



UNCLE JIM'S CANADIAN NURSERY
RHYMES



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For Family and Kindergarten Use



Illustrated by C. W. Jefferys

THE MUSSON BOOK CO. LIMITED

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A WORD TO THE OLD FOLK



NURSERY RHYMES are not necessarily either of sense or of reason. What very young children do demand, however, are jingle and repetition. Among the lower races of mankind a similar desire characterises adults, and even among ourselves something of the kind prevails throughout life.

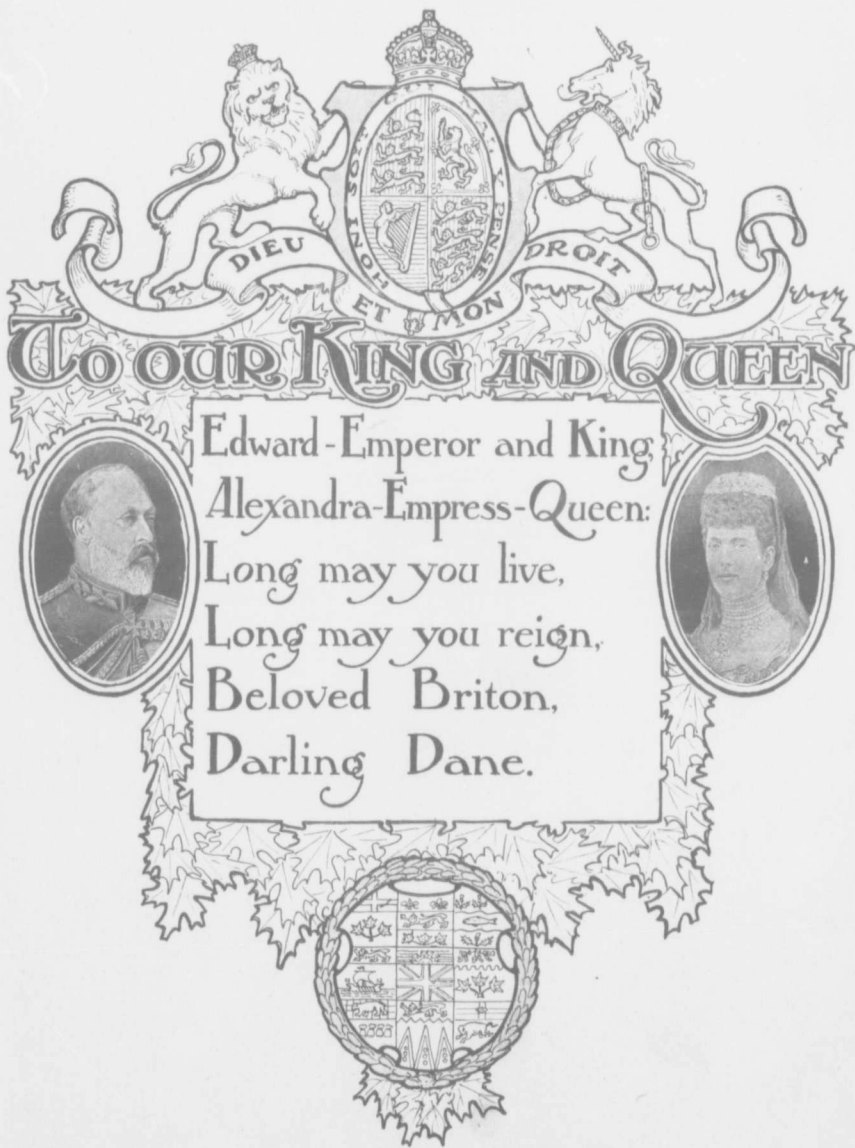
We find, therefore, in all civilised countries, numerous forms of what have become standards of nursery lilt, as well as of child folklore; and it is not probable, or even desirable, that the world will ever become too old, or too wise, to enjoy such simple compositions. Naturally, variants of this kind are marked by local color, and it is from a desire to supply something of the sort for Canadian children that the following attempts have been made.

While "Ride a cock-horse," "Old Mother Hubbard," and the like, have by right of occupation, made good their claim to stay, there would seem to be a reason why some rhymes with a flavor of Canada should find a place in our homes, if only for patriotic purposes, in a small way.

