



JUVENILE SONGS

—
SET TO MUSIC

BY

T. CRAMPTON.

ON DEMAND RECEIPT
paid
Feb. 7 1862
1862
Vol

Mabel -

With Pollic's love.

Amas 1849.

J. W. B. N. L. L. E. S. O. N. G. S.



SET TO MUSIC BY T. CRAMPTON.

LONDON: F. PITMAN, 20, PATERNOSTER ROW.

To

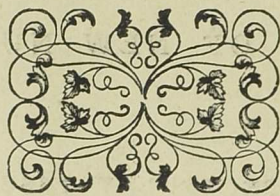
MISS HANNAH DE ROTHSCHILD,

THIS VOLUME OF NEW NURSERY SONGS

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

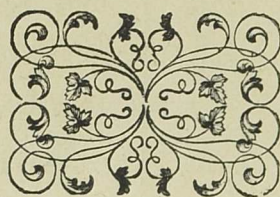
BY

THE EDITOR.



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Juvenile Songs.

JACK AND JILL. ✓

FIRST VERSE, OLD NURSERY RHYME—ADDITIONAL VERSES BY GEORGE BENNETT.

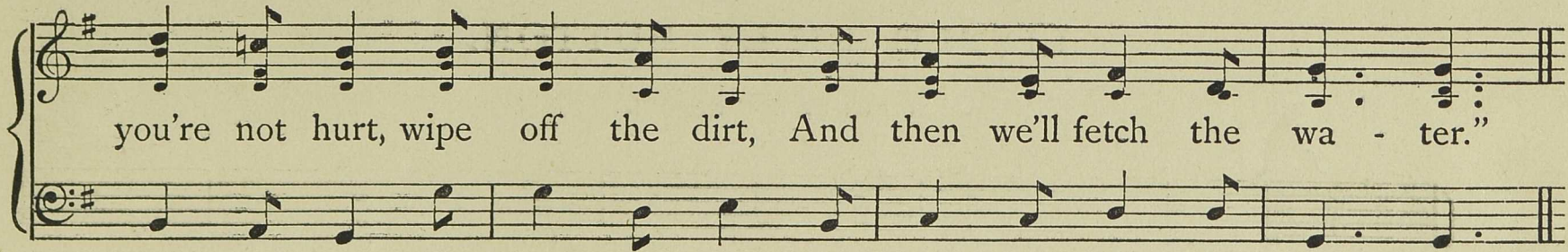
Moderately quick. *f*

Jack and Jill went up the hill To fetch a pail of wa - ter;

Jack fell down and broke his crown, And Jill came tum - bling af - ter.

p *f*

Jack got up and said "It's nought; So, now, old Gaf - fer's daugh - ter, If

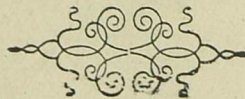


II.

Jack and Jill went round the hill
 To tend the geese and gander,
 But strolled away to sport and play,
 And left the geese to wander :
 A fox came down and pounced on one,
 And stole it for his dinner,
 While Jill and Jack came running back,
 But Foxy was the winner.

III.

Jack and Jill went down the hill
 To scare away the crows there ;
 Jack fired his gun, and soon killed one,
 But blew off his own nose there.
 Says Jill, " Good lack ! my darling Jack,
 I'll go and fetch your master ;
 And don't suppose you've lost your nose—
 We'll stick it on with plaster."



LITTLE BILLY BUTTON.

WORDS BY ROLAND QUIZ.

Lively. *f*

Lit - tle Bil - ly But - ton Was a pret - ty boy;

Lit - tle Bil - ly But - ton Was his pa - rents' joy; Lit - tle Bil - ly's

fa - ther Sent him out one day, To drive some sheep for far - mer Heep, To

fields not far a - way. *f* Lit - tle Bil - ly But - ton Was a pret - ty

boy, Lit - tle Bil - ly But - ton Was his pa - rents' joy.

II.

Little Billy Button
 Went out full of glee,
 Little Billy Button—
 Glad the fields to see—
 Drove along his sheep-flock
 At the break of day,
 Whistled loud and walked proud
 Along the broad highway.

III.

Little Billy Button
 Reached the meadow stile
 Little Billy Button
 Thought he'd rest awhile.
 With his head laid snugly
 On some new-mown hay,
 He fell asleep, when all his sheep
 Ran scampering away.

LITTLE FANNY.

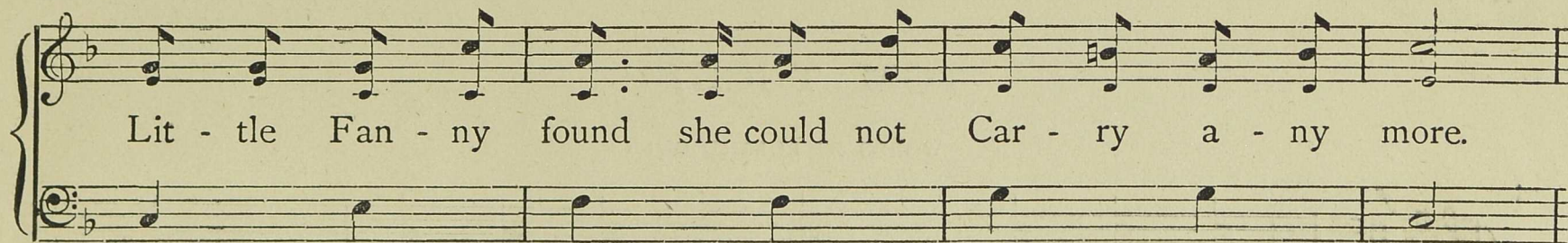
WORDS BY ROLAND QUIZ.

Lively.

