



Mother Goose Melodies

Twenty-four songs for little children



MaryLee



Lyrics to the CD:
Mother Goose Melodies

© MaryLee Sunseri
Piper Grove Music
380 Martin Street
Monterey, CA 93940

www.maryleemusic.com

Mother Goose...Who are you?

Archeologists and historians have searched far and wide for a “real” Mother Goose. Some claim she was Queen Bertha (Queen “Goose-foot”), King Charlemagne’s mother (750 AD), some claim she was Elizabeth Goose of Boston circa 1860. It is likely there has never been one such person, only a composite of many women singing for children down through the ages, passing along folk songs and clapping rhymes, generation to generation.

Her early words were published as *Comme un conte de ma mère l’Oye* (“*Like A Mother Goose Story*”) in 1650, in France. Many of the rhymes were quite elderly even then. She was translated into English and performed by puppeteer, Robert Powell in England in 1709. Then *Mother Goose’s Melody: or Sonnets for the Cradle* was published by John Newberry (of the famed “Newberry” book award) and edited by Oliver Goldsmith around 1765. Isaiah Thomas published his pirated copies of the Newberry book in America, and in 1719, Mistress Vergoose of Boston had an enterprising son-in-law, Thomas Fleet, who published the rhymes she told to her grandchildren as *Songs of the Nursery*. In 1860, in Boston, a claim was made that Elizabeth Goose, grandmother of Isaiah Thomas’ wife, was the *real* Mother Goose. Because working class women prior to the twentieth century had no property rights, no education (unless they were “royal” or joined a religious order) and no publishing opportunities, their words and melodies from long ago remain un-credited to this day. It is said, however, that wherever “anonymous” is written on a poem or song, it was likely written by a woman.

What we do know about Mother Goose nursery rhymes and music for early childhood, is that they are golden keys to literacy. The sooner music is part of a young child’s life, the greater and more diverse the brain development. At 20 weeks gestation, music can be heard *in utero*. Music comforts and delights us, marches us off to war, brings us back home again, expresses our joy, our fears and our sorrows. It is a powerful tool used by advertisers and movie-makers and yes, especially by parents around the world to soothe, cajole and motivate their children. Mother Goose, whoever she may be, has always known the songs little children love! And she’s been singing them for a long, long time!

MaryLee Sunseri, October 28, 2003
Pacific Grove, California

Dedicated to my sister, Patti, childhood playmate, caregiver & harmonizer! Oh, the giggles we had & have! With love on her birthday, October 28!

1. Ride A Cock Horse* (traditional English) **old fashioned term for a rocking horse or hobby horse*

Ride a cock horse to Banbury Cross to see a fine lady upon a white horse!
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes, she shall have music wherever she goes!

2. Ring Around The Rosie (traditional - American version)

Ring around the rosie, a pocket full of posies, ashes, ashes, we all fall down!

Early One Morning (new words © 2003 MaryLee Sunseri, music: traditional English)

Early one morning just as the sun was rising, I heard a maid singing in the valley below:
Come, make a ring with me! Come, sing and dance with me!
Turning and turning like seasons round and round
Gay is the garland and fresh are the roses I’ve culled from the garden to bind on thy brow!

3. Hey Ho The Rattle-O!

(words: © 2003 MaryLee Sunseri, music: traditional Irish “Hey, Ho, The Rattlin’ Bog!”)

Hey, ho, the rattle-o! Shake it high! Shake it low! (repeat)

~ Jack be nimble! Jack be quick! Jack jump over the candlestick!
~ Pease porridge hot-o! Pease porridge cold-o! Pease porridge in the pot, nine days old-o!
~ Mistress Mary, quite contrary, how does your garden grow?
With silver bells and cockle shells and pretty maids all in a row-o!
~ Jack Sprat could eat no fat, his wife could eat no lean-o,
So they lived together well and licked the platter clean-o!

4. Old King Cole (Traditional English)

Old King Cole was a merry old soul and a merry old soul was he!
He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl and he called for his fiddlers three!
Every fiddler had a fine fiddle, and a very fine fiddle had he!
Tweedle dee, tweedle dee, tweedle dee, tweedle dee, and a very fine fiddle had he!

5. This Little Pig, Old MacDonald's Farm

This little pig went to market
This little pig stayed home
This little pig had roast beef
This little pig had none,
And this little pig cried
Wee, wee, wee, wee, wee!
All the way home!

Old MacDonald's Farm (traditional American zipper* song)

Old MacDonald had a farm
Ee-i--ee-i-o!
And on that farm he had a cow
Ee-i-ee-i-o!
With a moo moo here and a moo moo there!
Here a moo, there a moo!
Everywhere a moo moo!
Old MacDonald had a farm
Ee-i-ee-i-o!

*Zipper song: a song in which a word is replaced while the rest of the song lyrics remain the same.

