

RHYMES
OLD & NEW
M.E.S. WRIGHT



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by M.E.S. Wright**

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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK RHYMES OLD
AND NEW : COLLECTED BY M.E.S. WRIGHT ***

RHYMES OLD AND NEW

RHYMES

OLD AND NEW

Collected by

M. E. S. WRIGHT

LONDON
T. FISHER UNWIN
PATERNOSTER SQUARE
1900

To
GLADYS, HELEN, AND JACK

PREFACE

In making this little collection, my aim has been to bring together rhymes old and new, which for the greater part are not included in other books for the nursery or schoolroom.

Some of the old friends appear with local variations, many of the others have been repeated to me by people who do not know whence they come, and, indeed, in many cases it has been impossible to discover the authors.

I have done my best to avoid infringing copyrights, but should I have inadvertently done so, I hope my humble apologies will be accepted.

The complete version of "The Ram of Derby," is taken from Jewitt's "Reliquary"; "A Dutch Lullaby," from "A Little Book of Western Verse," is included by kind permission of Messrs Harper; and I acknowledge with gratitude that I have been allowed to select from "Notes and Queries" from "Popular Rhymes," published by Messrs Chambers, from "Northall's Folk Rhymes," published by Messrs Kegan Paul Trench & Co., and "Halliwell's Nursery Rhymes of England," published by Messrs Warne.

Some rhymes have been taken from those never-failing sources of delight, J. and A. Taylor, C. and M. Lamb, E. Turner, and M. Howitt, some from "Poor Robin's Almanac," "The Poetical Aviary," Ross's Juvenile Library, 1813-1816, etc., etc.

That others besides "Gladys, Helen, and Jack," including "children of a larger growth," may find pleasure in my little collection is the sincere wish of

M. E. S. WRIGHT.

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COUPLETS

If the grass grow in Janiveer,
'Twill be the worse for't all the year.

If Janiveer calends be summerly gay,
'Twill be wintry weather till the calends of May.

ESSEX

Winter thunder, and summer flood,
Bode England no good.

A bushel of March dust is a thing
Worth the ransom of a king.

A cold April
Is the poor man's fill.

LEICESTER

A wet Good Friday and Easter Day
Brings plenty of grass, but little good hay.

At Easter let your clothes be new,
Or else be sure you will it rue.

'Tis like to be a good year for corn
When the cuckoo comes to the bare thorn.

Sunshine and rain bring cuckoos from Spain,
But the first cock of hay flays the cuckoo
away.

STAFFORDSHIRE

Cuckoo oats and Michaelmas hay,
Will make the farmer run away.

A shower of rain in July, when the corn begins to
fill,
Is worth a plough of oxen, and all belongs theretill.

'Tis time to cock your hay and corn
When the old donkey blows his horn.

'Tween Martinmas and Yule,
Water's wine in every pool.

HUNTINGDONSHIRE

Farmers' wives! when the leaves do fall,
'Twill spoil your milk, and butter, and all.

St Thomas gray, St Thomas gray,
The longest night and the shortest day.

If Christmas Day on a Monday fall,
A troublous winter we shall have all.

If Christmas Day a Monday be,
A wintry winter you shall see.

Friday's a day as'll have his trick,
The fairest or foulest day o' the wik.

A blue and white sky,
Never four and twenty hours dry.

DATE 1600

Saturday new, and Sunday full,
It never was fine, and never wool.

Red sky at night, is the shepherd's delight,
Red sky at morning, is the shepherd's warning.

Rain, rain, go to Spain,
And never, never, come again.

Rain, rain, rattle stone,
Pray, hold up till I get home.

If the cat washes her face o'er the ear,
'Tis a sign that the weather'll be fine and clear.

A robin red-breast in a cage
Puts all Heaven in a rage.

A skylark wounded on the wing,
Doth make a cherub cease to sing.

He who shall hurt the little wren
Shall never be beloved by men.

The wanton boy that kills the fly
Shall feel the spider's enmity.

The beggar's dog and widow's cat,
Feed them, and thou shalt grow fat.

If you want to live and thrive,
Let a spider run alive.

WELSH

Whoso does a wren's nest steal,
Shall God's bitter anger feel.

WARWICK

The martin and the swallow
Are God Almighty's bow and arrow.

RAILWAY FLAGS

White for right, red for wrong,
Green for gently go along.

Five score to the hundred of men, money, and
pins,
Six score to the hundred of all other things.

WELSH RHYME

Next to the lion and the unicorn,
The leek's the fairest emblem that is worn.

A Friday dream on a Saturday told,
Is sure to come true ere it's nine days old.

Under the furze is hunger and cold,
Under the broom is silver and gold.

Find odd-leaved ash, or even-leaved clover,
And you'll see your true love before the day's
over.

Eat an apple going to bed,
Knock the doctor on the head.

King Grin,
Better than all medicin.

When Adam dolve, and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?

I see the moon, and the moon sees me,
God bless the moon, and God bless me.

WEATHER AND SEASON RHYMES

January brings the snow,
Makes our feet and fingers glow.

February brings the rain,
Thaws the frozen lake again.

March brings breezes loud and shrill,
Stirs the dancing daffodil.

April brings the primrose sweet,
Scatters daisies at our feet.

May brings flocks of pretty lambs,
Skipping by their fleecy dams.

June brings tulips, lilies, roses,
Fills the children's hands with posies.

Hot July brings cooling showers,
Apricots and gillyflowers.

August brings the sheaves of corn,
Then the harvest home is borne.

Warm September brings the fruit,
Sportsmen then begin to shoot.

Fresh October brings the pheasant,
Then to gather nuts is pleasant.

Dull November brings the blast,
Then the leaves are whirling fast.

Chill December brings the sleet,
Blazing fire and Christmas treat.

The moon and the weather
May change together;
But change of the moon
Does not change the weather;
If we'd no moon at all,
And that may seem strange,
We still should have weather
That's subject to change.

Autumn wheezy, sneezy, freezy;
Winter slippy, drippy, nippy;
Spring showery, flowery, bowery;
Summer hoppy, croppy, poppy.

As I sat under a sycamore tree, sycamore tree, sycamore
tree,
I looked me out upon the sea,
A Christmas day in the morning.

I saw three ships a sailing there, sailing there, sailing
there,
The Virgin Mary and Christ they bare,
A Christmas day in the morning.

He did whistle and she did sing, she did sing, she did
sing,
And all the bells on earth did ring,
A Christmas day in the morning.

And now we hope to taste your cheer, taste your cheer,
taste your cheer,

And wish you all a happy New Year,
A Christmas day in the morning.

The rose is red, the violet blue,
The gillyflower sweet, and so are you;
These are the words you bade me say,
For a pair of new gloves on Easter-day.

WORCESTERSHIRE CAROL

Here we come a whistling, through the fields so
green;

Here we come a singing, so far to be seen.

God send you happy, God send you happy,
Pray God send you a Happy New Year!

The roads are very dirty, my boots are very thin,
I have a little pocket, to put a penny in.

God send you happy, God send you happy,
Pray God send you a Happy New Year!

Bring out your little table, and spread it with a
cloth,

Bring out some of your old ale, likewise your
Christmas loaf.

God send you happy, God send you happy,
Pray God send you a Happy New Year!

God bless the master of this house, likewise the
mistress too;

And all the little children that round the table
strew.

God send you happy, God send you happy,
Pray God send you a Happy New Year!

If Christmas Day on Thursday be,
A windy winter you shall see;
Windy weather in each week,
And hard tempests strong and thick;
The summer shall be good and dry,
Corn and beasts shall multiply;
That year is good for lands to till,
Kings and princes shall die by skill;
If a child that day born should be
It shall happen right well for thee,
Of deeds he shall be good and stable,
Wise of speech and reasonable;
Whoso that day goes thieving about,
He shall be punished with doubt;
And if sickness that day betide,
It shall quickly from thee glide.

April, June, and September
Thirty days have as November;
Each month else doth never vary
From thirty-one, save February,
Which twenty-eight doth still confine,
Save on leap year, then twenty-nine.

If Saturday's moon
Come once in seven years,
It comes too soon.

HOLLANTIDE, 1st NOVEMBER

If ducks do slide at Hollantide,
At Christmas they will swim;
If ducks do swim at Hollantide,
At Christmas they will slide.

If New Year's Eve night wind blows south,
It betokeneth warmth and growth;
If west, much milk, and fish in the sea;
If north, much cold and storms there will be;
If east, the trees will bear much fruit;
If north-east, flee it man and brute.

ST VINCENT'S DAY

January 22nd, Old Style.
February 3rd, New Style.

Remember in St Vincent's day
If the sun his beams display,
'Tis a token, bright and clear,
That you will have a prosperous year.

Remember, remember,
The fifth of November,
Gunpowder treason and plot,
I hope that night will never be forgot.
The king and his train
Had like to be slain;

Thirty-six barrels of gunpowder
Set below London to blow London up!

Holla boys! Holla boys!
Let the bells ring!
Holla boys! Holla boys!
God save the King!
A stick or a stake
For Victoria's sake,
And pray ye remember the bonfire night.

LINCOLNSHIRE HARVEST HOME

I rent my shirt and tore my skin
To get my master's harvest in.
Hip! hip! hurrah!
Harvest in and harvest home,
We'll get a good fat hen and bacon bone,
Hip! hip! hurrah!

Farmer Brown has got his corn
Well mown and well shorn.
Hip! hip! hurrah!
Never turned over and never stuck fast,
The harvest cart has come home at last.
Hip! hip! hurrah!

February borrowed from fair April
Three days, and paid them back all ill.
First of them was ra' and weet,
The second of them was sna' and sleet,
And the third of them was sic a freeze,
The birds they stickit upon the trees.

February fill the dike,
Be it black, or be it white!
If it be white, it's the better to like.

