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HOME TREASURY

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

PAULISTON

NURSERY
SONGS.

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

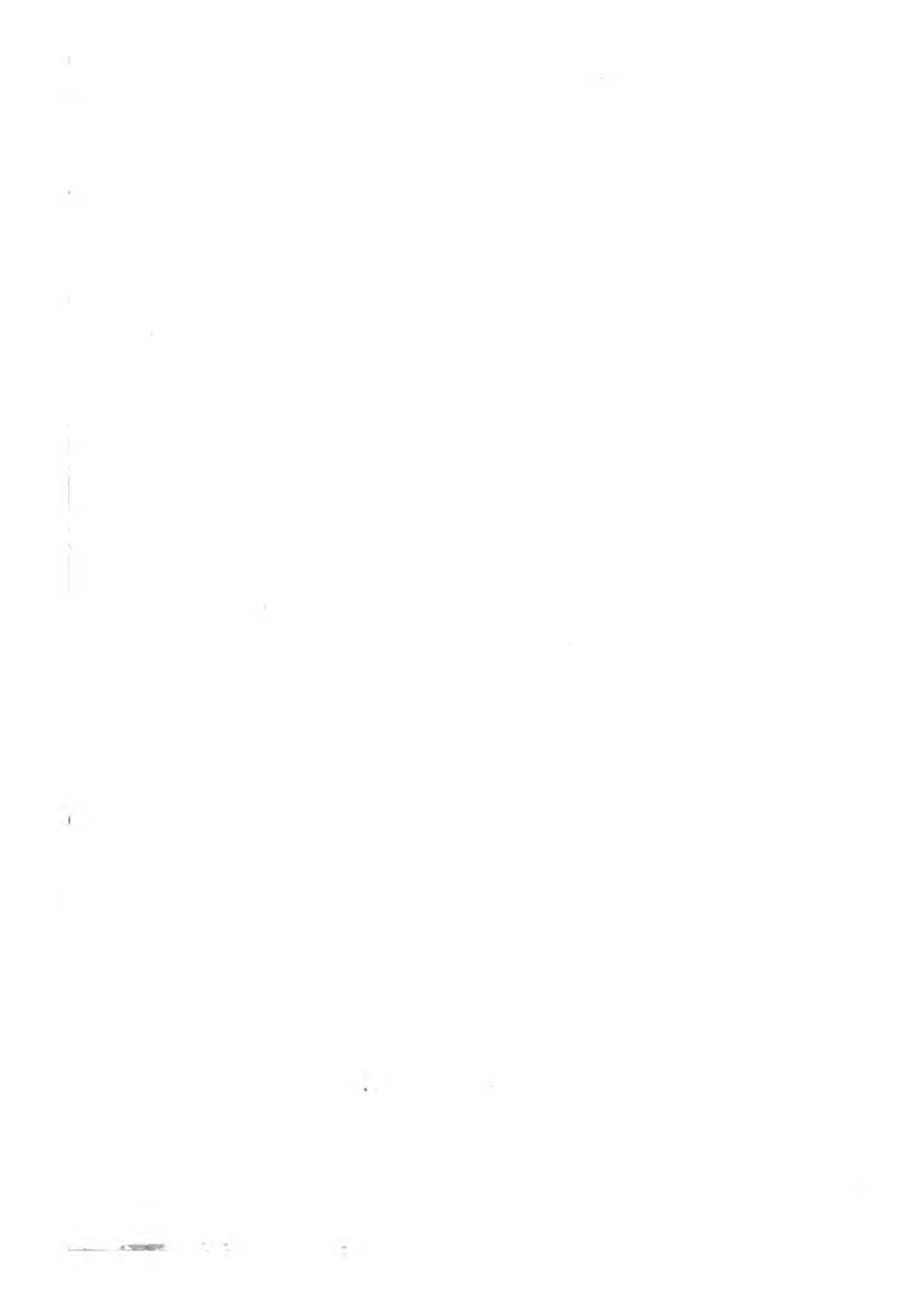
PAULISTON

JOSEPH CUNDALL



41







The Home Treasury.



TRADITIONAL NURSERY SONGS

OF

ENGLAND.

WITH

PICTURES BY EMINENT MODERN ARTISTS.

EDITED BY

FELIX SUMMERLY.



LONDON:

JOSEPH CUNDALL, 12, OLD BOND STREET.

—
1843.

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PREFACE.

SO my dear Madam, you think Nursery Songs mere trash, not worth utterance or remembrance, and beneath the dignity of the “march of mind” of our days! I would bow to your judgment, but you always talk so loud in the midst of a song; look grave at a joke—and the leaves of that copy of Wordsworth’s Poems, presented to you on your birthday—I will not say how many years ago, still remain uncut. Facts like these, and others constantly occurring, prove that your ear cannot relish melody; and that poetry does not touch your feelings. Besides, you are still unmarried, and you say, I record it with regret, “you hate children.” Doubtless you were never born a child yourself.

It is to mothers, sisters, kind-hearted aunts, and even fathers, who are summoned to become unwilling vocalists at break of day by young gentlemen and ladies of two years old; and to all having the charge of children, who are alive to the importance

of cultivating their natural keenness for rhyme, rhythm, melody, and instinctive love for fun, that I offer this first part of a collection of Traditional Nursery Songs. This Collection has been in progress for more than ten years, and it is now published, after a revision, with all the editions by Ritson, and others, that I have been able to meet with.

The Pictures, though made especially for the benefit of my young audience, will not, I feel pretty sure, be uninteresting to more advanced connoisseurs. I am not at liberty to mention the names of the artists who in their kind sympathies for children have obliged me with them. It is a mystery to be unravelled by the little people themselves, who, as they advance in a knowledge and love of beauty, will not fail to recognize in the works of some of the best of our painters of familiar life, the pencils of those who gave them early lessons in genuine art.



TRADITIONAL NURSERY SONGS.

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



A LONG tailed pig, or a short tailed pig,
Or a pig without a tail,
A sow pig, or a boar pig,
Or a pig with a curly tail.



A S 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.



BAA, baa, black sheep, have you any wool?
 Yes, marry, have I, three bags full;
 One for my master, and one for my dame,
 And one for the little boy that lives in the lane.



BLESS you, bless you, bonnie bee:
 Say, when will your wedding be?
 If it be to-morrow day,
 Take your wings and fly away.



BONNIE lass! bonnie lass! wilt thou be mine?
 Thou shalt neither wash dishes nor serve the
 swine,
 But sit on a cushion and sow up a seam,
 And thou shalt have strawberries, sugar, and cream.





BYE, O MY BABY.

BYE baby bunting,
Father's gone a hunting,
To get a little rabbit-skin,
To lap his little baby in.



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



COCK-a-doodle-doo !
My dame has lost her shoe,
Master's broke his fiddle-stick,
And don't know what to do.



COLD and raw the north wind doth blow,
Bleak in the morning early ;
All the hills are covered with snow,
And winter's now come fairly.

“**C**OME, let’s to bed,” says Sleepy-head,
 “ Let’s stay awhile,” says Slow,
 “ Put on the pot,” says Greedy-gut,
 “ We’ll sup before we go.”



CRROSS Patch, draw the latch,
 Sit by the fire and spin ;
 Take a cup, and drink it up,
 And call your neighbours in.



