101 NURSERY RHYMES

RECITED AND SUNG BY VIVIENNE STENSON

RECORDED BY EDITH FOWKE   FOLKWAYS RECORDS FC 7730

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1997
S826
A798
1958

MUSIC LP

101 NURSERY RHYMES

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FC 7730

COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

GAME SONGS
OLD WOMEN
AN OLD WOMAN SWEEPING HER HOUSE
STORIES AND TALES
BIRD CHARACTERS
HUMAN CHARACTERS
MAIDS AND FARMING
BOYS, GIRLS, AND ANIMALS
OF HORSES
OF TRAVELS AND CHARLIE
THINGS TO EAT
FEASTING AND HOLIDAYS
TONGUE-TWISTERS
COUNTING-OUT AND TEASING
ROBIN HOOD, DUTCHMEN AND SPAIN
LOVE AND FAMILY

Vivienne Stenson, born in Cardiff, Wales, recites and sings nursery rhymes in the traditional manner. All are still currently popular and remembered from Miss Stenson's childhood. Few are less than a 100 years old, and many reach back over four or five centuries.

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DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

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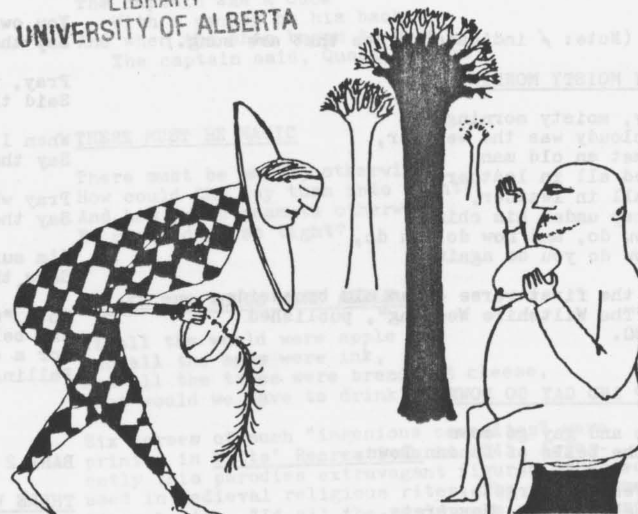

"AS I HAVE HEARD TELL..."

English Nursery Rymes
Recited and Sung by Vivienne Stenson
Recorded by Edith Fowke

INTRODUCTION AND NOTES
By Edith Fowke

Nursery rhymes are one part of our folk heritage which is still alive and vigorous. Almost all of us know dozens of traditional verses which we learned in childhood, and these verses are still being passed on to the latest inhabitants of the nuseries, despite all the mechanical inventions which have killed so much of the folklore that used to be an equally vital part of adult society.

This is not too surprising, for children are natural preservers of folklore: tales and rhymes must be told to them orally, and they have a passion for hearing the same stories over and over again, in exactly the same way.

The verses that are known in England as "nursery rhymes" and in America as "Mother Goose rhymes" have been accumulating slowly over the last four or five centuries. About a quarter of today's nursery rhymes were probably around in the age of the first Queen Elizabeth; another quarter are believed to date from the seventeenth century; and nearly forty per cent from the eighteenth century. Very few of them are less than a hundred years old, and some may have had their origins in ancient Teutonic times, for they have been found throughout all the northern countries of Europe in strikingly similar forms. The apparently-nonsense syllables used in some counting-out rhymes have been traced to sets of counting words used by fisherman and shepherds in the English North Country, which in their turn are based on early Celtic numerals used over two thousand years ago.

Most nursery rhymes were not originally intended for children. Only lullabies, rhyming alphabets, and verses that accompany baby games (like "Pat-a-Cake", "Peek-aboo", "Shoe the Little Horse", and Ride a Cock Horse") were actually created in the nursery. For the rest, those who had to entertain or pacify the young borrowed lines they remembered from many and diverse sources. Thus our present nursery-rhyme heritage includes fragments from old ballads and folk songs, ancient rituals, street cries, carols, proverbs, riddles, witty sayings, gossip of earlier ages, plays, and even bawdy verses and drinking songs. The ones that appealed to the infants were remembered and repeated by them to their children, and so on down to our own time.

Strictly speaking, nursery rhymes cover only the verses heard or learned by children from babyhood up to the time they start to school, but actually some of the longer and more imaginative songs and rhymes appeal to the child of seven or eight, and some of the verses are learned as accompaniments to various games played in the schoolyard.

Throughout the greater part of their history, nursery rhymes were transmitted purely by oral tradition, but since the eighteenth century they have been printed in an increasing number of juvenile books. The first important volumes were Tommy Thumb's Pretty Song Book, printed in 1744, and The Famous Tommy Thumb's Little Story Book about ten years later. In the 1760's Mother Goose's Melody, or Sonnets for the Cradle appeared: the ancestor of most American nursery-rhyme books. A widespread American legend maintains that Mother Goose was an actual person who lived in Boston around 1700 and recited the rhymes known by her name to her little grandson. Her son-in-law, Thomas Fleet, is said to have copied them down and published them in 1719 as Songs for the Nursery, or Mother Goose's Melodies for Children. It makes a nice story, but no copy of this book has ever been discovered, and the name "Mother Goose" was already in use in France during the previous century. The first authenticated Mother Goose book circulated in America was a reprint of the English Mother Goose's Melody which appeared in Massachusetts about 1787.

Another basic book in the burgeoning nursery-rhyne bibliography is James Orchard Halliwell's The Nursery Rhymes of England, which appeared in 1842. This, the first comprehensive collection, was based largely on oral tradition, and included notes which attempted to trace the origin of the rhymes. Most later books of and about nursery rhymes drew heavily on Halliwell for their material.

The most comprehensive modern collection is The Oxford Dictionary of Nursery Rhymes (1951), edited by Iona and Peter Opie, who also edited its companion volume, The Oxford Nursery Rhyme Book (1955).

The rhymes included on this record have been selected from those still current in England. They are almost all ones that Miss Stenson remembers from her childhood years in Wales and the west of England. For some she refreshed her memory from books, but whenever the printed version differed from the way she remembered them as a child, she followed her own pattern. While most of the verses may be found in some form in any comprehensive nursery-rhyme collection, a few have not yet found their way into print.

As it is part of the tradition that nursery rhymes may be either recited or sung, you will find a number of songs interspersed through the spoken verses, and verses that you may know as songs are given here as recitations.

Each rhyme, however short, is complete in itself, but we have tried to give a little unity by grouping similar verses together and arranging them to provide a certain loose continuity. For example, on Side I, the second band deals solely with old women; Band 5 is devoted to bird characters, and Band 6 to human characters. On Side II, the first band lays emphasis on horses, and the third band on things to eat. Band 4 is linked with feating and holidays, Band 5 is made up of tongue-twisters, and Band 6 gives the counting-out and teasing rhymes that children use on the playground.

The brief notes given with the songs are intended merely to point up some of the points of interest and to explain certain terms or references which may be unknown to American audiences. More detailed information on these and English nursery rhymes in general may be found in The Oxford Dictionary of Nursery Rhymes.

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SIDE I
BAND 1 (Note: ⁄ indicate rhynes that are sung.)

