

MOTHER GOOSE JINGLES.



LOTAROP PUBLISHING COMPANY
BOSTON



BOSTON
PUBLIC
LIBRARY



536
52

HOWARD HOMADIED —



MOTHER HUBBARD AND HER DOG.

MOTHER GOOSE JINGLES

JOLLY RHYMES AND JINGLES

FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS



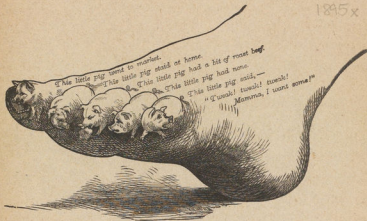
BOSTON
LOTHROP PUBLISHING COMPANY

COPYRIGHT, 1895,
BY
LOTHROP PUBLISHING COMPANY.

—
All rights reserved.

JINGLES.

Jordan
P28
.3
M85
1895x



This is a mother's game for baby's five toes, or five fingers, and there are several versions of it. Besides the one in the picture, it often reads:

THIS little pig had a bit of bread and butter.
This little pig had none,
These little pigs say, wee, wee, wee,
I can't find my way home.

Another form:

This pig went to the barn,
This pig ate all the corn,
This said he would tell,
This said he wasn't well,
This went week, week, week, over the door-sill.

And still another:

Let's 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.

And yet another:

This little pig says he wants some corn;
This little pig says he don't know where to get ~~so~~ it;
This little pig says go to grandpa's barn;
This little pig says he can't jump over the sill;
This little pig comes trotting on behind
Crying, "Wee! wee! wee!"

JINGLES.

Here is another game the little ones like—a merry trot on the knee. The first movement is gentle and swaying, and the second abrupt and energetic.

SO ride the gentle folks,
So ride away.
So ride the country folks,
Hoppity-jig, hoppity-jig!

The second version is more varied and elaborate in both song and movement.

This is the way the ladies ride ;
Tri, tre, tre, tree,
Tri, tre, tre, tree !
This is the way the ladies ride,
Tri, tre, tre, tre, tri-tre-tre-tree !



This is the way the gentlemen ride ;
Gallop-a-trot,
Gallop-a-trot !

This is the way the gentlemen ride,
Gallop-a-gallop-a-trot !

This is the way the farmers ride ;
Hobbledy-hoy,
Hobbledy-hoy !

This is the way the farmers ride,
Hobbledy-hobbledy-hoy !

Another reads thus :

Trot, trot to Boston
To buy a loaf of bread !
Trot, trot home again,
And old Trot's dead !



Another with still more variety of motion :

Here goes my lord,
A trot, a trot, a trot, a trot !
Here goes my lady,
A canter, a canter, a canter, a canter !
Here goes my young master,
Jockey-twitch, jockey-twitch, jockey-twitch
jockey-twitch !

Here goes my young miss,
An amble, an amble, an amble an amble !
The footman lags behind to tippie ale and
wine,
And goes gallop-a-gallop-a-gallop to make
up his time !

And another :



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

JINGLES.

The saying of these rhymes rapidly, in concert, or singly, without any mispronunciation, is a favorite diversion among children:

ROBERT Rowley rolled a round roll round,
A round roll Robert Rowley rolled round;
Where rolled the round roll that Robert Rowley
rolled round?



PETER Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers,
A peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked;
If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers,
Where is the peck of pickled peppers that Peter
Piper picked?

ASWAN swam over the sea,
Swim, swan, swim;
Swan swam back again,
Well swam, swan.

MY grandmother sent me a new-fashioned
Three-cornered cambric country-cut hand-
kerchief —
Not an old-fashioned three-cornered cambric
Country-cut handkerchief, but a new-fashioned
Three-cornered cambric country-cut handkerchief.

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

He'll sit in the barn,
And to keep himself warm,
Will hide his head under his wing,
Poor thing!

IHAVE been to market, my lady, my lady;
Then you've not been to the fair, says pussy,
Says pussy.

I bought me a rabbit, my lady, my lady;
Then you did not buy a hare, says pussy,
Says pussy.

I roasted it, my lady, my lady;
Then you did not boil it, says pussy,
Says pussy.

I ate it, my lady, my lady;
And I'll eat you, says pussy,
Says pussy!

POLLY put the kettle on,
Polly put the kettle on,
Polly put the kettle on
And we'll all take tea.

Sukey take it off again,
Sukey take it off again,
Sukey take it off again,
They're all gone away.



LITTLE boy blue, come blow your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's
in the corn ;
Where's the little boy that looks after the sheep ?
He's under the hay-stack fast asleep ;
Will you wake him ? No, not I.

THREE little kittens lost their mittens ;
And they began to cry,
Oh ! mother dear, we very much fear
That we have lost our mittens,
Lost your mittens ! you naughty kittens !
Then you shall have no pie.
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.
No, you shall have no pie.
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.

