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СОСК
ROBIN





6000798850





COCK ROBIN,

AND OTHER

NURSERY RHYMES AND JINGLES.

ILLUSTRATED.

CASELL, PETTER, GALPIN & CO.

LONDON, PARIS & NEW YORK.

280 0 908.



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THE DEATH AND BURIAL
OF COCK ROBIN.

“WHO killed Cock Robin?”

“I,” said the Sparrow,
“With my little arrow;
I killed Cock Robin.”

“Who saw him die?”

“I,” said the Fly,
“With my little eye;
I saw him die.”

“Who caught his blood?”

“I,” said the Fish,
“With my little dish;
I caught his blood.”

“Who made his shroud?”

“I,” said the Beetle,
“With my little needle;
I made his shroud.”

“Who’ll dig his grave?”

“I,” said the Owl,
“With my spade and shoul;
I’ll dig his grave.”

“Who’ll be the parson?”

“I,” said the Rook,
“With my little book;
I’ll be the parson.”





“Who’ll be the clerk?”

“I,” said the Lark,
“If it’s not in the dark ;
I’ll be the clerk.”

“Who’ll carry him to his grave?”

“I,” said the Kite,
“If it’s not in the night ;
I’ll carry him to his grave.”

“Who’ll carry the link?”

“I,” said the Linnet,
“I’ll fetch it in a minute ;
I’ll carry the link.”

“Who’ll be chief mourner?”

“I,” said the Dove,
“I mourn for my love ;
I’ll be chief mourner.”

“Who’ll bear the pall?”

“We,” said the Wren,
Both the cock and the hen ;
“We’ll bear the pall.”

“Who’ll sing a psalm?”

“I,” said the Thrush,
As she sat in a bush ;
“I’ll sing a psalm.”



“ And who'll toll the bell ?”

“ I,” said the Bull,

“ Because I can pull.”

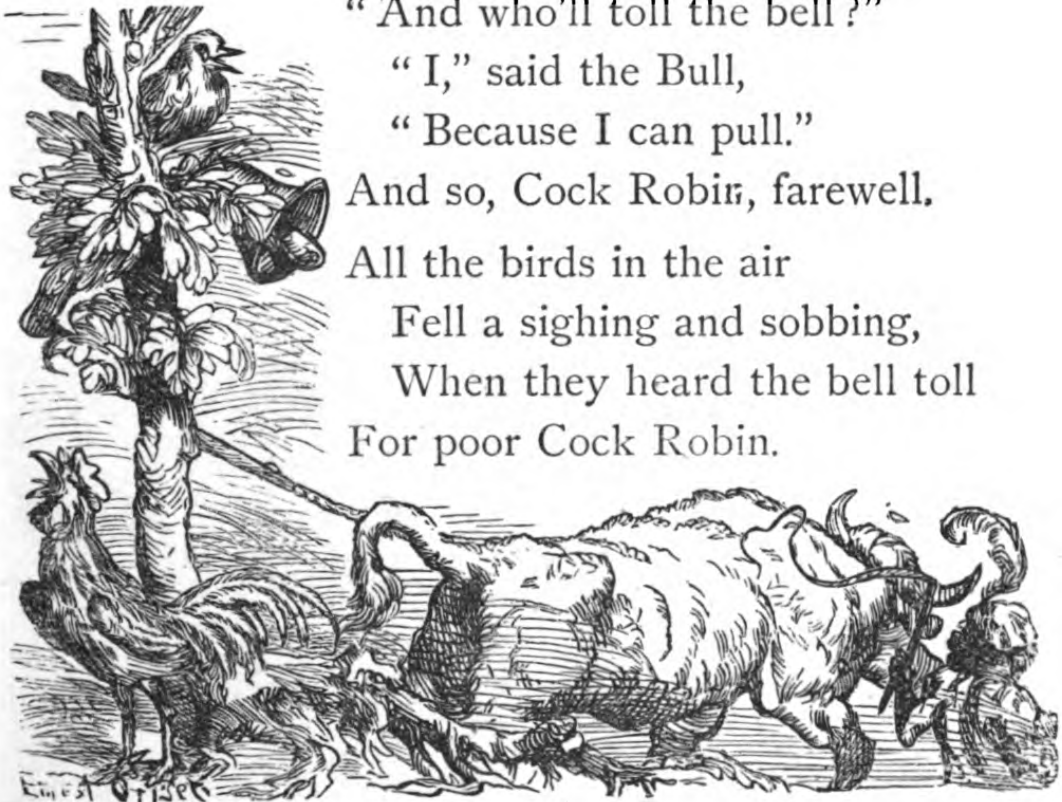
And so, Cock Robin, farewell,

All the birds in the air

Fell a sighing and sobbing,

When they heard the bell toll

For poor Cock Robin.



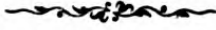
GOOSIE, GOOSIE, GANDER.

GOOSIE, goosie, gander,
Whither shall I wander?
Up stairs, down stairs,
In my lady's chamber—
There you'll find a cup of sack,
And a race of ginger.



THE SPINNER.

THERE was an old woman sat spinning,
And that's the first beginning ;
She had a calf,
And that's half ;
She threw it over the wall—
And that's all.



MY MOTHER'S BOUNCING GAL.

WHAT care I how black I be,
Twenty pounds will marry me ;
If twenty won't, forty shall :
I am my mother's bouncing gal.





THOUGH A LASS BE NE'ER SO FAIR.

THOUGH a lass be ne'er so fair,
If she want the penny siller,
She may stand till ninety-nine,
Ere the wind blow a man till her.

Though a lass be ne'er so black,
If she hae the penny siller,
Set her up on Tintock tap,
The wind will blow a man till her.



A SCHOOLBOY'S CONFESSION.

AMO, amas, I love a lass,
As a cedar tall and slender ;
Sweet cowslips grace her nominative case,
And she's of the feminine gender.

ON SATURDAY NIGHT.

ON Saturday night
Shall be all my care,
To powder my locks,
And curl my hair.
On Sunday morning
My love will come in,
When he will marry me
With a gay gold ring.

JACK AND GILL.

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



BLOW THE FIRE, BLACKSMITH!

BLOW the fire, blacksmith !
 The sparks begin to fly.
Before I'd have an old man,
 I'd lay me down and die.

I'd sooner have a young man,
 With an apple in his hand,
Than I would have an old man,
 With all his house and land.

An old man comes grumbling in—
 “ I'm weary of my life ;”
A young man comes jumping in—
 “ Come, kiss me, my dear wife !”

THE CELEBRATED SONG OF LONDON
BRIDGE IS BROKEN DOWN.

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

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

Build it up with silver and gold,
Dance o'er my lady lee ;
Build it up with silver and gold,
With a gay lady.

