THE SONGS OF FATHER GOOSE

For The KINDERGARTEN, The NURSERY And The HOME.

The George M. Hill Company.
CHICAGO. NEW YORK.

1900

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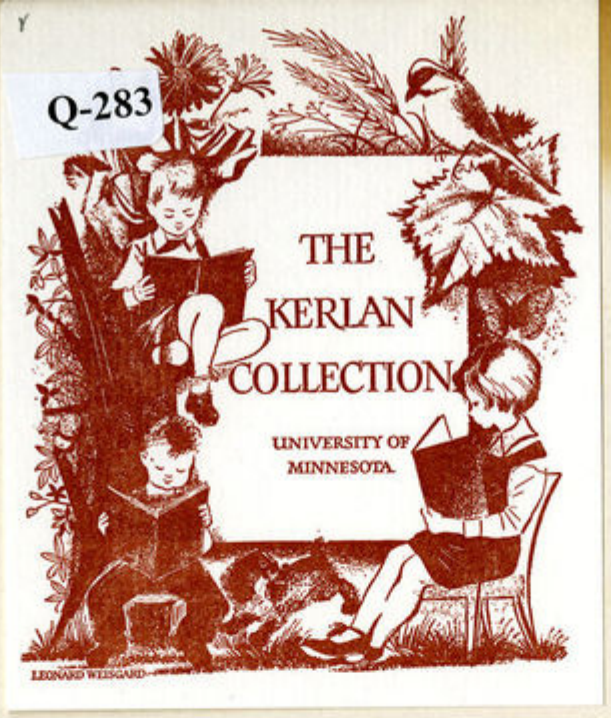
THE
KERLAN
COLLECTION
UNIVERSITY OF
MINNESOTA
LEONARD WEISGARD

THE SONGS OF FATHER GOOSE

For The KINDERGARTEN,
The NURSERY And The HOME.

Verse by L. Frank Baum.
Music by Alberta N. Hall.
Pictures by Wm. W. Denslow.

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CHICAGO. NEW YORK.

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L. FRANK BAUM
W. W. DENSLOW
ALBERTA N. HALL

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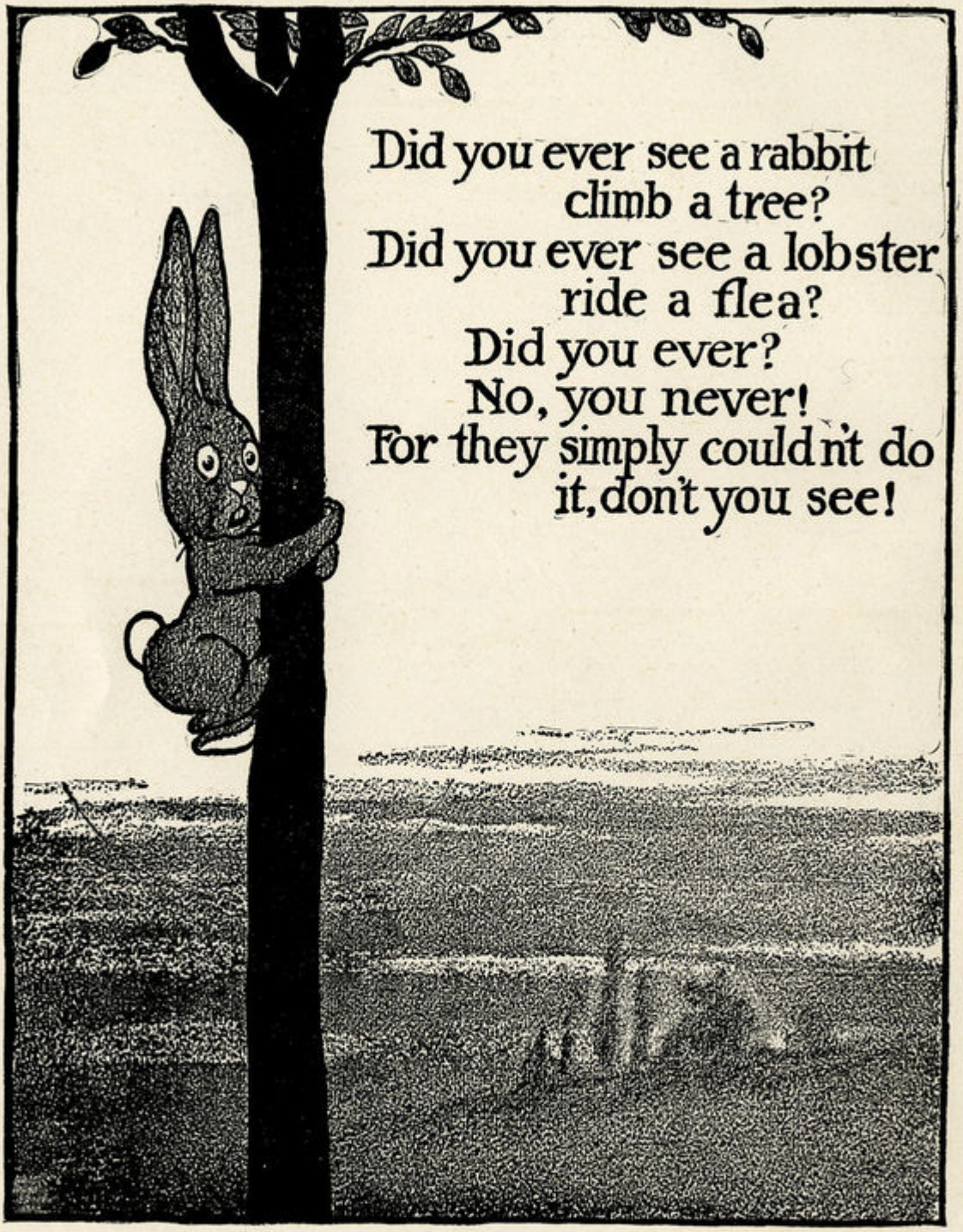
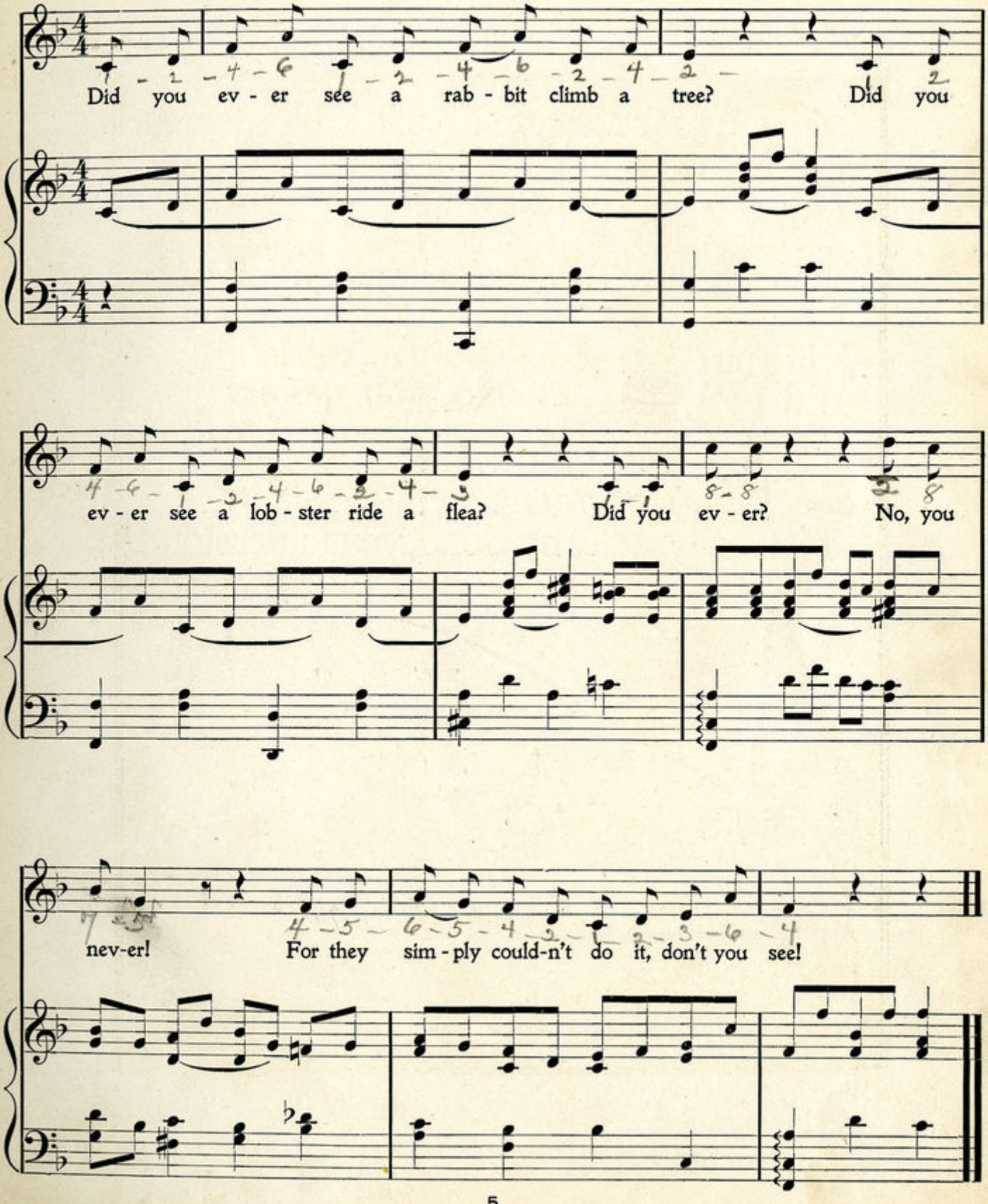
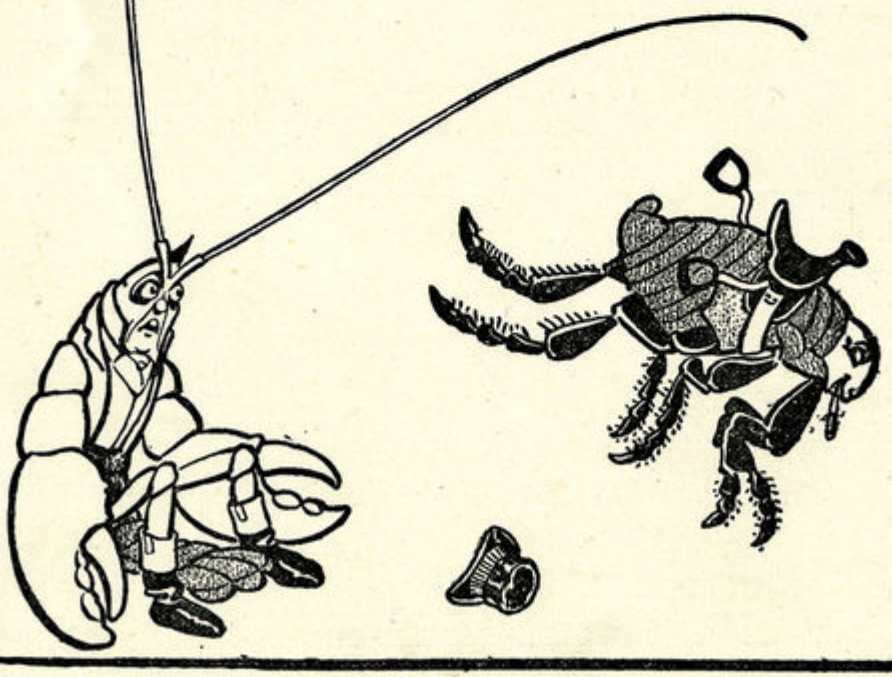

Did you ever see a rabbit
climb a tree?
Did you ever see a lobster
ride a flea?
Did you ever?
No, you never!
For they simply couldn't do
it, don't you see!

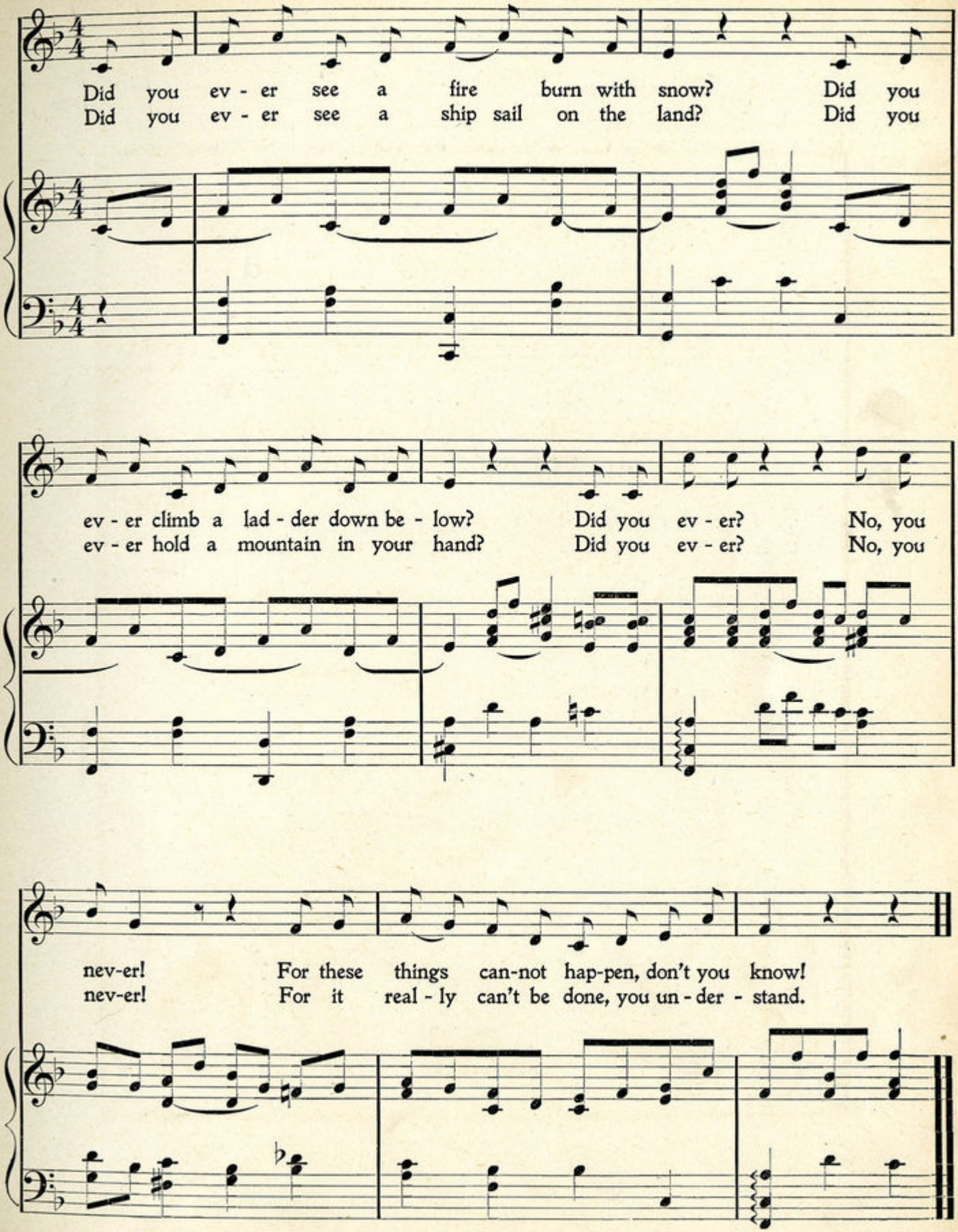
DID YOU EVER SEE A RABBIT?

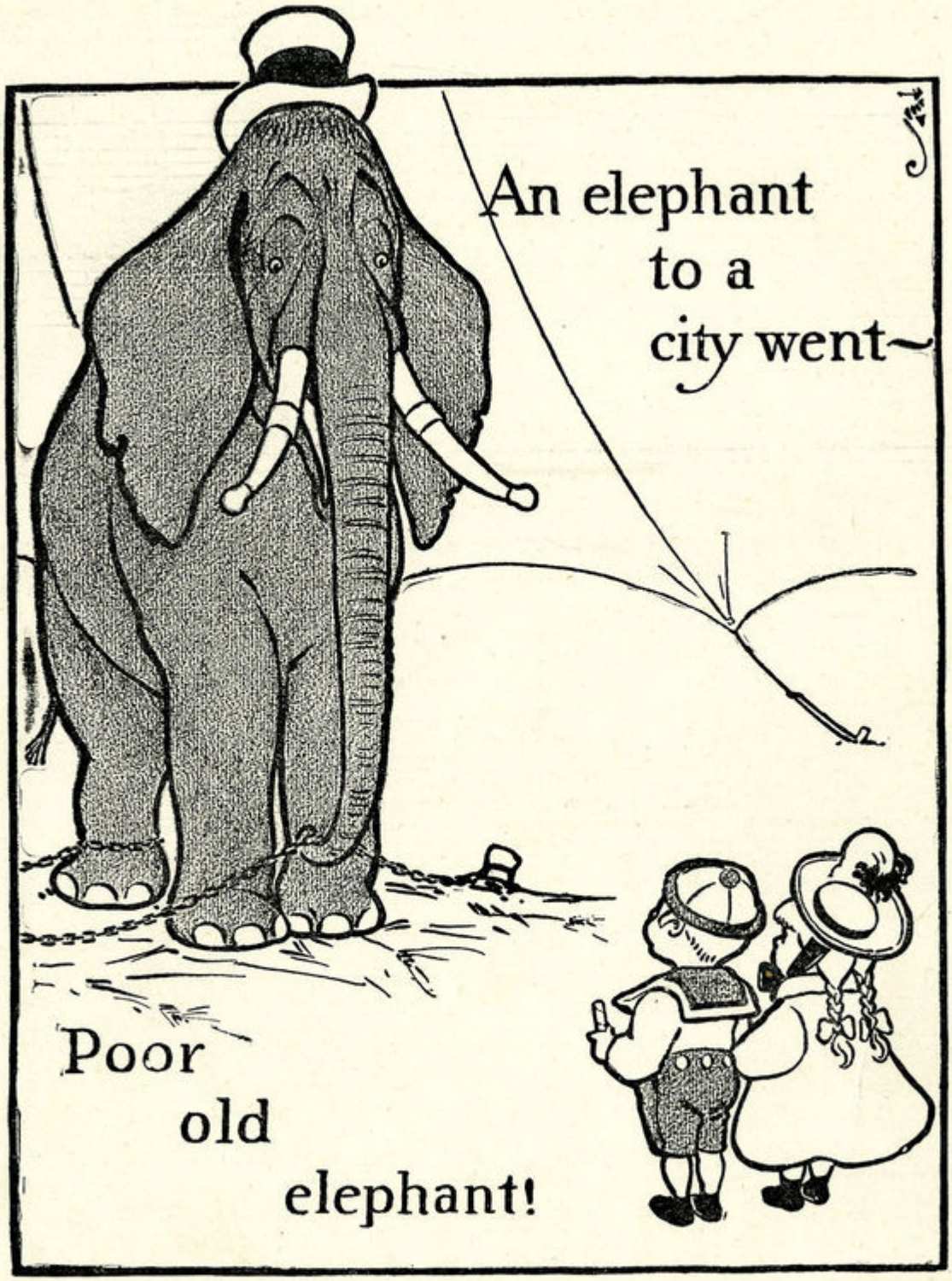


Did you ever see a fire burn with snow?
Did you ever climb a ladder down below?
Did you ever?
No, you never!
For these things cannot happen, don't you know?

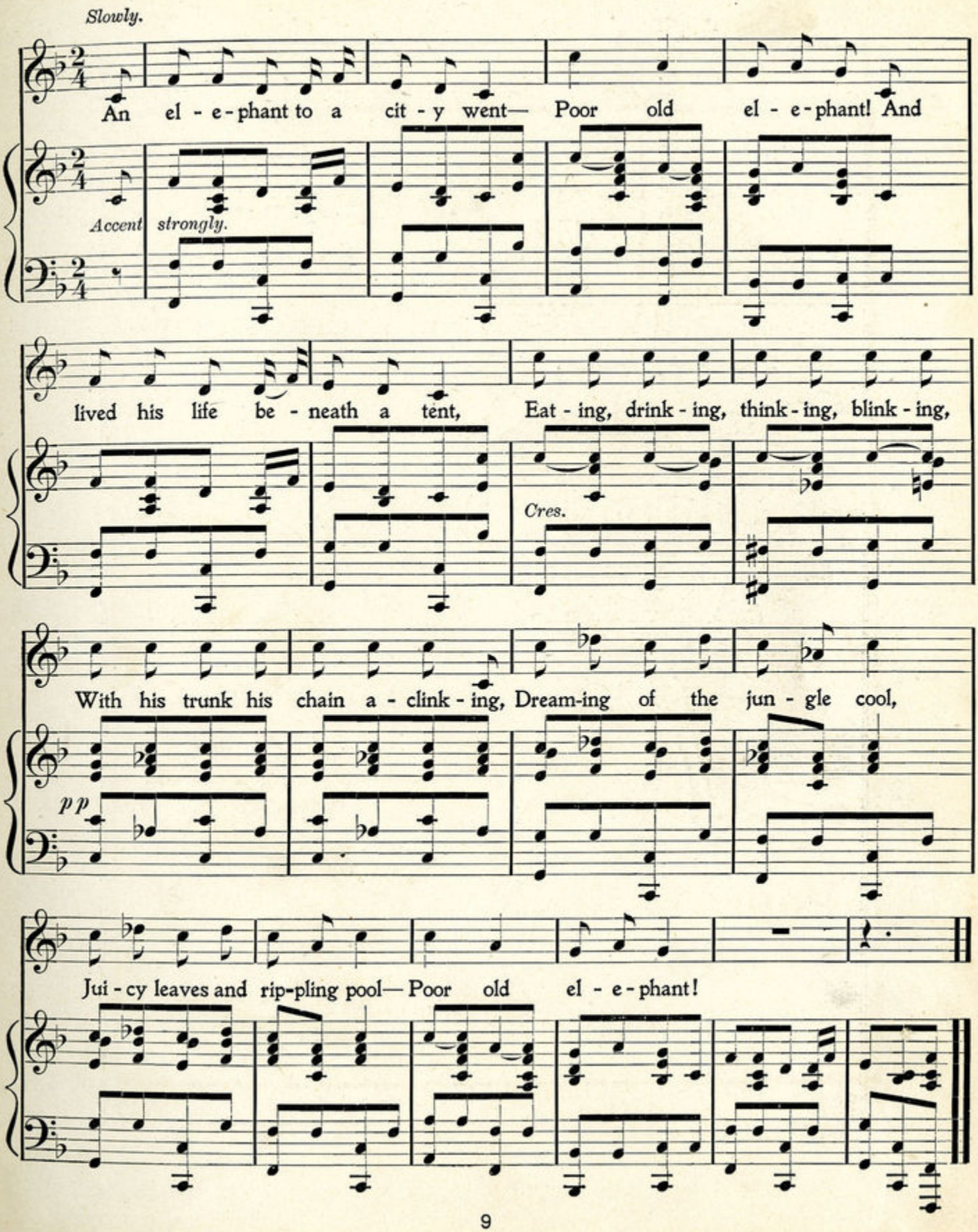
Did you ever see a ship sail on the land?
Did you ever hold a mountain in your hand?
Did you ever?
No, you never!
For it really can't be done, you understand.

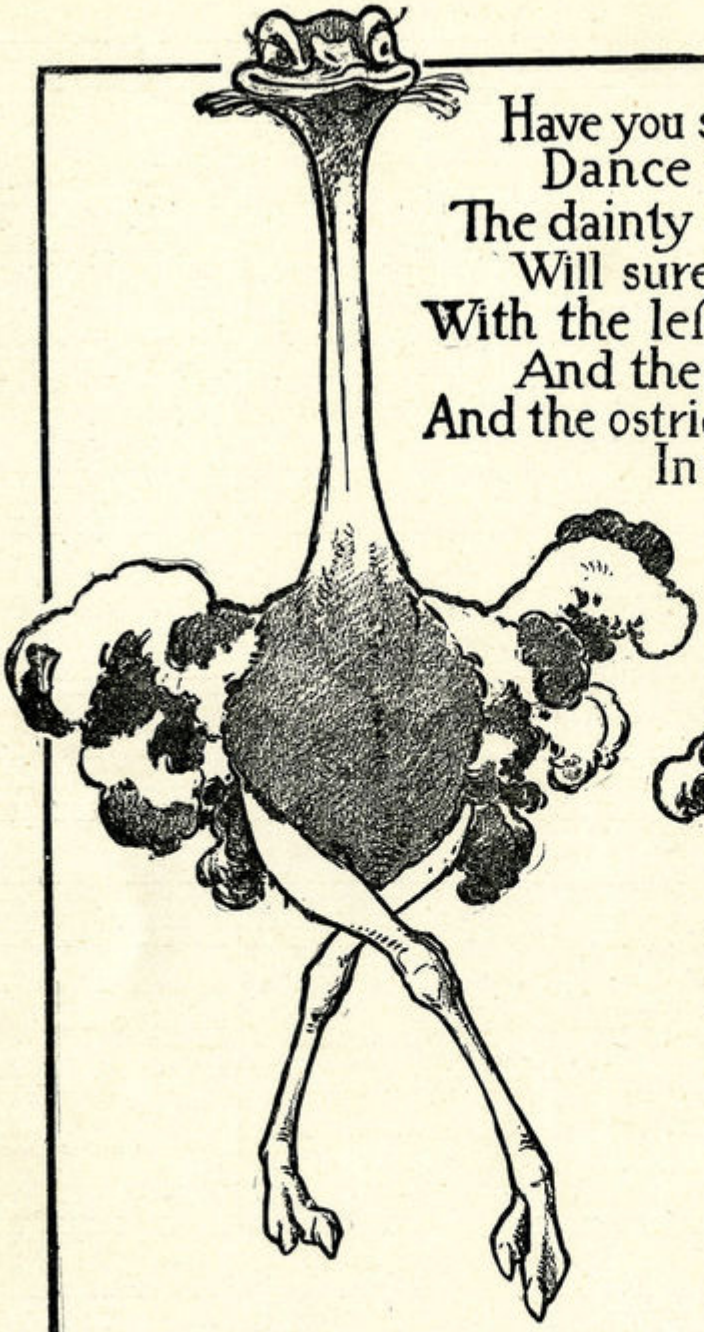



Did you ev - er see a fire burn with snow? Did you
Did you ev - er see a ship sail on the land? Did you
ev - er climb a lad - der down be - low? Did you ev - er? No, you
ev - er hold a mountain in your hand? Did you ev - er? No, you
nev-er! For these things can-not hap-pen, don't you know!
nev-er! For it real - ly can't be done, you un - der - stand.


An elephant
to a
city went~
Poor
old
elephant!

AN ELEPHANT.

