THE BABY'S OPERA

A BOOK OF OLD RHYMES WITH NEW DRESSES

BY WALTER CRANE

THE MUSIC BY THE EARLIEST MASTERS

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BABY'S OPERA
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THE BABY'S OPERA

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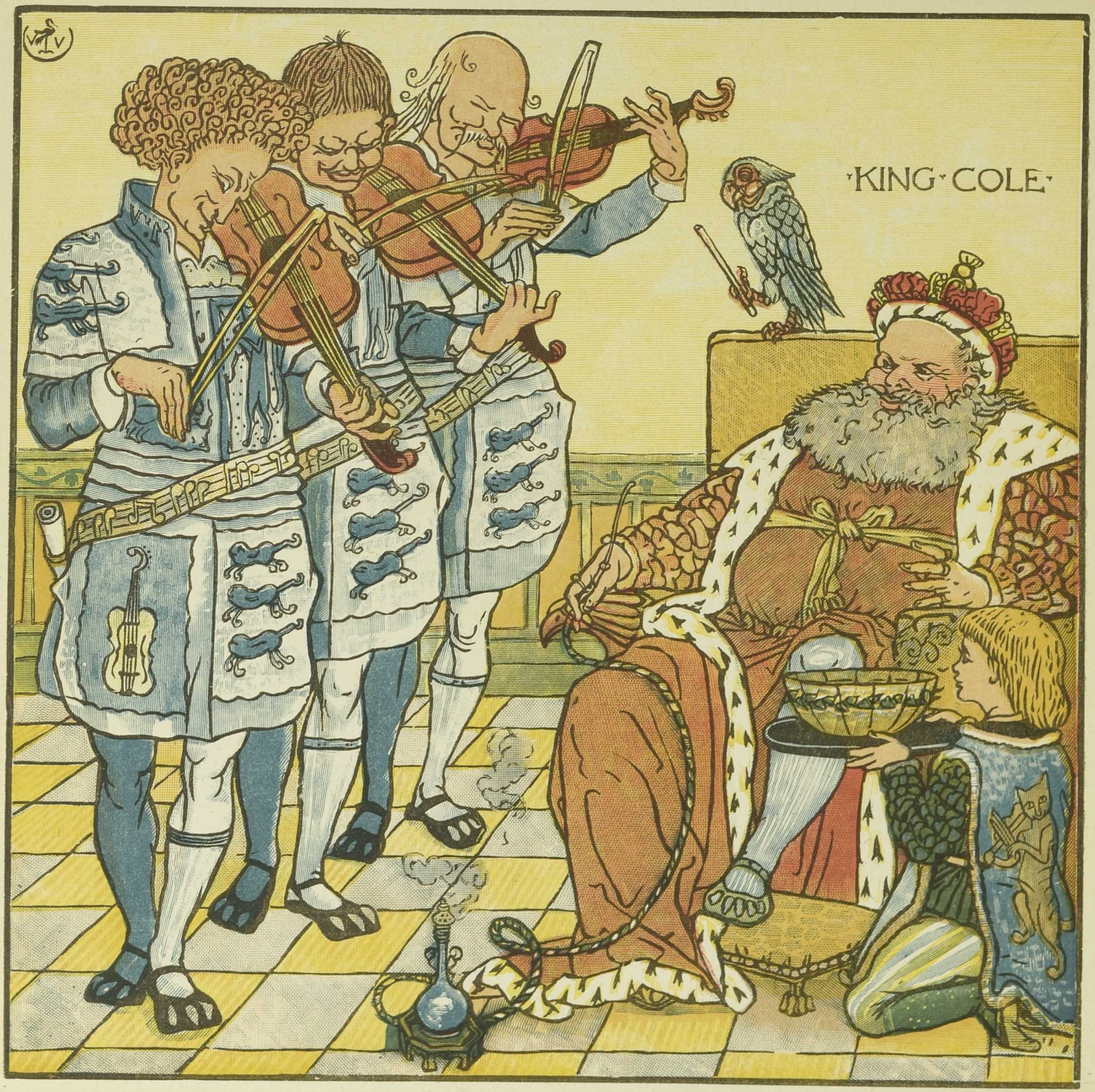

KING COLE

THE BABY'S OPERA

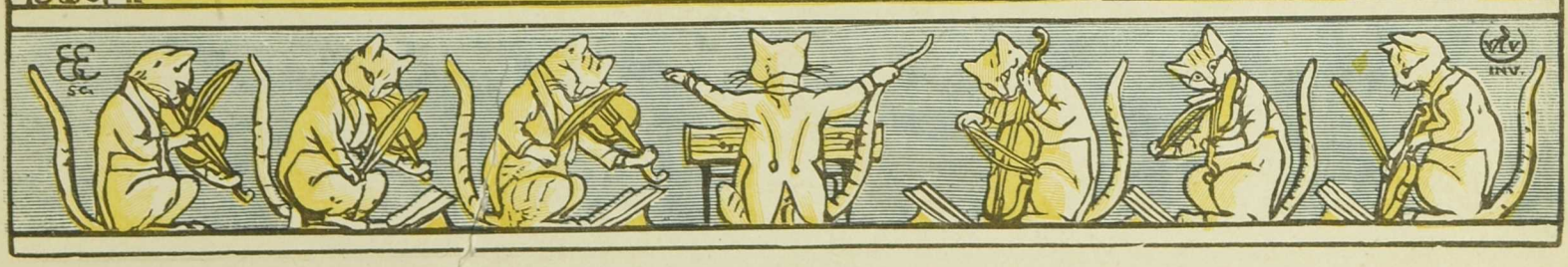
A BOOK OF OLD RHYMES WITH NEW DRESSES BY

THE MUSIC BY THE EARLIEST MASTERS

WALTER CRANE,

ENGRAVED, & PRINTED IN COLOURS BY EDMUND EVANS.

LONDON & NEW YORK
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS



1876

BABY'S OPER

TO

THE HONOURABLE

MRS. GEORGE HOWARD.

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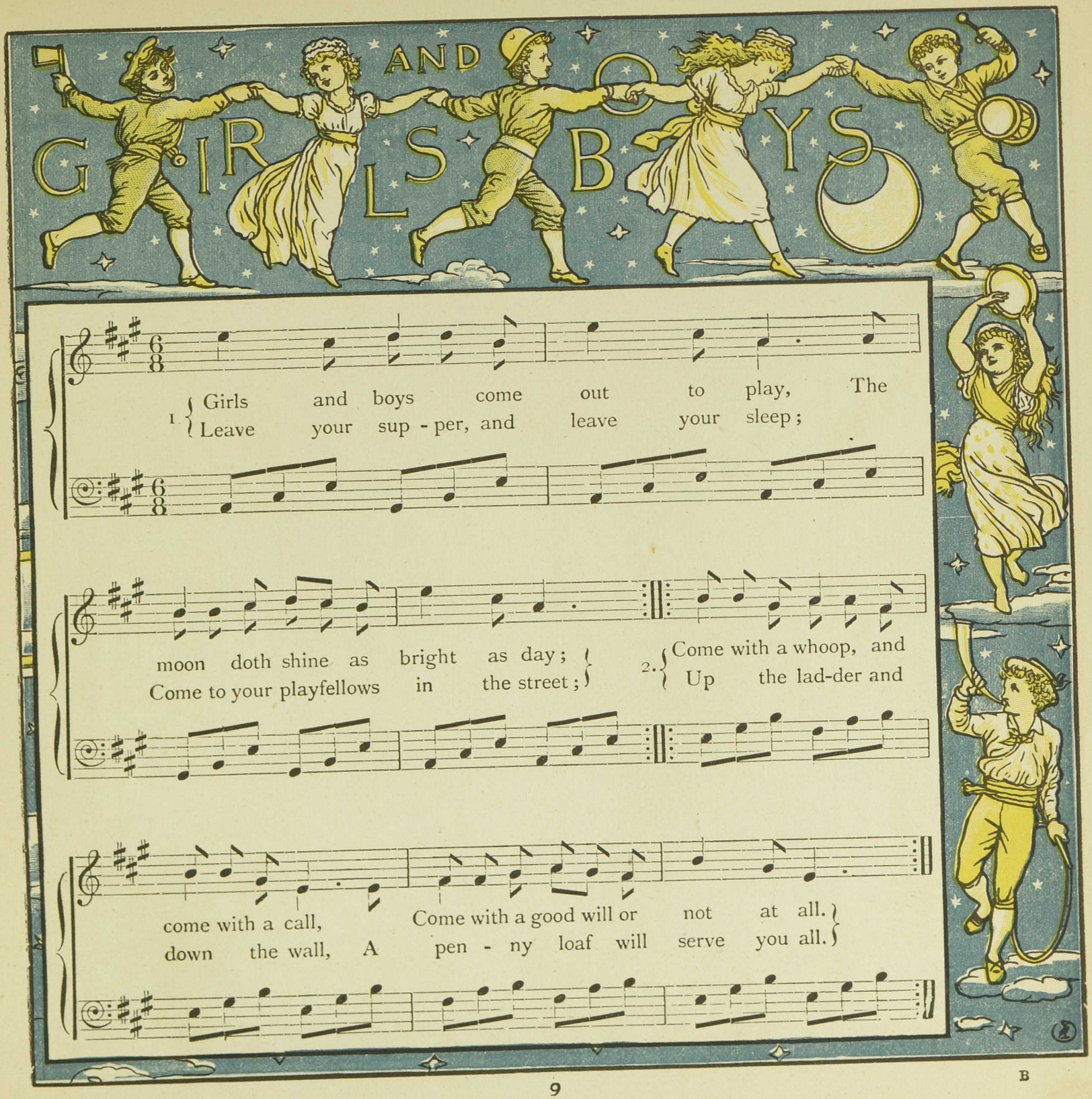
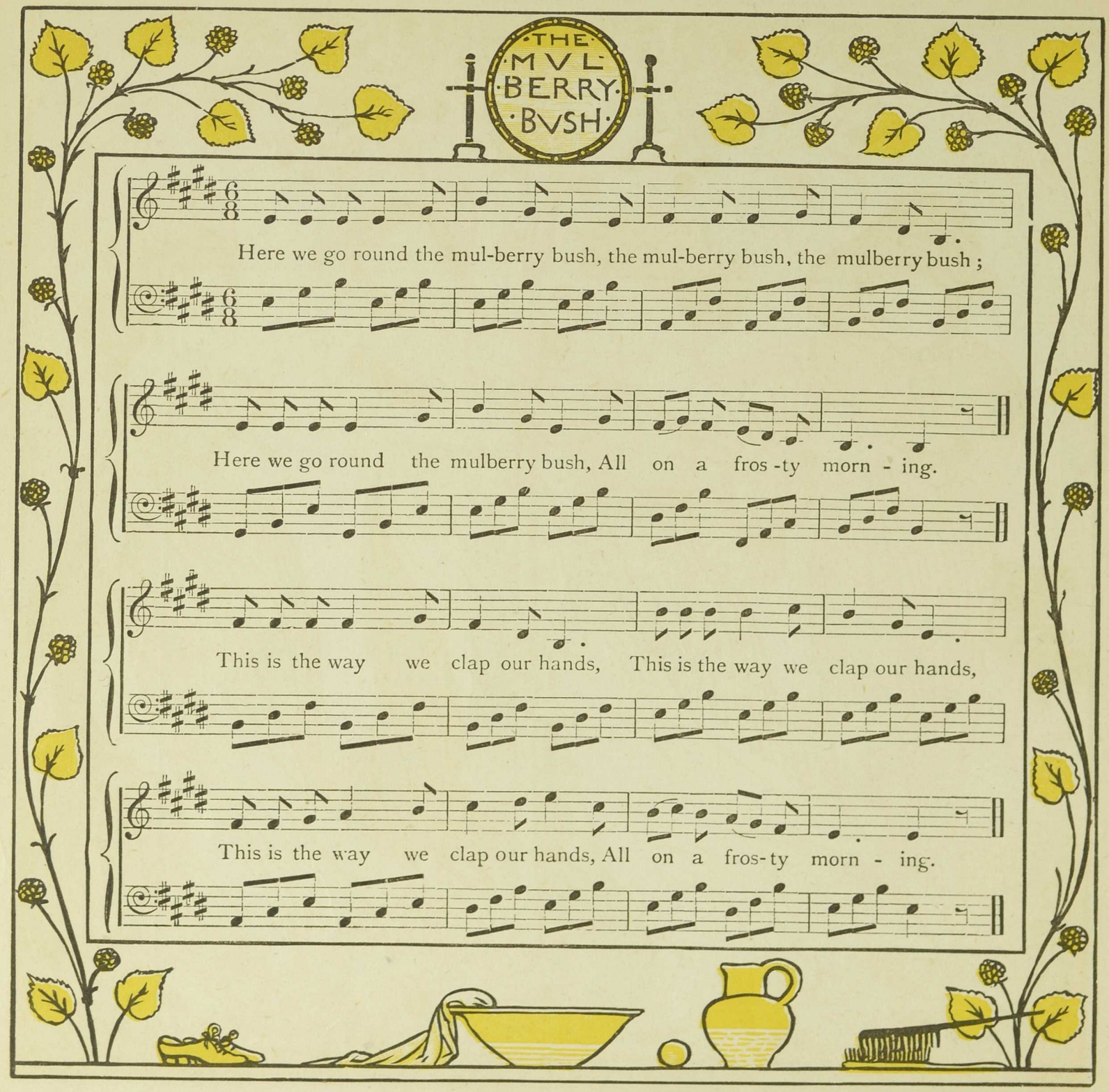

GIRLS AND BOYS
1. Girls and boys come out to play, The
Leave your sup - per, and leave your sleep;
moon doth shine as bright as day;
Come to your playfellows in the street;
2. Come with a whoop, and
Up the lad-der and
come with a call, Come with a good will or not at all.
down the wall, A pen - ny loaf will serve you all.


THE MUL-BERRY BUSH
Here we go round the mul-berry bush, the mul-berry bush, the mulberry bush ;
Here we go round the mulberry bush, All on a fros-ty morn - ing.
This is the way we clap our hands, This is the way we clap our hands,
This is the way we clap our hands, All on a fros-ty morn - ing.

HERE
WE - GO
ROVND
THE
MVLBERRY
BVSH

ORANGES & LEMONS

Oran-ges and le-mons, says the bells of St. Clemen's; You owe me five farthings, says the
D.C. When will that be? says the bells of Step - ney; I do not know, says the

bells of St. Mar-tin's; When will you pay me, says the bells of Old Bai - ley;
great bell of Bow.

D.C.

When I grow rich, says the bells of Shore - ditch; Here comes a can-dle to

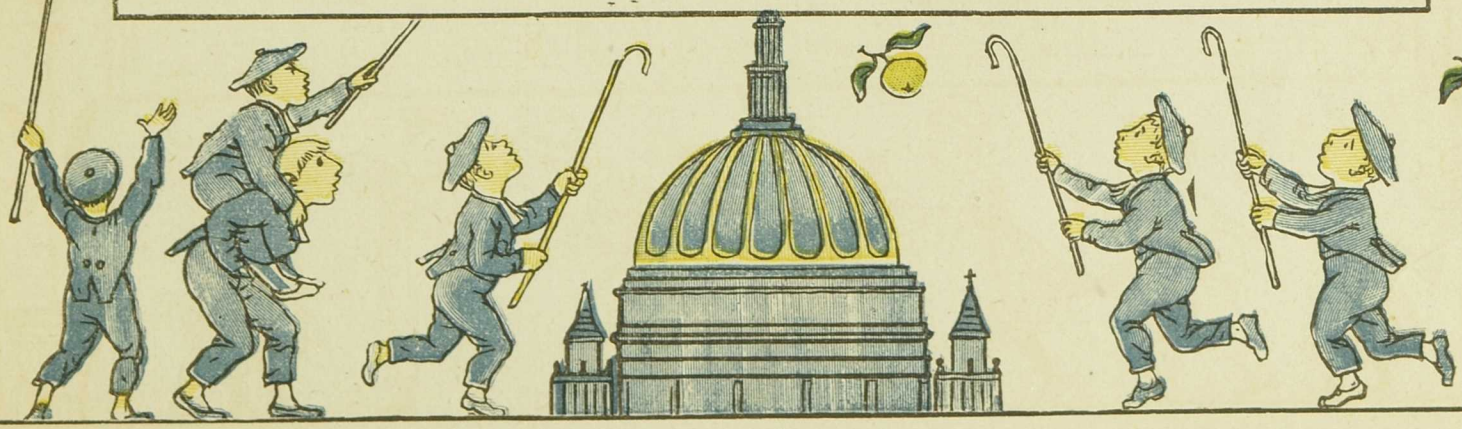
light you to bed, And here comes a chop-per to chop off your head.

