

'SCOTTISH' 'NURSERY' RHYMES'



Fred Harvie

Midland

Xmas. 1913.

Fred.

SCOTTISH NURSERY RHYMES





LEWIS MACKAY.

SCOTTISH NURSERY RHYMES

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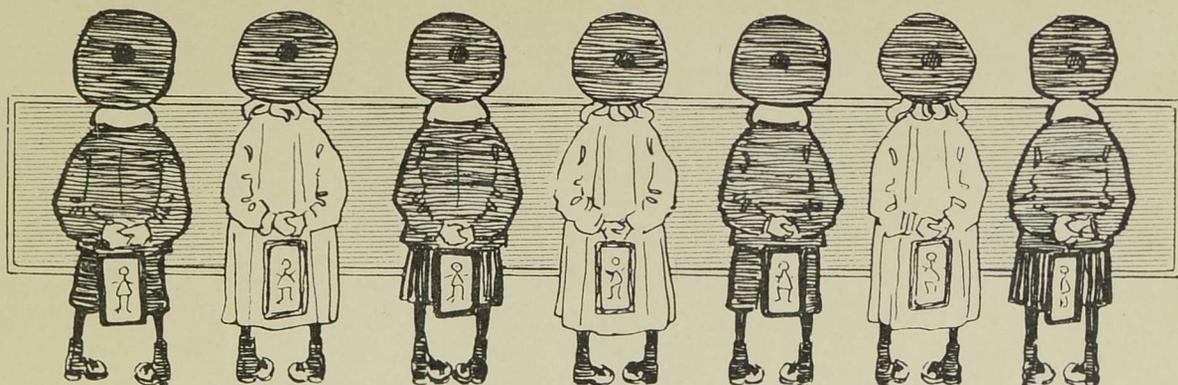
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Some Rhymes.

I'll tell ye a story
About Johnnie Norry,
He gaed up twa stairs
An' in at a wee doory.



Ring, a ring a rosie,
Cappie, cappie shell,
The dog's awa' to Hamilton
To buy a new bell,
If it disna get it
I'll get it masel,
Ring, a ring a rosie,
Cappie, cappie shell.

Jimmy Pimmy, paper hat,
 Rade a mile upon a cat,
 When the cat begood to fling,
 "Hey," says Jimmy, "Haud her in!"



Geordie Kilordie, the laird o' the Knap,
 Suppit his brose, and swallow'd the cap,
 He gaed to the byre, and swallow'd the coo,
 "Hey," said Geordie, "I'll surely do noo!"



Hiddle-diddle-dumplin', my son John,
 He gaed to his bed wi' his trousers on,
 One shoe off, an' the ither shoe on,
 Hiddle-diddle-dumplin', my son John!



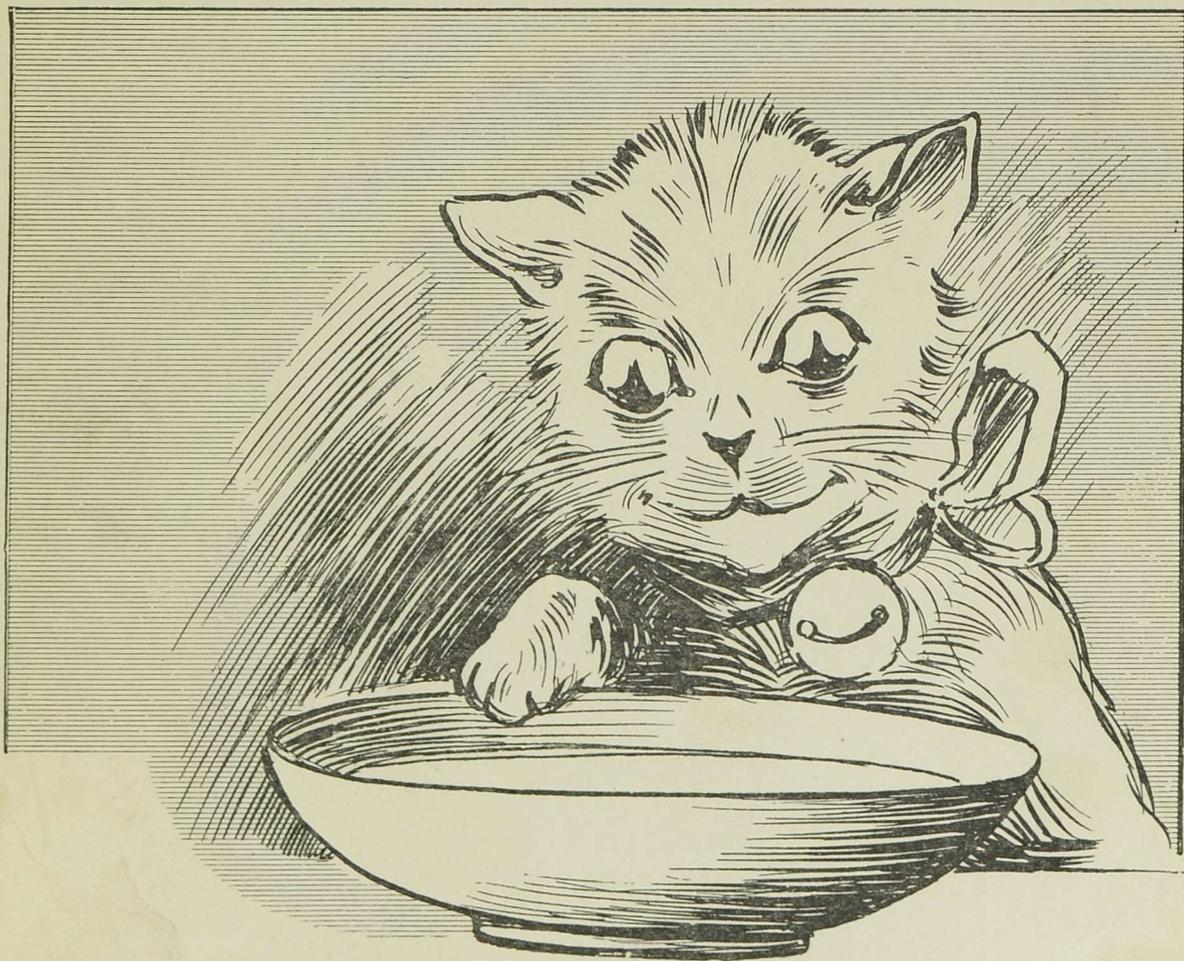
I see the gouk,
 But the gouk sees na me,
 'Atween the berry buss,
 An' the aipple tree.



JEAN, Jean, Jean!

The cat's at the cream,
Suppin' wi' her fore-
feet,

An' glowerin' wi' her
een.



There was an auld man stood on a stane,
 Awa' in the croft, his leefu' lane,
 And cried on his bonnie sleek kye to come
 hame,

“ Kitty my mailly, and Kitty her mother,
 Kitty my doo, and Kitty Billswither,
 Ranglety, Spanglety, Crook, and Cowdry! ”
 And these were the names o' the auld man's
 kye.



Lingle, lingle, lang tang,
 Our cat's deid!
 What did she dee wi' ?
 Wi' a sair heid!

A' you that kent her,
 When she was alive,
 Come to her burial
 Atween fower an' five!



Leery, leery, licht the lamps,
 Lang legs, an' crooked shanks.



THERE WAS AN AULD MAN STOOD ON A STANE.

Kate, the spinner,*
 Come doon to your dinner
 An' taste the leg of a frog.
 All you good people
 Look owre the kirk steeple
 An' see the cat play wi' the dog.



Davie Doites, the laird o' Loites,
 Upon a marble stane,
 A' the lane got milk and breid,
 But Davie Doites got nane.



“Hoo mony miles tae Babylon?”
 “Six, or seven, or aucht, or ten.”
 “Will I get there by caun'le licht?”
 “Just if your legs are lang an' ticht.”



The robin redbreast an' the wran
 Cuist oot about the parritch-pan,
 An' ere the robin got a spune
 The wran she had the parritch dune.

* A Spider.

SCOTTISH NURSERY RHYMES

Nip, nip taes,
 The tide's comin' in,
 If ye dinna rin faster,
 The sea will tak' ye in.



A for Annie Anderson,
 B for Betsey Broon,
 C for Chirstie Clatterson
 That clatters through the toon.



Matthew, Mark, Luke, John,
 Haud the horse till I loup on ;
 Haud it fast and haud it sure,*
 Till I get ower the misty muir.



I had a little powny,
 They called it Dapple Grey,
 I lent it to a lady
 To ride a mile away.

* *Or*—Haud it steady, haud it sure.

She whipt it, she lashed it,
 She ca'ed it ower the brae,
 I winna lend my powny mair
 Though a' the ladies pray.