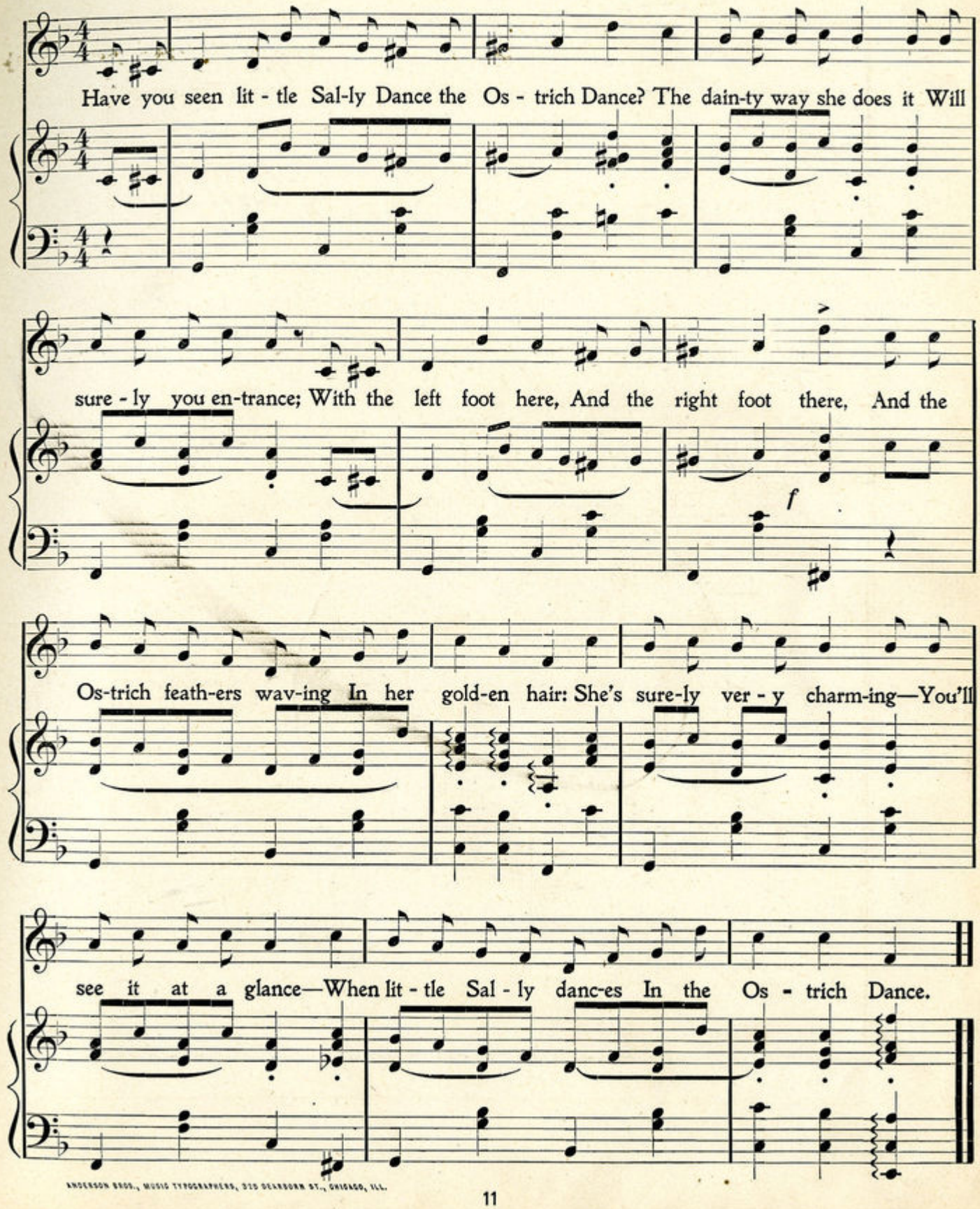

Slowly.
An el - e - phant to a cit - y went— Poor old el - e - phant! And
Accent strongly.
lived his life be - neath a tent, Eat - ing, drink - ing, think - ing, blink - ing,
Cres.
With his trunk his chain a - clink - ing, Dream-ing of the jun - gle cool,
pp
Jui - cy leaves and rip-pling pool— Poor old el - e - phant!



Have you seen little Sally
Dance the Ostrich Dance?
The dainty way she does it
Will surely you entrance.
With the left foot here,
And the right foot there,
And the ostrich feathers waving
In her golden hair:

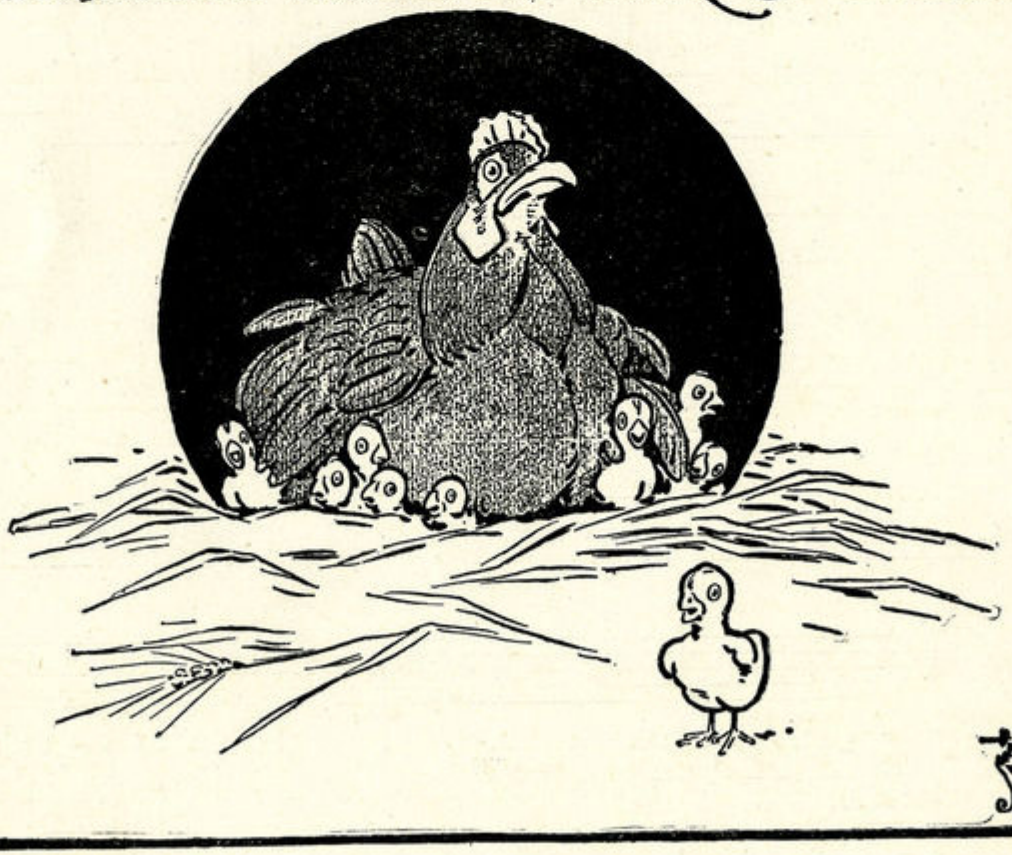
She's surely very charming—
You'll see it at a glance—
When little Sally dances
In the Ostrich dance.

THE OSTRICH DANCE.



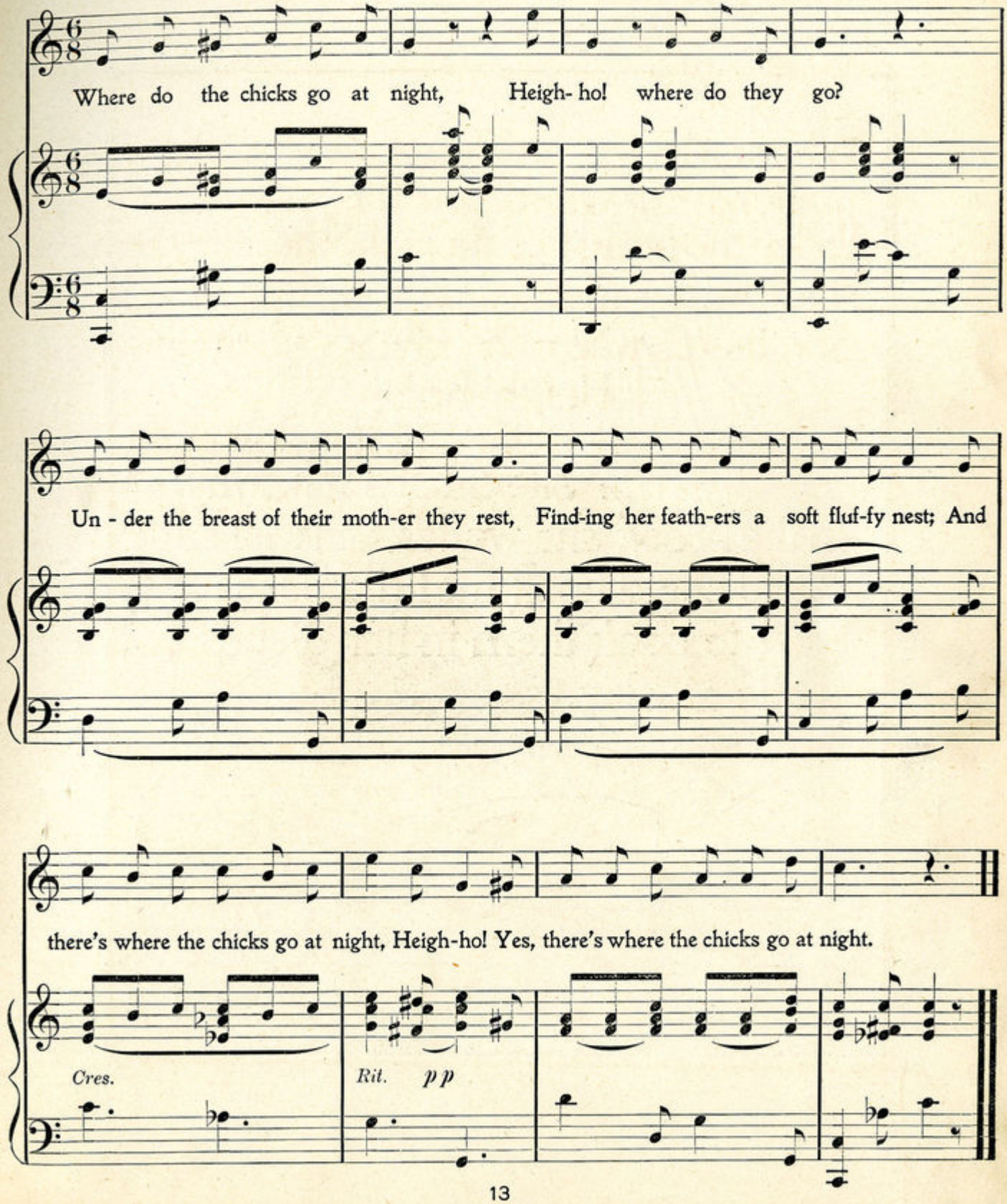
ANDERSON BROS., MUSIC TYPOGRAPHERS, 510 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

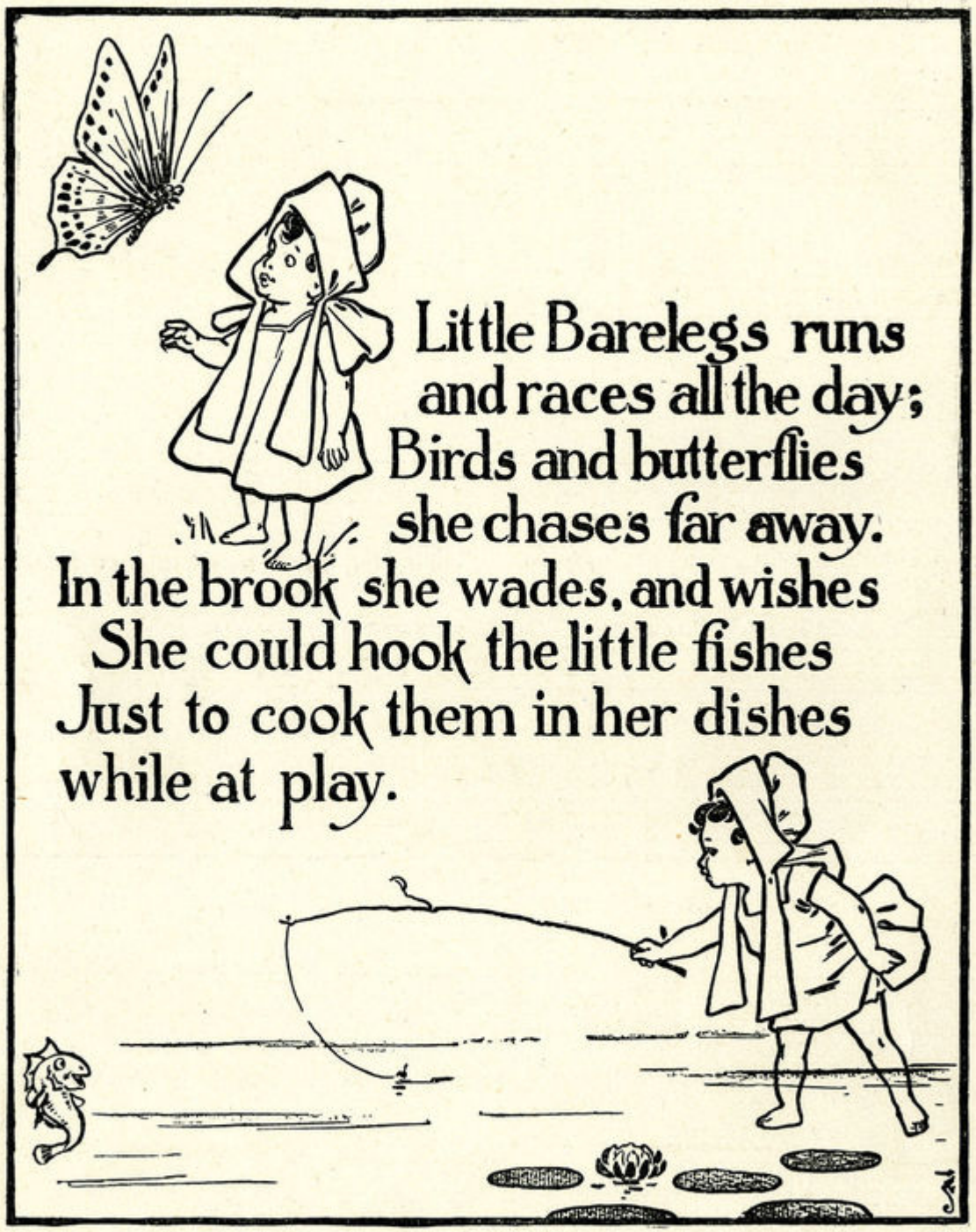
Where do the chickens go at night~
Heigh-ho! where do they go?
Under the breast of their mother they rest,
Finding her feathers a soft, fluffy nest;
And there's where the chicks go at night,
Heigh-ho!
Yes, there's where the chicks go at night.



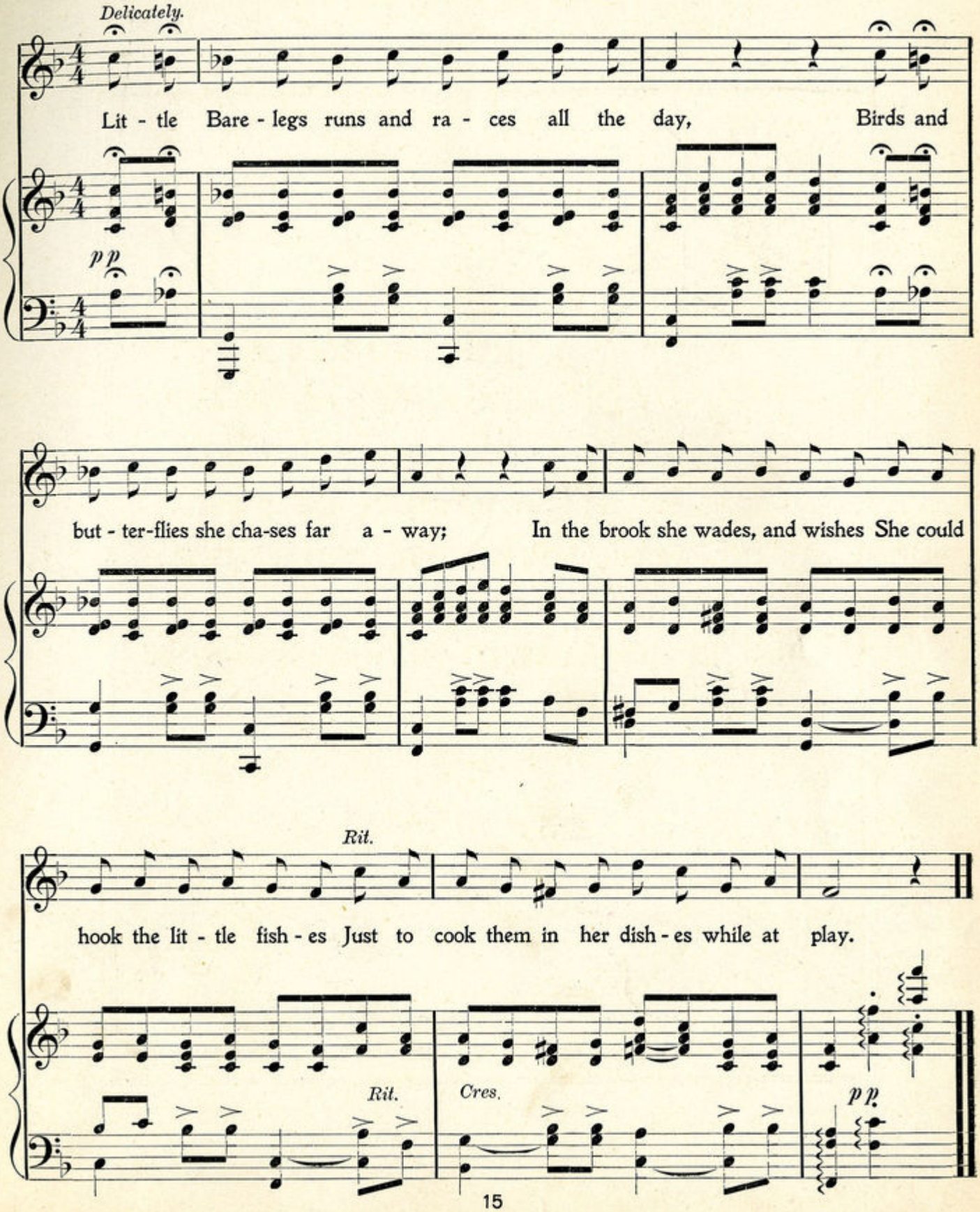
WHERE DO THE CHICKS GO AT NIGHT?

Swinging.



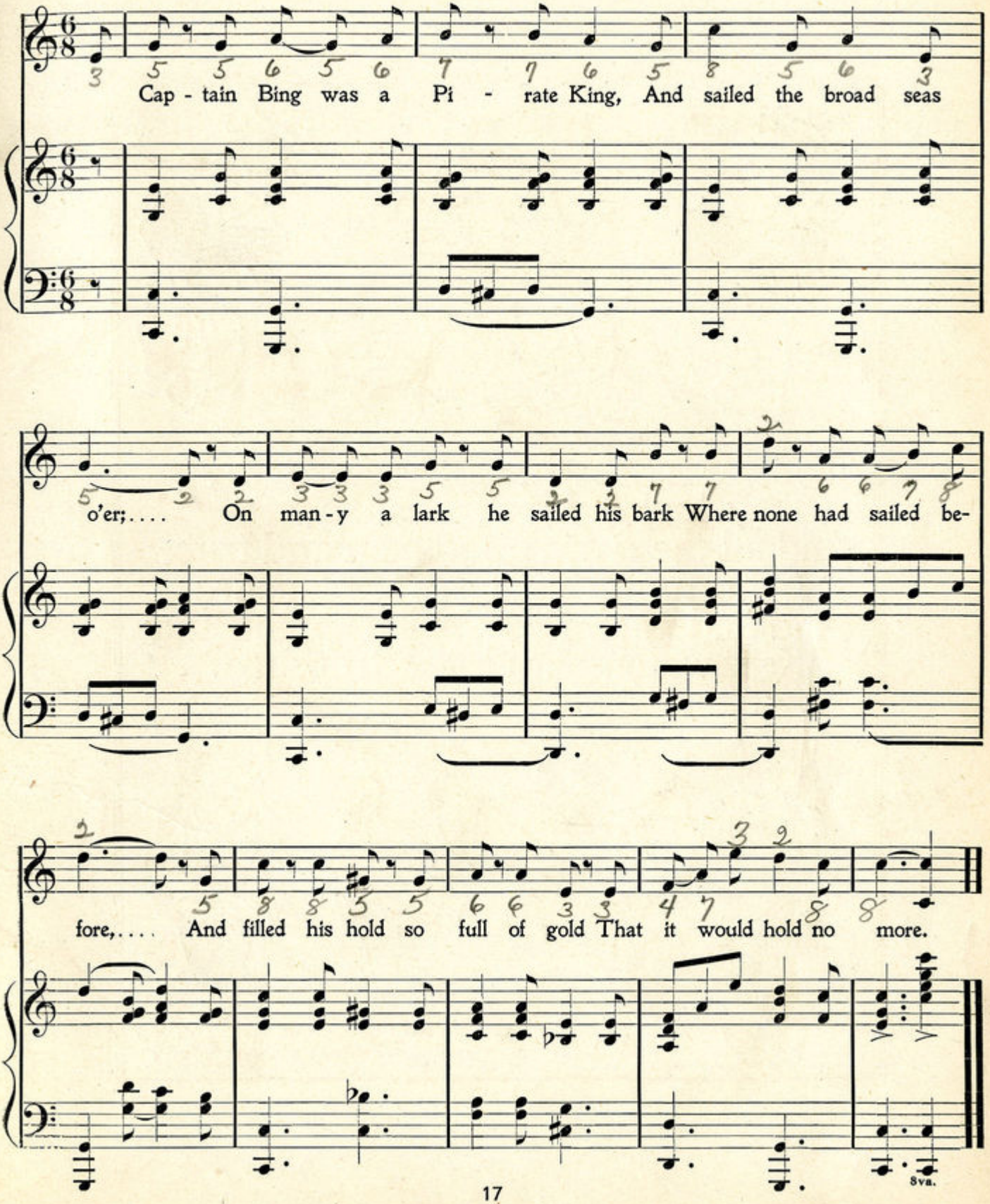

Little Barelegs runs
and races all the day;
Birds and butterflies
she chases far away.
In the brook she wades, and wishes
She could hook the little fishes
Just to cook them in her dishes
while at play.

LITTLE BARE-LEGS.

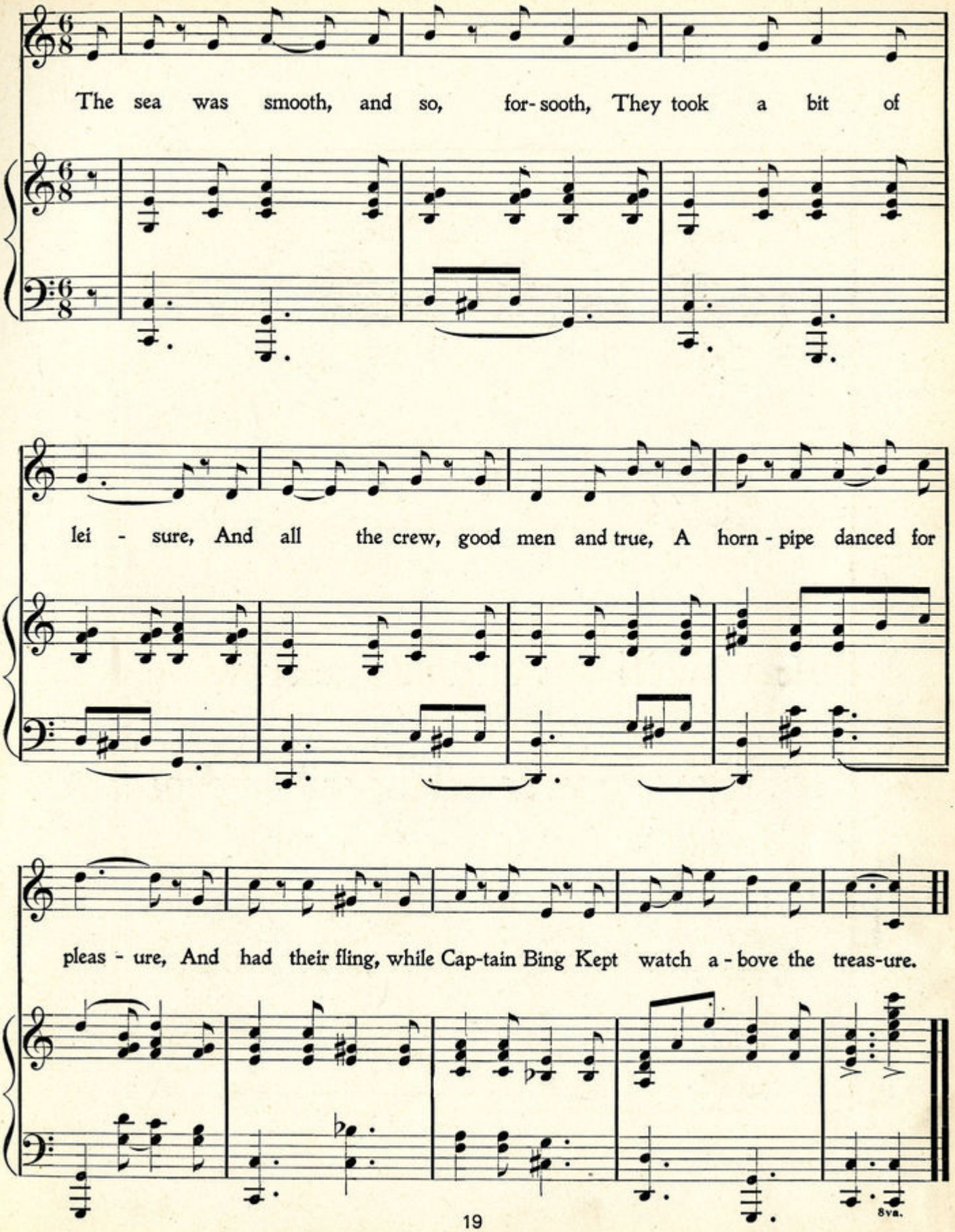


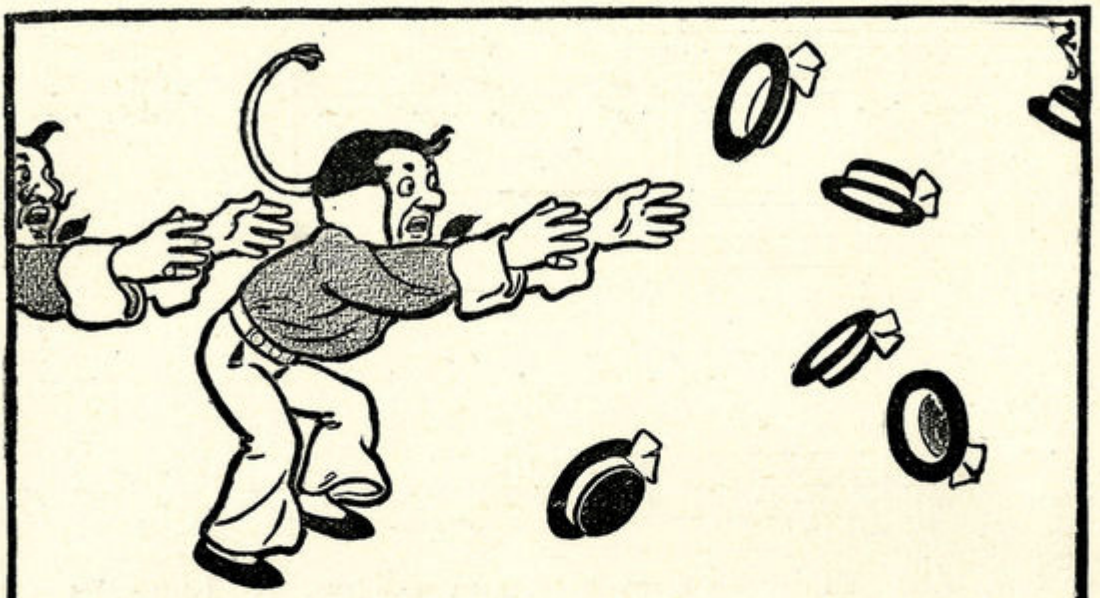
CAPTAIN
BING.

CAPTAIN BING.

