

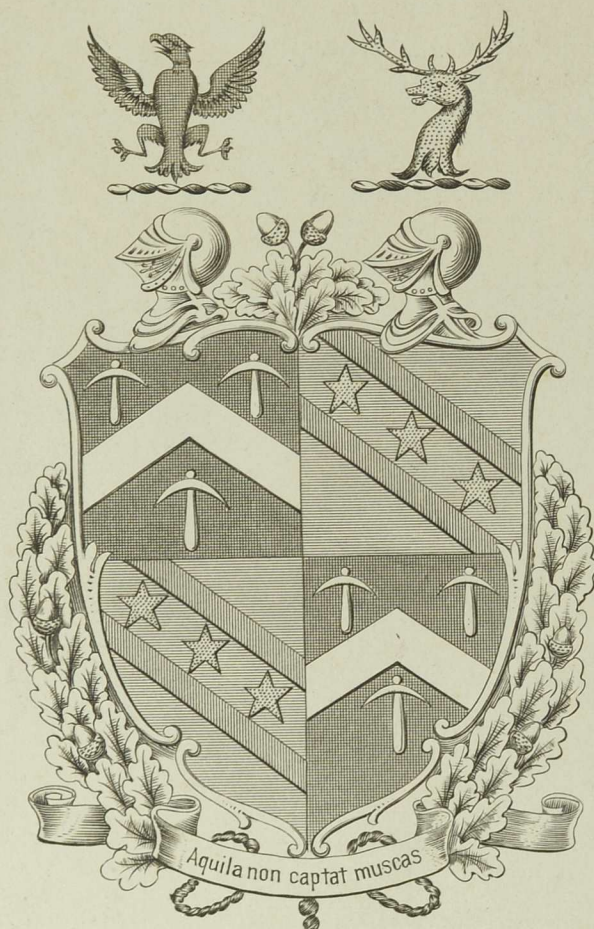
OLD NURSERY RHYMES

DUG UP AT

THE PYRAMIDS

BY
Stanley L. Adamsen.





Hargreaves-Mawdsley

Old Nursery Rhymes Dug up at the Pyramids.

BY



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The
Additional Verses
by
OLIVER BOOTH.



INTRODUCTION.

If you look through this book
You will certainly find
The pictures are all
Of a curious kind.

Their manner is quaint,
And their style is unique,
You may search but you will not
Find such in a week.

Now where do you think
That these pictures were found?
Some say at the Pyramids,
Under the ground.

And others declare
From that unfailing store
Of nursery rhymes,
With its treasures galore.

Stowed away in a chest,
Now we've opened the lid,
And thus some old friends have
Resuscitated.

That word is o'er long
Both for you and for me,
But "dug up" is easy
As A B and C.

Old friends you will find
In a different dress,
But still may you welcome them
Nevertheless.

Then some have been dusted
And, at any rate,
Re-habilitated,
And brought up to date.

Perchance you may smile
As these jingles are read,
But if you prefer
You pay sixpence instead.

But if you don't smile
When these pictures you view,
Ask your doctor at once
What's the matter with you.



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LITTLE BO-PEEP.

OLD KING COLE.

WHEN I WAS A BACHELOR.

HARK ! HARK !

LITTLE MISS MUFFET.

RIDE A COCK HORSE.

JACK AND JILL.

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

SIMPLE SIMON.

PUSSY-CAT, PUSSY-CAT.

HUMPTY-DUMPTY.

I ONCE SAW A LITTLE BIRD.

THE OLD PERSON OF NORWICH.

THE LITTLE HOBBY-HORSE.

THE FIVE LITTLE PIGS.

TOM, TOM, THE PIPER'S SON.

BYE, BABY BUNTING


JACK SPRAT.

THE CROOKED MAN.

PAT-A-CAKE, PAT-A-CAKE.

LUCY LOCKET.

LITTLE POLLY FLINDERS.



-THREE BLIND MICE~

THREE BLIND MICE,

See how they run,
They all ran after the farmer's wife,
She cut off their tails with a carving knife,
Did you ever see such a thing in your life
As three blind mice.

I.

Who said "Cats"?
See how they glare.
The mice all scatter with fearsome stride;
Behind the dresser they hope to hide,
Unless they do they'll be safe inside,
Those two fierce cats.

II.

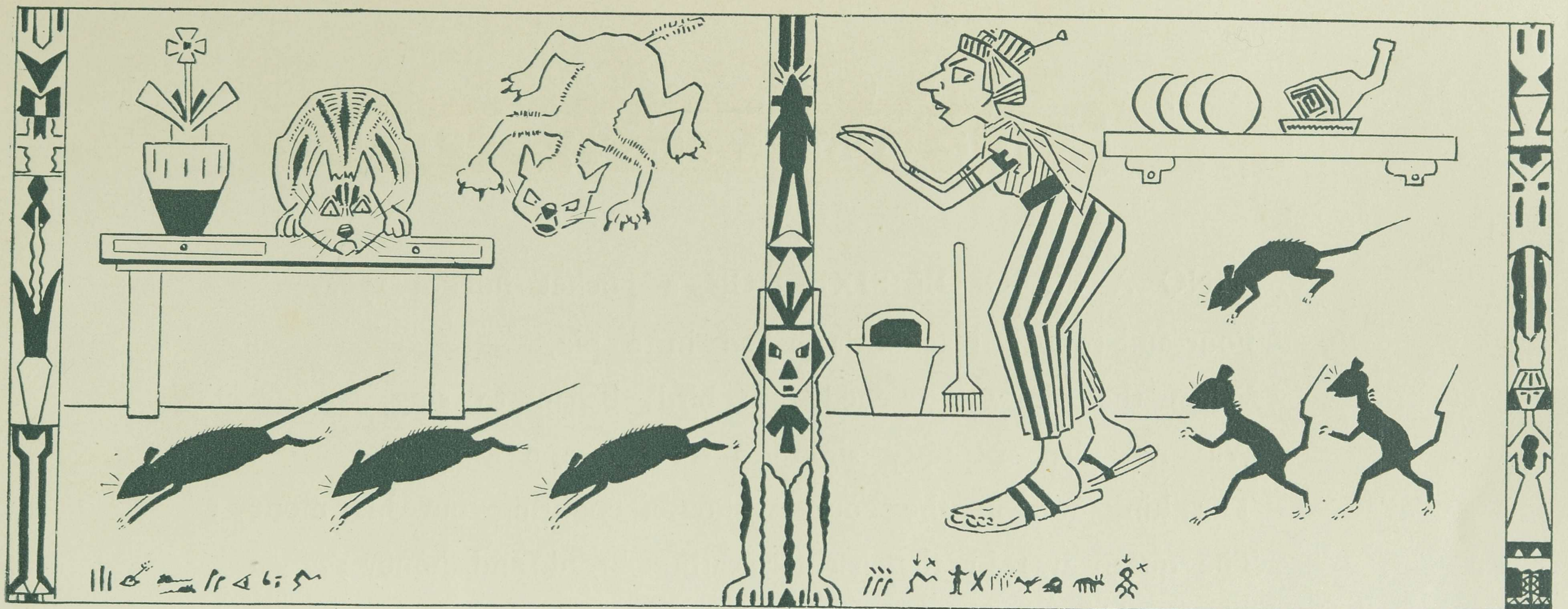
Three sly mice,
See, now they run.
After the farmer's wife they go,
Who seems in a pitiful state of woe,
As ladies do to this day, you know,
When they see mice.

III.

Rough on rats,
And also mice;
That fact is clear, and it's also plain.
No more they'll nibble the farmer's grain,
Or chase his angular wife again,
Those three blind mice.

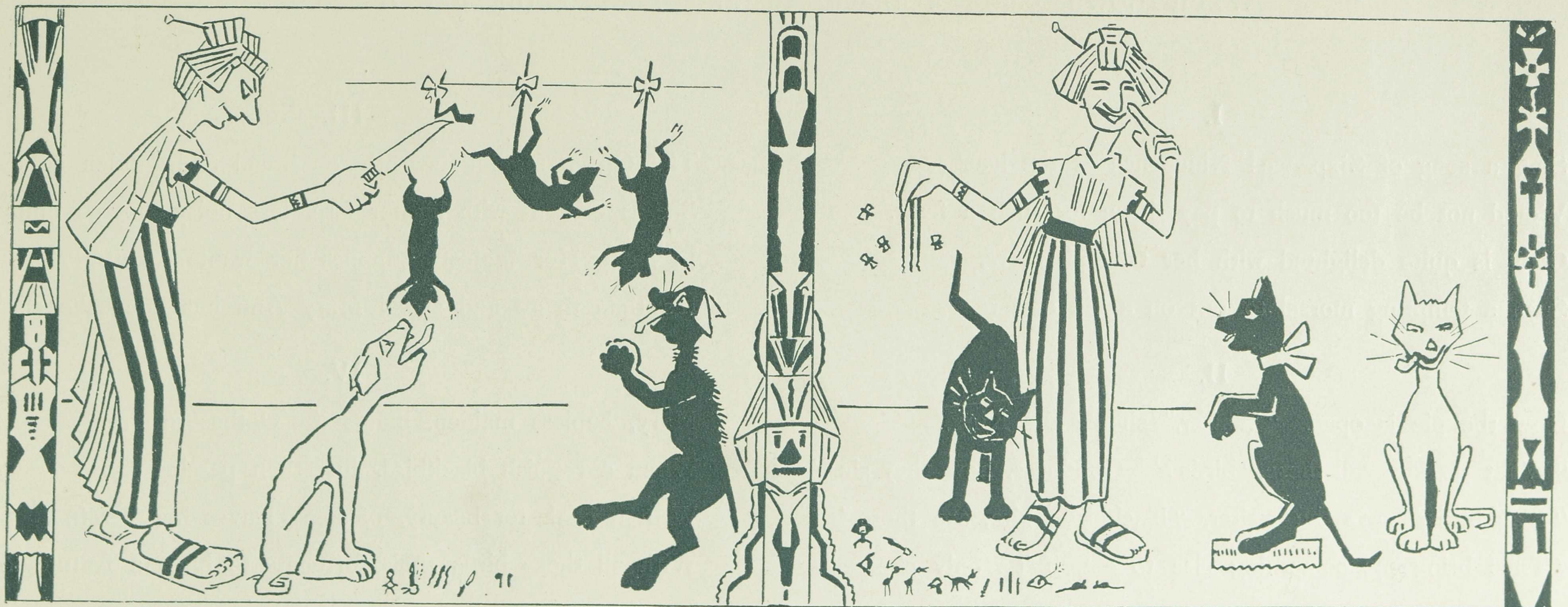
IV.

All is o'er,
Nothing is left
Except three tails in the farmer's house.
Cut off in their prime by his carving spouse,
Whose creed, it seems, is one cat, one mouse.
Oh, poor blind mice!



The Three Blind Mice.

The Farmer's Wife.



The Farmer's Wife cutting off their tails.

All that was left of the Three Blind Mice.



SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE, a pocket full of rye,
Four-and-twenty blackbirds baked in a pie,
When the pie was opened, the birds began to sing,
Was not that a pretty sight to set before a king?
The king was in the counting-house, counting out his money;
The queen was in the parlour eating bread and honey;
The maid was in the garden hanging out the clothes,
When down came a blackbird and pecked off her nose.

I.

Sing a song of Sixpence! Ninepence at the least
Would not be too much to pay down for such a feast.
Cook is quite delighted with her triumph there,
Such a tempting morsel to put on a bill of fare.

II.

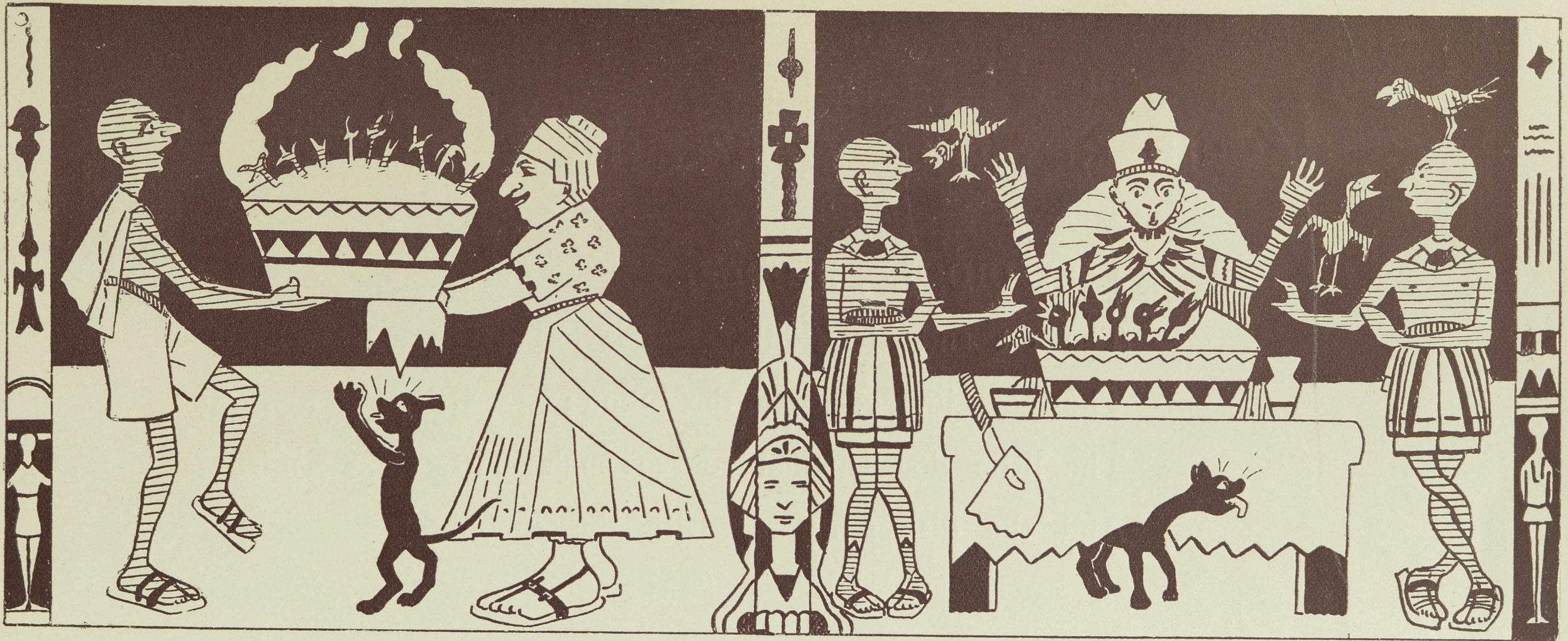
Now the pie is open. "Waiter," shouts the King,
"What do you call these, 'birds?' Goodness, how they sing."
"Blackbirds," says the waiter, "blackbirds, sire, are these."
"Then bring me something else to eat, if 'tis only cheese."

III.

The Queen regaleth sweetly on bread and golden honey.
She is content with lighter fare, less noisy, not so funny.
In haste Her Majesty supplies her wants because she knows
It's time to go and see if Mary Ann has hung the clothes.

IV.

Mary, hapless maiden, hangs the clothes to dry,
When a roguish blackbird, just then passing by,
With a beak for beauty, of some leaves her bereft,
With all those birds she's fortunate to have a feature left.



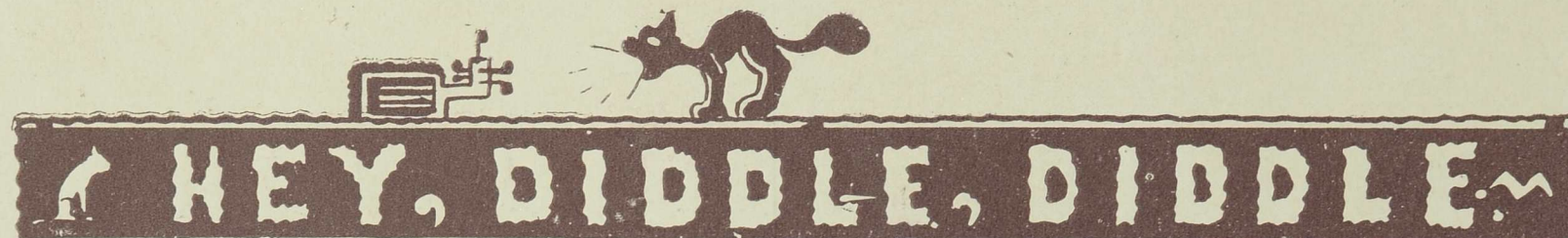
The pie containing the four-and-twenty blackbirds.

The pie being opened and the birds beginning to sing.



The Queen eating bread and honey.

The blackbird flying off with the maid's nose.



HEY DIDDLE, DIDDLE,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon ;
The little dog laughed to see such sport,
And the dish ran away with the spoon.

I.

Hey diddle, diddle,
The mouse in the middle
Is trying the time to beat.
With those who just squall,
And have no style at all,
It is a most difficult feat.

II.

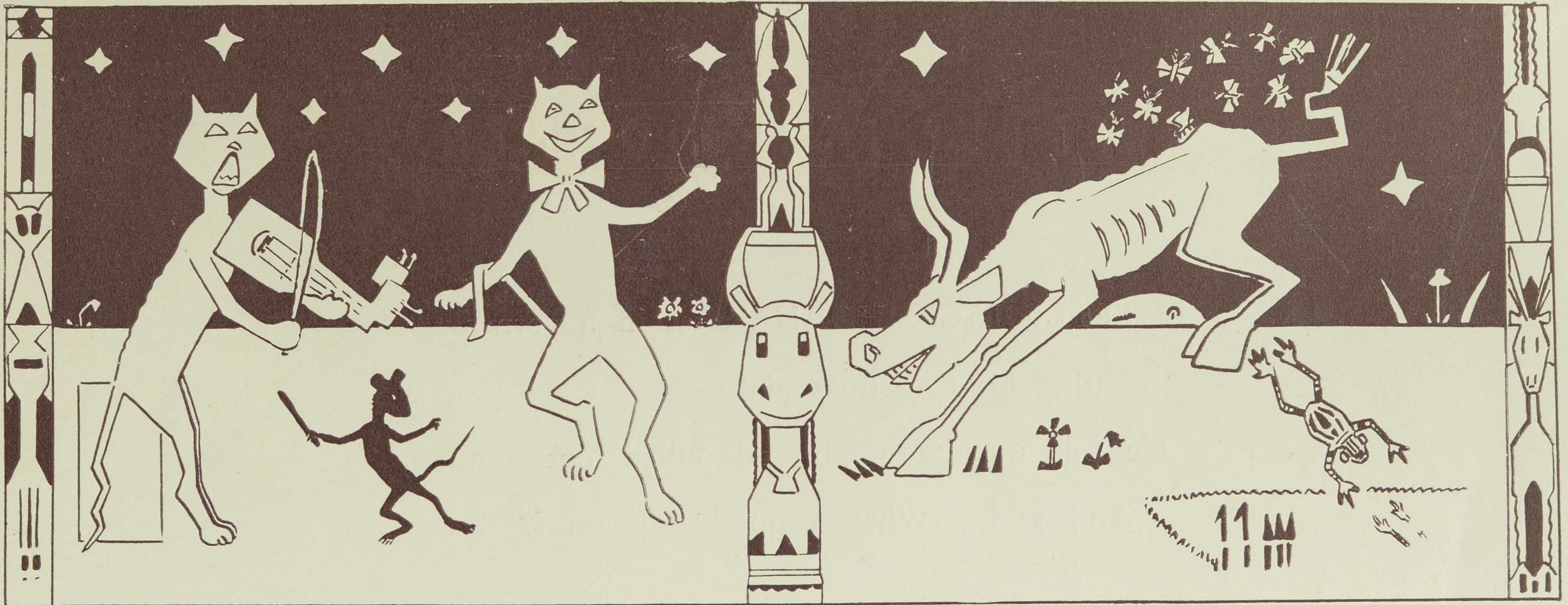
Hey diddle, diddle,
The sound of that fiddle
Would satisfy most ears soon,
The frogs quickly dash
Away with a splash,
And the cow jumps over the moon.

III.

Hey diddle, diddle,
The boy in the middle,
Can stand that song no more ;
And the dog laughed and thought
“He’s got what he ought
To get,” for that treble encore.

