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CHILDREN'S BOOK
COLLECTION



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UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES



MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODY



Master John Hunt
Jan 1st 1792



MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODY

A FACSIMILE REPRODUCTION

OF

THE EARLIEST KNOWN EDITION

WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

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INTRODUCTION

SEVERAL years ago, when occupied in investigating the sources of our traditional songs and ballads, I asked a kind and generous correspondent, the late Professor Francis James Child, of Harvard University, if he could afford me any information with regard to the earliest forms in which the old English nursery rhymes crossed the Atlantic. Professor Child, in a letter dated 25th February 1886, wrote to me: 'A collection of nursery songs was made in Boston as early as 1719: *Songs for the Nursery, or Mother Goose's Melodies for Children*. A copy was said to have been discovered in an old antiquarian library not very long ago, but afterwards could not be found. I meant to reprint this copy—it was somewhat imperfect—for the good of the world. *Mother Goose's Melodies* continues to be printed, but no one thinking fidelity of the least consequence, books bearing that title are arbitrarily

altered, and filled out from Halliwell. The original collection seems to have been a very small affair, and the smaller the reprints the more chance of genuineness. I have ordered one which used to be sold in Boston, and will send it as soon as it comes to hand.'

Professor Child was presumably unable to procure this little book, as I never received it, nor, in the press of work attending the preparation of his monumental collection of *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, was he able to carry out the task of giving to the world his contemplated treatise on the literature of the nursery. In this particular his mantle fell upon the late Mr. William H. Whitmore of Boston, the eminent antiquary and genealogist. Mr. Whitmore devoted himself assiduously to the study of the subject, and after some years of diligent inquiry, during which he was successful in acquiring two early American copies of *Mother Goose's Melody*, he published a pamphlet in 1889 at Albany, New York, which in 1892 he amplified into a very valuable work, entitled *The*

Original Mother Goose's Melody, as issued by John Newbery, London, circa 1760; Isaiah Thomas, Worcester, circa 1785; Monroe & Francis, Boston, circa 1825. This book contained an interesting introduction by Mr. Whitmore, in which he traced the history of the little collection with a painstaking minuteness that left few gleanings for a successor to pick up, together with a facsimile of the earliest known American edition, and a reprint of the New York (1795) edition of Perrault's *Tales of Passed Times*. Of the two copies of the little book in the possession of Mr. Whitmore, both of which were printed by Isaiah Thomas of Worcester, Massachusetts, the earlier, which Mr. Whitmore considered on good grounds was dated not later than 1785, had unfortunately lost its title-page, while the other, which was stated to be the third Worcester edition, and was printed in 1799, was deficient in several leaves.¹

¹ Notwithstanding these defects, at the auction sale of Mr. Whitmore's books in November 1902, the first copy realised as much as \$45, and the second \$30.

viii MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODY

Mr. Whitmore's investigations brought to light no evidence whatever of the existence of the supposed edition of 1719. The story seems to have originated in a misunderstanding. A literary man named Crowninshield, who died in 1859, apparently conceived a vague idea that he had seen this volume in the Library of the American Antiquarian Society—the 'old antiquarian library' of Professor Child. Amongst his acquaintances, he came across a gentleman of the name of Eliot, who was a great-grandson of Thomas Fleet, a well-known Boston printer, who carried on business between 1712 and 1758, and from whose press the little volume was supposed to have issued. Fleet was the son-in-law of a certain Mrs. Elizabeth Goose, and this fact seems to have established a tradition in the family that this lady was the veritable 'Mother Goose' of the *Melodies*. Mr. Crowninshield's presumed discovery lent weight to this legend, and the story having been published by Mr. Eliot in *The Boston Transcript* for January 14, 1860, it rapidly got into currency, and, crossing the

Atlantic, found its way into *Notes and Queries* (3rd Ser. ix. 265). In *The Athenæum* for February 26, 1887, Mr. Andrew Lang drew attention to the fact that some one had advertised for a copy of the book, and asked any reader of that journal who possessed any knowledge of Mother Goose, or her *Songs for the Nursery*, to impart his lore. As no information was obtainable, it was assumed that the original work in the Library of the Antiquarian Society had been lost, or mislaid, or possibly destroyed. The fact, however, remains that the library was carefully searched, and that no copy of any such edition was found. Nothing has since been heard of it, and the only safe conclusion is that it never existed, except in the imagination of the supposed discoverer.

For the authentic history of the genuine *Mother Goose's Melody*, we have but few materials. The only fact that Mr. Charles Welsh, in his charming book, *A Bookseller of the Last Century*, was able to ascertain regarding it, was that it was entered by Thomas

Carnan, the stepson and one of the successors of John Newbery, at Stationers' Hall on December 28, 1780. But Mr. Welsh informed Mr. Whitmore that he thought it probable that 1780, the date of the copyright, was not necessarily that of the first issue of the book, but rather that the copyright was taken out in connection with the winding-up of the co-partnership on Francis Newbery's death. Judging from the style of the book, it seems likely that it was first 'produced by John' Newbery about 1765.

The book being merely a collection of nursery rhymes, to which a selection of Shakespeare's lyrics was added, the question of authorship hardly arises, but it would be interesting if the identity of the writer of the preface and the footnotes could be established. Mr. Welsh and Mr. Whitmore are of opinion that in these additions to the rhymes the hand of Goldsmith may be traced. There is no doubt that between 1762 and 1768 he was constantly employed in hack-work for John Newbery, in addition to the more important

works for which Newbery acted as publisher. Mr. Whitmore points out that Goldsmith was fond of children, and was familiar with nursery rhymes and games. Forster, in his *Life of Goldsmith*, quotes a letter of Miss Hawkins, in which she says: 'I little thought what I should have to boast, when Goldsmith taught me to play *Jack and Jill*, by two bits of paper on his fingers.' And a more curious piece of evidence is noted by Mr. Whitmore. On January 29, 1768, Goldsmith's play of *The Good Natured Man* was produced. The reception it met with was discouraging, and Goldsmith had some trouble to conceal his disappointment. He had supper with some of his set, and Johnson told Mrs. Thrale that to impress his friends still more forcibly with an idea of his magnanimity, he even sung his favourite song, which he never consented to sing but on special occasions, about *An Old Woman tossed in a Blanket seventeen times as high as the Moon*, and was altogether very noisy and loud. Now, as Mr. Whitmore points out, the reader will find this identical 'favourite

song' at page vii of the preface to *Mother Goose's Melody*, dragged in without any excuse, but evidently because it was familiar to the writer. It is difficult not to concede some force to this coincidence.

