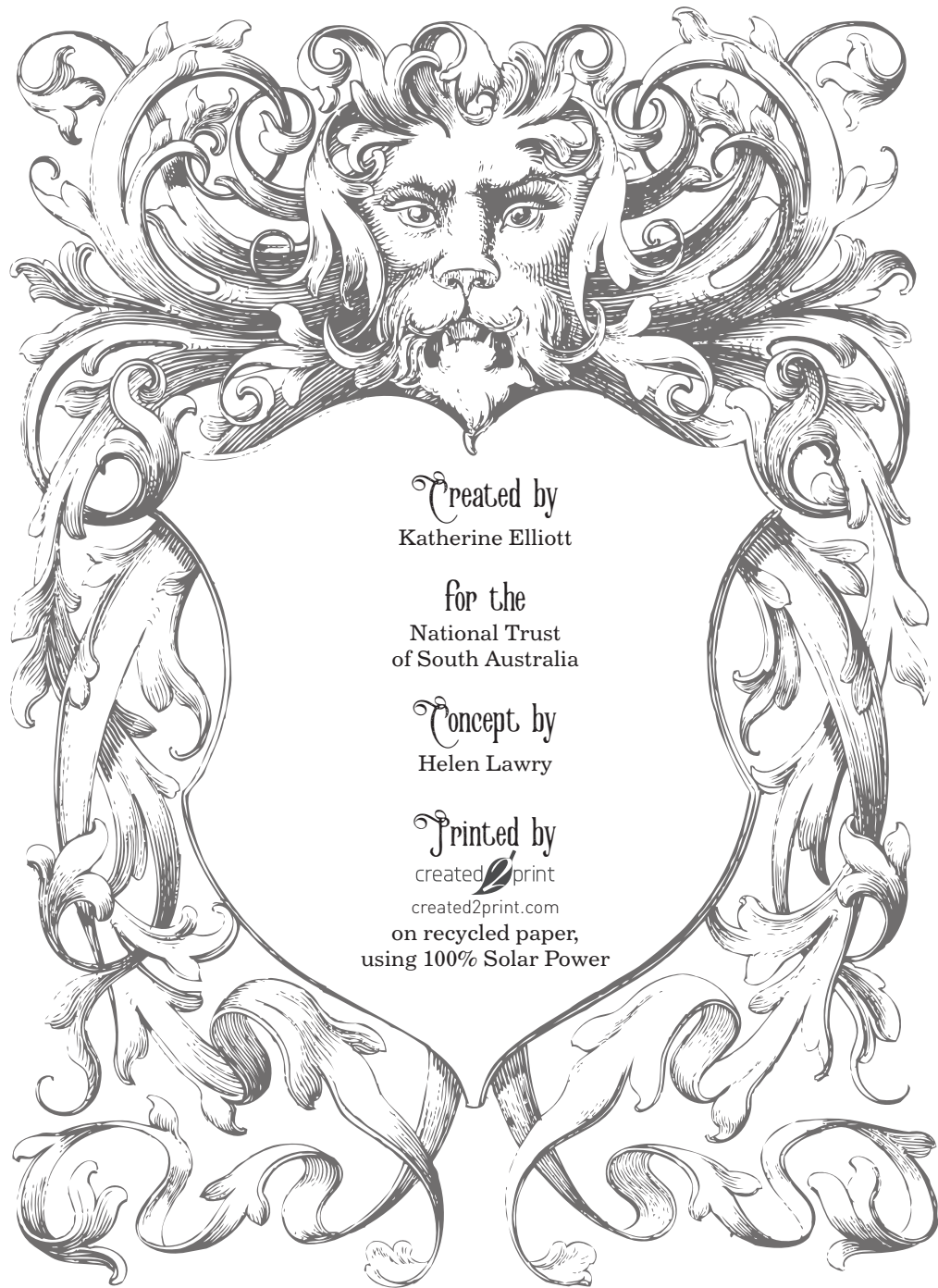




Ayers House Book





Created by
Katherine Elliott

for the
National Trust
of South Australia

Concept by
Helen Lawry

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Oranges and Lemons

Oranges and lemons,
Say the bells of Saint Clements.

You owe me five farthings,
Say the bells of Saint Martins.

When will you pay me ?
Say the bells of Old Bailey.

