

The Baby's Bouquet

By

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THE BABY'S BOUQUÊT

A FRESH BUNCH OF OLD RHYMES & TUNES

To

THE FRIENDS OF BABIES,

AND OF--"BABY'S OPERA,"

IN ENGLAND, AMERICA, & ELSEWHERE.

Polly, put the kettle on,

Polly, put the kettle on,

Polly, put the kettle on,

We'll all have tea.

Sukey, take it off again,

Sukey, take it off again,

Sukey, take it off again,

They've all gone away.]

Hot Cross Buns!

Hot Cross Buns!

One a penny, two a penny,

Hot Cross Buns!

If you have no daughters,

If you have no daughters,

If you have no daughters,

Pray give them to your sons;

But if you have none of these little elves,

Then you must eat them all yourselves.]

There was a little woman, as I've heard say,

Fol, lol, diddle, diddle dol;

She went to market, her eggs for to sell,

Fol, lol, diddle, diddle dol.

She went to market all on a market day,

And she fell asleep upon the king's highway;

Fol de rol de lol lol lol lol lol,

Fol, lol, diddle, diddle dol.]

2 And there came a pedlar whose name was Stout,

Fol, lol, &c.,

He cut her petticoats all round about,
Fol, lol, &c.,
He cut her petticoats up to her knees,
Which made the little woman to shiver and freeze,
Fol de rol, &c.

3 When the little woman began to awake,
Fol, lol, &c.,
She began to shiver, and she began to shake,
Fol, lol, &c.,
She began to shake, and she began to cry,
Lawk-a-mercy on me! this is none of I,
Fol de rol, &c.

4 If it be I, as I suppose it be,
Fol lol, &c.,
I've a little dog at home, and he knows me;
Fol, lol, &c.,
If it be I, he will wag his little tail,
If it be not I, he will bark and rail,
Fol de rol, &c.

5 And when the little woman went home in the dark,
Fol, lol, &c.,
Her little dog he did begin to bark,
Fol, lol, &c.,

He began to bark, and she began to cry,
Lawk-a-mercy on me! this is none of I,
Fol de rol, &c.

Once there lived a little man,
Where a little river ran,
And he had a little farm and little dairy O!
And he had a little plough,
And a little dappled cow,
Which he often called his pretty little Fairy O!]

2 And his dog he called Fidelle,
For he loved his master well;
And he had a little pony for his pleasure O!
In a sty not very big
He'd a frisky little pig,
Which he often called his little piggy treasure O!

3 Once his little maiden, Ann,
With her pretty little can,
Went a-milking when the morning sun was beaming O!
When she fell, I don't know how,
But she stumbled o'er the plough,
And the cow was quite astonished at her screaming O!

4 Little maid cried out in vain,
While the milk ran o'er the plain,
Little pig ran grunting after it so gaily O!
While the little dog behind,
For a share was much inclined,
So he pulled back squeaking piggy by the taily O!

5 Such a clatter now began
As alarmed the little man,
Who came capering from out his little stable O!
Pony trod on doggy's toes,
Doggy snapped at piggy's nose,
Piggy made as great a noise as he was able O!

6 Then to make the story short,
Little pony with a snort
Lifted up his little heels so very clever O!
And the man he tumbled down,
And he nearly cracked his crown,
And this only made the matter worse than ever O!

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 plaguey old woman could never be quiet.]

There was an old woman tossed up in a blanket,
Seventeen times as high as the moon;
Where she was going I could not but ask it,
For in her hand she carried a broom.
"Old woman, old woman, old woman," quoth I;
"O whither, O whither, O whither so high?"
"To sweep the cobwebs from the sky,
And I'll be with you by-and-by!"]

From Deutschland I come with my light wares all laden,
To dear happy England in summer's gay bloom;
Then listen, fair lady, and young pretty mädchen,
Come buy of the wandering Baierin a broom;
A large one for the lady, and a small one for the baby,
Come buy ye, pretty lady, come buy ye a broom.]

Widewidewenne heisst meine Trut-henne,
Kannnichtruhn heisst mein Huhn,
Wedelschwanz heisst meine Gans;
Widewidewenne heisst meine Trut-henne.]

