PRICE ONE SHILLING.

THE

CHILDREN'S MUSICAL GEM.

Fourteen Nursery Ditties.

EDITED BY

MADAME BORRANI.

On evenings when the rain and wind
Make all things cheerless look,
The little ones may oft-times find
Amusement in this book.

For here old melodies we get
Wedded to pretty rhymes,
A string of ancient pearls reset
To suit more modern times.

London:
FREDERICK WARNE AND CO.
BEDFORD STREET, COVENT GARDEN.
NEW YORK: SCRIBNER, WELFORD, AND CO.
1868.

Also, uniform in size, style, and price,
"THE CHILDREN'S HOUR," AND "SONGS FOR OUR LITTLE FRIENDS."

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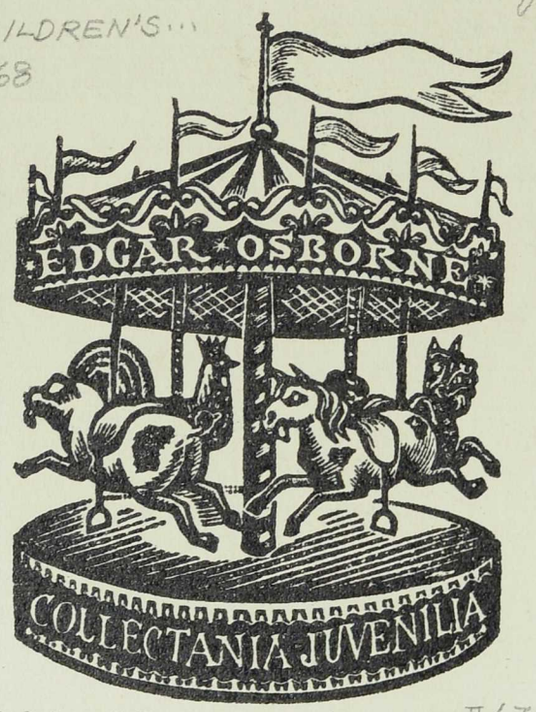

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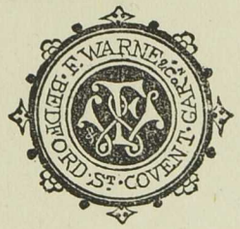

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THE LULLABY OF THE BABY BUNTING.

DING-DONG BELL.

SEE-SAW, JACK IN THE HEDGE.

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

PUSSY CAT.

GOOSEY GANDER.

HOT CROSS BUNS.

LITTLE BO-PEEP.

TOM, TOM, THE PIPER'S SON.

THE OLD WOMAN TOSS'D UP IN A BLANKET.

THREE BLIND MICE.

CURLY LOCKS.

THE MERRY BELLS OF LONDON TOWN.

LITTLE JACKY HORNER.

By La Trobe.

Lit - tle Jack - y Hor - ner, Sat in a cor - ner, Eat - ing his

ff

Christ - - - - mas pie: He put in his thumb, And he

tr *D.C.*

ff *ff* *D.C.*

pull'd out a plum, And he said, What a good boy am I! what a good boy am I!

rall. *rall.*

THE LULLABY OF THE BABY BUNTING.

Arranged by Dr. Arnold.

Bye, Ba - by Bunt - ing, Dad - dy's gone a hunt - ing, To get a

rab - bit skin, To wrap my Ba - by Bunt - ing in. Bye, Ba - by Bunt - ing,

Dad - dy's gone a hunt - ing. Lul-la-by, Ba - by Bunt - ing! Lul-la-by! daddy's a

hunt - ing. Lul-la-by, Ba - by Bunt - ing! Lul-la-by, dad - dy's hunt - ing.

DING-DONG BELL.

Arranged by H. W.

Not too fast.

Ding - dong bell, Pus-sy's in the well. Who put her in?

f

Lit - tle Tom - my Green. Who pull'd her out? Lit - tle Tom - my Trout.

p

faster *rather slow*

Oh! what a naugh-ty boy was that, To drown poor lit - tle Pus - sy Cat.

f *faster* *rather slow* *p*

SEE-SAW, JACK IN THE HEDGE.

Old Tune, arranged by H. B.

See - saw, Jack in the hedge, Which is the way to Lon - don bridge?

One foot up, the o - ther down, That is the way to Lon - don town.

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

Lively.

Air by Madame Borrani.

Lit - tle boy blue, come, blow up your horn, The sheep's in the mea-dow, and the

cow's in the corn: Where's the lit - tle boy that looks af - ter the sheep? He's

f

un - der the hay - cock fast a - sleep. He's un - der the hay - cock fast a - sleep.

