



# *Four and Twenty Blackbirds*

by Francis Brabazon





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designed by Sheila Krynski

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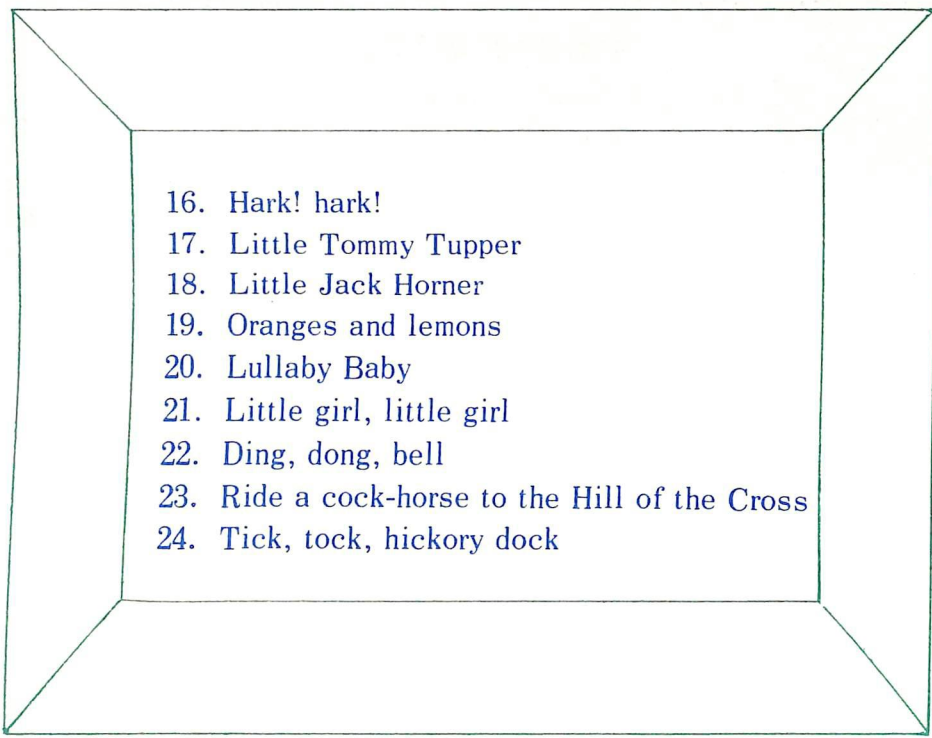
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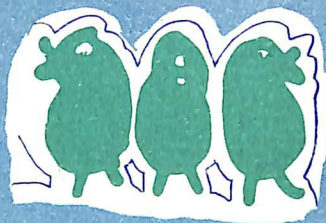
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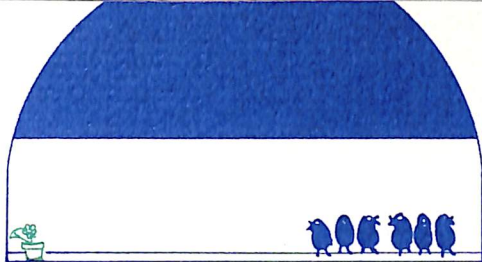
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*Four  
and  
Twenty  
Blackbirds*







1.

Four and twenty blackbirds were baked in a pie  
Because their song was always, "How, When and Why."  
The pie was taken in and set before the King  
Who opened it and all the birds began to sing,

**Ha-ho — now we know  
What makes time tick and the old world go.**

The King was very pleased at this  
and blew the Queen a loving kiss.  
The men-at-arms all cried, Hooray!  
The King's in a good mood today.

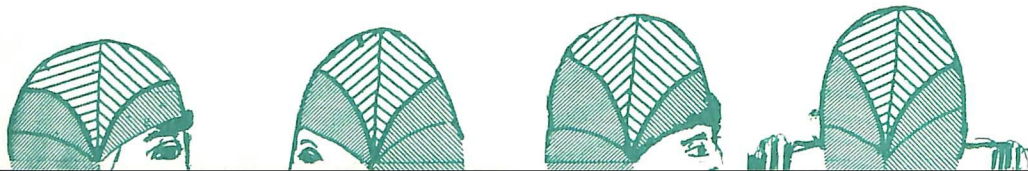


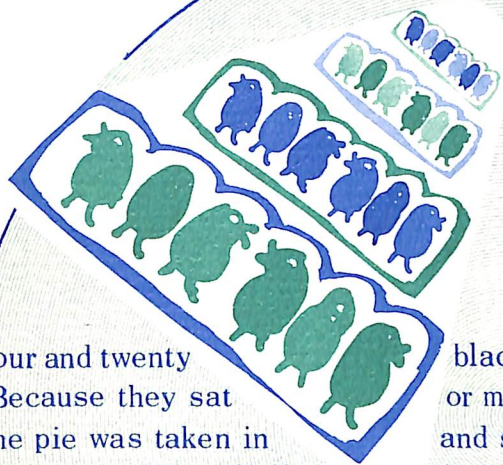
Four and twenty blackbirds were baked in a pie  
Because they went to school, but to learn would never try.  
The pie was taken in and set before the King  
Who opened it and all the birds began to sing,

**Ha-hee now we see  
In a Man eternity.**



The King was very pleased of course  
And sprang upon his snow white horse.  
The men-at-arms all cried, Hurrah!  
The King will ride out very far.





Four and twenty  
Because they sat  
The pie was taken in  
Who opened it and all

blackbirds were baked in a pie  
or mooned about and all the time would sigh.  
and set before the King  
the birds began to sing,

**Ha-hay — what a day!**  
**There's nothing more that we can say.**

The King was very pleased at that,  
And bought the Queen a fine, new hat.  
The men-at-arms all cried, Harroo!  
The King has made the world look new.

