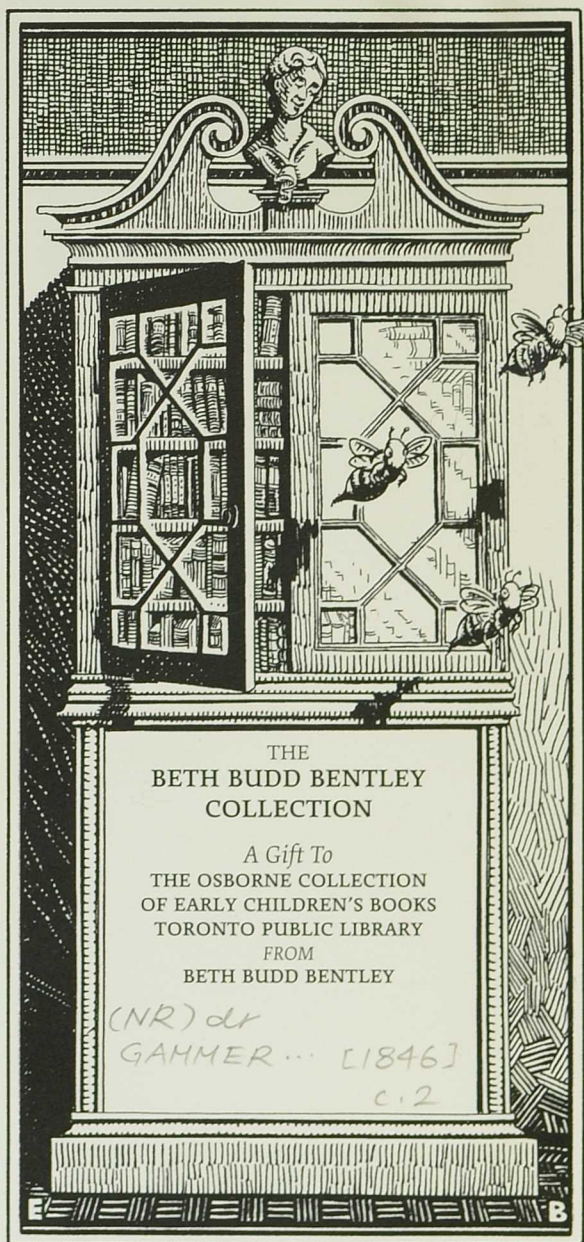




Gammer Gurton's Garland.

PRICE THREEPENCE, COLOURED.



This bookplate, designed by Eric Beddows, was commissioned by The Friends of the Osborne and Lillian H. Smith Collections in honour of Beth Budd Bentley.

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GAMMER GURTON'S GARLAND.

GAMMER CURTON'S GARLAND.



WITH AN ILLUSTRATION BY T. WEBSTER, R.A.

CHAPMAN AND HALL, LONDON.

GAMMER GURTON'S GARLAND.

SING a song of sixpence, a bag full of rye,
Four-and-twenty blackbirds baked in a pie ;
And when the pie was opened, the birds began to sing ;
And was not this a pretty dish to set before a king ?

The king was in the parlour, counting o'er his money ;
The queen was in the kitchen, eating bread and honey ;
The maid was in the garden, laying out the clothes,
Up came a magpie and bit off her nose.

JENNY WREN fell sick
Upon a merry time ;
In came Robin Redbreast,
And brought her sops and wine.

Eat well of the sop, Jenny,
Drink well of the wine ;
Thank you, Robin, kindly,
You shall be mine.

Jenny, she got well,
And stood upon her feet,
And told Robin plainly,
She lov'd him not a bit.

Robin being angry,
Hopp'd upon a twig,
Saying, Out upon you, Jenny !
Fie upon you, bold-fac'd jig !

OLD Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog a bone ;
But when she came there
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.

She went to the baker's
To buy him some bread,
But when she came back
The poor dog was dead.

She went to the joiner's
To buy him a coffin,
But when she came back
The poor dog was laughing.

She took a clean dish
To get him some tripe,
But when she came back
He was smoking his pipe.

She went to the ale-house
To get him some beer,
But when she came back
The dog sat in a chair.

She went to the hatter's
To buy him a hat,
But when she came back
He was feeding the cat.

