Sing-Song: A Nursery Rhyme Book

by Christina Rossetti

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SING-SONG

A NURSERY RHYME BOOK

BY CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

WITH ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR HUGHES ENGRAVED BY THE BROTHERS DALZIEL

LONDON MACMILLAN AND CO. AND NEW YORK 1893

An adult holds a child under a tree, surrounded by barn animals and cherubs.

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Angels at the foot, And Angels at the head, And like a curly little lamb My pretty babe in bed.

Love me

Love me,—I love you, Love me, my baby; Sing it high, sing it low, Sing it as may be.

Mother’s arms under you, Her eyes above you; Sing it high, sing it low, Love me,—I love you.

My baby has a father and a mother

My baby has a father and a mother, Rich little baby! Fatherless, motherless, I know another Forlorn as may be: Poor little baby!

Our little baby fell asleep

Our little baby fell asleep, And may not wake again For days and days, and weeks and weeks But then he’ll wake again, And come with his own pretty look, And kiss Mamma again.

Kookoorookoo

“Kookoorookoo! kookoorookoo!” Crows the cock before the morn “Kikirikee! kikirikee!” Roses in the east are born.

“Kookoorookoo! kookoorookoo!” Early birds begin their singing; “Kikirikee! kikirikee!” The day, the day, the day is springing.

Baby cry

Baby cry— Oh fie!— At the physic in the cup: Gulp it twice And gulp it thrice, Baby gulp it up.

Eight o-clock

Eight o’clock; The postman’s knock! Five letters for Papa; One for Lou, And none for you, And three for dear Mamma.

Bread and milk for breakfast

Bread and milk for breakfast, And woollen frocks to wear, And a crumb for robin redbreast On the cold days of the year.

There's snow on the fields

There’s snow on the fields, And cold in the cottage, While I sit in the chimney nook Supping hot pottage.

My clothes are soft and warm, Fold upon fold, But I’m so sorry for the poor Out in the cold.

Dead in the cold

Dead in the cold, a song-singing thrush, Dead at the foot of a snowberry bush,—

Weave him a coffin of rush, Dig him a grave where the soft mosses grow, Raise him a tombstone of snow.

I dug and dug

I dug and dug amongst the snow, And thought the flowers would never grow; I dug and dug amongst the sand, And still no green thing came to hand.

Melt, O snow! the warm winds blow To thaw the flowers and melt the snow But all the winds from every land Will rear no blossom from the sand.

A city plum

A city plum is not a plum; A dumb-bell is no bell, though dumb A party rat is not a rat; A sailor’s cat is not a cat; A soldier’s frog is not a frog; A captain’s log is not a log.

Your brother has a falcon

Your brother has a falcon, Your sister has a flower; But what is left for mannikin, Born within an hour?

I’ll nurse you on my knee, my knee, My own little son; I’ll rock you, rock you, in my arms, My least little one.

Hear what the mournful linnets say

Hear what the mournful linnets say: “We built our nest compact and warm. But cruel boys came round our way And took our summerhouse by storm.

“They crushed the eggs so neatly laid; So now we sit with drooping wing, And watch the ruin they have made, Too late to build, too sad to sing.”

A baby's cradle

A baby’s cradle with no baby in it, A baby’s grave where autumn leaves drop sere; The sweet soul gathered home to Paradise, The body waiting here.

Hop-o'-my-thumb

Hop-o'-my-thumb and little Jack Horner, What do you mean by tearing and fighting? Sturdy dog Trot close round the corner, I never caught him growling and biting.

Hope is like a harebell

Hope is like a harebell trembling from its birth. Love is like a rose the joy of all the earth; Faith is like a lily lifted high and white, Love is like a lovely rose the world's delight; Harebells and sweet lilies show a thornless growth, But the rose with all its thorns excels them both.

O wind

O wind, why do you never rest, Wandering, whistling to and fro, Bringing rain out of the west, From the dim north bringing snow?

Crying, my little one

Crying, my little one, footsore and weary? Fall asleep, pretty one, warm on my shoulder: I must tramp on through the winter night dreary, While the snow falls on me colder and colder.

You are my one, and I have not another; Sleep soft, my darling, my trouble and treasure; Sleep warm and soft in the arms of your mother, Dreaming of pretty things, dreaming of pleasure.