When I grow rich,
Say the bells of Shoreditch.

When will that be?
Say the bells of Stepney?

I'm sure I don't know,
Say the Great Bell of Bow.

Here comes a candle to light you to bed,
And here comes a chopper to chop off your head.





Soldier, Soldier will you Marry me?

Oh, soldier, soldier, will you marry me,
With your musket, fife, and drum?
Oh, no fair maid, I cannot marry you,
For I have no coat to put on.

So off she went to her Grandmother's chest,
And she bought him a coat of the very, very best,
Yes she bought him a coat of the very, very best,
And the soldier put it on.

Oh, soldier, soldier, will you marry me,
With your musket, fife, and drum?
Oh, no fair maid, I cannot marry you,
For I have no scarfe to put on.

So off she went to her Grandmother's chest,
And she bought him a scarfe of the very, very best,
Yes she bought him a scarfe of the very, very best,
And the soldier put it on.

Oh, soldier, soldier, will you marry me,
With your musket, fife, and drum?
Oh, no fair maid, I cannot marry you,
For I have no gloves to put on.

So off she went to her Grandmother's chest,
And she bought him some gloves of the very, very best,
Yes she bought him some gloves of the very, very best,
And the soldier put them on.



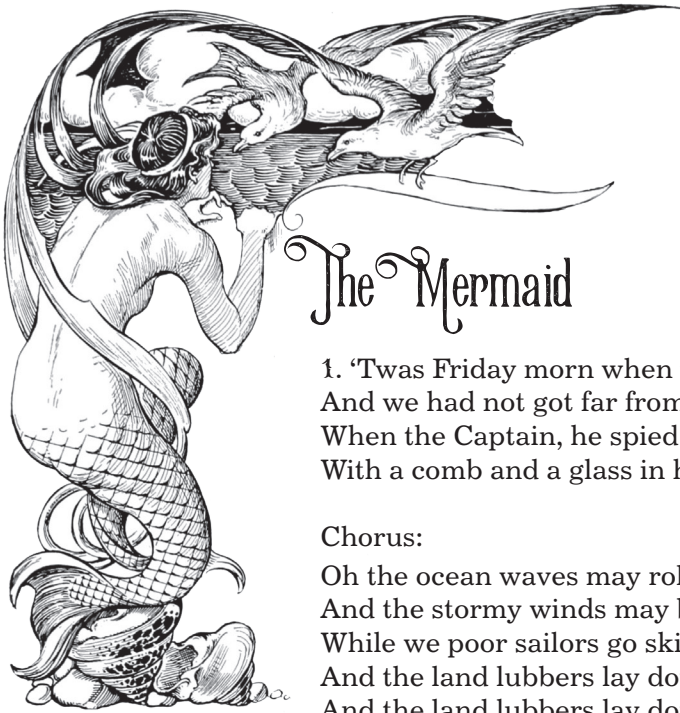
Oh, soldier, soldier, will you marry me,
With your musket, fife, and drum?
Oh, no fair maid, I cannot marry you,
For I have no hat to put on.

So off she went to her Grandmother's chest,
And she bought him a hat of the very, very best,
Yes she bought him a hat of the very, very best,
And the soldier put it on.

Oh, soldier, soldier, will you marry me,
With your musket, fife, and drum?

Oh, no fair maid, I cannot marry you,
For I have a wife of my own.





The Mermaid

1. 'Twas Friday morn when we set sail,
And we had not got far from land,
When the Captain, he spied a fair pretty maid,
With a comb and a glass in her hand.

Chorus:

Oh the ocean waves may roll,
And the stormy winds may blow,
While we poor sailors go skipping aloft,
And the land lubbers lay down below, below, below
And the land lubbers lay down below.

2. Then up spoke the Captain of our gallant ship,
And a jolly old captain was he:
"I have a wife in Portsmouth town,
But tonight a widow she will be."

Chorus

3. Then up spoke the cook of our gallant ship,
And a greasy old cook was he:
"I care more for my kettles and my pots,
Than I do for the roaring of the sea."

Chorus

4. Then up spoke the Cabin-boy of our gallant ship,
And a dirty little brat was he;
"I have friends in London town
that don't care a ha'penny for me."





