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1899

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35 Bow Street, Covent Garden, London.



THE
BABY'S MUSEUM

OF RHYMES, JINGLES, AND DITTIES.

NEWLY ARRANGED BY

UNCLE CHARLIE



(C.B.)

GRIFFITH, FARRAN, BROWNE & CO., LIMITED

35 BOW STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON

THE BABY'S MUSEUM

OF RHYMES, JINGLES, AND DITTIES.

A was an Apple-pie ;

B bit it ;
C cut it ;
D dealt it ;
E eat it ;
F fought for it ;
G got it ;
H had it ;
J joined it ;
K kept it ;
L longed for it ;

M mourned for it ;
N nodded at it ;
O opened it ;
P peeped in it ;
Q quartered it ;
R ran for it ;
S stole it ;
T took it ;
V viewed it ;
W wanted it ;

X, Y, Z, and Amperzand,
All wish'd for a piece in hand.

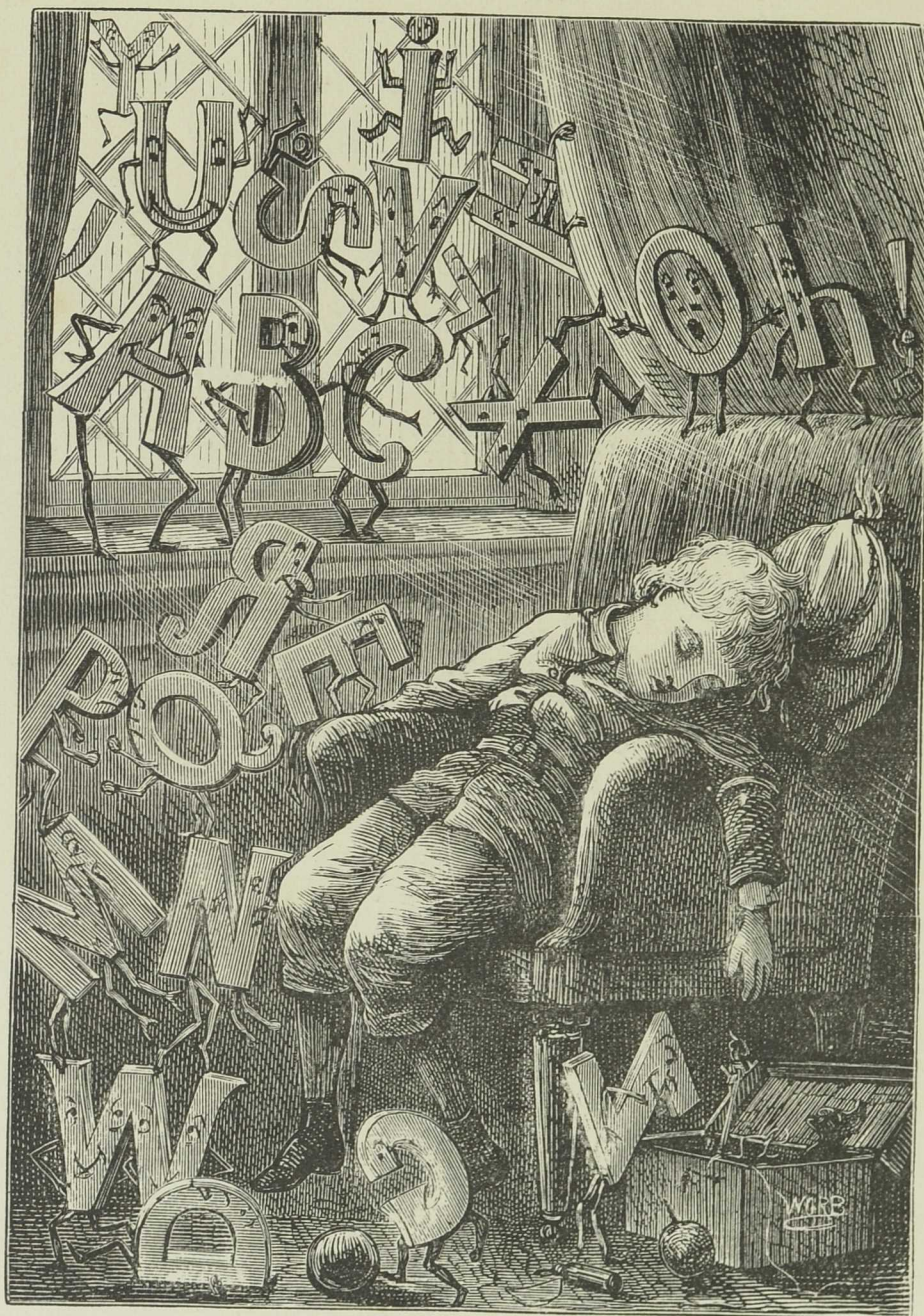
Abbace,
Daffagee,
Kellamenoppekew,
Rustyvee,
Doubleyou,
X, Y, Z.

All of a row,
Bend the bow,
Shot at a pigeon,
And killed a crow.

THE BABY'S MUSEUM.

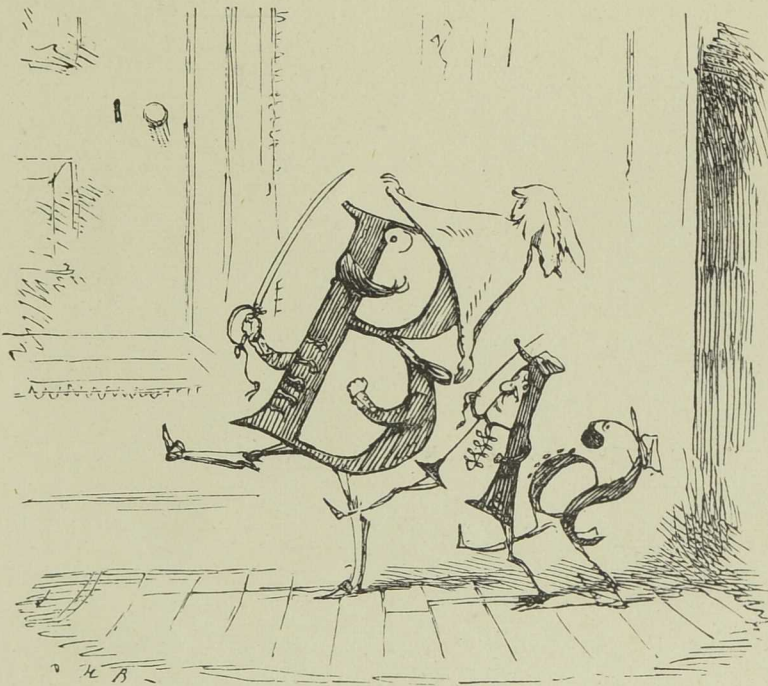
A was an Archer, who shot at a frog,
B was a Butcher, who kept a bull-dog.
C was a Captain, all covered with lace,
D was a Drummer, who played with much grace.
E was an Esquire, with pride on his brow,
F was a Farmer, who followed the plough.
G was a Gamester, who had but ill luck,
H was a Hunter, who hunted a buck.
I was an Italian, who had a white mouse,
J was a Joiner, who built up a house,
K was a King, so mighty and grand,
L was a Lady, who had a white hand.
M was a Miser, who hoarded up gold,
N was a Nobleman, gallant and bold.
O was an Organ-boy, who played about town,
P was a Parson, who wore a black gown.
Q was a Queen, who was fond of her people,
R was a Robin, who perched on a steeple.
S was a Sailor, who spent all he got,
T was a Tinker, who mended a pot.
U was an Usher, who loved little boys,
V was a Veteran, who sold pretty toys.
W was a Watchman, who guarded the door,
X was expensive, and so became poor.
Y was a Youth, who did not love school,
Z was a Zany, who looked a great fool.

THE BABY'S MUSEUM.



Here's A, B, C, D, E, F, and G,
H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P,
Q, R, S, T, U, W, V,
X, Y, and Z, and oh, dear me,
When shall I learn my A, B, C?

THE BABY'S MUSEUM.



Great A, little a,
Bouncing B!
The cat's in the cupboard,
And can't see me.

A, B, C, and D, pray, playmates, agree,
E, F, and G, well so it shall be.
J, K, and L, in peace we will dwell.
M, N, and O, to play let us go.
P, Q, R, and S, love may we possess.
W, X, and Y, will not quarrel or die.
Z, and ampherse-and, go to school at command.

THE BABY'S MUSEUM.

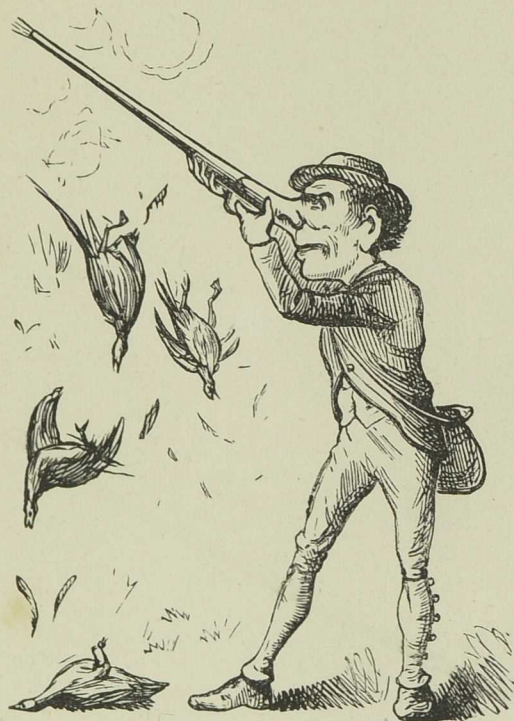


Little boy blue, come blow up your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn.
Where is the little boy minding the sheep?
Under the haycock fast asleep!

Lady-Bird, Lady-Bird,
Fly away home,
Your house is on fire,
Your children at home.

A, B, C, tumble down D,
The cat's in the cupboard and can't see me.

THE BABY'S MUSEUM.



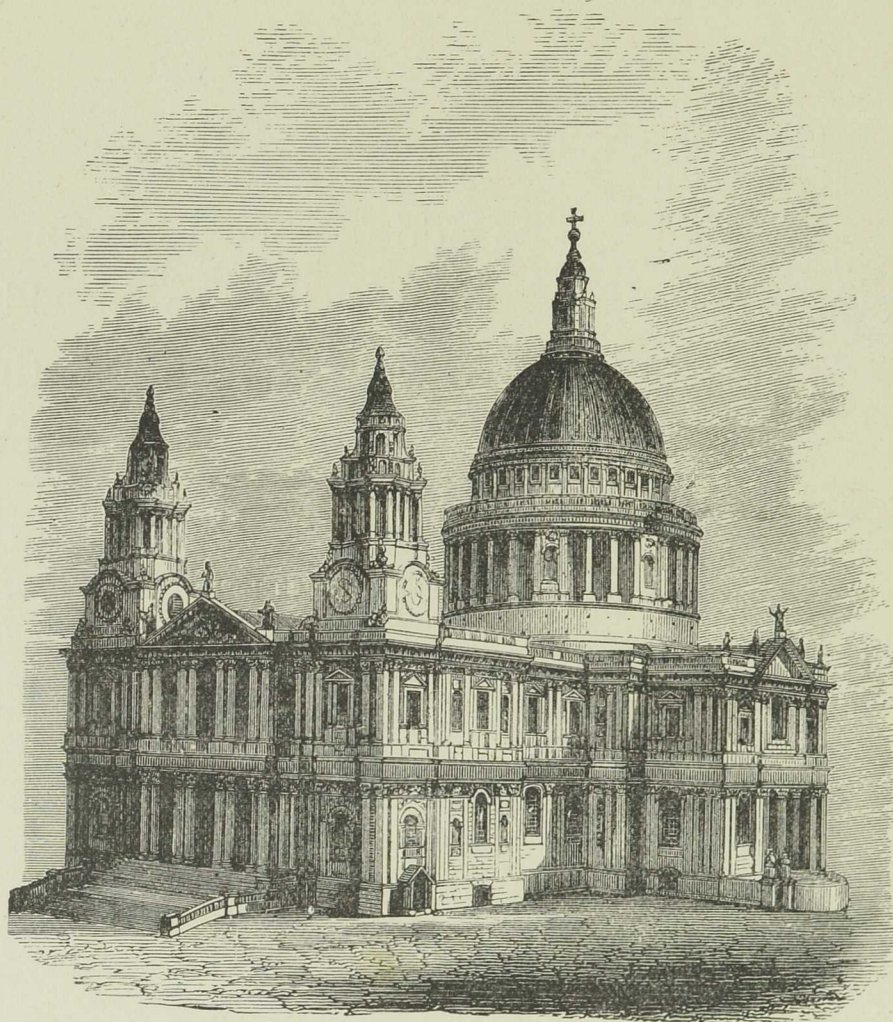
Bye, baby bunting,
Daddy's gone a hunting,
To get a little rabbit skin
To wrap his baby bunting in.

Long legs, crooked thighs,
Little head and no eyes.

[A pair of tongs.]

- | | | |
|----|------------------------------------------|----|
| 1 | One, two, buckle my shoe ; | 2 |
| 3 | Three, four, shut the door ; | 4 |
| 5 | Five, six, pick up sticks ; | 6 |
| 7 | Seven, eight, lay them straight ; | 8 |
| 9 | Nine, ten, a good fat hen ; | 10 |
| 11 | Eleven, twelve, who will delve ? | 12 |
| 13 | Thirteen, fourteen, maids a courting ; | 14 |
| 15 | Fifteen, sixteen, maids in the kitchen ; | 16 |
| 17 | Seventeen, eighteen, maids a waiting ; | 18 |
| 19 | Nineteen, twenty, my stomach's empty, | 20 |
| | Please, mamma, give me some dinner. | |

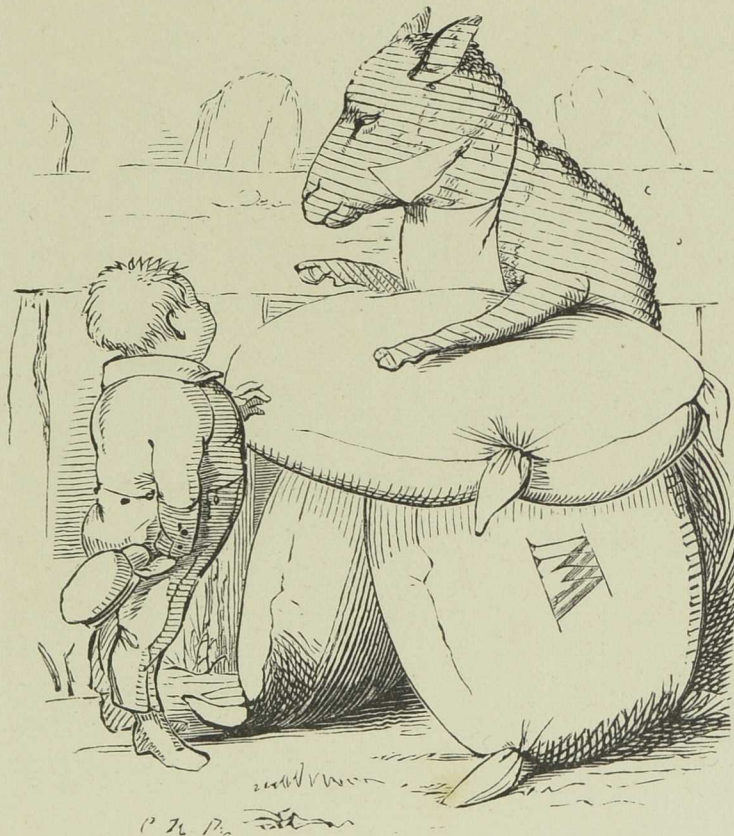
THE BABY'S MUSEUM.



We're all in the dumps,
For diamonds are trumps ;
The kittens are gone to St Paul's !
The babies are bit,
The moon's in a fit.
And the houses are built without walls.

One, Two, Three, Four, Five,	Six, Seven, Eight, Nine, Ten,
1 2 3 4 5	6 7 8 9 10
Once I caught a hare alive ;	Then I let her go again.

THE BABY'S MUSEUM.



Bah, bah, black sheep, have you any wool?
Yes, marry have I, three bags full:
One for my master, and one for my dame,
But none for the little boy who cries in the lane.

To market, to market, to buy a penny bun,
Home again, home again, market is done.

THE BABY'S MUSEUM.



