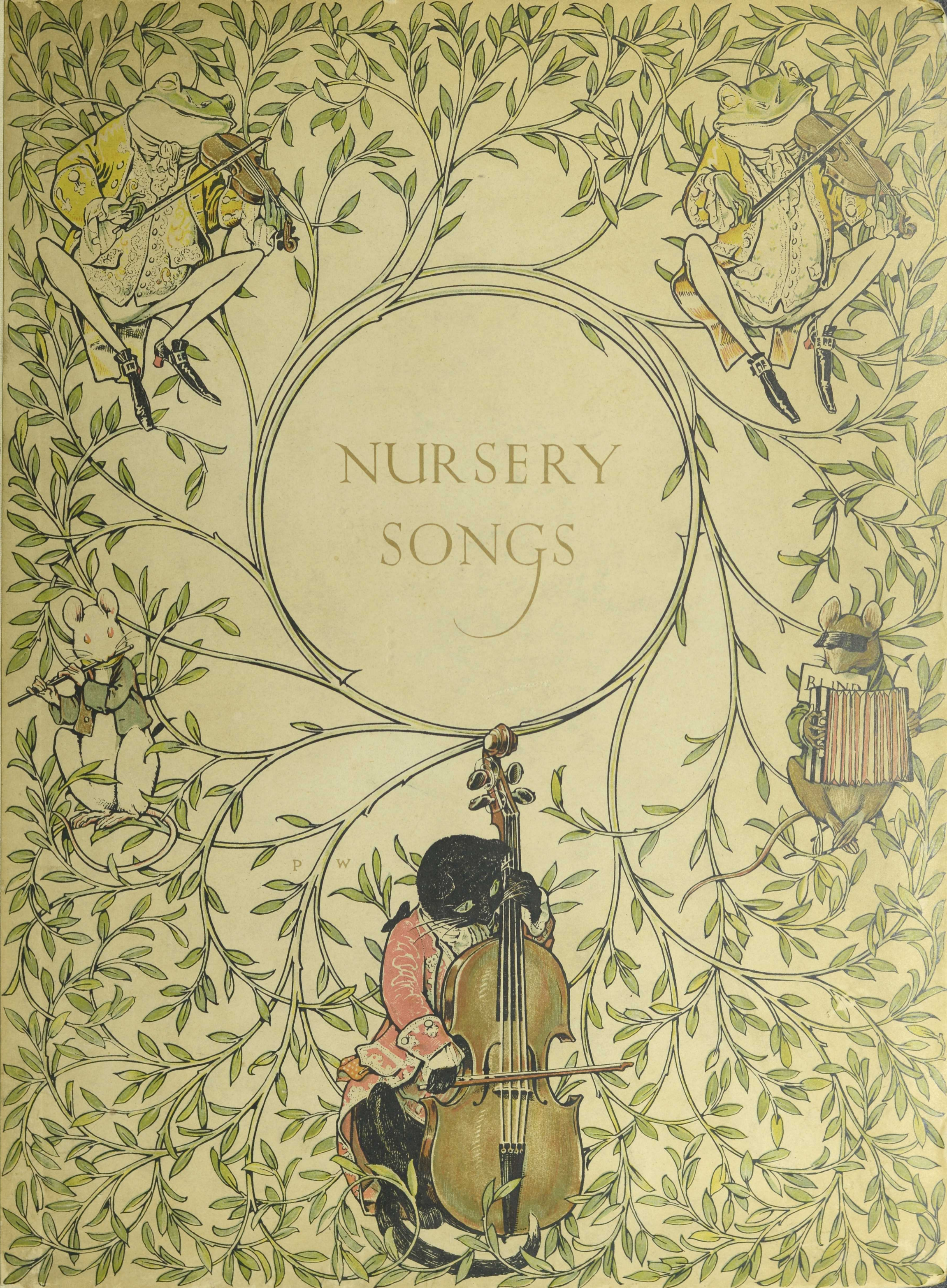


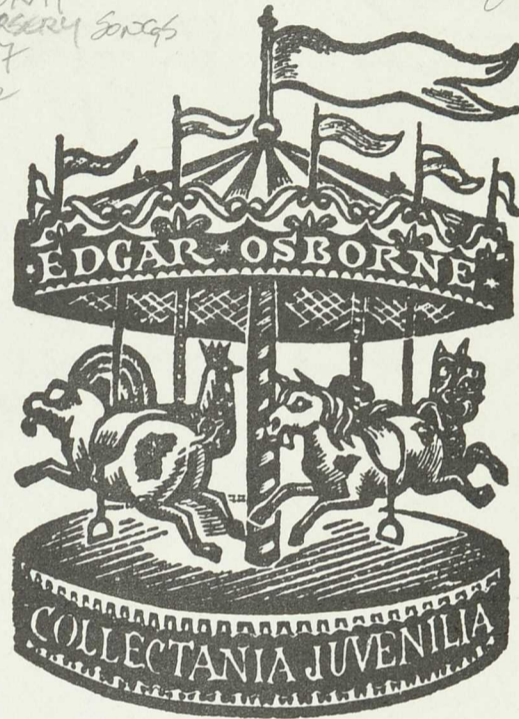
NURSERY
SONGS



P W

OSB P
MOORAT
NURSERY SONGS
1907
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Jane Dobell

To dear Cibell & Madge
with love from Aunt Eva.