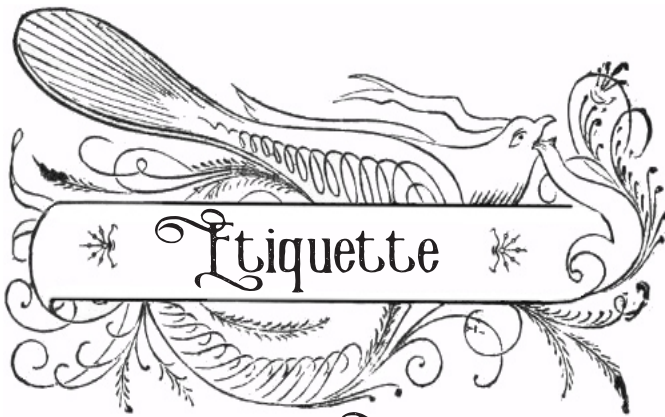
One Fri - day morn when we__ set__ sail, And our
ship not far from land, We there did es-py a
fair__pret-ty maid With a comb and a glass__ in her
hand, her hand, her hand, With a comb and a glass in her hand.



Chorus

5. Then three times 'round went our gallant ship.
And three times 'round went she,
And the third time that she went around
She sank to the bottom of the sea.





The Gentleman

A true gentleman must regard the rights and feelings of others.

In society he is quiet, putting on no airs, nor hinting that he is better, nor wiser, nor richer than any one about him.

He never boasts of his achievements, or fishes for compliments.

He is distinguished by his deep insight and sympathy, his quick perception of, and prompt attention to those small and apparently insignificant things that may cause pleasure or pain to others.

The Lady

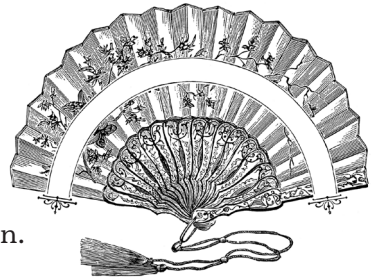
A true lady encircles herself with an atmosphere of unruffled strength.

She possesses flexible dignity, commanding gentleness and thorough womanliness in look, speech and demeanor.

Well-bred men and women can only feel at home in the society of the well-bred.



Etiquette at Balls



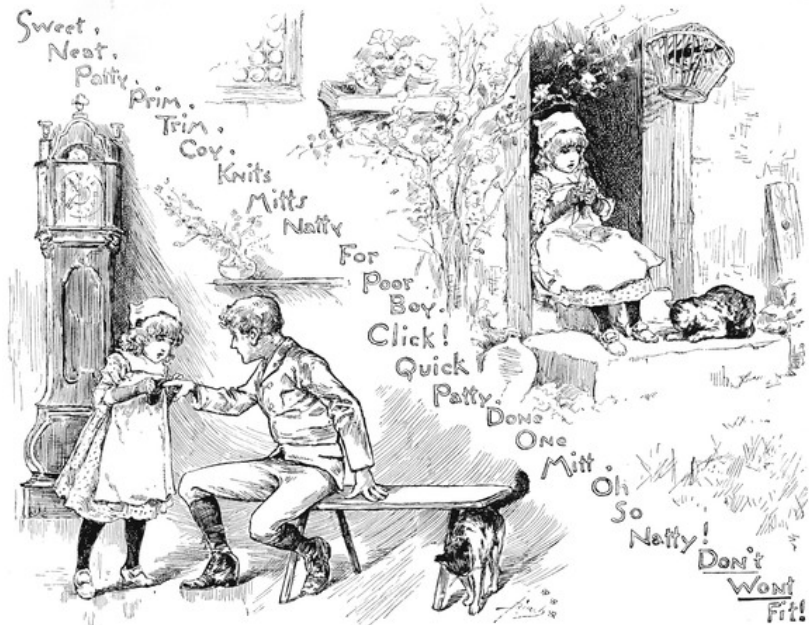
1. It is the duty of every person to arrive as early as possible to the hour named on the invitation.
2. Each guest should contribute to the enjoyment of the evening.
3. It is the duty of all gentlemen to know the fashionable dances.
4. It is the duty of all gentlemen to ensure that all the ladies who wish to dance do so.
5. If a gentleman should tread upon a lady's dress, he must beg her pardon.
6. If he should tear it, he must offer to escort her to the dressing room so that she may have it repaired.
7. A gentleman should escort his partner to the host or hostess, then obtain a program card for her from the program table.
8. A gentleman may fill his partner's card with his name, usually no more than five times. He must then introduce her to other men of his acquaintance, who should ask to fill the remainder of the card. He may dance the first dance with her, conduct her to the supper room and then be ready to accompany her home whenever she wishes to go.