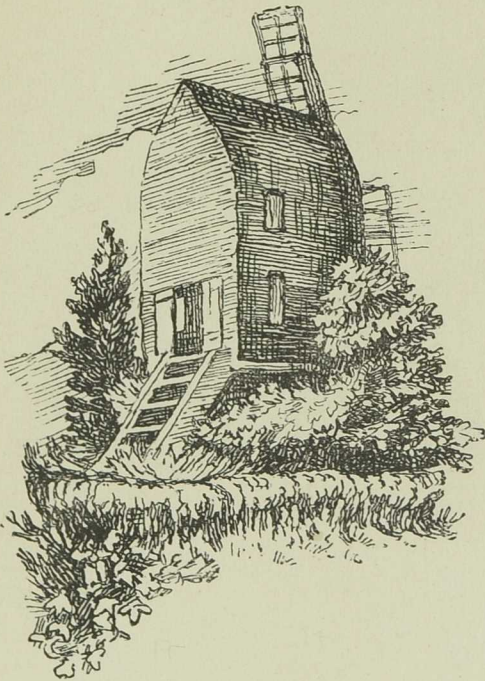
Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye ;
Four and twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie ;

When the pie was open'd,
The birds began to sing ;
Was not that a dainty dish,
To set before the King ?

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 the clothes ;
Down came a blackbird,
And pecked off her nose.

THE BABY'S MUSEUM.



Blow, wind, blow ! and go, mill, go !
That the miller may grind his corn ;
That the baker may take it,
And into rolls make it,
And send us some hot in the morn.

Polly put the kettle on,
Polly put the kettle on,
Polly put the kettle on,
And let's drink tea.

Sukey take it off again,
Sukey take it off again,
Sukey take it off again,
It will all boil away.



Blow the fire and make the toast,
Put the muffins down to roast,
Blow the fire and make the toast,
We'll all have tea.

THE BABY'S MUSEUM.



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

The man in the wilderness asked me,
How many strawberries grew in the sea ?
I answered him, as I thought good,
As many red herrings as grew in the wood.

THE BABY'S MUSEUM.



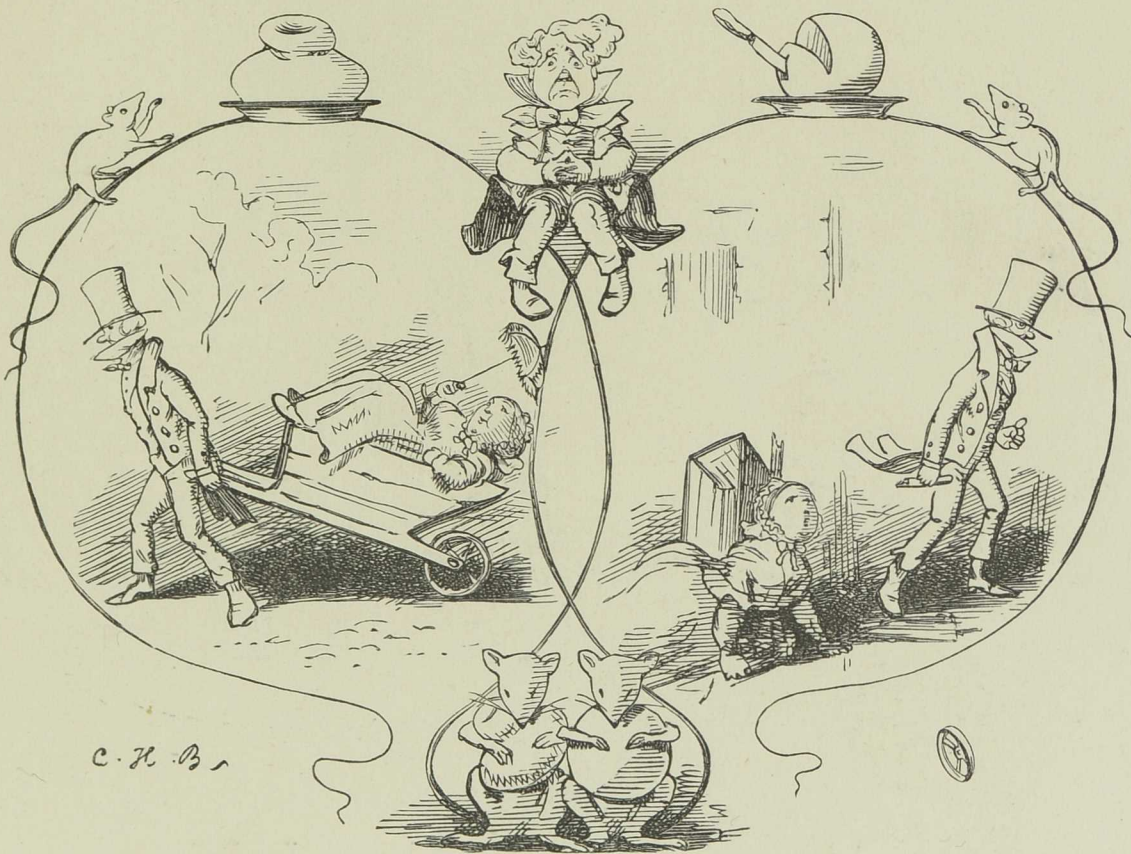
Hark, hark,
The dogs do bark,
The beggars are come to town ;
Some in rags, and some in jags,
And one in a velvet gown.

Ride away, ride away,
Johnny shall ride,
And he shall have pussy-cat
Tied to one side ;
And he shall have little dog
Tied to the other,
And Johnny shall ride
To see his grandmother.



Pussy-Cat Mole
Jumped over a coal,
And in her best petticoat burned a great hole ;
Poor Pussy's weeping, she'll have no more milk,
Until her best petticoat's mended with silk.

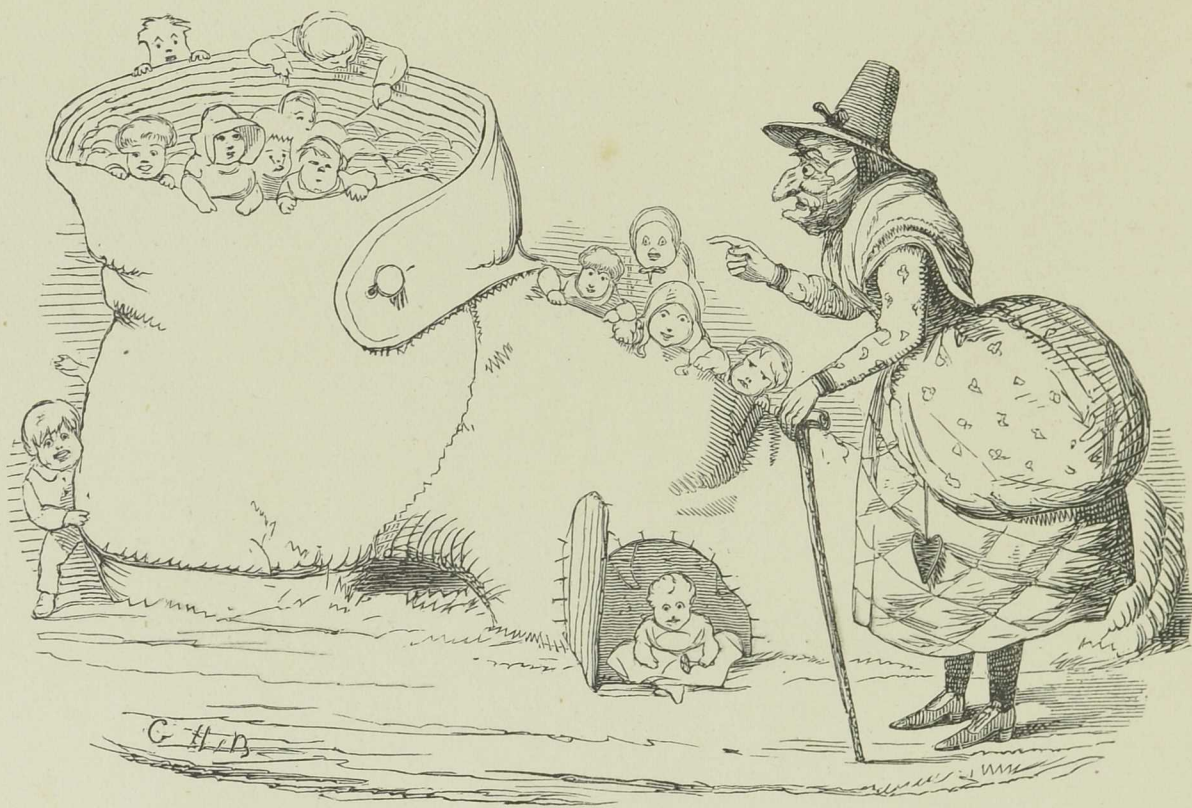
THE BABY'S MUSEUM.



C. H. B.

When I was a little boy, I lived by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I got I put upon a shelf.
The rats and the mice they made such a strife,
I was forced to go to London to buy me a wife.
The streets were so broad, and the lanes were so narrow,
I was forced to bring my wife home in a wheel-barrow.
The wheel-barrow broke, and my wife had a fall,
And down came the wheel-barrow, wife and all.

THE BABY'S MUSEUM.

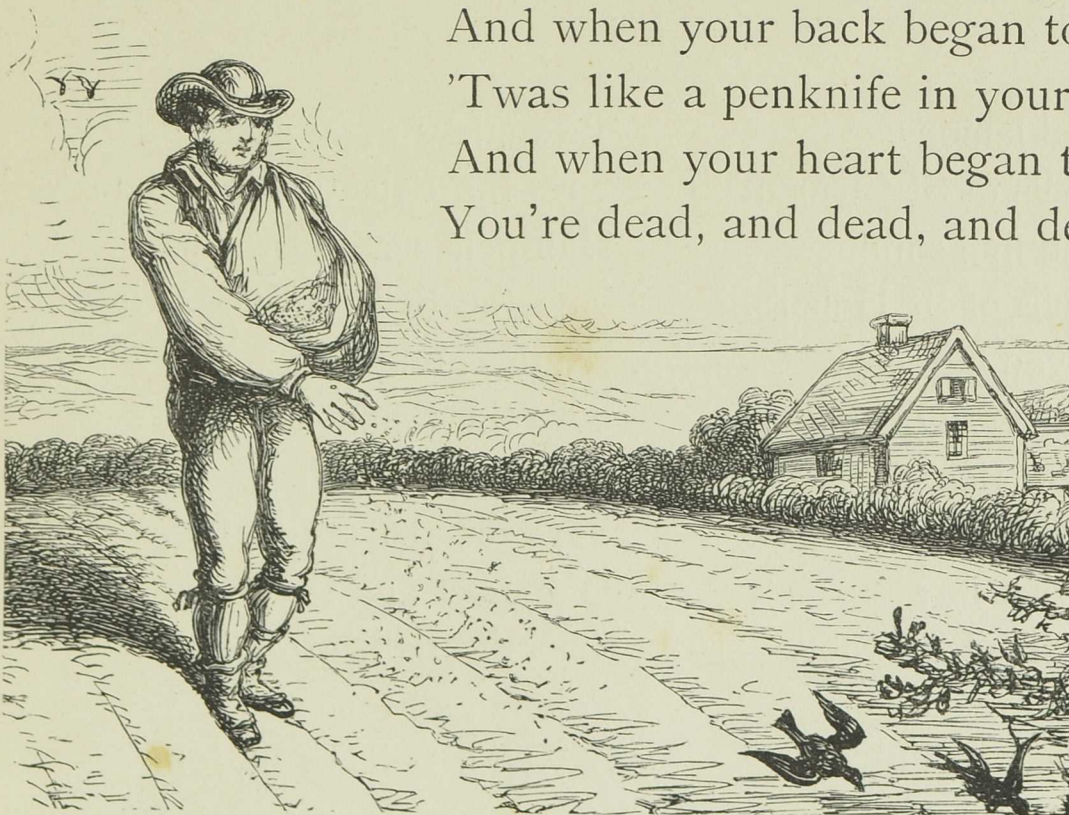


There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she didn't know what to do ;
She gave them some broth without any bread,
She whipp'd them all soundly, and sent them to bed.

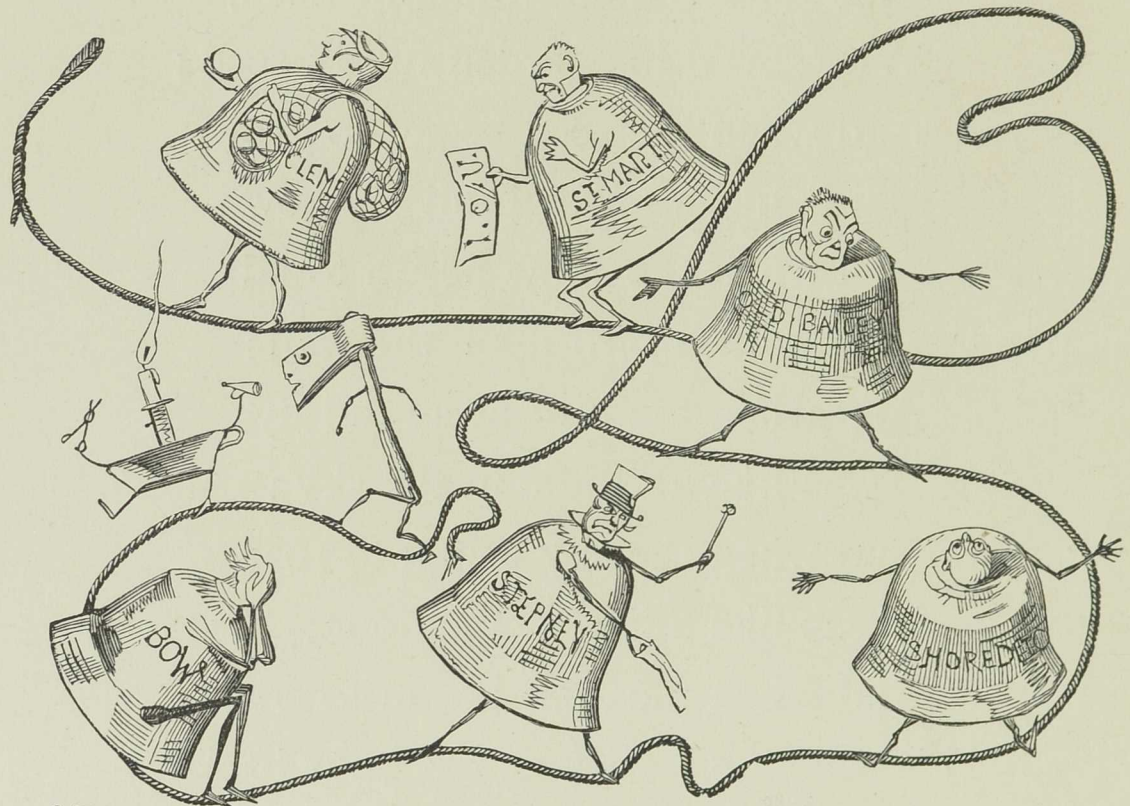
As I was going to sell my eggs,
I met a thief with bandy legs,
Bandy legs and crooked toes,
I tript up his heels and he fell on his nose.

THE BABY'S MUSEUM.

There was a man in double deed,
Who sow'd his garden full of seed ;
And when the seed began to grow,
'Twas like a garden full of snow ;
And when the snow began to fall,
'Twas like a bird upon the wall ;
And when the bird away did fly,
'Twas like an eagle in the sky ;
And when the sky began to roar,
'Twas like a lion at the door ;
And when the door began to crack,
'Twas like a stick across your back ;
And when your back began to smart,
'Twas like a penknife in your heart ;
And when your heart began to bleed,
You're dead, and dead, and dead indeed.



THE BABY'S MUSEUM.

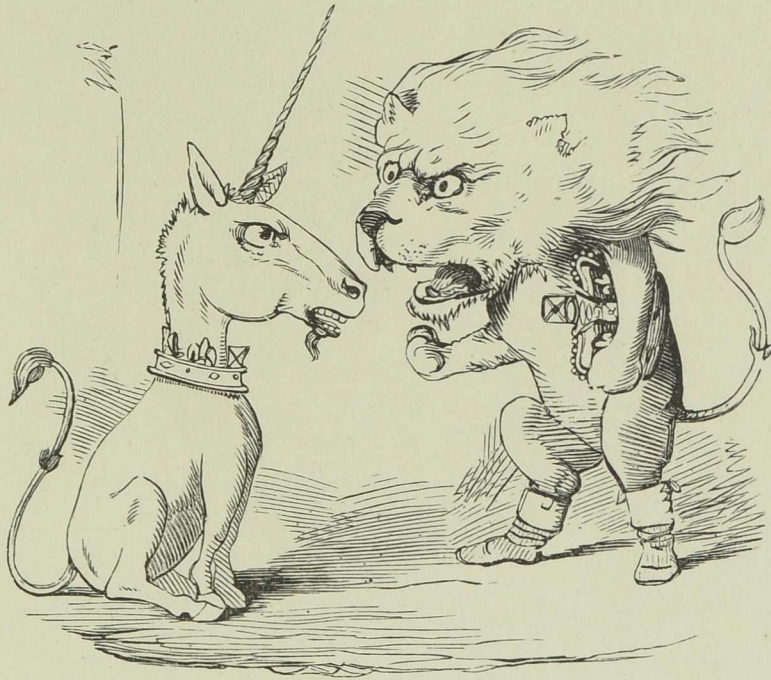


C.H.B.-

Oranges and lemons,
Said the Bells of St Clement's.
You owe me five shillings,
Said the Bells of St Helen's.
When will you pay me?
Said the Bells of Old Bailey.
When I grow rich,
Said the Bells of Shoreditch.
When will that be?
Said the Bells of Stepney.
I do not know,
Said the great Bell at Bow.

