



042 MOTHER GOOSE'S

MELODY.



O, what a pretty little book '
So full of pictures too;
I should like through it to look.
I'll buy it—wouldn't you?

CONCORD, N. H.

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The Alphabet. ABCDE FGHIJ KIMNO PQRST VWX W abcdefgh ijklmmo parstuv WXVZ 0493490490490490490

Mother Goose.



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

Three wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl;
And if the howl had been stronged
My song had been longer.



Hark! hark! the dogs do bark,
The beggars have come to town;
Some in rags, and some in tags,
And some in velvet gowns.

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig, and away he run;
The pig was eat,
And Tom was beat,
And Tcm ran crying down the
street.



I had a little hobby horse,
And it was dapple gray;
His head was made of oat-straw,
His tail was made of clay.
He could amble, he could trot,
He could carry a mustard-pot
Through the town of Woodstock,
Hey, boys, hey!

Rain, rain, go away, Come again, April day; Little Johnny wants to play In the meadow on the hay.



The little black dog ran round the house,

And set the bull a roaring,

And drove the monkey to the

boat,

Who set the oars a rowing,
And scar'd the cock upon the rock,
Who cracked his throat with
crowing.



Ding dong bell, the cat's in the well.

Who put her in? Little Johnny Green.

Who pulled her out? Great Jack Stout.

What a naughty boy was that,
To drown poor pussy cat,
Who never did him any harm,
And killed the mice in his father's barn



Little lad, little lad,
Where were you born?
Faroff in Lancaster, under a thorn.
I'm the stoutest boy you ever
did see,

I can carry a pocket-book bigger than me

How many miles to Babylon?
Threescore miles and ten.
Can I get there by candle-light?
Yes, and back again