June 1907.

NURSERY SONGS



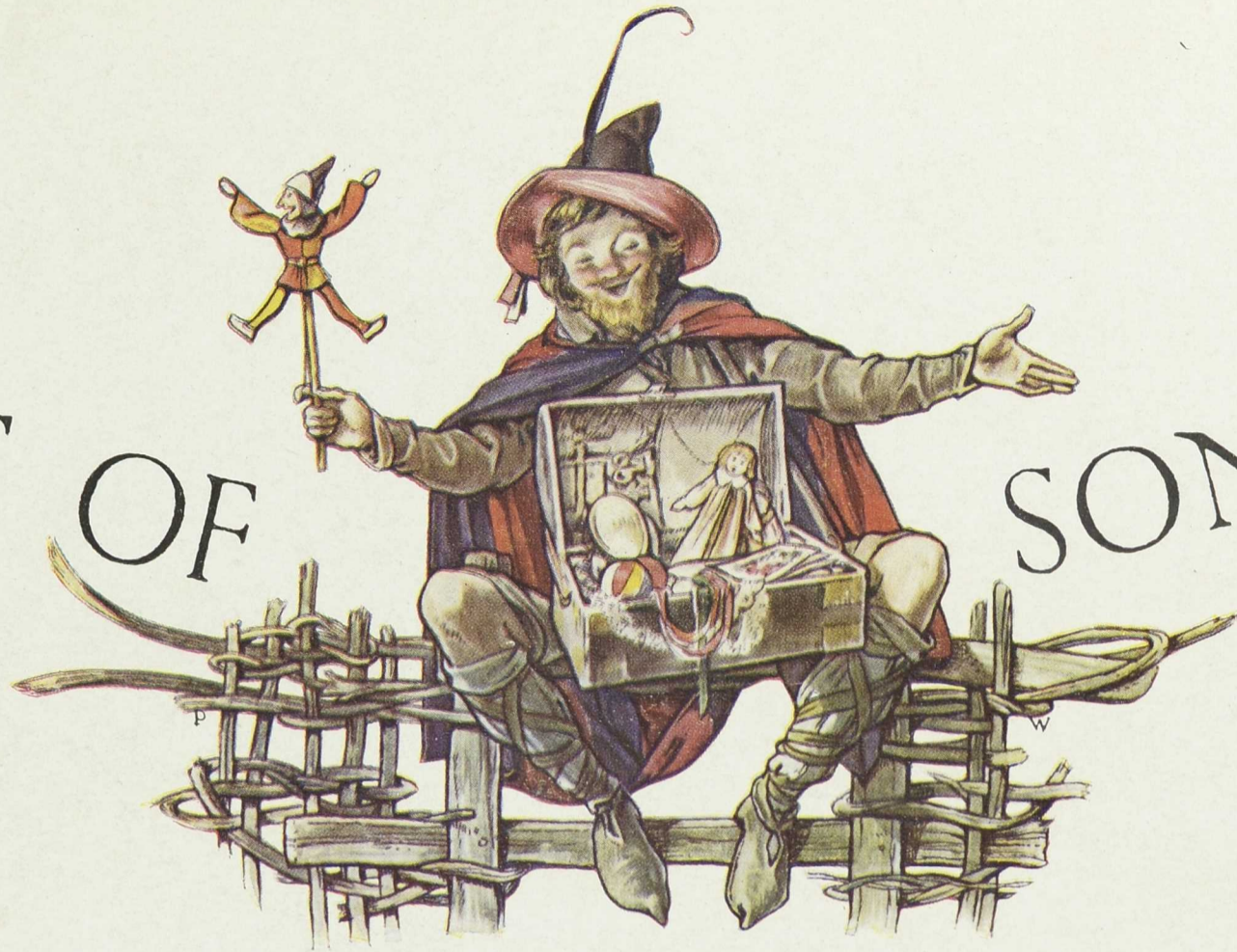
THIRTY OLD-TIME NURSERY SONGS

ARRANGED BY
JOSEPH MOORAT
& PICTURED BY
PAUL WOODROFFE



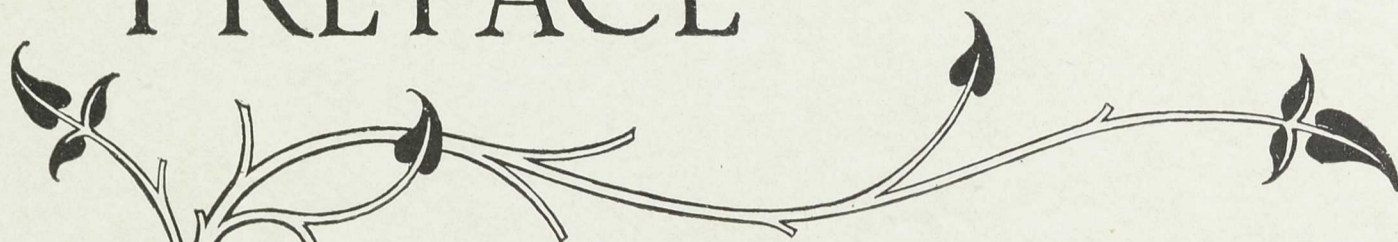
LONDON — T·C·&E·C·JACK
NEW YORK
FREDERICK A·STOKES CO

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PREFACE



THE majority of English nursery rhymes are folk-songs which instead of remaining local have become national. But in spite of this wide popular usage, their origin remains obscure, and in hardly a single instance is it possible to show that any one of the numerous versions which have come down to us is the original and authentic form. And, as this is true of the words, so also is it true of the music. In some cases, we find that antecedent versions of both music and words have been on record as far back as the beginning of the seventeenth century, but more often these have not found their way into print until comparatively recent times: nor does an early dated version give proof of being nearer the original than a form more lately recorded. In the case of the 'game-songs,' for instance, which are so large a feature of our nursery rhymes, as many as twenty versions of certain songs, obviously deriving from a common origin, have been found to exist, all bearing the racy mark of traditional usage.

Under these circumstances, it is useless to attempt to put forward those earlier and quainter variants which happen to have found their way into seventeenth-century song-books as more authentic than those of present currency. It is an essential condition of folk-song that it takes its inflection from oral tradition; and the changes that have befallen during the last century (apart from the sophisticated polishing of modern editors) are as valuable a proof that the form is still living and indigenous as those which occurred three hundred years ago.

In the present work the editors have chosen freely those versions which seemed the best for conveying to our own day the blitheness and charm which gave their nucleus of life to the older forms. Below is given a list of the works upon reference to which the present selection is based.

In every case tunes containing some traditional element have been chosen, but where, in the case of 'Hey diddle-diddle,' no such material seemed to exist, it has seemed better to be frankly original than to give merely a new setting of melodies independently composed.