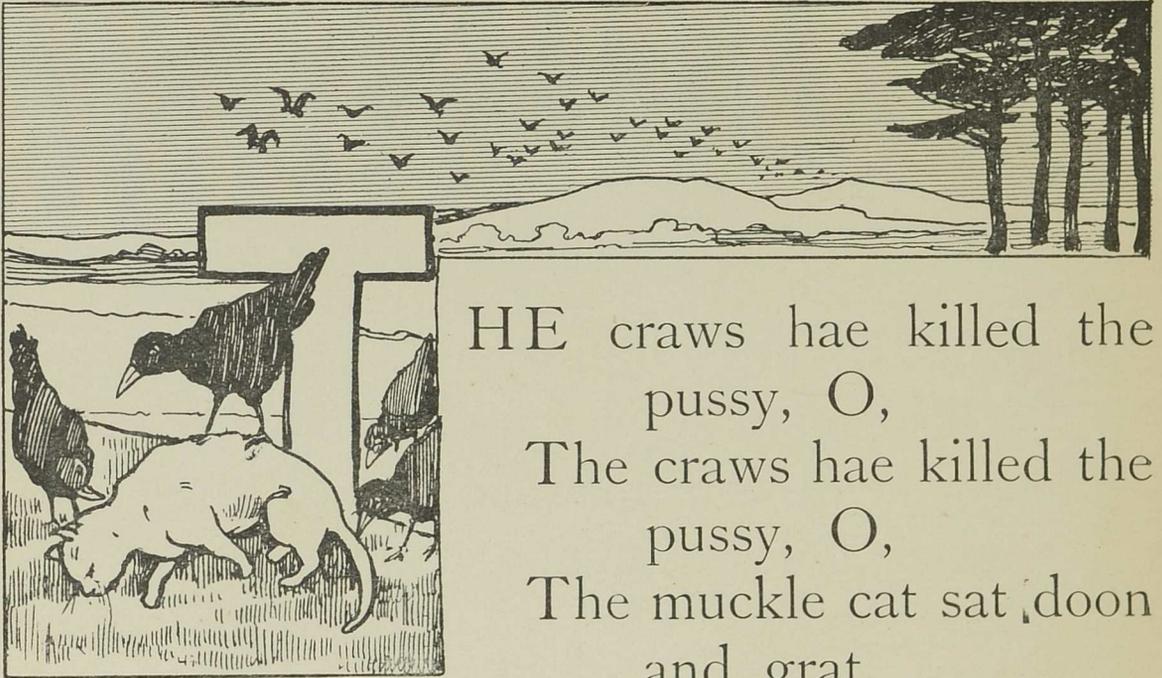
I had a little hobby horse,
 His mane was dapple grey,
 His head was made o' pease strae,
 His tail was made o' hay.



Hush-a-bye baby, lie still an' sleep soun',
 Your Mammie's awa tae the mill,
 An' she'll no' be hame, till the licht o' the
 mune,
 Sae hush-a-bye baby, lie still.



“The bairn in the cradle, playin' wi' the
 keys,
 Tammy i' the kailpot up tae the knees,
 Pussy at the fireside, sappin' a' the brose,
 Doon fell a cinder an' burnt pussy's nose!”



HE craws hae killed the
 pussy, O,
 The craws hae killed the
 pussy, O,
 The muckle cat sat doon
 and grat

In Jeanie's wee bit hoosie, O.



I had a wee horse,
 Its name was Jack,
 I rode upon its tail,
 To save its back.



The laverock and the lintie,
 The robin and the wren ;
 If ye harry their nests,
 Ye'll never thrive again.



RIPPLE Dick
upon a stick,
Sandy on a soo,
Ride awa' to Gal-
loway,
To buy a pund o'
woo'.



O sic a hurry-burry,
 O sic a din,
 O sic a hurry-burry
 Oor hoose is in!



Peter Patter,
 In the watter,
 In an egg-shell.

The egg-shell brook
 An' Peter got a dook,
 An' cried to his Mammy, to come an' help
 him oot.



“Herdie, derdie, blaw your horn,
 A' the kye's amo' the corn—
 Nane but the blue coo,
 Let her get her mou' fou!”

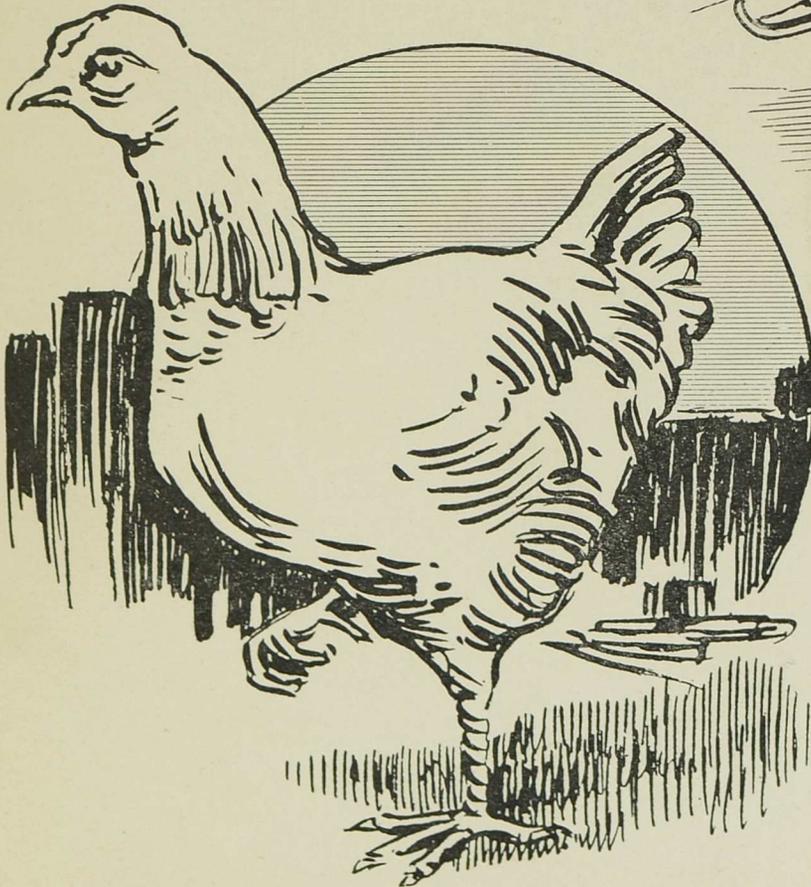
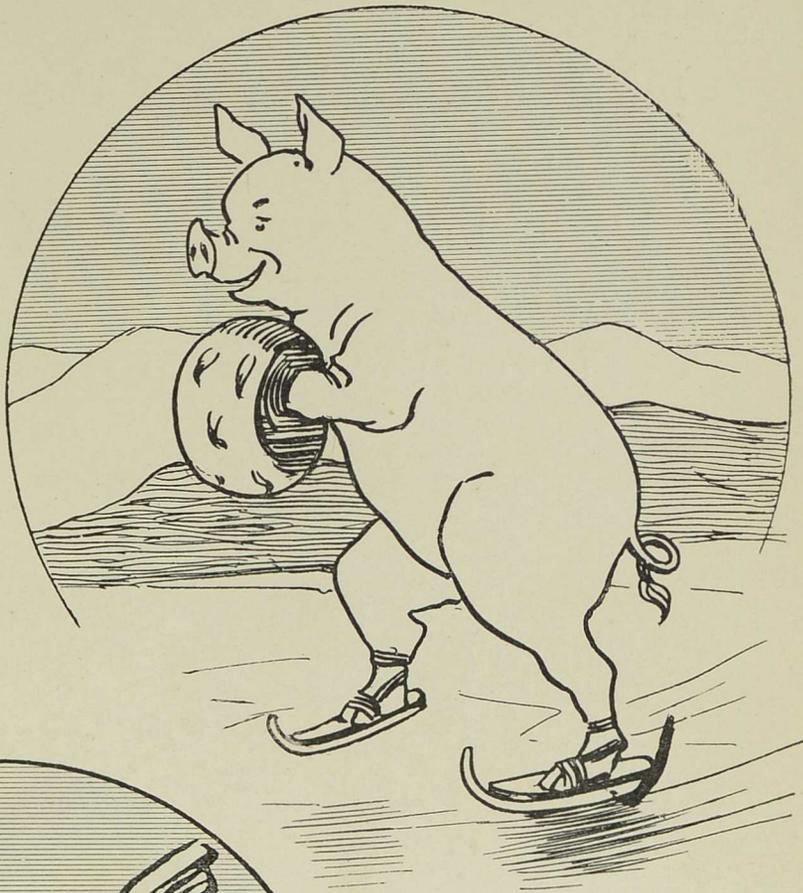


Katie Beardie had a coo,
 Black an' white aboot the moo,
 Wasna that a denty coo?
 Dance Katie Beardie.



DANCE KATIE BEARDIE.

Katie Beardie
had a grice,
It could skate
upon the ice,
Wasna that a
denty grice?
Dance Katie
Beardie.



Katie Beardie
had a hen,
Cackled but
and cackled
ben,
Wasna that a
denty hen?
Dance Katie
Beardie.

“Pussy-Kenya-oo,
 Quhar hae ye been in the time o’ the snaw-
 oo?”

Doon in a bog,
 I worry’t a hog,
 An’ I got the banes to gnaw-oo.”



“Pussy, Pussy Baudrons, quhar hae ye
 been?”

“I’ve been at London, seein’ the Queen.”

“Pussy, Pussy Baudrons, quhat gat ye
 there?”

“I got a muckle ratton, rinnin’ doon the stair.”

“Pussy, Pussy Baudrons, quhat did ye do
 wi’t?”

“I put it in my meal poke, to eat it to my
 breid.”



I met a man that speered at me,
 Grew there berries in the sea.
 I answered him by speerin’ again,
 “Is there skate on Clochnaben?”

“ Ding-dong-bell quha’s that at’s deid ? ”

“ Puir Pussy Baudrons, wi’ a sair heid.
A’ them’st kent her, when she was alive,
Come til her burial, atween fower an’ five.”



There’s sax eggs in the pan, Gudeman,
There’s sax eggs in the pan, Gudeman,
There’s ane to you, an’ twa to me,
An’ three to oor John Hielandman.

There’s a sheep’s heid in the pat, Gudeman,
There’s a sheep’s heid in the pat, Gudeman,
The banes to you, the broo to me,
An’ the beef to oor John Hielandman.



Tobacco an’ tobacco reek,
When I am weel, it mak’s me sick ;
Tobacco an’ tobacco reek,
It mak’s me weel when I am sick.



I see something, an’ I sanna tell,
A’ the dogs o’ Kirriemuir canna ring the bell.