Oak before ash,
There'll be a splash;
Ash before oak,
There'll be a choke.

ESSEX

Winter thunder,
Rich man's food,
And poor man's hunger.

When the moon is at the full
Mushrooms you may freely pull;
But when the moon is on the wane,
Wait ere you think to pluck again.

ST CLEMENT'S APPLE FEAST, STAFFORDSHIRE

Clemany! Clemany! Clemany mine!
A good red apple and a pint of wine,
Some of your mutton and some of your veal,

If it is good, pray give me a deal;
If it is not, pray give some salt.

Butler! butler! fill your bowl;
If thou fill'st it with the best,
The Lord'll send your soul to rest;
If thou fill'st it of the small,
Down goes butler, bowl and all.

Pray, good mistress, send to me,
One for Peter, one for Paul,
One for Him who made us all,
Apple, pear, plum, or cherry,
Any good thing to make us merry;

A bouncing buck, and velvet chair,
Clement comes but once a year;
Off with the pot, and on with the pan,
A good red apple and I'll begone!

SPRING
1600

Spring, the sweet spring, is the year's pleasant
king,
Then bloomes each thing, then maydes dance in a
ring;
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
Cuckow, Jugge, Jugge, pu-we to witta woo.

The Palme and May make country houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pype all day,
And we have aye birds tune this merry lay,
Cuckow, Jugge, Jugge, pu-we to witta woo.

SUSSEX

If apples bloom in March,
In vain for 'um you'll sarch;
If apples bloom in April,
Why then they'll be plentiful;
If apples bloom in May,
You may eat 'um night and day.

Through storm and wind,
Sunshine and shower,
Still will ye find
Groundsel in flower.

SPRING

Sound the flute!
Now 'tis mute;
Birds delight
Day and night,
Nightingale,
In the dale,
Lark in sky—
Merrily,
Merrily, merrily to welcome in the year.

Little boy,
Full of joy;
Little girl,
Sweet and small,
Cock does crow,
So do you;
Merry voice,

Infant noise;
Merrily, merrily to welcome in the year.

Little lamb,
Here I am;
Come and lick
My white neck;
Let me pull
Your soft wool;
Let me kiss
Your soft face;
Merrily, merrily to welcome in the year.

NORTHUMBERLAND

Rain, rain, go away,
And come again another day,
When I brew and when I bake,
I'll gie you a little cake.

YARROW

If the evening's red and the morning gray,
It is the sign of a bonnie day;
If the evening's gray and the morning red,
The lamb and the ewe will go wet to bed.

WILTS

The rainbow in the marnin'
Gies the shepherd warnin'
To car' his girt cwoat on his back;

The rainbow at night
Is the shepherd's delight,
For then no girt cwoat will he lack.

Rainbow, rainbow,
Rin away hame;
Come again at Martinmas,
When a' the corn's in.

Why, I cannot tell,
But I know full well,
With wind in the east,
Fish bite not in the least.

DEVON

The west wind always brings wet weather;
The east wind wet and cold together;
The south wind always brings us rain;
The north wind blows it back again;
If the sun in red should set,
The next day surely will be wet;
If the sun should set in gray,
The next will be a rainy day.

The wind at north or east
Is neither good for man nor beast;

So never think to cast a clout,
Until the end of May be out.

THE MOON

There was a thing a full month old,
When Adam was no more;
But ere that thing was five weeks old
Adam was years five score.

FROM POOR ROBIN'S ALMANAC 1808

SPRING

About the seasons of the year,
Astrologers may make a fuss;
But this I know, that spring is here,
When I can cut asparagus.

SUMMER

Concerning dates, whate'er they pen,
No matter whether true or not,
I know it must be summer when
Green peas are boiling in the pot.

AUTUMN

And autumn takes his turn to reign,
I know as sure as I'm a sinner,

When leaves are scattered o'er the plain,
And grapes are eaten after dinner.

WINTER

Winter is known by frost and snow,
To all the little girls and boys;
But it's enough for me to know,
I get no greens except savoys.

BABY SONGS

HUSH YE, MY BAIRNIE

From the Gaelic.

Hush ye, my bairnie, my bonnie wee laddie;
When ye're a man ye shall follow yer daddie;
Lift me a coo, and a goat, and a wether,
Bringing them hame tae yer mammie thegither.

Hush ye, my bairnie, my bonnie wee lammie;
Routh o' guid things ye shall bring tae yer
mammie;
Hare frae the meadow, and deer frae the
mountain,
Grouse frae the muirlan', and trout frae the
fountain.

Hush ye, my bairnie, my bonnie wee dearie;
Sleep! come and close the een, heavie and
wearie;
Closed are the wearie een, rest ye are takin',
Soun' be your sleepin', and bright be yer wakin'.

THE WEE CROODLEN DOO

“Where hae ye been a' the day,
My little wee croodlen doo?”
“Oh, I've been at my grandmother's;
Mak my bed, mammie, noo!”

“What got ye at your grandmother’s,
My little wee croodlen doo?”

“I got a bonny wee fishie;
Mak my bed, mammie, noo!”

“Oh, where did she catch the fishie,
My bonny wee croodlen doo?”

“She catch’d it in the gutter hole;
Mak my bed, mammie, noo!”

“And what did you do wi’ the bones o’t,
My bonny wee croodlen doo?”

“I gied them to my little dog;
Mak my bed, mammie, noo!”

“And what did the little doggie do,
My little wee croodlen doo?”

“He stretched out his head, and his feet, and
dee’d,

As I do, mammie, noo!”

Baby cry,
Wipe his eye.
Baby good,
Give him food.
Baby sleepy,
Go to bed.
Baby naughty,
Smack his head.

O, can ye sew cushions,
Can ye sew sheets,
Can ye sing Ba-loo-loo,
When the bairnie greets?

And hee and ba, birdie,
And hee and ba, lamb;
And hee and ba, birdie,
My bonnie lamb!

Hush, hush, hush, hush,
And I dance mine own child,
And I dance mine own child,
Hush, hush, hush, hush!

A DUTCH LULLABY

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe,
Sailed on a river of crystal light,
Into a sea of dew:
“Where are you going, and what do you
wish?”
“We have come to fish for the herring-fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we!”
Said Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

The old man laughed, and sang a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew.
The little stars were the herring-fish
That lived in that beautiful sea;
“Now cast your nets wherever you wish,
Never afeared are we!”
So cried the stars to the fishermen three,

Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
To the stars in the twinkling foam,
Then down from the skies came the wooden
shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home;
'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it *could not* be,
And some folk thought 'twas a dream they'd
dreamed,
Of sailing that beautiful sea;
But I shall name you the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies,
Is a wee one's trundle-bed.
So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things,
As you rock in the misty sea,
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen
three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

O hush thee, my babie, thy sire was a knight,
Thy mother a lady both gentle and bright;
The woods and the glens from the tow'rs which we

see,
They are all belonging, dear babie, to thee.

O fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows;
It calls but the warders that guard thy repose;
Their bows would be bended, their blades would be
red,
E'er the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed.

O hush thee, my babie, the time will soon come,
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and
drum,
Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you
may,
For strife comes with manhood, and waking with
day.

When little birdie bye-bye goes,
Quiet as mice in churches,
He puts his head where nobody knows,
And on one leg he perches.

When little baby bye-bye goes,
On mother's arm reposing,
Soon he lies beneath the clothes,
Safe in cradle dozing.

When little pussy goes to sleep,
Tail and nose together,
Then little mice around her creep,
Lightly as a feather.

When little baby goes to sleep,
And he is very near us,
Then on tiptoe softly creep,
That baby may not hear us.

Dance a baby, diddy;
What can a mammy do wid 'e?
Sit in a lap, give it some pap,
And dance a baby, diddy.

Smile, my baby, bonny;
What will time bring on 'e?
Sorrow and care, frowns and grey hair,
So smile my baby, bonny.

Laugh, my baby, beauty;
What will time do to 'e?
Furrow your cheek, wrinkle your neck,
So laugh, my baby, beauty.

Dance, my baby, deary;
Mother will never be weary,
Frolic and play now while you may,
So dance, my baby, deary.

Baby, baby, naughty baby!
Hush, you squalling thing, I say!
Hush this moment, or it may be
Wellington will pass this way.
And he'll beat you, beat you, beat you,
And he'll beat you into pap;
And he'll eat you, eat you, eat you,
Gobble you, gobble you, snap, snap, snap.

SOUTHERN INDIA

Júwa, júwa, baby, dear!
When the baby's mother comes
She will give her darling milk.

Júwa, júwa, baby dear!

When the baby's father comes
He will bring a cocoanut.

Júwa, júwa, baby, dear!

When the baby's brother comes
He will bring a little bird.

Júwa, júwa, baby, dear!

When the baby's sister comes
She will bring a dish of rice.

LULLABY

Sleep, baby, sleep,
Our cottage vale is deep;
The little lamb is on the green
With woolly fleece, so soft and clean.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep,
Down where the woodbines creep;
Be always like the lamb so mild,
A kind, and sweet, and gentle child.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER

A superstition prevails
in Ireland, that when a
child smiles in its sleep,
it is "talking with the
angels."

A baby was sleeping,
Its mother was weeping,
For her husband was far o'er the wild raging sea,
And the tempest was swelling
Round the fisherman's dwelling,
And she cried: "Dermot, darling, oh! come back to
me."

Her beads while she numbered,
The baby still slumbered,
And smiled in her face, as she bended her knee,
Oh! blessed be that warning,
My child, thy sleep adorning,
For I know that the angels are whisp'ring with thee.

And while they are keeping
Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
Oh! pray to them softly, my baby, with me,
And say thou would'st rather
They'd watch o'er thy father!
For I know that the angels are whisp'ring with thee.