6. Mr. Turkey & Mr. Duck, and The Hayride Road or "Cock-a-doodle-doo"

Mister Turkey and Mister Duck (traditional to the tune of "Yankee Doodle")

Mister Turkey went out one day in bright sun shiny weather
He met Mister Duck along the way; they stopped to talk together
"Gobble, gobble. "Quack, quack, quack!"
"Gobble, gobble. "Quack, quack, quack!"
"Gobble, gobble. "Quack, quack, quack!"
And then they both went back! "Quack!"

Hayride Road (words: © 2003 MaryLee Sunseri music: traditional American: "Turkey in the Straw")

Oh! We went on a hayride by early mornin' light!
We were bumpin' to the left, we were bumpin' to the right!
We were bouncin' up and down on the hayride road,
And we left mighty early when the rooster crowed:
Cock-a-doodle-doo! Cock-a-doodle-doo!
Bouncin' up and down on the hayride road,
And we left mighty early when the rooster crowed!

Oh, the hayride stopped at the old fishin' hole
So we hopped off the wagon with our fishing poles!

We were catchin' 'em big! We were catchin' 'em small
But we threw 'em all back when the rooster called:
Cock-a-doodle-doo! Cock-a-doodle-doo!
Bouncin' up and down on the hayride road,
And we left mighty early when the rooster crowed!

Then the hayride stopped at the big cow barn!
So we milked the cows and we fed 'em corn!
And we played with the piggies in the little pig pen,
But the rooster crowed, it was time to go again!
Cock-a-doodle-doo! Cock-a-doodle-doo!
Bouncin' up and down on the hayride road,
And we left mighty early when the rooster crowed!

Oh, the hayride stopped by the old apple tree
And we picked all the apples that we could see!
We were thinkin' of cookin' up a big apple pie,
But the rooster crowed and it was time to say "Goodbye!"
Cock-a-doodle-doo! Cock-a-doodle-doo!
Bouncin' up and down on the hayride road,
And we left mighty early when the rooster crowed!

Well, the hayride dropped us at our front door,
But we begged and we begged, "Can we go some more?"
Well, my Ma said, "Yep!" and my Pa said "Yes!"
Then the rooster crowed and I know you know the rest!
Cock-a-doodle-doo! Cock-a-doodle-doo!
Bouncin' up and down on the hayride road,
And we left mighty early when the rooster crowed!
Cock-a-doodle-doo! Cock-a-doodle-doo!
Bouncin' up and down on the hayride road,
And we left mighty early when the rooster crowed!

7. The Farmer's Apple Tree (© 2003 MaryLee Sunseri, inspired by a song by Nancy Stewart)

On the farmer's apple tree three red apples I can see!
Oh, good farmer, pluck for me one red apple off the tree!
Down-a-derry, derry! Down-a-derry, derry!
Down derry down, down, derry, derry down!

8. Sing A Song of Sixpence (traditional English)

Sing a song of sixpence, a pocketful of rye!
Four and twenty blackbirds baked in a pie!
When the pie was opened, the birds began to sing!
Now, wasn't that a dainty dish to set before the king!

9. Humpty Dumpty (traditional English)

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall, Humpty Dumpty had a great fall!
All the king's horses and all the king's men couldn't put Humpty together again!

10. Pussycat Pussycat Where Have You Been?

(traditional English, music and new 2nd verse © 2003 MaryLee Sunseri)

Pussycat, pussycat where have you been?
"I've been to London to visit the Queen!"
Pussy cat, pussycat what did you there?
"I frightened the little mouse under her chair!"

Pussycat, pussycat what did you next?
"Napped in the Queen's lap for she was quite vexed!"
Pussycat, pussycat did you have tea?
"The Queen was so grateful she fixed some for me!"

11. Little Brown Dog (traditional English)

I bought me a little dog, it's color it was brown.
Taught him how to whistle, to sing and dance and run!
His legs, they were fourteen yards long, his ears they were broad!
Around the world in half a day, on him I would ride!
Sing tarry-o-day, sing tarry-o-day!

I bought me a little bull, about four inches high.
Everybody feared him that ever heard him cry!
When he began to bellow, it made such melodious sound-
That all the walls in London town came tumbling to the ground!
Sing tarry-o-day, sing tarry-o-day!

I bought me a flock of sheep. I thought they were all whethers!
Sometimes they yielded wool, sometimes yielded feathers!
I think mine are the best of sheep for yielding me increase
And every full and change of moon, they yield both lambs and geese!
Sing tarry-o-day, sing tarry-o-day!

I bought me a little box about four acres square,
Filled it with some guineas and silver coins so fair.
And now, I'm bound for Turkey; I'll travel like an ox
And in my breeches pocket I'll carry my little box!
Sing tarry-o-day, sing tarry-o-day!

