

"BLESSED BE THE HAND THAT PREPARES A PLEASURE FOR A CHILD."—DOUGLAS FERROLD.

The Tragic & Yet Strictly Moral Story
OF HOW

Three Little Pigs went to Market

AND
THE OLD ONE STAYED AT HOME



ILLUSTRATED BY

C. A. DOYLE

YE PIG & WHISTLE

G. WATERSTON : SONS : & : STEWART
: LONDON : & : EDINBURGH :

The Tragic and yet strictly Moral Story

OF HOW

THREE LITTLE PIGS WENT TO MARKET

AND

THE OLD ONE STAYED AT HOME.

RELATED IN EGGS-HAMETER, ILLUSTRATED WITH CUTS FROM BACON, AND PRINTED IN PIGMENT.

I'LL tell you of such a lark, it
Happened away in Glentarkit ;
"Three little pigs went to the market,
 But the old one stayed at home."
But the old one stayed at home ;
She was not given to roam.
"Three little pigs went to the market,
 But the old one stayed at home."

She wanted to have a pancake,
A thing an old pig can make,
And in a frying-pan bake
 Till it was rich and nice.
Till it was rich and nice,
She'd toss it once or twice,
And in a frying-pan bake
 Till it was rich and nice.

She sent them to buy some flour,
Some milk that was not sour,
And eggs new laid that hour,
 And sugar to make it sweet.
And sugar to make it sweet,
Till it was good to eat ;
And eggs new laid that hour,
 And sugar to make it sweet.

They bought the flour from the baker,
The milk they got from the maker,
The eggs they took from a Quaker,
 The sugar I don't know where.
The sugar I don't know where,
But it was certainly there ;
The eggs they took from a Quaker,
 The sugar I don't know where.

Then homeward as quick returning,
They quarrelled about their learning,
And who was most discerning,
 For they were learned pigs.
For they were learned pigs,
Although they wore no wigs ;
And who was most discerning,
 For they were learned pigs.

Now, boys, you never should fight,
Nor in quarrelling take delight ;
And never, oh, never at night,
 Roast pork for supper take.

The first threw flour at his brothers,
The second the milk at the others,
While the third the three all smothers
 With a plaster of sugar and eggs.
With a plaster of sugar and eggs,
On their bodies and arms and legs ;
While the third the three then smothers
 With a plaster of sugar and eggs.

So they all got mixed together,
Like birds of a single feather,
Or mud in dirty weather,
 Stirred well up in a ditch.
Stirred well up in a ditch,
Till you couldn't tell who from which ;
Or mud in dirty weather,
 Stirred well up in a ditch.

And they looked so much like batter,
Only richer far and fatter,
The old pig, mad as a hatter,
 Put them all in the frying-pan.
Put them all in the frying-pan,
Till all into one they ran ;
The old pig, mad as a hatter,
 Put them all in the frying-pan.

Then she fried them rich and brown,
From the heels unto the crown,
And then she swallowed them down,
 Till every bit was gone.
Till every bit was gone,
And the pan with scraping shone,
And then she swallowed them down,
 Till every bit was gone.

Which made her so very ill,
The Doctor gave her a pill,
Which was certain sure to kill,
 So she died upon the spot,
So she died upon the spot,
And what she deserved she got ;
Which was certain sure to kill,
 So she died upon the spot.

MORAL.

Roast pork for supper take,
Or you'll with nightmare quake ;
And never, oh, never at night,
 Roast pork for supper take.

HOW THREE LITTLE PIGS WENT TO MARKET.

Molto Ritardando, Fht. ♩ = 96 (in the shade).

I'll tell you about a lark, it Happen'd a-way in Glen-

tar - kit; "Three little pigs went to the mar - ket, But the old one stay'd at home." But the old one stay'd at

home; She was not given to roam. "Three little pigs went to the mar - ket, But the

old one stay'd at home."



HOW THREE LITTLE PIGS WENT TO MARKET.

She wanted to have a pan - cake, A thing an old pig can make, And

in a fry - ing - pan bake Till it was rich and nice. Till it was rich and

nice, She'd toss it once or twice, And in a fry - ing - pan bake Till

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eggs new laid that hour, And sugar to make it sweet. And sugar to make it

sweet, Till it was good to eat; And eggs new laid that hour, And

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They bought the flour from the bak - er, The milk they got from the mak - er, The

eggs they took from a Quak - er, The sugar I don't know where. The sugar I don't know

