

CLASSIC LIVING BOOK

**SING-SONG**  
A NURSERY RHYME BOOK

Christina Rossetti

ill. Arthur Hughes

COMPLETE AND UNABRIDGED

POETRY



# SING-SONG

## A NURSERY RHYME BOOK

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CHRISTINA G. ROSETTI



WITH ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY ILLUSTRATIONS BY  
ARTHUR HUGHES



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

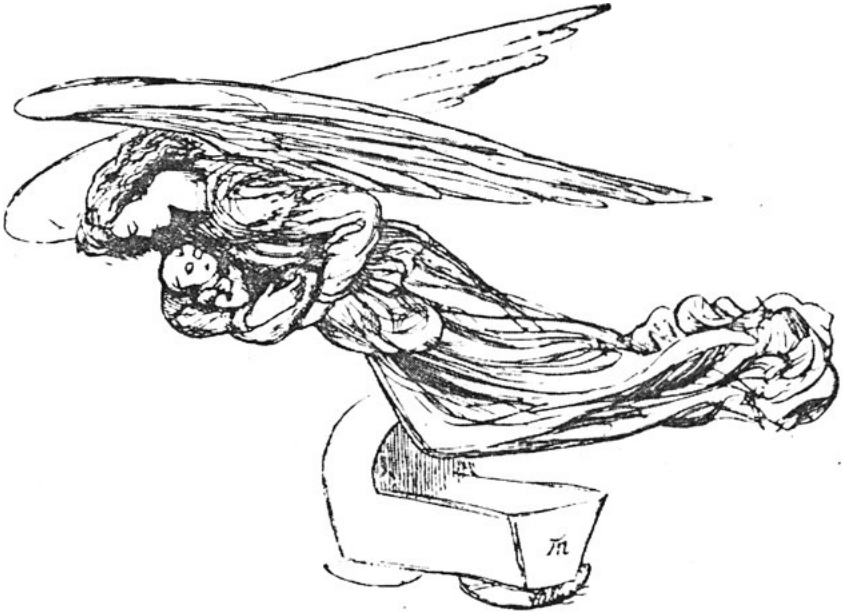


Love me, — I love you,  
Love me, my baby;  
Sing it high, sing it low,  
Sing it as may be.

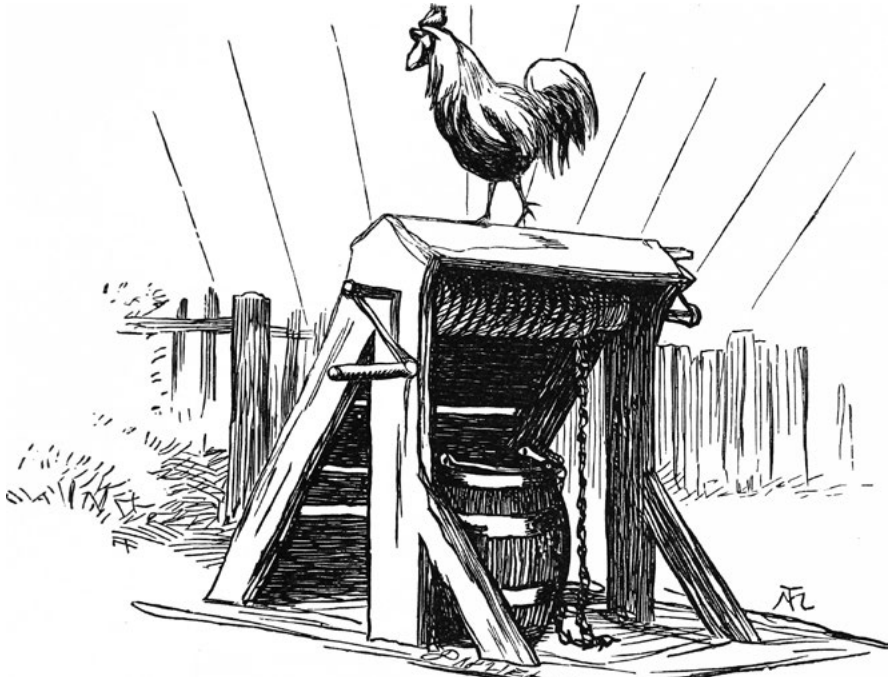
Mother's arms under you,  
Her eyes above you;  
Sing it high, sing it low,  
Love me — I love you.