She went to the barber's
To buy him a wig,
But when she came back
He was dancing a jig.

She went to the fruiterer's
To buy him some fruit,
But when she came back
He was playing the flute.

She went to the cobbler's
To buy him some shoes,
But when she came back
He was reading the news.

She went to the hosier's
To buy him some hose,
But when she came back
He was dress'd in his clothes.

The dame made a courtesy,
The dog made a bow ;
The dame said, Your servant,
The dog said, Bow, wow.

GREAT A, little A, bouncing B !
The cat's in the cupboard, and she can't see.

THERE was an old woman, and what do you think ?
 She lived upon nothing but victuals and drink ;
 Victuals and drink were the chief of her diet,
 And yet this old woman could never be quiet.

SIMPLE Simon met a pieman
 Going to the fair ;
 Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
 " Let me taste your ware."

Says the pieman unto Simon,
 " Shew me first your penny ;"
 Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
 " Indeed I have not any."

Simple Simon went a fishing,
 For to catch a whale ;
 But all the water he had got
 Was in his mother's pail.

Simple Simon went to town,
 To buy a piece of meat ;
 He tied it to his horse's tail,
 To keep it clean and sweet.

Simple Simon went to look
 If plums grew on a thistle ;
 He pricked his fingers very much,
 Which made poor Simon whistle.

THERE was a little man,
 And he had a little gun,
 And his bullets were made of lead, lead, lead ;
 He went to the brook,
 And saw a little duck,
 And he shot it through the head, head, head.

He carried it home
 To his old wife Joan,
 And bid her a fire for to make, make, make,
 To roast the little duck
 He had shot in the brook,
 And he'd go and fetch her the drake, drake, drake.

WHO kill'd Cock Robin?
 I, said the Sparrow,
 With my bow and arrow,
 And I kill'd Cock Robin.

Who saw him die?
 I, said the Fly,
 With my little eye,
 And I saw him die.

Who caught his blood?
 I, said the Fish,
 With my little dish,
 And I caught his blood.

Who made his shroud?
 I, said the Beetle,
 With my little needle,
 And I made his shroud.

Who will dig his grave?
 I, said the Owl,
 With my spade and shovel,
 And I'll dig his grave.

Who will be the parson?
 I, said the Rook,
 With my little book,
 And I will be the parson.

Who will be the clerk?
 I, said the Lark,
 If 'tis not in the dark,
 And I will be the clerk.

Who'll carry him to the grave?
 I, said the Kite,
 If 'tis not in the night,
 And I'll carry him to the grave.

Who will carry the link?
 I, said the Linnet,
 I'll fetch it in a minute,
 And I'll carry the link.

Who will be the chief mourner?
 I, said the Dove,
 For I mourn for my love,
 And I'll be chief mourner.

Who will bear the pall?
 We, said the Wren,
 Both the cock and the hen,
 And we will bear the pall.

Who'll sing a psalm?
 I, says the Thrush,
 As she sat in a bush,
 And I'll sing a psalm.

Who'll toll the bell?
 I, said the Bull,
 Because I can pull;
 So, Cock Robin, farewell.

Then all the birds fell
 To sighing and sobbing,
 When they heard the bell toll
 For poor Cock Robin.

RIDE a cock-horse to Banbury-Cross,
To see an old woman ride on a black horse,
With rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
And she shall have music wherever she goes.

'T WAS once upon a time,
When Jenny Wren was young,
So daintily she danced,
And so prettily she sung ;
Robin Redbreast lost his heart,
For he was a gallant bird ;
So he doff'd his hat to Jenny Wren,
Requesting to be heard.

O dearest Jenny Wren,
If you will but be mine,
You shall feed on cherry-pie,
And drink new currant-wine ;
I'll dress you like a goldfinch,
Or any peacock gay ;
So, dearest Jen, if you'll be mine,
Let us appoint the day.

Jenny blushed behind her fan,
And thus declared her mind ;
Since, dearest Bob, I love you well,
I'll take your offer kind ;
Cherry-pie is very nice,
And so is currant-wine ;
But I must wear my plain brown
And never go too fine. [gown,

Robin Redbreast rose up early,
All at the break of day,
And he flew to Jenny Wren's house,
And sung a roundelay.
He sang of Robin Redbreast,
And little Jenny Wren,
And when he came unto the end,
He then began again.