Two sticks in an apple,
Says the Bells of Whitechapel.
Half-pence and farthings,
Says the Bells of St Martin's.
Kettles and pans,
Says the Bells of St Ann's.
Brickbats and tiles,
Says the Bells of St Giles.
Old shoes and slippers,
Says the Bells of St Peter's.
Pokers and tongs,
Says the Bells of St John's.

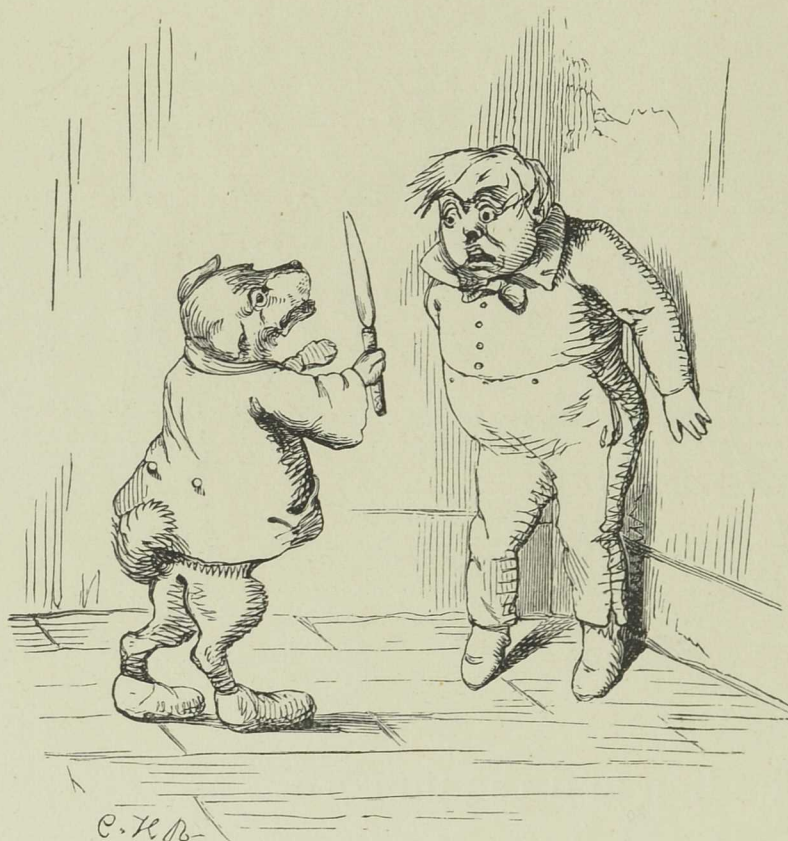
THE BABY'S MUSEUM.



The lion and the unicorn
Were fighting for the crown ;
Some gave them white bread,
And some gave them brown ;
Some gave them plum-cake,
And sent them out of town.

Hiccory, diccory, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock ;
The clock struck one, and down he run,
Hiccory, diccory, dock.

THE BABY'S MUSEUM.



Tell tale tit!
Your tongue shall be slit,
And all the dogs in the town
Shall have a little bit.

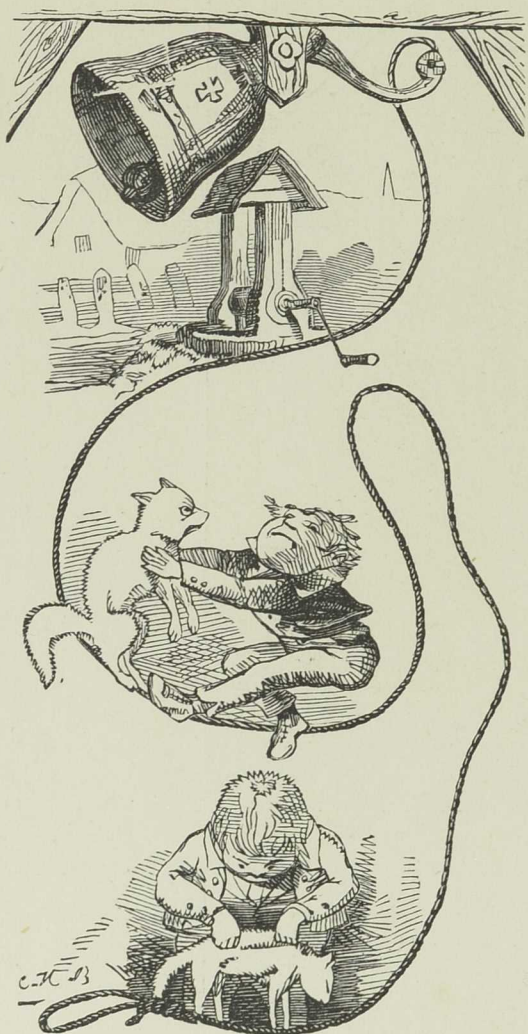
X shall stand for playmates Ten ;
V for Five stout stalwart men ;
I for one, as I'm alive ;
C for a Hundred, and D for Five ;
M for a Thousand soldiers true ;
And all these figures I've told you.

THE BABY'S MUSEUM.



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

THE BABY'S MUSEUM.



Ding, dong, bell,
Pussy's in the well!
Who put her in?
Little Tommy Green;
Who pull'd her out?
Little Johnny Stout;
What a naughty boy was that
To try and drown poor pussy
cat,
Who never did him any harm,
But killed the mice in his
father's barn.

I'll tell you a story
About Jack a Nory,
And now my story's begun.
I'll tell you another
About Jack and his brother,
And now my story's done.

THE BABY'S MUSEUM.



Here we go round the mulberry bush,
Mulberry bush,
Mulberry bush,
Here we go round the mulberry bush,
On a cold frosty morning.

This is the way we brush our hair,
Brush our hair,
Brush our hair,
This is the way we brush our hair,
On a cold frosty morning.

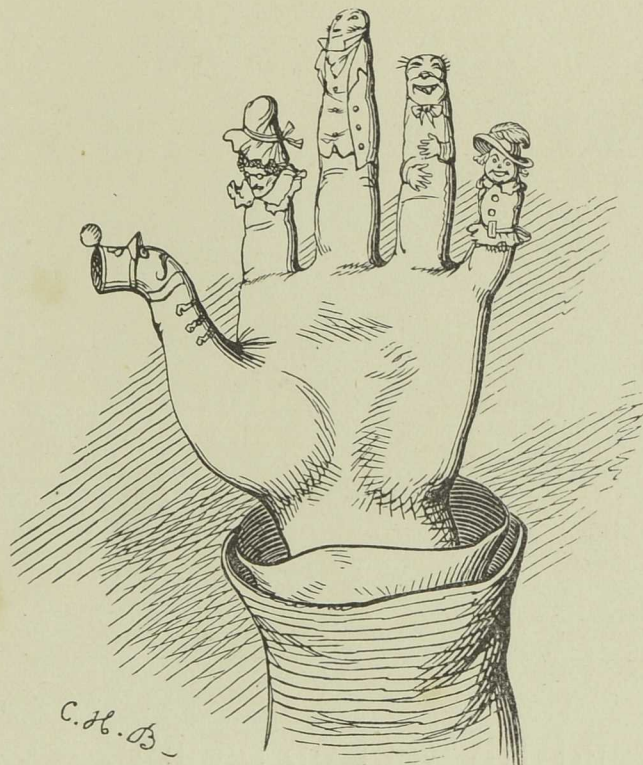
[Followed by "This is the way we clean our boots," etc.]

THE BABY'S MUSEUM.



Little Robin Red-breast 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 spade,
Pussy-cat jumped after him, and made him afraid ;
Little Robin chirp'd and sung, and what did Pussy say ?
Pussy-cat said, " Mew, mew, mew," and Robin flew away.

THE BABY'S MUSEUM.



Thumb bold, Langman,
Thibity-thold, Lick pan,
Mamma's little man.

One-ery, two-ery, ziccary zan ;
Hollow-bone, crack a bone, ninery ten ;
Spillery spot, it must be done ;
Twiddledum, twaddledum, twenty-one.
O, U, T, spells out.

[Used by Children to decide who is to begin a game.]

Kiss me asleep and kiss me awake,
Kiss me for dear Willie's sake.

THE BABY'S MUSEUM.



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

As I was going to St Ives,
I met a man with seven wives ;
Every wife had seven sacks,
Every sack had seven cats,
Every cat had seven kits ;
Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,
How many were there going to St Ives ?

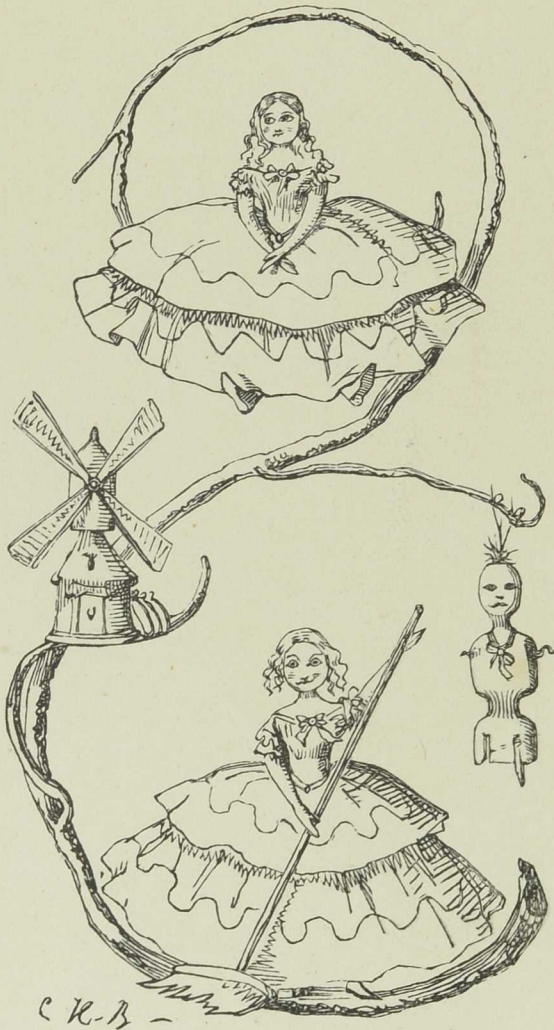
THE BABY'S MUSEUM.



Wash hands, wash,
Daddy's gone to plough,
If you want your hands wash'd,
Have them wash'd now.

Wash on Friday,
Wash in need ;
Wash on Saturday,
Slut indeed.

THE BABY'S MUSEUM.



I had a little doll, the prettiest
ever seen,
She washed up the dishes, and
kept the house clean.
She went to the mill, to fetch me
some flour,
And always got it home in less
than an hour.
She baked me my bread, she
brew'd me my ale,
She sat by the fire, and told me
a tale.

There was a man, and his name was Dob,
And he had a wife, and her name was Mob,
And he had a dog, and he call'd it Cob,
And she had a cat, call'd Chitterabob.

Cob, says Dob,

Cob was Dob's dog,

Chitterabob, says Mob,

Chitterabob Mob's cat.

THE BABY'S MUSEUM.



Girls and boys, come out to play,
The moon doth shine as bright as day ;
Leave your supper and leave your sleep,
And meet your playfellows in the street.
Come with a whoop, come with a call,
Come with a goodwill or not at all.
Up the ladder and down the wall,
A halfpenny roll will serve us all.
You find milk, and I'll find flour,
And we'll have a pudding in half an hour.

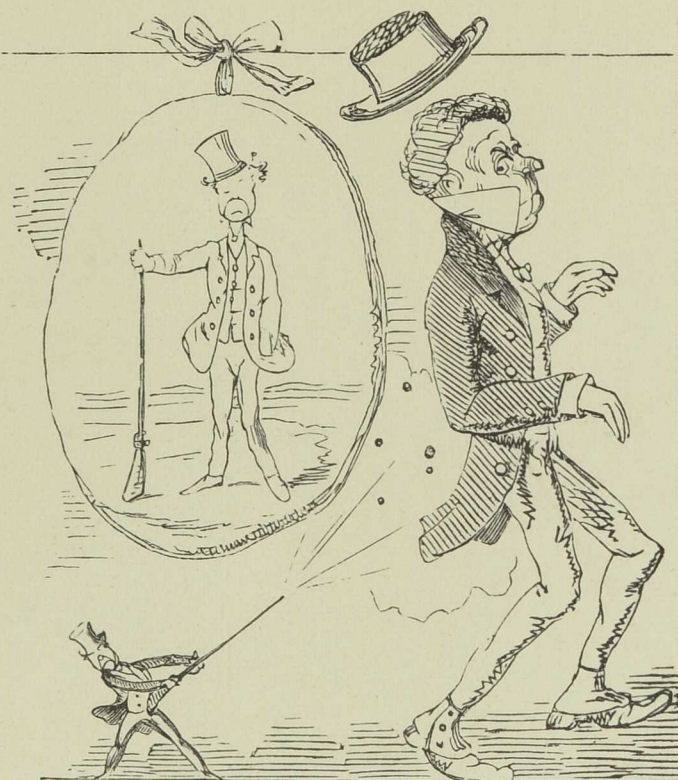
THE BABY'S MUSEUM



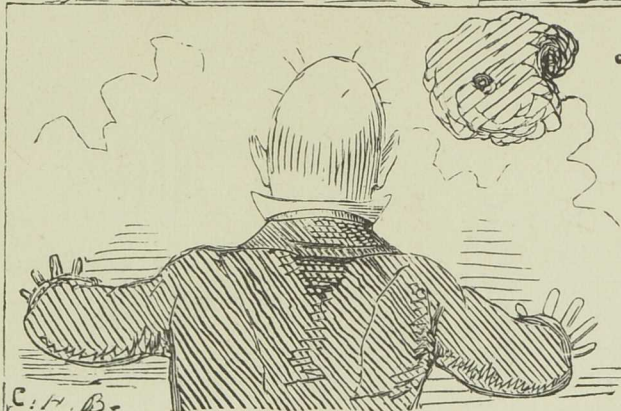
Cushy Cow Bonny, let down your milk,
And I will give you a gown of silk;
A gown of silk and a silver tee,
If you'll let down your milk to me.

THE BABY'S MUSEUM.

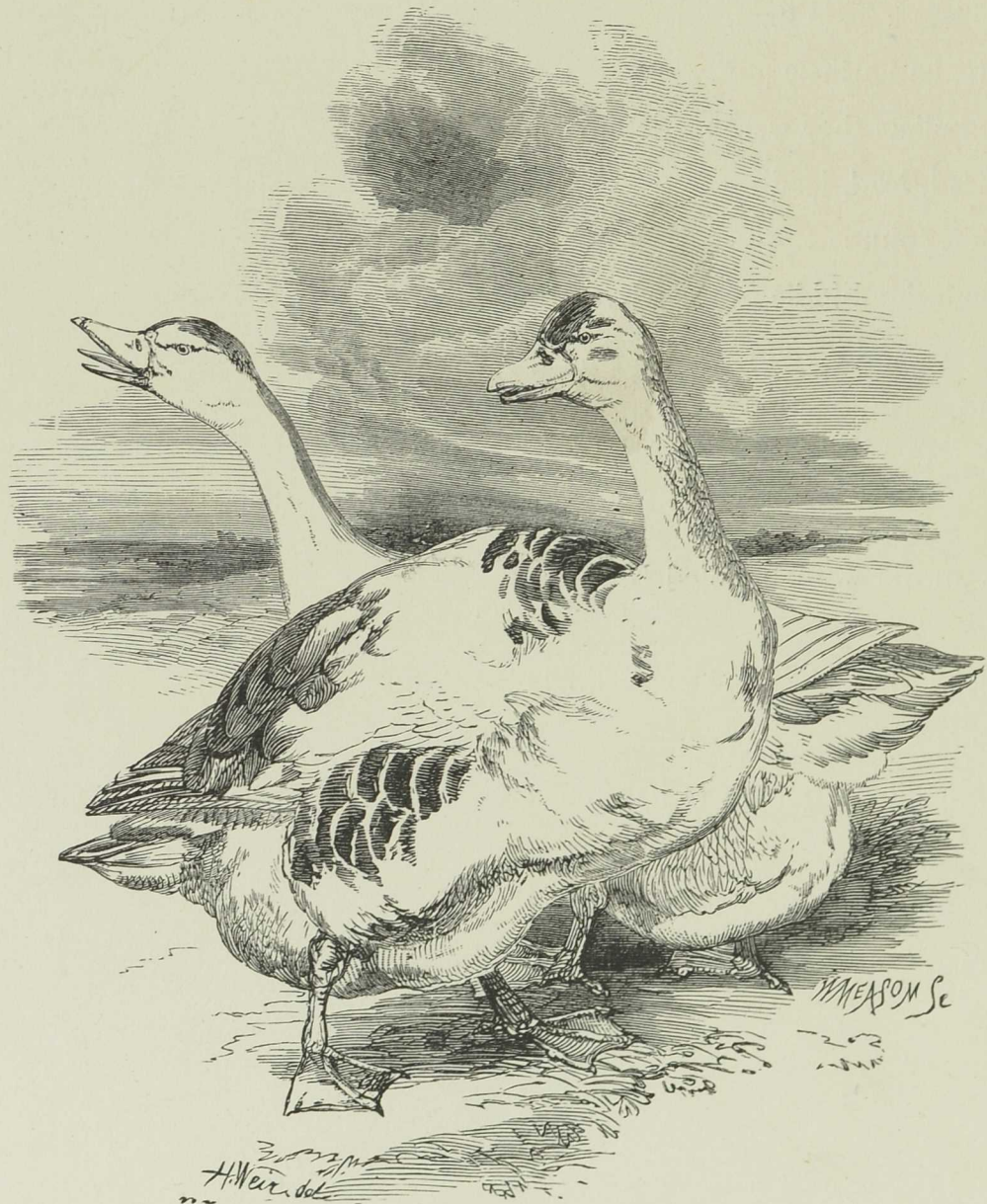
There was a little man,
And he had a little gun,
And his bullets they were made
of lead, lead, lead ;
He shot Johnny Sprig
Through the middle of the wig,
And he knocked it right off his
head, head, head.