2 Widewidewenne heisst meine Trut-henne,
Entequent heisst meine Ent',
Sammetmatz heisst meine Katz;
Widewidewenne heisst meine Trut-henne.

3 Widewidewenne heisst meine Trut-henne,
Schwarz und weiss heisst meine Geiss,
Schmortöpflein heisst mein Schwein,
Widewidewenne heisst meine Trut-henne.

4 Widewidewenne heisst meine Trut-henne,
Ehrenwerth heisst mein Pferd,
Gute-Muh heisst meine Kuh;
Widewidewenne heisst meine Trut-henne.

5 Widewidewenne heisst meine Trut-henne,
Wettermann heisst mein Hahn,
Kunterbunt heisst mein Hund;
Widewidewenne heisst meine Trut-henne.

6 Widewidewenne heisst meine Trut-henne,
Guck-heraus heisst mein Haus,
Schlupf-heraus heisst mein' Maus;
Widewidewenne heisst meine Trut-henne.

7 Widewidewenne heisst meine Trut-henne
Wohlgethan heisst mein Mann,
Sausewind heisst mein Kind,
Widewidewenne heisst meine Trut-henne.

Gesprochen:

Nun kennt ihr mich mit Mann und Kind
Und meinem ganzen Hausgesind.

Schlaf, Kindlein, schlaf,
Draussen steht ein Schaf,
Stösst sich an ein em Steinelein,
That ihm weh das Beinelein,
Schlaf, Kindlein, schlaf,
Schlaf, Kindlein, schlaf.]

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

2 The little maid replied,

(Some say a little sighed,)

"But what shall we have to eat, eat, eat?"

"Will the love that you're rich in

"Make a fire in the kitchen?"

"Or the little god of love turn the spit, spit, spit?"

O dear Six-pence, I've got Six-pence,

I love Six-pence as I love my life;

I'll spend a penny on't, and I'll lend another on't,

And I'll carry fourpence home to my wife.]

2 O dear Four-pence, I've got Four-pence,

I love Four-pence as I love my life;

I'll spend a penny on't, and I'll lend another on't,

And I'll carry two-pence home to my wife.

3 O dear Two-pence, I've got Two-pence,

I love Two-pence as I love my life;

I'll spend a penny on't, and I'll lend a penny on't,

And I'll carry nothing home to my wife.

4 O dear nothing, I've got nothing,

What will nothing buy for my wife?

I have nothing, I spend nothing,

I love nothing better than my wife.

Lucy Locket lost her pocket,
Kitty Fisher found it;
But ne'er a penny was there in't,
Except the binding round it.]

If all the world were paper,
And all the sea were ink,
And all the trees were bread and cheese,
What should we do for drink?]

2 If all the world were sand--O!
Oh, then what should we lack--O!
If, as they say, there were no clay,
How should we take tobacco?

3 If all our vessels ran-a,
If none but had a crack,
If Spanish apes ate all the grapes,
How should we do for sack?

A ship, a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing on the sea,
And it was deeply laden
With pretty things for me;
There were raisins in the cabin,
And almonds in the hold;
The sails were made of satin,
And the mast it was of gold.]

2 The four-and-twenty sailors
That stood between the decks,
Were four-and-twenty white mice
With rings about their necks.
The captain was a duck, a duck,
With a jacket on his back,
And when this fairy ship set sail,
The captain he said, "Quack!"

A little cock-sparrow sat on a high tree,
A little cock-sparrow sat on a high tree,
A little cock-sparrow sat on a high tree,
And he chirruped, he chirruped so merrily.
He chirruped, he chirruped, he chirruped, he chirruped,
He chirruped, he chirruped, he chirruped, he chirruped,

A little cock-sparrow sat on a high tree,
And he chirruped, he chirruped so merrily.]

2 A naughty little boy with a bow and arrow,
Determined to shoot this little cock-sparrow;

3 For this little cock-sparrow would make a nice stew,
And his giblets would make a nice little pie too.

4 "Oh, no," says cock-sparrow, "I won't make a stew,"
And he fluttered his wings, and away he flew

A carrion crow sat on an oak,
Derry, derry, derry, decco;
A carrion crow sat on an oak,
Watching a tailor shaping his cloak.
Heigh-ho! the carrion crow,
Derry, derry, derry, decco.]