Ba birdie, in a bog,
Doon amang a pickle fog.

Ba birdie, ran awa',
An' I socht him a' day.

An' I fand him oot at last,
Hidin' in a craw's nest ;

An' I took him by the powe,
An' I flang him owre the knowe.

An' tell'd him to rin hame,
Cauld, wat, an' hungry wean !”



O sic a hurry-burry,
O sic a din,
O sic a hurry-burry
Oor hoose is in !

Oor hen's ee's oot,
Oor dog's deid,
Oor cat's awa' hame,
Wi' a sair heid.



NIEVIE, NIEVIE, NICK, NACK.

There was a wee wifie row't up in a
blanket

Nineteen times as high as the mune,
An' quhat did she there, I canna declare,
For in her oexter she carried the sun.

“Wee wifie, wee wifie,” quo' I,

“O quhat are ye doin' up there sae high?”

“I'm blawin' the cauld clouds oot o' the
sky.”

“Weel dune, weel dune, wee wifie!” quo' I.



There was an auld wife had a wee pickle
tow,

An' she was to try the spinnin' o't;
But the rock an' the tow flew up in a lowe,
An' that was a weary beginnin' o't.



Nievie, nievie, nick, nack,
Whatna hand will ye tak' ?
Tak' the richt, or tak' the wrang,
I'll beguile ye, gin I can.

Said the herrin' to the fluke
 "Hoo does your mou' crook?"
 "My mou' was never even,
 Sin' I cam' by Johnshaven."



Clype-cloots, Clype-cloots, sits upon a tree,
 Wi' a blister on her tongue, as big's a
 bawbee.

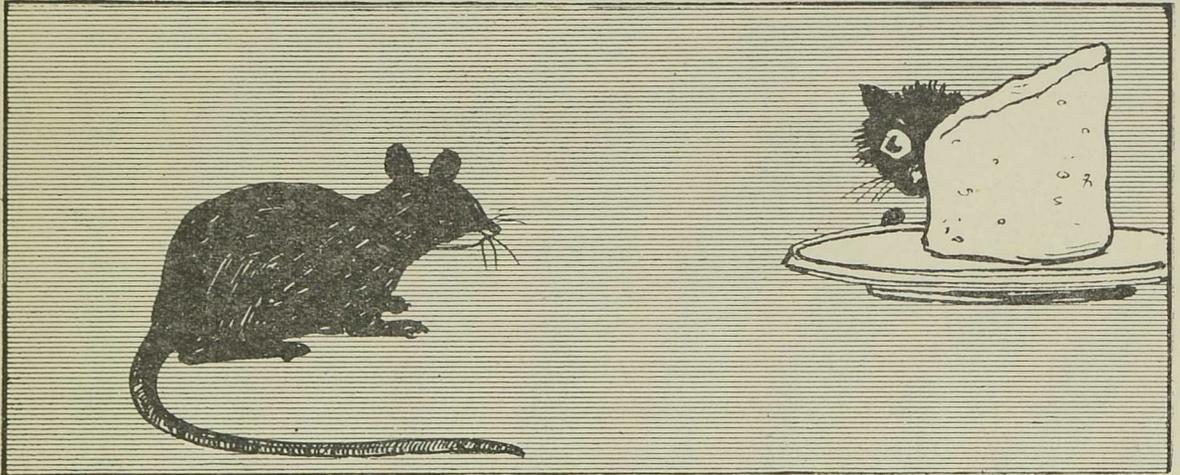
or—

Clash-piety, Clash-piety, sits upon a tree,
 Dings doon aipples, ane, twa, three,—
 Ane for the mistress, an' ane for the laird,
 An' ane for the auld man that delves in the
 yaird.

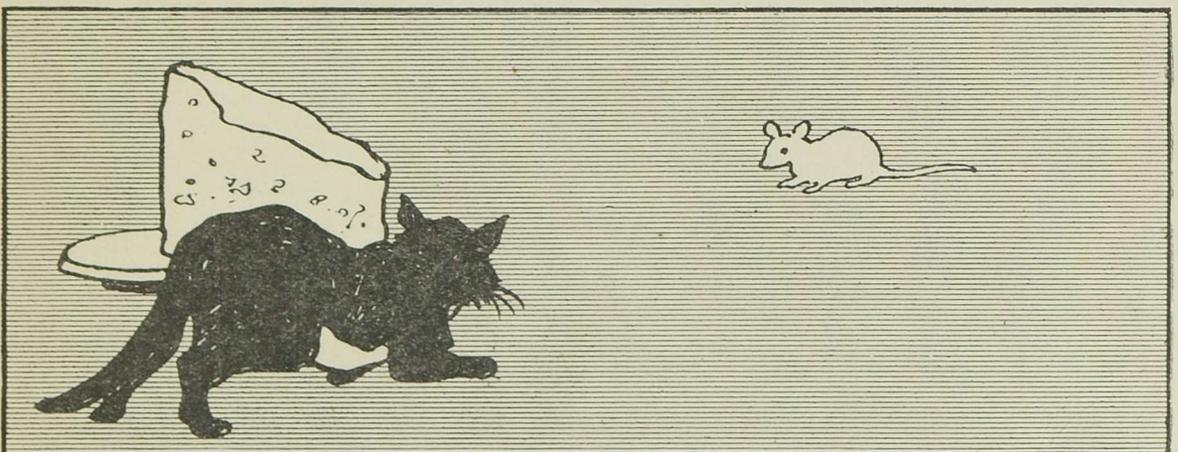


Sleepy Dukie sits i' the neukie,
 Canna win oot to play.
 The drums 'ill beat, an' the pipes 'ill play,
 The cocks 'ill crow, an' the hens 'ill lay,
 An' the morn's the merry, merry market
 day.

There was a wee bit mousikie,
That lived in Gil-beraty, O,
It couldna get a bite o' cheese
For cheety pussy catty, O,



It said unto the cheesikie,
“Oh fain wad I be at ye, O,
If it werena for the cruel paws
O cheety pussy catty, O.”



“Whistle, whistle, auld wife, an’ ye’ll get a hen.”

“I wadna whistle,” quo’ the wife, “although ye ga’e me ten.”

“Whistle, whistle, auld wife, an’ ye’ll get a cock.”

“I wadna whistle,” quo’ the wife, “though ye ga’e me a flock.”

“Whistle, whistle, auld wife, an’ ye’ll get a man.”

“Whew-ew,” quo’ the auld wife, “I’ll whistle gin I can!”



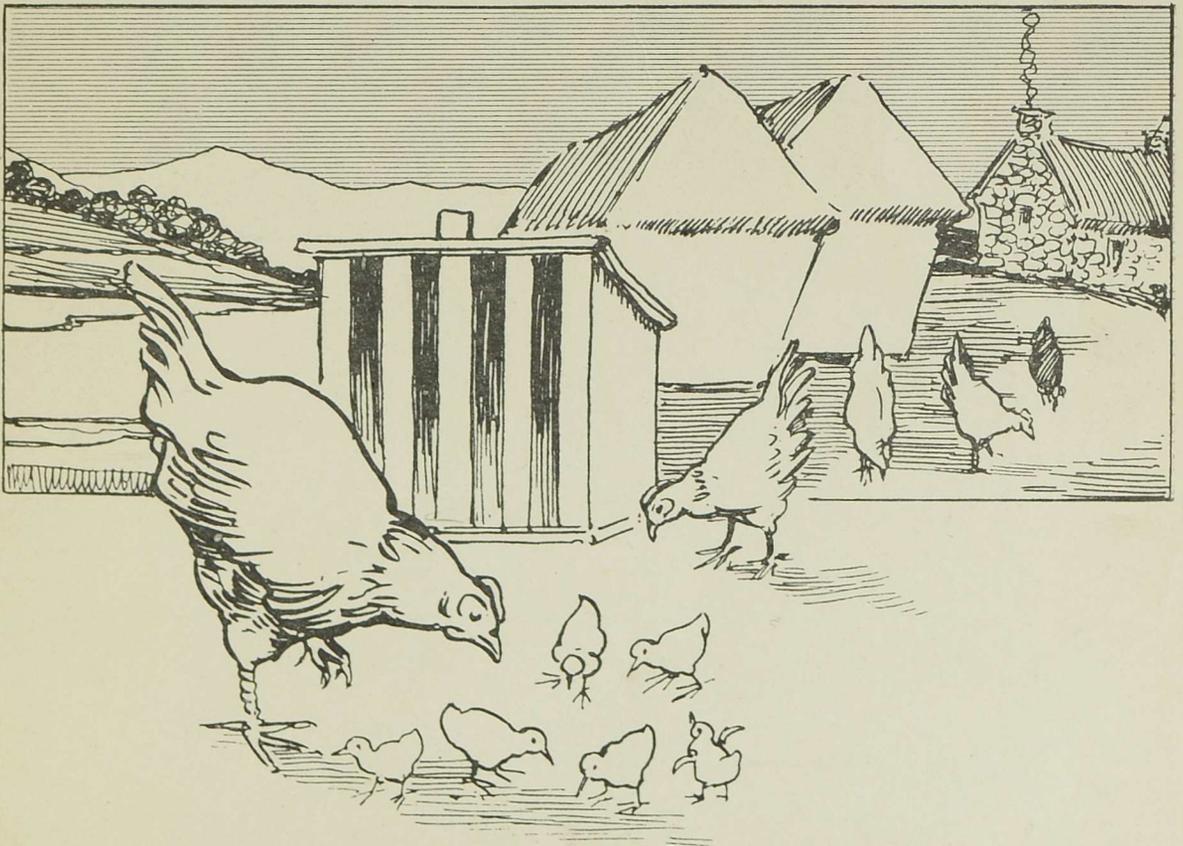
Lazy deuks, sit i’ the coal-neuks,
An’ winna come oot to play;
Leave your supper, an’ leave your sleep,
Come oot an’ play at hide-an’-seek.