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

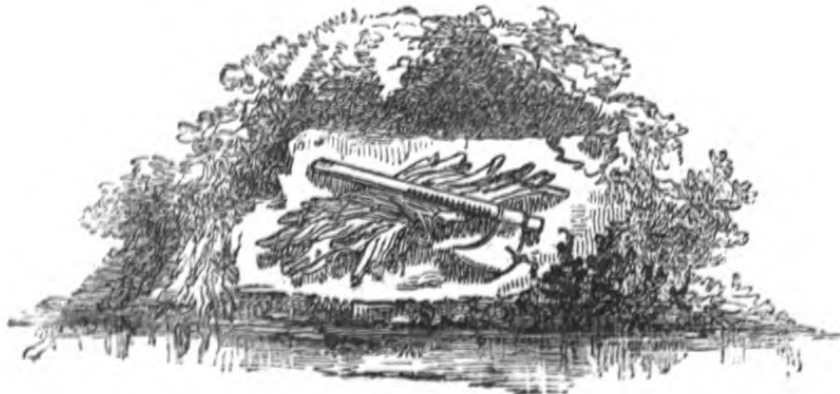
Build it up with iron and steel,
Dance o'er my lady lee ;
Build it up with iron and steel,
With a gay lady.

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

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

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

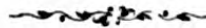
Build it up of stone so strong,
Dance o'er my lady lee ;
Huzza ! 'twill last for ages long !
With a gay lady.





THE HAPPY MAN.

HAPPY the man who belongs to no party,
But sits in his own house and looks at Ben Arty!



LOVERS' CONVERSATION.

AS Tommy Snooks and Bessy Brooks
Were walking out one Sunday,
Says Tommy Snooks to Bessy Brooks,
"To-morrow will be Monday."



FIDDLING JOHN.

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

**MY LITTLE HUSBAND.**

I HAD a little husband,
No bigger than my thumb,
I put him in a pint pot,
And there I bade him drum ;
I bought a little horse,
That galloped up and down,
I bridled him, and saddled him,
And sent him out of town ;
I gave him a pair of garters
To tie up his little hose,
And a little silk handkerchief
To wipe his little nose.



WHERE ARE YOU GOING, MY PRETTY
MAID ?

“WHERE are you going, my pretty maid ?”

“I’m going a-milking, sir,” she said.

“May I go with you, my pretty maid ?”

“You’re kindly welcome, sir,” she said.

“What is your father, my pretty maid ?”

“My father’s a farmer, sir,” she said.

“Say will you marry me, my pretty maid ?”

“Yes, if you please, kind sir,” she said.

“What is your fortune, my pretty maid ?”

“My face is my fortune, sir,” she said.

“Then I won’t marry you, my pretty maid !”

“Nobody asked you, sir !” she said.



WOOING.

“**A**DAM, I am come to court you,
 If your favour I can gain.”
 “Ah! ah!” said she, “you’re a bold
 fellow,
 If e’er I see your face again.”
 “Madam, I have rings and diamonds,
 Madam, I have houses and land ;
 Madam, I have a world of treasure ;
 All shall be at your command.”
 “I care not for rings and diamonds,
 I care not for houses and land ;
 I care not for a world of treasure,
 So that I have but a handsome man.”
 “Madam, you think much of beauty,
 Beauty hasteneth to decay ;
 For the fairest of flowers that grow in summer,
 Will decay and fade away.”

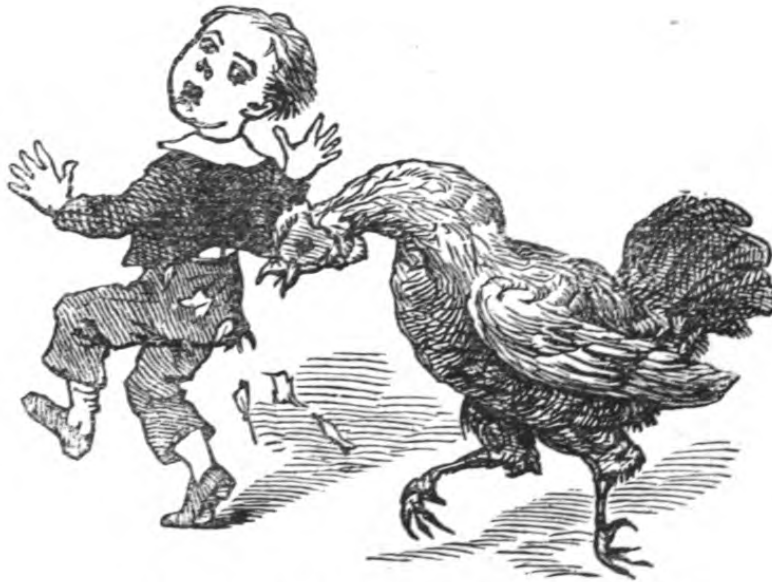
THE CAMBRIC SHIRT.

- “CAN you make me a cambric shirt,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme,
Without any seam or needlework?
And you will be a true lover of mine.
- “Can you wash it in yonder well,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme,
Where never sprung water nor rain ever fell?
And you will be a true lover of mine.
- “Can you dry it on yonder thorn,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme,
Which never bore blossom since Adam was born?
And you will be a true lover of mine.”
- “Now you have asked me questions three,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme;
I hope you will answer as many for me,
And you will be a true lover of mine.
- “Can you find me an acre of land,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme,
Between the salt water and the sea sand?
And you will be a true lover of mine.

“ Can you plough it with a ram’s horn,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme,
And sow it all over with one peppercorn ?
And you will be a true lover of mine.

“ Can you reap it with a sickle of leather,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme,
And bind it up with a peacock’s feather ?
And you will be a true lover of mine.

“ When you have done it, and finished your work,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme,
Come to me for your cambric shirt,
And you will be a true lover of mine.”



A NAUGHTY FOWL TEASING A LITTLE BOY.



TOM TUCKER.

LITTLE Tom Tucker
Sings for his supper.
What shall he eat?
White bread and butter.
How shall he eat it
Without e'er a knife?
How can he be married
Without e'er a wife?

A LITTLE MAN AND I FELL OUT.

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

— — — — —

 HOW THE STRIFE BEGAN.

A LITTLE man and I fell out,
 I'll tell you what 'twas all about :
 I had money, and he had none—
 That is how the strife began.

— — — — —

 MR. PUNCHINELLO.

OII, Mother, I'm to be married
 To Mr. Punchinello ;
 To Mr. Punch,
 To Mr. Joe,
 To Mr. Nell,
 To Mr. Lo ;
 Mr. Punch, Mr. Joe,
 Mr. Nell, Mr. Lo ;
 To Mr. Punchinello.



AN EVENING DITTY.

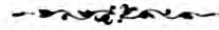
BOYS and girls, come out to play,
The moon doth shine as bright as day :
Come with a hoop, come with a call,
Come with a good will, or not at all.
Leave your supper, and leave your sleep,
Come to your playfellows in the street ;
Up the ladder, and down the wall,
A penny loaf will serve you all.

“COUSIN, COUSIN, HOW DO YOU DO?”

“COUSIN, cousin, how do you do?”

“Pretty well, I thank you; how does cousin Sue do?”

“She is very well, and sends her service to you,
And so do Dick, and Tom, and all who ever knew
you.”



A SONG.

I'LL sing you a song,
Nine verses long,
For a pin.

Three and three are six,
And three are nine ;
You are a goose,
And the pin is mine.



MISTRESS MARY.

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

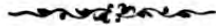
WHO'S THERE?

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



YAWNING.

THEM that gant,
Something want :—
Sleep, meat, or makin' o'.



T'OTHER LITTLE TUNE.

(A VERY PLEASANT SONG)

I WON'T be my father's Jack,
I 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!

A TOAST.

[To be spoken very rapidly.]