The editor's special thanks are due to Mr. C. Kennedy Scott for his scholarly research in this connection, and for the aid of his fine critical judgment on all musical points.

"Dictionary of British Folk-Lore": G. L. Gomme. "English Songs": Ritson (1783). "Nursery Rhymes of England": Halliwell (1846). "Popular Nursery Rhymes": Halliwell. "Nursery Rhymes": Rimbault. "The Dancing-Master": Playford (1718). "Wit and Humour": D'Urfey (1719). "Pills to Purge Melancholy": D'Urfey. "Old English Popular Music": W. Chappell.



DAME, GET UP

mf

Dame, get up & bake your pies, bake your pies, bake your pies,

Dame, get up & bake your pies, On Christmas day in the morn . ing.

2 Dame, what makes your maidens lie? &c

3 Dame, what makes your ducks to die? &c

4 Their wings are cut, they cannot fly, &c



OLD KING

COLE



fiddles *p. Moderato*

p Old King Cole was a mer-ry old soul, And a

Musical notation for the first system. It features a piano part with a treble and bass clef and a fiddle part with a treble clef. The tempo is marked 'p. Moderato' and the dynamic is 'p'. The key signature has one sharp (F#).

cres

mer-ry old soul was he: He called for his pipe, and he

Musical notation for the second system. It continues the piano and fiddle parts. The dynamic is 'cres'.

called for his bowl, And he called for his fid- dlers three. Now

Musical notation for the third system. It continues the piano and fiddle parts.

cres

ev- ery fid- dler had a fid- dle, And a ve- ry fine fid- dle had

Musical notation for the fourth system. It continues the piano and fiddle parts. The dynamic is 'cres'.

&



HIS FIDDLERS

3



he. Twee·dle - dee, twee·dle - dee, went the fid· dler's three, With King
 O there's none so rare as can com· pare,

fiddles
 Cole and his fid· dlers three. *p*



GIRLS & BOYS

COME OUT

TO PLAY



mf. brightly

Girls & boys come out to play The moon doth shine as bright as day;

Leave your supper, & leave your sleep, & come to your play-fel-lows in the street;

Come with a whoop, & come with a call, Come with a good will or not at all.

Up the lad-der & down the wall, A half-pen-ny roll will serve you all.

THE JOLLY

TESTER



p Allegretto

I love six-pence, pret-ty lit-tle 6-pence, I love 6-pence bet-ter than my life,

I spent a pen-ny of it, I lent a-no-ther, And I took 4 pence home to my wife.