## 2.

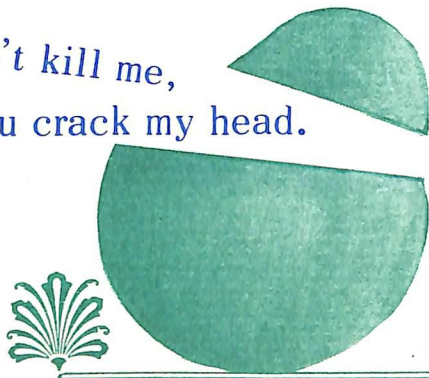
Humpty Dumpty was sitting on the wall,

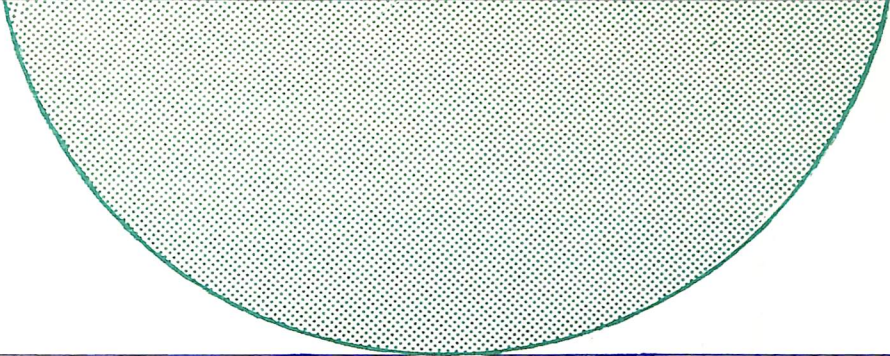
But Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.

All the king's armies thought he was dead

But Humpty, lying there, quietly said,

*“You can’t kill me,  
though you crack my head.”*

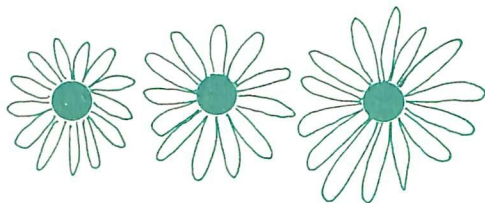




Humpty Dumpty climbs back on the wall,  
And smiles as though he'd never had a fall.  
All the king's armies their standards unfurl,  
And Humpty says, "Though my head's in a whirl,  
In my golden heart is a milk-white pearl."

3.

Mary, Mary, with lips like a cherry,  
What does your garden grow?  
Apricots and lovers' knots  
And sunflowers standing in a row.

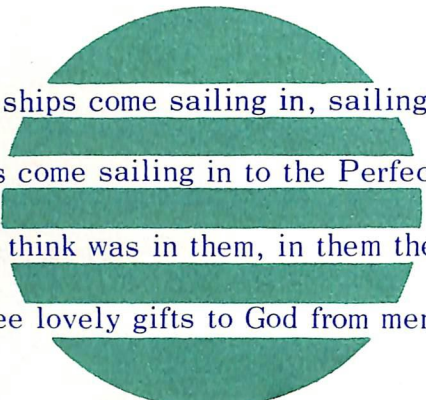







Mary, Mary,  
with cheeks like a lily,  
What does your garden grow?  
Forget-me-nots in broken pots  
And a willow-tree bending low.

4.

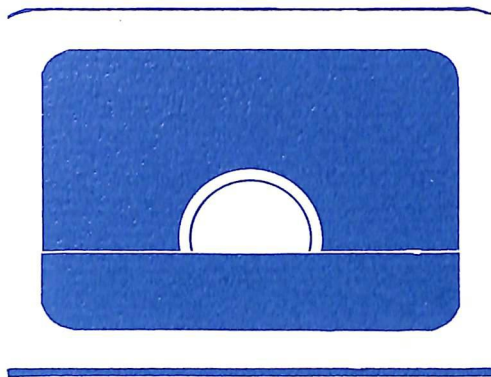


I saw three ships come sailing in, sailing in, sailing in,  
I saw three ships come sailing in to the Perfect Master's harbor.  
And what do you think was in them, in them then, in them then?

Three lovely gifts to God from men —



*Peace, Joy,  
and Love for one's neighbor*



I saw three ships go sailing out, sailing out, sailing out,  
I saw three ships go sailing out from the Perfect Master's harbor.  
And what do you think was in them, in them then, in them then?

Three lovely gifts from God to men —

*All-bliss, All-knowledge and All-power.*

5.

Hot cross buns, hot cross buns,  
Sing a little song about the Perfect Ones.  
If you love God truly — then you are His sons,  
And there'll come a day when you'll be Perfect Ones.

6.

Ba-ba, this black sheep has too much wool –  
Mental-bag, subtle-bag, gross-bag chock full.  
Time for the shearing, time for the dipping –  
Shear me close, dip me clean – and I will go  
skipping.



7.



Lavender's red, diddle, diddle, lavender's blue!  
Come to your King, diddle, diddle, and pledge Him true.



Honestly work, diddle, diddle, honestly sow –  
A rich harvest, diddle, diddle, you'll surely mow.



Honestly speak, diddle, diddle, honestly think –  
He'll give wine, diddle, diddle, for you to drink.