THERE was a man of our town,
And he was wondrous wise :
He jumped 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.

THE two gray kits,
And the gray kits' mother,
All went over
The bridge together.
The bridge broke down,
They all fell in,
" May the rats go with you,"
Says Tom Bowlin.

IHAD 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 rode him through the mire ;
I would not lend my pony now,
For all the lady's hire.



RIDE a cock horse to Banbury Cross,
To see a young woman jump on a white
horse ;
With rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
She shall have music wherever she goes.

JINGLES.

The King Arthur, whose deeds are recounted in this fragment, was none other than Britain's hero.—Tennyson's "blameless prince;" and the Queen who tried the pudding was the beautiful Guinevere. The fowers of chivalry and romance that have blossomed so plentifully about their names have not been more endearing than this little grotesque innosence:

WHEN good King Arthur ruled the land,
He was a goodly king;
He stole three pecks of barley-meal
To make a bag-pudding.



A bag-pudding the king did make
And stuffed it well with plums;
And in it put great lumps of fat,
As big as my two thumbs.

The king and queen did eat thereof,
And noblemen beside;
And what they did not eat that night
The queen next morning fried.

LITTLE fishy in the brook,
Papa caught him with a hook,
Mamma fried him in the pan,
And Baby ate him like a man!

Among the little games with face and hands for the amusement of babies, those given below are the most popular:

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 T,
And put it in the oven for Tommy and me.

These lines are used in a play with the toes. There are many variations of the song in English, and it is also found in Danish.

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

Another version:

SHOE the old horse,
Shoe the old mare,
But let the little coltie go bare.

These lines accompany a rapid crowing and uncrowing of baby's feet which are held by the ankles:

THIS is the way the old farmer rides to mill,
Lig-a-log,
Lig-a-log,
Lig-a-log.

A play with baby's face:

BROW brinky,
Eye winky,
Chin choppy,
Nose nobby,
Cheek cherry,
Mouth merry.

(Each feature being touched as the line is repeated.)

KNOCK at the door (*tepping the forehead*)
Peep in, (*lifting the eyelid*)
Lift up the latch, (*pulling the nose*)
And walk in. (*opening the mouth and putting
in the finger.*)

And another:

HERE sits the Lord Mayor, (*forehead*)
Here sit his two men, (*eyes*)
Here sits the cock, (*right hack*)
Here sits the hen, (*left cheek*)
Here sits the little chickens, (*tip of the nose*)
Here they run in, (*mouth*)
Chin chopper, chin chopper,
Chin chopper-chin! (*chuck the chin.*)

Old rhyme by which counting is taught:

ONE, two, three, four, five, (*claspng baby's hand*)
I caught a hare alive;
Six, seven, eight, nine, ten,
I let him go again. (*Letting it go.*)



BAH, bah, black sheep, have you any wool?
Yes, Mary, have I, three bags full;
One for my master, and one for my dame,
But none for the little boy crying down the lane.

These rhymes are used in "counting out"—an important feature in many childish games, as it determines which one is to assume a certain part, to "blind" or to hold the starting point. The children stand in a row, and the operator begins with the rhyme, giving a word to each as he counts, the one who receives the last one being "out." The process is repeated until there is but one left, and he is recognized as the chosen one.

HICKERY, dickery, 6 and 7,
Hollowbone, crackabone, 10 and 11,
Spin, span, Muskidan,
Twiddle 'um, twaddle 'um, 21.

ONE-ERY, two-ery, ziecary zan;
Hollowbone, crackabone, nine-ery ten.
Spittery-spot, it must be done;
Twiddle-run, twaddle-run, twenty-one.

EERY, iry, hickary hum,
Filion, follison, Nicholson, John,
Quever, quaver, English maver,
Stringalum, strangleum, buck!

INTERY, mintery, cutery-corn,
Apple seed and apple thorn;
Wire, brier, limber-lock,
Five geese in a flock,
Sit and sing by a spring,
O-o-t and in again.

School children use these rhymes when starting to run a race:

ONE to make ready,
Two to prepare,
Good luck to the rider,
And away goes the mare.

And also this:

ONE to make ready,
Two to show,
Three to start,
And four to go.

JINGLES.



HHEY! diddle, diddle,
The cat and the fiddle!
The cow jumped over the moon,
The little dog laughed
To see the sport,
And the dish ran after the spoon.

DOCTOR Faustus was a good man,
He whipt his scholars now and then;
When he whipped them he made them dance
Out of Scotland into France,
Out of France into Spain,
And then he whipt them back again.

A rhyme often said on going to bed:

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

An old rhyme, still in common use among school-children, being cited after one who has been detected in telling tales:

TELL tale tit!
Your tongue shall be slit,
And all the dogs in the town
Shall have a bit.