Growing in the vale

Growing in the vale By the uplands hilly, Growing straight and frail, Lady Daffadowndilly.

In a golden crown, And a scant green gown While the spring blows chilly, Lady Daffadown, Sweet Daffadowndilly.

A linnet in a gilded cage

A linnet in a gilded cage,— A linnet on a bough,— In frosty winter one might doubt Which bird is luckier now.

But let the trees burst out in leaf, And nests be on the bough, Which linnet is the luckier bird, Oh who could doubt it now?

Wrens and robins

Wrens and robins in the hedge, Wrens and robins here and there; Building, perching, pecking, fluttering, Everywhere!

My baby

My baby has a mottled fist, My baby has a neck in creases; My baby kisses and is kissed, For he’s the very thing for kisses.

Why did baby die

Why did baby die, Making Father sigh, Mother cry?

Flowers, that bloom to die, Make no reply Of “why?” But bow and die.

If all were rain

If all were rain and never sun, No bow could span the hill; If all were sun and never rain, There’d be no rainbow still.

O wind, where have you been

O wind, where have you been, That you blow so sweet? Among the violets Which blossom at your feet.

The honeysuckle waits For Summer and for heat. But violets in the chilly Spring Make the turf so sweet.

Brownie, Brownie, let down your milk White as swansdown and smooth as silk, Fresh as dew and pure as snow: For I know where the cowslips blow, And you shall have a cowslip wreath No sweeter scented than your breath.

On the grassy banks

On the grassy banks Lambkins at their pranks; Woolly sisters, woolly brothers Jumping off their feet While their woolly mothers Watch by them and bleat.

Rushes in a watery place

Rushes in a watery place, And reeds in a hollow; A soaring skylark in the sky, A darting swallow; And where pale blossom used to hang Ripe fruit to follow.

Minnie and Mattie

Minnie and Mattie And fat little May, Out in the country, Spending a day.

Such a bright day, With the sun glowing, And the trees half in leaf, And the grass growing.

Pinky white pigling Squeals through his snout, Woolly white lambkin Frisks all about.

Cluck! cluck! the nursing hen Summons her folk,— Ducklings all downy soft Yellow as yolk.

Cluck! cluck! the mother hen Summons her chickens To peck the dainty bits Found in her pickings.

Minnie and Mattie And May carry posies, Half of sweet violets, Half of primroses.

Give the sun time enough, Glowing and glowing, He’ll rouse the roses And bring them blowing.

Don’t wait for roses Losing to-day, O Minnie, Mattie, And wise little May.

Violets and primroses Blossom to-day For Minnie and Mattie And fat little May.

Heartease in my garden bed

Heartsease in my garden bed, With sweetwilliam white and red, Honeysuckle on my wall:— Heartsease blossoms in my heart When sweet William comes to call, But it withers when we part, And the honey-trumpets fall.

If I were a Queen

If I were a Queen, What would I do? I’d make you King, And I’d wait on you.

If I were a King, What would I do? I’d make you Queen, For I’d marry you.

What are heavy

What are heavy? sea-sand and sorrow: What are brief? to-day and to-morrow: What are frail? Spring blossoms and youth What are deep? the ocean and truth.

Stroke a flint, and there is nothing to admire: Strike a flint, and forthwith flash out sparks of fire.

There is but one May

There is but one May in the year, And sometimes May is wet and cold; There is but one May in the year Before the year grows old.

Yet though it be the chilliest May, With least of sun and most of showers, Its wind and dew, its night and day, Bring up the flowers.

The summer nights are short

The summer nights are short Where northern days are long: For hours and hours lark after lark Trills out his song.

The summer days are short Where southern nights are long: Yet short the night when nightingales Trill out their song.

The days are clear

The days are clear, Day after day, When April’s here, That leads to May, And June Must follow soon: Stay, June, stay!— If only we could stop the moon And June!

Twist me a crown of wind-flowers

Twist me a crown of wind-flowers; That I may fly away To hear the singers at their song, And players at their play. Put on your crown of wind-flowers But whither would you go? Beyond the surging of the sea And the storms that blow. Alas! your crown of wind-flowers Can never make you fly: I twist them in a crown to-day, And to-night they die.