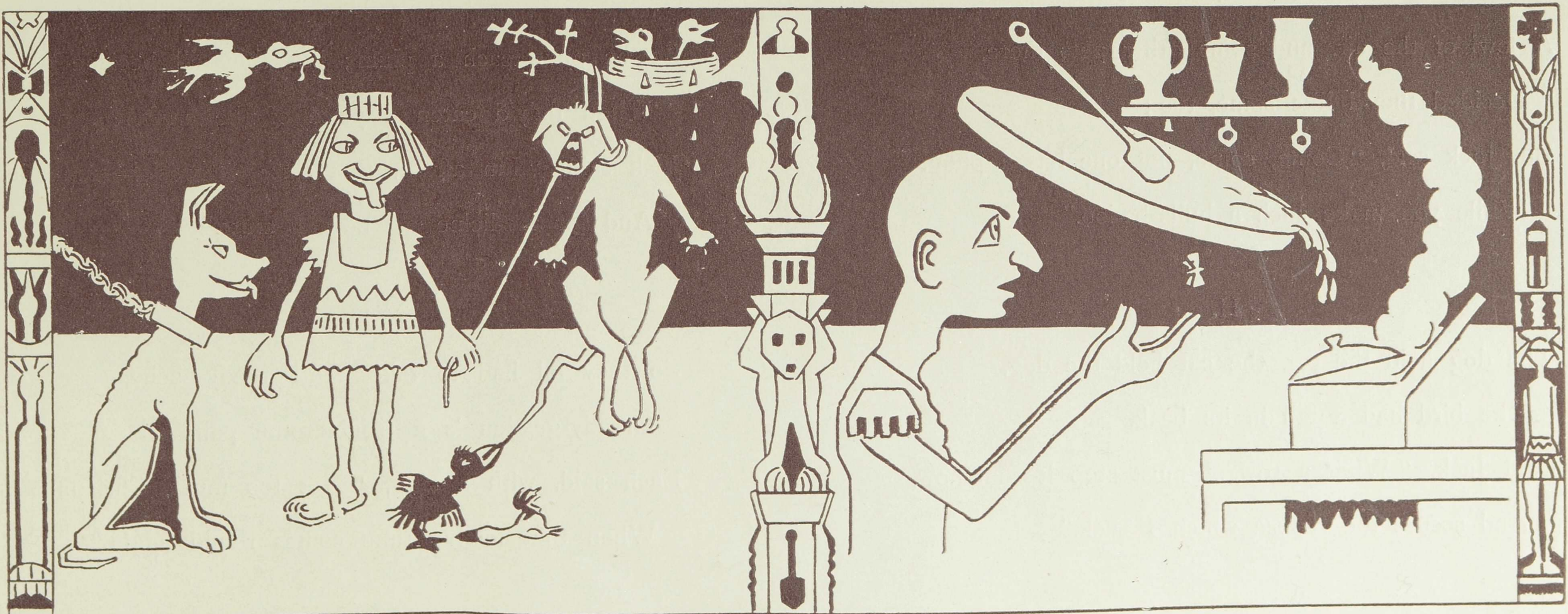
IV.

Hey diddle, diddle,
That curious fiddle,
Astonished this mystified loon.
Quite startled he stands
As he sees from his hands
The dish run away with the spoon.



The cat and the fiddle.

The cow jumping over the moon.



The little dog laughed to see such sport.

The dish running off with the spoon.



LITTLE JACK HORNER.

LITTLE JACK HORNER sat in a corner

Eating his Christmas pie ;

He put in his thumb and pulled out a plum,

And said, "What a good boy am I."

I.

A fowl of the air, and some other pets there,

Decided they'd like some, too ;

But Jack said, "Come, come, not one has a plum,

While you make such a hulla-ba-loo."

II.

The dog held the cat, the cat held the dog,

The bird had a tail in its beak.

Said Jack, "What a row, I must stop it somehow,

And secure the repose which I seek."

III.

So he gave each a plum ; but they all became glum,

When they'd eaten a piece of the crust.

Jack said, "I'm afraid, that this pie was home-made,

And for medicine go now I must."

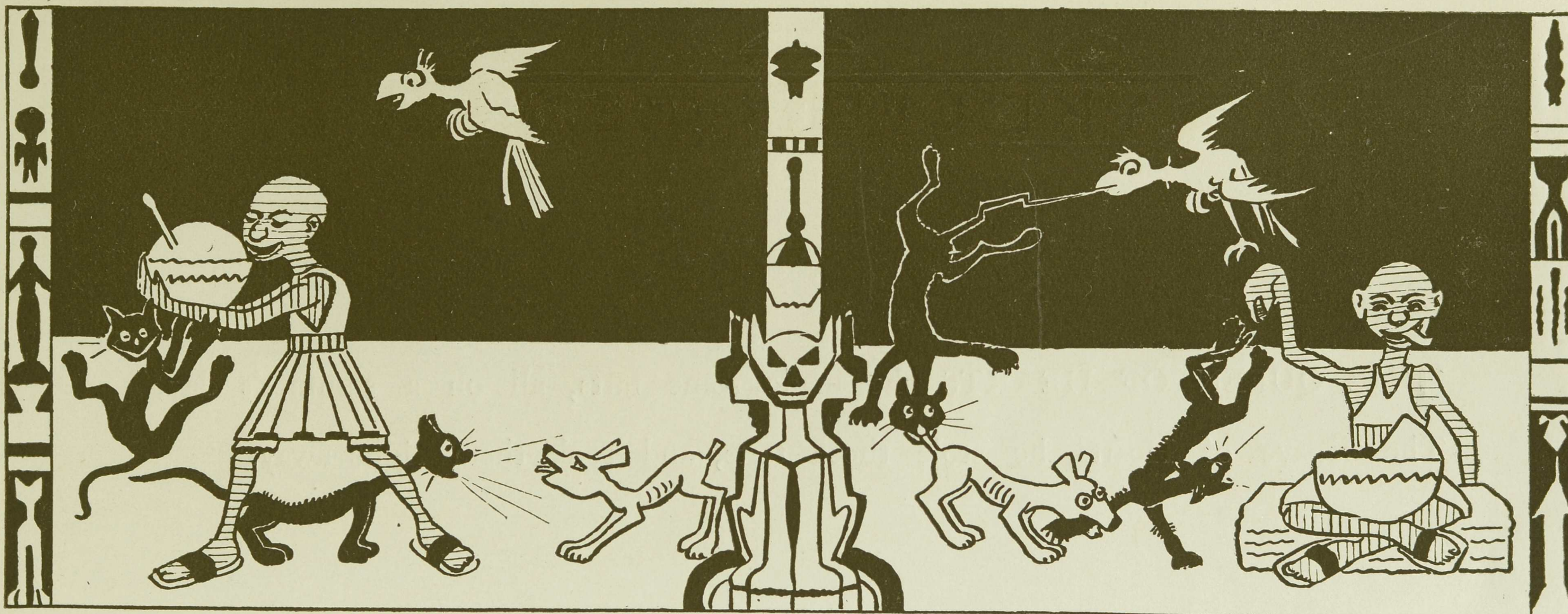
IV.

So they all had to take, Anti-greedy-i-ache,

Greedy-gestion 's a troublesome pain.

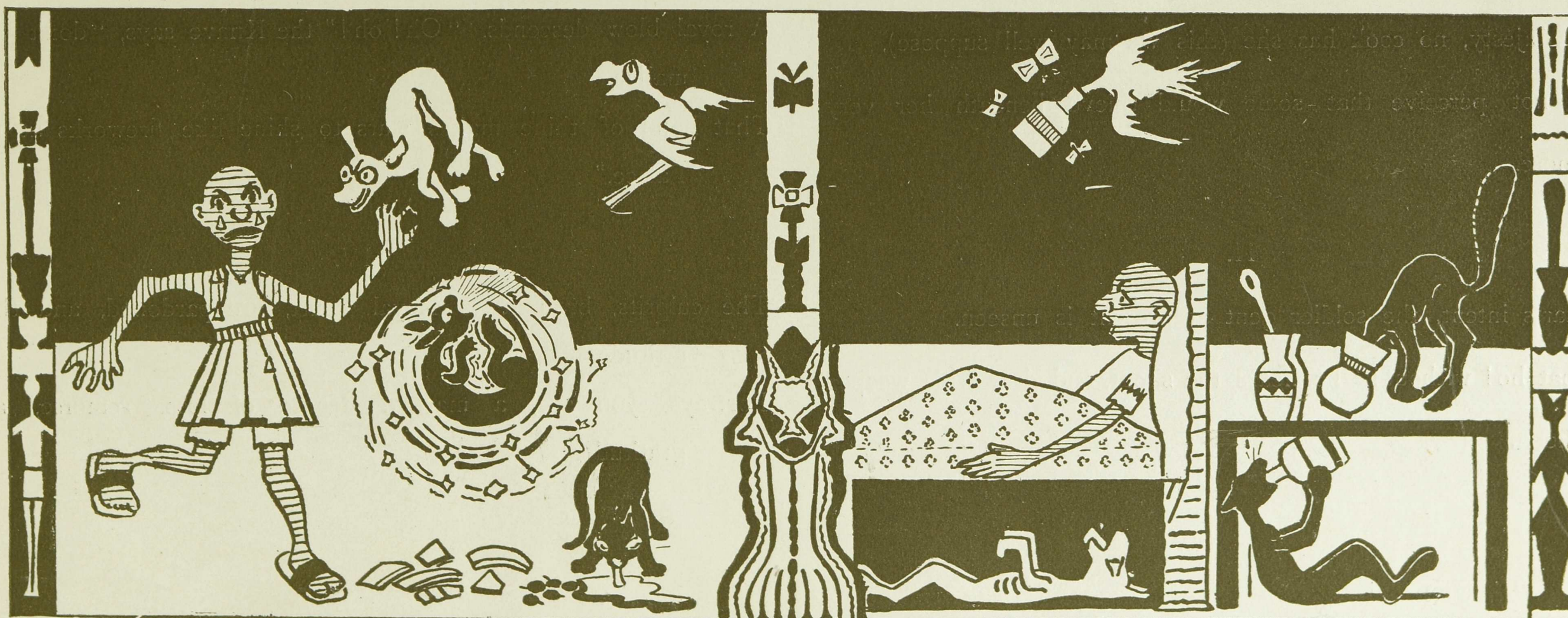
Each said, with a sigh, "Not too much Christmas pie,

When that festive time comes round again."



Jack Horner seeking his corner.

The animals all trying to get a piece.



The after effects of the pie.

An attack of Greedy-gestion.



♥ THE QUEEN OF HEARTS

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS she made some tarts, all on a summer's day,
The Knave of Hearts, he stole those tarts, and took them right away.

I.

Her Majesty, no cook has she (this we may well suppose),
Does not perceive that some would thief beneath her very
nose.

II.

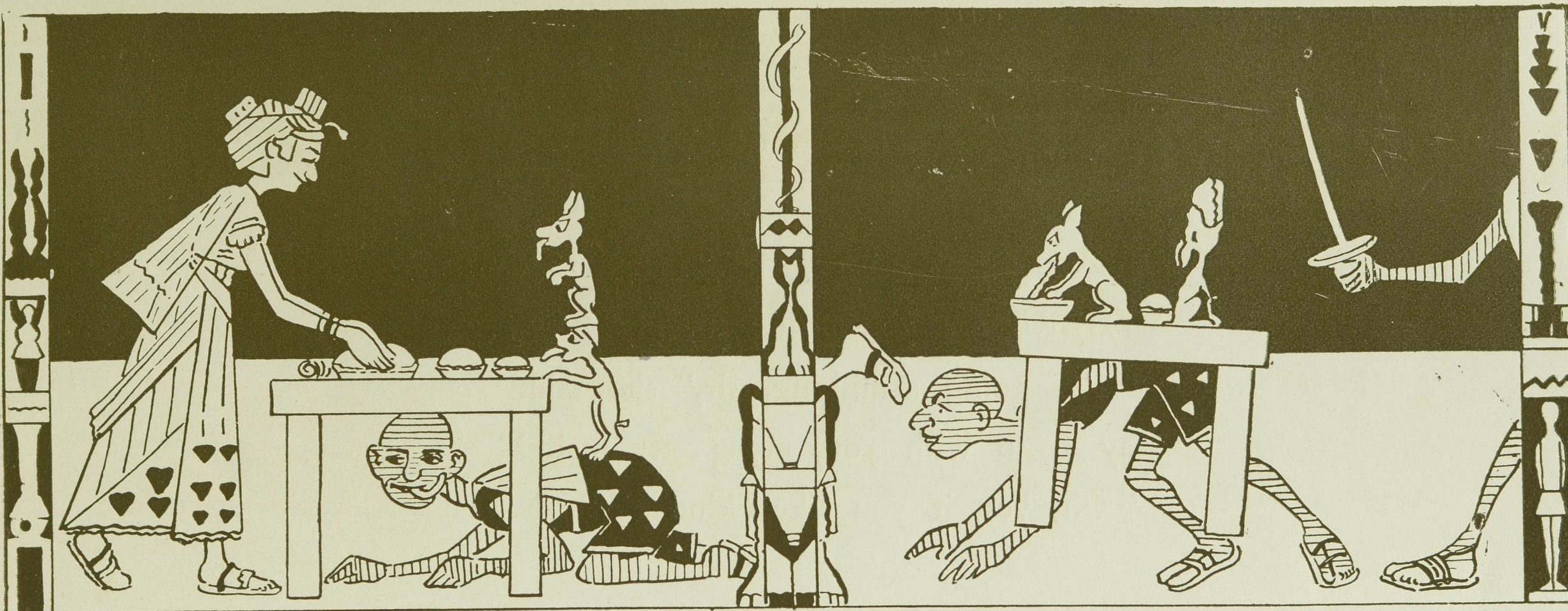
On tarts intent, the soldier gent at present is unseen.
“What ho! without!” he hears the shout, and draws his weapon
keen.

III.

A royal blow descends. “Oh! oh!” the Knave says, “don’t bear
malice,
That hand of thine makes stars to shine like fireworks at the
Palace.”

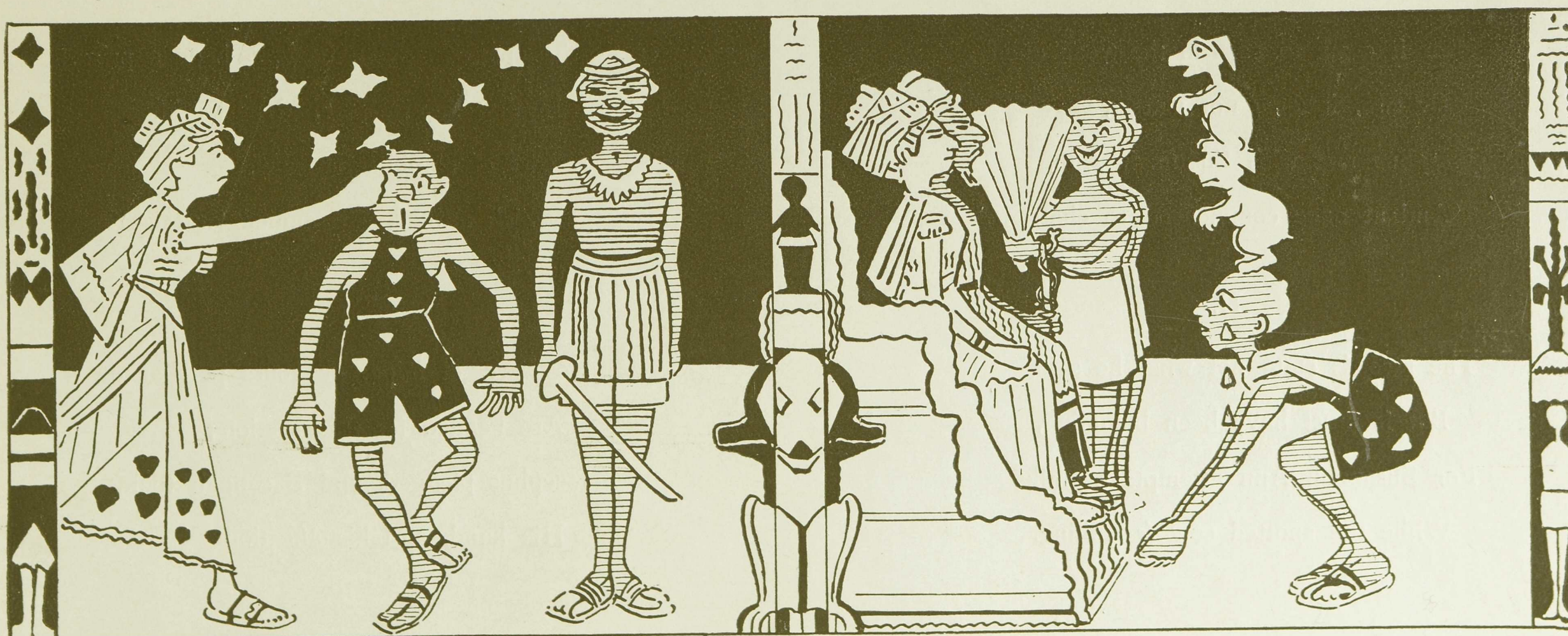
IV.

The culprits, brought to Royal court, are pardoned, and their
attitude
Portrays, you see, a marked degree of loss, remorse, and
gratitude.



The Queen of Hearts making tarts.

The Knave and dogs stealing the tarts.



The Queen beating the Knave for stealing.

The culprits brought to Court.



WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO MY PRETTY MAID ?

“WHERE are you going to, my pretty maid ?”

“I’m going a-milking, sir,” she said.

“May I go with you, my pretty maid ?”

“Oh, yes, if you like, kind sir,” she said.

I.

Now it came to pass in the year one,
Or two, it does not matter,
Josephus met with Susannah Ann,
And at once commenced to chatter.

II.

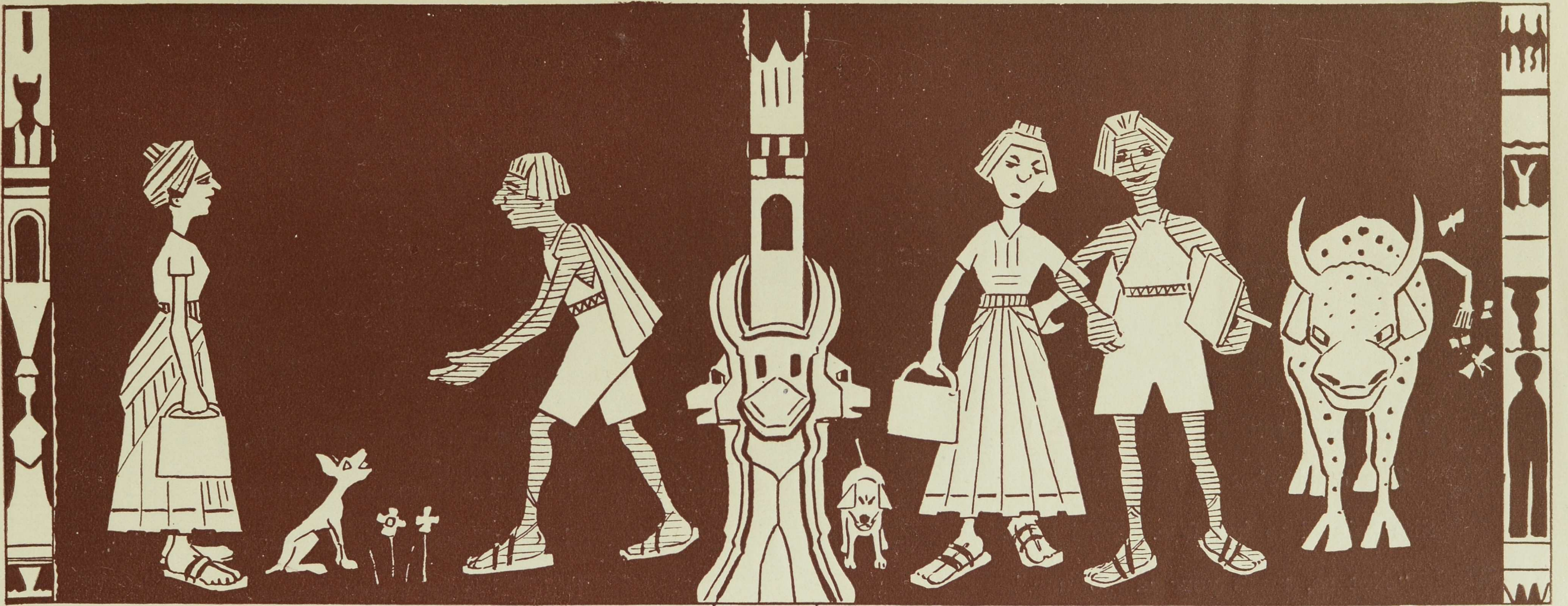
The records state not what he said,
But it must have been beguiling,
For Susannah Ann attempts a smile,
While the spotted cow is smiling.

