Our Old Nursery Rhymes

Illustrated by
H. Willebeek Le Mair
Our Old

Nursery Rhymes

The original tunes harmonized

by

Alfred Moffat

Illustrated by

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PUSSY CAT, PUSSY CAT, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

"Pussy cat, pussy cat, where have you been?"

"I've been to London to see the new Queen."

"Pussy cat, pussy cat, what did you there?"

"I caught a little mouse under her chair."
MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB.

Mary had a little lamb
Its fleece was white as snow.
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.

He followed her to school one day,
That was against the rule.
It made the children laugh and play
To see a lamb at school.

2. So the Teacher turned him out
   But still he lingered near,
   And waited patiently about
   Till Mary did appear.
   And then he ran to her and laid
   His head upon her arm
   As if he said "I'm not afraid,
   You'll keep me from all harm."

3. "What makes the lamb love Mary so?"
   "O, Mary loves the lamb you know,
   The Teacher did reply.
   And you each gentle animal
   In confidence may bind,
   And make them follow at your call
   If you are always kind."
SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE.

Sing a song of Sixpence A pocket full of rye; Four and twenty

Blackbirds Baked in a pie; When the pie was opened The birds began to

sing, Oh, was not that a dainty dish to set before the King.

2. The King was in his counting-house
   Counting out his money,
The Queen was in the parlour
   Eating bread and honey;
The Maid was in the garden
   Hanging out the clothes,
There came a little blackbird
   And pecked off her nose.
LITTLE JACK HORNER.

Little Jack Horner Sat in a corner

Eating his Christmas pie: He put in his thumb And

pulled out a plum And said "What a good boy am I!"
DING DONG BELL.

Ding dong bell!  Pussy's in the well!  Who put her in?

Little Tommy Green.  Who pulled her out?

Little Tommy Stout.  What a naughty boy was that!  To

drown poor pussy cat, who never did any harm, But killed all the mice in father's barn.
THREE BLIND MICE.

Three blind mice, see how they run! They all ran after the farmer's wife, Who cut off their tails with a carving knife, Did you ever hear such a tale in your life, As three blind mice!
THE MULBERRY BUSH.

Here we go round the Mulberry bush, The Mulberry bush, The Mulberry bush; Here we go round the Mulberry bush On a cold and frosty morning.

Verse 2.
This is the way we wash our hands
We wash our hands
We wash our hands
This is the way we wash our hands
On a cold and frosty morning.

Verse 3-5 sing:
"dry our hands"
"clap our hands"
"warm our hands"
THE THREE LITTLE KITTENS.

1. Three little kittens they
   lost their mittens, and
   they began to cry. "Oh, oh,
   "Oh, mom, dad dear!"

2. Three little kittens they
   found their mittens, and
   they began to cry. "Oh, oh,
   "Oh, mom, dad dear!"

3. The three little kittens put on their mittens
   And soon ate up the pie.
   "Oh, mom, dad dear!
   We greatly fear,
   Our mittens we have soiled."

   "What soiled your mittens, you naughty kittens,
   Then they began to sigh,
   Mew, mew, mew, mew,
   Mew, mew, mew.

4. The three little kittens they washed their mittens,
   And hung them up to dry.
   "Oh, mom, dad dear!
   Look here, look here!
   Our mittens we have washed."

   "What washed your mittens, you darling kittens,
   But I smell a rat close by,
   Hush, hush! mew, mew,
   Mew, mew, mew."
PAT-A-CAKE.

Pat-a-cake pat-a-cake, baker's man! That I will master as quick as I can.

Prick it and nick it and mark it with T And there will be plenty for baby and me For baby and me.

And there will be plenty for baby and me.
MARY, MARY, QUITE CONTRARY.

"Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?"

"With silver bells and cockle shells,
And pretty maids all in a row."
I LOVE LITTLE PUSSY.

1. I love little pussy, Her coat is so warm And if I don't hurt her, She'll do me no harm.

2. So I'll not pull her tail, Or drive her away; But Pussy and I Together will play.

3. She will sit by my side And I'll give her some food; And she'll like me because I'm gentle and good.
BAA! BAA! BLACK SHEEP.

"Baa! Baa! Black sheep, have you any wool?" Yes, marry, have I, Three bags full; One for my master, and one for my dame. But none for the little boy That cries in the lane!"
HUMPTY DUMPTY.

Hump ty Dumpt y sat on a wall,

Hump ty Dumpt y had a great fall
All the King's horses and

all the King's men Couldn't put Hump ty Dumpt y to gether a gain.
OH WHERE, OH WHERE IS MY LITTLE DOG GONE.

Oh where, oh where is my little dog gone
Oh where, oh where can he be?
With his ears cut short and his tail cut long
Oh where, oh where is he?
GEORGY-PORGY.

Geor. gy-Por. gy pudd. ing. gy pie;

Kissed the girls and made them cry;

When the boys came out to play, Georgy-Porgy ran away.
LITTLE MISS MUFFET.

Little Miss Muffet, She sat on a tuftet.

Eating her curds and whey; Down came a spider, which

sat down beside her And frightened Miss Muffet away.
1. Dickory, Dickory, Dock!
The mouse ran up the clock
The clock struck one, The mouse ran down
Dickory, Dickory, Dock!