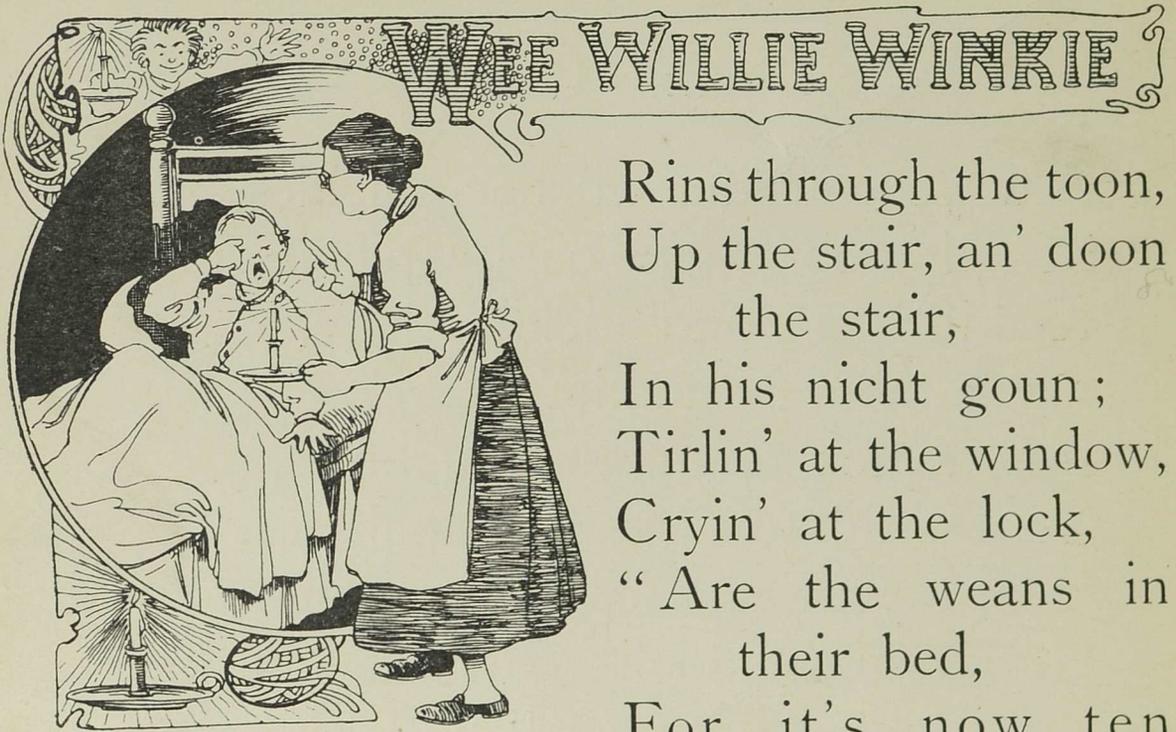


Wee Cockolorum,
Toddlin’ oot an’ in,
Deavin’ Mammy for a piece,
Makin’ sic a din!

BONNIE CHUCKIE.

R
Saw ye chuckie, wi' her chickies,
Scraping for them dainty pickies,
Kickin' here and kickin' there,
Wi' a mother's anxious care,
For a pick to fill their gabbies,
Or a drap to weet their gabbies,
Heard ye weans cry "Teuckie, Teuckie,"
Here's some moolins, bonnie chuckie.





Rins through the toon,
 Up the stair, an' doon
 the stair,
 In his nicht gown;
 Tirlin' at the window,
 Cryin' at the lock,
 "Are the weans in
 their bed,
 For it's now ten
 o'clock?"

Hey, Willie Winkie,
 Are ye comin' ben?
 The cat's singin' grey thrums
 To the sleepin' hen,
 The dog's spelder'd on the floor
 And disna gie a cheep,
 But here's a waukrife laddie
 That winna fa' asleep.

Onything but sleep, you rogue,
 Glowerin' like the mune,



WEE WILLIE WINKIE, RINS THROUGH THE TOON.

Rattlin' in an airn jug
 Wi' an airn spune.
 Rumblin', tumblin' roondabout
 Crawin' like a cock,
 Skirlin' like a kennawhat,
 Waukenin' sleeping fouk.

Hey, Willie Winkie,
 The wean's in a creel,
 Wamblin' aff a body's knee
 Like a very eel.
 Ruggin' at the cat's lug,
 Rav'llin' a' her thrums,
 Hey, Willie Winkie,
 See, there he comes.



The cattie sits upon the kiln-ring,
 Spinnin', spinnin'.
 By comes a little moosie,
 Rinnin', rinnin'.

“What are ye doin' the day, my loesome,
 Loesome lady?”

“ I’m spinnin’ a sark to my auldest son,”
Said she, said she.

“ Weel mat he brook it, my loesome,
Loesome lady.”

“ Gin he dinna brook it weel, he may brook
it ill then,”
Said she, said she.

“ I soopit my hoose the day, my loesome,
Loesome lady.”

“ Ye dinna sit in the stoure then,”
Said she, said she.

“ I fand a penny, my loesome,
Loesome lady.”

“ Ye didna want for bawbees then,”
Said she, said she.

“ I gaed to the market, my loesome,
Loesome lady.”

“ Ye didna bide at hame then,”
Said she, said she.

“ I bocht a sheepie’s heid, my loesome,
Loesome lady.”

“ Ye didna want for beef then,”
Said she, said she.

“ I boiled it in my pottie, my loesome,
Loesome lady.”

“ Ye didna eat it raw then,”
Said she, said she.

“ I ate it to my dinner, my loesome,
Loesome lady.”

“ I’ll eat you too then !”
Said she, said she,—

Worry—worry—worry!—an’ the cat worried
the puir wee moosie!



The Wren she lyes in care’s bed,
In care’s bed, in cares bed ;
The Wren she lyes in care’s bed,
In meikle dule and pyne, O.

When in cam' Robin Redbreist,
Redbreist, Redbreist,
When in cam' Redbreist,
Wi' succar-saps and wine, O.

“ Now, maiden, will ye taste o' this
Taste o' this, taste o' this ;
Now, maiden, will ye taste o' this ?
'Tis succar saps and wine, O.”

“ Na, ne'er a drap, Robin,
Robin, Robin ;
Na, ne'er a drap, Robin,
Though it were ne'er so fine, O.”

“ An' where's the ring that I gied ye,
That I gied ye, that I gied ye ;
An' where's the ring that I gied ye,
Ye little cutty quean, O ?”

“ I gied it till an ox-ee,
An ox-ee, an ox-ee,
I gied it till an ox-ee,
A true sweitheart o' mine, O.”

There lived a Puddy in a well,
Cuddy alone, cuddy alone,
There lived a Puddy in a well,
Cuddy alone and I.
There lived a Puddy in a well,
And a mousie in a mill ;
Kickmaleerie, cowden doon,
Cuddy alone and I.

Puddy he'd a-wooin' ride,
Cuddy alone, etc.,
Soord and Pistol by his side.

Puddy came to the mouse's wonne :
" Mistress Mouse, are ye within ? "

" Yes, kind sir, I am within ;
Saftly do I sit and spin. "

" Madam, I am come to woo ;
Marriage I must have of you. "

" Marriage I will grant you nane,
Till Uncle Rottan he comes hame. "

“Uncle Rottan’s now come hame,
Fye, gar busk the bride alang.”

Lord Rottan sat at the heid o’ the
table,
Because he was baith stout and able.

Wha is’t that sits next the wa’,
But Mistress Mouse, baith jimp and
sma’?

Wha is’t that sits next the bride,
But Puddy wi’ his yellow side?

Syne cam’ the Deuk but and the
Drake,
The Deuk took the Puddy, and gar’t
him squaik.

An’ wha cam’ in but Gib, oor Cat,
Wi’ a’ her kittlins at her back.

The Cat, she pu’d Lord Rottan
down,
The kittlins they did claw his crown.

But Lady Mouse, baith jimp and sma',
Crept into a hole aneath the wa',
“Squeak!” quo' she, “I'm weel awa'.”



SCOTTISH NURSERY RHYMES

Cam' ye by the kirk?
 Cam' ye by the steeple?
 Saw ye oor guidman
 Ridin' on a ladle?
 Hoot, fye! the bodie!
 Winna buy a saddle,
 Wearin' a' his breeks
 Ridin' on a ladle!



“Hoo are ye the day?”
 “I'm gaelies, I'm brawlies,
 I'm no very weel.
 I thank ye for speirin',
 Hoo are ye yersel'?”



Bee, baw, babbity,
 Babbity, babbity,
 Bee, baw, babbity,
 Bab at the bowster brawly.

Kneel down, kiss the ground,
 Kiss the ground, kiss the ground,



LEWIS PERRYMAN

BEE, BAW, BABBITY.

Kneel down, kiss the ground,
Kiss a bonnie wee lassie.

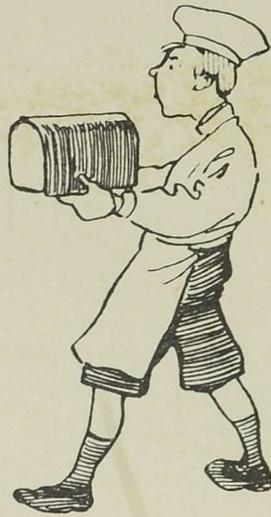
I wadna hae a laddie O,
A laddie O, a laddie O,
I wadna hae a laddie O,
I'll choose a bonnie wee lassie.



The wife put on the wee pan,
To boil the bairnie's meatie, O,
Oot fell a cinder,
And burned its wee feetie, O.