PUSSY CAT.

With spirit.

Old Tune, arranged by M. M. W.

Pus-sy cat, Pus-sy cat, where have you been? I've been up to Lon-don to look at the Queen.

p *f*

Pus-sy cat, Pus-sy cat, what did you there? I frighten'd a lit-tle mouse un-der the chair.

p *f*

GOOSEY GANDER.

Lively.

Old Tune, arranged by M. M. W.

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, That would not say his prayers, I

took him by the left leg, And threw him down stairs.

LITTLE Tommy Tucker sings for his supper.
What shall he eat, then? Some white bread and butter.
How shall he cut it without e'er a knife?
And how will he marry without e'er a wife?

HOT CROSS BUNS.

Air by R. V.

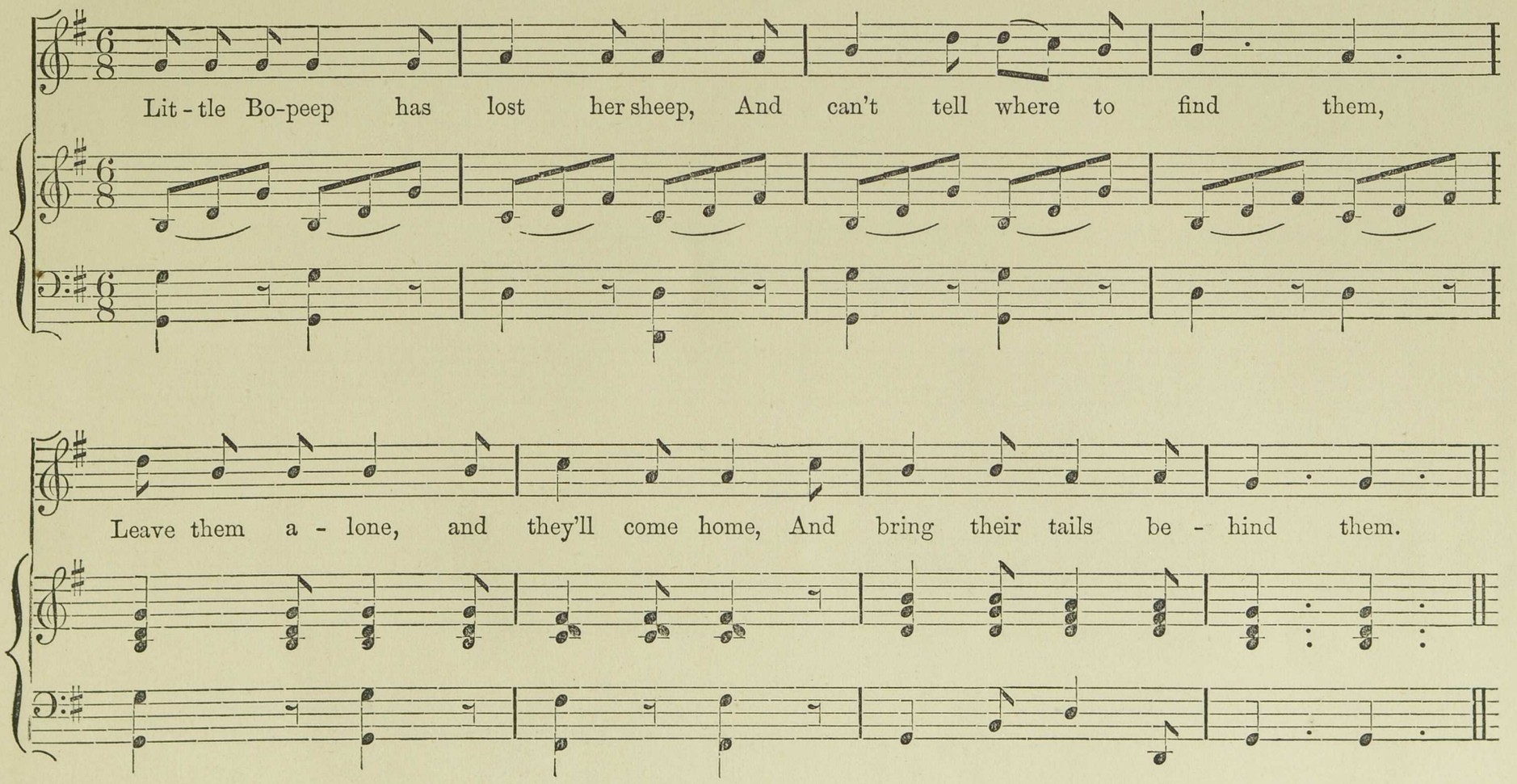
Arranged by H. W.