The dawn of the morning
Saw Dermot returning,
And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see,
And closely caressing
Her child with a blessing,
Said: "I knew that the angels were whisp'ring with
thee."

LULLABY

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Thy father watches the sheep,
Thy mother is shaking the dreamland tree,
And down falls a little dream on thee.
Sleep, baby sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
The large stars are the sheep,
The little stars are the lambs, I guess,
The fair moon is the shepherdess.
Sleep baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
And cry not like a sheep,
Else will the sheep dog bark and whine,
And bite this naughty child of mine.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Away! and tend the sheep,
Away, thou black dog, fierce and wild,
And do not wake my little child!
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Hark! the night-winds whispering nigh,
“Hush,” they murmur, “hush-a-bye!”
Dobbin by the dyke doth drowse,
Dreamy kine forget to browse,
Winking stars are in the sky;
“Hush-a-bye! hush-a-bye!”
See, the silver moon is high;
How the great trees rock and sigh.
“Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye!”
Low the little brooklet’s cry;
“Hush,” it lispeth, “hush-a-bye!”
All the peeping lights are gone,
Baby, we are left alone!
“Hush-a-bye, hush-a-bye.”

MEN, WOMEN, AND CHILDREN

1790.

When Adam he first was created
Lord of the Universe round,
His happiness was not completed
Till for him a helpmate was found.

When Adam was laid in soft slumber,
'Twas then he lost part of his side,
And when he awakened, with wonder
He beheld his most beautiful bride.

She was not made out of his head, sir,
To rule and to govern the man;
Nor was she made out of his feet, sir,
By man to be trampled upon.

He had oxen and foxes for hunting,
And all that was pleasant in life;
Yet still his Almighty Creator
Thought that he wanted a wife.

But she did come forth from his side, sir,
His equal and partner to be;
And now they are coupled together,
She oft proves the top of the tree.

Adam lay i-bowndyn,
Bowndyn in a bond,
Fower thousand winter

Thowt he not to long;
And al was for an appil,
An appil that he tok,
As clerkes fyndyn wretyn
In here book.

Ne hadde the appil taken ben,
The appil taken ben,
Ne hadde never our lady
A ben hevene quen.
Blyssid be the tyme
That appil taken was!
Therefore we mown syngyn
Deo gracias.

FIFTEENTH CENTURY CAROL

Adam was supposed to
have lain in bonds in the
limbus patrum from the
time of his death to the
Crucifixion.

CHESHIRE CHEESE

A Cheshire man sailed into Spain
To trade for merchandise;
When he arrived from the main
A Spaniard him espies,

Who said: "You English rogue, look here!
What fruits and spices fine
Our land produces twice a year!
Thou hast not such in thine!"

The Cheshire man ran to his hold,
And fetched a Cheshire cheese,
And said: "Look here, you dog, behold,
We have such fruits as these!

"Your fruits are ripe but twice a year,
As you yourself do say;
But such as I present you here,
Our land brings twice a day."

The Spaniard in a passion flew,
And his rapier took in hand;
The Cheshire man kicked up his heels,
Saying: "Thou art at my command."

So never let a Spaniard boast
While Cheshire men abound,
Lest they should teach him, to his cost,
To dance a Cheshire round.

THREE WELCH HUNTERS

There were three jovial Welchmen,
As I've heard them say,
And they would go a-hunting
Upon St David's day.
All the day they hunted,
And nothing could they find,
But a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing with the wind.
One said it was a ship,
The other said, nay;
The third said it was a house,
And the chimney blown away.
And all the night they hunted,
And nothing could they find,
But the moon a-gliding,

A-gliding with the wind.
One said it was the moon
The other said, nay;
The third said it was a cheese,
And half o't cut away.

**LAMENT OF A MOTHER, WHOSE
CHILD WAS STOLEN BY FAIRIES**

From the Gaelic.

I left my bairnie lying here,
Lying here, lying here;
I left my bairnie lying here,
To go and gather blaeberries.

I've found the wee brown otter's track,
Otter's track, otter's track;
I've found the wee brown otter's track,
But cannot trace my bairnie, O!

I found the swan's track on the lake,
On the lake, on the lake;
I found the swan's track on the lake,
But cannot trace my bairnie, O!

I found the track of the yellow fawn,
Yellow fawn, yellow fawn;
I found the track of the yellow fawn,
But cannot trace my bairnie, O!

I found the trail of the mountain mist,
Mountain mist, mountain mist;
I found the trail of the mountain mist,
But cannot trace my bairnie, O!

This is my birthday, do you know?
Once I was four, that's long ago;
Once I was three, and two, and one,
Only a baby that could not run.
Now I am five, so old and so strong,
I could run races all the day long!
And I mean to grow bigger, and stronger, and
older,
Some day perhaps I shall be a brave soldier.
I think I'm the happiest boy alive!
Oh, wouldn't you like to be me—now I'm five?

GRACE FOR A LITTLE CHILD

Here a little child I stand,
Heaving up my either hand;
Cold as paddocks though they be
Here I lift them up to Thee,
For a benison to fall
On our meat, and on us all.

“I do not like to go to bed,”
Sleepy little Harry said;
“Go, naughty Betty, go away,
I will not come at all, I say!”

Oh, what a silly little fellow,
I should be quite ashamed to tell her;
Then Betty, you must come and carry
This very foolish little Harry.

The little birds are better taught,
They go to roosting when they ought;

And all the ducks and fowls, you know,
They went to bed an hour ago.

The little beggar in the street,
Who wanders with his naked feet,
And has no where to lay his head,
Oh, he'd be glad to go to bed.

My child, when we were children,
Two children little and gay,
We crept into the hen-roost,
And hid behind the hay.

We crowed as doth the cock crow,
When people passed that road,
Cried "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"
They thought the cock had crowed.

The chests that lay in the court
We papered and made so clean,
And dwelt therein together—
We thought them fit for a queen.

Oft came our neighbour's old cat,
With us an hour to spend;
We made her curtseys and bows,
And compliments without end.

There was one little Jim,
'Tis reported of him,
And must be to his lasting disgrace—
That he never was seen

With his hands at all clean,
Nor yet ever clean was his face.

His friends were much hurt
To see so much dirt,
And often they made him quite clean;
But all was in vain,
He was dirty again,
And not at all fit to be seen.

When to wash he was sent,
He reluctantly went
With water to splash himself o'er;
But he seldom was seen
To have washed himself clean,
And often looked worse than before.

The idle and bad,
Like this little lad,
May be dirty and black to be sure;
But good boys are seen
To be decent and clean,
Although they are ever so poor.

CLEANLINESS

Come my little Robert, near—
Fie! what filthy hands are here!
Who, that e'er could understand
The rare structure of a hand,
With its branching fingers fine,
Work itself of hands divine,
Strong yet delicately knit,
For ten thousand uses fit,
Overlaid with so clear skin
You may see the blood within,—
Who this hand would choose to cover

With a crust of dirt all over,
Till it looked in hue and shape
Like the forefoot of an ape!
Man or boy that works or plays
In the fields or the highways,
May, without offence or hurt,
From the soil contract a dirt
Which the next clear spring or river
Washes out and out for ever.
But to cherish stains impure,
Soil deliberate to endure,
On the skin to fix a stain
Till it works into the grain,
Argues a degenerate mind,
Sordid, slothful, ill-inclined,
Wanting in that self-respect
Which doth virtue best protect.
All-endearing cleanliness,
Virtue next to godliness,
Easiest, cheapest, needfull'st duty,
To the body health and beauty;
Who that's human would refuse it,
When a little water does it?

Little Willie from his mirror
Sucked the mercury all off,
Thinking, in his childish error,
It would cure his whooping-cough.

At the funeral, Willie's mother
Smartly said to Mrs Brown,
"Twas a chilly day for William
When the mercury went down."

Chorus

“Ah, ah, ah!” said Willie’s mother,
“Oh, oh, oh!” said Mrs Brown,
“’Twas a chilly day for William
When the mercury went down!”

FEIGNED COURAGE

Horatio, of ideal courage vain,
Was flourishing in air his father’s cane,
And, as the fumes of valour swelled his pate,
Now thought himself this hero, and now that;
“And now,” he cried, “I will Achilles be;
My sword I brandish; see, the Trojans flee!
Now, I’ll be Hector, when his angry blade
A lane through heaps of slaughter’d Grecians
made!
And now my deeds still braver I’ll evince,
I am no less than Edward the Black Prince.

“Give way, ye coward French!” As this he spoke,
And aim’d in fancy a sufficient stroke
To fix the fate of Cressy or Poitiers
(The Muse relates the Hero’s fate with tears),
He struck his milk-white hand against a nail,
Sees his own blood, and feels his courage fail.
Ah! where is now that boasted valour flown,
That in the tented field so late was shown?
Achilles weeps, great Hector hangs his head,
And the Black Prince goes whimpering to bed.

ON READING

“And so you do not like to spell,
Mary, my dear; oh, very well:

'Tis dull and troublesome, you say,
And you would rather be at play.

“Then bring me all your books again,
Nay, Mary, why do you complain?
For as you do not choose to read,
You shall not have your books indeed.

“So as you wish to be a dunce,
Pray go and fetch me them at once;
For if you will not learn to spell,
'Tis vain to think of reading well.

“Now, don't you think you'll blush to own,
When you become a woman grown,
Without one good excuse to plead,
That you have never learned to read?”

“Oh, dear mamma,” said Mary then,
“Do let me have my books again;
I'll not fret any more indeed,
If you will let me learn to read.”

Maria had an aunt at Leeds,
For whom she made a purse of beads;
'Twas neatly done, by all allow'd,
And praise soon made her vain and proud.

Her mother, willing to repress
This strong conceit of cleverness,
Said, “I will show you, if you please,
A honeycomb, the work of bees!