Hap and row, hap and row,
Hap and row the feetie o't,
I never kent a bairnie yet
Until I heard the greetie o't.

Sandy's mother she cam' in,
When she heard the greetie o't,
She took the mutch frae aff her heid
And rowed aboot the feetie o't.



Here's a poor widow from Babylon,
With six poor children all alone ;
One can bake, and one can brew,
One can shape, and one can sew.





One can sit at the fire and spin,
One can bake a cake for a king ;
Come choose you east, come choose you west,
Come choose the one that you love best.



Rhymes with Action.

Holding a child's feet, one in each hand, and placing them one above the other alternately—

“ *This* wee doggie gaed to the mill,
An' *that* wee doggie gaed to the mill,
Took a lick oot o' *this* wife's poke,
An' a lick oot o' *that* wife's poke,
A bite o' the brae, a taste o' the dam,
An' hame at the gallop, at the gallop!”



Tapping the child's brow, nose, etc.

Broo brenty,
E'e winkie,
Nose numpy,
Cheek cherry,
Mou merry,
Chin chumpy,
Craigie-worry, craigie-worry, craigie-worry!

Also—

Brow Knock at the doorie,
 Eye Keek in,
 Nose Lift the sneck,
 Upper lip . . Dicht your feet,
 An' walk in.

(Sometimes a sweetie is made to do the tapping, and finally “walks in” to the mouth.)



Ride, ride, awa' to Kilbride,
 To see your Uncle Sawney,
 Uncle Sawney's no in,
 He's awa' to see the man i' the mune.



Two children seated on the floor or the grass, facing each other, holding hands, and rocking—

“A broken shippie cam' ower the sea,
 Gie's a wee bittie to mend it wi'.”

“John Smith, fallow fine,
Can you shoe this horse o’ mine?”

“Yes, sir, that I can,
As weel as ony man!
There’s a nail upon the tae,
To gar the powny speel the brae;
There’s a nail upon the heel,
To gar the powny pace weel;
There’s a nail and there’s a brod,
There’s a horsie weel shod.”



“John Smith, fellow fine,
Can ye shoe this horse o’ mine?”

“Yes, indeed, an’ that I can,
Just as weel as ony man.

“I put a bit upon the tae,
To help the horsie speel the brae;
An’ then a bit upon the heel,
To gar the horsie pace weel.

“I put a bit upon the sole,
To mak’ the horsie paye the toll;



JOHN SMITH, FALLOW FINE.

An' then a bit upon the brod,
An' *there's* a horsie weel *shod!*"



TO A SNAIL.

Snailie, snailie, put oot your horn,
An' tell's it'll be a fine day the morn.



TO A LADYBIRD.

Lady, Lady Landers,
Lady, Lady Landers,
Take up your coats about your heid,
An' flee awa' to Flanders!



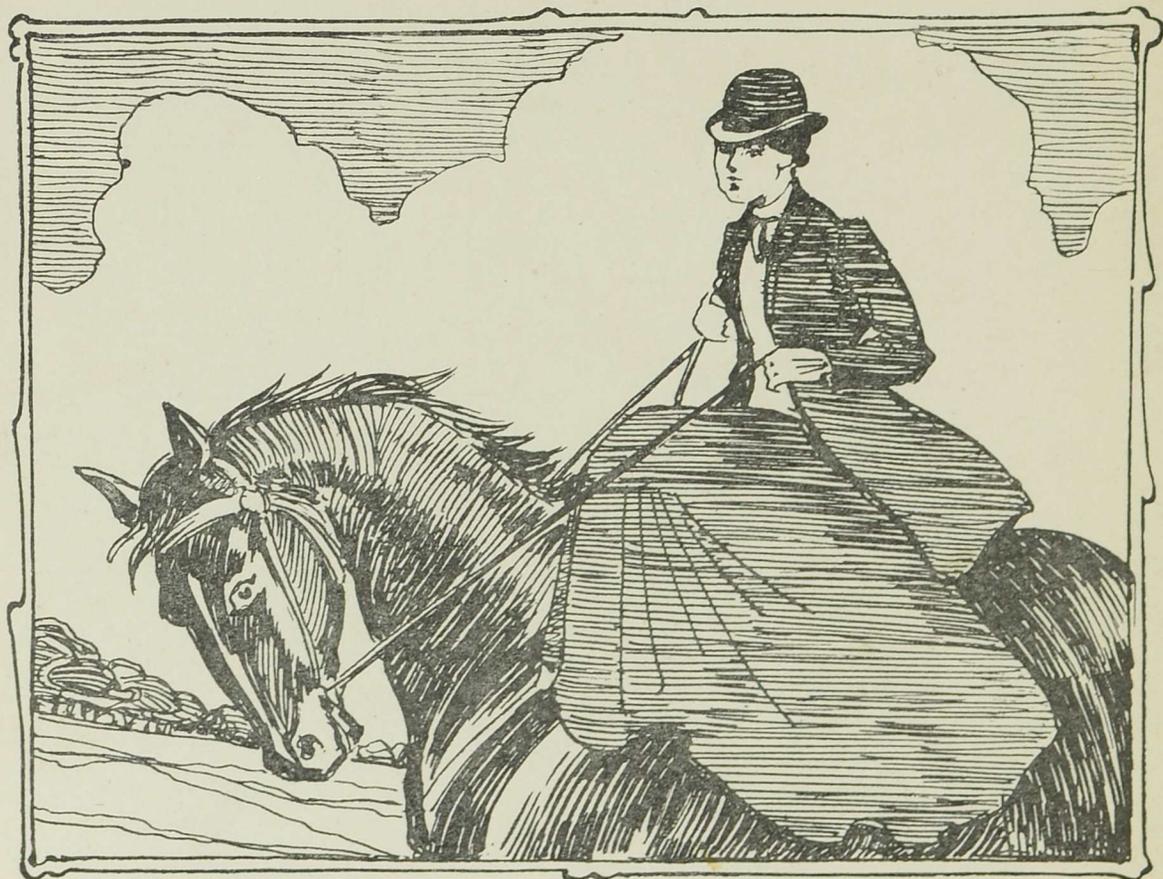
A TURKEY.

Hobble Jock, yer wife's a witch,
She fell i' the fire, an' burnt her mutch.

Chap at the door,
Keek in,
Lift the sneck,
Walk in.



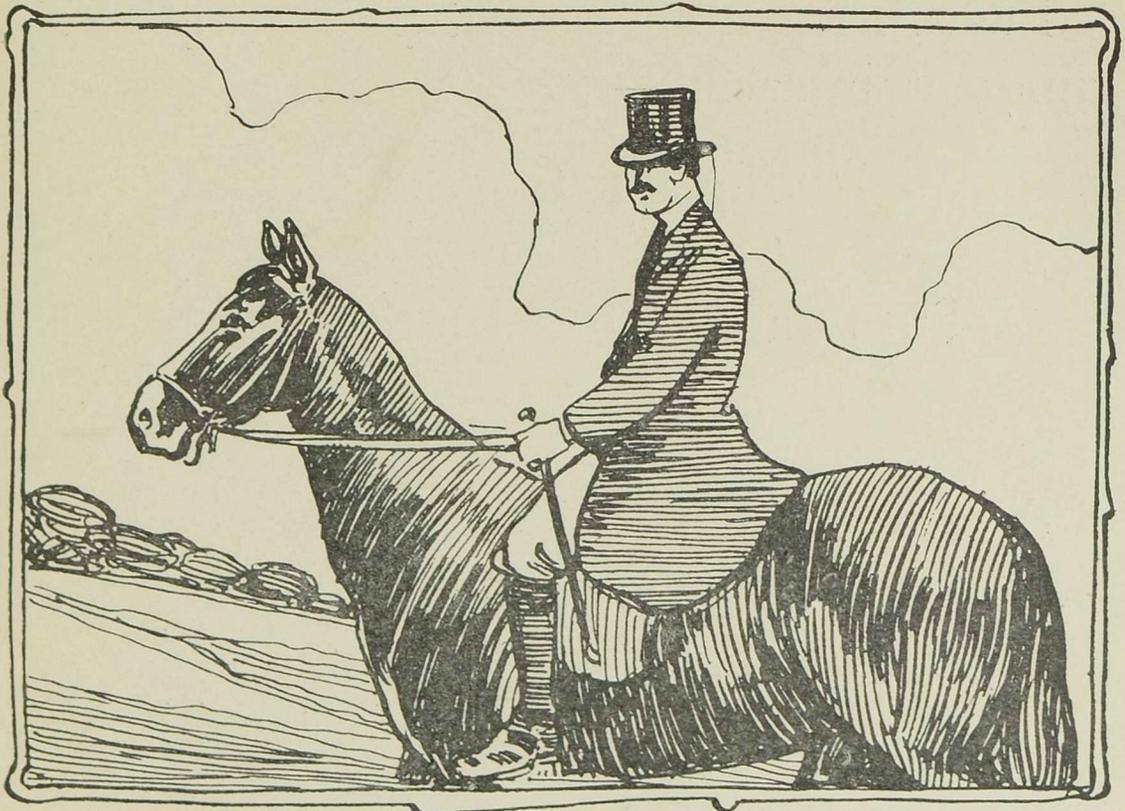
This is the way the ladies ride,
Jimp an' sma',
Jimp an' sma',



This is the way the gentlemen ride,
Trottin' a',
Trottin' a',

This is the way the cadgers ride,
Creels an' a'
Creels an' a'.

Note.—Generally sung or recited to a child being danced upon a parent's knee.



A variation—

This is the way the ladies ride,
 Jimp an' sma', jimp an' sma',
 This is the way the gentlemen ride,
 Spurs an' a', spurs an' a',
 An' this is the way the cadgers ride,
 Creels an' a', creels an' a',
 Dogs at their heels, crying, "Bouf, bouf,
 bouf!"