St. PAUL'S STEEPLE

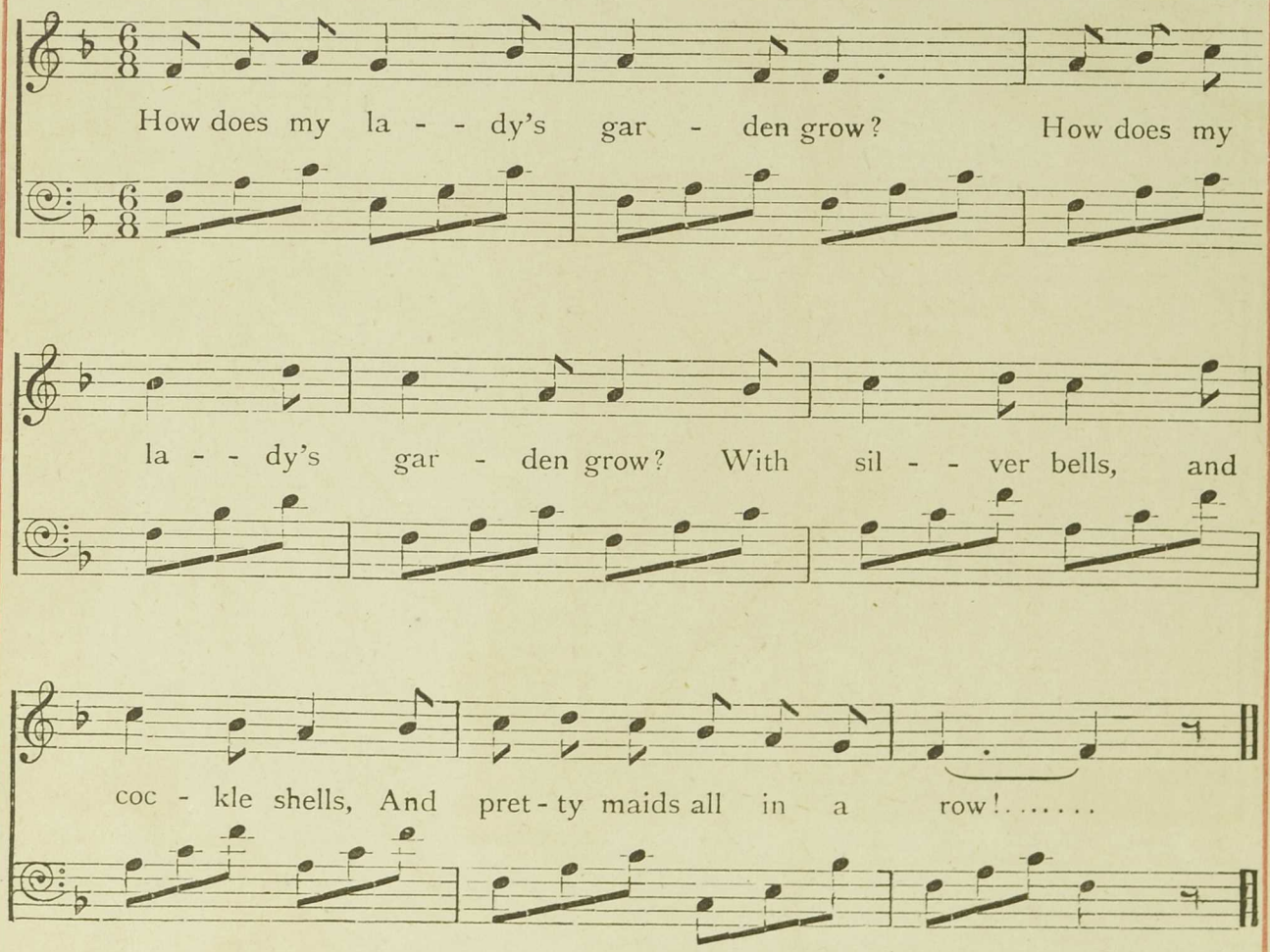
Up - on Paul's stee - ple stands a tree As full of ap - ples as may be, The

lit - tle boys of Lon - don town They run with hooks to pull them down; And

then they run from hedge to hedge Un - til they come to Lon - don Bridge.



MY LADY'S GARDEN



'HOW·DOES·
'MY·LADY'S·
'GARDEN·
'GROW·
?

NATURAL HISTORY

1. What are lit - tle boys made of?
2. What are lit - tle girls made of?

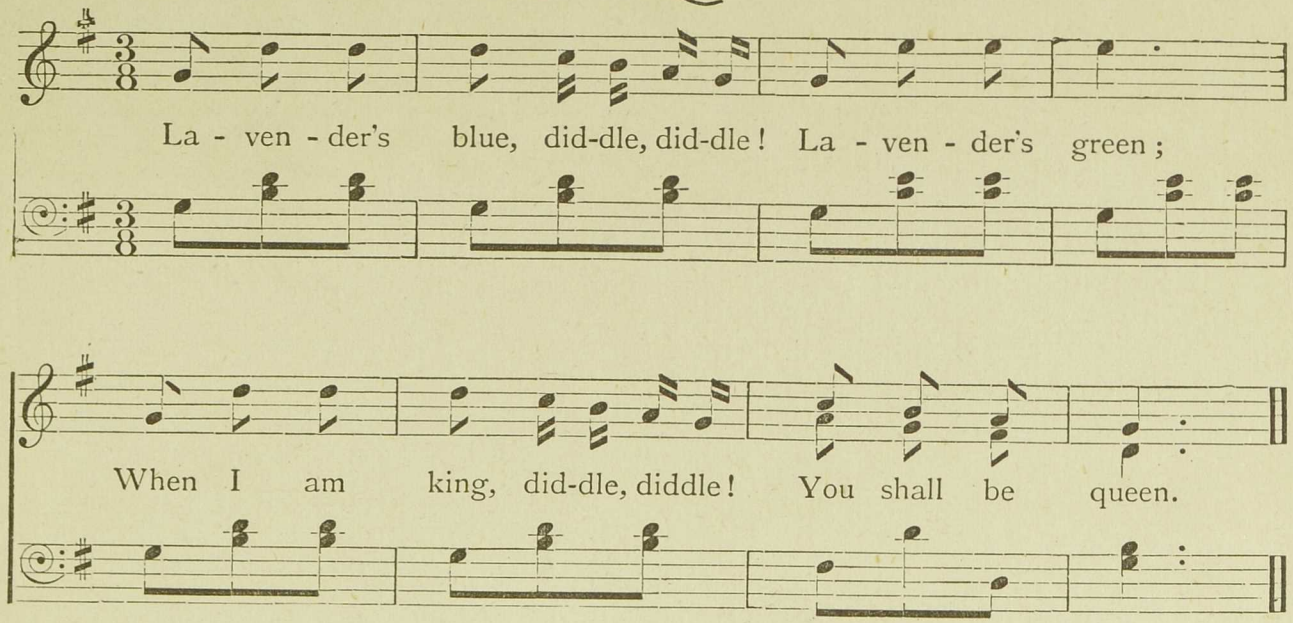
What are lit - tle boys made of? Frogs and snails and
What are lit - tle girls made of? Su - gar and spice and

pup - py-dog's tails, And that are lit - tle boys made of.
all that's nice, And that are lit - tle girls made of.

3. What are young men made of?
What are young men made of?
Sighs and leers, and crocodile tears,
And that are young men made of.

4. What are young women made of?
What are young women made of?
Ribbons and laces, and sweet pretty faces,
And that are young women made of.

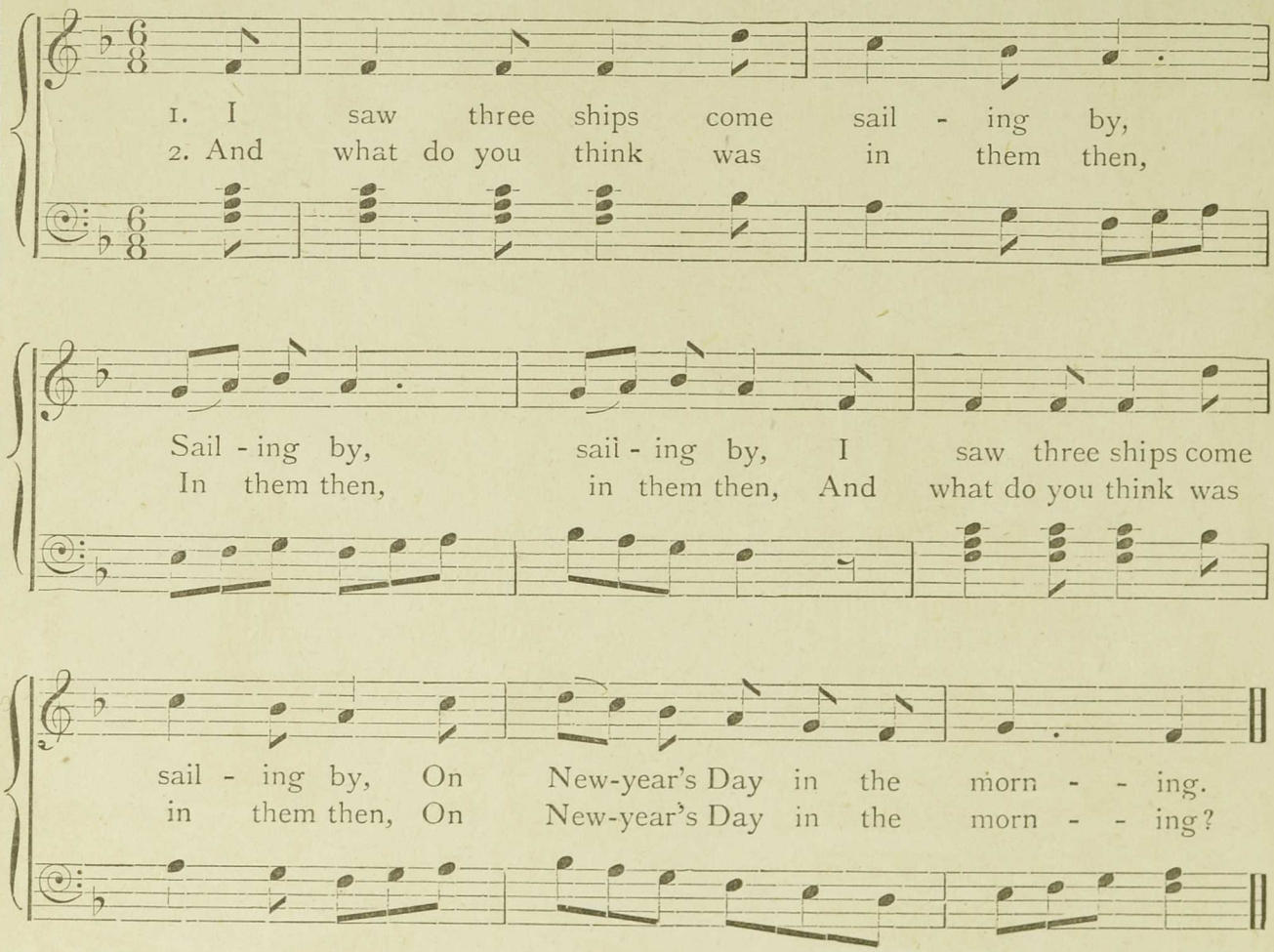
LAVENDER'S BLUE



2. Call up your men, diddle, diddle!
Set them to work;
Some to the plough, diddle, diddle!
Some to the cart.

3. Some to make hay, diddle, diddle!
Some to cut corn;
While you and I, diddle, diddle!
Keep ourselves warm.

I SAW THREE SHIPS

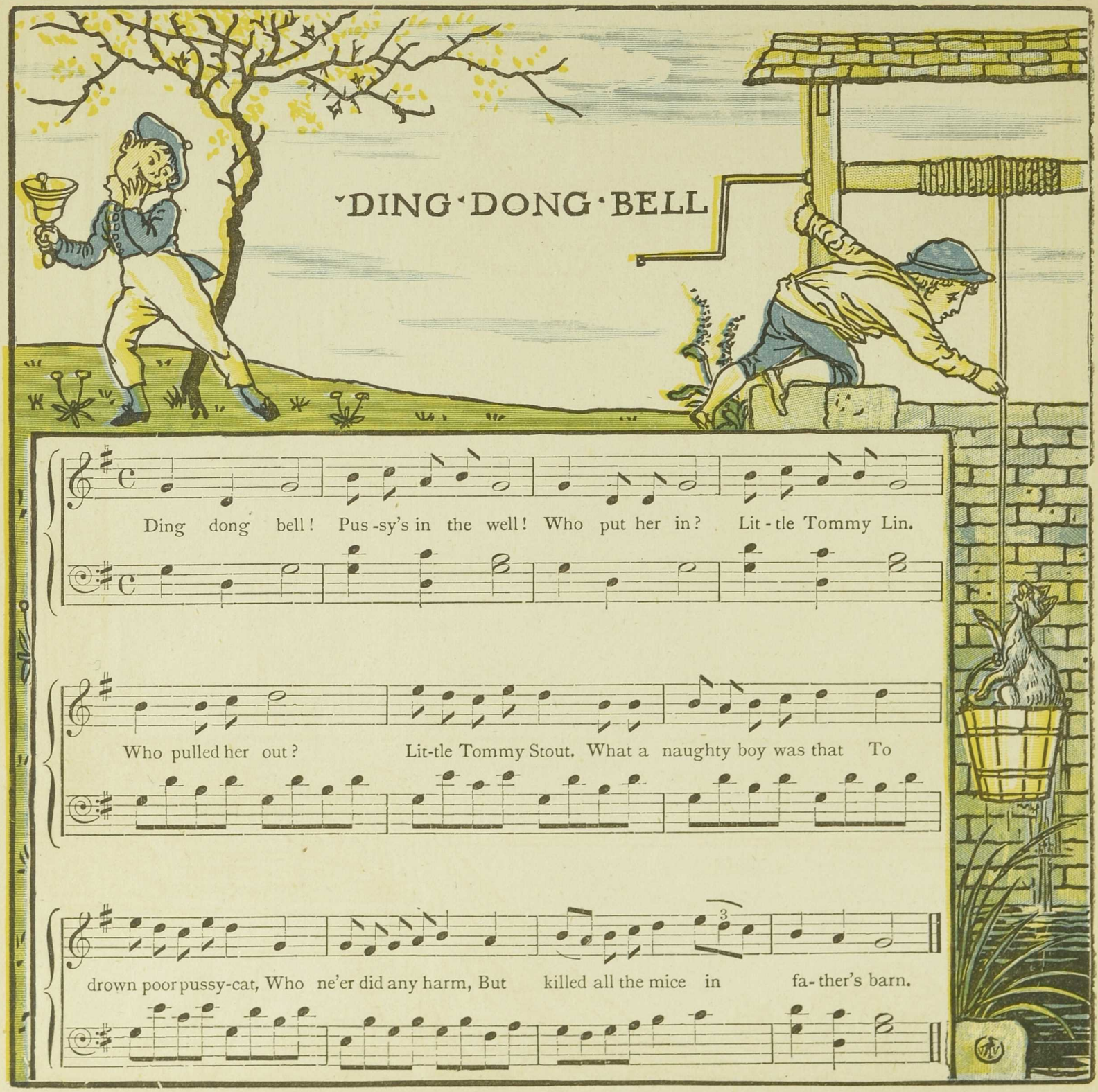


3. Three pretty girls were in them then,
In them then, in them then,
Three pretty girls were in them then,
On New-year's Day in the morning.

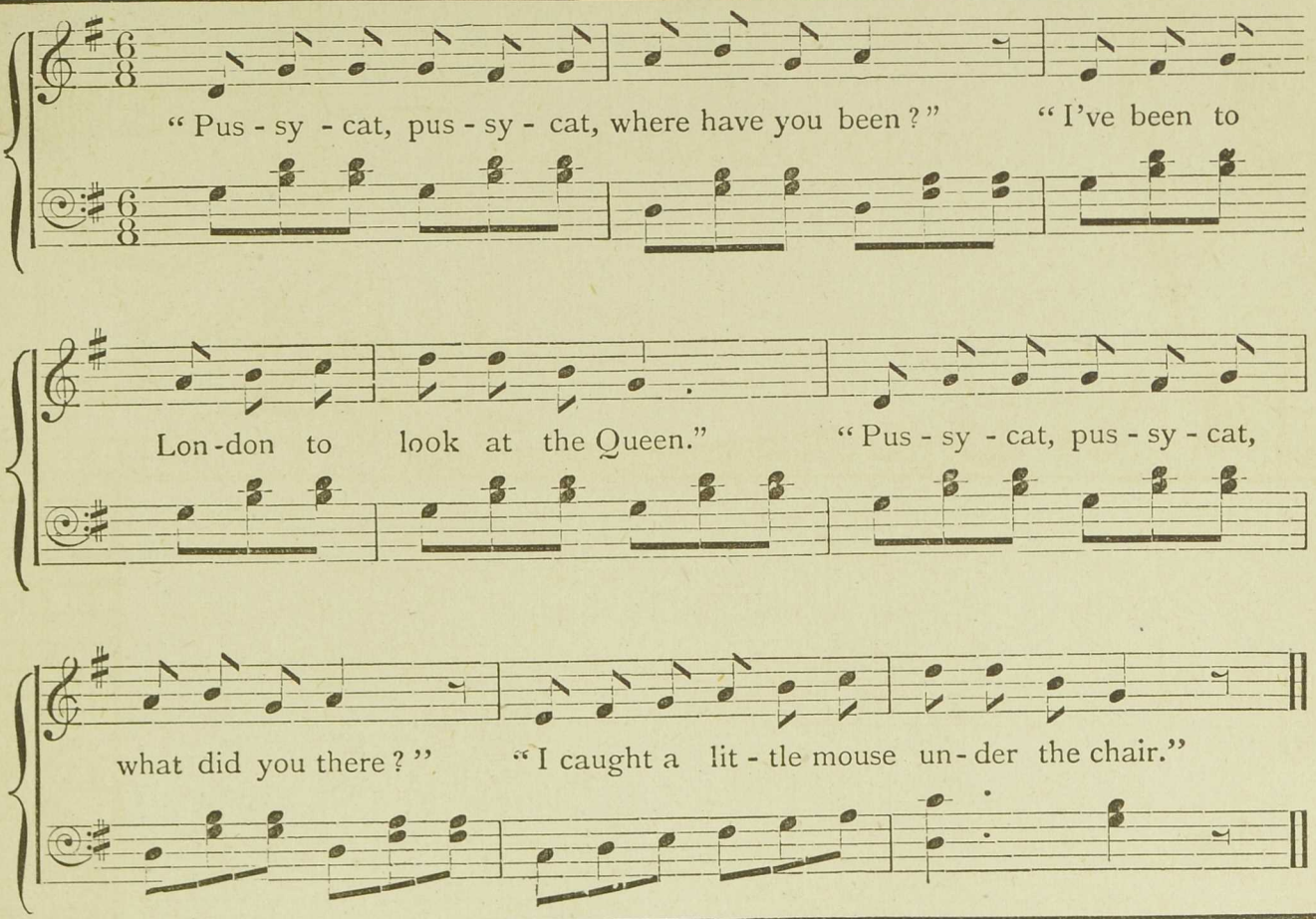
4. And one could whistle, and one could sing,
The other play on the violin;
Such joy there was at my wedding,
On New-year's Day in the morning.