ONE MISTY MOISTY MORNING

One misty, moisty morning
When cloudy was the weather,
There I met an old man
Clothed all in leather;
Clothed all in leather,
With cap under his chin.
How do you do, and how do you do,
And how do you do again?

This was the first verse of an old broadside ballad, "The Wiltshire Wedding", published about 1680.

GAY GO UP AND GAY GO DOWN

Gay go up and gay go down
To ring the bells of London Town.

Bull's eyes and targets
Say the bells of St. Margarets.

Brickbats and tiles,
Say the bells of St. Giles.

Ha'pence and farthings
Say the bells of St. Martins.

Oranges and lemons
Say the bells of St. Clements.

Pancakes and fritters
Say the bells of St. Peters.

Two sticks and a apple
Say the bells at Whitechapel.

Old Father Baldpate
Say the bells at Aldgate.

Pokers and tongs
Say the bells of St. Johns.

Kettles and pans
Say the bells of St. Annes.

You owe me ten shillings
Say the bells of St. Helens.

When will you pay me?
Say the bells at Old Bailey

When I grow rich
Say the bells at Shoreditch.

Pray, when will that be?
Say the bells of Stepney.

I'm sure I don't know,
Says the great bell at Bow.

Here comes a candle to light you to bed,
And here comes a chopper to chop off your head.

ORANGES AND LEMONS ⁄

Oranges and lemons
Say the bells of St. Clements.

You owe me five farthings
Say the bells of St. Martins.

Pray, when will you pay me
Said the bells of Old Bailey?

When I grow rich
Say the bells at Shoreditch.

Pray when will that be?
Say the bells at Stepney.

I'm sure I don't know
Says the great bell of Bow.

Both "Gay Go Up" and "Oranges and Lemons" describe the bells of famous London churches. They are used for a children's game similar to "London Bridge Is Falling Down" or "The Needle's Eye".

BAND 2

THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN LIVED UNDER A HILL

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

THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN AND WHAT DO YOU THINK?

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,
Yet this little old woman
Could never keep quiet.

THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN, AS I'VE HEARD TELL

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

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

When this little woman first did wake,
She began to shiver and she began to shake;
She began to wonder and she began to cry,
Lack-a-mercy-me, this is none of I!

But if it be I, as I do hope it be,
I've a little dog at home, and he'll know me;
If it be I, he'll wag his little tail,
And if it be not I, he'll loudly bark and wail.

Home went the little woman all in the dark;
Up got the little dog and he began to bark;
He began to bark, so she began to cry,
Lack-a-mercy-me, this is none of I!

A similar story appeared in Grimm's Fairy Tales.

THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN TOSSED UP IN A BASKET

There was an old woman tossed up in a basket,
Nineteen times as high as the moon.
Where she was going, I couldn't but ask it,
For in her hand she carried a broom.
Old woman, old woman, old woman, quoth I,
Oh whither, Oh whither, Oh whither so high?
To brush the cobwebs off the sky!
Shall I go with thee? Aye, by-and-by.

This is sometimes said to refer to James II, perhaps because it was sung to the tune of "Lillibulero", the song that "danced" James II out of three kingdoms.

BAND 3

AN OLD WOMAN WAS SWEEPING HER HOUSE

An old woman was sweeping her house, and she found a little crooked sixpence. What, said she, shall I do with this crooked sixpence?

I will go to market and buy a little pig.

As she was coming home, she came to a stile; but the pig wouldn't go over the stile.

She went a little farther, and she met a dog. So she said to the dog -

Dog, dog, bit pig!
Pig won't go over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night.

But the dog would not.
She went a little farther, and she met a stick.

So she said -

Stick, stick, beat dog!
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night.

But the stick would not.
So she went a little farther, and she met a fire.

So she said -

Fire, fire, burn stick!
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night.

But the fire would not.
She went a little farther, and she met some water.

So she said -

Water, water, quench fire!
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night.

But the water would not.
She went a little farther, and she met an ox.

So she said-

Ox, ox, drink water!
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night.

But the ox would not.
She went a little farther, and she met a butcher.

So she said -

Butcher, butcher, kill ox!
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night.

But the butcher would not.
So she went a little father, and she met a rope.

So she said -

Rope, rope, hang butcher!
Butcher won't kill ox;
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't get over the stile,
And I shan't get home to-night.

But the rope would not.
So she went a little father, and she met a rat.

And she said -

Rat, rat, gnaw rope!
Rope won't hang butcher;
Butcher won't kill ox;
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't get over the stile;
And I shan't get home to-night.

But the rat would not.
She went a little farther, and she met a cat.

So she said -

Cat, cat, kill rat!
Rat won't gnaw rope;
Rope won't hang butcher;
Butcher won't kill ox;
Ox won't drink water;
Water won't quench fire;
Fire won't burn stick;
Stick won't beat dog;
Dog won't bite pig;
Pig won't get over the stile;
And I shan't get home to-night.

And the cat said, If you will give me a saucer of milk, I will kill the rat.

So the old woman gave the cat the milk, and when she had lapped up the milk -

The cat began to kill the rat,
The rat began to gnaw the rope,
The rope began to hang the butcher,
The butcher began to kill the ox,
The ox began to drink the water,
The water began to quench the fire,
The fire began to burn the stick,
The stick began to beat the dog,
The dog began to bite the pig,
The pig jumped over the stile,
And so the old woman got home that night.

This is properly a folk tale rather than a rhyme, but the cumulative pattern makes it very popular in the nursery. An even better known tale on the same pattern is "The House That Jack Built".

BAND 4

I'LL TELL YOU A STORY

I'll tell you a story
About Jack and nory.
Shall I begin it?
There's nothing in it.

This is one of many similar verses used to evade persistent requests for a story.

THE MAN IN THE MOON

The man in the moon
Came tumbling down,
And asked his way to Norwich:
He went by the south,
And burnt his mouth
With supping cold pease-porridge.

PEASE PORRIGE HOT

Pease porridge hot,
Pease porridge cold,
Pease porridge in the pot
Nine days old.

Some like it hot,
Some like it cold,
Some like it in the pot,
Nine days old.

A clapping game.

I SAW A SHIP A SAILING

I saw a ship a-sailing
A-sailing on the sea,
And oh, it was all laden
With pretty things for thee!

There were comfits in the cabin,
And apples in the hold;
The sails were made of silk,
And the masts of beaten gold.

The four-and-twenty sailors,
That stood between the decks,
Were four-and-twenty white mice
With chains about their necks.

The captain was a duck
With a packet on his back,
And when the ship began to move
The captain said, Quack! Quack!

THERE MUST BE MAGIC

There must be magic, otherwise
How could the day turn into night?
And how could peanuts otherwise
Be covered up so tight?

IF ALL THE WORLD WERE APPLE PIE

If all the world were apple pie
And all the seas were ink,
And all the trees were bread and cheese,
What would we have to drink?

Six verses of such "ingenious conceites" were printed in Witts' Recreations in 1641. Apparently this parodies extravagant figures of speech used in medieval religious rites. The verse sometimes begins, "If all the world were a paper and all the sea were ink".

HALF A POUND OF TUPPENY RICE

Half a pound of tuppeny rice,
Half a pound of treacle,
That's the way the money goes,
Pop Goes the Weasel!

Every time that mother comes home
The monkey's on the table,
Get a stick and knock him down,
Pop Goes the Weasel!