Two girls with arms entwined, skip along,
 turning at intervals—

"Tip an' toe,
 Leemon low,
 Turn the ship, an' away we go."

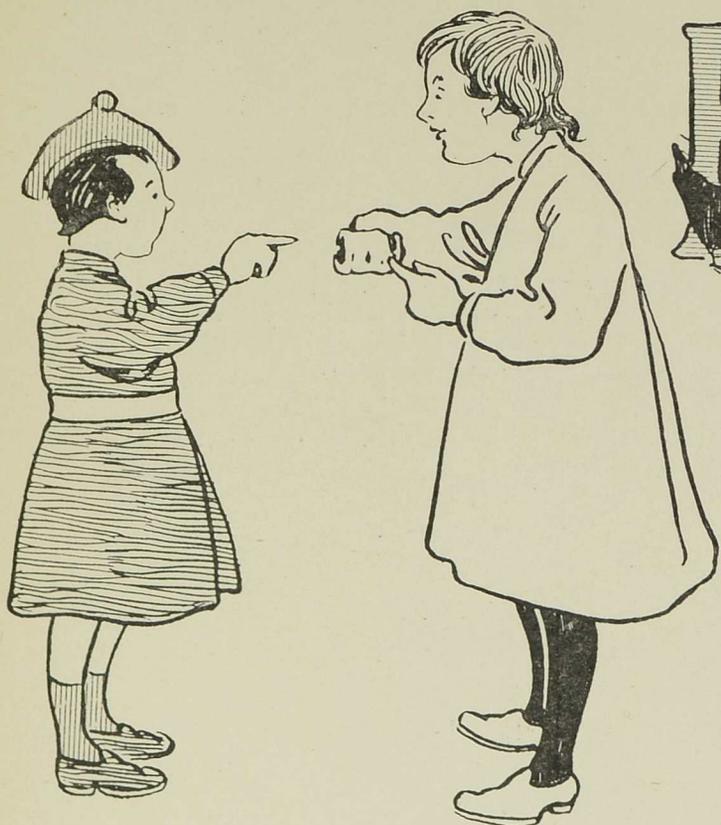


There was a man in Aberdeen,
 He'd a soord, an' I had nane,
 But I'd a pair o' lang thooms,
 An' I *durket* him, an' I *durket* him!

(Suiting the action to the word.)



THIS IS THE WAY THE LADIES RIDE.



PUT your
finger in
the corbie's
hole,
The corbie's no'
at hame,
The corbie's at
the back door,
Pykin' at a bane.

Note.—You make a trap with your fingers and ask the youngster to put in a finger, then nip it gently.



This is the man that brak the barn,
 This is the man that steal't the corn,
 This is the man that ran awa',
 This is the man that tell't a',
 An' puir Peerie Winkie paid for a'.

Note.—Recited in the same manner as “This Little Pig went to Market,” and illustrated by the toes of the feet.



To a child's toes or fingers—

“Brak barn,
 Steal corn,
 Loup dyke,
 Rin awa',

Peerie-weerie-winkie-pinkie payed for a'.”



Two girls or boys carrying a little one on their clasped hands, would sing—

“Gie's a preen to stick i' my thoom,
 To carry my lady to London toon,
 London toon's a braw, braw place,
 A' covered over wi' gold an' lace.”

Are you saddled?
Are you bridled?
Are you ready for a race?
Aff an' awa'!



There was a wee moosie,
An' it couldna' get a hoosie,
So it creepit, an' it crapit,
Into this wee bairnie's hoosie.



At the conclusion of a tale the speaker
would add—

And so they a' lived happy,
An' never drank ooten a dry cappie!

Or,—

My story's endet,
An' if ye be offendet,
Tak' it up an' mend it.

“Willie, is your wifie deid?”
 (Dolefully) “Ou-ou-aye!”

“Will ye get anither ane?”
 (Cheerfully) “Hoot-oot-aye!”



I, Willie Wastle,
 Stand on my castle,
 An' a' the dogs o' your toon,
 Will no' drive Willie Wastle doon.



Rattley, rattley, reel,
 Hoo mony eggs are in my creel,
 Guess, an' I'll gie ye them a' but ane.



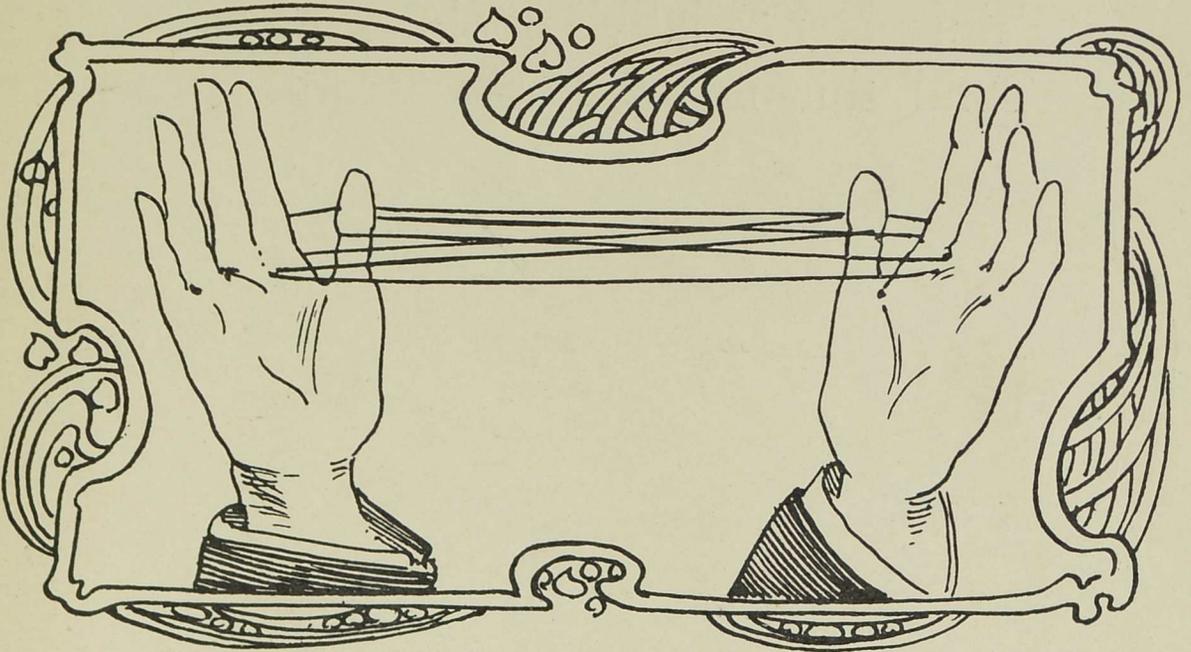
Children in a string, holding on to each
 other's pinafores or jackets—

A' the birdies in the air
 Tickle to, to my tail!

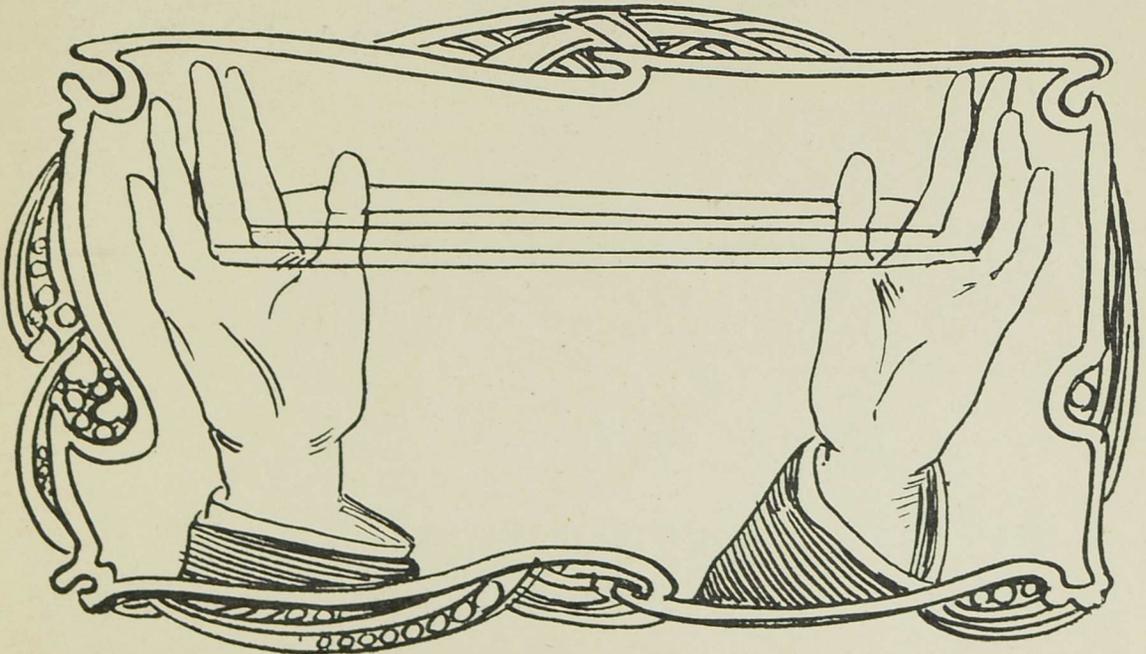


WILLIE WASTLE ON A CASTLE.