There was an old woman called Nothing-
at-all,
Who rejoiced in a dwelling exceedingly
small :
A man stretch'd his mouth to its utmost
extent,
And down at one gulp house and old
woman went.



THE BABY'S MUSEUM.



Goosey, goosey, gander, whither dost thou wander ;
Up stairs and down stairs, and in my lady's chamber ;
There I met an old man that would not say his prayers,
I took him by his left leg and threw him down stairs.

THE BABY'S MUSEUM.



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

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November:
February has twenty-eight alone,
All the rest have thirty-one,
Excepting Leap-year, that's the time
When February's days are twenty-nine.

To market, to market, a gallop, a trot,
To buy some meat to put in the pot;
Threepence a quarter, fourpence a side,
If it had not been killed, it must have died.

THE BABY'S MUSEUM.



This is the way the ladies ride ;

Tri, tre, tre, tree,

Tri, tre, tre, tree,

This is the way the ladies ride,

Tri, tre, tre, tree, tri-tre-tre-tree



This is the way the gentlemen ride ;

Gallop-a-trot,

Gallop-a-trot,

This is the way the gentlemen ride,

Gallop-a-gallop-a-trot.



This is the way the farmers ride ;

Hobbledy-hoy,

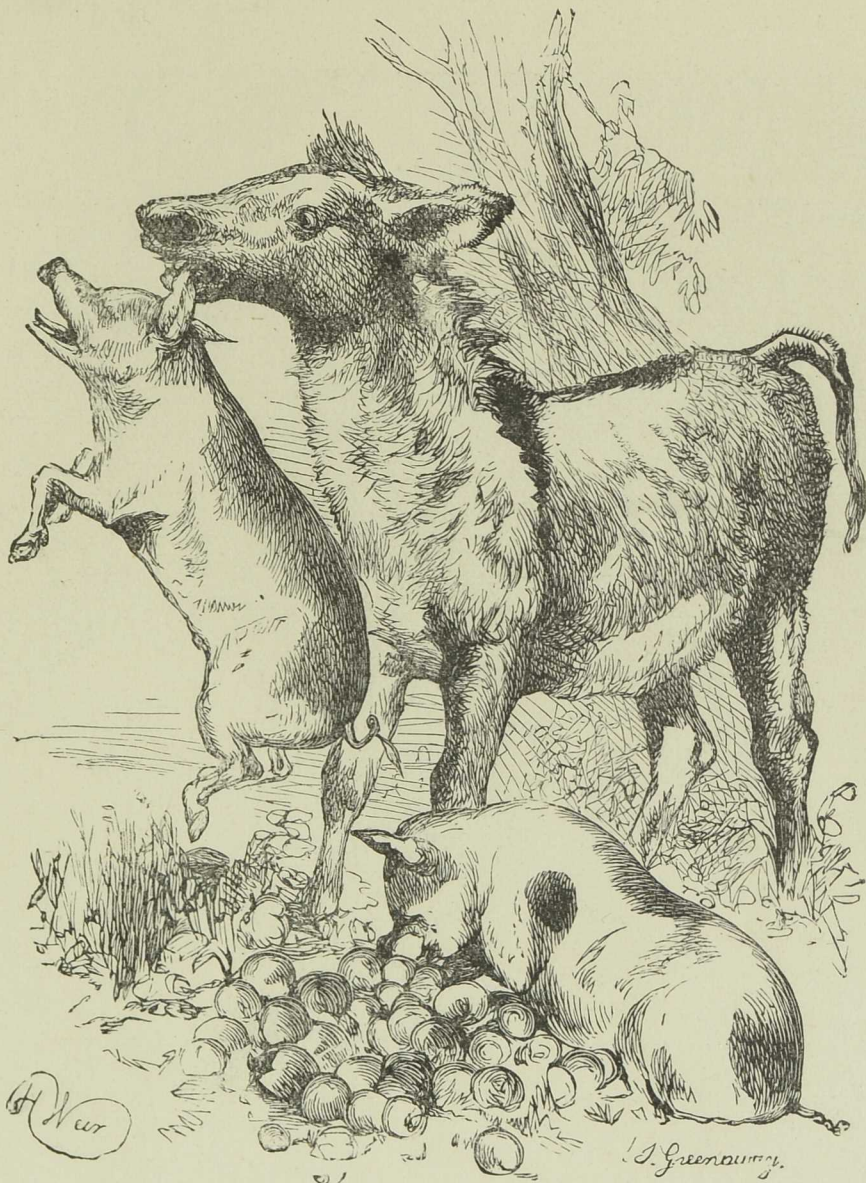
Hobbledy-hoy,

This is the way the farmers ride,

Hobbledy hobbledy hoy.

Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her ;
He put her in a pumpkin shell,
And then he kept her very well.
Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater,
Had another and didn't love her,
Peter learnt to read and spell,
And then he loved her very well.

THE BABY'S MUSEUM.



Little Johnny Pringle had a little Pig,
It was very little, so was not very big.
As it was playing beneath the shed,
In half a minute poor Piggy was dead.
So Johnny Pringle he sat down and cried,
And Betty Pringle she laid down and died.
There is the history of one, two, and three,
Johnny Pringle, Betty Pringle, and Piggy Wiggle.

THE BABY'S MUSEUM.



Shoe the colt, shoe the colt,
Shoe the grey mare ;
If the colt won't be shod
Let him go bare.

THE BABY'S MUSEUM.



Little Tommy Tucker,
Sang for his supper ;
What shall he eat ?
White bread and butter.

How shall he cut it
Without e'er a knife ?
How will he marry
Without e'er a wife ?

What are little boys made of, made of,
What are little boys made of ?
Snaps and snails, and puppy-dogs' tails ;
And that's what little boys are made of, made of.

What are little girls made of, made of ?
What are little girls made of ?
Sugar and spice, and all things that are nice ;
And that's what little girls are made of, made of.

THE BABY'S MUSEUM.



Here we go up, up, up,
And here we go down, down, downy,
And here we go backward and forward,
And here we go round, round, roundy.

Did his papa torment it?
And vex his own baby will he?
Give me a hand and I'll beat him,
With your red coral and whistle.

THE BABY'S MUSEUM.

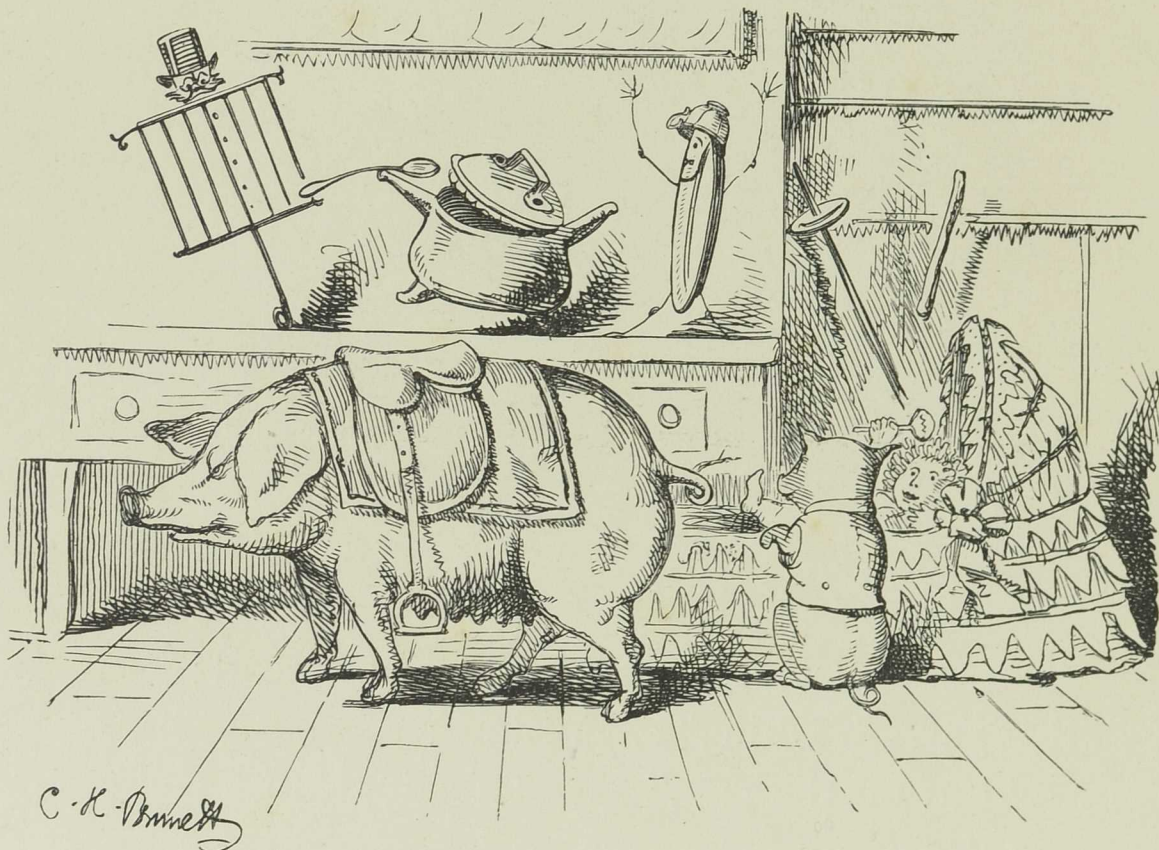


“Come, let's to bed,” said Sleepy-head ;
“Tarry a while,” says Slow :
“Put on the pan,” says Greedy-Nan,
“We'll sup before we go.”

There was a little boy went into a barn,
And lay down on some hay ;
A calf came out and smelt about,
And the little boy ran away.

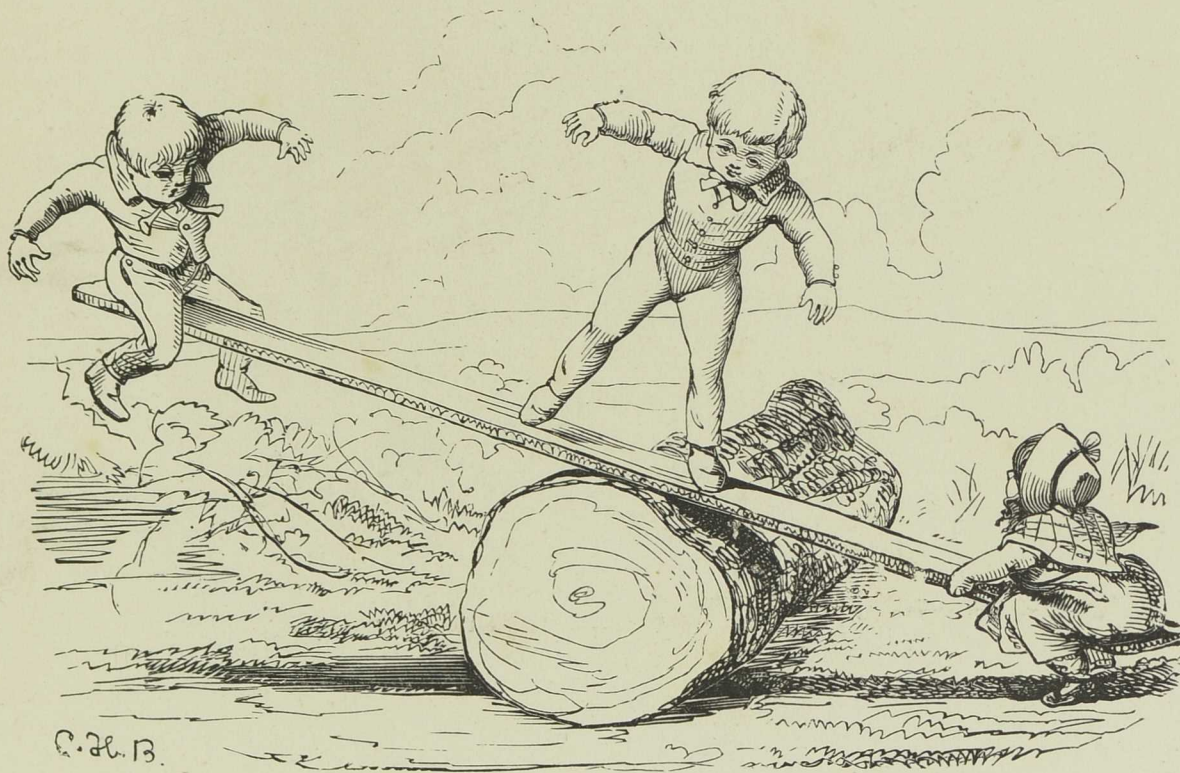
I would, if I could ; if I couldn't, how could I ?
I couldn't without I could, could I ?
Could you without you could, could ye ? could ye ? could ye ?
You couldn't without you could, could ye ?

THE BABY'S MUSEUM.



The sow came in with the saddle ;
The little pig rock'd the cradle ;
The dish jump'd up on the table,
To see the pot swallow the ladle.
The spit that stood behind the door,
Threw the pudding-stick on the floor ;
Oh ! said the gridiron, can't you agree ?
I'm the head constable, bring them to me.

THE BABY'S MUSEUM.



See, saw, Margery Daw,
Johnny shall have a new master :
He shall have but a penny a day,
Because he can't work any faster.

See, saw, Margery Daw,
Sold her bed and lay upon straw :
Was not she a dirty slut,
To sell her bed and lie in the dirt !

See, saw, sacradown,
Which is the way to London town ?
One foot up, the other foot down,
This is the way to London town.

THE BABY'S MUSEUM.



Upon my word and honour,
As I was going to Bonner,
I met a pig,
Without a wig,
Upon my word and honour.

Fa, Fe, Fi, Fo, Fum!
I smell the blood of an Englishman.
Be he alive or be he dead,
I'll grind his bones to make me bread.

THE BABY'S MUSEUM.



Bow, wow, wow, whose dog art thou?
Little Tom Tinker's dog, bow, bow, bow.

See-saw, Jack-a-daw,

Johnny shall have a new master;
Johnny shall have but a penny a day,
Because he can work no faster.

THE BABY'S MUSEUM.

London bridge is broken down,
Dance over my Lady Lee,
London bridge is broken down,
With a gay ladye.

How shall we build it up again?
Dance over my Lady Lee,
How shall we build it up again?
With a gay ladye.

We'll build it up with gravel and stone,
Dance over my Lady Lee,
We'll build it up with gravel and stone,
With a gay ladye.

Gravel and stone will be washed away,
Dance over my Lady Lee,
Gravel and stone will be washed away,
With a gay ladye.

We'll build it up with iron and steel,
Dance over my Lady Lee,
We'll build it up with iron and steel,
With a gay ladye.

Iron and steel will bend and break,
Dance over my Lady Lee,

THE BABY'S MUSEUM.

Iron and steel will bend and break,
With a gay ladye.

We'll build it up with silver and gold,
Dance over my Lady Lee,
We'll build it up with silver and gold,
With a gay ladye.