This is one of the ditties Miss Stenson remembers from her childhood which is not found in the usual nursery-rhyme books.

THREE CHILDREN SLIDING ON THE ICE

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

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

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

Verses like these appeared in a ballad, "The Lamentation of a Bad Market, or: The Drowning of Three Children in the Thames", printed in 1651, and probably inspired by the burning of London Bridge in 1633. The ballad, set to the tune of "Chevy Chase", appeared in Pills to Purge Melancholy in 1700. It seems to be a Cavalier take-off on the "providential warnings and goodly counsels" of the Puritans.

BAND 5

A LITTLE COCK SPARROW

A little cock sparrow sat on a green tree,
And he chirruped, he chirruped, so merry was he.
A naughty boy came with his wee bow and arrow,
Determined to shoot this little cock sparrow.
This little cock sparrow will make me a stew
And his giblets will make me a little pie too.
Oh, no, said the sparrow, I won't make a stew,
So he flapped his wings and away he flew.

THE COURTSHIP OF JENNY WREN

Twas once upon a time, when Jenny Wren was young.
So daintily she danced, and so prettily she sung,
That Robin Redbreast lost his heart,
For he was a gallant bird,
So he doffed his hat to Jenny Wren,
Requesting to be heard.

Oh dearest Jennie Wren, if you will but be mine,
You shall feed on cherry pie, you shall,
And drink sweet currant wine.
I'll dress you like a goldfinch
Or any peacock gay;
So, dearest Jen, if you'll be mine,
Just speak and name the day.

Jennie blushed behind her fan
When she declared his mind.
Since, dearest Bob, I love you well,
I'll take your offer kind.
Cherry pie is very nice, and so is currant wine,
But I must wear my plain brown gown,
And necer dress too fine.

Robin Redbreast rose up early, all on a summer's day,
And he flew to Jennie Wren's house, and sang a
roundelay.

He sang of Robin Redbreast
And little Jennie Wren,
And when he came unto the end,
He just began again.

This tale of romance between Jenny Wren and Cock Robin was first published by John Harris in 1806. He apparently had the story written as a forerunner to the already well-known tale of "The Death and Burial of Cock Robin", and he published it as "The Happy Courtship, Merry Marriage, and Pic-nic Dinner of Cock Robin and Jenny Wren. To which is Added, Alas! the Doleful Death of the Bridegroom". Although the mating of the robin and the wren is traditional, these verses never became as popular as the ones about the death of poor Cock Robin. (see "Who Killed Cock Robin?" Side I, Band 6).

WHEN JENNY WREN FELL SICK

Jenny Wren fell sick
Upon a merry time,
In came Robin Redbreast
And brought her sops and wine.

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

Jenny Wren got well,
And stood upon her feet;
And told Robin plainly,
She loved him not a bit.

Robin he got angry,
And hopped upon a twig,
Saying, Out uopn you, fie upon you!
Bold faced jig!

This was first printed in 1800 as part of a book called The Life and Death of Jenny Wren, and later appeared in others called The History of Jenny Wren, Cock Robin and Jenny Wren, The History of Jenny Wren, etc. The story is traditional and was collected as a song in 1776.

LITTLE ROBIN REDBREAST

Little Robin Redbreast sat upon a tree,
Up went Pussy Cat, down went he;
Down came Pussy Cat, and away Robin ran;
Says little Robin Redbreast, Catch me if you can.

Little Robin Redbreast jumped upon a wall,
Pussy Cat jumped after him, and almost had a fall;
Little Robin chirped and sang, and what did Pussy say?
Pussy Cat said Miouw, and Robin jumped away.

THREE CRAWS

Three craws sat upon a wa',
Sat upon a wa', sat upon a wa',
Three craws sat upon a wa'
On a cold and frosty mornin'.

The first craw went and flew awa',
Went and flew awa', went and flew awa',
The first craw went and flew awa'
On a cold and frosty mornin'.

The second craw went and flew awa',
Went and flew awa', went and flew awa',
The second craw went and flew awa'
On a cold and frosty mornin'.

The third craw wasna there at a',
Wasna there at a', wasna there at a',
The third craw wasna there at a'
On a cold and frosty mornin'.

And that's a' I ken aboot the craw,
Ken aboot the craw, ken aboot the craw,
And that's a' I ken aboot the craw
On a cold and frosty mornin'.

An old Scottish song that is widely popular in slightly varying forms. A craw is, of course, a crow; "a'" and "wa'" are Scottish dialect for "all" and "wall"; "ken" means "know".

BAND 6

THERE WAS A MAN OF NEWINGTON

There was a man of Newington
And he was wondrous wise;
He jumped into a branble bush
And scratched out both his eyes.

And when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main
He jumped into another bush
And scratched them in again.

This rhyme has appeared in various books between 1744 and the present, with the "wise" man being attributed to many different towns.

TAFFY WAS A WELSHMAN

Taffy was a Welshman,
Taffy was a thief,
Taffy came to my house
And stole a leg of beef.

I went to Taffy's house,
Taffy wasn't home,
Taffy came to me house
And stole a marrow bone.

I went to Taffy's house,
Taffy was in bed,
I picked up the marrow-bone
And threw it at his head

These and other similar verses used to be sung by Englishmen to tease the Welsh, particularly on St. David's Day, March 1. "Taffy" is the colloquial name for a Welshman, from the River Taff which flows through Cardiff.

SOLOMON GRUNDY

Soloman Grundy,
Born on Monday,
Christened on Tuesday,
Married on Wednesday,
Took ill on Thursday,
Worse on Friday,
Died on Saturday,
Buried on Sunday,
That was the end
Of Solomon Grundy.

This is the best known of several similar rhymes chronicle an eventful week.

TOM SNOUT

Tom Snout, a man of law,
Sold his bed and lay on straw,
Sold his straw and lay on grass
To buy his wife a looking-glass.

WHEN I WAS A BACHELOR

Wnen I was a bachelor, I lived by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I got,
I put upo the shelf;
The rats and the mice did lead me such a life,
That I went to London to get myself a wife;

The streets they were so broad,
And the lanes they were so narrow,
I couldn't get my wife home without a wheelbarrow;
The wheelbarrow broke, my wife got a fall,
Down fell wheelbarrow, little wife, and all!

...es are better known in America as a song ... extended by a succession of "swapping" ...es. There was an old Scottish version sung to ...e tune of "John Anderson, My Jo".

KING ARTHUR

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

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

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

Probably a fragment of an old ballad, this was sung by mummers in their medieval plays. Similar verses -have been collected aboyt King Stephen, Good Queen Bess, and King Henry.

THE GRAND OLD DUKE OF YORK /

O, the grand old Duke of York,
He had ten thousand men;
He marched them up to the top of the hill
And he marched them down again!
And when they were up, they were up,
And when they were down, they were down,
And when they were only half-way up,
They were neither up nor down.

The early form, telling how the King of France went up his hill with forty thousand men, was inspired by Henry IV who raised an army of 40,000 in 1610 just before he was assassinated. The Duke of York was Fredrick, George III's son, who commanded unsuccessful English troops in Flanders in 1793-5.

BAND 7

PRETTY MAID

Pretty maid, pretty maid,
Where have you been?
Gathering roses
To give to the Queen.