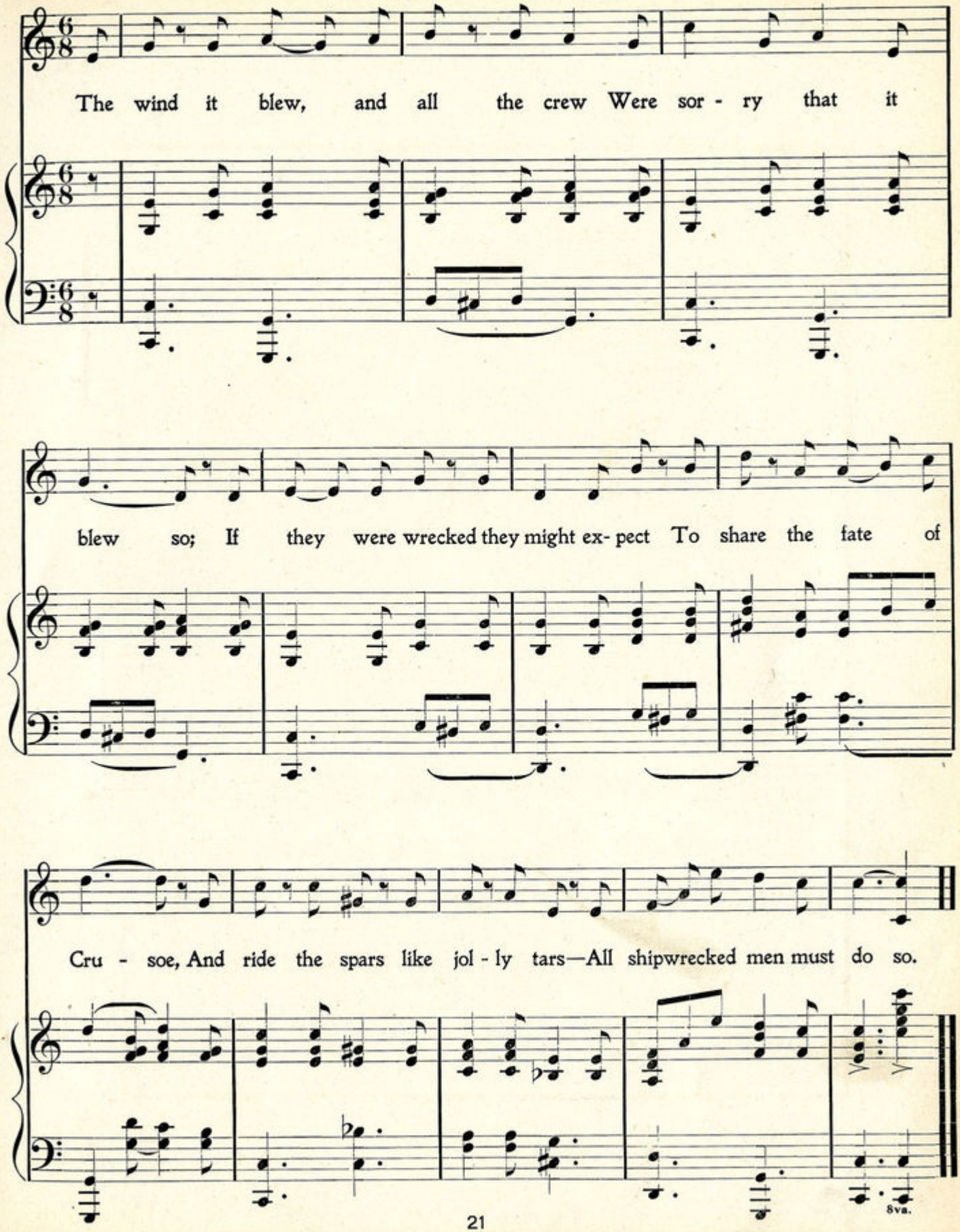


The sea was smooth, and so, forsooth,
They took a bit of leisure,
And all the crew, good men and true,
A hornpipe danced for pleasure
And had their fling, while Captain Bing
Kept watch above the treasure.

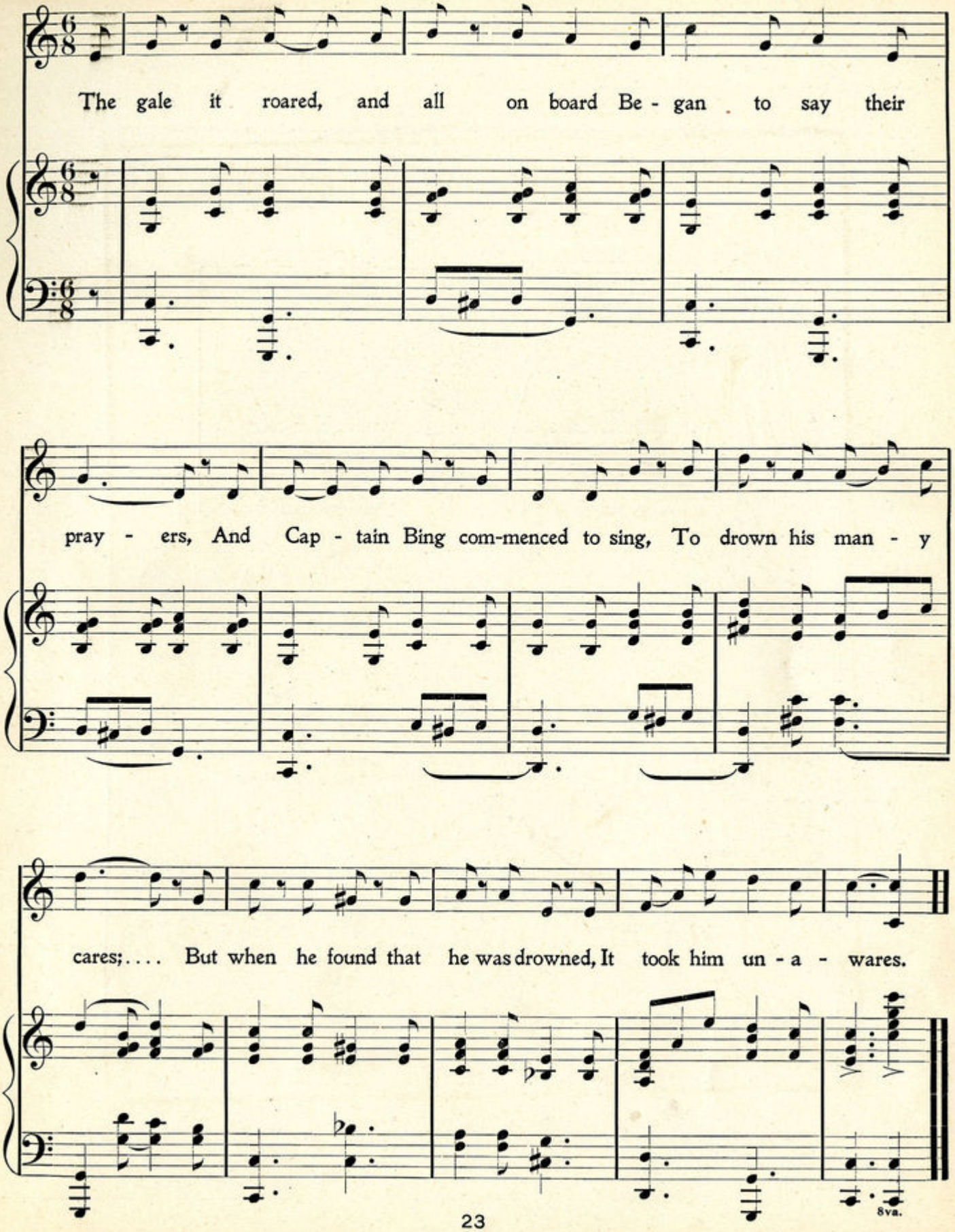

The sea was smooth, and so, for-sooth, They took a bit of
lei - sure, And all the crew, good men and true, A horn-pipe danced for
pleas - ure, And had their fling, while Cap-tain Bing Kept watch a-bove the treas-ure.
8va.

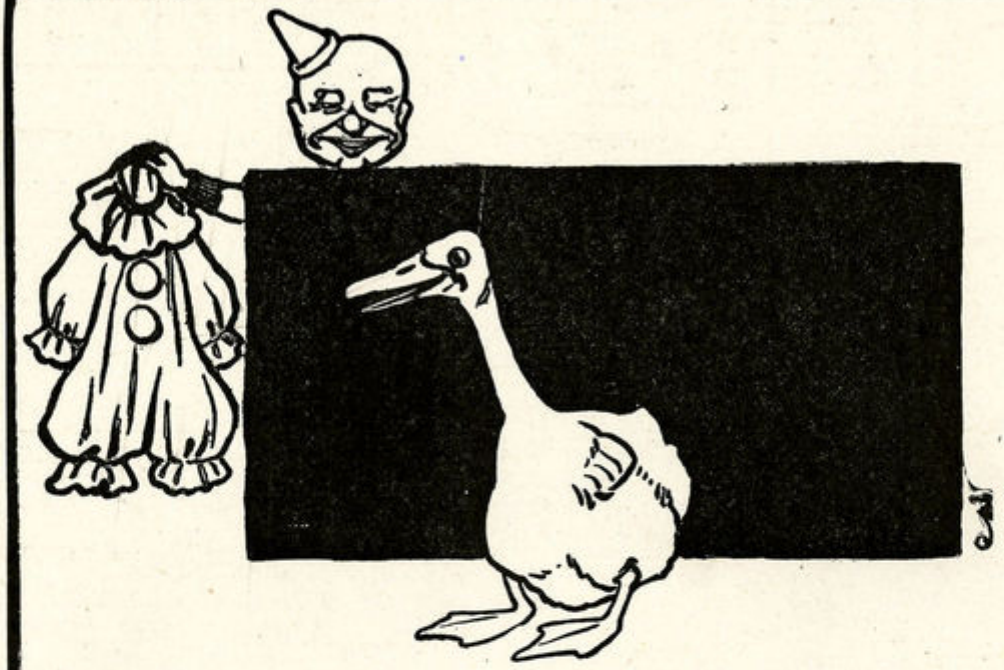


The wind it blew, and all the crew
Were sorry that it blew so;
If they were wrecked they might expect
To share the fate of Crusoe,
And ride the spars like jolly tars—
All shipwrecked men must do so.


The wind it blew, and all the crew Were sor - ry that it
blew so; If they were wrecked they might ex- pect To share the fate of
Cru - soe, And ride the spars like jol - ly tars—All shipwrecked men must do so.
8va.

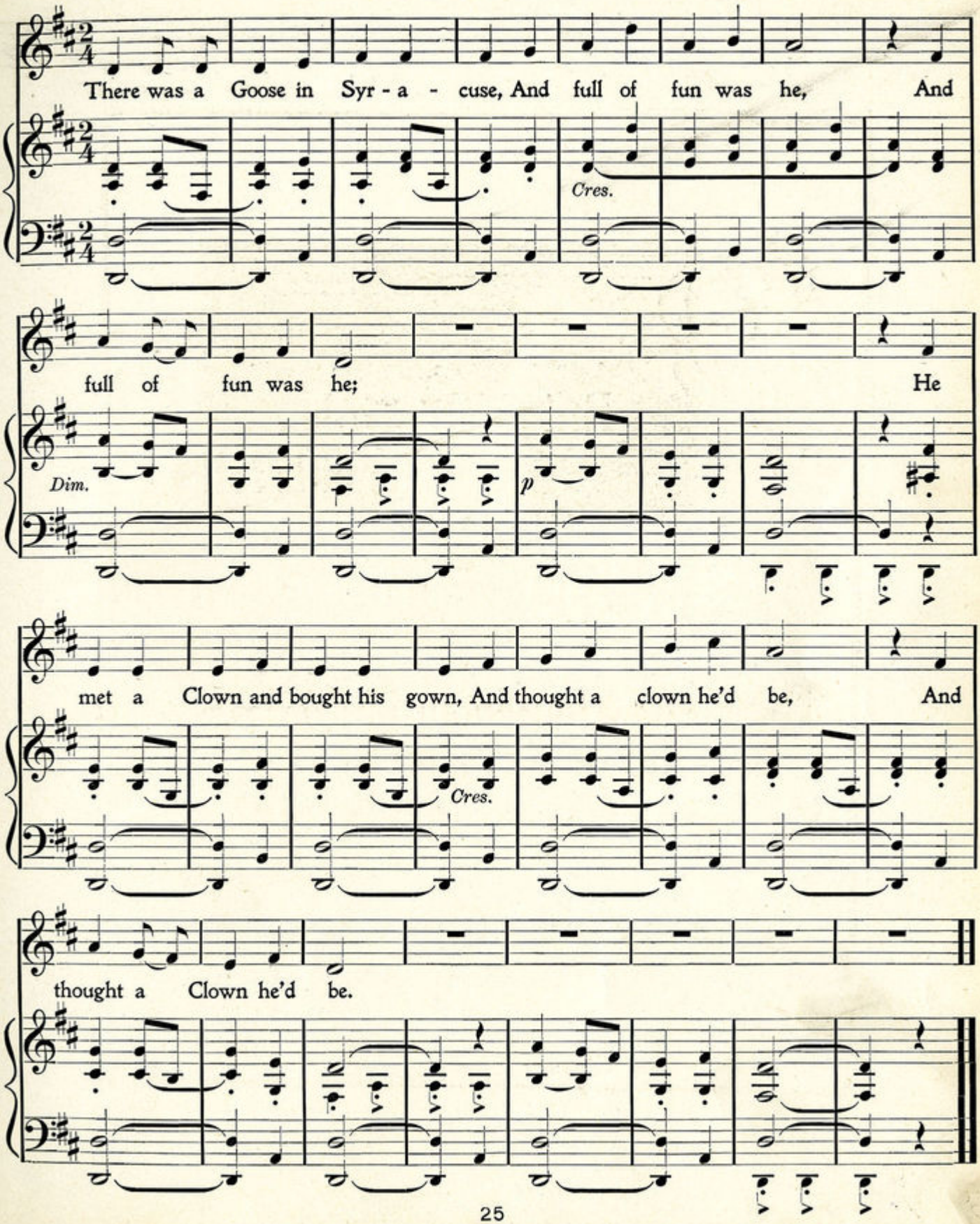
But when he found that he was drowned,
It took him unawares!


The gale it roared, and all on board Be - gan to say their
pray - ers, And Cap - tain Bing com-menced to sing, To drown his man - y
cares;.... But when he found that he was drowned, It took him un - a - wares.
8va.

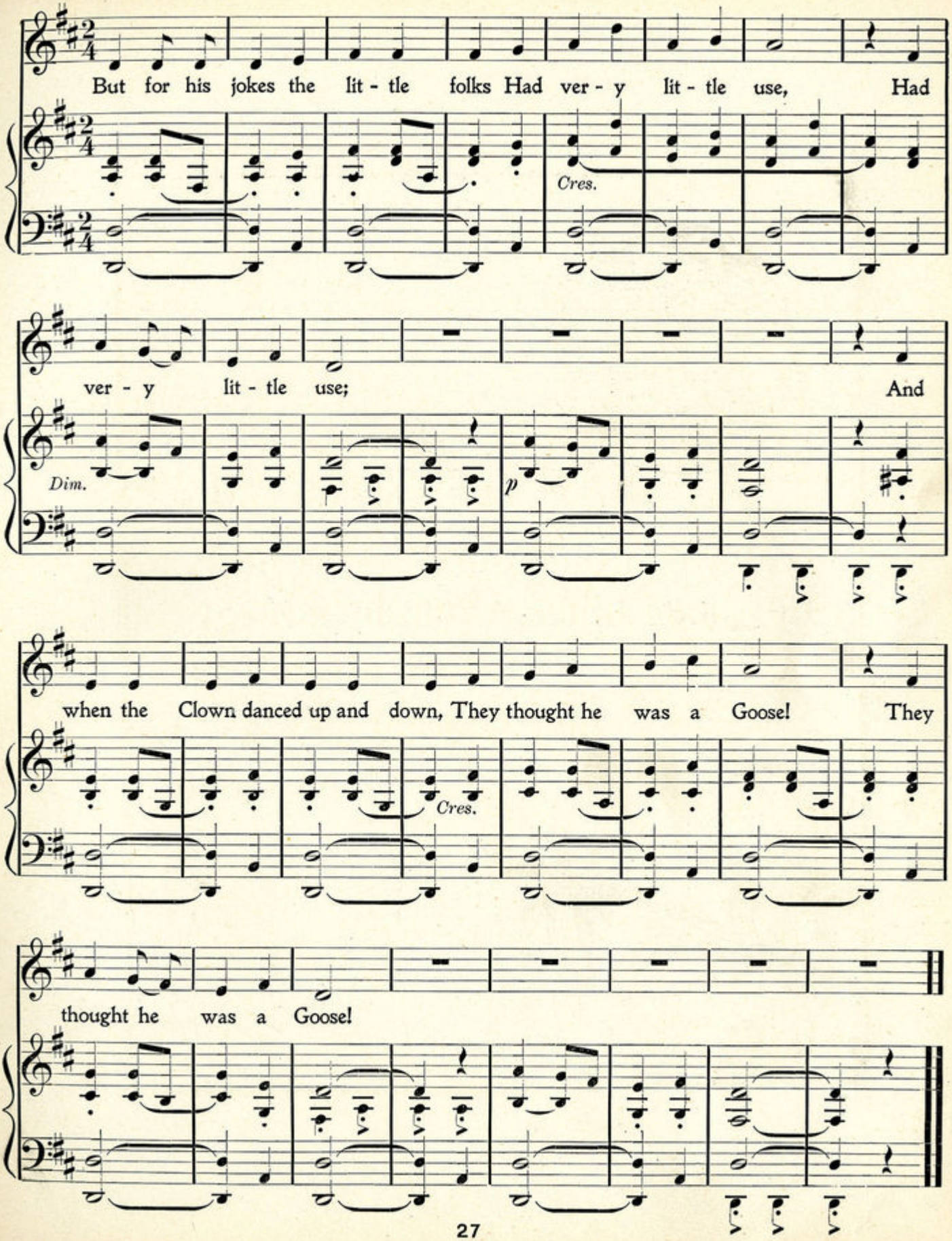


There was a Goose in Syracuse
And full of fun was he;
He met a Clown and bought
his gown
And thought a Clown he'd be.

THERE WAS A GOOSE.



But for his jokes
the little folks
Had very little use;
And when the Clown
danced up and down
They thought he was
a Goose!

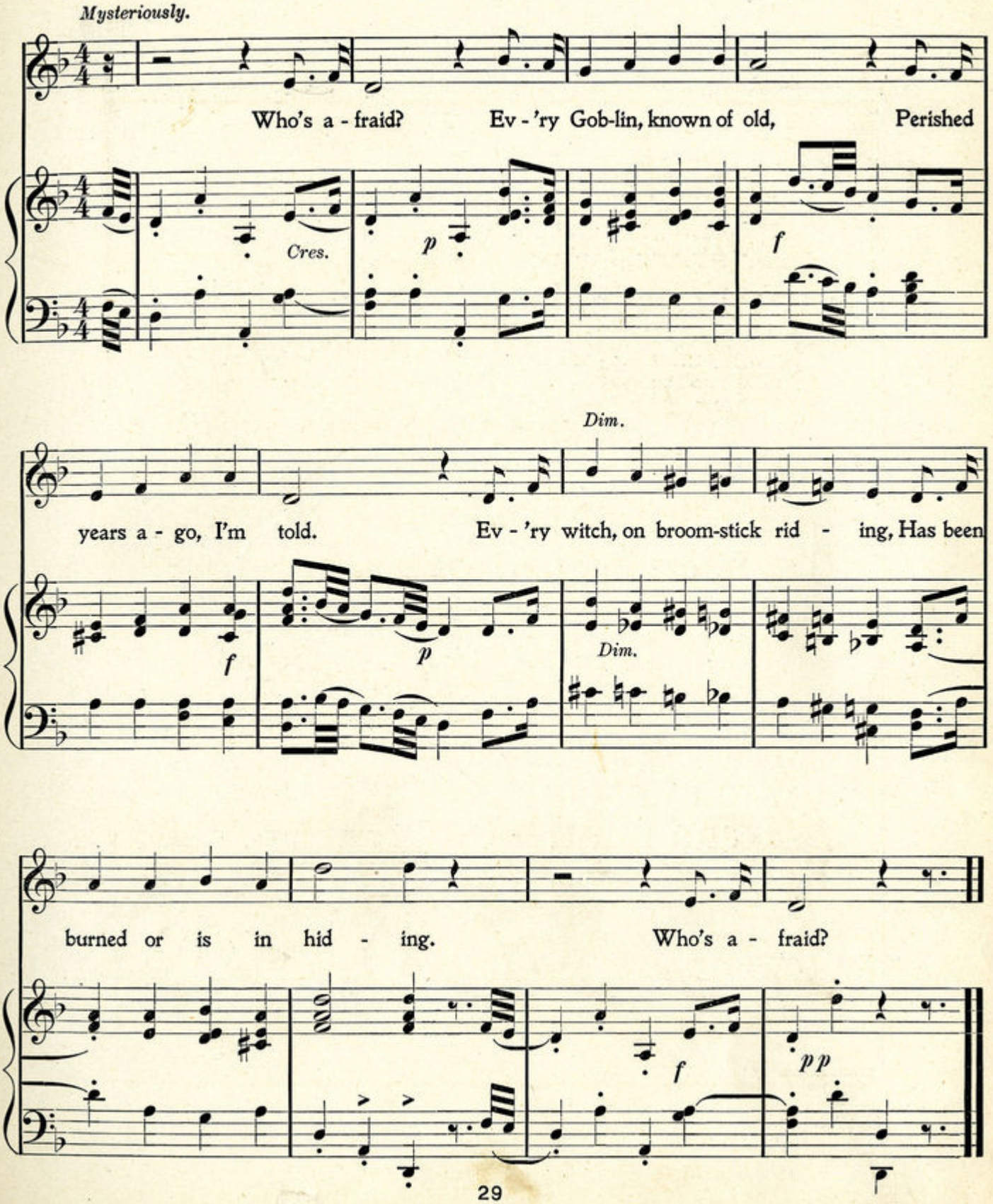

But for his jokes the lit - tle folks Had ver - y lit - tle use, Had
Cres.
ver - y lit - tle use; And
Dim.
p
when the Clown danced up and down, They thought he was a Goose! They
Cres.
thought he was a Goose!

Who's afraid?

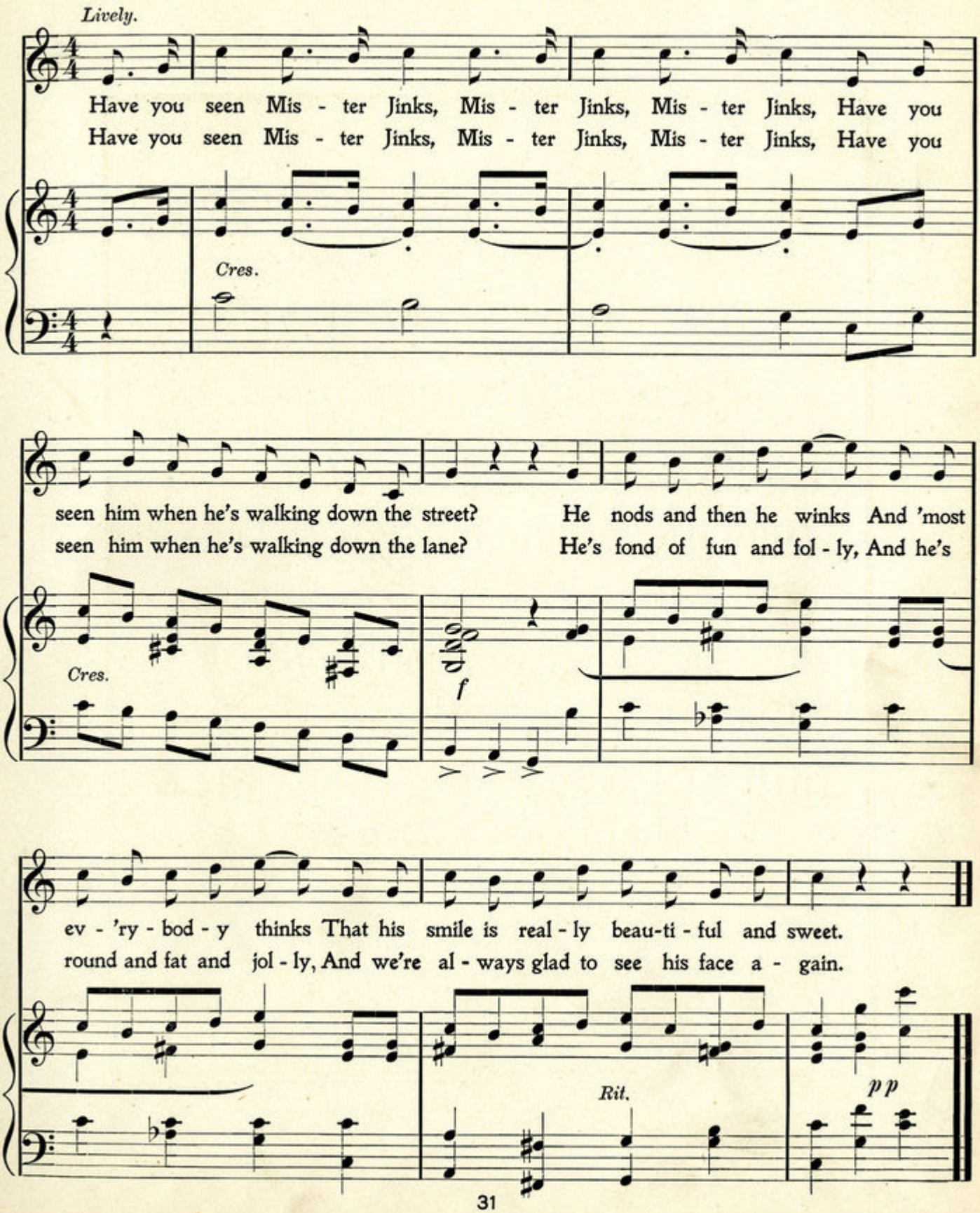
Ev'ry Goblin, known of old,
Perished years ago, I'm told.
Ev'ry Witch, on broomstick riding,
Has been burned or is in hiding.

Who's afraid?

WHO'S AFRAID?


Mysteriously.
Who's a - fraid? Ev - 'ry Gob-lin, known of old, Perished
Cres.
p
f
Dim.
years a - go, I'm told. Ev - 'ry witch, on broom-stick rid - ing, Has been
f
p
Dim.
burned or is in hid - ing. Who's a - fraid?
f
pp

MISTER JINKS.