Brown and furry

Brown and furry Caterpillar in a hurry, Take your walk To the shady leaf, or stalk,

Or what not, Which may be the chosen spot. No toad spy you, Hovering bird of prey pass by you Spin and die, To live again a butterfly.

A toadstool

A toadstool comes up in a night,— Learn the lesson, little folk:— An oak grows on a hundred years, But then it is an oak.

A pocket handkerchief

A pocket handkerchief to hem— On dear, oh dear, oh dear! How many stitches it will take Before it’s done, I fear.

Yet set a stitch and then a stitch, And stitch and stitch away, Till stitch by stitch the hem is done— And after work is play!

If a pig wore a wig

If a pig wore a wig, What could we say? Treat him as a gentleman, And say “Good day.” If his tail chanced to fail, What could we do?— Send him to the tailoress To get one new.

Seldom can't

Seldom “can’t,” Seldom “don’t” Never “shan’t,” Never “won’t.”

1 and 1 are 2

1 and 1 are 2 That’s for me and you.

2 and 2 are 4— That’s a couple more.

3 and 3 are 6 Barley-sugar sticks.

4 and 4 are 8 Tumblers at the gate.

5 and 5 are 10 Bluff seafaring men.

6 and 6 are 12 Garden lads who delve.

7 and 7 are 14 Young men bent on sporting.

8 and 8 are 16 Pills the doctor’s mixing.

9 and 9 are 18 Passengers kept waiting.

10 and 10 are 20 Roses—pleasant plenty!

11 and 11 are 22 Sums for brother George to do.

12 and 12 are 24 Pretty pictures, and no more.

How many seconds in a minute

How many seconds in a minute? Sixty, and no more in it.

How many minutes in an hour? Sixty for sun and shower.

How many hours in a day? Twenty-four for work and play.

How many days in a week? Seven both to hear and speak.

How many weeks in a month? Four, as the swift moon runn’th.

How many months in a year? Twelve the almanack makes clear.

How many years in an age? One hundred says the sage.

How many ages in time? No one knows the rhyme.

What will you give me for my pound

What will you give me for my pound? Full twenty shillings round. What will you give me for my shilling? Twelve pence to give I’m willing. What will you give me for my penny? Four farthings, just so many.

January cold desolate

January cold desolate; February all dripping wet; March wind ranges; April changes; Birds sing in tune To flowers of May, And sunny June Brings longest day; In scorched July The storm-clouds fly Lightning-torn; August bears corn, September fruit; In rough October Earth must disrobe her; Stars fall and shoot In keen November; And night is long And cold is strong In bleak December.

What is pink

What is pink? a rose is pink By the fountain’s brink. What is red? a poppy’s red In

its barlev bed. What is blue? the sky is blue Where the clouds float thro'. What is white? a swan is white Sailing in the light. What is yellow: pears are yellow, Rich and ripe and mellow. What is green? the grass is green. With small flowers between. What is violet? clouds are violet In the summer twilight. What is orange? why, an orange, Just an orange!

Mother shake the cherry-tree

Mother shake the cherry-tree, Susan catch a cherry; Oh how funny that will be, Let's be merry! One for brother, one for sister, Two for mother more, Six for father, hot and tired, Knocking at the door.

A pin has a head

A pin has a head, but has no hair; A clock has a face, but no mouth there Needles have eyes, but they cannot see; A fly has a trunk without lock or key; A timepiece may lose, but cannot win; A corn-field dimples without a chin; A hill has no leg, but has a foot; A wine-glass a stem, but not a root; A watch has hands, but no thumb or finger A boot has a tongue, but is no singer; Rivers run, though they have no feet; A saw has teeth, but it does not eat; Ash-trees have keys, yet never a lock; And baby crows, without being a cock.

Hopping frog

Hopping frog, hop here and be seen, I'll not pelt you with stick or stone: Your cap is laced and your coat is green; Good bye, we'll let each other alone.

Plodding toad, plod here and be looked at, You the finger of scorn is crooked at: But though you're lumpish, you're harmless too; You won't hurt me, and I won't hurt you.

Where innocent

Where innocent bright-eyed daisies are, With blades of grass between, Each daisy stands up like a star Out of a sky of green.

The city mouse

The city mouse lives in a house;— The garden mouse lives in a bower, He’s friendly with the frogs and toads, And sees the pretty plants in flower.