LITTLE Robin Redbreast sat upon a tree,
Up went Pussy-cat, and down went he ;
Down came Pussy-cat, and away Robin ran :
Says little Robin Red-breast, " Catch me if you can."
Little Robin Red-breast jumped upon a wall,
Pussy-cat jumped after him, and almost got a fall.
Little Robin chirped and sang, and what did Pussy say ?
Pussy-cat said " Mew," and Robin hopped away.

LITTLE Jack Horner
 Sat in a corner,
 Eating a Christmas pie;
 He put in his thumb,
 And pull'd out a plum,
 And said, "What a good boy am I!"

MARY, Mary,
 Quite contrary,
 How does your garden grow?
 With silver bells,
 And cockle-shells,
 And pretty maids all of a row.

AFROG he would a-wooing go,
 Sing heigho says Rowley,
 Whether his mother would let him or no.
 With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
 Heigho, says Anthony Rowley.

So off he marched with his opera hat,
 Heigho, says Rowley,
 And on the way he met with a rat,
 With a rowley powley, &c.

And when they came to Mouse's Hall,
 Heigho, says Rowley,
 They gave a loud knock, and they gave a loud call,
 With a rowley powley, &c.

Pray, Mrs. Mouse, are you within?
 Heigho, says Rowley,
 Yes, kind sir, I am sitting to spin,
 With a rowley powley, &c.

Pray, Mrs. Mouse, will you give us some beer,
 Heigho, says Rowley,
 For Froggy and I are fond of good cheer?
 With a rowley powley, &c.

Now while they were all a merry-making,
Heigho, says Rowley,
The cat and her kittens came tumbling in,
With a rowley powley, &c.

The cat she seized the rat by the crown,
Heigho, says Rowley,
The kittens they pulled the little mouse down,
With a rowley powley, &c.

This put poor Frog in a terrible fright,
Heigho, says Rowley,
So he took up his hat, and he wished them good night,
With a rowley powley, &c.

But as Froggy was crossing over a brook,
Heigho, says Rowley,
A lily-white duck came and gobbled him up,
With a rowley powley, &c.

So there was an end of one, two, and three,
Heigho, says Rowley,
The rat, the mouse, and the little Frog-ee !
With a rowley powley, gammon and spinach,
Heigho, says Anthony Rowley.

LITTLE Tom Tucker
Sings for his supper.
What shall he eat?
White bread and butter.
How shall he cut it
Without e'er a knife?
How will he be married
Without e'er a wife?

BAH, bah, black sheep,
Have you any wool?
Yes, marry, have I,
Three bags full;
One for my master,
One for my dame,
But none for the little boy
Who cries in the lane.

HUMPTY Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall,
Threescore men, and threescore more,
Cannot place Humpty Dumpty as he was before.

AS I was going to Derby all on a market day,
I met the finest ram, sir, that ever was fed upon hay ;
Upon hay, upon hay, upon hay ;
I met the finest ram, sir, that ever was fed upon hay.

This ram was fat behind, sir, this ram was fat before ;
This ram was ten yards round, sir, indeed he was no more ;
No more, no more, no more ;
This ram was ten yards round, sir, indeed he was no more.

The horns that grew on his head, sir, they were so wondrous high,
As I've been plainly told, sir, they reached up to the sky ;
The sky, the sky, the sky ;
As I've been plainly told, sir, they reached up to the sky.

The tail that grew on his back, sir, was six yards and an ell,
And it was sent to Derby to toll the market-bell ;
The bell, the bell, the bell ;
And it was sent to Derby to toll the market-bell.

The butcher that killed this ram, sir, was up to his knees in blood,
The boy that held the pail, sir, was carried away by the flood ;
The flood, the flood, the flood ;
The boy that held the pail, sir, was carried away by the flood.

ROCK-A-BYE, baby, upon the tree top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock ;
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,
Down will come cradle and baby and all.

COCK a doodle doo !
 My dame has lost her shoe ;
 Master's broke his fiddling stick,
 And don't know what to do.

CLAP hands all together,
 Clap hands away,
 This is the way we clap our hands
 Upon a holiday.