III.

The spotted cow must have been a prize,
In that desert, parched and arid,
A sort of combination cow,
Which milked, and smiled, and carried.

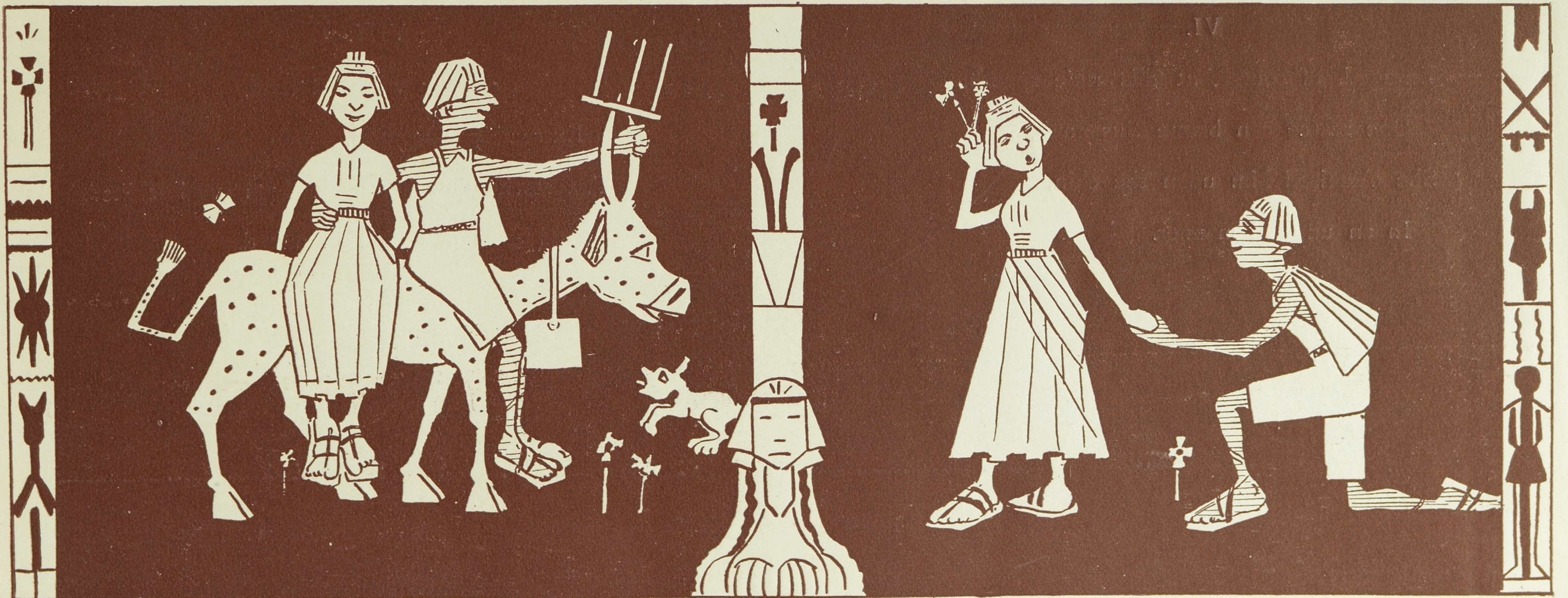
IV.

No words of mine, or yours perchance,
Are needed for this section ;
Josephus pledged, and Susannah took,
His hand, and his affection.



The meeting.

Making friends.



The spotted cow.

The proposal.

V.

This matter settled, he then asked
The maid what was her fortune,
She pointed to her face. Said he,
"Not so, that's your mis-fortune."

VI.

Enraged, of course, at this rude speech,
One scarce can blame Susannah,
She chastised him upon the chin,
In an unusual manner.

VII.

She felt much better after this,
But still had some resentment,
And not till round she'd swung him thrice,
Did she possess contentment.

VIII.

Josephus quickly vanished then,
Extremely elongated,
The storks flew home—he homeward stalked,
And lived and died un-mated.



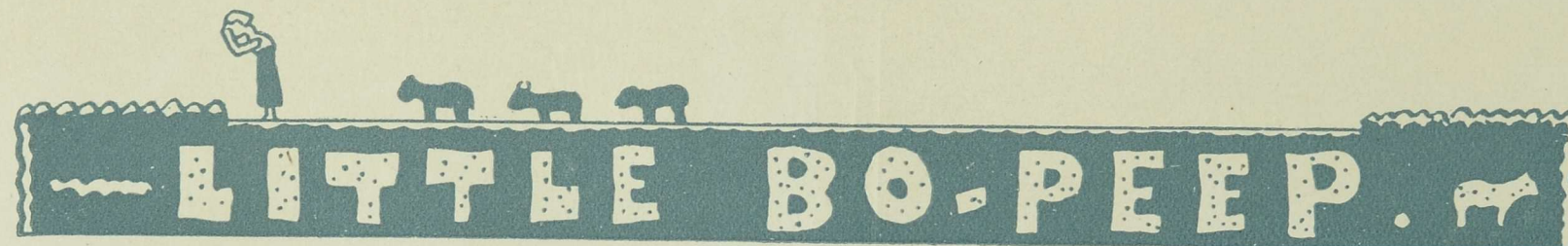
My face is my fortune.

A just punishment.



Rather startling.

The return home.



LITTLE BO-PEEP has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them ;
Leave them alone, and they'll come home,
Bringing their tails behind them.

I.

Little Bo-peep awoke from sleep,
To find her sheep departed,
To lose her flock [was quite a shock,
So in its quest she started.

II.

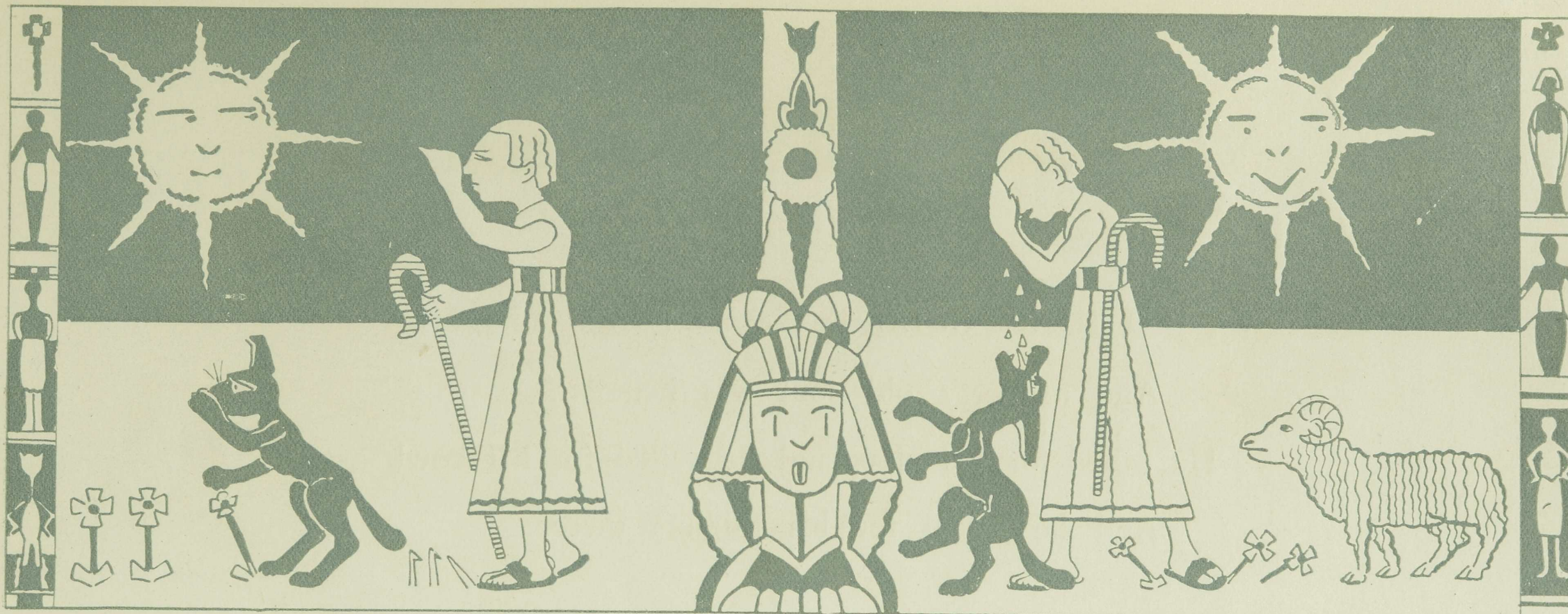
Now when Bo-peep began to weep,
The sun seemed more complacent ;
Had she turned round, she might have found
One lamb at least adjacent.

III.

Then little Bo-peep began to reap
Reward for perseverance ;
For home her sheep, began to creep,
And seemed to pledge adherence.

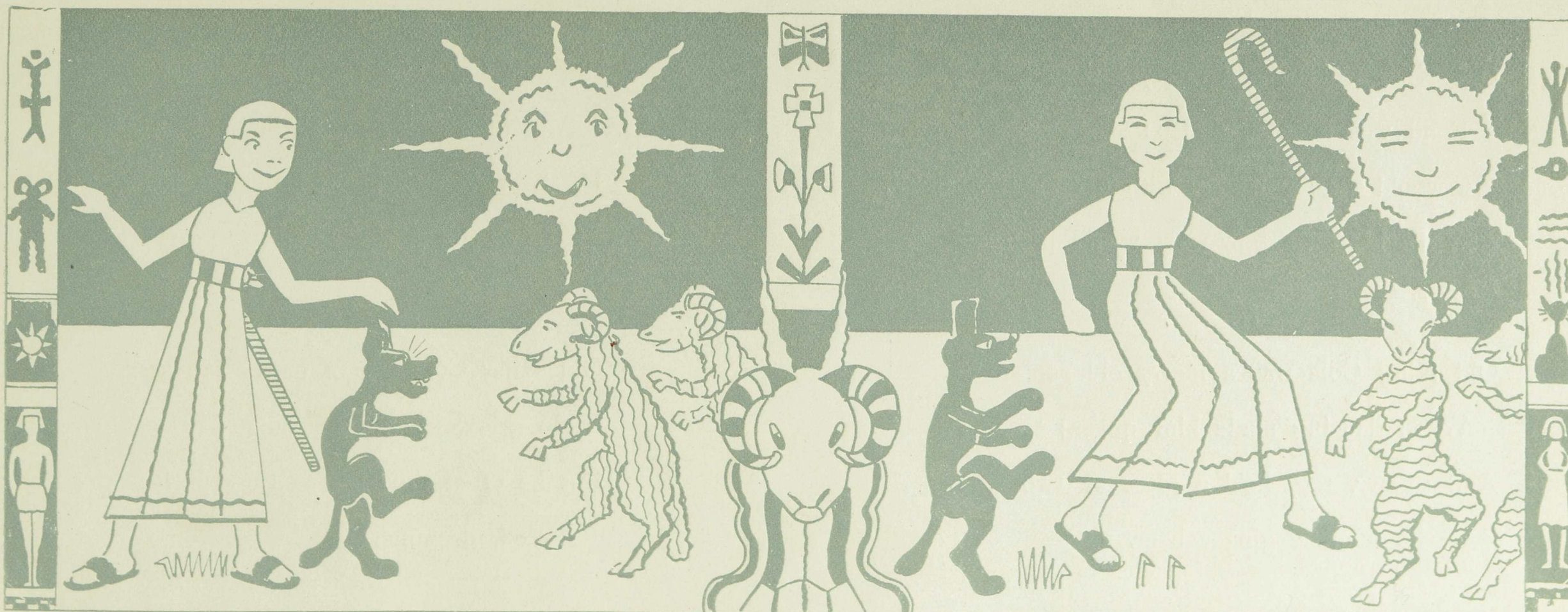
IV.

Little Bo-peep, her dog, and sheep,
When thus at last united,
Threw care away ; they danced all day,
And then went home delighted.



Bo-Peep looking for her sheep.

Crying because she cannot find them.



The sheep coming home.

General rejoicings.



OLD KING COLE

OLD KING COLE was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he.
He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.

I.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
Fond was he of a dance ;
He would hop, you see, with a one, two, three,
While his little bow-wow would prance.

II.

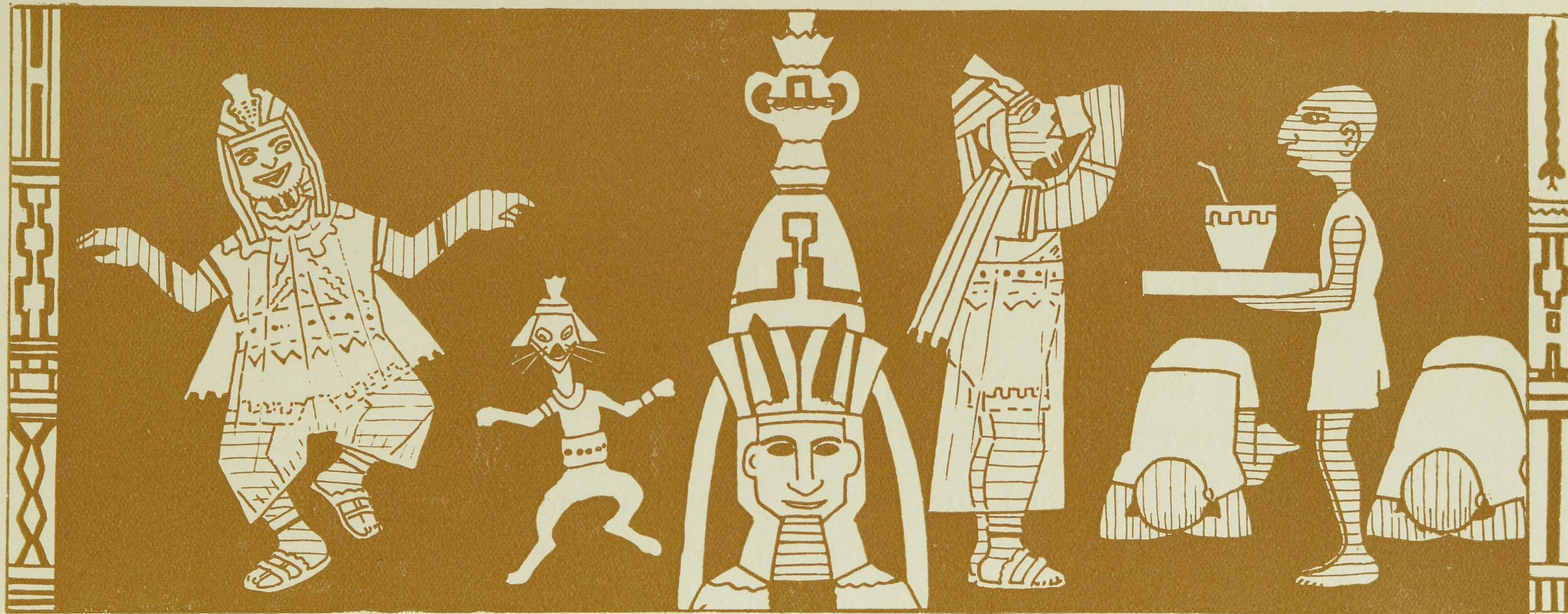
Old King Cole was a merry old soul—
When dancing made him queer ;
And thirsty, too, he'd a glass or two
Of home-made ginger beer.

III.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And in spite of his fiddlers three,
He kept from strife and lived a life
Of pleasant harmony.

IV.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
No grievance did he nurse ;
But he often thought, as they played at court,
“Well, drummers might be worse.”



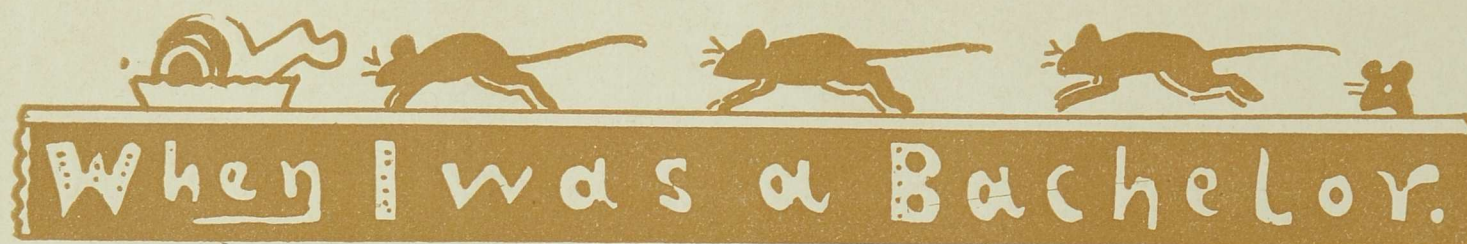
Old King Cole.

The waiter bringing the bowl to the King.



The King's three fiddlers.

Playing to the King.



When I was a Bachelor.

WHEN I was a bachelor, and lived by myself,
All the money I had, I put upon the shelf;
But the rats and the mice they led me such a life,
I went to London to get myself a wife.
The streets were so broad and the lanes were so narrow,
I could not get her home without a wheelbarrow.
The wheelbarrow broke, my wife had a fall,
Down tumbled wheelbarrow, wife and all.

I.

When I was a bachelor I really was ill-fed,
The rats and the mice devoured my cheese and bread.
Twas after one especial raid they made upon my fare,
I said I'll get myself a wife and banish every care.

II.

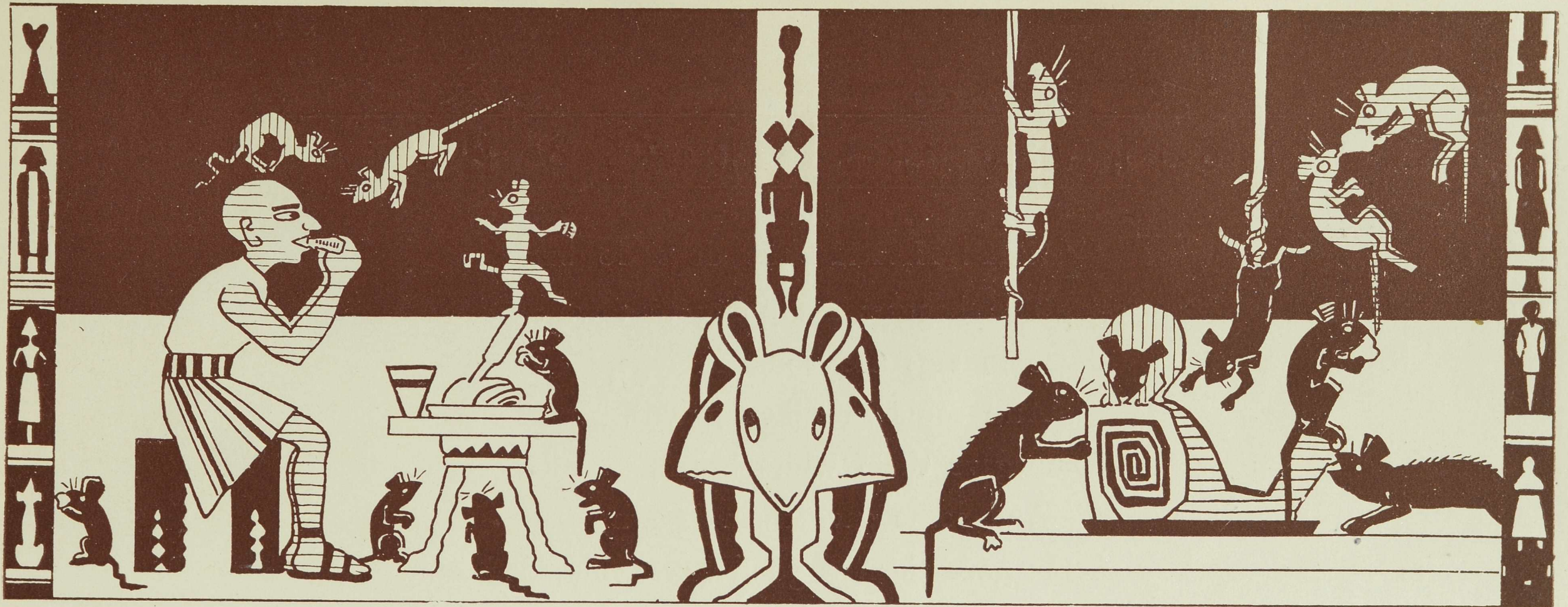
Now when I went to London, a pretty wife to find,
I left a lovely joint of meat and other things behind.
But the rats and the mice, when they knew they were alone,
Arranged a final banquet, and only left the bone.