Hot Cross Buns! Hot Cross Buns! One a pen - ny Buns!

Two a pen - ny Buns! One a pen - ny, two a pen - ny Hot Cross Buns!

LITTLE BO-PEEP.

Old Tune, arranged by M. M. W.



Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamt she heard them bleating;
But when she awoke, she found it a joke,
For they still were all a fleeting.

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 all their tails behind 'em.

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

She heaved a sigh, and wiped her eye,
And over the hillocks went stump-o;
And tried what she could, as a shepherdess should,
To tack again each to its rump-o.

TOM, TOM, THE PIPER'S SON.

Old Tune, arranged by M. M. W.

Tom, Tom, the Pi - per's son, Stole a pig, and a - way he run! The

pig was eat, And Tom was beat, And Tom went roar - ing down the street.

THE OLD WOMAN TOSS'D UP IN A BLANKET.

Old Tune, arranged by M. M. W.

I saw an old wo - man toss'd up in a blan - ket Nine - ty - nine times as

high as the moon, But where she was go - ing I could not but ask it,

THE OLD WOMAN TOSS'D UP IN A BLANKET—*continued.*

For in her hand she car - ried a broom. Old wo - man, old wo - man, old

p

wo - man, said I, O where are you go - ing, whi - ther so high? To

brush the cob - webs off the sky. Shall I go with thee? Aye, by and by.

THREE BLIND MICE.

Old Tune, arranged by M. M. W.

Three blind mice, See how they run! They all ran af - ter the far - mer's wife: She cut off their tails with a carv - ing knife. Did you e - ver hear such a tale in your life A-bout three blind mice?

CURLY LOCKS.

Old Tune.

Cur - ly Locks! Cur - ly Locks! wilt thou be mine? Thou shalt not wash

dish - es, nor yet feed the swine; But sit on a cush - ion and

sew a fine seam, And feed up - on straw - ber - ries, su - gar, and cream.

THE MERRY BELLS OF LONDON TOWN.

With spirit.

Old Tune.

Lend me five shillings, say the bells of St. He-len's, When will you pay me? say the bells of Old Bai-ley,

When I am rich, say the bells of Shoreditch, When will that be? say the bells of Step-ney,

I do not know, says the great bell of Bow. Ding, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong.

UNIFORM IN EVERY RESPECT WITH THE CHILDREN'S MUSICAL GEM,

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

CONTENTS.

SONG OF SEVEN ... ... JEAN INGELOW.
THE TURTLE DOVES' NEST ... ... AUNT EFFIE.
THE BIRD'S NEST ... ... ANONYMOUS.
THE BABY BOY ... ... MRS. WELLS.
LITTLE ROBIN ... ... EASY POETRY.
LITTLE RAINDROPS ... ... AUNT EFFIE.
LITTLE BROTHER ... ... M. L. DUNCAN.
LITTLE PUSSIE ... ... NURSERY SONGS.
THE NORTH WIND DOTH BLOW ... GAMMER GURTON.
I MUST NOT TEASE MY MOTHER ... MRS. SIGOURNEY.
THE LITTLE LAMBS ... ... M. L. DUNCAN.
I HAD FOUR BROTHERS... ... ... OLD NURSERY SONG.
LITTLE CHILD'S MORNING HYMN ... AUNT MARY.
LITTLE CHILD'S EVENING HYMN ... M. L. DUNCAN.

AND

SONGS FOR OUR LITTLE FRIENDS.

CONTENTS.

GOOD MORN, SIR SNAIL ... ... FROM A CHILD'S PRIMER.
WHAT DOES LITTLE BIRDIE SAY? TENNYSON.
SEE THE RAIN IS FALLING ... ANONYMOUS.
SNOW FLAKES ... ... E. R. B.
SEA GULLS ... ... FROM "ECHOES OF OUR CHILDHOOD."
THE DISAPPOINTED FRIENDS ... FROM "ECHOES OF OUR CHILDHOOD."
TWO LITTLE KITTENS ... ... FROM THE "PARISH MAGAZINE."
THE SILLY LITTLE BAA ... ... E. R. B.
MAY SONG ... ... E. R. B.
WATER LILIES ... ... E. R. B.
BALLAD ... ... E. R. B.
GOOD NIGHT ... ... FROM "ECHOES OF OUR CHILDHOOD."

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