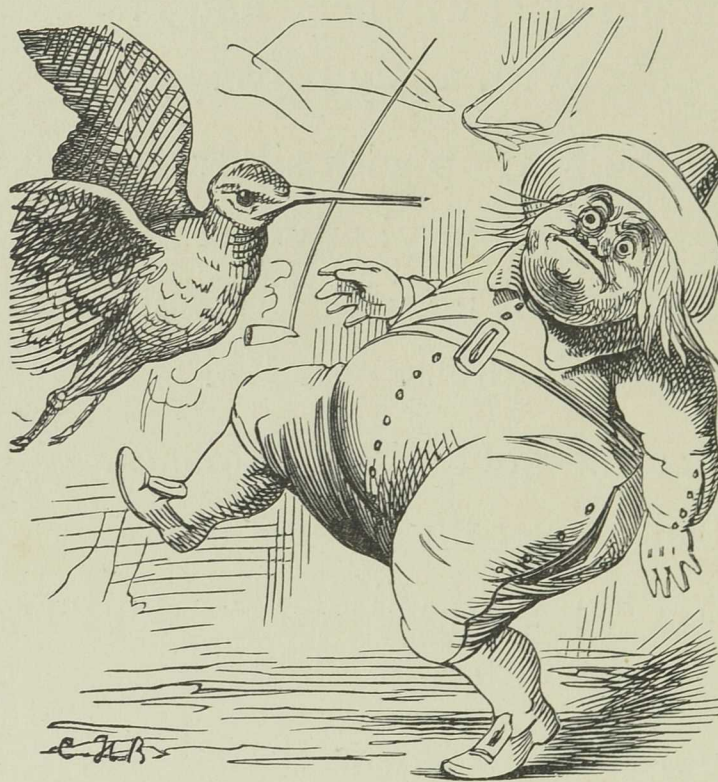
Silver and gold will be stolen away,
Dance over my Lady Lee,
Silver and gold will be stolen away,
With a gay ladye.

We'll set a man to watch it then,
Dance over my Lady Lee,
We'll set a man to watch it then,
With a gay ladye.

Suppose the man should fall asleep,
Dance over my Lady Lee,
Suppose the man should fall asleep,
With a gay ladye.

We'll put a pipe into his mouth,
Dance over my Lady Lee,
We'll put a pipe into his mouth,
With a gay ladye.

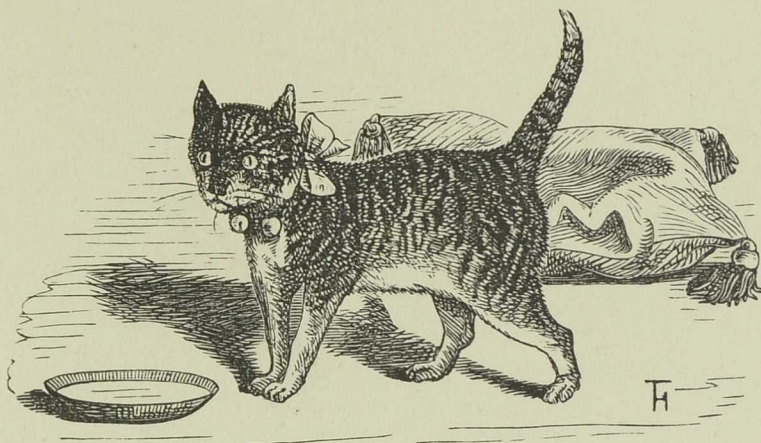
THE BABY'S MUSEUM.



There was a fat man of Bombay,
Who was smoking one sunshiny day,
When a bird, called a snipe,
Flew away with his pipe,
Which vexed the fat man of Bombay.

Handy-spandy, Jacky dandy,
Loves plum-cake and sugar candy.
He bought some at a grocer's shop,
And pleased away went hop, hop, hop.

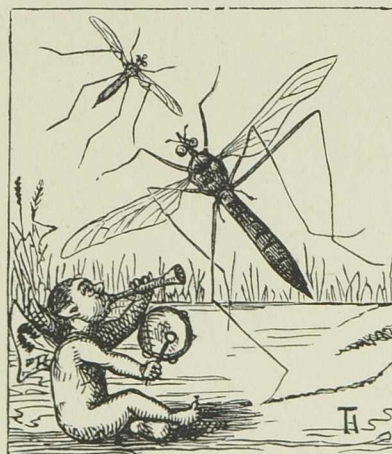
THE BABY'S MUSEUM.



Sing, sing, what shall I sing?
Puss has stolen the pudding-string!
Do, do, what shall I do?
Puss has bit it quite in two!

Deedle, deedle, dumpling, my son John,
Went to bed with his stockings on;
One shoe off, the other shoe on,
Deedle, deedle, dumpling, my son John.

Daddy, Daddy Longlegs,
Won't say his prayers,
I took him by the hind legs,
And threw him downstairs.



THE BABY'S MUSEUM.



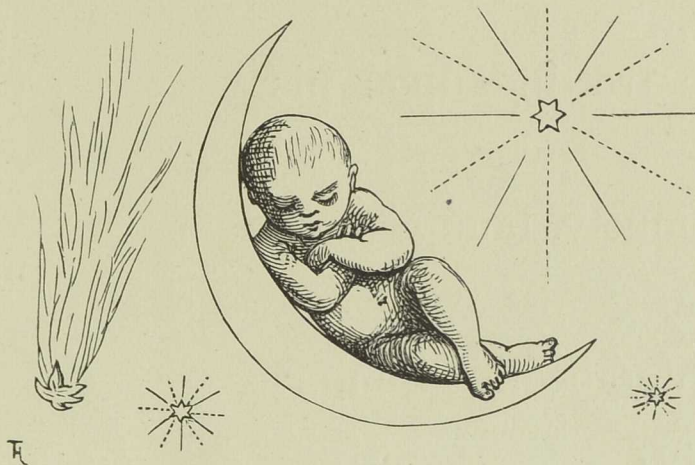
Johnny shall have a new bonnet,
And Johnny shall go to the fair,
And Johnny shall have a blue ribbon
To tie up his bonny brown hair.

And why may not I love Johnny,
And why may not Johnny love me?
And why may not I love Johnny
As well as another body?

And here's a leg for a stocking,
And here's a foot for a shoe,
And he has a kiss for daddy,
And one for his mammy too.

And why may not I love Johnny?
And why, &c., &c.

THE BABY'S MUSEUM.



The man in the moon,
Came down too soon,
And asked his way to Norwich ;
He went by the south,
And burnt his mouth
With eating cold pease-porridge.

Is master Smith within ?—Yes, that he is.
Can he set a shoe ?—Ay, marry, two.
Here a nail, and there a nail,
Tick—tack—too.

If wishes were horses, beggars would ride ;
If turnips were watches, I'd wear one by my side.

THE BABY'S MUSEUM.

A farmer came trotting upon his
grey mare,
Bumpety, bumpety, bump.

With his daughter behind him, so
rosy and fair,
Lumpety, lumpety, lump.

A raven cried croak! and they all
tumbled down,
Bumpety, bumpety, bump.

The mare broke her knees, and
the farmer his crown,
Lumpety, lumpety, lump.

The mischievous raven flew laughing away,
Bumpety, bumpety, bump.
And vowed he would serve him the same next day,
Lumpety, lumpety, lump.



THE BABY'S MUSEUM.

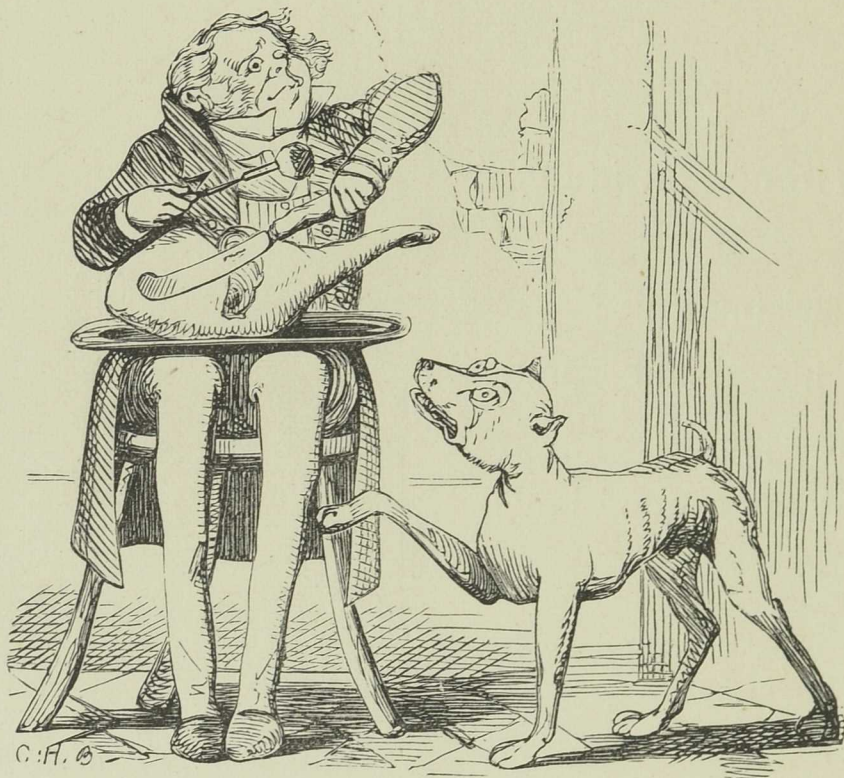
Little Jack Horner sat in the
corner,
Eating a Christmas pie ;
He put in his thumb, and
pull'd out a plum,
And said, "What a good boy
am I."



How many days has my baby to play ?
Saturday, Sunday, Monday,
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,
Saturday, Sunday, Monday.

Pat a cake, pat a cake,
Baker's man !
So I do, master, as fast as I can.
Pat it, and prick it,
And mark it with T,
And then it will serve
For Tommy and me.

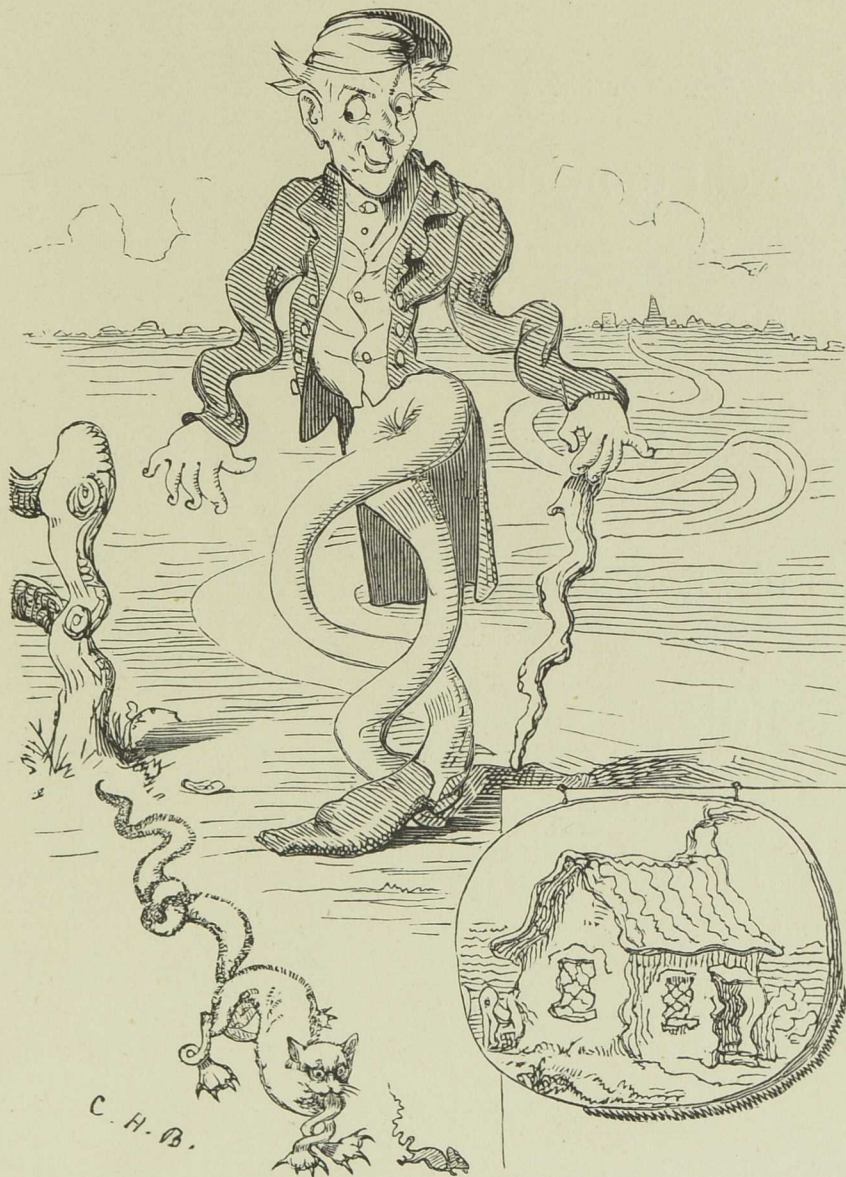
THE BABY'S MUSEUM.



Two legs sat upon three legs,
With one leg in his lap :
In comes four legs,
And runs away with one leg ;
Up jumps two legs,
Catches up three legs,
Throws it after four legs,
And makes him bring back one leg.

Lazy Tom with jacket blue,
Stole his father's gouty shoe.
The worst of harm that dad can wish him,
Is that his gouty shoe may fit him.

THE BABY'S MUSEUM.

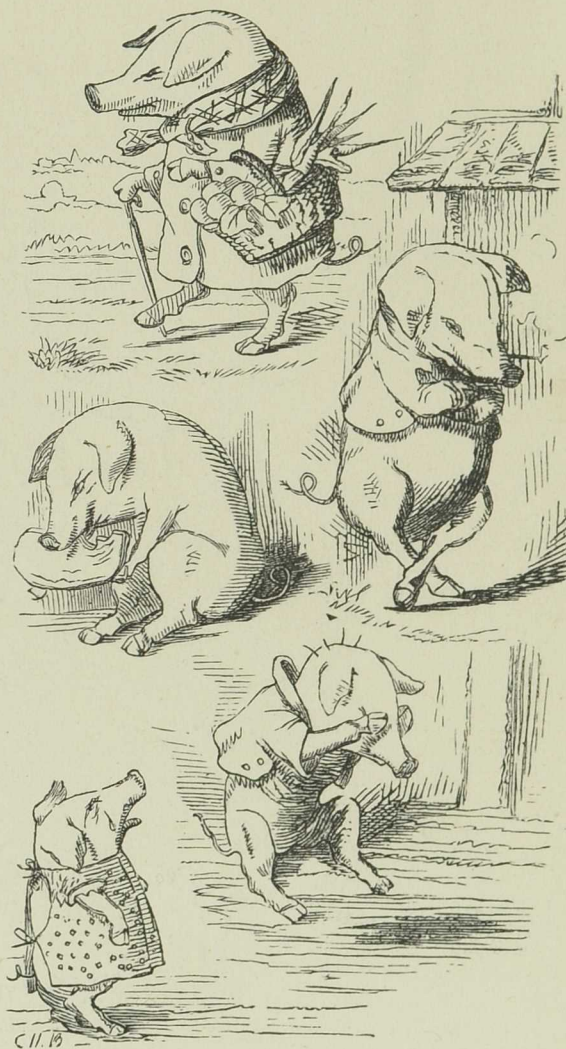


There was a crooked man, and he went a crooked mile,
He found a crooked sixpence, against a crooked stile ;
He bought a crooked cat, which caught a crooked mouse,
And they all lived together in a little crooked house.

THE BABY'S MUSEUM.

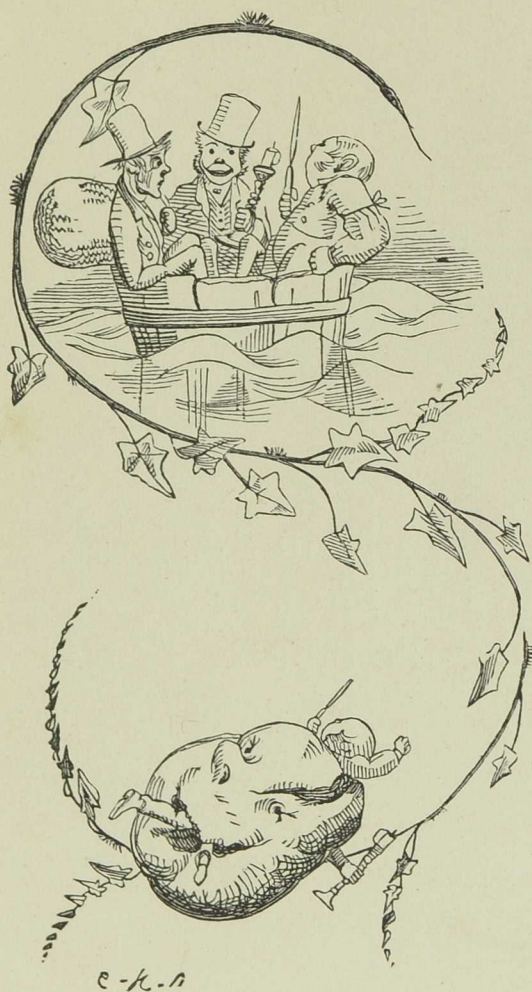
[A Song set to fingers or toes.]