2 O my little fourpence, pretty little fourpence,
I love fourpence better than my life;
I spent a penny of it, I lent another,
And I took twopence home to my wife.

3 O my little tuppence, pretty little tuppence,
I love tuppence better than my life;
I spent a penny of it, and I lent the other,
And I took nothing home to my wife.

4 O my little nothing, my pretty little nothing,
What will nothing buy for my wife?
I have nothing, I spend nothing;
I love nothing better than my wife.

OH, WHAT HAVE YOU GOT FOR DINNER MRS BOND?



Moderato

“Oh, what have you got for din · ner, Mrs. Bond?” “There’s

2nd John Ost · ler, go fetch me a duck · ling or two, John

beef in the lar · der, and ducks in the pond; Dil · ly, dil · ly, dil · ly, dil · ly,

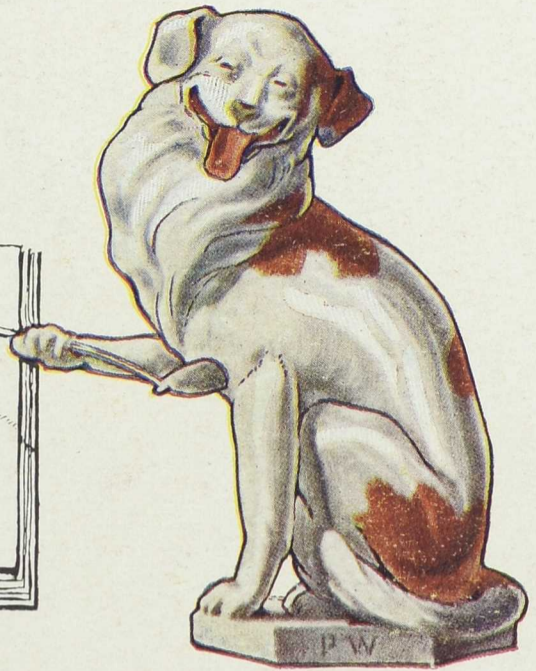
Ost · ler, go fetch me a duck · ling or 2; Cry, Dil · ly, &c

come to be killed, For you must be stuffed, and my cus · to · mers filled”

“I’ve been to the ducks that are swimming in the pond,
And they won’t come no how to the killing, Mrs. Bond;
I cried ‘dilly, dilly, dilly, dilly, come’ &c.

Mrs. Bond went down to the pond in a rage,
With plenty of onions and plenty of sage;
She cried, “Come, you little wretches, come, and be killed,
For you shall be stuffed, and my customers filled!”

HEY DIDDLE DIDDLE



p Allegretto

Hey did·dle, did·dle, The cat and the fid·dle, The cow jumped o·ver the

moon, The lit·tle dog laughed to see such sport & the dish ran a·way with the spoon.



JACK & JILL



mf

V.1 Jack and Jill went up the hill, To fetch a pail of wa · ter,
V.3 Jill came in and she did grin, To see Jack's pa · per plas · ter,

Jack fell down and broke his crown, And Jill came tum · bling af · ter.
Mo · ther vexed did whip her next, For caus · ing Jack's dis · as · ter.

mf

V.2 Up Jack got and home did trot, As fast as he could ca · per,

Went to bed to mend his head, With vin · e · gar and brown pa · per.

HUMPTY

DUMPTY



Moderato

Hump·ty Dump·ty sat on a wall, Hump·ty Dump·ty

had a great fall; All the King's hor·ses, And all the King's men,

could·n't put poor Hump·ty Dump·ty to·ge·ther a·gain.



SING A SONG of SIX PENCE



mf

Sing a song of six pence, a pocket full of rye;

Musical notation for the first line of the song, featuring a treble and bass clef, a key signature of three flats, and a common time signature. The melody is written on a single staff with a treble clef, and the accompaniment is on a single staff with a bass clef.

Four & twenty black birds baked in a pie; When the pie was open the

Musical notation for the second line of the song, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first line.

mf

birds began to sing, Wasn't that a dainty dish to set before the King

Musical notation for the third line of the song, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the previous lines.

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 dicky-bird, and pecked off her nose.



HERE WE GO ROUND
THE MULBERRY BUSH

mf. brightly

Here we go round the mulberry bush, Here we go round the mulberry bush,

Here we go round the mulberry bush on a fine frosty morning.

End here finally.

p

This is the way we* wash our hands, This is the way we wash our hands,

This is the way we wash our hands on a fine frosty morning.

mf

*In succeeding verses sing 'dry our hands,' - 'clap our hands,' - 'warm our hands.'

THE FROG & THE CROW



p. Allegretto

A jol · ly fat frog lived in the ri · ver swim, O! A

come · ly black crow lived on the ri · ver brim, O! "Come on

shore, come on shore," said the crow to the frog, and then, O! "No, you'll

bite me, No, you'll bite me," Said the frog to the crow a · gain, O!