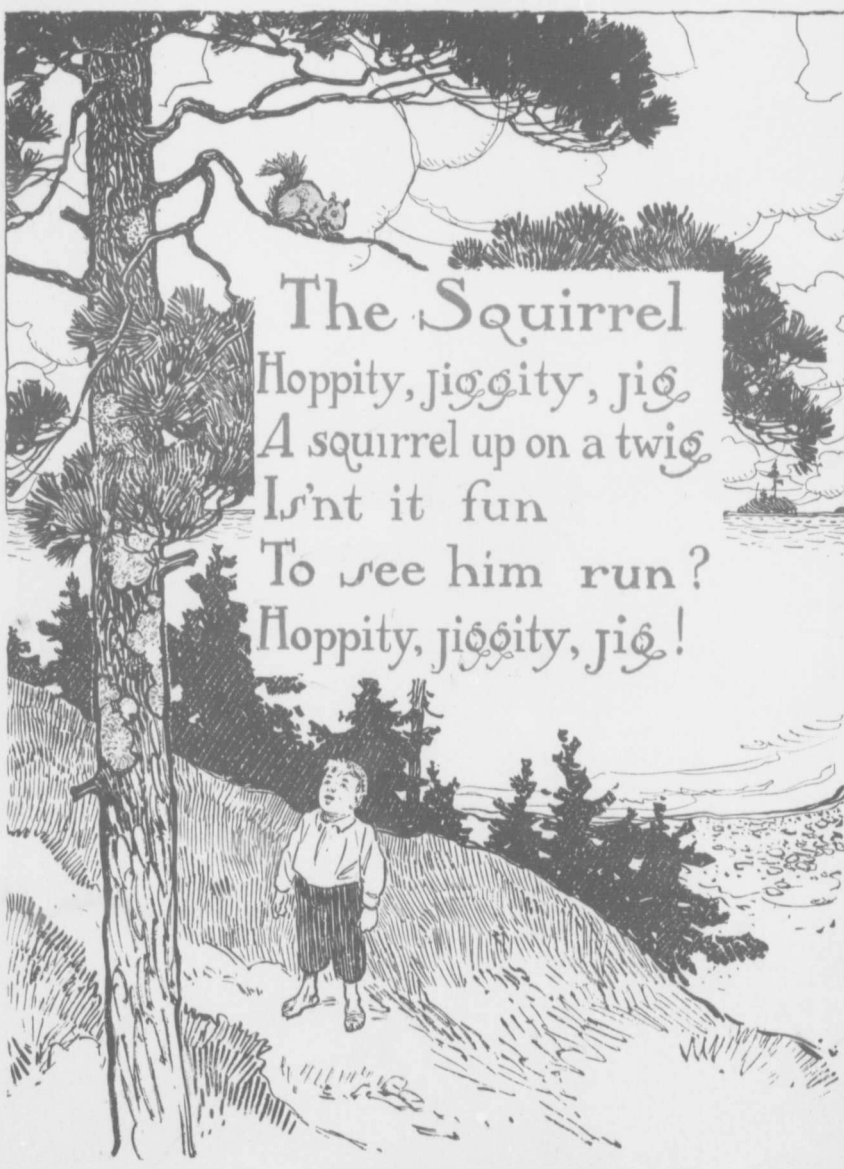
Mr. Jefferys' very excellent illustrations are, in themselves, of more than a little educational value in this direction.

UNCLE JIM.







A black and white illustration of a boy looking up at a squirrel in a pine tree. The boy is standing on a path, looking up at a squirrel perched on a branch of a large pine tree. The background shows a landscape with more trees and a small boat on the water in the distance.

The Squirrel
Hoppity, jiggy, jig
A squirrel up on a twig
Isn't it fun
To see him run?
Hoppity, jiggy, jig!



TO THE HEAD



This is the roof of the Shanty.

{ Patting the
Top of
the
Child's head }

These are the windows for looking through
Under the roof of the Shanty.

{ Touching
the eyes }

This is the handle that opens
the door,
Or keeps it shut in the Shanty.

{ Touching
the
nose }

This is the door where things go through
Some large, some small, some old,
some new,

{ Touching
the
mouth }

Some sweet, some sour, some many,
some few;

For the use of those in the
Shanty.

Some
Large

Some small

Some
Sweet

Some
Sour



PAPPOOSE

TO THE TOES

Ninkum,winkum! little boy in **White**
What I want to know is, where you'll sleep to-night?

Ninkum,winkum! little boy in **Black**
What I want to know is, when you will come back?

Ninkum,winkum! little boy in **Brown**
What I want to know is, where you live in town?

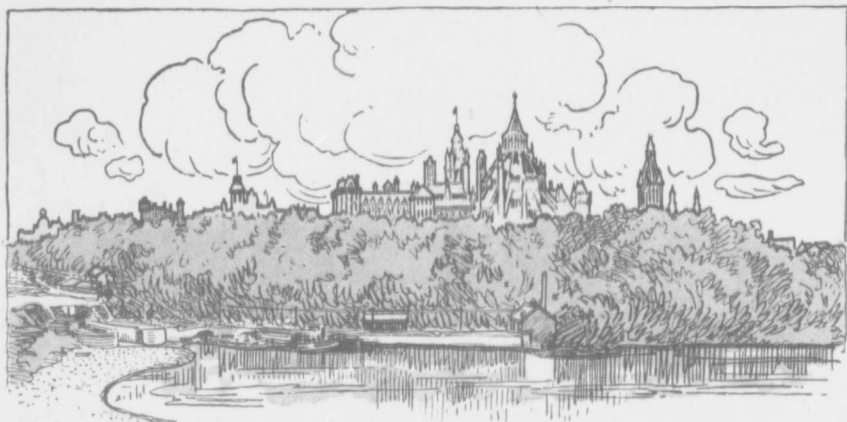
Ninkum,winkum! little boy in **Blue**
What I want to know is, how old are you?

Ninkum,winkum! little boy in **Red**
What I want to know is, when you'll go to bed?