The title of the little song-book was doubtless borrowed from the more familiar *Mother Goose's Tales*. The date of Newbery's first edition of these Tales is unknown, but Mr. Charles Welsh shows that the seventh edition was printed May 16, 1777, and that between this date and March 1779, Carnan and Newbery took 1700 out of the 3000 copies printed by Collins of Salisbury. The eighth edition was issued September 4, 1780. The title of the book is merely a translation of Perrault's *Contes de ma Mère l'Oye*. Of the origin of this fantastic name nothing can be said with certainty, but in *The Athenæum* for March 12, 1887, the Countess Martinengo-Cesaresco pointed out the connection between the *Contes de ma Commère l'Oye* and other stories with animal eponymi, such as *Contes de Peau d'Asnon* and *Contes de la Cicogne*, of which all

traces except the names seem to be lost. In *Mélusine* for April 1887 (col. 369), there is an interesting extract from Noël du Fail's *Propos Rustiques*, which describes how Robin Chevet, an old Breton farmer, used to entertain his family after supper with old-world tales:—

‘Et ainsi occupés à diverses besognes, le bonhomme Robin, après avoir imposé silence, commençoit un beau conte du temps que les bestes parloient : comme le renard desroboit le poisson aux poissoniers ; comme il fit battre le loup aux lavandières, lorsqu’il apprenoit à pescher,—comme le chien et le chat alloient bien loin ;—de la corneille qui en chantant perdit son fromage,—de Mélusine,—du loup garou, de cuir d’Annette ;—des fées, et que souventes fois parloit à elles, familièrement mesme, la vesprée, passant par le chemin creux, et qu’il les voyoit danser au branle près la fontaine de Cormier au son d’une belle vèze (cornemuse), couverte de cuir rouge, ce luy estoit avis, car il avoit la vue courte.’

The contributor of *Mélusine*, to whom we are indebted for this extract, observed that in some editions of *Propos Rustiques* three tales are added to the repertory of Robin Chevet, one of which is 'le conte de la cicogne.' Looking to the general character of worthy Robin's stories, it seems possible that 'contes de loups' and 'contes de la cicogne' were only popular appellations for the fables of a still earlier *raconteur*, the ubiquitous Æsop. However this may be, it is clear that the names of animals were associated with collections of tales from an early period, and Mr. Lang points out in his edition of Perrault (Oxford, 1888), p. xxiv, that 'Mother Goose' occurs in Loret's *La Muse Historique* (lettre v., 11 Juin, 1650)—

'Mais le cher motif de leur joye,
Comme un conte de la Mère Oye,
Se trouvant fabuleux et faux,
Ils deviendront tous bien penauts.'

This anticipates the date of the first collected edition of Perrault's *Tales* (1697) by nearly fifty years.

Mother Goose and her Tales were not long in crossing the Channel. The earliest editions of the English translation have long passed into limbo. Mr. Austin Dobson informed Mr. Lang that 'an English version, translated by Mr. Samber, printed for J. Pote, was advertised in *The Monthly Chronicle*, March 1729' (Perrault's *Tales*, p. xxxiv). This was probably the first edition, but no copies are known to exist. Nor have I ever met with a copy of the following edition, the full title of which I give from a contemporary bookseller's catalogue:—

'Mother Goose's Stories of Past Times, writ purposely for the Innocent Entertainment of Children, and yet are so contrived by the Author, that not only Children, but those of Maturity have found in them uncommon Pleasure and Delight: As an Instance of which, the famous Perault [*sic*] was so taken with them that he made the Morals to them himself, knowing they tended to the Encouragement of Virtue, and the Depression of

Vice; the former of which is ever rewarded in them, and the latter ever punished.

‘*N.B.*—This Book has met with such uncommon Encouragement in the French Tongue, that Ten Thousand could hardly satisfy the Call there has been for them; nor has the English Bookseller Reason to complain, the Second Edition being almost sold. It is likewise to be had in French and English, at 2s. 6d., and in English only for 1s. 6d., adorned with Cuts.’

The translation of Robert Samber seems to have long retained its popularity, as an edition, called the seventh, was printed by J. Rivington, New York, in 1795. Like its predecessors, it contained the English and French versions on opposite pages. I have little doubt that the ‘Morals’ which Perrault tagged on to his stories gave the idea to the compiler of *Mother Goose's Melody* of appending the footnotes to the rhymes, in some of which one is inclined to see some trace of the

wise and kindly humour which studs the pages of the immortal *Vicar*.

When Mr. Whitmore published his book in 1892, he noted that the English editions of *Mother Goose's Melody* had practically disappeared, not even Mr. Welsh, the historian of the house in St. Paul's Churchyard, having been able to see an example of Newbery's print. The rarity of early children's books exceeds that of a Coverdale Bible or a first folio Shakespeare. A short time ago, however, Mr. Bertram Dobell, an assiduous and cultivated literary miner, was fortunate enough to disinter the copy from which the following facsimile has been made. It is in beautiful condition, in the original Dutch paper wrappers, and as fresh as when it left the dealer's counter, forming in this respect a contrast to the American exemplars which fetched high prices at Mr. Whitmore's sale. No edition is specified on the title-page, but it may be presumed that many had been issued before 1791, not one of which, so far as our present knowledge extends, has survived. Francis Power, the publisher,

was a son of Mr. Michael Power, a Spanish merchant, who in 1766 married Mary, the eldest child and only daughter of John Newbery. Under her father's will, Mary Power became entitled to a fourth share in his publications, together with other contingent advantages. Very few books bear the name of her son Francis, and he seems to have been engaged in the active business of a publisher for a short time only. A comparison of the little book under review shows that the editions published by Isaiah Thomas at Worcester, Massachusetts, were almost exact facsimiles of the London issues. The pagination is exactly the same, and the arrangement of the matter very nearly so. Variations in italic type and in capital letters constitute the only differences. In these small matters, the conservatism of English children seems to have extended to their cousins across the water, and the English nursery song, like the English nursery game, forms part of the eternal heritage of the two kindred races. A facsimile reproduction of the earliest known

INTRODUCTION

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collection of the rhymes sung by English children in the eighteenth century, many of which date from a much earlier period, and are really tags of ballads in popular vogue, will therefore, it is hoped, possess some features of interest in the eyes of literary antiquaries.

W. F. P.



Master John Hurst
Jan 15th 1792



MOTHER GOOSE'S
M E L O D Y:

O R,

Sonnets for the Cradle.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I. Contains the most celebrated Songs and Lullabies of the old British Nurses, calculated to amuse Children and to excite them to Sleep.

PART II. Those of that sweet Songster and Nurse of Wit and Humour, Master William Shakespeare.

EMBELLISHED WITH CUTS.

And Illustrated with NOTES and MAXIMS,
Historical, Philosophical and Critical.