HERE'S to you and yours,
 Not forgetting us and ours ;
 And when you and yours
 Come to see us and ours,
 Us and ours
 Will be as kind to you and yours,
 As ever you and yours
 Were to us and ours,
 When us and ours
 Came to see you and yours.

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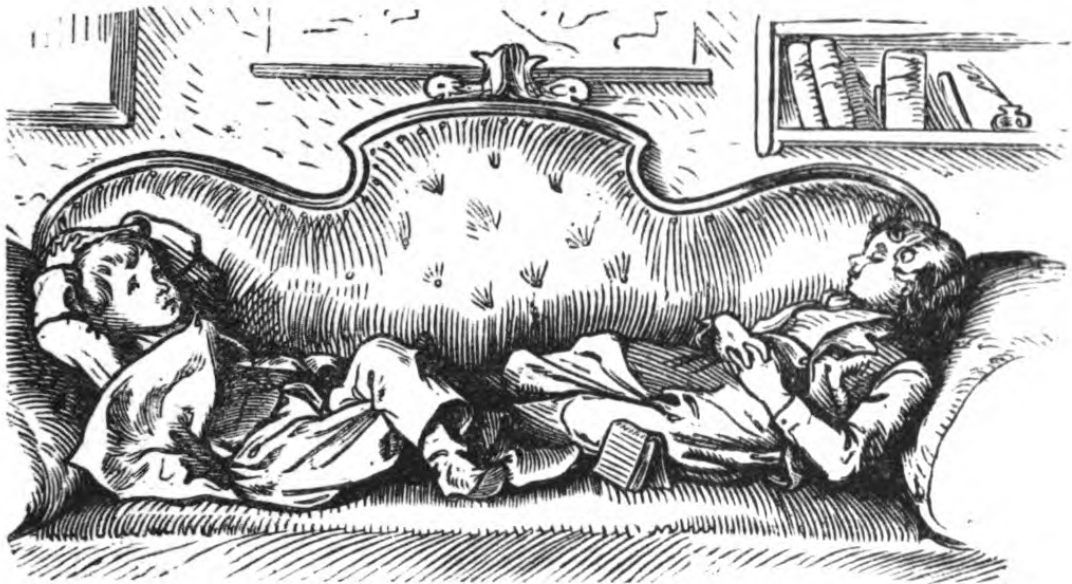
 ADVICE GRATIS.