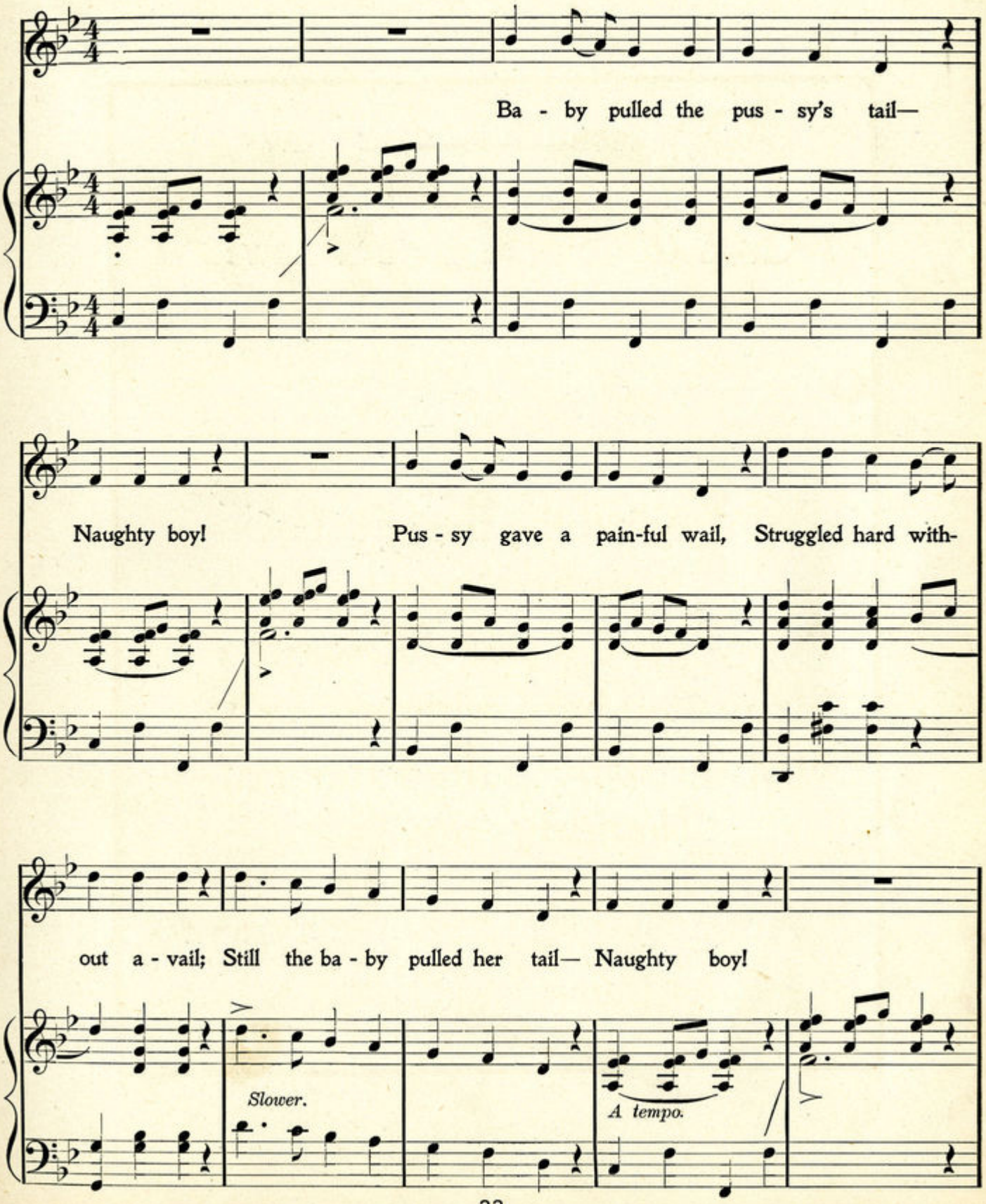


Have you seen Mister Jinks,
Mister Jinks, Mister Jinks,
Have you seen him when he's walking
down the street?
He nods and then he winks
And 'most everybody thinks
That his smile is really beautiful and
sweet.

Have you seen
Mister Jinks,
Mister Jinks,
Mister Jinks,
Have you seen him when
he's walking down the lane?
He's fond of fun
and folly,
He's round and fat
and jolly,
And we're always glad to
see his face again.

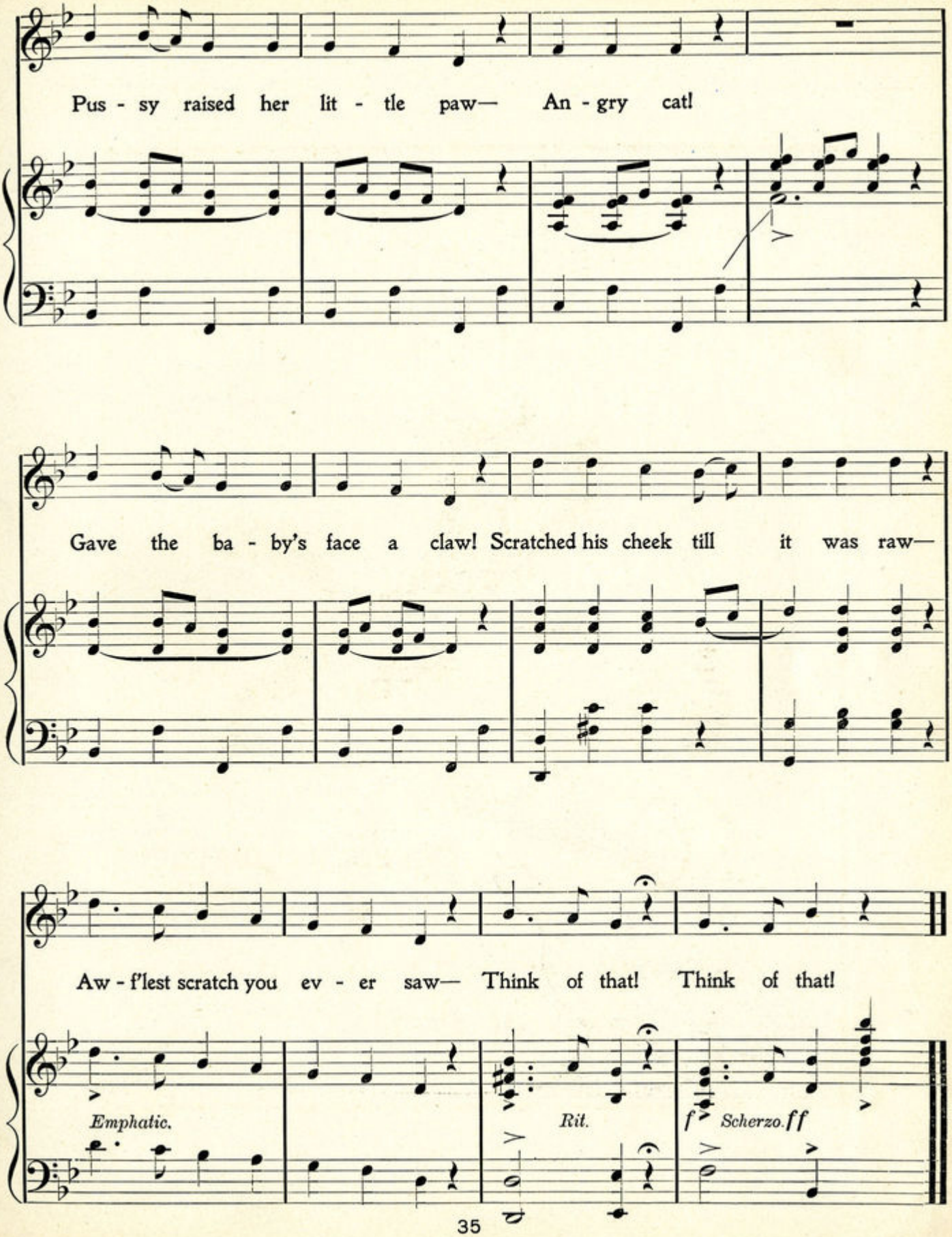
Baby pulled the pussy's tail—
Naughty boy!
Pussy gave a painful wail,
Struggled hard without avail;
Still the baby pulled her tail—
Naughty boy!

BABY PULLED THE PUSSY'S TAIL.

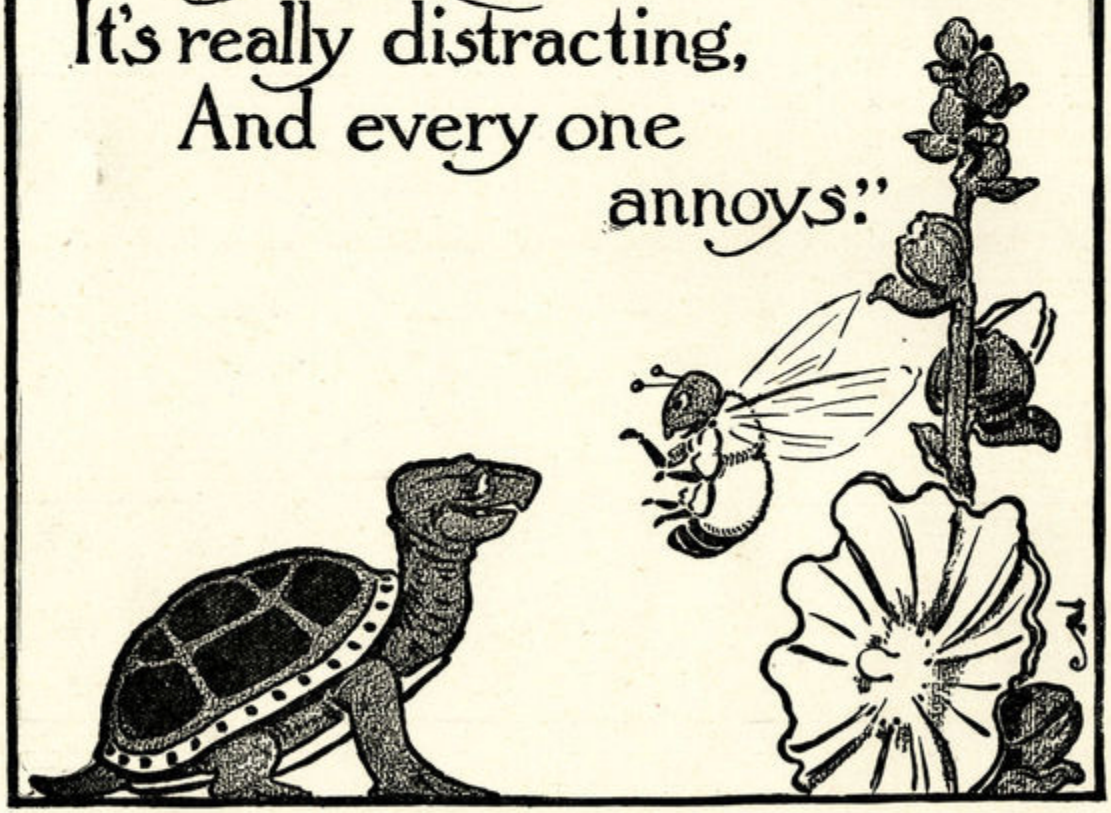


Pussy raised her little paw~
Angry cat!
Gave the baby's face a claw!

Scratched his cheek
till it was raw~
Awf'lest scratch you ever saw~
Think of that!

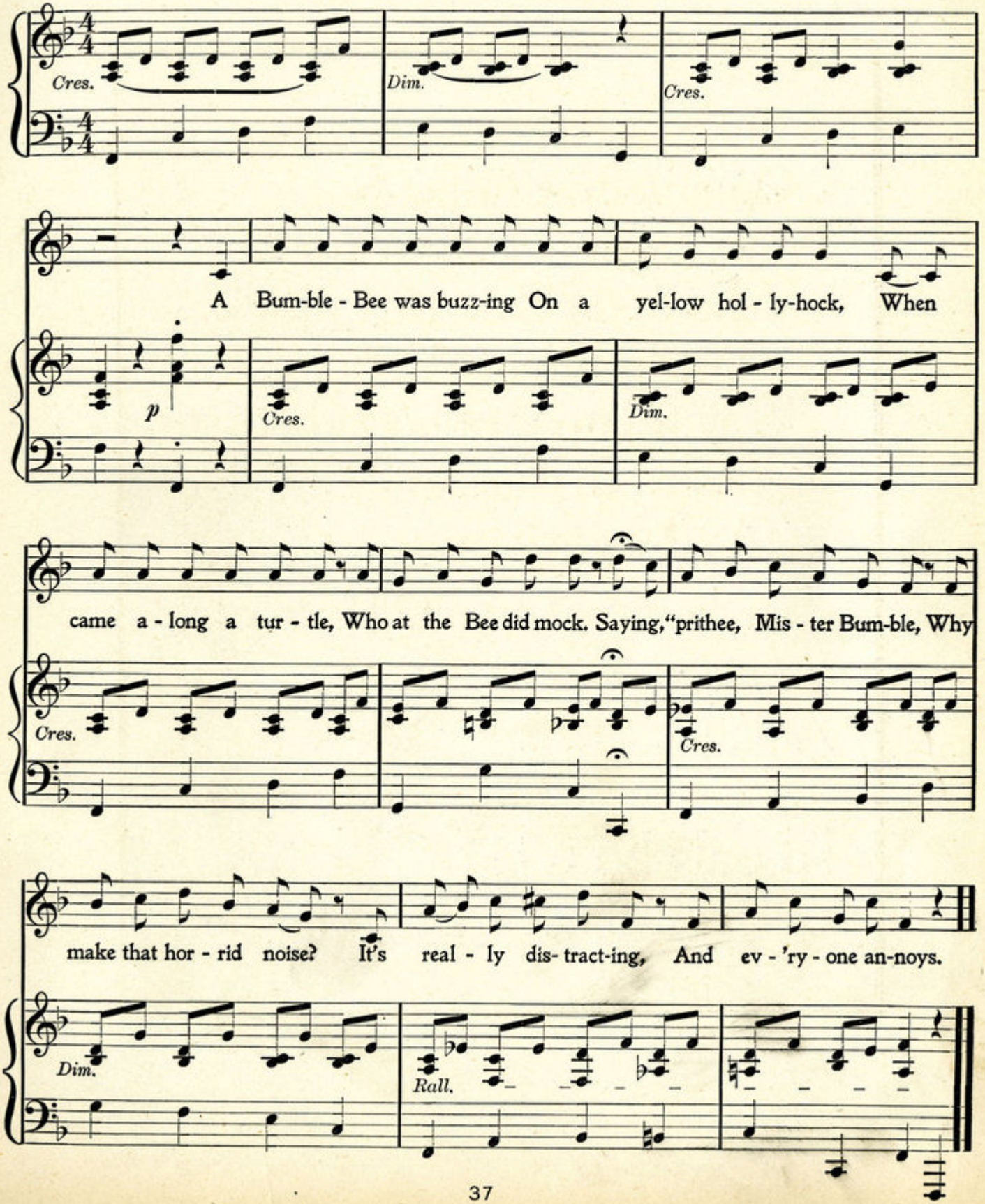

Pus - sy raised her lit - tle paw— An - gry cat!
Gave the ba - by's face a claw! Scratched his cheek till it was raw—
Aw - f'lest scratch you ev - er saw— Think of that! Think of that!
Emphatic.
Rit.
f Scherzo. ff

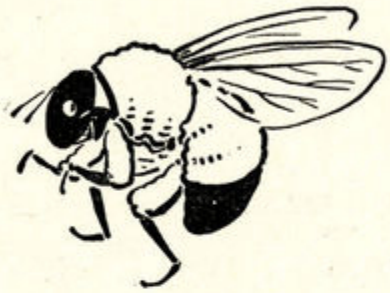
A Bumble-Bee was buzzing
On a yellow holly-hock
When came along a turtle
Who at the Bee did mock.
Saying, "prithee, Mr. Bumble,
Why make that horrid noise?
It's really distracting,
And every one
annoys."



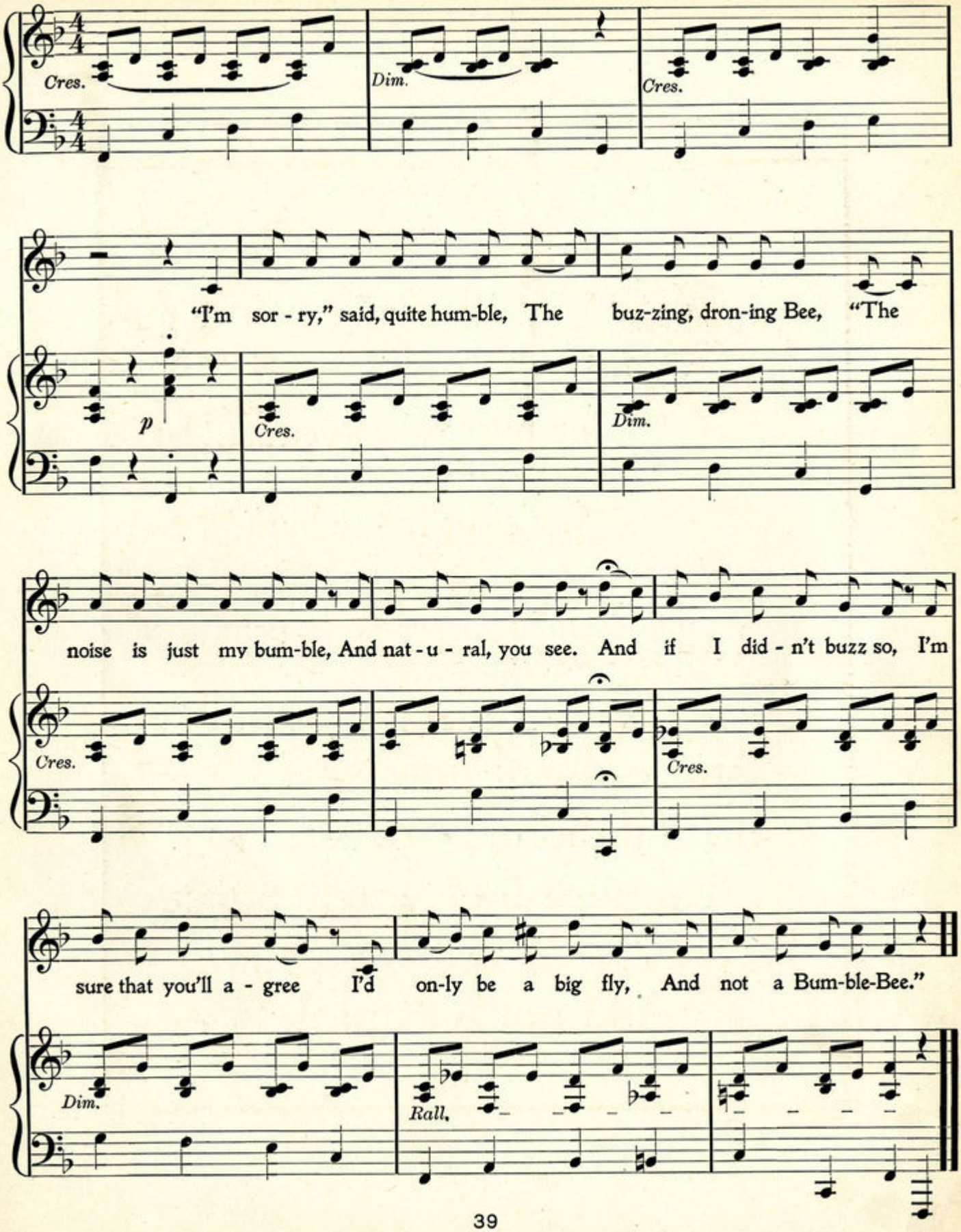
A BUMBLE-BEE.

Distinctly.

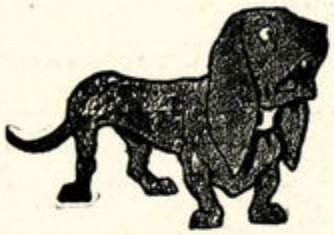




"I'm sorry,"
said, quite humble,
The buzzing, droning Bee,
"The noise is just my bumble,
And natural, you see.
And if I didn't buzz so,
I'm sure that you'll agree
I'd only be a big fly,
And not a Bumble-Bee."


Cres.
Dim.
Cres.
"I'm sor - ry," said, quite hum-ble, The buz-zing, dron-ing Bee, "The
p
Cres.
Dim.
noise is just my bum-ble, And nat - u - ral, you see. And if I did - n't buzz so, I'm
Cres.
Cres.
sure that you'll a - gree I'd on-ly be a big fly, And not a Bum-ble-Bee."
Dim.
Rall.

WHY?



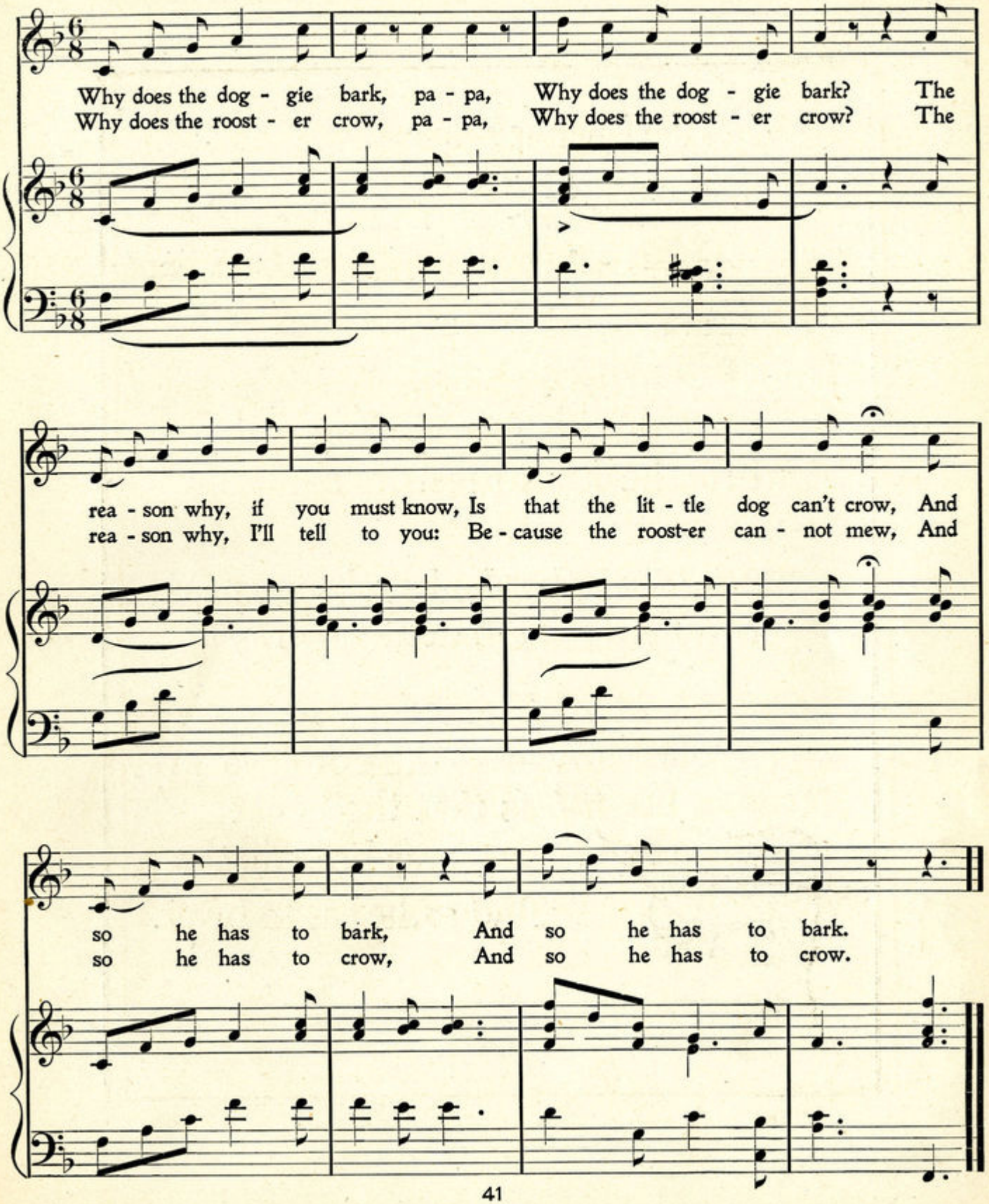
Why does the doggie bark, papa,
Why does the doggie bark?

The reason why, if you must know,
Is that the little dog can't crow,
And so he has to bark.

Why does the rooster crow, papa,
Why does the rooster crow?

The reason why I'll
tell to you;
Because the rooster
cannot mew,
And so he has to crow.

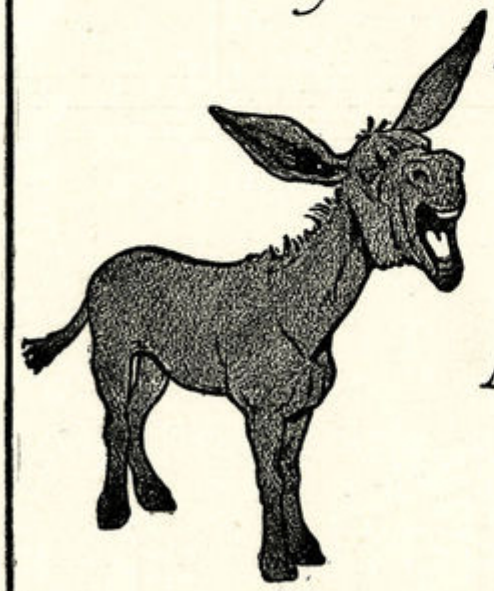
WHY?


Why does the dog - gie bark, pa - pa, Why does the dog - gie bark? The
Why does the roost - er crow, pa - pa, Why does the roost - er crow? The
rea - son why, if you must know, Is that the lit - tle dog can't crow, And
rea - son why, I'll tell to you: Be - cause the roost-er can - not mew, And
so he has to bark, And so he has to bark.
so he has to crow, And so he has to crow.

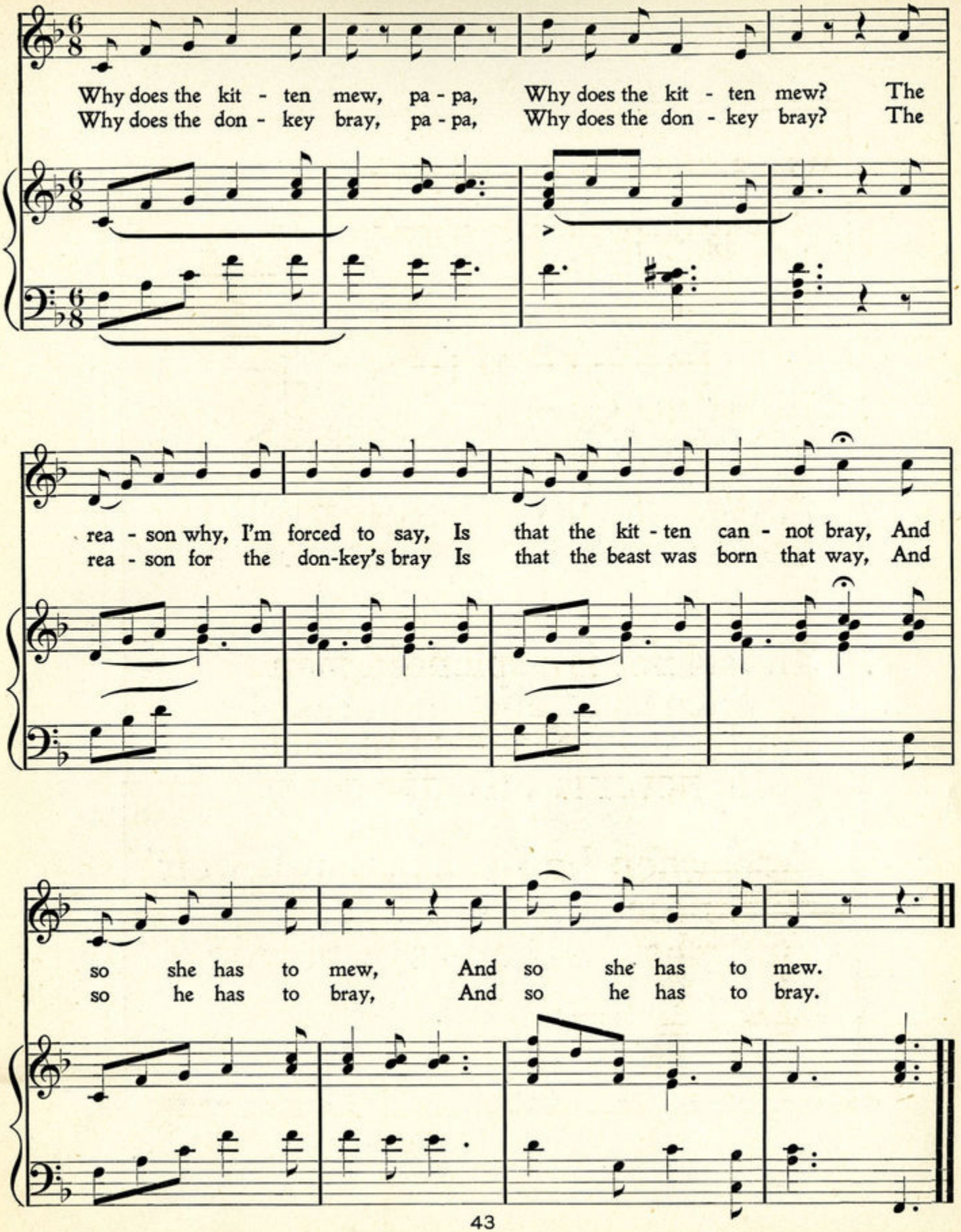
Why does the kitten mew, papa,
Why does the kitten mew?

