity,
 The pattern gay of beauty.

Her hand squeez'd oft, is satin soft,
 And sets my heart a throbbing,
 Her cheeks, O dear, red cassimere,
 Lord ! what a Betsey Bobbin ! &c

Her roguish smile can well beguile,
 Her every look bewitches ;
 Yet never stir, when tacked to her,
 For Tim will wear the breeches ;
 I've face and mien, am spruce and keen,
 And though my heart keeps throbbing,
 There's not, in fine, one man in nine,
 So fit for Betsey Bobbin, &c.

OLD CHAIRS AND OLD CLOTHES.

IF I'd as much money as I could spend,
 I never would cry old chairs to mend :
 Old chairs to mend, old chairs to mend,
 I never would cry old chairs to mend.

If I'd as much money as I could tell,
 I never would cry old clothes to sell,
 Old clothes to sell, old clothes to sell,
 I never would cry old clothes to sell.

THE LITTLE LOVERS.

THERE was a little boy and a little girl
 Liv'd in an alley ;
 Says the little boy to the little girl,
 Shall I, oh, shall I ?

Says the little girl to the little boy,
 What shall we do ?
 Says the little boy to the little girl,
 I will kiss you.

NEW BROOMS, BROOMS, O !

THERE was an old man, and he liv'd in a wood ;
 And his lazy son Jack would snooze till noon :
 Nor followed his trade although it was good,
 With a bill and a stump for making of brooms, green
 brooms ;
 With a bill and a stump for making of brooms.

One morn in a passion, and sore with vexation,
 He swore he would fire the room,
 If he did not get up and go to his work,
 And fall to the cutting of brooms, green brooms, &c.

Then Jack he arose and slipt on his clothes,
 And away to the woods very soon,
 Where he made up his pack, and put it on his back,
 Crying, Maids, do you want any brooms ? green
 brooms, &c.

THE PARLIAMENT SOLDIERS.

HIGH ding a ding, and ho ding a ding,
 The parliament soldiers are gone to the king ;
 Some with new beavers, some with new bands,
 The parliament soldiers are all to be hang'd.

JACK DANDY-PRAT.

LITTLE Jack Dandy-prat was my first suiter ;
 He had a dish and a spoon, and he'd some pewter ;
 He'd linen and woollen, and woollen and linen,
 A little pig in a string cost him five shilling.

TWO BLACKBIRDS.

THERE were two blackbirds set upon a hill,
 THE one named Jack, the other nam'd Gill:
 Fly away, Jack; fly away, Gill;
 Come again, Jack; come again, Gill.

THE DUCK AND THE DRAKE.

THERE was a little man,
 And he had a little gun,
 And his bullets were made of lead, lead, lead:
 He went to the brook,
 And he saw a little duck,
 And he shot it through the head, head, head.

 He carried it home,
 To his old wife Joan,
 And bid her a fire for to make, make, make,
 To roast the little duck,
 He'd shot in the brook,
 And he'd go and fetch her the drake, drake, drake.

THE MILK PAILS.

BETTY'S gone a milking, mother, mother;
 BETTY'S gone a milking, dainty fine mother of mine:
 Then you may go after, daughter, daughter;
 Then you may go after, dainty fine daughter of mine.

 Buy me a pair of milk pails, mother, &c.
 Where's the money to come from, daughter? &c.

 Pawn my father's feather-bed, mother, &c.
 Where's your father to lay? daughter, &c.

Lay him in the maid's bed, mother, &c.
Where is the maid to lay? daughter, &c.

Lay her in the pig-stye, mother, &c.
Where are the pigs to lay? daughter, &c.

Lay them at the stair-foot, mother, &c.
There they will be trod to death, daughter, &c.

Lay them by the water-side, mother, &c.
There they will be drowned, daughter, &c.
Then take a rope and hang yourself, mother, &c.

THE LADY'S SONG IN LEAP YEAR.

Roses are red, diddle, diddle,
Lavender's blue:
If you will have me, diddle, diddle,
I will have you.

Lillies are white, diddle, diddle,
Rosemary's green;
When you are king, diddle, diddle,
I will be queen.

Call up your men, diddle, diddle,
Set them to work;
Some to the plough, diddle, diddle,
Some to the cart.

Some to make hay, diddle, diddle,
Some to cut corn;
Whilst you and I, diddle, diddle,
Keep the bed warm.

THE END.

DEC 31 1946



