

Sunbonnet Babies

in
Mother Goose
Land



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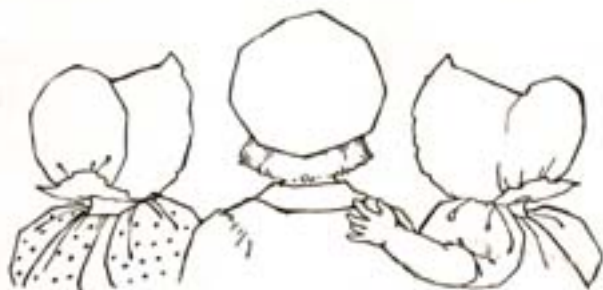
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SUNBONNET
BABIES
in Mother Goose Land



By EULALIE OSGOOD GROVER

Illustrated by
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RAND McNALLY & COMPANY
CHICAGO

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Old Mother Goose,
When she wants to wander,
Rides through the air
On a very fine gander.

Sometimes she rides high.
Sometimes she rides low.
She rides just as fast
As her gander can go.

One day as she rode,
She heard someone cry:
Whither, oh, whither,
Oh, whither so high?

To sweep the cobwebs
from the sky;
And I'll be with you
by and by.
Yes, I'll be with you
by and by.

Dear old Mother Goose is on
her fine gander.
She is riding through the air.
See! she is looking down.
She sees a pretty garden.
She sees silver bells in the
garden.
She sees cockle-shells in the
garden.
She sees two little maids.
They are the Sunbonnet Babies.
They are Molly and May.
Molly and May call to her:
Mother Goose! Mother Goose!
Whither, oh, whither,
Oh, whither so high?



Mother Goose calls back:
To sweep the cobwebs
from the sky;
And I'll be with you
by and by.

Did you hear?
Did you hear?
She is coming back.
Dear old Mother Goose!
She is coming back.
She said so.
She said she would be with us
by and by.

Come! Our garden!
We must water it.
Those cobwebs!
We must sweep them away.
The cockle-shells!
We must wash them.
The weeds!
We must pull them up.



Look! What is that?
It is the gander.
Mother Goose is coming back.
She is calling to us.
She is saying:
Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?

O Mother Goose, it is growing
well.

See! here are silver bells and
cockle-shells and pretty
maids all in a row.

But you called to Mistress Mary.
Mistress Mary is not here.
I am Molly.

And I am May.

We are two Sunbonnet Babies.

This is our garden.

We like you, dear Mother Goose.

We like your fine gander.

It must be fun to ride so high.

It is.

Should you like to try?

Should we like to try?
Should we like to try?
Dear Mother Goose!
We should love to ride so high.
We should love to ride with you
in the sky.

Then come, little maids.
We will fly away.
I will take you home to spend
the day.

Hurrah! The gander!
We are on the gander.
It is flying.
We are flying.
Fast! Fast!



Look! there is our garden, away
down there.
We can see the silver bells.
We can see the cockle-shells.
But where are the little maids?
Ha, ha! Here we are—on the
gander.

Good-by, pretty garden.
Good-by, silver bells.
Good-by, cockle-shells.
We are going away.
We shall be gone all day.
We are going to the land where
Mother Goose lives.
Good-by! By!

What is that?
Look! A pig!
A flying pig!
Where does he come from?
O Mother Goose, tell us.

Deary me! It is my pet pig.
It is Dickery Dare flying up in
the air.

Down, Gander.
Fly slowly down.
Thee knows the way down to our
pretty wood.
Slowly, Gander, slowly.
Now here we are.
Here is my little house.
And here is my good porter.

Come quickly, Porter!
Quickly!
We have guests.
Two little Sunbonnet Babies.
They will spend the day with us.
Help them, Porter
Be a good owl.
Now help them nicely.