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

~~~~~

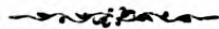
 PHILOSOPHIC REFLECTIONS.

OH, that I was where I would be,
 Then would I be where I am not ;
 But where I am I must be,
 And where I would be I cannot !



A RHYME FOR A LAZY FELLOW.

YOU know that Monday is Sunday's brother,
Tuesday is such another,
Wednesday you must go to church and pray,
Thursday is half-holiday,
On Friday it is too late to begin to spin,
And Saturday is half-holiday again.

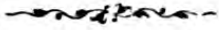


THE RULE OF THE ROAD.

THE rule of the road is a paradox quite,
And custom has proved it so, long ;
He that goes to the left is sure to go right,
And he that goes to the right must go wrong.

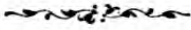
THE SPEECH OF THE HORSE THAT
SPOKE TO HIS MASTER.

UP the hill take care of me,
Down the hill take care of thee ;
Give me no water when I'm hot,
On level ground spare me not.



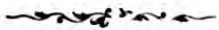
ANOTHER SPEECH BY THE SAME
HORSE.

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



THE CAT'S EXPEDITION TO LONDON.

"PUSSIE cat, pussie cat, where have you been ?"
"I've been to London to look at the Queen."
"Pussie cat, pussie cat, what did you there ?"
"I frightened a little mouse under a chair."



A LOVING PROPOSAL.

PUSSIE cat, pussie cat, wilt thou be mine ?
Thou shalt neither wash dishes, nor feed the swine ;
But sit on a cushion and sew a silk seam,
And eat fine strawberries, sugar, and cream.



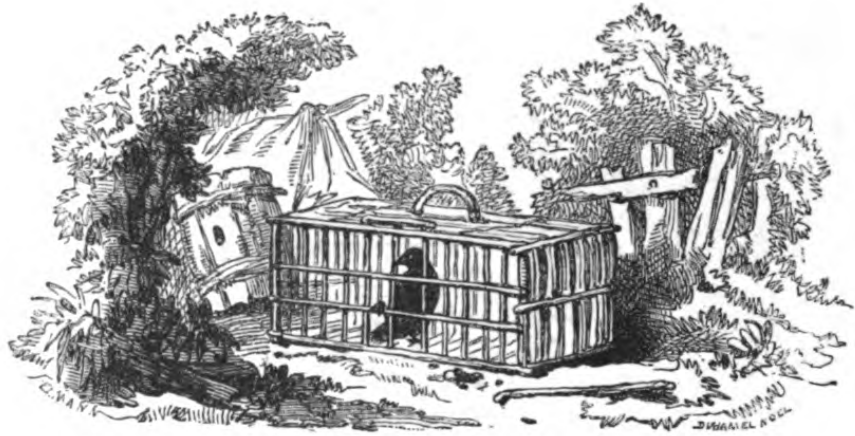
THE WAY TO BE HEALTHY, WEALTHY,
AND WISE.

EARLY to bed, and early to rise,
Is the way to be healthy, wealthy, and wise.



EYES.

GREY-EYED, greedy ;
Brown-eyed, needy ;
Black-eyed, never blin,
Till it shame all its kin.



RAVEN'S CONVERSATION.

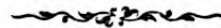
“A HOGGIE dead! a hoggie dead! a hoggie dead!”

“Oh, where? oh, where? oh, where?”

“Down i' 'e park! down i' 'e park! down i' 'e park!”

“Is't fat? is't fat? is't fat?”

“Come try! come try! come try!”



A SNAIL ALARMED.

SNEEL, Snaul,

Robbers are coming to pull down your wall!

Sneel, Snaul,

Put out your horn,

Robbers are coming to steal your corn,

Coming at four o'clock in the morn!

IF ALL THE WORLD WERE APPLE-PIE.

IF all the world were apple-pie,
And all the sea were ink,
And all the trees were butter and cheese,
What should we have for drink ?



TRUANT FROGS PELTING STONES AT YOUNG BATHERS.

ELIZABETH.

ELIZABETH, Elspeth, Betsy, and Bess,
They all went together to seek a bird's nest ;
They found a bird's nest with five eggs in ;
They all took one, and left four in.

THOMAS A TATTAMUS.

THOMAS A TATTAMUS took two T's,
To tie two tups to two tall trees,
To frighten the terrible Thomas a Tattamus:
Tell me how many T's there are in all THAT.



THREE CATS TAKING AWAY THE FOOD FROM ONE CHILD.

PEASE PORRIDGE HOT.

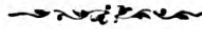
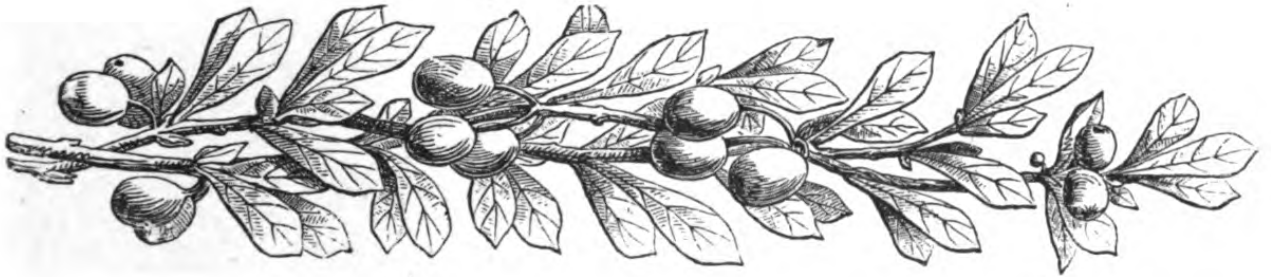
PEASE porridge hot, pease porridge cold,
Pease porridge in the pot, nine days old.
Spell me THAT in four letters.

CURRANTS.

HIGGLEDY, piggedy,
Here we lie ;
Picked and plucked,
And put in a pie.

My first is snapping, snarling, growling ;
My second's industrious, romping, prowling.

Higgledy, piggedy,
Here we lie ;
Picked and plucked,
And put in a pie.

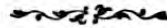


THE OLD MAN IN THE WILDERNESS.

THE old man in the wilderness asked me :—
“ How many strawberries grow in the sea ? ”
I answered him, as I thought good :—
“ As many as red herrings grow in the wood.”

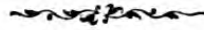
TO A SNAIL.

SNAIL, snail, put out your horns,
I'll give you bread and barleycorns.



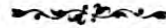
A SNAIL THREATENED.

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



THE SAD FATE [OF AN EGG].

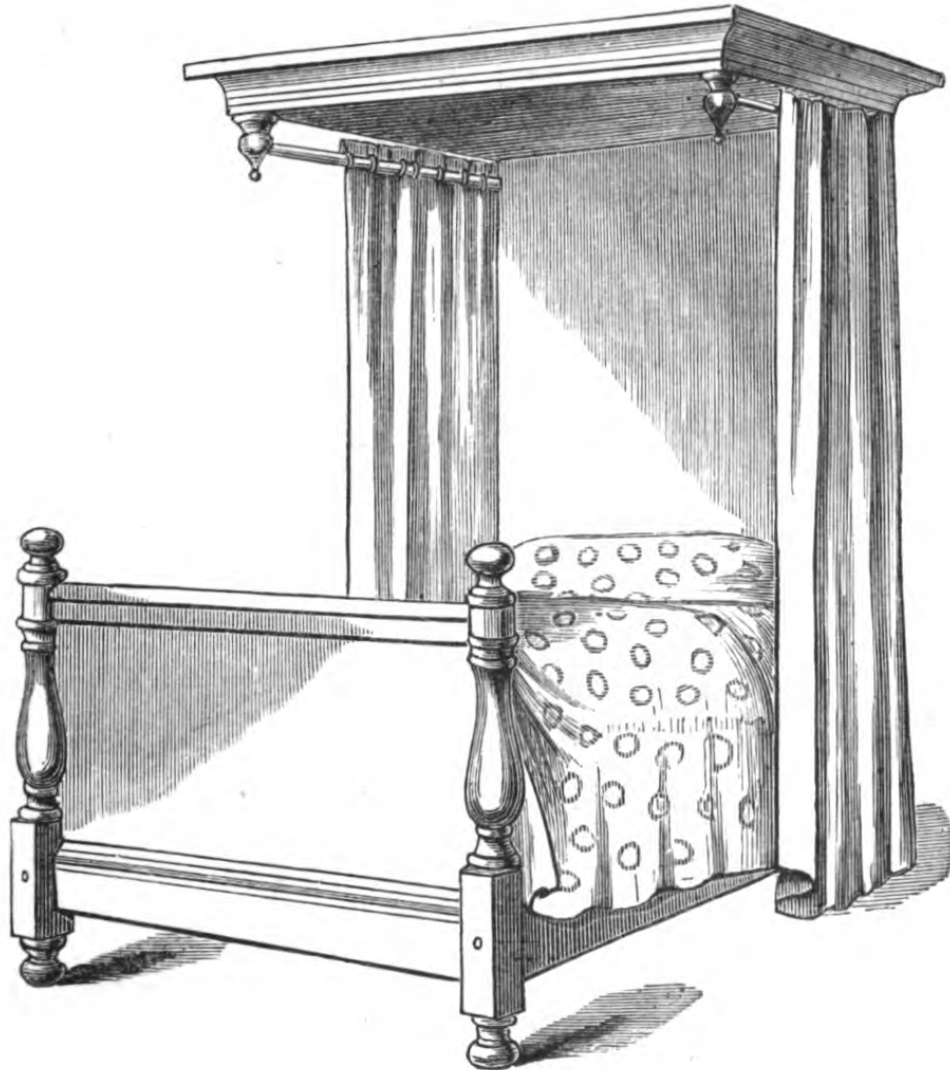
HUMPTY Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall ;
Three score men and three score more,
Cannot place Humpty Dumpty as he was before.



IN-FIR-TAR-IS.

(To be spoken quickly.)

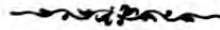
In-fir-tar-is,
In-oak-none-is,
In-mud-eel-is,
In-clay-none-is,
Goat-eat-ivy,
Can-a-mare-eat-oats?



FORMED long ago, yet made to-day,
Employed while others sleep ;
What few would like to give away,
Nor any wish to keep.

AS I WAS GOING TO ST. IVES.

As I was going to St. Ives,
I met a man with seven wives ;
Every wife had seven sacks,