where, But it was certainly there; The eggs they took from a Quak - er The

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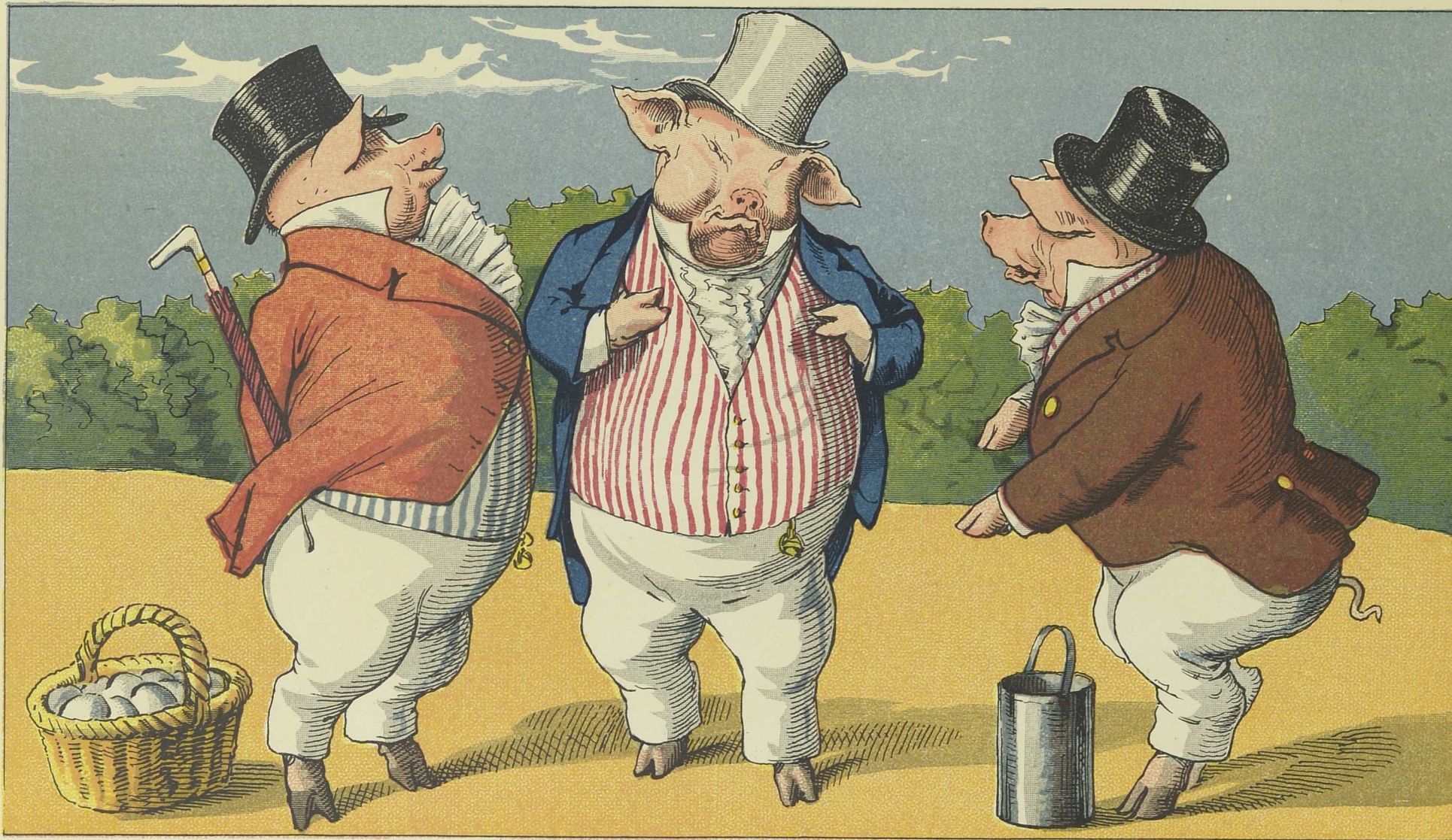
HOW THREE LITTLE PIGS WENT TO MARKET.

Then home - ward as quick re - turn - ing, They quarrelled about their learn - ing, And

who was most dis - cern - ing, For they were learn - ed pigs. For they were learn - ed

pigs, Although they wore no wigs; And who was most dis - cern - ing, For

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HOW THREE LITTLE PIGS WENT TO MARKET.