Here are the ladies' knives and forks,
An' this is the ladies' table,

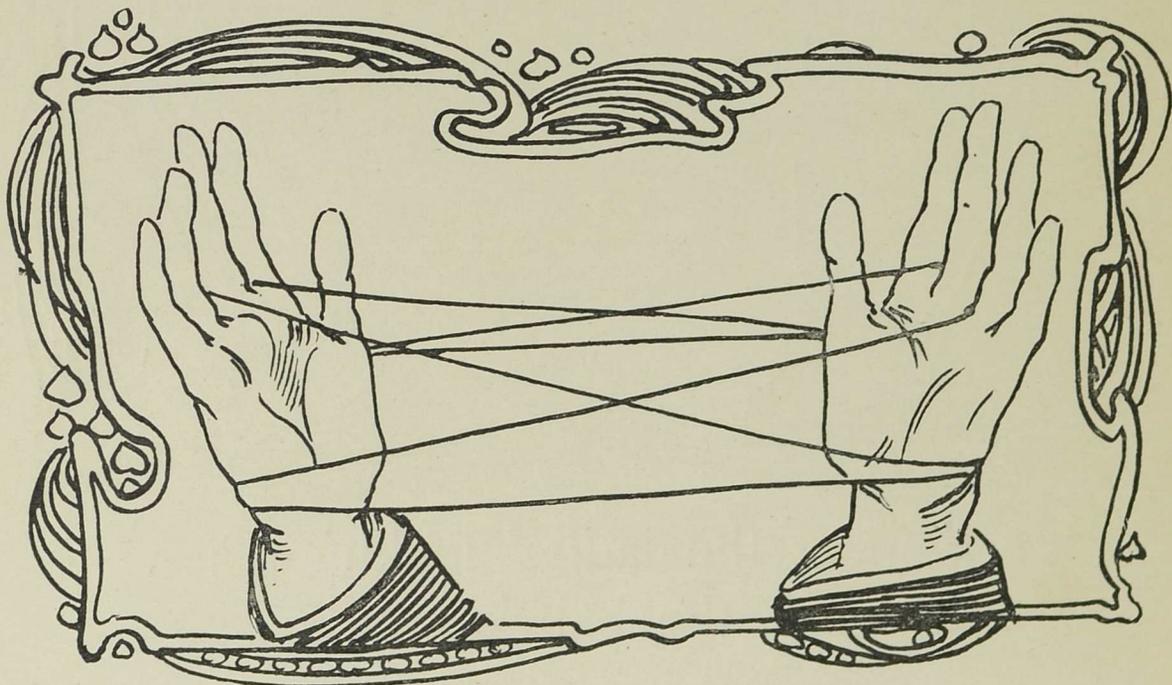


Keek in at the ladies' looking-glass,
An' rock the baby's cradle.



SCOTTISH NURSERY RHYMES

This is my lady's knife and fork,
 This is my lady's table,
 This is my lady's looking-glass,
 And this is my baby's cradle.



Note.—Played by children with string stretched on the fingers.



Ride horsie, ride, ride horsie, ride,
 Ride awa' to Aiberdeen, and buy white breid.



Shoggie-boggie,
 Butter in a coggie.



THIS IS MY LADY'S KNIFE AND FORK.

“Counting Out” Rhymes.



AS I gaed up the
apple tree,
A' the apples
fell on me ;
Bake a pud-
din', bake
a pie,

Send it up to
John Mac-
kay ;

John Mackay
is no in,

Send it up to
the man i' the
mune ;

The man in the
mune is mendin'
his shune,

Three bawbees and a farden in.

Inky, pinky, peerie winkie,
 Hi domin I ;
 Arky, parky, tarry rope,
 Ann, tan, toozle Jock !



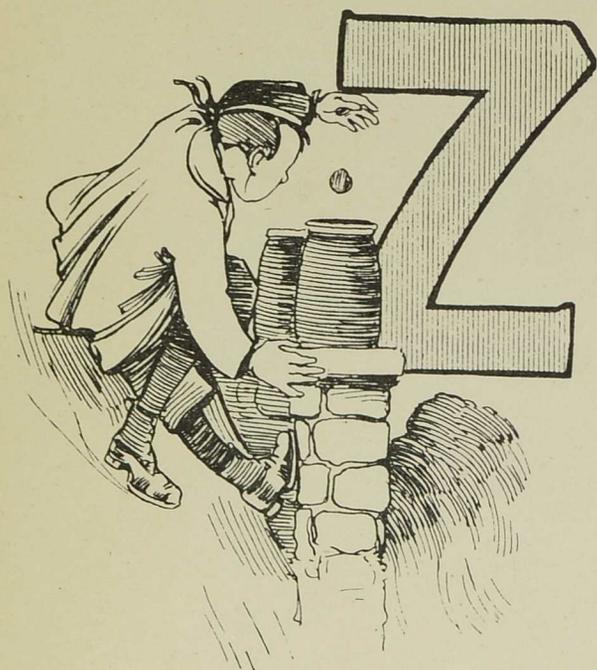
Eenerty, feenerty, fickerty fae,
 Ell, dell, dol min, ae,
 Irky, birky, stole a rock,
 Ann, tan, toozle Jock !

Or—

Eenerty, feenerty, fickerty, faig,
 Ell, dell, domin, aig,
 Irky, birky, story rock,
 Ann, tan, touzelt Jock.



Eetam, peetam, penny pie,
 Jinkie, lorry, jinkie, ji,
 Stand ye oot by,
 For a bonny, penny pie.



EENTY teenty, halligo
lum,
Pitchin' tawties doon
the lum,
Wha's there? Johnnie
Blair,
What d'ye want? A
bottle o' beer.
Where's your money?
In my purse.

Where's your purse? In my pocket.
Where's your pocket? I forgot it.
Gae doon the stair, you silly blockhead.
You—are—out.



“Maister Mundy, how's your wife?”

“Very sick, an' like to die.”

“Can she eat any meat?”

“Just as much as I can buy.

She makes her porridge very thin,

A pound of butter she puts in.

Black puddin', white troot,

Eerie-orie, you're oot.”

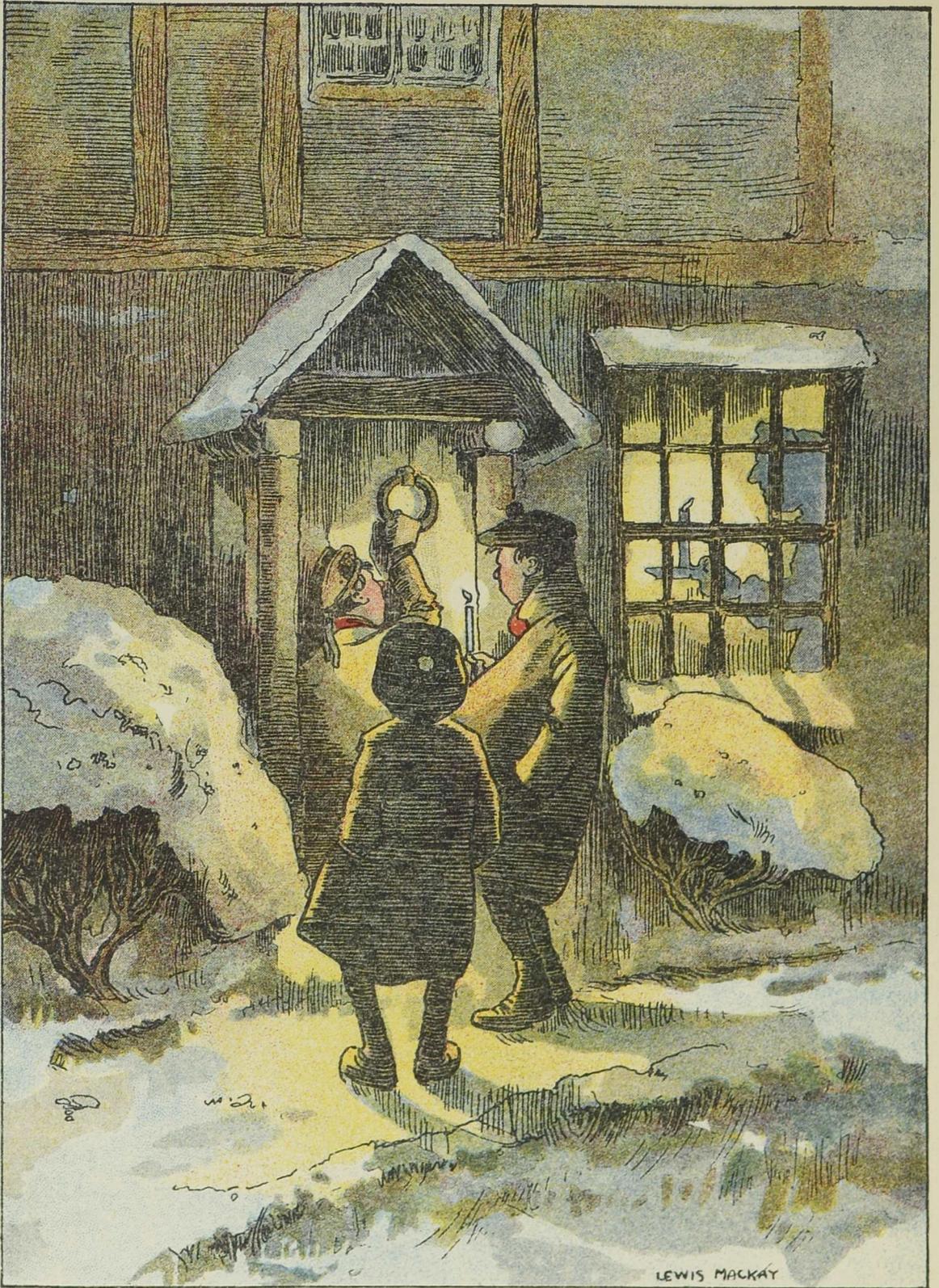
Onery, twoery, duckerie, seven,
Alama, crackery, ten or eleven ;
Peem, pome, must be done,
Tweedle-dum, twaddle-dum, twenty-one.