III.

Now, when I got to London, of course, I looked around,
And in an hour or so a very charming wife I found.
A walking wedding I proposed. "Oh, dear me, no!" said she.
"If I'm to be your bride at least one carriage there must be."

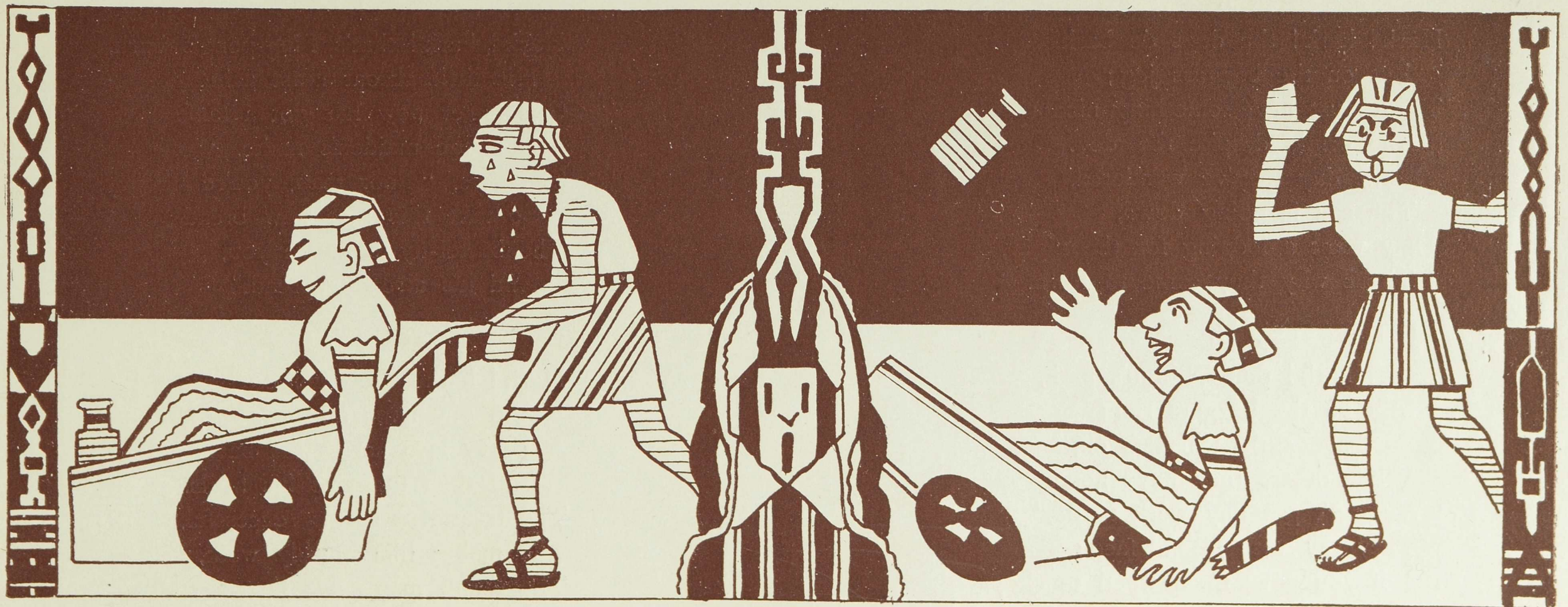
IV.

Now, when I was a bachelor my troubles they were great,
But "When I have a wife," I said, "they surely will abate."
But I was wrong, for going home there was a smash and spill;
My wife, alarmed, fell out, got cross; said I, "There's trouble still."



When I lived by myself.

The mice and rats eating all my food.



The start from London with my wife.

The finish.



HARK! HARK! the dogs do bark,
The beggars are going to town;
Some in tags and some in rags,
And some in silken gowns.
Some gave them white bread,
And some gave them brown,
Some gave them a good horsewhip, and sent
them out of town.

I.

Hark! hark! the dogs do bark,
But on the beggars jog;
They must have something nice to eat
And drink, despite the dog.
All the day they've wandered,
The sun is going down,
They want a lodging for the night,
That's why they come to town.

II.

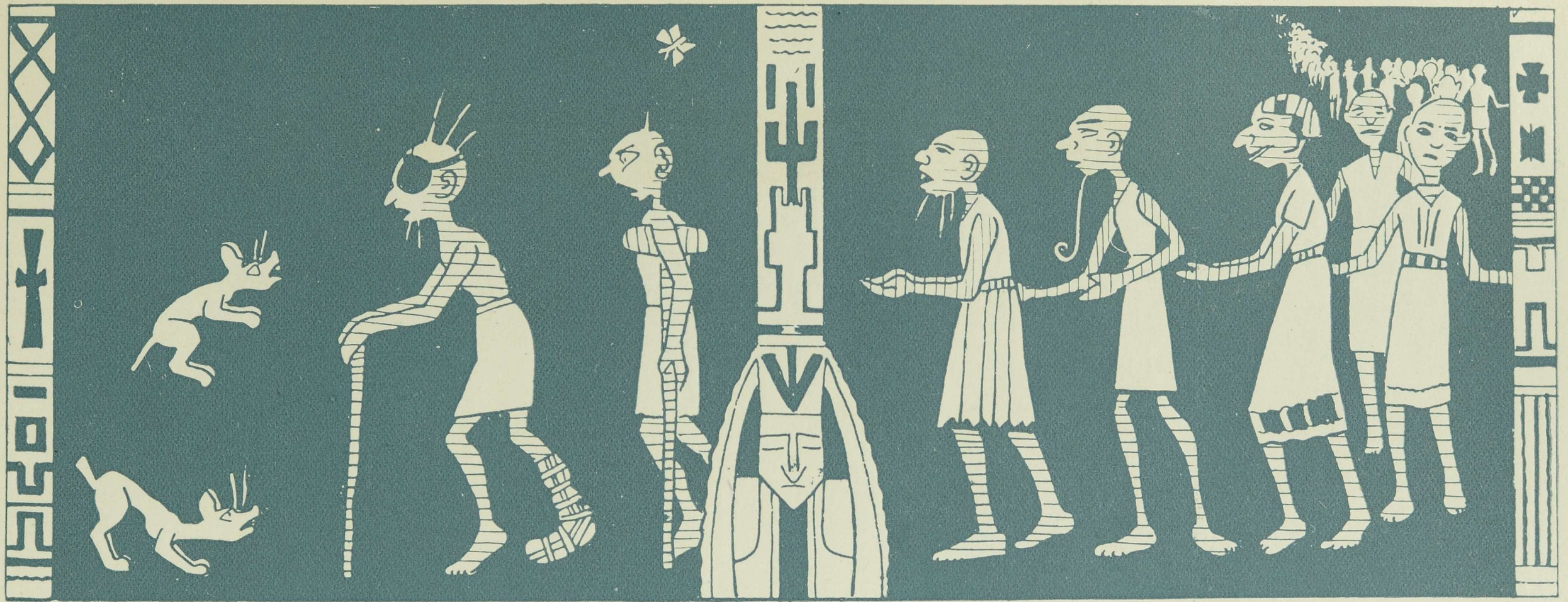
Hark! hark! that's Bingo's bark,
Still on the beggars run;
Some have curly whiskers on,
While others they have none.
"We can't get any work to do,"
They say with woeful face;
But if you gave them wood to chop,
They'd vanish into space.

III.

Hark! hark! that's Ping-pong's bark,
His little throat must ache.
One loafer now has got a loaf,
It is the maiden's make.
She says, "Poor man, you're hungry,
So take this nice new bread;
The butter-fly's above you,
And it's already spread."

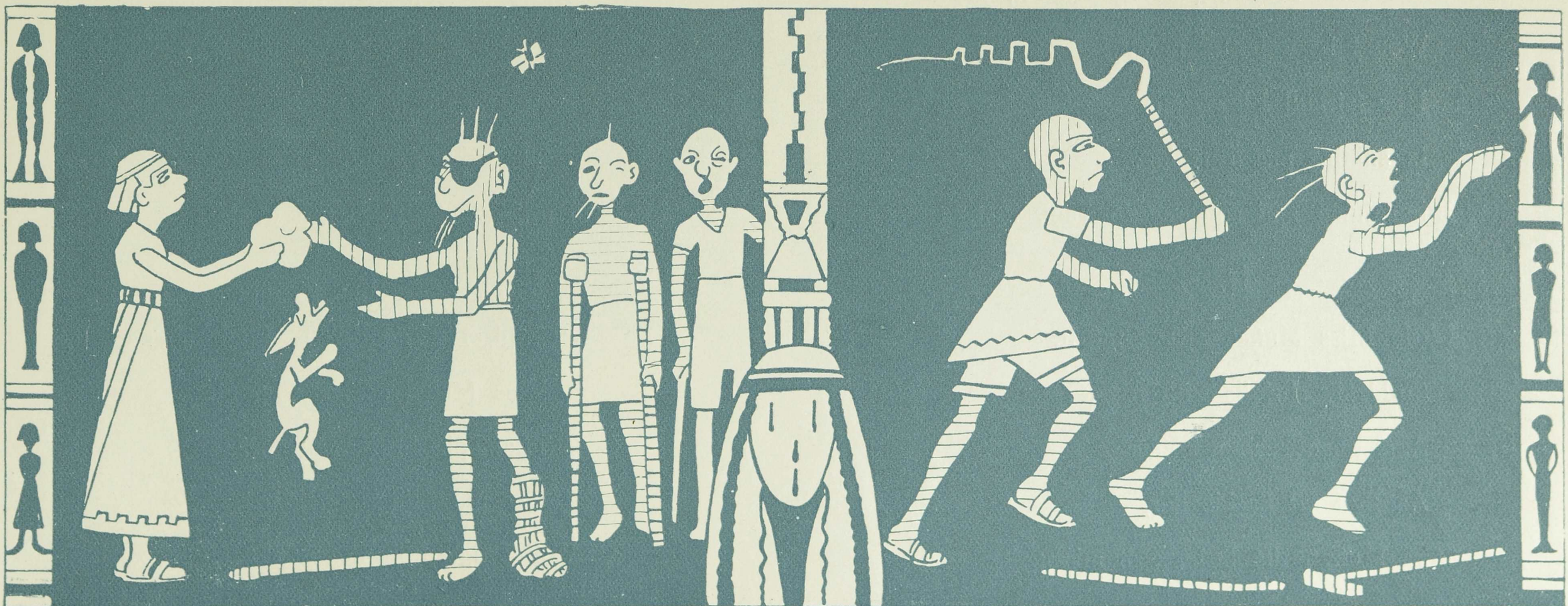
IV.

Hark! hark! the dogs do bark,
And one impostor feels
A heavy lash across his back,
And then takes to his heels.
The treatment seems successful,
It makes him quickly walk,
The dumb man's lips fly open,
And you almost hear him talk.



The dogs barking at the beggars.

Going into town.



Receiving the white bread.

Being sent out of town.



Little Miss Muffet.

LITTLE MISS MUFFET sat on a tuffet,
Eating some curds and whey ;
There came a big spider and sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away.

I.

Little Miss Muffet, possibly Stuff-it,
Would be a better name.
Her faithful Llewellyn
Is sniffing and smelling,
But sniffing and smelling in vain.

II.

Little Miss Muffet, alias Stuff-it,
Suddenly shrieks with fright ;
And when such a spider
As that sat beside her,
Miss Muffet, the little, well might.

III.

Little Miss Muffet, flies from her tuffet
Home with a fearsome tale ;
And ere half is stated,
That spider's inflated
Until it's the size of a whale.

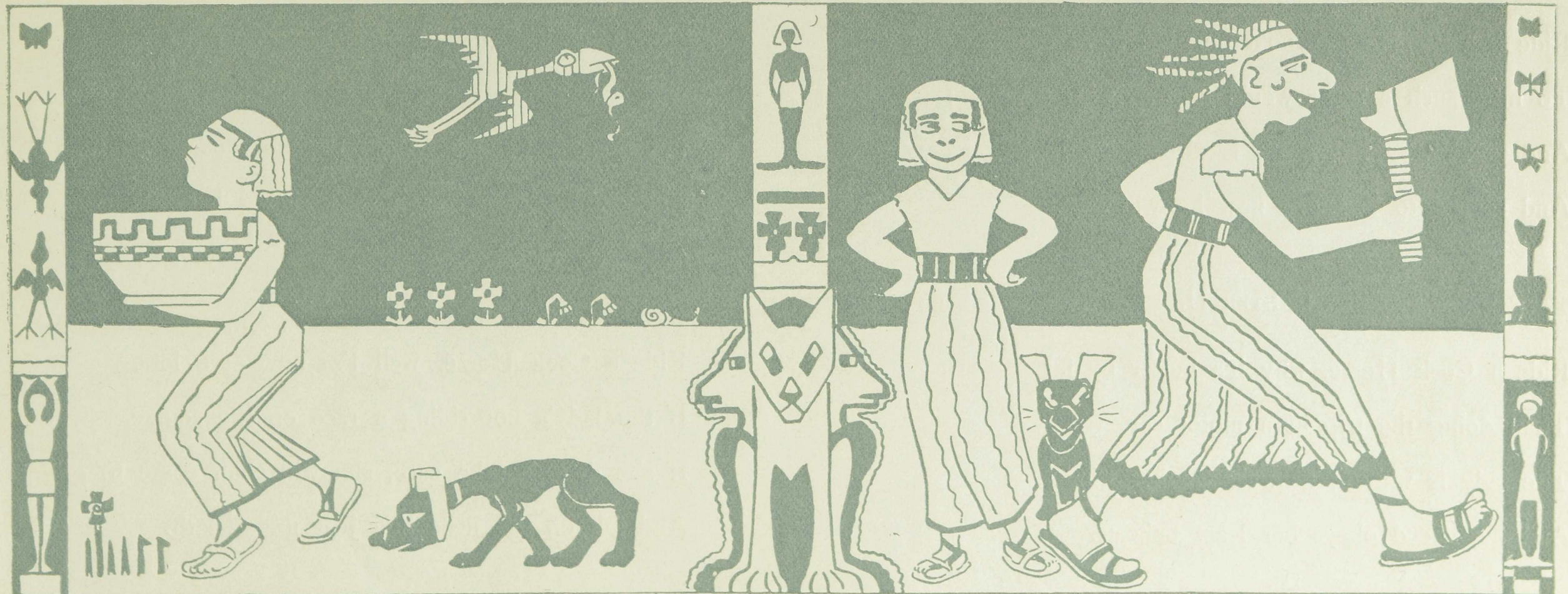
IV.

"Child, I will chase it, capture, efface it,"
Miss Muffet smiles with glee ;
That spider will catch it,
Her ma with the hatchet,
Will slaughter it instantly.



Miss Muffet eating curds and whey.

The spider coming to sit down beside her.



Miss Muffet running away.

The great grandmother going to kill the spider.



Ride a Cock Horse.

RIDE A COCK HORSE to Banbury Cross,
To see a fine lady ride on a white horse ;
Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,
She shall have music wherever she goes.

CANTER I.

Ride a Cock Horse, you'd be glad to of course,
To miss such a sight would fill one with remorse ;
And that's why the youth is already astride,
And soon into Banbury now he will ride.

CANTER II.

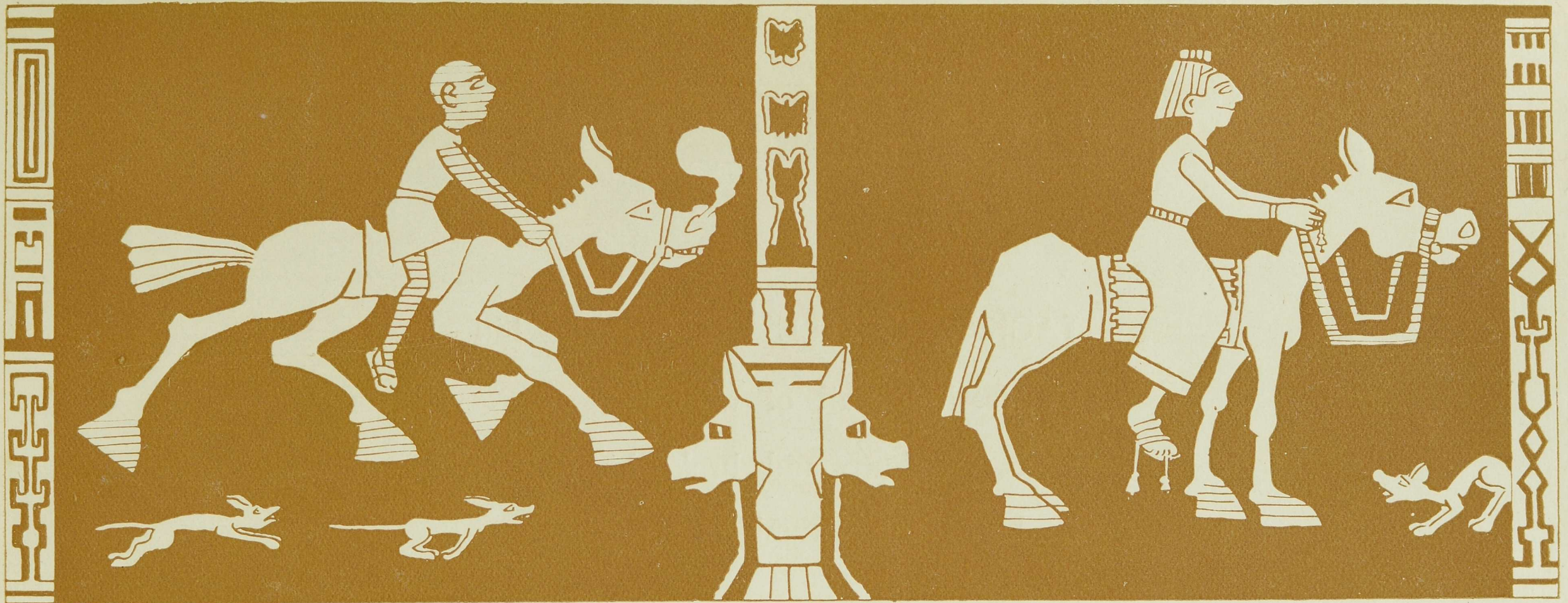
Ride a Cock Horse, why it's better by far
Than doing the trip in a motor car.
The lady is waiting to welcome her guests,
And her steed obeys her least behests.

CANTER III.

Ride a Cock Horse, how clearly she shows
That she certainly has got some bells on her toes.
The pose is not one which the nervous would like,
P'raps the lady imagines she's riding her bike.

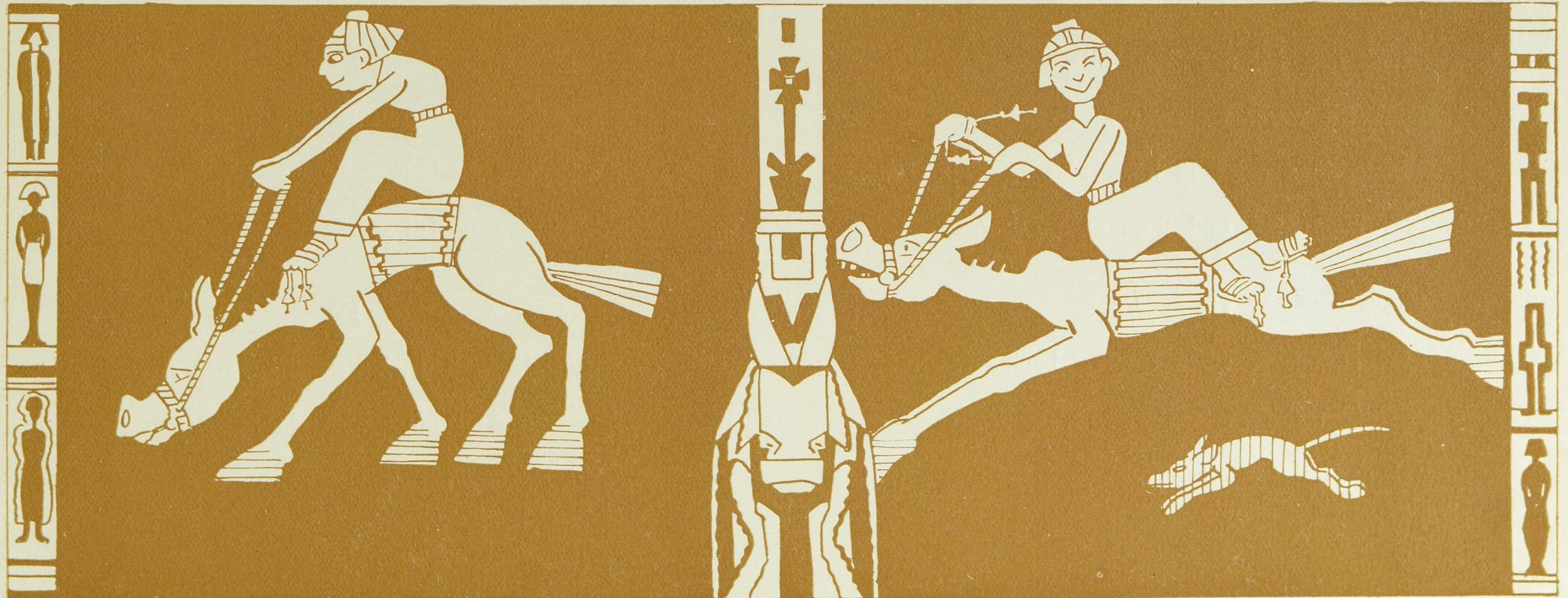
CANTER IV.