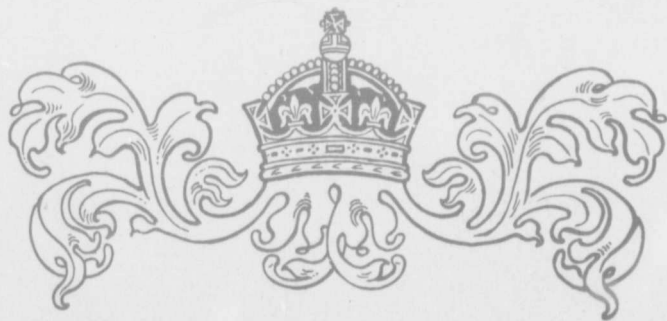


HEPATICA

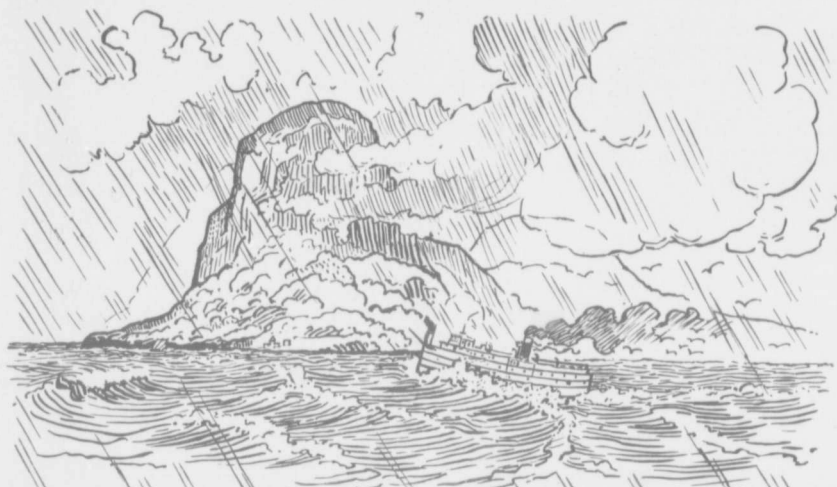


THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL

When the Governor-General came to town
His lady wore a purple gown,
But when his lordship went away
Her ladyship wore a gown of gray.







THE THUNDER STORM

How the rain pours

And the lightnings flash!

How the wind roars

And the thunders crash!

But my little baby is safe as can be

Cuddling here on mother's knee.



INDIAN
PIPE

DAVID SCOTT

COUNTING RHYME

Two at a Time



One, Two -
Birds so blue.



Three, Four -
Crows a score.



Five, Six -
Turkey Chicks.



Seven, Eight -
Owls out late.



Nine, Ten -
Common Hen.



Eleven, Twelve -
Woodchucks delve.



Thirteen, Fourteen -
Deer a sporting



Fifteen, Sixteen -
Beavers "fixing."



Seventeen, Eighteen -
Bears go skating.



Nineteen, Twenty -
Rabbits plenty.



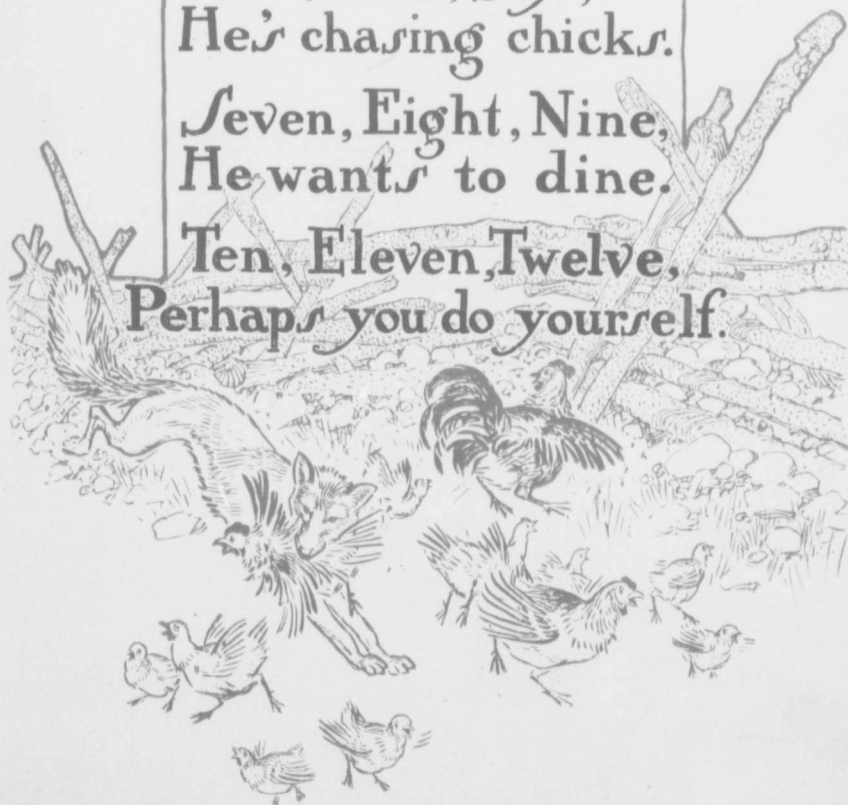
Three at a Time

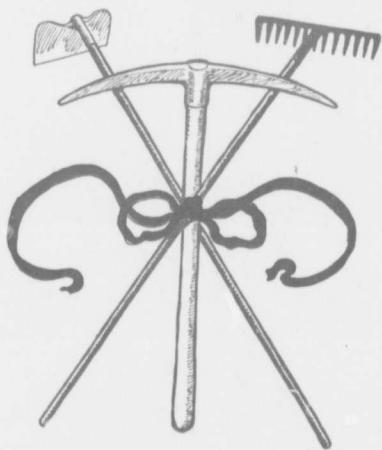
One, Two, Three,
A fox I see.

Four, Five, Six,
He's chasing chicks.

Seven, Eight, Nine,
He wants to dine.

Ten, Eleven, Twelve,
Perhaps you do yourself.





COUNTING RHYME

Three at a Time

One, Two, Three,
Touch, taste, see;
Four, Five, Six,
Hoes, rakes, picks;
Seven, Eight, Nine,
Sour, sweet, fine.
{ *Fine goes out* }



WOODPECKER



Four at a Time

One, Two, Three, Four,—
A lady knocking at the door;
Five, Six, Seven, Eight,—
Do not let the lady wait;
Nine, Ten, Eleven, a Dozen,—
Perhaps the lady is our cousin.



MILKWEED SEEDS





Tommy Temper had a fall,
He bumped his brow and gave a bawl;
As soon's his head had struck the floor,
Niagara never gave such a roar.

BABY'S BOOT

Tickety, Tackety, make a boot
To fit this baby's little foot—
One for this foot, and one for that;
Tickety, Tackety, pat, pat, pat.