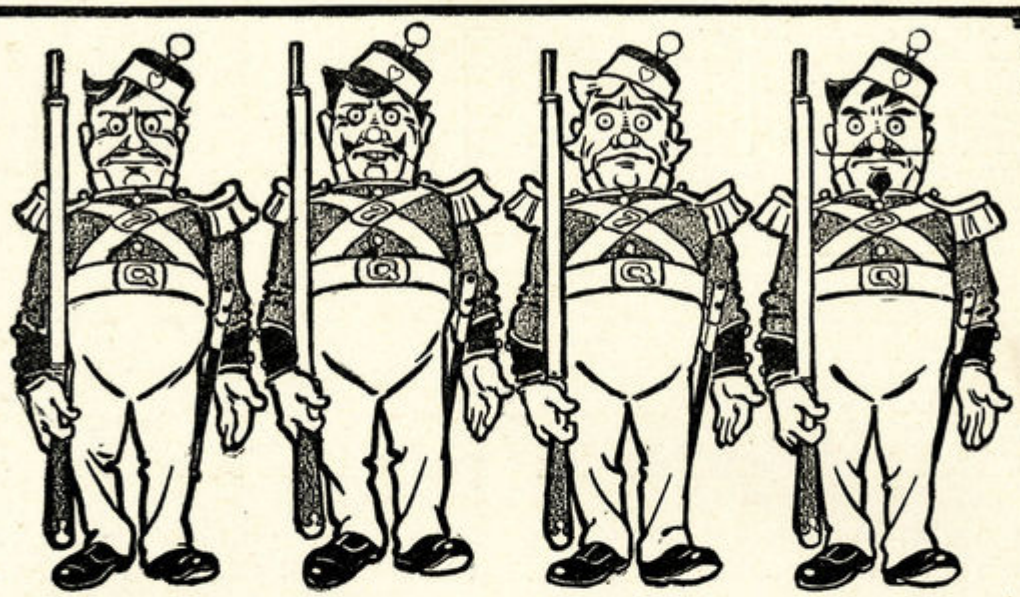
The reason why
I'm forced to say,
Is that the kitten
Can not bray,
And so she has to mew.

Why does the donkey bray, papa,
Why does the donkey bray?



The reason for
the donkey's bray
Is that the beast
was born that way,
And so, he has to bray.

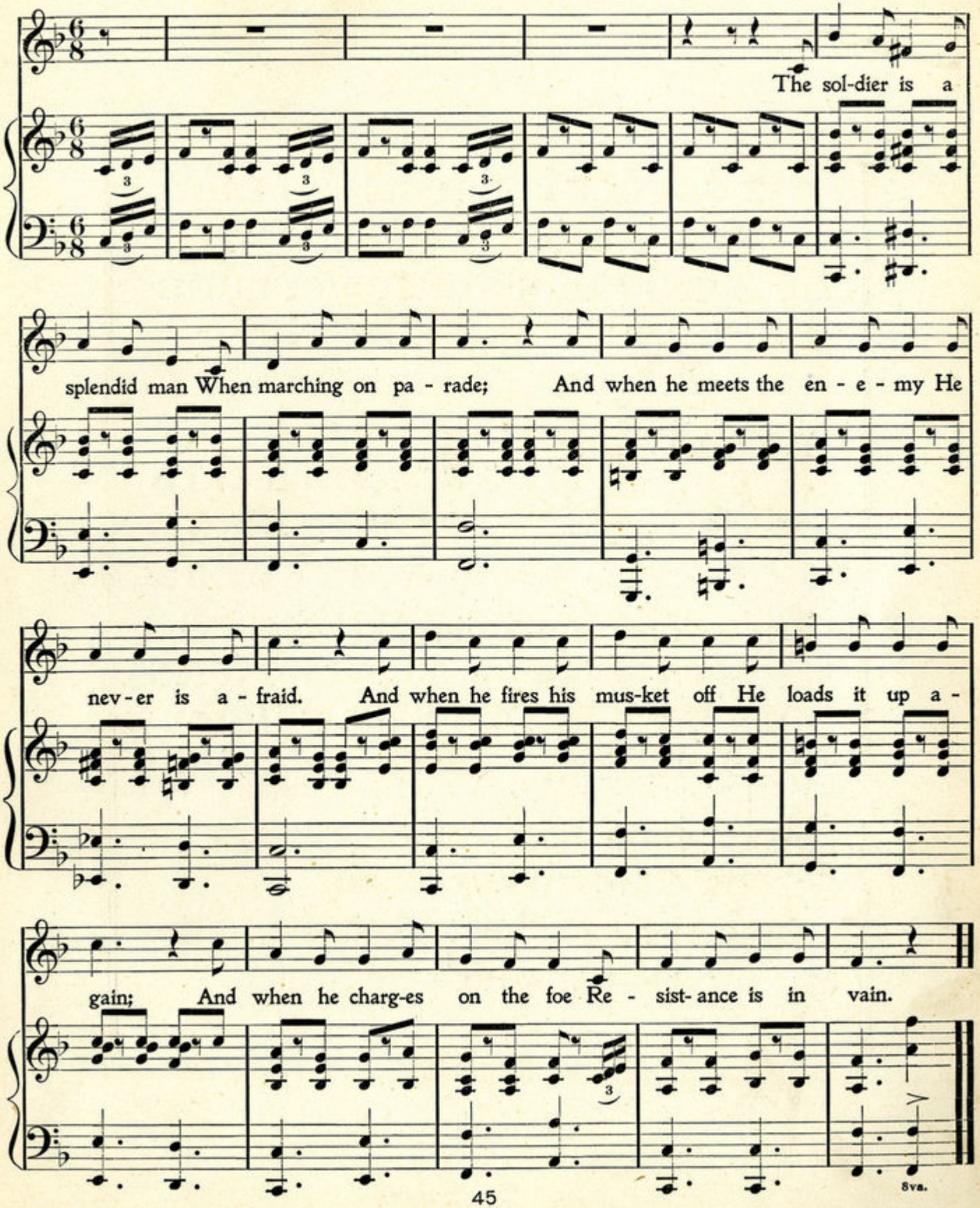

Why does the kit - ten mew, pa - pa, Why does the kit - ten mew? The
Why does the don - key bray, pa - pa, Why does the don - key bray? The
rea - son why, I'm forced to say, Is that the kit - ten can - not bray, And
rea - son for the don-key's bray Is that the beast was born that way, And
so she has to mew, And so she has to mew.
so he has to bray, And so he has to bray.



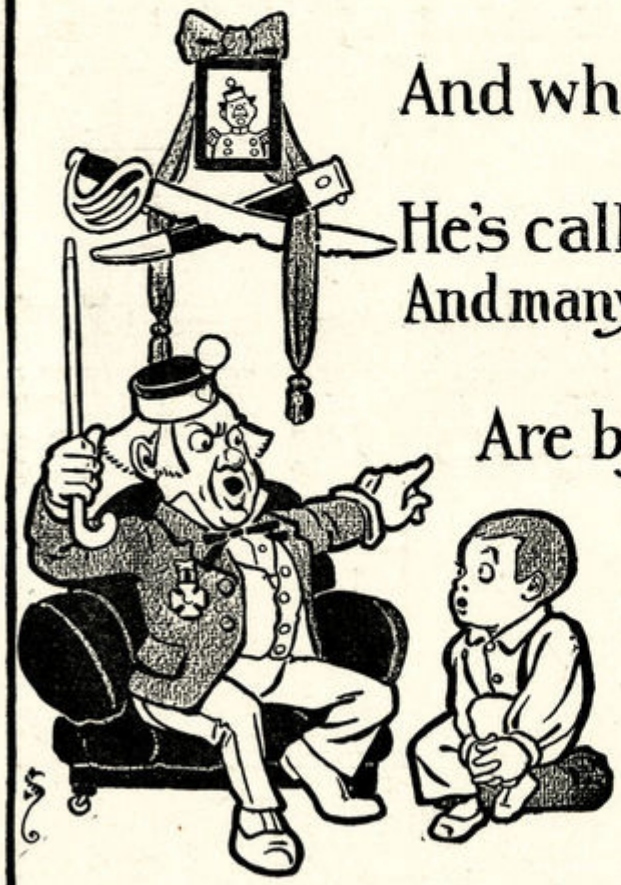
The soldier is a splendid man
When marching on parade;
And when he meets the enemy
He never is afraid.

And when he fires his musket off
He loads it up again;
And when he charges on the foe
Resistance is in vain.

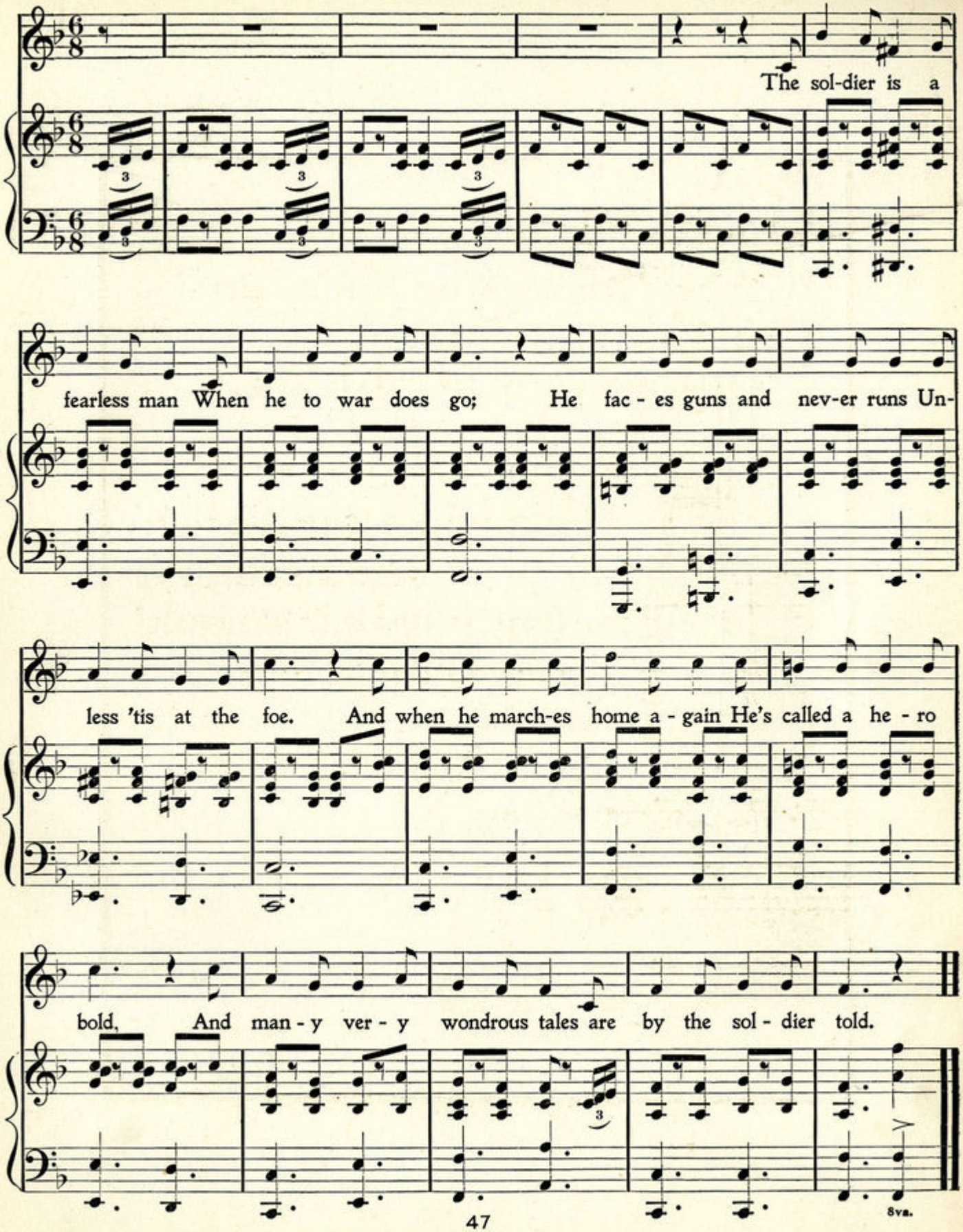
THE SOLDIER.

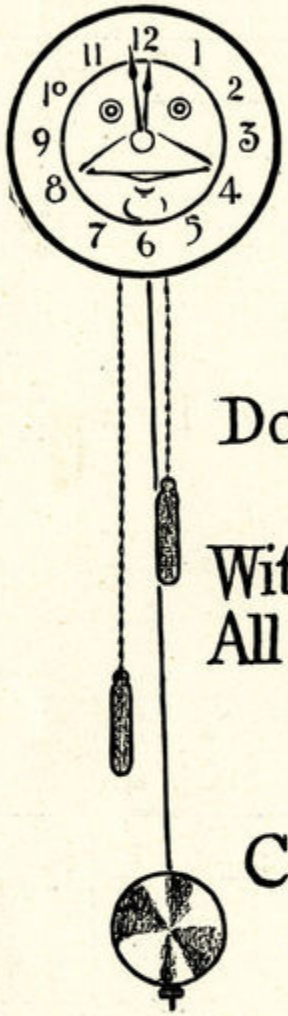

The sol-dier is a
splendid man When marching on pa - rade; And when he meets the en - e - my He
nev-er is a - fraid. And when he fires his mus-ket off He loads it up a -
gain; And when he charg-es on the foe Re - sist-ance is in vain.
8va.

The soldier is a fearless man
When he to War does go;
He faces guns and never runs
Unless 'tis at the foe



And when he marches
home again
He's called a hero bold.
And many very wondrous
tales
Are by the soldier
told.

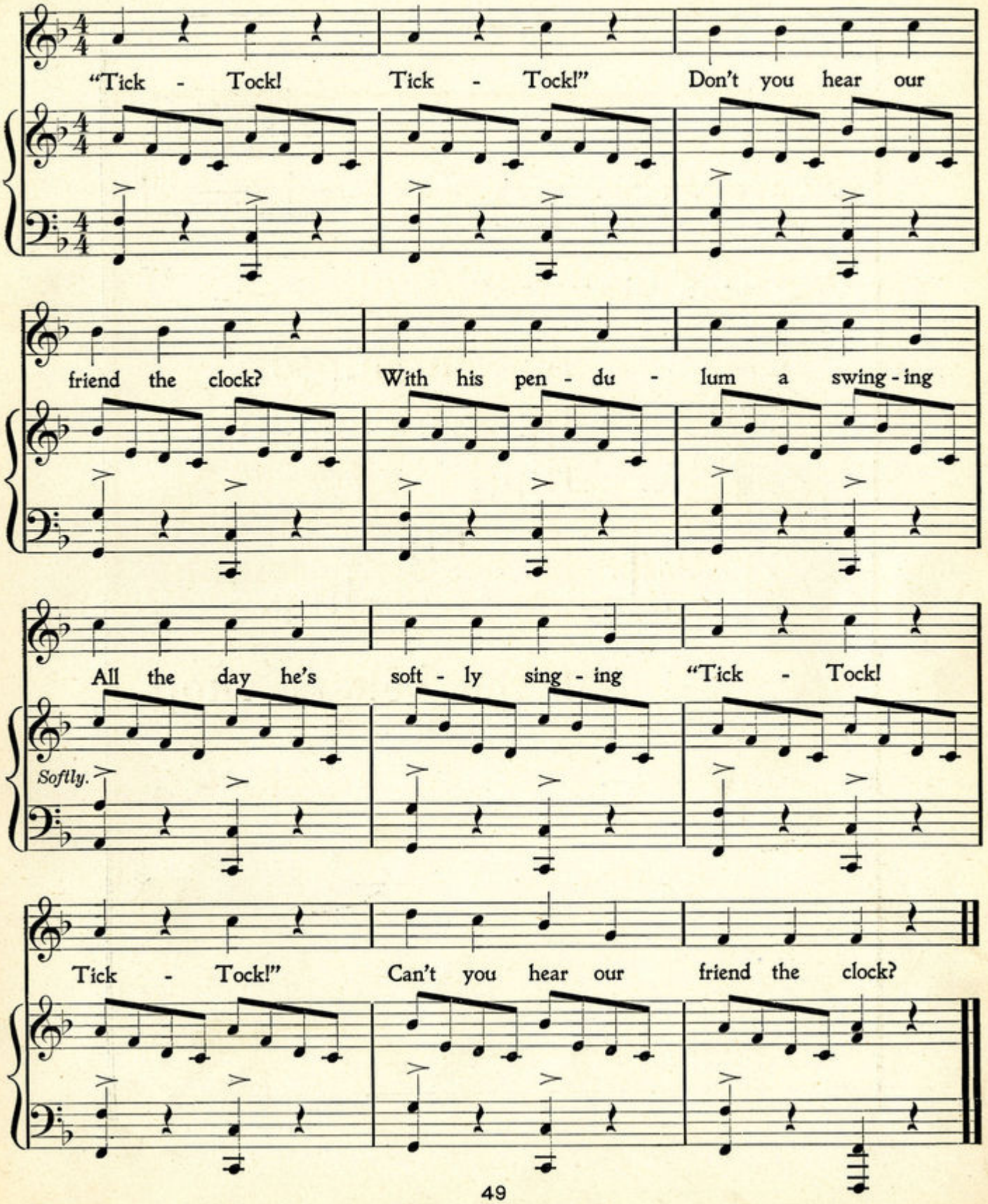

The sol-dier is a
fearless man When he to war does go; He fac - es guns and nev-er runs Un-
less 'tis at the foe. And when he march-es home a - gain He's called a he - ro
bold, And man - y ver - y wondrous tales are by the sol - dier told.
8va.



"Tick-Tock!
Tick-Tock!"
Don't you hear our friend
the clock?
With his pendulum a swinging
All the day he's softly singing
"Tick-Tock!
Tick-Tock!"
Can't you hear our friend
the clock?

TICK-TOCK!

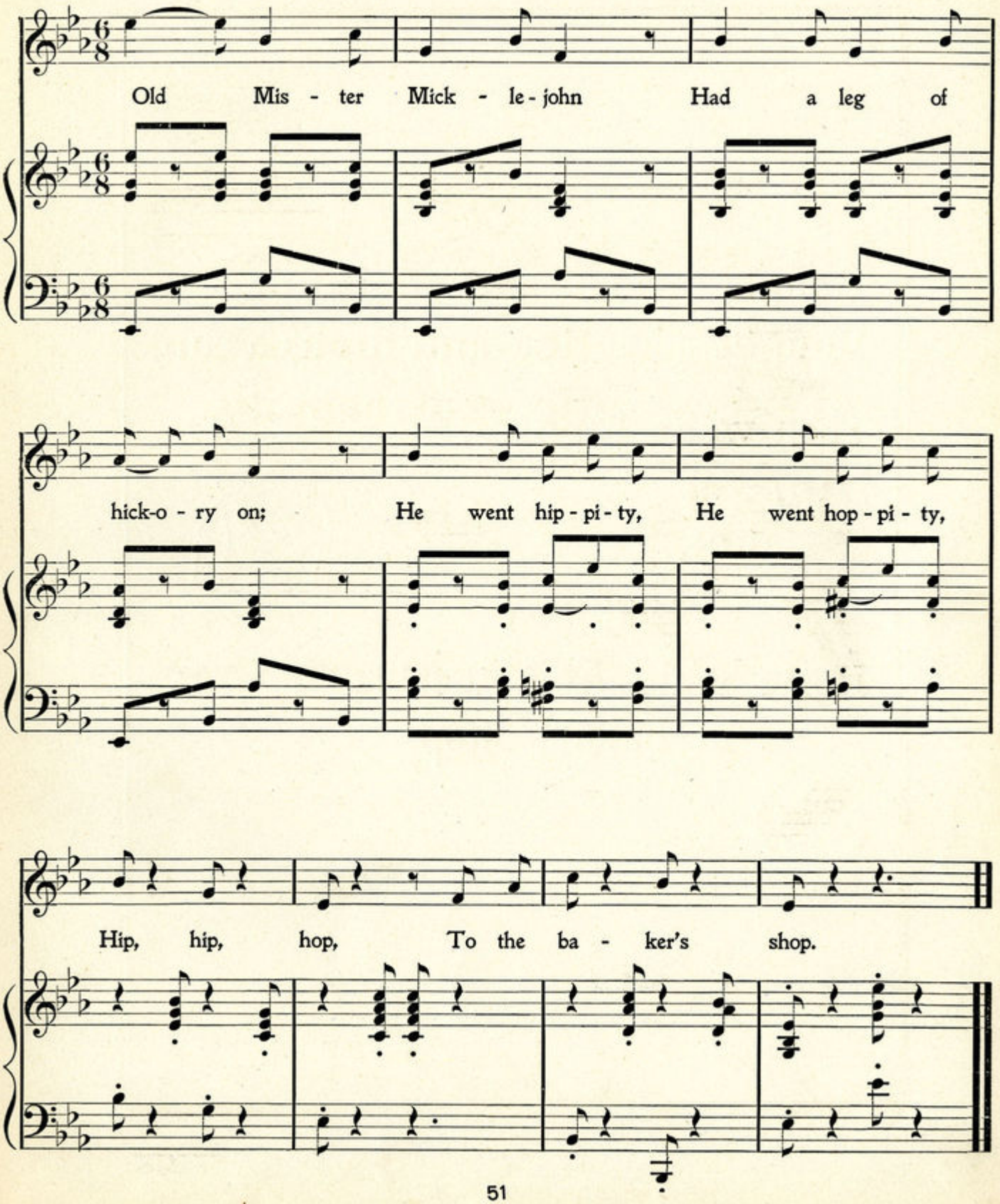
Steadily and smoothly.



Old Mister Micklejohn
Had a leg of hickory on;

He went hippity,
He went hoppity,
Hip,
hip,
hop,
To the baker's shop.

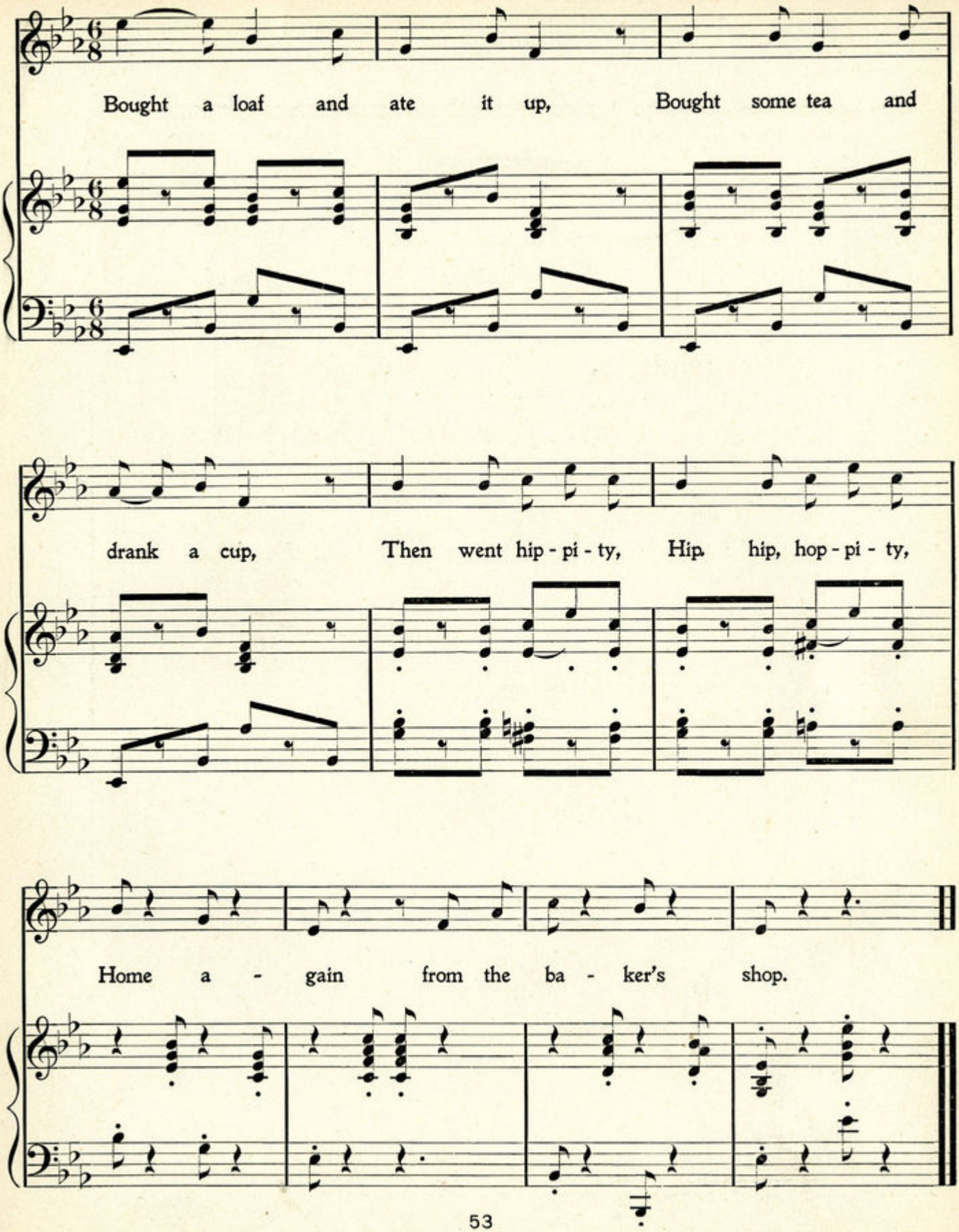
OLD MISTER MICKLEJOHN.