Pretty maid, pretty maid,
What gave she you?
She gave me a diamond,
As big as my shoe.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO, MY PRETTY MAID?

Where are you going to, my pretty maid?
I'm going a-milking, sir, she said.
May I go with you, my pretty maid?
You're kindly welcome, sir, she said.

What is your father, my pretty maid?
My father's a farmer, sir, she said.
What is your fortune, my pretty maid?
My face is my fortune, sir, she said.
Then I can't marry you, my pretty maid.
Nobody asked you, sir, she said.

A considerably watered-down form of a seventeenth-century folk song in which the suggestions made to the girl did not include marriage.

A FARMER WENT TROTTING

A farmer went trotting upon his grwy 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 them the same the next day,
Lumpety, lumpety, lump!

This was first published in Original Ditties for the Nursery about 1805.

LITTLE BO PEEP /

Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep
And dosen't know where to find them;
Leave them alone, and they'll come home,
Dragging their tails behind them.

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

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

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

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

This is one of the most popular of all nursery rhymes. The name may have been inspired by the baby-game called "Bo-Peep" or "peek-a-boo".

BAND 8

TOM THE PIPER'S SON

Tom, he was a piper's son,
He learned to play when he was young,
But the only tune that he could play
Was "Over the hills and far away".

Now Tom with his pipe made such a noise
That he pleased both the girls and boys;
They all stopped to hear him play
"Over the hills and far away".

Tom with his pipe did play with such skill
That those who heard him could never keep still;
Whenever he played they began for to dance,
Even pigs on their hind legs would after him prance.

As Dolly was milking her cow one day
Tom took out his pipe and began for to play;
So Dolly and the cow danced "The Cheshire Round"
Till the pail was broken and the milk ran on the ground.

He met old Dame Trot with a basket of eggs,
He used his pipe and she used her legs;
She danced about till the eggs were all broke,
She began for to fret, but he laughed at the joke.

He saw a cross fellow was beating an ass
Heavy laden with pots, pans, dishes, and glass;
He took out his pipe and he played them a tune,
And the jackass's load was lightened full soon.

This, along with another rhyme, "Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son, Stole a Pig and away he run" were printed in various chapbooks. It is apparently based on an old tale, "The Friar and the Boy"; an English version of "The Pied Piper of Hamlin". The verses date back at least to the seventeenth century. The lines "Over the hills and far away" has been borrowed by half a dozen different English poets.

RUB-A-DUB-DUB

Rub-a-dub-dub
Three men in a tub,
And who do you think they be?
The butcher, the baker,
The candle-stick maker,
And they're fine fellows, all three.

"The butcher, the baker and the candle-stick-maker" turn up in many medieval sayings and rhymes. These lines are sometimes used when swinging.

SEE-SAW, MARGERY DAW /

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

Rhymes like this were repeated by children playing on a see-saw. They may have been originally used by sawyers to help them keep right rhytm in using a two-handled saw. "Margery Daw" was used in the eighteenth century as a name for a lazy or untidy person, and another verse tells us that she "sold her bed to lay upon straw; was she bot a dirty slut to sell her bed and lie in the dirt?"

DIDDLETY DIDDLETY DUMPTY

Diddlety, diddlety, dumpty,
The cat ran up the plum tree;
Half a crown will fetch her down,
So diddlety, diddlety, dumpty.

A CAT CAME FIDDLING

A cat came fiddling out of the 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.

This is one of many verses about weddings in the animal kingdom. In another version, "Fiddle-Dee-Dee", it's a fly that marries a bumblebee--or, alternatively, a wasp that marries a humble bee.

SIX LITTLE MICE

Six little mice sat down to spin;
Pussy passed by and she peeped in.
What are you doing, my little men?
Weaving coats for gentlemen.

Shall I come in and cut off your threads?
No, no, Miss Pussy, you'd bite off our heads.
Oh, no, I'll not; I'll help you to spin.
That may be so, but you don't come in.

THERE WAS A LITTLE GUINEA PIG

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

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

He often squeaked, and sometimes violent,
And when he squeaked he ne'er was silent.
Though ne'er instructed by a cat,
He knew a mouse was not a rat.

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

This sounds like a satire on the ponderous platitudes and obvious axioms of some medieval philosophers. Such extravagantly sensible nonsense has always been popular in the nursery.

WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?

Who killed Cock Robin?
I, said the Sparrow,
With my bow and arrow,
I killed Cock Robin.

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

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

Who'll make his shroud?
I, said the Beetle,
With my thread and needle,
I'll make his shroud.

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

Who'll be the parson?
I, said the Rook,
With my little book,
I'll be the parson.

Who'll be the clerk?
I, said the Lark,
If it's not in the dark,
I'll be the clerk.

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

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

Who'll carry the coffin?
I, said the Kite,
If it's not in the night,
I'll carry the coffin.

Who'll bear the pall?
We, said the Wren,
Both the cock and the hen,
We'll bear the pall.

Who'll sing a psalm?
I, said the Thrush,
As she sat on a bush,
I'll sing a psalm.

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

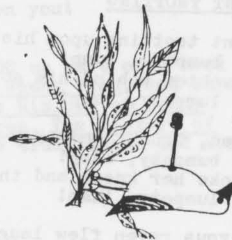
All the birds of the air
Fell a-sighing and a-sobbing,
When they heard of the death
Of poor Cock Robin.

To all it concerns,
This notice apprises,
The Sparrow's for trial
At the next bird assizes.

It has been suggested that this tale was based on ancient myths, possibly the Norse tale of the death of Balder. It has also been linked with the fall of Sir Robert Walpole's ministry in 1742, perhaps because it was first printed in 1744. John Skelton told a similar tale in 1508, and parallel rhymes are known in Germany. It is a widespread favourite both as a rhyme and a song.

THERE WAS A MONKEY

There was a monkey climbed up a tree,
When he fell down, then down fell he.



There was a crow sat on a stone,
When he was gone, then there was none.

There was an old wife did eat an apple,
When she had eaten two, she had eaten a couple.

There was a horse going to the mill,
When he went on, he stood not still.

There was a butcher cut his thumb,
When it did bleed, then blood did come.

There was a jockey ran a race,
When he ran fast, he ran apace.

There was a cobbler clouting shoon,
When they were mended, they were done.

There was a navy went to Spain,
When it returned it came back again.

These rhymes were in circulation as early as 1626. The navy that went to Spain apparently refers to the failure of an expedition led by the Duke of Buckingham against Cadiz in 1625

SIDE II

BAND 1

THIS IS THE KEY OF THE KINGDOM

This is the key of the kingdom:
In that kingdom is a city,
In that city is a town,
In that town there is a street,
In that street there winds a lane,
In that lane there is a yard,
In that yard there is a house,
In that house there waits a room,
In that room there is a bed,
On that bed there is a basket,
A basket of flowers.

Flowers in the basket,
Basket on the bed,
Bed in the room,
Room in the house,
House in the weedy yard,
Yard in the winding lane,
Lane in the broad street,
Street in the high town,
Town in the city,
City in the kingdom:
This is the key of the kingdom.

THE LION AND THE UNICORN

The lion and the unicorn
Were fighting for the crown;
The lion beat the unicorn
All around the town.

Some gave them white bread,
And some gave them brown;
Some gave them plum cake
And drummed them out of town.