SCOTS BAIRN SONG

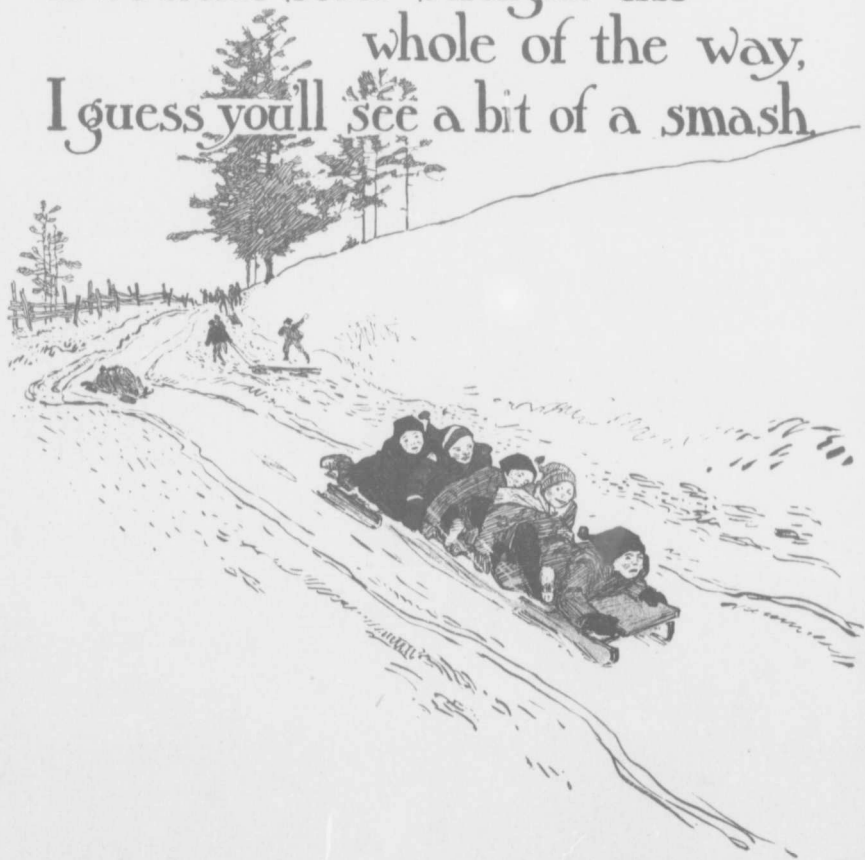
Bonnie wee bairnie, steek your e'en
An' sune ye'll gang whaur ye gaed yestreen,
Wi' the laverock an' lintie, the doos an' the craws
Wi' oo' i' ilk ee, mang the wuds and the shaws:
Swee, shoo; shoo, swee,
That's whaur a' the weans should be.





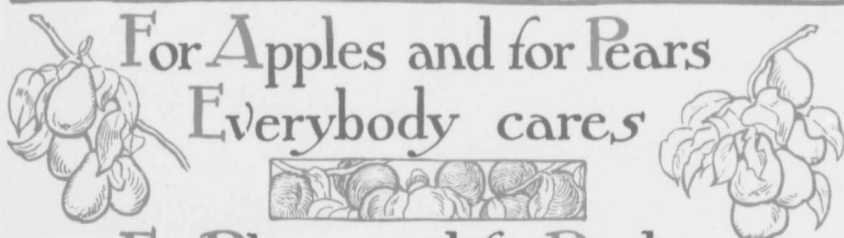
COASTING

Up the hill we haul the sleigh,
Down the hill we go with a dash;
If we don't steer straight the
whole of the way,
I guess you'll see a bit of a smash.





PEACHES



For Apples and for Pears
Everybody cares

For Plums and for Peaches
Everybody reaches



For Strawberries and Grapes
Everybody gapes



ARROW HEAD



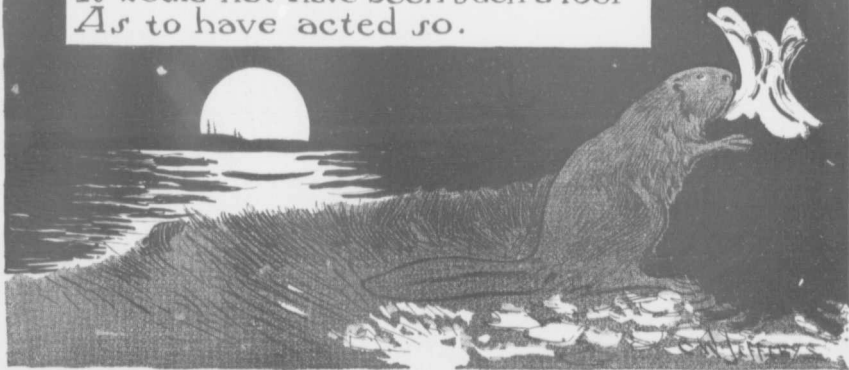
A foolish little Beaver
Once tried to fell a tree
Across St. Lawrence River,
Two miles, or maybe three



It gnawed a great big maple
Ten nights, or maybe more
Which fell, but wasn't able
To touch the other shore.



Had this young Beaver gone to
As little boys and girls do school
It would not have been such a fool
As to have acted so.







RING SONG



The King's
Crown
&
Sceptre

The King is crowned
Tra la! Tra la!

So here we go round

(hands joined)

Ha ha! Ha ha!

Three for the King across the sea

(clapping)

Two for you and one for me!

The Queen is crowned
Tra la! Tra la!

So here we go round

Ha ha! Ha ha!

Three for the Queen across the sea

Two for you and one for me!