L O N D O N:

Printed for FRANCIS POWER, (Grandson to
the late Mr. J. NEWBERY,) and Co.
No. 65. St. Paul's Church Yard, 1791.

] Price Three Pence.]

P R E F A C E.

By a very GREAT WRITER of very
LITTLE BOOKS.

MUCH might be said in favour of this collection, but as we have no room for critical disquisitions we shall only observe to our readers, that the custom of singing these songs and lullabies to children is of great antiquity: It is even as old as the time of the ancient *Druids*. *Caractacus*, King of the *Britons*, was rocked in his cradle in the isle of *Mona*, now called *Anglesea*, and tuned to sleep by some of these soporiferous sonnets. As the best things, however, may be made an ill use of, so this kind of composition has been employed in a satirical manner; of which we have a remarkable instance so far back as the reign of king *Henry* the fifth. When that great prince turned his

A B

arms

arms against *France*, he composed the following march to lead his troops to battle, well knowing that music had often the power of inspiring courage, especially in the minds of good men.



Of this his enemies took advantage,

P R E F A C E. vii

and, as our happy nation, even at that time, was never without a faction, some of the malecontents adopted the following words to the king's own march, in order to ridicule his majesty, and to shew the folly and impossibility of his undertaking.

There was an old woman tofs'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 wo-
 man, 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.*

Here the king is represented as an old woman, engaged in a pursuit the most absurd and extravagant imaginable ;

viii P R E F A C E.

able; but when he had routed the whole *French* army at the battle of *Agincourt*, taking their king and the flower of their nobility prisoners, and with ten thousand men only made himself master of their kingdom; the very men who had ridiculed him before began to think nothing was too arduous for him to surmount, they therefore cancelled the former sonnet, which they were now ashamed of, and substituted this in its stead, which you will please to observe goes to the same tune.

So vast is the prowess of *Harry* the
Great,
He'll pluck a hair from the pale-fac'd
moon;
Or a lion familiarly take by the tooth,
And lead him about as you lead a
baboon.

All

P R E F A C E. ix

All princes and potentates under the
sun,
Through fear into corners and holes
away run;
While nor dangers nor dread his swift
progress retards,
For he deals about kingdoms as we
do our cards.

When this was shewn to his majesty he smilingly said, that folly always dealt in extravagancies, and that knaves sometimes put on the garb of fools to promote in that disguise their own wicked designs. "The flattery
" in the last (says he) is more in-
" sulting than the impudence of the
" first, and to weak minds might do
" more mischief; but we have the
" old proverb in our favour: *If we*
" *do not flatter ourselves, the flattery of*
" *others will never hurt us.*"

We

We cannot conclude without observing, the great probability there is that the custom of making *Nonsense Verses* in our schools was borrowed from this practice among the old *British* nurses; they have, indeed, been always the first preceptors of the youth of this kingdom, and from them the rudiments of taste and learning are naturally derived. Let none therefore speak irreverently of this antient maternity, as they may be considered as the great grandmothers of science and knowledge,

Mother



Mother GOOSE's Melody.



A LOVE SONG.

THERE was a little Man,
Who wooed a little Maid;
And he said, little Maid, will you
wed, wed, wed?
I have little more to say,
So will you aye or nay,
For the least said is soonest mended,
ded, ded.

II. Then

II.

Then replied the little maid,
Little Sir, you've little said
To induce a little maid for to wed,
wed, wed;
You must say a little more,
And produce a little ore,
E're I make a little print in your bed,
bed, bed.

III.

Then the little man replied,
If you'll be my little bride,
I'll raise my love notes a little higher,
higher, higher;
Tho' my offers are not meet,
Yet my little heart is great,
With the little god of love all on
fire, fire, fire.

IV.

Then the little maid replied,
Should I be your little bride,

Pray

Pray what must we have for to eat,
eat, eat?

Will the flame that you're so rich in
Light a fire in the kitchen,
Or the little god of love turn the
spit, spit, spit?

V.

Then the little man he sigh'd,
And, some say, a little cry'd,
For his little heart was big with sor-
row, sorrow, sorrow;

As I'm your little slave,
If the little that I have
Be too little, little, we will borrow,
borrow, borrow*.

* He who borrows is another man's
slave, and pawns his honour, his li-
berty, and sometimes his nose for
the payment. Learn to live on a
little and be independent.

Paxb on Prudence.

VI. Then

VI.

Then the little man so gent,
Made the little maid relent.
And fet her little heart a think kin,
kin, kin.

Tho' his offers were but small,
She took his little all,
She could have but the cat and her
skin, skin, skin.





A D I R G E.

LITTLE *Betty Winkle* she had a
pig,
It was a little pig not very big;
When he was alive he liv'd in clover,
But now he's dead and that's all over;
Johnny Winkle he
Sat down and cry'd,
Betty Winkle she
Laid down and dy'd;

16 *Mother GOOSE's Melody.*

So there was an end of one, two,
and three,
Johnny Winckle he,
Betty Winckle she,
And *Piggy Wiggy*.

A dirge is a song made for the dead; but whether this was made for *Betty Winckle* or her pig, is uncertain; no notice being taken of it by *Camden*, or any of the famous Antiquarians.

Wall's System of Sense.





A Melancholy S O N G.

TRIP upon Trenchers,
And dance upon Dishes,
My Mother sent me for some Bawm,
some Bawm :
She bid me tread lightly,
And come again quickly,
For fear the young Men should do me
some Harm.
Yet didn't you see,
Yet didn't you see,
What naughty Tricks they put upon
me; B They

They broke my Pitcher,
And spilt the Water,
And hufft my Mother,
And chid her Daughter,
And kifs'd my Sister instead of me.

What a succession of misfortunes befell this poor girl? But the last circumstance was the most affecting, and might have proved fatal.

Winslow's View of Bath.



CROSS



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

A common case this, to call in our
neighbours to rejoice when all the
good liquor is gone. *Pliny.*



AMPHION'S SONG of EURYDICE.

I WON'T be my father's Jack,
I won't be my father's Gill,
I will be the fidler's wife,
And have music when I will.
 T'other little tune,
 T'other little tune,
 Prithee, Love, play me,
 T'other little tune.

Maxim. Those arts are the most
valuable which are of the greatest use.
THREE



THREE wise men of *Gottham*,
They went to sea in a bowl,
And if the bowl had been stronger,
My song had been longer.

It is long enough. Never lament
the loss of what is not worth having,
Boyle.

B 3

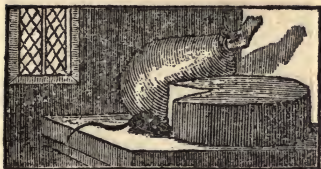
THERE



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.