The city mouse eats bread and cheese;— The garden mouse eats what he can; We will not grudge him seeds and stalks, Poor little timid furry man.

What does the donkey bray about

What does the donkey bray about? What does the pig grunt through his snout? What does the goose mean by a hiss? Oh, Nurse, if you can tell me this, I’ll give you such a kiss.

The cockatoo calls “cockatoo,” The magpie chatters “how d’ye do?” The jackdaw bids me “go away,” Cuckoo cries “cuckoo” half the day: What do the others say?

Three plum buns

Three plum buns To eat here at the stile In the clover meadow, For we have walked a mile.

One for you, and one for me, And one left over: Give it to the boy who shouts To scare sheep from the clover.

A motherless soft lambkin

A motherless soft lambkin Alone upon a hill; No mother’s fleece to shelter him And wrap him from the cold:— I’ll run to him and comfort him, I’ll fetch him, that I will; I’ll care for him and feed him Until he’s strong and bold.

Dancing on the hill-tops

Dancing on the hill-tops, Singing in the valleys, Laughing with the echoes, Merry little Alice.

Playing games with lambkins In the flowering valleys, Gathering pretty posies, Helpful little Alice.

If her father’s cottage Turned into a palace, And he owned the hill-tops And the

flowering valleys, She’d be none the happier, Happy little Alice.

When fishes set umbrellas up

When fishes set umbrellas up If the rain-drops run, Lizards will want their parasols To shade them from the sun.

The peacock

The peacock has a score of eyes, With which he cannot see; The cod-fish has a silent sound, However that may be;

No dandelions tell the time, Although they turn to clocks; Cat’s-cradle does not hold the cat. Nor foxglove fit the fox.

Pussy has a whiskered face

Pussy has a whiskered face, Kitty has such pretty ways; Doggie scampers when I call, And has a heart to love us all.

The dog lies in his kennel

The dog lies in his kennel, And Puss purrs on the rug, And baby perches on my knee For me to love and hug.

Pat the dog and stroke the cat, Each in its degree; And cuddle and kiss my baby, And baby kiss me.

If hope grew on a bush

If hope grew on a bush, And joy grew on a tree, What a nosegay for the plucking There would be!

But oh! in windy autumn, When frail flowers wither, What should we do for hope and joy, Fading together?

I planted a hand

I planted a hand And there came up a palm, I planted a heart And there came up balm.

Then I planted a wish, But there sprang a thorn, While heaven frowned with thunder And earth sighed forlorn.

Under the ivy bush

Under the ivy bush One sits sighing, And under the willow tree One sits crying:—

Under the ivy bush Cease from your sighing, But under the willow tree Lie down a-dying.

I am a King, Or an Emperor rather, I wear crown-imperial And prince's-feather; Golden-rod is the sceptre I wield and wag, And a broad purple flag-flower Waves for my flag.

Elder the pithy With old-man and sage, These are my councillors Green in old age; Lords-and-ladies in silence Stand round me and wait, While gay ragged-robin Makes bows at my gate.

There is one that has a head

There is one that has a head without an eye, And there's one that has an eye without a head: You may find the answer if you try; And when all is said, Half the answer hangs upon a thread!

If a mouse could fly

If a mouse could fly, Or if a crow could swim, Or if a sprat could walk and talk, I'd like to be like him.

If a mouse could fly, He might fly away; Or if a crow could swim, It might turn him grey; Or if a sprat could walk and talk, What would he find to say?

Sing me a song

Sing me a song— What shall I sing?— Three merry sisters Dancing in a ring, Light and fleet upon their feet As birds upon the wing.

Tell me a tale— What shall I tell?— Two mournful sisters, And a tolling knell, Tolling ding and tolling dong, Ding dong bell.

The lily has an air

The lily has an air, And the snowdrop a grace, And the sweetpea a way, And the heartsease a face,— Yet there’s nothing like the rose When she blows.

Margaret has a milking pail

Margaret has a milking-pail, And she rises early; Thomas has a threshing-flail, And he’s up betimes. Sometimes crossing through the grass Where the dew lies pearly, They say “Good morrow” as they pass By the leafy limes.

In the meadow

In the meadow—what in the meadow? Bluebells, buttercups, meadowsweet, And fairy rings for the children’s feet In the meadow.