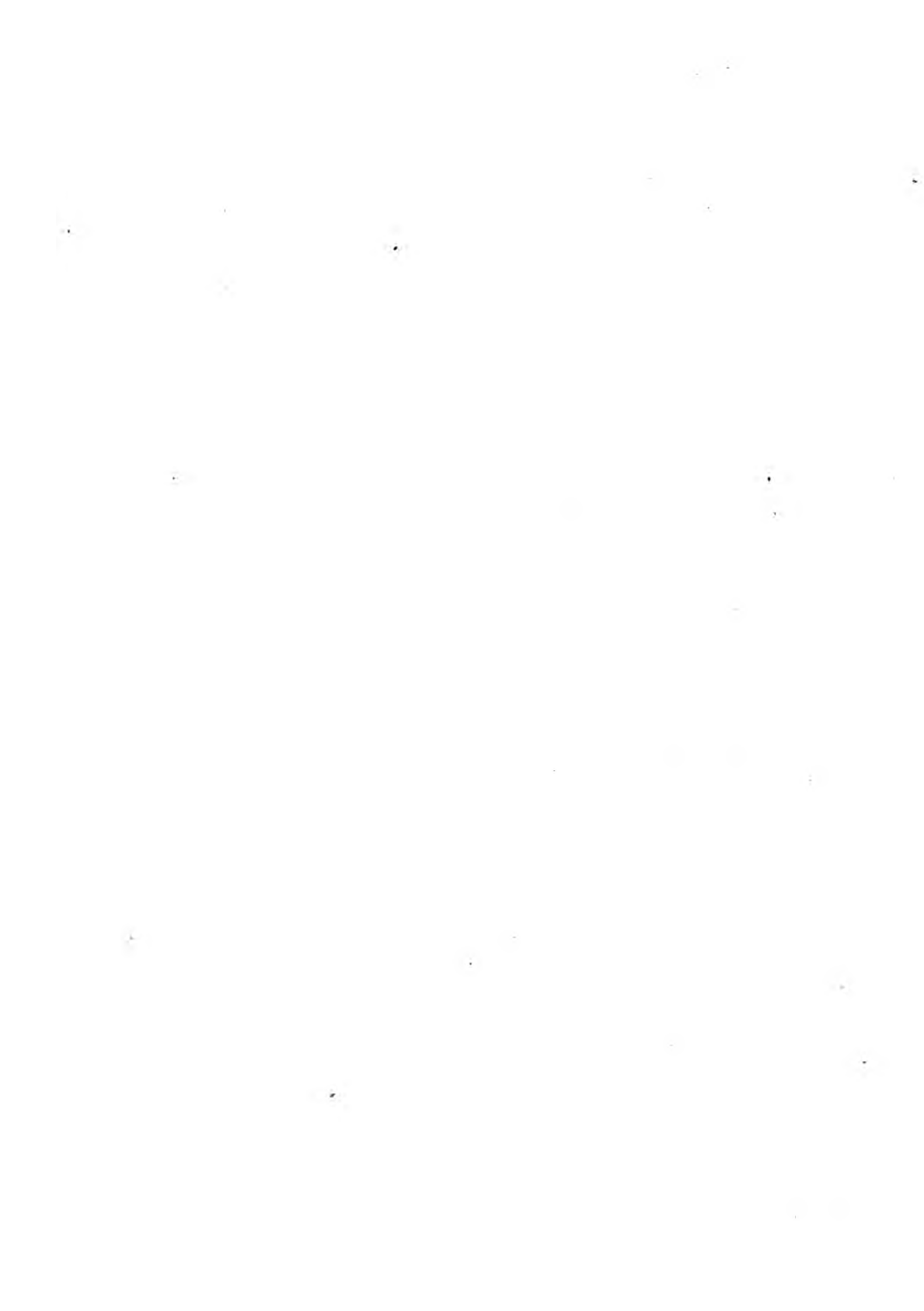
CUSHY Cow bonny, let down thy milk,
 And I will give thee a gown of silk !
 A gown of silk and a silver tee,
 If thou will let down thy milk to me.

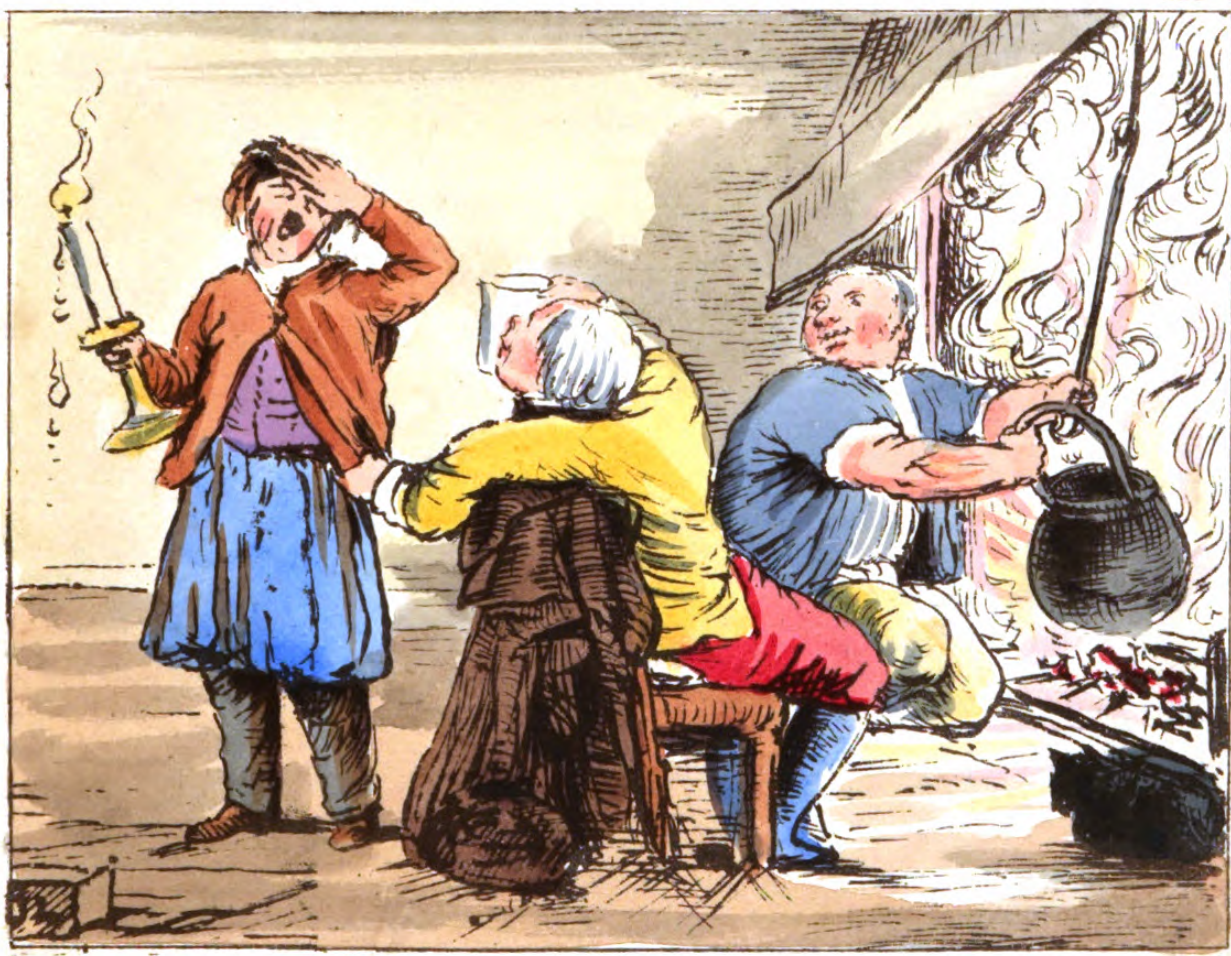


DAFFY-down-dilly has come up to town,
 In a yellow petticoat, and a green gown.



DANTY baby diddy,
 What can mammy do wid’e?





"COME, LET'S TO BED," SAYS SLEEPY-HEAD,
"LET'S STAY AWHILE," SAYS SLOW,
"PUT ON THE POT," SAYS GREEDY-GUT,
"WE'LL SUP BEFORE WE GO."