1. This pig went to market ;
2. This pig stayed at home ;
3. This pig had plenty to eat,
4. But this pig had none ;
5. And this little pig said
Wee, wee, wee!
All the way home.



Hush-a-bye, baby, lie still with thy
daddy,
Thy mammy has gone to the mill,
To get some meal to bake a cake ;
So pray, my dear baby, lie still.

THE BABY'S MUSEUM.

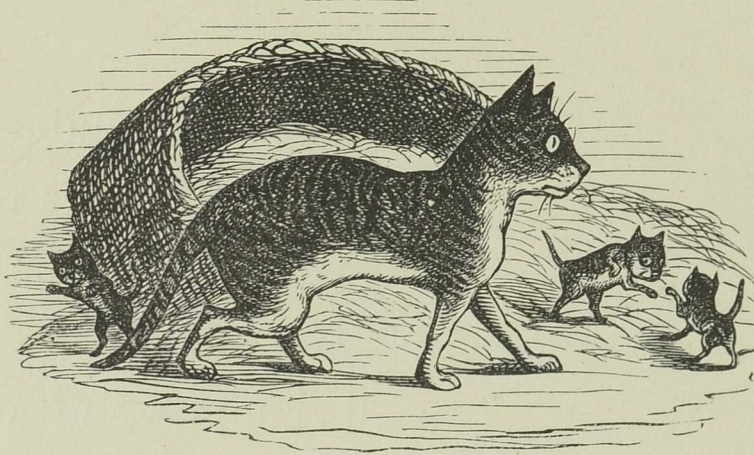


Rub a dub dub,
Three men in a tub ;
The butcher, the baker,
The candle-stick maker ;
All jumped out of a rotten
potato.

There was an old woman
Lived under a hill ;
And if she's not gone,
She lives there still.

There was an old man of Thessaly,
And he was wondrous wise,
He jump'd into a quickset hedge,
And scratched out both his eyes,
But when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main,
He jump'd into a holly-bush,
And scratch'd them in again.

THE BABY'S MUSEUM.



Miss Jane had a bag, and a mouse was in it,
She opened the bag, he was out in a minute;
The cat saw him jump, and run under the table,
And the dog said, catch him puss, soon as you're able.



There was a little man,
And he woo'd a little maid,
And he said, "Little maid, will you wed, wed, wed?
I have little more to say,
Than will you, Yea or Nay,
For least said is soonest mended-ded, ded, ded."

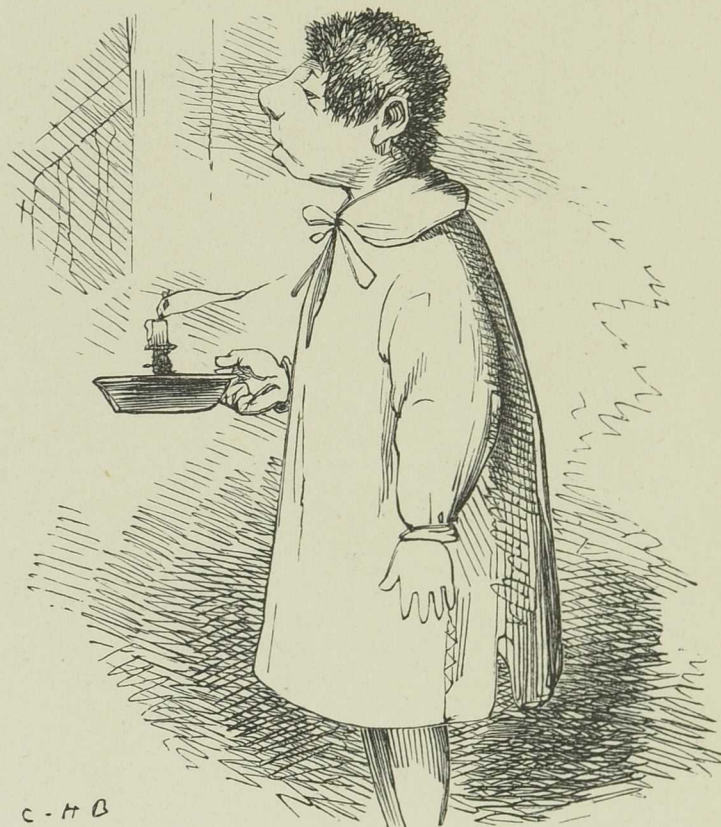
THE BABY'S MUSEUM.



Cross patch, draw the latch,
Sit by the fire and spin ;
Take a cup, and drink it up,
Then call your neighbours in.

THE BABY'S MUSEUM.

Zany, Zany, Zaddle-
pate,
Go to bed early and
get up late.



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;
This plaguy old woman could never be quiet.
She went to the baker to buy her some bread,
And when she came home her old husband was dead;
She went to the clerk to toll the bell,
And when she came back her old husband was well.

O the little rusty, dusty, rusty, miller!
I'll not change my wife for either gold or siller.

THE BABY'S MUSEUM.

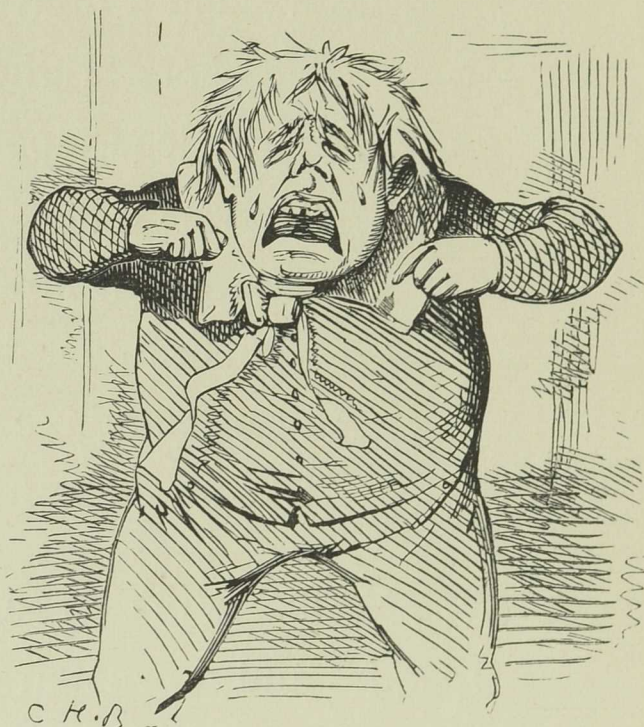
Mary had a pretty bird,
Feathers bright and yellow,
Slender legs, upon my word,
He was a pretty fellow.
The sweetest notes he always sung,
Which much delighted Mary,
And often where the cage was hung,
She stood to hear Canary.

Wee Willie Winkie runs through the town,
Upstairs and downstairs in his night-gown ;
Tapping at the window, crying at the lock,
Are the babes in their beds, for it's now ten o'clock.

Little Jack Nory
Told me a story
How he tried
Cock-horse to ride,
Sword and scabbard by his side,
Saddle, leaden spurs, and switches,
His pocket tight
With cents all bright,
Marbles, tops, puzzles, props,
Now he's put in jacket and breeches.

THE BABY'S MUSEUM.

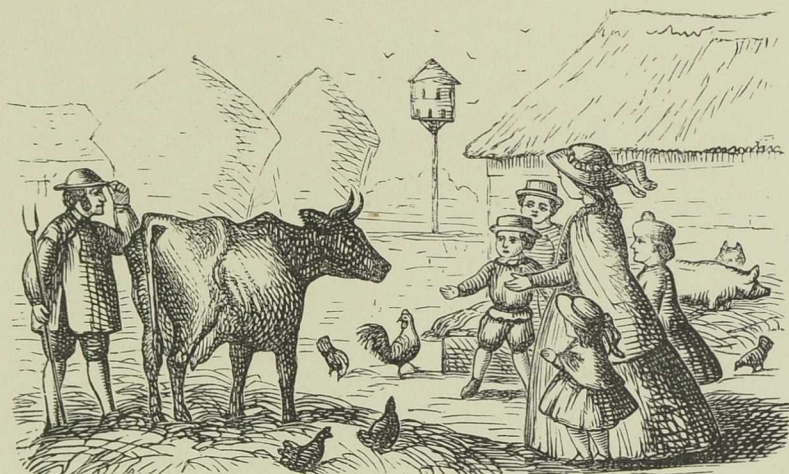
Cry, baby, cry,
Put your finger in your
eye
And tell your mother it
wasn't I.



Old Mistress McShuttle
Lived in a coal-scuttle,
Along with her dog and her cat ;
What they ate I can't tell,
But 'tis known very well,
That none of the party were fat.

Smiling girls, rosy boys,
Come and buy my little toys,
Monkeys made of gingerbread,
And sugar horses painted red.

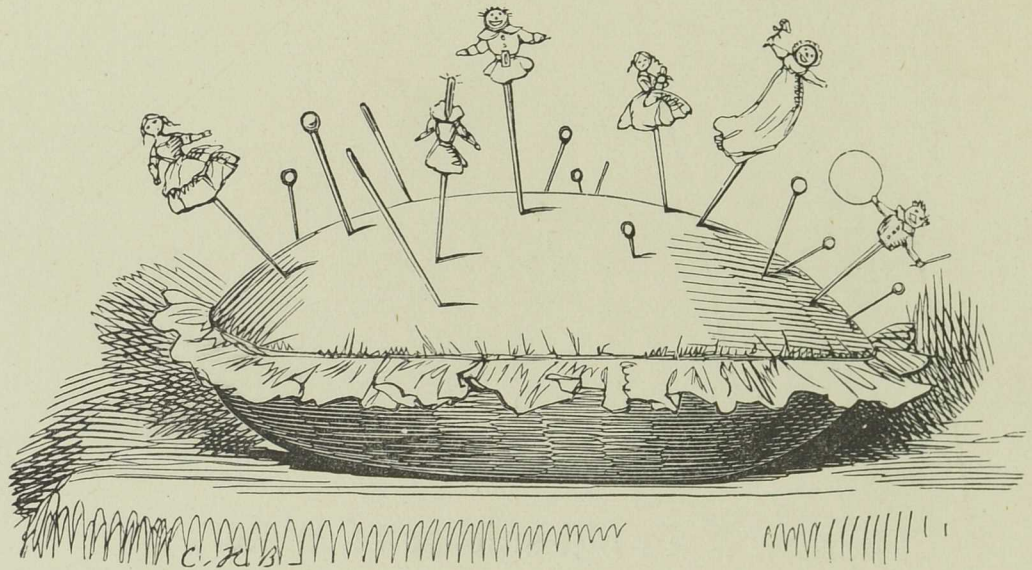
THE BABY'S MUSEUM.



There was an old soldier of Bister,
Went walking one day with his sister,
When a cow at a poke,
Toss'd her into an oak,
Before the old gentleman miss'd her.

Let us go to the wood,
Says this pig.
What to do there?
Says this pig.
To look for my mother,
Says this pig.
What to do with her?
Says this pig.
To kiss her, to kiss her,
Says this pig.

THE BABY'S MUSEUM.

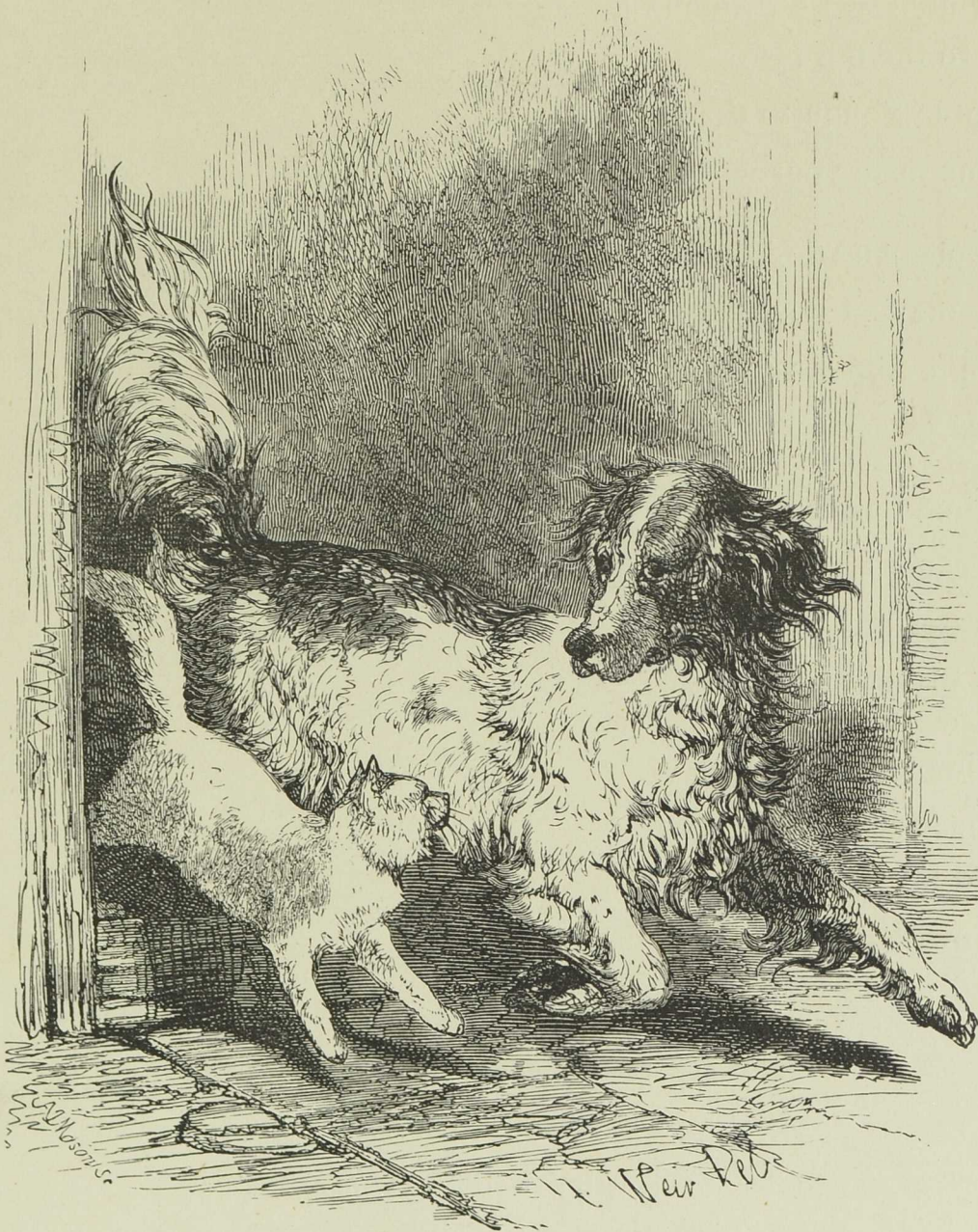


Needles and pins, needles and pins,
When a man marries his trouble begins.

The little black dog ran round the house
And set the bull a roaring,
And drove the monkey in the boat,
Who set the oars a rowing,
And scared the cock upon the rock,
Who crack'd his throat with crowing.

Pease porridge hot, pease porridge cold,
Pease porridge in the pot nine days old,
Can you spell that with four letters?
Yes, I can—THAT.

THE BABY'S MUSEUM.



Pussy sits behind the log,
How can she be fair?
Then comes in the little dog,
Pussy, are you there?

So, so, dear mistress Pussy,
Pray tell me how you do.
I thank you, little dog,
I'm very well just now.

THE BABY'S MUSEUM.

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

Says the pieman to Simple Simon,
" Show 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 ;
All the water he had got
Was in his mother's pail.

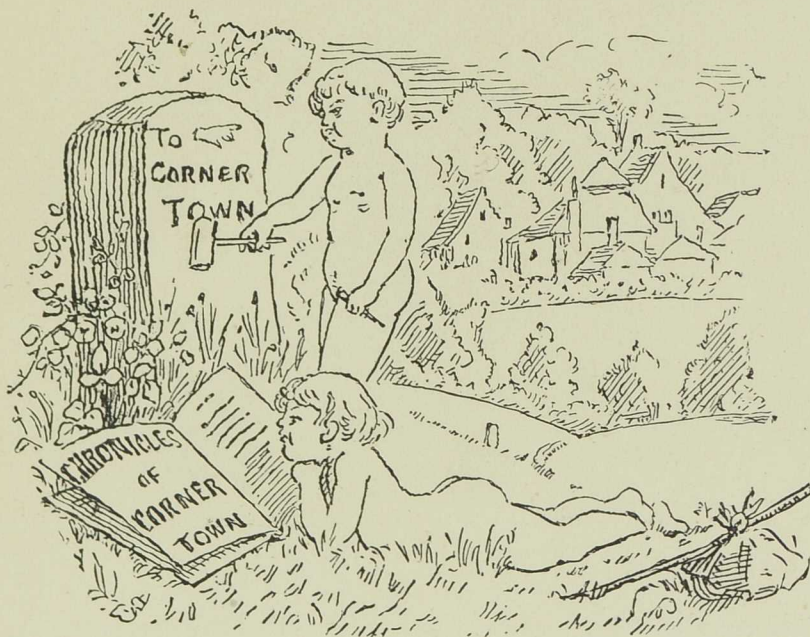
Simple Simon went to look
If plums grew on a thistle ;
He prick'd his fingers very much,
Which made poor Simon whistle.