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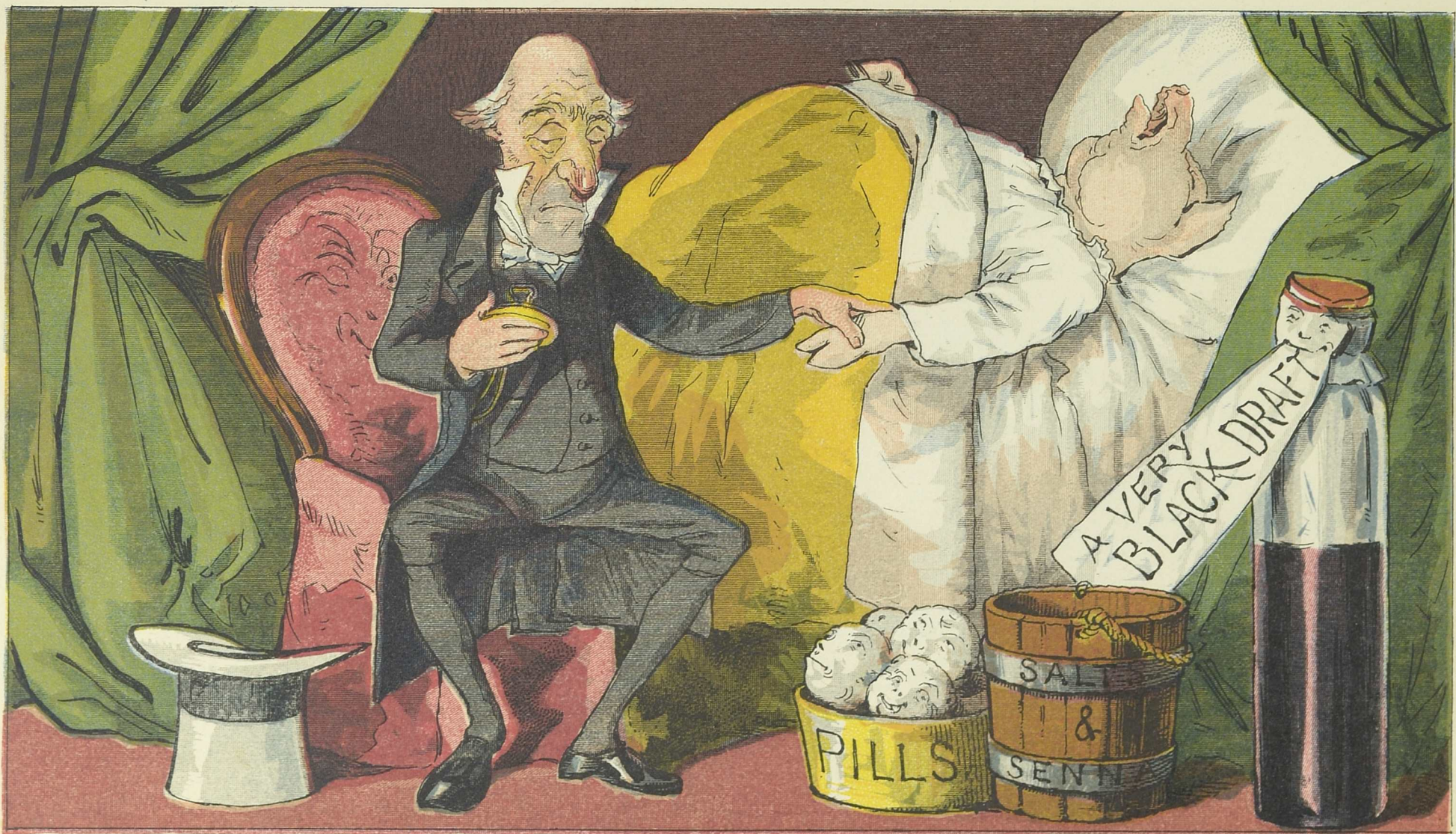
eggs, On their bodies and arms and legs; While the third the three then smo - thers With a

plaster of sugar and eggs.

HOW THREE LITTLE PIGS WENT TO MARKET.

So they all got mixed to - ge - ther, Like birds of a sin - gle fea - ther, Or
mud in dir - ty wea - ther, Stirred well up in a ditch. Stirred well up in a
ditch, Till you could'nt tell who from which; Or mud in dir - ty wea - ther, Stirred
well up in a ditch.

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment is written in grand staff notation (treble and bass clefs). The vocal line is written in a single treble clef. The lyrics are placed below the vocal line. The score is divided into six systems, each with a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano accompaniment features a steady rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The vocal line is a simple melody with lyrics. The lyrics are: "So they all got mixed to - ge - ther, Like birds of a sin - gle fea - ther, Or mud in dir - ty wea - ther, Stirred well up in a ditch. Stirred well up in a ditch, Till you could'nt tell who from which; Or mud in dir - ty wea - ther, Stirred well up in a ditch." The score ends with a final chord in the piano accompaniment.



HOW THREE LITTLE PIGS WENT TO MARKET.

And they looked so much like bat - ter, Only rich - er far and fat - ter, The

old pig, mad as a hat - ter, Put them all in the fry - ing - pan. Put them all in the fry - ing

pan, Till all into one they ran; The old pig, mad as a hat - ter, Put them

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Which made her so ver - y ill, The Doc - tor gave her a pill, Which was

cer - tain sure to kill, So she died up - on the spot. So she died up - on the

spot, And what she deserved she got; Which was cer - tain sure to kill, So she

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HOW THREE LITTLE PIGS WENT TO MARKET.

MORAL.—Now, boys, you nev - er should fight, Nor in quarrelling take de - light; And

never, oh, never at night, Roast pork for sup - per take. Roast pork for sup - per

take, Or you'll with nightmare quake; And never, oh, never at night, Roast

pork for sup - per take.

Fine.

(P)

dt fol



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BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

THE THREE LITTLE NAUGHTY BOYS

Their Comical History and Sad Fate

(WORDS AND MUSIC)

WITH AN APPROPRIATE MORAL

AND

ILLUSTRATED BY C. A. DOYLE.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.