The antagonism between the lion and the unicorn is legendary among many races, dating back many centuries before Christ. The lion is said to symbolize summer triumphing over spring represented by the

unicorn or white horse. The English rhyme is believed to refer to the amalgamation of the Scottish and English Royal Arms when James VI of Scotland became James I of England in 1603. One of the unicorns from the Scottish Royal Arms became a supporter of the English shield and was pictured with a crown. Later the crown was removed when the Hanovers came to the English throne and strife between England and Scotland was renewed about the time the rhyme was first published in 1709.

IF WISHES WERE HORSES

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

This verse was commonly said to people who dwell too much on what might be. It comes from an old proverb which takes several forms.

I HAD A LITTLE HORSE

I had a little horse,
His name was Dapple Grey,
His head was made of gingerbread,
His tail was made of hay:
He could amble, he could trot,
He could carry the mustard pot;
He could amble, he could trot,
Through the old town of Windsor.

I HAD A LITTLE NAG

I had a little nag
That rotted up and down;
I bridled him, and saddled him,
And trotted out of town.

ROBERT BARNES

Robert Barnes, fellow fine,
Can you shoe this horse of mine?
Yes, good sir, that I can,
As well as any other man.
There's a nail and there's a prod,
And now, good sir, your horse is shod.

This was sometimes said to children while putting on their shoes. Similar rhymes are known in several European countries.

COME UP, MY HORSE, TO BUDLEIGH FAIR

Come up, my horse, to Budleigh Fair;
What shall we have when we get there?
Sugar and figs and elecampane;
Home again, home again, master and dame.

TRIT TROT TO MARKET

Trit trot to market to buy a penny doll;
Trit trot back again, the market's sold them all.

UPON A COCK-HORSE TO MARKET I'LL TROT

Upon a cock-horse to market I'll trot,
To buy a pig to boil in the pot.
A shilling a quarter, a crown a side.
If it had not been killed, it would surely have died.

A cock-horse has meant a toy-horse since the sixteenth century. These and the following rhymes are used when bouncing a child on your foot or knee.

RIDE A COCK HORSE (I)

Ride a cock horse to Banbury Cross,
To buy little Johnny a galloping horse;
It trots behind and it ambles before,
And Johnny shall ride till he can ride no more.

Banbury is a borough in Oxfordshire. A large cross which stood in the market place of Banbury was destroyed by fanatic Puritans about 1600.

RIDE A COCK-HORSE (II)

Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross,
To see a fine lady on a white horse;
Rings on her fingers, bells on her toes,
She shall have music wherever she goes.

The lady who rode the cock-horse has been variously identified as Queen Elizabeth and Lady Godiva.

RIDE A COCK-HORSE (III)

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 pie.

The pastry cakes of Banbury have been since 1586 and are still on sale at "the original Banbury cake shop".

BANBURY FAIR

As I was going to Banbury,
On a summer's day,
My dame had butter, eggs, and fruit,
And I had corn and hay.
Joe drove the ox, and Tom the swine,
Dick took the foal and mare;
I sold them all - then home to dine,
From famous Banbury fair.

BAND 2

BRANDY HILL

As I went up the brandy hill,
I met my father with good will;
He had jewels, he had rings,
He had many pretty things;
He'd a cat with nine tails,
He'd a hammer wanting nails.

Up Jock!
Down Tom!
Blow the bellows, old man.

This rhyme is generally used for counting-out.

PIPPIN HILL

As I was going up Pippin Hill,
Pippin Hill was dirty.
There I met a pretty miss
And she dropt me a curtsey.

Little miss, pretty miss,
Blessings light upon you!
If I had half a crown a day,
I'd spend it all upon you.

TIPPLE TINE

As I was going o'er Tipple Tine,
I met a flock of bonny swine;
Some yellow necked,
Some yellow necked,
They were the very bonniest swine
That ever went over Tipple Tine.

This is a riddle referring to bees.

THE DERBY RAM

As I was going to Derby
Upon a market day
I met the finest ram, sir,
That ever was fed on hay.

This ram was fat behind, sir,
This ram was fat before,
This ram was three yards high, sir,
Indeed he was no more.

The wool upon his back, sir,
Reached up unto the sky,
The eagles built their nests there,
I heard the young ones cry.

The wool upon his tail, sir,
Was three yards and an ell,
Of it they made a rope, sir,
To pull the parish bell.

The space between the horns, sir,
Was as far as man could reach,
And there they built a pulpit,
But no one in it preached.

This ram had four legs to walk upon,
This ram had four legs to stand,
And every leg he had, sir,
Stood on an acre of land.

Now the man that fed the ram, sir,
He fed him twice a day,
And each time that he fed him, sir,
He ate a rick of hay.

The man that killed the ram, sir,
Was up to his knees in blood,
And the boy that held the pail, sir,
Was carried away in the flood.

Indeed, sir, it's the truth, sir,
For I never was taught to lie,
And if you go tp Derby, sir,'
You may eat a bit of the pie.

This outstanding example of the "tall tail" was already old in 1739 when a Derby vicar commented that a story was "almost as long a tale as that of the Derby ram". It is better known in America as a song, and many of its versions are quite unsuitable for the nursery.

AS I WAS GOING ALONG, LONG, LONG

As I was going along, long, long,
A-singing a comical song, song, song,
The lane that I went was so long, long, long,
And the song that I sung was as long, long, long,
And so I went singing along.

AS I WENT OVER THE WATER

As I went over the water,
The water went over me.
I saw two little blackbirds
Sitting on a tree;
One called me a rascal,
And one called me a thief,
I took up my little black stick
And knocked out all their teeth.

Both of the last two rhymes were first printed by Halliwell in The Nursery Rhymes of England in 1842.

OVER THE WATER TO CHARLIE

Over the water and over the lwa,
And over the water to Charlie.
Charlie loves good ale and wine,
And Charlie loves good brandy,
And Charlie loves a pretty girl
As sweet as sugar candy.

Over the water and over the lea,
And over the water to Charlie.
I'll have none of your nasty beef,
Nor I'll have none of your barley,
But I'll have some of your very best flour
To make a white cake for my Charlie.

This is a parody of a Jacobite song from the days when they toasted "Bonnie Prince Charlie" as "the king over the water". Similar verses have turned up in American play-party games.

CHARLIE WARLIE

Charlie Warlie had a cow,
Black and white about the brow;
Open the gate and let her through,
Charlie Warlie's old cow.

This is a more modern form of an old song, "Dolly Beardy", that dates back to the early seventeenth century. The cow has also been attributed to Simon Brodie, Worley Foster, and Wiley, Wiley.

CHARLIE STOLE THE BARLEY

Charlie, Charlie,
Stole the barley
Out of the baker's shop.
The baker came out
And gave him a clout,
Which made poor Charlie hop.

CHARLIE BARLEY

Charlie Barley, butter and eggs,
Sold his wife for three duck eggs.
When the ducks began to lay
Charlie Barley flew away.

CHARLIE WAG

Charlie Wag,
Charlie Wag,
Ate the pudding
And left the bag.

This was a call used to tease boys named Charlie.

BAND 3

OLD PUDDING AND PIE WOMAN

There was an old woman
Sold puddings and pies;
She went to the mill
And dust blew in her eyes.
Hot puddings, and cold puddings,
And nice pies to sell;
Wherever she goes, if you have a good nose,
You may follow her by the smell.