2 "O wife, bring me my old bent bow,"
Derry, derry, derry, decco;
"O wife, bring me my old bent bow,
"That I may shoot yon carrion crow."
Heigh-ho! the carrion crow,
Derry, derry, derry, decco.

3 The tailor shot, and he missed his mark,
Derry, derry, derry, decco;
The tailor shot, and he missed his mark,
And shot his old sow right through the heart
Heigh-ho! the carrion crow,
Derry, derry, derry, decco.

4 "O wife, bring brandy in a spoon,"
Derry, derry, derry, decco;
"O wife, bring brandy in a spoon,
"For our old sow is in a swoon."
Heigh-ho! the carrion crow,
Derry, derry, derry, decco.

O all you little blackey tops,
Pray don't you eat my father's crops,
While I lie down to take a nap.
Shua O! Shua O!]

2 If father he perchance should come,
With his cocked hat and his long gun,
Then you must fly and I must run.
Shua O! Shua O!

The north wind doth blow
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor Robin do then--poor thing?
He'll sit in a barn
To keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing--poor thing!]

A, B, C, die Katze lief im Schnee,
Und wie sie wieder 'raus kam,
Da hatt' sie weisse Stieflein an:
O jemine, O jemine, O jemine, O je!]

2 A, B, C, die Katze lief zur Hoh',
Sie lecket ihr kalt Pfötchen rein
Und putzt sich auch das Stiefelein
Und ging nicht mehr im Schnee.

En passant dans un p'tit bois,
Où le coucou chantait,
Où le coucou chantait;
Dans son joli chant il disait:

Coucou, coucou, coucou, coucou,
Et moi qui croyais qu'il disait;
Cass'-lui le cou, cass'-lui le cou!
Et moi de m'en cour', cour', cour',
Et moi de m'en courir!]

2 En passant auprès d'un étang,
Où les canards chantaient,
Où les canards chantaient;
Dans leur joli chant ils disaient:
"Cancan, cancan, cancan, cancan,"
Et moi qui croyais qu'ils disaient,
"Jett'-le dedans, jett'-le dedans,"
Et moi de m'en cour', cour', cour',
Et moi de m'en courir!

3 En passant devant une maison,
Où la bonn' femm' chantait,
Où la bonn' femm' chantait;
Dans son joli chant ell' disait:
"Dodo, dodo, dodo, dodo,"
Et moi qui croyais qu'elle disait,
"Cass'-lui les os, cass'-lui les os,"
Et moi de m'en cour', cour', cour',
Et moi de m'en courir!

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, how do you do, how do you do, again, again.]

1 There was a man lived in the moon, lived in the moon,
lived in the moon,
There was a man lived in the moon,
And his name was Aiken Drum,
And he played upon a ladle, a ladle, a ladle,
And he played upon a ladle,
And his name was Aiken Drum.]

2 And his hat was made of good cream cheese,
And his name, &c.

3 And his coat was made of good roast beef,
And his name, &c.

4 And his buttons were made of penny loaves,
And his name, &c.

5 His waistcoat was made of crust of pies,
And his name, &c.

6 His breeches were made of haggis bags,
And his name, &c.

7 There was a man in another town,
And his name was Willy Wood;
And he played upon a razor,
And his name was Willy Wood.

8 And he ate up all the good cream cheese,
And his name, &c.

9 And he ate up all the good roast beef,
And his name, &c.

10 And he ate up all the penny loaves,
And his name, &c.

11 And he ate up all the good pie crust,
And his name, &c.

12 But he choked upon the haggis bags,
And there was an end of Willy Wood.

Billy Pringle had a little pig,
When it was young it was not very big,
When it was old it lived in clover,
Now it's dead and that's all over.
Billy Pringle he lay down and died,
Betty Pringle she lay down and cried,
So there was an end of one, two, and three,
Billy Pringle he, Betty Pringle she, and the piggy wiggy wee.]