Maxim. Those who are given to
tell all they know, generally tell more
than they know.

THERE



THERE was an old woman
Liv'd under a hill,
She put a mouse in a bag,
And sent it to mill :
The miller did swear
By the point of his knife,
He never took toll
Of a mouse in his life

The only instance of a miller refusing toll, and for which the cat has just cause of complaint against him.

Coke upon Littleton.

B4

THERE



THERE was an old woman
Liv'd under a hill,
And if she isn't gone
She lives there still.

This is a self-evident proposition,
which is the very essence of truth.
*She lived under the hill, and if she is not
gone she lives there still.* No-body will
presume to contradict this.

Crausja

PLATO'S



PLATO'S SONG.

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 Puffy cat.
Who never did any harm,
And kill'd the mice in his father's
barn.

Maxim. He that injures one
threatens an hundred,

LITTLE



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

To be married without a wife is a terrible thing, and to be married with a bad wife is something worse ; however, a good wife that sings well is the best musical instrument in the world.

Puffendorff.



SE saw, *Margery Daw,*
Jacky shall have a new master;
Jacky must have but a penny a day,
Because he can work no faster.

It is a mean and scandalous practice in authors to put notes to things that deserve no notice.

Grotius

GREAT



GREAT A, little a,
Bouncing B;
The cat's in the cupboard,
And she can't see.

Yes, she can see that you are
naughty, and don't mind your book.

SE



SE faw, facaradown,
Which is the way to *London*
town?

One foot up, the other foot down,
That is the way to *London* town.

Or to any other town upon the
face of the earth. *Wickliffe.*

SHOE



SHOE the colt,
Shoe the colt,
Shoe the wild mare;
Here a nail,
There a nail,
Yet she goes bare.

Ay, ay; drive the nail that will
go: that's the way of the world,
and is the method pursued by all our
financiers, politicians, and necro-
mancers. *Vattel.*



Is *John Smith* within?
Yes, that he is,
Can he set a shoe?
Aye, marry two.
Here a nail and there a nail,
Tick, tack, too.

Maxim. Knowledge is a treasure,
but practice is the key to it.

HIGH



HIGH 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.

It must be a little dog that laugh'd,
for a great dog would be ashamed to
laugh at such nonsense.

x

RIDE



RIDE a cock horse
To *Banbury* cross,
To see what *Tommy* can buy;
A penny white loaf,
A penny white cake,
And a two-penny apple-pye.

There's a good boy, eat up your
pye and hold your tongue; for silence
is the sign of wisdom.

COCK



COCK a doodle doo,
 My dame has lost her shoe;
 My master has lost his fiddle stick,
 And knows not what to do.

The cock crows us up early in the morning, that we may work for our bread, and not live upon charity or upon trust: *for he who lives upon charity shall be often affronted, and he that lives upon trust shall pay double.*

4

THERE



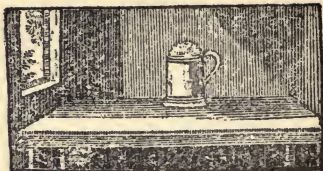
THERE was an old man
In a velvet coat,
He kifs'd a maid
And gave her a groat;
The groat it was crack'd,
And would not go,
Ah, old man, do you serve me so?

Maxim.

If the coat be ever so fine that a
fool wears, it is still but a fool's coat

C 2

ROUND



ROUND about, round about,
Magotty pyc;
My Father loves good ale,
And so do I.

Maxim.

Evil company makes the good
bad, and the bad worse.

JACK



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

Maxim.

The more you think of dying, the
better you will live.



ARISTOTLE'S STORY.

THERE were two birds fat on a
Stone.

Fa, la, la, la, lal, de;

One flew away, and then there was one,

Fa, la, la, la, lal, de;

The other flew after,

And then there was none,

Fa, la, la, la, lal, de;

And so the poor stone

Was left all alone,

Fa, la, la, la, lal, de;

This may serve as a chapter of
consequence in the next new book of
logic.

Sawmill's Reports



HUSH-a-by baby
On the tree top,
When the wind blows
The cradle will rock ;
When the bough breaks
The cradle will fall,
Down tumbles baby,
Cradle and all.

This may serve as a warning to the proud and ambitious, who climb so high that they generally fall at last.

Maxim.

Content turns all it touches into gold.

C 4

LITTLE

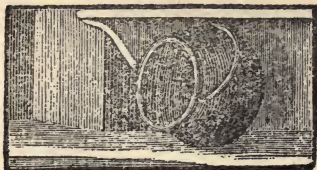


LITTLE *Jack Horner*
 Sat in a corner,
 Eating of *Christmas pye*;
 He put in his thumb,
 And pull'd out a plumb,

And what a good boy was I.

Jack was a boy of excellent taste, as should appear by his pulling out a plumb; it is therefore supposed that his father apprenticed him to a mince pye-maker, that he might improve his taste from year to year; no one standing in so much need of good taste as a pastry cook.

Bentley on the Sublime and Beautiful.
 PEASE



PEASE-porridge hot
Pease-porridge cold,
Pease-porridge in the pot
Nine days old,
Spell me that in four letters;
I will, **THAT**.

Maxim.

The poor are seldomer sick for want of food, than the rich are by the excess of it.

WHO



WHO comes here?
A grenadier.

What do you want?

A pot of beer.

Where is your money?

I've forgot.

Get you gone

You drunken ~~drunk~~ *sot,*

Maxim.

Intemperance is attended with diseases, and idleness with poverty.

JACK



JACK Sprat
Could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean;
And so betwixt them both,
They lick'd the platter clean.

Maxim.

Better to go to bed supperless, than
rise in debt.

WHAT



WHAT care I how black I be,
Twenty pounds will marry
me ;
If twenty won't, forty shall,
I am my mother's bouncing girl.

Maxim.

If we do not flatter ourselves, the
flattery of others would have no effect.

TELL



TELL tale tit,
Your tongue shall be slit,
And all the dogs in our town
Shall have a bit.

Maxim.

Point not at the faults of others
with a foul finger.

ONE



ONE, two, three,
Four and five,
I caught a hare alive;
Six, seven, eight,
Nine and ten,
I let him go again.

Maxim.

We may be as good as we please,
if we please to be good.

THREE



A DOLEFUL DITTY.

I.

THREE children sliding on the ice
Upon a summer's day,
As it fell out they all fell in,
The rest they ran away.

II.

Oh! had these children been at
school,
Or sliding on dry ground,
Ten thousand pounds to one penny,
They had not then been drown'd.

III. Ye

III.

Ye parents who have children dear,
And eke ye that have none,
If you would keep them safe abroad,
Pray keep them safe at home.