This is the first verse of a twelve-verse broadside ballad, "The Old Pudding-Pye Woman Set Forth in her Colours", printed about 1670. The rest of the song detailed the unpleasant personal habits of the old woman and ended with a warning against buying her wares.

THREE COOKS

There were three cooks of Colebrook,
And they fell out with our cook;
And all was for a pudding he took
From the three cooks of Colebrook.

This was originally published in 1658 as a twelve-line verse, and may have inspired the better known rhyme about "The Knave of Hearts".

KING PIPPIN

Little King Pippin
He built a fine hall,
Pie-crust and pastry-crust
That was the wall;
The windows were made
Of black pudding and white,
And slated with pancakes,
You ne'er saw the like.

The royal family of Pippin or Pepin ruled parts of France between the seventh and ninth centuries. The name became familiar in England through translations of the tale of "Valentin et Orson".

BABY AND I

Baby and I
Were baked in a pie,
The gravy was wonderful hot.
We had nothing to pay
To the baker that day
And so we crept out of the pot.

SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE

Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye;
Four and twenty blackbirds,
Baked in a pie.
When the pie was opened,
The birds began to sing;
Wasn't 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,
When down came a blackbird
And pecked off her nose.

This rhyme, which apparently goes back to the sixteenth century, has been given many allegorical interpretations, the favourite being that the king is Henry III; the Queen, Katherine of Aragon; the maid, Anne Boleyn; and the blackbirds either the choirs of monasteries taken over by Henry, or manorial deeds presented to him in a pie. More probably, it was inspired by an old Italian recipe "to make pies so that the birds may be alive in them and flie out when it is cut up"--a custom that was mentioned by an English cook in 1723.

PUNCH AND JUDY

Punch and Judy
Fought for a pie;
Punch gave Judy
A knock in the pie.
Says Punch to Judy,
Will you have any more?
Says Judy to Punch,
My eye is too sore.

This was inspired by the puppet plays in which Punch and his wife were familiar characters as far back as 1707. Punch is descended from the Italian pantomine character, Punchinello.

SIMPLE SIMON

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

Says the pieman to Simple Simon,
Show me first your penny;
Said Simple Simon to the pieman,
Indeed I have not any.

Simon went a-fishing,
or 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 pricked his fingers very much,
Which made poor Simon whistle.

He went for water in a sieve
But soon it all fell through;
And now poor Simple Simon
Bids you all adieu.

A DUCK AND A DRAKE

A duck and a drake,
A nice barley-cake,
With a penny to pay the old baker;
A hop and a scotch,
Is another notch,
Slitherum, slatherum, take her!

A rhyme used in playing hop-scotch.

PATTY CAKE

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker's man,
Bake me a cake as fast as you can;
Pat it and prick it, and mark it with a T,
Put it in the over for Baby and me.

The most familiar of the rhymes used in playing "patty-cake", a clapping game which was mentioned in a play by D'Urfey in 1698.

COME, BUTTER, COME

Come, butter, come,
Come, butter, come;
Peter stands at the gate
Waiting for a butter cake.
Come, butter, come.

For at least four centuries this old charm has been used in churning to make the butter come quicker. In 1798 it was set to music as a "bagatelle for juvenile amusement".

MAGGOTTY PIE

Round about, round about,
Maggotty pie;
My father loves good ale,
And so do I.

"Maggotty pie" was an old phrase for magpie.

BAND 4

BOYS AND GIRLS COME OUT TO PLAY

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

This used to be sung to summon children to evening games. It has also been used as a dance song, and sometimes for skipping.

SHROVE PANCAKES

Once, twice, thrice,
I give thee warning,
Please to make pancakes
'Gin tomorrow morning.

Shrove Tuesay, the day before Ash Wednesday when Lent begins, is perhaps better known by its Latin name of Mardi Gras. Pancakes are associated with the day in England as closely as hot-cross buns with Good Friday.

HOT-CROSS BUNS

Hot-cross buns! Hot-cross buns!
One a penny, two a penny,
Hot-cross buns!
Give them to your daughters,
Give them to your sons;
One a penny, two a penny,
Hot-cross buns!

This was originally a street-cry, going back several centuries. Now it is usually sung by children while they eat their hot-cross buns for their Good Friday breakfast.

PACE-EGGING

Here's two or three jolly boys
All of one mind,
We've come a pace-egging,
And hope you'll be kind;
We hope you'll be kind
With your eggs and your beer,
And we'll come no more pace-egging
Until the next year.

A rhyme chanted by children when they make their Easter rounds, much as the carollers do at Christmas.

CHRISTMAS-TIDE

St. Thomas's Day is past and gone,
And Christmas almost come,
Maidens arise,
And make your pies,
And save young Bobby some.

St. Thomas's Day is December 21.

DAME, GET UP AND BAKE YOUR PIES!

Dame, get up and bake your pies,
Bake your pies, bake your pies;
Dame, get up and bake your pies,
On Christmas day in the morning.

Dame, what makes your maidens lie,
Maidens lie, maidens lie;
Dame, what makes your maidens lie,
On Christmas day in the morning?

Dame, what makes your ducks to die,
Ducks to die, ducks to die;
Dame, what makes your ducks to die,
On Christmas day in the morning?

Their wings are cut and they cannot fly,
Cannot fly, cannot fly;
Their wings are cut and they cannot fly,
On Christmas day in the morning.

This is frequently sung as a Christmas carol.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING

Christmas is coming,
The geese are getting fat,
Please put a penny
In the old man's hat.
If you haven't got a penny,
A ha'penny will do;
If you haven't got a ha'penny,
God bless you!

God bless the master of this house,
God bless the Missus too,
God bless the little children around the table too.
God give you happy, God give you happy,
God give you a happy new year!

DILLY DILLY

Oh, what have you got for dinner, Mrs. Bond?
There's beef in the larder, and ducks in the pond;
Dilly, dilly, dilly, dilly, come to be killed,
For you must be stuffed and my customers filled!

Send us the beef first, good Mrs. Bond,
And get us some ducks dressed out of the pond,
Cry, dilly, dilly, dilly, dilly, come to be killed,
For you must be stuffed and my customers filled!

John Ostler, go fetch me a duckling or two.
Ma'am, says John Ostler, I'll try what I can do.
Cry, dilly, dilly, dilly, dilly, come to be killed,
For you must be stuffed and my customers filled!

I have been to the ducks that swim in the pond,
But I found they won't come to be killed, Mrs. Bond;
I cried, Dilly, dilly, dilly, dilly, come to be killed,
For you must be stuffed and my customers filled!

Mrs. Bond she flew down to the pond in a rage,
With plenty of onions and plenty of sage;
She cried, Dilly, dilly, dilly, dilly, come to be killed,
For you must be stuffed and my customers filled!

She cried, Little wag-tails, come and be killed,
For you must be stuffed and my customers filled!
Dilly, dilly, dilly, dilly, come to be killed,
For you must be stuffed and my customers filled.

This is more widely known as a song.

BAND 5

BETTY BOTTER

Betty Botter bought some butter,
But, she said, the butter's bitter;
If I put it in my batter
It will make my batter bitter,
But a bit of better butter,
That would make my batter better.
So she bought a bit of butter
Better than her bitter b tter,
And she put it in her batter
And the batter was not bitter.
So t'was better Betty Botter
Bought a bit of better butter.