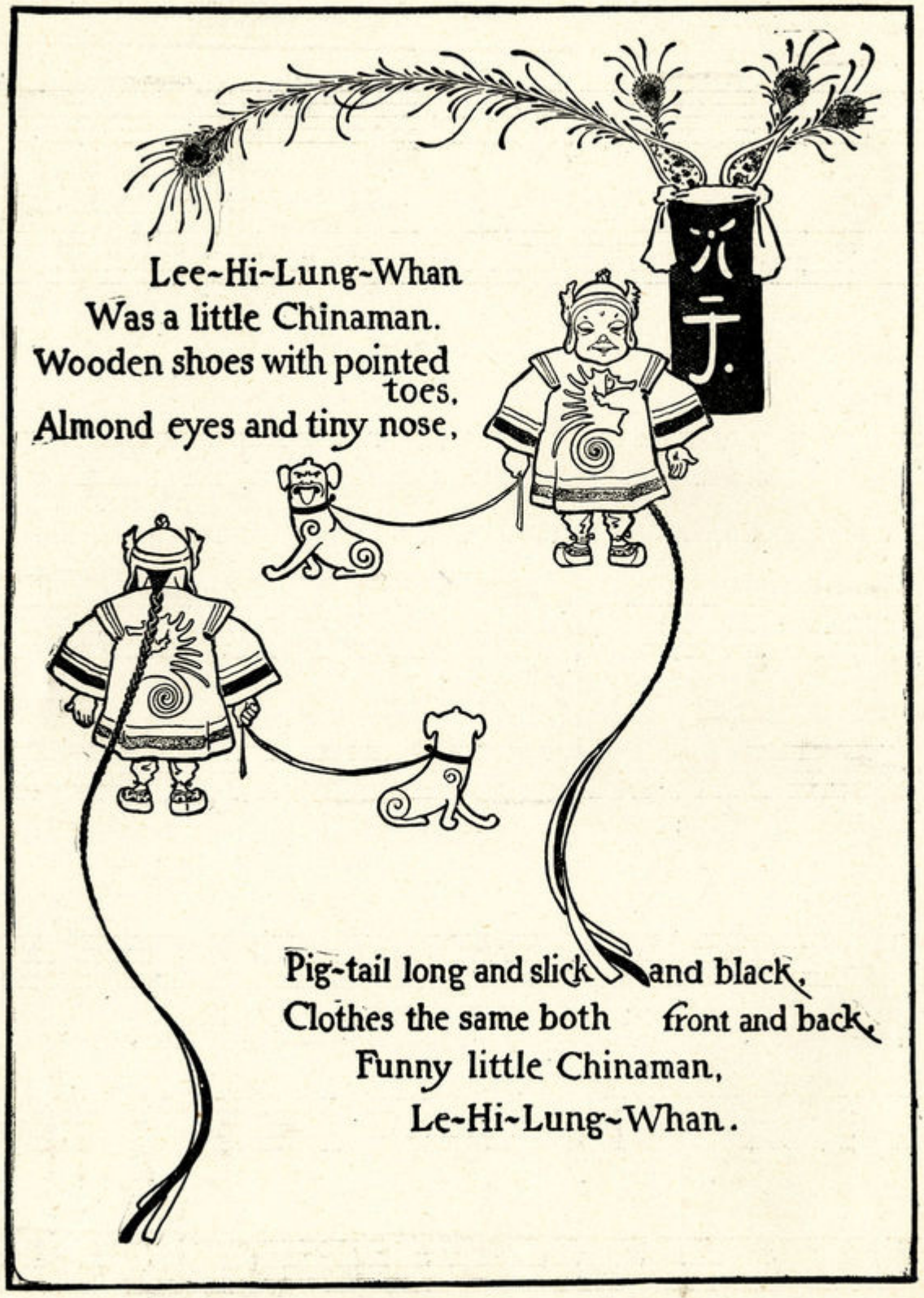


Bought a loaf and ate it up,
Bought some tea and drank a cup,

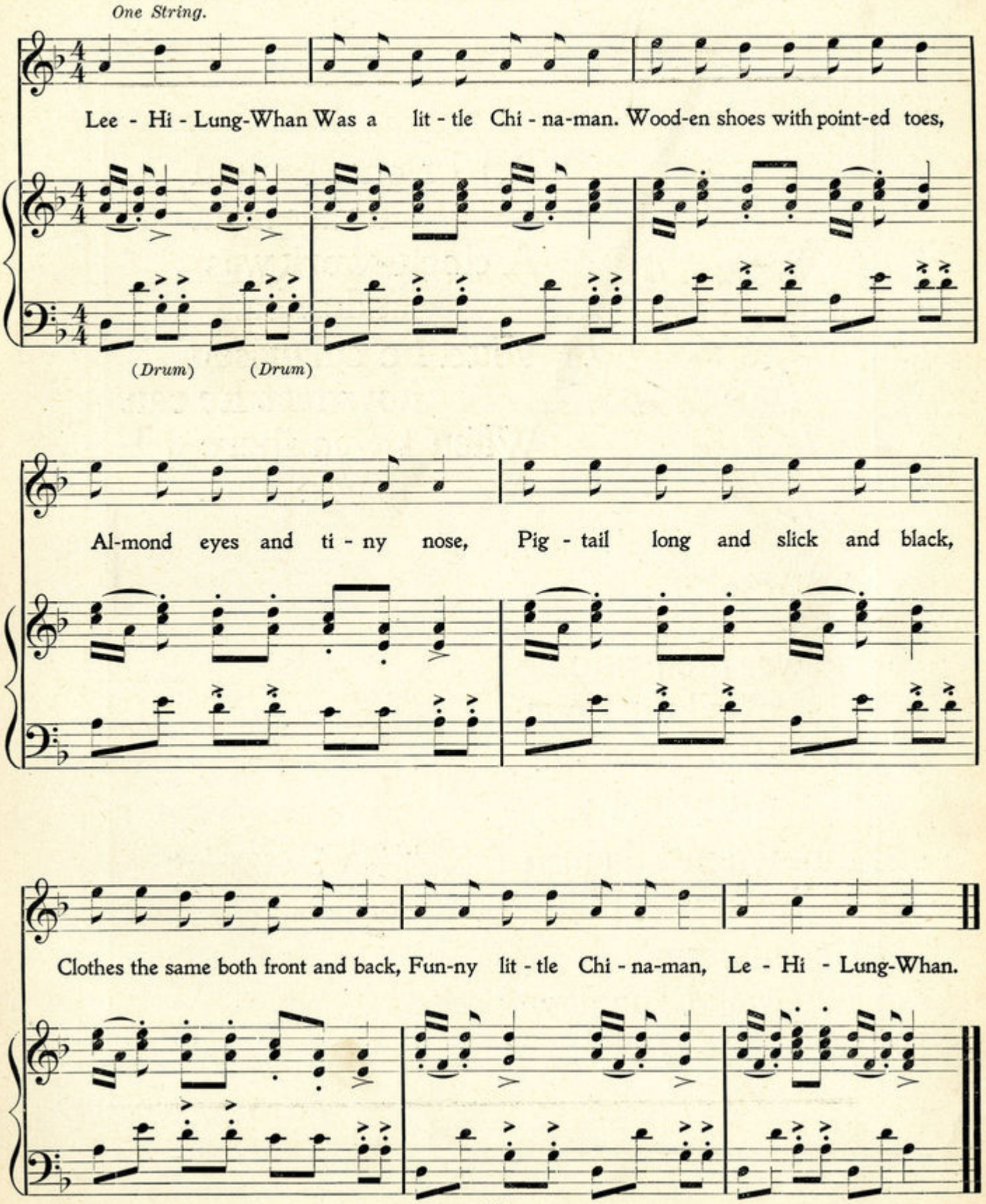
Then went hippity,
Hip,
hip,
hoppity,

Home again from the
baker's shop.


Bought a loaf and ate it up, Bought some tea and
drank a cup, Then went hip - pi - ty, Hip hip, hop - pi - ty,
Home a - gain from the ba - ker's shop.

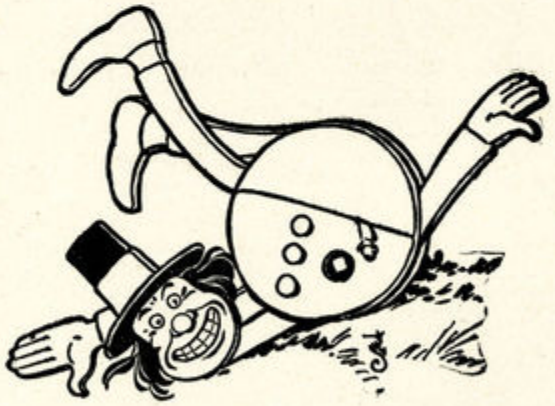

Lee-Hi-Lung-Whan
Was a little Chinaman.
Wooden shoes with pointed toes,
Almond eyes and tiny nose,
Pig-tail long and slick and black,
Clothes the same both front and back,
Funny little Chinaman,
Le-Hi-Lung-Whan.

LEE-HI-LUNG-WHAN.

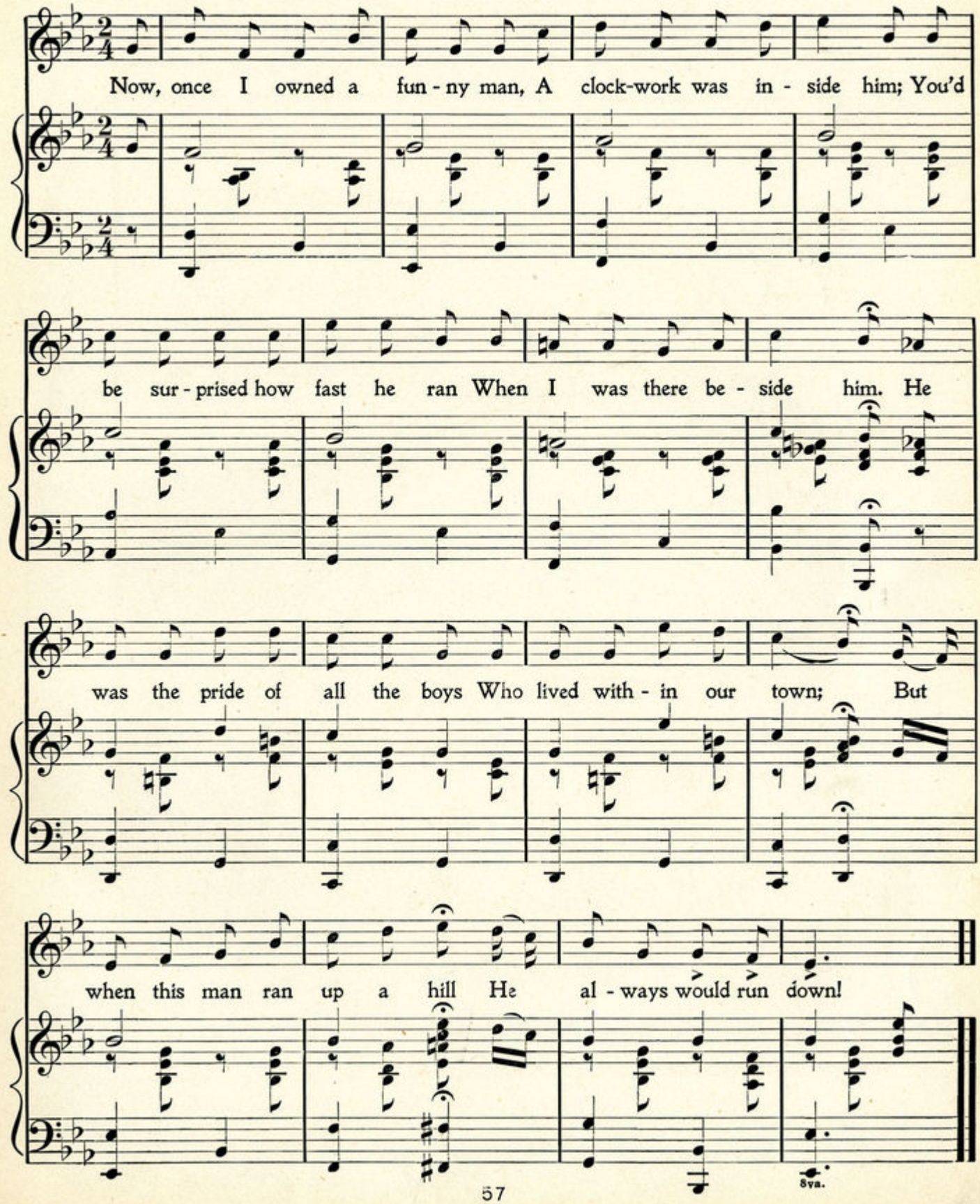


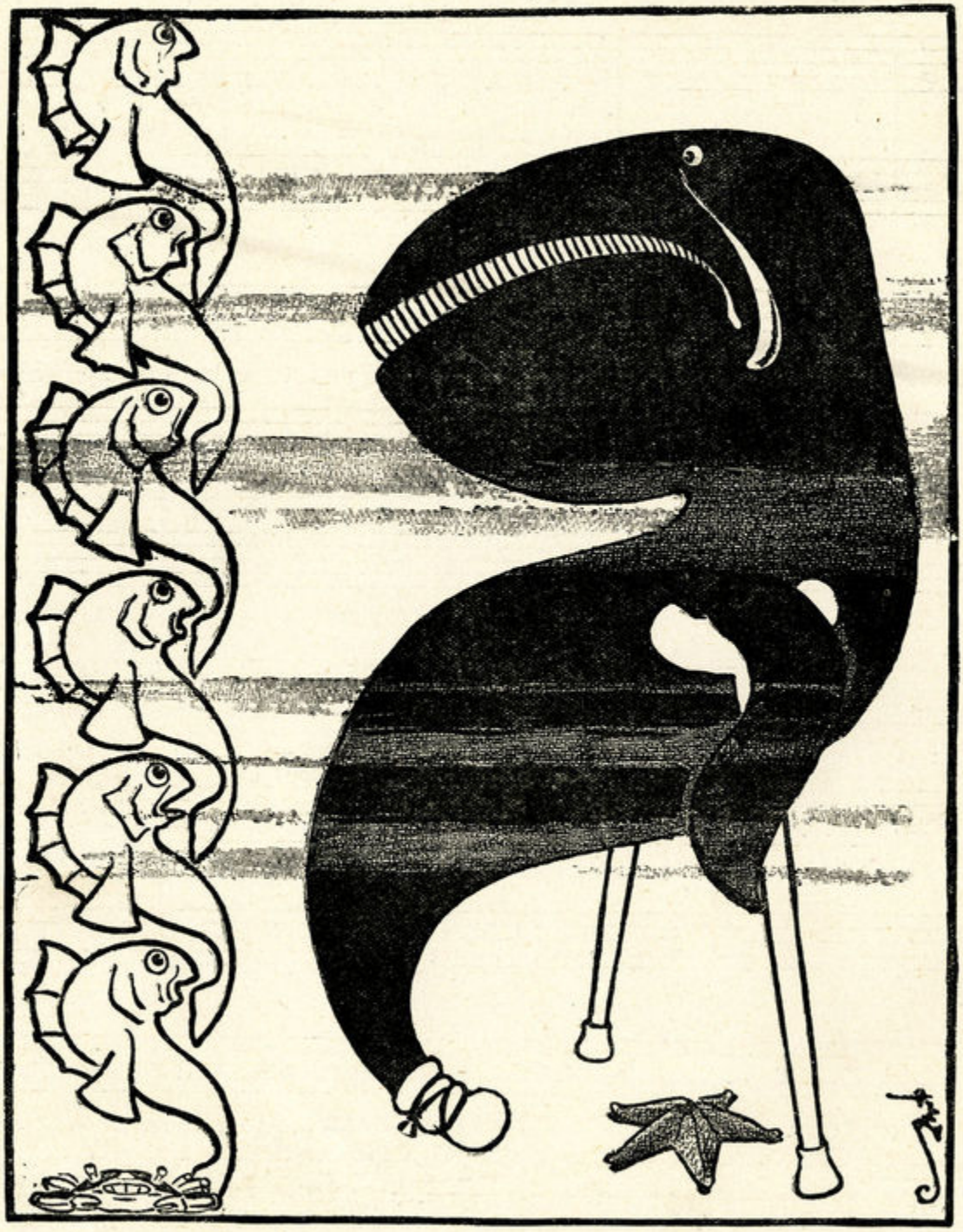
Now, once I owned
a funny man,
A clock-work was
inside him;
You'd be surprised
how fast he ran
When I was there
beside him.

He was the pride
of all the boys
Who lived within
our town;
But when this man
ran up a hill
He always
would run down!

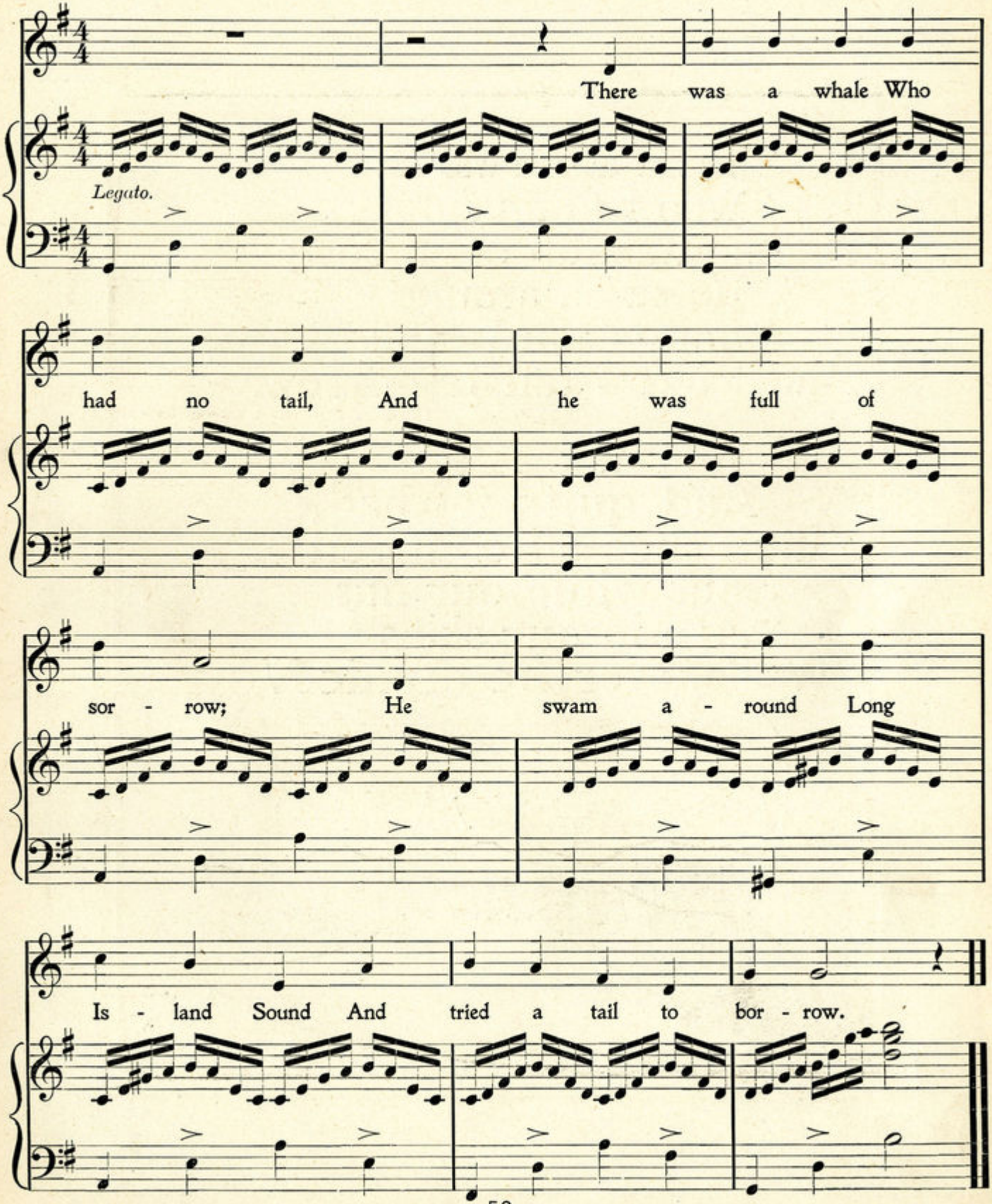


THE CLOCK-WORK MAN.



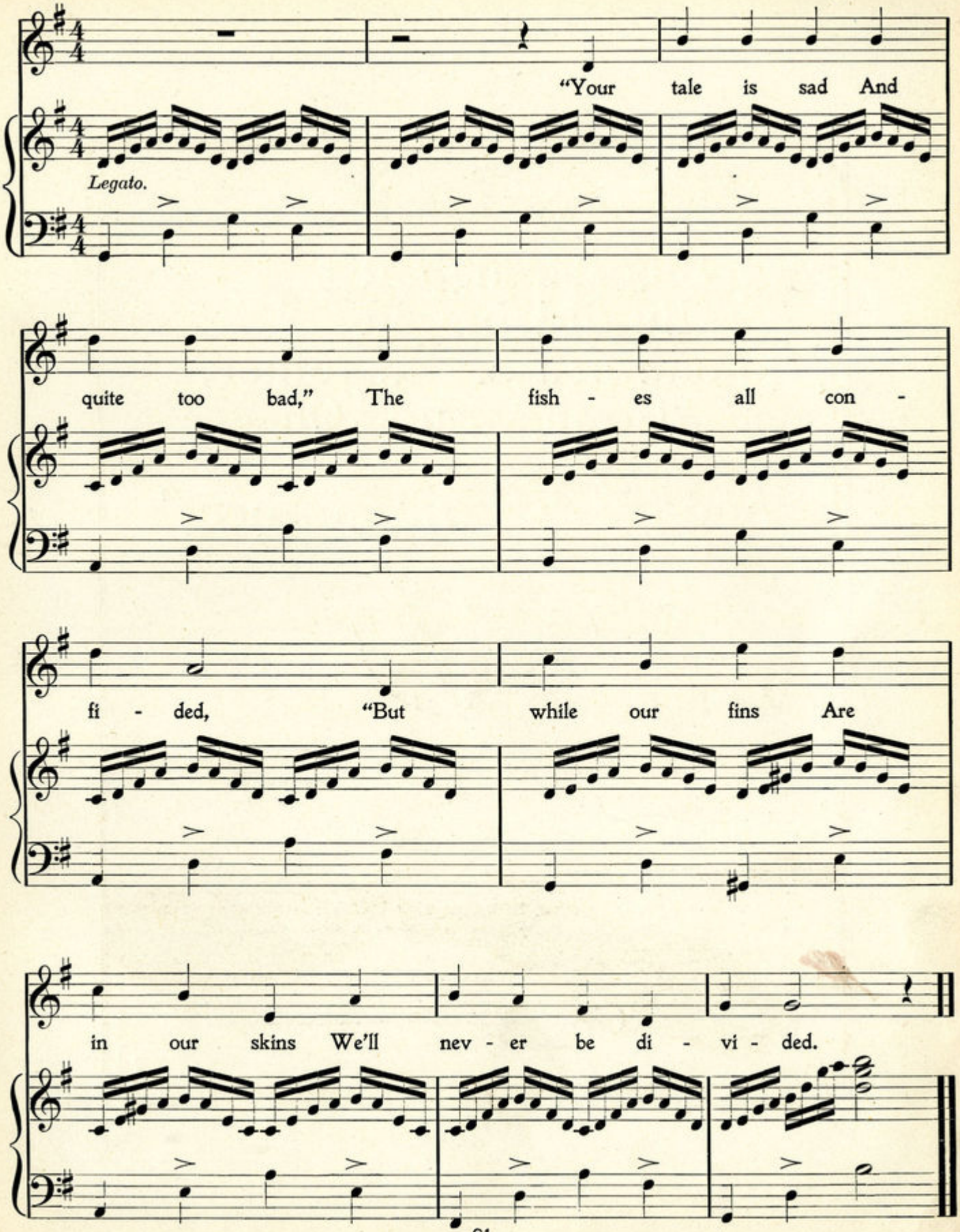


THERE WAS A WHALE.

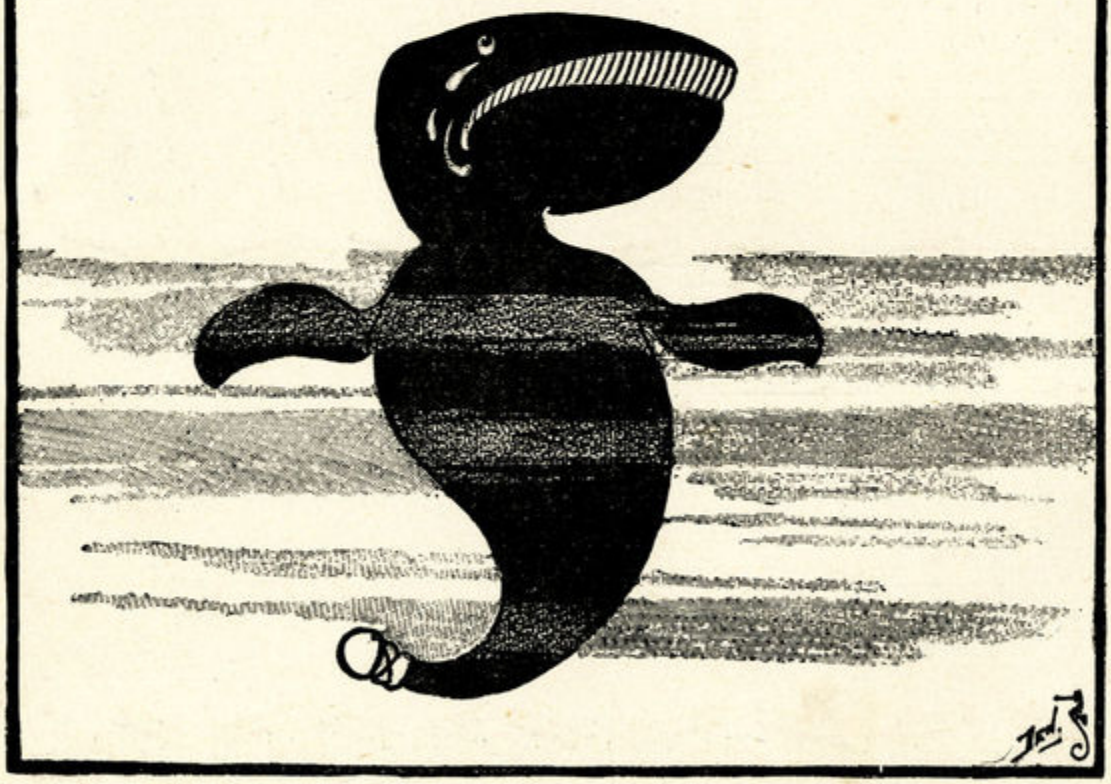


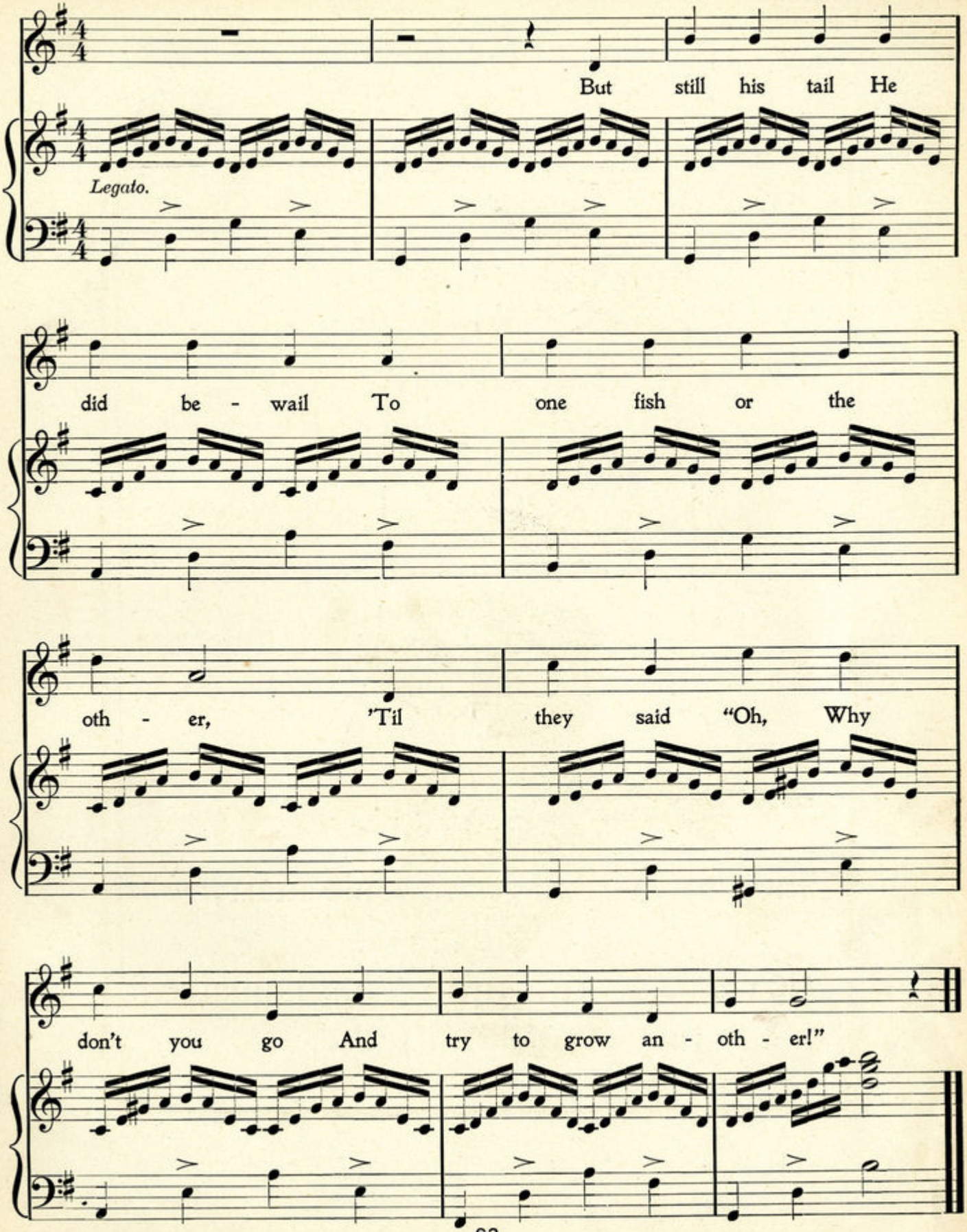
There was a whale
Who had no tail,
And he was full of sorrow;
He swam around
Long Island Sound
And tried a tail to borrow.