“Yes, look within their hive, and then
Examine well your purse again;
Compare your merits, and you will
Admit the insect's greater skill.”

Knit, Dorothy, knit,
The sunbeams round thee flit,
So merry the minutes go by, go by,
While fast thy fingers fly, they fly.
Knit, Dorothy, knit.

Sing, Dorothy, sing,
The birds are on the wing,
'Tis better to sing than to sigh, to sigh,
While fast thy fingers fly, they fly.
Sing, Dorothy, sing.

HOW TO HEAL A BURN

“Oh, we have had a sad mishap!
As Clara lay in nurse’s lap,
Too near the fire the chair did stand—
A coal flew out and burnt her hand.

“It must have flown above the guard,
It came so quick, and hit so hard;
And, would you think it? raised a blister:
Oh, how she cried! poor little sister!

“Poor thing! I grieved to see it swell;”
“What will you do to make it well?”
“Why,” said Mamma, “I really think
Some scraped potato, or some ink.

“A little vinegar or brandy,
Whichever nurse can find most handy,
All these are good, my little daughter,
But nothing’s better than cold water.”

REBELLIOUS FRANCES

The babe was in the cradle laid,
And Tom had said his prayers,
When Frances told the nursery-maid
She would not go upstairs!

She cried so loud, her mother came
To ask the reason why,
And said, "Oh, Frances, fie for shame!
Oh fie! oh fie! oh fie!"

But Frances was more naughty still,
And Betty sadly nipp'd;
Until her mother said, "I will—
I must have Frances whipp'd.

"For, oh! how naughty 'tis to cry,
But worse, much worse, to fight,
Instead of running readily,
And calling out, 'Good-night!'"

POISONOUS FRUIT

As Tommy and his sister Jane
Were walking down a shady lane,
They saw some berries, bright and red,
That hung around and overhead.

And soon the bough they bended down,
To make the scarlet fruit their own;
And part they ate, and part in play,
They threw about and flung away.

But long they had not been at home,
Before poor Jane and little Tom
Were taken sick, and ill to bed,
And since, I've heard they both are dead.

Alas! had Tommy understood
That fruit in lanes is seldom good,
He might have walked with little Jane
Again along the shady lane.

BEASTS, BIRDS, Etc.

MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB

Little Mary was given a woolly-nosed lamb,
And she fed it on ginger and gooseberry jam.
One day Mary was hungry, and longed for lamb
chops,
So into the oven her lambkin she pops.
When the oven was opened, Mary opened her
eyes,
For, what do you think? There was such a surprise;
In her hurry the oven she'd forgotten to heat,
So out jumped the lamb, and forgetting to bleat,
It said, "Mary, my dear, if there's *no* gooseberry
jam,
I can lunch very well on potatoes and ham."

Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life, and bade thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice!
Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee;
Little lamb, I'll tell thee;

He is called by thy name,
For He calls Himself a lamb.
He is meek, and He is mild,
He became a little child.
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are called by His name.
 Little lamb, God bless thee!
 Little lamb, God bless thee!

THE RAM OF DERBY

As I was going to Derby, sir,
 All on a market day,
I met the finest ram, sir,
 That ever was fed upon hay.
Daddle-i-day, daddle-i-day,
 Fal-de-ral, fal-de-ral, daddle-i-day.

This ram was fat behind, sir,
 This ram was fat before,
This ram was ten yards high, sir,
 Indeed he was no more.
 Daddle-i-day, etc.

The wool upon his back, sir,
 Reached up unto the sky,
The eagles made their nests there, sir,
 I heard the young ones cry.
 Daddle-i-day, etc.

The wool upon his belly, sir,
 It dragged upon the ground,
It was sold in Derby town, sir,
 For forty thousand pound.
 Daddle-i-day, etc.

The space between his horns, sir,
 Was as far as a man could reach,

And there they built a pulpit, sir,
For the parson there to preach.
Daddle-i-day, etc.

The teeth that were in his mouth, sir,
Were like a regiment of men,
And the tongue that hung between them, sir,
Would have dined them twice and again.
Daddle-i-day, etc.

This ram jumped o'er a wall, sir,
His tail caught on a briar,
It reached from Derby town, sir,
All into Leicestershire.
Daddle-i-day, etc.

And of this tail so long, sir,
'Twas ten miles and an ell,
They made a goodly rope, sir,
To toll the market bell.
Daddle-i-day, etc.

This ram had four legs to walk, sir,
This ram had four legs to stand,
And every leg he had, sir,
Stood on an acre of land.
Daddle-i-day, etc.

The butcher that killed this ram, sir,
Was drowned in the blood,
And all the good people of Derby, sir,
Were carried away in the flood.
Daddle-i-day, etc.

All the maids in Derby, sir,
Came begging for his horns,
To take them to the cooper's, sir,
To make them milking gawns.
Daddle-i-day, etc.

The little boys of Derby, sir,
They came to beg his eyes,
To kick about the streets, sir,
For they were football size.
Daddle-i-day, etc.

The tanner that tanned his hide, sir,
Would never be poor any more,
For when he had tanned and stretched it, sir,
It covered all Sinfin Moor.
Daddle-i-day, etc.

Indeed, sir, this is true, sir,
I never was taught to lie,
And had you been to Derby, sir,
You'd have seen it, as well as I.
Daddle-i-day, daddle-i-day,
Fal-de-ral, fal-de-ral, daddle-i-day.

PUSSY

Jack Sprat had a cat,
It had but one ear;
That he cut off,
And made small beer.

PUSSY

Child

“Wherefore wash you, Pussy, say,
Every half-hour through the day?”

Pussy

“Why? Because ’twould look so bad
If a dirty coat I had;
Little face and little feet,
They too must be always neat.”

So says Pussy, and I’ve heard
All give her a handsome word,
In the parlour she may be,
People take her on the knee,
Why all love her I can tell,—
It is for washing herself so well.

Pussy sat upon a wall,
Taking a little fresh air,
A neighbour’s little dog came by—
“O Pussy! are you there?”

“Good morning, Mistress Pussy-cat,
Pray tell me how you do,”
“Quite well, I thank you,” Puss replied,
“And, Doggy, how are you?”

Pussy-cat Mole
Jumped over a coal,
And in her best petticoat
Burnt a great hole.
Poor pussy’s weeping,
She’ll get no more milk,
Until her best petticoat’s
Mended with silk.

“Leedle! leedle! leedle! our cat’s dead.”
“How did she die?” “Wi’ a sair head.”
All ye who ken’d her
 When she was alive,
Come to her burying
 At half-past five.

“Good day, Miss Cat, so brisk and gay,
How is it that alone you stay?
And what is it you cook to day?”
“Bread so white, and milk so sweet,
Will it please you sit and eat?”

Pussy-cat high, pussy-cat low,
Pussy-cat was a fine teazer of tow.
Pussy-cat she came into a barn,
With her bagpipes under her arm.

And then she told a tale to me,
How mousie had married a humble bee.
Then was I indeed ever so glad,
That mousie had married so clever a lad.

DERBY

“Pussy-cat, Pussy-cat, where have you been?”
“I’ve been to see grandmother over the green.”
“What did she give you?” “Milk in a can.”
“What did you say for it?” “Thank you,
Grandam.”

KITTENS

Now we must name you little creatures,
After your several gifts and natures;
Velvet-skin, thou shalt be;
Softly-Sneaking, call I thee;
This I surname Catch-the-Mouse,
But that one is Thief-o'-th'-House.

They grew up handsome as could be;
Velvet-skin lay on the knee,
Catch-the-Mouse for mice went seeking;
In the barn went Softly-Sneaking;
Thief-o'-th'-House indulged his wishes
'Mid the kitchen plates and dishes.

“What is she doing, Miss Cat?
Is she sleeping, or waking, or what is she at?”
“I am not asleep, I am quite wide awake,
Perhaps you would know what I'm going to
make;
I'm melting some butter, and warming some beer,
Will it please you sit down and partake of my
cheer?”

Three cats sat at the fireside,
With a basketful of coal dust,
Coal dust! coal dust!
With a basketful of coal dust.
Said one little cat,
To the other little cat,
“If you don't speak, I must;

I must,
If you don't speak, I must."

Here is puss in the study; how cunning she looks!
She likes rats and mice far better than books.
Ah! that poor little mouse, it is out of its pain,
And will never feel pussy's sharp talons again.
I hope it has not left some young ones at home,
Who with hunger may die ere their mother shall
come.
And yet 'twould be wrong to say puss is not
good,
For the rats and the mice, you know, serve her for
food;
And though we may pity the poor little mice,
Yet we don't like to lose our cheese, butter, and
rice.

THE COW

Most parts of the cow are useful and good,
For leather, for lanthorns, for candles, or food;
And before she is dead, we owe much to the cow,
Her uses are great—let us think of them now.
Every morning and evening how quiet she stands
When the farmer's boy comes, stool and pail in his
hands;
And when he returns with the milk fresh and
sweet,
To most little children it proves a great treat.
Mama likes the cream to put into the tea,
And to make us nice puddings some milk there
must be;
Then from milk we have butter and cheese too,

you know,
So that all these good things we receive from the
cow.

The cow has a horn, and the fish has a gill;
The horse has a hoof, and the duck has a bill;
The bird has a wing, that on high he may sail;
And the lion a mane, and the monkey a tail;
And they swim, or they fly, or they walk, or they
eat,
With fin, or with wing, or with bill, or with feet.
And Charles has two hands, with five fingers to
each,
On purpose to hold with, to work, and to reach;
No birds, beasts, or fishes, for work or for play,
Has anything half so convenient as they:
But if he don't use them, and keep them in use,
He'd better have had but two legs like a goose.