Every sack had seven cats,
Every cat had seven kits.
Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,
How many were going to St. Ives?



RELATIONSHIP.

THERE were three sisters in a hall,
There came a knight amongst them all.
“Good-morrow, aunt,” to the one,
“Good-morrow, aunt,” to the other,
“Good-morrow, gentlewoman,” to the third ;
“If you were my aunt,
As the other two be,
I would say, Good-morrow,
Then, aunts three.”

[What relation was the third lady to him? Why,
mother, of course.]

BA, BA, BLACK SHEEP.

BA, ba, black sheep,
Have you any wool?
Yes, marry, have I,
Three bags full.

One for my master,
One for my dame,
But none for the little boy
That cries in the lane.



THE WONDERFUL LADIES.

EVERY lady in this land
 Has twenty nails upon each hand
 Five and twenty on hands and feet
 All this is true without deceit.

[As you will find, *if* you pause at the *right* places.]

RIDDLE ME, RIDDLE ME.

RIDDLE me, riddle me, rot tot tot,
 A little wee man in a red, red coat ;
 A staff in his hand and a stone in his throat,
 Riddle me, riddle me, rot tot tot. [*A Cherry.*]

LADYBIRD, FLY AWAY HOME !

LADYBIRD, ladybird, fly away home,
 Your house is a-fire, your children all gone,
 All but one that lies under a stone ;
 Fly thee home, ladybird, ere it be gone !

ARITHMETIC.

MULTIPLICATION is vexation,
 Division's twice as bad ;
 The Rule of Three it puzzles me,
 And Fractions drive me mad !



THE MEETING OF THE KINGS.

THERE was a king met a king,
In a narrow lane ;

Says this king to that king,
“Where have you been?”

“Oh, I’ve been a hunting,
With my dog and my doe.”

“Pray lend him to me,
That I may do so.”

“There’s the dog, TAKE the dog.”
“What’s the dog’s name?”

“I’ve told you already.”
“Pray tell me again.”



THE STORY OF THE LEGS.

Two legs sat upon three legs,
With one leg in his lap ;
In comes four legs,
And runs away with one leg ;
Up jumps two legs,
Catches up three legs,
Throws it after four legs,
And makes him bring back one leg.

[One leg is a leg of mutton ; two legs a man ;
three legs a stool ; and four legs a dog.]



THE MONTHS.

THIRTY days hath September,
April, June, and November ;
All the rest have thirty-one ;
Excepting February alone,
Which hath but twenty-eight days clear,
And twenty-nine in each leap year.





WEATHER RHYMES.

IF New Year's Eve night wind blow 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 !

AS the day lengthens
The cold strengthens.

ALL the months of the year
Curse a fair February.

IF Candlemas day be dry and fair,
The half o' winter's to come and mair ;
If Candlemas day be wet and foul,
The half o' winter's gane at Yule.

WEATHER RHYMES—*continued.*

MARCH borrowed from April
Three days, and they were ill ;
The first of them was wind and weet,
The second of them was snow and sleet,
The third of them was such a freeze
It froze the birds' nebs to the trees.

APRIL showers
Make May flowers.

WHEN April blows his horn,
It's good for both hay and corn.

MIST in May, and heat in June,
Make the harvest right soon.

THE evening red, and the morning grey,
Will set the traveller on his way.

IF the cock crows on going to bed,
He's sure to rise with a watery head.

A RAINBOW in the morning
Is the shepherd's warning ;
A rainbow at night
Is the shepherd's delight.

WEATHER RHYMES—*continued.*

RAIN, rain,
Go to Spain,
And never come back again.

THE men of the East,
Are picking their geese,
And sending their feathers here away, there away.

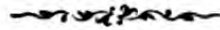
SNAIL, snail, shoot out your horn,
And tell us if it will be a bonny day the morn.

To talk of the weather is nothing but folly,
For when it's rain on the hill it may be sun in the
valley.



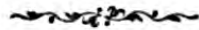
CHRISTMAS CAROL.

GOD bless the master of this house,
The mistress also ;
And all the little children
That round the table go ;
And all your kin and kinsmen,
That dwell both far and near,
I wish you a merry Christmas,
And a happy new year.



ALL FOOLS' DAY.

APRIL fool ! April fool !
You learn nought by going to school.



GOOD FRIDAY.

ONE a penny, two a penny, hot cross buns !
If your daughters do not like them, give them to
your sons ;
But if you should have none of these pretty elves,
You cannot do better than to eat them yourselves.

THE CUCKOO.



THE Cuckoo is a fine bird,
He sings as he flies ;
He brings us good
tidings,
He tells us no lies.
He sucks little birds'
eggs
To make his voice