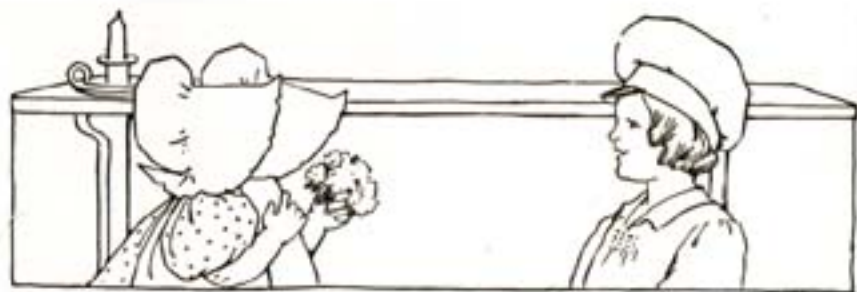
Yes, Mother Goose has a house.
It is built in a wood.
An owl at the door
For a porter stood.

Here is the house.
And here is the owl.

She has a son Jack,
A plain-looking lad.
He is not very good,
Nor yet very bad.

This is her Jack.





Jack! Jack! Come quickly!
You have guests.
Two little Sunbonnet Babies,
Molly and May.
They have come to play with
you all day.
Now show them your trick.
Be a good lad.
Be nimble and quick.
Jump high over your candlestick.



Jack be nimble,
Jack be quick,
Jack jump over
The candlestick.

Hurrah! he did it.
Hurrah for Nimble Jack!



May be nimble,
May be quick,
May jump over
The candlestick.

Hurrah for May! She did it, too.
Now Molly must try our trick.

Molly be nimble,
Molly be quick,
Molly jump over
The candlestick.

Higher, Molly! Jump higher!
Oh, look! Look at your dress!
You have burned a great hole.
A hole in your pretty dress!



You must not cry, Molly.
I will tell you something.
It will make you laugh.
You must guess what it is.

Little Nanny Etticoat,
In a white petticoat
And a red nose;
The longer she stands,
The shorter she grows.

Can you guess it?
Yes, yes! It is the candle that
burned your dress.
Now laugh, Molly, laugh!
Then we will mend your dress.

But, Jack, I cannot laugh.
The hole in my dress—how can
I mend it?

I know, Molly.
I know a nice old woman.
She will mend it.
She has so many children she
doesn't know what to do.
But she knows how to mend.
She lives in a very queer house.
It is an old, old shoe.
Come, we will go to see her.
Her children may all be in bed.
She has so many of them!
They are always hungry, too.
Poor children!



Oh, yes! let's go to see the old woman who lives in a shoe.
What can we give to her?
Apples!
Let's take some apples to the old woman and her children.
See! there is her house.

Good morning, dear old woman.
We can tell you what to do.

Ho, ho! what is that you say?
You can tell me what to do?

Yes, yes! you may mend the hole
in Molly's dress.

Well, well! come here, little one.
I will see what can be done.

Thank you! Oh, thank you!
We knew you would do it.
Here is an apple for you.
Now for some fun.

We will throw these apples into
the shoe—one for each child.
Then we will run.

Hurrah! that was fun.
They caught our apples every one.
How they laughed!
And how we ran!
Jack knows another nice old
woman.
We are going to see her now.
He says she used to live under
that hill;
And if she's not gone, she lives
there still.
Baked apples she sold and cran-
berry pies;
And she's the old woman who
never tells lies.
Come, let's buy some of her cran-
berry pies.



Well, I am the old woman who
never tells lies.
I am the old woman who sells
cranberry pies.
Baked apples!
Cranberry pies!
Nice, hot cranberry pies!
Who will buy my cranberry pies?

I will buy one!
And I will buy one!
We will buy your cranberry pies.
We will buy some for the children
who live in the shoe.
We will buy some baked apples, too.
Some baked apples, please.



We are all going to market, to
Mother Goose's market.

Oh, yes! Oh, yes! Oh, yes!
Molly is going to market,
to market to buy a fat pig.
And she will ride home again,
home again, jiggerty-jig.
May is going to market, to
market to buy a fat hog.
And she will ride home again,
home again, jiggerty-jog.