9. Never be seen without gloves in a ballroom, or with those of any other colour than white unless they are of the most delicate hue.
10. A lady cannot refuse to dance with any gentleman who invites her unless she has a previous engagement. If she is too tired to dance the gentleman must remain with her while the dance progresses.

Etiquette at Balls cont.

11. Gentlemen should engage their partners for the approaching dance before the music strikes up.
12. Never forget ballroom engagements nor promise a dance to two persons.
13. If a lady has forgotten an engagement, the gentleman must pleasantly accept her apology. Good breeding and appearance of good temper are inseparable.
14. It is necessary for a gentleman bow to his partner before a quadrille; after, it is enough that he offers her his arm and walks at least half way round the room with her. He is not required to remain beside her but may leave her with any lady whom she knows, or conduct her to a seat.





British Grenadiers

Some talk of Al - ex - an - der And—
some of Her - cu - les, Of Hec - tor and Ly -
san - der, And such great names as— these, But of
all the world's great he - roes There's
none that can com - pare,— With the tow, row, row, row,
row, row, Of the Brit - ish Gren - a - diers.

You may talk of Alexander
And some of Hercules,
Of Hector and Lysander,
And such great names as these,
But of all the world's great heroes
There's none that can compare,
With the tow, row, row, row, row, row,
Of the British Grenadiers.



Riddles

Little Nancy Etticoat
Little Nancy Etticoat
With a white petticoat,
And a red nose:
She has no feet or hands,
The longer she stands,
The shorter she grows.

What could she be?

In marble walls as white as milk,
Lined with a skin as soft as silk,
Within a fountain crystal clear,
A golden apple doth appear.
No doors there are to this stronghold,
Yet thieves break in and steal the gold.

What could it be?

The Eagle

He clasps the crag with crooked hands:
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ringed with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls:
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

As I was going to St. Ives,
I met a man with seven wives,
Each wife had seven sacks,
Each sack had seven cats,
Each cat had seven kits:
Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,

How many were going to St. Ives?





The House that Jack Built






This is the  that Jack built.







This is the  that lay in the  that Jack built.







This is the  that ate the  that lay in the  that Jack built.



This is the  that chased the  that ate the  that lay in the  that Jack built.









This is the  that worried the  that chased the  that ate the  that lay in the



 that Jack built.





This is the  with the crumpled horn that tossed the  that worried the  that chased the  that ate the  that lay in the  that



Jack built.







This is the  all forlorn that milked the  with the




















crumpled horn that tossed the  that worried

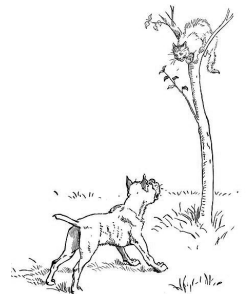
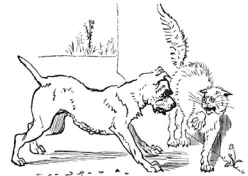












the  that chased that  that ate the  that lay in the  that Jack built.



This is the  all tattered and torn that kissed
 the  all forlorn that milked the  with the
 crumpled horn that tossed that  that worried
 the  that chased that  that ate the
 that lay in the  that Jack built.












This is the  all shaven and shorn that
 married the  all tattered and torn that kissed
 the  all forlorn that milked the  with the
 crumpled horn that tossed the  that worried
 the  that chased the  that ate the
 that lay in the  that Jack built.



This is the  that crowed in the morn that
 woke the  all shaven and shorn that married
 the  all tattered and torn that kissed the
 all forlorn that milked the  with the
 crumpled horn that tossed the  that worried
 the  that chased the  that ate the
 that lay in the  that Jack built.





This is the  sowing his corn that kept
the  that crowed in the morn that
woke the  all shaven and shorn that
married the  all tattered and torn that
kissed the  all forlorn that milked the
 with the crumpled horn that tossed
the  that worried the  that
chased the  that ate the  that
lay in the  that Jack built.





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