I bought me a little hen, all speckled, gay and fair!
Sat her on an oyster shell, she hatched me out a hare!
The hare, it sprang a handsome horse, full fifteen hands high!
And he that tells a bigger tale would have to tell a lie!
Sing tarry-o-day, sing tarry-o-day!

12. Mary Had A Little Lamb (written by Mrs. Sarah Josepha Hale of Boston 1830, madrigal arrangement © 2003 MaryLee Sunseri)

Mary had a little lamb, little lamb, little lamb
Mary had a little lamb; it's fleece was white as snow!
And everywhere that Mary went, Mary went, Mary went
Everywhere that Mary went her lamb was sure to go!

Fa la la la, fa la la la, fa la la la la la la la!
Fa la la la, fa la la la, fa la la la la la la la!

It followed her to school one day, school one day, school one day
It followed her to school one day, which was against the rule!
It made the children laugh and play, laugh and play, laugh and play
It made the children laugh and play to see a lamb at school!

Fa la la la, fa la la la, fa la la la la la la la!
Fa la la la, fa la la la, fa la la la la la la la!

"Why does the lamb love Mary so, Mary so, Mary so?"
"Why does the lamb love Mary so?" the eager children cried!
"Why, Mary loves the lamb, you know, lamb, you know, lamb, you know,
Why, Mary loves the lamb you know!" the teacher did reply!

Fa la la la, fa la la la, fa la la la la la la la!
Fa la la la, fa la la la, fa la la la la la la la!

13. Five Wild Dragons (words and music © 2003 MaryLee Sunseri)

There were five wild dragons living in a cave,
Breathing fire and letting out a roar!
One stomped away and got stuck in the clay!
Then there were only four!

There were four wild dragons...

There were three wild dragons...

There were two wild dragons...

There was one wild dragon...And now there are no more!

14. Hey Ho Nobody Home, Hey Diddle Diddle, Little Miss Muffit, Georgie Porgie
(traditional English, arrangement © 2003 MaryLee Sunseri)

Hey ho, nobody home! Meat nor drink nor money have I none!
Still I will be happy! Hey ho, nobody home!

Hey diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle, the cow jumped over the moon!
The little dog laughed to see such sport and the dish ran away with the spoon!

Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet, eating her curds and whey,
Along came a spider who sat down beside her and frightened Miss Muffet away!

Georgie Porgie, puddin' and pie! Kissed the girls and made them cry!
When the girls came out to play--Georgie Porgie ran away!

15. Green Grow The Rushes-O (traditional English, new secular lyrics © 2003 MaryLee Sunseri)

I'll sing you one-o, green grow the rushes-o!
What is your one-o? One is one and all alone and ever more shall be-o!

I'll sing you two-o, green grow the rushes-o!
What is your two-o? Two, I will dance with you cloth-ed all in green-o!
One is one and all alone and ever more shall be-o!

I'll sing you three-o, green grow the rushes-o!
What is your three-o? Three, three upon my knee!
Two I will dance with you cloth-ed all in green-o!
One is one and all alone and ever more shall be-o!

I'll sing you four-o, green grow the rushes-o!
What is your four-o? Four come a'knockin' at my door!
Three, three upon my knee!
Two I will dance with you cloth-ed all in green-o!
One is one and all alone and ever more shall be-o!

I'll sing you five-o, green grow the rushes-o!
What is your five-o? Five for my toes and fingers!
Four come a'knockin' at my door!
Three, three upon my knee!
Two I will dance with you cloth-ed all in green-o!
One is one and all alone and ever more shall be-o!

16 Bobby Shafto and Fiddle Dee Dee The Fly Has Married The Bumblebee (Bobby Shafto: Traditional English, Fiddle Dee Dee: American Folk Song)

Bobby Shafto's gone to sea! Silver buckles on his knee!
He'll come back and marry me! Pretty Bobby Shafto!

Fiddle dee dee, fiddle dee dee, the fly has married the bumble bee!
Says the fly says he, "Will you marry me and live with me sweet bumble bee?"
Fiddle dee dee, fiddle dee dee, the fly has married the bumble bee!

17. Singing School (traditional Scottish: The Blue Bells of Scotland)

Oh, tell me young friends while the morning's fair and cool--
Oh where tell me where can I find your singing school?
you'll find it under the tall oak where the leaves do shake and blow!
You'll find half a hundred singing "Mi, mi, fa, re, do!"
Do, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Ti, Do!
Do, Ti, La, Sol, Fa, Mi, Re, Do!
Sol do, ti la sol, la ti do, mi mi fa re do
Sol do, ti la sol, la ti do, mi mi fa re do
Sol mi do mi sol do, la ti do, ti sol la fi sol la ti
Do ti la sol, la ti do, mi mi fa re do

18. White Coral Bells (traditional English)

White coral bells upon a slender stalk,
Lillies of the valley 'deck my garden walk!
Oh don't you wish that you could hear them ring?
That will happen only when the fairies sing!