There was a piper had a cow,
And he had nocht to give her,
He took his pipes and play'd a spring,
And bade the cow consider;
The cow consider'd with hersel'
That music wad ne'er fill her;
"Gie me a pickle clean ait-strae,
And sell your wind for siller."

"Let us go to the wood," says this pig;
"What to do there?" says that pig;
"To look for my mother," says this pig;

“What to do with her?” says that pig;
“Kiss her to death,” says this pig.

CORNWALL

“Whose little pigs are these, these, these,
And whose little pigs are these?”
“They are Johnny Cook’s,
I know them by their looks,
And I found them among the peas.”
“Go pound them! go pound them!”
“I dare not for my life,
For though I don’t love Johnny Cook,
I dearly love his wife.”

I had a little hobby-horse,
His name was Neddy Grey,
His head was stuffed with pea-straw,
His tail was made of hay.
He could nibble, he could trot,
He could carry the mustard pot,
From the table to the shop.
Whoa! Neddy Grey.

THE NANNY-GOAT IN THE GARDEN

(From the French.)

“Ho! Johnnie!” cries the master, “Ho!
To chase that Nanny quickly go,
She eats my grapes with eager haste,
My garden soon will be a waste.”

Johnnie goes, but returns not,
Nor chases the Nanny, that eats the grapes,
Down in the garden.

“Ho! Dog!” says the master,
“Go bite that Johnnie,
Who chases not the Nanny, that eats the
grapes,
Down in the garden.”

The Dog goes, but returns not,
Nor bites the Johnnie,
Who chases not the Nanny, that eats the
grapes,
Down in the garden.

“Ho! Whip!” says the master,
“Go thrash that Doggie,
That bites not the Johnnie,
Who chases not the Nanny, that eats the
grapes,
Down in the garden.”

The Whip goes, and returns not,
Nor thrashes the Doggie,
That bites not the Johnnie,
Who chases not the Nanny, that eats the
grapes,
Down in the garden.

“Ho! Fire!” says the master,
“Go burn that Whip,
That thrashes not the Doggie,
That bites not the Johnnie,
Who chases not the Nanny, that eats the
grapes,
Down in the garden.”

The Fire goes, and returns not,
Nor burns the Whip,
That thrashes not the Doggie,

That bites not the Johnnie,
Who chases not the Nanny, that eats the
grapes,
Down in the garden.

“Ho! Water!” says the master,
“Go drown that Fire,
That burns not the Whip,
That thrashes not the Doggie,
That bites not the Johnnie,
Who chases not the Nanny, that eats the
grapes,
Down in the garden.”

The Water goes, and returns not,
Nor drowns the Fire,
That burns not the Whip,
That thrashes not the Doggie,
That bites not the Johnnie,
Who chases not the Nanny, that eats the
grapes,
Down in the garden.

“Ho! Ass!” says the master,
“Go drink that Water,
That drowns not the Fire,
That burns not the Whip,
That thrashes not the Doggie,
That bites not the Johnnie,
Who chases not the Nanny, that eats the
grapes,
Down in the garden.”

The Ass goes, and returns not,
Nor drinks the Water,
That drowns not the Fire,
That burns not the Whip,
That thrashes not the Doggie,
That bites not the Johnnie,
Who chases not the Nanny, that eats the

grapes,
Down in the garden.

“Ho! Sword!” says the master,
“Go kill that Ass there,
That drinks not the Water,
That drowns not the Fire,
That burns not the Whip,
That thrashes not the Doggie,
That bites not the Johnnie,
Who chases not the Nanny, that eats the
grapes,
Down in the garden.”

The Sword goes, and returns not,
Nor kills the Ass,
That drinks not the Water,
That drowns not the Fire,
That burns not the Whip,
That thrashes not the Doggie,
That bites not the Johnnie,
Who chases not the Nanny, that eats the
grapes,
Down in the garden.

Says the master: “Then ’tis I
That thither to the chase must hie;”
He takes a bound across the grass,
And the Sword runs to kill the Ass,
The Ass to Water runs and drinks,
When Water runs the Fire shrinks,
The Fire to burn the Whip now hastens,
The Whip in haste the slow Dog chastens,
And Johnnie now he runs to bite,
Who quick on Nanny vents his spite,
Nanny who ate the grapes of late,
And master shuts the garden gate.

The fox looked out one moonlight night,
And called to the stars to give him light,
For he'd a long way to go, over the snow,
Before he could reach his den-oh!

Old Mother Prittle-Prattle jumped out of bed,
And out of the window she popped her head,
"John! John! John! the grey goose is gone,
And the fox is off to his den-oh!"

The fox he got quite safe to his den,
And to his little ones—eight—nine—ten,
The fox and his wife they ate the goose,
And the little ones picked the bones-oh!

Poor Dog Bright!
Ran off with all his might,
Because the cat was after him,
Poor Dog Bright!

Poor cat Fright!
Ran off with all her might,
Because the dog was after her,
Poor Cat Fright!

CHARM FOR AN INJURED HORSE

Our Lord forth raide,
His foal's foot slade.
Our Lord down-lighted,
His foal's foot righted.
Saying, "Flesh to flesh, blood to blood,
And bane to bane."
In our Lord His name.

FROM POOR ROBIN'S ALMANAC (1733)

Observe which way the hedgehog builds her nest,
To front the north, or south, or east, or west;
For if 'tis true that common people say,
The wind will blow the quite contrary way.
If by some secret art the hedgehog know,
So long before, the way the wind will blow,
She has an art which many a person lacks,
That thinks himself fit to make our Almanacs.

Into woods where beasts can talk,
I went out to take a walk,
A rabbit sitting in a bush
Peeped at me, and then cried, "Hush!"
Presently to me it ran,
And its story thus began:—

"You have got a gun, I see,
Perhaps you'll point it soon at me,
And when I am shot, alack!
Pop me in your little sack.
When upon my fate I think
I grow faint, my spirits sink."

"Pretty rabbit, do not eat
Gardener's greens or farmer's wheat,
If such thieving you begin,
You must pay it with your skin;
Honestly your living get,
And you may be happy yet."

See the little rabbits,
How they run and sweat;
Some shoot 'em with a gun,
Others catch 'em with a net.

THE HUNTING OF THE WREN

“Will ye go to the wood?” quo’ Fozie Mozie;
“Will ye go to the wood?” quo’ Johnnie Rednosie;
“Will ye go to the wood?” quo’ Foslin ’ene;
“Will ye go to the wood?” quo’ brither and kin.

“What to do there?” quo’ Fozie Mozie;
“What to do there?” quo’ Johnnie Rednosie;
“What to do there?” quo’ Foslin ’ene;
“What to do there?” quo’ brither and kin.

“To slay the wren,” quo’ Fozie Mozie;
“To slay the wren,” quo’ Johnnie Rednosie;
“To slay the wren,” quo’ Foslin ’ene;
“To slay the wren,” quo’ brither and kin.

“What way will ye get her hame?” quo’ Fozie Mozie;
“What way will ye get her hame?” quo’ Johnnie Rednosie;
“What way will ye get her hame?” quo’ Foslin ’ene;
“What way will ye get her hame?” quo’ brither and kin.

“We’ll hire cart and horse,” quo’ Fozie Mozie;
“We’ll hire cart and horse,” quo’ Johnnie Rednosie;
“We’ll hire cart and horse,” quo’ Foslin ’ene;
“We’ll hire cart and horse,” quo’ brither and kin.

“What way will ye get her in?” quo’ Fozie Mozie;
“What way will ye get her in?” quo’ Johnnie Rednosie;

“What way will ye get her in?” quo’ Foslin ’ene;
“What way will ye get her in?” quo’ brither and kin.

“We’ll drive down the door cheeks,” quo’ Fozie Mozie;

“We’ll drive down the door cheeks,” quo’ Johnnie Rednosie;

“We’ll drive down the door cheeks,” quo’ Foslin ’ene;

“We’ll drive down the door cheeks,” quo’ brither and kin.

“I’ll hae a wing,” quo’ Fozie Mozie;

“I’ll hae anither,” quo’ Johnnie Rednosie;

“I’ll hae a leg,” quo’ Foslin ’ene;

“And I’ll hae anither,” quo’ brither and kin.

“Dicky bird, dicky bird, where are you going?”
“I’m going to the fields to see the men mowing.”
“Don’t you go there, or else you’ll be shot,
Baked in a pudding, and boiled in a pot.”

“Who’ll gu to th’ wood?” says Robbin a Bobbin,
“Who’ll gu to th’ wood?” says Richard to Robbin,
“Who’ll gu to th’ wood?” says Johnny alone,
“Who’ll gu to th’ wood, lads, every one?”

“What muns do theer?” says Robbin a Bobbin,
“What muns do theer?” says Richard to Robbin,
“What muns do theer?” says Johnny alone,
“What muns do theer, lads, every one?”

“Gu a-shooting tum-tits,” says Robbin a Bobbin,
“Gu a-shooting tum-tits,” says Richard to Robbin,

“Gu a-shooting tum-tits,” says Johnny alone,
“Gu a-shooting tum-tits, lads, every one.”

ESSEX

The robin and the red-breast,
The robin and the wren;
If you take out o’ their nest,
You’ll never thrive agen!

The robin and the red-breast,
The martin and the swallow;
If you touch one o’ their eggs,
Bad luck will surely follow!

ESSEX

A robin and a titter-wren
Are God Almighty’s cock and hen;
A martin and a swallow
Are God Almighty’s shirt and collar.

The robin red-breast and the wran
Coost out about the parritch pan;
And ere the robin got a spune,
The wran she had the parritch dune.

Robin, robin red-breast,
Laverock, and the wren,

If you harry their nest
You'll never thrive agen.

1600

What bird so sings, yet does so wail?
'Tis philomel, the nightingale;
"Jugg! jugg! terue!" she cries,
And hating earth to heaven she flies.