Sur le pont d'Avignon,
Tout le monde y danse, danse;
Sur le pont d'Avignon,
Tout le monde y danse en rond.
Les beaux messieurs font comm' ça,
Et puis encor' comm' ça:
Sur le pont d'Avignon,
Tout le monde y danse, danse,
Sur le pont d'Avignon,
Tout le monde y danse en rond.]

2 Les belles dames font comm' ça,

Et puis encore comm' ça:
Sur le pont d'Avignon,
Tout le monde y danse, danse,
Sur le pont d'Avignon,
Tout le monde y danse en rond.

3 Et les capucins font comm' ça,
Et puis encore comm' ça:
Sur le pont d'Avignon,
Tout le monde y danse, danse,
Sur le pont d'Avignon,
Tout le monde y danse en rond.

London Bridge is broken down,
Dance over my Ladye Lea;
London Bridge is broken down:
With a gay ladye.]

2 How shall we build it up again?
Dance over my Ladye Lea;
How shall we build it up again?
With a gay ladye.

3 Silver and gold will be stole away,

Dance over my Ladye Lea;
Silver and gold will be stole away:
With a gay ladye.

4 Iron and steel will bend and bow,
Dance over my Ladye Lea;
Iron and steel will bend and bow:
With a gay ladye.

5 Wood and clay will wash away,
Dance over my Ladye Lea;
Wood and clay will wash away:
With a gay ladye.

6 Build it up with stone so strong,
Dance over my Ladye Lea;
Huzza! 'twill last for ages long.
With a gay ladye.

Over the water, and over the lea,
And over the water to Charley;
And Charley loves good ale and wine,
And Charley loves good brandy,
And Charley loves a pretty girl

As sweet as sugar candy.]

2 Over the water and over the sea,
And over the water to Charley;
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 Charley.

I had four brothers over the sea,
Perrie, Merrie, Dixi, Domine;
And they each sent a present unto me.
Petrum, Partrum, Paradisi, Tempore,
Perrie, Merrie, Dixi, Domine.]

2 The first sent a goose without a bone,
Perrie, Merrie, Dixi, Domine;
The second sent a cherry without a stone,
Petrum, Partrum, Paradisi, Tempore,
Perrie, Merrie, Dixi, Domine.

3 The third sent a blanket without a thread,
Perrie, Merrie, Dixi, Domine;
The fourth sent a book that no man could read,

Petrum, Partrum, Paradisi, Tempore,
Perrie, Merrie, Dixi, Domine.

4 When the cherry's in the blossom, there is no stone,
Perrie, Merrie, Dixi, Domine;
When the goose is in the egg-shell, there is no bone.
Petrum, Partrum, Paradisi, Tempore,
Perrie, Merrie, Dixi, Domine.

5 When the wool's on the sheep's back, there's no thread,
Perrie, Merrie, Dixi, Domine:
When the book's in the press, no man can read
Petrum, Partrum, Paradisi, Tempore,
Perrie, Merrie, Dixi, Domine.

There were three little kittens
Put on their mittens
To eat some Christmas pie.
Mew, mew,
Mew, mew,
Mew, mew, mew.]

2 These three little kittens
They lost their mittens,
And all began to cry.

Mew, mew, &c.

3 "Go, go, naughty kittens,
And find your mittens,
Or you shan't have any pie."

Mew, mew, &c.

4 These three little kittens
They found their mittens,
And joyfully they did cry.

Mew, mew, &c.

5 "O Granny, dear!
Our mittens are here,
Make haste and cut up the pie!"

Purr-rr, purr-rr, purr-rr-rr.

Pussy-cat high, Pussy-cat low,
Pussy-cat was a fine teaser of tow.]

2 Pussy-cat she came into the barn,
With her bag-pipes under her arm.

3 And then she told a tale to me,

How Mousey had married a humble bee.

4 Then was I ever so glad,

That Mousey had married so clever a lad.

Zwischen Berg und tiefen, tiefen Thal,

Sassen einst zwei Hasen,

Frassen ab das grüne, grüne Gras,

Frassen ab das grüne, grüne Gras

Bis auf den Rasen,

Bis auf den Rasen.]