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



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



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

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



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





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

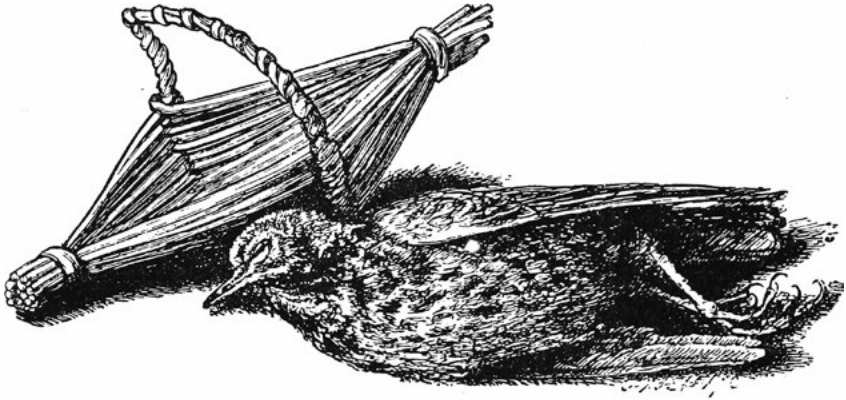


Bread and milk for breakfast,  
And woolen frocks to wear,  
And a crumb for robin redbreast  
On the cold days of the year.



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

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



Dead in the cold, a song-singing thrush,  
Dead at the foot of a snowberry bush,—  
Weave him a coffin of rush,  
Dig him a grave where the soft mosses grow,  
Raise him a tombstone of snow.



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

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



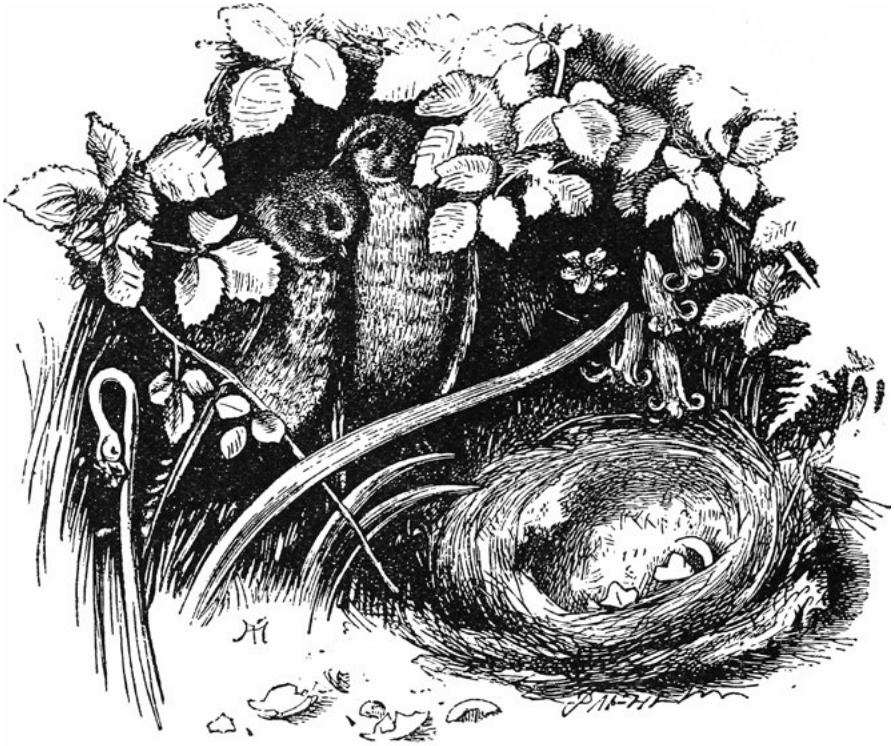
A city plum is not a plum;  
A dumb-bell is no bell, though dumb;  
A party rat is not a rat;  
A sailor's cat is not a cat;  
A soldier's frog is not a frog;  
A captain's log is not a log.





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

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



Hear what the mournful linnets say:

“We built our nest compact and warm,  
But cruel boys came round our way  
And took our summerhouse by storm.

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