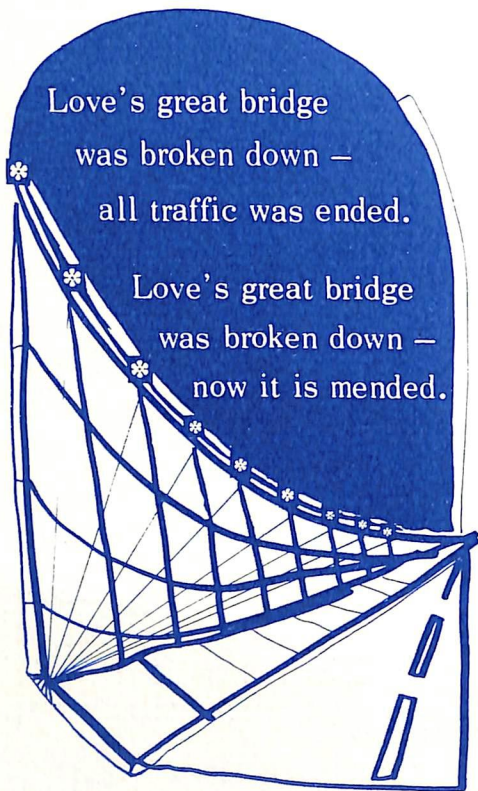
Honestly love, diddle, diddle, with heart and head –  
Besides sweet wine, diddle, diddle, He will give you bread.



Lavender's red, diddle, diddle, lavender's blue.  
If you love the King, diddle, diddle, He will see you through.

Love's great bridge  
was broken down –  
all traffic was ended.

Love's great bridge  
was broken down –  
now it is mended.



Who was it that came to mend it?

how was it mended?

God came to earth as God-Man —

His Grace extended.



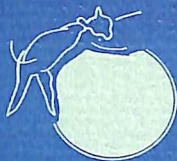
Now the bridge is whole again —

by God-Man mended,

Let us sing a sweet song to

Him with knees bended.





## 9.

Hi diddle, diddle, the Cat and the Fiddle,  
The Cow jumped over the Moon;  
The little Dog laughed to see such fun,  
And the Dish ran away with the Spoon.

Hi diddle, diddle, I'll solve you the riddle,  
And that I'll do all alone:  
The Cat is Maya and her wily ways  
And the Fiddle is Love's Great Tone.

Which means: Watch Maya's antics, and you are lost;  
listen to God's voice and you are safe.



Hi diddle, diddle, I'll solve you the riddle,  
And that I'll do pretty soon:  
The Cow means fullness of life for men,  
And the pure in heart is the Moon.

Which means: Life delights in those who have  
pure hearts.

Hi diddle, diddle, I'll solve you the riddle,  
And that I'll do right away:  
The little Dog is yourself and me  
Who enjoy whatever we may.

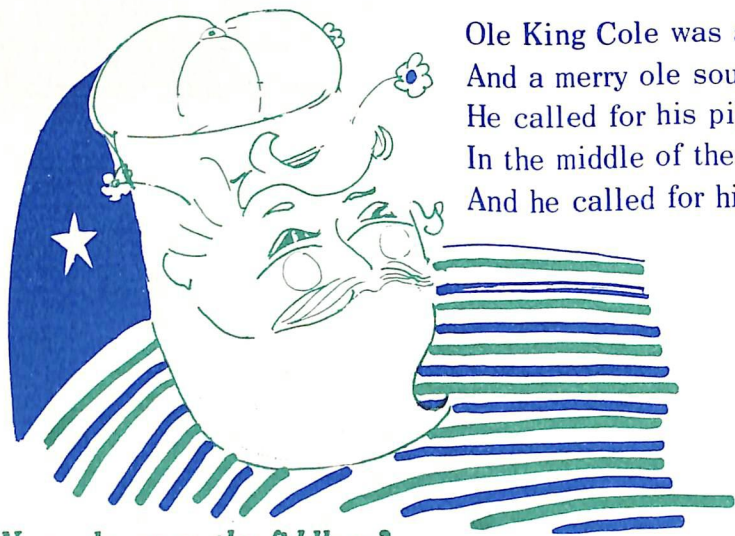
Which means: Healthy fun is a day well done.

Hi diddle, diddle, I'll solve you the riddle,  
And that I'll do with good pace:  
The Spoon is God-Man's silver hand  
And the Dish His Ocean of Grace.

Which means: After God-Man bestows His Grace  
He departs from the world.



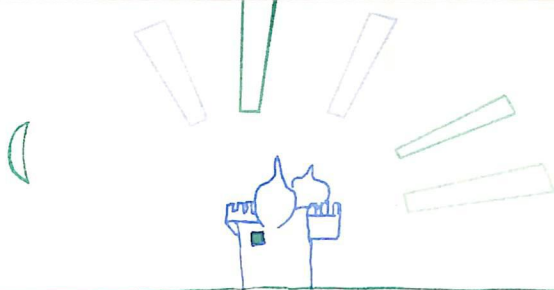
10.



Ole King Cole was a merry ole soul,  
And a merry ole soul was he —  
He called for his pipe  
In the middle of the night,  
And he called for his fiddlers three.

*Now who were the fiddlers?*

The first was Kindness and the second was Love  
And the third had a rare quality —  
He played in God's praise  
In a thousand different ways,  
And his playing had a strange jollity.



*Now what sort of pipe did he smoke?*

The pipe was of gold and of silver and wood –  
And a very huge thing it was indeed!  
He filled it with one's cares and things  
And blew out lovely curly rings –  
And one's soul from its prison soon was freed.