Another old-time rhyme with school-children:

MULTIPLICATION is vexation,
Division is as bad;
The Rule of Three doth puzzle me,
And Practice makes me mad.

BIRDS of a feather flock together,
And so will pigs and swine;
Rats and mice will have their choice,
And so will I have mine.

AT the battle of the Nile
I was there all the while,
I was there all the while,
At the battle of the Nile.

ROMPTY-iddity, row, row, row,
If I had a good supper I could eat it
now.

WHEN I was a bachelor
I lived by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I got
I put upon a shelf.

The rats and the mice
They made such a strife,
I was forced to go to London
To get me a wife.



The fields were so broad
And the lanes were so narrow,
I had to take my wife home
On a wheelbarrow.

The wheelbarrow broke,
My wife got a fall,
And down came wheelbarrow,
Wife and all.

DOGS in the garden, catch 'em, Towser;
Cows in the cornfield, run, boys, run;
Cats in the cream-pot, run, girls, run;
Fire on the mountain, run, boys, run.

HICKUP, swicup,
Rise up, right up!
Three drops in the cup
Are good for the hiccups.

BURNIE bee, burnie bee,
Pray when will your wedding be?
If it be to-morrow day,
Take your wings and fly away.

The cock. **L**OCK the dairy door,
Lock the dairy door!
The hen. Chickle, chackle, chee,
I haven't got the key!

A favorite ditty with Eric children is naming the color of each *subject's* eyes:

BLUE eye beauty,
Grey eye greedy,
Black eye blackie,
Brown eye brownie.



GOOSEY, goosey, gander,
Where shall I wander?
Up-stairs, down-stairs,
And in my lady's chamber.
There I met an old man
Who wouldn't say his prayers,
I took him by the left leg
And threw him down-stairs.

JINGLES.

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 ?

THIS is the house that Jack built.

This is the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the priest, all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog,
That worried the cat,
That killed the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the cock that crowed in the morn,
 That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
 That married the man all tattered and torn,
 That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
 That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
 That tossed the dog,
 That worried the cat,
 That killed the rat,
 That ate the malt,
 That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the farmer who sowed the corn,
 That fed the cock that crowed in the morn,
 That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
 That married the man all tattered and torn,
 That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
 That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
 That tossed the dog,
 That worried the cat,
 That killed the rat,
 That ate the malt,
 That lay in the house that Jack built.



THERE was an old woman tossed up in a
 blanket
 Nineteen times high as the moon ;
 Yet whither she went I could not tell
 For in her hand she carried a broom ;
 Old woman, old woman, old woman, said I,
 Oh whither, oh whither, oh whither so high ?
 To sweep the cobwebs out of the sky,
 And I'll be back again by-and-by.

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



BESSY kept the garden gate,
 And Mary kept the pantry ;
 Bessy always had to wait,
 While Mary lived in plenty.

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 those children been at home,
 Or sliding on dry ground,
 Ten thousand pounds to one penny
 They had not all been drowned.

Now parents, all that children have,
 And you that have got none,
 If you would have them safe abroad,
 Pray keep them safe at home.

JINGLES.

LITTLE king Boggen, he built a fine hall,
Pie-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.

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

PRETTY John Waits,
We are troubled with rats,
Will you drive them out of the house?
We have mice too in plenty,
That feast in the pantry —
But let them stay and nibble away,
What harm in a little brown mouse?

RIGADOON, rigadoon, now let him fly,
Sit upon mother's foot, jump him up high!

AFARMER went trotting upon his gray mare,
Bumpety bumpety bump,
With his daughter behind him so rosy and fair,
Lumpety lumpety lump.

A raven cried croak, and they all tumbled down,
Bumpety bumpety bump;
The mare broke her knees and the farmer his crown,
Lumpety lumpety lump.

The mischievous raven flew laughing away,
Bumpety bumpety bump,
And vowed he would serve them the same next day,
Lumpety lumpety lump.

Perhaps of all lullabies this is the most universal:



ROCK-a-bye, baby, on the tree-top,
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock.
When the bough bends, the cradle will fall,
And down will come baby, bough, cradle and all.

This is almost as well known :

BYE, baby bunting,
Daddy's gone a-hunting,
Mother's gone to buy a skin
To wrap the baby bunting in.

In another version the last two lines read :

All to buy a rabbit skin,
To wrap up baby bunting in.



*A nursery lullaby in the north of England fifty years ago, and perhaps still current. The last word is pronounced *dee*.*

HUSH-a-bye, lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sore to see thee weep,
For when thou weep'st thou wearies me,
Hush-a-bye, lie still and bye.