Ride a Cock Horse, well I'm now at a loss,
If the lady's not riding a race on the course,
If she doesn't take care, she will soon come to grief,
And fall on the little dog just underneath.



The ride to Banbury on a cock horse.

The fine lady on the white horse.



With rings on her fingers and bells on her toes.

Having music wherever she goes.



JACK and JILL. ~

JACK AND JILL went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water,
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

I.

Jack and Jill a pail to fill
With water for their mother,
Instead—a prize in butterflies
Chase first, and then each other.

II.

Jill and Jack when coming back
From their intent aquatic,
Adown the hill attempt the skill
Of persons acrobatic.

III.

But then, alack! both Jill and Jack
Found it a risky calling;
For Jack is down upon his crown,
And Jill you see is falling.

IV.

Jill and Jack now limp and slack,
And filled with disappointment,
With footsteps slow, away they go
For home and soothing ointment.



Jack and Jill going up the hill.

Jack falling down.



Jill screaming and falling after Jack.

Both return home.



Little Boy-Blue. ~

LITTLE BOY BLUE, come blow up your horn,
The sheep are in the meadow, the cows in the corn.
Where's the little boy who looks after the sheep?
He's under the haystack, fast asleep.

I.

In Egypt a farmer arose one morn,
And hastened away to his fields of corn.
His rage was great when soon he found,
Only a scanty crop on the ground.

II.

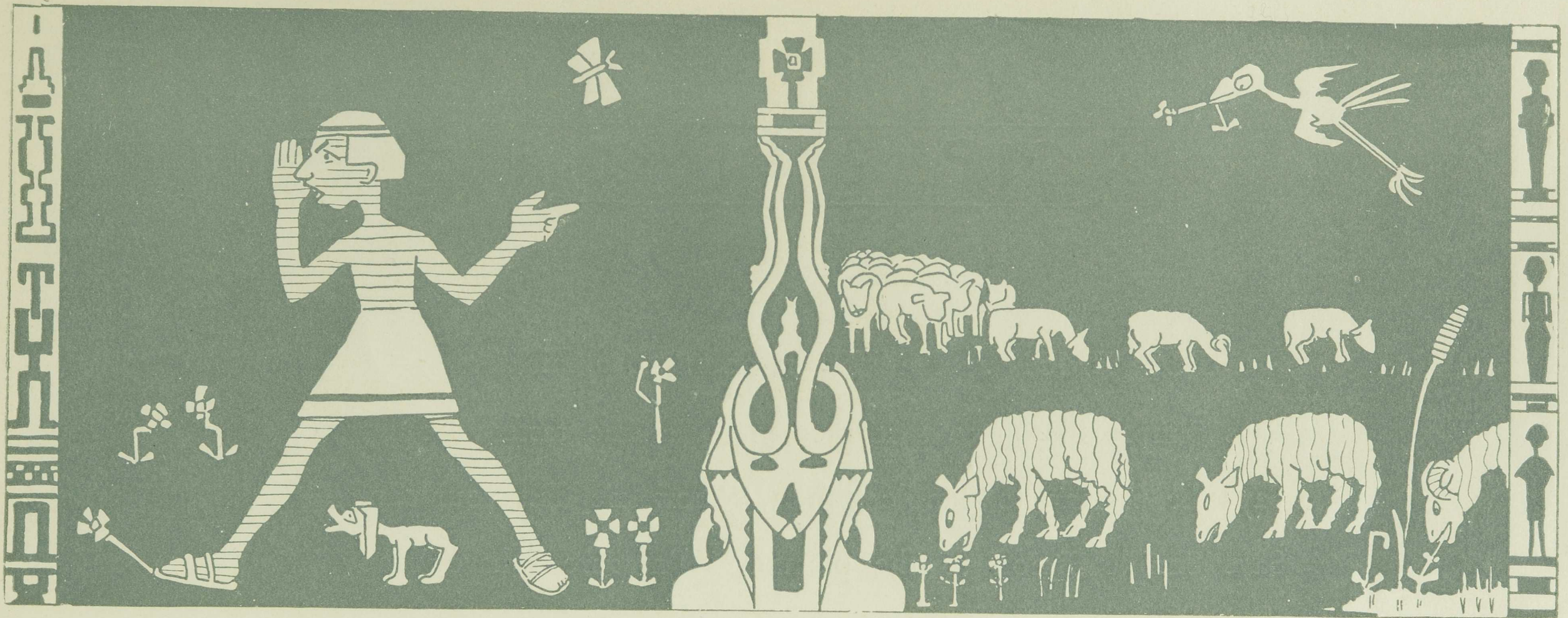
Gone from the fold were the sheep; they'd been
Into the meadow, so fresh and green;
And in the night, thus it came to pass
Disappeared most of the mowing grass.

III.

That was not all; for the hungry kine,
Into the cornfield go to dine.
And one so gaunt, with gusto leers,
As he bites the young and tender ears.

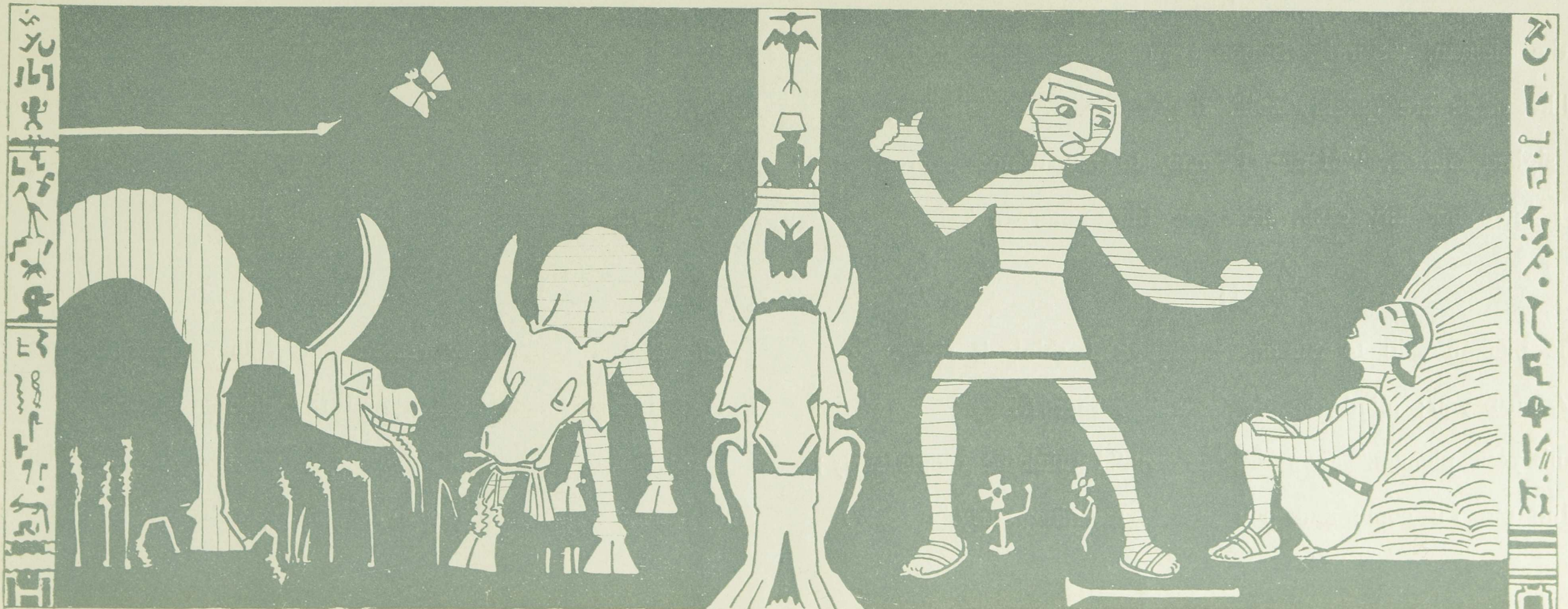
IV.

Now where is the keeper of cows and sheep?
Why, under the haystack fast asleep.
I would not like to be Little Boy Blue,
When at last he *does* wake up. Would you?



Calling to Boy Blue to blow his horn.

These are the sheep that got into the meadow.



The cows that eat the corn.

Little Boy Blue fast asleep.



SIMPLE SIMON.

SIMPLE SIMON met a pieman going to a fair ;
Says Simple Simon to that pieman, "Let me taste your ware."
Says the pieman to Simple Simon, "Show me first your penny."
Says Simple Simon to the pieman, "I'm sure I haven't any."

I.

Said the pieman, "Surely, Simon, you possess some money.
Pies like these are quickly sold, they're as sweet as honey."
Then sighed Simon, "Mister Pieman, to my utmost sorrow,
Now I have not any cash, trust me till to-morrow."

II.

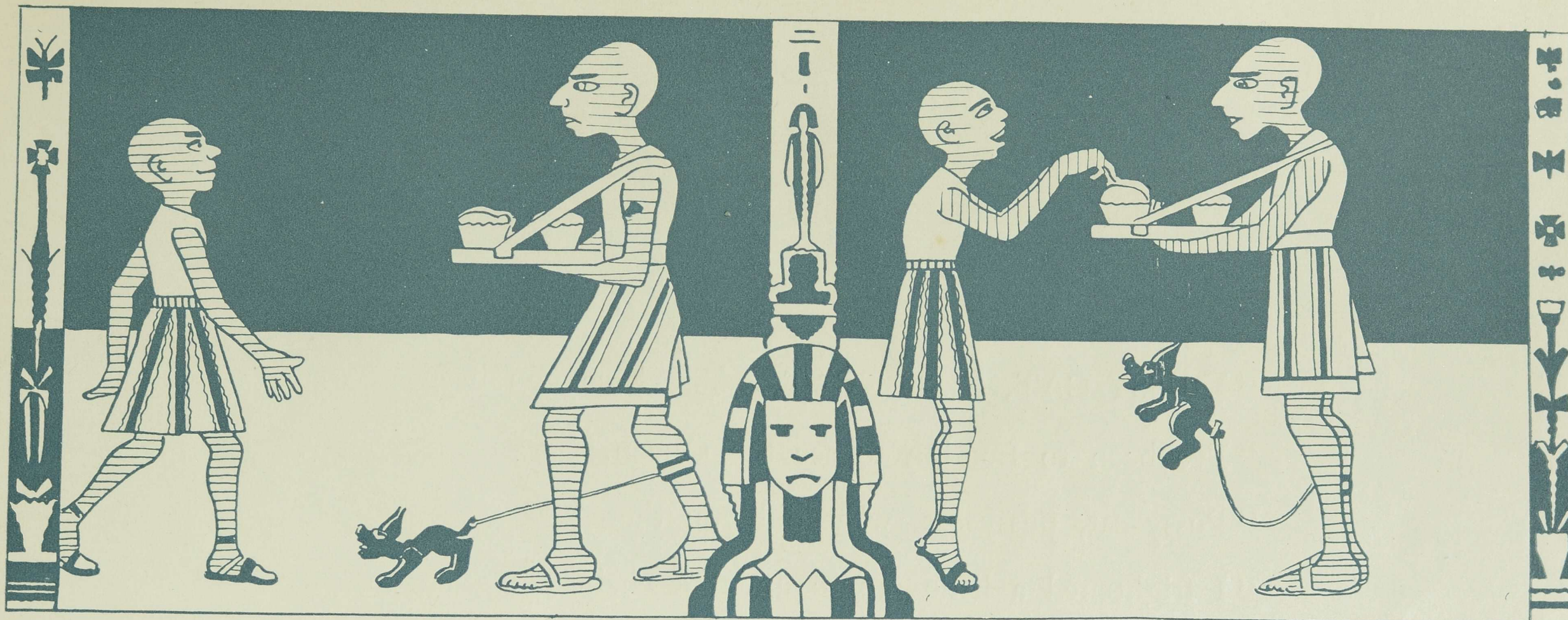
So the pieman said to Simon, "Though I think it risky,
I *will* trust you; mind the dog, he is rather frisky."
"Thank you, pieman," answered Simon; "I think he seems surly;
For the pie I'll come and pay in the morning early."

III.

Then the morrow came and went, but no sign of Simon,
For, you see, he did not mean to pay that trusting pieman.
When they meet again once more, up the pieman snatches
A pie to throw at Simon's head, which the puppy catches.

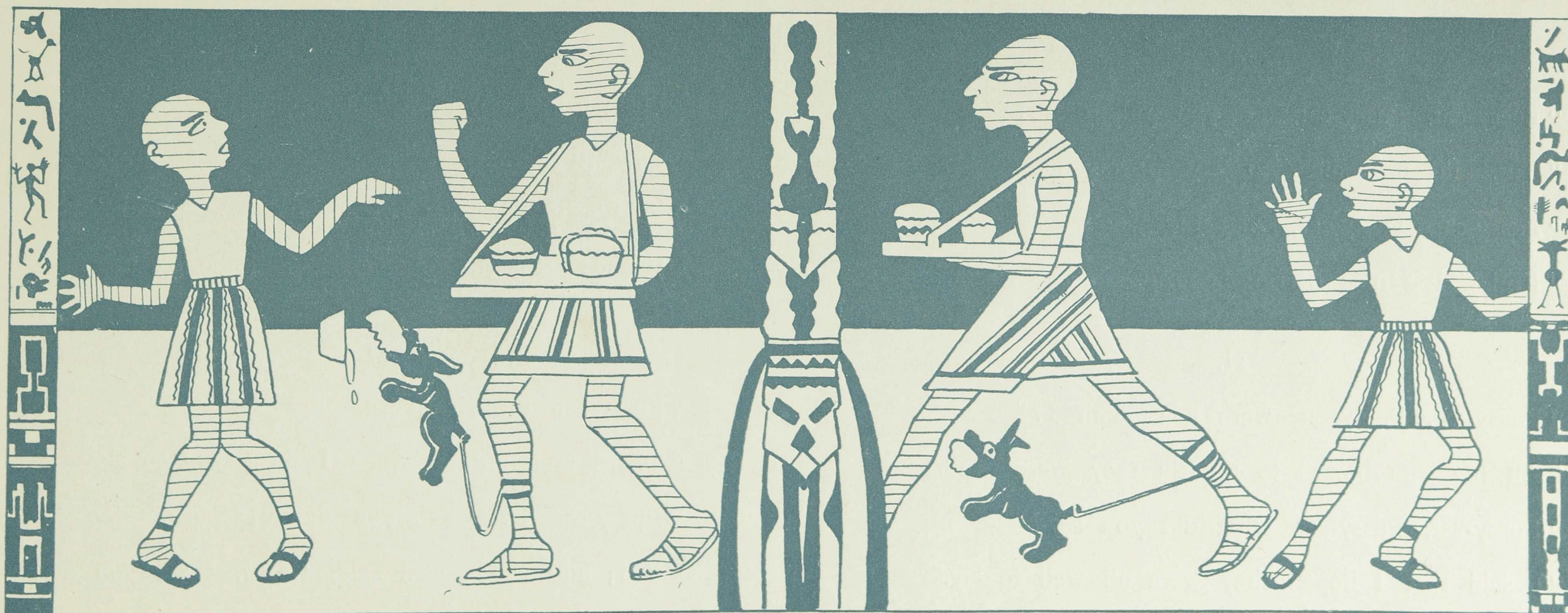
IV.

Would that I could now record that Simon promptly settled,
But he instead was impolite and the pieman nettled.
I think it's clear that, after all, the simpler was the pieman,
And you'll agree we ought to call the youngster, "Sinful Simon."



Simple Simon meeting the pieman.

Asking for a pie.



Telling the pieman he has not any money.

The pieman going off in disgust.



Pussy-cat, Pussy-cat.

“PUSSY-CAT, PUSSY-CAT, where have you been?”

“I’ve been to London to see the Queen.”

“Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, what did you there?”

“I frightened a little mouse under a chair.”

I

“Pussy-cat, Pussy-cat, did you walk there?”

“Yes. I’d no money to pay for my fare.”

“Pussy-cat, Pussy-cat, what did you eat?”

“I picked a nice herring-bone up in the street.”

II.

“Pussy-cat, Pussy-cat, were you admired?”

“All the cats bowed to me till they were tired.”

“Pussy-cat, Pussy-cat, what did you say?”

“I said that I hoped they were all well to-day.”

III.

“Pussy-cat, Pussy-cat, pray tell me more.”

“I went to the Palace and knocked at the door.”

“Pussy-cat, Pussy-cat, what next took place?”

“I bowed till the Queen put a smile on her face.”

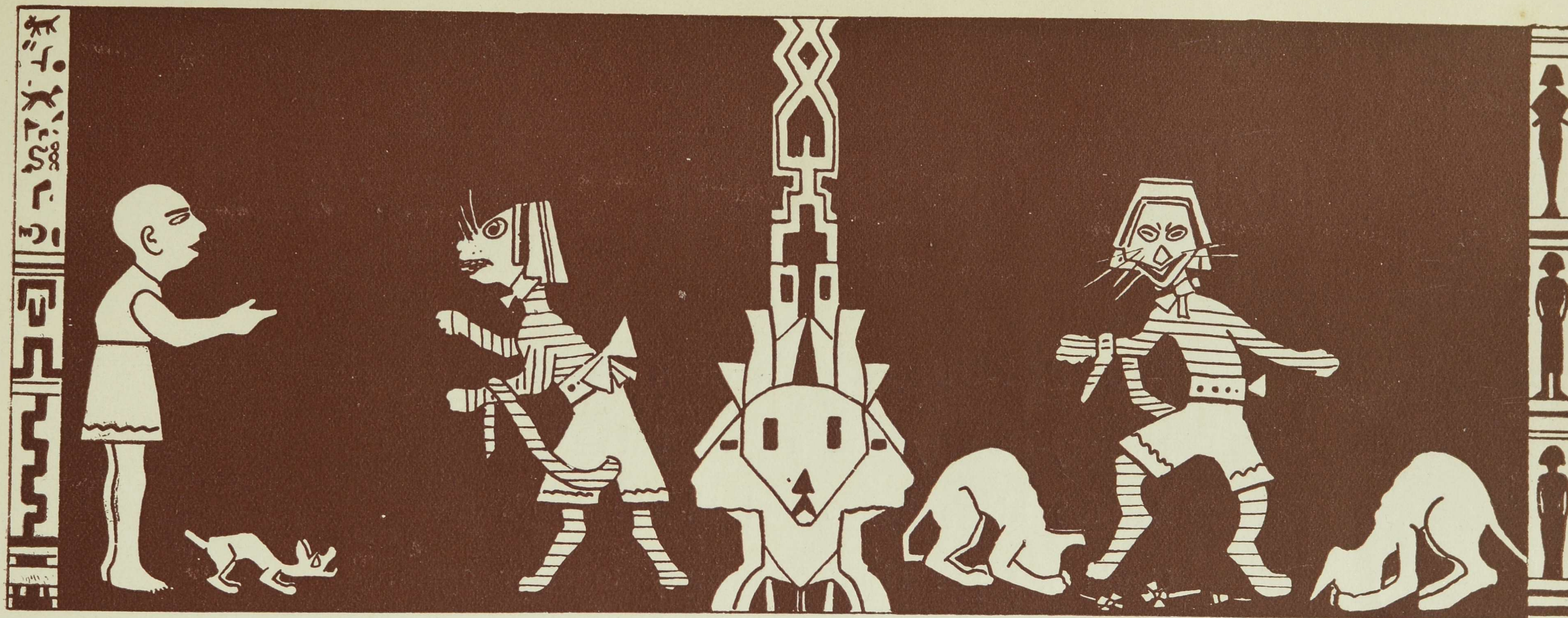
IV.