Hicky more, hacky more,
Hung at the kitchen door
All day long,
Nothing so long,
Nothing so strong,
As hicky more, hacky more,
Hung at the kitchen door
All day long.

[Sunshine.]

THE BABY'S MUSEUM.



How many miles to Baby-
lon?

Threescore miles and ten.

Can I get there by candle-
light?

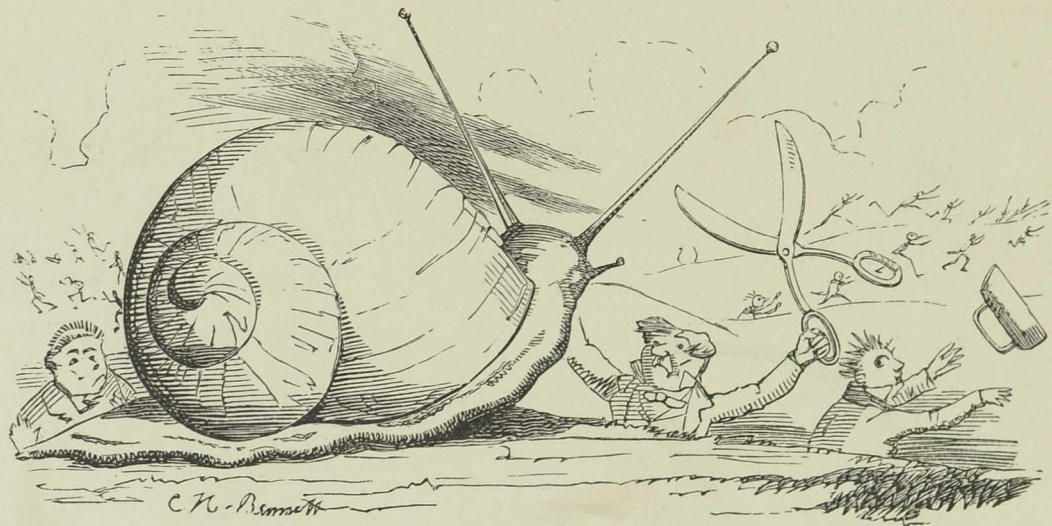
Yes, and back again.

Robert Barns, fellow fine,
Can you shoe this horse of mine,
So that I may cut a shine?

Yes, good sir, and that I can,
As well as any other man ;
There a nail, and here a prod,
And now, good sir, your horse is shod.

Een-a, deen-a,
Dine-a, dust,
Catt'll-a, ween-a,
Wine-a, wust,
Spit, spot, must be done,
Twiddlum, twaddlum, twenty-one.
O-U-T, spells out
A nasty dirty dish-clout.

THE BABY'S MUSEUM.



Four and twenty tailors went to kill a snail,
The best man among them durst not touch her tail.
She put out her horns, like a little Kylvoe cow ;
Run, tailors, run, or she'll kill you all just now.

Snail, snail, come out of your hole,
Or else I will beat you as black as a coal.

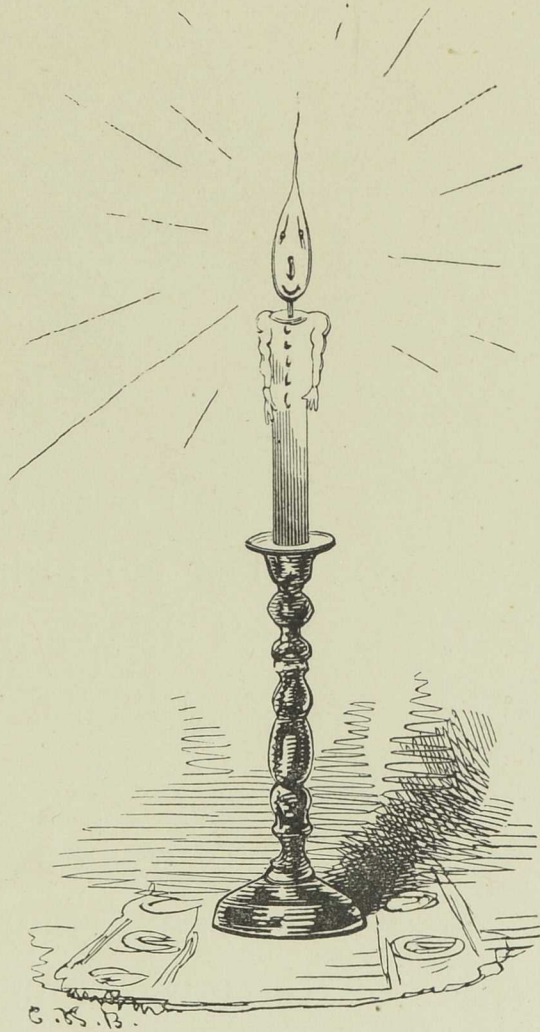
Snail, snail, put out your head,
Or else I will beat you till you're dead.

I will sing you a song
Of the days that are long,
Of the woodcock, and the sparrow,
Of the little dog that burnt his tail,
And he shall be whipt to-morrow.

THE BABY'S MUSEUM.

Little Anne Etticoat,
In a white petticoat,
And a red nose ;
The longer she stands,
The shorter she grows.

[A Candle.]



Little Tee Wee,
He went to sea,
In an open boat ;
And while afloat
The little boat bended,
And my story's ended.

Cuckoo, cherry tree,	Catch another
Catch a bird and give it to me ;	And give it to brother.

Up she goes, and down she comes,
If you haven't got apples, I'll give you some plums.

THE BABY'S MUSEUM.

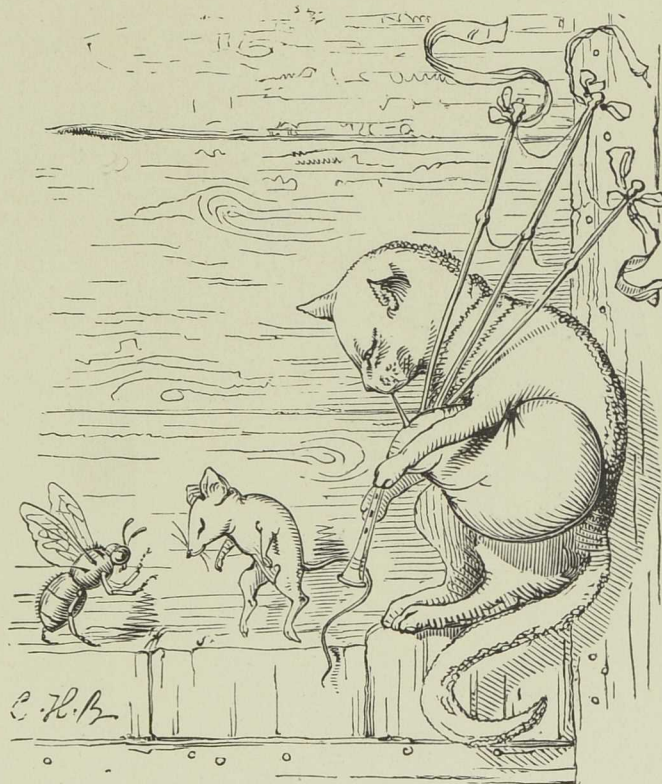


The air is cold, the worms are hid,
For Robin here what can be done?
Let's strew around some crumbs of bread,
And then he'll live till snow is gone.

There was an old woman had three sons,
Jerry, and James, and John ;
Jerry was hung, James was drown'd,
John was lost and never was found ;
And there was an end of the three sons,
Jerry, and James, and John.

Marjery Mutton-pie, and Johnny Bo-peep,
They met together in Gracechurch Street,
In and out, in and out, over the way,
Oh! says Johnny, 'tis chop-nose day.

THE BABY'S MUSEUM.



A cat came fiddling out of a barn
With a pair of bagpipes under her arm ;
She could sing nothing but fiddle cum fee,
The mouse has married the bumble-bee ;
Pipe, cat,—dance, mouse,
We'll have a wedding at our good house.

There was an old man,
And he had a calf,
And that's half ;
He took him out of the stall,
And put him on the wall ;
And that's all.

THE BABY'S MUSEUM.



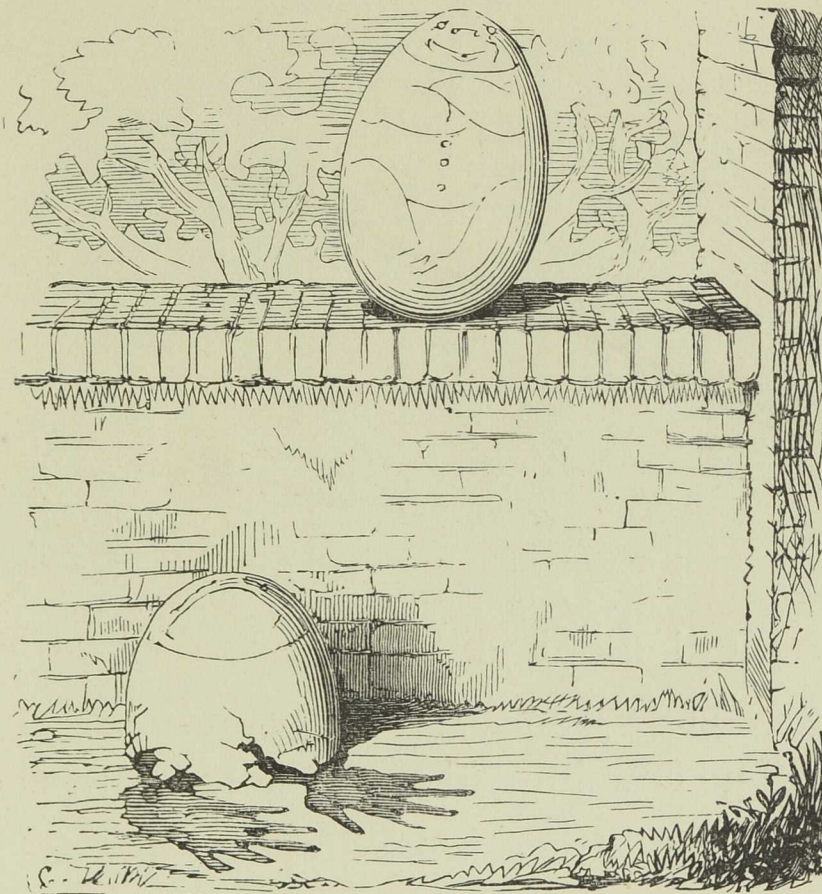
Barber, barber, shave a pig ;
How many hairs will make a wig ?
“ Four and twenty, that's enough.”
Give the poor barber a pinch of snuff.

As round as an apple, as deep as a cup,
And all the king's horses can't pull it up.

[A Well.]

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

THE BABY'S MUSEUM.



Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall ;
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall ;
Not all the king's horses, nor all the king's men
Could set Humpty Dumpty up again.

Three blind mice, see how they run !
They all ran after the farmer's wife,
Who cut off their tails with a carving knife !
Did you ever see such fools in your life ?
Three blind mice.

THE BABY'S MUSEUM.



Hey! diddle diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jump'd over the moon ;
The little dog laugh'd
To see such sport,
While the dish ran after the spoon.

There was a man and he had nought,
And robbers came to rob him ;
He crept up to the chimney top,
And then they thought they had him.
But he got down on t'other side,
And then they could not find him :
He ran fourteen miles in fifteen days,
And never look'd behind him.

THE BABY'S MUSEUM.



Pussy-cat, Pussy-cat, where have you been ?
I've been to London to look at the Queen.
Pussy-cat, Pussy-cat, what did you there ?
I frightened a little mouse under the chair.

Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief ;
Taffy came to my house, and stole a piece of beef :
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was not at home ;
Taffy came to my house, and stole a marrow-bone :
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was in bed,
I took the marrow-bone, and beat about his head.

THE BABY'S MUSEUM.

The Queen of Hearts,
She made some tarts,
All on a summer's day :
The Knave of Hearts
He stole the tarts,
And took them clean away.

The King of Hearts
Call'd for the tarts,
And beat the knave full sore :
The Knave of Hearts
Brought back the tarts,
And vow'd he'd steal no more.

Sweep, sweep,
Chimney sweep,
From the bottom to the top,
Sweep all up.
Chimney sweep,
From the bottom to the top.

Here comes a candle to light you to bed,
And here comes a chopper to chop—off—the—last—man's—
head.

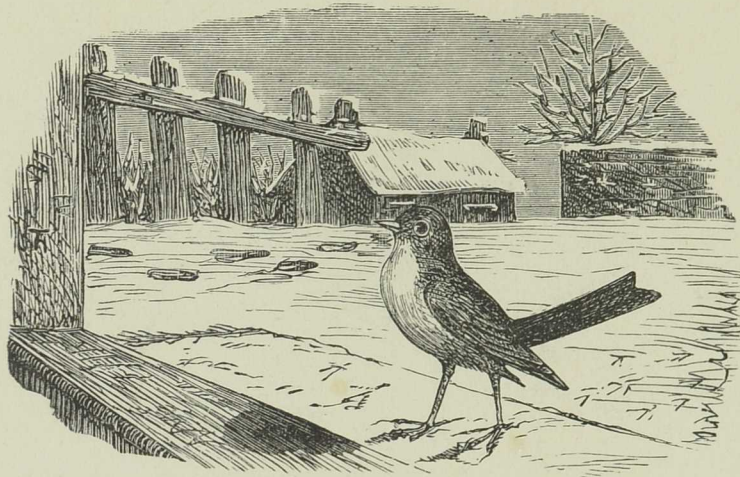
THE BABY'S MUSEUM.



Cold and raw the north winds blow
Bleak in the morning early,
All the hills are covered with snow,
And winter's now come fairly.

Thumbikin, Thumbikin, broke the barn,
Pinnikin, Pinnikin, stole the corn,
Long back'd Gray
Carried it away ;
Old Mid-man sat and saw,
But Peesy-weesy paid for a'.

THE BABY'S MUSEUM.



The north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor Robin do then?

Poor thing!

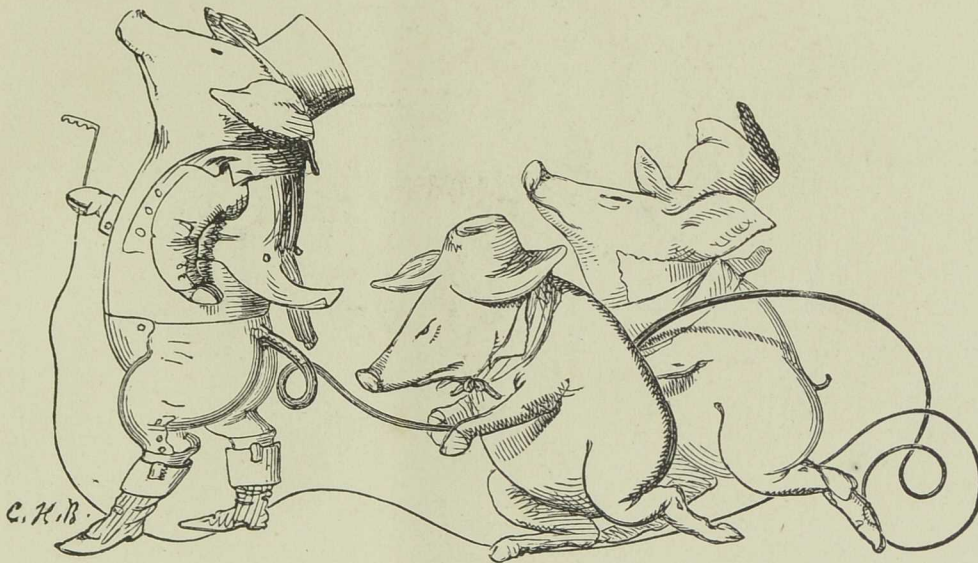
He'll sit in a barn,
To keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing,

Poor thing!

Little Tommy Tacket,
Sits upon his cracket,
Half a yard of cloth will make him coat and jacket;
Make him coat and jacket,
Breeches to the knee,
And if you will not have him, you may let him be.

Bell horses, bell horses, what time of day?
One o'clock, two o'clock, off and away.

THE BABY'S MUSEUM.



A long-tailed pig, or a short-tailed pig,
Or a pig without a tail ;
A sow pig, or a boar pig,
Or a pig with a curly tail.

Up in the green orchard there is a green tree,
The finest of pippins that ever you see ;
The apples are ripe and ready to fall,
And Reuben and Robin shall gather them all.

Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily jump the stile, boys,
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad one tires in a mile, boys.

THE BABY'S MUSEUM.