ROCK-a-bye, baby, thy cradle is green,
Father's a nobleman, mother's a queen,
Betty's a lady and wears a gold ring,
And Johnny's a drummer and drums for the king.

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

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

PUSSY sits behind the log,
How can she be fair?
Then comes in the little dog,
Pussy, are you there?
So, so, dear Mistress Pussy,
Pray tell me how do you do;
I thank you, little dog,
I'm very well just now:
How are you?

PETER, Peter, pumpkin-eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her;
He put her in a pumpkin-shell,
And then he kept her very well.
Peter, Peter, pumpkin-eater,
Had another and didn't love her:
Peter learned to read and spell,
And then he loved her very well.

JINGLES.

It will be pleasant for those of a merry nature to know that a jolly reputation can survive so many years as has that of Old King Cole, for he lived in the third century after Christ. He was as popular a man in his own day as here verses have been about him since, and when he ascended the throne it was amid the acclamations and rejoicings of his people. There is evidence besides the shires, that they were a musical family, for tradition says that his daughter was well-skilled in music, and the seventeenth century version of his song, from which ours is modernized, says that :

THERE was fiddle fiddle,
And twice fiddle fiddle,
For 'twas my lady's birthday,
Therefore we keep holiday.



Old King Cole
Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he ;
He called for his pipe,
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.
Every fiddler, he had a fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he ;
Twice, tweedle dee, tweedle dee, went the
fiddlers.
Oh there's none so rare
As can compare
With King Cole and his fiddlers three !

An exercise calculated to promote suppleness of tongue — great fun when repeated in concert :

WHEN a twister a-twisting, will twist him a
twist,
For the twisting his twist, he three times doth intwist ;
But if one of the twines of the twist do untwist
The twine that untwinneth, untwisteth the twist.

Untwirling the twine that untwisteth between,
He twists, with the twister, the two in a twine ;
Then twice having twisted the twines of the twine,
He twisteth the twine he had twined in twain.

The twain that in twining, before in the twine,
As twines were intwisted, he now doth untwine ;
Twist the twain intertwisting a twine more
He, twirling his twister, makes a twist of the twine.

Also for repeating in concert :

THIS is the Key of the kingdom.
In that kingdom there is a city ;
In that city there is a town ;
In that town there is a street ;
In that street there is a lane ;
In that lane there is a yard ;
In that yard there is a house ;
In that house there is a room ;
In that room there is a bed ;
On that bed there is a basket ;
In that basket there are some flowers ;
Flowers in the basket, basket in the bed,
Bed in the room. Etc., etc., (backward.)



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 whipt them all soundly and put them to bed.

SIMPLE Simon met a pieman
 Going to the fair ;
 Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
 " Let me taste your ware."

Says the pieman to Simple Simon,
 " Show me first your penny ;"
 Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
 " Indeed I have not any."

Simple Simon went a fishing
 For to catch a whale ;
 All the water he had got
 Was in his mother's pail.

Simple Simon went to look
 If plums grew on a thistle ;
 He pricked his fingers very much,
 Which made poor Simon whistle.

IHAD four brothers over the sea ;
 They each sent a Christmas present to me.
 The first sent a cherry without any stone ;
 The second sent a bird without any bone ;
 The third sent a blanket without any thread ;
 The fourth sent a book no man could read.
 How could there be a cherry without any stone ?
 How could there be a bird without any bone ?
 How could there be a blanket without any thread ?
 How could there be a book no man could read ?
 When the cherry's in the blossom it has no stone ;
 When the bird is in the egg it has no bone ;
 When the blanket's in the fleece it has no thread ;
 When the book is in the press no man can read.



DOCTOR Foster went to Gloucester,
 In a shower of rain ;
 He stepped in a puddle up to his middle,
 And never went there again.

TWO little dogs were basking in the cinders ;
 Two little cats were playing in the windows ;
 When two little mice popped out of a hole,
 And up to a fine piece of cheese they stole,
 The two little dogs cried, " Cheese is nice !"
 But the two little cats jumped down in a trice,
 And cracked the bones of the two little mice.

JINGLES.



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

Do, do, what shall I do?
The cat has bitten it quite in two.

WHAT are little boys made of, made of,
What are little boys made of?
Snaps and snails and puppy-dogs' tails,
That's what little boys are made of, made of.
What are little girls made of, made of,
What are little girls made of?
Sugar and spice, and all that's nice,
And that's what little girls are made of, made of.

LITTLE Dicky Dilver
Had a wife of silver;
He took a stick and broke her back,
And threw her in the river.
Fine stockings, fine shoes,
Double ruffle round her neck,
And not a dress to wear.

A row of playfellow is frequently counted by the use of the following words, the one upon whom "out" falls having to serve as "catcher" or "socket," in games of speed or hiding.