“Pussy-cat, Pussy-cat, what did she say?”

“There is a mouse which I want you to slay.”

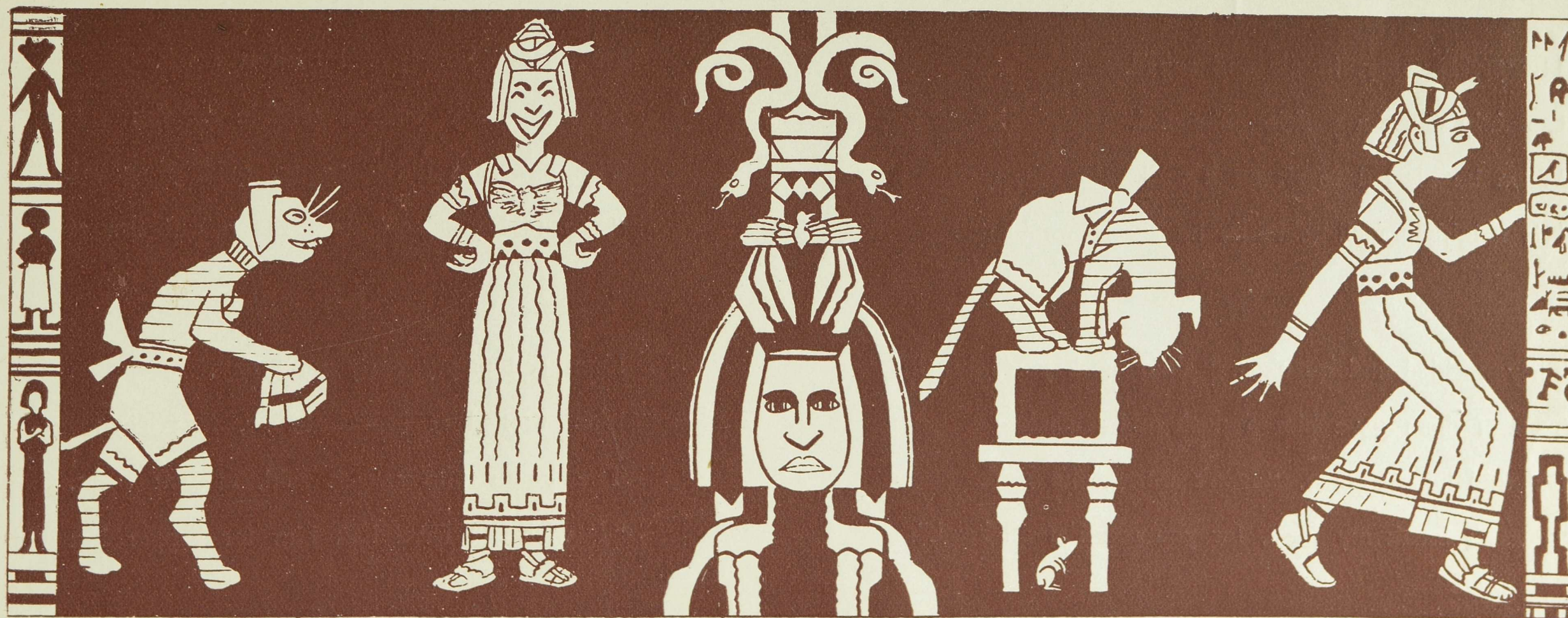
“Pussy-cat, Pussy-cat, you slew, I know.”

“Yes; and the Queen said, ‘Now, Puss, you may go.’”



Where are you going, pussy cat?

Off to London to see the Queen.



Pussy and the queen

Frightening the mouse under chair.



HUMPTY-DUMPTY sat on a Wall

HUMPTY-DUMPTY sat on a wall,
Humpty-Dumpty had a great fall ;
All the king's horses and all the king's men
Could not put Humpty-Dumpty together again.

I.

Humpty-Dumpty, fragile and round,
Certainly chose a position unsound.
When he elected to sit on a wall,
His neighbours all told him he surely would fall.

II.

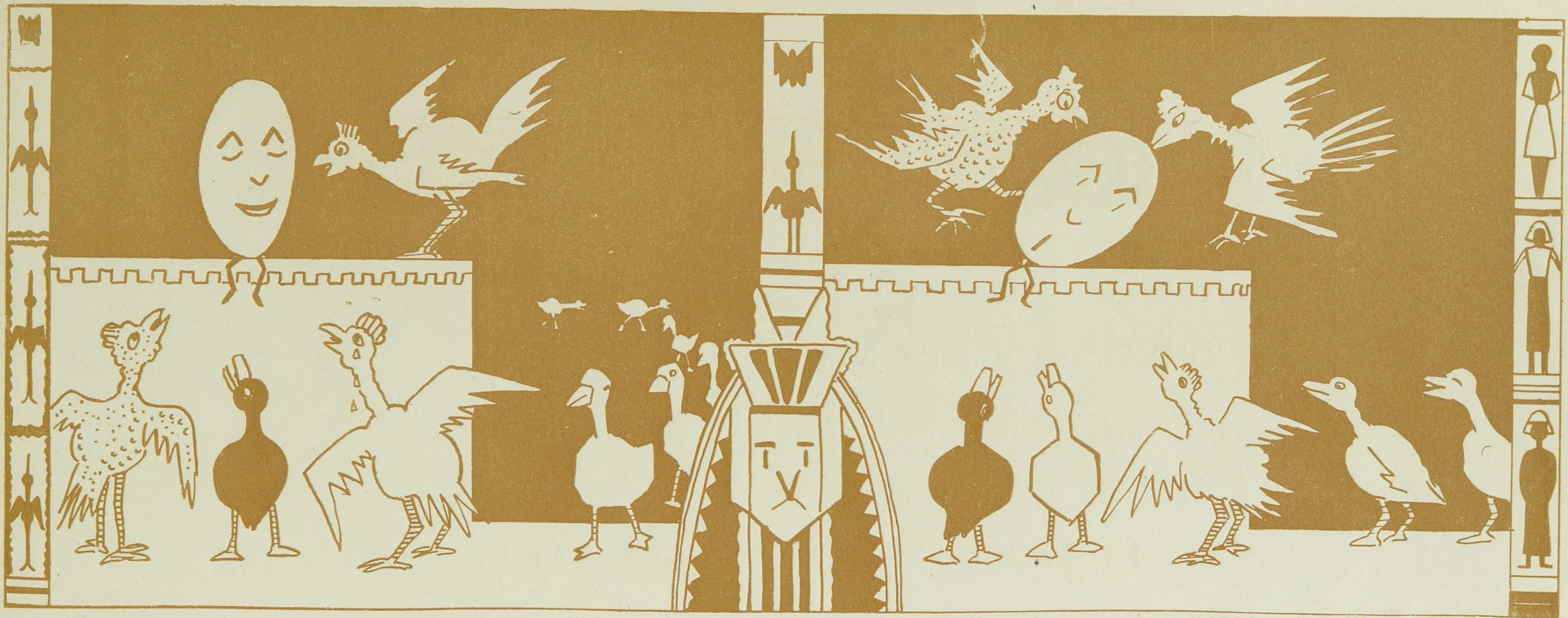
They cackled and quacked, "Your neck you'll break,"
Two of them gave him a push and a shake ;
But still he sat there, "Don't worry," he said,
"I can't break my neck, for you see I'm all head."

III.

Obstinate Humpty fell with a crash,
Spectators say 'twas a terrible smash ;
The news, as did Humpty, quickly spread,
"We told you so," then the neighbours said.

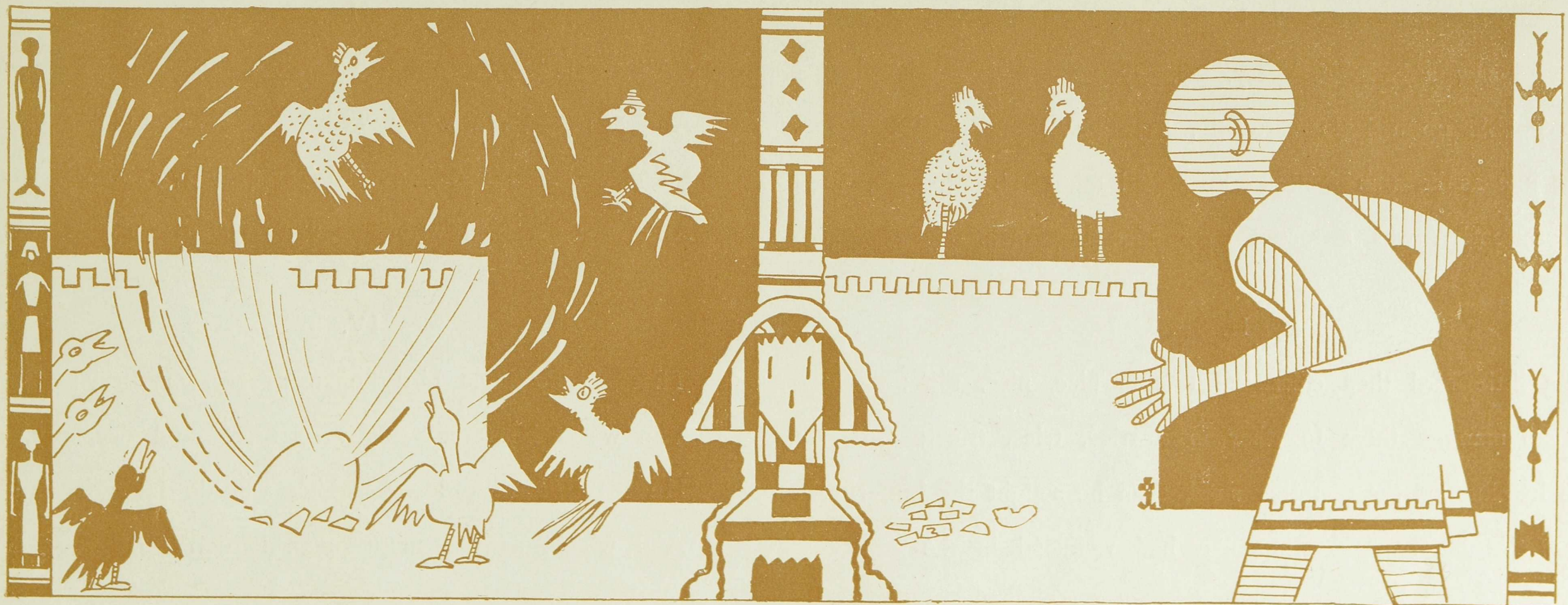
IV.

Humpty-Dumpty early next day,
Was wanted at breakfast-time, they say ;
The youth who sought said, at that sight,
"I wish I'd have had him for supper last night."



Humpty Dumpty.

The fowls trying to get Humpty Dumpty off the wall.



The great smash.

The remains of Humpty Dumpty.



THE LITTLE BIRD. ~~~~~

I ONCE saw a little bird go hop, hop, hop ;
So I said, " Little bird, will you stop, stop, stop ?"
I went to my window to say How do you do,
When he flapped his little wings and away he flew.

I.

I once saw a little bird, try, try, try.
To gobble up a little butter-fly, fly, fly ;
But just as he was thinking he would take it by the tail,
His attention was attracted by a nice big snail.

II.

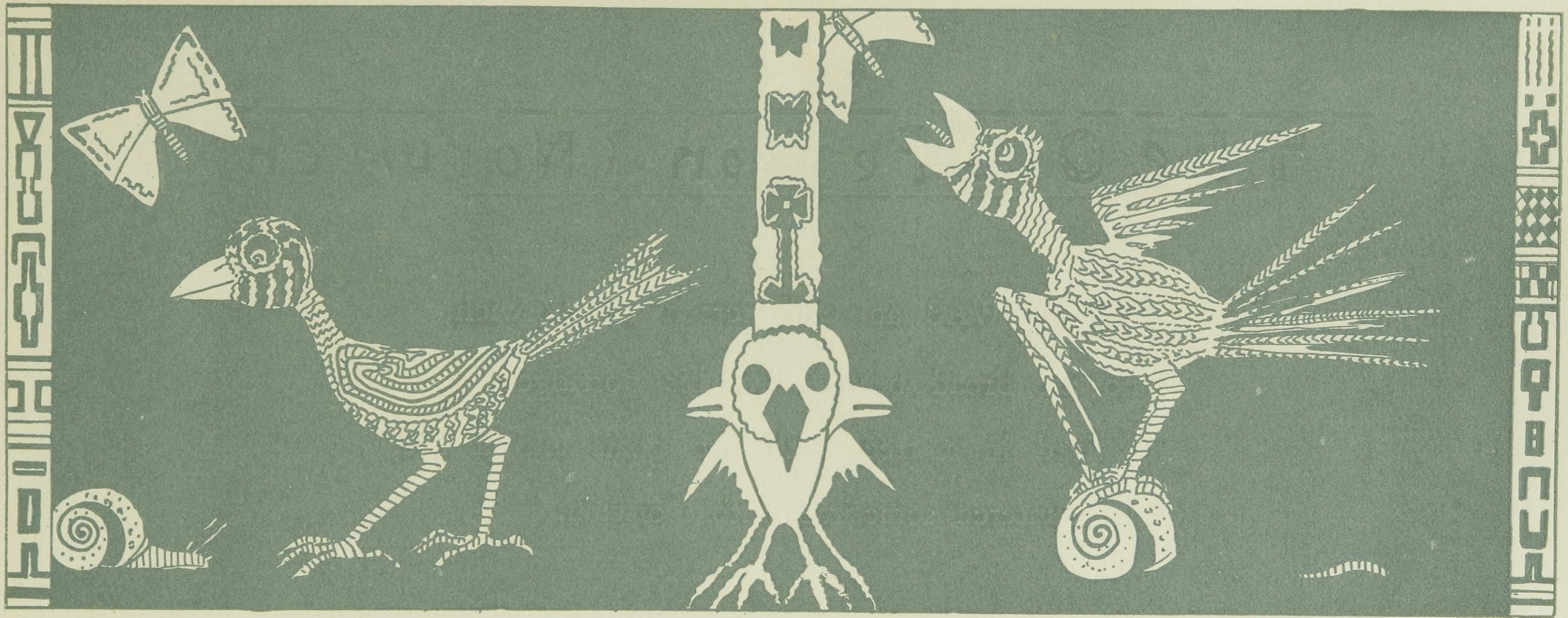
The little bird then chirruped this is nice, nice, nice ;
I can manage them together in a trice, trice, trice ;
So he clutched the tempting snail, then he sought the butterfly,
But ere his beak was open, it had vanished in the sky.

III.

" Ah, well !" said the bird ; " I've the snail, snail, snail,
And see here's a worm with a fine tail, tail."
So charmed with this new dainty, he over-looked, you see
Another little bird, who said, " This snail will just suit me."

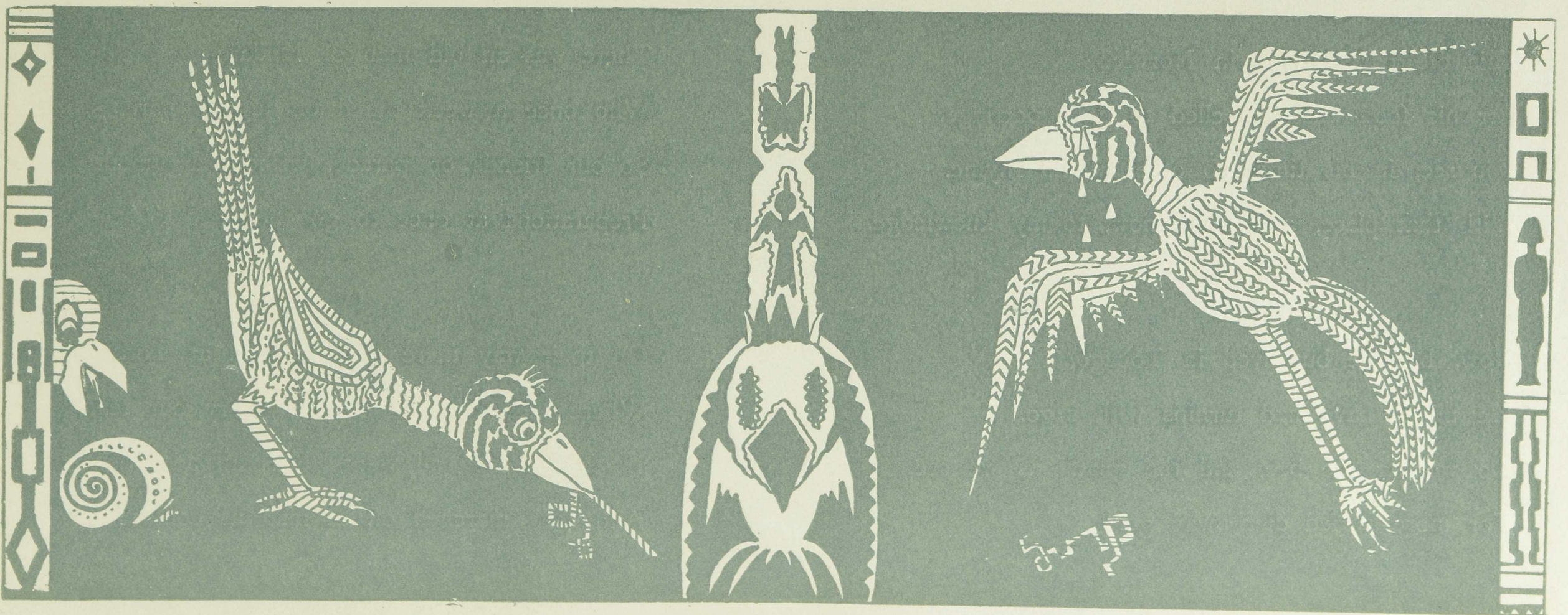
IV.

That greedy little bird began to cry, cry, cry ;
The worm he found was very tough and dry, dry, dry.
He learnt a little lesson which will do for you and me,
And which, as you may guess, is don't be gree-d-d.



This is the bird that went hop, hop, hop.

Trying to get the butterfly without letting go of the snail.



The other little bird running off with the snail.

Lost all, because he wanted too much.



The Old Person of Norwich.

THERE WAS an Old Person of Norwich,
Who ate broad beans with his porridge ;
He lived in a tree, with two gnats and a bee,
And sauntered sometimes into Norwich.

I.

This old party living in Norwich,
For his food was compelled to have porridge.
You see, in his time, no other would rhyme,
With that place, and won't now, to my knowledge.

II.

Now, had he but lived in Tobago,
He might have had turnips with sago.
No wonder the bee, and the gnats, as we see,
For more varied diet away go.

III.

There was an old man of Kildare,
Who once a week dined off jugged hare,
So our friends on parade, without argument made
Preparations at once to go there..

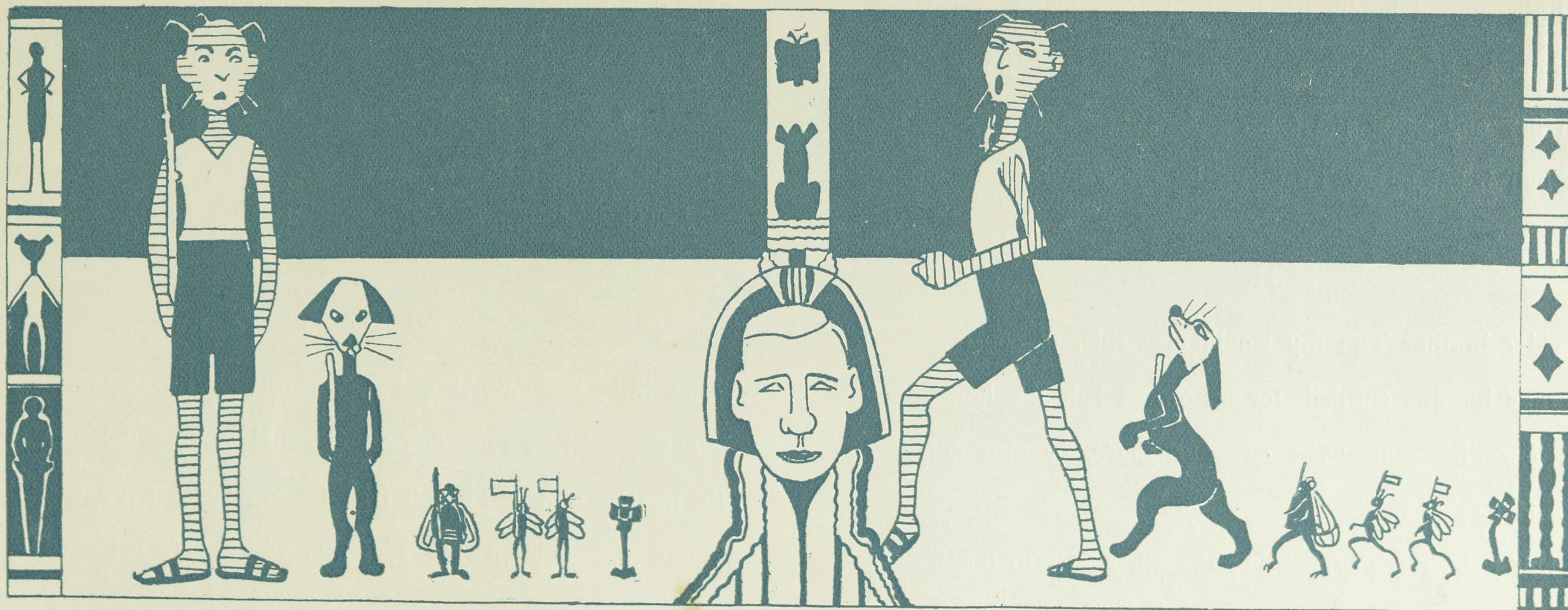
IV.