"Your tale is sad
And quite too bad,"
The fishes all confided
"But while our fins
Are in our skins
We'll never be divided."


"Your tale is sad And
Legato.
quite too bad," The fish - es all con -
fi - ded, "But while our fins Are
in our skins We'll nev - er be di - vi - ded.

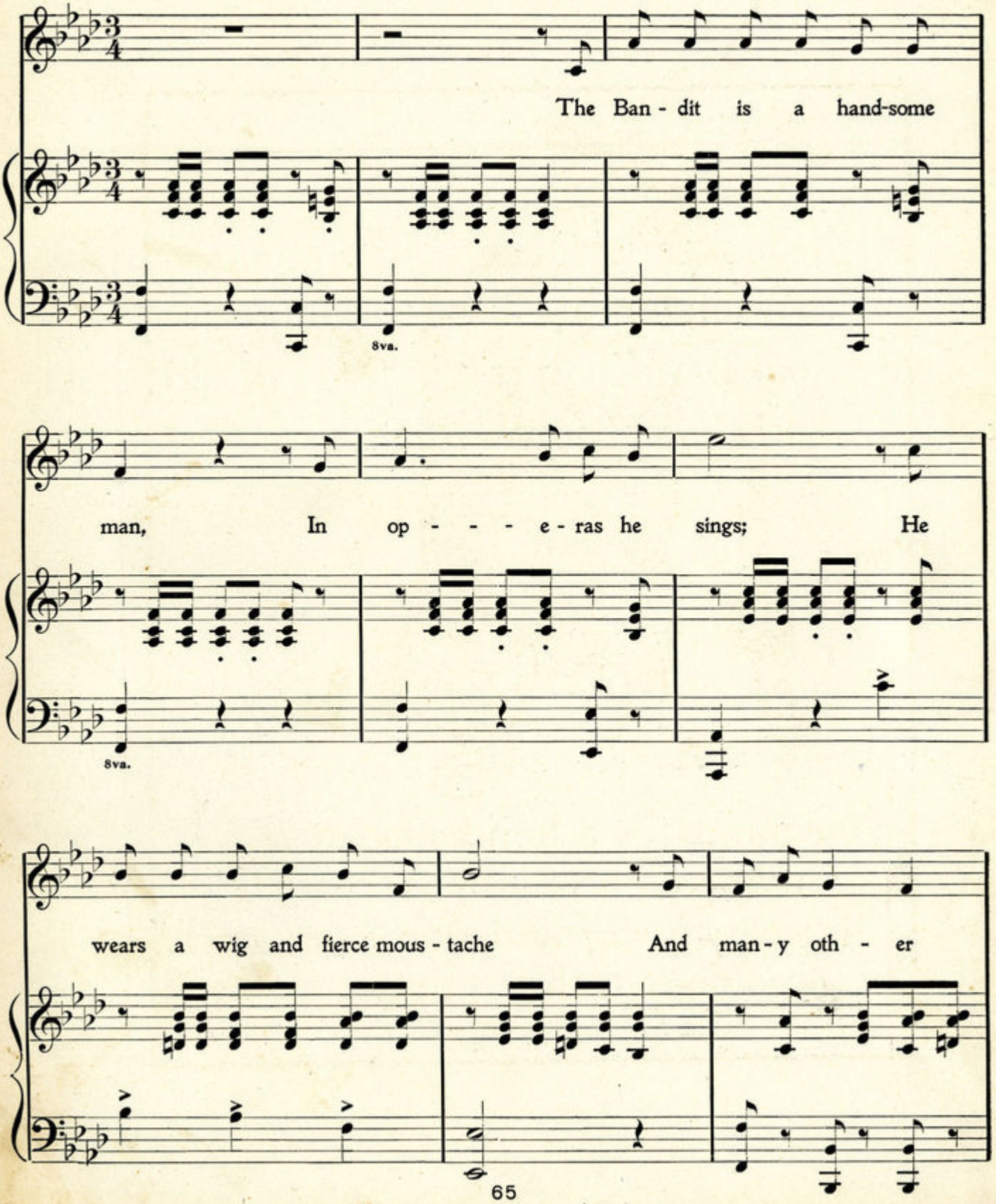
But still his tail
He did bewail
To one fish or the other,
'Til they said "Oh
Why don't you go
And try to grow another!"



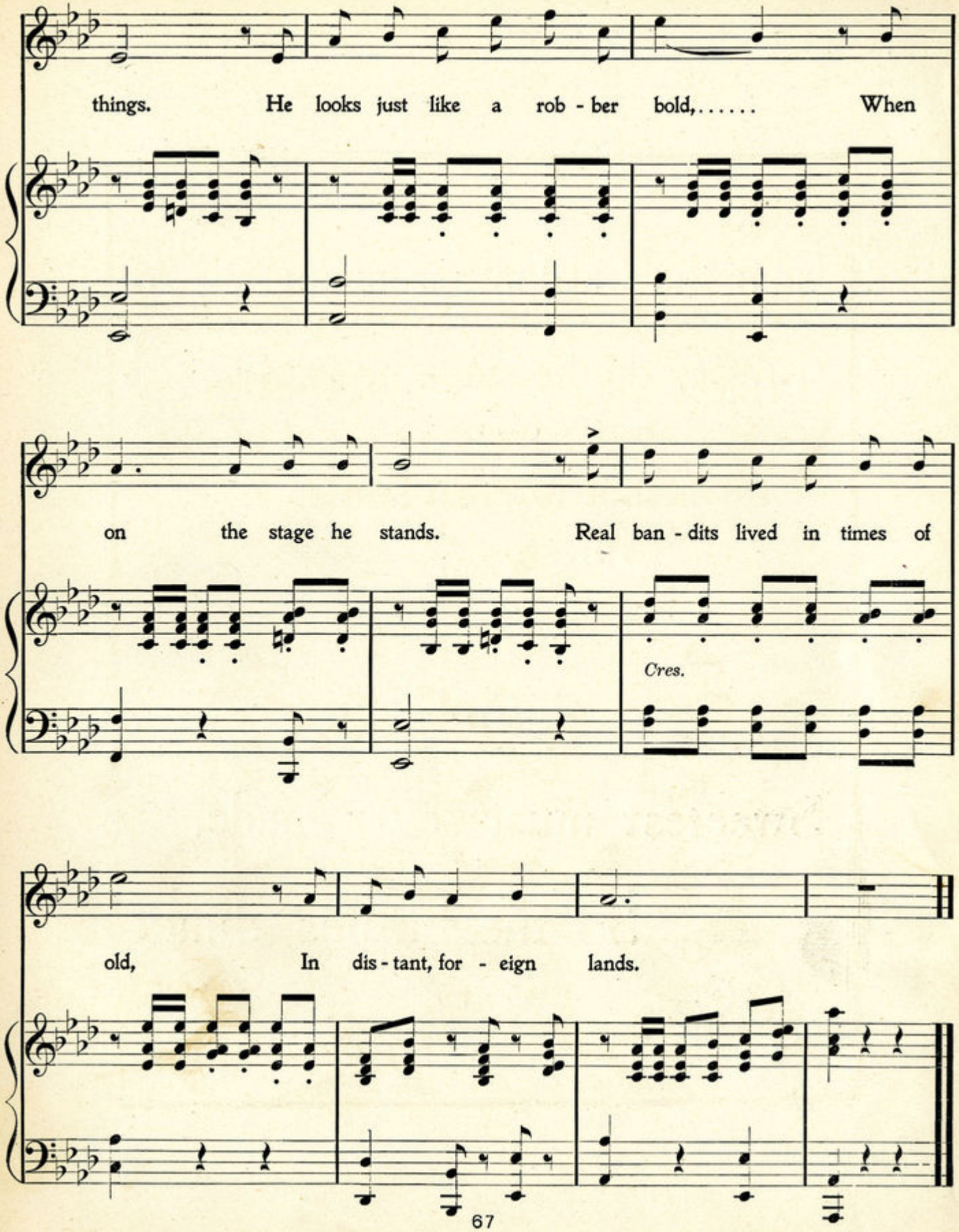

But still his tail He
Legato.
did be - wail To one fish or the
oth - er, 'Til they said "Oh, Why
don't you go And try to grow an - oth - er!"

The Bandit is a handsome man,
In operas he sings;
He wears a wig and fierce moustache
And many other things.

THE BANDIT.


The Ban - dit is a hand-some
8va.
man, In op - - - e - ras he sings; He
8va.
wears a wig and fierce mous - tache And man - y oth - er

He looks just like a robber bold,
When on the stage he stands.
Real Bandits lived in times of old,
In distant, foreign lands.


things. He looks just like a rob - ber bold,..... When
on the stage he stands. Real ban - dits lived in times of
Cres.
old, In dis - tant, for - eign lands.

Hear the babies' serenade:

Tink -

a -

Tink-

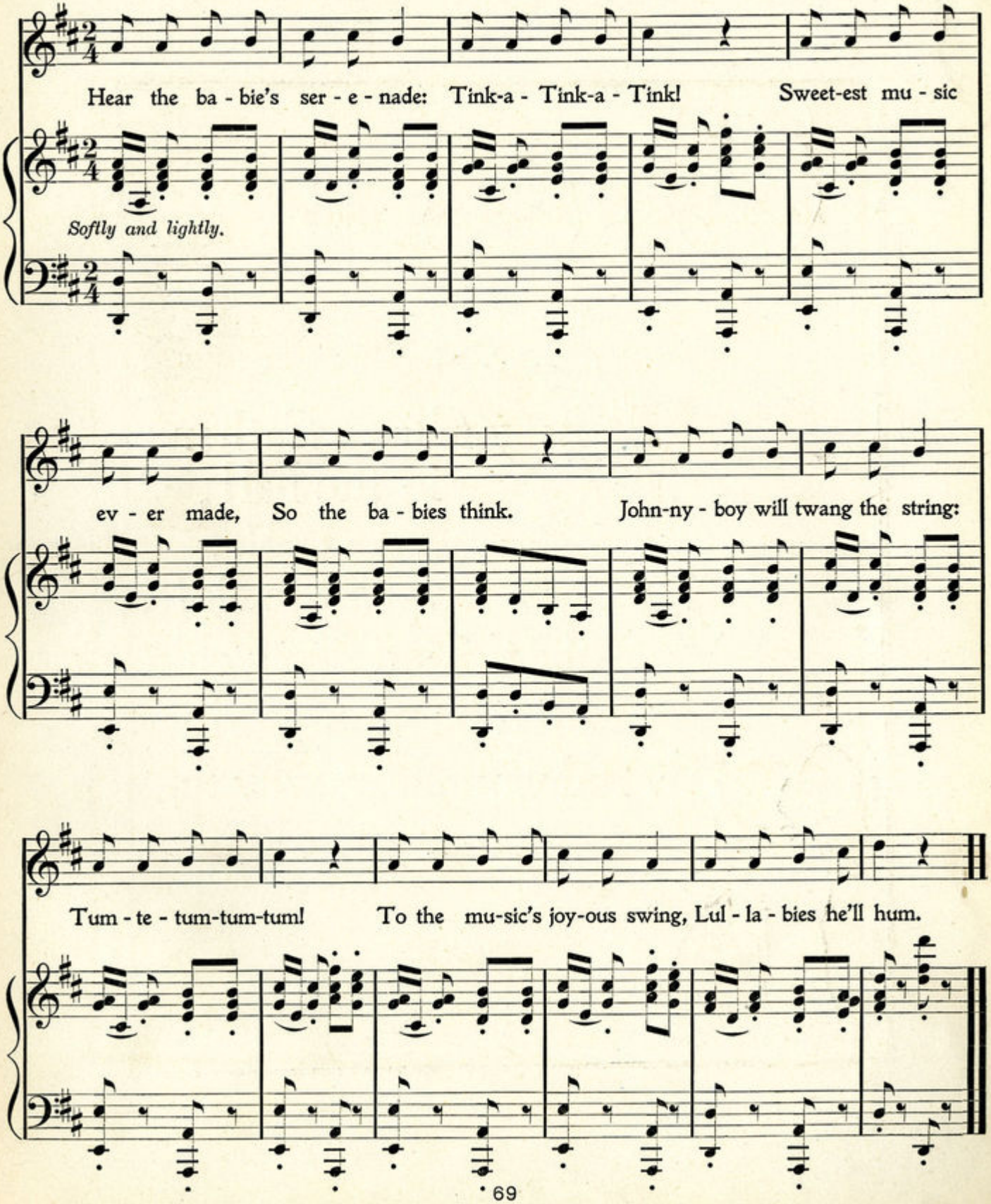
a -

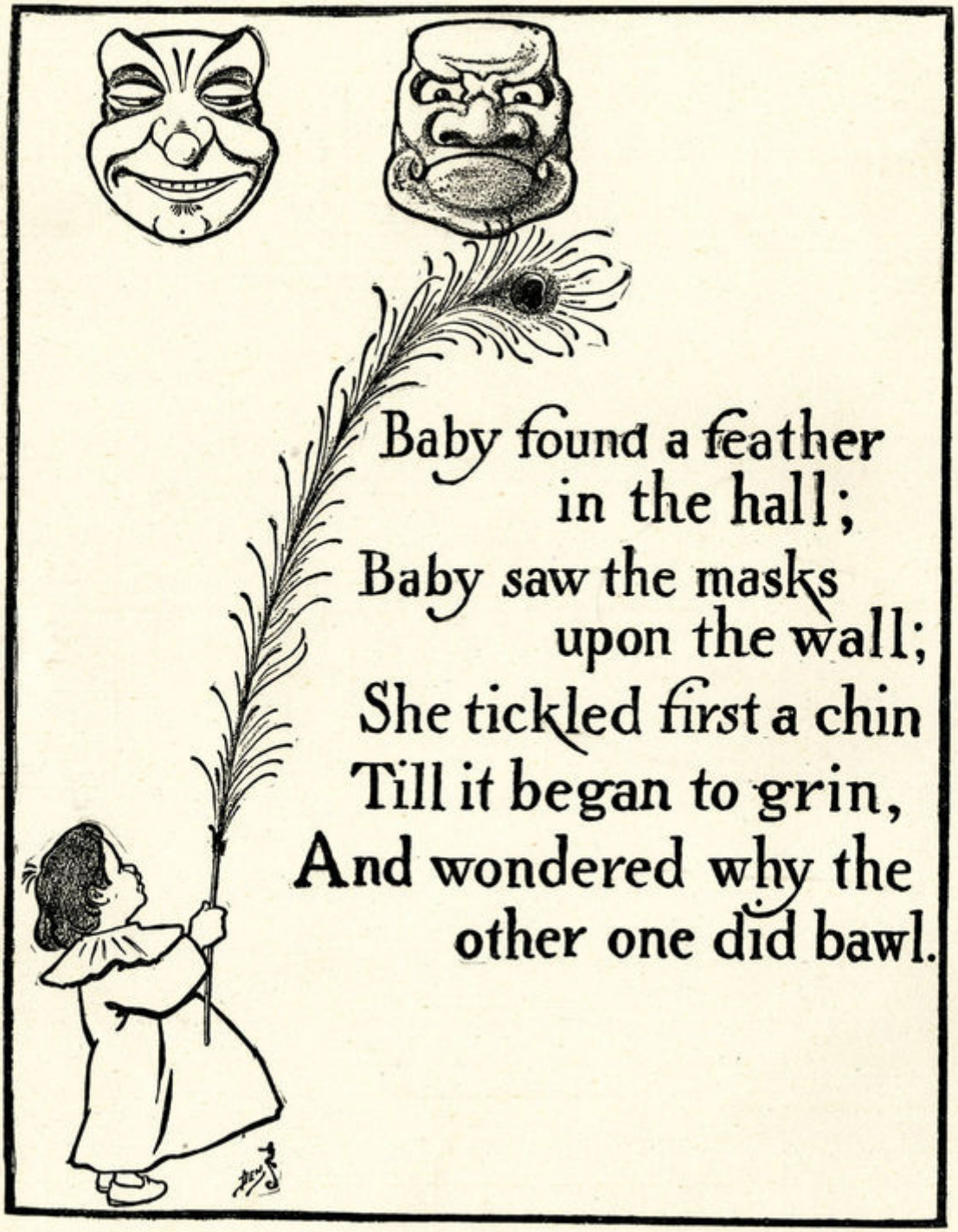
Tink!

Sweetest music ever made.

So the babies think.

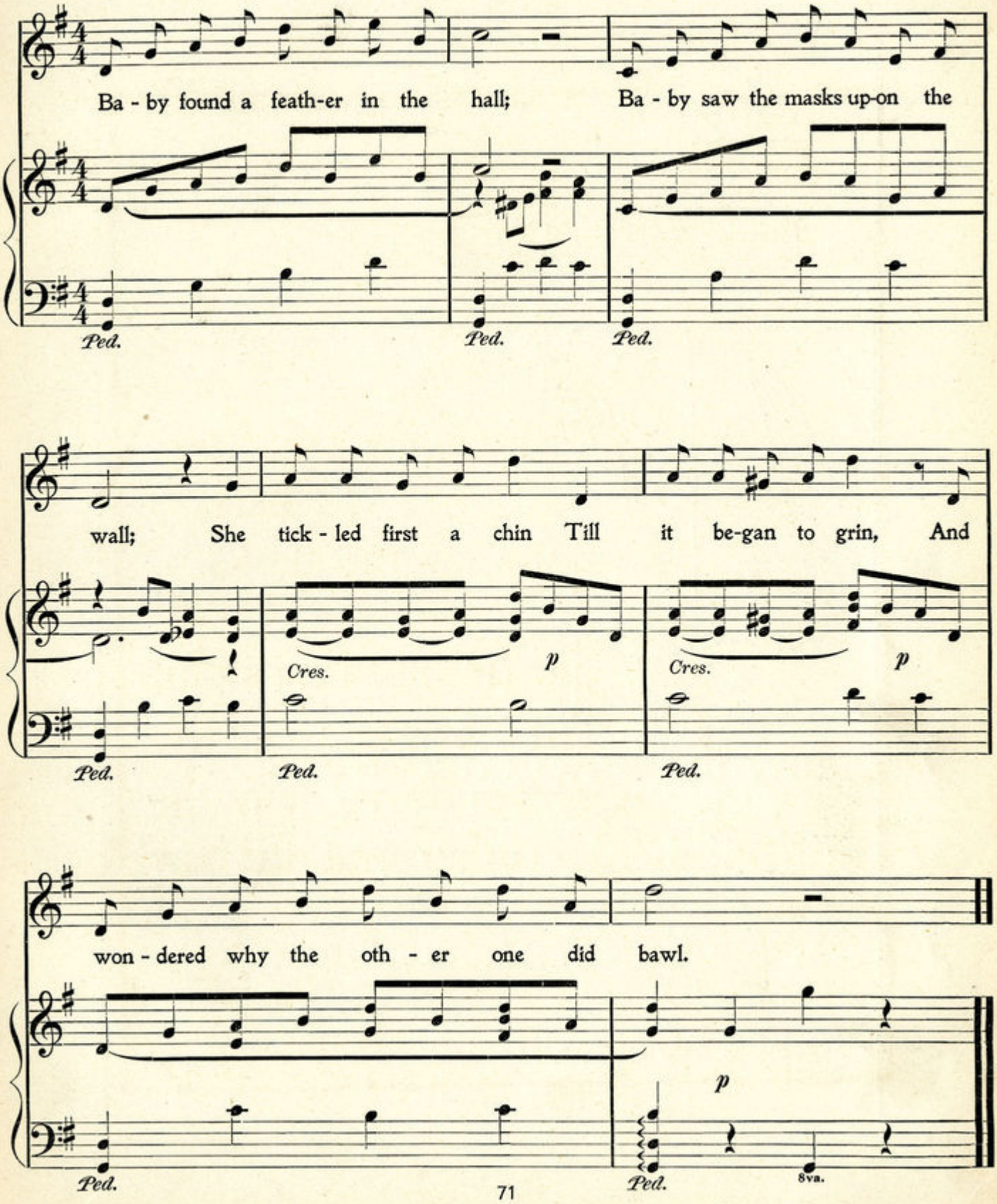
TINK-A-TINK-A-TINK!





Baby found a feather
in the hall;
Baby saw the masks
upon the wall;
She tickled first a chin
Till it began to grin,
And wondered why the
other one did bawl.

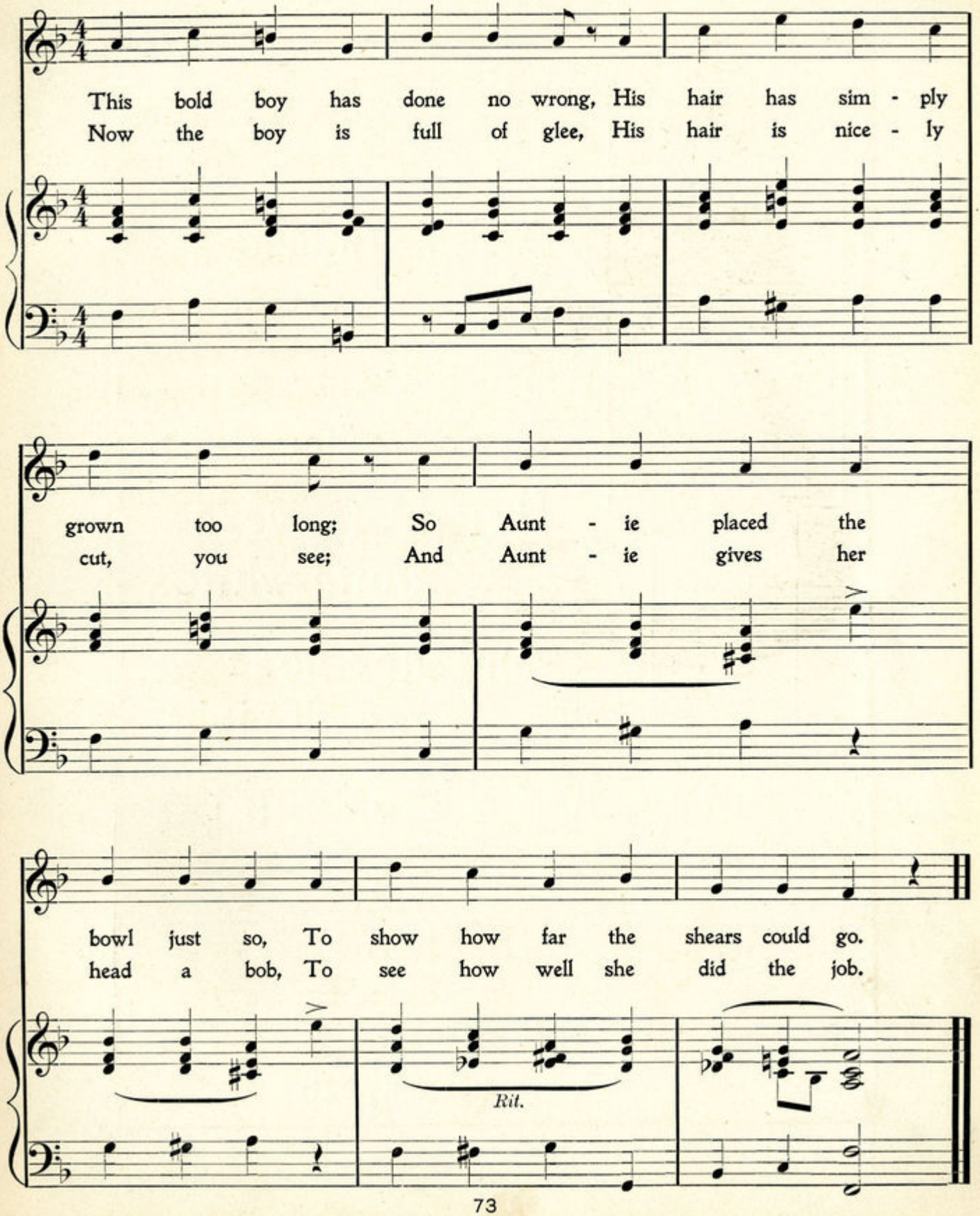
BABY FOUND A FEATHER.



This bold boy
has done no
wrong;
His hair has
simply grown
too long.
So Auntie placed
the bowl just so
To show how far
The shears
could go.

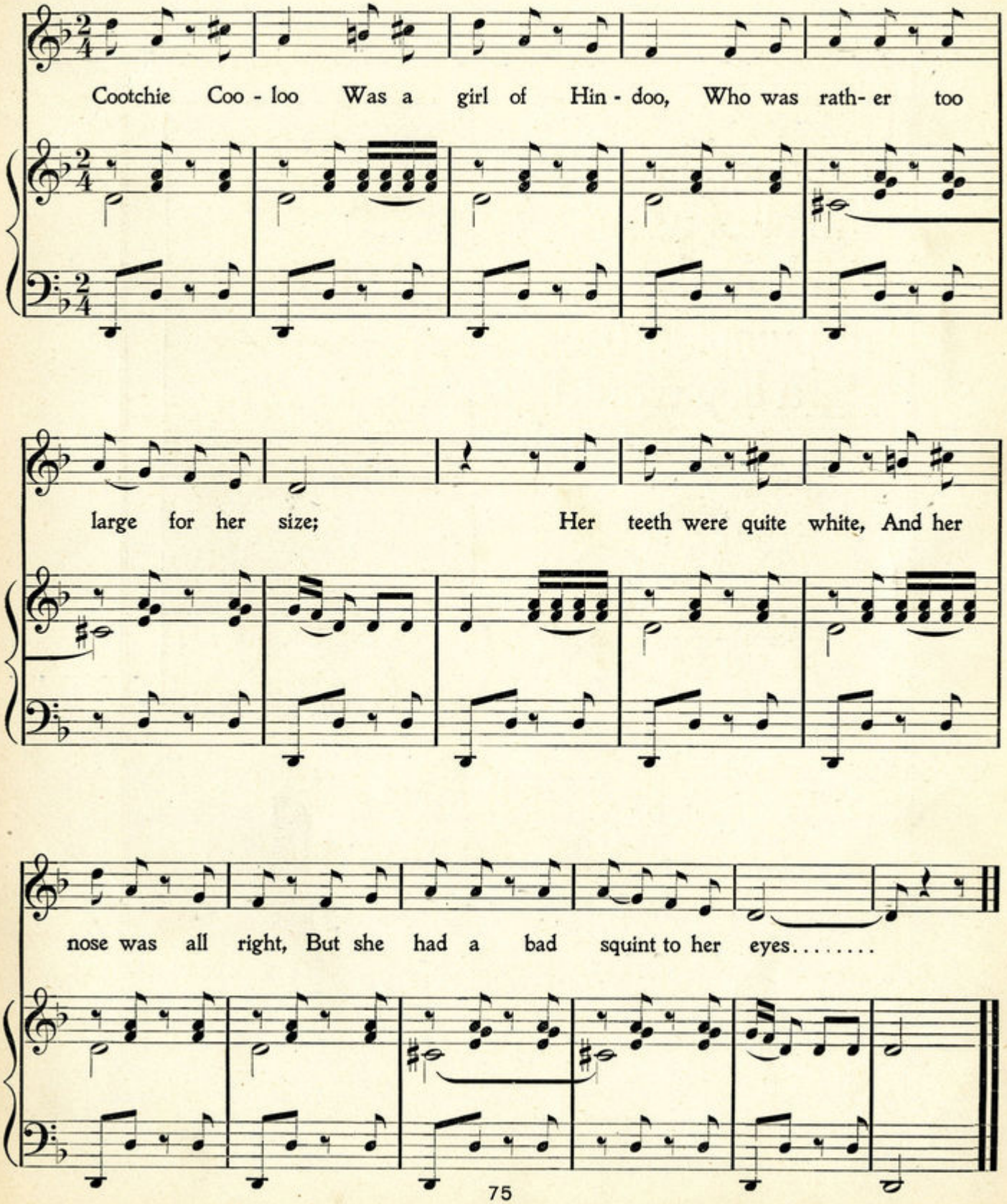
Now the boy is full of
glee;
His hair is nicely cut,
you see;
And Auntie gives her head
a bob,
To see how well she did
the job.