I SAW
THREE SHIPS

DING·DONG·BELL

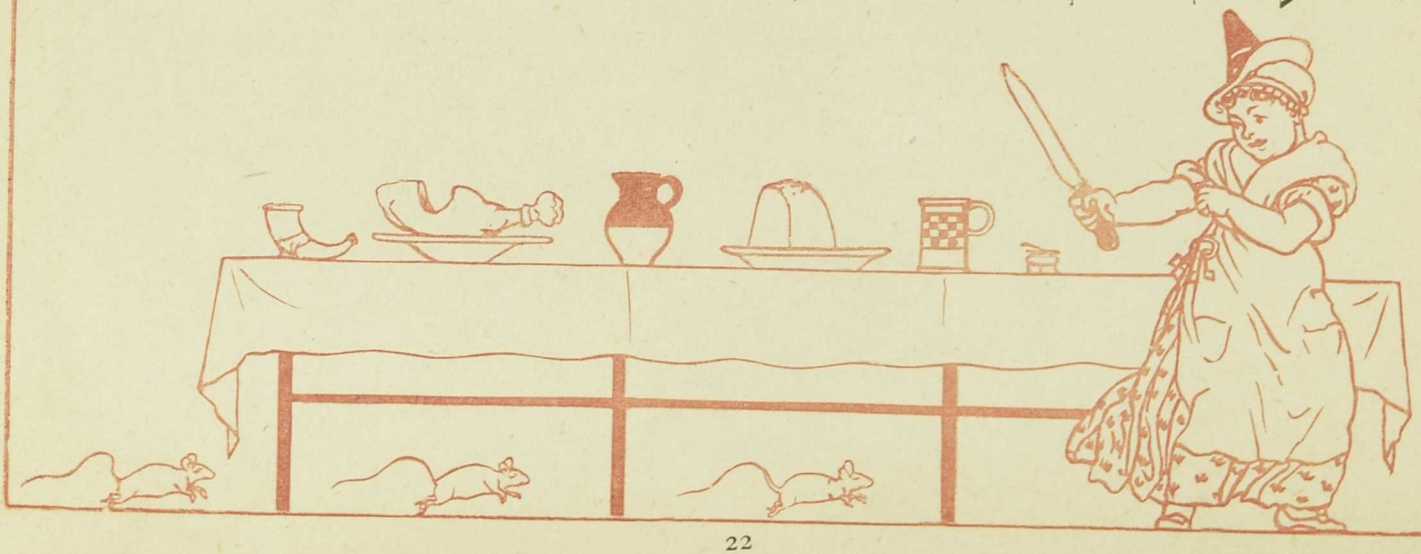


PUSS AT COURT



THREE BLIND MICE

Three blind mice, . . . See how they run! They all ran af-ter the farmer's wife, Who cut off their tails with a car-ving knife; Did e-ver you hear such a thing in your life? . . . . Three blind mice. . .



DICKORY DOCK

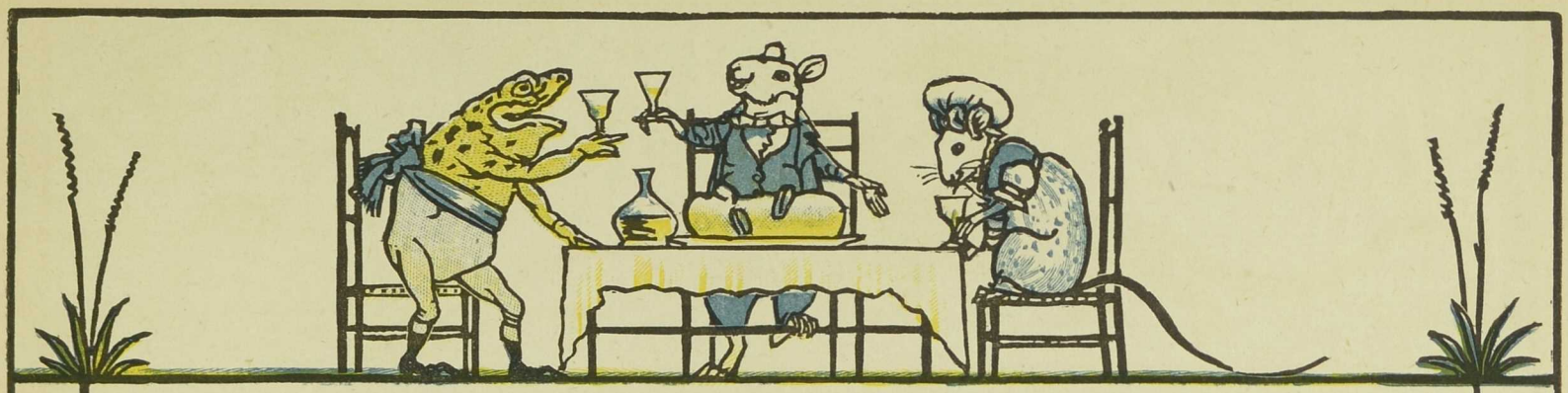
Hick - o - ry, dick - o - ry dock!..... The mouse ran

up the clock;..... The clock struck one, The

mouse ran down, Hick - o - ry, dick - o - ry dock!.....

Ye FROG'S WOOING

1. It was the frog lived in the well, Heigh - ho! says Row - ley; And the mer - ry mouse un - der the mill, With a Row -ley, Pow- ley, Gammon, and Spinach, Heigh-ho! says Anthony Row - ley.



2.

The frog he would a-wooing ride, Heigh-ho, &c.
Sword and buckler at his side, With a, &c.

3.

When upon his high horse set, Heigh-ho, &c.
His boots they shone as black as jet, With a, &c.

4.

When he came to the merry mill-pin, Heigh-ho, &c.
"Lady Mouse, are you within?" With a, &c.

5.

Then came out the dusty mouse, Heigh-ho, &c
"I am the lady of this house," With a, &c.

6.

"Hast thou any mind of me?" Heigh-ho, &c.
"I have e'en great mind of thee," With a, &c.

7.

"Who shall this marriage make?" Heigh-ho, &c.
"Our lord, which is the rat," With a, &c.

8.

"What shall we have to our supper?" Heigh-ho, &c.
"Three beans in a pound of butter," With a, &c.

9.

But when the supper they were at, Heigh-ho, &c.
The frog, the mouse, and e'en the rat, With a, &c.

10.

Then came in Tib, our cat, Heigh-ho, &c.
And caught the mouse e'en by the back, With a, &c

11.

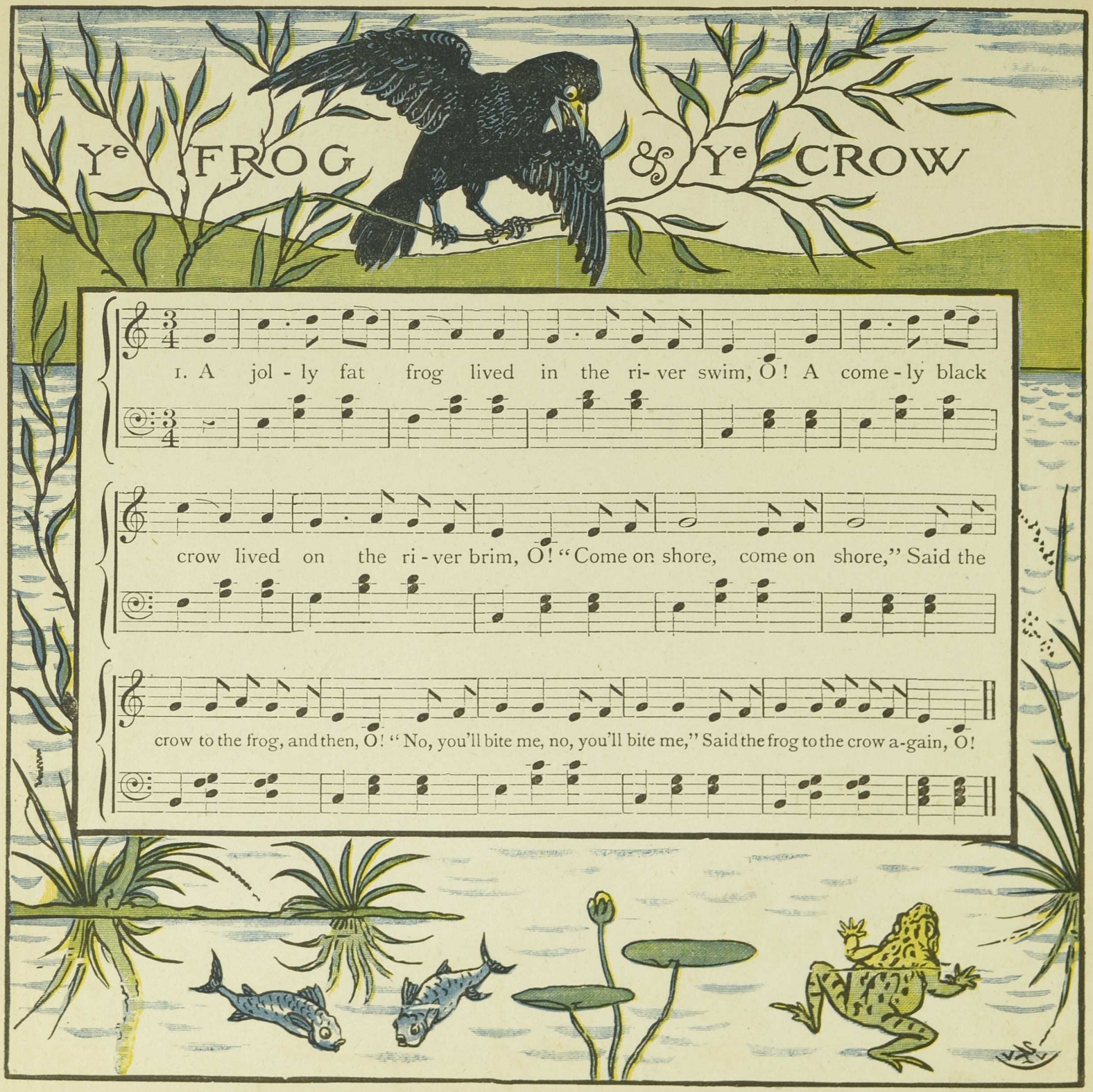
Then did they separate, Heigh-ho, &c.
The frog leaped on the floor so flat, With a, &c.

12.

Then came in Dick, our drake, Heigh-ho, &c.
And drew the frog e'en to the lake, With a, &c.

13.

The rat he ran up the wall, Heigh-ho, &c.
And so the company parted all, With a, &c


Ye FROG & Ye CROW
1. A jol - ly fat frog lived in the ri- ver swim, O! A come - ly black
crow lived on the ri - ver brim, O! "Come on shore, come on shore," Said the
crow to the frog, and then, O! "No, you'll bite me, no, you'll bite me," Said the frog to the crow a-gain, O!

2. "O! there is sweet music on yonder green hill, O!
And you shall be a dancer, a dancer in yellow,
All in yellow, all in yellow."
Said the crow to the frog, and then, O!
"All in yellow, all in yellow,"
Said the frog to the crow again, O!

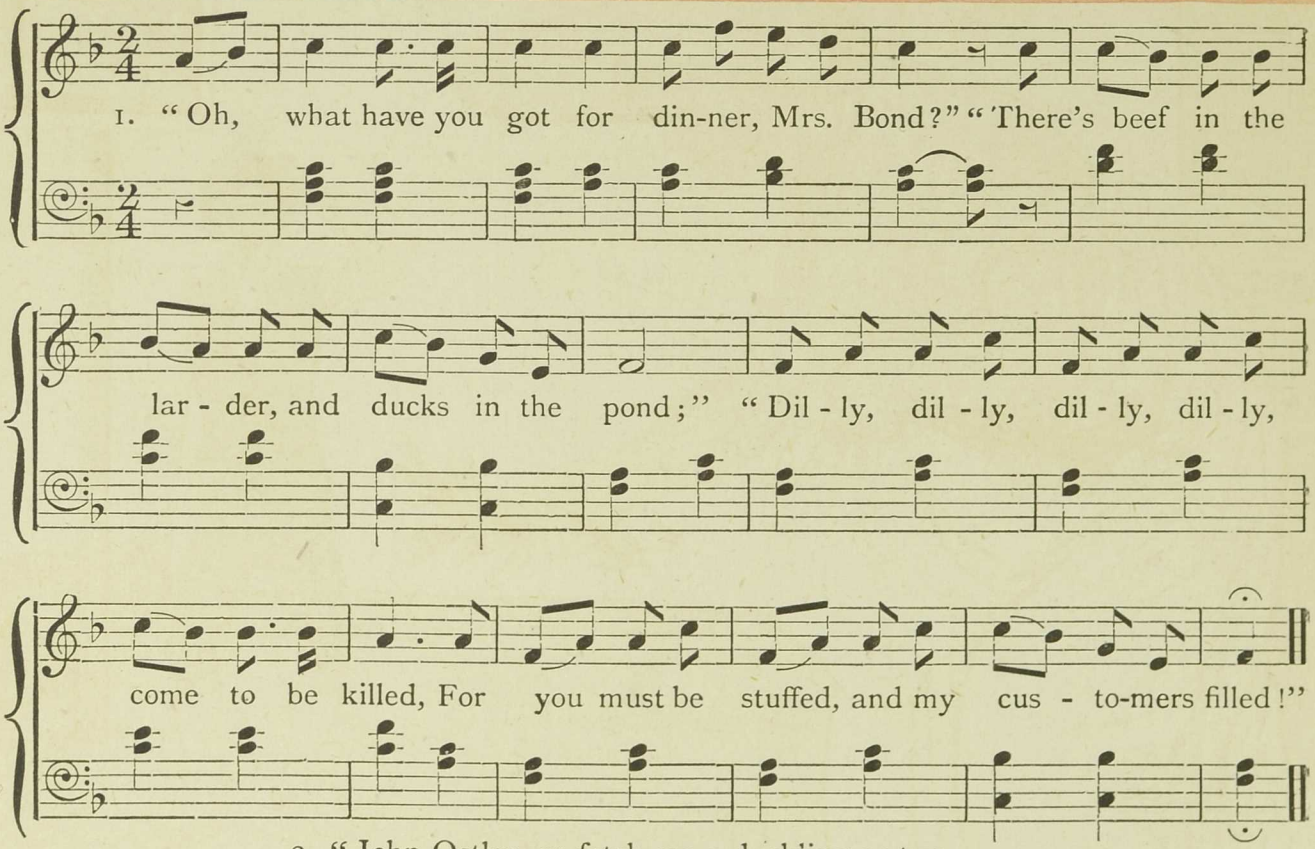
3. "Farewell, ye little fishes, that in the river swim, O!
I'm going to be a dancer, a dancer in yellow."
"O beware! O beware!"
Said the fish to the frog, and then, O!
"I'll take care, I'll take care,"
Said the frog to the fish again, O!

4. The frog began a swimming, a swimming to land, O!
And the crow began jumping to give him his hand, O!
"Sir, you're welcome, Sir, you're welcome,"
Said the crow to the frog, and then, O!
"Sir, I thank you, Sir, I thank you,"
Said the frog to the crow, again, O!

5. "But where is the sweet music on yonder green hill, O?
And where are all the dancers, the dancers in yellow?
All in yellow, all in yellow?"
Said the frog to the crow, and then, O!
"Sir, they're here, Sir, they're here."
Said the crow to the frog—*

* Here the crow swallows the frog.