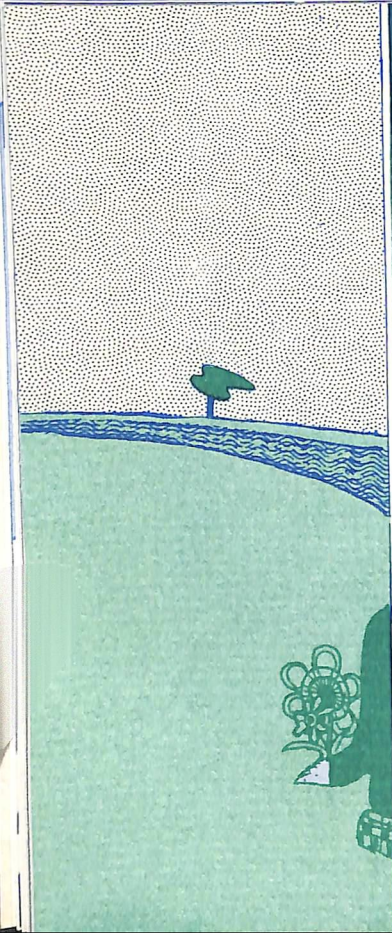
*So who was King Cole?*

Ole King Cole is the Perfect Master  
Who rules all the worlds one, two, three.  
And all the time He smokes  
He cracks little jokes:  
He's a Man – and also pure Divinity.

11.

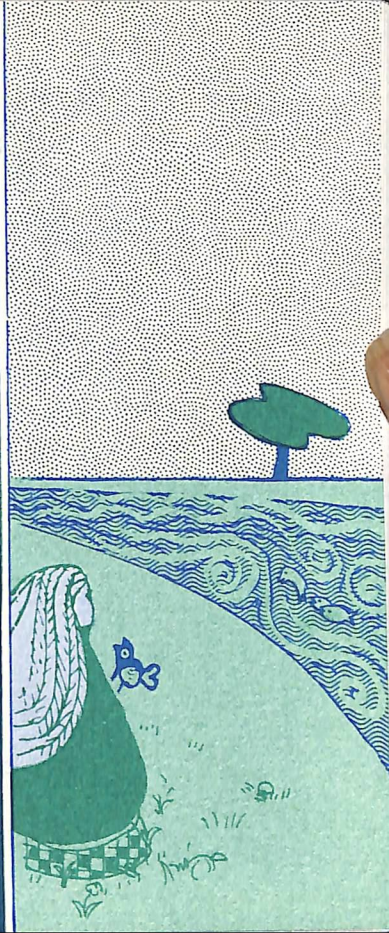
Little Miss Muffet sits on a tuffet  
like a lamb born in July  
when the rain has fallen and the river is swollen –  
and she doesn't even cry.

Little Miss Muffet sits on a tuffet  
and the waters swirl about  
and a horrible spider sits down beside her –  
but she doesn't scream or shout.



Little Miss Muffet is a wise little girl  
who knows her X.Y.Z.  
though the water swirls or the spider offers pearls  
she will never, never lose her head.

Little Miss Muffet sits on a tuffet  
eating her curds and whey –  
but it doesn't stop her thinking  
of the true man who'll come for her one day.







12.

If wishes were horses  
God, the Beggar, would ride  
On easeful journey –  
But he tramps by my side.

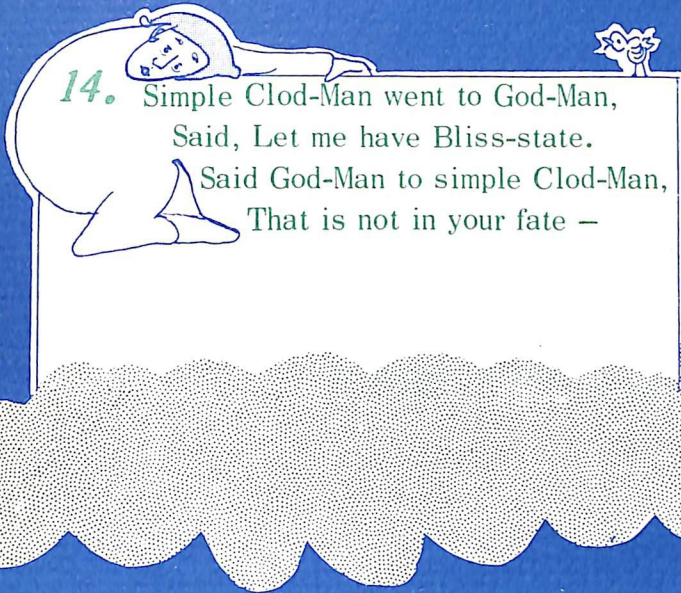


Half way up they lost their first  
Jack let go and tumbled down,  
Jill followed closely, each brok

Half way up they began to tire,  
Half way up they lost their first desire;  
Jack let go and tumbled down,  
Jill followed closely, each broke his crown.

The moral of the story is,  
It isn't so easy to get real bliss;  
And to go mountaineering without a Master  
Is the surest way to invite disaster.





14. Simple Clod-Man went to God-Man,  
Said, Let me have Bliss-state.  
Said God-Man to simple Clod-Man,  
That is not in your fate –

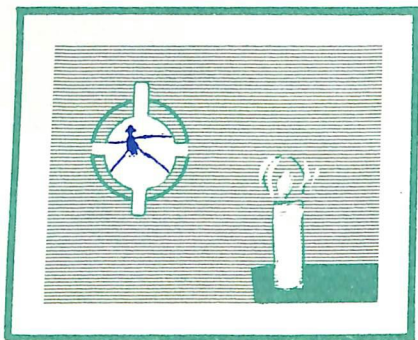
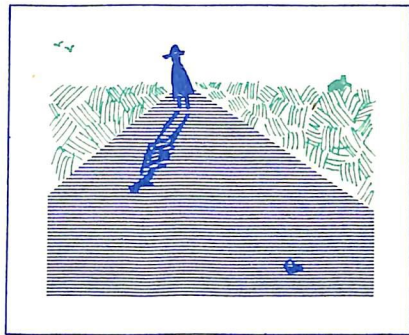
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Until you first die from Love's thirst, And then My pleasure wait.