Sit in a lap
 And give ye some pap,
 Danty baby diddy.



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 died,
 And Betty Pringle sat down and cried.

Then Johnny Pringle buried 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 little Piggy.



DING, dong, bell,
 Pussy-cat's in the well.
 Who put her in ?
 Little Johnny Green.

Who pull'd her out?
 Little Johnny Stout.
 What a naughty boy was that,
 To drown his poor grand-mammy's cat;
 Which never did him any harm,
 But killed the mice in his father's barn.



DINGTY, 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.



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 Kylvie cow:
 Run, tailors, run,
 Or she'll kill you all e'en now.

GIRLS and boys, come out to play,
 The moon is shining bright as day ;
 Leave your supper and leave your sleep,
 And come with your play-fellows into the street ;
 Come with a whoop, and come with a call,
 Come with a good will, or come not at all.
 Up the ladder and down the wall,
 A half-penny roll will serve us all :
 You find milk and I'll find flour,
 And we'll have a pudding in half-an-hour.



GREAT A, little A, bouncing B,
 The cat's in the cupboard, and she can't see.



HANDY-SPANDY, Jack-a-Dandy
 Loves plum-cake and sugar-candy,
 He bought some at a grocer's shop,
 And pleas'd, away went, hop, hop, hop !

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



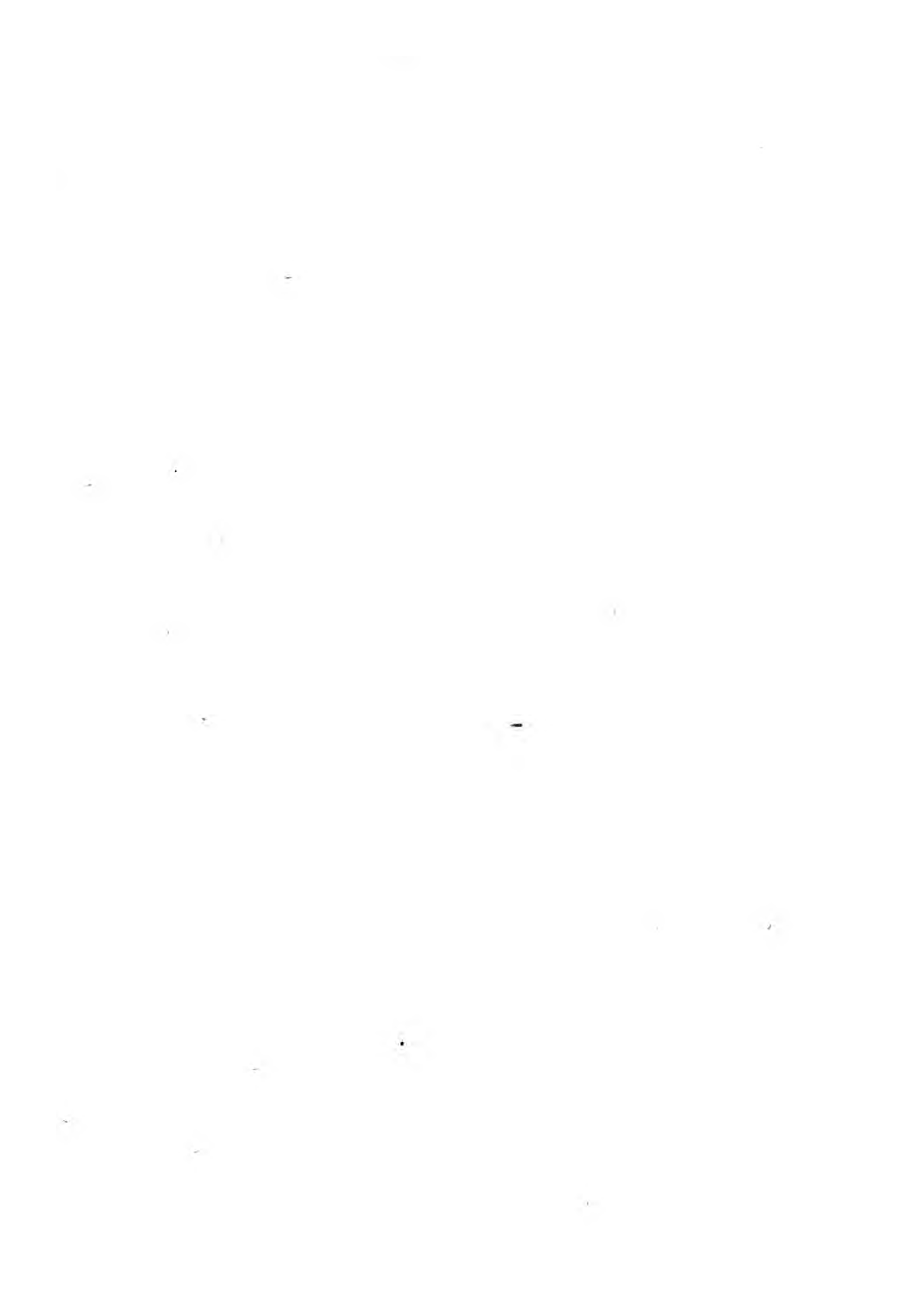
HERE we go up, up, up,
 And here we go down, down, downy,
 And here we go backwards and forwards,
 And here we go round, round, roundy.



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



HEY diddle diddle,
 The cat and the fiddle,
 The cow jumped over the moon ;
 The little dog laughed
 To see such craft,
 And the dish ran away with the spoon.







**HARK, HARK, THE DOGS DO BARK
BEGGARS ARE COMING TO TOWN.**



HHEY my kitten, my kitten,
 And hey my kitten, my deary,
 Such a sweet pet as this
 Was neither far nor neary.



HICCORY, diccory, dock,
 The mouse ran up the clock ;
 The clock struck one,
 The mouse ran down,
 Hiccory, diccory, dock.



HOW many days has my baby to play ?
 Saturday, Sunday, Monday,
 Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday.
 Saturday, Sunday, Monday.



HUMPTY Dumpty sat on a wall,
 Humpty Dumpty had a great fall,
 Threescore men, and threescore more,
 Cannot place Humpty Dumpty as he was before.

HOW many miles is it to Babylon?
 Threescore miles and ten.
 Can I get there by candle-light?
 Yes, and back again.



HUSH-a-bye, baby,
 Daddy is near,
 Mammy's a lady,
 And that's very clear.



HUSH-a-bye, babby, lie still with thy daddy,
 Thy mammy is gone to the mill,
 To get some wheat, to make some meat,
 So pray, my dear babby, lie still.



HUSH-a-bye, baby, on the tree top,
 When the wind blows, the cradle will rock,
 When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall,
 Down will come baby, bough, cradle and all.

I HAD a little husband, no bigger than my thumb,
I put him in a pint pot, and there I bid him drum,
I bought him a little handkerchief to wipe his little
nose,
And a pair of little garters to tie his little hose.



I HAD a little pony,
His name was Dapple Gray,
I lent him to a lady,
To ride a mile away.

She whipped him, she lashed him,
She drove him through the mire ;
I would not lend my pony now,
For all the lady's hire.



I HAD a little wife, the prettiest ever seen,
She washed all the dishes and kept the house
clean ;
She went to the mill to fetch me some flour,
She brought it home safe in less than an hour,
She baked me my bread, she brewed me my ale,
She sat by the fire and told a fine tale.

I'LL sing you a song,
 It's not very long :
 The woodcock and the sparrow,
 The little dog has burnt his tail,
 And he shall be hanged to-morrow.



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



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



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

JACK and Jill
 Went up the hill
 To fetch a pail of water ;
 Jack fell down,
 And cracked his crown,
 And Jill came tumbling after.