There is something so melancholy
in this song, that it has occasioned
many people to make water. It is
almost as diuretic as the tune which
John the coachman whistles to his
horses. *Trumpington's Travels.*

PATTY



PATTY cake, patty cake,
Bakers man;
That I will master,
As fast as I can;
Prick it, and prick it,
And mark it with a T,
And there will be enough
For *Jacky* and me.

Maxim.

The surest way to gain our ends is
to moderate our desires.

D

WHEN



WHEN I was a little boy
I had but little wit,
'Tis a long time ago,
And I have no more yet;
Nor ever, ever shall,
Until that I die,
For the longer I live,
The more fool am I.

Maxim.

He that will be his own master,
has often a fool for his scholar.

WHEN



I.

WHEN I was a little boy
I liv'd by myself,
And all the bread
And cheefe I got
I laid upon the shelf;
The rats and the mice
'They made such a strife,
That I was forc'd to go to town
And buy me a wife.

II.

The streets were so broad,
The lanes were so narrow,

D 2

I was

I was forc'd to bring my wife home
In a wheel-barrow ;
The wheel-barrow broke,
And my wife had a fall,
Farewell
Wheel-barrow wife and all.

Maxim.

Provide against the worst, and hope
for the best.

O my



O My kitten a kitten,
And oh! my kitten, my deary,
Such a sweet pap as this
There is not far nor neary;
There we go up, up, up,
Here we go down, down, down,
Here we go backwards and forwards,
And here we go round, round, round.

Maxim.

Idleness hath no advocate, but
many friends.

D 3

THIS



THIS pig went to market,
That pig staid at home ;
This pig had roast meat,
That pig had none ;
This pig went to the barn-door,
And cry'd week, week, for more.

Maxim.

If we do not govern our passions
our passions will govern us.

THERE



ALEXANDER's SONG.

THERE was a man of *Thessaly*,
And he was wondrous wise,
He jump'd into a quick-set hedge,
And scratch'd out both his eyes:
And when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main,
He jump'd into another hedge,
And scratch'd them in again.

D 4

How

How happy it was for the man to scratch his eyes in again, when they were scratch'd out! But he was a blockhead or he would have kept himself out of the hedge, and not been scratch'd at all.

Wiseman's new Way to Wisdom.

A Long



A Long tail'd pig, or a short
tail'd pig,
Or a pig without any tail;
A sow pig, or a boar pig,
Or a pig with a curling tail.

Take hold of the tail and eat off his
head;
And then you'll be sure the pig-hog
is dead.

CÆSAR'



CÆSAR'S SONG.

BOW, wow, wow,
Whose dog art thou?
Little *Tom Tinker's* dog,
Bow, wow, wow,

Tom Tinker's dog is a very good
dog, and an honest dog than his
master.

BAH,

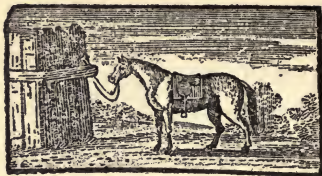


BAH, bah, black sheep,
Have you any wool?
Yes, marry have I,
Three bags full;
One for my master,
One for my dame,
But none for the little boy
Who cries in the lane.

Maxim.

Bad habits are easier conquered to
day than to-morrow.

ROBIN



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

What

Mother GOOSE's Melody. 61

What lazy rogues were these to lie
in bed so long, I dare say they have
no cloaths to their backs; for *lazi-
ness cloaths a man with rags.*



THERE



THERE was an old woman,
And she sold puddings and pies,
She went to the mill
And the dust flew into her eyes :
Hot pies,
And cold pies to sell,
Wherever she goes
You may follow her by the smell.

Maxim.

Either say nothing of the absent,
or speak like a friend.

THERE



THERE were two blackbirds
Sat upon a hill,
The one was nam'd *Jack*,
The other nam'd *Gill*;
Fly away *Jack*,
Fly away *Gill*,
Come again *Jack*,
Come again *Gill*.

Maxim.

A bird in the hand is worth two in
the bush

THE



THE sow came in with a faddle,
 The little pig rock'd the cradle,
 The dish jump'd a top of the table,
 To see the pot wash the ladle;
 The spit that stood behind the door
 Call'd the dishclout dirty whore;
 Ods-plut, says the gridiron,
 Can't ye agree,
 I'm the head constable,
 Bring 'em to me.

Note. If he acts as constable in this
 case, the cook must surely be the
 justice of peace.

BOYS



BOYS and girls come out to play,
The moon does shine as bright
as day;
Come with a hoop, and come with a
call,
Come with a good will or not at all.
Loose your fupper, and loose your
sleep,
Come to your playfellows in the
street;
Up the ladder and down the wall
A halfpenny loaf will serve us all.

E

But

66 *Mother GOOSE's Melody.*

But when the loaf is gone, what will
you do ?

Those who would eat must work.

Maxim.

All work and no play makes *Jack*
a dull boy.



WERE



WE'RE three brethren out of
Spain

Come to court your daughter *Jane*:
My daughter *Jane* she is too young,
She has no skill in a flattering tongue.
Be she young, or be she old,
Its for her gold she must be sold;
So fare you well my lady gay,
We must return another day.

Maxim.

Riches serve a wise man, and go-
vern a fool.

E 2

A Logical

8 *Maiber* GOOSE's *Melody*.



A Logical SONG; or the CONJUROR's Reason for not getting Money.

I Would, if I cou'd,
If I cou'dn't, how cou'd I?
I cou'dn't, without I cou'd, cou'd I?
Cou'd you, without you cou'd, cou'd
ye?
Cou'd ye, Cou'd ye?
Cou'd you, without you cou'd, cou'd
ye?

Note

Note.

This is a new way of handling an old argument, said to be invented by a famous senator; but it has something in it of *Gothic* construction.

Sanderfon.

**
*



A LEARNED SONG.

HERE's A, B, and C,
D, E, F, and G,
H, I, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q,
R, S, T, and U,
W, X, Y, and Z.
And here's the child's dad,
Who is sagacious and discerning,
And knows this is the fount of learn-
ing.

Note

Note.

This is the most learned ditty in the world: for indeed there is no song can be made without the aid of this, it being the *gannt* and groundwork of them all.

Mope's Geography of the Mind.



E 4 A SEASON-



A SEASONABLE SONG.

PIPING hot, smoaking hot,
What I've got,
You have not,
Hot grey pease, hot, hot, hot;
Hot grey pease hot.

There is more music in this song,
on a cold frosty night, than ever the
Syrens were possessed of, who capti-
vated *Ulysses*; and the effects stick
closer to the ribs.

Hugglesford on Hunger.
DICKERY,



DICKERY, dickery, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock;
The clock struck one,
The mouse ran down,
Dickery, dickery dock.