THEOPHILUS THISTLE

Theophilus Thistle, the thistle sifter,
Sifted some thistles.
If Theophilus Thistle, the thistle sifter
Sifted some thistles,
Where are the thistles that Theophilus Thistle,
the thistle sifter, sifted?

SWAN SWAN

Swan swam over the sea,
Swim, swan, swim!
Swan swam back again,
Well swum swan!

IF MOSES SUPPOSES

If Moses supposes his toeses are roses,
Then Moses supposes erroneously;
For nobody's toeses are posies of roses
As Moses supposes his toeses to be.

SHE SHELLS SEA SHELLS /

She sells sea shells on the sea shore;
The shells she sells are sea shells I'm sure.
For if she sells sea shells on the sea shore,
Then I'm sure she sells sea-shore shells.

PETER PIPER

Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled pepper;
A peck of pickled pepper Peter Piper picked.
If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled pepper,
Where's the peck of pickled pepper Peter Piper
picked?

THE TWISTER

When a Twister a-teisting will twist him a twist,
For the twisting of his twist, he three twines
doth intwist;
But if one of the twines of the twist do untwist,
The twine that untwisteth, untwisteth the twist.

Untwirling the twine that untwisteth between,
He twirls, with his twister, the two in a twine;
Then twice having twisted the twines of the twine,
He twitcheth, the twice he had twined, in twain.

The twain that, in twining, before in the twine
As twines were intwisted; he now doth untwine;
Twixt the twain inter-twisting a twine more between,
He, twirling his twister, makes a twist of the twine.

Dr. John Wallis gave this English version of a French tongue-twister in his Grammatica Linguae Anglicanae in 1674.

BAND 6

IP-DIP

Ip, dip!
Up the pole, down the pole,
See the monkey chew tobacco,
How many ounces did he chew?
One for luck,
One for pluck,
And out goes you.
Out goes another one, and that makes two.
Out goes another one, and that means you!

This and the next verse are unusual counting-out rhymes that Miss Stenson remembers from her childhood.

A PENN'ORTH OF CHIPS

Penn'orth of chips
To grease your lips,
Out goes you,
Out goes another one, and that makes two.
Y, O, U, spells you,
And out you must go too!

HICKETY, PICKETY

Hickety, pickety, i-silicity,
Pompalorum jig,
Every man who has no hair
Generally wears a wig.

ENY MEENY MINEY MO

Eeny, meeny, miney, mo,
Where do all the Frenchmen go?
To the east and to the west
And into the old crow's nest.

The apparently nonsense-syllables used in such counting-out rhymes are descended from ancient numerals, traces of which have been preserved in northern England, Scotland, and Wales where the Celts took refuge when the Romans and Saxons invaded Britain.

ONE, TWO, BUCKLE MY SHOE

One, two, buckle my shoe;
Three, four, knock at the door;
Five, six, pick up sticks;
Seven, eight, lay them straight;
Nine, ten, a big fat hen;
Eleven, twelve, dig and delve;
Thirteen, fourteen, maids a-courting;
Fifteen, sixteen, maids in the kitchen;
Seventeen, eighteen, maids in waiting;
Nineteen, twenty, my plate's empty.

ONE, TWO, THREE, MOTHER CAUGHT A FLEA

One, two, three,
Mother caught a flea;
Put it in the teapot
And made a cup of tea.
The flea jumped out,
Mother gave a shout -
Along came a copper
With his shirt hagging out.

ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR

One, two, three, four,
Mary at the cottage door.
Five, six, seven, eight,
Eating cherries off a plate.

ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, FIVE

One, two, three, four, five,
Once I caught a fish alive,
Six, seven, eight, nine, ten,
Then I let it go again.
Why did you let it go?
Because it bit my finger so.
Which finger did it bite?
The little finger on the right.

WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

What's your name?
Mary Jane.
Where d'you live?
Down the lane.
What d'you keep?
A little shop.
What d'you sell?
Ginger pop.

THERE WAS A GIRL /

There lives a girl down our street,
She's sly and deceitful,
Every little tittle-tat
She goes and tells the people.
Long nose, ugly face,
Put her in a glass case,
If you want to know her name,
Her name is Megan Jenkins.

A teasing verse from Vivienne's Welsh childhood. The name of any child being teased is inserted in the last line. The tune of course is "Pop Goes the Wasel".

TELL-TALE-TIT

Tell-tale-tit,
Have your tongue split,
And all the doggies in the town
Will have a bit of it.

A rhyme expressing the widespread chidish scorn for "tattle-tales".

MY MOTHER SAID

My mother said that I never should
Play with the gypsies in the wood;
If I did she would say
Naughty girl to disobey.
Disobey, disobey,
Naughty girl to disobey.

Your hair shan't curl, your shoes shan't shine,
You naughty girl, you shan't be mine.
My father said that if I did
He'd bang my head with a saucepan lid.
Saucepan-lid, saucepan-lid,
He'd bang my head with a saucepan-lid.

The wood was dark, the grass was green,
Up comes Sally with a tambourine;
Alpaca frock, new scarf-shawl,
White straw bonnet and a pink parasol.
Pink parasol, pink parasol,
White straw bonnet and a pink parasol.

I went to the river, no ship to get across,
I paid ten shillings for an old blind horse;
I up on his back, and off in a crack,
Sally tell my mother I shall never come back.
Never come back, never come come back,
Sally tell my mother that I'll never come back.

This song, often used for a clapping game, is quite widely known and certainly dates back at least to the early nineteenth century, but it did not appear in print until Water de la Mare included it in Come Hither in 1922.

BAND 7

ROBIN HOOD

Robin Hood, Robin Hood,
Is in the mickle wood;
Little John, Little John,
He to the town is gone.

Robin Hood, Robin Hood,
Is telling of his beads,
All in the green wood
Among the green weeds

Little John, Little John,
If he comes no more,
Robin Hood, Robin Hood,
He will fret full sore.

This is probably part of one of the many Robin Hood ballads which were already circulating in the fourteenth century.

JOLLY DUTCHMEN

There were three jolly Dutchmen,
As I've heard say,
And they would go a-hunting
Upon St. Swithin's Day.

All the day they hunted
And nothing could they find,
But a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing with the wind.

One said it was a ship,
The other he said, Nay;
The third said it was a house,
With the chimney blown away.

And all the night they hunted
And nothing could they find,
But the moon a-gliding,
A-gliding with the wind.

One said it was the moon,
The other he said, Nay;
The third said it was a cheese,
With half of it cut away.

And all the day they hunted
And nothing could they find,
But a hedgehog in a bramble bush,
And that they left behind.

The first said it was a hedgehog,
The second he said, Nay;
The third said it was a pincushion,
And the pins stuck in the wrong way.

And all the night they hunted
And nothing could they find,
But a hare in a turnip field,
And that they left behind.

The first said it was a hare,
The second he said, Nay;
The third said it was a calf,
And the cow had run away.

And all the day they hunted
And nothing could they find,
But an owl in a holly tree,
And that they left behind.

One said it was an owl,
The other he said, Nay;
The third said 'twas an old man,
And his beard was growing grey.