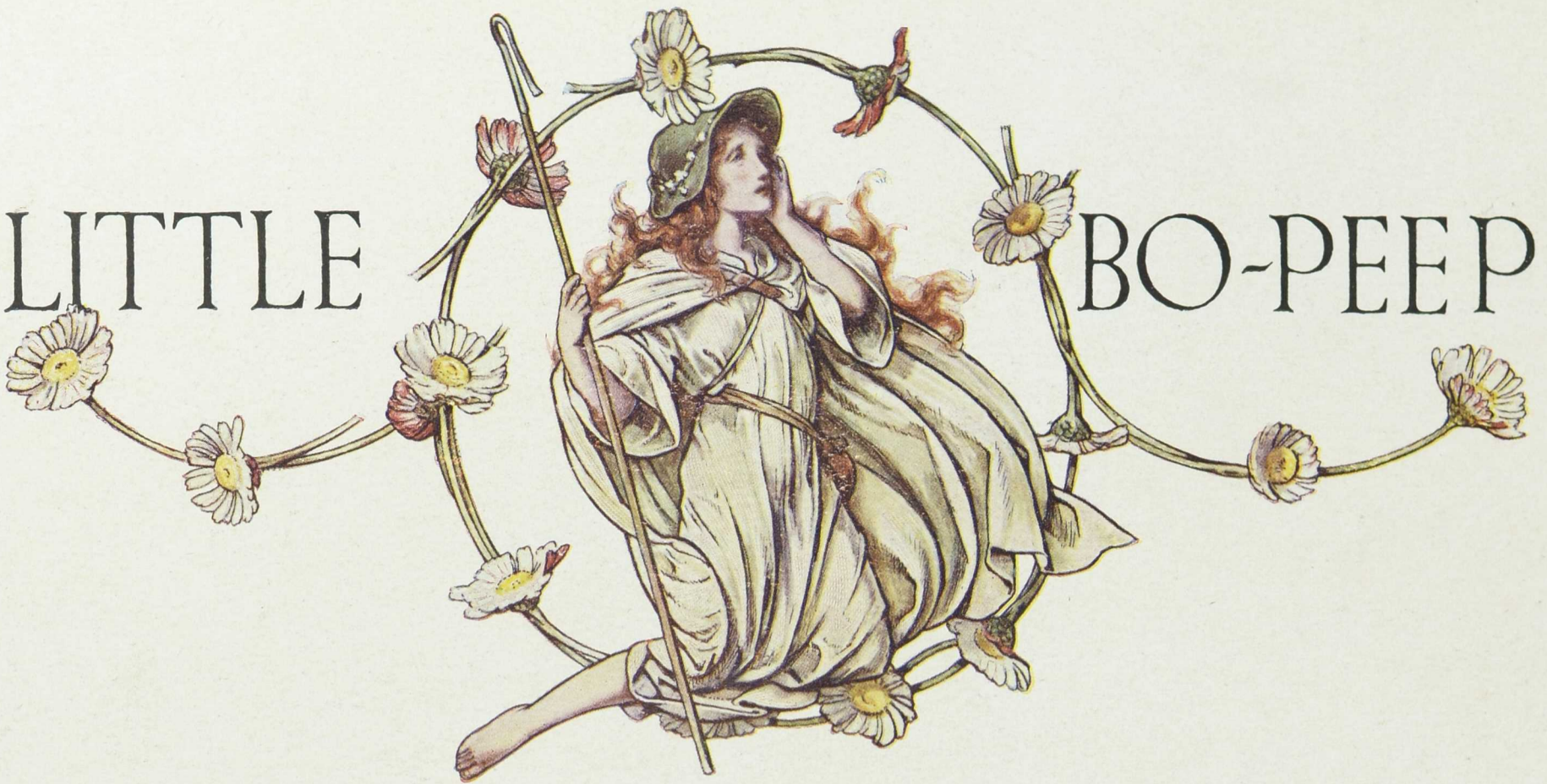
- 2 "O! there is sweet Music on yonder green hill, O!
 And you shall be a dancer, a dancer in yellow,
 All in yellow, all in yellow." said the crow to the frog, & then O!
 "All in yellow, all in yellow." said the frog to the crow again, O!
- 3 "Farewell, ye little fishes, that in the river swim; O!
 I go to be a dancer, a dancer in yellow."
 "O beware! O beware!" said the fish to the frog, & then O!
 "I'll take care, I'll take care." said the frog to the fish again, O!
- 4 The frog began a swimming, a swimming to land, O!
 The crow began a hopping to give him his hand, O!
 "Sir, you're welcome, Sir, you're welcome." said the crow * ^{to the} frog & then O!
 "Sir, I thank you, Sir, I thank you," said the frog to the crow again, O!
- 5 "But where is the music on yonder green hill, O?
 And where are all the dancers, the dancers in yellow?
 All in yellow, all in yellow?" said the frog to the crow, & then O!
 But he chuckled, O! he chuckled, & ~ then O!! ~ & ~ then O!!!