19. The Fox (traditional English)

Oh, the fox went out on a chilly night, prayed for the moon to give him light
He had many a mile to go that night before he reached the town-o, town-o, town-o
He had many a mile to go that night before he reached the town-o

Well, he ran till he came to a great big pen
Where the ducks and the geese were kept therein
"A coupla you are gonna grease my chin before I leave this town-o, town-o, town-o
"A coupla you are gonna grease my chin before I leave this town-o!"

Well, he grabbed the grey goose by the neck and he threw the duck right over his back,
And he didn't mind the "Quack, quack, quack!"
And the legs all danglin' down-o, down-o, down-o!
He didn't mind the "Quack, quack, quack!" And the legs all danglin' down-o!

Then old Mrs. Flipperflopper jumped out of bed;
She ran to the window and cocked her head cryin'
"John, John, the grey goose is gone! The fox is on the town-o, town-o, town-o!"
"John, John, the grey goose is gone! The fox is on the town-o!"

Well, John, he ran to the top of the hill and he blew on his horn both loud and shrill!
Fox, he said, "I better flee with my kill! They'll soon be on my trail-o, trail-o, trail-o!"
Fox, he said, "I better flee with my kill! They'll soon be on my trail-o!"

Well, he ran till he came to his cozy den. There were the little ones eight, nine, ten,
Sayin' "Daddy, daddy, better go back again!
It must be a mighty fine town-o, town-o town-o!"
Sayin' "Daddy, daddy, better go back again! It must be a mighty fine town-o!"

Well, the fox and his wife without any strife cut up the goose with a carvin' knife.
They never had such a supper in their life
And the little ones chewed on the bones-o, bones-o, bones-o!
They never had such a supper in their life and the little ones chewed on the bones-o!

20. There Was An Old Woman Tossed Up In A Basket (words: traditional English from the time of Henry V, melody traditional Irish "Lilliburlero" 1700's)

There was an old woman tossed up in a basket seventeen times as high as the moon!
And where she was going I couldn't but ask it, for in her hand she carried a broom!
"Old woman, old woman, old woman," said I,
"Whither, o, whither, o, whither so high?"
"To sweep the cobwebs off the sky"
"May I go with you?"
"Aye, bye and bye!"

21. Mockingbird (American Folk Song)

Hush, little baby, don't say a word, Papa's gonna buy you a mockingbird!
If that mockingbird don't sing, Papa's gonna buy you a diamond ring!
If that diamond ring turns brass, Papa's gonna buy you a lookin' glass!
If that looking glass gets broke, Papa's gonna buy you a billy goat!
If that billy goat don't pull, Papa's gonna buy you a cart and bull!
If that cart and bull turn over, Papa's gonna buy you a dog named "Rover!"
If that dog named, "Rover" don't bark, Papa's gonna buy you a horse and cart!
And if that horse and cart fall down--you'll still be the sweetest little baby in town!

22. Baa Baa Black Sheep, Little Boy Blue, Little Bo Peep (traditional English)

Baa, Baa, Black Sheep (traditional English)
Baa, baa, black sheep, have you any wool?
"Yes, sir, yes, sir, three bags full!
One for my master and one for my dame
And one for the little boy who lives down the lane!"

Little Boy Blue (traditional English)
Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn!
The sheep's in the meadow! The cow's in the corn!
Where is the boy who looks after the sheep?
He's under the haystack, fast asleep!

Little Bo Peep (traditional English)
Little Bo Peep has lost her sheep and can't tell where to find them!
Leave them alone and they'll come home, wagging their tails behind them!

23. Pat-a-cake (traditional English)

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker's man, bake me a cake just as fast as you can!
Pat it and prick it and mark it with "B." Put it in the oven for baby and me!
For baby and me! For baby and me! Put it in the oven for baby and me!

24. Rock-a-bye Baby, and Golden Slumbers

Rock-a-bye-baby (music traditional, new lyrics © 2003 MaryLee Sunseri)

Rock-a-bye baby in the treetop
When the wind blows the cradle will rock!
I will climb high, way up in the tree
To sing an old song for baby and me!

Rock-a-bye baby, here in my arms,
While I watch o'er thee, rest now thy charms.
Up to the mountains, down to the sea,
No one's as dear as baby to me

Rock-a-bye baby, here at my breast.
Sweet dreams await thee; little one, rest!
Wee little fingers, eyes wide and bright,
Sleep now, my baby, till morning light!

Golden Slumbers (traditional English)

Golden slumbers kiss your eyes; smiles await you when you rise!
Sleep, pretty baby, do not cry, and I will sing a lullaby!
Care you know not, therefore, sleep
While I o'er you watch do keep!
Sleep, pretty baby, do not cry, and I will sing a lullaby!