2 Als sie satt gefressen, 'fressen war'n

Setzten sie sich nieder,

Bis nun dann der Jäger, Jäger kam,

Und schoss sie nieder, und schoss sie nieder,

3 Als sie sich nun angesammelt hatt'n

Und sich besannen,

Dass sie noch Leben, Leben hatt'n

Liefen sie von dannen.

Es regnet auf der Brücke, und ich werd' nass.

Ich hab' noch was vergessen, und weiss nicht was?

Schöne Jungfer hübsch und fein

Komm mit mir zum Tanz herein,

Lass uns einmal tanzen und lustig sein.]

Il était un' bergère,

Et ron, ron, ron, petit patapon;

Il était un' bergère,

Qui gardait ses moutons,

Ron, ron,

Qui gardait ses moutons.]

2 Elle fit un fromage,

Et ron, ron, ron, petit patapon;

Elle fit un fromage

Du lait de ses moutons,

Ron, ron,

De lait de ses moutons.

3 Le chat qui la regarde,

Et ron, ron, ron, petit patapon;

Le chat qui la regarde
D'un petit air fripon,
Ron, ron,
D'un petit air fripon.

4 Si tu y mets la patte
Et ron, ron, ron, petit patapon,
Si tu y mets la patte
Tu auras du bâton,
Ron, ron,
Tu auras du bâton.

5 Il n'y mit pas la patte,
Et ron, ron, ron, petit patapon;
Il n'y mit pas la patte,
Il y mit le menton,
Ron, ron,
Il y mit le menton.

Il était un petit homm',
A cheval sur un bâton;
Il s'en allait à la chass',
A la chass' aux hannetons,
Et ti ton, tain', et ti ton tain',

Et ti ton tain' et ti ton ton.]

2 Il s'en allait à la chass',
A la chass' aux hannetons;
Quand il fut sur la montagn',
Il partit un coup d'canon.
Et ti, &c.

3 Quand il fut sur la montagn'
Il partit un coup d'canon;
Il en eut si peur tout d'mêm',
Qu'il tomba sur ses talons.
Et ti, &c.

4 Il en eut si peur tout d'mêm'
Qu'il tomba sur ses talons;
Tout's les dames du villag'
Lui portèrent des bonbons.
Et ti, &c.

5 Tout's les dames du villag'
Lui portèrent des bonbons;
Je vous merci', mesdam's,
De vous et de vos bonbons.
Et ti, &c.

Ich ging im Walde,
So für mich hin,
Und nichts zu suchen
Das war mein Sinn.]

2 Im Schatten sah ich
Ein Blümlein stehn,
Wie Sterne leuchtend,
Wie Aeuglein schön.

3 Ich wollt' es brechen
Da sagt es fein:
"Soll ich zum Welken
"Gebrochen sein?"

4 Ich grub's mit allen
Den Würzlein aus,
Zum Garten trug ich's
Am hübschen Haus.

5 Und pflanzt es wieder
Am stillen Ort;
Nun zweigt es immer
Und blüht so fort.--(Goethe.)

Now we dance looby, looby, looby,
Now we dance looby, looby light;
Now we dance looby, looby, looby,
Now we dance looby as yesternight.
Shake your right hand a little,
Shake your left hand a little,
Shake your head a little,
And turn you round about.]

See-saw, Margery Daw
Sold her bed to lie upon straw;
Wasn't she a nasty slut
To sell her bed and lie upon dirt?]

Fiddle-de-dee, Fiddle-de-dee,
The fly has married the humble bee.
Says the fly, says he,
"Will you marry me,
And live with me,
Sweet humble bee?"]

2 Says the bee, says she,
"I'll live under your wing,
"And you'll never know

"That I carry a sting."

Fiddle-de-dee, &c.

3 So when the parson

Had joined the pair,

They both went out

To take the air,

Fiddle-de-dee, &c.

4 And the flies did buzz,

And the bells did ring--

Did ever you hear

So merry a thing?

Fiddle-de-dee, &c.

5 And then to think

That of all the flies

The humble bee

Should carry the prize.

Fiddle-de-dee, &c.