WHEN Arthur first in court began
 To wear long hanging sleeves,
 He entertain'd three serving-men,
 And all of them were thieves.

The first he was an Irishman,
 The second was a Scot,
 The third he was a Welchman ;
 And all were knaves, I wot.

The Irishman loved usquebaugh,
 The Scot loved ale called bluecap,
 The Welchman he loved toasted cheese,
 And make his mouth a mouse-trap.

The usquebaugh burnt the Irishman's mouth,
 The Scot was drown'd in ale ;
 The Welchman had like to be choked by a mouse,
 But he pull'd it out by the tail.

A DILLER, a dollar,
 A ten o'clock scholar :
 What makes you come so soon ?
 You used to come at ten o'clock,
 And now you come at noon.

HICCORY, diccory, dock,
 The mouse ran up the clock ;
 The clock struck one,
 The mouse ran down,
 Hiccory, diccory, dock.

WHEN good King Arthur ruled this land,
He was a goodly King;
He bought three pecks of barley meal
To make a bag pudding.

And a very good pudding indeed it was,
And very well stuff'd with plums;
And there were lumps of suet in it
As big as my two thumbs.

The King and Queen sat down to dine,
And all the nobles beside;
And what they could not eat that day
The Queen next morning fried.

I HAD a little pony,
His name was Dapple Gray,
I lent him to a lady,
To ride a mile away.

She whipped him, she lashed him,
She rode him through the mire;
I would not lend my pony now
For all the lady's hire.

DING dong bell,
The cat is in the well,
Who put her in?
Little Johnny Green,
What a naughty boy was that,
To drown poor pussy cat,
Who never did him any harm,
And kill'd the mice in his father's
barn!

GIRLS and boys, come out to play,
The moon does shine as bright as day,
Come with a whoop, come with a call,
Come with a good will, or not at all;
Leave your supper, and leave your sleep,
And come to your playfellows in the street.

THERE was an old woman toss'd in a blanket,
Seventeen times as high as the moon ;
But where she was going no mortal could tell,
For under her arm she carried a broom.

Old woman, old woman, old woman, said I,
Whither, ah whither, ah whither so high ?
To sweep the cobwebs from the sky,
And I'll be with you by and by.

THERE was a little guinea-pig,
Who, being little, was not big ;
He always walked upon his feet,
And never fasted when he eat.

When from a place he ran away,
He never at that place did stay ;
And while he ran, as I am told,
He ne'er stood still for young or old.

He often squeak'd, and sometimes vi'lent,
And when he squeak'd he ne'er was silent ;
Though ne'er instructed by a cat,
He knew a mouse was not a rat.

One day, as I am certified,
He took a whim and fairly died ;
And, as I'm told by men of sense,
He never has been living since.

A LITTLE boy and a little girl lived in an alley.
Said the little boy to the little girl, Shall I ? oh shall I ?
Said the little girl to the little boy, What will you do ?
Said the little boy to the little girl, I will kiss you.

THERE was an old woman, as I've heard tell,
She went to market her eggs for to sell ;
She went to market, all on a market day,
And she fell asleep on the King's highway.

There came by a pedler whose name was Stout,
He cut her petticoats all round about ;
He cut her petticoats up to the knees,
Which made the old woman to shiver and freeze.

When this little woman first did awake,
She began to shiver and she began to shake ;
She began to wonder and she began to cry,
“Lauk a mercy on me, this is none of I !”

If it be I, as I do hope it be,
I have a little dog at home, and he'll know me ;
If it be I, he'll wag his little tail,
And if it be not I, he'll loudly bark and rail !”

Home went the little woman all in the dark,
Out came the little dog, and he began to bark ;
He began to bark, and she began to cry,
“Lauk a mercy on me, this is none of I !”

ROBIN and Richard
Were two pretty men,
They lay in bed
Till the clock struck ten :
Then up starts Robin,
And looks at the sky,

Oh ! brother Richard,
The sun's very high.
You go before,
With the bottle and bag,
And I will come after,
On little Jack Nag.

IS John Smith within?
 Yes, that he is.
 Can he set a shoe?
 Ay, marry, two.
 Here a nail, there a nail,
 Tick, tack, too.