Jack is going to market,
to market to buy a plum bun.
He will not come home until
market is done.

This is the way we shall all come
home.



Look, Jack! Everybody is going
to market.

See, there is a pig.

A pig without a wig.

He is going to market, too.

Upon my word and honor!

Good morning, Mr. Pig.

What are you going to buy at
the market?

We are going to buy a nice fat
pig and a nice fat hog.

And we shall ride them home,
jiggerty-jig and jiggerty-jog.

We may buy you, Mr. Fat Pig.

I should like a pig without a wig.

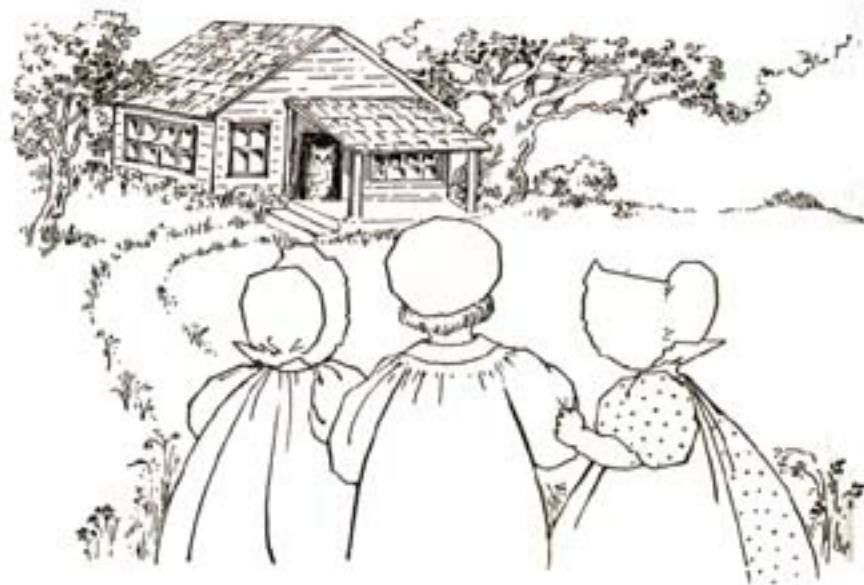
Upon my word and honor!



Upon my word and honor,
As I was going to Bonner,
I met a pig
Without a wig.
Upon my word and honor!
A pig without a wig!

The Ten o'Clock Scholar





Jack: Come, Molly! Come, May!
I must go to school.
You may go with me.
But we must run fast.
It is ten o'clock and past.
What will my teacher say?
My teacher is a wise old owl.

Oh, dear! I know what he will
say—A diller, a dollar,
A ten o'clock scholar!

What makes you come so soon?
You used to come at ten o'clock,
But now you come at noon.

Ha, ha! I will say to Mr. Owl—
A diller, a dollar,
Your ten o'clock scholar
Has brought you two guests
today—

Two Sunbonnet Babies from Far-
away Land.

Their names are Molly and May.

Yes, that's what I will say.

Now here we are at the school.

Mr. Owl: Be quiet, children!
Not so much noise, please!
It is only our ten o'clock scholar.
He used to come at ten o'clock,
but now he comes at noon.
And that is much too soon.
He knows too many tricks.
Ah! who are these guests?
You say they are Molly and May,
Two Sunbonnet Babies.
Well, well, my dears! come in.
We are glad to see you.
What are you doing in Mother
Goose Land?
Come and tell us what you know.
Can you say your A, B, C?



Molly: Yes indeed!
This is the way I say it:
Here's A, B, C, D, E, F, G,
H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P,
Q, R, S, and T, U, V,
W, X, and Y, and Z.
Now I've said my A, B, C,
Tell me what you think of me.