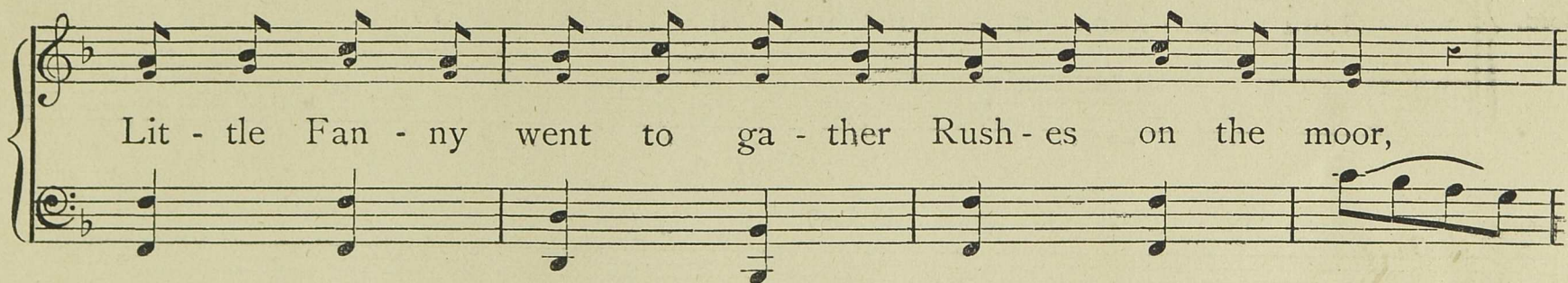
Lit - tle Fan - ny went to ga - ther Rush - es on the moor,

Think - ing that she'd help her mo - ther, Know - ing she was poor.

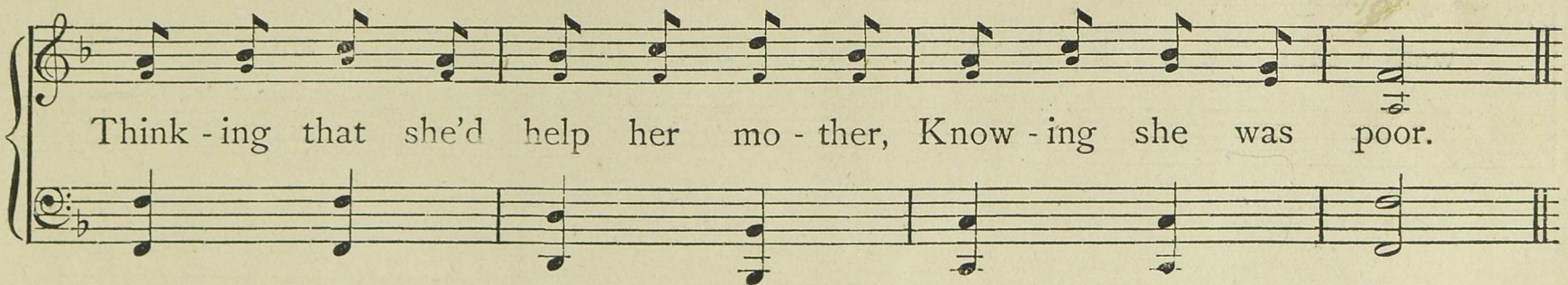
Down she sat up - on the moor - land, Fill'd her pi - na - fore



Lit - tle Fan - ny found she could not Car - ry a - ny more.



Lit - tle Fan - ny went to ga - ther Rush - es on the moor,



Think - ing that she'd help her mo - ther, Know - ing she was poor.

II.

To her mother's little cottage
Trudged she on her way,
With her rushes, gaily singing,
"What will mother say?"

And her mother saw the rushes
With a cheerful smile,
Called Fanny her own darling,
Kissed her all the while.

TOM TUCKER.

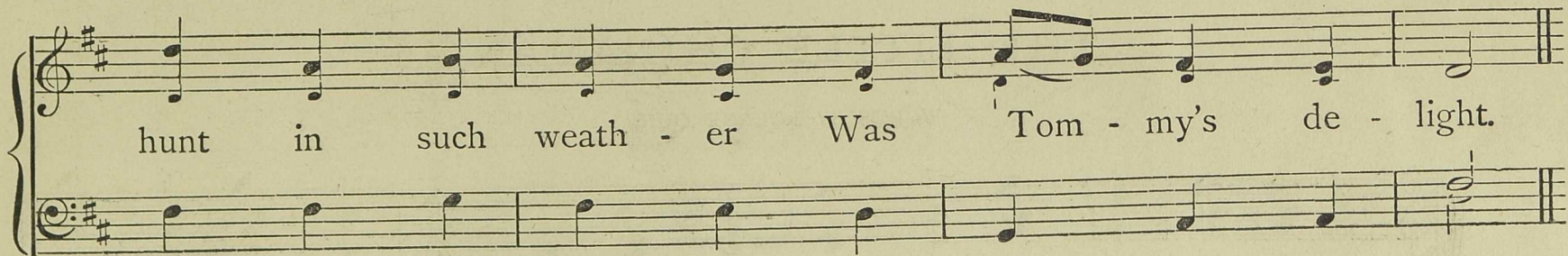
WORDS BY ROLAND QUIZ.

Bold. *f*

Tom Tuc - ker a - hunt - ing Once thought he would go, For the

wea - ther was keen, And the fast fall - ing snow The

mea - dows had cloth'd in A man - tle of white, To



hunt in such weath - er Was Tom - my's de - light.

II.

“ Oh bring up my donkey,
Cried Tom, “ in a crack,
And soon you will find
I will be on his back,
And then gallop off
At a runaway pace,
For Little Tom Tucker
Delights in the chase.”



THE LITTLE CHINAMAN.

WORDS BY ROLAND QUIZ.

Lively.

There was once a lit - tle Chi - na - man, His name was Fo - hi -

- Fee, And he took it in his head one day To climb a great high tree.

So up he went with good in - tent, But when he got half way, He

tum - bled down and Fo - hi's crown was al - most crack'd that day.

II.

Now the next thing this poor Chinaman
 Got in his head to try,
 Was to make a pair of bat-like wings,
 And like a bat to fly.
 He made them right, and fixed them tight,
 And up a junk's mast went,
 When loud he cried, in all his pride,
 "To fly is my intent."

III

People hooted this poor Chinaman,
 Yet still aloud cried he,
 "To the moon I'll fly away with speed,
 And there I'll sell my tea!"
 He took a bound! but soon he found
 Himself tossed in the sea,
 "Help! help!" he cried, but no one tried
 To save poor Fohi-Fee.



SPRING FLOWERS.

WORDS BY GEO. BENNETT.—FROM "SCHOOL PIECES," BY THE EDITOR.

Moderato.

All a - blow - ing, all a - grow - ing, Flowers, spring flowers!

Beau - ty wreath - ing, fra - grance breath - ing, Flowers, spring flowers!