The last is beautifully simple :—

Easie-osie, mannie's nosie,
Easie-osie, oot !





GET UP, GUID WIFE.



New Year Rhymes.

Hogmanay,
Trollolay,
Give us of your white bread, and none of
your grey.



Get up, guid wife, and shak' your feathers,
And dinna think that we are beggars;
For we are bairns come oot to play,
Get up and gie's oor hogmanay!



My feet's cauld, my shoon's thin;
Gie's a piece and let's rin!

Hogmanay and Yule.

Get up, gudewife, an' shak' your feathers,
Dinna think that we are beggars ;
For we're but bairnies come to play,
Get up, an' gie's oor Hogmanay !

Up sticks, doon stools,
Dinna think that we are fools,
We are bairns come to play,
Rise up, an' gie's oor Hogmanay !

If a "gudewife" seemed slow to respond to their call, the children would chant—

"Get up gudewife, an' dinna sweer,
To deal your breid to them that's here ;
For the time will come when ye'll be deid,
An' then ye'll neither need ale nor breid."



RAINY, RAINY RATTLESTANES.



BAINY, rainy
 rattlestanes,
 Dinna rain
 on me,
 But rain on
 John o'
 Groat's
 hoose
 Far across
 the sea.



When snow is falling the children sing—
 Sweetie wife, sweetie wife, ding doon snaw,
 Ding doon a hunder, an I'll kep them a'.

or—

“The Men o' the East
 Are pykin' their geese,
 An' sendin' their feathers tae oor toon.”

Yule.

“Yule’s come, an’ Yule’s gane,
An’ we hae feasted weel,
Sae Jock maun to his flail again,
An’ Jeannie to her wheel.”



“There was a Geuse, they ca’ed her Leuce,
Paidlin’ in a poolie;
By cam’ the Tod, wi’ mony a nod,
An’ bade her till his Yuley.
He took her hame, he took her hame,
An’ set her on a stoolie,
He clippit her claes, an’ pared her taes,
An’ garr’d her look like a foolie!”



This is Hallowe’en,
The morn’s Hallowday,
Nine nichts ere Martinmas,
It’ll sune wear away.

March borrowed frae April
Three days, an' they were ill;
The first o' them was wind an' weet;
The second o' them was snaw an' sleet;
The third o' them was sic a freeze,
It froze the birds' nebs to the trees!



I sat upon my houtie croutie,
I lookit ower my rumple routie,
And saw John Heezlum Peezlum
Playin' on Jerusalem pipes.



If Candlemas-day be dry an' fair,
 The half o' winter's to come, an' mair ;
 If Candlemas-day be wet an' foul,
 The half o' the winter's gane at Yule.

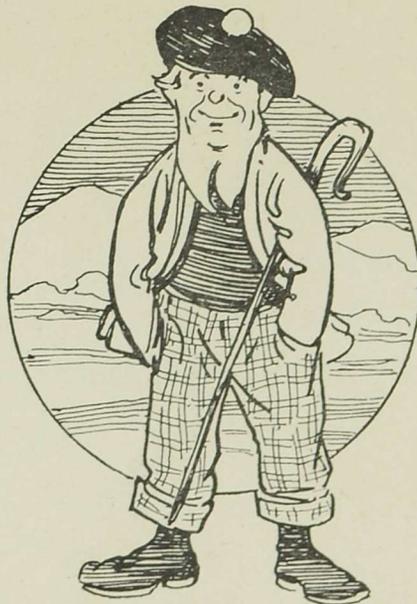


Some hae meat that canna eat,
 An' some wad eat that want it ;
 But we hae meat, and we can eat,
 An' sae the Lord be thankit !



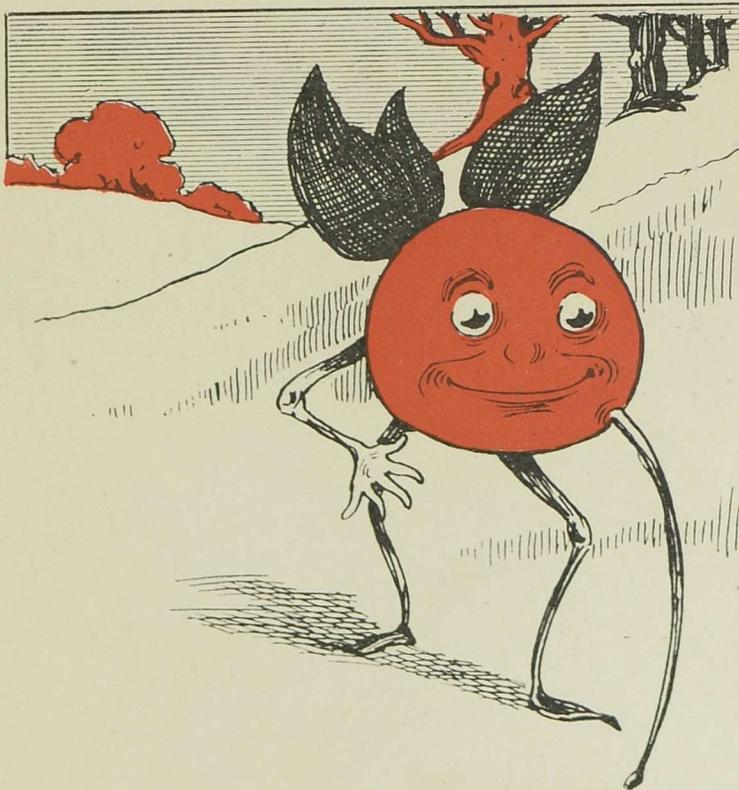
TO A BABY-GIRL.

Shoo shuggie ower the glen,
 Mammy's pet and Daddy's hen.



A RIDDLE

Come a riddle, come a riddle, come a rot,
tot, tot,
A roun' roun' man in a red red coat;
A staff in his hand and a stane in his
throat,
Come a riddle, come a riddle, come a rot,
tot, tot.—A CHERRY.



A ha'penny here, an' a ha'penny there.
 Fourpence ha'penny an' a ha'penny mair,
 A ha'penny weet an' a ha'penny dry,
 Fourpence ha'penny an' a ha'penny forbye—
 How much is that?—A SHILLING.



The merle, an' the blackbird,
 The laverock, an' the lark,
 The gouldy, an' the gowdspink,
 How many birds be that?

THREE ONLY.



I gaed an' I got it,
 I sat an' I socht it,
 An' when I cudna get it,
 I cam awa' wi't.—A THORN.



Aberdeen an' Aberdour,
 Spell ye that in letters four.
 (Pronounced "Aberdower" and
 "fower.")

As round's the mune,
 As yellow's ochre,
 Gin ye canna tell me ^{DRINK} that,
 I'll fell ye wi' the poker!

AN ORANGE.



As I lookit ower my father's castel wa',
 I saw the deid carryin' the livin' awa.

A SHIP.



Three feet up cauld an' deid,
 Twa feet flesh an' bluid;
 The heid o' the livin' i' the mooth o' the deid?

AN AULD MAN WI' A POT ON HIS HEID.



As I gaed ower the Brig o' Brechin,
 I met a little hennie;
 I took her up an' clawed her back,
 An' garred her sing a sangie.

A FIDDLE.

I had a little sister they called her Peep-Peep,
 She waded the waters so deep, deep, deep ;
 She climbed up the mountains so high,
 high, high,
 But poor little sister, she had but one eye!

A STAR.



There is a wee bit hoosikie,
 That's packet fu' o' meat,
 But nayther door nor window till't
 To let me in to eat.—AN EGG.



A beard o' flesh, a mou' o' horn,
 Sic a beast was never born,
 An' when he cries, he cries sae shrill,
 He fears the lions on the hill.—A COCK.



Lang man, legless,
 Gaed to the door staffless,—
 “Gudewife, tak' up your deuks an' hens.
 For dogs an' cats I carena.”—A WORM.

The robbers cam to oor hoose,
 When we were a' in,
 The hoose ran oot at the windows,
 An' we were a' taen.

FISH CAUGHT IN A NET.



Repeat the following rapidly, over and over:—

“The broon-bucket pertrachy (partridge)
 Flew ower the kirk o' Cortachy.”

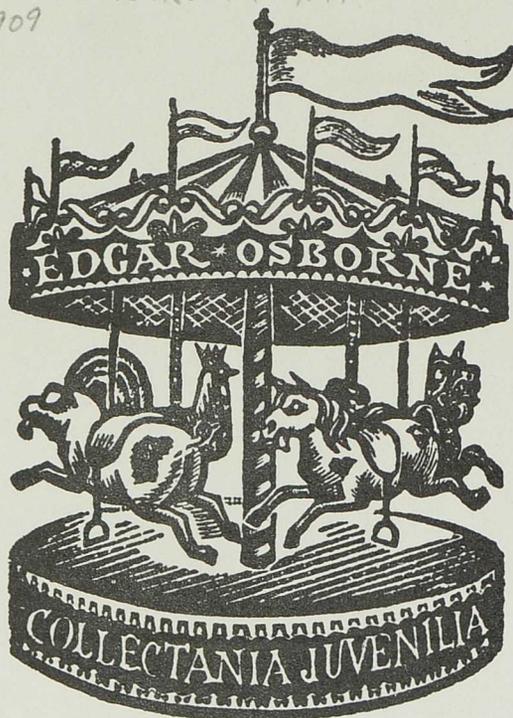
and

“Rob Lowe's lum reeks
 Roond about the chumley cheeks.”



The Minister an' the dominie,
 An' Doctor Andrew Lamb,
 They gaed to the garden,
 Where three pears hang;
 Ilka ane took ane,
 An' yet twa hung.

(P)
SCOTTISH NURSERY RHYMES
1909



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