KEETUM, pectum, peeny pie,
Popolorum, gingum gie,
East, West, North, South,
Kirby, Kendal, cock him out!

I SAW a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea;
And, oh, it was all ladened
With pretty things for thee!

There were comfits in the cabin,
And apples in the hold;
The sails were made of silk,
And the masts were made of gold;



And four and twenty sailors,
That stood between the decks,
Were four and twenty white mice
With chains about their necks;

The captain was a duck
With a jacket on his back,
And when the ship began to move,
The captain said, "quack! quack!"

I HAD a little hen,
 The prettiest ever seen,
 She washed me the dishes,
 And kept the house clean.
 She went to the mill,
 To fetch me some flour,
 And always got it home
 In less than an hour.
 She baked me my bread,
 She brewed me my ale,
 She sat by the fire,
 And told many a fine tale.

HERE'S A, B, C, D,
 E, F, and G,
 H, I, J, K,
 L, M, N, O, P,
 Q, R, S, T,
 U, V, W,
 X, Y, and Z.
 And oh, dear me,
 When shall I learn
 My A, B, C?



CRoss patch,
 Draw the latch,
 Sit by the fire and spin;
 Take a cup
 And drink it up,
 Then call your neighbors in.

The original of the "Three Blind Mice," set to music, was published in London in 1769.

THREE blind mice, see how they run!
 They all ran after the farmer's wife,
 Who cut off their tails with the carving-knife,
 Did you ever see such fools in your life?



AS I was going along, long, long,
 A singing a comical song, song, song,
 The lane that I went was so long, long, long,
 And the song that I sung was so long, long, long,
 And so I went singin' along.

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

LITTLE Robin Redbreast
 Sat upon a rail:
 Niddle noddle went his head,
 And waggle went his tail.

JINGLES.

WEE Willie Winkie
Runs through the town,
Up-stairs and down-stairs
In his night-gown,



Tapping at the window,
Crying at the lock,
"Are the babes all in bed?
It's now ten o'clock."

ONE misty, moisty morning,
When cloudy was the weather,
I chanced to meet an old man clothed all in leather;
He began to compliment, and I began to grin,
How do you do, and how do you do?
And how do you do again?

Among ancient games for children, the following are still popular, and in use in all parts of the country:

HIP-I-TY-HOP to the barber shop,
To buy a stick of candy;
One for me, and one for you,
And one for sister Miranda.

One child, called the "Old Buzzard," sits upon the floor, or in a room, upon the grass, and the rest joining hands, move in a circle round her, singing verses:

HIP-ANY, pip-any, cran-y-crow,
I went down to the well to wash my toe,
The cat's asleep, the crow's awake,
'Tis time to give my chickens some meat,
What o'clock is it, old Buzzard?

OLD BUZZARD.

ONE, going on two.

CHILDREN.

Hip-any pip-any cran-y-crow,

ETC. ETC.

OLD BUZZARD.

TWO, going on three.

And so on until she reaches "eleven, going on twelve," the children passing each time in their circling as they ask the question, "What o'clock is it, Old Buzzard?" Then the following dialogue takes place:

- C. Where have you been?
O. B. To pick up sticks.
C. What for?
O. B. To light my fire.
C. What for?
O. B. To boil my kettle.
C. What for?
O. B. To cook some of your chickens.

At this the children run away as fast as they can, and Old Buzzard tries to catch one of them. The one caught is the next to persecute old Buzzard.

This game is played as follows: A string of boys and girls, each holding by the preceding one's skirt or coat, approach two others who hold up their joined hands forming a double arch. At the dropping of the rhymes they pass under the arch, each anxious to get so that point before the last words are sung, for then down come the hands and the most immediate one is caught, and must take the place of one of the arch-bearers:

HOW many miles to Barnegat?
Three score miles and ten.
Can I get there by candle-light?
Yes, if your legs are limber light
You can get there by candle-light,
If the bears don't catch you!

Another similar game has the following rhyme:

DRAW a pail of water
For the farmer's daughter;
My father is king, my mother is queen,
My two little sisters are dressed in green;
One we rush, two we rush,
Pray thee, my lady, come under my bush!

These lines are repeated in a game where one child holds a wand up to the faces of all the others in succession, making very guesses himself, meanwhile, for the purpose of making them laugh. The one who laughs first must pass a forfeit.

BUFF says Buff to all his men,
And I say Buff to you again;
Buff neither laughs nor smiles,
But carries his face
With a very good grace,
And passes the stick to the very next place.

A household game for little girls is this, sung to the tune of the "Berry Bush." They stand in a row or circle, and as they sing go through the various motions of the work.

THIS is the way we wash our clothes,
Wash our clothes, wash our clothes,
This is the way we wash our clothes,
So early in the morning,
This is the way we dry our clothes,
ETC. ETC.
This is the way we starch our clothes,
ETC. ETC.