On their way there they stopped at Torquay,
Where they read on a sign, "Try our tea."
In to tea they all went, t'was an advertisement,
And they marched off as mad as could be.



The Old Man of Norwich.

Putting the broad beans into the porridge.



The Old Man and his companions.

Sauntering into Norwich.



THE LITTLE HOBBY HORSE

I HAD a Little Hobby Horse and it was dapple grey ;
Its head was made of pea straw, its tail was made of hay.
I sold it to an old woman for a copper groat,
And I'll not sing my song again without a new coat.

I.

My little spotted hobby horse would often let me ride
Upon its back, for it was quiet, and well filled up inside
With hay and straw and other things, just like a proper gee ;
And half belonged to Timothy, the other half to me.

II.

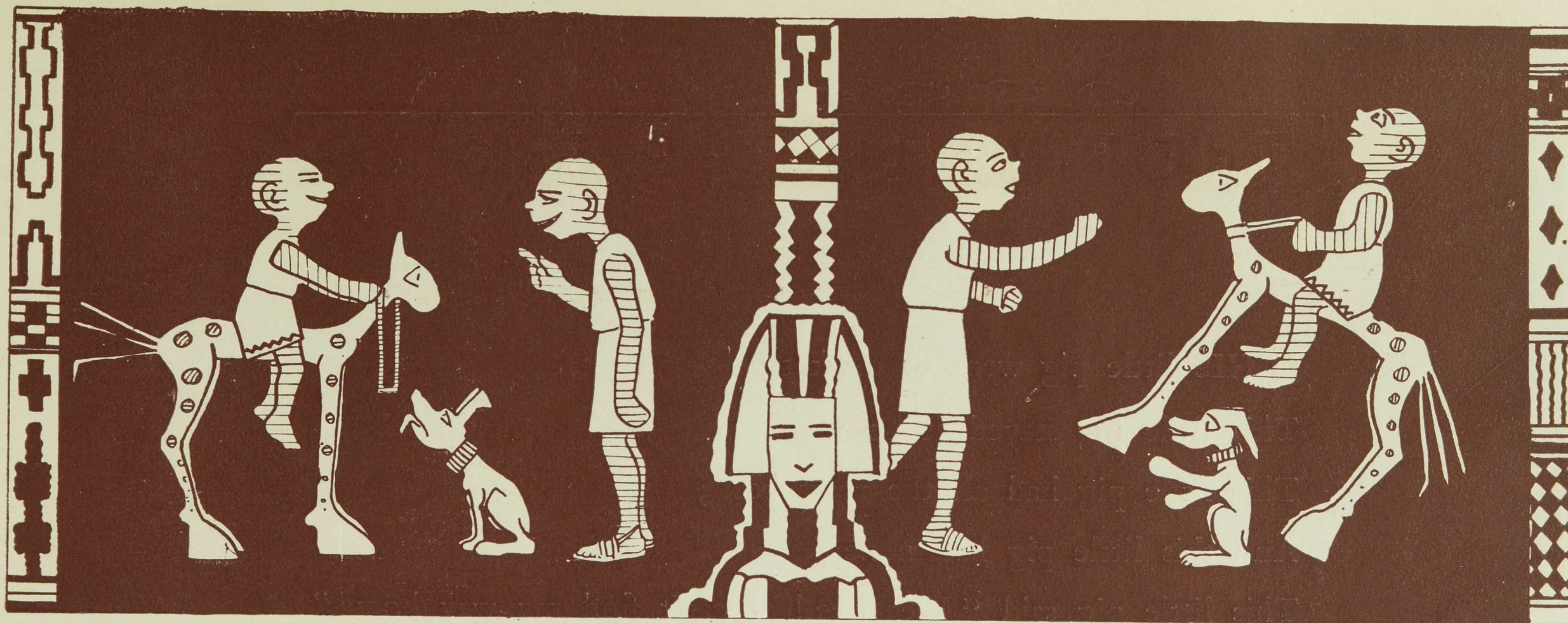
My elder brother Timothy would also ride, of course,
For thus he was entitled, for he owned half the horse ;
Well once he said, " Sit on your share, or else come off,"
said he ;
For half belonged to Timothy, the other half to me.

III.

One day when smartly trotting, right off his back I flew,
And then we found that hobby horse had parted right in two.
We tried to mend him up with tacks and glue, but failed
you see ;
Still, half belonged to Timothy, the other half to me.

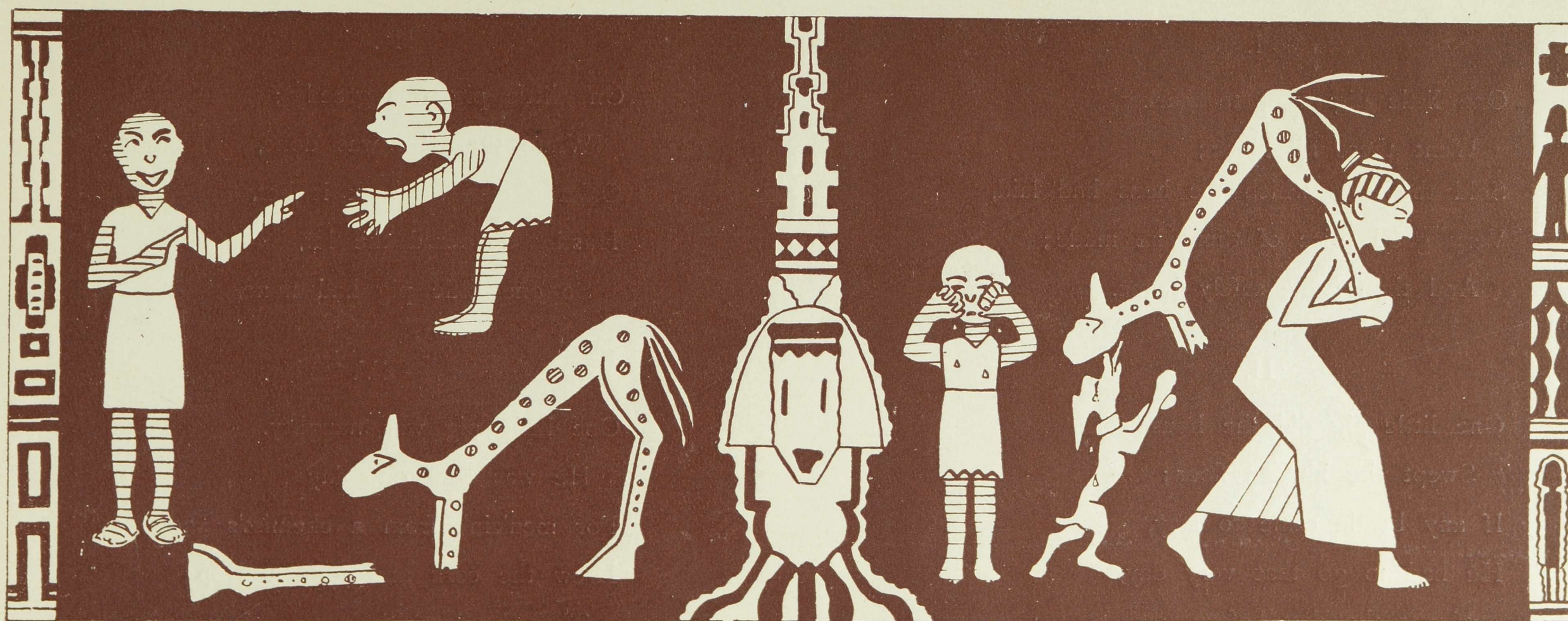
IV.

That little broken hobby horse, caused bitter tears to start,
We wrangled as to which of us could claim the larger part.
So mother said, " I'll sell it!" for we could not agree
Which part belonged to Timothy, which part belonged to me.



The little hobby horse.

Trying to ride it.



The break up of the hobby horse.

A final parting.



THE FIVE LITTLE PIGS.

THIS little pig went to market ;
This little pig stayed at home ;
This little pig had all the roast beef ;
And this little pig had none ;
This little pig said “ Wee-wee ! I can’t find my way home.”

I.

One little pig went to market,
Went there all alone ;
Sold the eggs which the hens had laid,
Very good price of them he made ;
And then came safely home.

II,

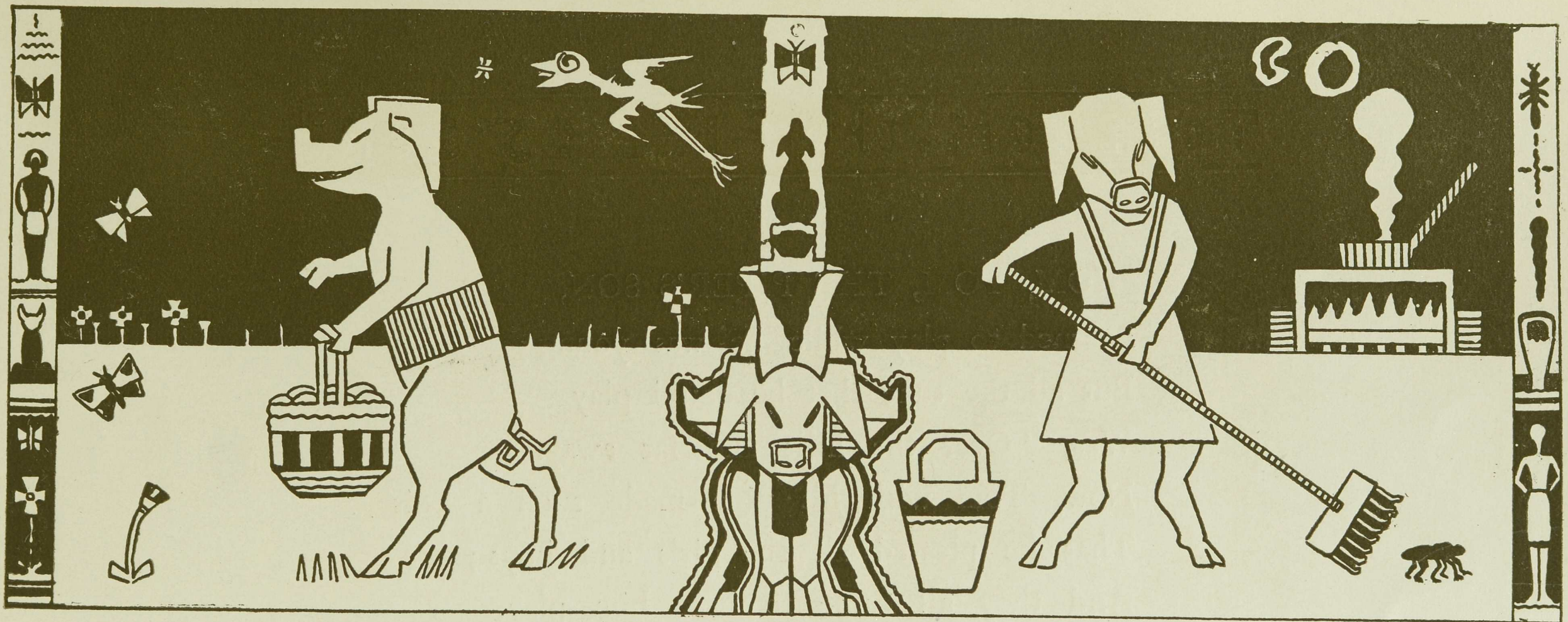
One little pig did the housework,
Swept the kitchen floor ;
If any beetle came to stay,
He had to go that very day,
If not the day before.

III.

One little pig was greedy ;
When the joint was done,
Off the dish he took it hot,
Hastily devoured the lot,
So one little pig had none.

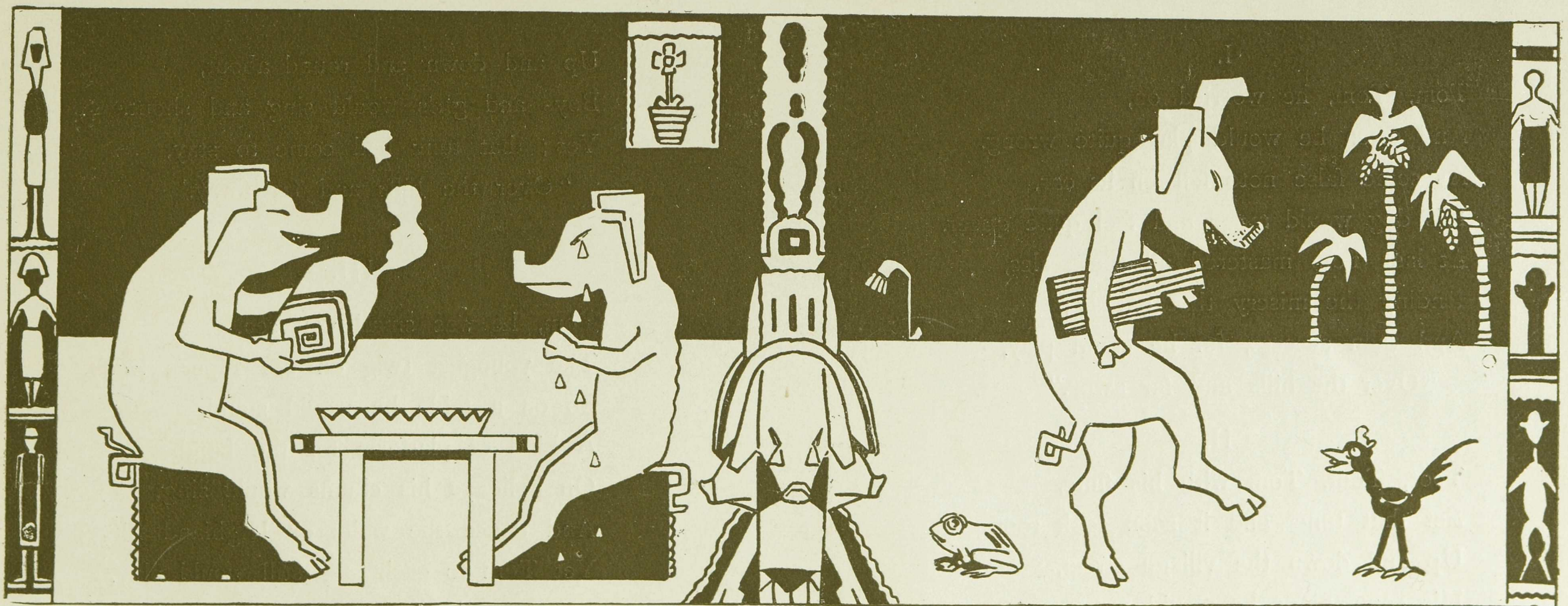
IV.

One little pig was naughty.
He was sent one day
For med’cin’, from a chemist’s shop,
Drew the cork and took a drop ;
Then he lost his way




The little pig that went to market.

The pig that stayed at home.



The pig that ate all the roast beef.

The little pig that could not find his way home.



TOM, TOM, the PIPER'S SON.

TOM, TOM, THE PIPER'S SON,
Learned to play while he was young ;
But all the tune that he could play
Was, "Over the hills and far away."
Now, Tom with his pipe made such a noise,
That he pleased all the girls and boys ;
And they all came to hear him play,
"Over the hills and far away."

I.

Tom, Tom, he worried on,
And often he would play quite wrong.
As some false note fell on its ear,
His dog would moan and feel quite queer.
At last Tom mastered all the scales,
Ending the misery that entails ;
And then success, for he could play,
"Over the hills and far away."

II.

Toot, Toot, Tom with his flute,
Set that tune, and it soon took root.
Up and down the village street,
His companions he would meet.

Up and down and round about,
Boys and girls would sing and shout.
Yes ; that tune had come to stay,
"Over the hills and far away.'

III.

Tom, he was small you see,
The youngest twig on the Piper's tree ;
So on a table he would stand,
A kind of platform for the band.
On holidays his chums would sing,
And dance the waltz or Highland fling ;
Yet Tom to each step still would play,
"Over the hills and far away."



Tom learning to play.

Marching through the streets with his playfellows.



"Over the hills and far away."



BYE, BABY BUNTING.

BYE, Baby Bunting,
Father's gone a-hunting,
To get a little rabbit skin
To wrap the Baby Bunting in.

I.

See, Baby Bunting,
He is also hunting.
Seated on his mother's knee,
As happy as a huntsman he.

II.

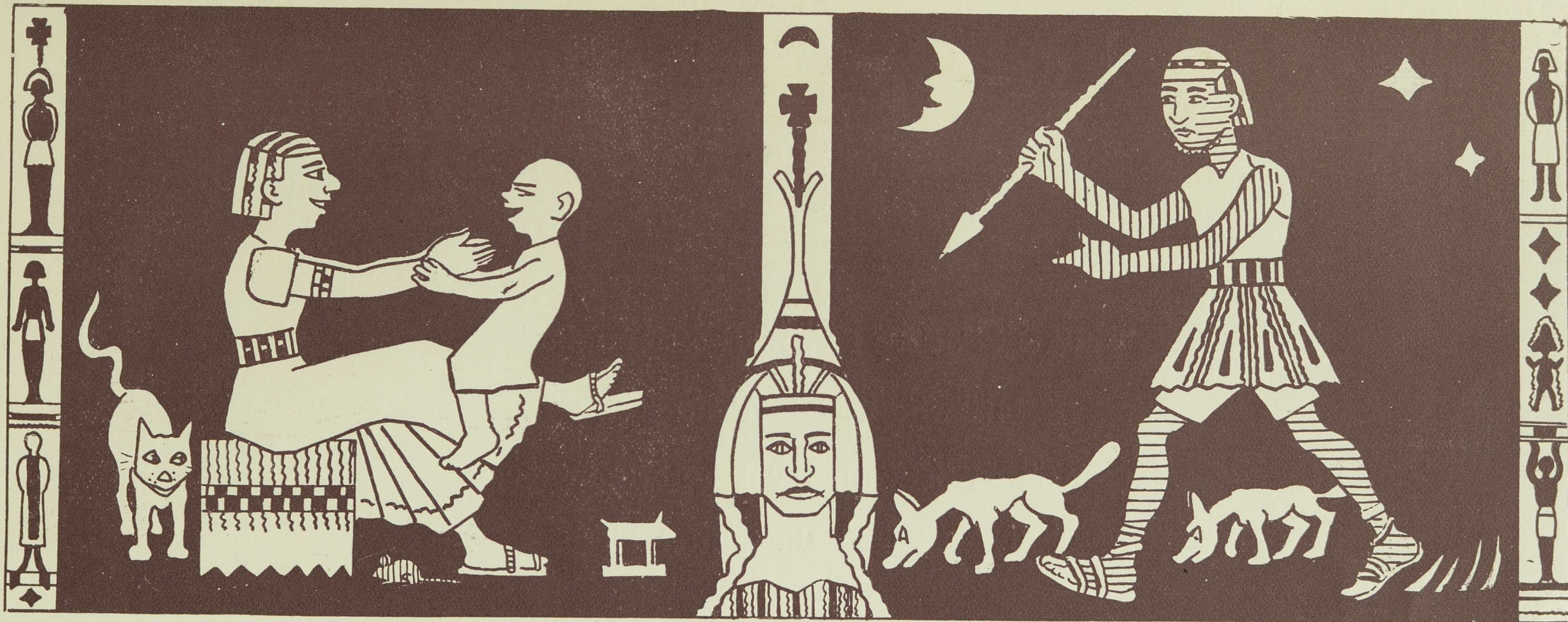
Here's Father Bunting,
With his two hounds hunting.
If they keep upon this track,
He's sure to bring a Bunny back.