JACKY, come give me thy fiddle,
 If ever thou mean to thrive.
 Nay ; I'll not give my fiddle
 To any man alive.

If I should give my fiddle,
 They'll think that I'm gone mad ;
 For many a joyful day
 My fiddle and I have had.



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

LADY-Bird, Lady-Bird,
Fly away home,
Your house is on fire,
Your children will burn.



1. **L**ET us go to the wood, says this pig ;
2. What to do there? says that pig ;
3. To look for my mother, says this pig ;
4. What to do with her? says that pig ;
5. To kiss her to death, says this pig.

Note. This is said to each finger.



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

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

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

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



LITTLE boy blue, come blow me your horn,
 The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the
 corn.

Where is the little boy tending the sheep?
 Under the haycock fast asleep !



LITTLE Jack Horner
 Sat in a corner
 Eating a Christmas pie ;
 He put in his thumb,
 And pull'd out a plum,
 And said " What a good boy am I ! "

LITTLE Jack Jingle,
 He used to live single :
 But when he got tired of this kind of life,
 He left off being single and lived with his wife.



LITTLE Jenny Wren fell sick upon a time,
 When in came Robin Redbreast and brought
 her sops and wine,
 “ Eat, Jenny, drink, Jenny, all shall be thine !”
 “ Thank you, Robin, kindly, you shall be mine.”
 Then Jenny Wren got better, and stood upon her
 feet,
 And said to Robin Redbreast, “ I love thee not a bit.”
 Then Robin he was angry, and flew upon a pole,
 “ Hoot upon thee ! fie upon thee ! ungrateful soul.”



LITTLE Miss Muffet
 She sat on a tuffet,
 Eating of curds and whey ;
 There came a little spider,
 Who sat down beside her,
 And frightened Miss Muffet away.

LITTLE Nan Etticoat
In a white petticoat
And a red nose,
The longer she stands,
The shorter she grows.



LITTLE Robin Red-breast sat upon a tree,
Up went Pussy-cat, and down went he ;
Down came Pussy-cat, and away Robin ran :
Says little Robin Red-breast, " Catch me if you can."
Little Robin Red-breast jumped upon a wall,
Pussy-cat jumped after him, and almost got a fall.
Little Robin chirped and sang, and what did Pussy
say ?
Pussy-cat said " Mew," and Robin hopp'd away.



LITTLE Robin Red-breast
Sat upon a rail,
Niddle noddle went his head,
Wiggle waggle went his tail.

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 married
Without e'er a wife ?



MARY, Mary,
Quite contrary,
How does your garden grow !
Silver bells,
And cockle-shells,
And pretty maids all of a row.



MATTHEW, Mark, Luke, and John,
Guard the bed that I lay on !
Four corners to my bed,
Four angels round my head !
One to watch, one to pray,
And two to bear my soul away !





AND WHEN SHE CAME BACK
HE WAS READING THE NEWS.



OLD mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard,
To give her poor dog a bone,
But when she came there,
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.

She went to the baker's
To buy him some bread,
And when she came back
The poor dog was dead.

She went to the joiner's
To buy him a coffin,
And when she came back
The poor dog was laughing.

She took a clean dish
To get him some tripe,
And when she came back
He was smoking his pipe.

She went to the alehouse
To get him some beer,
And when she came back
The dog sat in a chair.

She went to the tavern
For white wine and red,
And when she came back
The dog stood on his head.

She went to the hatter's
To buy him a hat,
And when she came back
He was feeding the cat.

She went to the barber's
To buy him a wig,
And when she came back
He was dancing a jig.

She went to the fruiterer's
To buy him some fruit,
And when she came back
He was playing the flute.

She went to the tailor's
To buy him a coat,
And when she came back
He was riding a goat.

She went to the cobbler's
To buy him some shoes,
And when she came back
He was reading the news.

She went to the sempstress
To buy him some linen,
And when she came back
The dog was spinning.

She went to the hosier's
To buy some hose,
And when she came back
He was dressed in his clothes.

The dame made a curtsy,
The dog made a bow,
The dame said, "Your servant,"
The dog said, "Bow, wow."



ONE, two, buckle my shoe ;
Three, four, shut the door ;
Five, six, pick up sticks ;
Seven, eight, lay them straight ;

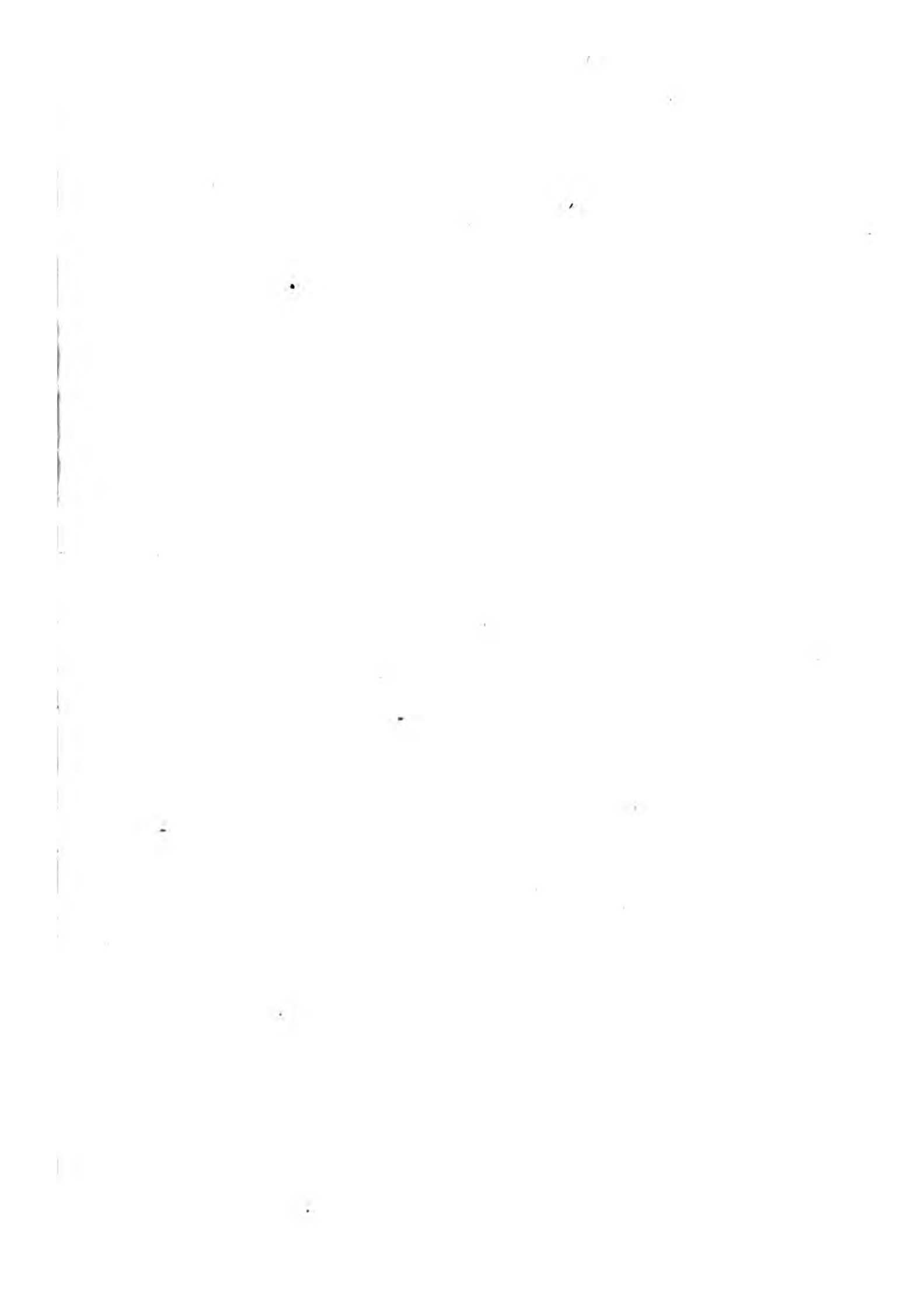
Nine, ten, a good fat hen ;
 Eleven, twelve, who will delve ?
 Thirteen, fourteen, maids a courting ;
 Fifteen, sixteen, maids in the kitchen ;
 Seventeen, eighteen, maids a waiting ;
 Nineteen, twenty, I'm very empty ;
 Please, Mamma, give me some dinner.