Cow - slips, pan - sies, vio - lets blue, Flush'd and gemm'd with dia - mond dew,

Prim - ro - ses and young May - buds ga - ther'd in the green - ing woods,

Ere the dai - sies op'd their eyes; Ere the lark was in the skies.

II.

All a-blowing, all a-growing,
 Flowers, spring flowers;
 Dainty posies, blooming roses
 Flowers, spring flowers.

Buy them, they shall glad your sight,
 Fill your heart with pure delight;
 They shall scent each cherish'd room
 With the woodland's sweet perfume;
 Tell you more than words can tell
 Of the meadow, stream, and dell.

THE FROGGIE'S BALL. ✓

WORDS BY ROLAND QUIZ.

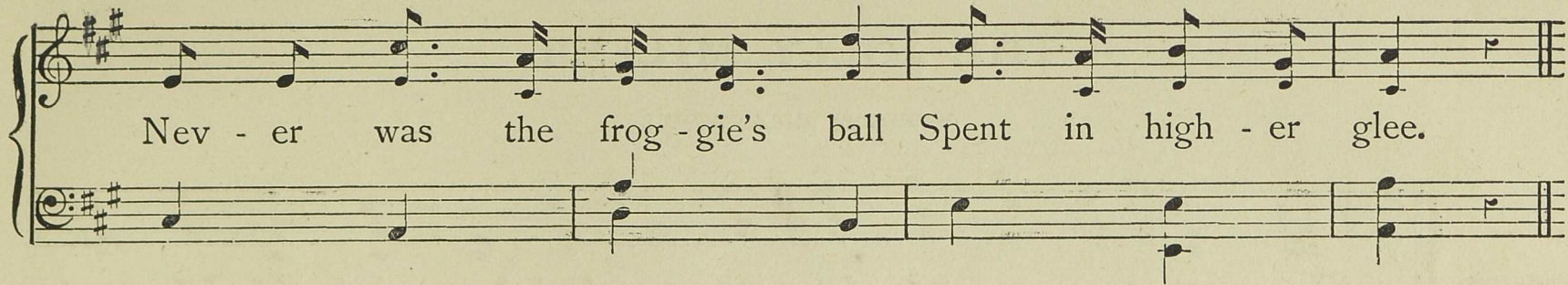
In moderate time.

f

Four - and - twen - ty frog - gies Held a ball one night;

Four - and - twen - ty frog - gies Re - vell'd in de - light,

Trip - ping on the green - sward, Hap - py as could be,



II.

When the morning sun rose
 Came a great white cow,
 Crying in a hoarse voice,
 "What's your little row?"
 "Nothing," said the froggies
 Trembling all in fear;
 "Off you go," said Mistress Cow,
 "You've no business here."

III.

Then a little froggy,
 Bolder than the rest,
 Spoke out quite indignant,
 Called the cow a pest;

But the cow not heeding,
 Wagged her long white tail,
 And the little froggies all
 Thought it was a flail.

IV.

Off they to the brook ran,
 Where they hid them deep,
 Vowing when the night came
 Cow should have no sleep;
 And their vows they kept, too;
 For throughout the night
 Croaked they so that Mistress Cow
 Had to take her flight.

THE JOLLY MILLER.

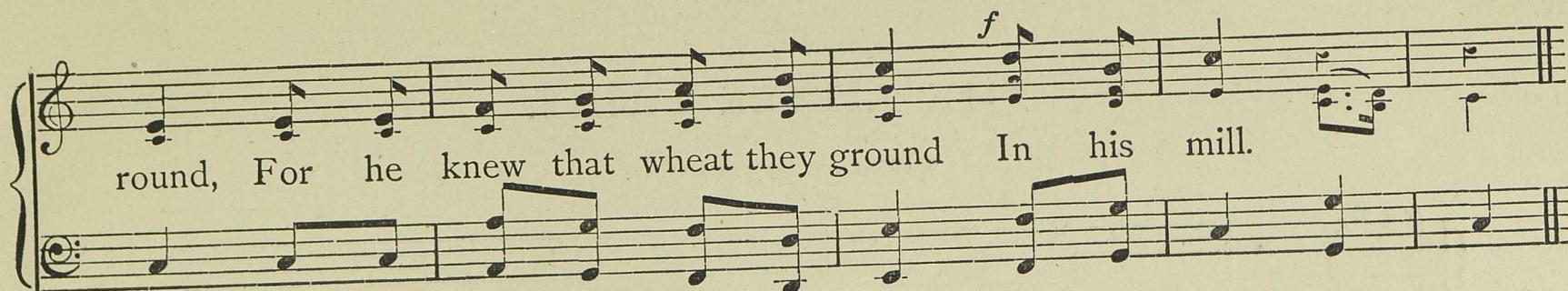
WORDS BY ROLAND QUIZ.

Moderato.

There was once a jol - ly mill - er, And he work'd with right good

will, In a lit - tle snug - built wind - mill Up the hill.

And he lov'd to hear the sound of the sails as they went



round, For he knew that wheat they ground In his mill.

II.

Now this little jolly miller,
Though he lived like one forlorn,
Loved to get an honest living,
Grinding corn ;
And his neighbours saw him thrive
As the bees do in their hive ;
For he left his bed at five
Every morn.



THE LITTLE FAIRY.

WORDS BY ROLAND QUIZ.

Lively.

The musical score is written in treble and bass clefs with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a time signature of 2/4. The tempo is marked 'Lively.' The lyrics are: 'There was a lit - tle fai - ry once Liv'd in a wee blue - bell, And sto - ries of the sweet - est kind This lit - tle elf would tell. She told how, when the morn - ing came, The flowers that round her grew, All'.

There was a lit - tle fai - ry once Liv'd in a wee blue -

- bell, And sto - ries of the sweet - est kind This lit - tle elf would tell.

She told how, when the morn - ing came, The flowers that round her grew, All

bow'd their mo - dest lit - tle heads, To shake a - way the dew.

D.C.

II.

She told how lovely singing-birds
 Would spend their happy hours,
 And warble out their matins sweet
 Among the fragrant flowers ;
 How pretty insects bright and gay
 Would revel in delight,
 And how in some bright lovely cup
 They slumbered all the night.

III.