# 15.

Here comes an old man from Botany Bay,  
Botany Bay, Botany Bay,  
Here comes an old man from Botany Bay,  
What will you give him today?

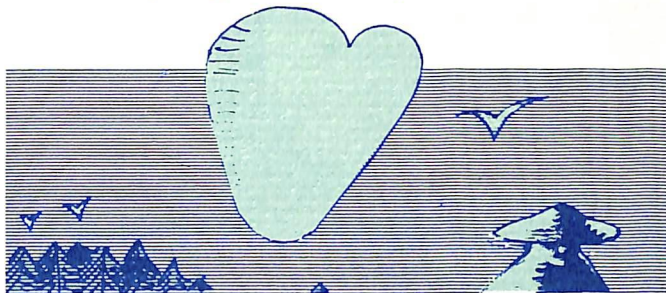
*I'll give him fruit, I'll give him bread,  
I'll give him wine to warm his blood;  
For Jesus said, To the least of these  
Is better than praying on your knees.*



Here comes an old man from Paradise,  
Paradise, Paradise,  
Here comes an old man from Paradise,  
What will you give him today?

*I'll give him sweat, I'll give him toil,  
I'll give him dry bread and stale oil;  
Mohammed said, Yet angels must  
Plod to man-state along in the dust.*

Here comes an old man from Heart's Fair Land,  
Heart's Fair Land, Heart's Fair Land,  
Here comes an old man from Heart's Fair Land,  
What will you give him today?



*I'll give him song both strong and sweet,  
Sweep with eyebrows a path for his feet;  
For Meher says, Serving such men  
IS living in the highest Heaven.*



16.

Hark! Hark!

How the dogs bark —

God's beggars have come to the city.

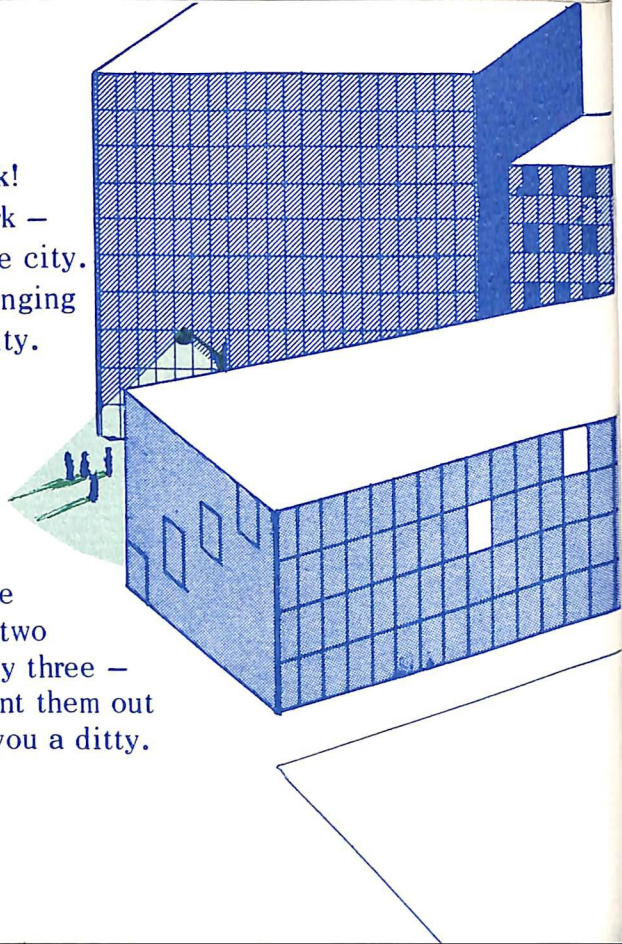
They've left the Wine Shop and the singing  
Because of pity.

Pity one

Pity two

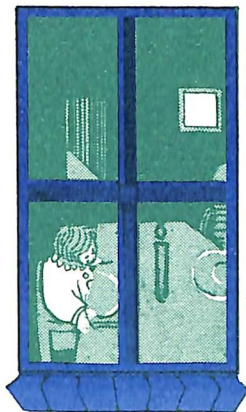
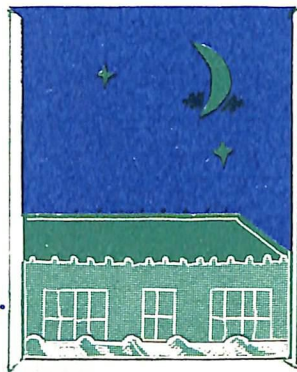
Pity three —

The Wine-seller sent them out  
To sing you a ditty.





Little Tommy Tupper  
 Must sing for his supper.  
     What shall he sing  
     That gladness will bring?  
         He shall sing a new story  
         Of the Ancient One's glory –  
 That One who melts hearts for a finger ring.