MRS BOND

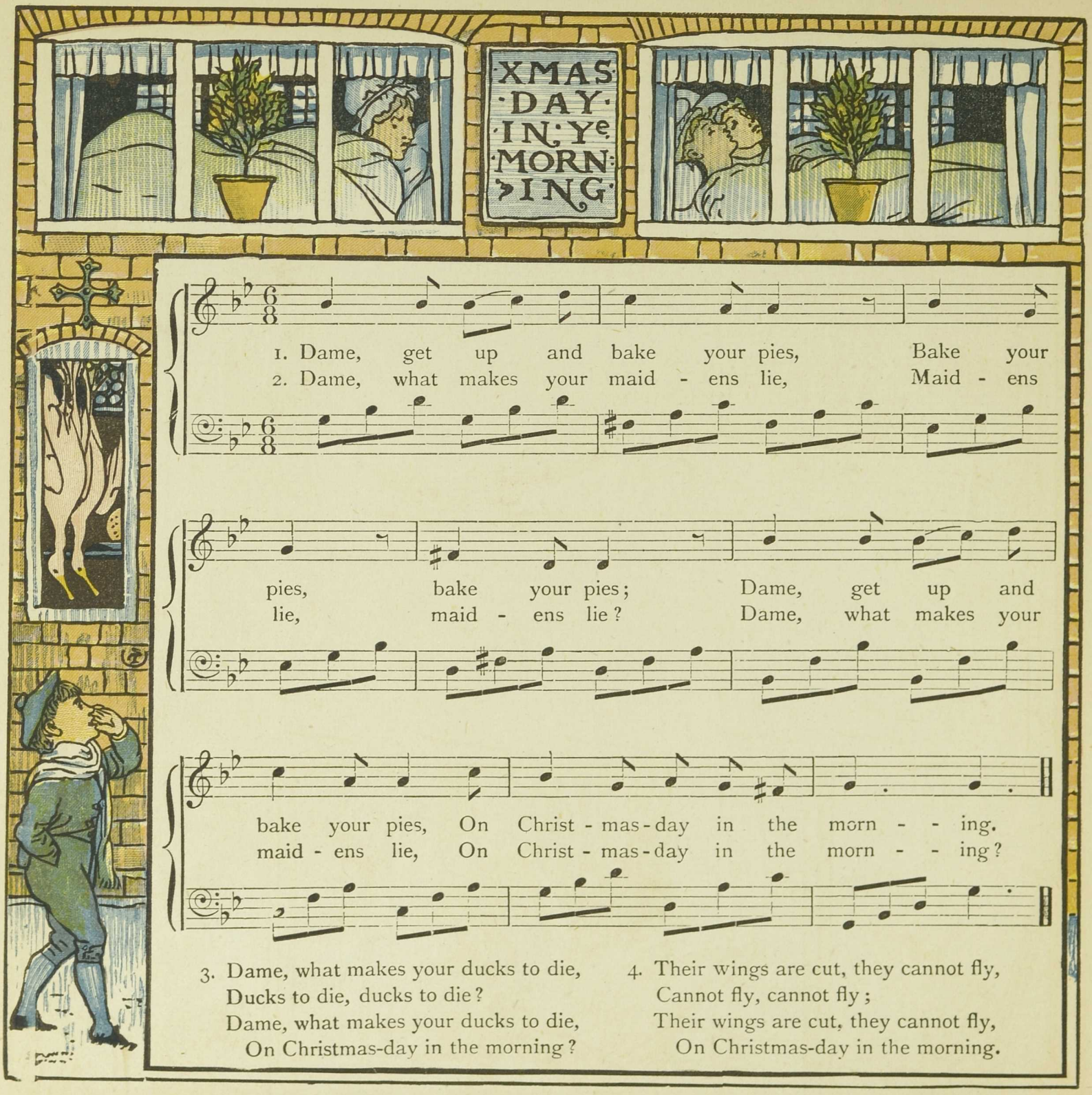


2. "John Ostler, go fetch me a duckling or two,
John Ostler go fetch me a duckling or two;
Cry dilly, dilly, dilly, dilly, come and be killed,
For you must be stuffed, and my customers filled!"

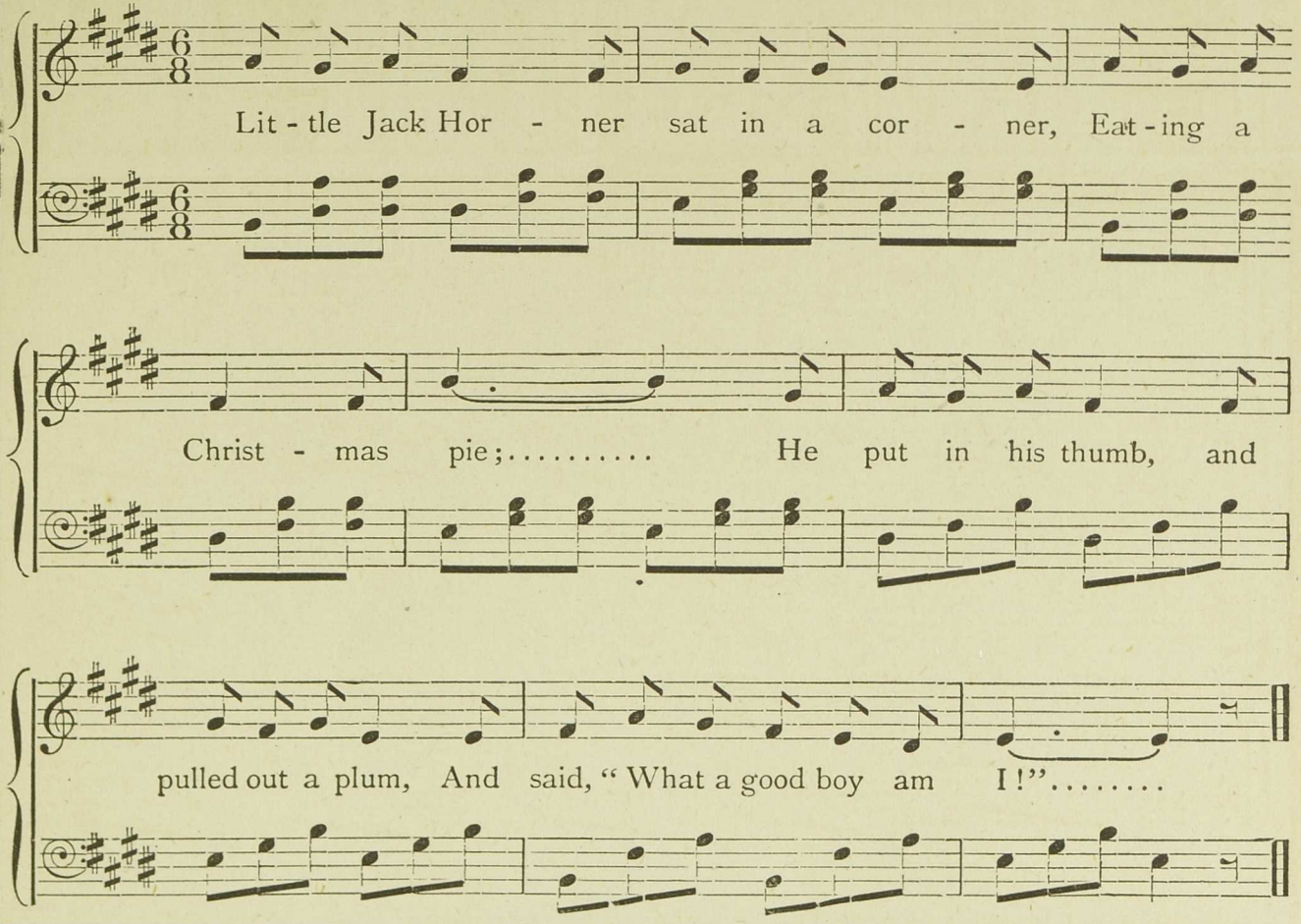
3. "I have been to the ducks that are swimming in the pond,
And they won't come to be killed, Mrs. Bond;
I cried dilly, dilly, dilly, dilly, come and be killed,
For you must be stuffed, and the customers filled!"

4. Mrs. Bond she went down to the pond in a rage,
With plenty of onions, and plenty of sage;
She cried, "Come, little wag-tails, come, and be killed.
For you shall be stuffed, and my customers filled!"

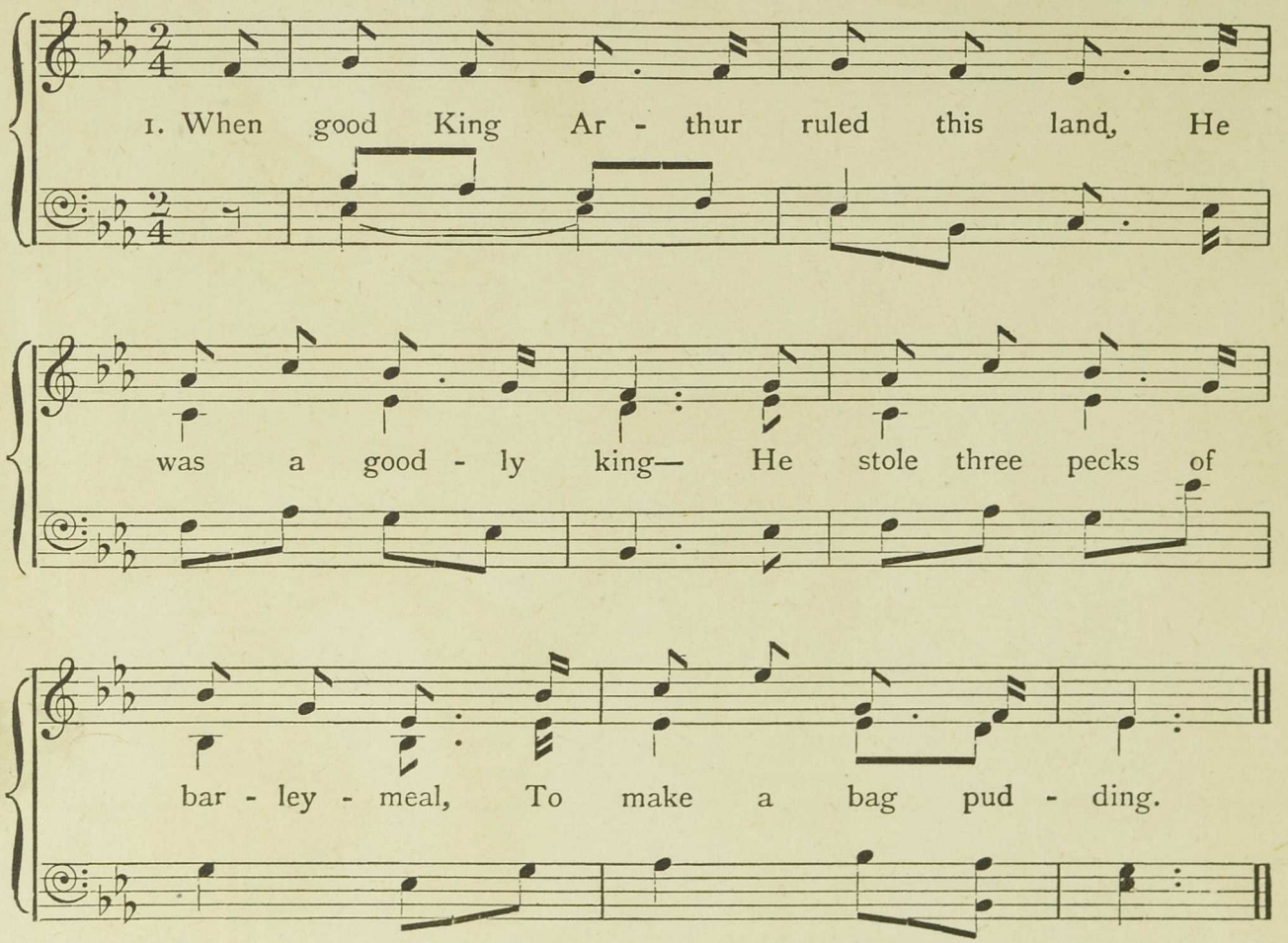
MRS BOND
THE TAKE INN


XMAS DAY IN Ye MORNING
1. Dame, get up and bake your pies, Bake your
2. Dame, what makes your maid - ens lie, Maid - ens
pies, bake your pies; Dame, get up and
lie, maid - ens lie? Dame, what makes your
bake your pies, On Christ - mas - day in the morn - - ing.
maid - ens lie, On Christ - mas - day in the morn - - ing?
3. Dame, what makes your ducks to die,
Ducks to die, ducks to die?
Dame, what makes your ducks to die,
On Christmas-day in the morning?
4. Their wings are cut, they cannot fly,
Cannot fly, cannot fly;
Their wings are cut, they cannot fly,
On Christmas-day in the morning.

·LITTLE·JACK·HORNER·



KING ARTHUR

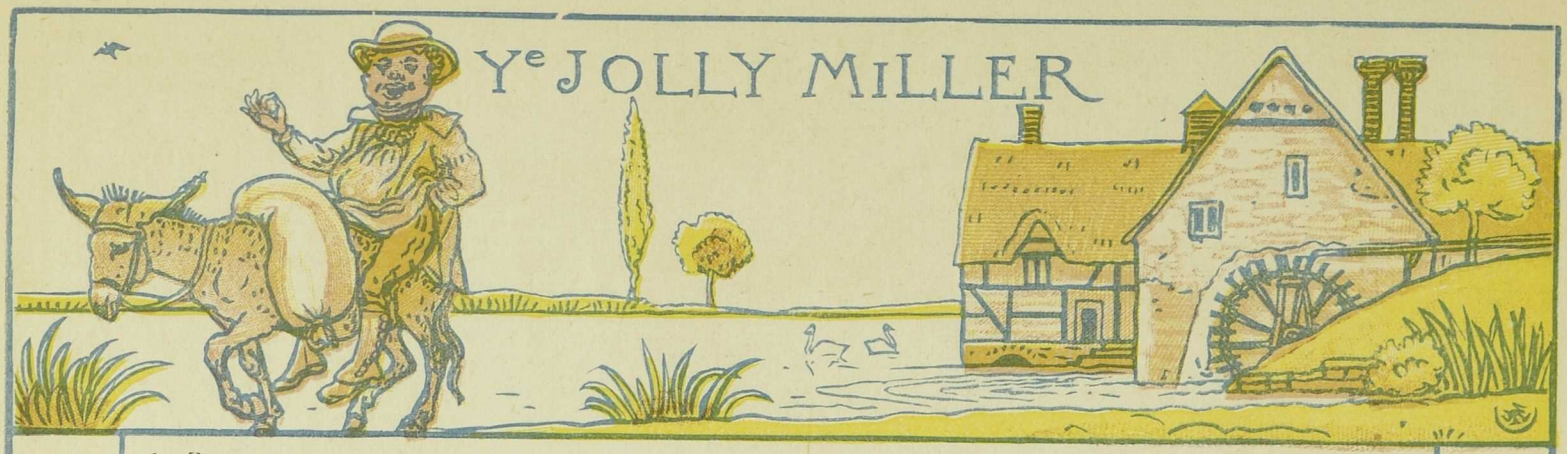


2. A bag pudding the Queen did make,
And stuffed it well with plums,
And in it put great lumps of fat
As big as my two thumbs.

3. The King and Queen did eat thereof,
And noblemen beside,
And what they could not eat that night
The Queen next morning fried.