She told such wondrous things to me
 Of beauty and of love,
 And said that all these precious charms
 Were sent us from Above.

But when the autumn time came round,
 The blue-bell drooped its head ;
 The fairy tried to raise it up,
 But found the flow'ret dead.

IV.

The fairy sighed ; and, as a tear
 Stood gleaming in her eye,
 She sadly said, " How hard it is
 That all the flowers must die."
 Hope whispered, and she dried her tears,
 Then gaily 'gan to sing,
 " Though in the autumn flow'rets die,
 They come again with spring."

THE MERRY BIRDS.

mf

Lively,
but not
too fast.

A flock of mer - ry sing - ing birds were sport - ing in the grove,

Some were war - bling chee - ri - ly, and some were ma - king love; There were

f

Bo - ba - lin - con, Wa - do - lin - con, Whis - ko - din - kle, Win - ter - see - ble;

Such a live - ly set was ne - ver led by pipe or fid - dle, Singing wee, wee,

Wa - do - lin - con, See, see, Bo - ba - lin - con, Down a-mong the tick - le tops,

hi-ding in the but - ter - cups, Bob-bing in the clo-ver blossoms, see, see, see.

O what a merry happy life o'er hill and dale to play;
 Rest upon the apple-boughs, then chirping fly away;
 Now they gambol o'er the clearing,
 Off again and then appearing,
 Perch'd aloft on quiv'ring wing,
 See now they're soaring, now they're singing,
 Crying wee, wee, &c.

BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES.

WORDS BY MRS. HOWITT, FROM "SCHOOL PIECES" BY THE EDITOR.

Lively. *f*

But - ter - cups and dai - sies, O the pret - ty flow'rs!

Com - ing in the spring time To tell of sum - mer hours.

While the trees are leaf - less, While the fields are bare, But - ter - cups and

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature. The melody in the upper staff begins with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4, B4, C5, B4, A4, G4, F#4, E4, D4, C4. A dynamic marking 'f' (forte) is placed above the eighth note F#4. The lyrics 'dai - sies Spring up here and there. But - ter - cups and dai - sies, O the pret - ty' are written below the notes.

The second system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature. The melody in the upper staff continues with quarter notes D4, C4, B3, A3, G3, F#3, E3, D3, C3. The lyrics 'flow'rs! Com - ing in the spring time To tell of summer hours.' are written below the notes.

II.

Little hardy flowers,
 Like to children poor,
 Playing in their sturdy health
 By their cottage door.
 Purple with the north wind,
 Yet alert and bold,
 Fearing not and caring not,
 Though they be a-cold.
 Buttercups and daisies, &c.

III.

What to them is weather,
 What are stormy showers?
 Buttercups and daisies
 Are these human flowers.
 He who gave them hardship
 And a life of care,
 Gave them likewise hardy strength
 And patient hearts to bear.
 Buttercups and daisies, &c.

THE CLOCK.

WORDS BY J. B. KEENE.

f
Allegretto.

Hark at the clock go - ing tick, tick, tick, tick,

p

Count - ing the time that is pass - ing so quick. When each hour's

fi - nish'd, it strikes on a bell, Then what o - 'clock it is

Char - ley can tell. Tick, tick - pass - ing so

quick, Then what o - 'clock it is Char - ley can tell.

II.

Tick, tick, tick, tick, goes the clock all the day,
 Every fresh hour he has something to say ;
 One, two, three, four, five, six, struck on the bell,
 Charley will soon learn to count very well.

Tick, tick—passing so quick,
 Charley will soon learn to count very well.

III.

Tick, tick, tick, tick, goes the clock all the night,
 Charley he wakes up as soon as 'tis light ;
 Still the old clock keeps on ticking the same,
 Never stops working to play any game.

Tick, tick—passing so quick,
 Working while Charley is having a game,

FIDDLE-DE-DEE.

WORDS BY ROLAND QUIZ.

Lively.

Once lit - tle Jack Hor - ner went off to the fair, To

see the fine shows and the toys that were there; He

saw a fine fid - dle and shout - ed with glee, "Mam -

- ma, buy that fid - dle, O buy it for me." Fid - dle - de - dee,

Oh, dear me, What a fine play - er Jack Hor - ner will be

II.

Mamma bought the fiddle, and gave it to Jack,
 Who started to scrape on the strings in a crack;
 And all the lads round said there never could be
 A player like Jack on his fiddle-de-dee.

Tweedle-twe-twee,

Oh, dear me,

What a fine player Jack Horner will be.

III.

Jack plays all the day; and each silent night
 He dreams that the elves come and dance in de-
 To the music he plays; and happy is he [light
 To tune for the elves on his fiddle-de-dee.

Tweedle-twe-twee,

Oh, dear me,

Little Jack Horner, how happy is he!

LITTLE TOM TROT.

WORDS FROM "ORIGINAL NURSERY RHYMES."

Lively. *mf*

Lit - tle Tom Trot an egg had got, But had

quite for - got - ten to boil it: He crack'd it soon with a

wood - en spoon, And so con - triv'd to spoil it.

p

He found it no joke to eat white and yolk Which

f

had - n't been set by boil - ing, So when Tom Trot his

next egg got, He cooked it to keep it from spoil - ing.



CRADLE SONG.

WORDS BY J. B. KEENE.

Sempre piano.

Andante.

Ba - by bir - die, go to sleep ; How shall ba - by get there ?

Shut your eyes and ne - ver peep, That will send my pet there.

Hush ! hush ! hush ! hush ! That will send my pet there.

Hush! hush! hush! hush! That will send my pet there.

II.

Breathing softly, breathing slow,
 With no thought of sorrow,
 Into dreamland we all go,
 Wake again to-morrow.
 Hush! hush! hush! hush!
 Wake again to-morrow.

III.

Gently, gently on we creep,
 Baby snug in clover,
 Now we've nearly got to sleep
 Journey's almost over.
 Hush! hush! hush! hush!
 Now the journey's over.



TEN LITTLE PIGGIES.

WORDS BY GEORGE BENNETT.

Lively.

Ten lit - tle pig - gies, all so plump and fine,

But - cher kill'd one, and then there were nine; Nine lit - tle pig - gies

feed - ing by the gate, One ran a - way and then there were eight.

f CHORUS.