In the garden—what in the garden? Jacob’s-ladder and Solomon’s-seal, And Love-lies-bleeding beside All-heal In the garden.

A frisky lamb

A frisky lamb And a frisky child Playing their pranks In a cowslip meadow: The sky all blue And the air all mild And the fields all sun And the lanes half shadow.

Mix a pancake

Mix a pancake, Stir a pancake, Pop it in the pan; Fry the pancake, Toss the pancake,— Catch it if you can.

The wind has such a rainy sound

The wind has such a rainy sound Moaning through the town, The sea has such a windy sound,— Will the ships go down?

The apples in the orchard Tumble from their tree.— Oh, will the ships go down, go down, In the windy sea?

Three little children

Three little children On the wide wide earth, Motherless children— Cared for from

their birth By tender angels.

Three little children On the wide wide sea, Motherless children— Safe as safe can be With guardian angels.

Fly away

Fly away, fly away over the sea, Sun-loving swallow, for summer is done; Come again, come again, come back to me, Bringing the summer and bringing the sun.

Minnie bakes oaten cakes

Minnie bakes oaten cakes, Minnie brews ale, All because her Johnny’s coming Home from sea. And she glows like a rose, Who was so pale, And “Are you sure the church clock goes?” Says she.

A white hen sitting

A white hen sitting On white eggs three: Next, three speckled chickens As plump as plump can be.

An owl, and a hawk, And a bat come to see: But chicks beneath their mother’s wing Squat safe as safe can be.

Currants on a bush

Currants on a bush, And figs upon a stem, And cherries on a bending bough, And Ned to gather them.

Playing at bob cherry Tom and Nell and Hugh: Cherry bob! cherry bob! There’s a bob for you.

Tom bobs a cherry For gaping snapping Hugh, While curly-pated Nelly Snaps at it too.

Look, look, look— Oh what a sight to see! The wind is playing cherry bob With the cherry tree.

I have but one rose

I have but one rose in the world, And my one rose stands a-drooping: Oh, when my single rose is dead There'll be but thorns for stooping.

Rosy maiden Winifred

Rosy maiden Winifred, With a milkpail on her head, Tripping through the corn, While the dew lies on the wheat In the sunny morn. Scarlet shepherd's-weatherglass Spreads wide open at her feet As they pass; Cornflowers give their almond smell While she brushes by, And a lark sings from the sky "All is well."

Blind from my birth, Where flowers are springing I sit on earth All dark. Hark! hark! A lark is singing, His notes are all for me, For me his mirth:— Till some day I shall see Beautiful flowers And birds in bowers Where all Joy Bells are ringing.

When the cows come home

When the cows come home the milk is coming, Honey's made while the bees are humming; Duck and drake on the rushy lake, And the deer live safe in the breezy brake; And timid, funny, brisk little bunny, Winks his nose and sits all sunny.

Roses blushing red and white

Roses blushing red and white, For delight; Honeysuckle wreaths above, For love; Dim sweet-scented heliotrope, For hope; Shining lilies tall and straight, For royal state; Dusky pansies, let them be For memory; With violets of fragrant breath, For death.

Ding a ding

"Ding a ding," The sweet bells sing, And say: "Come, all be gay" For a wedding day.

"Dong a dong," The bells sigh long, And call: "Weep one, weep all" For a funeral.

A ring upon her finger

A ring upon her finger, Walks the bride, With the bridegroom tall and handsome At her side.

A veil upon her forehead, Walks the bride, With the bridegroom proud and merry At her side.

Fling flowers beneath the footsteps Of the bride; Fling flowers before the bridegroom At her side.

Ferry me across the water

“Ferry me across the water, Do, boatman, do.” “If you’ve a penny in your purse I’ll ferry you.”

“I have a penny in my purse, And my eyes are blue; So ferry me across the water, Do, boatman, do.”

“Step into my ferry-boat, Be they black or blue, And for the penny in your purse I’ll ferry you.”

When a mounting skylark sings

When a mounting skylark sings In the sunlit summer morn, I know that heaven is up on high. And on earth are fields of corn.

But when a nightingale sings In the moonlit summer even, I know not if earth is merely earth. Only that heaven is heaven.

Who has seen the wind

Who has seen the wind? Neither I nor you: But when the leaves hang trembling The wind is passing thro’.

