The Mother Goose Songbook

Arranged for the piano by Carol Barratt
Illustrated by Jacqueline Sinclair
WITHDRAWN

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The Mother Goose
Songbook

Nursery rhymes to play and sing
Arranged for the piano by Carol Barratt
Illustrated by Jacqueline Sinclair

HEINEMANN/CHESTER MUSIC
LONDON

WASHINGTON VILLAGE
For Jody, Naomi, Leon and Charles

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The chord symbols suggested have been chosen to suit the solo melody
and do not always correspond with the harmony of the arrangement, as
importance has been placed on interesting left hand accompaniments
using simple hand-positions. A chart showing fingerings for guitar
can be found at the back of this book.

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28 Hey! Diddle, Diddle
1  Tom, Tom the Piper’s Son

Tom, Tom the piper’s son, Stole a pig and away did run. The pig was eat and Tom was beat. And Tom went howling down the street.
I had a little nut tree, nothing would it bear
But a silver nutmeg and a golden pear.
I skipped over water, I danced over sea,
And all the birds in the air couldn’t catch me.
Sing a Song of Sixpence

Sing a song of six-pence, a pocket full of rye; Four and twenty black-birds 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? (v. 2 The)

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.
Ride a Cock-Horse

Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross, To see a fine lady ride on a white horse:

Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes, And she shall have music wherever she goes.
5 The Mulberry Bush

Here we go round the mul- berry bush,

The mul- berry bush,

Here we go round the mul- berry bush:

The mul- berry bush, the mul- berry bush:

Here we go round the mul- berry bush, On a

cold and fros- ty morn- ing.
This is the way we wash our hands . . .

This is the way we wash our clothes . . .

This is the way we dry our clothes . . .

This is the way we iron our clothes . . .

This is the way we sweep the floor . . .

This is the way we brush our hair . . .

This is the way we go to school . . .

This is the way we come back from school . . .
Ring-a-Ring o’ Roses

Ring — a — ring o’ roses,
Pocket full of posies.

Ti — shoo! Ti — shoo!
We all fall down.
7  Jack Sprat

Jack Sprat could eat no fat, His wife could eat no lean: And

so between them both, you see. They licked the platter clean.

Am  Dm  Am  G/D  D7  G
8  One, Two, Three, Four, Five

Once I caught a fish alive,

Why did you let it go?
Because it bit my finger so.
Which finger did it bite?
This little finger on the right.
9 Hickory, Dickory, Dock!

Hick—or—y, dick—or—y, dock!

The mouse ran up the clock.

The clock struck one. The mouse ran down.

Hick—or—y, dick—or—y, dock!
10  *Pat-a-Cake*

**Verse 1**

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 B.
Put it in the oven for Baby and me.

**Chorus**

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker's man,
11 London’s Burning

London’s burning, London’s burning. Fetch the engines. Fetch the engines, Fire!

Fire! Fire! Fire! Pour on water, pour on water.

*This song may be sung as a round
There was a man 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 up—on a ladle, a
And his hat was made of good cream cheese, . . .
And his name was Aiken Drum;
   And he played . . .

And his coat was made of good roast beef, . . .
And his name was Aiken Drum;
   And he played . . .

His breeches were made of haggis bags, . . .
And his name was Aiken Drum;
   And he played . . .
13 Lavender’s Blue

Call up your men, diddle, diddle,
Set them to work.
Some to the plough, diddle, diddle,
Some to the cart.

Some to make hay, diddle, diddle,
Some to cut corn.
Whilst you and I, diddle, diddle,
Keep ourselves warm.

Roses are red, diddle, diddle,
Violets are blue;
If you love me, diddle, diddle,
I will love you.

Let the birds sing, diddle, diddle,
And the lambs play:
We shall be safe, diddle, diddle,
Out of harm’s way.
Oranges and Lemons, Say the bells of St Clement's. You owe me five farthings, Say the bells of St Martin's.

When will you pay me? Say the bells of Old Bailey.

When I grow rich, Say the bells of Shore - ditch.
When will that be? Say the bells of Step—ney. I'm sure I don't know. Says the great bell of Bow.

Here comes a candle to light you to bed. And here comes a chopper, to chop off your head.
15 Girls and Boys Come Out to Play

Girls and boys 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 not at all.
Up the ladder and down the wall,
A half-penny loaf will serve us all.

Spoken: You find milk, and I'll find flour.
And we'll have a pudding in half an hour.
Mary Had a Little Lamb

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow.