One lit - tle, two lit - tle, three lit - tle, four lit - tle, five lit - tle pig - gy - wigs.

Six lit - tle, seven lit - tle, eight lit - tle, nine lit - tle, ten lit - tle pig - gy - wigs.

II.

Eight little piggies, we'll send one to Devon,
 There will be enough if we've only seven;
 Seven little piggies dancing round the ricks,
 One broke his neck, and then there were six.
 One little, two little, &c.

III.

Six little piggies, see now how they thrive,
 We'll kill the finest, then there'll be five;
 Five little piggies round the stable door,
 We'll kill another, then there'll be four.
 One little, two little, &c.

IV.

Four little piggies, fat as fat can be,
 Dobbin trod on one, and then there were three;
 Three little piggies, now what shall we do?
 Send one to market, that will leave us two.
 One little, two little, &c.

V.

Two jolly piggies basking in the sun,
 Send one to granny, that will leave us one;
 One jolly piggy, he shall be our own,
 Butcher shall not kill him till he's twenty stone.
 One little, two little, &c.

DING DONG BELL.

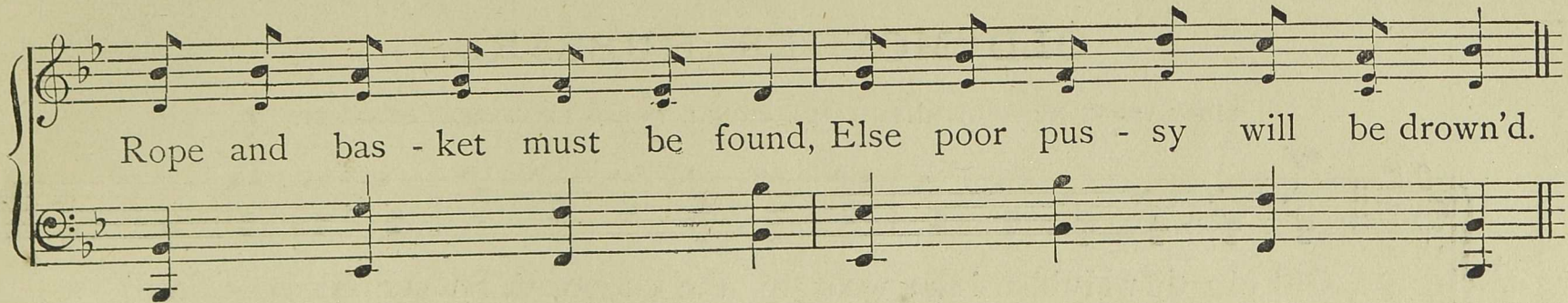
WORDS BY GEORGE BENNETT.

Andantino.

Ding dong bell! ding dong bell! Pus - sy's fall - en in the well.

How she mews and swims a - bout, We must try and get her out,

Don't you come too near the brink, If you tum - ble in you'll sink.



Rope and bas - ket must be found, Else poor pus - sy will be drown'd.

II.

Ding dong bell ! ding dong bell !
 Pussy's fallen in the well,
 We shall pull her out, I hope,
 Here's a basket, here's a rope ;
 Let them down, the rope is long,
 Let them down, the basket's strong.
 There, poor pussy, get you in,
 Never mind your dripping-skin.

III.

Ding dong bell ! ding dong bell !
 Pussy's coming up the well,
 Higher yet, a little higher,
 There, we'll take her to the fire,
 Feed her with some bread and milk,
 Make her coat as soft as silk ;
 Now poor pussy's dry and well,
 So for joy we'll ring the bell.



OLD MOTHER HUBBARD.

FIRST VERSE NURSERY RHYME, ADDITIONAL WORDS BY GEORGE BENNETT.

mf

Not too fast.

Old Mo-ther Hubbard she went to the cupboard, To get her poor dog a

bone, But when she got there, the cup-board was bare, And

so the poor dog had none. *p* Poor dog-gie look'd up with a

tear in his eye, Be - cause he was hun - gry, you know, And

wag - gled his tail, his lit - tle short tail, And said to her, "Bow, wow, wow!"

II.

Old Mother Hubbard, she turned from the cupboard,
And said, "Now come along, Snap," [board,
We'll go to Dame Hind, and if she is kind,
I'm sure she will give us a scrap."

The dame was at home, and she said when they'd
"There's enough for both of you now; [come
Some broth and the shanks;" Mother Hubbard
said "Thanks,"

And doggie said, "Bow, wow, wow."

III.

Old Mother Hubbard oft went to her cupboard,
But seldom could meet with a bone—
'Twas hard to be old, and hungry, and cold,
With poor little doggie alone!

Mamma is so good, she would send her some
food,

If old Mother Hubbard liv'd now,
How glad we should be, the poor woman to see,
And hear the dog say, "Bow, wow!"

THE SQUIRREL.

Lively.

Come down, dear lit - tle squir - rel, do! Come home a - long with me: I

have a lit - tle house for you, Far bet - ter than your tree.

'Tis pain - ted all so bright for you, Oh! do but come and see; It

has a lit - tle cham - ber, too, As nice as nice can be.

II.

It has a little window pane,
 A cunning little door,
 'Tis spread with cotton all around
 For carpet on the floor.
 The cage is made to frolic in,
 You'll turn it with your feet,
 I've laid a bag of apples up
 And nuts for you to eat.

III.

Oh no! I thank you, little boy,
 I'm very well up here,
 With room enough to frisk about
 And naught at all to fear.

My nest is in this chesnut tree,
 'Tis very snug and warm,
 Where stormy winds and dashing rain
 Can never do me harm.

IV.

I should not like the house you have
 Although so nice it be ;
 I would not leave my own dear home,
 Far up the chesnut tree ;
 I should not like the cage at all,
 That whirls so swift about,
 I fear that if I once were in
 I never should get out.

THE FIRE IRONS.

WORDS BY J. B. KEENE. MUSIC BY CHARLES J. WHITTINGTON.

The po - ker, the sho - vel, and tongs Are as jol - ly as they can de -

This system of musical notation features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are placed below the notes.

- sire, They hear all the tea ket - tle's songs, And

This system continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are placed below the notes.

lie down in front of the fire; But they have a work to per -

This system concludes the musical phrase on this page. The lyrics are placed below the notes.