ONE, two, three, four, five,
 1, 2, 3, 4, 5,
 I caught a hare alive,
 Six, seven, eight, nine, ten ;
 6, 7, 8, 9, 10,
 And let it go again.



ONE misty moisty morning,
 When cloudy was the weather,
 There I met an old man
 Clothed all in leather ;
 Clothed all in leather,
 With cap under his chin,
 How do you do, and how do you do,
 And how do you do again ?





LOST GAME .

VI .



ONE , TWO , THREE , FOUR , FIVE ,
I CAUGHT A HARE ALIVE ,
SIX , SEVEN , EIGHT , NINE , TEN ;
AND LET IT GO AGAIN .



PAT a cake, pat a cake, baker's man,
 So I will, master, as fast as I can ;
 Pat it, and prick it, and mark it with B.
 And toss it in the oven for Baby and me.



PUSSY-CAT, Pussy-cat, where have you been ?
 I've been to London to see the Queen.
 Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, what did you there ?
 I frightened a little mouse under the chair.



RAIN, rain,
 Go away,
 Come again
 Another day ;
 Little Johnny
 Wants to play.



RIDE a cock-horse to Banbury-Cross,
 To see an old woman ride on a black horse,
 With rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
 And she shall have music wherever she goes.

ROBERT Barnes, fellow fine,
 Can you shoe this horse of mine?
 Yes, good Sir, that I can,
 As well as any other man;
 There's a nail, and there's a prod,
 And now, good Sir, your horse is shod.



ROBIN and Richard were two pretty men;
 They lay a-bed till the clock struck ten;
 Then up starts Robin and looks at the sky,
 "Oh! oh! brother Richard, the sun's very high,
 You go before with bottle and bag,
 And I'll follow after on little Jack Nag."



ROCK-A-BYE, baby, upon the tree top,
 When the wind blows, the cradle will rock;
 When the bough breaks, the cradle will fall,
 Down will come cradle and baby and all.



ROCK-A-BYE, baby, thy cradle is green;
 Father's a nobleman, mother's a queen;

And Betty's a lady, and wears a gold ring ;
 And Johnny's a drummer, and drums for the king.



SEE-SAW, Jack-a-daw,
 Johnny shall have a new master ;
 Johnny shall have but a penny a day,
 Because he can work no faster.



SEE-SAW, Margery Daw
 Sold her bed, and laid upon straw ;
 Was not she a dirty slut,
 To sell her bed and lie in the dirt ?



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



SHOE the horse, shoe the colt,
 Shoe the wild mare ;

Here a nail, there a nail,
Yet she goes bare.



SING! sing! what shall I sing?
The cat's run away with the pudding-bag string.



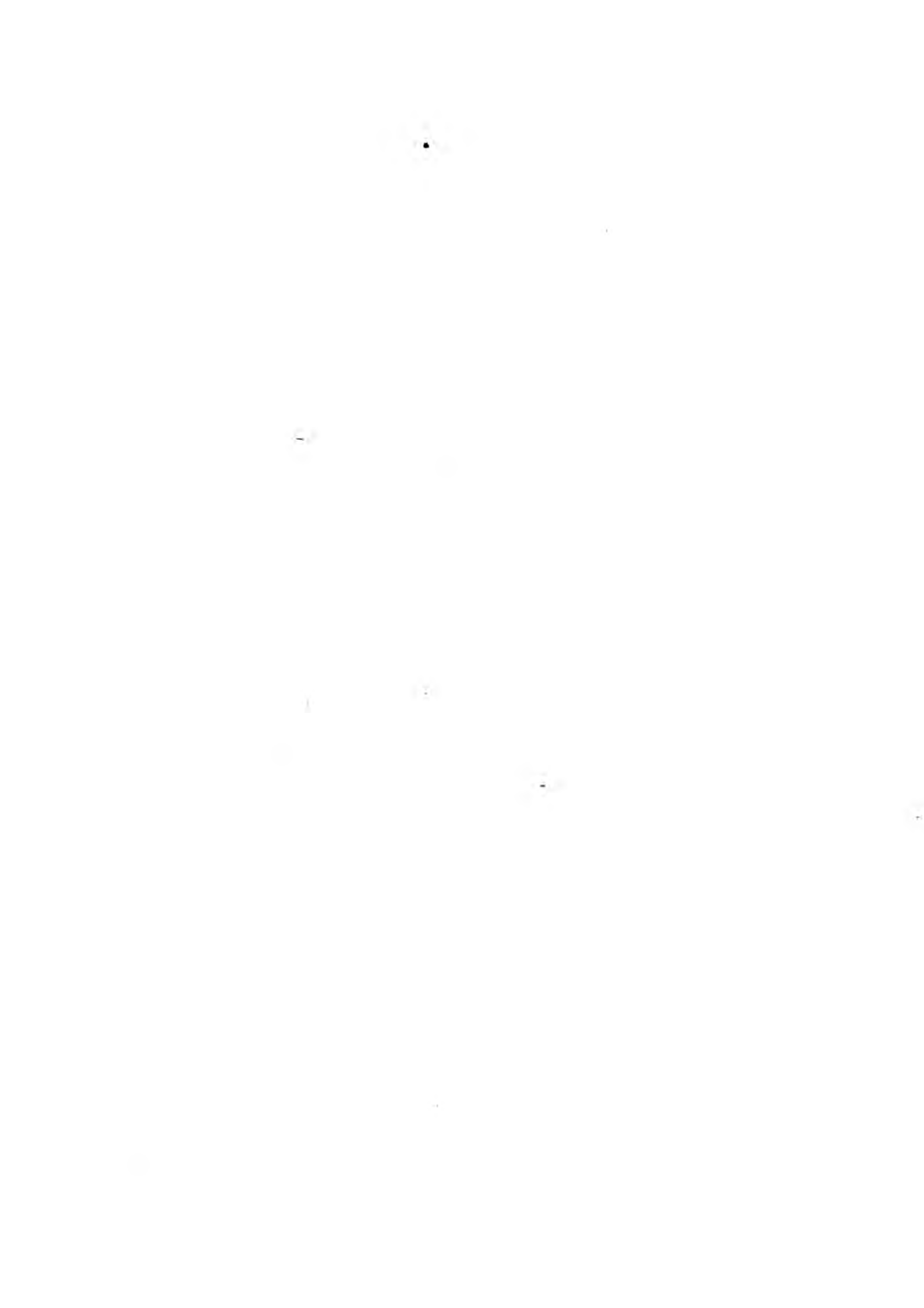
SING a song of sixpence, a pocket full of rye,
Four and twenty blackbirds baked in a pie.
When the pie was opened, the birds began to sing,
And was not that a dainty dish to set before the king?
The king was in the parlour, counting out his money;
The queen was in the kitchen, eating bread and honey;
The maid was in the garden, hanging out the clothes;
There came a little blackbird, and pecked off her nose.