Mr. Owl: I think you are wise.
A very wise little girl!
Why! you are as wise as an owl.
You may be our teacher today.
Now, children, be quiet!
Be quiet, I say!
Jack Horner may go to his corner.
Mistress Mary, don't be contrary.
Boy Blue, put away your horn.
Little Miss Muffet, sit still on your
tuffet.
The Sunbonnet Babies will teach
you today.
They will teach you your A, B, C.
You must do as they say.
Will you begin, little Miss May?

May: Oh, yes! thank you.
I will teach you a new way.
Great A, little a, bouncing B;
The cat's in the cupboard and
she can't see.
Please say it after me.
All: Great A, little a, bouncing B;
The cat's in the cupboard and
she can't see.



Molly: What shall I teach you?
Can every one count?
No one can! Well, well!
I will teach you how.
We will count our fingers.
Now hold your hands just so.
This is the way to count:
One, two, three, four, five.
Not—five, four, three, two, one.
We count like this:
One, two, three, four, five,
six, seven, eight, nine, ten.
See, we each have ten fingers.
Five fingers on one hand and five
fingers on the other hand.
Jack Horner, can you count your
fingers now?



Jack: Oh, yes! I can count now.
One, two, three, four, five,
I caught a hare alive.
Six, seven, eight, nine, ten,
I let it go again.
Molly: Why did you let it go?
Jack: It bit my little finger so.
Molly: Good! Jack Horner.

I like the way you count.
How do you count, Tom Tucker?

Tom: Oh! I count this way:
One, two, buckle my shoe.
Three, four, shut the door.
Five, six, pick up sticks.
Seven, eight, lay them straight,
Nine, ten, a good fat hen.

Molly: I like that, too.
I like the way you say things in
Mother Goose Land.
Will you each say something for us?

Mr. Owl: Why, yes, Miss Molly.
We should like to do so.
Little Miss Muffet may begin.

Miss Muffet: Little Miss Muffet—
(I am Little Miss Muffet, you know.)
She sat on a tuffet,
Eating of curds and whey.
There came a great spider,
And sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away.
(Oh! he frightened me quite away.)



Mr. Owl: Good! now Jack Horner,
please tell us about your pie.

Jack: Well, I am little Jack Horner,
who sat in the corner, eating a
Christmas pie.

I put in my thumb and pulled out
a plum and said, What a brave
boy am I!

I like Christmas pie.



Mr. Owl: Jack and Jill will tell us
what boys and girls are made of.

Jill: What are little boys made
of, made of?

What are little boys made of?
Snaps and snails and puppy-
dogs' tails;

And that's what little boys are
made of, made of.

Jack: What are little girls made
of, made of?

What are little girls made of?
Sugar and spice and all that's
nice.

And that's what little girls are
made of, made of.



Mr. Owl: Now Jack-a-Nory, will you tell us your story?

Jack-a-Nory: Oh, yes! I'll tell you a story about Jack-a-Nory—

And now my story's begun.

I'll tell you another

About his brother—

And now my story is done.

Can you tell a better one?

Mr. Owl: Oh, no! no one can. But we will spell a few words and our school will be done.

Now, pease-porridge hot,
Pease-porridge cold,
Pease-porridge in the pot
Nine days old.

Spell me that without a P,
And a clever scholar you will be.

Boy Blue: Oh, that is easy! T-h-a-t.

Mr. Owl: Well, well! A clever boy!
Can Mistress Mary tell us a word
beginning with A?

Mistress Mary: Yes, indeed!

Apple pie, pudding, and pancake,
All begins with A.

Mr. Owl: Clever again!
Now little Jack Jelf may spell the
word Pie.
What! you won't do it?
You won't even try?
Little Jack Jelf shall be put on
the shelf,
Because he will not spell Pie.
To all the others I say, good-by!



The Crooked Mile



Shall we call on some of Mother
Goose's friends?

I know you will like them.

They live on the crooked mile, not
far from the crooked stile.

Come, shall we go?

Oh, yes, Jack!