This is an offshoot of a broadside ballad, "Choice of Inventions, or Several Sorts of Figures of Three", registered in 1632. Even then it was already old for a fragment of the song was quoted in the play, "The Two Noble Kinsmen", written by Fletcher and Shakespeare about 1613. The most familiar form tells of "Three Jolly Welshmen", but Miss Stenson's version, learned in Wales, changed them to Dutchmen, perhaps because the Welsh felt it reflected no credit upon them. In 1880 a Lancashire version called "Three Jovial Huntsmen" was published, and it has spread afar in forms which sometimes become rather ribald.

THREE BRETHREN FROM SPAIN

We are three brethren out of Spain,
Come to court your daughter Jane.

My daughter Jane she is too young,
She has no skill in the flattering tongue.

Be she young, or be she old,
It's for her gold she must be sold;
So fare thee well, my lady gay,
I must turn another way.

Turn back, turn back, thou Spanish knight,
And rub your spurs till they be bright.

My spurs are bright and richly wrought,
And in this town they'll not be bought;
Nor in this town will they be sold,
Neither for silver nor for gold.
So fare thee well, my lady gay,
For I must turn another way.

Turn back, turn back, thou scornful knight
And take the fairest in thy sight.

The fairest maid that I can see
Is pretty Nancy - come to me.

Here comes my daughter safe and sound,
Every pocket with a thousand pound;
Every finger with a gay gold ring;
Please to take my daughter in.

An old singing game, used for pairing off. Somewhat similar rhymes about "Hog Drovers" are known in the United States.

BAND 8

TRUE LOVER OF MINE

Can you make me a cambric shirt,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme,
Without any seam or needlework?
And you shall be a true lover of mine.

Can you wash it in yonder well,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme,
Where never sprung water, nor rain never fell?
And you shall be a true lover of mine.

Can you dry it on yonder thorn,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme,
Which never bore blossom since Adam was born?
And you shall be a true lover of mine.

Now you've asked me questions three,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme,
I hope you'll answer as many for me,
And you shall be a true lover of mine.

Can you find me an acre of land,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme,
Between the salt water and the sea sand?
And you shall be a true lover of mine.

Can you plough it with a ram's horn,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme,
And sow it all over with one peppercorn?
And you shall be a true lover of mine.

Can you reap it with a sickle of leather,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme,
And bind it up with a peacock's feather?
And you shall be a true lover of mine.

When you have done and finished your woork,
Parsley, sage, rosemary, and thyme,
Then come to me for your cambric shirt,
And you shall be a true lover of mine.

These verses first appeared about 1670 in a broadside ballad sometimes attributed to James I of Scotland: "The Wind Hath Blown My Plaid Away, Or, A Discourse Betwixt a Young Woman and the Elphin Knight". Of course similar songs and tales in-

volving riddles date far back into the middle ages. The refrain may be part of an ancient incantation for it lists plants to which magical properties have been ascribed.

WHEN SHALL WE BE MARRIED?

When shall we be married,
Billy, my own sweet lad?
We shall be married tomorrow,
If you think it's good.
Shall we be married no sooner,
Billy, my own sweet lad?
Would you be married tonight?
I think the girl's gone mad.

Who shall we ask to the wedding,
Billy my own sweet lad?
We shall ask father and mother,
If you think it is good.
Shall we ask nobody else,
Billy, my own sweet lad?
Would you ask the King and Queen?
I think the girl's gone mad.

What shall we have for the dinner,
Billy, my own sweet lad?
We shall have bacon and beans,
If you think it's good.
Shall we have nothing more,
Billy, my own sweet lad?
Would you have peaches and cream?
I think the girl's gone mad.

What shall I wear to the wedding,
Billy, my own sweet lad?
You have your apron and gown,
If you think it's good.
Shall I wear nothing that's finer,
Billy, my own sweet lad?
Would you wear satin and silk?
I think the girl's gone mad.

How shall I go to the church,
Billy, my own sweet lad?
You shall ride in my whellbarrow,
If you think it's good.
Shall I have nothing that's finer,
Billy, my own sweet lad?
Would you have horses and coach?
Hah! I think the girl's gone mad.

This dialogue between a prospective bride and grom has taken many forms. The oldest appears to be a seventeenth century Scottish version,"My Own Sweet Nichol a Cod". On this side of the Atlantic it's probably best known as "Dear Old Buffalo Boy".

I HAD A LITTLE WIFE

I had a little wife,
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 home
In less than an hour.
She baked me my bread,
She brewed me my ale,
She sat by the fire
And told many a fine tale.

I HAD A LITTLE HUSBAND

I had a little husband
No bigger than my thumb;
I put him in a pint pot
And there I bade him drum.
I gave him some garters
To garter up his hose,
And a little silk handkerchief
To wipe his pretty nose.

FATHER'S GONE A-FLAILING

Father's gone a-flailing,
Brother's gone a-nailing,
Mother's gone a-leasing,
Granny's gone a-pleasing,
Sister's gone to Llantwit Fair,
Baby, baby, will go there.

This rhyme is popular in Wales but little known elsewhere.

VIVIENNE STENSON

Miss Vivienne Stenson was born in Cardiff, Wales on the banks of the River Taff--which makes her a true "Taffy". She was one of four children, and in her family poetry and song were closely interwoven with the events of everyday life.

Her father's business took them to various citiies in the west of England where she spent most of her childhood, thus giving her the opportunity to absorb the songs and rhymes of many different regions. When she was nine, her family returned to Cardiff, and she lived there until she was sixteen. During that period she took elocution lessions and began to give recitations for church concerts, charity programs, etc. She won prizes in various Eisteddfods, and was frequently the guest artist with Welsh choirs.

At sixteen, she went to Birmingham where she studied under Sir John Jackson at the Birmingham Repertory Theatre School. During the war she travelled with an ENSA group (the English counterpart of the American USO), entertaining troops in hundreds of tiny villages--sometimes performing at three or four different places in one night. After the war she acted with various repertory companies in the north of England, and ultimately in London where she began stage managing with the aim of becoming a producer.

In 1951 Miss Stenson came to Canada, settling in Toronto. At first she did a little radio work and stage-managed some theatre companies, and then she took a university course in advertising. After working as a copywriter for a few months, she got a job as advertising manager of Associated Broadcasting Company. When she had been with them for three years, she decided to go into publicity work as a free-lance, and began to handle some theatrical presentations and art exhibitions.

Knowing of Vivienne's interest in folk songs, Edith Fowke suggested to her that she might bring Peter Seeger to Toronto for a concert. She did so in October, 1956, and since then has sponsored a whole series of folk-song concerts featuring the Weavers, Odetta, Josh White, Greg Curtis, and Theodore Bikel, as well as various jazz concerts. Her latest project is arranging a folk-song festival in conjunction with the Stratford Shakespearean Festival in the summer of 1958.

Miss Stenson no longer acts or recites publicly, but she is in great demand to recite nursery rhymes for her friends' children. The enthusiam of the youngsters--and their parents--sparked this album.

THE ARTIST

The cover and illustrations for the rhyms are by Louis de Niverville, a young French-Canadian artist from Montreal who is now with the CBC Graphics Department in Toronto. He had his first one-man exhibition at the Gallery of Contemporary Art in the fall of 1957, when his colored pen-and-ink parodies won enthusiastic comments from the critics.

LITHO IN U.S.A.