

VARIOUS

CRADLE

SONGS

Various
Cradle Songs

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Содержание

A SONG OF SIX-PENCE	5
PAYING BACK	6
THE GENEROUS CLOVER	7
WHERE THEY GROW	8
BA-BY FAY FERN-Y	9
THE DOUGH-DOG	11
THE LION'S O-PIN-ION OF HIM-SELF	12
WHICH IS TALL-EST	13
Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.	14

Various Cradle Songs

A SONG OF SIX-PENCE

Sing a song, a brand new song:
“Sing a song of six-pence,
A pock-et full of rye.”
John and Jim-my both picked some,
So they could have a pie.

And when they'd filled their pock-ets full,
Down in the field of rye,
They found some cun-ning lit-tle birds,
To put in-to the pie.
Six pret-ty lit-tle hid-den nests,
Down in the yel-low rye,
Held four-and-twen-ty ba-by birds,
E-nough to fill the pie.

They set them all with-in the dish,
Lined with a crust of rye;
But soon the four-and-twen-ty birds
Cried out in-side the pie.

Then Jim-my turned and looked at John,

And John took up the pie,
And back the lit-tle lad-dies went
In-to the field of rye.

The moth-er bird flew up and shrieked,
“O, have you baked that pie?
How can you bring the cru-el dish,
And eat it in the rye!” John —

And soon they ate the pie;
The birds flew out and found their nests
Down in the yel-low rye.

PAYING BACK

Seven happy little chicks walked out one day in June,
Thought they would enjoy the way by starting up a tune;
Seven ugly little ducks, whose names I will not mention,
Made up their minds to follow them, and spoil their good intention;
Now everybody knows that a duckling's voice is deep,
And everybody knows that *quack* will make more noise than *peep*.

So when they found their music drowned, these plucky little chicks
Made up *their* minds to cure these ducks of all such naughty tricks;
So they chased them from the barn-yard, on this pleasant day in June,
Then started on their walk again, and went on with their tune.

– J. S.

THE GENEROUS CLOVER

Clover, clover in the field,
Why do you hang your head?
Have you done anything unkind?
Or any cross word said?

O no, my little maiden, no!
I only droop with dew;
And from my lips sweet honey drips;
Come, I will share with you.

– *C. C. B.*

WHERE THEY GROW

Down in the valley, deep, deep, deep,
Where little sunbeams wink and peep,
Under the grasses hiding low —
There's where the dear little violets grow.

Out in the meadow, bright, bright, bright,
Close by the clovers red and white —
With heart of gold and a fringe of snow,
There's where the dear little daisies grow.

Up in the older tree, tree, tree,
Peep, and a tiny nest you'll see,
Swung by the breezes to and fro —
There's where the dear little birdlings grow.

Up in the nursery, neat, neat, neat,
Hear the patter of wee, wee feet —
Hear little voices chirp and crow —
There's where the dear little babies grow!

BA-BY FAY FERN-Y

What is this, with blue
Lit-tle shoes, so new —
Cun-ning lit-tle feet,
Trot-ting down the street,
What will mam-ma say?
Ba-by's run a-way —
Ba-by Fay Fer-ny.

Calls a boy: "Hal-loo!
See here, lit-tle pop-pet show,
Come with me!" No, no,
Ba-by's do-in' do
Ba-by's own self! Fast
Round the cor-ner passed
Ba-by Fay Fer-ny.

Stops a great big man
Hur-ry-ing all he can:
"Here! what's this! My!
Dropped down from the sky?
Some-bod-y's to blame!
Ba-by, what's your name?"
"Ba-by Fay Fer-ny."

"Where you go-ing? say!"
"Day-day." "What's that, hey?
See the ba-by fidg-et!
What d'you want, you midg-et."
"Piece o'but-ter-bed,
Su-gy on it, 'las-ses on it,
Jam on it," said
Ba-by Fay Fer-ny.

Peo-ple pause to see:
La-dies, one, two, three;
A po-lice-man, too;
But no one that knew
Whence the ba-by came.
"What's your pa-pa's name?"
"Pa-pa Fay Fer-ny."

Comes a breath-less maid:
"O dear! I'm a-fraid
Ba-by's lost and gone —
Ba-by Fer-gu-son!

No – there down the street!
O, you naugh-ty sweet
Ba-by Fay Fer-ny!”

THE DOUGH-DOG

One day when grandma was making some pies,
She wished to give Tommy a pleasant surprise;
So she made a puppy-dog out of some dough,
And baked it, and marked it, and named it Bruno.
This wonderful dog could stand on its feet,

Its body was chubby, and cunning and neat,
Its little dough-head was spotted with black,
And its little dough-tail curled over its back.
And when Tommy saw it he shouted with glee,
“How good grandma was to make that for me!”
And he played with the puppy-dog day after day,
Till its head and its tail were both worn away.

– *M. E. N. H.*

THE LION'S O-PIN-ION OF HIM-SELF

A li-on gazed down at his shad-ow one day;
Said he, "I look fierce, I de-clare!
No won-der my neigh-bors keep out of my way,
And wish they were birds of the air!

"And I own that real-ly I feel a-fraid
Some-times when I hear my-self roar!"
And he wished as he went and lay down in the shade
That he need be a li-on no more.

WHICH IS TALL-EST

Look! how they meas-ure,
Dai-sy and Rose;
Naught-y Dai-sy *will*

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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