- form: To see that the fire does his task, For how should we keep ourselves

warm, If the fire did - n't burn, let me ask.

II.

So if the fire dozes a bit,
 Up jumps poker, and gives him a poke,
 And tho' he fumes up when first hit,
 He soon laughs it off as a joke.
 By-and-bye, when the fire's getting low,
 And his spirits don't seem to be good,
 To the coal-box the shovel will go
 And bring him a fresh meal of food.

III.

And if some of the coal knobs should fall,
 Or the shovel can't carry their weight,
 The tongs kindly picks them up all,
 And then goes and lies down in state.
 So the poker, the shovel, and tongs,
 Are as jolly as they can desire,
 They can hear all the tea kettle's songs,
 And then go to sleep by the fire.

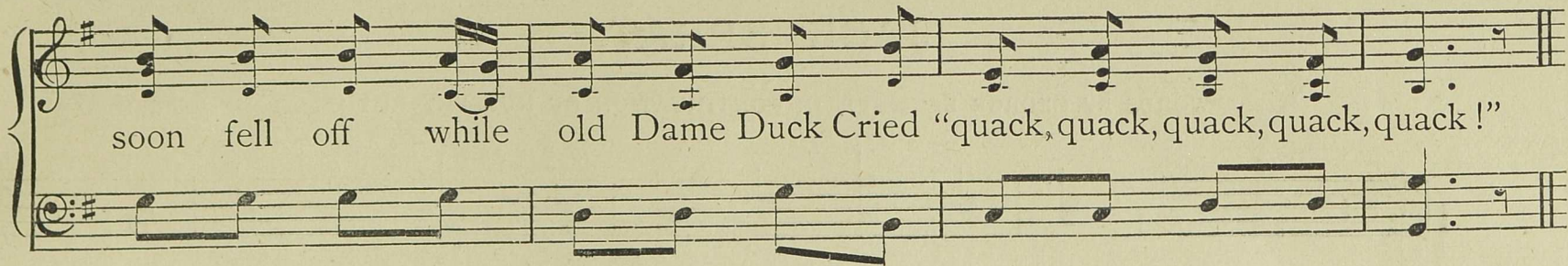
OLD DAME DUCK.

Allegretto.

Old Dame Duck had a lit - tle brood Of ducklings small and cal - low, Their

lit - tle wings were short, their down Was mot - tled grey and yel - low.

One lit - tle duck once scam-bled up Up - on her mo-ther's back, But



II.

Then old Dame Duck got up and said,
 "Now, children, look at me ;
 A well-bred duck should waddle so,
 From side to side—d'ye see ?"
 "Yes," said the ducklings, waddling on
 Genteely in a row ;
 "Now to the pond," said old Dame Duck—
 Splash, splash, and in they go.

III.

"Now swim away," said old Dame Duck,
 "To this side, now to that ;
 There, snap at those great brown-wing'd flies,
 They make young ducklings fat.

Now, when you reach the poultry-yard,
 The hen-wife, Molly Steel,
 Will feed you, with the other fowls,
 On bran and barley-meal.

IV.

"The hens will peck and fight, but mind,
 I hope that all of you
 Will gobble up the food as fast
 As well-bred ducks should do.
 You'd better get into the dish,
 Unless it is too small ;
 In that case I should use my foot
 And overturn it all."

JACK SPRAT.

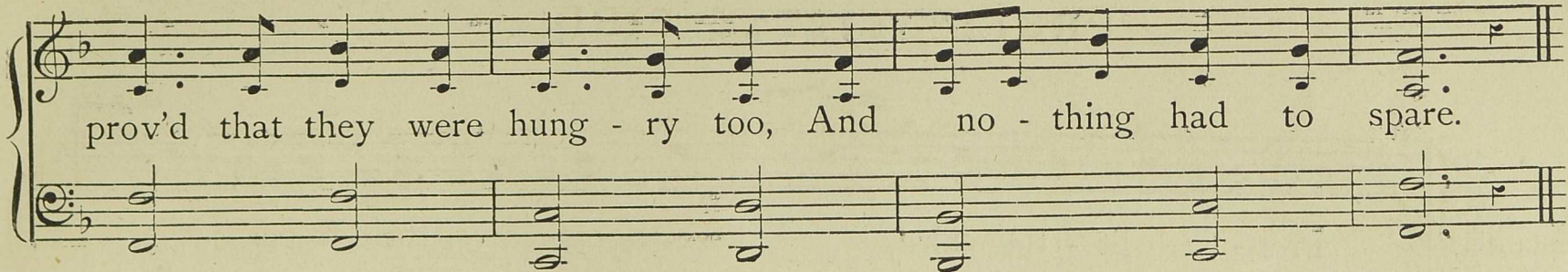
WORDS BY GEORGE BENNETT, IN CONTINUATION OF NURSERY RHYME.

Lively.

Jack Sprat could eat no fat, His wife could eat no lean,

And thus be-tween them both They scrap'd the plat-ter clean.

They scrap'd the plat-ter clean, my dear, Which show'd they lik'd the fare, And.



prov'd that they were hung - ry too, And no - thing had to spare.

II.

Jack Sprat he was not fat,
 His wife she was not lean,
 But they were both alike
 In being smart and clean ;
 They worked for what they had, my dears,
 And when they wanted meat,
 They found the sauce of appetite
 Could make the bitter sweet.

III.

Jack Sprat he was content,
 His wife she was the same,
 He did not covet wealth
 And never dreamt of fame ;
 Yet honest Jack's good name, my dears,
 Shall be remembered long,
 And with his careful wife's be sung
 In many a favourite song.



PRETTY LITTLE BIRD.

Andante.

Pret - ty lit - tle bird, Sing - ing on the tree,

When your voice I heard, It de - light - ed me.

Now I see you hop, Skip from bough to

bough : Stop, my bir - die, stop! Don't go from me now.

II.

When my birdie comes
 Flying through the air,
 He shall find some crumbs
 Scatter'd for him there.
 I'd have never stirr'd
 Had you stay'd here long ;
 Thanks, my bonnie bird,
 For your pretty song.



LITTLE JACK HORNER.

FIRST LINES NURSERY RHYMES, ADDITIONAL WORDS BY GEORGE BENNETT.

Moderato.