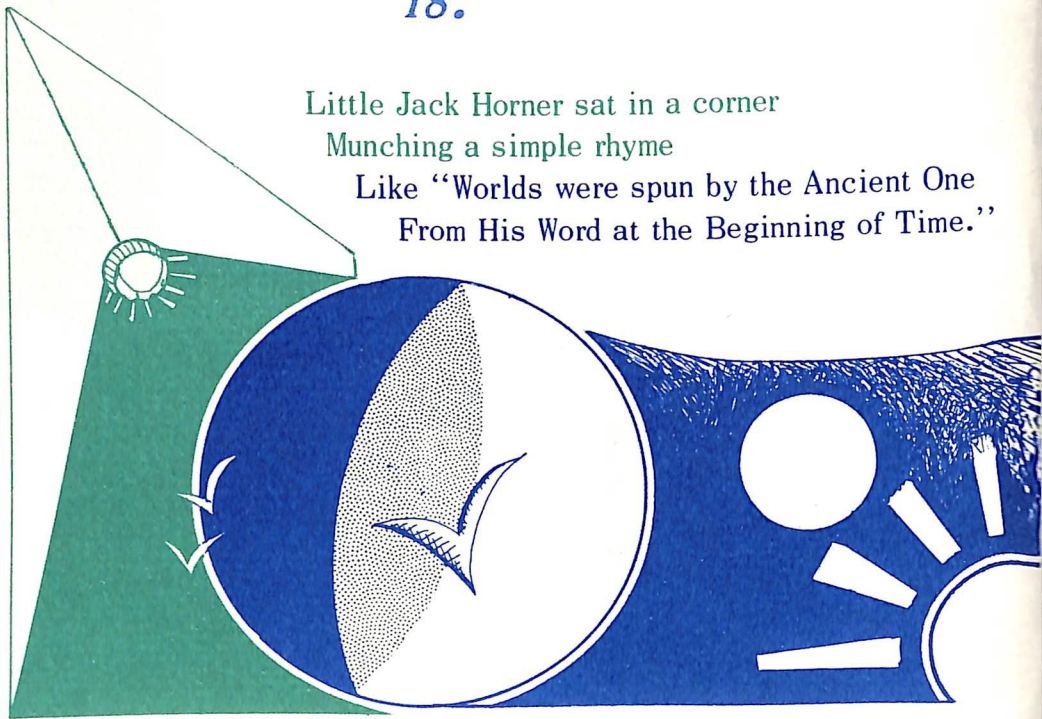


Little Tommy Tupper  
 Must sing for his supper.  
     What theme shall he chase  
     In song's even pace?  
         He shall sing the old story  
         Of the New One's glory –  
 That One who strings tear-pearls for a necklace.

18.

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner  
Munching a simple rhyme

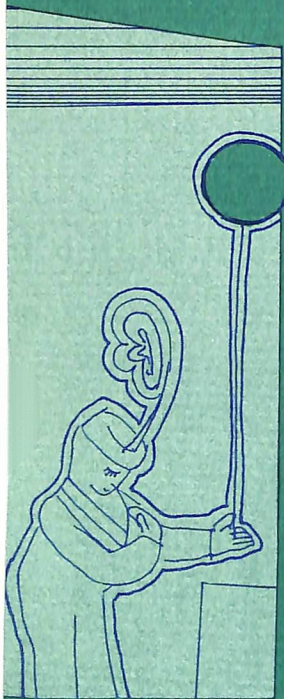
Like "Worlds were spun by the Ancient One  
From His Word at the Beginning of Time."



Little Jack Horner sat in a corner  
Wondering "Who am I?"  
He looked at his toes and felt his nose  
And heaved a great, great sigh.



Little Jack Horner sat in a corner  
Making up a great plan,  
I'll ride through Space till I see God's Face  
When I'm a grown-up man.





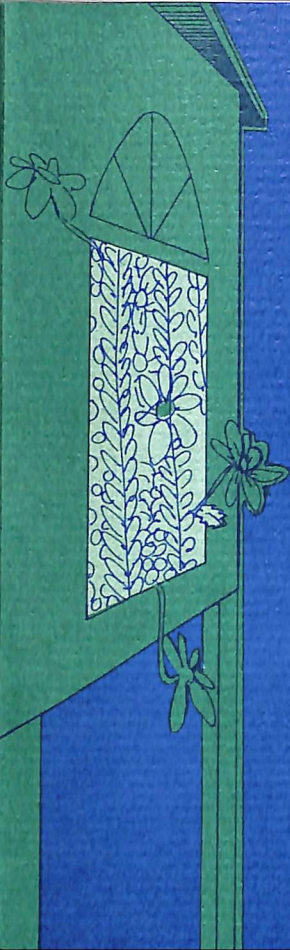


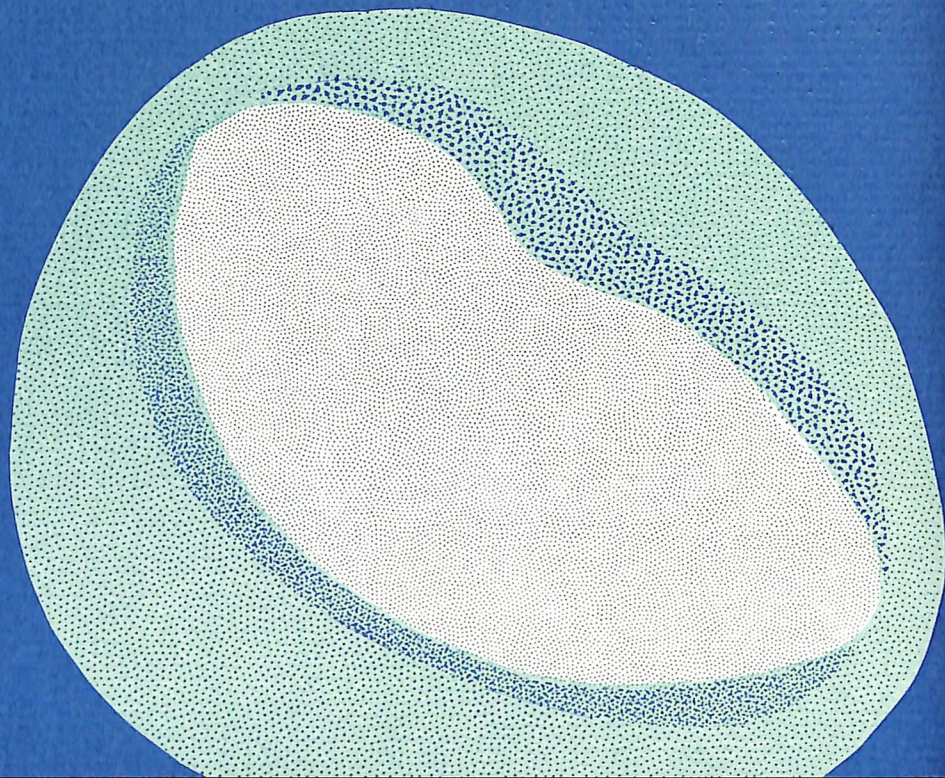
19.