This is the way we sprinkle our clothes,
ETC. ETC.

This is the way we iron our clothes,
ETC. ETC.

Another very old play similar to the last, is called "Washing the Lady's Dishes." Two girls clap both of each other's hands, swing their arms, and finally turn back to back, swiftly winding in and out under each other's arms, their hands still remaining clasped. They repeat in singing concert:

WASH, wash the lady's dishes,
Hang 'em out upon the bushes,
When the bushes begin to crack
Hang 'em on the beggar's back,
When the beggar begins to run
Shoot him with a leather gun!

Rhyme often used is "cutting lots" to choose "catcher" or "anchor." The children join hands and circle slowly to the words, each dropping to the ground with the last line as quick as possible:

GREEN grow the rushes, O,
Green grow the rushes O,
Green grow the rushes O —
(Rapidly.) One that squats last shall be blindfolded!



BETTY Pringle had a little pig,
Not very little and not very big;
When alive he lived in clover,
But now he's dead he's dead all over.
So Billy Pringle he lay down and cried,
And Betty Pringle she lay down and died;
So there was an end of one, two and three,
Billy Pringle he,
Betty Pringle she,
And Piggy Wiggoe.

JINGLES.

THERE was a piper who had a cow,
But he had no hay to give her;
So he took his pipes and played a tune,
Consider, old cow, consider!

The cow considered very well,
For she gave the piper a penny
That he might play the tune again
Of "Corn rigs are bonnie."

SOME mice sat in a barn to spin,
Pussy came by and popped her head in,
"Shall I come in and cut your threads off?"
"Oh, no, kind sir, you'll snap our heads off."



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



JACK Sprat could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean,
And so, betwixt them both, you see,
They licked the platter clean.

WHO killed Cock Robin?
"I," said the Sparrow,
"With my bow and arrow,
I killed Cock Robin."

Who saw him die?
"I," said the Fly,
"With my little eye,
And I saw him die."

Who caught his blood?
"I," said the Fish,
"With my little dish,
And I caught his blood."

Who made his shroud?
"I," said the Beetle,
"With my little needle,
And I made his shroud."

Who shall dig his grave ?

" I," said the Owl,
" With my spade and shovel,
And I'll dig his grave."

Who'll be the parson ?

" I," said the Rook,
" With my little book,
And I'll be the parson,"

Who'll be the clerk ?

" I," said the Lark,
" If it's not in the dark,
And I'll be the clerk."

Who'll carry him to the grave ?

" I," said the Kite,
" If 'tis not in the night,
And I'll carry him to his grave."

Who'll carry the link ?

" I," said the Linnet,
" I'll fetch it in a minute,
And I'll carry the link."

Who'll be the chief mourner ?

" I," said the Dove,
" I mourn for my love,
And I'll be chief mourner."

Who'll bear the pall ?

" We," said the Wren,
Both the cock and the hen,
" And we'll bear the pall."

Who'll sing a psalm ?

" I," said the Thrush,
As she sat in a bush,
" And 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 to sighing and sobbing,
When they heard the bell toll
For poor Cock Robin.

IF all the seas were one sea,
What a great sea that would be !
And if all the trees were one tree,
What a great tree that would be !
And if all the axes were one axe,
What a great axe that would be !
And if all the men were one man,
What a great man he would be !
And if the great man took the great axe
And cut down the great tree
And let it fall into the great sea,
What a splash-splash that would be !

TOM Brown's two little Indian boys,
One ran away,
The other wouldn't stay —
Tom Brown's two little Indian boys.

This brief biography of Jack Horner seems to be all-sufficient to children and yet the redoubtable boy did other things as worthy of commemoration as "pulling out a plug." That achievement was only one of his "Witty Tricks and pleasant Pranks played from his youth to his riper years," that are set down in a history, of which this is but a fragment. The rhyme is founded upon an old tale of "Jack and his step-dame."

LITTLE Jack Horner sat in a corner
Eating a Christmas pie ;
He stuck in his thumb and pulled out a plug
And said "What a brave boy am I !"



JINGLES.

SOLOMON Grundy,
 Born on Monday,
 Christened on Tuesday,
 Married on Wednesday,
 Took ill on Thursday,
 Worse on Friday,
 Died on Saturday ;
 This is the end
 Of Solomon Grundy.

THERE was an old woman lived under the bill,
 And if she's not gone she lives there still ;
 Baked apples she sold, and cranberry pies,
 And she's the old woman that never told lies.

BLOW, wind blow ! and go, mill go,
 That the miller may grind his corn,
 That the baker may take it,
 And into rolls make it,
 And send us some hot in the morn.
 So blow, wind, blow, and go, mill go !

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,
 Yet this grumbling old woman could never be quiet.