clear ;
And when he sings
"Cuckoo,"
The summer is near.

THE Cuckoo comes in April,
Stops all the month of May,
Sings a song at midsummer,
And then he goes away.

MORE ABOUT THE CUCKOO.

CUCKOO, Cuckoo,
What do you do ?
In April
I open my bill,
In May
I sing night and day,
In June
I change my tune ;
In July
Away I fly.

CUCKOO, cherry tree,
Come down and tell me,
How many years I have to live!



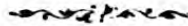
THE SONG OF THE CAT AND THE
FIDDLE.

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

COLOURS.

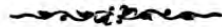
BLUE is beauty, red 's a token ;
Green 's grief, and yellow 's forsaken.

BLUE
Is love true ;
Green
Is love deen.*



THE ROBIN AND THE WREN.

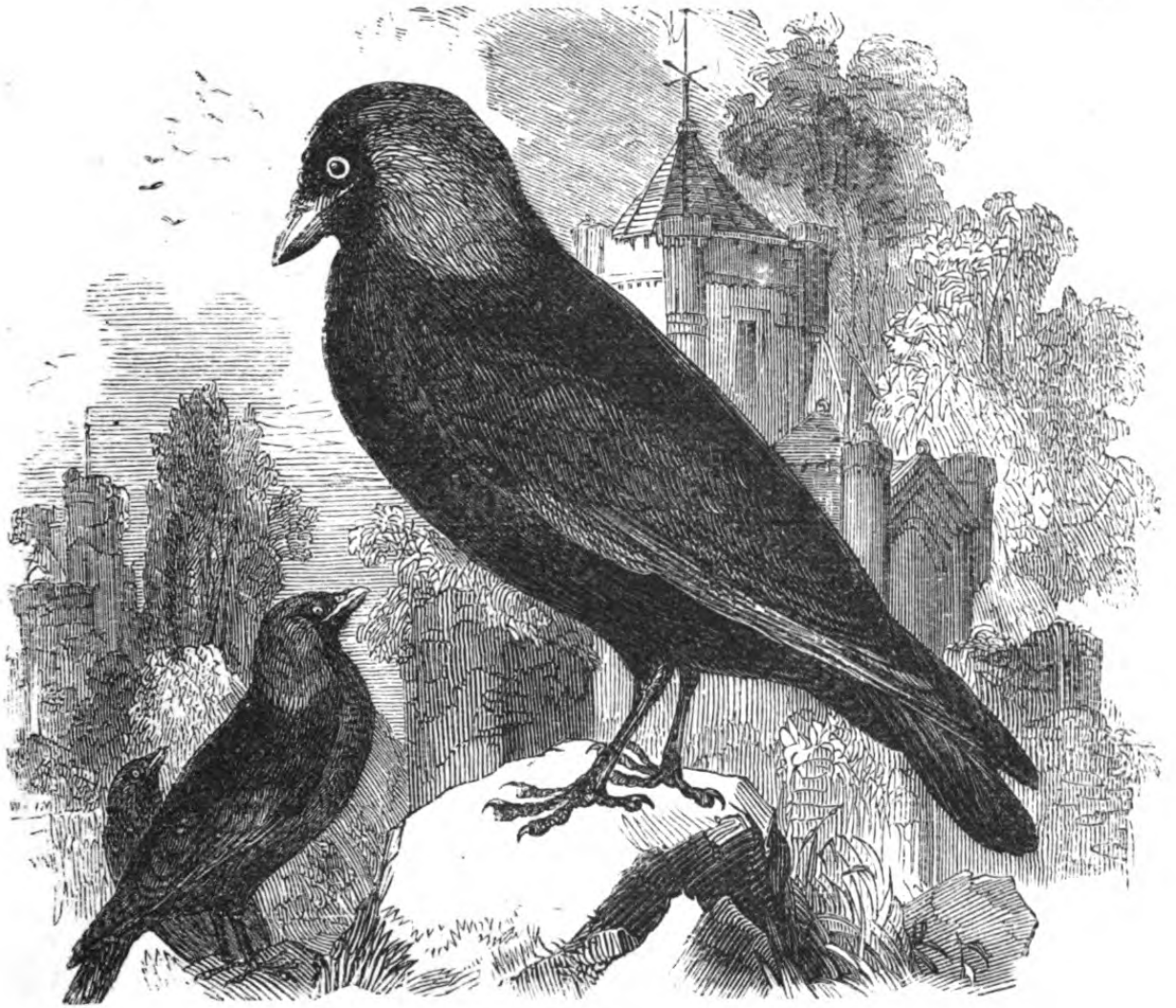
THE Robin Redbreast and the Wren
Are God Almighty's cock and hen ;
The martin and the swallow
Are the two next birds that follow.



A STAR.

I HAD a little sister, they called her Peep-peep,
She wades in the water so deep, deep, deep ;
She climbs up the mountains so high, high, high,
And, poor little thing, she has but one eye.

* Done.



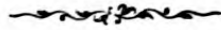
CROWS.

ONE 's unlucky,
Two 's lucky ;
Three is health,

Four is wealth ;
Five is sickness,
Six is death.

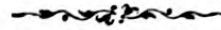
COCK-CROWING.

THE cock doth crow,
To let you know,
If you are wise,
It's time to rise.



MAGPIES.

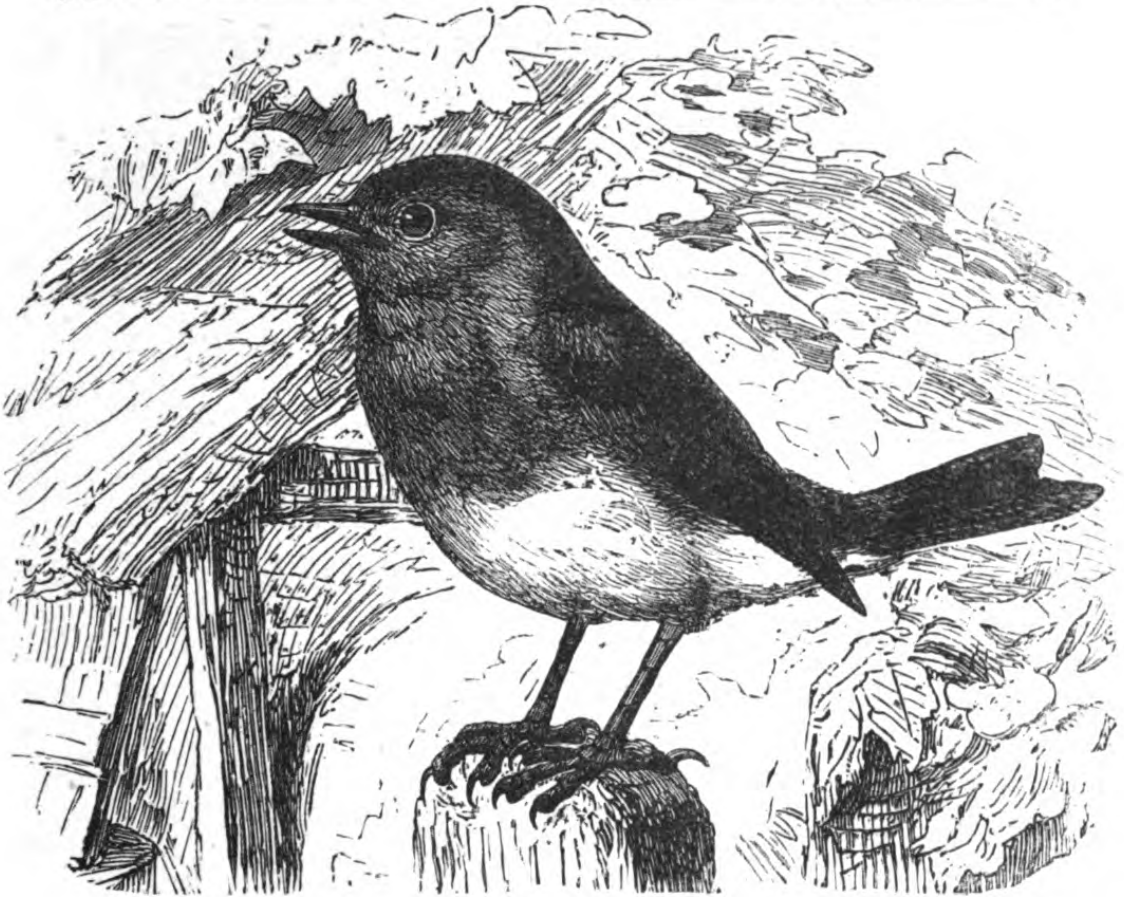
ONE 's sorrow, two 's mirth ;
Three 's a marriage, four 's death.



PHYSIOGNOMY.

LANG and lazy ;
Little and loud ;
Red and foolish ;
Black and proud.





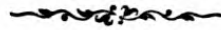
THE ROBIN.

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 to keep himself warm
Will hide his head under his wing,
 Poor thing!



THE OWL.

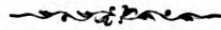
To-WHOO—to-who!
Cold toe—toe!



THE OWL'S STORY.

ONCE I was a monarch's daughter,
And sat on a lady's knee ;
But I'm now a nightly rover,
Banished to the ivy tree.

Crying hoo, hoo ; hoo, hoo ; hoo, hoo ;
Hoo, hoo ; hoo, my feet are cold ;
Pity me, for here you see me
Persecuted, poor, and old.



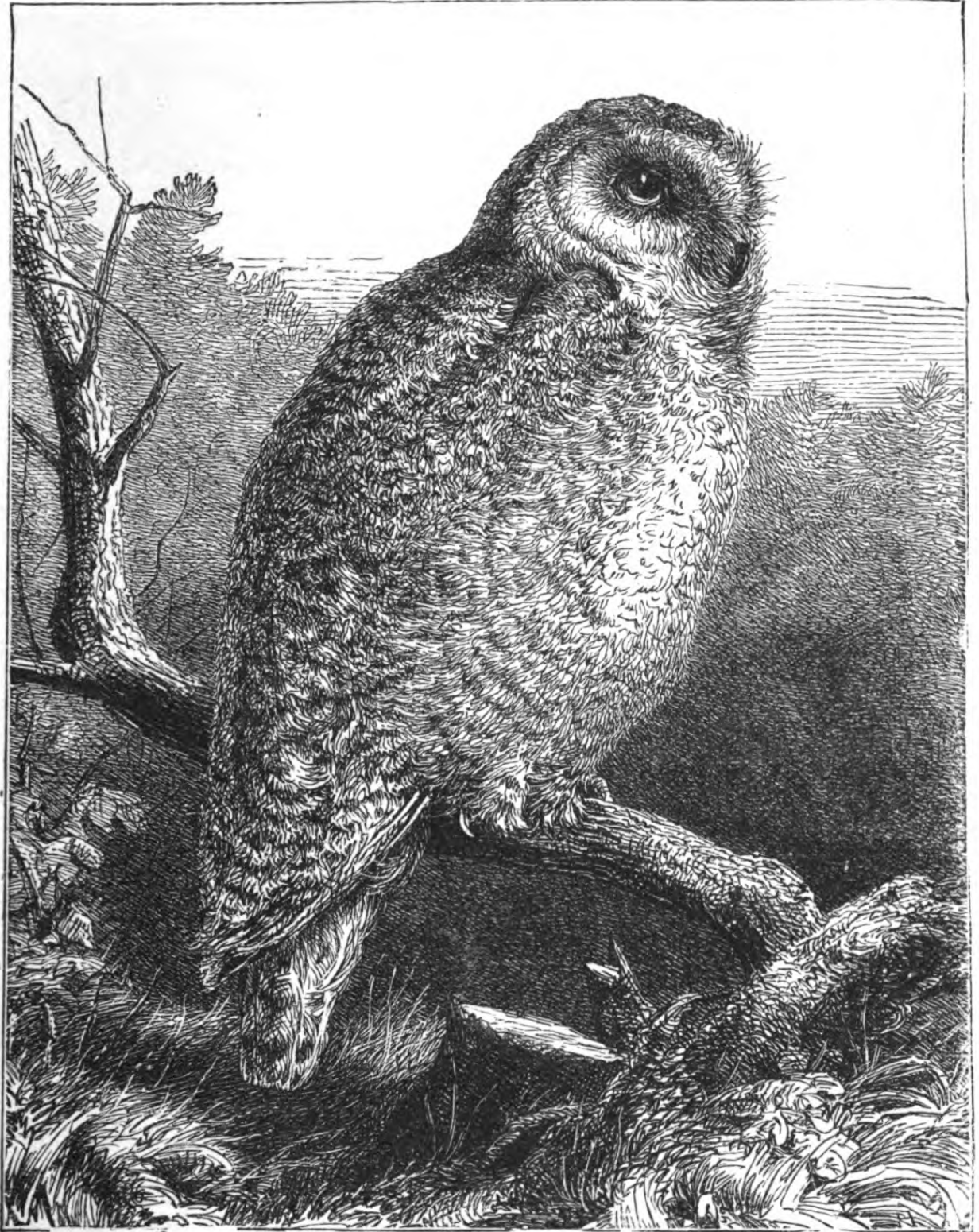
BARN-DOOR CONVERSATION.

Hen—Cock, cock, I have la-a-a-yed !

Cock—Hen, hen, that's well sa-a-a-yed !

Hen—Although I have to go barefooted every
day-a-ay !

Cock (con spirito)—Sell your eggs and buy shoes !
Sell your eggs and buy shoes !





TWO GOOD OLD EVENING PRAYERS.

I.

FOUR corners to this bed,
Six angels round me spread ;
Two to pray, two to wake,
Two to guard me till daybreak.
And blessèd guardian angels keep
Me safe from danger while I sleep.

II.

I LAY me down upon my side,
And pray the Lord to be my guide
And if I die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.





THE OLD WOMAN AND HER PIG.

AN old woman was sweeping her house, and she found a little crooked sixpence. "What," said she, "shall I do with this little sixpence? I will go to market and buy a little pig." As she was coming home she came to a stile: the piggie would not go over the stile.

She went a little further, and she met a dog. So she said to the dog, "Dog! bite pig. Pig won't go over the stile, and I shan't get home to-night." But the dog would not.

She went a little further, and she came to a stick. So she said, "Stick! stick! beat dog. Dog

won't bite pig ; pig won't get over the stile ; and I shan't get home to-night." But the stick would not.

She went a little further, and she came to a fire. So she said, "Fire ! fire ! burn stick. Stick won't beat dog, dog won't bite pig, pig won't get over the stile, and I shan't get home to-night." But the fire would not.

She went a little further, and she came to some water. So she said, "Water ! water ! quench fire. Fire won't burn stick, stick won't beat dog, dog won't bite pig, pig won't get over the stile, and I shan't get home to-night." But the water would not.

She went a little further, and she met an ox. So she said, "Ox ! ox ! drink water. Water won't quench fire, fire won't burn stick, stick won't beat dog, dog won't bite pig, pig won't get over the stile, and I shan't get home to-night." But the ox would not.

She went a little further, and she met a butcher. So she said, "Butcher ! butcher ! kill ox. Ox won't drink water, water won't quench fire, fire won't burn stick, stick won't beat dog, dog won't bite pig, pig won't get over the stile, and I shan't get home to-night." But the butcher would not.