Maxim.

Time stays for no man.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHILOSOPHY DEPARTMENT

PHILOSOPHY 101

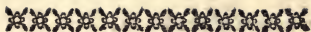
LECTURE NOTES

BY [Name]

DATE

CHAPTER 1

1.1



MOTHER GOOSE'S
M E L O D Y,

P A R T II.

CONTAINING THE
LULLABIES of *Shakespeare*.





WHERE the bee sucks, there
 fuck I,
In a cowlip's bell I lie:
There I couch, when owls do cry,
On the bat's back I do fly,
After summer, merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the
 bough.



YOU

YOU spotted snakes, with double tongue;
Thorny hedge hogs be not seen;
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong;

Come not near our fairy queen.

Philomel, with melody,
Sing in your sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla,
lulla, lullaby.

Never harm, nor spell, nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So good night, with lullaby.

TAKE,

TAKE, oh! take those lips away,
That so sweetly were for-sworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.



SPRING

S P R I N G.

WHEN daisies pied, and violets
blue,

And lady-smocks all silver-white ;
And cuckow-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight :
The cuckow then on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he ;
Cuckow !

Cuckow ! cuckow ! O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear !

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are plough-men's
clocks :

When turtles tread, and rooks and
daws,

And maiden's bleach their summer
smocks ;

The cuckow then on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he ;
Cuckow !

Cuckow ! cuckow ! O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear.

W I N T E R.

WHEN icicles hang on the wall,
And *Dick* the shepherd blows
his nail;
And *Tom* bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in
pail:
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit! to-whoo;
A merry note,
While greasy *Joan* doth keel the
pot.
When all around the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's
faw;
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And *Marian's* nose looks red and
raw:

When

Mother GOOSE's Melody. 83

When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit! To-whoo!

A merry note,
While greasy *Joan* doth keel the
pot,



F

TELL

TELL me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.
It is engendered in the eyes,
With gazing fed, and fancy die
In the cradle where it lies;
Let us all ring fancy's knell,
Ding, dong, bell;
Ding, don^d, bell.



UNDER

UNDER the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note,
Unto the sweet bird's throat:
Come hither, come hither, come
hither.
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.



WHO

WHO doth ambition shun,
 And loves to lie i' th' sun,
 Seeking the food he eats,
 And pleas'd with what he gets;
 Come hither, come hither, come
 hither;
 Here shall he see
 No enemy,
 But winter and rough weather.

If it do come to pass
 That any man turn ass;
 Leaving his wealth and ease,
 A stubborn will to please,
 Duc ad me, duc ad me, duc ad me;
 Here shall he see
 Gross fools,
 And if he will come to me.

BLOW

BLLOW, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude:
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! unto the
green holly!
Most friendship is feigning; most lov-
ing mere folly.
Then heigh ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh,
As benefits forgot:
Tho' thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh ho! sing, &c.

O Mit-

O Mistrefs mine, where are you
 running?
O stay and hear your true love's
 coming,
 That can sing both high and low.
 Trip no further, pretty sweeting,
 Journey's end in lover's meeting,
 Every wise man's son doth know.
 What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
 Present mirth has present laughter.
 What's to come, is still unsure:
 In decay there lies no plenty;
 Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
 Youth's a stuff will not endure.

WHAT

WHAT shall he have that kill'd
the deer?

His leather skin and horns to wear;
Then sing him home:—take thou no
scorn

To wear the horn, the horn, the
horn:

It was a crest ere thou wast born.

Thy father's father wore it,

And thy father bore it.

The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

WHEN

WHEN daffodils begin to 'pear,
 With, heigh! the doxy over
 the dale;
 Why then come in the sweet o'th'
 year,
 'Fore the red blood rains-in the
 winter pale,
 The white sheet bleaching on the
 hedge,
 With heigh the sweet birds, O how
 they sing!
 Doth fet my proggng tooth an edge:
 For a quart of ale is a dish for a
 king.
 The lark that tirra-lyra chants,
 With, hey! with hey! the thrush
 and the jay:
 Are summer songs for me and my
 aunts,
 While we lay tumbling in the hay.

JOG

JOG on, jog on, the foot path way,
And merrily hent the sty-le-a,
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.



ORPHEUS

ORPHEUS with his lute made
trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing;
To his music, plants and flowers
Ever rose, as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Ev'ry thing that heard him play,
Ev'n the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care, and grief of heart,
Fall asleep or hearing die.

HARK

HARK, hark! the lark at hea-
ven's gate sings,
And *Phœbus* 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies,
And winking may-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes,
With every thing that pretty bin
My lady sweet arise:
Arise, arise.

THE poor soul sat singing by a
 sycamore-tree,
 Her hand on her bosom, her head on
 her knee,
 The fresh streams ran by her, and
 murmur'd her moans,
 Her soft tears fell from her, and
 soften'd the stones;
 Sing all a green willow must be my
 garland,
 Let nobody blame him, his scorn I
 approve.
 I call'd my love false love, but what
 said he then?
 If I court more women you'll think
 of more men.

F I N I S.

NOTES

PREFACE, p. vii. *There was an old woman toss'd in a blanket, etc.*

Mr. Chappell, in his *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, ii. 571, points out that this nursery rhyme was sung to the air of *Lilliburlero*. In *Musick's Handmaid*, 1673, according to Halliwell, p. 244, the tune is called *Lilliburlero, or Old Woman, whither so high*. This air was in vogue so late as 1886. Mr. Frederick E. Sawyer, F.S.A., of Brighton, wrote in *Notes and Queries*, 7th Ser. i. 153, that the following song was sung at harvest suppers in Sussex to the tune of *Lilliburlero*:—

'There was an old woman drawn up in a basket
Three or four times as high as the moon,
And where she was going I never did ask it,
But in her hand she carried a broom.
A broom! a broom! a broom! a broom!
That grows on yonder hill,
And blows with a yellow blossom,
Just like a lemon peel,
Just like a lemon peel, my boys,
To mix with our English beer,
And you shall drink it all up,
While we do say, Goliere!

*

2 MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODY

Goliere ! Goliere ! Goliere ! Goliere !
While we do say, Goliere !
And you shall drink it all up,
While we do say, Goliere !'

This refrain reminds us of the old Goliardic songs, which were not unknown in England, though they were more common in Germany. Of the 'old woman' rhyme there are several variants. According to the version given in *Infant Institutes*, 1797, p. 15, she was tossed 'nineteen times as high as the moon'; Ritson, in his *Gammer Gurton's Garland*, 1810, p. 8, adheres to what seems to be the original number, 'seventeen,' as given in *Mother Goose's Melody*, which it may be noted tallies with that quoted by Goldsmith.¹ Halliwell, p. 89, goes as high as 'nineteen-nine times.' All the older versions agree in stating that a *blanket* was the medium of the tossing; later readings have altered this into *basket*.