ESSEX

Eat birds, eat, and fear not,
Here lie I and care not,
But if my master should happen to come,
With his short whip, and his long gun,
You must fly and I must run.

I will sing you a song
Of the days that are long,
Of the woodcock and the sparrow,
Of the little dog that burnt his tail,
And shall be whipt to-morrow.

DORSET RIME

Vlee away, blackie cap!
Don't ye hurt measter's crap,

While I vill my tatie trap,
And lie down and teak a nap.

DEVONSHIRE CUCKOO RIME

March he sits upon his perch;
April he soundeth his bell;
May he sings both night and day;
June he altereth his tune;
And July—away to fly.

When the cuckoo comes to the bare thorn,
Sell your cow and buy your corn;
But when she comes to the full bit,
Sell your corn and buy you sheep.

In April the coo-coo can sing her song by rote;
In June of time she cannot sing a note;
At first koo-koo! koo-koo! sings still—
At last koo-ke! koo-ke! koo-ke!—six koo-kees to
one koo.

NORFOLK

When the weirling shrieks at night,
Sow the seed with the morning light;

But when the cuckoo swells its throat,
Harvest flies from the mooncall's[A] note.

[A] *Mooncall*—the cuckoo (Norfolk).

Parson Peard,
Be not afeard,
Nor take it much in anger;
We've bought your geese
At a penny a piece,
And left the money with the gander.

A peacock picked a peck of pepper;
Did he pick a peck of pepper?
Yes, he picked a peck of pepper;
Pick, pecker, peacock!

SOUTHERN INDIA

An old story! an old story!
Clever Brahman, an old story!
What shall I say?
I know none.
Little chickens! little chickens!
Sing me a song!
What can I sing?
Pyong! Pyong!

The Cock did say:
“I use alway
 To crow both first and last,
Like a postle I am,
For I preache to man,
 And tell hym the nyght is past.”

THE APE AND THE COCKATOO

Said an ape in the Zoo
To a white cockatoo:
 “Your beak is uncommonly strong!”
Said the white cockatoo
To the ape in the Zoo,
 “And your tail is excessively long!”

Said the ape in the Zoo
To the white cockatoo:
 “Remarks are exceedingly rude!
And you must look out,
And see what you’re about,
 Or I’ll seize and run off with your food!”

Then the white cockatoo
Really furious grew,
 And shouted as loud as he could:
“You black-faced Wanderoo![\[B\]](#)
With your white whiskers, too,
 Do you think to insult me is good?”

’Tween the ape in the Zoo
And the white cockatoo
 Then furious battle ensued,
And the cockatoo bit
The ape into a fit,
 And the ape snatched the cockatoo’s food.

[B] An ape is a Wanderoo in Ceylon.

Sweet Amaryllis by a spring's
Soft and soul-melting murmurings
Slept, and thus sleeping thither flew
A robin red-breast, who, at view,
Not seeing her at all to stir,
Brought leaves and moss to cover her.
But while he perking there did pry,
About the arch of either eye,
The lid began to let out day,
At which poor robin flew away,
And seeing her not dead, but all disleaved,
He chirp'd for joy to find himself deceived.

THE OBSTINATE CHICKEN

Hen

“Go not down that distant walk;
Yonder flies the savage hawk;
His sharp eyes will quickly meet you,
If you go I'm sure he'll eat you.”

Chicken

“Nasty hawk is far away,
I may safely go and play;
If he comes my legs will bring
Me beneath your sheltering wing.”

So it skipped off in a trice,
Scorning mother's good advice;

And when it thought at home to sup,
Down came the hawk and gobbled it up.

Lords and knights, I do invite
Ladies and gentlemen,
To come unto the burial
Of my wee brown hen.

My wee brown hen,
They might have let her be,
Every day she laid an egg,
On Sunday she laid three.

SOUTHERN INDIAN SONGS

“Cooing, cooing, cooing dove!
How many little ones have you to love?”
“In my nest—two—three—four—five
Little ones I hatch’d alive.”
“Tell me then, O dove, I pray,
Where are the little ones to-day?”
“On a bough both safe and strong
Left I them an hour long,
I cannot see them now, and know
They have gone to feed the crow.”

“Dusky sister of the crow
Let us to the wedding go,
To-morrow or on Sunday morn;
Though the kite doth sit forlorn,
Seeing in a painful dream

Young ones perish in the stream.
All the young ones of the crow
Cheese are seeking to and fro.”

ESSEX

One, two, three, four, five,
I caught a fish alive;
Six, seven, eight, nine, ten,
I let it go again.

“Why did you let it go?”

“Because it bit my finger so.”

“Which finger did it bite?”

“The little finger on the right.”

Dragon fly! dragon fly! fly about the brook,
Sting all the bad boys who for the fish look;
But let the good boys catch all they can,
And then take them home to be fried in a pan,
With nice bread and butter they shall sup up their
fish,
While all the little naughty boys shall only lick
the dish.

LADY-BIRD

NORFOLK

Bishop, Bishop Barnabee,
Tell me when my wedding be;
If it be to-morrow day,

Take your wings and fly away.
Fly to the East, fly to the West,
And fly to them that I love best.

LADY-BIRD—IN SCOTLAND LADY LANNERS

LANARK

Lady, Lady Lanners!
Lady, Lady Lanners!
Tak up your clowk about your head,
An' flee awa' to Flanners.
Flee owre firth, an' flee owre fell,
Flee owre pule, an' rinnan well,
Flee owre muir, an' flee owre mead,
Flee owre livan, flee owre dead,
Flee owre corn, an' flee owre lea,
Flee owre river, flee owre sea,
Flee ye east, or flee ye west,
Flee till him that lo'es me best.

Lady-bird! lady-bird! pretty one stay!
Come sit on my finger, so happy and gay,
With me shall no mischief betide thee;
No harm would I do thee, no foeman is near,
I only would gaze on thy beauties so dear,
Those beautiful winglets beside thee.

Lady-bird! lady-bird! fly away home!
Thy house is a-fire, thy children will roam,
List! list to their cry and bewailing!
The pitiless spider is weaving their doom,
Then lady-bird! lady-bird! fly away home!
Hark! hark to thy children's bewailing!

Fly back again, back again, lady-bird dear!
Thy neighbours will merrily welcome thee
here,

With them shall no perils attend thee.
They'll guard thee so safely from danger or
care,

They'll gaze on thy beautiful winglets so fair,
And comfort, and love, and befriend thee!

THE SELFISH SNAILS

It happened that a little snail
Came crawling, with his shiny tail,
Upon a cabbage-stalk;
But two more little snails were there,
Both feasting on this dainty fare,
Engaged in friendly talk.

“No, no, you shall not dine with us;
How dare you interrupt us thus?”

The greedy snails declare;
So their poor brother they discard,
Who really thinks it very hard
He may not have his share.

But selfish folks are sure to know
They get no good by being so
In earnest or in play;
Which those two snails confess'd, no doubt,
When soon the gardener spied them out,
And threw them both away.

ALPHABETS

QUARREL OF THE ALPHABET

Great A was alarmed at B's bad behaviour,
Because C, D, E, and F denied G a favour.
H got a husband, with I, J, K, and L,
M married Mary, and taught scholars how to spell.

It went hard at first with N, O, P, and Q,
With R, S, T, with single and double U,
The X and the Y it stuck in their gizzards,
Till they were made friends by the two crooked
izzards.

This A, B, C, so little is it thought about,
Although by its aid great knowledge is brought
about;
'Tis the groundwork of science, of wisdom the key,
sir,
For what does a man know that knows not A, B, C,
sir?
He is a blockhead, take it from me, sir,
That does not know his A, B, C, sir,
A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, M, N,
O, P, Q, R, S, T, U, V, W, X, Y, Z.

A stands for Apple Pie,
B for Balloon,
C a nice custard
To eat with a spoon.

D for my doll,
 When from lessons released,
E sister Ellen, and
F for a Feast.
G for the Garden,
 Where oft-time we play.
H you will find
 In a field of sweet Hay.
I was an Inkstand,
 Thrown over for fun.
J brother Joseph,
 By whom it was done.
K is our Kitten,
 Who plays with her tail,
L our maid Lucy
 With milk in her pail.
M my kind Mother,
 I love her so well.
N Mr Nobody
 Nothing can tell.
O is an Ostrich,
 So fine and so tall.
P a fine Peacock,
 That sat on a wall.
Q was the Quarrel
 'Tween Pompey and Pug.
R is the Rose
 In our small china jug.
S stands for Syllabub,
T for my Toys.
U my kind Uncle,
 Who loves good girls and boys.
V is the Vulture,
 Whom little birds dread.
W a Watch

That hangs ticking o'erhead.
X you may make
By two keys when they're crossed.
Y is a Youth
Whose time should not be lost.
The Alphabet now I nearly have said,
Zoological Gardens begin with a Z.

A stands for Age, and for Adam, and All.
B stands for Bullfinch, and Billy, and Ball.
C stands for Cat, and for Cherry, and Crumb.
D stands for Dog, and for David, and Drum.
E stands for Elephant, Edward, and East.
F stands for Fox, and for Fanny, and Feast.
G stands for Goat, and for George, and for Gold.
H stands for House, and for Henry, and Hold.
I stands for Indian, and Isaac, and Ill.
J stands for Jay, and for Jenny, and Jill.
K stands for Kissing, and Kitty, and Kine.
L stands for Lion, and Lucy, and Line.
M stands for Morning, for Mary, and Mote.
N stands for Nightingale, Noah, and Note.
O stands for Owl, and for Ox, and for Ounce.
P stands for Parson, and Peter, and Pounce.
Q stands for Quail, and Quarrel, and Quake.
R stands for Reading, for Rule, and for Rake.
S stands for Ship, and for Sam, and for Shop.
T stands for Tiger, for Thomas and Top.
U stands for Unicorn, Uncle, and Use.
V stands for Vulture, for Venice, and Views.
W stands for Waggon, for Wilful, and We.
X stands for Xiphias, the sword-fish, you see.
Y stands for Youth, for You, and for Year.