A R

Ye · GOOD · KING · ARTHVR

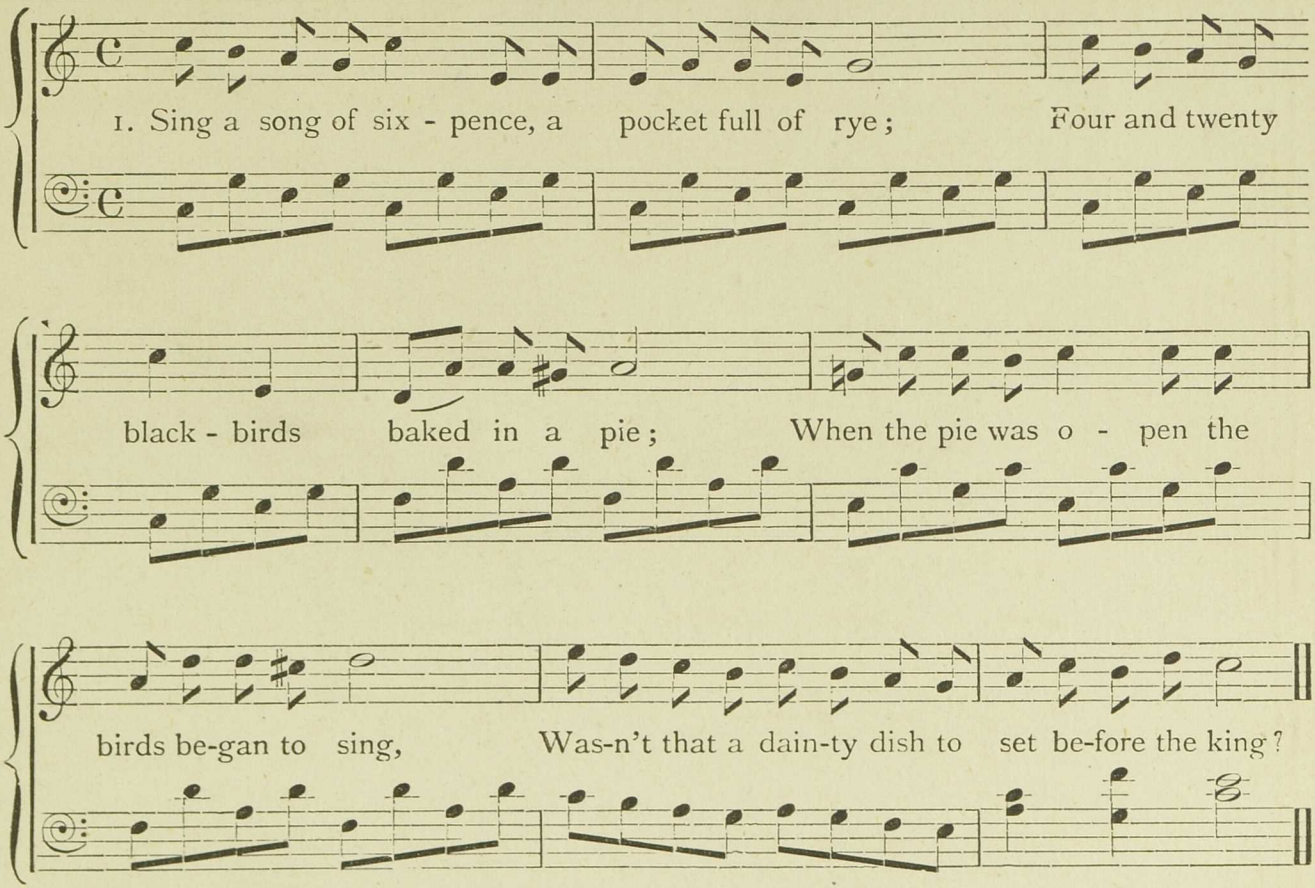


There was a jol - ly mil - ler once Lived on the ri - ver Dee;.... He

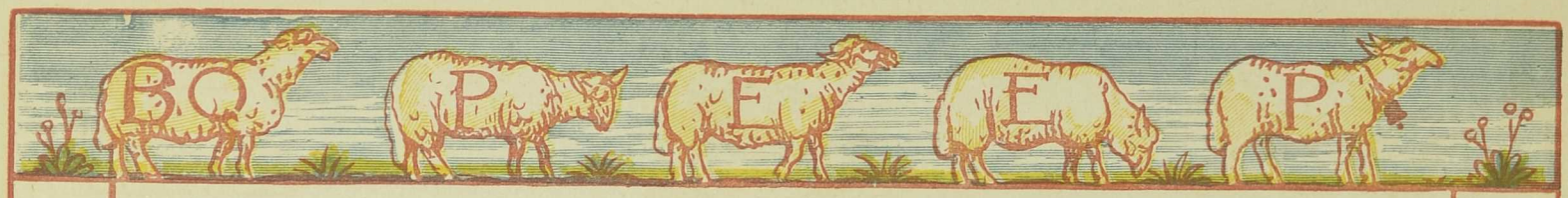
worked and sang from morn till night, No lark more blithe than he..... And

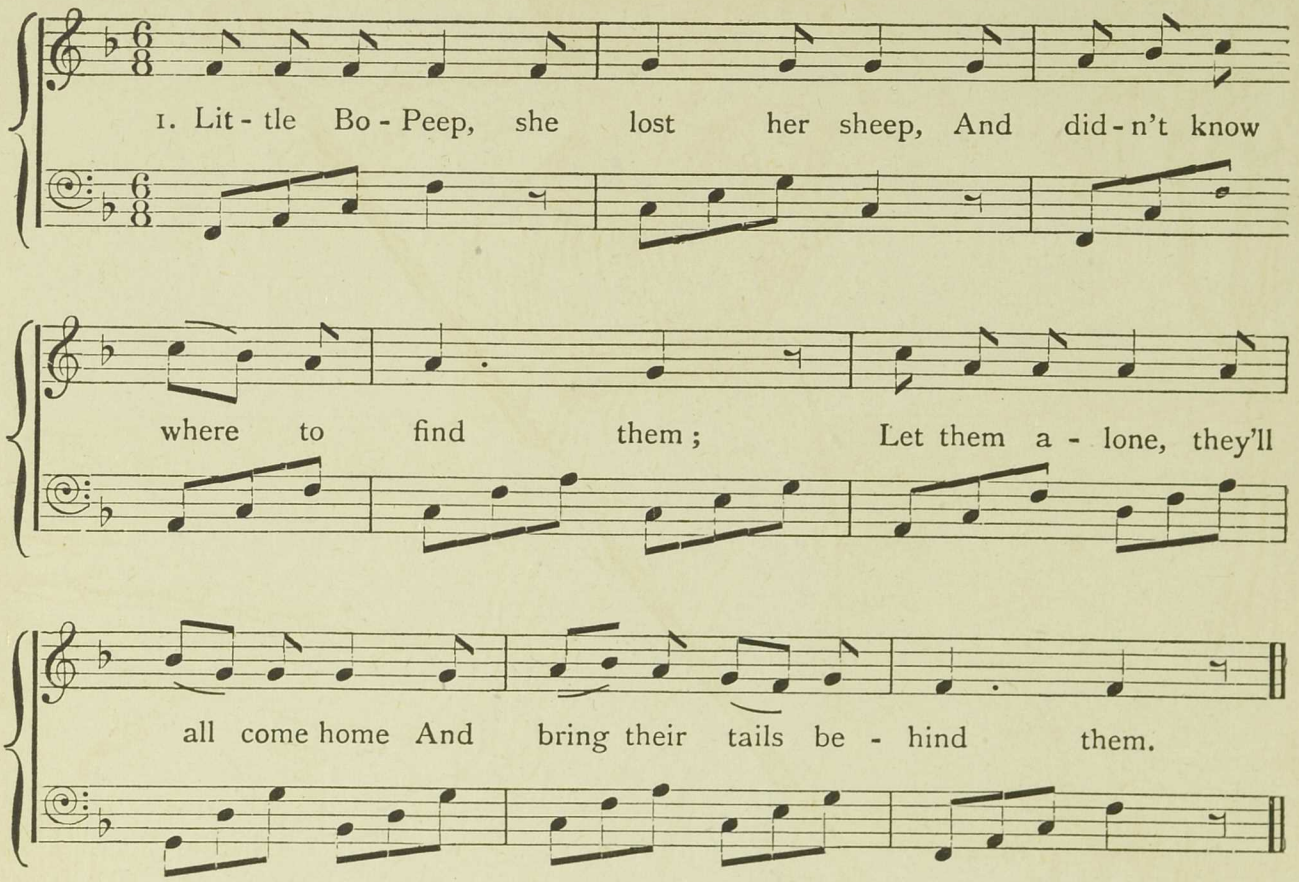
this the bur- den of his song For e - ver used to be,..... "I

care for no - bo-dy, no, not I, And no - bo-dy cares for me."....



2. The king was in his counting-house counting out his money;
The queen was in the parlour eating bread and honey;
The maid was in the garden hanging out her clothes,
When up came a blackbird and pecked off her nose.





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

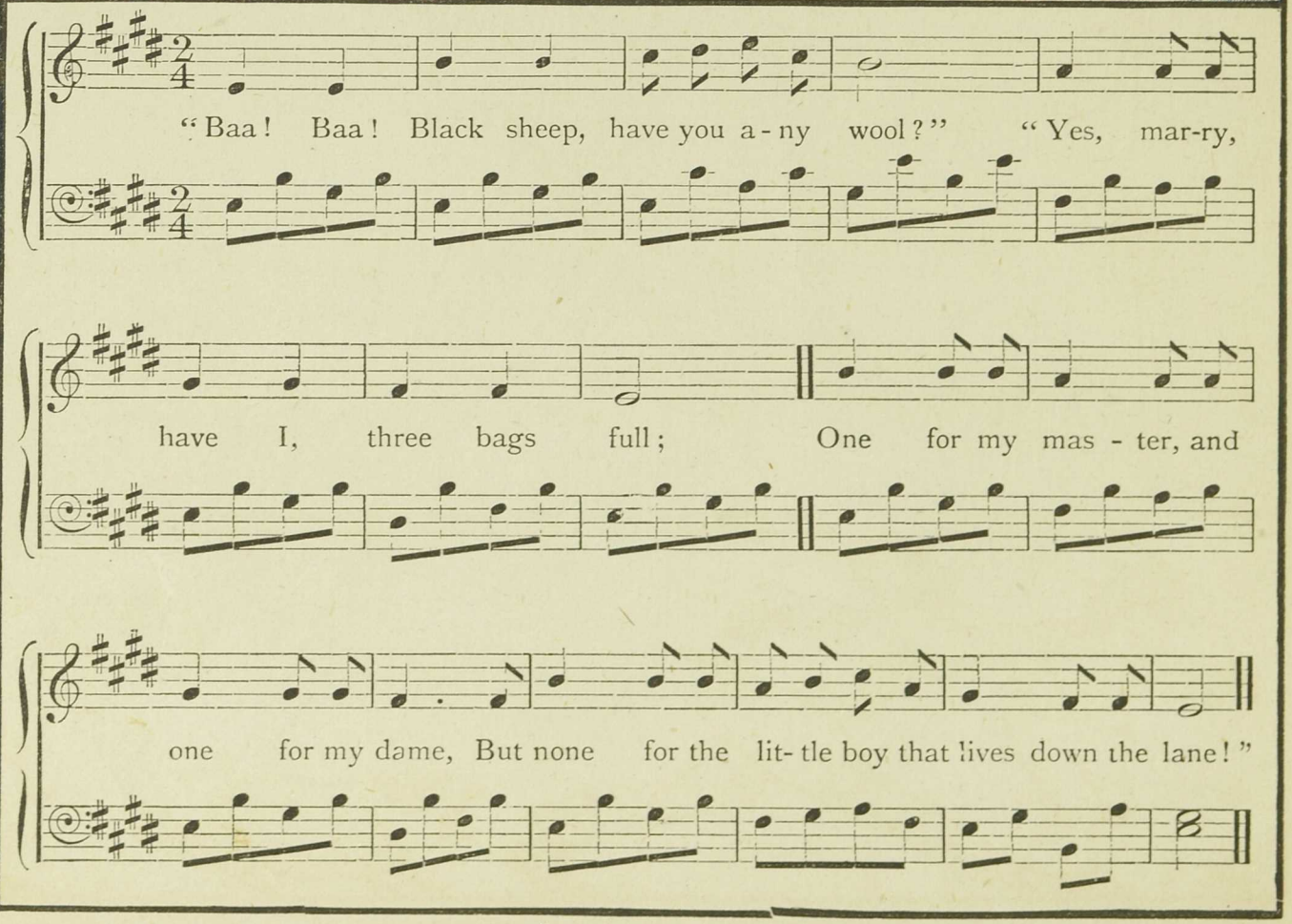
3. Then up she took her little crook,
Determined for to find them,
She found them indeed, but it made her heart bleed
For they'd left their tails behind them.

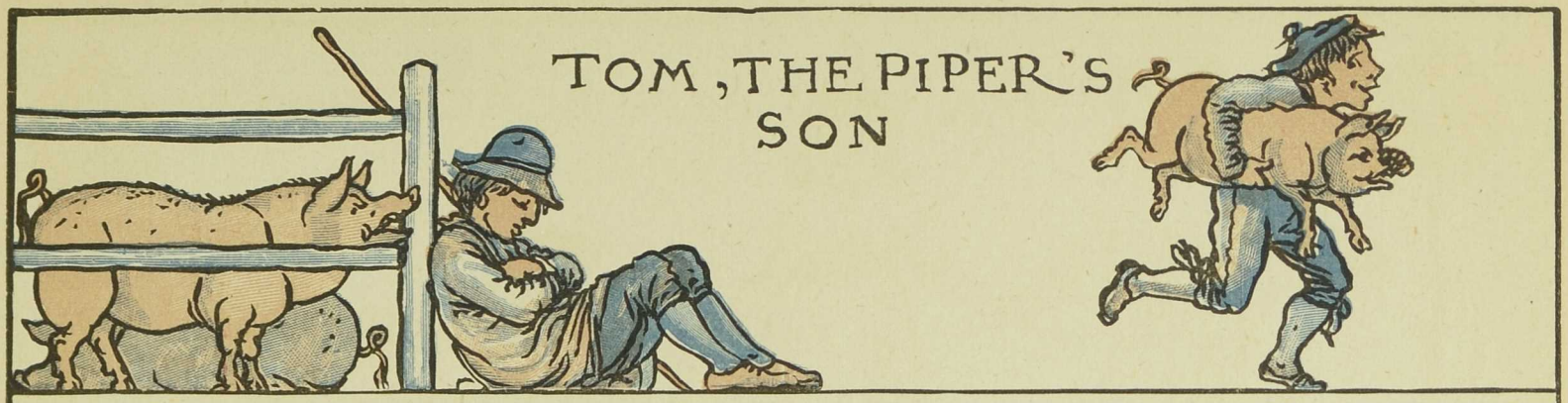
4. It happened one day as Bo-Peep did stray
Into a meadow hard by,
There she espied their tails side by side,
All hung on a tree to dry.

5. She heaved a sigh and wiped her eye,
Then went o'er hill and dale,
And tried what she could, as a shepherdess should,
To tack to each sheep its tail.

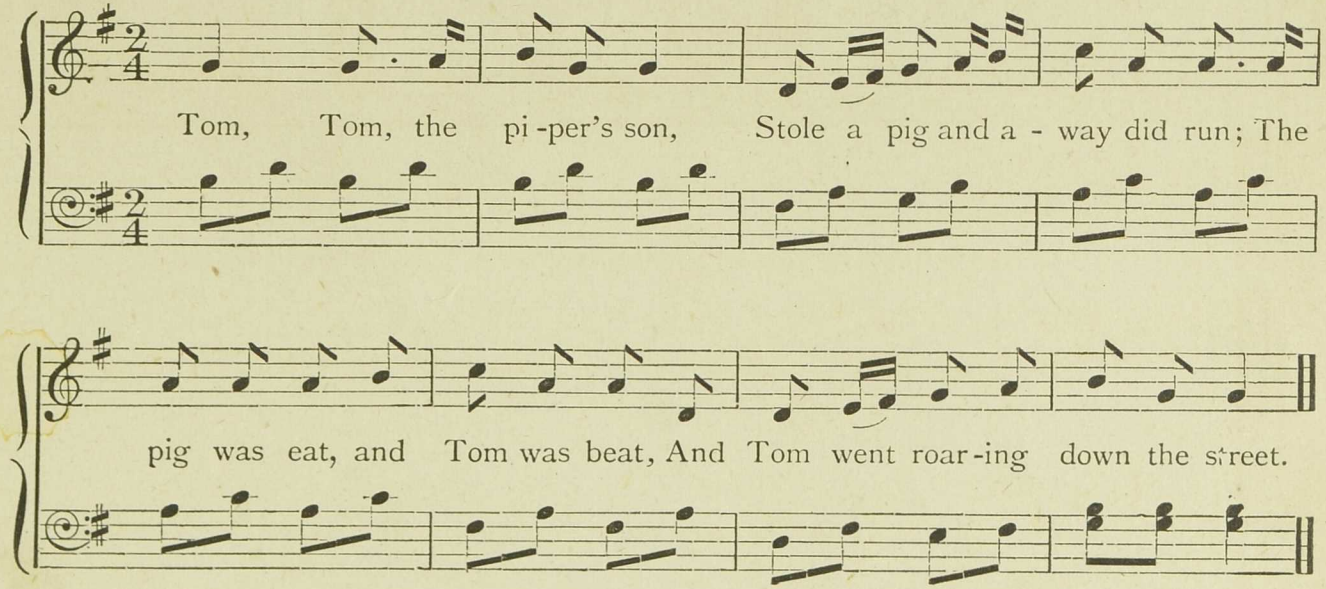
LITTLE
BO PEEP

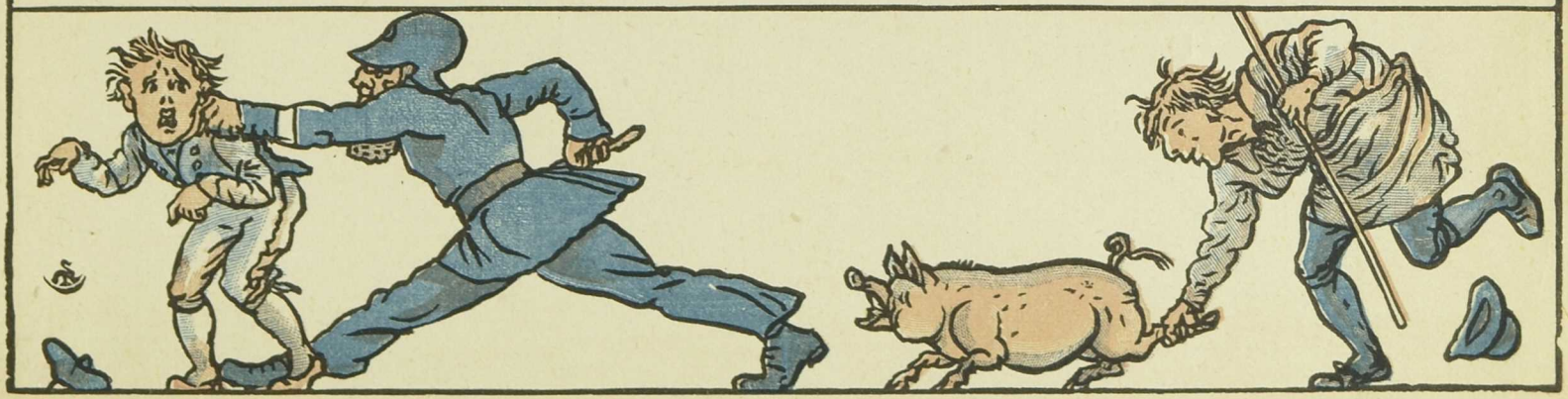
'BAA! 'BAA! BLACK·SHEEP'


"Baa! Baa! Black sheep, have you a-ny wool?" "Yes, mar-ry,
have I, three bags full; One for my mas-ter, and
one for my dame, But none for the lit-tle boy that lives down the lane!"