A great writer of more modern days was not unfamiliar with the rhyme :

'Little old woman, and whither so high?
To sweep the cobwebs out of the sky.'

Dickens, *Bleak House*, chap. VIII.

¹ See Introduction, p. xi.

P. 11. *There was a little man, who wooed a little maid, etc.*

Another version of this song, which is given in full by Halliwell, p. 224, was printed at the Strawberry Hill Press in broadside form. It is also printed under the heading of 'A New Love Song, By the Poets of Great Britain,' in another very scarce children's book, called *The Fairing, or, Golden Toy*, which was issued by John Newbery about 1760, and Mr. Chappell, in his *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, ii. 770, says that many half-sheets of it with the music were printed during the eighteenth century. It was sung to an old tune, called, *I am the Duke of Norfolk; or, Paul's Steeple*, which is given in Playford's *Dancing Master, Division Violin*, 1685, pp. 2, 18 (Chappell, i. 117). The song of *The Duke of Norfolk* will be found in *The Suffolk Garland*, 1818, p. 402. It was sung at harvest suppers, when one of the guests was crowned with an inverted pillow, and a jug of ale was presented to him by another of the company, kneeling, to the following words:—

'I am the Duke of Norfolk,
Newly come to Suffolk;
Say, shall I be attended,
Or, no, no, no!

4 MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODY

Good Duke, be not offended,
And you shall be attended,
You shall be attended,
Now, now, now !'

The Irish tune of *The Cruiskeen Lawn* is a modification of the air.

P. 25. *Ding dong Bell, The Cat is in the Well, etc.*

A variant of this rhyme is given in Halliwell, p. 98. That writer points out, p. 245, that 'Ding dong Bell' is the burden of a song in *The Tempest*, i. 2, and of another in *The Merchant of Venice*, iii. 2.

P. 32. *High diddle, diddle, The Cat and the Fiddle, etc.*

This rhyme may possibly be alluded to in an old blackletter play called *A Lamentable tragedy mixed ful of pleasant mirth, conteyning the life of Cambises King of Percia*, written by Thomas Preston, and printed by John Alde about the year 1570. It has been reprinted in Hazlitt's edition of Dodsley's *Old Plays*. On sig. E iv recto (Hazlitt, pp. 235-6) the following dialogue occurs:—

'*King.*

Me think, mine eares dooth wish the sound of musics
harmony ;

Hær for to play before my grace, in place I would them
^{spy}
 Play at the banquet.

Ambidexter.

They be at hand Sir with stick and fidle ;
 They can play a new daunce called hey-didle-didle.'

A variant of the rhyme is given in Miss Jackson's
Shropshire Word-Book, p. 323.

P. 34. *Cock a doodle doo, My Dame has lost her
 Shoe, etc.*

Halliwell, p. 99, has extended this rhyme into
 four stanzas, all of which, but the first, are prob-
 ably modern.

P. 36. *Round about, round about, Magotty Pye, etc.*

Halliwell, p. 104, points out that '*maggot-pie* is
 the original name of the chattering and ominous
 bird,' and refers to *Macbeth*, iii. 4, where this word
 is used :—

' Augurs, and understood relations, have
 By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth
 The secret'st man of blood.'

P. 37. *Jack and Gill Went up the Hill, etc.*

Ritson, in *Gammer Gurton's Garland*, 1810,
 p. 20, reads 'a bottle of water.'

6 MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODY

P. 39. *Hush a by Baby On the Tree Top, etc.*

Ritson, in *Gammer Gurton's Garland*, 1810, p. 13, gives a slightly different version :—

‘ Bee baw babby lou, on a tree top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock,
When the wind ceases the cradle will fall,
Down comes baby and cradle and all.’

He says, rather improbably, that the unintelligible words in the first line are a corruption of the French nurse's threat in the fable: *He bas! là le loup!* Hush! there's the wolf.

P. 40. *Little Jack Horner Sat in a Corner, etc.*

These lines form a stanza in an old merriment entitled, *The Pleasant History of Jack Horner. Containing the witty Tricks and pleasant Pranks he play'd from his Youth to his riper Years; pleasant and delightful both for Winter and Summer Recreation.*¹ Halliwell, pp. 230-43, has printed the greater part of the history from a copy in the Douce collection in the Bodleian Library.

P. 47. *Three Children sliding on the Ice, etc.*

These stanzas are adapted from a ballad called ‘The Lamentation of a Bad Market; or, The

¹ This title is taken from a copy in the possession of the present writer, with the imprint: *London, Printed: And sold by J. Drewry, Bookseller in Derby.*

Drowning of Three Children in the Thames,' which seems to have been first published in *The Loves of Hero and Leander; A Mock Poem: With Marginall Notes, and other choice Pieces of Drollery*, of which the first edition was published in 1651. The ballad was reprinted from the second edition of 1653 by Dr. Rimbault in *A Little Book of Songs and Ballads*, 1851, p. 187, and with some variations by Halliwell, p. 28, from the later edition of 1662. It was also printed by Mr. Thomson in his *Chronicles of London Bridge*, 1827, p. 410. It was sung to the tune of *Chevy Chase* (Chappell, i. 199).

P. 51. *When I was a little Boy, I liv'd by myself, etc.*

A slightly different version is given by Ritson in *Gammer Gurton's Garland*, p. 26, beginning:—

'When I was a batchelor, I lived by myself.'

This version is followed by Halliwell, p. 22.

P. 53. *O my Kitten a Kitten, etc.*

A few variants are given in the version printed by Halliwell, p. 127.

P. 55. *There was a Man of Thessaly, etc.*

The variants of this rhyme are numerous. Buchan, in his *Ancient Ballads of the North*, ii. 154, has 'a man in Nineveh,' and Halliwell, p. 21, 'a man of Newington.'

8 MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODY

P. 63. *The Sow came in with a Saddle, etc.*
Halliwell, p. 186, reads:—

‘The broom behind the butt
Call’d the dish-clout a nasty slut.’

P. 64. *We’re three Brethren out of Spain, etc.*

This was a popular game-rhyme, and Mrs. Gomme, in her *Traditional Games of England, Scotland, and Ireland*, ii. 257, 455, gives as many as thirty-eight variants. ‘It has been suggested that this game has for its origin an historical event in the reign of Edward III., whose daughter Jane married a prince of Spain.’ The numerous variations in the text, which may be seen in Mrs. Gomme’s exhaustive account of the game, sufficiently testify to its antiquity.

