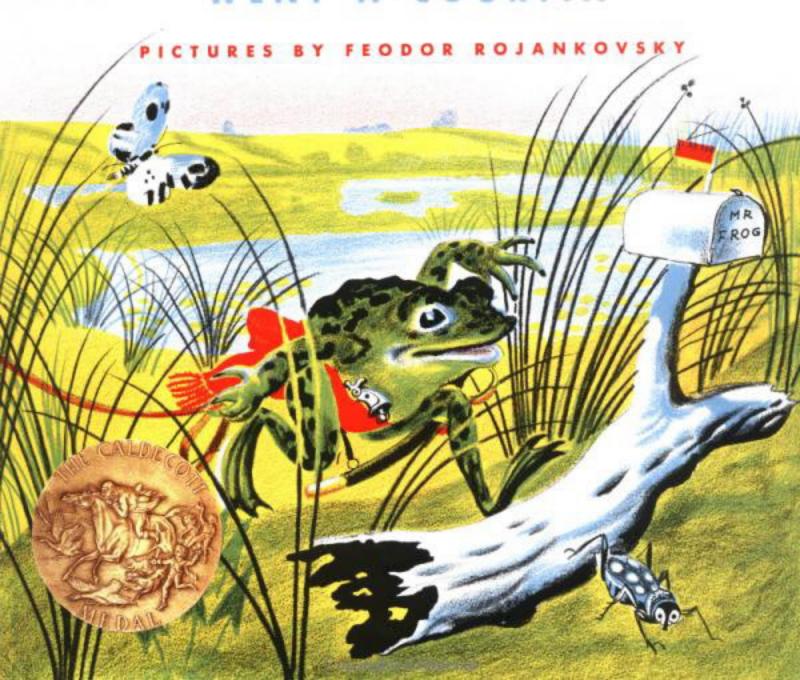
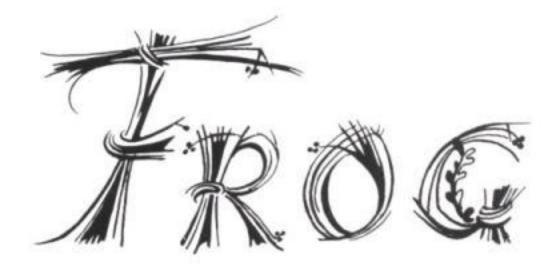


WENT A-COURTIN'





WENT A-COURTIN'

Retold by

JOHN LANGSTAFF

With pictures by

FEODOR ROJANKOVSKY

More than four hundred years ago, this story-song was written down in Scotland, and when America was first discovered and people came from England and Scotland to live here, they brought this ballad with them. Mothers and fathers sang it to their children, and the children to their children, sometimes changing the words a bit to suit themselves.

For this book, Mr. Langstaff, a well-known concert singer, has made one story out of the different versions sung in many parts of America and other countries. The music is one of the earliest tunes associated with the ballad, the one used in the southern Appalachian mountains.

Feodor Rojankovsky, beloved illustrator of many books for children, has given individuality and charm to Mr. Frog and Miss Mouse, and to all the small animals and insects who take part in their wedding. Gay color and delightful detail will endear to children this new variant of a lasting favorite.

Winner of the Caldecott Award as "The most distinguished American picture book for children" in the year of its publication

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Frog went a-courtin', he did ride, Sword and pistol by his side.



When upon his high horse set, His boots they shone as black as jet.



He rode right up to mouse's hall, Where he most tenderly did call:



"Oh, Mistress Mouse, are you within?"
"Yes, kind frog, I sit to spin."



He took Miss Mousie on his knee, "Pray, Miss Mouse, will you marry me?"



"Without my Uncle Rat's consent, I would not marry the president!"



Then Uncle Rat he soon comes home. "Who's been here since I've been gone?"



"A pretty little dandyman," says she, "Who swears he wants to marry me."



"Where will the wedding breakfast be?"
"Way down yonder in a hollow tree."



"What will the wedding breakfast be?"
"Three green beans and a black-eyed pea."



"Who will make the wedding gown?"
"Old Miss Rat from Pumpkin Town."



Then Uncle Rat gave his consent, And that's the way the marriage went.



The first to come in was a little white moth, To spread on the tablecloth.



Next to come in was a big black bug, On his back was a cider jug.



Next to come in was Mister Coon, Waving about a silver spoon.



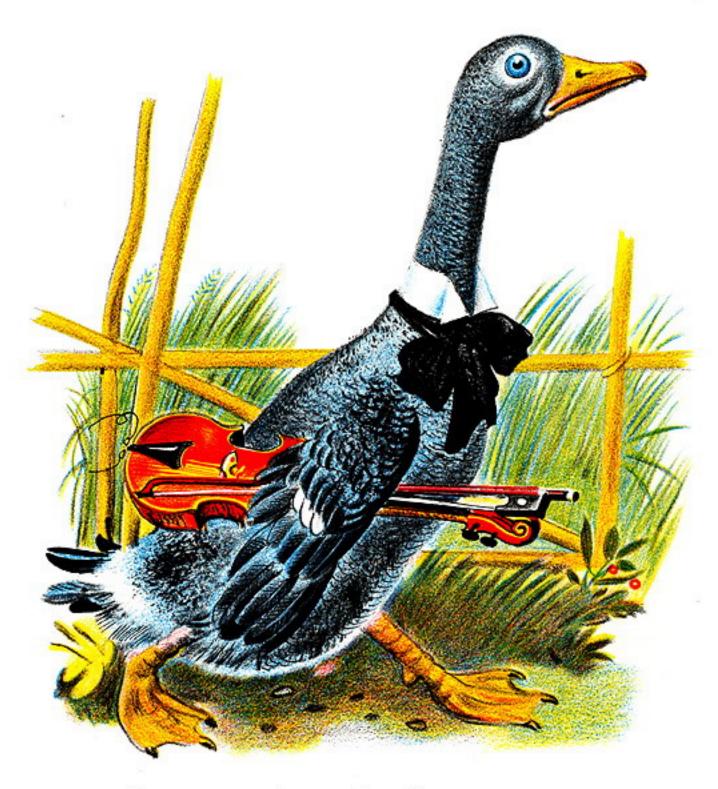
Next to come in was a spotted snake, Passing 'round the wedding cake.