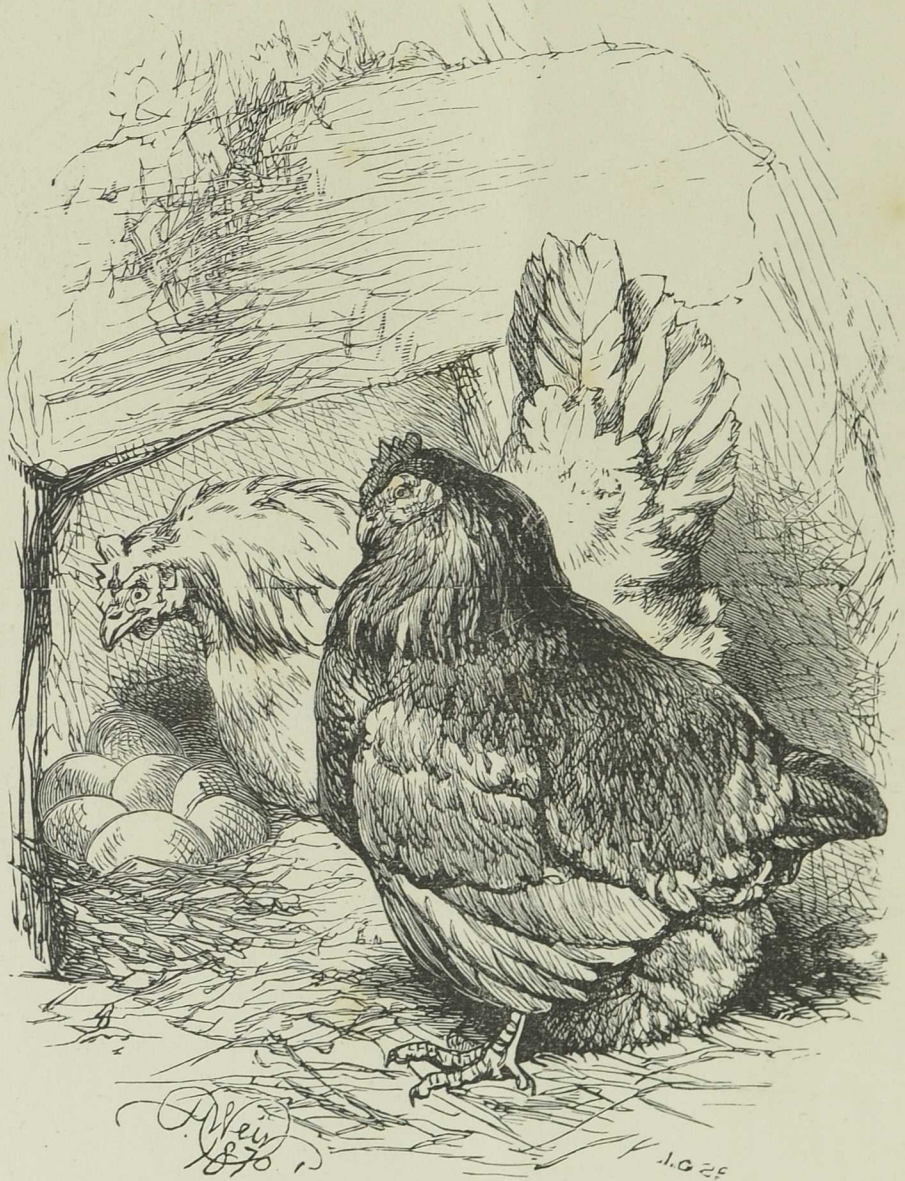
The little Robin grieves
When the snow is on the ground,
For the trees have no leaves,
And no berries can be found.

THE BABY'S MUSEUM.



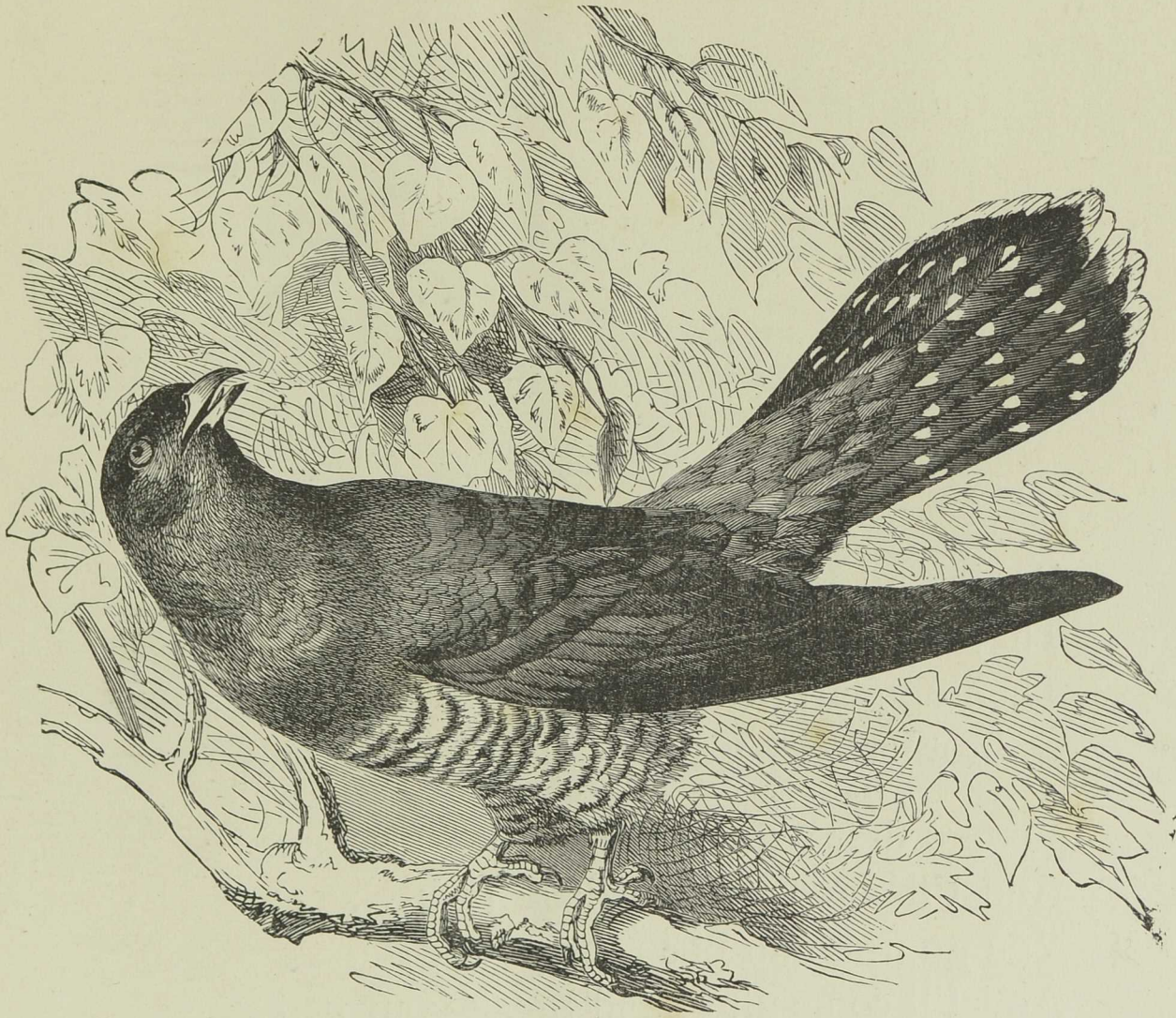
I like little pussy, her coat is so warm,
And if I don't hurt her she'll do me no harm ;
So I'll not pull her tail, nor drive her away.
But pussy and I very gently will play.

THE BABY'S MUSEUM.



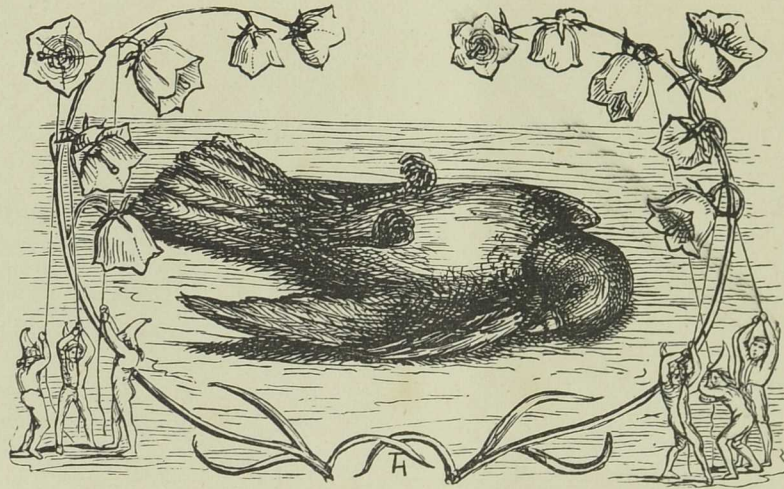
Hickety, pickety, my black hen,
She lays eggs for gentlemen ;
 Sometimes nine,
 Sometimes ten.
Gentlemen come every day,
To see what my black hen doth lay.

THE BABY'S MUSEUM.



The cuckoo's a fine bird,
He sings as he flies ;
He brings us good tidings,
He tells us no lies.
He sucks little birds' eggs,
To make his voice clear ;
And when he sings " Cuckoo !"
The summer is near.

THE BABY'S MUSEUM.



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,
O, brother Richard ! the sun's very high.

You go first with bottle and bag,
And I'll come after on little Jack Nag ;
You go first and open the gate,
And I'll come after, and break your pate.

What to do there ? says Richard to Robin,
What to do there ? says Robin to Bobin,
What to do there ? says John all alone,
What to do there ? says every one.

We'll shoot at a wren, says Richard to Robin,
We'll shoot at a wren, says Robin to Bobin,
We'll shoot at a wren, says John all alone,
We'll shoot at a wren, says every one.

THE BABY'S MUSEUM.

Then pounce, then pounce, says Richard to Robin,
Then pounce, then pounce, says Robin to Bobin,
Then pounce, then pounce, says John all alone,
Then pounce, then pounce, says every one.

She's dead, she's dead, says Richard to Robin,
She's dead, she's dead, says Robin to Bobin,
She's dead, she's dead, says John all alone,
She's dead, she's dead, says every one.

How get her home? says Richard to Robin,
How get her home? says Robin to Bobin.
How get her home? says John all alone,
How get her home? says every one.

In a cart and six horses, says Richard to Robin,
In a cart and six horses, says Robin to Bobin,
In a cart and six horses, says John all alone,
In a cart and six horses, says every one.

How shall we dress her? says Richard to Robin,
How shall we dress her? says Robin to Bobin,
How shall we dress her? says John all alone,
How shall we dress her? says every one.

We'll hire seven cooks, says Richard to Robin,
We'll hire seven cooks, says Robin to Bobin,
We'll hire seven cooks, says John all alone,
We'll hire seven cooks, says every one.

THE BABY'S MUSEUM.



Elizabeth, Lizzy, and Betsy and Bess,
They all went together to seek a bird's nest.
They found a bird's nest with five eggs in,
They all took one out and left four in.

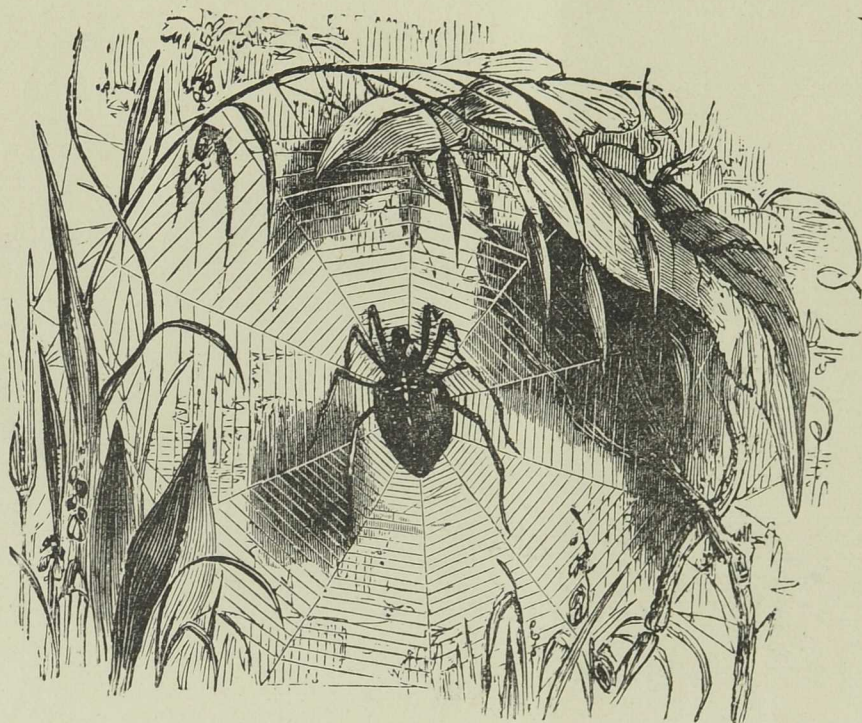
THE BABY'S MUSEUM.



Willie boy, Willie boy,
Where are you going?
O let us go with you,
This sunny day.

I'm going to the meadow,
To see them a mowing,
I'm going to help the girls
Turn the new hay.

THE BABY'S MUSEUM.



Little Mary Ester, There came a large spider,
 Sat upon a tester, And sat down beside her,
Eating of curds and whey; And frighten'd poor Mary away.

Multiplication is vexation,
 Division is as bad ;
The rule of three it puzzles me,
 And practice drives me mad.

If I had as much money as I could spend,
I never would cry old chairs to mend ;
Old chairs to mend, old chairs to mend ;
I never would cry old chairs to mend.

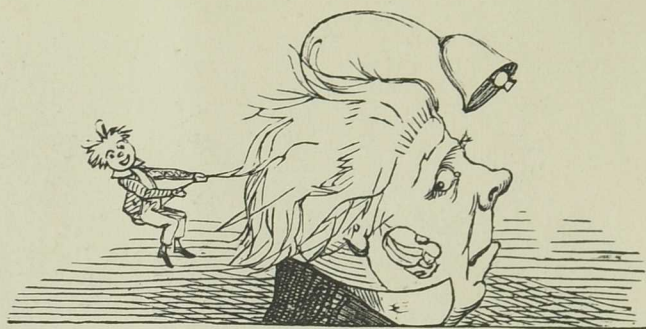
THE BABY'S MUSEUM.



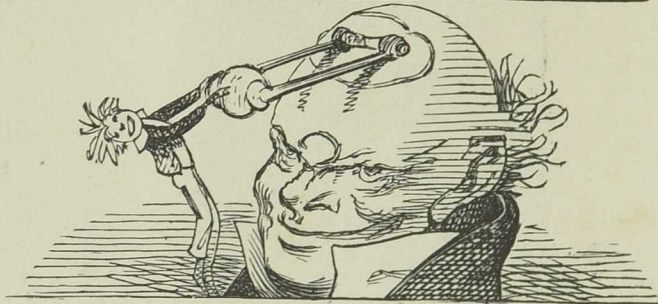
To market, to market, to buy a fat pig,
Home again, home again, dancing a jig ;
Ride to the market to buy a fat hog,
Home again, home again, jiggerty-jog.

THE BABY'S MUSEUM.

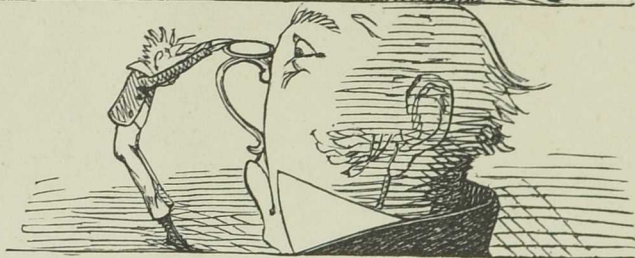
Ring the bell!



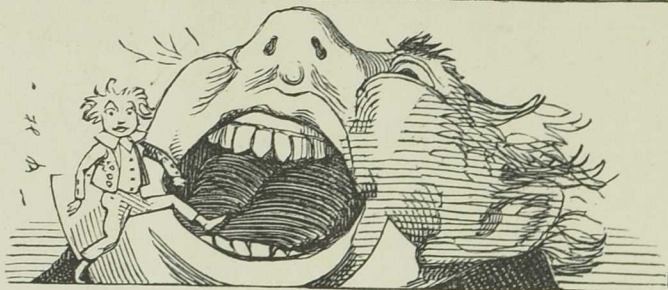
Knock at the door!



Lift up the latch!



And walk in!



Tom Brown's two little Indian boys,
One ran away,
The other wouldn't stay,
Tom Brown's two little Indian boys.

Hop away, skip away, my baby wants to play,
My baby wants to play every day.

THE BABY'S MUSEUM.

F for fig, J for jig,
And N for knuckle bones,
I for John the waterman,
And S for sack of stones.



NR
CHARLIE, UNCLE
BABY'S...
[ca. 1899]



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