She went a little further, and she found a rope,

So she said, "Rope! rope! hang butcher. Butcher won't kill ox, ox won't drink water, water won't quench fire, fire won't burn stick, stick won't beat dog, dog won't bite pig, pig won't get over the stile, and I shan't get home to-night." But the rope would not.

She went a little further, and she met a rat. So she said, "Rat! rat! gnaw rope. Rope won't hang butcher, butcher won't kill ox, ox won't drink water, water won't quench fire, fire won't burn stick, stick won't beat dog, dog won't bite pig, pig won't get over the stile, and I shan't get home to-night." But the rat would not.

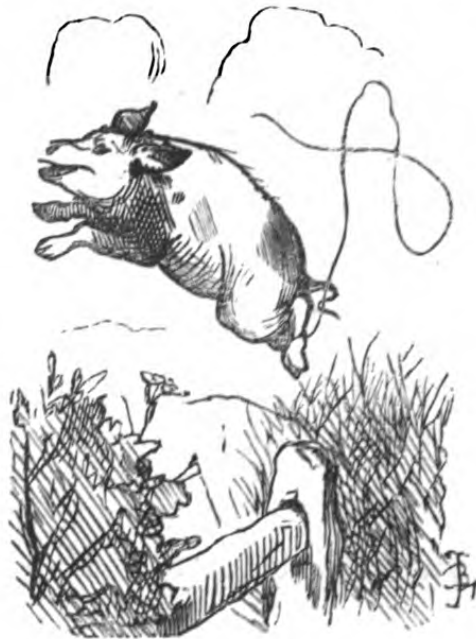
She went a little further, and she met a cat. So she said, "Cat! cat! kill rat. Rat won't gnaw rope, rope won't hang butcher, butcher won't kill ox, ox won't drink water, water won't quench fire, fire won't burn stick, stick won't beat dog, dog won't bite pig, pig won't get over the stile, and I shan't get home to-night." And the cat said to her, "If you will go to yonder cow, and fetch me a saucer of milk, I will kill the rat." So away went the old woman to the cow.

And the cow said to her, "If you will go to

yonder haystack and fetch me a handful of hay, I'll give you the milk." So away went the old woman to the haystack, and she brought the hay to the cow.

As soon as the cow had eaten the hay, she gave the old woman the milk ; and away she went with it in a saucer to the cat.

As soon as the cat had lapped up the milk, the cat began to kill the rat ; the rat began to gnaw the rope ; the rope began to hang the butcher ; the butcher began to kill the ox ; the ox began to drink the water ; the water began to quench the fire ; the fire began to burn the stick ; the stick began to beat the dog ; the dog began to bite the pig ; the little pig in a fright jumped over the stile ; and so the old woman got home that night.





CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

[The players, in this game, each repeat the gifts of one day—that which falls to their turn—and are liable to a forfeit for every mistake.]

The first day of Christmas

My mother sent to me
A partridge in a pear-tree.

The second day of Christmas

My mother sent to me
Two turtle-doves and a partridge in a pear-tree.

The third day of Christmas

My mother sent to me
Three French hens, two turtle-doves, and a partridge in a pear-tree.

The fourth day of Christmas

My mother sent to me
Four canary birds, three French hens, two turtle-doves, and a partridge in a pear-tree.

The fifth day of Christmas

My mother sent to me

Five gold rings, four canary birds, three French hens, two turtle-doves, and a partridge in a pear-tree.

The sixth day of Christmas

My mother sent to me

Six geese a-laying, five gold rings, four canary birds, three French hens, two turtle-doves, and a partridge in a pear-tree.

The seventh day of Christmas

My mother sent to me

Seven swans a-swimming, six geese a-laying, five gold rings, four canary birds, three French hens, two turtle-doves, and a partridge in a pear-tree.

The eighth day of Christmas

My mother sent to me

Eight ladies dancing, seven swans a-swimming, six geese a-laying, five gold rings, four canary birds, three French hens, two turtle-doves, and a partridge in a pear-tree.

The ninth day of Christmas

My mother sent to me

Nine lords a-leaping, eight ladies dancing, seven swans a-swimming, six geese a-laying, five

gold rings, four canary birds, three French hens, two turtle-doves, and a partridge in a pear-tree.

The tenth day of Christmas

My mother sent to me

Ten ships a-sailing, nine lords a-leaping, eight ladies dancing, seven swans a-swimming, six geese a-laying, five gold rings, four canary birds, three French hens, two turtle-doves, and a partridge in a pear-tree.

The eleventh day of Christmas

My mother sent to me

Eleven ladies spinning, ten ships a-sailing, nine lords a-leaping, eight ladies dancing, seven swans a-swimming, six geese a-laying, five gold rings, four canary birds, three French hens, two turtle-doves, and a partridge in a pear-tree.

The twelfth day of Christmas

My mother sent to me

Twelve bells a-ringing, eleven ladies spinning, ten ships a-sailing, nine lords a-leaping, eight ladies dancing, seven swans a-swimming, six geese a-laying, five gold rings, four canary birds,

three French hens, two turtle-doves, and a partridge in a pear-tree.