Lit - tle Jack Hor - ner sat in the cor - ner, Eat - ing his Christ - mas

pie; He put in his thumb And he pull'd out a plum, And said

"What a brave boy am I!" But he was not con - tent with a

plum of his cake, But pick'd it and bit it all round; And sel-fish Jack Hor-ner
 sat in the cor-ner, While for him they hun-ted all round.

II.

Little Jack Horner sat in the corner
 Eating his Christmas pie;
 He left not a bit for poor Polly or Kit:
 I would not have done so, not I.
 It was greedy, we know, in the good
 Christmas time
 To be hiding away all alone;
 To be stuffing and cramming the pastry
 and jam in,
 No matter if 'twas all his own.

III.

Little Jack Horner crept out of his corner,
 Gone was the Christmas pie:
 How dark it had grown and he was alone,
 And said, "What a bad boy am I!"
 I ought to have given my mother a taste,
 And let Polly and Kit have a bite;
 But I've selfishly hidden and no one been
 bidden,
 And I shall be ill all the night.

THE NICE LITTLE BOY.

WORDS BY J. B. KEENE.

Lively.

O once there liv'd a nice lit-tle boy, and this lit-tle boy's name was Jim, He was

fond of his nice lit-tle mother, and his mother was fond of him. His mother she made him a

nice lit-tle coat, and this lit-tle coat was sky-blue, And she sewed on some nice lit-tle

but-tons, and the but-tons were bright and new ; And she al - so made him a nice lit-tle belt, and this

belt she put round his waist, And she fasten'd it with a nice lit-tle clasp, and this clasp was made with taste.

II.

And then she brought him a nice little cap, and this little cap was of fur,
 And she made him some nice little trowsers, and nice little trowsers they were,
 Then she thought she would take him a nice little walk, but this walk little Jim did refuse,
 Because, amongst all his nice little things, she'd forgotten to get him some shoes.
 So she went and got him some nice little shoes, and these little shoes were of leather,
 And she fitted them on his nice little feet, to keep them quite dry in wet weather.

III.

And they both set off for a nice little walk, and enjoyed a nice little view,
 And then they went in to a nice little house, where they had a nice dinner for two ;
 Their dinner was made up of nice little ducks, and a nice little dish of green peas
 And they had to follow a nice little pie, and to finish a nice little cheese ;
 Then they paid the landlord his nice little bill, and called for a nice little coach,
 Rode home, and each got in a nice little bed, and slept as sound as a roach.

DOCTOR DRÜGGEM.

WORDS BY GEORGE BENNETT.

mf

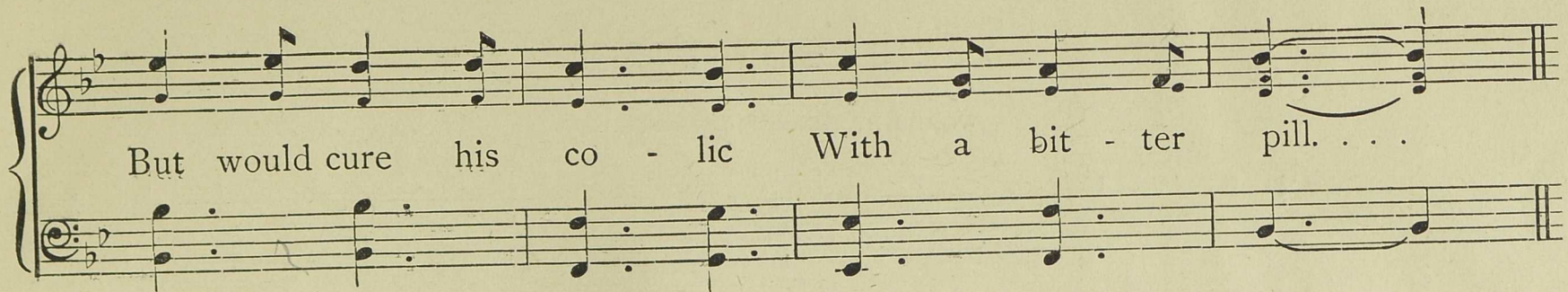
Andantino.

Lit - tle Doc - tor Drug - gem, He got up one morn;

Lit - tle Doc - tor Drug - gem He look'd quite for - lorn. . . .

f *p*

He had had a fro - lic; He was ve - ry ill; . . .



But would cure his co - lic With a bit - ter pill. . . .

II.

Clever Doctor Druggem
 Tried himself to cure,
 Ah, the little doctor!
 He had made too sure;
 Pills that cured so many
 Only made him worse,
 So he went to bed, and
 Sent out for a nurse.

III.

Molly Coddle nursed him,
 Made him broth and tea,
 Waited on him, smiling,
 Kind as kind could be;
 Little Doctor Druggem
 Said she'd saved his life;
 And when he got better
 Molly took to wife.



LITTLE BOY BLUE.

WORDS BY GEORGE BENNETT.

Moderato. *f*

Little boy Blue, come blow up your horn, There are sheep in the meadow, and

The first system of musical notation for 'Little Boy Blue'. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Moderato' and the dynamic is 'f' (forte). The lyrics are 'Little boy Blue, come blow up your horn, There are sheep in the meadow, and'.

cows in the corn, You must drive out the sheep, or the grass they will eat; You must

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are 'cows in the corn, You must drive out the sheep, or the grass they will eat; You must'.

p

drive out the cows, or they'll tram-ple the wheat; And the wheat is for bread, and the

The third system of musical notation. It concludes the piece. The dynamic is marked 'p' (piano). The lyrics are 'drive out the cows, or they'll tram-ple the wheat; And the wheat is for bread, and the'.

grass is for hay: So blow up your horn now, and drive them a - way.

II.

Little boy Blue, come blow up your horn,
 And call up the maidens this sunshiny morn,
 And tell them they must not lie longer in bed,
 For the cows must be milked, and the calves must be fed,
 And call up the men who are going to plow,
 For Dobbin and Grey want their breakfast just now.

III.

Little boy Blue, come blow up your horn,
 Some geese and some chickens are missing this morn.
 We have found out the fox and all the young brood,
 So blow up your horn, now, and off to the wood;
 And we'll call out the dogs Trusty, Jowler, and Box,
 And you'll see we shall catch that old thief of a fox.

IV.