Let's walk down the crooked mile.
Shall we meet the crooked man?

Shall we see his crooked house,
and his little crooked mouse?

We can tell you all about him.

There was a crooked man,
And he went a crooked mile;
He found a crooked sixpence
Against a crooked stile;
He bought a crooked cat,
Which caught a crooked mouse;
And they all lived together
In a crooked little house.

There it is now. Look!
Such a crooked little house!



And there is King Cole's house.
See, he is sitting at his door.
How do you do, King Cole?
These are my new friends, Molly
and May.

We are taking a walk on your
crooked mile.
Are your fiddlers at home?
We should like to hear them play.

Now old King Cole
Was a merry old soul,
A merry old soul was he;
He called for his pipe,
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.

Come fiddle a tune,
A right merry tune,
For our three little guests, said he;
We will give them some punch,
And a nice little lunch,
Under the big cherry tree.

See, this is where Peter lives—
Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater.
He used to go to school, until he
learned to read and spell.
But he never goes any more.
O Jack, is Peter really a pumpkin
eater?

Yes, indeed!
He eats nothing but pumpkins.
His garden is full of them.
He is a queer little old man.
He sings a funny song about
himself.
Let's ask him to sing it now.
Your song, Peter!
We want to hear your song.



Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her;
He put her in a pumpkin shell,
And there he kept her very well.

Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater,
Had another and didn't love her;
Peter learned to read and spell,
And then he loved her very well.

Do you see that old house next to
Peter's?

It is Mother Hubbard's house,
She has a clever dog.
He can do all kinds of tricks.
Sometimes Mother Hubbard does
not have anything to eat.
Not even a bone for her dog.
She is very poor.

One day we heard someone say
Old Mother Hubbard
Went to her cupboard
To get her poor dog a bone;
But when she came there,
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none.
He didn't have even a bone.

I told Mother Goose about it.
She sent me to Mother Hubbard
with a nice big bone.
I hid it in her cupboard.
So the next time Mother Hubbard
went to her cupboard, she found
something. Ha, ha!



Now tell us who lives in that fine house, Jack.

It looks like a King's palace.

It is a King's palace.

It is the finest house in Mother Goose Land.



The King of Hearts lives there.
Shall we go in?

We may find him in his counting-house, counting out his money.
He has lots and lots of money.

Where is the Queen, Jack?
Is she in the parlor, eating bread
and honey?

We will go in and see.
You know the Queen of Hearts
made some tarts, all on a sum-
mer's day.

Well, the Knave of Hearts, he stole
those tarts, and took them quite
away.

But he brought them back next day.

Ah! here is the Queen now.
She is not in the parlor.
She is in the kitchen.
She is making tarts.
I will ask if she has some for us.



Dear Queen of Hearts, have you
some tarts to share with Molly
and May?

We have walked a long while on
the crooked mile, and it's 'most
the end of the day.

Ah! here is the stile.
We have come to the end of the
crooked mile.
And there, on the other side of the
crooked stile, is Mother Goose's
house.



We will go and see if her gander
is there.
We will ask for another ride in
the air.
It is time to go home.
Yes, it is time to go home.
We can tell by the looks of the
Man in the Moon.
Perhaps Mother Goose will let us
carry her broom.
Then we can sweep the cobwebs
away, and bring another pleas-
ant day.
We have had a wonderful time in
Mother Goose Land!
A wonderful time!

Dear Mother Goose,
We have wandered all day
Through your wonderful land
Of work and of play.

We have been to your school,
We have been to your fair,
We have seen all the sights
There are to see there.

We made a long call
On the Queen of Hearts,
And she gave to each of us,
One of her tarts.

We walked the whole length
Of the crooked mile,
'Till at last we came
To the crooked stile.

Now we are ready to say
good-by,
And quickly home on your
gander fly.
Good-by! Good-by!





☆☆
Sunbonnet Stories

**Wagner Goose
Land**