& that was the sad end of the frog

LITTLE

BO-PEEP



p · Allegretto *p*

Lit · tle Bo · Peep has lost her sheep, And can not tell where to

find them; Let them a · lone, and they'll come home, & bring their tails be · hind 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-fleeting.

4

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

3

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

5

She heaved a sigh and wiped her eye,
Then went o'er hill and dale-o,
And did what she could, as a shep-
herdess should,
To tack to each sheep its tail-o!



TOM, TOM THE PIPER'S SON



Brightly

Tom, Tom, the pi-per's son, Stole a pig and a-way did run; The

pig was eat, and Tom was beat, And Tom went howling down the street



DING ~ DONG ~ BELL!



mf Ding dong bell! *p* Pus·sy's in the well! *mf* Who put her in?

p Lit·tle Tom·my Lin. Who pulled her out? Lit·tle Tom·my Stout. What a

naugh·ty boy was that *p* To drown poor pus·sy - cat, Who

ne'er did an·y harm, But killed all the mice in *d* fa·ther's barn



LOOBY LOO



mf

Here we go loo·by loo, Here we go loo·by light, Here we go loo·by loo,

End here finally. p *cres*

All on a Sa·tur·day night. All your right hands in, All your right hands out,

mf

shake them a lit·tle, a lit·tle, And turn your·selves a·bout.

2. All your left hands in, &c, &c.

3. All your right feet in, &c, &c.

4. All your left feet in, All. &c, &c.

THE FAIRY

SHIP



p moderato

I saw a ship a-sail-ing, A-sail-ing on the sea,.... And oh! it was a

la-den with pret-ty things for me; There ^{were} com-fits in the ca-bin, And apples in the

hold; The sails were made of sa-tin, And the mast was made of gold. *rall*

The four-and-twenty sailors
That stood between the decks,
Were four-and-twenty white mice
With rings about their necks.

The captain was a duck, a duck,
With a jacket on his back,
And when the fairy ship set sail,
The captain he said, "Quack!"

I HAD A LITTLE NUT-TREE



p. moderato

I had a lit - tle nut tree, no - thing would it bear,

But a sil - ver nut - meg, and a gold - en pear; The King of Spain's daughter

came to vi - sit me And all for the sake of my lit - tle nut tree.



OVER the HILLS and FAR AWAY



p. brightly

Tom he was a pi - per's son, He learnt to play when
Tom with his pipe he made such a noise, That he pleased both

he was young; But all the tunes that he could play, Was
girls and boys, And they stopped to hear him play,

"O - ver the hills and far a - way, O - ver the hills and a

great way off, The wind shall blow my top knot off."

SWEET

LAVENDER



p. brightly

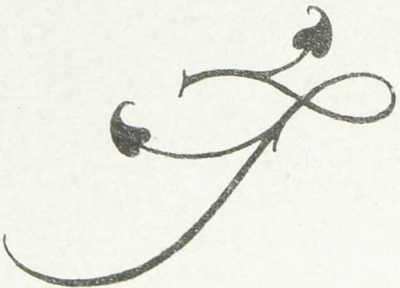
1st V. La·ven·der's blue, did·dle, did·dle! La·ven·der's green; When I am
3rd V. Some to make hay, did·dle, did·dle! Some to cut corn; Whilst you and

*End * here*

2nd Verse
King, did·dle, did·dle! You shall be Queen
I, did·dle, did·dle! Keep our selves warm. Call up your men, did·dle, did·dle!

Set them to work — Some to the plough, did·dle, did·dle! Some to the cart.

P



W



THE PLOUGHBOY



Allegretto

My dad·dy is dead, but I can't tell you how; He

left me six hor·ses to fol·low the plough; With a whimwham wad·dle ho!

ritar

Strim stram strad·dle ho! Bub·ble ho! pret·ty boy o·ver the brow.

2. I sold my six horses to buy me a cow;
And wasn't that a pretty thing to follow the plough? With a whim, &c.
3. I sold my cow to buy me a calf;
But I ne'er made a bargain but I lost the best half. With a whim, &c.
4. I sold my calf to buy me a cat,
To sit by my fire and warm her little back. With a whimwham, &c.
5. I sold my cat to buy me a mouse,
She took fire in her tail, and so burnt down my house. With a whim, &c.

POOR MARY SITS A-WEEPING



p. moderately slow

Poor Ma · ry sits a - weep · ing, a - weep · ing, a -

weep · ing, Poor Ma · ry sits a - weep · ing, On a bright summer's day.