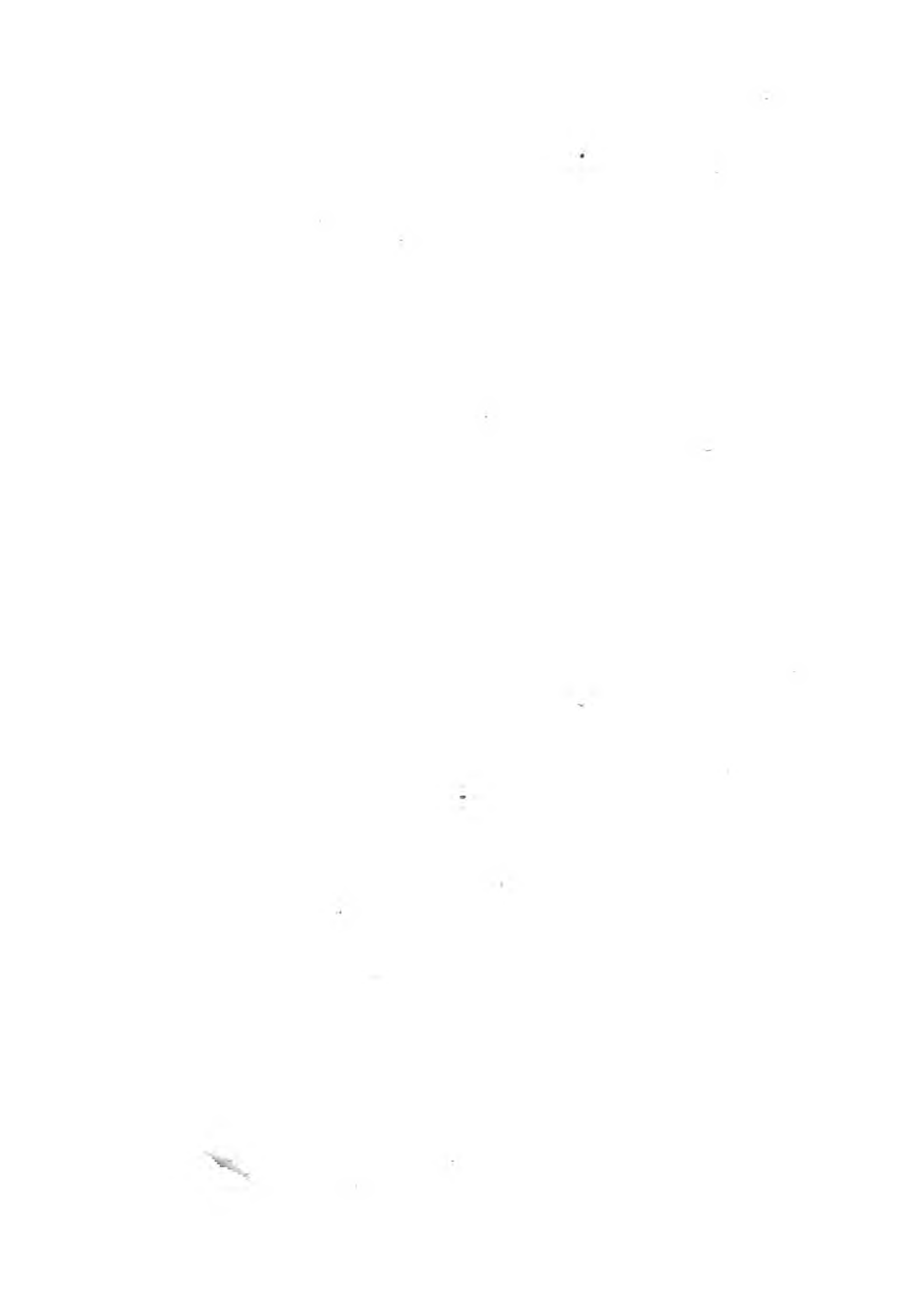


SNAIL! Snail! come out of your hole,
Or else I'll beat you as black as a coal.



THE cat sat asleep by the fire,
The mistress snored loud as a pig,





EVENING AT HOME.

VII.



THE CAT SAT ASLEEP BY 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.



Jack took up his fiddle by Jenny's desire,
And struck up a bit of a jig.



TAFFY was a Welshman,
Taffy was a thief,
Taffy came to my house,
And stole a piece of beef.
I went to Taffy's house,
Taffy wasn't at home,
Taffy came to my house,
And stole a marrow bone.
I went to Taffy's house,
Taffy was in bed,
I took the marrow bone,
And beat about his head.



THE girl in the lane, that couldn't speak plain,
Cried gobble, gobble, gobble :
The man on the hill, that couldn't stand still,
Went hobble, hobble, hobble.

THE lion and the unicorn
 Were fighting for the crown ;
 The lion beat the unicorn
 All round about the town.
 Some gave them white bread,
 Some gave them brown,
 Some gave them plumcake,
 And sent them out of town.



THE man in the moon,
 Came down too soon,
 And ask'd his way to Norwich ;
 He went by the south
 And burnt his mouth
 With eating cold plum-porridge.



THE man in the wilderness asked me,
 How many strawberries grew in the sea ?
 I answered him as I thought good,
 As many red herrings as grew in the wood.



THE KING WAS IN THE PARLOR, COUNTING OUT HIS MONEY;
THE QUEEN WAS IN THE KITCHEN, EATING BREAD & HONEY.
THE MAID WAS IN THE GARDEN, HANGING OUT THE CLOTHES;
THERE CAME A LITTLE BLACKBIRD & PECKED OFF HER NOSE.

THE north wind doth blow,
 And we shall have snow,
 And what will poor Robin do then?
 Poor thing!

He'll sit in a barn,
 And keep himself warm,
 And hide his head under his wing.
 Poor thing!



THERE was a little boy went into a barn,
 And lay down on some hay ;
 An owl came out and flew about,
 And the little boy ran away.



THERE was a little guinea pig,
 Who being little was not big ;
 He always walked upon his feet,
 And never fasted when he ate.

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 violent,
 And when he squeak'd he ne'er was silent ;
 Though ne'er instructed by a cat,
 He knew a mouse was not a rat.

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



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 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 had shot in the brook,
 And he'd go and fetch her the drake, drake, drake.

THERE was a man of our town,
And he was wondrous wise :
He jump'd into a bramble bush,
And scratched out both his eyes ;
And when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main,
He jumped into another bush,
And scratched them in again.



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.



THERE was an old woman went up in a basket,
Seventy times as high as the moon ;
What she did there I could not but ask it,
For in her hand she carried a broom.
“ Old woman, old woman, old woman,” said I,
“ Whither, oh whither, oh whither so high ?”

“ Only to sweep the cobwebs off the sky,
And I shall be back again by and by.”



THERE was an old woman, and what do you think ?
She lived upon nothing but victuals and drink ;
Victuals and drink were the chief of her diet,
And yet this old woman could never be quiet.



