Little Songs of Long Ago

Illustrated by
H. Willebeek Le Mair
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IN COLOUR BY
H. WILLEBEKK LE MAIR

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Songs of Long Ago

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The original tunes harmonised

by

Alfred Moffat

Illustrated by

H. Wissebeek Le Mair

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*Uniform with this volume*

*Our Old Nursery Rhymes*

*80 Illustrations by the same Artist*
DAME GET UP AND BAKE YOUR PIES.

1. Dame, get up and bake your pies, Bake your pies, bake your pies:

Dame, get up and bake your pies On Christmas Day in the morning

2. Dame, what makes your maidens lie?
Maidens lie, maidens lie;
Dame, what makes your maidens lie
On Christmas Day in the morning?

3. Dame, what makes your ducks to die? etc

4. "Their wings are cut, they cannot fly; etc

-5-
DANCE A BABY Diddy.

Dance a Baby Diddy,

What can mammy do wid 'e? Sit in her lap,

Give it some pap, And dance a Baby Diddy!
YOUNG LAMBS TO SELL.

Young lambs to sell, young lambs to sell, Young lambs to sell, young lambs to sell; If

I'd as much money as I could tell I wouldn't come here with young lambs to

sell. Two for a penny, eight for a groat, As fine young lambs as ever were bought...
OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY.

1. Tom he was a piper's son, He learnt to play when he was young; But all the tune that he could play, Was "Over the hills and far away."

O-ver the hills and a great way off The wind shall blow my top-knot off!

2. Tom with his pipe made such a noise That he pleased both the girls and boys. And so they stopped to hear him play "Over the hills and far away," etc.
LITTLE POLLY FLINDERS.

Warming her pretty little toes,
Her mother came and caught her
And smacked her little daughter
For spoiling her nice new clothes.
THE NORTH WIND DOES BLOW.

The North Wind does blow And we shall have snow; And

what will the Robin do then, poor thing? He'll sit in the barn To

keep himself warm, And hide his head under his wing, poor thing!
OLD KING COLE.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul, And a merry old soul was he;
And he called for his pipe, And he called for his bowl, And he called for his fiddlers three.

Every fiddler had a fiddle fine, A very fine fiddle had he; Then twicediddee went the fiddlers three, And so merry we will be.
DANCE TO YOUR DADDY.

Dance to your dad. dy       My lit. tle lad. die!       Dance to your dad. dy       My lit. tle lamb!

You shall have a fish-y    On a lit. tle dish-y.       You shall have a fish-y    When the boat comes in!

Dance to your dad. dy       My lit. tle bab. by!       Dance to your dad. dy       My lit. tle lamb!

-19-
I SAW THREE SHIPS COME SAILING BY.

1. I saw three ships come sailing by,

Sailing by, sailing by; I saw three ships come sailing by on New Year's Day in the morning.

2. And what do you think was in them then, etc.

3. Three pretty girls were in them then, etc.

4. And one could whistle, and one could sing,
The other could play on the violin;
Such joy there was at my wedding
On New Year's Day in the morning.

-21-
**CURLY LOCKS.**

Curly Locks, Curly Locks, wilt thou be mine? Thou shalt not wash dish-es, nor feed the swine.

feed the swine; But sit on a cushion and sew up a seam, And eat fine strawberries, sugar and cream.

Curly Locks, Curly Locks, wilt thou be mine? Thou shalt not wash dish-es, nor feed the swine.
LONDON BRIDGE IS BROKEN DOWN.

1. London Bridge is broken down.
   Dance over my Ladye Lea;

London Bridge is broken down With a gay ladye!

2. How shall we build it up again?
   Dance over my Ladye Lea!
   How shall we build it up again?
   With a gay ladye!

3. Silver and gold will be stole away, etc.
4. Build it up with iron and steel, etc.
5. Iron and steel will bend and bow, etc.
6. Build it up with wood and clay, etc.
7. Wood and clay will wash away, etc.
8. Build it up with stone so strong, etc.
LITTLE JUMPING JOAN.

Here am I, little jumping Joan, When nobody's

with me I'm always alone.
OH! DEAR, WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?

Oh! dear, what can the matter be? Oh! dear, what can the matter be?

Oh! dear, what can the matter be? Johnny's so long at the fair.

He promised to bring me a basket of posies. A garland of lilies, a garland of roses. He promised to bring me a bunch of blue ribbons to tie up my bonny brown hair.
THERE CAME TO MY WINDOW.

1. There came to my window one morning in spring.

sweet little robin, she came there to sing; The tune that she sang it was

prettier far than any I heard on the flute or guitar.

2. Her wings she was spreading to soar far away,
Then resting a moment seem'd sweetly to say:—
"Oh happy, how happy the world seems to be,
Awake, little girl, and be happy with me!"

3. But just as she finished her beautiful song,
A thoughtless young man with his gun came along.
He killed and he carried my robin away,
She'll never sing more at the break of day.

-31-
THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

1. My dears, you must know, That a long time ago, Two poor little children, whose names I don't know, Were stolen away On a fine summer's day, And left in the wood, as I've heard the folks say. Poor Babes in the Wood! Poor Babes in the Wood! Don't you remember the Babes in the Wood?

2. And when it was night, So sad was their plight, The sun it went down, and the moon gave no light; They sobbed and they sighed, And they bitterly cried, And the poor little things they then lay down and died. Poor Babes in the Wood etc.

3. And when they were dead, The robins so red, Brought strawberry leaves to cover them spread, Then all the day long, The branches among, They mournfully whistled, and this was their song. Poor Babes in the Wood etc.

—88—
SIMPLE SIMON.