Z stands for Zany, that brings up the rear.

GAMES

LOOBY LOO

Here we dance Looby Loo,
Here we dance Looby Light,
Here we dance Looby Loo,
All on a Saturday night.

All your right hands in,
All your right hands out,
Shake your right hands a little a little,
And turn yourselves about.
Here we dance, etc.

All your left hands in,
All your left hands out,
Shake your left hands a little a little,
And turn yourselves about.
Here we dance, etc.

All your right feet in,
All your right feet out,
Shake your right feet a little a little,
And turn yourselves about.
Here we dance, etc.

All your left feet in,
All your left feet out,
Shake your left feet a little a little,
And turn yourselves about.
Here we dance, etc.

All your noddles in,
All your noddles out,

Shake all your noddles a little a little,
And turn yourselves about.
Here we dance, etc.

Put all yourselves in,
Put all yourselves out,
Shake all yourselves a little a little,
And turn yourselves about.
Here we dance Looby Loo,
Here we dance Looby Light,
Here we dance Looby Loo,
All on a Saturday night.

Walking up the green grass,
A dusty dusty day,
Fair maids, and pretty maids,
As ever you did see.
Suppose a man'd die,
And leave his wife a widow,
The bells'd ring, and we should sing,
And all dance round together.

Oats and beans and barley grow,
Oats and beans and barley grow;
Do you, or I, or any one know,
How oats and beans and barley grow?

First the farmer sows his seed,
Then he stands and takes his ease,
Stamps his feet, and claps his hands,
And turns him round to view the lands.
Yeo ho! Yeo ho!

Waiting for a partner,
Waiting for a partner,
Open the ring, and send one in.
So now you're married you must obey,
You must be true to all you say;
You must be kind, you must be good,
And help your wife to chop the wood.
Yeo ho! Yeo ho!

STAFFORDSHIRE

Green gravel, green gravel, the grass is so green,
The fairest damsel that ever was seen.

O Mary, O Mary, your true love is dead!
He sent you a letter to turn round your head.

O mother, O mother, do you think it is true?
O yes, O yes, and what shall I do?

I'll wash you in milk, and dress you in silk,
And write down your name with a gold pen and
ink.

SINGING GAME

Rosy apple, lemon, and pear,
Bunch of roses she shall wear,
Gold and silver by her side,
Choose the one to be your bride.
Take her by the lily-white hand,
Lead her across the water,
Give her kisses, one, two, three,
Mrs Rose's daughter.

APPLE PIPS

One I love, two I love, three I love, I say
Four I love with all my heart, five I cast away;
Six he loves, seven she loves, eight they both
love;
Nine he comes, ten he tarries,
Eleven he courts, and twelve he marries.

SCOTTISH GAME SONG

Here we go by jingo ring,
By jingo ring, by jingo ring,
Here we go by jingo ring,
And round about Mary matins sing.

Round the Maypole,
Trit, trit, trot!
See what a Maypole
We have got.
Fine and gay,
Trip away!
Happy in our new May-day.

Gentlemen and ladies,
I wish you happy May,
We come to show the garland,
For 'tis the first of May.

Good-morning, lords and ladies,
It is the first of May.
We hope you'll view our garland,
It is so smart and gay.
I love my little brother,
And sister every day,
But I seem to love them better
In the merry month of May.

COUNTING-OUT RHYME

One-ery, two-ery, tick-ery, ten,
Bobs of vinegar, gentlemen:
A bird in the air,
A fish in the sea,
A bonnie wee lassie come singing to thee,
One, two, three!

MISCELLANEOUS RHYMES

A SHROPSHIRE BALLAD

It hails, it rains, in Merry-Cock land,
It hails, it rains, both great and small,
And all the little children in Merry-Cock land,
They have need to play at ball.
They toss'd the ball so high,
They toss'd the ball so low,
Amongst all the Jews' cattle,
And amongst the Jews below.
Out came one of the Jew's daughters,
Dressed all in green,
"Come my sweet Saluter,
And fetch the ball again."
"I durst not come, I must not come,
Unless all my little playfellows come along,
For if my mother sees me at the gate,
She'll cause my blood to fall."
She show'd me an apple as green as grass,
She show'd me a gay gold ring,
She show'd me a cherry as red as blood,
And so she entic'd me in.
She took me in the parlour,
She laid me down to sleep,
With a Bible at my head,
And a Testament at my feet.
And if my playfellows quere for me,
Tell them I am asleep.

I had a true love over the sea,
Parla me dixi dominee!
He sent me love tokens one, two, three,
With a rotrum potrum trumpitrorum,
Parla me dixi dominee!

He sent me a book that none could read,
He sent me a web without a thread.

He sent me a cherry without a stone,
He sent me a bird without a bone.

How can there be a book that none can read?
How can there be a web without a thread?

How can there be a cherry without a stone?
How can there be a bird without a bone?

When the book's unwritten none can read;
When the web's in the fleece it has no thread.

When the cherry's in the bloom it has no stone;
When the bird's in the egg it has no bone.

With a rotrum potrum trumpitrorum,
Parla me dixi dominee!

DREAM OF A GIRL WHO LIVED AT SEVENOAKS

Seven sweet singing birds up in a tree,
Seven swift sailing ships white upon the sea;
Seven bright weather-cocks shining in the sun;
Seven slim race-horses ready for a run;
Seven golden butterflies flitting overhead;
Seven red roses blowing in a garden bed;
Seven white lilies, with honey bees inside them;
Seven round rainbows, with clouds to divide
them;
Seven pretty little girls, with sugar on their lips;

Seven witty little boys, whom everybody tips;
Seven nice fathers, to call little maids joys;
Seven nice mothers, to kiss the little boys;
Seven nights running I dreamt it all plain;
With bread and jam for supper I could dream it
all again.

There was an old woman, and she liv'd in a shoe,
She had so many children, she didn't know what to
do.
She crumm'd 'em some porridge without any bread;
And she borrow'd a beetle, and she knock'd 'em all
o' th' head.
Then out went the old woman to bespeak 'em a
coffin,
And when she came back she found 'em all a-
loffeing.

There was an old woman drawn up in a basket,
Three or four times as high as the moon,
And where she was going I never did ask it,
But in her hand she carried a broom.

A broom! a broom! a broom! a broom!
That grows on yonder hill,
And blows with a yellow bloom,
Just like lemon peel.
Just like lemon peel, my boys,
To mix with our English beer,
And you shall drink it all up
While we do say Goliere!

Goliere! Goliere! Goliere! Goliere!
While we do say Goliere!

Dinty diddledy,
My mammy's maid,
She stole oranges,
I am afraid;
Some in her pocket,
Some in her sleeve,
She stole oranges,
I do believe.

“Dinah, Dinah,
Go to China,
For oranges and tea;
Dolly is sick,
And wants them quick,
So skip across the sea!”

“Pudding *and* pie!”
Said Jane, “O my!”
“Which would you rather?”
Said her father,
“Both!” cried Jane,
Quite bold and plain.

Ding dong! ding dong!
There goes the gong;

Dick, come along,
It's time for dinner.
Wash your face,
Take your place,
Where's your grace?
You little sinner!

When little Claude was naughty wunst
At dinner-time, an' said,
He wont say "Thank you!" to his Ma,
She maked him go to bed,
An' stay two hours an' not git up,
So when the clock struck Two,
Nen Claude says, "Thank you, Mr Clock,
I'm much obleeged to you!"

Tit-tat-toe!
My first go;
Three jolly butcher boys all in a row!
Stick one up,
Stick one down,
Stick one in the old man's burying-ground.

FOR A WILLOW PATTERN PLATE

There's two birds flying high,
Here's a vessel sailing by;
Here's the bridge that they pass over,
Three little men going to Dover!
Here the stately castle stands,
Where lives the ruler of these lands;

Here's the tree with the apples on,
That's the fence that ends my song!

What way does the wind come? What way does
he go?
He rides over the water, and over the snow,
Through wood and through vale, and o'er rocky
height,
Which goat cannot climb, takes his sounding
flight;
He tosses about in every bare tree,
As, if you look up, you plainly may see;
But how he will come, and whither he goes,
There's never a scholar in England knows.

TO BE WRITTEN IN A BOOK

Give your attention as you read,
And frequent pauses take;
Think seriously; and take good heed
That you no dog's ears make.

Don't wet the fingers as you turn
The pages one by one;
Never touch prints, observe: and learn
Each idle gait to shun.

TO BE WRITTEN IN A BOOK

Small is the wren,
Black is the rook,

Great is the sinner
That steals this book.

SOMERSETSHIRE

CHARM FOR TOOTHACHE, TO BE WRITTEN AND WORN

Peter sat on a marble stone,
When by here Jesus came aloan.
“Peter what is it makes you for to quake?”
“Lord Jesus, it is the toothake.”
“Rise, Peter, and be heled.”

Come, butter, come!
Come, butter, come!
Peter is at the gate
Waiting the butter and loaf,
Come, butter, come!

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.

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.

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

Mother vexed, did whip her next,
For causing Jack's disaster.

Little John Jig Jag,
Rode on a penny nag,
And went to Wigan to woo;
When he came to a beck
He fell and broke his neck,
Johnny, how dost thou now?

Little General Monk
Sat upon a trunk,
Eating a crust of bread;
There fell a hot coal,
And burnt in his clothes a hole,
Now little General Monk is dead.

SALISBURY CATHEDRAL

As many days as in one year there be,
So many windows in this church you see.
As many marble pillars here appear,
As there are hours through the fleeting year.
As many gates as moons one here does view,
Strange tale to tell, but not more strange than
true.