The Queen's
Crown
&
Sceptre

They both are crowned
Tra la! Tra la!

So here we go round

Ha ha! Ha ha!

Three for the Two across the sea

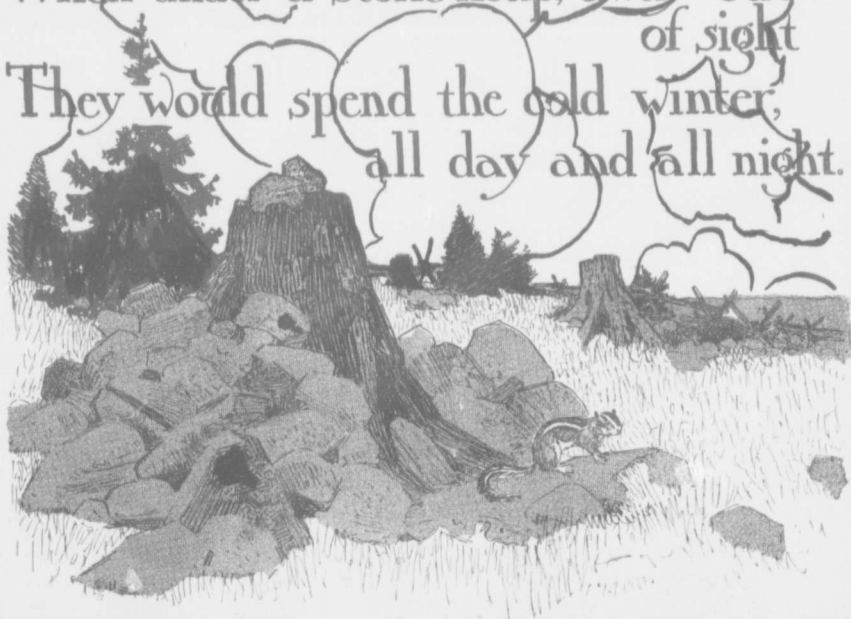
Two for you and one for me!



ACORNS

THE CHIPMUNK

A Chipmunk sat in a maple tree
And he scolded and chattered and scolded
at me,
Looking as angry as angry could be.
Perhaps he was thinking I wanted to steal
What he had saved for his family meal,
When under a stone-heap, away out
of sight
They would spend the cold winter,
all day and all night.





PORCUPINE

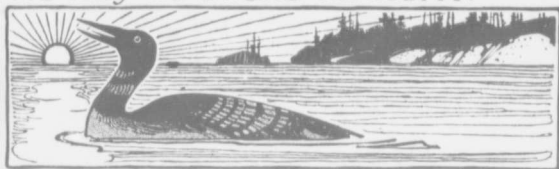
THE MEETING

A Mouse and a Woodchuck went out to walk
And they met a Porcupine,
The Woodchuck said "Good-day,"
The little Mouse said, "Go way,
You're so rough that I don't like your talk
Although you may think you are fine."

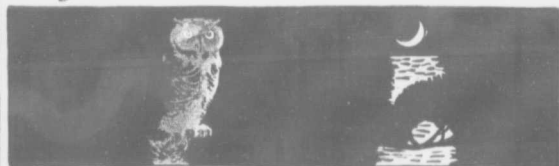




A Coon! A Coon! I hear a Coon,
Rustling among the corn.
If baby will not sleep quite soon
He may lie awake till morn.



A Loon! A Loon! I hear a Loon,
Laughing across the lake.
If baby doesn't get sleepy soon
Why then, he'll be awake.



An Owl! An Owl! An Owl I hear,
Hooting up in a tree.
If you don't go to sleep, my dear,
You'll lie awake on my knee.
So Coon, and Loon, and Owl so wise,
Give over such a din,
Let baby shut his weary eyes,
And give sleep a chance to win.

ELECAMPANE





MAPLE LEAVES

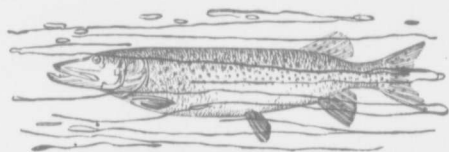


When the leaves from the beautiful Maple
tree
Come fluttering down for you and for me
In crimson, and brown, and yellow, and gray
We know Jack Frost is not far away.

With a little patience if we but wait
He will make the ice for the gliding skate
He will bring the snow for the merry sleigh
And we may go skating or riding each day.



MASKINONGE



OUR LAKES

Ontario! Ontario!
Beautiful where e'er we go
Erie! Erie!
Stormy, but cheery
Huron! Huron!
Fine to tour on
Superior! Superior!
Drearier and Drearier



JEWEL WEED



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HALIFAX BOYS

Five little boys from Halifax
Were playing on the shore,
When one of them for home "made tracks"
And then there were but four.

Four little boys from Halifax
Were chopping down a tree,
When one went home to grind his axe
And then there were but three.

Three little boys from Halifax
With cold were looking blue,
When one went home for some warm socks
And then there were but two.

Two little boys from Halifax
Were firing off a gun,
When one went home all full of cracks
And this left only one.

One little boy from Halifax
Was playing with a ball,
It bounced and gave him such hard whacks
That it left no boy at all.

MOOSE



A FOOLISH BARGAIN



An Indian shot a moose.
A white man shot a goose,
The white man said, "Your moose
Is not as good's my goose,
But I am tired of goose
And you are tired of moose;
If you give me your moose,
Why, I'll give you my goose."
So the white man got the moose
And the Indian took the goose.
But now the Indian thinks his
goose
Not half as good's the white man's moose;
And the white man thinks his moose
Worth more than the Indian's goose.
But tho' the white man wasn't a moose,
I'm sure the Indian was a goose.