~~~~~

### MY LITTLE DAME.

I DOUBT, I doubt,  
 My fire is out,  
 My little dame ain't at home.  
 Come bridle my hog,  
 And saddle my dog,  
 And fetch my little dame home.

~~~~~

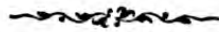
FOR NETTLE STINGS.

IN dock, out nettle,
 Nettle has a-stingèd me.



A DEVOTED HUSBAND.

TOMMY TROT, a man of law,
Sold his bed, and lay on straw ;
Sold the straw, and slept on grass,
To buy his wife a looking-glass.



MUSSELS.

WHEN the pea 's in bloom
The mussel's toom.

GOOD NIGHT AND GOOD MORNING.

BY LORD HOUGHTON.*



FAIR little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see ;
Then smoothed her work, and folded it
right,
And said, "Dear work! good night!
good night!"

Such a number of rooks came over her head,
Crying, "Caw! caw!" on their way to bed ;
She said, as she watched their curious flight,
"Little black things! good night! good night!"

The horses neighed, and the oxen lowed,
The sheep's "Bleat! bleat!" came over the road ;
All seeming to say, with a quiet delight,
"Good little girl! good night! good night!"

She did not say to the sun, "Good night!"
Though she saw him there, like a ball of light ;
For she knew he had God's time to keep
All over the world, and never could sleep.

The tall pink foxglove bowed his head,
The violets curtsied, and went to bed ;
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said, on her knees, her favourite prayer.

* By the author's special permission.

And while on her pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more till again it was day,
And all things said to the beautiful sun :
“Good morning! good morning! our work is begun.”



“GOOD NIGHT !”

THE YULE DAYS.

[For the manner of playing this game, see Note to Christmas Gifts, page 63,]

THE king sent his lady on the first Yule day,
A papingo-aye :*
Who learns my carol and carries it away ?

The king sent his lady on the second Yule day,
Three partridges, a papingo-aye :
Who learns my carol and carries it away ?

The king sent his lady on the third Yule day,
Three plovers, three partridges, a papingo-aye :
Who learns my carol and carries it away ?

The king sent his lady on the fourth Yule day,
A goose that was gray,
Three plovers, three partridges, a papingo-aye :
Who learns my carol and carries it away ?

The king sent his lady on the fifth Yule day,
Three starlings, a goose that was gray,
Three plovers, three partridges, a papingo-aye :
Who learns my carol and carries it away ?

* A peacock.

The king sent his lady on the sixth Yule day,
Three goldspinks, three starlings, a goose that was
gray,

Three plovers, three partridges, a papingo-aye :
Who learns my carol and carries it away ?

The king sent his lady on the seventh Yule day,
A bull that was brown, three goldspinks, three
starlings, a goose that was gray,

Three plovers, three partridges, a papingo-aye :
Who learns my carol and carries it away ?

The king sent his lady on the eighth Yule day,
Three ducks a-merry laying, a bull that was brown,
Three goldspinks, three starlings, a goose that was
gray,

Three plovers, three partridges, a papingo-aye :
Who learns my carol and carries it away ?

The king sent his lady on the ninth Yule day,
Three swans a-merry swimming, three ducks a-
merry laying, a bull that was brown,

Three goldspinks, three starlings, a goose that was
gray,

Three plovers, three partridges, a papingo-aye :
Who learns my carol and carries it away ?

The king sent his lady on the tenth Yule day,
An Arabian baboon, three swans a-merry swimming,
Three ducks a-merry laying, a bull that was brown,
Three goldspinks, three starlings, a goose that was
gray,

Three plovers, three partridges, a papingo-aye :
Who learns my carol and carries it away ?

The king sent his lady on the eleventh Yule day,
Three hinds a-merry hunting, an Arabian baboon,
Three swans a-merry swimming,
Three ducks a-merry laying, a bull that was brown,
Three goldspinks, three starlings, a goose that was
gray,

Three plovers, three partridges, a papingo-aye :
Who learns my carol and carries it away ?

The king sent his lady on the twelfth Yule day,
Three maids a-merry dancing, three hinds a-merry
hunting, an Arabian baboon,
Three swans a-merry swimming,
Three ducks a-merry laying, a bull that was brown,
Three goldspinks, three starlings, a goose that was
gray,

Three plovers, three partridges, a papingo-aye :
Who learns my carol and carries it away ?

The king sent his lady on the thirteenth Yule day,
Three stalks o' merry corn, three maids a-merry
dancing,
Three hinds a-merry hunting, an Arabian baboon,
Three swans a-merry swimming,
Three ducks a-merry laying, a bull that was brown,
Three goldspinks, three starlings, a goose that was
gray,
Three plovers, three partridges, a papingo-aye :
Who learns my carol and carries it away ?





CASTLES IN THE AIR.

BY PERMISSION OF MR. D. ROBERTSON, GLASGOW.

THE bonnie, bonnie bairn, wha sits poking in
the ase,

Glowering in the fire wi' his wee round face ;
Laughing at the fuffing lowe, what sees he there ?
Ah ! the wee dreamer's bigging castles in the air.

His wee chubby face, and his touzie curly pow,
Are laughing and noddin' to the dancing lowe ;
He'll brown his rosy cheeks, and singe his sunny
hair,

Glowering at the imps wi' their castles in the air.

He sees muckle castles towering to the moon !

He sees little sodgers pu'ing them a' doun !

World's whomling up and doun, bleezing wi a flare —
See how he louns, as they glimmer in the air !

For a' sae sage he looks, what can the laddie ken ?
He's thinking upon naething, like mony mighty
men ;

A wee thing mak's us think, a sma' thing mak's us
stare—

There are mair folk than him bigging castles in
the air.

Sic a night in winter may weel mak' him cauld,
His chin upon his buffy hand will soon mak' him
auld ;

His brow is brent sae braid—O pray that daddy
Care

Would let the bairn alane wi' his castles in the air !

He'll glower at the fire! and he'll keek at the light !
But mony sparkling stars are swallowed up by
Night ;

Aulder een than his are glamoured by a glare,
Hearts are broken, heads are turned, wi' castles in
the air.



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