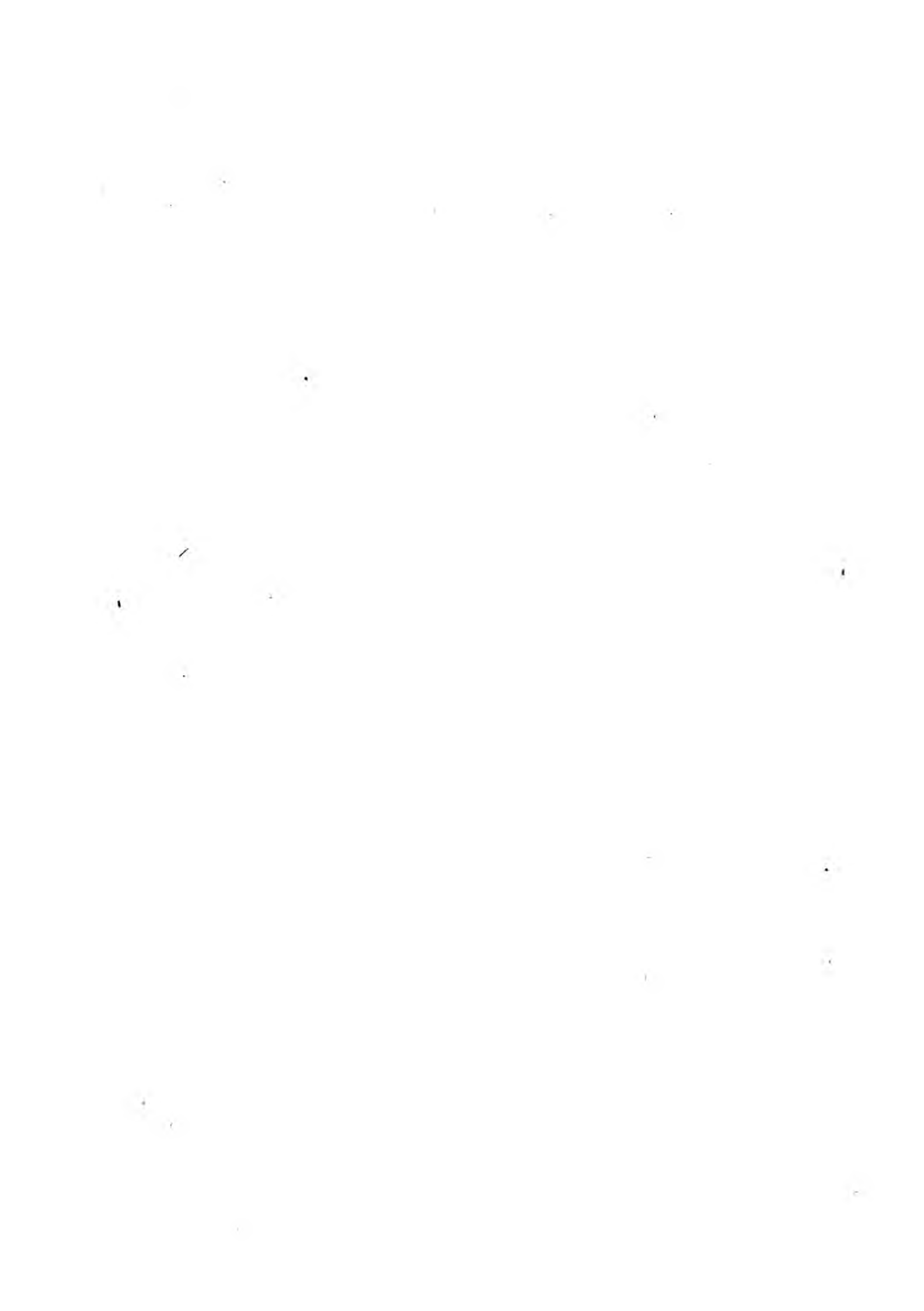
THERE was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she didn't know what
to do ;
She gave them some broth without any bread,
She whipped them all soundly and sent them to bed.

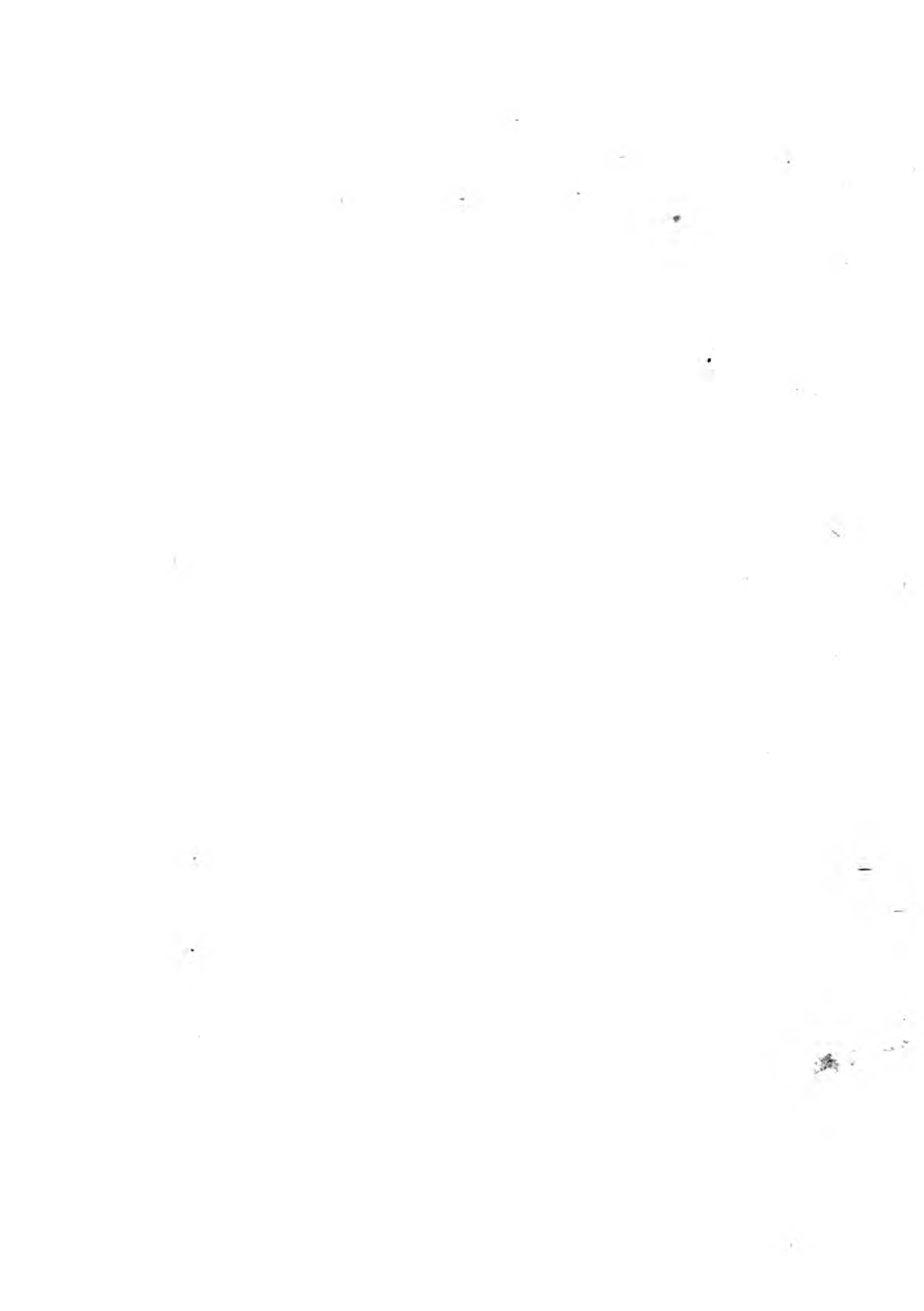


THERE was an old woman lived under a hill,
And if she ben't gone, she lives there still.



THERE was an old woman had three sons,
Jeffery, Jemmy, and John ;
Jeffery was hung, and Jemmy was drowned,
And Johnny was never more found :







**OLD WOMAN, OLD WOMAN, OLD WOMAN SAID I,
WHITHER, OH WHITHER, OH WHITHER SO HIGH?**



So there was an end of these three sons,
 Jeffery, Jemmy, and John.



THERE were two little birds sat on a stone,
 Fal la, la la lal de.
 One flew away, and then there was one,
 Fal la, la la lal de.
 The other flew after, and then there was none,
 Fal la, la la lal de.
 So the poor stone was left all alone,
 Fal la, la la lal de.



1. **T**HIS little pig went to market ;
2. This little pig stayed at home ;
3. This little pig had a bit of bread and butter ;
4. This little pig had none ;
5. This little pig said “ Wee, wee, wee,”
 I can't find my way home !