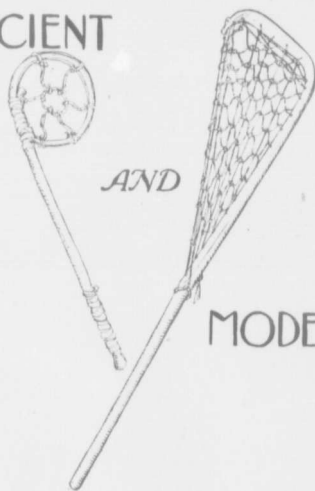
A RIDDLE

A little old lady in Ottawa
Had a married daughter in Nottawa;
And when the old lady from Ottawa
Went to call on her daughter in Nottawa
Then the little old lady in Nottawa
Was two hundred miles from Ottawa.
If you guess this riddle I'll owe you a dollar,
If you don't I'll say you're a very poor scholar.



LACROSSE STICKS

ANCIENT



MODERN



LACROSSE

Hi! Hi! Hi!

When you play lacrosse
Hi! Hi! Hi!

Always give the toss

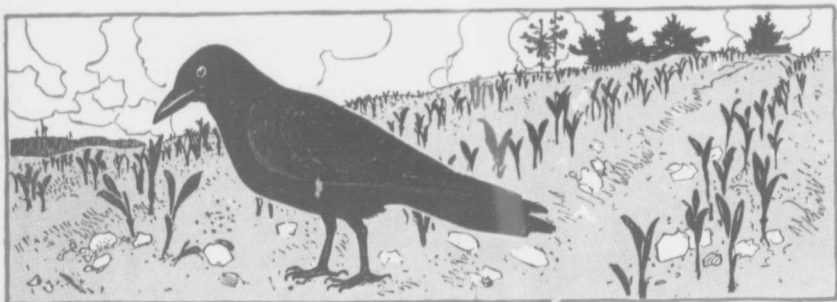
To one that is your friend
Or soon the game will end
Hi! Hi! Hi!

To your loss.





INDIAN CORN



THE WICKED CROW

Who pulled up the corn?

"I," said the crow,

"With my bill for a hoe,
I pulled up the corn."



Who'll take him to jail?

"I," said the quail,

"And that without fail,
I'll take him to jail."



Who'll guard his door?

"I," said the shrike,

"It's a job I would like,
I'll guard his door."



Who'll be his judge?

"I," said the owl,

"I'm the wisest of fowl,
I'll be his judge."



Who'll be our lawyer?

"I," said the hawk,

"I scream when I talk,
I'll be your lawyer."



SHRIKE



QUAIL





Who'll be the jury?

'Twas then there was fury!
For all the rest fluttered
And chuckled and hackled
And chattered and gobbled
And twittered and cackled.

"I'll go for one"—

"Take me for another"—

"He killed my babies,"—

"He ate up my brother"—

"A wickeder bird

We are sure we don't know,
Or one that is harder
To catch than a crow."

Said the judge at the trial,

"This corn did you steal"?

"Not I," said the crow,

I just wanted a meal,
So I pulled up a spoonful
Or two with my bill

But you're all just as bad
When you want a good fill.

And some are much worse,
For your Honor takes pickings
From dear little lambs,

And the lawyer kills chickens,
While others take all sorts
Of fruit from the trees,
Or in fields and in barnyards
Devour what they please."

Then the judge said, "To-day,
I'm not clear in the head,
We shall put this case off
Till the crow is found dead!"

This happened ten thousand or more years ago,
But I never have heard that they found this dead crow.



PIPSISSEWA





THE UNITED COUNTIES

Dundas for men of dare and do,
 Stormont for women fair and true,
 But Glengarry is best for "both of the two."





BLACK
EYED
SUSAN

TOMMY TATTLEWELL

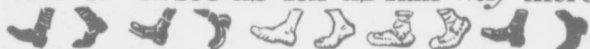
Tell me, Tommy Tattlewell, come tell me if you can,
How far away is Canada from China and Japan?

"I see" said Tommy Tattlewell, "that you are rather green:
You do not say what part it is of Canada you mean.
From Victoria, Vancouver, to the Nova Scotia shore,
There is just a little difference of three thousand
miles and more.

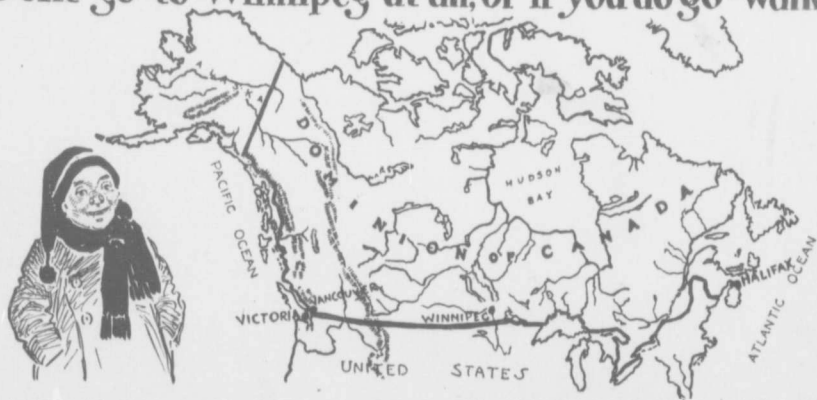


Tell me, Tommy Tattlewell, come tell me now I beg
How far I take the C.P.R. from here to Winnipeg?