JACK and Jill
 Went up the hill
 To fetch a pail of water;
 Jack fell down,
 And cracked his crown,
 And Jill came tumbling after.

LITTLE Bo-peep has lost her sheep,
 And cannot tell where to find them;
 Leave them alone, and they'll come home,
 And bring their tails behind them.

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 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 their tails behind 'em.

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

She heav'd a sigh, and wip'd her eye,
 And over the hillocks went race-o;
 And tried what she could, as a shepherdess should,
 To tack each tail again to its place-o.

THERE was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
 She had so many children she didn't know what to do ;
 She gave them some broth without any bread,
 She whipped them all soundly and sent them to bed.

<p>OLD King Cole Was a merry old soul, And a merry old soul was he ; He called for his pipe, And he called for his bowl, And he called for his fiddlers three. Every fiddler, he had a fiddle,</p>	<p>And a very fine fiddle had he ; Twee tweedle dee, tweedle dee, went the fiddlers. Oh, there's none so rare, As can compare With King Cole and his fiddlers three !</p>
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WE'LL go a-shooting, says Robin to Bobbin ;
 We'll go a-shooting, says Richard to Robin ;
 We'll go a-shooting, says John all alone ;
 We'll go a-shooting, says every one.

What shall we kill ? says Robin to Bobbin ;
 What shall we kill ? says Richard to Robin ;
 What shall we kill ? says John all alone,
 What shall we kill ? says every one.

We'll shoot at that wren, says Robin to Bobbin ;
 We'll shoot at that wren, says Richard to Robin ;
 We'll shoot at that wren, says John all alone ;
 We'll shoot at that wren, says every one.

She's down, she's down, says Robin to Bobbin ;
 She's down, she's down, says Richard to Robin ;
 She's down, she's down, says John all alone ;
 She's down, she's down, says every one

How shall we get her home ? says Robin to Bobbin ;
 How shall we get her home ? says Richard to Robin ;
 How shall we get her home ? says John all alone ;
 How shall we get her home ? says every one.

We'll hire a cart, says Robin to Bobbin ;
 We'll hire a cart, says Richard to Robin ;
 We'll hire a cart, says John all alone ;
 We'll hire a cart, says every one.

Then hoist, boys, hoist, says Robin to Bobbin ;
 Then hoist, boys, hoist, says Richard to Robin ;
 Then hoist, boys, hoist, says John all alone ;
 Then hoist, boys, hoist, says every one.
 So they brought her away, after each pluck'd a feather,
 And when they got home, shar'd the booty together.

HHEY my kitten, my kitten,
 And hey my kitten, my deary,
 Such a sweet pet as this is
 Was neither too far nor neary.

JACK Sprat would eat no fat,
 His wife would eat no lean,
 Now was not this a pretty trick
 To make the platter clean ?

THREE little dogs were basking in the cinders ;
 Three little cats were playing in the windows ;
 Three little mice popped out of a hole,
 And a little piece of cheese they stole.
 The three little cats jumped down in a trice,
 And cracked the bones of the three little mice.

UP the hill urge me not,
 Down the hill ride me not,
 Along the level spare me not,
 In the stable forget me not.

LADY-Bird, Lady-Bird,
 Fly away home,
 Your house is on fire,
 Your children will burn.

TO market, to market, to buy a plum bun.
Home again, home again, market is done.

IF all the world was apple-pie,
And all the sea was ink,
And all the trees were bread and
cheese,
What should we do for drink?

LITTLE Miss Muffet,
She sat on a tuffet,
Eating of curds and whey ;
There came little spider,
Who sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away.

TOM, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig and away he ran.
The pig was eat, and Tom was beat,
And Tom ran crying down the street.

THE lion and the unicorn
Were fighting for the crown,
The lion beat the unicorn
All round about the town.
Some gave them white bread,
Some gave them brown,
Some gave them plumcake,
And sent them out of town.

SING hey diddle, diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jump'd over the moon,
The little dog laugh'd
To see such craft,
And the dish ran away with the
spoon.

THREE little mice sat down to spin,
Pussy pass'd by, and she peep'd in ;
"What are you at, my little men?"
"Making of coats for gentlemen."
"Shall I come in, and cut off your thread?"
"No! no! Miss Pussy, you'll bite off our head."

THE END.