And everywhere that Mary went,
Mary went, Mary went,
Everywhere that Mary went,
The lamb was sure to go.

It followed her to school one day,
School one day, school one day,
Followed her to school one day,
That was against the rule.

It made the children laugh and play
Laugh and play, laugh and play,
Made the children laugh and play,
To see a lamb at school.
17  Rock-a-Bye Baby

When the wind blows the cradle will rock;
Little Jack Horner sat in the corner,

Eating a Christmas pie:
He put in his thumb, and pulled out a plum.
And said, What a good boy am I!
19  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.

G D7 G C D7 G
20  *Humpty Dumpty*

**Musical Notation:**

Hump—ty  Dump—ty sat on a wall,

B₇  E₇  F  B₇

Hump—ty  Dump—ty had a great fall:

B₇  E₇  B₇  F

All the King's horses and all the King's men

B₇  E₇  F  B₇

Could—n't put Hump—ty to—ge—ther a—gain.

B₉⁷  E₇  Cm  F  B₇
Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep. And

little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep. And

doesn't know where to find them;

does—n't know where— to find them;

Leave them alone, and they'll come home.

Leave them a— lone, and they'll come home.

Bringing their tails behind them.

Bringing their tails be— hind them.
Little Bo-Peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamt she heard them bleating;
But when she awoke, she found it a joke,
For they were still a-fleeting.

Then up she took her little crook,
Determined for to find them;
She found them indeed, but it made her heart bleed,
For they'd left 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,
And over the hillocks went rambling,
And tried what she could, as a shepherdess should,
To tack again each to its lambkin.
22 Three Blind Mice

Three blind mice,
See how they run!

Three blind mice,
See how they run!

They
all ran after the farmer's wife, Who
cut off their tails with a carving knife, Did
ever you see such a thing in your life, As
three blind mice?
Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary

Mary, Mary, quite contrary, How does your garden grow? With silver bells and cockle shells, And pretty maids all in a row.

With F

C7

F

C

F

Bb

F

Bb

F

Bb

F/C

C7

F

Bb

F

Bb

F/C

C7

F
24 Cock-a-Doodle Doo!

Cock-a-doodle-doo! My
dame has lost her shoe.

master's lost his fiddling stick,

knows not what to do.
Cock-a-doodle-doo!
What is my dame to do?
Till master finds his fiddling stick,
She'll dance without her shoe.

Cock-a-doodle-doo!
My dame has found her shoe.
And master's found his fiddling stick.
Sing doodle-doodle-doo.

Cock-a-doodle-doo!
My dame will dance with you.
While master fiddles his fiddling stick.
For dame and doodle-doo.
26 **Hot Cross Buns**

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<th>F</th>
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*Hot cross buns!* *Hot cross buns!* *One a penny, two a penny,* *Hot cross buns!*  

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<td>F</td>
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*If you have no daughters, Give them to your sons.*  

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*One a penny, two a penny,* *Hot cross buns!*
27 Goosey, Goosey Gander

Goosey, goosey gander, whither shall I wander?

Upstairs and downstairs And in my lady's chamber.

Goosey, goosey gander.
There I met an old man who would not say his prayers. So I took him by the left leg and threw him down the stairs.
28 Hey! Diddle, Diddle

Hey! did—dle, did—dle, the cat and the fid—dle. The
cow jumped o—ver the moon; The
While the little dog laughed to see such sport, While the dish ran away with the spoon.
Fingering chart for guitar chords used in this book

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<td>Gdim</td>
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* denotes a silent string
0 denotes an open string
Roman numerals show the fret behind which a bar should be held.
Here is a big and beautiful book of nursery rhymes set to music. The twenty-eight rhymes include everyone's favourites and make a songbook for all the family to enjoy together.

The tunes are easy enough for anyone to play and are particularly suitable for children in their first year of learning the piano. They are all carefully arranged for small hand spans, the harmonies are familiar and guitar chords have been included so the nursery rhymes can be accompanied. Parents who feel they are not expert players will be relieved to find that they have no difficulty in playing the rhymes for their children.

Carol Barratt, composer, piano teacher and author of the Chester Piano Book Series, is recognised as an authority in the piano teaching world and specialises in young beginners. She has worked with illustrator Jacqueline Sinclair to create a book which is a delight to the eye as well as to the ear and makes a classic nursery rhyme collection.

£6.95 net