Who has seen the wind? Neither you nor I: But when the trees bow down their heads The wind is passing by.

The horses of the sea

The horses of the sea Rear a foaming crest, But the horses of the land Serve us the best.

The horses of the land Munch corn and clover, While the foaming sea-horses Toss and turn over.

O sailor, come ashore

O sailor, come ashore, What have you brought for me? Red coral, white coral, Coral from the sea.

I did not dig it from the ground, Nor pluck it from a tree; Feeble insects made it In the stormy sea.

A diamond or a coal

A diamond or a coal? A diamond, if you please: Who cares about a clumsy coal Beneath the summer trees?

A diamond or a coal? A coal, sir, if you please: One comes to care about the coal What time the waters freeze.

An emerald

An emerald is as green as grass; A ruby red as blood; A sapphire shines as blue as heaven; A flint lies in the mud.

A diamond is a brilliant stone, To catch the world’s desire; An opal holds a fiery spark; But a flint holds fire.

Boats sail on the rivers

Boats sail on the rivers, And ships sail on the seas; But clouds that sail across the sky Are prettier far than these.

There are bridges on the rivers, As pretty as you please; But the bow that bridges heaven, And overtops the trees, And builds a road from earth to sky, Is prettier far than these.

The lily has a smooth stalk

The lily has a smooth stalk, Will never hurt your hand; But the rose upon her briar Is lady of the land.

There’s sweetness in an apple tree, And profit in the corn; But lady of all beauty Is a rose upon a thorn.

When with moss and honey She tips her bending briar, And half unfolds her glowing heart, She sets the world on fire.

Hurt no living thing

Hurt no living thing: Ladybird, nor butterfly, Nor moth with dusty wing, Nor cricket chirping cheerily, Nor grasshopper so light of leap, Nor dancing gnat, nor beetle fat, Nor harmless worms that creep.

I caught a little ladybird

I caught a little ladybird That flies far away; I caught a little lady wife That is both staid and gay.

Come back, my scarlet ladybird, Back from far away; I weary of my dolly wife, My wife that cannot play.

She’s such a senseless wooden thing She stares the livelong day; Her wig of gold is stiff and cold And cannot change to grey.

All the bells were ringing

All the bells were ringing And all the birds were singing, When Molly sat down crying For her broken doll: O you silly Moll! Sobbing and sighing For a broken doll, When all the bells are ringing, And all the birds are singing.

Wee wee husband

Wee wee husband, Give me some money, I have no comfits, And I have no honey.

Wee wee wifie, I have no money, Milk, nor meat, nor bread to eat, Comfits, nor honey.

I have a little husband

I have a little husband And he is gone to sea, The winds that whistle round his ship Fly home to me.

The winds that sigh about me Return again to him; So I would fly, if only I Were light of limb.

The dear old woman in the lane

The dear old woman in the lane Is sick and sore with pains and aches, We'll go to her this afternoon, And take her tea and eggs and cakes.

We'll stop to make the kettle boil, And brew some tea, and set the tray, And poach an egg, and toast a cake, And wheel her chair round, if we may.

Swift and sure the swallow

Swift and sure the swallow, Slow and sure the snail: Slow and sure may miss his way, Swift and sure may fail.

I dreamt I caught a little owl

"I dreamt I caught a little owl And the bird was blue—"

"But you may hunt for ever And not find such an one."

"I dreamt I set a sunflower, And red as blood it grew—"

"But such a sunflower never Bloomed beneath the sun."

What does the bee do?

What does the bee do? Bring home honey. And what does Father do? Bring home money. And what does Mother do? Lay out the money. And what does baby do? Eat up the honey.

I have a Poll parrot

I have a Poll parrot, And Poll is my doll, And my nurse is Polly, And my sister Poll.

"Polly!" cried Polly, "Don't tear Polly dolly"— While soft-hearted Poll Trembled for the doll.

A house of cards

A house of cards Is neat and small Shake the table, It must fall.

Find the Court cards One by one; Raise it, roof it,— Now it's done:— Shake the table! That's the fun.

The rose with such a bonny blush

The rose with such a bonny blush, What has the rose to blush about? If it’s the sun that makes her flush, What’s in the sun to flush about?