Note. Addressed to the five toes.



THREE children sliding on the ice,
 Upon a summer's day ;

It so 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 drowned.

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



THREE little dogs were basking in the cinders ;
Three little cats were playing in the windows ;
Three little mice popped out of a hole,
And a piece of cheese they stole.
The three little cats jumped down in a trice,
And cracked the bones of the three little mice.



TO market, to market, to buy a plum bun,
Home again, home again, market is done.

TOM, Tom, the piper's son,
 Stole a pig and away he ran.
 The pig was ate, and Tom was beat,
 And Tom ran crying down the street.



TWO little blackbirds sat upon a hill,
 One named Jack, the other named Gill ;
 Fly away, Jack ; fly away, Gill ;
 Come again, Jack ; come again, Gill.



UP the hill urge me not,
 Down the hill ride me not,
 Along the level spare me not,
 In the stable forget me not.



WHEN I was a batchelor,
 I lived by myself,
 And all the bread and cheese I got,
 I put upon the shelf.
 The rats and the mice they made such a strife,
 I was forced to go to London to buy me a wife :

The roads were so bad, and the lanes were so narrow,
I was forced to bring my wife home in a wheel-barrow.
The wheel-barrow broke, and my wife had a fall,
Down came wheel-barrow, wife and all.

THE END.



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Ὀὐ πανσομαι τας Χαριτας
Μουσαις συγκαταμιγνυς
Ἡδισταν συζυγιαν.

Not though grief my age defaces,
Will I cease in concert dear,
Blending still the gentle Graces
With the Muses more severe.

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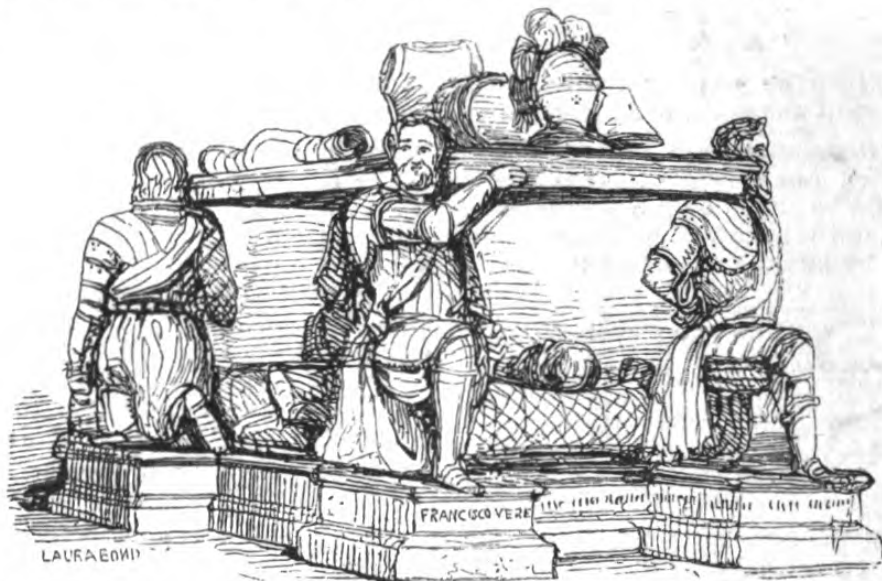
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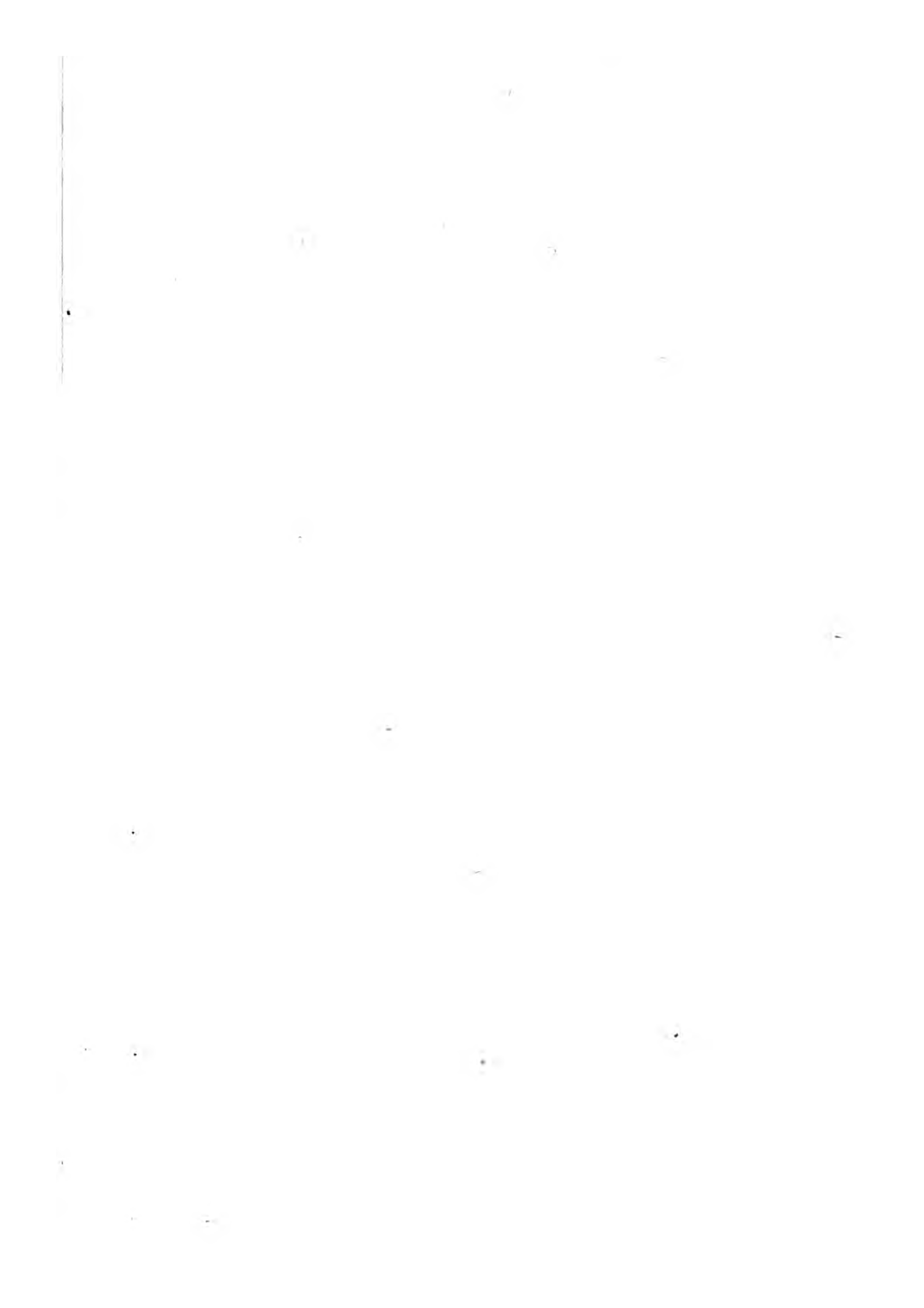


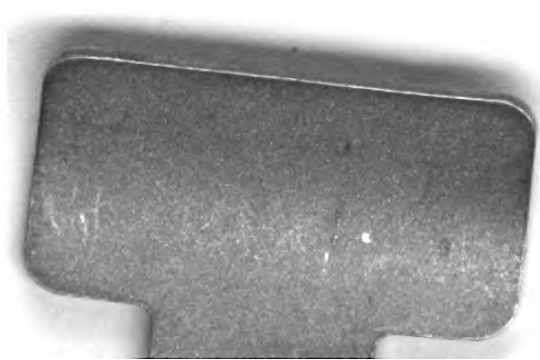
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