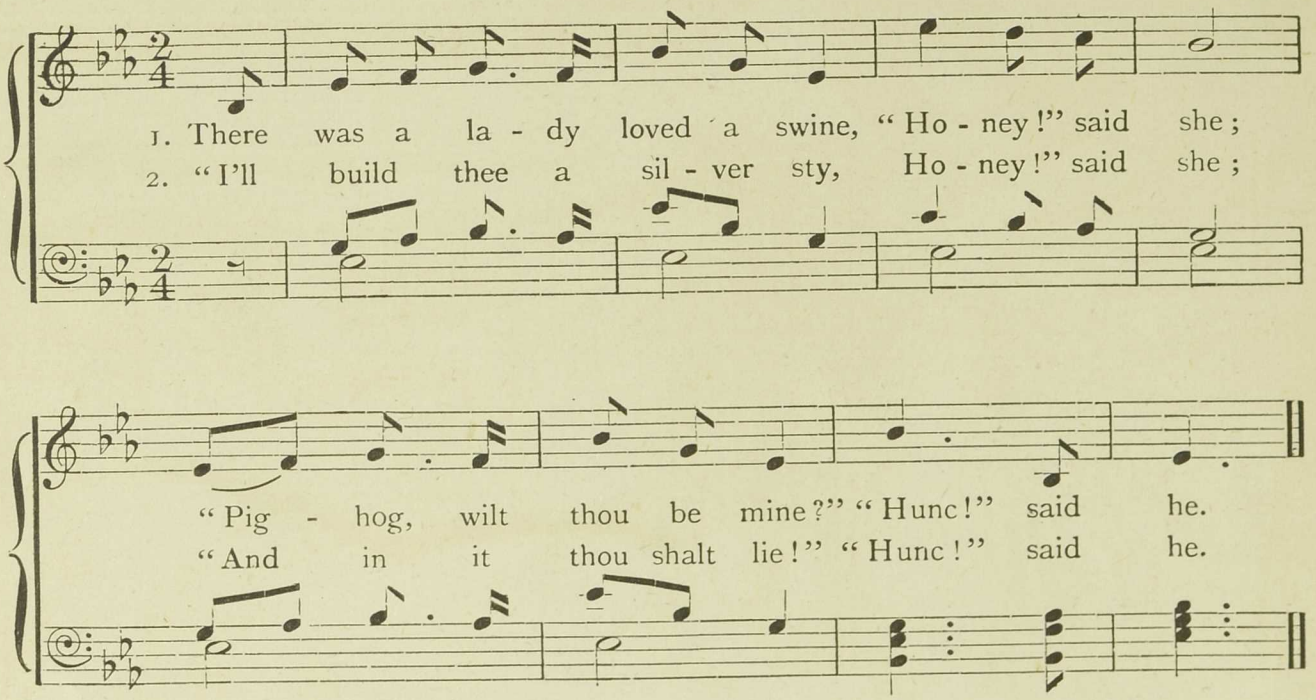


TOM, THE PIPER'S SON



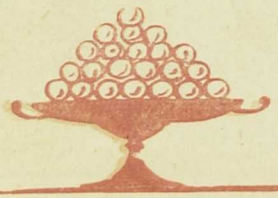


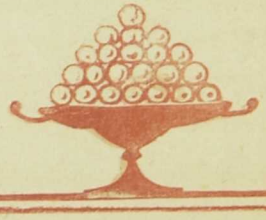
THERE WAS A LADY LOVED A SWINE



3. "Pinned with a silver pin,
Honey!" said she;
"That thou mayest go out and in,"
"Hunc!" said he.

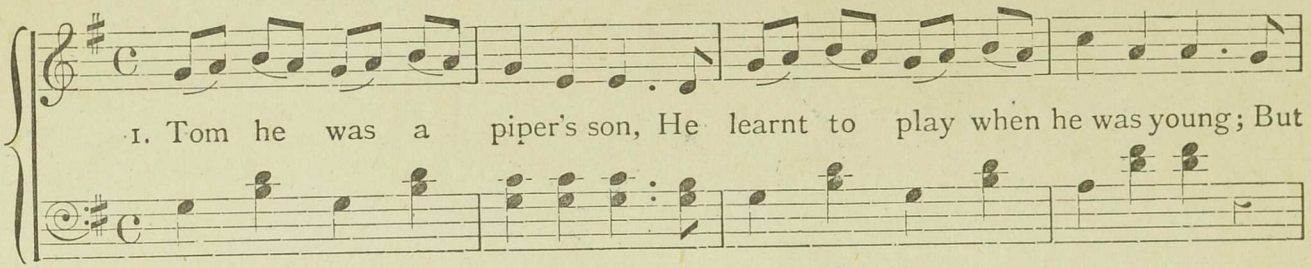
4. "Will thou have me now,
Honey?" said she;
"Speak, or my heart will break,"
"Hunc!" said he.

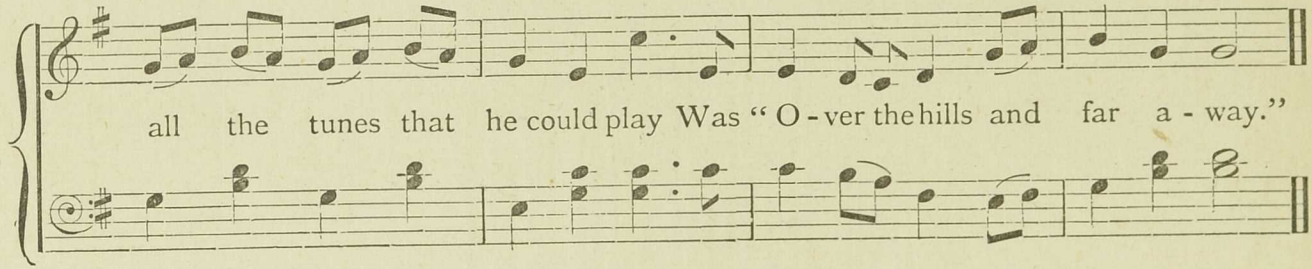


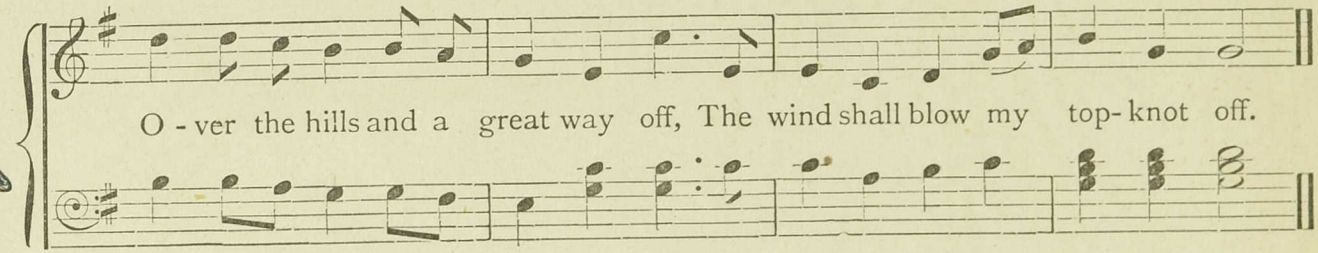


THERE WAS A LADY LOVED ALL SWINE

OVER THE HILLS & FAR AWAY

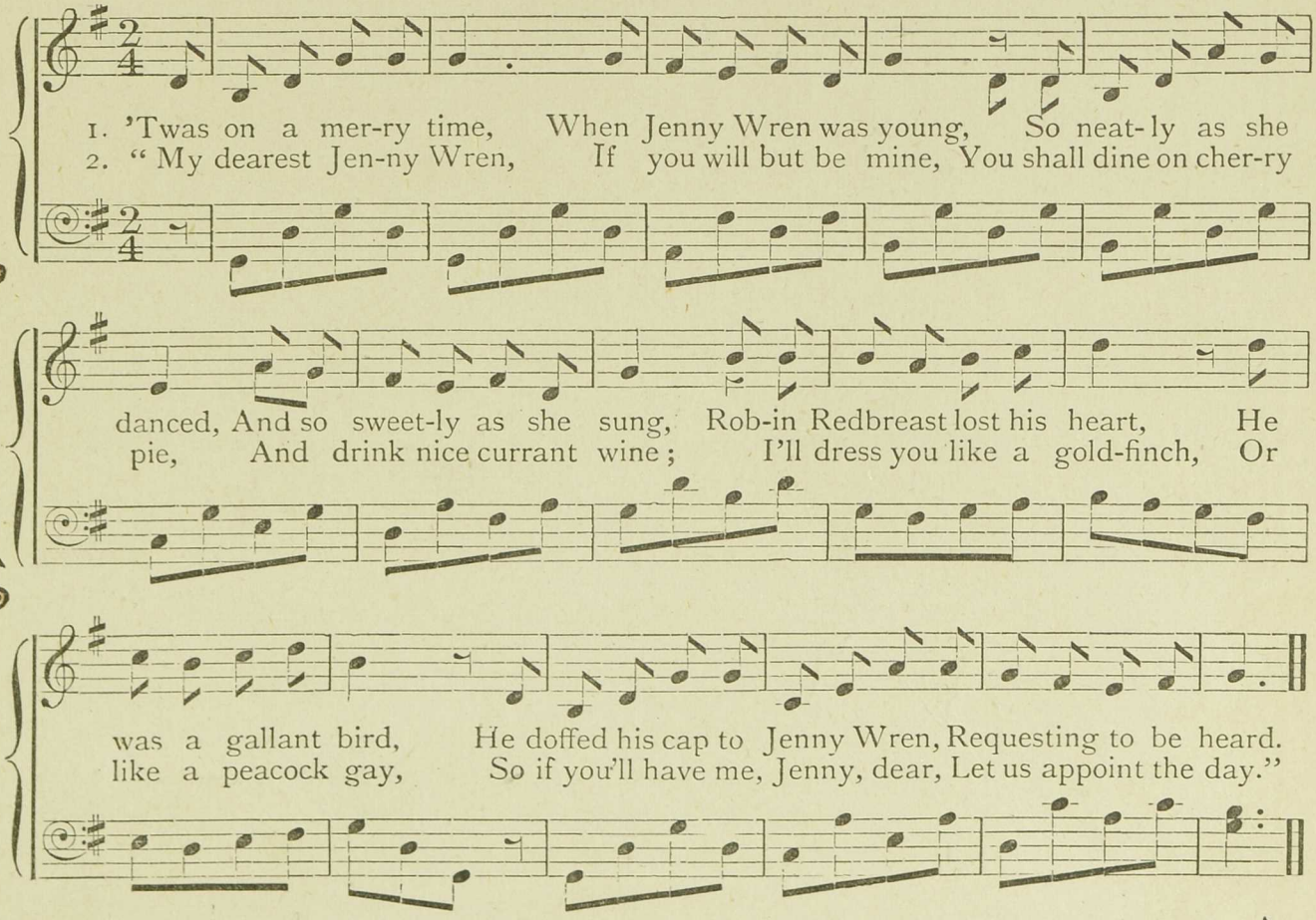






2. Tom with his pipe made such a noise
That he pleased both the girls and boys,
And they stopped to hear him play,
"Over the hills and far away."
Over the hills, &c.

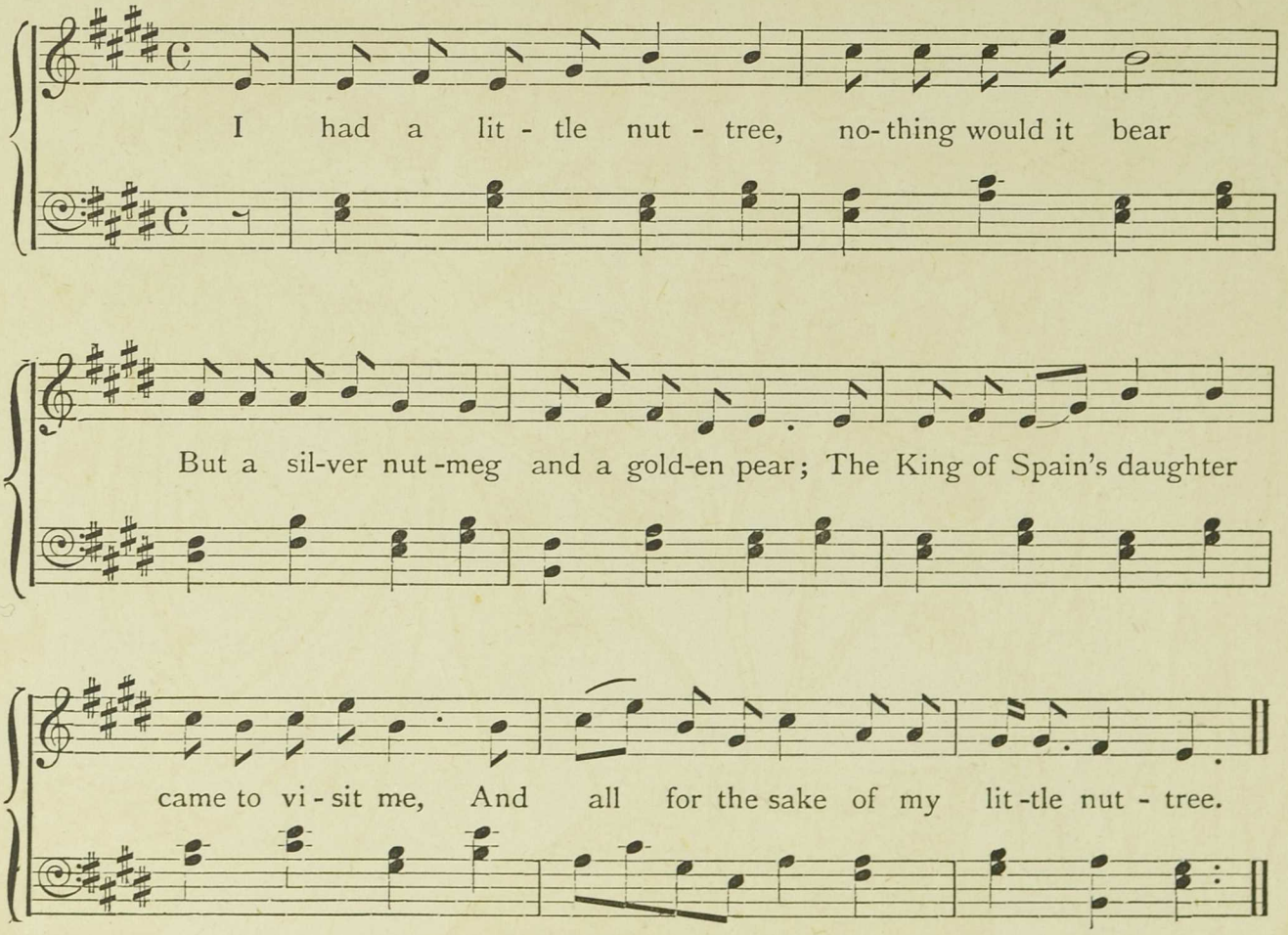
COCK-ROBIN AND JENNY-WREN



3. Jenny blushed behind her fan
And thus declared her mind—
" So let it be to-morrow, Rob,
" I'll take your offer kind;
" Cherry pie is very good,
" And so is currant wine;
" But I will wear my plain brown gown,
" And never dress too fine."