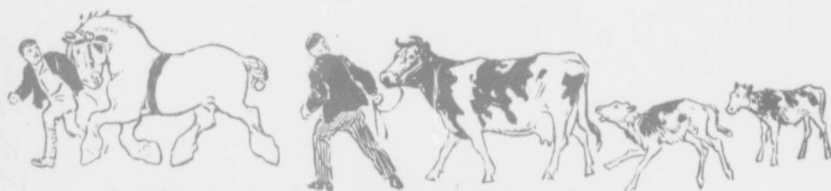
"I see," said Tommy Tattlewell, "the answer's very clear:
You'd have to travel twice as far as half way there
to here.



But if you take this for a joke, or only idle talk,
Don't go to Winnipeg at all, or if you do go-walk."







TORONTO FAIR

Im going to see Toronto Fair,
Toronto Fair, Toronto Fair;
Im going to see Toronto Fair
Said little Johnnie Jumper.

} DANDLING
THE CHILD
ON ONE KNEE

And what will you do when you get there
When you get there, when you get there
What will you do when you get there?
Said little Billie Bumper.

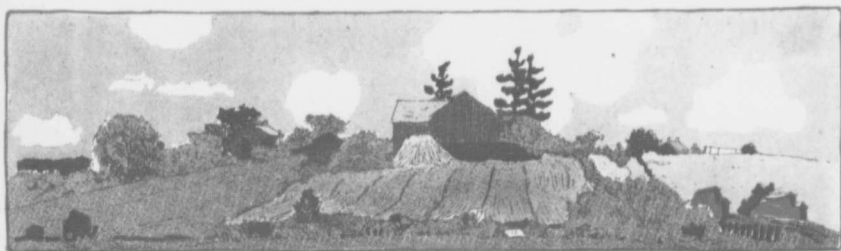
} THEN
ON
THE
OTHER

Ill see a thousand million things-
Ill see a man who has no wings,
Ill see a horse that never sings,
Ill see a cow that never could talk
Ill see a fish that cannot walk
And a fly as big as a lump of chalk,
Said little Johnnie Jumper.

} TOUCHING
THE TIPS
OF THE
CHILD'S
FINGERS

ADDER'S TONGUE





THE CITIZEN'S WISH

I wish some fairy charmer

Would turn me into a farmer;

I'd like to plough and dig and sow,

And weed and water, and harrow and hoe,

And reap and thrash, make cheese and churn,

And chop the wood we'd need to burn.

I'd like to grow all kinds of fruits,

Potatoes, tomatoes, and other roots:

To trim the turnips on the trees,

To feed the sheep, pigs, hens and bees;

To store the apples in the mows

And get fresh buttermilk from the cows.

I'd only eat what the ground would give,

And it wouldn't cost me a cent to live.



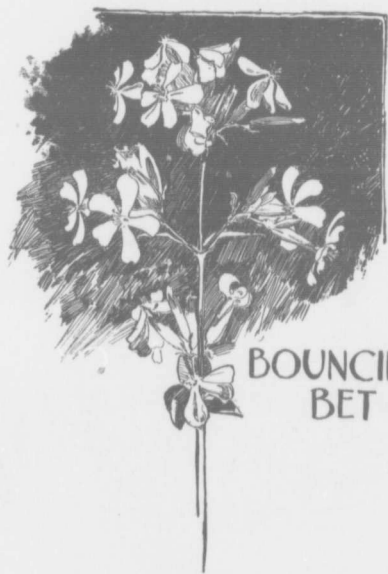
BLUEBERRIES



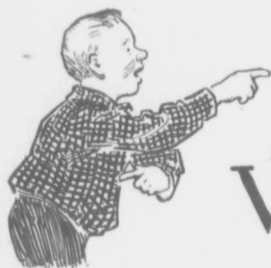


THE FARMER'S WISH

I wish some fairy with his charm
Would coax some fellow to buy my farm;
Another day I would work no more,
For I'd go to town and start a store:
I'd buy things cheap, and sell them dear,
And make my fortune in a year.
But if I found this wouldn't work,
I'd hire with someone as a clerk,
And as nothing pays in town like cheek,
I'd ask about fifty dollars a week;
To live would cost only two or three,
So I'd very soon get rich do you see?
All I want to say to end this rhyme
Is that city chaps have an easy time.



BOUNCING
BET



WHO ?

If I was you, and you was me,
(Which never, never, never could be
Because the grammar is bad you see)
But, if I were you, and you were I,
When one got hurt, which one would cry?







OMEEMEE

AN Indian woman, named Omeemee, shot a big black squirrel with her bow and arrow, but when the squirrel dropt from the tree it fell into the river and floated away, out of Omeemee's reach. By-and-by, she saw a duck on the river, and she said, "Duck, I wish you would swim down the river and bring back to me that big black squirrel I shot." The duck said, "If I bring back that big black squirrel to you, you'll catch me too, so I shall not do what you want me to do."

Then the woman saw a muskrat, and she said, "Muskrat, I wish you would ask that duck to swim down the river and bring back to me that big black squirrel I shot." But the muskrat said, "The duck is so far away now I could

TRAILING ARBUTUS



not catch up to him, so I shall not do what you want me to do."

Then Omeemee saw a fox, and she said, "Fox, I wish you would tell that muskrat to ask the duck to bring back to me that big black squirrel I shot." But the fox said, "The muskrat would swim away under the water if I went near him—he's afraid of me, so I shall not do what you want me to do."

Then Omeemee saw a wolf, and she said, "Wolf, I wish you would order that fox to tell the muskrat to ask the duck to bring back to me that big black squirrel I shot." But the wolf said, "Fox and I are not very good friends just now, so I shall not do what you want me to do."

Then Omeemee saw a lynx, and she said, "Lynx, I wish you would coax that wolf to order the fox to tell the muskrat to ask the duck to bring back to me the big black squirrel I shot. But the lynx said, "People like you want to kill all the rest of us. Now, if you will promise that you will not try to kill any of us for a whole moon, I shall speak to the wolf."