2

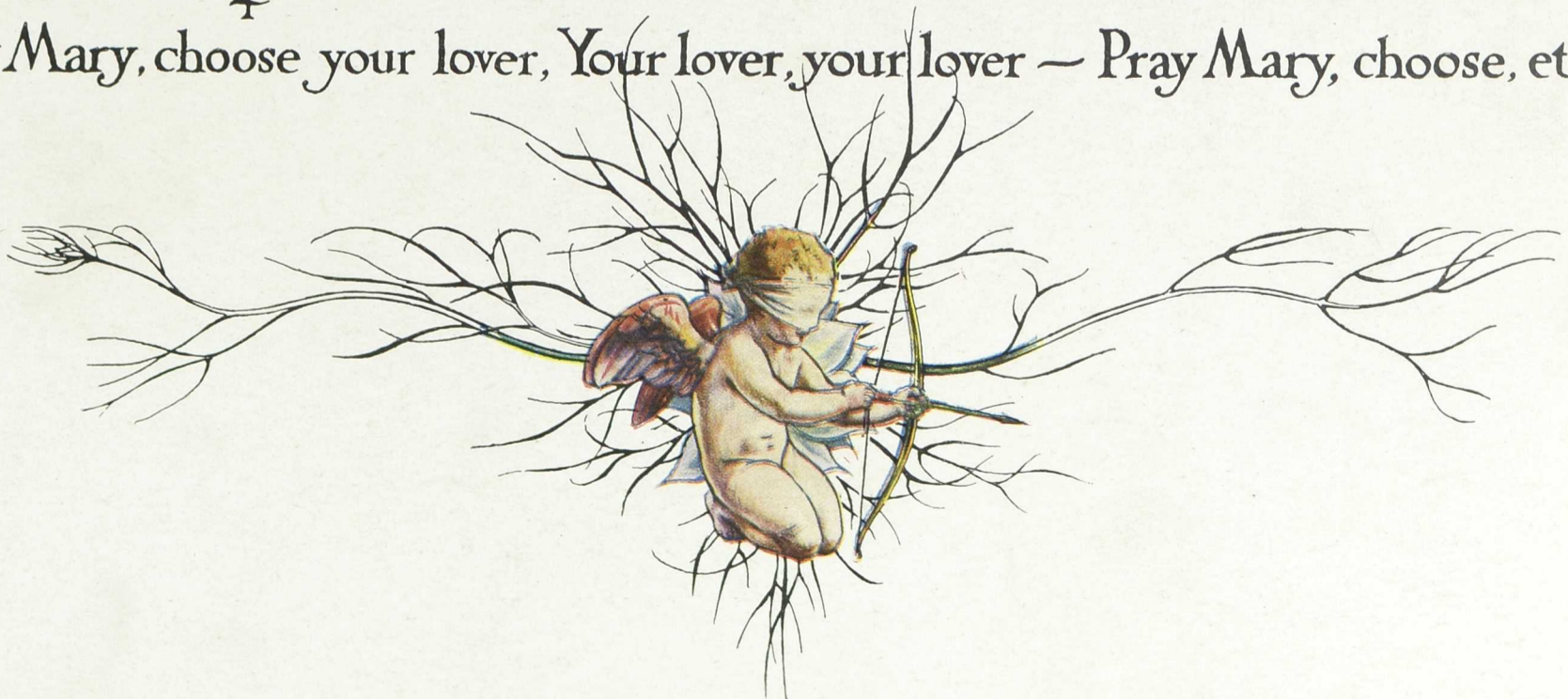
Pray Mary, what are you weeping for, A-weeping for, a-weeping for? ~ Pray-etc.

3

I'm weeping for a sweetheart, A sweetheart, a sweetheart. I'm weeping ~ etc.

4

Pray Mary, choose your lover, Your lover, your lover ~ Pray Mary, choose, etc.



GOOD KING ARTHUR



p. not too slow

When good King Ar·thur ruled this land, He was a good·ly King; He

Musical notation for the first line of the song, featuring a treble and bass clef, a 3/4 time signature, and a key signature of one flat. The melody is written on a single staff with lyrics underneath.

stole three pecks of bar·ley meal To make a bag pud·ding

Musical notation for the second line of the song, continuing the melody from the first line. It includes a treble and bass clef, a 3/4 time signature, and a key signature of one flat.

A bag pudding the Queen 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 could not eat that night
The Queen next morning fried.

THREE BLIND MICE



p moderato

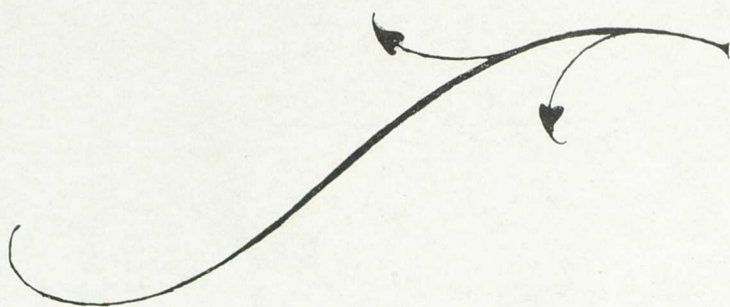
Three blind mice! See how they run! Three blind mice! See how they

mf. a little faster

run! They all run af-ter the far-mer's wife, Who cut off their tails with a

slower p

car-ving knife: Did you ev-er see such a sight in your life As three blind mice!