Simple Simon met a Pie-man Going to the fair; Said

Simple Simon to the Pie-man "Let me taste your ware,"

Said the Pie-man unto Simon "Show me first your penny." Said

Simple Simon to the Pie-man "Indeed, I have not any."
WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO, MY PRETTY MAID?

1. "Where are you going to, my pretty maid? Where are you going to,
my pretty maid?" "I'm going a milk ing, Sir," she said, "Sir!" she said,
"Sir!" she said, "I'm going a milk ing, Sir," she said.

2. "May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
   "You're kindly welcome, Sir," she said.

3. "What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"
   "My face is my fortune, Sir," she said.

4. "Then I can't marry you, my pretty maid?"
   "Nobody asked you, Sir," she said. -37-
LAZY SHEEP, PRAY TELL ME WHY?

1. Lazy sheep, pray tell me why In the pleasant field you lie, Eating grass and daisies white From the morning till the night? Every thing can some thing do, But what kind of use are you?  

2. "Nay, my little master, nay, Do not serve me so, I pray, Don't you see the wool that grows On my back to make your clothes? Cold, ah, very cold you'd be If you had not wool from me."

—39—
THREE MICE WENT INTO A HOLE TO SPIN.

1. Three mice went into a hole to spin; Puss passed by, and Puss looked in:

“What are you doing, my little men?” “Weaving coats for gentlemen!” “Please let me help you to wind off your threads,” “Ah, no, Mistress Puss, you’d bite off our heads! Ah, no, Mistress Puss, you’d bite off our heads!”

2. Says Puss: “You look so wondrous wise, I like your whiskers and bright black eyes. Your house is the nicest house I see, I think there is room for you and me.”
The mice were so pleased that they opened the door And Puss soon laid them all dead on the floor.
FOUR-AND-TWENTY TAILORS.

Four-and-twenty tailors Went to kill a snail; The best man a.

mong them Durst not touch her tail She put out her horns Like a

lit.tle Ky.lie cow: Run, tailors, run! Or she'll kill you all e'en now!
SEE-SAW, MARJORIE DAW.

See saw, Mar-jo-rie Daw, Jack-y shall have a new mas-ter;

Jack-y shall have but a pen-ny a day Be-

cause he can’t work an-y fas-ter

-45-
THERE WAS A CROOKED MAN.

There was a crook.ed man And he went a crook.ed mile, He

found a crook.ed six.pence Up on a crook.ed stile. He bought a crook.ed cat Which

cought a crook.ed mouse, And they all lived together In a lit.tle crook.ed house.
1. Lavender's blue, diddle, diddle!
Lavender's green; When I am
King diddle, diddle! You shall be Queen.

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

3. Some to make hay, diddle, diddle!
Some to cut corn;
While you and I, diddle, diddle!
Keep ourselves warm
-49-
LITTLE TOM TUCKER.

Little Tom Tucker Sings for his supper; What shall we give him? White bread and butter. How can he cut it without e'er a knife? How can he marry without e'er a wife?

~51~
A FROG HE WOULD A-WOOING GO


"Indeed, Mrs. Moses!" replied the frog, "A cold has made me as shose as a log" With a row-ly, pow-ly, &c.
"Since you have caught me, Mr. Frog, mosey said, "I'll sing you a song that I have just made."
With a row-ly, pow-ly, &c.
As they were in grass and merry making A cat and her kittens came tumbling in
With a row-ly, pow-ly, &c.
The cat she stuck the rat by the crown, The kittens they pulled the little mosey down, With a row-ly, pow-ly, &c.

This put Mr. Frog in a terrible fright, He took up his hat and he wished them good-night, With a row-ly, pow-ly, &c.
A frog was crossing it over a brook, A little white duck came and guided him up
With a row-ly, pow-ly, &c.
So here is an end of one, two and three, "Heigh ho!" said Rowley;
So here is an end of one, two and three
The cat, the mosey, and the little froggy, With a row-ly, pow-ly, &c.
THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

"Will you walk into my parlour?" said the spider to the fly. "Tis the prettiest little room in all the house.

"I have many things to show you when you're snugly tucked in," said the spider to the fly. "For I have heard it vain, for they who go up your winding stair, shall ne'er come down again."

The Spider turned him round about and went into his den. For well he knew the silly fly would soon come back again: So he wove a subtle web in a little corner sly. And he set his table ready to dine upon the fly. Then he came out to his door again and merily did sing, "Come hither, hither, pretty fly with the pearl and silver wing."
I HAD A LITTLE NUT-TREE.

I had a little nut tree
Nothing would it bear

But a silver nutmeg
And a golden pear
The King of Spain’s daughter

Came to visit me
And all for the sake
Of my little nut-tree
GOOSEY, GOOSEY, GANDER.

Goo-sey, goo-sey, gan-der, Where shall I wan-der?

Up-stairs and down-stairs And in my la.dy’s cham-ber. There I met an old man Who

would not say his prayers, So I took him by the left leg, And threw him down the stairs.
A LITTLE COCK-SPARROW.

1. A little cock-sparrow sat on a green tree. And he chirrup'd, he chirrup'd, so merry was he; A naughty boy came with his wee bow and arrow, determined to shoot the little cock-sparrow.

2. "This little cock-sparrow shall make me a stew And his giblets shall make me a little pie too!" "Oh, no!" said the sparrow, "I won't make a stew; So he flapped his wings, and away he flew.
SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP.

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

2. Sleep, baby, sleep! Thy rest shall angels keep. While on the grass the lamb shall feed. And never suffer want or need. Sleep, baby, sleep! -68-
Little songs of long ago