KENT

God made man, and man made money.
God made the bees, and the bees made honey.
God made the cooks, and the cooks made pies.
God made a little boy, and he told lies.
God made the world, as round as a ball,
In jumps Satan, and spoils it all.
God made Satan, and Satan made sin,
God made a little hole to put Satan in.

Essex stiles,
Kentish miles,
Norfolk wiles,
Many men beguiles.

SOMERSET

My grandmother had a three-cornered country-cut
handkerchief,
Cut in a three-cornered country-cut way,
If my grandmother had a three-cornered country-cut
handkerchief,
Cut in a three-cornered country-cut way,
Why shouldn't I have a three-cornered country-cut
handkerchief,
Cut in a three-cornered country-cut way?

LEICESTER

My father died a month ago,
And left me all his riches;
A feather bed, a wooden leg,

And a pair of leather breeches.
A coffee pot without a spout,
A cup without a handle,
A 'bacco box without a lid,
And half a farthing candle.

ESSEX

Here's good health
And a little wealth,
And a little house
And freedom,
And at the end
A little friend,
And little cause
To need 'im.

SUFFOLK

Get up at four, and you'll have more.
Get up at five, and things'll thrive.
Get up at six, and things'll fix.
Get up at seven, and things'll go even.
Get up at eight, and that's too late.
Get up at nine, and that's no time.
Get up at ten, and go to bed again.

At ten a child,
At twenty wild,
At thirty tame if ever;
At forty wise,

At fifty rich,
At sixty good, or never.

THE SETTING OF THE SUN

See where the sun sinks in the west,
His appointed race having run,
He says to man and beast: "Now rest,
Your toil and labour's done."

So should each little girl and boy,
Perform their daily task;
Then would their parents dear, with joy,
Grant all good things they'd ask.

THE EAGLE AND THE OAK

Irish

When you were an acorn on the tree top,
Then was I an eagle cock;
Now that you are a withered old block,
Still I am an eagle cock.

FLAX

There's a garden that I ken,
Full of little gentlemen,
Little caps of blue they wear,
And green ribbons very fair.

Nettle out, dock in,
Dock remove the nettle sting.
In dock, out nettle,
Don't let the blood settle.

A litel grounde well tilled,
A litel house well filled,
A litel wife well willed,
Would make him live that were halfe killed.

Born of a Monday,
Fair in face;
Born of a Tuesday,
Full of God's grace;
Born of a Wednesday,
Merry and glad;
Born of a Thursday,
Sour and sad;
Born of a Friday,
Godly given;
Born of a Saturday,
Work for your living;
Born of a Sunday,
Never shall we want;
So there ends the week,
And there's an end on't.

Monday for health,
Tuesday for wealth,
Wednesday the best day of all;
Thursday for losses,

Friday for crosses,
Saturday no day at all.

Sunrise, breakfast; sun high, dinner;
Sundown, sup, makes a saint of a sinner.

Tom married a wife on Monday,
He got a stick on Tuesday,
He beat her well on Wednesday,
Sick was she on Thursday,
Dead was she on Friday,
Glad was Tom on Saturday,
To bury his wife on Sunday.

Little Goody Tidy
Was born on a Friday,
Was christened on a Saturday,
Ate roast beef on Sunday,
Was very well on Monday,
Was taken ill on Tuesday,
Sent for the doctor on Wednesday,
Died on Thursday.
So there's an end to little Goody Tidy.

Bobby Shaft is gone to sea,
With silver buckles at his knee,
When he comes home he'll marry me,
Pretty Bobby Shaft!

Bobby Shaft is fat and fair,
Combing down his yellow hair;
He's my love for evermore,
Pretty Bobby Shaft!

A good child, a good child,
As I suppose you be,
Never laughed nor smiled
At the tickling of your knee.

Commodore Rogers was a brave man—exceedingly brave
—particular;
He climbed up very high rocks—exceedingly high—
perpendicular;
And what made this the more inexpressible,
These same rocks were quite inaccessible.

When I was a little boy,
I washed my mammie's dishes,
I put my finger in my eye,
And pulled out golden fishes.

Little King Boggen he built a fine hall,
Pye crust and pastry crust, that was the wall;
The windows were made of black puddings and
white,
And slated with pancakes you ne'er saw the like.

A CHERRY

Galloway

Riddle me, riddle me, rot, tot, tot,
A wee, wee man in a red, red coat,
A staff in his hand, and a stane in his throat,
Riddle me, riddle me, rot, tot, tot.

PERTH

A penny for the chappin' stick,[C]
Tuppence for the theevil,[D]
That's the way the money goes,
Pop goes the weasel.

[C] Used for pounding potatoes.

[D] For stirring porridge.

Cocky-bendy's lying sick,
Guess ye what'll mend him?
Twenty kisses in a clout,
Lassie will ye send 'em?

Cherries a ha'penny a stick!
Come and pick! Come and pick!

Cherries! big as plums!
Who comes? Who comes?

Nanty, Panty, Jack-a-Dandy,
Stole a piece of sugar-candy,
From the grocer's shoppy-shop,
And away did hoppy-hop!

Lucy Locket lost her pocket,
Kitty Fisher found it,
Never a farthing was therein,
But little fishes drowned.

Riggity jig, riggity jig,
Who'll go to market to ride in a gig?
A fair little maid, and a nice little man,
Shall ride off to market as fast as they can.

Polly, put the kettle on,
And let's have tea!
Polly put the kettle on,
And we'll all have tea.

Mr Mason bought a basin,
Mr Rice asked the price,

Mr Hicks fell in his tricks,
And bounced the basin on the bricks.

GRAVESEND

Hab can nab,
The two-pound crab,
The twopenny ha'penny lobster,
Trot over to France,
To see the cat dance,
And could not come back to his master.

DORSET

I've come a-shrovin'
Vor a little pankaik
A bit of bread o' your baikin',
Or a little truckle cheese o' your maikin',
If you'll gie me a little I'll ax no more,
If you don't gie me nothin' I'll rattle your door.

As I was going along, long, long,
Singing a comical song, song, song,
The way that I went was so long, long, long,
And the song that I sang was as long, long,
long,
And so I went singing along.

What's in the cupboard?
Says Mr Hubbard.
A knuckle of veal,
Says Mr Beal.
Is that all?
Says Mr Ball.
And enough too,
Says Mr Glue;
And away they all flew.

Won't be my father's Jack,
Won't be my mother's Gill;
I will be the fiddler'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.

Daddy Neptune one day to Freedom did say:
"If ever I lived upon dry land,
The spot I should hit on would be little Britain,"
Says Freedom: "Why, that's my own island!
Oh, it's a snug little island,
A right little, tight little island,
Search all the globe round, there's none can be
found
So happy as this little island!"

Did you ever see the Devil,
With his little spade and shovel,

Digging 'taties by the dozen
With his tail cocked up?

The man in the moon as hard as your hat,
He stole some bushes out of a gap,
If he'd went by, and let 'em alie,
He'd never been man in the moon so high.

One to make ready,
Two to prepare,
Three to be off,
And four to be there.

Rum-ti-tum-tum,
The soldiers are come,
With a great piece of beef,
And a bottle of rum.

If wishes were horses,
Beggars would ride,
And all the world
Be drowned in pride.

First take an old woman and toast her,
And then rub her over with cheese,

Then lay her out on a frosty night,
And ten to one but she'll freeze;
Next, bring her in in the morning,
And rub her all over with straw,
Then lay her down by a good coal fire,
And ten to one but she'll thaw.

“Fire! fire!” says the Crier,
“Where? where?” says Lord Mayor.
“In the town,” says Billy Brown.
“Has it done much damage?” says Billy
Cabbage.
“Only burnt a few fellows,” says Billy
Bellows,
“Is that all?” says Billy Ball.
“Yes, and plenty, too,” says Billy Blue.

To market ride the gentlemen,
So do we, so do we;
Then comes the country clown,
Hobbledy gee! hobbledy gee!
First go to the ladies, nim, nim, nim!
Next comes the gentlemen, trim, trim, trim!
Then come the country clowns, gallop-a-trot!

LEICESTERSHIRE RIME

If all the waters was wan sea,
And all the trees was wan tree,
And this here tree should fall into that there

sea,
Moy, sirs! what a splish-splash there'd be!

He that will fish for a Lancashire lad,
At any time or tide,
Must bait his hook with a good egg py,
Or an apple with a red side.

ESSEX

Gaffer Grey one summer day,
Was digging in the garden,
Beneath a stone he found a bone,
And in the bone a farden.

ESSEX

Pink and white's the lad's delight,
Blue and white they follow,
Green and white's forsaken quite,
The devil take the yellow!

Julius Cæsar made a law,
Augustus Cæsar signed it,
That every one that made a sneeze
Should run away and find it.

There was a man and his name was Cob;
He had a wife and her name was Mob;
He had a dog and his name was Bob;
She had a cat and her name was Chitterbob;
“Bob,” says Cob,
“Chitterbob,” says Mob,
Cob’s dog was Bob,
Mob’s cat was Chitterbob,
Cob, Mob, Bob, and Chitterbob.

DRIVING MAXIMS

Up the hill urge him not;
Down the hill drive him not;
Cross the flat spare him not;
To the hostler trust him not.

IRISH SONG

My Land

She is a rich and rare land!
Oh! she’s a fresh and fair land!
She is a dear and rare land,
This native land of mine.

No men than her’s are braver,
Her women’s hearts ne’er waver;
I’d freely die to save her,
And think my lot divine.

She’s not a dull or cold land,
No! she’s a warm and bold land,
Oh! she’s a true and old land,
This native land of mine.

Oh! she's a fresh and fair land,
Oh! she's a true and rare land,
Yes! she's a rare and fair land,
This native land of mine.

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