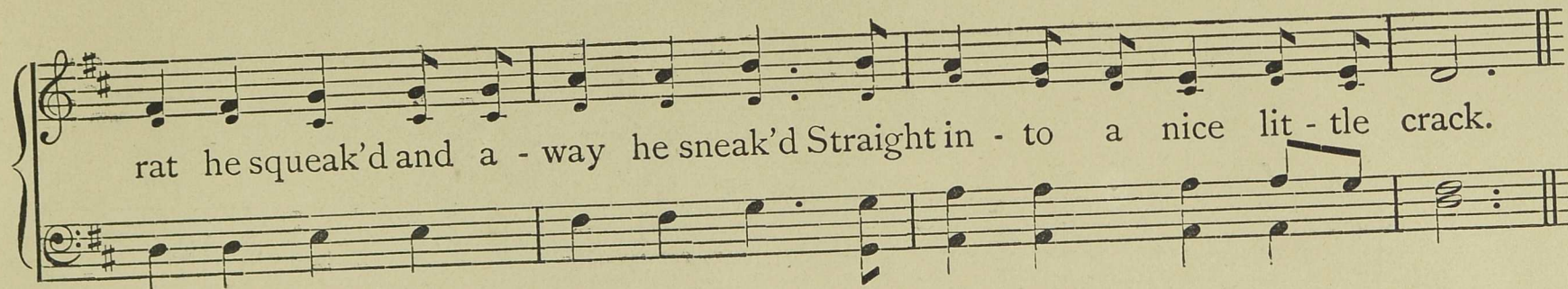
Little boy Blue, come blow up your horn,
 The harvest is reaped and we've gather'd the corn,
 So blow up your horn and the neighbours call in,
 We will tap the best ale, and the feast shall begin.
 Blow, blow up your horn, and we'll shout "Harvest home!"
 Then, little boy Blue, to the supper you'll come.

THE DOG, THE CAT, THE DUCK, AND THE RAT.

Lively. *f* Once on a time, in rain - y wea - ther, *p* A dog and a cat, a

f duck and a rat, All met in a barn to - ge - ther. *p* The

dog he bark'd, the duck she quack'd, The cat she hump'd her back, *f* The



II.

Then said the dog, and looked quite knowing,
 "I think, Mistress Puss, you make a great fuss
 With your back and your green eyes glowing.
 And you, Dame Duck, you waddle and cluck,
 It fidgets one to hear.
 You'd best run off to the old pig's trough,
 Where none but the pigs are near."

III.

Duck was content, and off did ramble ;
 But old pussy cat, she told doggie flat
 That away she would not scramble ;
 She showed her paws, with sharp long claws
 And dared him to come near ;
 And said, "When I please, if you trouble and
 I'll give you a box on the ear." [tease



LADY-BIRD.

WORDS BY GEORGE BENNETT.

Moderato. *f*

La-dy-bird, la-dy-bird, fly a-way home; Your house is on fire and your

p

child-ren at home. In the wood the black gipsies a bon - fire have got, They are

f

all sit - ting round it and boil - ing their pot; The beau-ti - ful dell where your

child - ren would roam, Is all in a smother, so fly a - way home.

II.

Ladybird, ladybird, up in the morn,
 The dew's on the meadows, the bloom on the thorn,
 The bees are all busy, in garden and bower,
 The butterfly's flitting from blossom and flower,
 The lark is high up in the bright sunny sky,
 And the blithe bonnie birdies sing out merrily.

III.

Ladybird, ladybird, we must be gay,
 We're off to the woodlands to gather the may,
 Around the green meadows the kingcups are bright,
 Around the sweet meadows the daisies are white,
 We'll gather a posy, so fragrant and fair,
 O ladybird, ladybird, will you be there?

LITTLE ROBIN.

WORDS BY A. J. ELLIS, ESQ. FROM ORIGINAL NURSERY RHYMES.

Andante.

Lit - tle Ro - bin Red - breast, Com - ing for his bread,

The first system of music is for the first line of the song. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked 'Andante.' The lyrics are 'Lit - tle Ro - bin Red - breast, Com - ing for his bread,'.

Hops a - bout the win - dow, Cocks a - side his head.

The second system of music is for the second line of the song. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are 'Hops a - bout the win - dow, Cocks a - side his head.'.

Lit - tle Ro - bin Red - breast, Ev' - ry mor - ning comes;

The third system of music is for the third line of the song. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are 'Lit - tle Ro - bin Red - breast, Ev' - ry mor - ning comes;'.

Dar - ling lit - tle An - nie Spreads him out some crumbs.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and consists of eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are written below the notes.

II.

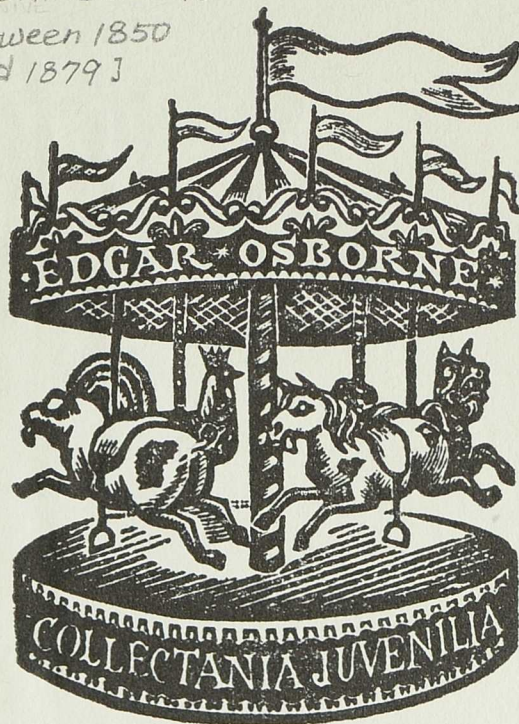
Little Robin Redbreast
 None of us will vex,
 While he hops about there,
 And his breakfast pecks.
 Little Robin Redbreast
 Wants no more to-day,
 So he cleans his beak, and
 Then he flies away.

III.

Little Robin Redbreast,
 Mind you come again,
 You shall find your breakfast
 Ready for you then.
 Little Robin Redbreast,
 Don't forget to come,
 Little darling Annie
 Won't forget the crumb.



(p)
JUVENILE SONGS...
[between 1850
and 1879]



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