HIGGLEDY, Piggledy,
 My black hen,
 She lays eggs
 For gentlemen ;



Sometimes nine,
 And sometimes ten,
 Higgledy, piggledy,
 My black hen !

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

TH ERE was a jolly miller
 Lived on the River Dee,
 Said he, I care for nobody,
 If nobody cares for me.

The following collection contains riddles which have always been favorites with small children for generations:

(Singles.)

HICK-a-more, hack-a-more,
On the king's kitchen door ;
All the king's horses,
And all the king's men,
Could not drive hack-a-more, hack-a-more,
Off the king's kitchen door !

(Clown.)

AS I was going o'er London Bridge,
I met a cart full of fingers and thumbs !

(A storm of wind.)

ARTHUR O'Bower has broken his band,
And he comes roaring up the land ;
The King of Scots, with all his power,
Could not turn Arthur O'Bower.

'A well.

AS round as an apple, as deep as a cup,
And all the king's horses can't pull it up.

One — the speaker himself.

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 ?

A pair of songs.)

LONG legs, crooked thighs,
Little head and no eyes.

(Tooth and guess.)

THIRTY white horses upon a red hill,
Now they tramp, now they champ, now they
stand still.

(Wells.)

BLACK we are, but much admired,
Men seek for us till they are tired ;
We tire the horse, but comfort man ;
Tell me this riddle if you can.

(An egg.)

HUMPTY-dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty-dumpty had a great fall,
Three-score men, and three-score more,
Cannot make humpty-dumpty as he was
before.

(A plumb pudding.)

FLOUR of England, fruit of Spain,
Met together in a shower of rain,
Put in a bag tied round with a string ;
If you'll tell me this riddle, I'll give you a ring

(A star.)

IHAVE a little sister, they call her peep, peep ;
She wades in the water, deep, deep, deep ;
She climbs the mountains, high, high, high ;
Poor little creature, she has but one eye !

(A candle.)

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



DING, dong, bell,
Pussy's in the well !
Who put her in ?
Little Johnny Green,
Who pulled her out ?
Big Johnny Stout.

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

JINGLES.

There is a small beetle, generally red or yellow, with black, red, yellow or white spots, which children call a lady-bug, or a lady cow, and they say over this rhyme to it, believing that when it flies they can find where it lives. The rhyme is of considerable antiquity, and is common in Yorkshire, England :

LADY bug, lady bug, fly away home,
Your house is on fire, your children all gone,
All but one, and her name is Ann,
And she crept under the pudding pan.

NIMBLE Dick
He was so quick
He tumbled over the timber ;
He bent his bow,
To shoot the crow,
And shot the cat in the window.

Daddy-long-legs, the popular name of the insect of the genus *Tiphia*, has a characteristic habit of lifting one of his long slender legs, as a sort of leader, and it is well he has this habit, for when little boys catch him, and question him, if he does not indicate some direction with his feet, they are apt to carry out their threat and denigrate him :

GRAND-claddy-Long-Legs, tell me
Where my cows are, or I'll kill you!

JACK be nimble, Jack be quick,
Jack jump over the candle-stick.

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.

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

Among weather-rhymes the following are favorites among children

RAINBOW in the morning —
Shepherds take warning !
Rainbow at night —
Shepherds' delight.



RAIN, rain, go away,
Come again another day,
Little Johnny wants to play.

ASUNSHINY shower
Won't last half an hour.

AS the days grow longer,
The storms grow stronger.
As the day lengthens
The cold strengthens.

The sportsman's barometer:

WHEN the wind is in the east,
'Tis neither good for man nor beast ;
When the wind is in the north,
Skillful fishers go not forth ;
When the wind is in the south,
It blows the bait in the fishes' mouth ;
When the wind is in the west,
Then 'tis at the very best.

St. Swithin's day is the 27th of July, and it is an old belief that if it rains on that day it will continue to rain for forty days. This is founded on a tradition that St. Swithin, who was the bishop of Winchester, gave directions on his death-bed that he should be buried on the north side of the altar, under the droppings from the eaves; and when the monks, in violation of his wishes, attempted to place his remains under the channel, he testified his displeasure by causing a rain of forty days' continuance:

ST Swithin's day, if thou dost rain,
For forty days it will remain ;
St. Swithin's day if thou be fair
For forty days 'twill rain na mair.

Old rhyme still in use concerning dreams :

FRIDAY night's dream
On the Saturday told,
Is sure to come true
Be it never so old.

Another form runs thus :

SATURDAY night's dream,
Sunday morning told.
Is sure to come to pass
Before you're a week old.



PUSSY-cat, pussy-cat, where have you been?
I've been to London to look at the queen.
Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, what did you there?
I frightened a little mouse under her chair.