A FOX WENT OUT



p. moderato

A fox went out on a star-light night, And he

pray'd to the moon to give him some light, For he'd ma-ny miles to

go that night, Be-fore he could reach his den O! den O! den O! For

he'd ma-ny miles to go that night, Be-fore he could reach his den O!

2 He came at last to a farmer's yard,
Where the ducks and geese declared it hard,
That their sleep should be broken & their rest be marr'd
By a visit from Mr Fox O!

3 He took the grey goose by the sleeve;
Quoth he "Madam Goose, now, by your leave,
I'll take you away without reprieve,
And carry you off to my den O!

4 Old Mother Slipper Sloppers jumped out of bed,
And out of the window she popped her head,
"Run, John, run! the grey goose has gone,
And the fox is off to his den O!

5 John ran up to the top o' the hill,
And blew a blast both loud and shrill;
Says the fox "That is very pretty music, still -
I'd rather be home at my den O!

6 At last he got home to his snug den,
To his seven little foxes, eight, nine, ten;
Says he, "Just see, what I've brought with me,
With its legs all dangling down O!

7 He sat him down with his hungry wife;
They did very well without fork or knife;
They ne'er ate a better gooze in all their life,
And the little ones picked the bones O!

WHAT ARE LITTLE BOYS MADE OF?



Brightly

What are lit · tle boys made of? What are lit · tle boys made of?
 What are lit · tle girls made of? What are lit · tle girls made of?

Frogs and snails and pup · py dogs' tails, That's what are lit · tle boys made of.
 Su · gar and spice and all that's nice, That's what are lit · tle girls made of.

3 What are young men made of?
 What are young men made of?
 Sighs and leers, and crocodile tears
 That's what our young men are made of.

4 What are young women made of?
 What are young women made of?
 Ribbons and laces, and sweet pretty faces,
 That's what are young women made of.

YANKEE

DOODLE



mf merrily

Yan-kee Doo-dle came to town, Up-on a lit-tle po-ny, He
First he bought a por-ridge pot, And then he bought a la-dle, And

stuck a fea-ther in his cap, And called it Mac-ca-ro-ni.
then he trot-ted home a-gain, As fast as he was a-ble.



I SAW

3 SHIPS



Moderato

I saw three ships come sail·ing by, Come sail·ing by, sail·ing by, I
saw three ships come sail·ing by, On Christ·mas Day in the mor·ning.

And what do you think was in them then,
In them then, in them then,
And what do you think was in them then,
On Christmas Day in the morning?

Three pretty girls were in them then, In them then, in them then,
Three pretty girls were in them then,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

And one could whistle, & one could sing, The other play on the violin;
Such joy was there at my wedding,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

BAA! BAA



BLACK SHEEP

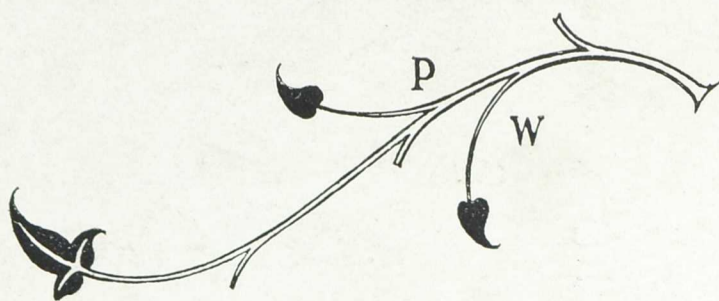


p. moderato

“Baa! Baa! Blacksheep, have you an · y wool?” Aye, mar · ry, have I,

three bags full; One for my mas · ter, and one for my dame, But

none for the lit · tle boy that lives down the lane.



THE JOLLY MILLER



p. moderato

There was a jol· ly mil· ler once Lived on the ri· ver Dee; He

worked & sang from morn till night, No lark more blithe than

a little slower *a tempo*

he. And this the bur· den of his song For e· ver used to be, "I

care for no· bo· dy, no not I, And no· bo· dy cares for me."

HUSH-A-BYE

BABY



p. not fast *p. rall*

Hush-a-bye ba - by on the tree-top, When the wind blows, the cradle will rock

Musical notation for the first system, featuring a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is written on the treble staff, and the accompaniment is on the bass staff.

a tempo *pp. rall*

When the bough breaks the cradle will fall, Down will come ba-by, cradle & all.

Musical notation for the second system, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It includes dynamic markings and a tempo change.