P. 66. *Boys and Girls come out to play, etc.*

A variant of this rhyme is given by Halliwell, p. 143. Mrs. Gomme, in *Traditional Games*, i. 44, quotes an early version from *Useful Transactions in Philosophy*, p. 44:—

‘Boys, boys, come out to play,
The moon doth shine as bright as day;
Come with a whoop, come with a call,
Come with a goodwill or don’t come at all;
Lose your supper and lose your sleep,
So come to your playmates in the street.’

It was also current in Scotland (Chambers, *Popular Rhymes*, p. 152). The tune will be found in Playford's *Dancing Master*, 1728, ii. 138, under the title of *Girls and Boys, come out to Play*, and in Gay's ballad opera of *Polly*, 1729, under that of *We've cheated the Parson*. The words of this last song were written by Dryden, and occur in the fifth act of his opera, *King Arthur*, 1691. The music, which is said to have been composed by Purcell, will be found in *Wit and Mirth; or, Pills to Purge Melancholy*, third ed., 1712, p. 223.

P. 76. *Where the Bee sucks, there suck I, etc.*—*The Tempest*, v. 1.

P. 77. *You spotted Snakes, with double Tongue, etc.*—*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, ii. 2.

P. 78. *Take, oh! take those Lips away, etc.*—*Measure for Measure*, iv. 1.

This song, with an additional stanza, and two slight verbal variations, occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher's *The Bloody Brother; or, Rollo, Duke of Normandy*, v. 2. Mr. Robert Bell points out (*Songs from the Dramatists*, 1855, p. 148) that the origin of both verses may be traced to the fragment *Ad Lydiam*, ascribed to Cornelius Gallus. The following are the corresponding passages, which discover a resemblance too close to be accidental:—

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‘ Pande, Puella, genas roseas,
Perfusas rubro purpureæ tyriæ.
Porrige labra, labra corallina ;
Da columbatim mitia basia :
Sugis amentis partem animi.

‘ Sinus expansa profert cinnama ;
Undique surgunt ex te deliciæ.
Conde papillas, quæ me sauciant
Candore, et luxu nivei pectoris.’

The following is Fletcher's adaptation of the concluding lines :—

‘ Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are yet of those that April wears !
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.’

It seems doubtful if Shakespeare's acquaintance with the classics was sufficient to enable him to compose the first stanza of the poem. If Fletcher wrote both, he may have allowed his friend to borrow the lines. On the other hand, in the wit-combats that were carried on at the Mermaid, Jonson, or some other scholar of the party, may have quoted Gallus, and thereby started the idea in Shakespeare's mind, to be afterwards pursued by

Fletcher. The music of this song was composed by 'Jack Wilson,' the singer, who belonged to the same company of players with Shakespeare, and whose name is given in a stage direction in *Much Ado About Nothing*, 4to, 1600.

P. 79. *When Daisies pied, and Violets blue, etc.*—*Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 2.

P. 81. *When Icicles hang on the Wall, etc.*—*Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 2.

P. 83. *Tell me where is Fancy bred, etc.*—*The Merchant of Venice*, iii. 2.

P. 84. *Under the Greenwood Tree, etc.*—*As You Like It*, ii. 5.

P. 86. *Blow, blow, thou Winter Wind, etc.*—*As You Like It*, ii. 7.

P. 87. *O Mistress mine, where are you running?
O stay you here, your true Love's coming,
etc.*—*Twelfth Night*, ii. 3.

The correct text has :—

'O Mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear; your true Love's coming.'

The music of this song will be found in Chappell's *Popular Music*, i. 209. Mr. Chappell points

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out that it occurs in both editions of Morley's *Consort Lessons*, 1599 and 1611, and also in Queen Elizabeth's *Virginal Book*, arranged by Byrd. As it is found in print in 1599, it proves that *Twelfth Night* was either written in or before that year, or that, in accordance with a then prevailing custom, *O Mistress mine* was an old song introduced into the play.

P. 88. *What shall he have that killed the Deer, etc.—As You Like It*, iv. 2.

P. 89. *When Daffodils begin to 'pear, etc.—The Winter's Tale*, iv. 3.

The usual text has *peer* for *'pear*, and *pugging* for *progging* in l. 7.

P. 91. *Jog on, jog on, the foot path Way, etc.—The Winter's Tale*, iv. 3.

Mother Goose erroneously gives *mend* for *hent*, which means to hold or grasp, in the second line. This is probably an old song borrowed by Shakespeare for the occasion. Mr. Chappell in his *Popular Music*, i. 211, says that the tune is in *The Dancing Master* from 1650 to 1698, and also in Queen Elizabeth's *Virginal Book* under the name of *Hanskin*. The song, with two additional stanzas, is in *The Antidote against Melancholy*, 1661. The following are the added verses:—

‘ Your paltry money-bags of gold
 What need have we to stare for,
 When little or nothing soon is told,
 And we have the less to care for.

‘ Cast care away, let sorrow cease,
 A fig for melancholy ;
 Let’s laugh and sing, or, if you please,
 We’ll frolic with sweet Dolly.’

P. 92. *Orpheus with his Lute made Trees, etc.*—*King Henry VIII.*, iii. 1.

P. 93. *Hark, hark! the Lark at Heav’n’s Gate sings, etc.*—*Cymbeline*, ii. 3.

P. 94. *The poor Soul sat singing by a Sycamore tree, etc.*—*Othello*, iv. 3.

The song of *Oh! willow, willow*, which is introduced by Desdemona in a few affecting lines, appears to have been composed in the tragic days of Henry VIII. The version adapted by this unfortunate lady is contained in a manuscript volume of songs preserved in the British Museum (Add. Mss. 15, 117), and probably written at the close of the sixteenth century or the beginning of the seventeenth. There is a blackletter copy of the song in the Pepys collection called ‘*A Lover’s Complaint, being forsaken of his love,*’ which has been printed

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by Percy in his *Reliques*, Series I. Part ii. A version from the manuscript, which is slightly different from that used by Percy, is printed with the tune in Chappell's *Popular Music*, i. 206, where all the available information about the song is given.

'Willow songs' were favoured by the dramatists, and a specimen written by John Heywood, a favourite playwright and court musician in the time of Henry VIII., will be found in a manuscript which formerly belonged to Mr. Bright, and the contents of which were printed in 1848 by the Shakespeare Society under the editorship of Mr. Halliwell. There is another in an anonymous prose comedy called *Sir Gyles Goosecappe*, presented by the Children of the Chapel, and printed in 1606.

N.B.—The references to Halliwell in these notes are to his *Nursery Rhymes of England*, second edition, 1843, and in the case of Chappell, to his *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, in two volumes, undated, but printed in 1862.

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