Next to come in was a bumblebee, A banjo buckled on his knee.



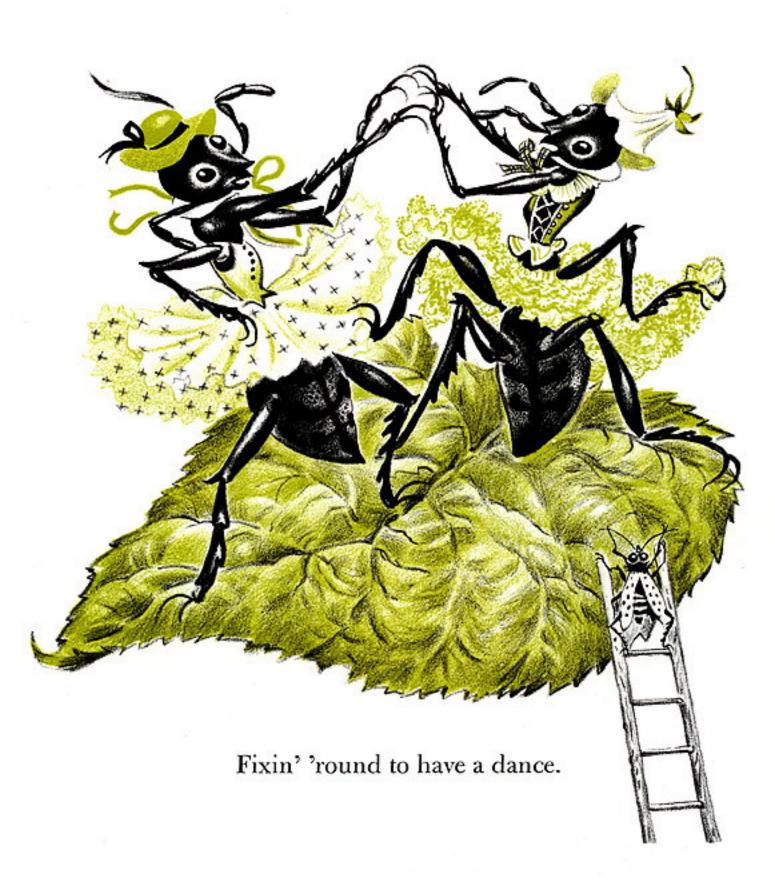
Next to come in was a nimble flea, To dance a jig for the bumblebee.



Next to come in was the old gray goose, She picked up her fiddle and she cut loose!

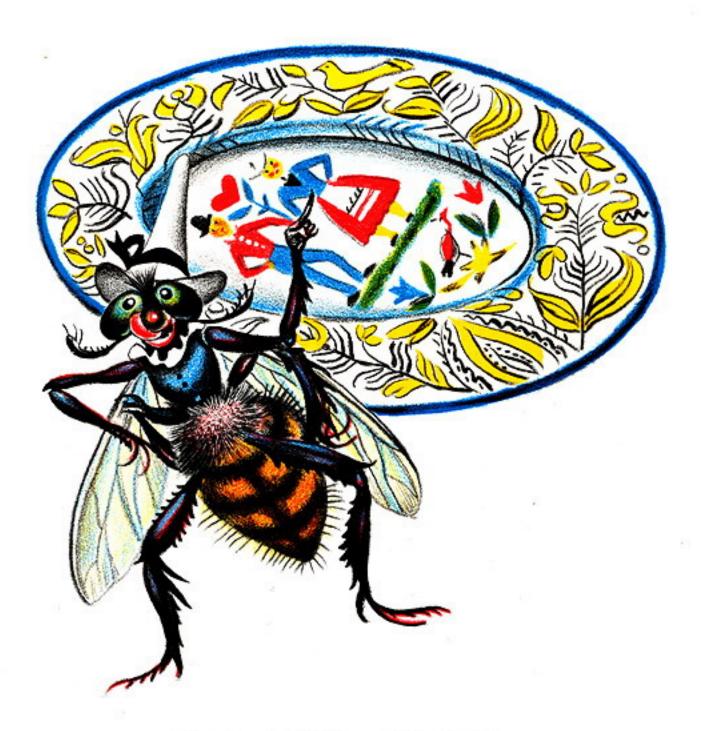


Next to come in were two little ants,





Next to come in was a little ol' fly,



He ate up all the wedding pie.



Next to come in was a little chick,



He ate so much it made him sick.



The last to come in was the old tom cat. He says: "I'll put a stop to that!"







The frog and the mouse they went to France.

And this is the end of my romance.

Frog's bridle and saddle are laid on the shelf.

If you want anymore, you must sing it yourself!