BUNCH
BERRY

Omeemee promised this. Then the lynx coaxed the wolf to order the fox to tell the muskrat to ask the duck to bring back the squirrel, and the wolf ordered the fox to tell the muskrat to ask the duck to bring back the squirrel, and the fox told the muskrat to ask the duck to bring back the squirrel, and the muskrat asked the duck to bring back the squirrel ; and the duck swam away down the river and caught the big black squirrel just before it went over the falls and brought it back to Omeemee, who cooked it outside of her wigwam and had it for her supper.

THIS IS THE WHOLE STORY.



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THE PRETTY WABIGOON



THOUSANDS and thousands of *moons* ago, long before there was any *white man* here, it was always cold, and the old man who had to attend to the *weather* was called Pee-poon. But by-and-by, the *Manitoo* who had more power than Pee-poon, thought it



would be nice to have a change by making everything warmer, and I am going to tell you the way it happened, but he did not let poor old Pee-poon know a single word about it.

One time Pee-poon made the weather so cold that it was too cold for himself, for he was so cold that he could hardly walk through the *woods* to find dead branches and bits of bark to make a *fire* in his wigwam, where he just had to sit and *shiver* all the time Ke-wa-din, the north wind, was blowing among the trees and through the openings in the sides of his *hut*. You see, although Pee-poon could make the air *cold*, he had no power to make it *warm*. Well, at last the wild wind came with a

WIGWAM



howl, stronger than ever, and was so nearly blowing the wigwam away in pieces that he was very *sorry* for what he had done. Just then the flap of birch-bark that was his *door* was blown away, and the same blast brought down from the *sky* a beautiful young woman, who now stood outside. Her eyes were like the eyes of a *fawn*, her cheeks as red as wild roses, and her hair was so long that she had to hold it up from the ground. But the strangest thing of all was the way she was clothed. Her dress was made of *ferns*, *sweet-grass*, and *meadow-iris* leaves, dotted with sprigs of sugar-maple, oak and elm; and for shoes, she wore two large and beautiful pink swamp-lilies (such as we now call the moccasin flower). As soon as she came into the wigwam the storm ceased to blow so hard, and the air became warmer. Pee-poon said to her "*O-da-ne-se-ma*, I am very sorry it is so cold here, but I am glad you have come. I am lonely, and I thought I would die when Ke-wa-din was blowing as he was a little while ago. Now tell me where you come from, and how you happen to be here. Then I shall tell you all about Pee-poon,* for that is my name."

The girl said, "I should not speak until after you do, so I will wait until you begin, but I may tell you that my name is *Me-no-kub-me*."

By this time the old man had lighted his pipe, and after smoking a little while, he said, "I am a manitoo. When I

*The old Indians do not like to tell one another their names. A third person may do so, but in this story there is no third person present. They think that by telling their names they give away part of themselves.



WINTERGREEN
BERRIES

breathe towards the north, the *lake* and the *river* become ice, and the *snow* falls."

Then said she, "I am a manitoo, also, and when I breathe, the flowers spring up all through the forest, and the rain falls."

Pee-poon went on, "When I go about, the beasts hide in the ground and in hollow trees, and the trees drop all their leaves."

Me-no-kuh-me smiled and said, "When I go about, the grass and the trees turn green, the *birds* come back and make their nests, and sing because they are happy, and the old men and the old women sit outside in the sun, and make things."

While she was speaking, the air got warmer, and warmer, and Pee-poon fell asleep. By-and-by the wind stopped blowing altogether, the sun came out strong, the streams began to flow, and the blue-birds came to sing on the top of the wigwam "Nin-ne-baug-way, Nin-ne-baug-way," which means "I am thirsty," and the lakes and rivers said "We are full, come and drink all you want."

By this time old Pee-poon had shrunk so much that he went quite out of sight, and his clothing turned into a small heap of dry leaves.

When Me-no-kuh-me saw this, she stooped and took from her bosom some little seeds, and put them under the withered leaves, saying, "I love you more than all the other flowers I ever made, you are my sweetest Wa-bi-goan." By-and-by the seeds grew into a very pretty little white flower, and now the white folk call it the Trailing Arbutus.



MOCCASIN FLOWER



INDEX

CHILDREN like to learn new words, and the Indian forms of a few of the words used in the story are given. The text forms thus treated are in italics.

BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN, gwa-nauch-ban-i-kway.

BIRDS, pee-nash-ig.

COLD, ke-ze-nah.

DOOR, ish-kwan-dum.

DRY LEAVES, aneebishun.

FAWN, ket-a-gaw-koong.

FERNS, a-hwahgun-usk.

FIRE, ish-koo-ta.

FLOWERS, wa-bi-goon.

HUT, we-gi-wam *or* wigwam.

I AM THIRSTY, nin-ni-baug-we.

LAKE, kitchi-gumme.

MANITOO, spirit.

MEADOW-IRIS, mushkeeg, nub-bug-ushk-og (?).

ME-NO-KUH-ME, spring.

MOONS, kee-zis-og.

O-DA-NE-SE-MA, my daughter.

RIVER, see-bee.

SHIVER, ne-nin-gish-kah.

SKY, kee-zhig.

SNOW, sag-i-po.

SORRY, koosh-kan-dum.

SUN, kee-sis.

SWEET-GRASS, wish-co-bad; mash-ko-so.

WARM, kez-nah-ta.

WEATHER (BAD), nis-ka-dood.

WHERE DO YOU COME FROM, nind-au-kee (your country).

WHITE MAN, wa-bish-ke-way.

WOODS, metik-wahkee.

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