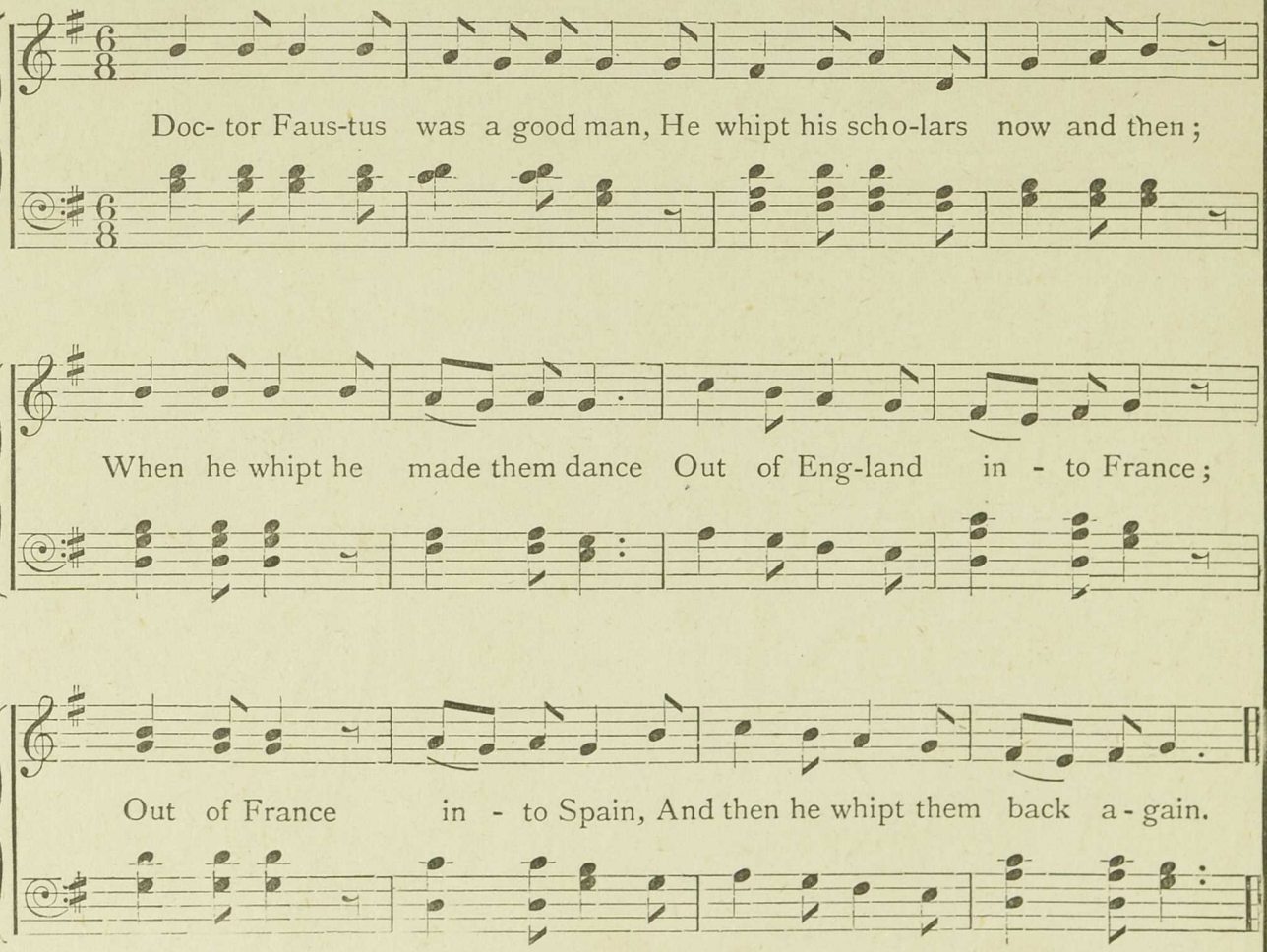
4. Robin Redbreast got up early,
All at the break of day,
He flew to Jenny Wren's house,
And sang a roundelay;
He sang of Robin Redbreast,
And pretty Jenny Wren,
And when he came unto the end,
He then began again.

I HAD A LITTLE NVT TREE

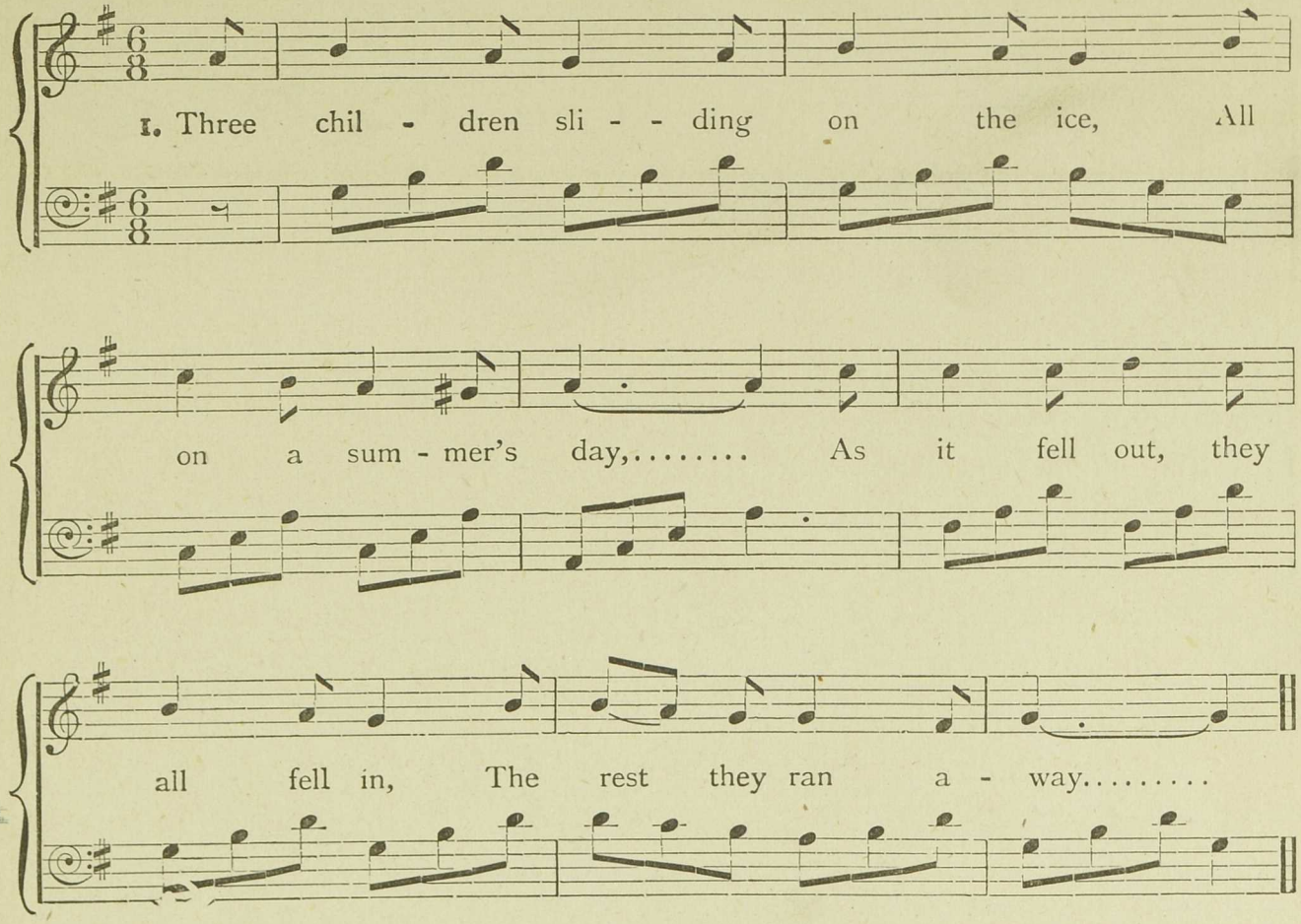


·I·HAD·A·
·LITTLE
·NVT·
·TREE·

DR. FAUSTUS


Doc- tor Faus-tus was a good man, He whipt his scho-lars now and then;
When he whipt he made them dance Out of Eng-land in - to France;
Out of France in - to Spain, And then he whipt them back a - gain.

THREE CHILDREN



2. Now, had these children been at home,
Or sliding on dry ground,
Ten thousand pounds to one penny,
They had not all been drowned.

3. You parents all that children have,
And you that have got none,
If you would have them safe abroad,
Pray keep them safe at home.

MY PRETTY MAID

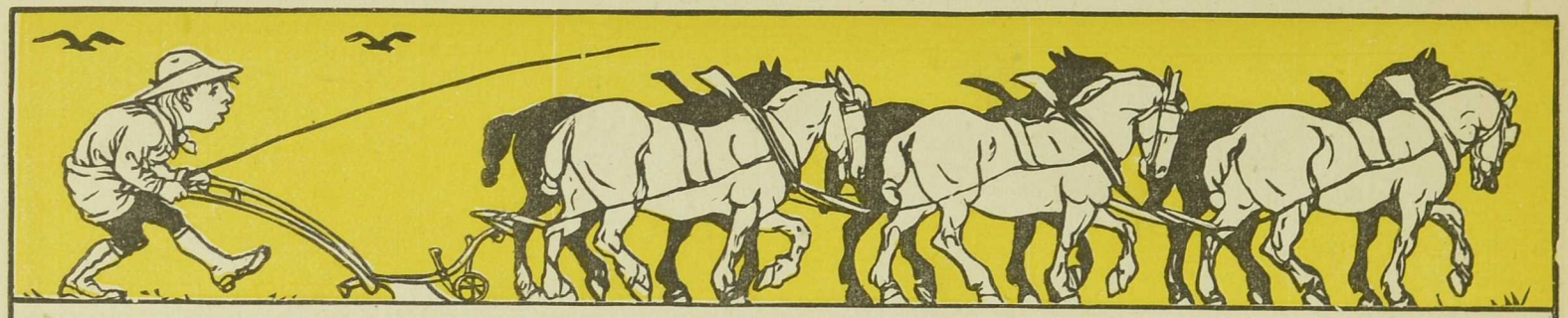
1. "Where are you going to, my pret-ty maid? Where are you going to, my pretty maid?" "I'm go - ing a - milk - ing, Sir," she said, "Sir," she said, "Sir," she said, "I'm go-ing a - milk - ing, Sir," she said.

2. "Shall I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"Yes, if you please, kind Sir," she said,
"Sir," she said, "Sir," she said,
"Yes, if you please, kind Sir," she said.

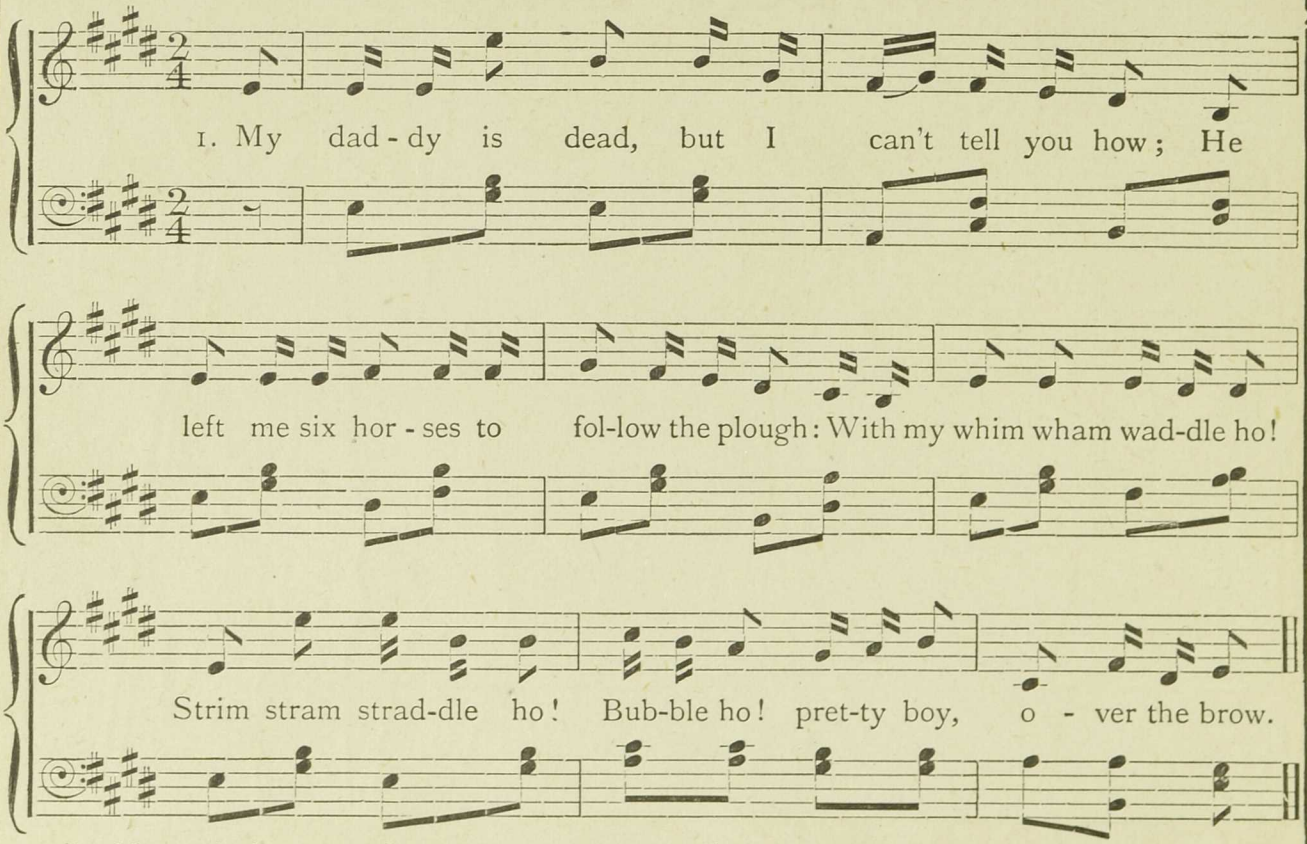
3. "What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"
"My face is my fortune, Sir," she said,
"Sir," she said, "Sir," she said,
"My face is my fortune, "Sir," she said.

4. "Then I can't marry you, my pretty maid."
"Nobody asked you, Sir," she said,
"Sir," she said, "Sir," she said,
"Nobody asked you, Sir," she said.

'WHERE ARE 'YOU'
'GOING 'TO' MY'
'PRETTY' MAID?



THE PLOUGH BOY IN LUCK

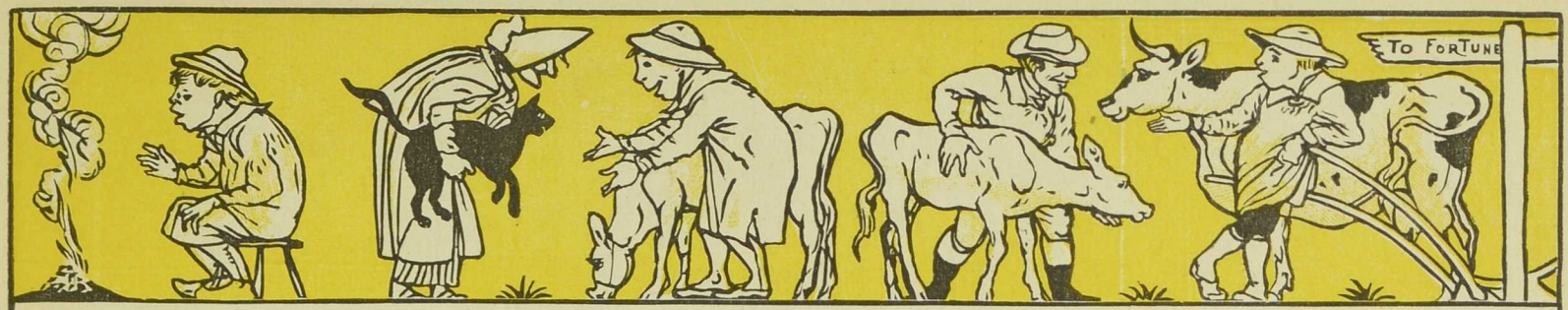


2. I sold my six horses to buy me a cow;
And wasn't that a pretty thing to follow
the plough? With my, &c.

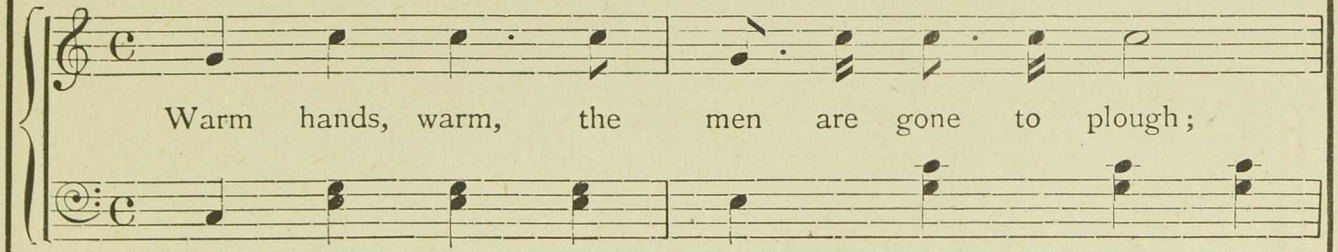
3. I sold my cow to buy me a calf,
For I never made a bargain but I lost the
best half. With my, &c.