III.

Now Father Bunting,
He has finished hunting.
Both the dogs and he are glad,
But poor Bunny must feel sad.

IV.

Bye, Baby Bunting,
After rabbit hunting,
You are satisfied within,
Clothed without with Bunny's skin.



Bye Baby Bunting.

Mr. Bunting hunting.



His return.

Putting on the rabbit's skin.



JACK SPRAT

JACK SPRAT could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean ;
And so between them both, you see,
They licked the platter clean.

I.

Just one ! the baking done,
Now Mrs. Sprat is able,
To place a pie, and round of beef,
For dinner, on the table.

II.

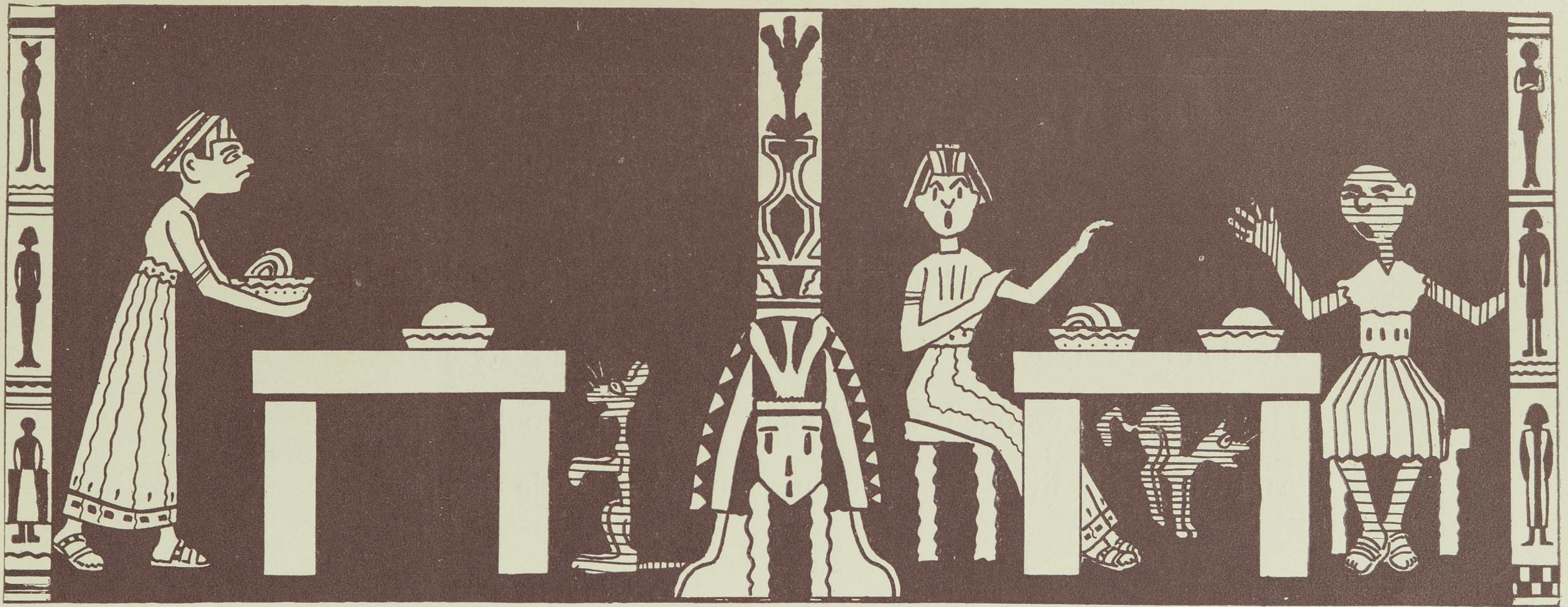
Half past ! then at last,
Sprat comes in, quite starving.
“No forks, no spoons, no knife,” says he,
How can one do the carving !”

III.

Two now ! and a row,
Quite a perfect Babel,
Mr. Sprat says he will show her
How to lay a table.

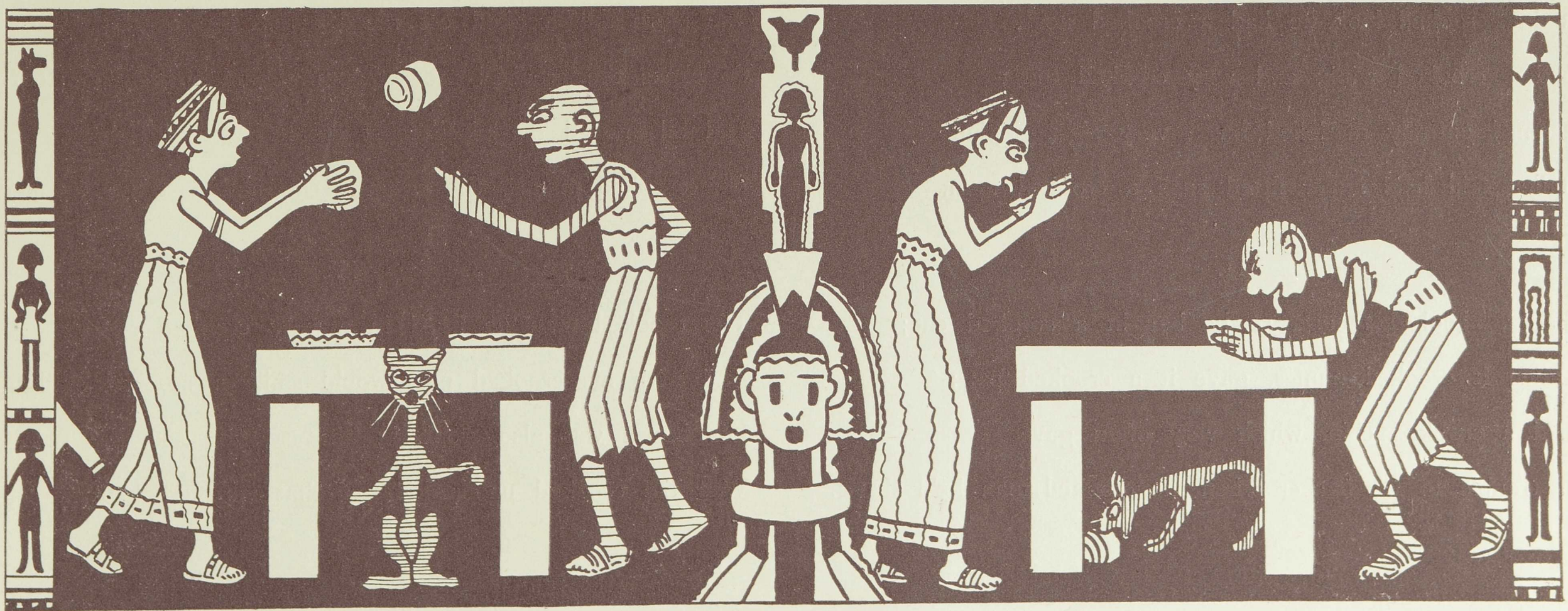
IV.

Mr. Sprat and Mrs. Sprat,
Seizing each a platter,
Break the rules of etiquette,
And quickly end the matter.



Mrs. Sprat getting the dinner.

Jack Sprat and his wife at dinner.



A perfect Babel.

Breaking the rules of etiquette.



-THERE was a CROOKED MAN.

THERE WAS A CROOKED MAN, he walked a crooked mile ;
He found a crooked sixpence upon a crooked style ;
He bought a crooked cat, which caught a crooked mouse ;
And they all lived together in a crooked little house.

I.

He had a crooked look, he had a crooked nose,
He had a crooked wink, and very crooked toes ;
He seemed entirely modelled on a very zig-zag plan,
His tailor said he'd never fitted such a crooked man.

II.

He had a crooked mouse, so he bought a crooked cat ;
He called it crooked names, gave it a crooked pat ;
He had a crooked chin, which very often gave
Much trouble to his barber when the crooked man he'd shave.

III.

One morn the crooked cat raced across the crooked floor,
To chase the crooked mouse from behind a crooked door ;
And all around the place most crookedly they ran,
The crooked mouse, the crooked cat, and last the crooked man.

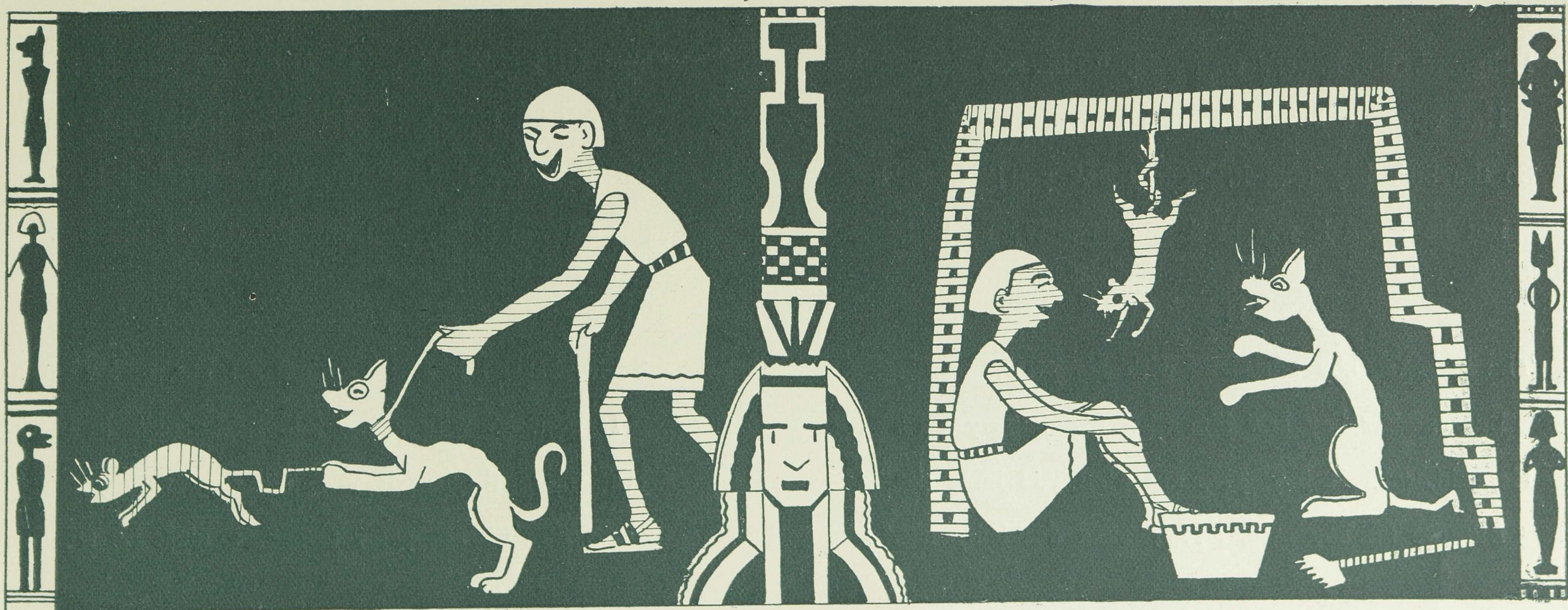
IV.

The crooked man he lived in a very crooked style,
And with his crooked pets would smile a crooked smile ;
His house was also crooked ; because, you see, the plan,
Was the crooked undertaking of that very crooked man.



The crooked man walking the crooked mile.

Buying the crooked cat.



The crooked cat catching a crooked mouse.

All living in a crooked house.



PAT-a-CAKE, PAT-a-CAKE.

PAT-A-CAKE, Pat-a-Cake, Baker's man,
Bake me a cake as fast as you can !
Prick it, and pat it, and mark it with T,
And put it in the oven for Tommy and me.

I.

Delighted, the Baker's man said, "This one here
Has waited a buyer for more than a year."
So the little boy took it, "Oh, thank you!" he said.
But he found it was hard and as heavy as lead.

II

The little fat boy ran along with his prize,
But another boy saw him with big, hungry eyes.
He said, "Little boy, give me what you have got."
But the fat boy said, "No; most decidedly not."

III.

The fat boy, however, knew not what to do;
He tried but he could not break that cake in two.
So the other said, "Well, let me break it in three,
That will satisfy you and the doggie and me."

IV.

So he bashed it and smashed it; but, oh! what a scare
It went off with a bang, blew the boys in the air.
Just where they went to is not easy to say;
As they've not yet returned, it must be far away.




The baker's man handing the cake to the fat boy.

Running away from the long boy.



Trying to break the cake.

The cake going off bang.



LITTLE POLLY FLINDERS.

LITTLE POLLY FLINDERS sat upon the cinders,
To warm her little toes.
Her mother came and caught her, and whipped her little daughter,
For spoiling her nice new clothes.

I.

Little Polly Flinders sat upon the cinders,
So the story goes.
To minds that are inquiring, this method of perspiring
Seems a funny way to warm one's toes.

II.

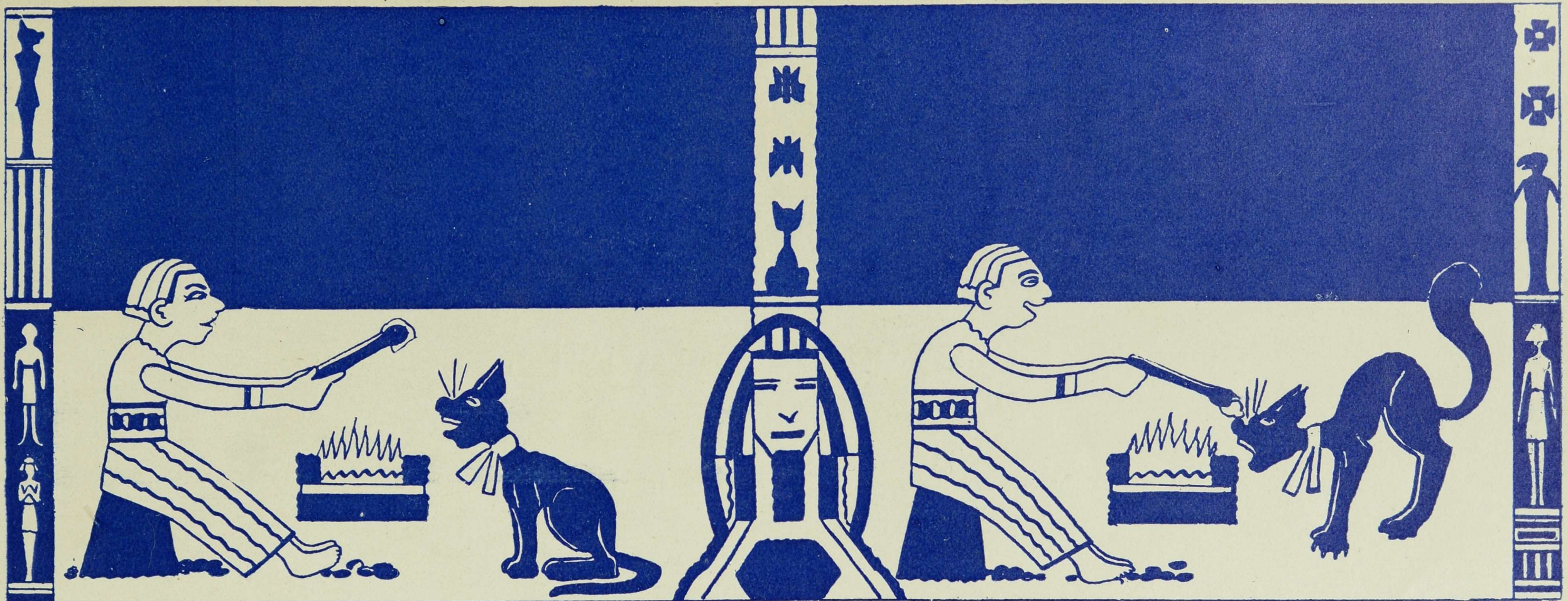
Naughty Polly's action, possesses no attraction
For puss, who seems afraid.
There is no doubt whatever that, taken altogether,
Polly Flinders *was* a naughty maid.

III.

But now here is the sequel: the cat feeling unequal,
On account of his singed nose,
Bespeaks the ample cover of Polly's angry mother,
To avenge him for all his woes.

IV.

It may be conjectured, Mrs. Flinders lectured
Polly as she should.
Her daughter, so misguided, there and then decided,
That in future she would be good.



Burning pussy's nose.

Polly Flinders sitting on the cinders.



The punishment.

Promising never to be cruel again.



LUCY LOCKET

LUCY LOCKET lost her pocket,
Kitty Fisher found it.
There was not a penny in it,
But a ribbon round it.

I.

Lucy stately, walks sedately,
Knows not what amiss is ;
Kitty Fisher and the poodle,
Wonder now what this is.

II.

Kitty finds it, holds it, minds it,
Pockets then the pocket,
Meaning to restore it shortly,
To her friend Miss Locket.

III.

But Miss Fisher, we could wish her
Better fortune, drops it.
Tries to say, "I did not *steal* it,"
But Miss Locket stops it.

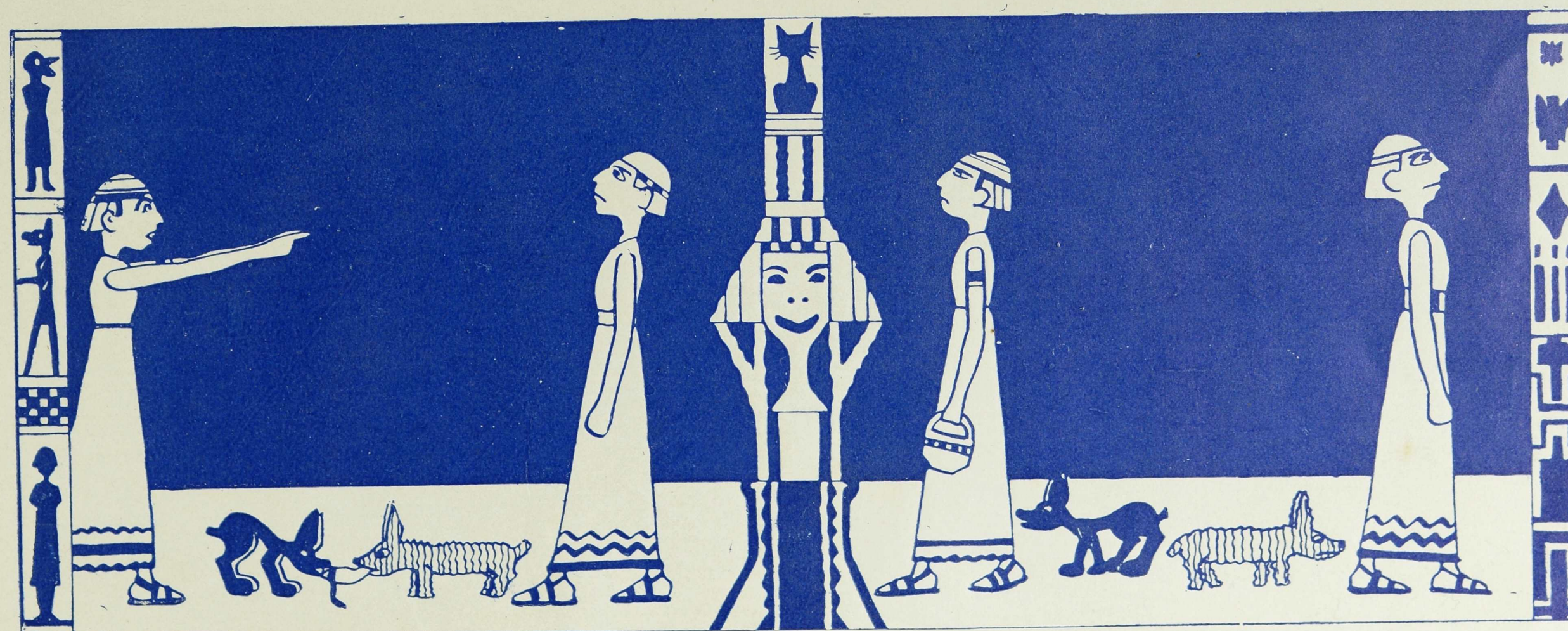
IV.

What a pity, Loo and Kitty,
Wrangle in a minute,
All about a wretched purse with
Not a copper in it.



Miss Locket dropping her pocket.

Miss Fisher picking it up.



The accusation.

Friends no more.

(NR) fol
ADAMSON

OLD...
[1903]

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