The rose that blushes rosy red

The rose that blushes rosy red, She must hang her head; The lily that blows spotless white, She may stand upright.

Oh, fair to see

Oh, fair to see Bloom-laden cherry tree, Arrayed in sunny white; An April day’s delight, Oh, fair to see!

Oh, fair to see Fruit-laden cherry tree, With balls of shining red Decking a leafy head, Oh, fair to see!

Clever little Willie wee

Clever little Willie wee, Bright-eyed, blue-eyed little fellow; Merry little Margery With her hair all yellow.

Little Willie in his heart Is a sailor on the sea, And he often cons a chart With sister Margery.

The peach tree on the southern wall

The peach tree on the southern wall Has basked so long beneath the sun, Her score of peaches great and small Bloom rosy, every one.

A peach for brothers, one for each, A peach for you and a peach for me; But the biggest, rosiest, downiest peach For Grandmamma with her tea.

A rose has thorn as well as honey

A rose has thorns as well as honey, I’ll not have her for love or money; An iris grows so straight and fine, That she shall be no friend of mine; Snowdrops like the snow would chill me; Nightshade would caress and kill me; Crocus like a spear would fright me; Dragon’s-mouth might bark or bite me; Convolvulus but blooms to

die; A wind-flower suggests a sigh Love-lies-bleeding makes me sad; And poppy-juice would drive me mad But give me holly, bold and jolly, Honest, prickly, shining holly; Pluck me holly leaf and berry For the day when I make merry.

Is the moon tired

Is the moon tired? she looks so pale Within her misty veil: She scales the sky from east to west, And takes no rest.

Before the coming of the night The moon shows papery white; Before the dawning of the day She fades away.

If stars dropped out of heaven

If stars dropped out of heaven, And if flowers took their place, The sky would still look very fair, And fair earth’s face.

Winged angels might fly down to us To pluck the stars, But we could only long for flowers Beyond the cloudy bars.

Goodbye in fear

“Goodbye in fear, goodbye in sorrow, Goodbye, and all in vain, Never to meet again, my dear—” “Never to part again.” “Goodbye to-day, goodbye to-morrow, Goodbye till earth shall wane, Never to meet again, my dear—” “Never to part again.”

If the sun could tell us

If the sun could tell us half That he hears and sees, Sometimes he would make us laugh, Sometimes make us cry: Think of all the birds that make Homes among the trees; Think of cruel boys who take Birds that cannot fly.

If the moon came from heaven

If the moon came from heaven, Talking all the way, What could she have to tell us, And what could she say?

“I’ve seen a hundred pretty things, And seen a hundred gay But only think: I peep

by night And do not peep by day!”

O Lady Moon

O Lady Moon, your horns point toward the east: Shine, be increased; O Lady Moon, your horns point toward the west: Wane, be at rest.

What do the stars do

What do the stars do Up in the sky, Higher than the wind can blow, Or the clouds can fly?

Each star in its own glory Circles, circles still; As it was lit to shine and set, And do its Maker’s will.

Motherless baby and babyless mother

Motherless baby and babyless mother, Bring them together to love one another.

Crimson curtains

Crimson curtains round my mother’s bed, Silken soft as may be; Cool white curtains round about my bed, For I am but a baby.

Baby lies so fast asleep

Baby lies so fast asleep That we cannot wake her: Will the Angels clad in white Fly from heaven to take her?

Baby lies so fast asleep That no pain can grieve her Put a snowdrop in her hand, Kiss her once and leave her.

I know a baby

I know a baby, such a baby,— Round blue eyes and cheeks of pink, Such an elbow furrowed with dimples, Such a wrist where creases sink.

“Cuddle and love me, cuddle and love me,” Crows the mouth of coral pink: Oh, the bald head, and, oh, the sweet lips, And, oh, the sleepy eyes that wink!

Lullaby

Lullaby, oh, lullaby! Flowers are closed and lambs are sleeping; Lullaby, oh, lullaby! Stars are up, the moon is peeping; Lullaby, oh, lullaby While the birds are silence keeping, (Lullaby, oh, lullaby!) Sleep, my baby, fall a-sleeping, Lullaby, oh, lullaby!

Lie a-bed

Lie a-bed, Sleepy head, Shut up eyes, bo-peep; Till daybreak Never wake:— Baby, sleep.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK SING-SONG ***

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