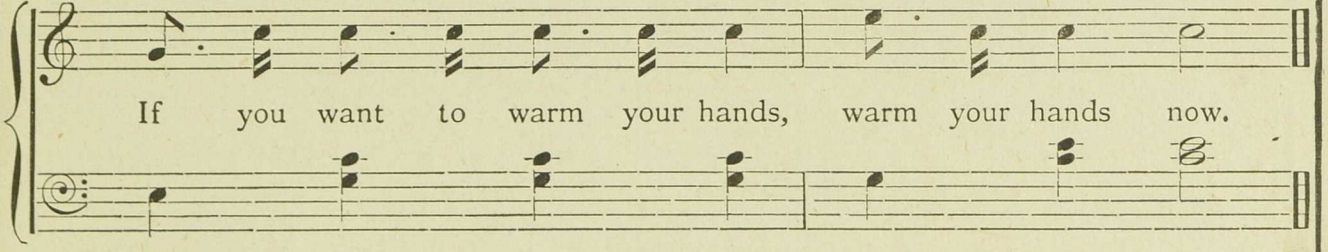
4. I sold my calf to buy me a cat,
To sit down before the fire to warm her
little back. With my, &c.

5. I sold my cat to buy me a mouse,
But she took fire in her tail and so burnt
up my house. With my, &c.

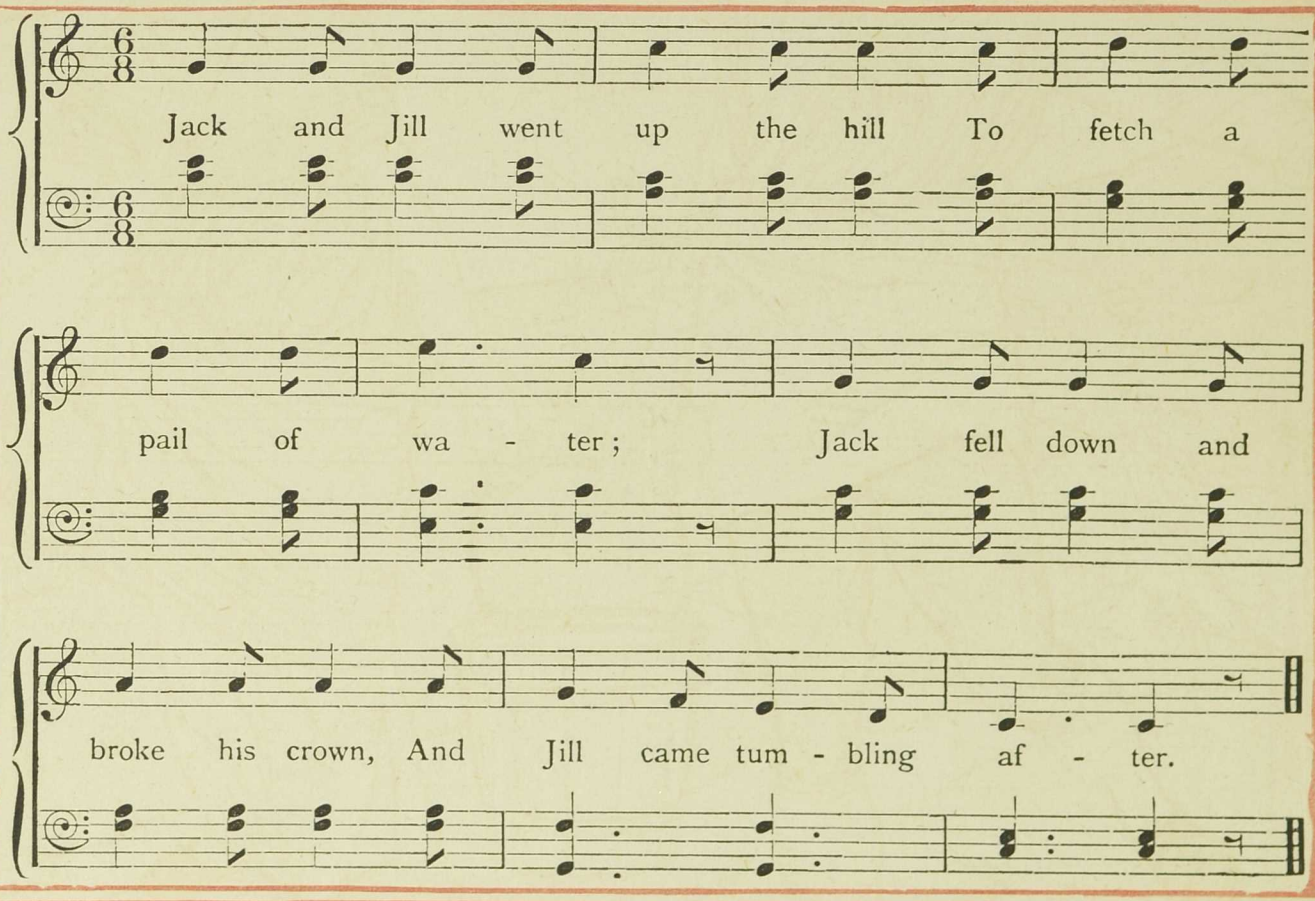

TO FORTUNE

WARM HANDS

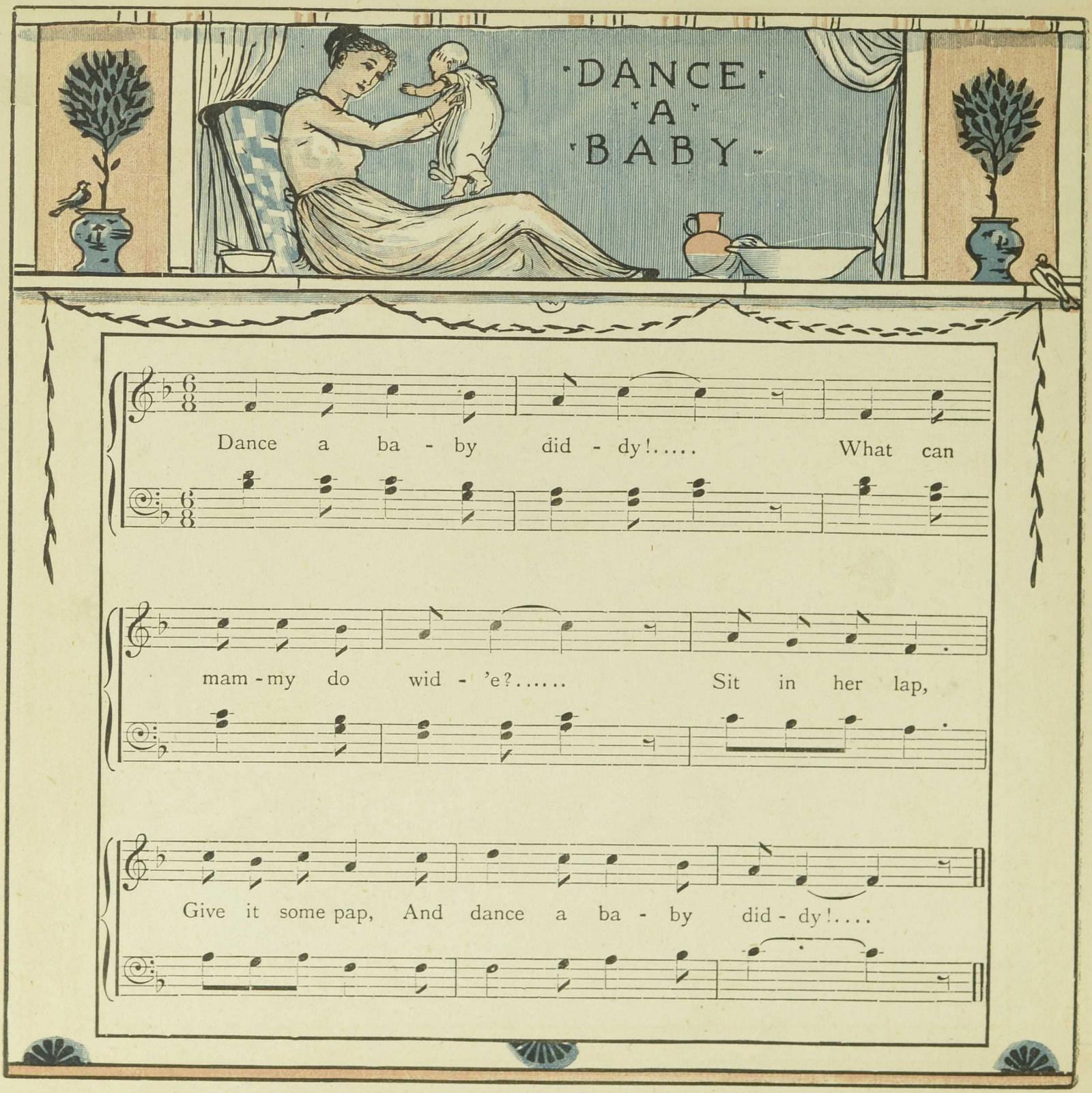

Warm hands, warm, the men are gone to plough;

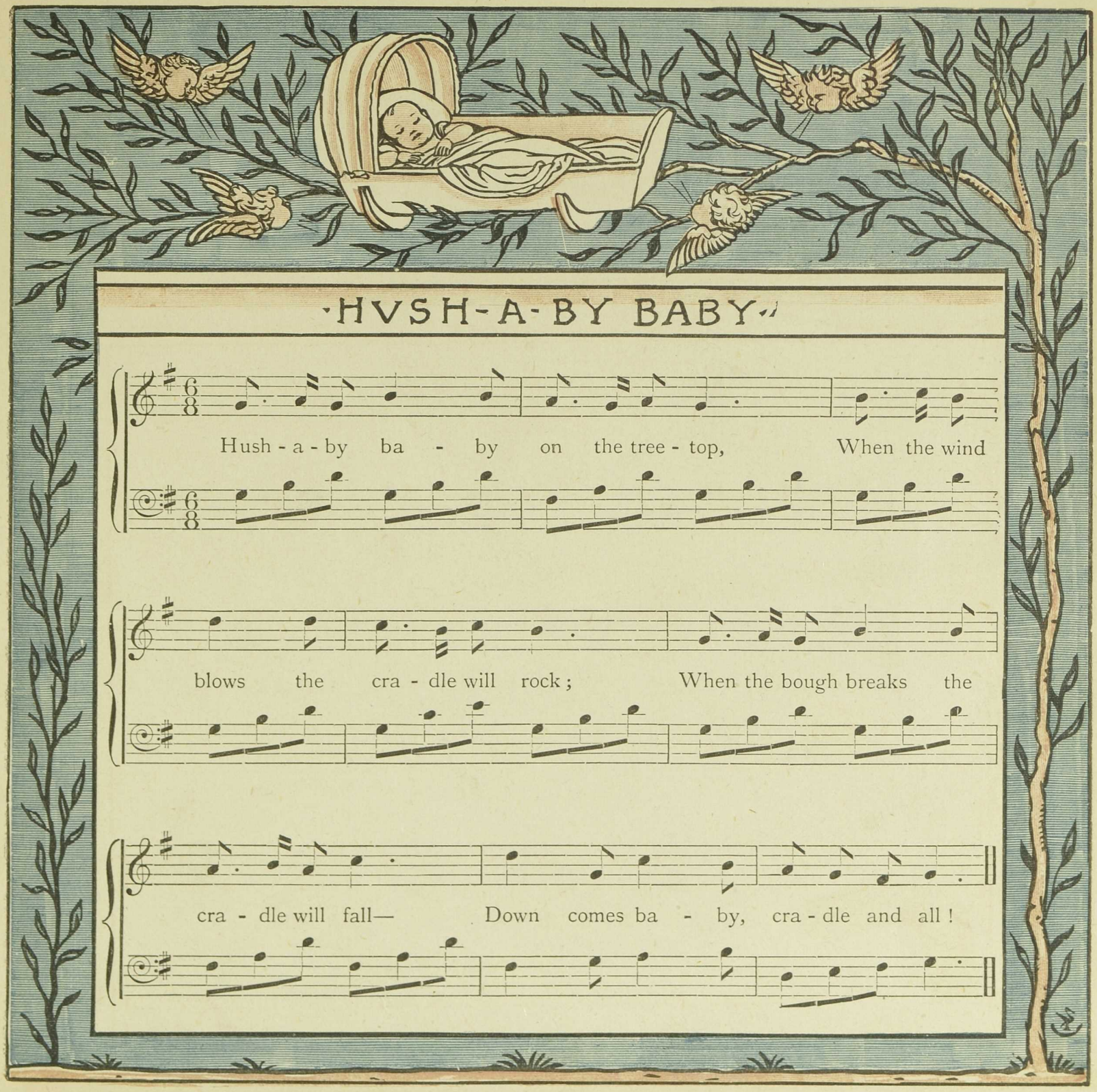

If you want to warm your hands, warm your hands now.

JACK AND JILL



JACK & JILL.


DANCE A BABY
Dance a ba - by did - dy!..... What can
mam - my do wid - 'e?..... Sit in her lap,
Give it some pap, And dance a ba - by did - dy!....


HUSH-A-BY BABY
Hush - a - by ba - by on the tree - top, When the wind
blows the cra - dle will rock; When the bough breaks the
cra - dle will fall— Down comes ba - by, cra - dle and all!

KING COLE

Old King Cole was a mer-ry old soul. And a mer-ry old soul was he; He

called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl. And he called for his fid - dlers three.

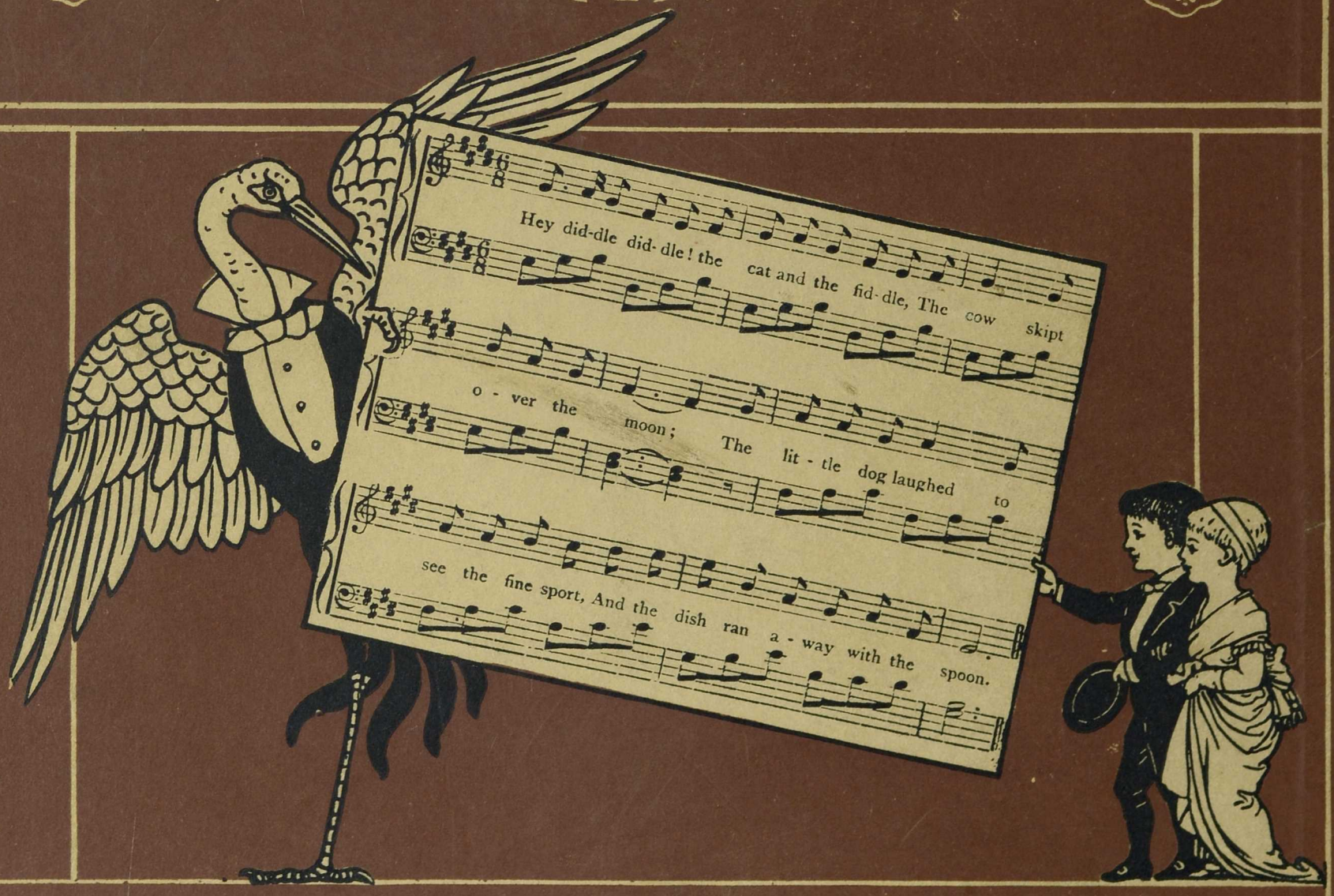
Ev - 'ry fid - dler had a fid-dle, And a ve - ry fine fid - dle had he.

Tweedle dee, tweedle dee, tweedle dee, tweedle dee,
Tweedle dee, tweedle dee, went the fid- dlers three,
O there's none so rare as can com- pare
With King Cole and his fid - dlers three.

FINIS

John

C


Hey did-dle did-dle! the cat and the fid-dle, The cow skipt
o-ver the moon; The lit-tle dog laughed to
see the fine sport, And the dish ran a-way with the spoon.