Oranges and lemons  
Godlings and demons –  
You'll pay the last farthing, so Jesus said.  
You'll pay the last farthing, for you are my darling  
And I'll make you debt free before I light you to bed.

Bananas and mangoes  
And grapes from which wine flows –  
I'll fill you your cup, so Meher said,  
I'll brim-fill a cup for my darling to sup  
And make you dead drunk before I chop off your head.







## 20.

Lullaby Baby your cradle is green,

Your father is God and your mother is his Queen.

They love you so dearly that they sent you down here –

For only on green Earth does God-Man appear.

Lullaby Baby your cover is blue,

The stars in the heaven are lamps lit for you.

Your father and mother love you so dear

They gave you Earth-birth – for God-Man is here.



Little girl, little girl, what was it you brought?  
Roses for the Queen which far and wide I sought.  
Little girl, little girl, what did she give you?  
Yellow gold and diamonds she had bought.



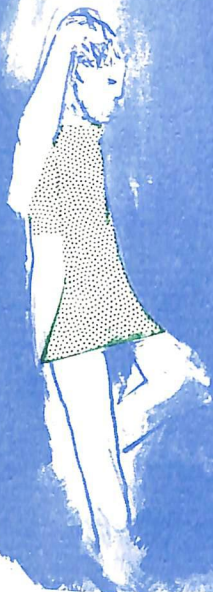
Little man, little man, what did you bring?  
My heart wrapped in wine leaves for the great King.  
Little man, little man, what did he give you?  
Some rags and a staff and a song to sing.

## 22.



Ding, dong, bell,  
Pussy's in the well.  
Who put her in?  
Tom Thin the politician.  
How will she get out?  
Without doubt when the Musician  
Rings the bell.

Ding, dong, bell,  
Puss and you and I are in the same well -  
Deep well,  
Well, well.  
When will we get out?  
This year, next year, sometime.  
There about.