THE BOLD BOY.


This bold boy has done no wrong, His hair has sim - ply
Now the boy is full of glee, His hair is nice - ly
grown too long; So Aunt - ie placed the
cut, you see; And Aunt - ie gives her
bowl just so, To show how far the shears could go.
head a bob, To see how well she did the job.
Rit.

Cootchie Cooloo
Was a girl of Hindoo,
Who was rather too
large for her size;
Her teeth were
quite white
And her nose
was all right,
But she had a bad squint
to her eyes.

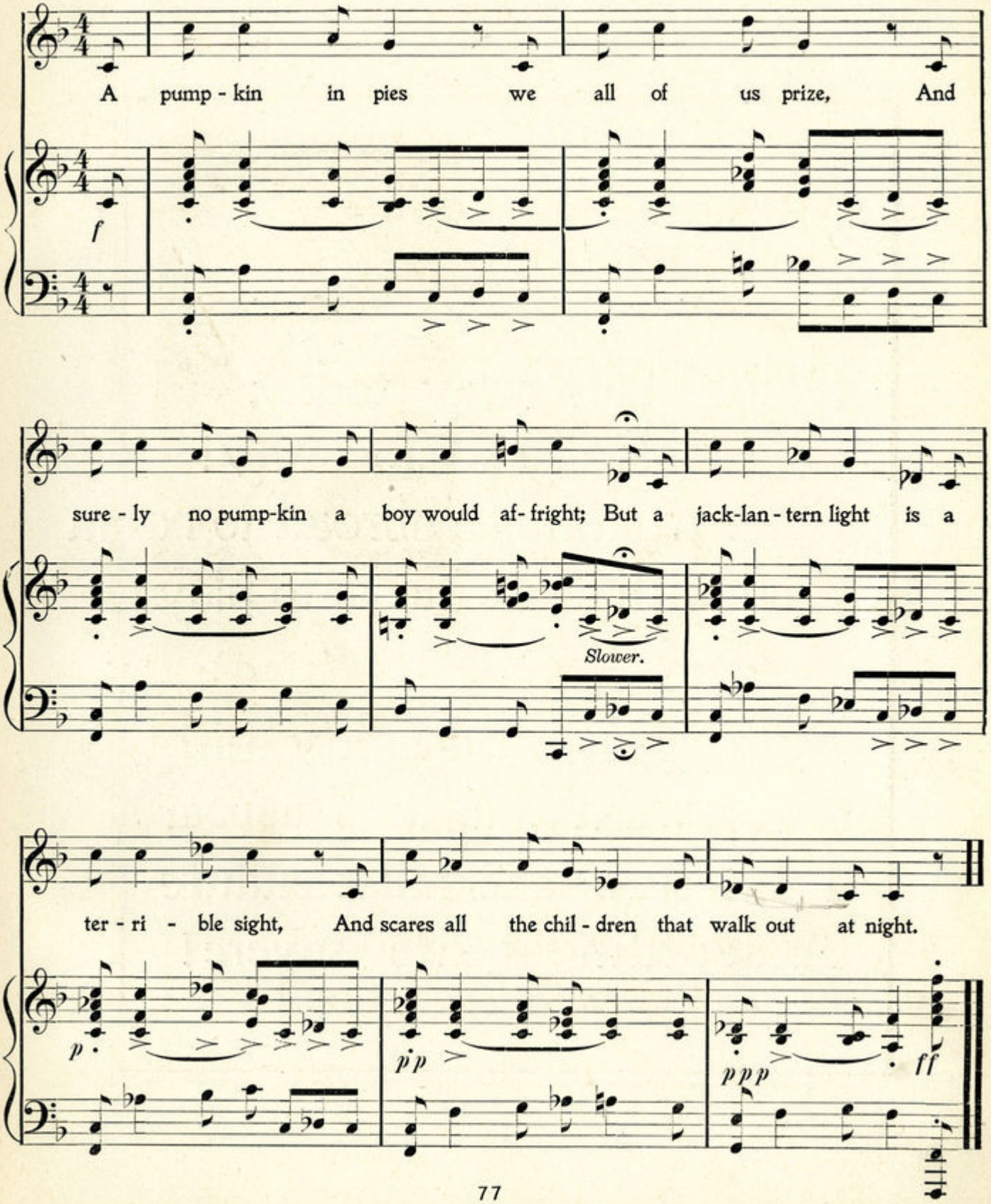
COOTCHIE COOLOO.



A pumpkin in pies
We all of us prize;
And surely
no pumpkin
a boy would
affright.

But a jack-lantern light
Is a terrible sight
And scares all the children
that walk out at night.

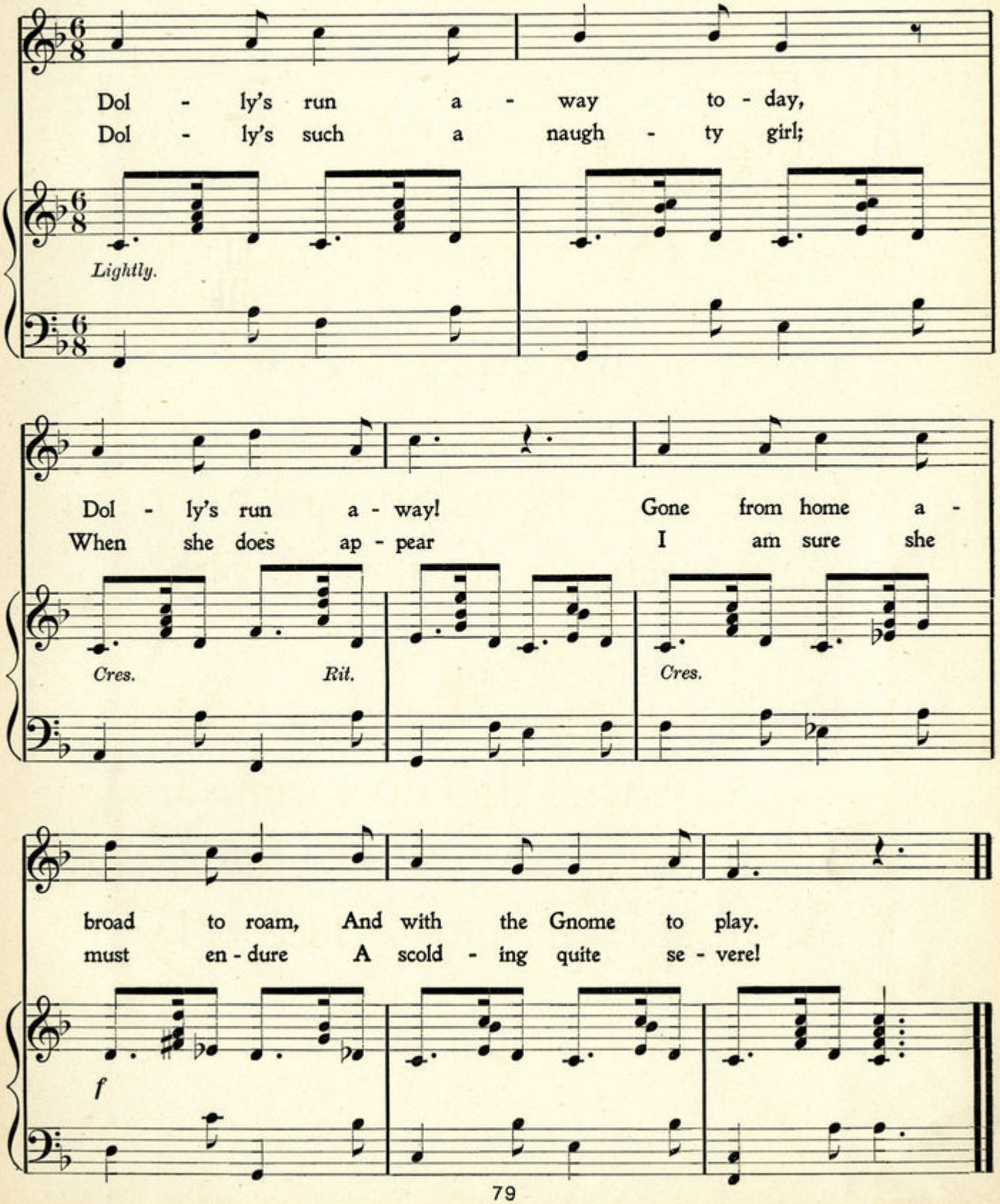
THE JACK-LANTERN.



Dolly's run away today.
Dolly's run away!
Gone from home abroad to roam
And with the Gnome to play.

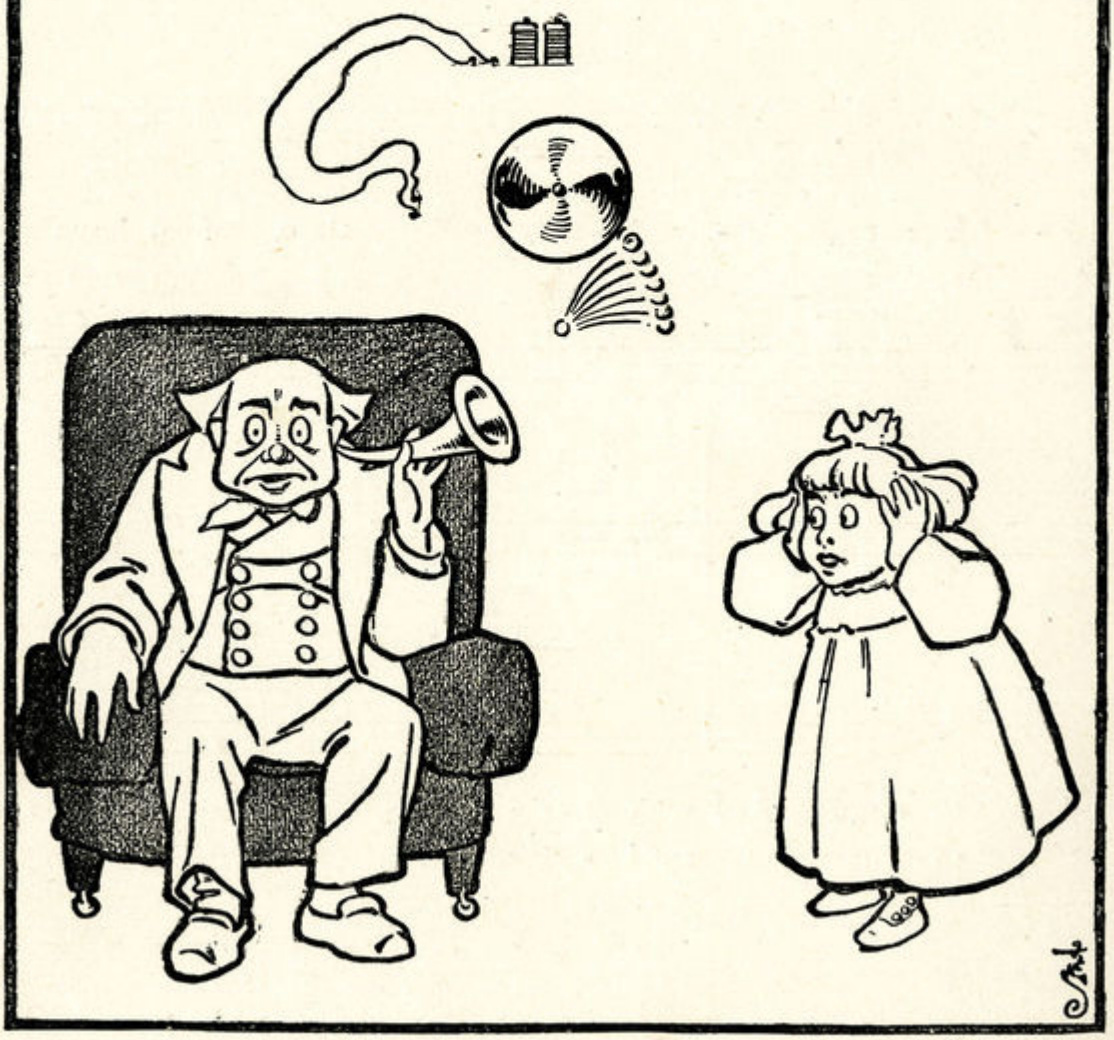
Dolly's such a naughty girl
When she does appear
I am sure she must endure
A scolding quite severe!

DOLLY'S RUN AWAY.

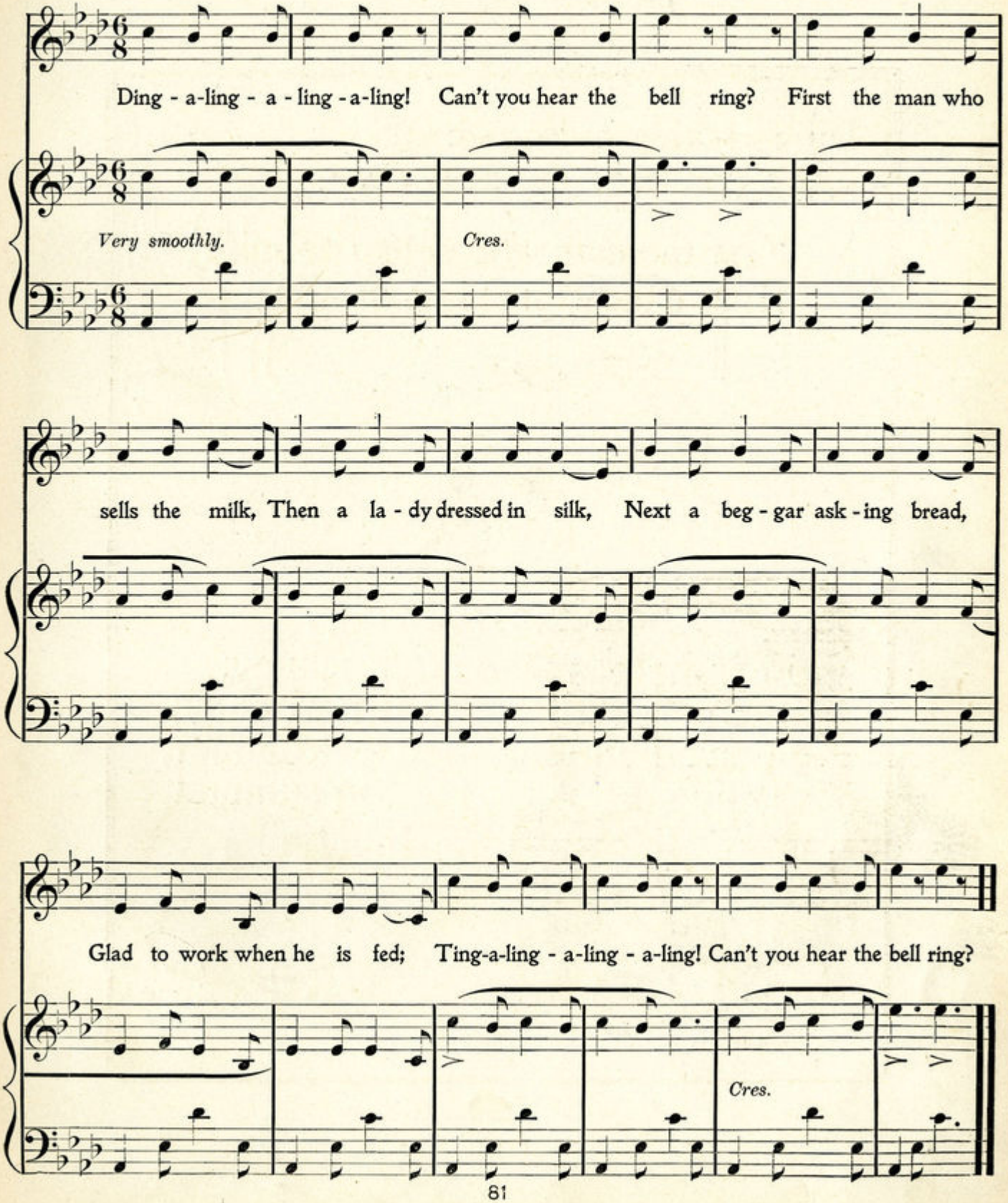


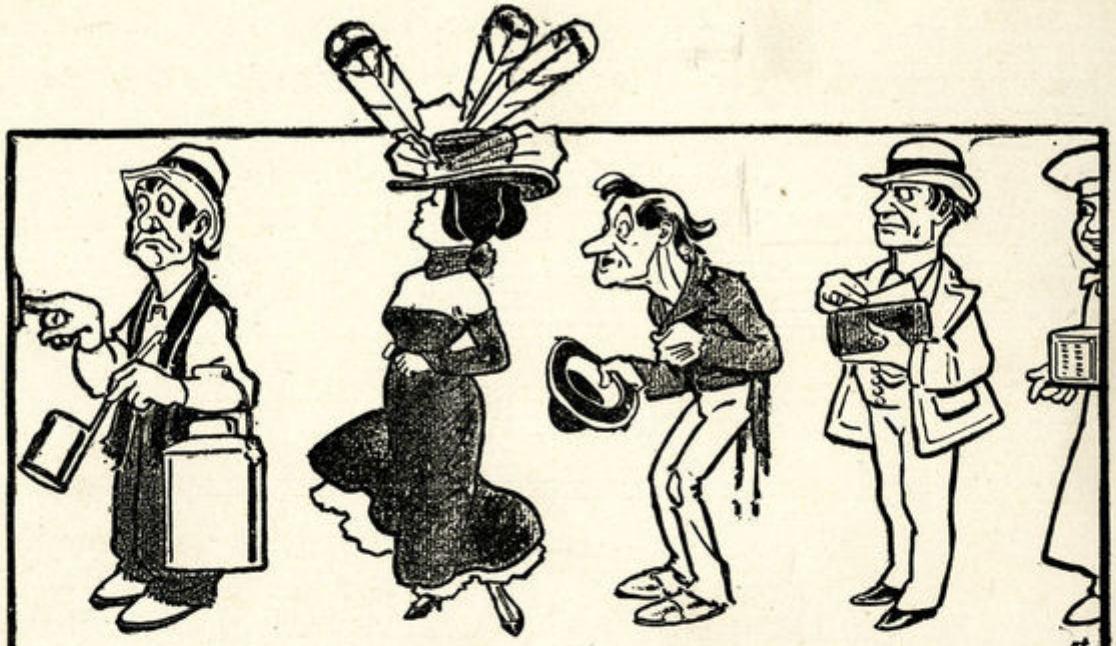
Ding~a~ling~a~ling~ling!
Can't you hear the bell ring?

First the man who sells the milk,
Then a lady dressed in silk,



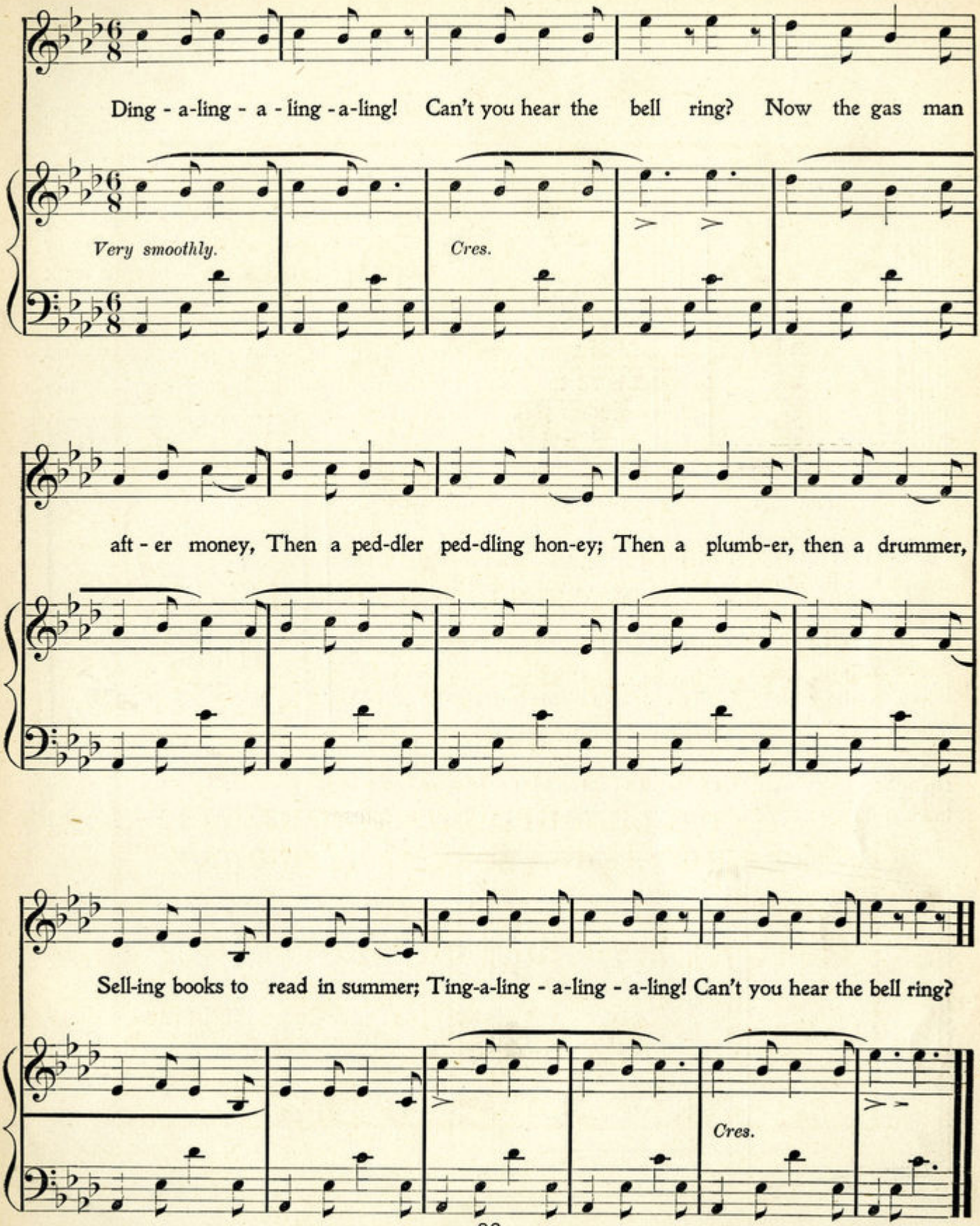
CAN'T YOU HEAR THE BELL RING?





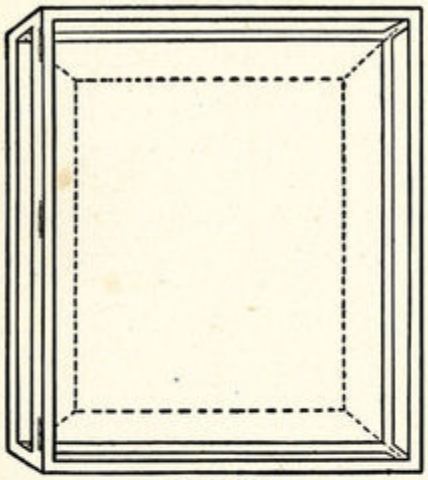
Next a beggar asking bread,
Glad to work when he is fed;
Ting~a~ling~a~ling~ling!
Can't you hear the bell ring?

Now the gas man after money,
Then a peddlar peddling honey;
Then a plumber, then a drummer,
Selling books to read in summer,
Ting~a~ling~a~ling~ling!
Can't you hear the bell ring?


Ding - a-ling - a - ling - a-ling! Can't you hear the bell ring? Now the gas man
Very smoothly.
Cres.
aft - er money, Then a ped-dler ped-dling hon-ey; Then a plumb-er, then a drummer,
Sell-ing books to read in summer; Ting-a-ling - a-ling - a-ling! Can't you hear the bell ring?
Cres.

FATHER GOOSE ENTERTAINMENT

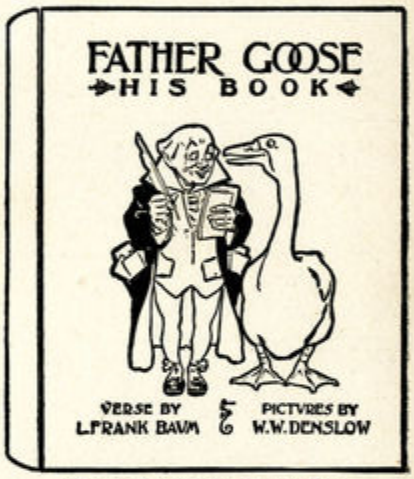
[Permission will be granted to use the Father Goose songs and pictures for school, church, society or home entertainments, if application is made to the publishers. But professional production of any part of the book is forbidden unless special permission is obtained.]



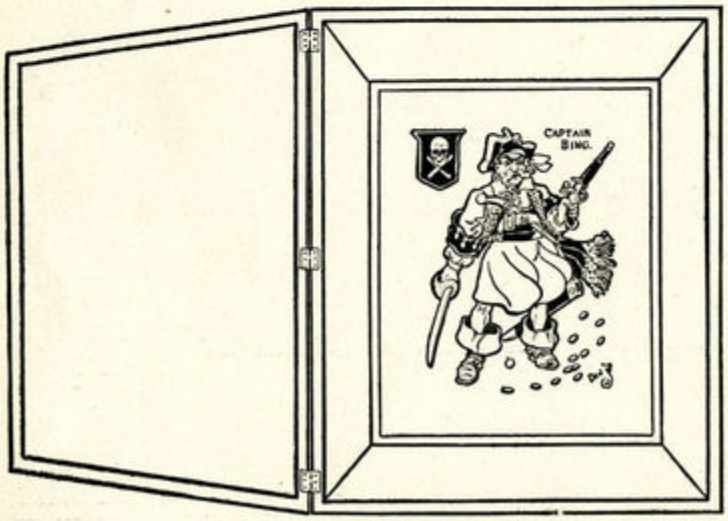
FRAME.

THE plan of the "Father Goose Entertainment," which has been produced with much success, is to set up a large book, which opens and discloses in successive tableaux one or more characters taken from "Father Goose." While the book is open a chorus of children sings the verse accompanying the picture.

This book is very easily prepared. Have a carpenter build the frame for the front and back covers, making the frames six feet high by four feet and six inches wide. Over the frame of the front cover tack gray cambric, and have some one paint it in imitation of the cover of the Father Goose book. Set the front cover two feet and six inches in front of the rear cover, and just inside the front cover erect a light frame of wooden strips which will remain stationary when the cover swings back on its hinges. From this frame to the back cover tack white muslin, running it all around the frame to form the edges and back of the book. This also frames your tableaux. Over the back cover drape a sheet, or some white cloth, tacking it at the top only. This is raised to enable you to arrange each tableau in succession, after which the sheet (which represents the paper page) is dropped behind the figure, and then the cover is slowly opened by the "master of ceremonies" standing outside, while the chorus of children sings the verse. Then the cover is closed and the next tableau arranged.



THE BOOK CLOSED.



THE BOOK OPENED.

The book itself is masked in at either side by sheets, forming a space in which the chorus and characters to appear may be concealed.

This entertainment is appropriate for a private house or a public stage, and is so unique and charming that it cannot fail to please everyone.

THE SONGS OF FATHER GOOSE

For The KINDERGARTEN, The NURSERY And The HOME.