2. Dickory, Dickory, dare!
The pig flew up in the air
The man in brown
Soon brought him down,
Dickory, Dickory, dare.
GIRLS AND BOYS COME OUT TO PLAY.

Girls and boys come out to play, The moon doth shine as bright as day
don the street Come with a whoop and not at all
Leave your supper and leave your sleep And up the ladder and down the wall
join your play, fellows And come with a call And half a penny loaf will serve us all.

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JACK AND JILL.

Jack and Jill went up the hill To

fetch a pail of water; Jack fell down and

broke his crown, And Jill came tumbling after.
YANKEE-DOODLE.

1. Yankee doodle came to town, Upon a little pony, He stuck a feather in his cap And called it macaroni. Yankee doodle, doodle do,

Yankee doodle dandy; All the lasses are so smart, And sweet as sugar candy.

2. Marching in and marching out, And marching round the town, O! Here there comes a regiment With Captain Thomas Brown, O! Yankee doodle, &c.

3. Yankee doodle is a tune That comes in mighty handy; The enemy all runs away At Yankee doodle dandy. Yankee doodle, &c.
TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR.

1. Twinkle, twinkle, little star, How I wonder what you are; Up above the world so high, Like a diamond in the sky.

When the blazing sun is gone, When he nothing shines upon, Then you show your little light, Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

2. Then the traveller in the dark, Thanks you for your little spark, He could not see which way to go, If you did not twinkle so.

In the dark blue sky you keep, And often through my curtains peep, For you never shut your eye, Till the sun is in the sky.

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LITTLE BO-PEEP.

Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep, And
can't tell where to find them: Leave them alone, and
they'll come home. And bring their tails behind them.

2. Little Bo-Peep fell fast asleep
And dreamt she heard them bleating,
But when she awoke, she found it a joke.
For they were still a-fleeing.

3. She took up her crook, intending to look,
Determined to find them;
She found them indeed, but it made her heart bleed
For they'd left their tails behind them.

4. She heaved a sigh, and wiped her eye
And ran over hill and dale, O!
And tried what she could, as a shepherdess should,
To tack to each sheep its tail, O!
ORANGES AND LEMONS.

1. "Oranges and lemons," say the bells of St. Clement's; "When will that be?" say the bells of Stepney.

2. "I owe me five farthings," say the bells of St. Martin's; "When will you pay me?" say the bells of Bow.

3. "I do not know," says the great bell of Old Bailey; "When I grow rich," say the bells of Shore-ditch.

Here comes a candle to light you to bed, And here comes a chirp-per to chop off your head!
RIDE A COCK-HORSE.

Ride a Cock-horse To Banbury Cross, To

see a fine lady ride on a white horse; With rings on her fingers And

bells on her toes So she shall have music wherever she goes.
WHAT ARE LITTLE BOYS MADE OF?

1. What are little boys made of, made of?
   What are little boys made of?
   Frogs and snails and puppy dog's tails, And such are little boys made of.

Chorus:
   Frogs and snails and puppy dog's tails, And such are little boys made of.

2. What are little girls made of, made of?
   What are little girls made of?
   Sugar and spice and all things nice,
   And such are little girls made of.
   Sugar and spice and all things nice,
   And such are little girls made of.

3. What are our young men made of, made of?
   What are our young men made of?
   Signs and letters, and crocodile tears,
   And such are our young men made of.
   Signs and letters, and crocodile tears,
   And such are our young men made of.

4. What are young women made of, made of?
   What are young women made of?
   Ribbons and laces, and sweet pretty faces,
   And such are young women made of.
   Ribbons and laces, and sweet pretty faces,
   And such are young women made of.
THERE WAS A LITTLE MAN.

1. There was a little man, And he wooed a little maid, And he said "Little maid! will you wed, wed, wed? I have little more to say, Then will you? yea, or nay! For least said is soonest said, ded, ded, ded, ded!"

2. The little maid replied, (Some say a little sighed) But what shall we have to eat, eat, eat? Will the love that you're so rich in, Put a fire into the kitchen? Or the little God of Love turn the spit, spit, spit.

3. The little man replied, (Some say a little cried,) For his little heart was filled with sorrow, row; With the little that I have, I will be your little slave, And the rest my little dear we will borrow, row.

4. Thus did the little gent, Make the little maid relent, For her little heart began to beat, beat, beat; Though his offers were but small. She accepted of them all, Now she thanks her little stars for her fate, fate, fate.
LITTLE BOY BLUE.

Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn, The sheep's in the meadow, the cows in the corn.

Where's the boy that looks after the sheep? He's under the haycock fast asleep.

Will you wake him? No, not I! For if I do, he'll be sure to cry.
POLLY PUT THE KETTLE ON.

Polly put the kettle on, Polly put the kettle on,

Polly put the kettle on. We'll all have tea. Sus. key take it off a gain,

Sus. key take it off a gain, Sus. key take it off a gain. They've all gone a way.

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HUSH-A-BY BABY.

Hush a by Ba by on the tree top

When the wind blows The cradle will rock; When the bough breaks the

cradle will fall Down comes ba by, cradle and all
Our old nursery rhymes

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