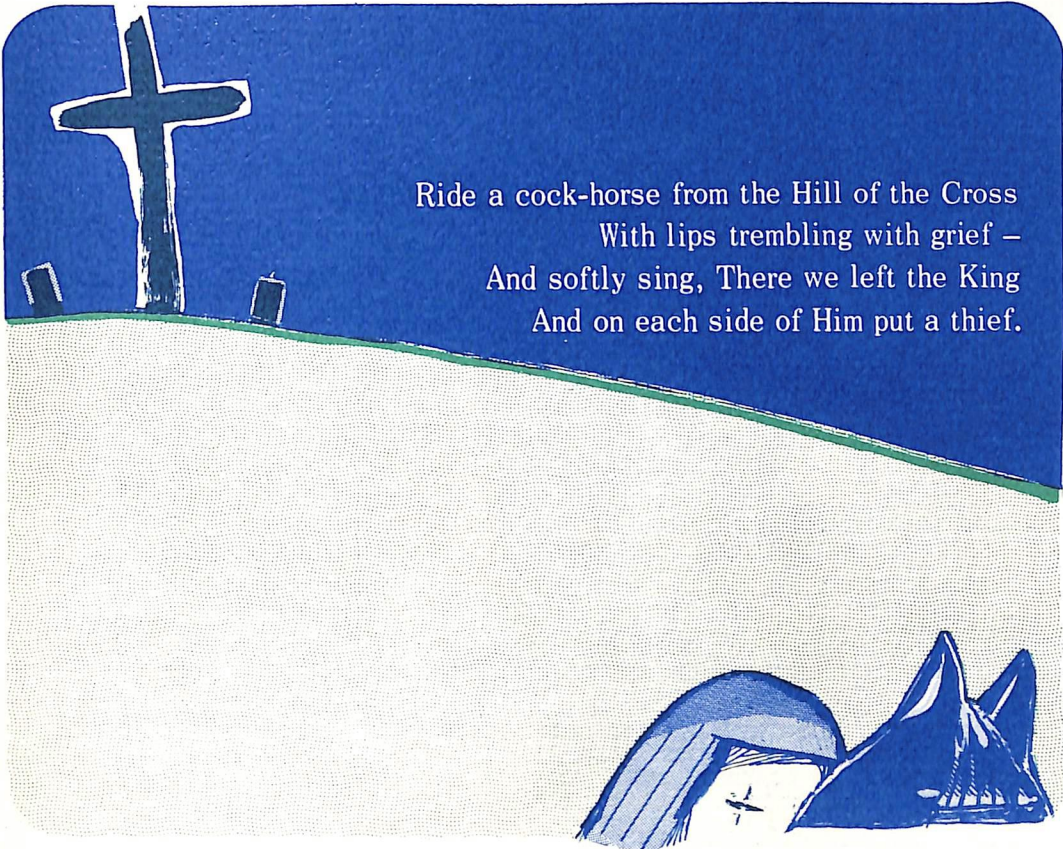


## 23.

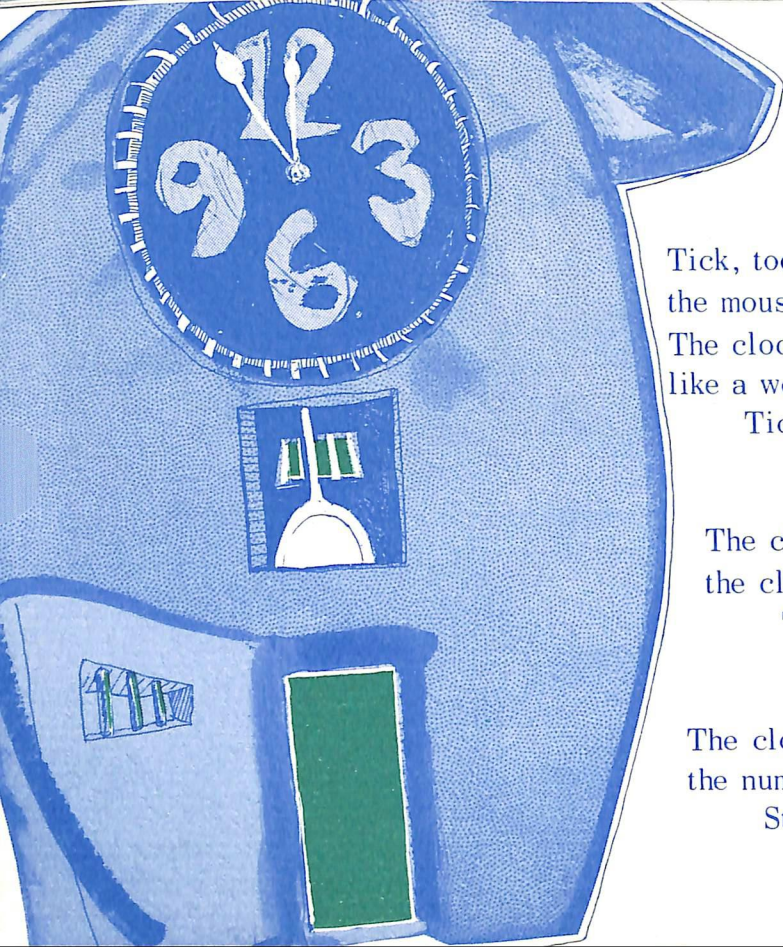
Ride a cock-horse to the Hill of the Cross  
In curiosity.  
And idly sing, There we took the King  
Who ruled with love and pity.





A stylized illustration of a hill. The top of the hill is a solid blue band. On the left side of this band is a large white cross with a black outline. To the left and right of the cross are two small, dark, rectangular shapes. The rest of the hill is a light blue-grey area with a fine, dotted texture. In the bottom right corner, there is a dark blue silhouette of a person's head and shoulders, looking upwards. The person has long hair and is wearing a garment with a pointed collar.

Ride a cock-horse from the Hill of the Cross  
With lips trembling with grief –  
And softly sing, There we left the King  
And on each side of Him put a thief.



24.

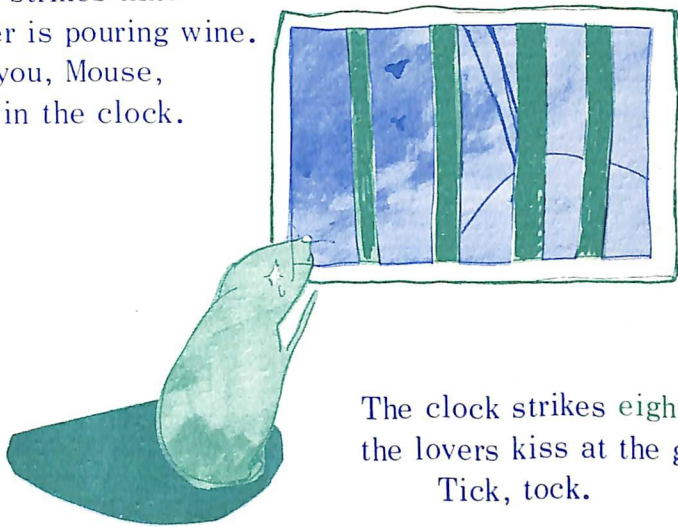
Tick, tock, hickory dock  
the mouse ran into the clock.  
The clock strikes twelve  
like a worn engine-valve –

Tick, tock – stay in the clock.

The clock strikes eleven  
the clouds are wind-driven –  
Tick, tock.

The clock strikes ten  
the number for women and men  
Stay in the clock – tick, tock.

The clock strikes nine  
The Master is pouring wine.  
But you, Mouse,  
stay in the clock.



The clock strikes eight  
the lovers kiss at the gate.  
Tick, tock.

The clock strikes seven  
only saints live in heaven.  
Stay in the clock – tick, tock.

The clock strikes six  
for blows and kicks.

Tick, tock, tick, tock – tock.

The clock strikes five  
the pearl-seekers dive –

But a mouse must stay in a clock.

The clock strikes four  
Open a bit the door

But stay in the clock – tick, tock.

The clock strikes three  
Be alert and ready –

Tick, tock – tock.

The clock strikes two  
the next will be for you

Tock, tock.





The clock strikes one  
Run, Mouse, run, run, run –  
The Master has spoken  
and the striker is broken –

TOCK