This episode of pie-life, used to teach little children the alphabet, is more than two centuries old, as a preacher in 1691, refers to it as a work of his at that time, by way of illustration:

A WAS an apple pie ;
B bit it ;
C cut it ;
D dealt it ;
E eat it ;
F fought for it ;
G got it ;
H had it ;
J joined it ;
K kept it ;
L longed for it ;
M mourned for it ;
N nodded at it ;
O opened it ;
P peeped in it ;
Q quartered it ;
R ran for it ;
S stole it ;
T took it ;
V viewed it ;
W wanted it ;
X, Y, Z, and *perse-and*,
All wished for a piece in hand.

JINGLES.



ONCE in my life, I married a wife,
 And where do you think I found her?
 On Gretna Green in a velvet sheen,
 And I took up a stick to pound her.
 She jumped over a barberry bush,
 And I jumped over a timber;
 I showed her a gay gold ring,
 And she showed me her finger.

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

PUNCH and Judy fought for a pie;
 Punch gave Judy a blow in the eye.

These familiar lines which all nearly every man, woman and child is remembering the number of days in each month, occur, with but slight change, in an old play, called "The Revenger from Florence," London, 1601.

THIRTY days hath September,
 April, June and November;
 All the rest have thirty-one,
 Save February which alone
 Hath twenty-eight, and one day more
 We add to it each year in four.

THERE was a crooked man, and he went a
 crooked mile;
 He found a crooked sixpence against a crooked
 stile;
 He bought a crooked cat, which caught a crooked
 mouse,
 And they all lived together in a little crooked
 house.

Taffy is a nickname for a Welshman, or Welshman collectively, just as Sawney, a diminutive of Alexander, is Scotch. It is a mispronunciation of Davy, or Davey, a diminutive of David. The feast of St. David, the patron saint of Wales, is on the 1st of March; hence this is a riddle for that date.

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 was not at home;
 Taffy came to my house and stole a marrow-bone.

I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was not in;
 Taffy came to my house and stole a silver pin—
 I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was in bed,
 I took up a poker and flung it at his head.

JINGLES.

The game of the "Three Knights of Spain" is played by the children forming themselves into two parties—one representing a wealthy dame and her daughter, and the other the suitors of the daughter. The suitors move forward, with arms extended as they sing, and recede again, as the mother, who is stationary, sings in answer.

SUITORS.

WE are three brethren out of Spain,
Come to court your daughter Jane.



MOTHER.

My daughter Jane she is too young,
And has not learned her mother-tongue.

SUITORS.

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

MOTHER.

Turn back, turn back, thou scornful knight,
And rub thy spurs 'till they be bright.

SUITORS.

Of my spurs take you no thought,
For in this town they were not bought,
So fare you well my lady gay,
We'll call again another day. (*Departs.*)

MOTHER.

Turn back, turn back, thou scornful knight,
And take the fairest in your sight.

SUITOR. (*Returns.*)

The fairest maid that I can see
Is pretty Nancy—come to me.

(*Suitors depart, then return, bringing the daughter back.*)

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

Rhymes to teach little ones to count:

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 a-kissing;
Seventeen, eighteen,
Maids a-waiting;
Nineteen, twenty,
My stomach's empty.

Visiting dialogue for two little girls

HOW do you do, neighbor?
Neighbor, how do you do?
Pretty well,
And how does cousin Sue do?
She's pretty well,
And sends her duty to you;
So does bonny Nell.
Good luck, how does she do?

JINGLES.

A rhyme evidently the invention of some mother quite worn out with the importunities of her children for stories:

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.

FOR every evil under the sun
There is a remedy or there is none:
If there be one, try and find it;
If there be none, never mind it.

This proverb, is from Benjamin Franklin's "Poor Richard's Almanac."

HE that would thrive
Must rise at five;
He that hath thriven
May lie till seven;
And he that by the plough would thrive
Himself must either hold or drive.

GO to bed first, a golden purse;
Go to bed second, a golden pheasant;
Go to bed third, a golden bird!

Hallowell, an authority, says that the first three verses of this tale comprise all of the original, and that the rest are a modern addition. The evidence of the antiquity of the story lies in itself. The rhyming of *beginning to raffle* in the third stanza establishes it, for this word was formerly pronounced *raft* /*raef*, and was so spelt. In Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act II, scene iii: "And then the whole quire hold their lips and say,"

OLD Mother Hubbard
Went to her cupboard,
To get 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,
But when she came back
The poor dog was dead.

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

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

She went to the fish-monger's
To buy him some fish,
And when she came back
He was licking the dish.

She went to the ale-house
To get him some beer,
But when she came back
The dog sat in a chair.



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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

The dame made a curtsey,
The dog made a bow,
The dame said, your servant,
The dog said, bow, wow.

